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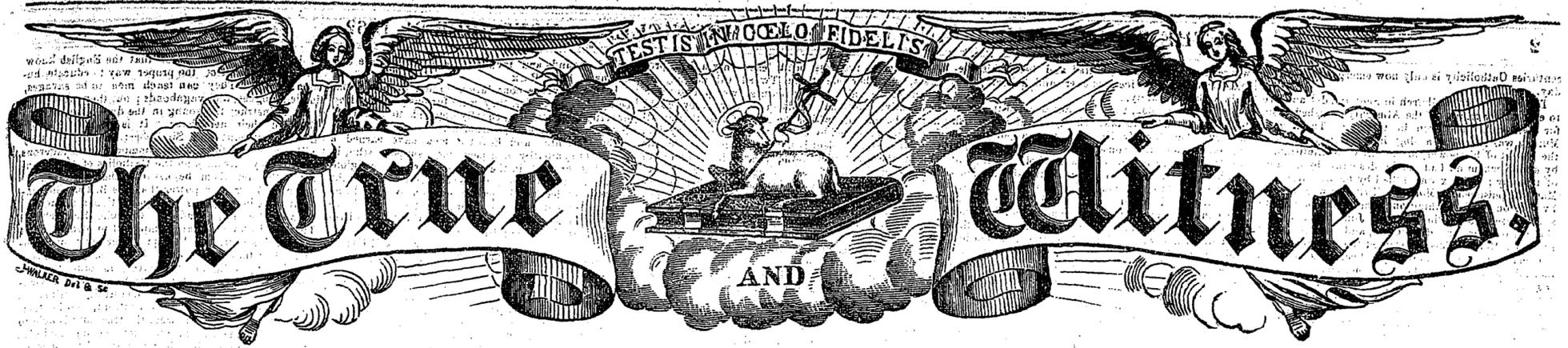
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE FATE OF FATHER SHEEHY. A TALE OF TIPPERARY EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. J. SADLER.

CHAPTER II.—THE CHURCHYARD OF SHANDRAGHAN.

There was in those days a lone house standing close by the old churchyard of Shandraghan— and it may be there still for aught I know to the contrary—with its windows looking out into the lone place of tomb.

Good evening, Billy, said the pretended beggar, as he doffed his tattered carboon, and flung his bag on the earthen floor.

Why, then, indeed, good man! you have the odds of me, said Griffith, regarding the stranger with a quiet smile.

I see you don't know me, Billy, said the priest, sitting down by the fire, and spreading his hands to catch the genial warmth.

Griffith started and drew back involuntarily. Why, as I'm a livin' man it's Father Sheehy himself.

Sure enough it is! replied the priest with a mournful smile, you see I've got the bag (that is to say, turned beggar) at last.

But what in the world brings you here? asked Griffith in great agitation; don't you know they're not far off that's seekin' you night and day.

I know all that, Griffith, and it's the very reason why you see me here. I have so often baffled my pursuers, that they're getting to be too sharp for me; they don't leave a Catholic house unvisited, and they destroy all before them; so I must put an end to this state of things, for I cannot bear to see others suffer on my account.

I will give myself up—but not to these vultures who are thirsting for my blood. If I can only conceal myself a few days, till I can write to Dublin and get back an answer, I will then disburden my friends of a heavy charge.

You are a Protestant—they will not suspect you of harboring me—Griffith! will you afford me a shelter? I know you are incapable of being tempted by the reward offered for my apprehension, and you see I have full confidence in your kindly feelings towards me.

And so you may, sir, so you may, said Griffith rising from his seat and extending his hand to the priest, while the glow of honest satisfaction suffused his sun-browned cheek.

You'll find, Father Sheehy, that you didn't lean on a rotten stick—and that William Griffith never forgets a good turn, if it was the Pope himself that did it. But where in the world can I hide you? I'd just as soon the children didn't get sight of you, if it could be helped.

The fact was that the house did not afford a single hiding-place, and the out-houses were not to be relied on, unless the whole family were in the secret. They were then standing at a window, overlooking the churchyard, and the priest suddenly said:

Is there not an old vault yonder in the graveyard, belonging to some family now extinct. I have heard people say so: Could I not hide there in the daytime—as I have only two or three days to provide for—and you might probably be able to admit me into the house at night, without your sons knowing anything of it?

The plan's a good one, sir, said Griffith in a melancholy tone, but it would be an unnatural place to hide in. It's a fearful thing for the livin' to be shut up among the dead—and I don't like it, at all, sir, if it could be helped.

Ay, that's the question—if it could be helped. But I see no other prospect for concealment, and as I have never willingly or knowingly injured living man, I have no reason to shrink from abiding a day or two in the dwelling of the dead. Better there than in the hands of Maude or Bagwell's emissaries.

Well! well! sir, I suppose we can't do better; and, then, I can let you in here every night, and you get something to eat and drink, and a few

hours' comfortable rest. But the boys will soon be in—sit down, sir, if you please, till I get you a bit to eat.

Having made a hasty meal of oaten cake, eggs and milk, Father Sheehy rose. 'It is now almost dark,' said he, 'and I must retire to my hiding place for a few hours, till your family are gone to bed. Just show me the door of the vault,' he added with a forced smile, 'and leave me to introduce myself to its inmates. Come, come, Billy, why do you stare so, and shake your head? Don't you know very well that the mouldering dead are safer company for a doomed man like me than many of the living? ha! ha!

His laugh was wild and unnatural, and it made Griffith shudder. He poked not another word, but beckoned the priest to follow, and led him out by the back-door, and round the end of the house into the graveyard. 'There's the door, sir,' he said, pointing to a low, narrow door, which, being a little lower than the surface of the ground, was reached by a few steps, green and mossy from long disuse.

The door was old and crazy, and merely rested against the aperture. The priest descended the steps with a single bound, and lifting the worm-eaten door aside looked into the vault. But he could not see even its extent, for within it was dark as midnight. Even the brave bold heart in Father Sheehy's breast shrank from entering there at that hour.

Go, said he to Griffith, who still lingered, 'I can easily secrete myself now in the dim light from any one passing the road by keeping close to the wall. I need not intrude on the peaceful slumbers of the dead till the morning light compels me, owl-like, to seek the darkness. But go into the house, my worthy friend, for I hear some one coming down the road.'

In this strange retreat the persecuted priest remained some four or five days, sitting all the day on a large stone which he found in the old vault, reading his breviary, as well as he could, by the dim light which came through the wide chinks of the door, meditating the while on the lives of the first Christians in the Catacombs, and combating his natural aversion to the place, by the remembrance of the great St. Anthony, voluntarily retiring to the tombs, in order to baffle his spiritual enemies.

And I, too, he communed with himself, 'I, too, may profit by a brief sojourn in this dreary place. It will prepare me for the approaching time when I shall be called upon to enter the world of spirits. Let me, then, endeavor to profit by the occasion, and meditate on the eternal truths while only the dead are near—the silent, long-forgotten dead. Placed, as it were, between the two worlds—a link between death and life—let me consider how I stand before God—how I am prepared to account for my stewardship at the bar of Divine Justice.'

Engaged in such meditations as these he heeded not the flight of time, nor sighed for a return to the busy, bustling world. But the affairs of men—even his own—were moving on. He had written a letter to Mr. Secretary Waite, offering to give himself up, provided his trial might take place in the Court of King's Bench, in Dublin, and not in Clonmel, where the power of his enemies was supreme and despotic.

An answer, accepting his proposal, came, addressed to his brother-in-law, who brought it himself to Griffith. That evening, Father Sheehy ventured to go home with Burke, took an affectionate leave of his weeping sister, and set out, accompanied by his brother-in-law, for the house of Mr. O'Callaghan, a magistrate of high standing and unblemished reputation.

To him Father Sheehy surrendered himself, on condition that he was to be sent to Dublin; and Mr. O'Callaghan showed himself well worthy of the trust reposed in him, for he treated him with all the respect due to his priestly character and his long sufferings. He sent to Clogheen for a troop of horse to escort him in safety, fearing to trust the Orange constables by whom every magistrate was then surrounded.

When all was in readiness for Father Sheehy's departure, his brother-in-law came up to him, and said in a low voice, as he wrung his hand in parting:

Your cousin, Martin O'Brien, is going up to town to-day. He will remain as near you as he possibly can, so as to render you any little service that may be in his power. Then raising his voice, he added: 'May the Lord bless you, Father Nicholas, and deliver you from the hands of your enemies.'

Amen! responded the priest. 'Tell Catherine to be sure and pray for me—and you, too, Thomas! you, too, for it is written that 'the prayer of the righteous availeth much.' God be with you till I see you again, and if we do not meet here, we shall meet in heaven—at least I hope so.'

Father Sheehy was then placed on a horse between two of the dragoons, and having exchanged a kind farewell with Mr. O'Callaghan, he turned his horse, as did the soldiers, and the troop rode off. The priest pulled his hat over

his brow, and was speedily lost to surrounding objects, his thoughts being intent on the probable issue of his approaching trial. But his trust was in God, and however it might end, he resolved to regard the decision as coming from the Great Judge of all, the Disposer of events, and, therefore, to be received with entire submission. It was early in the morning when the prisoner and his guard left Mr. O'Callaghan's house, and at eight o'clock in the evening they stopped before the arched gateway of the Lower Castle Yard. The officer's summons was answered by a sentry from within, and very soon the heavy gates were thrown open, the troop rode into the yard, and Father Sheehy was duly delivered to the proper authorities, to be kept till called for. As the doors of the prison closed, he thanked God that he was not in Clonmel jail, but at the same time he made an offering of himself to God, saying:

O Lord! do with me what thou wilt! Thou knowest what is best for me!

Leaving Father Sheehy immured in that prison where he was not destined to remain long, let us go back some months to bring forward an occurrence too little known, yet honorable alike to a public functionary of those days, and the people by whom his upright conduct was so well appreciated.

At an early period of these agrarian disturbances in the South, the government of the day had appointed a special commission to examine into the real state of the case, and to try the offenders (whether real or supposed) who had been taken into custody. Many of the most respectable Catholics had been tried, Father Sheehy amongst the number, and if the whole country was not plunged in mourning by the loss of many useful lives, it was not the fault of the zealous Orange magistrates, or their formidable phalanx of witnesses, for certainly they all did their duty and did it well—so well, in fact, that they overshot the mark, and made the conspiracy into which they had entered so broadly manifest that the whole proceedings fell to the ground. This was owing in great measure to the strict sense of justice and keen legal acumen of Sir Richard Acton, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who had been sent down to preside on the occasion.

The upright and impartiality of that excellent judge were indeed remarkable and worthy of all praise, at a time when partisanship ran so high that it was deemed a crime to show any sympathy for the sufferings of the people, and when every trial of a political character was expected to end in the conviction of the accused. But Sir Richard Acton was far above the gross prejudices of the time—when seated on the bench he divested himself of all party antipathies or predilections, and really appears to have given his decision on the actual merits of the case before him.

Many of the accused were, therefore, honorably acquitted, and they being, as may be supposed, the most respectable in character, and prominent in position of the Catholic community, the rejoicing was great all over the country. The people were, in fact, transported with joy, for hitherto, in all such cases, prosecution was sure to end in conviction, and conviction in banishment or death.

It was morning, a mild, fair morning, and the sun had already ascended half-way towards his meridian height, when a carriage-and-four, containing Sir Richard Acton and a barrister who had accompanied him from town, drove out of Clonmel, and moved rapidly away on the Dublin road. About two miles from Clonmel the coachman suddenly pulled up and informed Sir Richard that there was a great crowd of people on the road before them.

I don't know what they're about, my lord, said the man, but they're a wild-looking set, and I don't half like their appearance. I'm afraid they're some of the Whiteboys, your lordship.

Well, suppose they be, replied the Chief Justice, you need not look so terrified. From what I have seen of them, they are far from being the bloodthirsty savages they are represented. Drive on, Robin.

The man obeyed for the moment, but had only gone a short way when he stopped again.

Please your lordship, I'm afraid of my life to go on. Your lordship knows very well how they hate the law and all belonging to it, and it's short work they'll make of us all if they know who's in the carriage. As sure as your lordship's sitting there, they'll tear us limb from limb, and they'll fall on me first that's outside!

Sir Richard and his companion laughed heartily at the doleful countenance of the coachman, yet though neither showed any symptoms of fear, the barrister deemed it prudent to see what the gathering meant.

Plowden relates this fact in his History of Ireland, and Dr. Madden mentions it on his authority in his Historical Introduction to the Lives and Times of the United Irishmen. Dr. Madden aptly styles Sir Richard Acton 'the Fletcher of his day.'

With your permission, Sir Richard, I will walk on before the carriage and see what they are about. If they have any evil intention in waiting us here, it must be you who stand in the greatest danger, and it may be well for you to keep out of sight. It is true these Tipperary Whiteboys have no great love for the law or its administrators, and I like not this assemblage, evidently awaiting us.

Nay, said the Chief Justice calmly, if their intention be hostile we cannot now escape them, and I will not consent that you should expose yourself even to possible danger on my account. Somehow, I cannot persuade myself that there is danger; but we shall soon know how matter stands. Drive on, Robin! drive on, I say—no one will harm you.

Oh Lord! Sir Richard, here they are;—they're coming towards us, as I'm a sinner. They'll kill us all, my lord—they will, they will; oh, then, wasn't I the unlucky man to undertake to drive a judge's carriage through this blood-thirsty Tipperary?

He had scarcely spoken when the horses were stopped by the brawny arms of the tall mountaineers, and many loud voices were heard on either side of the carriage. Isn't it Judge Acton that's within? Robin was scarcely able to keep his seat on hearing this supposed confirmation of his worst fears. He sat pale and trembling on the box, the whip and the reins fell from his nerveless grasp, and he could only murmur some inarticulate words in reply.

Yes, said the Chief Justice, putting his head out of the window, I am Sir Richard Acton—what is your business with me?

Business! oh, then, sorra business in the world wid your lordship's honor, only to thank you from our hearts out for what you did in the town athin. We daren't say what we wanted to say there, please your lordship, becase the sojers 'ud be set on to keep us quiet, and the magistrates, bad cess to them, 'ud be makin' it out treason, if we raised our voices at all, at all.—But we can't let you have Tipperary without thankin' you, and lettin' you know that we'll never forget your goodness to us all.

Sir Richard turned to his companion with a benevolent and, moreover, a gratified smile on his face.

I told you so—I told you they were not likely to do us any harm. But I did not tell you of this overflowing gratitude, for I could not possibly have anticipated any such thing.

Turning again to the peasants who stood hat in hand round the carriage windows: 'My very good friends, you take me somewhat by surprise. I have done nothing that entitles me to such an expression of gratitude. As a judge I have simply done my duty, favoring neither one side nor the other.'

And that's just what we want to thank you for. We want no favor, but only a fair trial. Justice, my lord, justice is all we ask, and that's what your lordship gave us. May the great God in Heaven have mercy on you when you stand before Him to be judged! And we'll pray for you every day we have to live, and we'll tackle our little ones to pray for you, too, becase you gave law and justice to the people.

Ay! cried one taller than the rest, being, indeed, our acquaintance, Darby Mullin, 'if judges and magistrates were all like his lordship there needn't be any Whiteboys in Tipperary, or anywhere else for that matter.'

Here some women, crushing their way through the excited multitude, held up their little children, crying: 'There he is now! look at him, alanna? for maybe you'd never see the likes again barrin' you see himself—that's the judge that gave us fair play, astore!

May the blessing of God be about him and his, now and for evermore!

Fall back there all o' you! roared a stentorian voice, and a space being cleared, the horses were in a twinkling taken from the carriage, and notwithstanding Sir Richard's earnest remonstrance, the brawny fellows laid hold of the shafts, and drew the vehicle along with amazing swiftness, while the hills around re-echoed with the shouts of the warm-hearted, grateful peasantry:

Hurray for the English judge that wasn't afraid or ashamed to do us justice! 'Acton forever!

Three cheers more, boys! just to show his lordship and the other gentlemen what a Tipperary cheer is! The three cheers which followed might well have made the Bagwells, and the Maudes, and the Hewitsons turn pale and tremble, while it brought the tears to the eyes of the upright judge.

When at length the carriage stopped, and the horses were once more put to, Sir Richard presented a bank-bill of considerable amount to the first who appeared at the window. But the man drew back almost indignantly.

Take it, friend, said the judge in a kindly tone, 'just to have you all drink my health this raw chilly mornin'!

No, no, your lordship, not a rap we'll take!

As for drinking your health, we'll do it, please God! at our own expense. Now you may drive on, he said to Robin who had long ago recovered his self-possession. 'You were daunted at first, my lad! we could see that, but you know nothing at all about us, or you wouldn't.—You're not a Tip—that's plain!

Far-well, then! said Sir Richard, taking off his hat and bowing courteously to the crowd, as the carriage rolled away. 'You have taught me to love and reverence your virtues, and to make allowance for your faults.'

Another enthusiastic cheer rent the air—the crowd fell back on either side, and the carriage rolled through, the people gazing after it as long as it remained in sight, pouring out fervent blessings on its owner.

I tell you, said the Chief Justice, as, sinking back on his seat he drew a long breath, 'I tell you, my good sir, there is a fearful moral to be drawn from this scene, illustrative as it is of Irish character. Would that every judge in the land could have witnessed it!

Truly these poor people are riled and raged, said the barrister, and their rulers see them only through a most distorted medium!

Well, Robin, said Sir Richard to his coachman when they stopped to have the horses fed, 'what do you think of the Tips? Not quite so blood-thirsty, after all, eh?

Faith, your lordship, they're not half as bad as the bad name they've got. I'll be hanged if ever I stand by and hear their ill-spoken of again poor fellows! Why, to hear the gentlemen's servants in Clonmel, you'd think the Whiteboys were born devils!—might I make free to ask your lordship was there any Whiteboys among them people on the road?

This question was put with an earnestness which brought a smile to the calm, grave face of the Chief Justice, and made his companion laugh heartily.

Why, Robin, said the lawyer, 'that is rather a puzzling question even for a judge!—how on earth do you suppose your master could distinguish a Whiteboy from all others?

Well, really, Robin, my good fellow! said Sir Richard with his usual gentleness, 'I can scarcely answer your question, but I am inclined to think that by far the greater number of those men were Whiteboys.'

And yet they drew our carriage, said he of the whip, musingly, 'though we were sent down to try them. Well, I protest I don't know what to make of them for Whiteboys!

Just this, Robin, said the barrister with a good-humored laugh, 'just this, that the devil himself is not so black as he's represented. But be off now and see to the horses—there's a good fellow, for we have a long road between us and dinner.'

I say, Sir Richard, asked the lawyer when they were again seated in the carriage after stretching their limbs by a short walk while the horses enjoyed their feed, 'what is your opinion of the priest, Sheehy? What manner of man do you take him to be?

Just the sort of man who cannot be tolerated by the petty tyrants who are determined to keep the people under their heel. He is a man of ardent temperament,—bold and reckless as regards his own safety, but keenly alive to the wants and sufferings of the people and their manifold wrongs. I take him to be a high-souled, warm-hearted man, but imprudent without, inasmuch as he takes no pains to conciliate those who have it in their power to do him and his much mischief. The consequence is that the magistrates both fear and hate him.'

A new subject was started of perhaps more immediate interest, and the Tipperary trials were dropped for the time.

(To be continued.)

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND SINCE THE REFORMATION.

(From the Glasgow Free Press.)

Before the Reformation Scotland had two Archbishops, St. Andrews and Glasgow, and eleven Bishops, viz., Aberdeen, Brechin, Caithness, Dunblod, Dunblane, Moray, Ross, Orkney, Galloway, Argyle, and the Isles. We are not aware of any one of the regularly appointed and consecrated Scottish Bishops having joined the Reformation.

In Catholic times Scotland was divided into more than one thousand parishes; had about two hundred religious houses, such as abbeys, monasteries, and convents; had several cathedrals, thirty-three collegiate churches, besides the many churches scattered plentifully in every part of the country. Three universities were established in Scotland before the Reformation—Glasgow, Edinburgh, and St. Andrews; and just as the Reformation broke out a fourth university was about to be founded in Edinburgh, Bishop Reid of Orkney having bequeathed funds for the purpose. Besides the universities, there were grammar schools in all the principal towns, and more than forty hospitals in different parts of the kingdom.

The above facts prove that the Catholic Church was in the most flourishing condition in Scotland previous to the Reformation—religion, charity, and learning illuminated the land; but, alas! a long dark night succeeded, and after the lapse of three

centuries, the Catholic Church in Scotland was reduced to a few scattered remnants of its former glory.

centuries Catholicity is only now emerging into open day.

The enemies of the Church in Scotland did not live to enjoy their triumph; the Almighty punished them for their wickedness even in this life. The Regent Murray was shot like a dog in open day, when in the height of his power, in the street of Linlithgow, by a man whom he had made desperate by his acts of tyranny; Lennox was killed by his own friends; Mar was poisoned by Morton; Kirkcaldy was hanged by Morton; and Leithington committed suicide to save himself from a similar fate; John Knox died in the greatest misery, distraction, and remorse; and at length Morton himself received the just reward of his many treasons, murders, robberies, sacrileges, and inhuman cruelties—he was publicly executed; and so dejected was he by those over whom he tyrannised, that his body lay from noon to sunset on the scaffold, covered with a beggarly cloak; it was then thrown into the common ground without ceremony, and his head fixed to the wall. Such was the fate of Scotland's first reformers, of those wicked men who laboured, through so much blood and crime, to overthrow the Catholic Church in Scotland.

From the death of Archbishop Hamilton in 1571, Scotland was not blessed again with the presence of a Catholic Bishop for more than one hundred and twenty years. The last Archbishop of Glasgow had left Scotland when the Reformation broke out in 1560, taking with him the charters and records of the see of Glasgow, together with some of the most valuable articles belonging to the cathedral. He fixed his residence in France, where he died in 1603, leaving all his property to the Scottish College in Paris. The property belonging to his see and the cathedral Church of Glasgow, he committed to the care of the college, with the injunction that all should be kept in safety and restored to his successor in the see of Glasgow, when Scotland returned to the Catholic faith.

How the Catholic faith was preserved in Scotland for the next two hundred years is indeed miraculous. Unbending tyranny, vigilance, and persecution worse than that of the pagan emperors of Rome in the early ages of the Church was the day in Scotland. The Kirk never assembled, the Parliament never met, but the Catholic Church was condemned. Jesuits, "papists," and "Missionary Priests," were continually denounced. We have no faithful record of those who suffered for the Faith in Scotland; it was only the Almighty himself who knew and could reward his faithful servants. But, in spite of all the power of the Kirk and State, in several places throughout the country the people continued faithful to the ancient Church. In many parts of the Highlands the adherents of the Church were protected for more than a century after the Reformation by the chiefs. In Moidart it is said a Protestant place of worship was never built; and in the memory of persons still living there was not to be found a single Protestant in the district. In Knoydart and other parts of Inverness-shire almost the same may be said. In the mountainous parts of Aberdeenshire and Banffshire the majority of the people adhered to the faith of their fathers up to 1630. The noble family of Huntly continued for a long period to protect the Catholic Faith. Many of the gentry and landed proprietors of Aberdeenshire continued to profess the Catholic Faith up to the middle of the seventeenth century; and it was nearly a century after the Reformation before a Protestant Minister dared to enter the pulpit of St. Beán at Morthlach. The Faith could never be driven out of Dumfriesshire, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Kirk; but in almost every other part of the country the Scottish people were a prey to heresy before the end of the seventeenth century.

The Scottish Priests who continued faithful to their God were hunted about the country like wild beasts; and when caught they were cast into filthy dungeons, where many of them died martyrs to the Faith. It was only at night, in silent glens and hiding places, they could perform their sacred functions, or minister to the wants of their afflicted flocks. As the old Clergy drained before the Reformation died off and got scarce, it became necessary for the Holy See to provide a continuance of Missionaries for Scotland. With this intention Pope Clement the Eighth founded the Scotch College of Douay in the year 1604 and also the Scots College at Rome in 1600. The Scots College at Paris had been founded in 1526 by a Scottish Bishop, and was further endowed in 1603 by the last Archbishop of Glasgow. From these colleges came forth a band of young men strong in faith and love to do battle with Satan in the land of their birth, to console the faithful few who had never bowed their knee to Baal, and to keep still burning the lamp of Faith in Scotland. The illustrious sons of St. Ignatius, who are always courting danger in the front of God's army, soon came to the rescue, and manfully fought for the preservation of the Faith in Caledonia.

Ireland, the Land of Mourning, although sorely suffering herself at this period, did not fail, from time to time, to send over to Scotland her holy Priests to assist in the good work.

From 1580 to 1605 we find the Rev. Gilbert Brown, last Abbot of New Abbey, with several companions, traversing the country almost from the country almost from one end to the other, discharging their sacred functions, and comforting their brethren in the Faith. At one time he is in Dumfries, at another in Glasgow, at another in Paisley, and next in Galloway; at length he was apprehended, imprisoned, and banished from Scotland. He died in Paris at the age of 100, in the year 1610. We next find Father Dury, Father Ogilvie, Father Lesley, and Father Anderson, all of the Society of Jesus; also the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Rev. Roger Lindsay, and Father Orlinton, arriving from beyond the seas, and labouring in Scotland. The Priest-hunters soon seized upon several of these Missionaries, and Fathers Orlinton and Lindsay were condemned to be hung at the market cross of Edinburgh, but after being imprisoned for six months in a loathsome dungeon, they were banished. Father Ogilvie was not even so fortunate; he was apprehended at Glasgow, where he made some converts, and cast into prison, where he was kept without food and sleep, and tortured in the most wicked manner, at length executed in the year 1615. At this time it is supposed by some authorities that there was only one Priest in the whole of Scotland. But the ranks were soon recruited by other heroes of the Cross. Father Lindsay returned from abroad under an assumed name, bringing with him several zealous Missionaries, and continued the work.

Thus, in the face of every danger, the Faith was preserved in Scotland during the persecuting reigns of the four Regents, of James the 6th, of Charles 1st, of Cromwell, and Charles the 2nd. During all this time it was considered a virtue to torture, and even to take the life of a Priest. Father Blackhall, in his very interesting narrative, gives us some curious anecdotes of his escapes from his persecutors. He relates that on one occasion a certain clerical aspirant, named Loggie, son of a minister of Aberdeen, in order to show his zeal and secure a kirk to himself, boasted publicly that he had killed Father Blackhall, and was the object of their pursuit. It soon was discovered that Father Blackhall was well, and working away in his vocation, and had not even been met with by Loggie. Upon this unfortunate discovery, the father of the young man gave his son the advice, "not to dream of killing Priests, lest they should rise to his confusion; or rather not to get drunk, and then he would not dream of killing Priests." Among the many stratagems employed by the Catholic Missionaries to baffle the Priest-hunters we are told of a certain schoolmaster who, under pretence of teaching Latin, when the boys scholars about him taught them the rudiments of the Catholic faith, and showed them the absurdity of Presbyterianism. We are told of another zealous Scotch Missionary who played the violin through the streets, and sometimes the flute, and when a crowd assembled, he announced the place

where Mass would be celebrated, and before his enemies arrived, the service was over and himself gone, or in a place of safety.

At length, in 1692, the Holy See deemed it proper to appoint a Bishop to take charge of the Scottish Mission. The Rev. Mr. Nicolson was appointed to this office, and was consecrated in Paris. Bishop Nicolson was a convert to the Catholic faith, and had been Professor in Glasgow University for fourteen years. After his conversion he studied for the Priesthood, and served a considerable time on the Scottish Mission; he was apprehended and banished from Scotland in 1791. He returned as the first Catholic Bishop of Scotland after the Reformation, and continued to discharge his duties for more than twenty years; he died in the year 1718. He was succeeded as Vicar Apostolic of Scotland by Bishop Gordon.

The third Catholic Bishop in Scotland was John Wallace, who was also a convert to the Catholic faith. He was made Bishop in 1720, and was coadjutor to Bishop Gordon till his death in 1733.

In the year 1731 Scotland was divided into two districts or Vicariates, the Highland and the Lowland; and Hugh Macdonald was consecrated the first Bishop of the Highland district, Bishop Gordon retaining the Lowland district. The fifth Catholic Bishop since the Reformation was Alexander Smith; he was consecrated in 1735, and succeeded Bishop Gordon as Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland district.

The sixth Bishop was James Grant, consecrated in 1755, and succeeded Bishop Smith as Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland district; he died in 1778.

The seventh Bishop was John Macdonald, consecrated in 1761. He succeeded Bishop Hugh Macdonald as Vicar Apostolic of the Highland district, and died in 1779.

The eighth Bishop in Scotland since the Reformation was George Hay, who shed a lustre not only on his native country, but also on the whole Church, by his able, instructive, and controversial writings. He was also a convert to the Catholic faith. He was consecrated in 1769, and succeeded Bishop Grant as Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland district; he died in 1811.

The ninth Bishop was Alexander Macdonald. He was consecrated in 1780, and succeeded Bishop John Macdonald as Vicar Apostolic of the Highland district; he died in 1791.

The tenth Bishop was John Geddes; he was consecrated in 1780, and was coadjutor to Bishop Hay; he died as such in 1799.

The eleventh Bishop was John Chisholm. He was made Bishop in the year 1792, and succeeded Bishop Alexander Macdonald as Vicar Apostolic of the Highland district, and died in 1814.

The twelfth Bishop was Alexander Cameron; he was consecrated in 1778, and succeeded Bishop Hay as Vicar Apostolic of the Lowland district; he died in 1828.

The thirteenth Bishop was Eneas Chisholm; he was made Bishop in 1805, and succeeded Bishop John Chisholm in the Highland district; he died in 1818.

The fourteenth was Alexander Paterson; he was consecrated in 1816, and succeeded Bishop Cameron as Vicar Apostolic in the Lowland district. During his time (in 1828) the Holy See divided Scotland into three districts or Vicariates as they now stand, the Eastern, Western, and Northern. Bishop Paterson took the Eastern district, and died in 1831.

The fifteenth Bishop was Ranald Macdonald; he was made Bishop in 1820, and succeeded Eneas Chisholm in the Highland Vicariate, until the division of the districts, when he became the Vicar Apostolic of the Western district; he died in 1832.

The sixteenth Bishop in Scotland was the Right Rev. Dr. Scott, whose name is so well known, and whose labours for the spread of the Catholic Faith in the Western district are so much appreciated by the older members of the Church in and around Glasgow. He was consecrated in Glasgow in 1828, and succeeded Bishop Macdonald as Vicar Apostolic in the Western district of Scotland. Having lived to see the success of his labours, and the rapid increase of the Catholics of the Western district he died in Greenock in the year 1848.

The seventeenth Catholic Bishop in Scotland since the Reformation is the Right Rev. Dr. Kyle, the present respected Bishop of the Northern district. Bishop Kyle was consecrated in 1828, as the first Vicar Apostolic of the Northern district; he has lately been complimented by his Clergy and people when completing his 50th year in the Ministry, and we pray that God may spare him yet many years to watch over the interests of Religion in the North.

The eighteenth Bishop was the Right Rev. Andrew Carruthers, who was consecrated Bishop in 1833, and succeeded Bishop Paterson as Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District; he died in 1852.

The nineteenth Catholic Bishop in Scotland since the Reformation is the present zealous and indefatigable Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, the Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch. He has laboured hard, but with most extraordinary success, in extending the Faith and planting churches and useful institutions throughout the Western District, and is beloved by his people. Bishop Murdoch was consecrated in the year 1833, and succeeded the late Bishop Scott.

The twentieth Catholic Bishop of Scotland, in the order of consecration, since the Reformation, is the present Right Rev. Dr. Gillis, the respected Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District. Bishop Gillis was consecrated in 1838, and succeeded Bishop Carruthers.

The twenty-first Catholic Bishop was the late lamented Bishop Smith. He was consecrated in 1847, and was Coadjutor in the Western District till his death in June, 1861.

The twenty-second Catholic Bishop in Scotland since the Reformation is the Right Rev. John Gray, who was consecrated on Sunday week in St. Andrew's Church. The Right Rev. Dr. Gray succeeds Bishop Smith as Coadjutor-Bishop in the Western district of Scotland. Bishop Gray has laboured for 21 years as a Missionary Priest, chiefly in Glasgow, with a zeal and prudence not to be surpassed. He has always been the friend of education and of every improvement amongst the Catholics of the Western District. Last year, when our infant Reformatory, under the care of the good Father Anselm, was in danger of perishing, Dr. Gray came to the rescue, and it is to his labour it owes its now flourishing condition. Just the other day, on the eve of his consecration, he brought amongst us the "Little Sisters of the Poor," to labour for our welfare, and to draw down upon the whole district the blessing of the God of charity. If the Catholics of the Western District continue united as they have been, and pull together rallying around our young Bishop, and being guided by his counsels, religion and all other things connected with it will prosper amongst us.

SCOTTISH RELIGIONISM.

(From the Weekly Register.)

The Tweed is too narrow and shallow a stream to cut the region which lies beyond it off from our sympathies, moral or political. Our fellow-subjects of the faith, as well as those not of the faith, are become together in point of number about three millions. So says the Scottish census of 1861. A great increase it is since the time that John Knox put down the ancient faith of Scotland and set up the new! If Macaulay is correct in his mode of reckoning the probable population of England in the 16th century, by which he makes it to be a little over four millions, the population of Scotland, it would seem, is now only less by a quarter than that of England three hundred years ago. Considering the territorial dimensions of Scotland, this is an extraordinary fact, supplying a striking proof of the happy results of the union of the two countries under the same crown. Up to that time, for centuries, the historian is puzzled to account for the phenomenon of two nations placed side by side by each other, remaining almost (so far as can be ascertained) stationary as to the number of their inhabitants. There appears to

have been no progress, or at least only a fitful progress, on either side of the Tweed till an end, by means of the union under James, was put to those destructive national feuds—for wars they could hardly be called—which the same faith, though all the while professed by both, had failed to extinguish. But our present object is not so much to notice the fact of the great increase of people in Scotland of late, as another of a less pleasing character, the rapid increase of vice and religious strife between the two great religious bodies, into which (after deducting the Catholics, probably amounting to 400,000, and the various other independent communities), the great bulk of the nation may be said to be divided. What the laws call the Established Church of Scotland has at its last General Assembly declared that the Free Church, its rival in national importance, if not in wealth and numbers, is rapidly causing, by its separation, the most alarming change for the worse in the morals of the nation. From statistical tables recently published in Scotland we had learnt with pain that drunkenness and illegitimacy were making fearful strides of late years. But we were not aware till Moderator Bisset stated it, that any one could without exaggeration have said what that gentleman says:—"But from the day that the apple of religious discord was cast among us, the noble fabric (i.e. the Scotch Presbyterian Church, founded by Knox and his partisans) began to be shaken as with a whirlwind. It was not, however, till the great schisms were consummated that the change in our national morals and manners was so sensibly developed as to be seen and read of all men. Since that time, notwithstanding the multiplication of our churches and services and more fervent religious zeal, our declension in morals has advanced with alarming strides, so that from being the first and highest we have fallen to be among the last and lowest of the Protestant States of Europe in respect of chaste conversation,"—and he certainly might have added, sobriety. This is the testimony of an able and enlightened witness. The office assigned to him of Moderator of the General Assembly is a proof of the high position he occupies in the general estimate of his ecclesiastical brethren. We could have no better testimony on the point on which he speaks; for whatever faults our Scotch neighbors are liable to fall into, no one ever blamed them for speaking ill of themselves, or of misrepresenting their own character, as a nation. Dr. Bisset teaches this sad declension in morals, which no one in the Assembly appears to have disputed, to the schism which took place under the leadership of the great and honored name of Dr. Chalmers about twenty years ago. The other side that is the Free Kirk section, may deny the inference but not the fact, which is patent to all eyes in Scotland. We, of course, in accepting the fact upon such reliable evidence, have a very different way of accounting for it.

First of all, as zeal has been greatly quickened in its pace and aroused by antagonism by the so-called schism, it is neither philosophical nor natural to impute the declension of morals in Scotland to such a cause. The tide of immorality which is now, according to Dr. Bisset, flooding Scotland, had probably been more noticeable if no schism had ever taken place. The root of the evil lies deeper, and is further removed from the surface. We will give our solution of the problem. The present century in Scotland began, as the last century closed, by sending forth a crop of men full of the pride of knowledge and literary attainments, men of genius of the highest order in almost all the paths of literature hitherto trod, many of them most amiable in their manners and blameless in their lives but all with scarce an exception either treating revelation as a thing requiring proof, or as a superstition of the ignorant. They did not as a body, like the French, combine to put down religion. They had no wish, except in the case of a few, to do that. They were satisfied to let it alone, to write and live, and lecture, as if it did not belong to men of their pursuits and calibre, but only to the lower classes. This negative disavowal of Christianity, accompanied in most of them by a positive hatred of the Catholic religion, whenever it crossed the lines of their march, bred, as was to be expected in the fountain-heads of Scottish moral influence, a progeny of bad principles, which, in course of time, ripening, could not fail to produce that state of things, which Dr. Bisset so hopelessly deploras, and candidly confesses. We will go farther and say, after an experience perhaps not less than his own, that if the good Dr. would discover a remedy, he will not find it as he would seem to suggest by 'bridging over' the chasm between the Established Church and the Free Church, but by bridging over the still wider chasm between both and the true Church. He has obviously aspirations of a purer order than those which usually fall to the lot of the Scotch Presbyterian. While these will, as time will show, unfit him for the place he now occupies in the Scotch Church, they will fit him for a place in another Church which is now inviting him into its embrace by about as many voices as there were people in Scotland before any schism was known in the country. Dr. Bisset is not a declaimer. He is not an enthusiast. He is not one at all given to magnify the evils he sees growing up in offensive rankness around him. He speaks in the tone of a man who has at once a sound judgment and great experience on the one hand and a good and warm heart on the other. What he states, respecting the present condition of religion in Scotland, as a fact, we may safely take as a fact. And while he blames the religious disunion which, of late years, has been so deeply rending the nation asunder, as the cause, we see every reason to agree with him on this point also. The expulsion of the Catholic faith from Scotland about three centuries ago could only have the same effect, sooner or later, it had in other countries. Present, it united people, by its powerful influences, in the same moral and religious sentiment. Banished those moral and religious sentiments, for want of centripetal force, soon fell into a state of solution. The result is what we see a multiplication of self-manufactured religions, tending, according to the admission of their leading members to fill the land with crime and strife, instead of promoting the ends of religion and morality. This result teaches us that education divorced from religion, is not only a useless but a baneful plant. It is that quite as much perhaps as the multitude of contending sects, which is now inundating the upper walks of Scottish life with infidelity, or with a religion which speedily sinks to infidelity, and the lower ones, notwithstanding the influence of their parochial schools which ought to be great, with a wide-spreading demoralisation. Dr. Bisset has only to wait a little longer, till he see still worse things. Literature, though not profound, almost national in its extent, as in Scotland, universities and cheap schools acting in combination have made it, can no where grow as it has grown there, uncontrolled by Divine grace and Divine truth, without issuing in profanity.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM AND HIS CLERGY.—With great pride and pleasure we (Nation) lay before our readers the annexed communication and list of names. The reverend Archbishop of Tuam—the Patriotic Prelate of the West—and his generous clergy, have honored us by making us the vehicle through which they send their contributions to those "faithful and devoted" men who, cruelly treated in England, have been designated by some of their own countrymen as "misguided" rioters and "criminals." This practical approbation of their conduct, coming from so illustrious a source, will, we feel assured, more than recompense the suffering Celts in England:—

Tuam, October 29th 1862.

Dear Sir—I enclose a cheque for five pounds, which you will forward to the London Committee, for the relief of the brave Irishmen who have sus-

tained wounds and incarceration from the late collisions at Hyde Park.

It is, however, a consolation to find that, far from being the aggressors, they were furiously assailed by unscrupulous fanatics, equally opposed to the Holy Father and all good government.

Such faithful and devoted men have earned a claim to sympathy and pecuniary support, who, in self defence, and in the cause of our holy religion, made heroic sacrifices, and saved London from the disgrace of having its public opinion overawed and misrepresented by the licentious tyranny of the wretched partisans of anarchy and Garibaldi.—I remain, dear sir, your faithful servant,

JAMES M'GEE.
His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.....£2 0 0
Rev. P. J. O'Brien, President of St. Jarlath's College..... 0 10 0
Rev. Patrick Lavelle, O.A., Partry..... 1 0 0
Rev. James M'Gee, C.C. Tuam..... 0 10 0
Rev. P. Heany, Professor of St. Jarlath's 0 10 0
Rev. U. J. Bourke, Professor of St. Jarlath's 0 10 0
A. M. Sullivan, Esq, 6 Lower Abbey-street.

O'CONNELL MONUMENT.—A requisition is in course of signature, calling on the High Sheriff to appoint an early day for a public meeting in the town, to take action on the O'Connell monument movement. We are sure that the meeting will be worthy of the patriotic reputation of Galway.—Galway American.

Our (Weekly Register) Dublin Correspondent writes to us this week:—"The statue movement continues to be the chief topic of interest. The receipts now amount to about two thousand pounds. The Express, the Mail, and the Packet have repeated their attack on the Lord Chancellor, and they all demand his removal, because he has shown sufficient appreciation of the pride of his profession, which O'Connell undoubtedly was, and sufficient patriotism to move him to subscribe £20 towards the monument."

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.—There was a meeting of the Queen's University held, last week, in Saint Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, for the purpose of conferring degrees on the students who had passed the examination for the year 1861-2. The attendance, we are told, "was very large and fashionable, the great hall being densely crowded with the elite of Dublin." Lord Carlisle, of course, was in the chair, and placemen and expectants, such as Sir Colman O'Loghlin, Dr. Corrigan, Dr. Harvey, Major Bagot, Judge Kelly, Dr. Hatchell, Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop, and several others, gathered round the English deputy. It was a great day for those toadies who fawn and crouch before power, and who pay more attention to the voice of the world than to the commands of God. A few degrees having been conferred, Lord Chancellor Brady addressed the Lord Lieutenant, saying, in the course of his remarks, "I feel confident that the progress which, from meeting to meeting, we are able to announce in the condition of the University and its colleges, has been deeply interesting to you." The Lord Lieutenant then rose to dilate on the "blessings" of mixed education in Ireland, as if England and the English Government could devise a scheme of any description that would prove serviceable to this country. He declared that the Queen's Colleges were progressing pretty favorably; that the increase in the students was about 100 each year; and that the value of the education imparted had been tested by the success obtained by Irishmen in the Indian and civil service examinations. Well, it is not to be wondered at that there is some success discernible, for even the schools of vice and profanity produce persons distinguished in rascality.—But if the Queen's Colleges can do nothing better for the young men of Ireland than fit them to enter government offices, at home and in India, it is perfectly plain that they are nothing but a sham, and that they deserve the censure the Church has cast upon them, and which no amount of applause from government sycophants can remove. The great question for consideration in connection with these institutions is, are they calculated to give a good Catholic education to the Catholic youths of Ireland? A high authority has said—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Do the Godless Colleges give such a training? Do they instruct Catholic young men in their religious exercise, and impress upon their minds the great truths of their holy religion? If they do not, then it is perfectly plain that they are unsuited to this country, and that the hierarchy of Ireland are bound to denounce them—

which they have done already—as "dangerous to faith and morals." That the Queen's Colleges are anti-Catholic there is not the slightest doubt. England would patronise no other institutions of the kind in Ireland. The National system is such; for no Catholic history is taught in the schools; and the children are deprived of every book that would tell them of their country's struggles in defence of the faith, or of the great sacrifices Irishmen have made to retain it. Even the Lord Lieutenant could not conclude his discourse without outraging the feelings of all the Catholics who have heard and read his observations. After telling the students to go forth into the world and act their parts well, and cautioning them to avoid all intolerance in matters of religion, he said—"when we look a little backward and around us, and consider that it has pleased the Almighty to permit the various creeds and churches of Christendom to be supported by such men as Luther, Bossuet, Fenelon, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Butler, John Wesley, Robert Hall, Chalmers, and Channing—mer with the fire of Divine eloquence on their lips, and the fervour of Divine piety in their hearts—then, surely, there can be none of us who might not think how likely it is that on many points he might be wrong, and how impossible it is that on all points he could be right." When we see Lord Carlisle talking of the heretic Luther having "the fire of Divine eloquence on his lips, and the fervour of Divine piety in his heart," we may easily understand the object the British Government had in view in establishing the Queen's Colleges—it was not to aid the spread of Catholicity but to promulgate error; to undermine the faith of the Church, and lead men, first into indifference and doubt, and then to rank infidelity. If the arch heretic, Luther, whose blasphemies, lies, and frauds are enough to shock the stoutest heart, is looked upon by Lord Carlisle as a man having "the fervour of Divine piety in his heart," surely it needs no argument to prove that the system of education praised by such a man should be looked upon in Ireland as an abomination. But calm and modest were the words spoken by the English Deputy, when compared with the vehement "rigmarole of botheration" delivered by Sir Robert Peel. This English fop was sent last year by Palmerston to mob and insult the Catholic Bishops, because they would not bow the knee to the Godless Colleges, and the Souper National System of Education. And to tell the truth of the peripatetic baronet, he endeavoured to discharge the duties of his mission. He would cram not only the colleges down the throats of the Catholics, but, in addition, built a fourth college to show them his power; and he sent the "bat" round for funds to put it in process of erection. In fact, this foolish offspring of a clever statesman was resolved to turn us all upside down, and mould us as he thought proper, till the O'Donoghue invited him to retract some of his low-bred impertinence or prepare to receive an ounce of cold lead in his body. Since then he has kept pretty quiet, till the other day, when he again lost loose his tongue in Dublin, in eulogising this English scheme for educating the Catholic Irish in disobedience and infidelity. Sir Robert had the impertinence to declare that he believed there were some "half-dozen" opposed to his plan, when he knew there were millions who objected altogether to him or any English placeman taking any step in connection with a plan of education for the Catholics of Ireland. What does he know of the education that suits a Catholic people? The immorality in England, and the brutal habits of most

of its people, are a proof that the English know nothing whatever of the proper way to educate human beings. They can teach men to be savages, infidels, rogues, and vagabonds; but they are totally unfit to instruct the young in the duties they owe to God and their neighbour. It is probable that the Lord Lieutenant and Sir Robert imagine that they will succeed in foisting the immoral and dangerous system they patronise on the Catholics of this country. But let them be assured that they are mistaken. A greater power than the British Government rules in religious and educational matters in Ireland—the Pope and the Catholic Hierarchy.—They, and they only, are competent to decide what plan of instruction is best suited for our young people. And they will have it based on religion, surrounded by religious influences, in order that the youth of this Catholic land may be sent into a wicked world, competent to fight successfully against the enemies they will have to confront, and in their conduct display the powers the true faith is able to bestow on those who practice its teaching, and give example to others by their honest and virtuous career.—Dundalk Democrat.

THE ROTTEN ESTABLISHMENT.—We (Castletown Telegraph) have much pleasure in referring to the articles directed by the Dundalk Democrat, the Patriot, and the majority of the national press, against the blighting anti-irish law church. It is a healthy sign of the public mind to find in all parts of the country such a steady aversion to this huge scandal—based on injustice the most gross, supported by oppression the most intolerable, and working the most evil effects upon Ireland's happiness and peace, it has long been her curse—an outrage on the first principles of free government, and an insult to the common understanding of Christians of every denomination. Why, then, as the Democrat asks, tolerate it in our midst? Among all the evil-working institutions which the perverted ingenuity of her fleecers devised for the torture of the 'Island of Saints'—among all the ways by which they made light of justice—this tower pre-eminent in iniquity. Causes of discontent never were wanting since the Saxon found a footing on our soil. Political and social grievances, aggression on our rights as men, national and individual suffering, have made Ireland, indeed, 'the last of the nations'; but in her politico-religious system the highest triumph of misrule has been achieved. The demoralising Establishment has broadened like a nightmare upon this prostrate land, generating corruption and counteracting progress—treading down the many and maintaining the accursed ascendancy of the few—propping up the power of the worst faction on the face of the earth, fostered and protected by the faction in turn; and bound by the conditions of their alliance to promote the objects of its co-mates—cupidity and ambition—at the expense of a people's freedom and prosperity, it is now become so utterly unupportable, that even its patrons have ceased to advocate its continuance on any other plea than that of necessity. Why, then, should there not be a powerful effort made to tumble down this fearful nuisance? Even if Ireland were disposed to bear in sullen silence the galling incubus, the disturbing influence of its own principles would not permit her. In Partry, Kerry, Kingstown—not to speak of the North—the evil is too noisy to allow its enemies repose. Let it, then, be attacked on all sides, and no quarter given.

IRELAND AND AMERICA.—The following announcement appears in the Galway American:—"Mr. Hammond, the Consul in Dublin, has written to his colleague here, Mr. West, and states that the steamers will commence running between Galway and Portland, Maine, in February. This fact should raise the drooping courage of our struggling people."

The condition of Ireland, this moment, is one of the most precarious nature. Professional men are hard pushed 'to make both ends meet,' the trading classes are living on the sufferance of the wholesale firms that supply them with stock, the farmers are sinking under the unbearable pressure of a succession of bad seasons, the laborers count themselves lucky the day they get two meals, the handicraftsmen are keeping up appearances by a system of ingenious makeshift of which the pawnbrokers have some knowledge; in short, the country is on the verge of national insolvency.—Tipperary Advocate.

Year after year we find our farmers anxiously watching the effects of the weather upon the crops, and as the steady moisture saturates the earth and damages its products, we hear of lamentation and despondency. This suggests the question, is there not a possibility of suiting the cultivation better to a wet climate than by growing in an unvarying fashion roots and cereals. Everybody cries out that this is not a wheat-growing country, and the outcry is confirmed by the recurrence of indifferent crops for successive years. Even a good and healthy crop has to meet the competition of wheat, grown in lands where the climate is dry and the soil almost virgin. Therefore it is not only difficult to rear, but when successfully reared, pays but badly. Is it not then time to see whether the farmer may not do better with his capital, with his labour and industry than the continuance of a crop by which he cannot gain much, and by which he may lose heavily? Why should not flax cultivation take the place, if not of our wheat crop altogether, at least of a very considerable proportion of it? The wheat crop adds little to the wealth of the country beyond such intrinsic value as is in itself. Why should not something be substituted whose wealth is almost limitless—a crop which constitutes the sole difference between the wealth of Distec and the poverty of the other provinces of Ireland? Why, in brief, shall our farmers continue to waste their money upon every crop but flax, when there is no other crop that materially promotes the prosperity of the country? It is now pretty distinctly shown that the objections to it on the score of not being a paying crop are quite futile. They have been alike disproved by theorists and by practical men. The idea of cultivating it extensively is regarded with much favor in England. Are we to suppose that the crops which the English farmer would have to sacrifice are not as valuable as those which the Irish farmer would have to give up in order to cultivate flax? We need hardly say that the high degree of cultivation which has been attained in England renders the average returns from the land much higher in that country than in this. And yet if there be an attempt, on the part of those English cultivators, to introduce a new crop into a soil naturally far less adapted for it than ours, is it not shame to us that we should be left behind in the adoption of a new and useful idea?—Cork Examiner.

It is pretty well known now what sort of crops an ungenial summer has given to the farmer. We believe it may be stated with accuracy that for fifteen years they have not been worse. The hardy nature of the oat crop has enabled that grain to weather the storm; and give a pretty fair yield in some favored districts; but nowhere have wheat and barley been anything but indifferent both in quality and quantity. There never was worse wheat in the country, and barley is a very inferior grain—two facts which should make a deep impression on the farmers, and induce them to rely, in the future, on small crops which are better adapted to our climate. Potatoes are complained of throughout the country as being small: turnips will be a light crop; and hay has been an indifferent one. Taking all these matters into consideration, we think we are justified in stating that of the four disastrous years we have just passed through, this is the worst for the farmers.—Besides, the crops of thousands of acres are still in the fields—some uncut, and some in stock—and the recent storms and torrents of rain have done them a great deal of damage. In other days when we experienced inferior crops, prices were high, but now the rule seems to be, that the lighter the crop is, the lower is the price.—Dundalk Democrat.

SPREAD OF SCARLATINA.—This dangerous disease is greatly on the increase in Cork.

THE POOR MAN'S HARVEST.—It is a disagreeable reflection to bear in mind that one must always be among those who carry bad tidings; but the truth should be told where its concealment might be injurious to thousands. From the frightful state of the weather lately, the poor, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, have been unable to save, as it should be saved, the third of the produce of their little holdings, and consequently a repetition of the scenes of last winter already stares them in the face. There is nothing like a sufficiency in the beggar to meet the debts due and the pressing requirements of the poor man's family. The cereal crop has been all but ruined by the storms and uncessing rains, and the potato will be far, far short, indeed, even of what was expected of it. This is a picture the reverse of the one we should be delighted to present to our readers; but, as before observed, it is the only one truth will permit us to draw. It has been more than once rather loudly asserted that in the matter of fuel there is no room for despair this year on the part of the poor. We question this very much. There is no such quantity saved as to guarantee a cheap supply to the struggling mechanic and labourer in this country. From all we can learn so far, there is nothing whatever to raise the hopes of the indigent in this respect. Winter is already at the door, and what is there inside to guarantee the occupant of the miserable hut against its rigours? We are compelled, by these considerations, to direct the attention of all whom it may concern to the propriety of at once setting on foot an energetic agitation for the commencement of a merciful system of out-door relief. A few shillings spent in this way, in proper time, will save pounds hereafter. Surely there is spirit enough among us to bring this subject home to the consideration of all the elected guardians in the country. We protest against the idea of sending round the begging-box, while there is a shilling in the country that can be applied with justice to the wants of the people. If the matter be taken up in time, and treated with spirit, we will be spared this year the humiliation to which last year we were subjected. As a proper stimulus, be it remembered, that in general the present is a short harvest, and, in particular, the poor man's portion of it is a complete failure. What should be done under the circumstances is just now the question of questions.—Catholic Telegraph.

A fatal explosion—the third of its character within the last three years—took place on Saturday at the Ballinacraig powder mills. By it two men were killed, and one man was injured in a trifling degree. The scene of the explosion was 'the stove,' or drying house, an erection situated at a considerable distance from other portions of the mill, and on the south bank of the canal that traverses the works. The building is constructed in three portions, consisting of two drying houses, and a small building between them containing a steam engine and other driving apparatus for the machinery used in the two adjoining structures. At the hour mentioned—twelve o'clock—there were only two men near the eastern one of these wings or 'stoves'—John Hallissy and David Leahy. The former was actually in the house; the other is believed to have been washing his feet on the banks of the canal. At that hour the explosion took place. The small building was blown utterly to pieces, leaving not a trace of its existence save some beams, sticks, and stones on the ground. Hallissy was crushed to death under the falling mass, although it would seem scarcely injured by the explosion itself; and Leahy, the second man, was blown into the canal and drowned there. In the central building, the engine-house, a man named Leahy was at work, and a portion of this being crushed by the explosion, Leahy was buried in the ruins, but, strange to say, escaped altogether unharmed, except in having received a slight contusion on his brow. Immediately afterwards, when the workmen gathered to the spot, the body of Hallissy was discovered among the ruins, with no portion of his body in any degree disfigured except his chest, which was crushed in. No trace was visible of Leahy, and up to the time of our despatch leaving the dragging of the canal to find his body was unsuccessful. The spot where the disaster occurred presents such a scene of wreck and violence as could not well be conceived by those who have not seen it. The spot where the 'stove' stood is quite level with the ground, except that on its site lie beams and slates, bricks and plaster, and piles of rubbish generally which once formed the building. No portion of the walls remain. Around for many hundred yards, on both sides of the canal, are pieces of the wood work and brick work of the house, shattered and splintered with a force more than gigantic. The shivered remnant of the engine-house stands alongside, and makes the scene even more gloomy. At the time our despatch left, the banks of the canal were crowded with anxious men, women, and children—all with the countenances of those on whom a serious misfortune had just fallen, waiting till the body of the drowned man should be recovered. The stunted and withered trees in the neighborhood have been rendered even more miserable looking by having in numerous instances branches wrenched off them by the explosion, hanging on their stems. This is the first time an explosion ever took place in this portion of the mill. Nothing is known of the cause of the accident, and the only suggestion that can be made is that it was caused by the friction of some portion of the machinery at work in the building.—Cork Examiner.

We regret to find the following painful story in a Cork contemporary:—"The Southern Reporter of this morning states that a murder was committed at Gogaun, about ten miles from Inchigeela, on Saturday evening, the 1st inst. Two brothers named Callaghan lived separate on one farm at that place. The cows of Timothy Callaghan were in the habit of trespassing on his brother Daniel's land, and from this cause a bitter feeling between the brothers arose. The victim, John Coleman, was servant to Timothy, and on Saturday evening went out to bring home his master's cows, and a short distance from Timothy's house he saw Daniel Callaghan behind a bush, and at the same time Callaghan threw a stone at him, from the effect of which he died on Sunday morning. Daniel Callaghan has been committed to Macroom Bridewell, to wait the coroner's inquest."

SUSPECTED MURDER.—The inquest on the body of James Ferrand, of Saddleworth, who is supposed to have been savagely assaulted and murdered, and afterwards thrown into the river Tame, was opened on Thursday. Little more was elicited than what has been already published, but a person called Bradbury has been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the affair. He was known to be one of the last persons who was in Ferrand's company on Saturday night, the last time Ferrand was seen alive, but no evidence was given at the inquest to incriminate him further than this. The inquiry was adjourned for a week.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—Died, at Ballybragh, on the 17th ult., James Falloon, aged 110 years. During his protracted life he always enjoyed excellent health, until within ten days of his death. He was an honest, kind-hearted man, and of a very cheerful, contented disposition. He retained all his faculties to the last. During the latter part of his life he received an annuity from his landlord, John Waring Maxwell, Esq., which was amply sufficient for his humble wants. His memory was good, but entirely conversant with matters of a local nature. The only national event of importance that he spoke of distinctly remembering was the landing of Thurot at Carrickfergus, in the year 1760. He stated that he had a clear recollection of standing on a large hill, near his father's house, with a number of other persons, and seeing the ships sail past, commanded by Elliot, which afterwards defeated the French squadron off the Isle of Man, when Thurot was killed. About five years ago, he and his brother Neal Falloon, and his wife, resided in the same house, and their united ages then amounted to 301 years. The two latter are since dead.—Down Recorder.

THE "DAILY EXPRESS" REBUKED.—An apparently valued correspondent of the Express thus unintentionally rebukes its assertion that the distress in Ireland was fictitious:—"Sir—While our hearts are opened and our sympathies drawn out for the distress of the Lancashire spinners, let it not be forgotten that, poor as they may be, our own poor are poorer still. Alas! many are the causes of poverty, but the results are the same—hunger, nakedness, misery—leading, if not relieved, most certainly to vice and further degradation."

CONVICTION OF A NOTORIOUS SWINDLER.—Ardee, October 27.—A one-armed swindler, who generally gives his name as 'Jackson,' and represented to his dupes that he had been at the battle of Bull's Run, where he lost his arm, has been tried at the Quarter Sessions of this town, for receiving goods under false pretences, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. This worthy was well known in Dublin, Roscommon, Dundalk, Drogheda, Derry, Belfast, and, no doubt, in various other parts of Ireland, where he represented himself as having lately returned from America, and would persuade the party whom he intended to swindle, that he had a letter, or 'present' from some relative of theirs in the New World, the letter being invariably 'in his portmanteau at the hotel.' By this means he raised various sums of money. He lived with one man in Dundalk for three weeks, representing himself as a relative.—Cor. of Nation.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.—A little boy, three years of age, son of a farmer named McGuinness, living at Bachel's Cross, county Louth, was burned to death on Friday, while his mother was absent about five minutes in the garden. It appeared the child did not scream. An inquest was held before Dr. Callan on next day, and a verdict of 'Accidental Death' returned.

There was a numerous and interesting meeting of the committee for the relief of the distress in Lancashire at the Mansion House on Tuesday. The sum of £781 additional subscriptions for the first half of the week was announced. A letter was read from Lord Rosse, Lieutenant of the King's County addressed to the Deputy Lieutenant, exhorting them to make local efforts to raise funds, and reminding them that in supporting the present appeal, in addition to the general obligation imposed on us, as part of the United Kingdom, of joining in a combined effort to relieve the distress in the manufacturing districts, there are special obligations arising out of the fact that many from this country are residing in those districts, are sharing in the general distress, and are participating in the general fund. He feels convinced that this occasion will be gladly seized upon as an opportunity of showing that we have still a lively recollection of the great efforts made in the North of England for the severe distress in the Southern and Western districts of Ireland during the famine years. Two influential Roman Catholic gentlemen, Mr. Corbally, and Mr. D'Arcy, D.L., were added to the committee, and Mr. S. Bewley handed in £119 from the Society of Friends. Judge Fitzgerald informed the meeting that he had learned from private sources that the distress far exceeded in severity any public account that had reached this country. Alderman Roe expected that in a very short time local committees would be established in every town and village in the country.

The County Armagh met on Tuesday, when measures were taken for the collection of funds for the relief of distress in England. The meeting was convened by the High Sheriff, Mr. Bigger, and was attended by many of the gentry and clergy. Resolutions were moved and seconded by Colonel Stronge, Mr. Bond, Mr. Kirk, the Rev. A. Urwin, and Mr. H. L. Prentice, expressing sympathy with the sufferers, gratitude to the English people for their former liberality to this country, and adopting plans for the collection of funds.—Times.

At the Dublin Commission, Martin Hough, alias O'Leary, a servant, was convicted for attempting to murder Mary Metcalf, also a servant, by cutting her throat with a razor, on the 15th of July last. Before sentence was passed he made a rambling statement. He was extremely sorry that one of the Queen's men (he had been a soldier) should have committed such a crime, as he had been granted a pension when leaving the service in 1857. He said, "I place myself in Her Majesty's hands, to do what she pleases with me, and I remain her humble and unfortunate servant, my Lord." An attempt had been made to show that he was insane, but the plea was not admitted, and Baron Fitzgerald sentenced him to penal servitude for life.—Correspondent of the Weekly Register.

ULSTER PROTESTANTISM.—The Inquirer, an English Protestant journal says:—"One misfortune of Irish Protestantism is, it has no history, no illustrious names or deeds of a national character to feed the spirit of national life. It has nothing but the siege of Derry and the victory of the Boyne, and around these exceptional events of a troubled era, the glory of which belongs to foreigners, not to Irishmen, there has been thrown a halo of misleading traditions and sectarian prejudices by the blind fury of passionate factions. One of the most vehement demands of the aggrieved thousands who met at Belfast was for 'even handed justice,' and never, surely, in the annals of party warfare was there such a perversion of language. 'Even-handed justice,' doing unto others as we would be done by, is an hereditary sentiment of Englishmen, and is sacred to most Christians. But then, justice with us is a very wide term, and applies to speech, to manner, to the nameless intercourse of daily social life, as well as to the statute law. We feel that we can be as unjust to our brother by rudeness and suspicion, by assailing his faith or his reputation, as much as by robbing him of his property or exposing him to physical suffering. In its enlarged Christian sense justice is the same as charity, wisdom, or that brotherly esteem and kindness, the cement of social life. Is it this sort of Christian justice on which the Ulster Protestants have set their hearts? The farthest from it possible! It is hardly credible that the special grievance which afflicts them arises from a recent act of parliament which forbids the use of party emblems and processions which exasperate their Roman Catholic neighbors, and have since time immemorial been productive of murderous tumults. It would be no great exercise of Protestant virtue, one would suppose, to abstain in a Roman Catholic country from anti-papal demonstrations. We may assume that the Bible is known in Ireland, or at least that clergyman might have learned somewhere that what is abstractly lawful is not always expedient, that all things should be done for edification, and that it is not always expedient, that all things should be done for edification, and that it is not Christian to indulge in practices, however innocent in themselves, whereby a weak brother stumble or is offended. For this kind of Gospel, Ulster Protestantism, at least, has no affection; and lustily does it demand the rich luxury of its party insignia, its Orange sashes and rosettes, and banners and music to display as insultingly as possible its dominant ascendancy; but one turns away in sadness from such blind folly, to mourn over the injury it inflicts on the divine charities of brotherhood and the Gospel.

SEARCH FOR ARMS.—We understand that a few nights ago a large party of constabulary, under the direction of Sub-Inspector Waters, of Carrick-on-Shannon, made a search in the neighborhood of Drumna for fire-arms.—Nenagh Guardian.

TENANT RIGHT IN MONAGHAN.—During the past week a small, but well-circumstanced farm, situated in the townland of Garron, on the estate of Henry G. Johnston, Esq., containing 11 acres Irish, with half an acre of bog, held at will, sold, with the consent of the landlord, to an adjoining tenant for the round sum of £200. The same purchaser bought the farms of two adjoining tenants, who desired to part with their interest at a similar agreeable rate as the above sale.—Monaghan Standard.

GREAT BRITAIN.

We extract the following from Dr. O'Brien's address, delivered at the opening of the Conference at Liverpool:—

The Irish in England.—I need not say how truly needful and how highly valuable this mission is for preserving and improving our Catholics in England. Many and many a trial they have to undergo—trials from perversion of others, and very often from the very goodness of their own kind hearts. They no longer breathe the atmosphere where the traditions of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkille form the heart and opinion of the masses. They are now under the influence of new associates, or old associates who may be sadly changed. When at home, the Sunday instruction was preserved in the home-stead, or supplemented by the acknowledged rule of religious views, which grew up and around one from childhood. We had it everywhere. The beggar whom we met upon the wayside and the young children singing their convent song as they came home from school, wore around our hearts the magic of Christian devotion. The old mother's long prayers and the poor father's frequent advisers, and the wonder and horror of all at a blasphemy or impiety hedged us round with defences "which treason durst not enter." The very churchyards and broken arches of the old abbey ruins were the sermons of the dead to us, and flung the solemn light of ages on the teachings of the living—we were in the circle of moral strength, and we moved by powers infinitely greater than our own. In England all these influences are nearly lost, and morality often has little chance of life amongst the assaults of every day free-thinking, or free acting, in workshop, mill, or railway. Alas, we sometimes lose everything. We lose name, character, hope, and happiness. We fall into the hands of men who, having been ruined themselves by vice, abuse our good fellowship and our simplicity, and we are finally lost to the Church, the country, and to Heaven (hear, hear). Brothers, will you not work to unite, change, and save these noble natures? (Hear, hear.) Will you not strive to bring them to our guilds—our schools—our libraries—our communions—to make them one with us? (Hear, hear.) Will you not use every power of prayer and persuasion to win, associate, and confirm these men so numerous and so chivalrous, that may increase so enormously the sum of their own felicity and the hopes of Catholicity in the whole world, by widening and strengthening the only power that seems equal to the mission of saving them—(cheers)—the Young Men's Society. Well, then, brothers, we know, if I mistake not, we know what our "union" means (hear, hear). We know it in its results to mean self-respect, self-reliance, temperance, industry, religion, Christian manhood developed (cheers). We know it to mean fidelity for the individual its growth—happy homes, happy families, growing in the peace and sanctity of faith (cheers). We know it to mean—in its perfection, we know it to mean Power—a Power that even now strives to twine its infant arms round the very globe, and take all humanity in its embrace (cheers). We know union to mean all we desire—to secure all we can hope—to insure all we can demand—to crown all we can possess with an aureole of glory. We know it to be our guard—our strength—our champion—our life, intellect, and honour—such is "union." Union is the honour of the man—the power of the people (cheers). Let us work for it then (hear, hear). When asked why so anxious about the guild meeting, answer, 'tis my part of the work for "union," of raising a race and making a people. When asked why pay your penny or your pound to the warden? say a penny or a pound is a small thing for banding, and keeping, and preserving yourself and a hundred thousand men (hear, hear). When asked why you bind yourself to rules and march under banners in the Young Men's Society? answer—if faith be with blood, and life be a poor offering on the altar of one's country, I surely ought to submit to rule and regulation (loud cheers). Yes, brothers, let us teach our various societies to forget and remember, as the case may be, small things in the presence of great interests—in the presence of union. Even when things may not go on well in guild or in council, never let a single view stand in the way of a general movement. If an individual be wrong—president, vice-president, or spiritual director—let us never dream of visiting such a thing upon our great society, and striking at union (hear, hear). If an individual should be foolish or offensive, no matter who he may be, he is not the society. Before that, before Union, let every small feeling be subdued, and no personal interest be heard—for the society is God and Catholic Union (cheers). Are those high principles of action what are called transcendental views? No; they are at the very foundation of social strength and social progress, and until they be practically learned and habitually employed, no nation or people ever had strength, hope, or dignity (cheers).

Garibaldi's Demonstration in Chester.—Anticipated Riots.—Considerable excitement prevailed in Chester on Monday, in consequence of bills posted in various parts of the city, headed 'Garibaldi for ever!—down with the Pope!' and which invited the friends of Garibaldi to meet at the Castle gates at eight o'clock. The mayor and the magistrates, apprehending that a disturbance would ensue if such a meeting took place, issued a placard on Monday afternoon, warning the public not to attend such meeting, as it was illegal, and having a tendency to provoke a breach of the peace would not be allowed. Notwithstanding this notice, soon after seven o'clock large numbers, women and children wended their way towards the Castle gates. It was especially noticed that the large portion of the lower orders were armed with short thick sticks, which had large knobs at the end of them. About 8 o'clock the Mayor (J. Trevor, Esq.) accompanied by Mr. Hill, chief constable, and a body of police, made their appearance, when the Mayor addressed those assembled, urgently requesting them to disperse. He assured them that no good would come if the meeting were held; that proper precautions had been taken to prevent it; and that if they attempted to proceed with it the offenders would get into difficulty. One of the crowd at this juncture of the proceedings hoisted an effigy of the Pope into the air, and there was a regular round of cheering and hooting. The chief constable endeavoured to apprehend the offender, but he, aided by those around him, made his escape. Many of the more respectable portion of the assembly took the mayor's advice and went away; but not so with the more evil disposed, whose numbers at this time were greatly augmented. They began to cheer for Garibaldi and groan for the Pope and one young man, a letter-carrier, began to harangue them. He deprecated the mayor's interfering with any body of Englishmen who wished, on the one hand, to bear their testimony to the noble character of Garibaldi, and on the other to express their contempt for the Pope. He believed that the Mayor was afraid of the Irish, and he (the speaker) therefore called for cheers for Garibaldi and groans for the Pope. They were heartily given. At this time there were something like a thousand people congregated together. They left the Castle when they found that the authorities were determined no meeting should be held, and proceeded up Grosvenor-street and Bridge-street into Eastgate-street, cheering for Garibaldi and groaning for the Pope as they walked along. The crowd gradually increased, and the streets and rows were full of people. The mayor and the police kept close to the ringleaders throughout, or there is no doubt a similar scene to that at Birkenhead would have been enacted in Chester. The crowd subsequently proceeded to Foregate-street, groaning and cheering as they went. Boughton, which is just beyond Foregate-street, is almost totally inhabited by the Irish, who up to this time had not been known, as we could perceive, any part in the disgraceful proceedings, and on their bearing the cheers and groans, a number of them appeared at the end of the street. A determined effort was made to pre-

vent a collision between the two parties, the effects of which would most assuredly have been most serious. The crowd retreated into John-street, and up Pepper-street, and at a later period were entirely dispersed, without having committed that damage which they undoubtedly would have done had it not been for the vigorous measures adopted by the mayor and chief constable.—Manchester Examiner.

The Garibaldi sympathisers are producing the evil consequences which were apprehended. It is not, however, the mere circumstance that meetings have been held for the purpose of expressing the admiration which is felt by an inconsiderable portion of the people of this country for the Italian buccannin and patriot that has led to the riots at Birkenhead and in Hyde Park; for there had been such assemblages of sympathisers on former occasions without exciting angry passions or leading to collisions. What has occasioned the late tumults has been the motive which too manifestly prompted those who organised the sympathising meetings. It was not as a patriot like William Tell or Kosciuszko fighting for his country's liberation from a foreign, intolerable yoke that Garibaldi has become the idol of any portion of the people of England. He could not possibly have won their esteem for that reason, inasmuch as no such reason has existed. Truly is not suffering under a foreign yoke, unless it be that of the Sardinians. Garibaldi may be as great a hero and as noble a patriot as the aviators of the Whittington Club and the London Tavern may choose to represent him, but he is neither a Kosciuszko nor a Tell. All he has ever done is this and no more—that he aided in establishing a revolutionary triumvirate, as chiefs of a Republic stained by robbery, sacrilege, murder, and systematised assassination in Rome, and that as the agent of Count Cavour he stirred up the seditious feelings of the Sicilians against the Bourbons, and created a successful rebellion in Naples against an unfortunate young Sovereign who was surrounded by traitors, led on by members of his own family, and openly encouraged by three of the leading members of the British Cabinet. Garibaldi's military exploits have been nothing. In the only instance in which he and his volunteers were really encountered by the Neapolitan army, he would have been annihilated had not the Sardinians under Cialdini come to the rescue,—and all the world knows how he succeeded at Aspromonte. He is, we believe brave,—but he is neither a soldier nor a hero. Against the Austrians he and the Piedmontese have been and will be always contemptible. His heroism, as far as he has hitherto shown it, consists in will-pending Priests, and in truculently abusive speeches against the Pope and the Emperor of the French. And this is why he is an idol of the ignorant fanatical multitude in this country, and why he is abetted, encouraged, and caressed by their betters. He is the virulent enemy of the Holy See; and for this it is that the sympathising meetings have been got up in his favour.—Weekly Register.

The true character of the proceedings at Birkenhead is coming out more and more clearly. They consist of a series of Orange demonstrations made by Irish Orangemen at the instigation of Irish Protestants; Clergymen, Dr. Bayle, Dr. Blakeney, and Dr. Butler, among a large population of Irish Catholic labourers, with the connivance, the approbation, and the moral and physical support of the English magistracy, the English police, English volunteers, and English troops. It is impossible to read the accounts given by the Liverpool papers, such as the Mercury and Daily Post, without indignation. A savage thirst for the blood of the Irish Roman Catholics of Birkenhead would account for the proceedings which have taken place since Wednesday, the 15th of October, more simply than any other hypothesis. But if that hypothesis were rejected for the honour of humanity, it would be hard to define the mixture of motives which must have led to the disgraceful conduct pursued. Cowardice, stupidity, bigotry, may safely be ascribed to the authorities. To the Orangemen of Liverpool, and the clerical No Popery agitators, it is not necessary to ascribe motives. They act, as such people have always acted, according to their nature, and what that brutalised nature is has been shown only too often. Most fortunately the influence of the malignant and insulted Catholic Clergy, and the good sense of the Catholic population, have saved Birkenhead from a horrible massacre.—London Tablet.

At Knutsford also, last week the aggressive conduct of the Garibaldians has been very near causing a serious disturbance, but was quelled by the quiet determination of the Irish, who appeared ready, though not provocative. "Defence, not Defence," seems to have been their motto; as it should be on all such occasions.

On the authority of the Liverpool Mercury, we learn that nine deaths have occurred amongst the Irish who were maltreated by the police at the late riots! Nine victims, and these all Irish, besides a large number who have suffered grievous injury and are confined to bed in consequence, were necessary to glut the vengeance of the Garibaldian sympathisers. Here's a bloody page for the world to gaze upon! What a satire on the English dogma of freedom of speech! A sacrifice of nine lives, together with the damning fact that every prisoner, except one, who was an Italian, were taken from amidst the Irish. Some of the latter are women. What a splendid specimen of English justice and fair play.

To-day we publish the text of the remonstrance of the New York Chamber of Commerce. They have issued a "report" upon this subject, in which not one word occurs as to the negligence or inefficiency of their own navy; but they declare that "the most widespread exasperation" is rising against this country, because the Confederate war steamer Alabama burnt the Federal merchant ship Brilliant.—Their reason for this exasperation is that the Alabama was built in this country, and that guns with which she is mounted were also bought in this country. We have no doubt of these facts, although we have no special information as to them. But what has England to do with this? Suppose we had knowingly allowed a ship-of-war to be built, and armed, and provisioned, and manned, and to go, flying the Confederate flag, out of one of our ports, we should have done wrong. We should have done what the United States did when, during the Russian war, they sent the America across the Pacific to the Russians on the Yellow Sea. We should have done what the United States did when the Russian war ship, the Great Admiral, was laid down in an American dockyard. But we have done nothing of the sort. Our shipbuilders have sold a ship as they are every day selling ships. Whether she be better adapted for war or for peace is nothing to them or to us. She left our port an unarmed vessel. Depend upon it, she infringed no law municipal or international, for Mr. Adams and his agents, as well as the secret Committee which sits in London, had all their eyes upon her. Whether she would have been a lawful prize when she had left our waters, we know not; that must depend upon her papers; but she was not a ship which our Government had a right to stop. How many steamships does the New York Chamber of Commerce think our shipbuilders turn out in a year? Are we to shut up our ship-yards as well as our factories as a homage to the Federal lust of conquest? The New York Chamber of Commerce, and especially Mr. Low, who seems to be their mouthpiece, would appear to be of this opinion. They have "heard with amazement" that other ships have been built in England and Scotland which may possibly become at a future time Confederate vessels of war. Mr. Low has, moreover, heard that an iron-clad ship is being built here for that purpose, and he has also read in the public papers, that a ship-loaded with Confederate stores was lately sunk in the Clyde. In the old days of Greta Green marriages, when an enraged guard drove up to Newman's stables at Barnet in time to see his fugitive ward driven off by four speedy grays, he turned furiously upon the horsekeeper for

having supplied the runaways with such splendid horseflesh. "I am strictly neutral, Sir," said the master of the road. "Four bays, the exact counterparts in blood; and hope, are harnessing for you at this moment." "We cannot shut up our shipping yards, but all the world is free to buy in them. We do not fit out ships-of-war, but we sell all the component materials to any one who will buy. It is for them at their own risk to take them away and put them together. In doing this we follow very high example, and are covered by very high authority.—In 1855, when we were at war with Russia, some of us had some foolish notions that we ought to have the sympathy of a kindred race and a free Government. We were inclined to expostulate when we found America selling to our enemy the chief materials by which he carried on the war. But what did Mr. President Pierce answer? He showed us at once how wrong we were. He professed the purest neutrality policy, and he thus lucidly defines that policy. His Message to Congress will be found in the Times of the 15th of January 1856. "In pursuance of this policy," said Mr. President Pierce, "the Laws of the United States do not forbid their citizens to sell to either of the belligerent Powers articles contraband of war, or to take munitions of war or soldiers on board their private ships for transportation; and, although, in so doing, the individual citizen exposes his property or person to some of the hazards of war; his acts do not involve any breach of the national neutrality, nor of themselves implicate the Government. Thus, during the progress of the present war in Europe, our citizens have, without national responsibility therefor, sold gunpowder and arms to all buyers, regardless of the destination of those articles. Our merchantmen have been and still continue to be, largely employed by Great Britain and by France in transporting troops, provisions, and munitions of war to the principal seat of military operations, and in bringing home the sick and wounded soldiers; but such use of our mercantile marine is not interdicted either by the international or by our municipal law, and therefore does not compromise our neutral relations with Russia." We have never gone beyond, or even stepped fully up to the bounds of American theory. That theory, however, is perfectly sound; and therefore it is that we sell unarmed ships to all the world, "regardless," as Mr. President Pierce so aptly says, "of the destination of those articles." The New York Chamber of Commerce had better send Capt. Wilkes after the Alabama. We cannot undertake to capture this one Confederate cruiser. We are very sorry that the Brilliant was burnt, and so we are that the towns on the Mississippi were burnt, and that murder and dishonor of men and women of Alabama took place. These scenes are sad to have suggested the name of this terrible cruiser—but we know our duties as neutrals, and sit as disciples at the feet of President Pierce.

Several distressing cases of suicide—more than one of them by young women—and several horrid discoveries of child murder, are published this week in the daily papers. It is beside our purpose to give the sickening details, but the existence of such facts must not be forgotten.—Weekly Register.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.—A characteristic affair has occurred at Willenhall, where a "secession" having taken place in a Baptist chapel, a new preacher was engaged by the one party, and as strongly opposed by the other. On the next preaching night, both sides met, but the pulpit having been occupied ever since the morning by the old preacher, the new one had to put up with a temporary substitute in the vestry, both parties holding forth at the same time. After service the party in power maintained possession of the building, several of them remaining all night to prevent any violent attempt on the part of their opponents to force an entrance. Two such efforts were actually made—one about midnight and another about four o'clock in the morning—but without success.—Guardian.

CRIME IN ENGLAND.—The moral condition of England is, we regret to say, every day growing worse. Trials of the most abominable nature are constantly coming before the courts. Robberies, accompanied with violence, take place with astonishing frequency in the streets of London. The peculiarly English crime of woman-murder is reaching a frightful development. To such a pitch has the crime of infanticide spread, that some humane persons have formed themselves into a society for the discouragement of the practice! Very probably the society will send persons about the country to lecture on the subject, and to persuade the enlightened and civilised English people, if they can, that it is cruel and sinful to murder the little children. Is it not a frightful state of things? What Christian or truly humane heart can think without a shudder of these little hands instinctively extended for mercy—of those little eyes looking so innocently into the face of the murderous-minded parent? who can, without horror, think of the brutal grasp on the little throat? We cannot dwell further on the fearful picture. But we pray that God may save those people from the fearful condition into which they are fast hurrying, and give to other people the grace to shun the paths that have brought the English so far on the way to moral ruin.

THE USES AND ADVANTAGES OF GOING TO CHURCH.—In a certain Highland glen a staunch Established Churchman was one day on his way home from church, and he met one of his dissenting brethren. The latter asked the former if he got a good sermon from Mr. —, to which the former gentleman gave the following rather strange reply:—"Indeed, sir, I did not expect to get a good sermon, but I went there for a certain reason." As a matter of course, the reason was asked, after which the worthy gentleman continued:—"Our congregation is a rather singular one; it is composed of three parts. The first division, of which I form a part myself, goes there to gain the favor of the laity; the second goes there so as to get a general good name; and the third goes there in order that it may pass a part of Sunday, since it is always considered to be a long day."—Elgin Courier.

AN AWFUL WARNING.—In London, last week, a drunken and excited woman made use of the expression "God strike me down dead," when, almost before she had got the words out of her mouth, she fell on a heap of stones in the street, and on being picked up she was found to be extinct.

THE SCOTCH SABBATARIANS.—The opening of the Botanic Gardens at Kew has been attended with the most beneficial results; but the Edinburgh Pharisees seem to think that the extension of the same boon to their city will at once expose "Auld Scotia" to the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah. A rampant public meeting has been held, in which we are sorry to see, amongst a mass of obscure bigots, that such men as the Lord Provost, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie—who has done good service in the cause of ragged schools, and ought to know better—and the Rev. Mr. Boyd, who, under the initials A.K.H.B., has gained a gratifying literary reputation, have taken part on the side of intolerance. The old bosh about John Knox and the Covenant was duly ranted, and a letter was read from some 'precious professor,' named Balfour, who manifested great solicitude for the 'valuable ferns' in the Botanic Gardens, and was wicked and unchristian enough to hint that people who broke the fourth commandment would easily break the eighth. This reminds us of the judge who, in addressing the prisoner convicted of robbing a farm-yard, said, 'Provided, instead of which you go about stealing ducks.' Mr. Balfour appears to be fearful lest the people of Edinburgh, their exhausted faculties recruited by a stroll in the Botanic Gardens, should suddenly take to pilfering ferns. "May we ask the professor if the robbery of garden stuff be inseparable from taking a Sunday afternoon's walk; whether it is the practice of going so many times per diem, to kick that leads to the Scotch getting so very drunk on the Sabbath? Really, we have no patience with these Scotch hypocrites."—Daily Telegraph.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 28, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE question of intervention with the affairs of our belligerent neighbors in so far as Great Britain is concerned, is for the present set at rest. The last steamer brings us news to the effect that Lord Russell has given an official reply to the French Government, declining in good set terms the proposal for a joint mediation on the part of France, and Great Britain, with the view of bringing the civil war in America to a close.

In all other respects the news of the last steamer is devoid of interest. The Italian question remains in statu quo; and able editors, in very despair of some exciting political topic to discuss, actually turn their attention to Greece, and fall back upon the revolution which has lately driven the ill-starred Otho from his unenviable throne.

The Federal and Confederate forces are always just on the point of coming to blows, but neither seems in a hurry to commence the fray. The past week has not been diversified by any very important events, either in the political or in the military line.

Our subscribers will please take notice that as the TRUE WITNESS is now addressed by means of Spenser's Addressing Machine, they may at once find the state of their several accounts with this office, by referring to the figures which show to what date their paid subscriptions extend.

CEPARING OFF THE POOR.—A very high authority—an authority at all events very high in the estimation of Papists—assured His hearers—"Ye have the poor always with you." The speaker was neither a philanthropist, nor a liberal. He never propounded to the acceptance of His disciples any of the theorems of political economy; nor did He ever so much as insinuate that poverty was the one unpardonable sin, for which there was no forgiveness to be looked for, either in time or in eternity.

The Catholic Church, in her ignorance of the principles of sound political economy, has always been the friend of the poor and needy; the destitute, the homeless and the friendless have ever been the objects of her peculiar regard; and her Prelates, and her noblest children, have ever deemed it their highest privilege to be allowed to minister to the wants of those outcasts upon earth, in the foolish idea that, in so doing, they were ministering to Him Who, when earth, was the man of sorrows—Who had not where to lay His head.

Protestantism however soon dissipated these superstitious and antiquated prejudices. By the light of the new Gospel, the beggar was at once seen in his true colors, and the poor man at once stood revealed, an incorrigible scoundrel. Reversing the old creed, "Blessed are the poor—blessed are ye that mourn," it launched its fiercest anathemas against the one, and its arm has ever been heavy upon the other. To be rich, to be smart and successful in business, to amass wealth, and to attain, as Carlyle has it, to the dignity of a 'gig,' these were the things which Protestantism held in honor, these the benedictions which it held out to its beloved children as the reward of their faithful services; but for the pauper it had, and still incalculates, the most profound contempt, and loathing. As charity and

chastity, and self-denial, are the virtues upon which Romanism mostly insists, so in the Protestant world, thrift, and smart business habits, and a stoical apathy to the sufferings of the poor, are hailed as signs of grace, and of predestination to eternal life.

So much is this the case that there is nothing which so encourages the hopes of those who believe in the regeneration of Italy by and through Protestantism, as the new policy which, since the success of the revolution, has been adopted by the Government of Victor Emmanuel towards the poor of his newly acquired Provinces. Under the old Romish regime, and in accordance with the infamous principles of Romanism, the poor in the Italian cities were allowed to roam abroad, to breathe the fresh air of heaven, to bask in the golden rays of an Italian sun, and whilst unrestricted in their enjoyment of these simple luxuries, were also not prohibited from appealing to the charitable feelings of their wealthier fellow-citizens. Thus it came to pass that Italian beggars were a source of constant annoyance to Protestant tourists; who wondered, and were indignant as they contrasted the condition of Romish communities, with that of those happy lands of Gospel light, and sanctuary privileges, where the beggar is treated as a felon, and where, though the "Bible is open," the pauper is locked up in a Poor Law Bastille, and treated with more indignity and cruelty than the vilest criminal in Newgate.

Thank God! however, exclaims the Protestant Great Britain, the Revolution has changed all this; and albeit by no means used to the thanksgiving mood, the correspondent of the London Times breaks out into a kind of Liberal "Te Deum," or canticle of praise, as he recounts the rigorous treatment of the Italian poor by the officials of King "honest-man;" and in rapturous language describes how these "nuisances" and pests of the earth, the beggars and paupers, have been cleared off by liberal Municipal dignitaries:—

"The wildest dreams of the philanthropist"—exclaims this John the Baptist of the new Protestant evangel, in a transport of joy and gratitude—"the wildest dreams of the philanthropist come true now and then. The age of miracles is any thing but past."

"I walked about in Bologna all day yesterday, and looked in vain for one beggar. It was a holiday, too, ALL SAINTS, and the whole population was out of doors; yet neither on church door steps, nor in market square, nor at our hackney carriage door, nor anywhere were our eyes saddened by real or feigned distress, or our ears importuned by the mendicant's wail."

And in a strain of triumph at this palpable and incontestable evidence of the progress of Liberal and Protestant principles in Italy, he exclaims in a kind of holy rapture:—

"Where are all the miscreants now?"

The explanation of this seeming miracle, which so surprises and so delights our Protestant friend, is easy. The Municipal authorities have provided a "huge workhouse," or prison, in which they have incarcerated the miscreants, the wretches who in this age of progress and enlightenment, and Protestant civilisation, are guilty of the crime of nakedness, poverty, and hunger. Thus have the poor been cleared off; and by such a process have the blessings of the Revolution been extended even to the lowest and vilest classes of society. "We have lived," says the Times' correspondent—and in these words the blessings of modern Liberalism are summed up:—

"We have lived to see the last beggar out of Bologna, as we had seen Turin and Milan clear of the same plague before."—Gloria Deo in excelsis.

And what has been done in Bologna, Turin and Milan will, it is confidently expected, be accomplished also throughout the land—and even in Rome, itself, whenever the yoke of priestly rule, and of the Papacy shall have been thrown off, and the corrupting influences of Catholicity neutralised by the life giving principles of the evangel according to Gavazzi and Garibaldi.

"We have made, or are rapidly making an end to mendicancy wherever we shake off priestly rule; and we shall drive it from the very steps of the Vatican, the moment we have turned out, or at least disowned its chief inmate."

No doubt of it. If Protestant principles with respect to the treatment of the poor had been in the ascendant in Judaea some eighteen or nineteen hundred years ago, the B. Virgin and Her Son would have been committed to jail or the workhouse, as vagrants; and the political economists of the age would have announced the fact, as a proof of progress, and in the words of the writer in the Times would have cried out with glee—"Where are the miscreants now?" The Apostles and first preachers of a religion brought to earth by One who was actually born in a stable, and whose first cradle was a manger, would have been summarily disposed of by the then municipal authorities, by committal to hard labour and solitary confinement, as "nuisances;" the importunate beggar who sat daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple, would have been quickly warned off by the police; and the eyes of the pagan visitors to Jerusalem would not have been allowed to be saddened by such sights of distress; or their ears importuned by the mendicant's wail.

The world has moved at a great rate since the outbreak of the Protestant Reformation; and in nothing is this movement more remarkable than

in the change which it has wrought in the condition of the poor, and in the feelings entertained towards them by their wealthy brethren. The modern system of dealing with pauperism has perhaps some advantages—but these advantages are altogether for respectability in its gig, and by no means for Lazarus in his rags. The ears of the former are scrupulously protected against the wail of mendicancy; his chaste eyes must not be saddened by the sight of distress, and respectability may make merry accordingly and recount with glee the new order of things. But how is it with Lazarus? with the wretch immured within the walls of the thrice accursed Poor House,—that last and heaviest curse of poverty—that standing and eternal disgrace of the nineteenth century, into which no man woman or child can once enter, without being degraded and brutalised for ever. To receive alms in the name of God, and for the sake of His dear Son, is no humiliation to the receiver; but a State provision for the poor, but the system of Poor-houses, and the compulsory machinery which modern Protestantism has substituted for the Catholic Convent and the Voluntary system, humiliate and degrade the recipient, and all who fall beneath their blighting influence. The beggar may be a pitiable object, but the State provided for pauper is indeed contemptible; and in nothing is the innate dignity of the Irish character more conspicuous than in this; that even in the worst of times, and under the heaviest pressure of hunger, the poorest Irish peasant can rarely be compelled to submit to the deep humiliation of the State provided Poor-house. The man who once enters one of these abominations, can never recover his self respect. He must needs if he has aught of honest pride within him, feel himself crushed, blighted, and degraded for ever; and whilst on the one hand there can be no possible necessity for legal or compulsory provision for the poor, there where one spark of Christian charity is still alive, and where the Church is allowed free scope for the exercise of her beneficent functions—so on the other hand, there is no surer sign or symptom of the decay of Christian life amongst a community than that adduced by the Times' correspondent as a cheering proof of the spread of Liberal principles in Italy. We would say that it was a sign of the relapse of the Italians into Paganism, only we could not so far label the latter. With all its abominations, will all its filthiness, brutality and disregard for human suffering, Paganism had no abomination so rank as the modern Protestant Poor-house, over whose portal should be inscribed the motto:—

"All ye who enter here, leave Hope behind!"

Hardly has the Protestant world in general, and the English speaking portion of that world in particular, recovered from the shock inflicted by the appearance of "Essays and Reviews," and lo! another work of a similar tendency makes its appearance; emanating this time not from a Protestant layman, not even from a simple clergyman, but from an Anglican Bishop, from one of the Right Reverend Fathers of the Church "As By Law Established." We allude to the lately published work of the Anglican Bishop of Natal, Dr. Colenso, on the Pentateuch, and the supernatural element in the writings of the great Lawgiver of Israel.

Dr. Colenso has long been remarkable for his very liberal views on matters of faith as well as of morals; and it was in all probability this very liberality which, in the first instance recommended him to the favorable notice of the British Government, from whose hands all ecclesiastical preferment proceeds. "Above all, Gentlemen, no zeal," was the advice of the great Talleyrand to his diplomatic subordinates; and an indifference to all dogma, and to truth generally, is the one thing needful in the candidate for episcopal honors in the Church of England. The Prime Minister of the day, in the filling up of vacant Bishoprics looks out principally for what are termed "safe men;" that is for men who express no very decided opinions upon matters of religion; who, on questions such as Baptismal Regeneration or the "Sacramental System," invariably act upon the hypothesis that of contraries both may be true; and who for the sake of quiet are perfectly content to deny, or at all events to hold in abeyance the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

Such a man was the late government Archbishop of Canterbury, and such a man is the Anglican Bishop of Natal. The latter some time ago acquired great notoriety, and much applause from his very liberal interpretation of the Christian law of marriage, and his large and philanthropical application of that law to his Zulu converts. Finding that amongst the latter the practice of polygamy generally obtained, and fearing that if he insisted upon the law of "one with one" he should altogether fail in attracting the heathen to his diocese, Dr. Colenso declared his intention of tolerating polygamy amongst his flock, as an institution perfectly compatible with Christianity. The effects of this judicious liberality were soon apparent. The Zulus, being no longer required to abandon their impure habits, as a condition, sine qua non, of admission to Baptism, and having a guarantee for the indulgence of

their animal lusts as Christians, were naturally less hostile to the new religion, than they would have been had it presented itself to them in the guise of a faith which imperatively required of them to crucify the flesh and the lusts thereof.—So far, Dr. Colenso's liberality was highly approved of; and his mode of making things pleasant naturally recommended itself to evangelical Protestantdom. But unfortunately for himself, and the peace of "Our Zion," Dr. Colenso's liberality did not stop here.

When the Zulu chiefs asked him whether in the case of their professing themselves Christians they would be compelled to live chastely, and to content themselves with one wife apiece, the Right Reverend Father in God sent to them by them by the British Government, at once replied in the negative, and by thus quieting their fears, removed one great obstacle to their becoming Protestant Christians. But another difficulty, intellectual this time, not moral, presented itself to the Zulus. "If we embrace your faith, your religion"—again they asked of Dr. Colenso—"shall we be required to believe that part of the book you call the Bible, which is comprised under the name of the Pentateuch?" "Oh, by no means," again replied the liberal and accommodating Anglican Bishop. "I do not believe in those writings myself, and cannot therefore require of you that you should believe in them. Of the Pentateuch a good deal I know may be false, mere myth or legend—and the remainder, it is well known, is a lie." So in substance spoke the Protestant Bishop to his spiritual children, with the view of making Christianity easy of acceptance to them; and surely such a religion as that which this State official preaches must recommend itself to the heathen, seeing that it makes no importunate demands upon them, either upon their intelligence or their morals; and that it does not, like Popery, attempt to subordinate reason to faith, or to put a curb upon the indulgence of any of the animal passions.

Nevertheless a wail rises up from the Evangelical community over the work in which the Acts of this, the latest of the Protestant Apostles, are published to the world; and though he has said and done nothing but what is perfectly in harmony with all Protestant precedents, and Protestant principles; though in his sanction of polygamy, and mode of dealing with the Canon of Scripture, he has but faithfully walked in the footsteps of St. Luther—yet an outcry is raised against the free-spoken and liberal Bishop, as loud and as fierce as that with which the writers of the "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS" were assailed some short time ago.

And yet it is not strange that Protestantism should thus shrink from Protestantism, or that its own foul image, faithfully reflected in the writings of its own Prelates and clergy, should thus strike it with affright. Of old, so the poets tell us, the youth fondly gazing on his own fair features mirrored in the tranquil waters of the placid stream, pined away, the victim of hopeless love, until the gods took pity on him, and transformed him into the sweet flower which still bears his name. Very different in this respect, from the fate of the lovely son of Liriope, is that of Protestantism. It too sees in the writings of its learned and talented professors, the faithful reflection of its own unlovely features,—and seeing, it starts back with awe, for it sees reflected as it were, the hideous features of the fiend himself.

PROTESTANT MIRACLES.—A Romish miracle, no matter by what amount of evidence sustained, is, and by its very nature, must be incredible; because if admitted to be true, it would be difficult to deny the truth of that religious system in evidence of whose truth it was performed. All miracles, ceased—such is the Protestant hypothesis—with the Apostles; and though the historical evidences of purely Romish miracles in comparatively modern times, are to the full as strong as any that can be adduced in support of the truth of any of the miracles recounted in either the Old or the New Testament, still for the reason above assigned, Protestants pay no heed to them; they content themselves with denying the possibility of a Romish miracle; and "the thing that is impossible"—as the poet says—"can't be, and never, never, never come to pass."

With Protestant miracles, with miracles worked for the sake, and at the intercession of some white-chokered man of God, even upon the most trivial occasion, the case is different. That such miracles may, and actually do frequently, occur, is gravely asserted in all evangelical publications; and to contest their truth, or to suggest a natural explanation of the circumstances connected with them, would expose the imprudent sceptic and objector to the charge of being a "wessed of wrath" urged against the elder Mr. Weller by the red nosed man at the never-to-be-forgotten Meeting of the Brick Lane Branch of the Ebenezer Temperance Association.

As a specimen of these Protestant Hagiographa, we present our readers with selections from a tale which we find in the last number of an evangelical organ of the Church of England printed in Montreal, and called the Echo; the

latter again copied from the Sunday School Times; and we may, therefore accept it as a fair specimen of the milk with which the babes of grace of the conventicle are regularly fattened. The story may be called "A Pussy Cat, and the Man of God," and runs in this wise:

"A good man, a preacher of God's word," so it begins, "was stopping in an out of the way place where he felt seriously ill. He recovered nevertheless, but was weak, and his stomach failed him, so that he could not eat of the ordinary fare of the family with whom he was stopping. In the affecting words of the narrative:—

"When he went to the table with the family the sight and smell of the victuals made him feel sick, and he could not possibly swallow a mouthful of them."—Sunday School Times.

In this emergency the "good man,"— "went and told his heavenly Father about it; and our Father sent him something he could eat. What was it? and how did God send it? In this way.—

The story then goes on to narrate how, as God sent of old a raven to feed the prophet Elijah, so—we almost feel ourselves guilty of profanity as we copy the tale—He sent a pussy cat to feed the Protestant man of God troubled with a delicate stomach:—

"One morning as he was leaning feebly against the doorway, to feel the fresh air from the green forest blow softly over his forehead, a little playful cat came and rubbed herself against his legs, and laid something down at his feet, and ran away. He looked to see what pussy had dropped there. It was a plump little bird which she had just caught and killed. He took it up and cooked it for himself. It tasted good, and he felt better when he had eaten it. You may be sure he did not forget to thank God for it.

"But what was his surprise when playful pussy came again next morning with another bird. That was not all. She brought them to him again, and again, and again; and when he patted her head and stroked her fur, she would purr and seem so happy, and go walking around his feet and rubbing herself against him. The little cat fed the man of God till his health and strength came back.—But when he was quite well, and could eat anything on the table, she left off bringing birds; and this is the strangest part of the story, but it is all true.

"The minister says that he never could think why she left off coming—indeed, he could not see why she ever came at all; only that he was sure that the same God who sent the ravens to feed Elijah, had sent the little cat to bring him food."—Sunday School Times.

It is rather too bad, seeing the kind of stuff with which an intelligent Protestant public regales itself in the way of miracles, that we should be laughed at for our credulity for giving credit to miraculous stories testified to by witnesses who give their names, and all particulars; and all of which particulars have been carefully examined and sifted, with a view to the detection of truth, by a tribunal the names of whose members are also given to the world. So exacting in respect of proof of an alleged miracle is that tribunal, that it has passed into a proverb that it is a miracle to prove a miracle at Rome. And yet we are reproached with credulity; whilst such miracles as the above narrated, the victors wherein and witnesses to which are alike anonymous, are gravely related in Protestant journals, and are seriously propounded to the acceptance of Protestant faith. No one dreams of asking—"Who was the man of God to whom the above miraculous dispensation of a pussy cat happened? Where and when did it happen? who were the witnesses to its having happened?"—and thousand of other similar questions which naturally present themselves. On the contrary; the Protestant journals once for all dispose of these pertinent but troublesome queries by the asseveration that "it is all true."

ROME AND NAPLES AVENGED.—The insecurity of the streets of Italian cities under their former masters, is the constant theme of the admirers of the new regime. They conclude by a process of induction peculiar to themselves, that, because street robberies, accompanied with impunity in the streets of Rome and Naples—therefore the Pope must be a tyrant, and Francis II., a monster of iniquity. We will not criticise this logic; but we will ask what, if it be sound, must we conclude as to Queen Victoria. Is she also a tyrant? are her subjects bound to rise in rebellion against her?

For what Papal Rome is said to be, what Naples under the Bourbons is said to have been—that London under the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty actually is. In the streets of London, in the most crowded thoroughfares, and in broad daylight—there is not, so the London Times informs us, security for either person or property. People are garrotted, and robbed with perfect impunity; and an afternoon walk down Pall Mall, or along the Hay-Market is attended with as many risks, as of old awaited upon the solitary and benighted traveller upon Hounslow Heath. Here is what the Times says on the subject; and it certainly ought to silence, even if it cannot put to shame, the denouncers of Italian misrule:—

"In London, however, we have a nightly repetition of outrages which at first sight would be thought incredible, and this is the alarming feature of the case. Men are garrotted in the Haymarket after garrotting in the Haymarket has become a public scandal. These 'street attacks' are continued though everybody now knows that he may be attacked in the streets, and though every constable in the force ought to be on the alert against a notified species of crime. If we cannot put an end to such a state of things, the conclusion will be, not that some incredible act of audacity may chance to succeed, but that the machinery now maintained for the protection of life and property is altogether insufficient.—Times.

Again in the same article, the Times tells us that:— "We have slipped back to a state of things which would be intolerable even in Naples, and all because

we have taken more thought for our criminals than for the rest of society. These things might suffice, one would think, to show that it is not prudent for the Great Britain to argue from the frequency of street outrages, to the right of rebellion against the Government under, but in spite of, which those outrages occur. It is also of deep significance that the Times in a fit of unwonted candor, attributes the social evil of which it complains, to the injudicious action of modern Protestant society towards its criminals, whom it treats with more regard, and with far more tenderness than it treats the innocent poor. The crimes so frequent in London, are now known to be the work, not of foreigners, not of the "low wicked Irish Papists;" but, as the Times says "of ruffians of pure English breed,"—of the ticket of leave men "the experts and desperadoes of that class which our prison system now turns loose to prey upon society."

ENGLISH AND IRISH FAMINES.—There is a striking difference betwixt the respective effects of English and Irish famines. In Ireland a famine, or that to which alone the people of Ireland give the name of a famine, is attended with a marked diminution of health, a great increase of mortality, and a rapid diminution of the population. These are the outward and visible signs of a famine in Ireland; of such a visitation as that at which Sir Robert Peel lately deemed it his duty to sneer, as unworthy of the attention of the public.

An English famine, on the contrary, betrays itself by the improved health, and greater corpulence of its victims. The manufacturing districts of the North of England are, for instance, suffering from famine, and to such an extent that even poor Ireland is called upon for her contributions to the support of the afflicted operatives; and of this English famine the outward and visible signs are thus described by the London Times:—

"The health of these distressed districts is not only not below the ordinary standard, but is actually above it. The effects of poverty and suffering have been felt in the returns, not of deaths, but of marriages. The mortality is low, especially among children, and the births rate high; but marriages have decreased even more remarkably than deaths have diminished."

Well would it be for the poor Catholics of Ireland, if the famines with which they are so often visited, brought with them no evils greater than those inflicted by an English famine. At all events, it must be a consolation to philanthropists to find that the only effect, hitherto perceptible, of low diet amongst the English operatives is to be discovered in their plump rosy cheeks, their improving health, and diminishing mortality.

AN OPEN BIBLE.—Protestants are never weary of boasting of their "open Bible;" and contrasting their knowledge of scriptural subjects with the darkness of Romanists upon the same point. We may be permitted to doubt if our Protestant friends do, however, turn their Bibles, open though they may be, to any better use than that to which it was applied by the "intelligent contraband" at Washington; who when questioned as to the Word of God—whether he had a Bible—and what use he made of it? promptly replied—"Yes Massa, dis child hab Bible, and him strap his razor on him."

Now though strapping a razor on its cover is not perhaps the most dignified purpose to which a Protestant Bible may be applied—though it is but little, if at all more dignified than the use to which it is applied by the Irish peasants, who wrap their butter in its leaves—still we think that he makes but little better use of it who is so profoundly ignorant of its contents as not to "know," and so indifferent to the most important facts in the promulgation of Christianity as not to "care," who St. Andrew was. And yet we are assured by a writer in the Commercial Advertiser of Tuesday last, who signs himself "A Free Kirkman," that "very few Scotchmen know or care who St. Andrew was."

We will be bound to say that amongst the benighted Romish habitans of Lower Canada there is not one so ignorant of the New Testament history as not to "know" that St. Andrew was one of the twelve Apostles; or one who has arrived to such a state of perfect indifference as to the origin of his religion, as not to "care." These blessings of ignorance and indifference will, however, come a good time, if only our French Canadian Missionary Society can succeed in its noble mission of opening the Bible to Lower Canada.

SABBATARIANISM.—A question that is now distracting what is technically called the "religious world," and which is being discussed with an acrimony greater than that which generally distinguishes the discussion of most religious questions amongst Protestants, is—whether the Botanic Gardens of Edinburgh shall be opened to the public on Sundays? The Scotch Sabbatarians answer—No; and plead that it would be an infraction of the law of God to allow the poor

man to take any innocent enjoyment on Sundays. The more moderate amongst the "religious world," and all outside of that very limited sphere, contend, on the contrary, that to allow the working classes free access to the Botanic Gardens on Sundays would be, not only not unlawful, but would greatly conduce to public morality.

We allude to the subject because it gives us the opportunity of quoting the evidence of a writer in the London Times as to the moral effects of Scotch Sabbatarianism. It will be seen that he fully bears out all that we have ever said on the subject, and with reference to the peculiar morality of those Protestant communities which are the most remarkable for their Puritanical observance of the Lord's Day. The writer says:—

"In this very city of Edinburgh, where so fierce a denunciation against barolous Sabbath recreation is now going on, I saw, as I passed up the flight of steps leading to the chapel where that eloquent and earnest preacher, Dr. Guthrie, was about to give one of those discourses which rivet the attention of all hearers, group after group of filthy, drunken creatures abroad in the public way, to the scandal and dread of the passers-by—such groups as I never saw in continental Sabbaths, even in Paris, that most dissolute of cities, and which in the country towns and villages of foreign lands are positively unknown.

"The stricter Sabbath rules, the vehement condemnation of contrary opinion of how to keep God's day holy, the battling and the baiting of adverse parties, do not make Scotland a more moral country. Drunken in a greater measure than other countries, fierce in crime, surely she can scarcely point to the success of her theories in the evidence of her training; and, peradventure, it would be a blessed change in the minds of many if, in lieu of Sabbatarian discussion, there was such Sabbath recreation as may lead the mind of man neither to sensual pleasure nor to burning disputation, but to those scenes which lift him: "From nature up to Nature's God."

BEAUTIES OF YANKEE FREEDOM.—A correspondent of that excellent journal, the N. Y. Freeman, writing from St. Louis over date 6th inst., tells the following story. Its perusal may perhaps serve to reconcile us to our position as British subjects, and to raise doubts as to the blessings of democracy, and the advantages of Annexation:—

"Mr. George L. Jones, a news-dealer and a subject of Great Britain, was notified to appear before the Provost Marshal, who demanded to know of him who were subscribers through him to the Montreal Advertiser. Mr. Jones at once surmised that evil was premeditated against his subscribers, and therefore declined furnishing their names; whereupon he was conveyed to prison, leaving a sick wife alone to keep nightly vigils over the couch of their firstborn son, whose spirit was soon to take its flight from earth. The noble boy—eight or ten years of age—in that trying hour, calls for his absent father, but—

When he on his father calls, What answer shall she make?

The physician is dispatched to use his influence to obtain permission for the father to look once more upon his dying boy. The tyrant appealed to now discovers that he has the means of extorting his demand. His terms are dictated. The physician visits the prison, bearing the sad intelligence to the father that his child can survive but a few hours, and offers the terms upon which he may once more look upon him. The father, thinking only of his dying boy, in the frenzy of the moment bestows to affix his signature to an instrument which in his calmer moments he repudiates and disclaims. He speedily seeks his home, and soon he is in the silent chamber of death.

Mr. Jones had received no notice that the Advertiser should not be sold in the city, nor was any such order made until after he was confined to prison; so that neither he had violated any order in selling it, nor his supporters in receiving and reading it. O tempora! O mores!

HOW TO MAKE POETRY.—It is the easiest thing in life—easier than to make hare soup even—for as an essential preliminary to the latter operation it is requisite, as the receipt book tells us, to "catch your hare." Now to make poetry of a certain stamp, and such as that with which the Montreal Herald occasionally regales its readers, it is not necessary to catch or possess a single idea: truth, grammar, quantity, rhythm, dignity of subject and of style, may be disregarded, as utterly superfluous, and of no account in the strange mess which our contemporary lays before the public: and even the sense may be left out, without any very important consequences to the plat, provided only that in it there be sufficient seasoning of liberal and anti-Catholic principles. Take the following as an example.

We will suppose, for instance, that it is required on any sudden emergency to serve the following prose,—and very bald and disjointed prose it is—up as poetry.

"Since then, all Christendom is rejoicing now, in fair Italia's liberation from the moral, social, and political thral to which her polished, cultivated sons have been for ages doomed—since all who can attest their rightful claims to denizenship in civilization's realms are watching with intensest interest and anxiety each step she takes towards the goal of her long cherished aspiration—even liberty of thought and action—Heaven forbid it, that, at such a juncture there should those be found who could so far antagonize, suppress, and stifle the benevolent impulses of manhood's instincts as to give no sign of sharing in the rapturous joy, that now pervades intelligent creation, that so many of the human family have been delivered from fell slavery's grasp, and made in body and in spirit free."

Such stuff as the above, it sent to the intelligent editor as a prose communication, and—with a modest request from the writer that it might appear in "your next"—would in all human probability be consigned to the rubbish basket, as the "veriest drivel that ever fell from mortal pen: nor, unless the editor being of an inquisitive turn of mind should feel some anxiety as to the meaning of the expression agent "antagonising benevolent impulses" would it receive from him even a moment's consideration. Yet transmitted to him—not as prose, but as poetry, the editor of the

Herald deems the above worthy of a place in his columns; and of the perusal of his readers. But how to turn such stuff into poetry?—that is the question.

By the simplest process imaginable. All that is necessary is, to break or hash the raw material up into fragments of ten or eleven syllables, thereabouts; and to print these several fragments in separate lines, with a capital letter for the beginning of each line. The result appears as under:—

Since then all Christendom is rejoicing now
In fair Italia's liberation from
The moral, social, and political thral
To which her polished, cultivated sons
Have been for ages doomed;—since all who can
Attest their rightful claims to denizenship
In Civilization's realms, are watching with
Intensest interest and anxiety
Each step she takes towards the goal of her
Long cherished aspiration—even liberty
Of thought and action—Heaven forbid it, that,
At such a juncture, there should those be found
Who could so far antagonize, suppress,
And stifle the benevolent impulses
Of manhood's instincts, as to give no sign
Of sharing in the rapturous joy, that now
Pervades intelligent creation, that
So many of the human family,
Have been delivered from fell Slavery's grasp,
And made, in body and in spirit,—free!

The process it will be seen, is very simple; and such it its beauty and simplicity, that it may be applied to any given quantity or quality of prose. Thus we can make very excellent poetry of certain beautiful passages, which in the same issue as that from which we have above quoted, the Montreal Herald publishes as prose. E. G.:

"Assault.—On Friday afternoon a squaw
Was assaulted at Jacques Cartier Square
By a carter who threw her violent
Ly to the ground. He was pursued, but
Escaped."—Montreal Herald.

Or again:—
"Our readers will see by the advertisement
That this beautiful property will
Come under Mr Leeming's hammer to-
Morrow (Tuesday)
It consists of three arpents, situated
In the most commanding and salubrious
Position on the Mountain side."—Id.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT OF THE CHASSEURS CANADIENS.—This well organized corps honoured the Fete of St. Kolumbe by a Splendid Concert at the City Hall, and must we are sure be well pleased with the result. The Hall, handsomely decorated for the occasion was literally crowded; and on the dais we noticed General Williams and all the principal officers of the garrison. The Guard of Honor was furnished by the Chasseurs, and everything was conducted in a manner creditable to the entertainers, and most satisfactory to the guests.

We have received, but too late for insertion, a full account of the interesting proceedings connected with the enlargement of the Catholic Church of Centreville, Campden, C.W., and of the visit to that mission of His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston. It seems that the Catholics of that mission are indebted under God to their zealous pastor, the Rev. James McIntyre, D.D., for the rapid progress that their religion is making in a remote rural district. Since his assumption of his present charge, Dr. McIntyre has been indefatigable in his exertions to procure for his people a suitable place of worship, at once commodious and elegant. This, aided by the liberal contributions of the laity, the good priest has to his great delight at last accomplished, and on the 19th inst., the pastor and his people had the satisfaction of offering the holy sacrifice of the new law in their enlarged and redecoreated church.

On the same occasion the Rt. Rev. Dr. Horan Bishop of Kingston administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and sixty persons of different ages; after which His Lordship addressed the congregation in an earnest and touching discourse, in which he impressed upon his hearers the duty of living peaceably and in charity with all men. Our informant also mentions with gratitude the musical services rendered by three young ladies and two gentlemen who came expressly from Kingston to take part in, and help to carry out, the pleasing ceremony. The Reverend Dr. McIntyre and his flock may well be pleased with one another, and thankful to God for the success with which He has been pleased to crown their efforts to extend the blessings of the Catholic religion, and to make provision for the due performance of its august mysteries.

MORALS IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS.
(From the Cornwall Freeholder.)

The Globe adverts to the unhappy difficulty which the dogged folly of the majority of the Cornwall Board of Trustees has involved not only the schools under their charge, but the entire system with which they are connected. If Mr. Gillie and Mr. Hodges had simply disgraced themselves and given another evidence of their incapacity for the office which they fill, it would have been of little consequence. But they have made the entire community of Cornwall a shame and a laughing-stock to the country, and they have laid the Common School system of the Province open to most serious aspersions. "We are convinced that the rate-payers of Cornwall will take the earliest opportunity of repudiating all participation with the views and conduct of the Board; and we trust that the action of the Chief Superintendent will show that the system itself provides the means of correcting the influences of folly and bigotry when by any chance they happen to manifest themselves in the conduct of local boards. The Globe contends that the arguments of the

Mirror and True Witness against the morality of the Common School system based upon the circumstances of this individual case are absurd. We shall agree with the Globe if our anticipations in reference to the future action of the voters of Cornwall and of the Chief Superintendent of Education turn out to be correct. It would then be evident that this was an isolated case of evil, which the authorities were able promptly to redress. But if the system permits the employment of convicted seducers in the schools, and the electors are either too supine to correct the evil or too immoral to desire to do so, then we should say indeed that the sooner the laws which authorize general taxation for general education are swept off the statute book the better.

The Globe further remarks:—
"We observe that a minority of the Board of School Trustees, Messrs. Orint and Skeith have appealed to the Chief Superintendent against the decision of the majority of the Board. They represent that, under the whole circumstances of the case, they feel very deeply that Mr. Hay's retention as teacher is immoral, unadvisable, and injurious to the best interests of the school." If they concur in the righteousness of the verdict of the jury they could not well have any other opinion. It is as clear as noon-day that a man guilty of the crime charged against the Cornwall teacher ought not to be entrusted with the upbringing of the young for one hour, after his guilt was established. And, even supposing him to be innocent, with such a verdict recorded against him, it would seem that his usefulness as a teacher in that locality must be at an end. The Board of Trustees could only be justified by reasons of a most extraordinary character in retaining him in his position in the face of such a verdict. If such reasons exist, they are bound to produce them for the satisfaction of the public. If they fail to do so, and yet retain Mr. Hay as their teacher, they will doubtless be condemned by the whole public opinion of the Province.

The challenge of the Globe to the Trustees is a fair one. Let them produce the "reasons" which led to Mr. Hay's retention in the school. We, who know all the facts of the case, can tell the Globe beforehand that no satisfactory reasons can be adduced. In the first place there is no room to doubt Mr. Hay's guilt. We say this with the deepest sorrow. And the Trustees can plead no excuses for their conduct but those based on the lowest notions of morals, and the narrowest sectarianism and political prejudices. Had Mr. Hay been associated with any other church than the Free Presbyterian the Rev. Mr. Campbell and his friends at the Board would have acted more becomingly, and more wisely. It is a consoling fact to know that the enlightened and liberal portion of the congregation do not and can not agree with the course of the Board.—The bold and energetic proceedings of Messrs. Skeith and Orint—both members of the same church—guards beforehand the church itself from any blame in the premises, and leave the individuals to bear the responsibility individually of their rash partisanship.

True, they may plead the action of the thirty-four parents who gave the Board this excuse. We believe that many amongst them heartily regret the act. It was thoughtlessly done. Some know nothing of the facts of the case; they charitably hoped that the charge would not be true. They did not like to refuse to sign. They were unwilling to leave the school closed, and were told that its closure would be one of the consequences of Mr. Hay's dismissal. These are the excuses we hear from those parents who signed the document. But we are told that many of the names are bogus; and that nothing like thirty-four bona fide parents and guardians signed it. The resignation and the petition were parts of one scheme, and were prepared for the same meeting of the Board. The whole thing was a dodge; and a most disgraceful one. But even if thirty-four parents and guardians had signed the petition, these thirty-four would form a small minority of the parents and rate-payers of the town, whose interests and views, as a whole, should have been considered. We deeply regret to be forced to discuss this unhappy subject. Not the least among the evils to which the action of the Board has led is the direction which it has given to the thoughts and conversation of the children. For the moral evil thus produced the Trustees are responsible before God and man.

Is it True?—The Rochester Express, in noticing the burning of the Rogers House, says: "It is believed here among the knowing ones that the fire was the result of a concerted plan to clean out and break up the violent secession headquarters in Upper Canada."

The Hon. Mr. Justice Stuart had the pleasure of receiving a pair of white gloves from the Sheriff of Arthabaska last week, the criminal calendar being empty. This speaks well of the morals of a large district in Lower Canada.—Montreal Gazette.

HOW THE LAW DEALS WITH THE HAMILTON FINANCIERS.—We mentioned a day or two ago that the Sheriff of Hamilton, having applied to the Civic authorities for the assessment roll in order that he might strike a rate, as required by law, for the payment of the arrears due to the creditors of the city, the City Council determined that the said list should not be furnished. The law, however, proves too strong for this dodge. The Sheriff applied to the Court of Queen's Bench, who ordered the delivery of the rolls within one hour on pain of imprisonment. Of course, the document was handed over, and the Sheriff will strike his rate. The next question is how execution can be effectively levied on those who cannot or will not pay. The proprietors of Hamilton are going through a bitter course of instruction, which it is to be hoped will be a lesson to all other corporate bodies. The rate required is said to amount to temporary confiscation—say some 80 cents to the dollar of rental.—Montreal Herald.

SUICIDE.—About three o'clock on Monday afternoon, Joseph Fogarty, a man who was committed to jail on the 22nd instant, in a fit of delirious tremens committed suicide in his cell, by hanging himself with a waist belt on an iron pin in the wall. He was discovered suspended before his pulse had ceased to beat, but in spite of everything done for him by Mr. McGinn, he expired very shortly after. The deceased, who was 42 years of age, had suffered much before committing the fatal act. The Coroner's Jury yesterday found that deceased came to his death by "strangling himself," and that the recent execution, which he had witnessed, had preyed upon his mind, prompting him to commit the fatal deed.—Montreal Gazette.

On November 16th several boxes of muskets were seized by the United States Marshal, at the Hudson River freight-house, in the lower part of Troy. The Whig says:—"It was conjectured at the time that the arms, although addressed and billed to 'Quebec, Canada East,' were designed for the Confederacy, but nothing positive in regard to this subject was known. We now learn that a similar seizure was made at Burlington, Vt., last week. The number of muskets taken, however, was much larger than the seizure made here—being over eight thousand. They were of Belgian manufacture, rifled, with sword bayonets and percussion locks, but rudely constructed. The first lot was taken on board the boats, the second on the cars. The arms were in the 'original packages,' and bore the name of the vessel they were imported in, and the date of importation; some of these dates were as far back as December, 1861. This merchandise was shipped at New York, and was addressed and billed to 'Quebec, Canada East' the same as the packages seized in this city.—Id.

The City Clerk of Hamilton has closed his office against the Sheriff's assessors, and taken to flight to avoid arrest for contempt of Court. This unexpected and short-sighted proceeding is said to have taken place at the instance of the City Council, who imagine that the absence of the Assessors' Lists will place it out of the Sheriff's power to levy the amount in arrears.

The Toronto Globe complains that:—In the Reformed Church of England in this Province, when a Bishop is to be elected, we find the candidates in the discreditable position of going about canvassing for the office, and the parishioners of St. George's, Kingston, do not scruple to charge their Bishop and their new Rector with something very much akin to their crime of simony—buying and selling sacred offices for a consideration.

DEFAULTING MUNICIPALITIES.—The people of London are seriously alarmed lest the Sheriff should levy a tax on the city property on behalf of the Government, for arrears due to the Municipal Loan Fund and talk of sending a deputation to Quebec to request the forbearance of the Executive.—In Hamilton the Sheriff has asked the city authorities for access to the assessment roll, and the Council are throwing difficulties in the way of his obtaining it.—Globe.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.
Montreal, November 26, 1862.

Flour—Pollards, \$2.25 to \$2.50; Middlings, \$2.65 to \$2.80; Fine \$2.75 to \$3; Super, No. 2 \$4.30 to \$4.40; Superior \$4.45 to \$4.55; Fancy \$4.70 to \$4.75; Extra, \$4.90; Superior Extra, 5.10 to \$5.30. Bag flour, per 112 lbs, \$2.40 to \$2.45; Scotch Wheat \$2.45 to \$2.50. Market dull and somewhat easier, the few transactions we hear of showing about 5 cents lower than outside figure of Yesterday, sales to a limited extent having taken place at \$1.50 to \$1.55. Oatmeal per brl. of 200 lbs, nominal, at \$4.25 to \$4.50. Wheat—Canada Spring, 91c, to 93c ex-cars; U.C. White Winter, a sale yesterday at \$1.06, but that could not be obtained to-day. Canada Red Winter, \$1.3 to \$1.04. Corn per 56 lbs, 46c, to 50c. Barley per 50 lbs, 95c, to \$1.05. Oats, about one cent n-pound. PEAS per 60 lbs, sales at 65c to 72c. ASHES per 112 lbs, Pots \$6.75; Inferior Pots \$6.75. Pearls \$6.30; inferior Pearls \$6.30. BUTTER per lb, continues dull; inferior, 10c to 10½c; medium, 11c to 12c; fine, 12c to 13c; choice 14c to 15c. LARD per lb 8c to 8½c. TALLOW per lb, in demand at 8½c to 9c. HAMS per lb, dull 8c to 10c. PORK per lb, Mess \$10.50 to \$11.00; Thin Mess, \$9.00 to \$9.50; Prime Mess, \$8 to \$8.50; Prime, \$8 to \$8.50. BREW per brl, Prime Mess, \$8 to \$8.50. DRESSED-II-GS. about \$3.25 to \$3.75. Live, about \$3 to \$3.50.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR THROATS!—This is just the weather for getting a sore throat, bronchitis, cold in the lungs, &c., and one Box of Bryan's Palmonic Wafers sold for 25 cents by _____, will not only prevent such ill, but cure those already upon you. Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; LYONS, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

Births.
In this city, on the 16th instant, Mrs. John Redmond, of a son.
In this city, on the 11th inst., Mrs. John Ivers, of a son.
In this city, at No. 7 Argyle Terrace, on the 7th inst., the wife of G. Ludman, Esq., Advocate, of a daughter.
In this city, on the 12th inst., the wife of Mr. Charles Blackall, printer, of a son.

Married.
In this city, on the 24th instant, at St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Mr. O'Dowd, Mr. Daniel Murphy, to Hannah Madeline, daughter of Mr. Hugh Brennan, both of this city.
At St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. C. P. Cazeau, Vicar-General, assisted by Rev. James Murphy, John F. H. Grace, Esq., of Chicago, to Ellen, second daughter of John O'Kane, Esq., of Mount Pleasant, Quebec.
On the 15th instant, at St. Paul's Church, Woodstock, C. W., by the Rev. William Bettridge, Rector, Henry Prince, Esq., Montreal, to Lemie, eldest daughter of William Mead, Esq., Summit Lodge, Eastwood, C. W.

Died.
In this city, on the 20th inst., David Kinnear, Esq., Senior Editor and Proprietor of the Montreal Herald, aged 55 years.
In this city, on the 26th instant, Ernest Wilfrid, second son of Lieut.-Colonel David, aged 19 years.
At Templeton, on the 23rd inst., Mr. John Harkin, brother of H. Harkin, Esq., of this city.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, will be held in the Society's New Hall, BOVAVENTURE BUILDING, on MONDAY EVENING next, 1st December.

The Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock
(By Order)
P. O'MEARA, Rec. Sec.

NOTICE.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that at the NEXT SESSION of the PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE, APPLICATION will be made by the SAINT PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF MONTREAL for an ACT OF INCORPORATION.
JAMES O'FARRELL,
Secretary.
Montreal, Nov. 28th, 1862.

PUBLIC NOTICE
IS HEREBY GIVEN that during the NEXT SESSION of the PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE, Application will be made by the SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY OF MONTREAL for an ACT OF INCORPORATION.
P. O'MEARA,
Recording Secretary, of St. Patrick's Society.
Montreal, Oct. 10, 1862.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
TENDERS will be received to the 20th of DECEMBER NEXT, by the Local Council of the PARISH OF CHATEAUGUAY, for the CONSTRUCTION of a BRIDGE, at the Village of that District. All Tenders must be accompanied by a plan. Address to—
LOUIS BOURASSA Esq., Mayor.
LOUIS DESPARVIS, Secretary-Treasurer.
Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal.
Jan. 17, 1862.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Nov. 5.—The note which M. Drouyn de Lhuys has addressed within the last few days to the French Charge d'Affaires at Turin, in answer to that of the Italian Government, and which was itself an answer to the last note of M. Thouvenel, will, with the rest of the correspondence, be laid before the Italian Parliament at an early sitting. These documents will also be published in the *Moniteur*.

PARIS, Nov. 5.—The following circular, referring to the accession of M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the French Ministry, has been addressed to the prefects by M. de Persigny:—

"M. le Prefet.—The Emperor has just summoned M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. That modification in the Cabinet in no way changes the policy of His Majesty's Government. It has always endeavoured to conciliate two great conflicting interests, and neither to sacrifice the Pope to Italy nor Italy to the Pope. An eminent statesman, who enjoys the advantage of being entirely unfeared by the negotiations of the last few years, may effectually serve the solution of that great and difficult question. The population will await the result with confidence. As for you, M. le Prefet, remain faithful to the great principles which have not ceased to guide you in your action on the public mind; and be assured that I shall take due note of the pains you will take in maintaining the populations in the confidence which they feel in the noble and generous policy of the Emperor. — Receive, &c."

A Paris letter (Nov. 4) says:—"A rumour which I have just heard is hardly credible, but if it prove true it is one of the most unexpected conversions we have witnessed in our times. It is that M. Persigny, from having been one of the most anti-Papal, anti-clerical, anti-federal ministers going, has become all at once vigorously opposed to a united Italy. He is even reported to have said to M. Ricasoli (I, of course, only give it as a report) that there could be no greater calamity for France, as well as for Italy, than the withdrawal of the French army from Rome. If the story be unfounded it will be contradicted."

The *Gazette de France* publishes a letter from the gallant Count de Christen, iniquitously sentenced to ten years hard labour in Naples, addressed to the Vicomte Charles de Saint Priest. Count de Christen says:—"I have just learned that Lord Palmerston having asked, through Sir James Hudson, for the liberation of the Bourbonists, as well as of the Red Shirt heroes, has been informed by M. Ratazzi that the latter should be released; but that as to the Bourbonists, a portion of them should be liberated in exchange for the capital of the Christian World, and that the other portion should be detained for unforeseen exigencies."

The Count appeals to his friend to use his influence to procure the interference of France on his behalf. And the *Gazette* says, M. de Thouvenel had promised his good offices on behalf of the brave but unfortunate prisoner, but that it hopes that M. de L'Huys will be more successful than his predecessor. It is the intention of a certain number of Senators to bring the case of M. de Christen before that august body when it re-assembles, but it is to be hoped that the French Minister will before that time have procured his release.

We copied in a recent number a notice from the *Catholic Week* of Montauban, announcing that at the request of a large number of Bishops, the Sacred Congregation of Rites had given its approbation to the "Litany of the Holy Name," with a grant of an Indulgence of three hundred days to those who shall recite with devotion the said Litany. A respected clerical correspondent writes to us to say that this notice is not sufficiently correct, and may possibly lead to misapprehension. The exact statement about the matter is, that at the time of the great meeting of Bishops in Rome at the last Canonisation, a supplication was made on the part of forty-five Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, to the Sacred Congregation to obtain the approbation above mentioned. The Holy Father, in reply, granted the petition, and accorded three hundred days' Indulgence to the Faithful of the dioceses of those Prelates who had signed the petition. It is therefore obtainable by, though not actually granted to, the other Prelates of the Church.—*Monde*.

ITALY.

The *Monde* remarks on the air of triumph with which the *Opinion Nationale* announces that an address has been signed by nearly 9,000 Italian Priests, urging the Pope to renounce his temporal power. These, it says, are sensible Priests. But we are surely entitled to ask, if so much stress is laid on the opinion of nearly 9,000 Italian Priests, who have signed such an address, what weight is to be attributed to the sentiments of the remaining 40,000 Italian Priests who not only have not signed any such an address, but who are known to be one in heart with the Pope? Then there are also the Bishops of Italy, and all the Prelates and Clergy throughout the world. Is any weight to be given to these witnesses against the (nearly) 9,000 "liberal" Italian Priests? Another consideration presses. Who vouches for these nearly 9,000 signatures? We answer is, the Rev. Father Passaglia. But we had occasion of late to question the accuracy of signatures guaranteed by Father Passaglia. Their falsity has, in very numerous instances, been clearly shown.

The *Opinion Nationale* bids us remark that these (nearly) 9,000 Priests have had to brave suspension, a *divinis*; that is to say, starvation, when they signed the address. Indeed! We thought they were subjects of the "King of Italy." Are these the clergy whom His Majesty's Government is persecuting at this moment with fine, imprisonment, and exile? We should have thought they were in the way for promotion. Father Passaglia himself seems not to be doing badly (in a temporal sense) at Turin, since he was disowned by his religious superiors. There are snug berths in the gift of "the Minister of Worship." The *Opinion Nationale*

speaks of a Priest who has been starved at Paris because he would not subscribe the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. We are sorry that heresy provides so badly for heretics. Is the Pope expected to make a special provision for them out of the Peter's Pence? What are the Free thinkers about? Is it a part of their system to leave to those who join their ranks the full credit of disinterested confessorship.

TURIN, Nov. 1.—The *Monarchia Nazionale* of to-day confirms the rumour of the despatch by the French Government of a note in reply to General Durando's circular, and continues:—"The note is said to indicate no change in the policy of France towards Italy, but to open the way for fresh negotiations on the Roman question." It is asserted that the Minister of Marine has appointed a committee of inquiry into the state of the Italian navy. The following statement appears in "Reuter's Telegrams":—"A letter has been published, addressed by a portion of the Italian clergy to the Pope, praying His Holiness to renounce the temporal power. The letter bears 8,948 signatures, and is accompanied by a statement, signed by Father Passaglia, on the number and standing of the priests signing the letter."

TURIN, Nov. 3.—The *Discussione* of to-day says:—"On the 1st inst. an encounter took place on the right bank of the Po, upon the Austrian frontier, between a body of Italian Carabiniers and some Austrian soldiers. The Italians fired upon the Austrians, and after a few shots the two parties engaged in a hand-to-hand contest, without regarding the boundaries. The Austrian armed Customs' guards were repulsed from Italian territory. The Austrians were finally compelled to take flight." Serious inundations have taken place in Tuscany. The railway between Empoli and Siena is interrupted. The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia have arrived at Syracuse.

TURIN, Nov. 4.—The *Monarchia Nazionale* of to-day says:—"Rumours are current that the Ministry wishes to dissolve the Chamber; but, as the present state of affairs requires not only the activity of the Ministry, but the participation of the whole country, in promoting internal organisation and furthering the aims of external policy, the agitation of fresh elections could not be regarded as opportune. On this account the Government would not resort to such a measure, unless compelled by events which it could not prevent. Let us hope that this complication will not occur, and that those sections of Parliament which uphold similar principles will remain united to resist the attacks of parties of extreme opinions."

"The very contrast," says a letter from Turin, "between the parsimony of the Government and the splendid liberality of individuals has also given grave offence; and I myself heard a Garibaldian, a man of note and station, declare in the open street his shame that while the very bed Garibaldi lay on was the gift of an unknown Englishman, who had never seen, and might in every likelihood never see Garibaldi, his own grateful country had contributed to him a pair of worn-out sheets and twelve leeches."

A Turin letter of the 29th ult. has the following important announcement, which seems to have escaped the vigilance of M. Reuter's agents:—"The Ministry intends to withdraw the bill presented by M. Contorti against the excesses of the clergy. That measure, which was at first favourably received by anti-clerical passions, and, it must be admitted, founded on some real excesses, has not stood the test of reflection. If the wish is to have the Church really free, some little toleration must be shown. Freedom of religious worship is always an embarrassing thing. Nevertheless the withdrawal of the bill will be favourably received."

GARIBALDI'S HEALTH.—REPORT OF PROFESSOR NELATON.—The French medical journal, the *Gazette des Hopitaux*, publishes a long letter from the eminent French surgeon, Professor Nelaton, containing a technical account of his visit to Garibaldi. In describing the probing of the wound, he says that the stylet penetrated the wound very easily without causing the least pain. Piercing it transversely, at 2½ centimetres, he was stopped by a hard body, giving, on being struck, a dull noise, very different from the sharp sound which results from contact with the bone. This, he has no doubt whatever, was the ball. The general state of the patient is as favorable as possible, when it is remembered that for 30 days he was without sleep. There is no fever, the skin is fresh, the appetite good. The sleep is sufficient and restorative. An immediate extraction of the ball would, he thinks, be injurious. The proceeding most simple and devoid of danger consists in dilating gradually the canal of the wound up to the point where the foreign body is present. This dilatation is to be effected by the introduction of little cylinders of gutta serena of increasing size, for which may be substituted in a few days a fragment of prepared sponge. The probabilities are that the ball can then be seen and touched and seized by the forceps. With regard to the proposition of an amputation, Professor Nelaton says: I do not admit this extreme resource, except in the case, contrary to all probability, of some grave complication arising, such as a deep abscess, abundant and inexhaustible suppuration, evident deterioration of the constitution, in a word—a danger of death.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Standard*:—

Sir,—If any doubt remains, after recent events, of the thoroughly anti-Christian tendency of the Garibaldian movement, I think a glance at the Garibaldian catechism, of which I enclose you the copy printed in Genoa, and extensively circulated in the revolutionised provinces, may serve as a warning to Englishmen, who to that proud title add the dearer and holier one of Christians, how they encourage a sect whose negation of the lowest standard of moral order, of honor and decency, has never been more openly and flagrantly displayed than in this most blasphemous issue of the Milanese press. Shocking as it must be to all Christian ears, it would be well those at home should know what are the principles they are openly supporting in, let us trust, ignorance of what they are upholding; and if you can give some of its more prominent passages a place

in your columns I think it may serve to make thinking men pause ere they lend a hand to a revolution so subversive of the common tenets of every Christian sect, that no Protestant, even the most bigotted, can read its manifestoes without a shudder. I have frequently called your attention to the wholesale perversion of youth carried on here by means of the press, paid and authorised by the Piedmontese and revolutionary committees; and I esteem the occurrence which threw this tissue of irreligion and profanity into my hands so far fortunate that it enables me to lift the mask from the specious pretext of a Popery cry, and to demonstrate that the Mazzinian press is now endeavoring to sap, not any form of Protestantism, but Christian truth—not to overthrow the Papacy or the Temporal Power, but to pervert the Decalogue. And to prove this I call attention to the infamous exceptions openly made in the parody of the Holy Commandments. Let any man read these and say what is the morality of a cause so advocated. Let him turn to a paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer, where the name of a soldier of fortune is substituted for that of Our Father in Heaven, and let him say if that Father is not far more grossly insulted by men who denounce the Temporal Power of the Pope than it has ever been since Pere Duchene and *L'ami du Peuple* vomited forth blasphemy at the foot of the guillotine in 1793.

There is yet time to halt; but in the name of Christian England let us renounce all complicity with such a cause as this before it saps all belief, all morality, all honor between man and God. We are taking the serpent to our heart. Let us shake off the unclean thing before it turns and stings us in the vitals. It is not a political point; it is Christianity and social order that are at stake, and the sooner we realise this the better, or it will be too late.

Yours faithfully,

ANGLICUS.

Naples, Oct. 18.

GARIBALDIAN DOCTRINE.—A Catechism for Young Italians from Fifteen to Twenty-five Years of Age.

PART I.—LESSON I.

Question. Make the sign of the cross.
Answer. In the name of the Father of our country, of the Son of the people, of the Spirit of Liberty! Amen.
Q. Who created you a soldier?
A. Garibaldi created me a soldier.
Q. For what end did he create you a soldier?
A. He created me a soldier to honor, love, and serve Italy.
Q. What has he promised to those who love and serve Italy?
A. Victory!
Q. What is the happiness of victory?
A. The sight of Garibaldi, and every kind of pleasure without any kind of pain.
Q. Who is Garibaldi?
A. Garibaldi is a most generous spirit, blessed by Heaven and earth.
Q. How many Garibaldis are there?
A. There is only one Garibaldi.
Q. Where is Garibaldi?
A. In the heart of every honest Italian that is neither weak nor drowsy.
Q. How many persons are there in Garibaldi?
A. In Garibaldi there are three persons really distinct.
Q. What are these three persons?
A. The Father of his country, the Son of the People, and the Spirit of Liberty.
Q. Which of these is the greatest, the wisest, the most powerful?
A. They are all three equal, because they have the same greatness, the same power, the same wisdom.
Q. Which of these three persons was made man?
A. The second, that is the Son of the People.
Q. How was he made man?
A. He took a body and a soul as we have in the most fortunate breast of a woman of the people.
Q. How do you name the Son of the People made man?
A. Joseph.
Q. Why was he made man?
A. To save Italy.
Q. What did he do to save Italy?
A. He defeated the Austrians and the Bourbons and retired to Caprera.
Q. How many years did he stay there?
A. Not quite two years.
Q. What did he do after these two years?
A. He returned among us glorious and triumphant, never more to leave us.

SECOND LESSON.

Q. How many are the commandments of Garibaldi?
A. Ten.
Q. What are they?
A. 1. I am Garibaldi, thy general.
2. Thou shalt not be a soldier of Garibaldi in vain.
3. Remember thou keep holy the national festivals.
4. Honor thy country, that thou mayest live long in it.
5. Thou shalt not kill, save those who are in arms against Italy.
6. Thou shalt not commit adultery (except to the harm of the enemies of Italy) *sic in originem*.
7. Thou shalt not steal, except the Peter's pence, which thou shalt devote to the rescue of Rome and Venice.
8. Thou shalt not bear false witness, as do the Priests, to support the temporal power.
9. Thou shalt not desire to invade the country of another.
10. Thou shalt not covet the cross of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus.

THIRD LESSON.

Q. What are the virtues proper to a Garibaldian, without which it is impossible he can conquer?
A. Three—Faith, Hope, and Charity.
Q. Repeat the act of Faith.
A. "I firmly believe there is one Garibaldi, who rewards the brave and chastises cowards. I believe there is only one Garibaldi, and that it is impossible there should ever be a second."
Q. Repeat the act of Hope.
A. "Oh, Garibaldi! because thou art most powerful, most generous, and most loyal, I hope that thou wilt grant me a free Italy, as thou hast promised, if I do the work of a good soldier, as I propose to do, under thy direction and thy command."

ROME.—Correspondence dated Rome, October 28, says:—"The latest of European revolutions, that of Greece, has not produced so much excitement in high quarters here as the removal of M. Thouvenel from the French Cabinet. The Holy Father and those around him are more than ever confirmed in that tranquil confidence which in the Pope has never faltered for one moment. More than ever are they persuaded that all the changes of this world shall work together for the greater glory of God, and the greater good of His Holy Church. As for the Roman people, they are laughing, playing, and dancing, and quaffing the wine of the new vintage. We are in October, that month of Italian joyfulness, when the ancient festivities of Paganism, chastened and made decent by Christianity, are still observed.—How different is the reality from the fictions of 'own correspondents,' who paint Rome as a gloomy mausoleum, where the people groan and die under

an iron tyranny and have but one sentimentality, tears for the fate of Garibaldi! It is not so gloomy, where the guillotine is not so treacherous. All that bad men can design is to do against God and His Church may indeed, cast a cloud over the sunshine of the physiognomy of Pius IX., but under that cloud the faithful can discern the calm of a heavenly soul."

The Piedmontese soldiers on the frontier of the Papal States are doing all that in them lies to bring about a collision with the French. This is, I suppose, their way of protesting against the late ministerial changes. It is thought that their conduct will force the French authorities to stringent measures, probably to demand the evacuation of Orvieto, which has often been talked of. The other day an officer of King Victor Emmanuel's army entered the territory of Viterbo, at the head of a strong party of soldiers, and made prize of four Pontifical gendarmes, whom he marched to Orvieto, and paraded them through the streets, where they were exposed to the abominable ill-usage and insults of a brutal mob. The Piedmontese ruffian who perpetrated this outrage, murdered some time ago, a young boy by kicking and trampling him to death. It is said that the French general means to demand the restoration of the four gendarmes. The feelings of the military on our side are daily becoming more and more exasperated against the Piedmontese.

A letter from Rome states that the young Mortara has had confirmed upon him the minor ecclesiastical orders.

NAPLES.—The infamous conspiracy of the Liberal Press, and of the Revolutionary faction, against the beautiful and heroic Queen of Naples, is the most odious feature of an odious time. History reproduces itself, and a diabolical plot against the peace and happiness, the honour and the life, of a lovely and Royal Lady is one of the characteristics of a revolutionary epoch. The sex and the misfortunes of the Queen of Naples have enlisted the sympathies of all generous men; her virtues and her noble qualities have kindled their admiration. But the Liberal Press and the Revolutionary faction have neither generosity nor manhood. They had rather strike a woman than a man. They hate Kings, but the bitterest venom of their spite they keep for Queens. They trample upon Royalty, and triumph in the subversion of a throne or in the fall of a dynasty; but their satisfaction seems always incomplete if they cannot see a queenly head bowed down in shame, if they cannot wring tears from a woman's eyes, or force a cry of anguish from a woman's heart. The disrowned head of Marie Antoinette rolled upon the Revolutionary scaffold at their bidding; but not until they had exhausted all the atrocious inventiveness of their foul imaginations, in calumny, insult, and outrage on the wife, the mother, and the woman, as well as on the Queen.

Our readers cannot have forgotten, what no man can remember without shame, how the *Times* gave to the world a stupid and insolent calumny about the Queen of Naples, describing her as amusing herself by the torture of dumb animals, shooting at them from the windows of her palace, and killing the favorite Tabby of some Roman Prelate. This absurd libel was followed by an atrocious tale, reproduced in the London newspapers to the effect that the Queen of Naples had murdered one of her waiting women, by shooting her with a revolver, and that to conceal the crime she had burned the body of the victim, and scattered the ashes to the wind. It is only a few weeks since the *Daily News*, or the *Globe*, spoke of the Queen of Naples as "certainly an abandoned woman, and probably a murderer." It is horrible to have to repeat, what, however, is but a part of the deplorable truth, that thousands of obscene photographs, to the Queen's dishonor, were printed at Florence, and circulated over Italy; and that in spite of all the precautions of her attendants and the police, some of them, together with the newspaper which contained the foulest libel on her, were sent too, and reached the Queen of Naples herself.

The Vicomte de Rortays de Saint Hilaire has addressed to the Editor of the *Union* a long and eloquent letter, which appeared in successive numbers of that journal on the 3rd and 4th of this month. M. de Rortays de St. Hilaire lived for a year in intimate and daily relations with the entourage of the Queen, and his letter is, in reality, the vindication of the Queen, by the Duchess di San Cesario, Mistress of the Household, and the Queen's personal attendant who accompanied her from Munich to Naples before her marriage, and who has never left her since; who was at her side during her short reign at Naples during the fearful siege of Gaeta, — during her residence in Rome, — during her journey to Germany, — and during her temporary visit to a Convent at Augsburg, which has been the last occasion of the malignant inventions of the Liberal Revolutionary Press.

The testimony of the Duchess di San Cesario to the amiability and virtues, to the heroic qualities, and to the sweet and loving nature of her Royal mistress, deserves to be read in the words of M. de Rortays de St. Hilaire. But he speaks from personal observation as well as from the evidence of others, when he describes the alteration in the Queen's appearance, and the falling health which made her physicians prescribe a visit to her native land, and a temporary residence there, as necessary. It would be no wonder if the Queen's health had given way under all the trials, hardships and reverses to which it has pleased God to subject her. But it was not so.

Those broken spirits, that wasted frame, that declining health were not due, either to the loss of a throne, or to the terrors and hardships of a siege, or to the sadness and the seclusion of the Quirinal, or even to mortification at the intrigues and treachery and incompetence with which the fortunes of the Royal exiles are still weighed. No, they are the results of the infernal malice of the Liberal Press and of the Revolutionary Faction. They are the triumph of Liberalism over a woman's outraged feelings, and over a Queen's wounded honor.

The health that stood the scanty fare, the imprisonment in a casemate, and the accumulated privations of a long siege; the elastic spirits that quickened her light step as she passed mid bursting shells and crashing walls through the ruined streets of Gaeta, on errands of mercy to the wounded in the batteries; the high heart that never quailed before the roar of the enemies' artillery, or the deadly flight of their projectiles, and that bore up among the wounded, and the dying and the dead, without a care beyond her Royal husband and his faithful soldiers have, at last, been overcome. For a time, and please God, for a short time only, they have drooped and sunk. Malice and calumny and insult have won a short-lived victory over a woman's health. The Queen of Naples, at the request of her husband, and by the order of her physicians, has visited her native Bavaria, for change of air and of scene. And the Liberal Press and the Revolutionary Faction convert this effect of their own infamous malice into a new occasion of slander.

The King of Naples has caused the following paragraph to be inserted in the *Correspondance di Rome*:—"We are commissioned to contradict in the most formal manner the calumnies spread, concerning the journey of Her Majesty the Queen of the Two Sicilies and her retreat at the Convent of the Ursulines at Augsburg. The Queen is still under the influence of the painful impressions and sufferings which she has undergone, and of the physical shock which has been a consequence of the world's injustice. But everything favours the hope that her courage, restored by prayer and meditation, will make her despise the calumnious assertions of the newspapers, even as she braved the shells of Orsini. A steamer awaits the Queen at Marseille to convey her to Civita Vecchia."—*Tablet*.

The conscription of sailors for the Piedmontese navy is being carried out in the Terric di Bari with

great severity. All men from 22 to 33 are included in the levy, even if they are fathers of families; and this is evaded by all the marine population emigrating to the interior when practicable, which is destroying the Southern fisheries. The mariners are all staunch Royalists; and will do anything rather than serve Victor Emmanuel, and it is curious to witness the delight with which the Neapolitan sailors haul down the Italian colours on board the *Messaggerie des Deux Siciles* on entering the harbor of Civita Vecchia. "Gin. I. Baudieri maladetta," an old sailor said to me a short time since, chuckling as he rested in the ropes and lowered the tricolor to the decks of the Capri. The national guard of half the communes in the south is being dissolved—here for Garibaldian, there for reactionary sympathies. The deserters who are excepted from the amnesty, have every reason to complain of the partiality which has excluded them from its provisions; but what is the hardship of their case to that of the thousands of Royalists whose last faint hope is over, and those who see an English Prime Minister advocating and submitting, in the person of his young countryman, to the tyranny which crushes them. Every hour of their detention in prison after the amnesty is accorded to the Garibaldians is a rank injustice, and as contrary to the feeling and humanity of Englishmen as it is against all sound policy. Does Ratazzi intend these thousands of prisoners to be his hostages for the cessation of Rome? Does he mean to make every man groaning in the dungeons of Abellino, Reggio, Chieti, and Naples, feel himself a martyr, not only for Francis II., but to the temporal power of Pius IX., and so awaken in their behalf the entire sympathies of Catholic France, Spain, and Germany?

GARIBALDI: OUD BY HIS FRIENDS.—The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio has published, in the *Discussione*, a severe article on Garibaldi. He accuses him of double-dealing and deception, and says that his reputation is tarnished for ever, prepares Italy to expect enormous efforts from the party of action, with whom he closely connects General Garibaldi.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, Nov. 4.—The Viennese papers of to-day publish the following version of the recent conflict between the Austria and Italian troops:—

"MANTUA, Nov. 3.—A violation of the frontier by the Piedmontese troops took place yesterday at Crovito-vano, which resulted in an encounter between Piedmontese Garibaldians and the Austrian Customs Guard. Quiet has been restored.

The *Armonia* says that there has just been published, at Vienna, a book, with the title "Gatalogo Provincie Austriac Societas Jesu inuenta anno 1862." According to this book, the total number of the members of the Company of Jesus is at present 7231. Of these, according to the catalogue, there are, in the Province of Austria 349; in the Province of England 265; in the Belgic Province 542; in the three Provinces of France 2203; in Galicia 136; in Germany 561; in Ireland 126; in Spain 742; in Maryland (America) 246; in Mexico 19; in Missouri 402; in Naples 206; in Holland 201; in the Province of Rome 462; in Sicily 267; in the Province of Turin 277; in the Province of Venice 226. Total 7231.

The *Armonia* says that these statistics are taken from the *Perseveranza* of October 30, and adds: "If we mistake not, before 1848 the Jesuits were 5,000, now, after so much persecution, they are above 7,000. They may say, like the primitive Christians, *plures efficitur quoties mitimur*."

GERMANY.

MUNICH, Nov. 1.—The King and Queen of Greece arrived here to-day, and were enthusiastically received.

MUNICH, Nov. 3.—The official *Baierische Zeitung*, of to-day publishes a leading article stating that all newspaper reports of a new dynasty being written to the Greek throne are incorrect. The writer points out that the proclamation of the Provisional Government only pronounce the deposition of the King and Queen hitherto reigning, and contains no mention of the abolition of the Bavarian dynasty.

A GREAT SUFFERER BY REVOLUTIONS—King Louis of Bavaria, who abdicated after an insurrection in 1848, sees his family extensively affected by the dynastic changes which have taken place since 1859. His second son is Otho, the ex-King of Greece, born on the 1st of June, 1815; his third, Luitpold, is married to a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; one of his daughters is the Duke of Modena; and one of his grandsons, or his youngest son Adalbert, was to have succeeded Otho on the throne of Greece. Lastly, the Queen of Naples and her sister, the Countess de Trani, belong to a collateral branch of the Royal family, that of Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria. The House of Wittelsbach has therefore suffered most materially from the revolutions of Germany, Italy, and Greece.—*Le Temps*.

POLAND.

BERLIN, Nov. 1.—According to advices received here from Warsaw, numerous arrests have been made among the working classes. The arrival of the Emperor at Warsaw was expected. It was said that no conscription would take place next year in Poland. Count Bernstorff has been appointed Prussian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, and not, as was stated, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Nov. 5.—It has been decided in an extraordinary Council of Ministers that the Spanish Government shall demand the punishment of the Americans who have violated the Spanish flag.

The Queen has given an audience to the American Minister, who expressed his regret at what had taken place, and assured Her Majesty that the American Government had not authorised the acts of Captain Montgomery.

TURKEY.

The Turkish Government has been thrown into much agitation by the Greek revolution, and a council of war has been held in Constantinople for the purpose of taking measures with a view to repel any possible attack from the side of Greece. It is said, however, that France and England have warned the Greeks not to raise the portentous "Eastern question," but to respect the Ottoman territory.

UNITED STATES.

THE DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.—This diocese was established in 1809, and then comprised the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware. As early as 1866, three years after the foundation of Philadelphia, William Penn speaks of an old priest among its inhabitants. In 1708, Penn wrote from England to inquire about a rumor concerning Mass being celebrated here; and he styles our Divine Offering a scandal and an injury to his colony. The first chapel in Philadelphia was a small frame building on the northwest corner of Front and Walnut streets, and it was dedicated in 1686. In 1736, a second chapel was erected on a corner of Chestnut and Second streets; and there was a mob raised to destroy it, but it survived. In 1729, a small church was erected by Miss Elizabeth McGawley, about half way between Frankford and Nicetown. Its site was long marked by the tomb-stone of Rev. John Michael Brown, the priest attached to that mission; but now there is no mark, for in 1844 the tomb was violated and the stone destroyed. Rev. Joshua Groaton became a "professed Father" of the Society of Jesus in 1719, and was sent from St. Inigo's, Md., to Philadelphia in 1730. After three years of labor here, he bought a lot on Fourth street, and built the Church of St. Joseph. He endured, many severe trials, for then the Roman Mass-house was contrary to the statute of William III.—*Catholic Herald*.

The two races have come into collision; on one side an aristocracy, agriculturally, sparsely settled, given to field sports, living in the saddle; on the other a democracy, which has been travelling downwards for eighty years, which is numerically four times as strong as its opponent, which breathes only an atmosphere of dollars, and has no aspirations beyond commercial gain.

DR. CAHILL'S LECTURE ON IRELAND.

JUST PUBLISHED, IN PAMPHLET FORM, A FULL REPORT OF THE ABOVE LECTURE, WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE REV. GENTLEMAN, AND A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ASSUMPTION COLLEGE SANDWICH, CANADA WEST.

Under the Patronage of their Lordships the Right Rev. the Bishop of Sandwich, and the Right Rev. the Bishop of Detroit, U. S.

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