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LEGENDS AND TALES FROM IRISH HISTORY.

(From a forthcoming work, by Mrs. Sadlier.)
THE BATTLE OF OCHA, A.D. 433.

The monarch, Laogaire, being killed by lightning somewhere on the plains of Kildare, the estates of the kingdom assembled at Tara, in order to elect a successor for that great prince, who had governed Ireland for thirty years. Two rival candidates asserted their claims to the monarchy. One of these was Oilioll, surnamed Molt, son of the renowned hero, Dathy. The other was Lughaidh, son of the deceased king. The latter was at once set aside on account of his age, not having yet attained the legal age for ascending the throne; which in ancient Ireland was fixed at twenty-five. Still there were other princes of the family of Laogaire, who might have been eligible for the office; but the truth was that Oilioll had a powerful party in the national council, so powerful, indeed, that their will was almost law to the rest. Of these friends of Oilioll, the chief were his father-in-law, Angus, king of Leath-Mogha, and his own kinsman, Amalgaidh, king of Connaught, a prince of great military prowess, who had been victorious in no less than nine sea-fights, as historians gravely assure us. These two princes carried all before them in the supreme councils of Ireland at that time; and they having warmly espoused Oilioll's cause, the scale was speedily turned in his favor.

The discomfited adherents of the Hy-Niall dynasty were obliged to submit for a time; but their submission was sullen and sat awkwardly upon them. It was the passive submission of the chained tiger, eagerly watching for a chance to spring on his keeper. Years passed away, and the young son of Laogaire was a wanderer amongst the princes of Ireland, endeavoring to strengthen his party by every means in his power; he was now approaching the legal term of his minority, and burned with impatience to recover the throne of his father from him whom he called a usurper. By the time his majority had arrived, he saw himself at the head of a powerful army, composed chiefly of subsidiary forces from Leinster and Dalriada.

It was then the custom in Ireland for a prince who thought himself unjustly debarred from the throne, to send ambassadors to the actual occupant, demanding a formal renunciation in his favor—that is, if he found himself in a condition to enforce his claim. Lughaidh, therefore, sent some noblemen of his party to the reigning monarch, calling upon him to resign the crown to the rightful owner. Oilioll made answer that, as his father had reigned before Laogaire, he considered himself as better entitled to the crown than any descendant of that monarch; and that, in pursuance of that conviction, he was well prepared to defend his rights.

This was no more than Lughaidh had expected; but it added fuel to the fire of his jealous indignation, and he at once summoned the princes, his auxiliaries, to join him with their forces. Oilioll on his side was not idle; his household troops were numerous and well-appointed; these he led to the field in person, and with him marched his faithful friend, Amalgaidh, at the head of the Connaught legions; Angus with the chosen warriors of Leath-Mogha, and other valorous chieftains of lesser note, with their respective followers.

Lugha was but little behind the monarch in the number and equipment of his troops, and that little was more than made up by the extraordinary valor and chivalrous devotion of those who were willing to sacrifice all, even life itself, in defence of his rights. On the side of Lugha were the young prince, Fiachra-Lonn, of Dalriada, with his matchless bands of trained and hardy soldiers—Criomthan, son of the king of Leinster, at the head of his father's chosen troops, Murtough-Mac-Erca, Fergus Kerbeoil, and many other princes and chieftains of high birth and higher renown. The noblest and bravest of the sons of hapless Erin were ranged against each other on that fatal day.

It was on the plain of Ocha, in the present county of Meath, that the two armies came in sight of each other. After a sullen and ominous pause, during which the rival princes and their respective supporters seemed concentrating their fierce ire, a general engagement took place. The demon of war presided over the scene, for the combatants fought on either side with infuriate rage. Victory seemed now leaning to one side, now to the other; now it was the trained and practised cohorts of Leinster that made Oilioll's line quiver; anon they were themselves driven back by the fierce warriors of Connaught, with the cry, of "Hy-Fiachra and Connaught;" and again, quick as lightning, did the wild daring of the Dalriadians sweep down all before it. "Hy-Niall and Dalriada," was the word of fate to the doomed monarch, Oilioll, who, seeing, at length, that the overpowering valor of the fierce Northern warriors was

likely to decide the fortune of the day, made a last effort to regain the ground he had lost. In vain did he and his gallant friends perform prodigies of valor; fate, it would seem, was against him; and driven at last to despair, he shouted to his household troops to follow him, and rushed into the thickest of the fight.

"This slaughter is dreadful," said the monarch; "I will seek out this rash Lugha, and kill him, or die in the attempt."

Rushing on with headlong speed at the head of his men, cutting their way as they went, he at length encountered Lugha, and challenged him to mortal combat. The prince was nothing loath to accept the challenge; and the armies on either side, or what then remained of them, paused as if by tacit agreement to witness the combat of their respective chiefs. After a long and fierce struggle, the fiery valor of the younger prince prevailed, and Oilioll fell to the ground covered with many wounds. This decided the fortune of the day, and Lugha was unanimously saluted as king, the pagan warriors on either side believing that the gods had declared in his favor, the more so as the unfortunate Oilioll had been a convert to the Christian faith.

This battle of Ocha was to the Irish of that day what the battle of Flodden was to the Scotch in later times; for the flower of the Irish nobility were left on the field. Even the victors had suffered so severely that their victory was dearly purchased.—From one end of Ireland to the other the wail was loud and long.

"For the flowers of the forest were n' wed awa." Of all the battles that had been fought in the kingdom for years and years before, the battle of Ocha was at once the most disastrous and the most important in its consequences. By it the monarchy was restored to the race of Niall, by whom it was held for several centuries after; and so memorable was it deemed that future annalists made their chronological calculations for many an age, from "the bloody Battle of Ocha." Alas! for the dark doom that rested on the fortunes of Ireland, in those remote times as in later ages:—

"How oft has the Banshee cried,
How oft has Death untied
Bright links that glory wove.

We're fallen upon gloomy days—
Star after star decays—
Every bright name that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.

Such might have been the mournful complaint of some bard of that day, brooding over the misfortunes of his hapless country in the spirit which prompted Moore, when he wrote the song, or rather dirge, from which the above lines are quoted.

ST. KIERAN AND THE HEIR APPARENT.

(A Historical Legend of Lough Ree—A.D. 538.)

In all Ireland there is not a wilder or more desolate scene than that in which the great St. Kieran founded his magnificent abbey of Clonmacnoise, the Iona of Ireland, as it has been very justly styled.—"The solitary hopelessness of the bog is all around; and nothing interrupts the silence of the waste but the pipe of the curlew, as it whistles over the morass, or the shriek of the heron, as it rises lazily from the sedge bank. If ever there was a picture of grim and stern repose, it is the flow of the Shannon from Athlone to Clonmacnoise." That wide expanse of the Shannon, known as Lough Ree, is fully fourteen miles in length, and is thickly studded throughout with islands of varied size and form. The scenery along its margin is never grand; and rarely, if ever, beautiful; its uniform character being wildness and desolation, seldom softened by fertility or cultivation. Here do silence and solitude reign unbroken; the natural loneliness of the place being now much increased by the measureless waste of broken wall and pointless arch, and shattered column—the remains of the greatest of Irish monasteries. Well and wisely did St. Kieran select this site for

"—the deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly, pensive contemplation dwells." But we are wandering from our purpose, which is to describe scenes and events antecedent to the foundation of Clonmacnoise.

It was in the reign of the monarch Tuathal Maolgarb, when Dermot MacCearbhaill was by many regarded as the rightful possessor of the crown. The king himself had, doubtless, his own notions on the subject, perhaps of a similar nature, for he issued a proclamation to the effect, that Dermot was to quit the kingdom forthwith; and that whosoever could succeed in slaying him, if he ventured on Irish ground, should be rewarded with royal munificence. Somehow the reward was never claimed, although it was whispered about in an underhand way, even at court, that the doomed Roydama (Heir-apparent) had been seen more than once in one disguise or another, not many miles from where they stood, who told the tale. These reports were studiously kept from the

royal ears, for the royal temper was, as might be supposed, none of the mildest, and his courtiers had no mind to arouse the sleeping lion by telling him of Dermot's audacious disregard of his mandate, when they had not his heart to present as a peace-offering, that organ being the proof, or pledge which Tuathal required.

It was just at the time when Inathal had begun to flatter himself that his dreaded rival had, at last, betaken himself to realms beyond the seas, never again to disturb his arbitrary rule in Ireland, that two men of widely dissimilar appearance met one morning on a small island amongst the waveless waters of Lough Ree. They were both young; the elder not much over thirty, although the gravity of his mien, and the subdued expression of his mild features gave the idea of his being some five years older. He was clad in a long gown of coarse cloth, girded at the waist, and on his head was a small, closely-fitting cap, barely sufficient to cover his shaven crown; for his crown was shaved, and his whole exterior was that of a man consecrated to religion, and caring little for the world wherein he was undergoing his probationary term. His form was somewhat bent, evidently rather from the habitual attitude of recollection and humility, than the weight of years. The other was a man in the meridian of life and in the prime of manly beauty. His tall form was straight as the young cedar, and his features noble and majestic, with eyes of darkest hazel, and hair of a shining, auburn color. He could not be more than five-and-twenty, for the elasticity of youth was in his step, and its ardor in his flashing eye. There was that about the young man which would have told of courtly training and martial pursuits, had not his peasant's garb belied the semblance which his mien put forth.

When the two, thus described, met face to face on the bleak island shore, they both came to a dead pause. The one looked fixedly at the other, but neither spoke till a mutual scrutiny had taken place. The younger and taller of the two at length extended his hand, which the other took with much coolness and apparent indifference.

"Thou art Kieran," said the youthful peasant, for such he seemed.

"I am," was the reply; "God save thee, honest man."

"Thanks, holy father; in thy heart, at least, dwell mercy and compassion. I am poor, very poor; food hath not crossed my lips since yesterday noon; for God's sake extend thy charity to a poor, houseless wanderer."

"And welcome, friend," replied the Saint, for the monk was St. Kieran himself. "I have some ash-cakes in my pouch, which I am willing to divide with thee, and the water of the lake will quench thy thirst. It is not yet my hour for eating, but sit thee down, poor man, on this rock, and eat while I make my noon-day orisons."

The young stranger sat down accordingly, and ate with a greedy appetite the hard, dry cake given him by the Saint; then stooping to the lake, lifted some water in the hollow of his hand; this he did several times, till his thirst was sufficiently slacked; when, raising his eyes to heaven, he ejaculated a fervent thanksgiving, and then calmly resumed his seat.—Full half an hour had elapsed, when the Saint arose from his knees, and then turning to his companion he said:

"I have come hither from Innis-Anguin, to take up my abode in this still wilder spot, and I am about to build an oratory. Thou art a young man, and a strong man; wilt thou lend me thine aid?"

"With all my heart," was the reply; "whatsoever thou sayest, I am willing to do. I am stronger than thee, holy Kieran, and I will put up thine oratory, if thou wilt but tell me how I am to do it."

The bargain was made, and the two friends sallied forth to commence their work. St. Kieran having previously conveyed some stakes from the main land, he and his companion went to work with right good will. The unknown seemed wholly intent on his self-imposed task, never allowing Kieran to do any part of it but what was comparatively light and easy. Once when he raised his eyes to ask Kieran playfully if he would not recommend him to further employment of a similar nature, he was taken aback by the pitying look wherewith the Saint stood watching his toilsome labor. Blushing to the very temples, his dark eye lost its sudden fire, but he still made his request with a forced and dubious smile.

"Nay," said the Saint, "it were hard to commend unto others a workman so little skilled in such matters. But good will makes up for thy deficiency—at least with me. That is hard work, Dermot, for one of thy birth and breeding, but it will soon end. Be of good cheer!"

"Ha! thou knowest me then!" and the young

* Cakes baked on the hearth, under the hot ashes.
† Now Hare-Island, in Lough Ree.

man let the stake which he was planting fall heavily to the ground in the shock of hearing his own name—that most dangerous name—thus unexpectedly pronounced.

"Assuredly I do, Dermot Mac Cearbhaill; it needs no superhuman knowledge to read thy lineage, so plainly visible on every feature. But let me help thee, Roydama, to plant that stake; it is too rough for thy delicate hands."

"Not so, father," said the generous prince; "it would ill beseem my father's son to stand by and see the servant of God engaged in such work."

The Saint said no more, but stood looking on in silence, while the Prince strained bone and muscle to accomplish his task, pausing ever and anon to wipe the large drops of sweat from his heated brow.—When he had planted the required number of stakes to form the oratory, Kieran, coming forth from a neighboring fissure in the rocks where he had been engaged in ecstatic prayer, held out his hand to the prince, and pointing towards the sun, now nearing the western horizon, invited him to sit down by him, and share his meal, "for," said he, "sunset is the hour for my daily repast."

The prince bowed profoundly as he touched the venerated hand; and having seated himself on the projecting rock beside the Saint, the latter blessed their homely fare, and gave Dermot much the larger share, silencing his objections with a peremptory mandate. For a while the meal proceeded in silence; but at length Kieran spoke in a dreamy sort of way, as though but carrying out the sequel of his previous thoughts:

"One who is so kind and so compassionate, must needs make a good king. And yet—yet—the stain of blood is on his hand. Dermot Mac Cearbhaill what is this?"

The last words were evidently addressed to the prince, whose countenance changed and fell as the Saint turned his eye upon him. That piercing glance sank into Dermot's heart, and chilled its inmost recesses. He tried to speak, but his voice failed him, and he answered not a word.

"How is this?" repeated the Saint sternly, "I have prayed for thee, Roydama, that thy father's throne might be given unto thee, and the Lord hath heard the prayer of His unworthy servant; but there is blood on thy soul, O Dermot—thou hast taken vengeance into thine own hand, and the Lord of hosts is angry. Couldst thou not wait on Him to whom vengeance of right belongeth?"

"Nay, father Kieran," stammered the prince, feeling it necessary to say something; "for myself, I have shed no blood, and surely the sins of my fathers will not be held against me. Tuathal is a tyrant and a usurper;—merits he not an evil doom?"

"It may be so," replied the Saint solemnly; "but woe be to him who is the instrument of that doom. Say no more, Dermot; I will hear no more denials. I am sorry for thee, prince, for my heart warms to thee, and I have good hopes of thy reign; but murder—murder—oh, my God! hold not this foul crime against him!"

"It is hard to be suspected thus," began Dermot, with a flushed cheek; but instantly recalling the Saint's stern mandate, he bit his lip and remained silent. Kieran sat for some time in an attitude of deep thought, his eyes fixed on the rising moon, as she gradually showed her silver disk above the horizon. After a little, his thoughts seemed to take a softer, perhaps a pitying character; rising from his seat, he asked the prince whether he had any shelter in view for the night.

"Holy father, I have not," he replied, with more bitterness than he had yet manifested. "If a sinful mortal might be permitted to liken his condition to that of the Lord of lords, I am even as He was, when on earth—blessed for ever be His name! I have not a stone that I can call my own whereon to lay my head. Thanks to the cruel persecution of him who sitteth on my father's throne, and reveals 'in my father's halls."

"Say nought of that, Dermot, if thou wouldst lodge with me. I know thy wrongs, and God knows them too; but they are even now terribly avenged—alas! for him who sent forth the blood-hound on the chase. But thou hast served me this day, Roydama of Ireland, with heart and hand, and to-night thou shalt share my shelter, such as it be."

So the two wended their way to a small cave, which Kieran had found amongst the rocks, and where the Saint had made a bed for himself of the soft moss gathered from the rocks. The only additional furniture was a stone, which served as a seat and a rude cross formed of two branches of a tree, which hung at the foot of the couch aforesaid. Having made their evening devotions together, the Saint, pointing to the mossy bed, told Dermot it was time for him to seek repose.

"And thou, holy father?"

"Oh! fear not for me," was the calm reply; "it is needful that some should do penance for the sins of all. I can sleep as well on the bare floor, as thou on that soft couch. Thou hast need of rest, so lay thee down at once."

Dermot was forced to obey, and wearied by the unwonted labors of the day, he was soon locked in a profound slumber. His last waking impressions were, St. Kieran on his knees before the Crucifix, with his arms folded cross-wise on his bosom, and his thin, attenuated form bowed down in solemn worship, while his face and eyes were fixed in meditation.

Next morning, when the first beams of the day-star shone in through the aperture which formed the mouth of the cave, Dermot started to his feet, forgetful for a moment as to where he was. But his recollection soon returned, for there still knelt Kieran on the very spot, and in the very attitude in which Dermot's closing eye had last beheld him.

"This, indeed, is the servant of God," said the prince within himself; "he has assuredly prayed all the night, except perchance, two or three hours given to the requirement of nature. Alas! poor! what do I, and such as I, to gain heaven?"

The Saint, having ended his devotions, arose, and extended his hand to Dermot with a cheerful smile.

"God keep thee, prince," said he; "I were well pleased if I had even a little food for thee to break thy fast. But food have I none, and even if I had, thou wouldst hardly take time to eat it; here are they who bring glad tidings. Glad in one way, he added by way of soliloquy, "but exceedingly sorrowful in another."

As the Saint spoke, a loud halloo was heard without, and anon the air was filled with cries of "God save King Dermot!"—hastily donning his garments, the young prince sallied forth, accompanied by the Saint, wondering, as he said, who they might be that had raised such a joyful clamor. He at once recognised the leader of the mounted horsemen who had gathered around the site of Kieran's oratory, supposing it intended as a temporary asylum for their prince. They were all of them trusty friends of his family, and he could no longer doubt that what they said was true. He was indeed king of Ireland.

"But how," said he, "was this brought about?—Only two days since, and Tuathal's power was firm as yonder rock—how has it been overthrown?"

"Even yesterday at noon," replied the eldest of the cavaliers, "Tuathal was lord of all Ireland—an hour after, and he lay a lifeless log amid the nobles of his court. The crotche was ringing, wild and deathlike through his halls, when we mounted our gallant steeds and flew to conduct our prince to the throne, so long usurped by the cold-blooded Maolgarb."

"But who was it that dealt the blow?" said the prince in a voice trembling with emotion. "There are not, I think, two men living who would smite the supreme monarch of Ireland, even the mighty Tuathal, in the midst of his armed legions, and that for me. I have not two such friends—say, was it Miles O'Hargadie who slew the tyrant?"

The cavaliers looked at each other in silence, and the question had to be repeated before it received an answer.

"Even so; gracious prince, it was he—thy faithful fosterer, who sacrificed his life to win empire for thee—he was worth his weight in molten gold!"

"Sacrificed?" cried Dermot, with an ashy brow and a quivering lip; "sacrificed, didst thou say, Cairbre?—did they slay Miles O'Hargadie?"

"Yes, my lord, they did. The faithful servant had contrived a plan to reach the king, carrying little for his own life. Taking horse yesternight, he carried with him on a spear the heart of a dog which he had killed for that purpose, and, giving out as he went along, that it was a certain royal heart for which princely guardon was offered, he easily made his way to the presence of the king, where he stood surrounded by his nobles, and extending the heart on the point of his spear, the monarch reached out his hand to take it. The which when Miles saw, he dashed off the heart and drove his spear through the king's body, who fell down dead. Loud shouts and cries of vengeance rent the air, and on every side was thy valiant fosterer beset with swords and spears; and he fell like a stately tree cut down in the fulness of its bloom. He died as became a warrior, and his last words were, 'Do as ye list with me, Dermot is king of Ireland!'"

On hearing this, Dermot's eyes flashed fire, and his whole frame quivered with strong emotion. Regardless, or perhaps forgetful of the Saint's presence—for Kieran had slowly followed him from the cave—the fiery prince gave free passage to his thoughts.

"Now, by the sword of my father, mighty in battle," he cried, "I will this day revenge the death of my brother—for brother he was to me—or never shall my foot ascend the throne. They shall die, ay! every one of them, who had ought to do with his murder."

"Forbear, rash prince!" spoke the deep voice of Kieran from behind. "Tempt not further the fierce wrath of the living God. If thy fosterer has died in his sin, mourn rather for his poor soul, and humbled even to the dust, bethink thee of the share thou thyself hast had in this deed of blood. Fall back, warriors of Connaught, till I speak to your prince on the part of God." He was instantly obeyed.

"I ask thee, Dermot, in the name of our common Judge, didst thou not counsel this act of thy servant?—was it not done at thy bidding?"

"Nay, blessed Kieran! I swear I knew not how far his purpose reached. He did but ask the loan of my horse—the only thing I still owned—to go to Grealach-Daphiles, the which I was right loath to give, for fear of harm befalling poor Miles."

"Thou knowest, then, that the king was holding court there?"

"I did, holy father, but I dreamed not that Miles could think of such a perilous attempt." His speech was smooth and plausible, but his downcast eye and changing color belied his words. He dared not meet the searching look which he well knew was fixed upon him.

"As the Lord liveth, Dermot MacCearbhaill," said Kieran after an ominous silence, "thou art guilty of this thing. Thou hast, by the hand of thy servant, shed the blood of Tuathal, and therefore shall a judgment—yes, a heavy one—fall on thee and thine."

Power and dominion are before thee, but beyond, in the misty vale of years, lies the shadow of death and doom." The outstretched arm of the holy monk pointed, as it were, to an object seen only by himself, and his rigid features wore a look of cold severity.

Fixed and motionless as a carved block of stone, he stood the living image of inexorable justice. Dermot ventured at last to look upon the dreadful face of his judge, and the look was fatal to the obdurate pride in which he had been intrenching himself. Dropping on one knee before the Saint, he conjured him to withdraw the fearful prediction which he had just made, and that he would submit to any penalty he might impose.

"Recal my words I neither may nor can," said Kieran in a softened voice; "but go thou and do penance, even amid the splendors of a court, and it may please God to forgive thee. Depart now, for I would be alone. Thou hast been a friend to me, Dermot, and my heart is heavy on thy account; but go—a royal welcome awaits thee in thine ancestral halls."

"Before I go hence," said Dermot, standing up and reverently touching the Saint's offered hand, "suffer me to make a request. Wilt thou accept from me a gift of land?"

"Not as a blood-gilt, Dermot—it may not be."

"Not as such do I give it," said the prince with a touch of his habitual pride, "but as a token of my reverence and true friendship."

"As such I will receive it."

"Thanks, holy father, thou shalt choose for thyself."

St. Kieran pointed to the wild promontory stretching out towards them from the mainland; and Dermot promised to have a formal deed of gift made out as soon as he was settled in Tara. Summoning his followers, they all bent reverently before the Saint, who gave them his parting blessing; and then Dermot bounding lightly into the skiff which had brought his friends from the mainland, waved a last farewell to the Saint, whose solitary figure was seen standing motionless on the rock. The boat moved quickly over the narrow channel, and soon the little party leaped ashore on the mainland; whereupon Dermot, with true Celtic elasticity, slung care and remorse, if he ever had any, to the winds, and saddened only by the loss of his devoted Miles, pressed on with might and main to Tara's regal halls, where his presence was hailed with enthusiastic acclamation. Bonfires blazed on every hill; bells pealed forth their most joyous chimes, and amid a general burst of felicitation, Dermot was installed into his kingly office.

But amid all the glad festivity and uproarious joy that attended his coronation, Dermot was mindful of his promise to St. Kieran, to whom he formally granted a large tract of land, then known as Drunim-Tip-raid, but for long years after, and even till now, designated as Clonmacnoise.

The reign of Dermot was long and prosperous; for twenty years did he sway the sceptre of Ireland, and his name was honorable amongst kings and princes. But the penalty of his participated crime was still to be paid; the doom foretold by St. Kieran failed not to fall on him and his, although the Saint was spared the pain of seeing it consummated. In the fourteenth year of the reign of Dermot, as the ancient chronicles tell, Colman Mor, the eldest son of that monarch, was slain in his chariot by a prince of the Dalriads. Six years after, Dermot himself was slain, and by another Dalriadan prince. Having been a generous benefactor of Clonmacnoise, his head was buried there, while his body remained in ancient Connor.

So fell Dermot MacCearbhaill, monarch of Ireland, by the just judgment of God.

In pursuance of Dermot's munificent grant, St. Kieran commenced his abbey in the year of Our Lord 548. This place became in after times the greatest seat of learning perhaps in the British Islands.—The sons of all the Connaught nobles were sent there to be educated, and from that circumstance it was that the place derived its name of Cluan-mac-noise, or the Retreat of the sons of the nobles. Seven churches, or, as some say, nine, were built here at various times, the several founders naming them as follows: "Temple Righ, or Melaglin's church, built by O'Melaglin, king of Meath, and to this day it is the burying-place of that family; Temple O'Connor, built by O'Connor Don; Temple Kelly; Temple Finian, or McCarthy, built by McCarthy More of Munster; Temple Hurpan, or McLaffy's church; Temple Kieran; Temple Guancy; Temple Doulin, which is now the parish church, and Temple MacDermot." Here are also two of those wondrous round-towers, aptly called antiquarian puzzles. It is a scene of solemn grandeur, calculated to inspire serious and salutary thought. The stately monasteries have passed away; the college whose halls were filled with royal and noble students exists only in history; the city that sprang up around the ecclesiastical buildings has long been a city of the dead, the abode of silence and desolation; the kings, whose tombs stud the sacred precincts, are well nigh forgotten—they have hardly a place in history; but the name of Kieran still lives in the hearts of the people, and in the sacred records of the Church. His memory is as fresh in the affections of the pious children of Ireland as it was when he breathed his last in his great abbey of Clonmacnoise just seven months after its formation. Thirteen centuries have successively carried down the revered name of Kieran to the illustrious position which it still holds as next in rank to Patrick, and almost equal to Columbkille—names dear and precious to the heart of Ireland—her glory and her pride are ye; may your influence never be less amongst the people to whom ye gave life and light!

Strangely varied are the associations clustering amid the ruins of Clonmacnoise on the Shannon, as it is distinctively called. The shadows of departed ages hang dark and heavy over the classic spot, filling the mind with awe and wonder. Side by side with the hallowed ruins of the Christian fane, and the venerable fragments of what was once a Christian college, stand the weird pillar-towers looking almost as fresh as when the standard of the Cross was first raised in their shadow. All around them lie the scattered remains of strong walls and massive pillars and heavy buttresses, yet they are well nigh perfect;—all else has perished, yet they remain. Against them have the storms of ages beat in vain; generation after generation of the sons of men have passed away since they were raised on high; and, in all human probability, they are destined to remain as witnesses till the last dread trumpet sounds. It was a proud theory which ascribed their origin to the Magi of

old; yet we are none the less grateful to our great national antiquarian for having dispelled the flattering illusion:—

"The pillar-towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand By the lakes and rushing rivers and the valleys of our land; In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their beads sublime, These grey old pillar-temple, these conquerors of Time.

Beside these grey old pillars, how perishing and weak The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek; "And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires— All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires.

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile, And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle— As the breeze o'er the seas, where the balcony has its nest, Thus Time o'er Egypt's tombs, and the temples of the West.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine, And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine, And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than the East, And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the Priest.

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell— Where the fugitive found shelter became the hermit's cell; And Hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good, For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood.

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth impart To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart;

While the breast needeth rest, may these grey old temples last, Bright prophet's of the future, as preachers of the past."

Such, gentle reader, is the historical foundation of that wondrous group of ecclesiastical buildings, whose ruins have evoked the admiration of all these latter ages by their magnitude and endless variety. Dear alike to the historian and the antiquary, their exhaustless wealth of antique monuments is of priceless value to all who would obtain a knowledge of Irish archaeology.

* George Petrie, Esq., M. R. T. A. † D. F. McCarthy's Pillar-towers of Ireland.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ARCHDIOCESE OF ARMAGH.—On this day (23rd January) the Dean and Chapter of the Archdiocese of Armagh will be sworn into office at Armagh by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, the Lord Primate. The Chapter will consist of thirteen Clergy men, four from the conference of Dundalk, four from Dunganon, three from Dunleer, and two from the conference of Armagh.—*Newry Examiner*.

THE NEW BISHOP OF GALWAY.—The Galway Visitor contains the following:—"It was generally understood this day throughout the town that the nomination of the Very Rev. B. J. Roche, as successor to the late lamented Bishop of Galway, had received the sanction of the Holy See. We are given to understand also that the requisite Bulls are now on their way from Rome for the consecration of the very rev. gentleman as bishop of this diocese."

DEATH OF THE REV. PATRICK SHEEHY, P.P., TULLA.—We deeply regret to record the death of the above excellent and patriotic clergyman, who was admired and beloved by all who were acquainted with his virtues, his singleness of purpose, his zeal for religion, and his uniform consistent love of country. His Irish sermons were masterpieces of eloquence. He was translated to Tulla in the year 1837, and continued in the cure of that parish up to the day of his death. The state of religion—the appearance of the beautiful church, so admirably finished and ornamented, are strong evidences for his zeal for the house of the Lord, and the church of which he was so worthy a pastor.—His exertions for the advancement of Tenant Right are green in the recollection of every one. He attended, we believe no less than twenty meetings to promote the cause, and was one of the principal speakers on all occasions. During the whole time an unkind word never dropped from him; he avoided personalities most studiously, yet he never withdrew from the platform until his hearers had been fully satisfied as to the propriety of his views and the strength of his reasoning. On Thursday, 17th inst., he breathed his last, and his remains were removed to the chapel and waked the following night by his sorrowing parishioners. After the usual ceremonies, the remains of the truly revered and worthy priest were laid in their last resting-place amid the regrets and tears of thousands who attended with great devotion during the whole proceedings. May his soul rest in peace.—*Limerick Reporter*.

DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS O'CARROLL, P.P., ABBEYSFALE.—We have deep sorrow in making the announcement of the death on Monday week last of the Rev. Thomas O'Carroll, P.P., Abbeysfales.—*Munster News*.

The Rev. James Gaughran, P.P., died at Lobinstown on the 11th ult., in the 68th year of his age, and 44th of his ministry. The deceased was 42 years parish priest of the united parishes of Syddan, Killeary, and Inismoth. His life was holy and his death edifying.

The Rev. Mr. McKeown, parish priest of Termonfechin, has been directed by Miss Chester, of Cartown, to distribute to the poor of his parish the sum of one hundred pounds, the bequest of her late father.—*Newry Examiner*.

The Rev. Mr. Conins, P.P., of Castlebar, has been for some time past engaged in collecting subscriptions for the purpose of establishing a school in his parish. The Marquis of Clanricarde has given at a nominal rate a site for the intended school, with a lease to the parish priest in being, and he has instructed Richard Carter, Esq., his land agent, to accompany this act of liberality with the donation of £20 towards the erection of a schoolhouse.—*Galway Mercury*.

A DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN.—We mentioned a few days ago the honor conferred on the Abbe Cruice, brother of Major Cruice, staff officer of this town, in the hall of the Sorbonne, Paris. We learn from a recent number of the *Moniteur*, a French official journal, that by an imperial decree of December 29, 1855, issued at the instance of the Minister of Public Instruction and Public Works, the Abbe Cruice, Doctor of Letters and Theology, Superior of the School

of High Ecclesiastical Studies at Paris, (which school he directs with distinguished ability) and author of several works of high repute, is created a knight of the Legion of Honor.—*Clare Journal*.

The Waterford and Kilkenny Railway receipts for the half year ending the 29th December, are £28,123. During the corresponding half year of 1854 they were £26,005, being an increase of £2,118. The number of miles open is 31, and the average mileage receipts £10 per week.—*Waterford News*.

The Round Tower for the national monument to the memory of O'Connell, at the cemetery, Glasnevin, having now attained the elevation of 160 feet, the committee will be enabled to carry out the entire of Dr. Petrie's design of the Mortuary Chapel, grand cross, and round tower.

IRISH TENANT LEAGUE.—The usual weekly meeting of the Council of the Tenant League was held on Tuesday, at their rooms, 33 Bachelor's walk, for the purpose of making arrangements for the public general meeting to be held on the 29th instant. Richard Grattan, Esq., M.D., and ex-J.P., in the chair. A letter was read from the Rev. T. Mullany, P.P., of Drom, Templemore, enclosing £1 as a renewal of his subscription to the funds of the Tenant League. Mr. O'Brennan begged, with the permission of the Council, to take up the notice of motion which he had given before Christmas, relative to the placing of the Tuam declaration upon the minutes, which he would have long since done, were it not that the Christmas holidays intervened, as it was most necessary to have so important a document recorded: "Resolved—That the Tuam declaration, being so clear and powerful a document in sustinment of the policy of the Tenant League, be inserted on the minutes." Dr. Gray seconded the resolution, which was adopted.—The proposed programme for the forthcoming public meeting was discussed till a late hour, when it was found necessary to adjourn to Friday next, when it is to be brought forward for further consideration.—*Evening Post*.

AGRICULTURE.—The incipient symptoms of a good crop are visible in the healthy appearance of the young wheat. Farmers generally will in this county apportion during the present year a large breadth of ground to potato planting.—*Newry Examiner*.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ROYAL FLAX SOCIETY.—This excellent society held its annual meeting on Friday the 18th ult., at the Commercial Buildings; but, from various causes, the attendance was not as numerous as might have been expected. The report of the committee specially pointed to a decrease in the quantity of land sown with flax, a fact which the various speakers attributed to the high prices obtained, of late years, for other sorts of agricultural produce, and which naturally tended to divert the attention of farmers from the cultivation of flax.—*North-ern Whig*.

DEMAND FOR LAND.—Forty acres of land, contingent on the life of a parish priest in the county Clare, came by his death into the possession of the landlord, who is now offered 45s an acre, with £250 fine, and the land was hitherto let at 25 per cent. less.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

TENANT RIGHT.—Tenant right was well illustrated this week. Mr. William Beatty held sixteen acres at a fair rent, at will, under the Earl of Belmore, which were sold by auction on Monday last, and realised £130, about nine years purchase.—*Fermanagh Reporter*.

THE LINEN TRADE.—The linen trade has been pretty fair. White goods have been moved pretty largely; the demand for foreign markets continues very satisfactory, and if prices do not come up to the expectations of holders, the aspect of the commercial world and commercial confidence go far to make up for lighter profits. We believe that after all the certainty of good payments, mercantile integrity is the truest foundation of success in business. Brown markets were not so fully attended last week; the amount of sales, however, was large, and, on the whole, we may note a fair extent of turns-over in the public sale of linens. Handsutched flax ranges from 5s 9d to 8s per stone, and linen yarns at the present rates form a state of things which do vast ill to all connected with the trade and to none more than the factory operative.—*Banner of Ulster*.

CORN TRADE WITH RUSSIA.—The Dublin *Mercantile Advertiser* states, that a first-rate corn firm in that city is now receiving orders for the house of Brandt and Co., of St. Petersburg, for wheat, to be delivered f. o. b. on the Neva, at from 18s to 21s per quarter, which allowing for freight and insurance, would cost in an Irish port equal to about 19s per barrel.

THE ULLINGFORD WORKHOUSE FARM.—The guardians and rate-payers of Ullingford appear to have been very fortunate in the manner in which their workhouse farm has been managed, whilst the experiment in that way in the Kilkenny Union proved a failure, and the land was obliged to be got rid of as not only involving a considerable pecuniary loss to the rate-payers, but proving an intolerable nuisance to the community.—*Kilkenny Paper*.

SLIGO MARKETS.—To so great an extent have the peace rumors affected our local markets, we mention the fact that a single grain of oats has not been purchased in Sligo or neighborhood since yesterday morning, although offered at from 16s to 17s per sack of 24 stone. Our last quotations for this article was 23s. to 25s. All other descriptions of grain were affected.—*Sligo Independent*.

In Limerick, the great emporium of corn for the south of Ireland market operations, so brisk and extensive since the harvest, were virtually paralysed by the prospect of peace, and Friday morning there was a fall in prices of fully 3d per stone under the prices of Wednesday.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

The arrivals of Indian Corn into Tralee during the last week are the largest ever known for the same time since the famine years.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

DECLINE OF EMIGRATION.—The Irish western journals continue to notice a marked decline in the number of emigrants from that quarter of the kingdom. According to the *Tuam Herald*, very few as compared with former seasons, are leaving, while, on the contrary, several persons are returning home with the intention of investing the capital they have amassed abroad in industrial pursuits in the old land. The number of the latter is, no doubt, inconsiderable, but the return of those few is said to have produced a strong impression upon the public mind.

Mr. Sergeant Miller, appointed judge of the Leicester County Court, salary £2,000 a year, is a native of this town, and commenced his education at St. Jarlath's College.—*Tuam Herald*.

CAPTAIN PALLISER.—This gallant officer, eldest son of the colonel of the Waterford Artillery, is at present in Paris on leave. His reception there has been most distinguished; he is an old acquaintance of the Empress, and she has not forgotten it. He had been received in an Imperial manner, lodged at court, waited on as a prince, and honored as an old friend. Thus the uniform of the Waterford Artillery is to be seen mingled with the brilliant dresses of the French officers.—*Waterford Paper.*

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR THE CRIMEA.—Yesterday morning a large draft of about 200 strong, from the Depot Battalion in this garrison, took their departure for Cork by special train, to embark on board the transport ship *Sivern* for Malta, en route to the Crimea. The draft, which is only half the number here under orders for foreign service, but for which shipping is not yet available.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

THE DARTFIELD TENANTRY.—The tenants who had gone into their houses after having been induced to evacuate them some time ago retain their little holdings for the present. Mr. John Smith, attorney, having succeeded in his argument that "possession had never been taken" by the proprietor. The landowners of Ireland have been taught by late and bitter experience that while they were hunting their tenants off their estates they were doing everything rather than promoting their own interests. We trust they will learn that they will promote their own interests by fostering their tenants. A reaction is not far distant (in the price of farm produce); landlords will soon find "a happy and contented tenantry" avail them more than "fatted bullocks," fallen in price.—*Galway Mercury.*

EXTERMINATION OF THE PEOPLE.—On Thursday, we are told, writs of ejectment were executed with the utmost cruelty in Arthurstown—whole families were flung out on the street in the midst of a sleet storm. Some bailiffs (the most prominent a fellow called Hammond from Ross and a driver named McNamara) went through the work with seeming delight. The tears of old men and the wailings of broken-hearted mothers and children had little effect on such men. They met no opposition in the execution of their fiendish work. One poor old man who a short time since lost his only son, the sole comfort of an aged father and mother, said, whilst the tears streamed down his cheeks at seeing his little furniture and the aged partner of his sorrows flung out in the mire—"Oh! may God forgive ye; ye are cruel men to thrate poor helpless orphans in such away; yerselves may want shelter yet, and may be there'd be no one to give it."—*Wexford People.*

WRECK OF A SPLENDID AMERICAN BARQUE.—Drogheda, Jan. 22.—On this morning a splendid barque, the Independence, of Bath, State of Maine, Captain Marshall, was wrecked on the strand near Bettystown, north of the Nanny River. The vessel was returning on her first trip to New Orleans from Liverpool. She was 1,300 tons register and 2,000 tons burthen, having at the time a crew of thirty hands, and carrying 700 tons of salt in bags. She struck on the above strand about four o'clock, a.m., a brisk breeze blowing inwards at the time, and which continued during the day. About an hour afterwards one of the Drogheda steamers, the Foig-a-Ballagh, Captain Heaney, coming from Liverpool, opportunely arrived, saved all the hands, and had them safely landed at the Drogheda quay. The Sir William Stamer, of Maryport, Captain Bruff, coming towards the Drogheda port immediately afterwards is described as having sailed literally through spars and rigging belonging to the ill-fated vessel, but owing to the heavy sea running at the time, and the darkness of the morning, no attempt could be made to assure them. The wreck at present lies on the banks, and the wind continuing as described, there is every probability of her being broken up.—*Saunders.*

LOSS OF SEVEN FISHERMEN IN AN OPEN BOAT ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF TORY ISLAND, COUNTY DONEGAL.—On the morning of the 29th ultimo eight small fishing boats left Tory Island for a bank—the favourite resort of cod and ling—situated about twelve miles to the north-west of the island. The weather was not unfavourable, the sky was cloudless, and a gentle breeze from the south soon wafted their frail skiffs to the scene of their calling. About midday, however, the sky became darkened, and a large black cloud in the south gave warning of an approaching gale. With all speed each crew hastened to return, for the aspect of the sky became every moment more threatening. For four hours they exerted their utmost efforts in pulling against the opposing storm, and just as the darkness of night fell upon the waters, seven of them succeeded in making the island, but one devoted barque, larger and more clumsily built than the others, was seen at nightfall by the islanders, collected on the highest cliffs, at a distance of about two miles off, struggling in vain against the fury of wind and sea, despite the hopeless efforts of the hapless crew. With the intense darkness of the night, the storm increased into a hurricane. Heavy squalls of hail, accompanied by thunder and lightning, completed the horrors of the dismal night, and when morning returned no trace of that unfortunate crew met the eyes of six disconsolate widows and their weeping orphans (for of the seven that composed the crew six were married), save the wide waste of waters. No one entertains the hope that the boat could live at sea such a night; and now that a fortnight has passed over, and brought no account of their having reached any land, the faintest hope of their having survived has vanished.—*Ballyshannon Herald.*

THE NAVAL OFFICER SENTENCED TO BE HANGED FOR COWARDICE.—We understand that a letter has been received from an authority high in the Admiralty, in reference to the case of Lieutenant Denneby, in which it is stated that the entire facts of the case were not before the public; however, the Lords of the Admiralty had commuted the extreme punishment to transportation for life, which the unfortunate officer will have to undergo. His father, a veteran officer of the navy, is well known, and highly respected in this station, and is connected with the packet service.—*Cork Constitution.*—So outrageous a sentence for a casual offence will, we hope, not be sanctioned by the highest authorities. When the sons of lords, squires, and shopkeepers in England were suffered to withdraw from the army in known fear, why should punishment be inflicted upon an officer who remained to meet danger? The "entire facts" are not before the public—but the sentence is; and that is excessive. The nominal sentence was punishment enough, and the commutation is worse than the original judgment. What officer would not prefer death to a convict's fate?—*Minster News.*

The Right Honorable James Viscount Lifford has been duly elected as Temporal Peer of Ireland, in the room of the late Lord De Vesci.

The quantity of Butter exported from Limerick, during the year ended the 31st of December was over 65,000 firkins.

STATE OF IRELAND.—We can, with the consciousness of never receiving a proof to the contrary, ask the greatest enemy and maligner of Ireland are there on record any crimes as having been perpetrated in this country so diabolical as those attributed to the unfortunate Palmer? May the Lord deliver us from ever copying, as we are daily counselled to do, after great, prosperous, and "civilized" England—in the cut-throat, poisoning, or swindling proficiencies.—*Dublin paper.*

IDEA OF NATIONALITY IN IRELAND.

It is impossible for an unprejudiced person to have much intercourse with the Irish, and not to perceive that they are a people singularly gifted by nature in an intellectual point of view. The variety and rapid succession of their ideas, their apparent facility of resources, their readiness of wit, their vivacity of imagination, and their facility of expression cannot but strike the most superficial observer. It is no exaggeration to say that the most educated mind might occasionally derive valuable hints and suggestions from the conversation of an Irish peasant, prompted only by his shrewd native intelligence or mother wit.

On the other hand, if you had any experience of the conversational powers of Englishmen, has it not struck you that the intellectual contrast between them and the Irish is remarkable to a degree? Have you not been surprised at the Englishman's barrenness of ideas, his want of animation and of apparent interest in things, his manifest deficiency of intelligence when general subjects are spoken of, his want of any large sympathy, his want of unsocial taciturnity, or, to speak more accurately, his utter incapability of expressing the few ideas he possesses with any clearness, precision, or force? Have you not at once recognized the truth of the Frenchman's remark, "that the English have a grand talent for silence?"

Have you, in short, ever received a valuable hint or suggestion from the conversation of an Englishman? For our part we scarcely think we ever have.

We shall not here speak of the men of business or the boots of England; it were superfluous to say a word in reference to their ideas, or to their management of the divine faculty of speech. But well we remember our astonishment the first time we enjoyed the society of several Englishmen of education and intelligence.

When we had listened for some time to those educated and intelligent Englishmen, we asked ourselves the following questions. How is it that those English have contributed to conquer us Irish and to become our masters? In obedience to what law has this triumph of dulness over talent taken place? How has it happened, that we the Irish did not, on the contrary, cross over to England in past ages and lord it over them?

Besides, the English are vastly inferior to the Irish in individual spirit, in personal courage, and in ardor of temperament.

Yet the great fact of the dull and spiritless Saxon's holding mastery over the clever, lively, fiery, and daring Celt is undeniable; and, after all, the puzzle may be cleared up. In effect, we soon found an answer to our questions.

In the first place, the Englishman, though destitute of the comprehensive grasp of mind or power of generalisation, has just intelligence sufficient to understand whatever one matter of detail he applies himself to, and he has indomitable perseverance, which causes him to stick to it. History and experience alike show us that a nation gifted with this perseverance (however in other respects destitute of brilliant endowments) may rise to a very high pitch of what is popularly called national greatness, and may rule over nations adorned by nature with the most shining gifts of the intellect, also possessed of daring in a high degree, but wanting this essential quality of perseverance.

And, up to this, the Irish people have evinced a most lamentable want of that steady perseverance which cannot be diverted from its aim by terror or allurements—of that faculty of clinging tenaciously, without intermission, to one definite object through good report and evil report. They have continually, in their domestic struggles as a nation, shown themselves incapable of carrying out a plan of operations, patiently, resolutely, and trustfully to the end.

But there are other and more deeply-seated causes of the continuance of Irish subjection.

For instance, there is no one thing, which has a greater tendency to perpetuate the bondage of Irishmen, than their existing incapability of comprehending the large idea of an Irish nation. It is true they talk of their country very plausibly, and in the most high-flown terms; but behind all this, there is no clear and comprehensive idea of the universal Irish nation, taking in all the sects of religion, all the parties—in short, the entire population.

All notions of country in the popular mind of Ireland are vague and confused; or, if the people have any definite idea in connexion with patriotism, it is narrow, a strong feeling of partizanship in behalf of their province or their county, or still worse, their parish or their faction. "The boys of our parish will fight, or hurl, or kick foot-ball with those of the next one." They have, we say, no very definite conception of any more comprehensive patriotism than this.—*Dublin Tribune.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

DEATH OF THE CATHOLIC BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.—Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Catholic Bishop of Liverpool died on the evening of the 25th of January.

RETIREMENT OF MR. MACAULAY FROM PARLIAMENT.—In his farewell address to the electors of Edinburgh, Mr. Macaulay says:—"Very soon after you had done me the high honor of choosing me, without any solicitation on my part, to represent you in the present parliament, I began to entertain apprehensions that the state of my health would make it impossible for me to repay your kindness by efficient service. During which time I flattered myself with the hope that I might be able to be present at important divisions, and occasionally to take part in important debates. But the experience of the last two years has convinced me that I cannot reasonably expect ever to be again capable of performing, even in an imperfect manner, those duties which the public has a right to expect from every member of the House of Commons.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.—The *Globe* of the 23rd of Jan. says:—"Up to the present we have merely received a telegraphic and unofficial intimation that the Russian government has acceded to certain terms proposed by Austria as the foundation of negotiations for the preliminaries of peace. Of the nature of these terms the allied powers have at this moment no formal cognisance, and it will be probably the commencement of next week before they are officially informed of the terms and their acceptance. It will then be for the allied governments to deliberate upon the terms, when arrangements would probably be made for a conference to settle the preliminaries of peace; and until those preliminaries are definitively settled and signed by all the belligerents, a state of war must necessarily exist. It is highly satisfactory to know that the warlike preparations of the government are proceeding as if no pacific intimation had been received. Gunboats are being completed and commissioned, mortars are being cast, recruits come in increased numbers in consequence of Lord Panmure's recent change in the bounty, drill and rifle practice are carried on with assiduity, stores are being shipped off—all with an energy unsurpassed at any period of the war. As an indication that our preparations are not decreased in point of extent, we may mention that within the last few hours a requisition has been sent for transport accommodation for 4,000 horses—nearly 60,000 tons of shipping. General Codrington's army, according to the latest accounts, numbered more than 54,000 men, in admirable condition and spirits, and was fast approaching the highest discipline. Some of the regiments, we hear, present a picture surpassing the most brilliant display of infantry movement that Hyde Park has witnessed for several years. This training and preparation for a campaign will go on until we know absolutely that there will be no campaign. It is not necessary to be argued from all this that the government distrusts the desire of Russia to come to terms in the interest of European security. A knowledge of her internal circumstances would, perhaps, suggest a different presumption. But Lord Palmerston has the honor of England in his keeping, and, while meeting cordially the advances to peace, he will carefully provide for a possible failure of diplomacy, by bringing into full working order that machinery which, in conjunction with the arms of our allies, has hitherto been so instrumental in achieving success."

CAVALRY AT HOME.—The following will be the change of quarters of the home Cavalry in the spring:—The 3d Dragoon Guards from Dublin to Edinburgh, the 7th Dragoon Guards from Edinburgh to York, the 3d Light Dragoon from Hounslow to Dublin, the 7th Hussars from York to Manchester, and the 15th Hussars from Manchester to Hounslow; the Queen's Bays and 16th Lancers remain in Dublin; the 7th Hussars are entering on their fourth year at York.

NEW PREMIUM ON ENLISTMENT.—We announce with the greatest satisfaction that Lord Panmure has obtained the sanction of the Crown to a measure of vital importance to the success of recruiting for the army. A warrant will immediately be issued, granting to soldiers the bounty-money without the deduction of a single shilling on account of necessaries. An entire kit will be given to the soldier at the public expense. On the score of expediency this is commendable, but the measure merits the higher praise of being fair and just to the soldier. A very considerable number of men embrace the service in the conviction that they are to receive the bounty in full. Accordingly, when they are enlisted and come to be paid, they find, to their consternation, they are to be mulct a third, and often one-half, the amount, to supply them with under-clothing and certain other articles of equipment. This naturally creates discontent—a feeling at all times to be avoided, and especially at the commencement of a soldier's career.—*United Service Gazette.*

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.—On Tuesday afternoon four gentlemen were accidentally poisoned at a dinner party at Provost McIver's house, Dingwall, Scotland. It appears that the party consisted of Provost McIver, Mr. L. M. Mackenzie, of Findon, two Catholic priests, and several ladies. After dinner, and when the ladies had retired, the gentlemen were seized with pains in the throat and mouth, and in half-an-hour the two priests and Mr. Mackenzie were dead. Provost McIver died the following morning. The case is undergoing investigation. It is believed that the roast meat was garnished with hemlock, and that the wine excited the chymical action of the poison. The names of the priests are the Rev. James Gordon Beasley and the Rev. Angus Mackenzie Eskdale. None of the ladies were affected.—*Northern Times, 26th Jan.*

It is said that Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., and Mr. Strahan, the convict bankers, are busily employed in prison, the former at tailoring, and the latter at chair-making.

HORRIBLE REVELATIONS.—A case has just been brought to light in England, which bids fair to eclipse anything yet known in the annals of crime since the poisonous assassinations of the Borgias. One Dr. William Palmer, of Rugley, a sportsman of the turf, and a heavy bettor on its results, is in custody on suspicion of having caused the deaths of not less than sixteen persons; in order to obtain sums of money by insurances effected upon their lives. The last victim was Cooke, an intimate friend and associate in the sports of the turf. Before the apprehension of the prisoner, he sent for the post boy, who was to convey the contents of the stomach and intestines of the deceased to the railway station to be taken to London for analysis, and offered him £10 if he would upset and break the jars. Among the victims are the wife and brother of the prisoner. The insurance effected on the life of the former by the accused at the various offices amounted to £23,000, but the companies refused to pay over a farthing of it. He had effected an insurance of £13,000 on his wife's life, and shortly before her decease had endeavored to double the amount. The investigation was in progress at the last advices, and the English papers say that disclosures of a most startling character, and of a nature almost unsurpassed in the history of crime, are expected to be made before the termination of the inquiry into this extraordinary case.—*Times.*

MURDER IN LIVERPOOL.—A young man named Williams, murdered a young woman named Drummond, by stabbing her with a knife at Liverpool.

BRUTAL MURDER AT BATH.—A man named Howell, killed his wife at Bath, by a knife in the abdomen, she being pregnant.

THE LITCHFIELD BANK FAILURE.—It has been discovered that a clerk, who was for more than thirty years in this bank, is a defaulter to the amount of

£7,300. His name is Lawton, and it appears that he was in the habit of re-issuing notes which had been considered cancelled. He states that the money was used for the purpose of enabling a lady to prosecute a Chancery suit, and that it is not improbable the money will be repaid. Lawton was taken into custody on Wednesday week, and was taken before the magistrates at Birmingham next morning, but the case was not gone into, a remand to Litchfield having been obtained. The prisoner had a salary of £400 per annum, and was, it is stated, an unmarried man. He himself supplied the information, in consequence of which he had been taken into custody.

FLEEING AN EMIGRANT.—On Saturday, at the Liverpool police court, Patrick Carberry and Michael Cunningham, known in the phraseology of rascaldom as "duffers," and reputed to be two of the greatest rogues in creation, were brought up under the following circumstances. Tobias Burke, aged twenty-one, of Bruff, Limerick, a decidedly green specimen from the Emerald Isle, stated that on Friday morning he was about to take his breakfast on board the ship *Martin J. Ward*, in the Huskisson Dock, in which he booked for a passage to New Orleans, when the prisoner Cunningham accosted him, that he was a fellow passenger. He subsequently introduced him to the other prisoner on deck, whom he represented as "the man who had charge of all the provisions on board." This important personage having ascertained that the prosecutor could "read, write, and keep accounts," engaged him to assist in keeping an account of the daily issue of provisions. Being now on good terms, the three adjourned on shore, when Cunningham inquired whether the prisoner had any English money about him. "Yes," he replied, "I have thirty-two shillings, just sufficient to pay my journey from New Orleans to St. Louis." "You had better give it to me," said Cunningham, "and I will get it changed for you into American money." The too trusting Irishman gave up his little all, and was, of course, soon afterwards given the slip by his treacherous friends. He gave information to the police, which led to the apprehension of the prisoner the same day. They were each committed to gaol for two months.—*Liverpool paper.*

UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—Washington's birth-day February 22d, will be very extensively celebrated this year throughout the United States—in some places on a scale of magnificence.—*New York Citizen.*

The nine Irishmen who have been on trial at Cincinnati, for some time past, charged with violating the neutrality laws, have been discharged.

THE KANSAS TROUBLES AND THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.—In the Assembly Gov. Clark sent in a communication received by him from "C. Robinson, Governor elect of Kansas," informing him that an overwhelming force of the citizens of Missouri were organizing on the frontier of Kansas, for the purpose of invading that territory, demolishing their towns and butchering their free soil citizens, and praying that steps may be taken by the people of the States to prevent so unhuman an outrage. The reading of the document created much excitement and amusement.

FILIBUSTERS SAILING FOR NICARAGUA.—On Saturday, about 300 filibusters sailed in the *Star of the West* for Nicaragua. One of the daily papers says: "There was a United States Marshal on board, but his occupation was gone, and the suspected filibusters walked the deck triumphantly, without the fear of District Attorney before their eyes, and with none to hurt them or make them afraid. Among the Nicaraguans on board were Capt. Byron Cole, J. R. Male, editor of the "El Nicaraguense," Mr. William Lyster and others of the indicted. They were seen off by a number of their sympathisers and friends, among whom was Brigadier General Hornsby, of Nicaragua, now stopping in this city."—*N. Y. Citizen.*

An ice bridge, above Niagara Falls, connecting with Goat Island and in the Canada shore, has been safely travelled by pedestrians the last week. Such a thing has not happened before for twenty five years.—*American paper.*

FAMILY POISONED.—A correspondent of the *Boston Herald* writes from Dover, New Hampshire, that great excitement has been created there within a few days, concerning a poisoning affair on the 30th ult. It appears that the family of Mr. Hill, eight in number, were all sickened by eating of bread made up with cream of tartar given to Mrs. Hill by a Mrs. Froot, who resides in the same house. A physician who was summoned decided that they had been poisoned by what he supposed to be arsenic in the cream of tartar. Three of the family were in a critical condition on Friday, but the others were recovering. It is said that there was trouble existing between the two families.

ASSAULT BY A FEMALE—JEALOUSY THE CAUSE.—A young and prepossessing English woman named Bridget Halligan was arrested by Officer Sullivan of the Lower Police Court, on complaint of John B. Holmes, a surveyor, doing business at No. 147 Broadway, who charges her with having come to his office yesterday morning and stabbed him with a small knife. She was brought before Justice Connolly, to whom she stated that about three years ago, Holmes, pretending that he was unmarried and much attached to her, persuaded her to leave the home of her parents in England and come to this city; that recently he ill-treated her by being too intimate with another female, and she stabbed him for his conduct. For this he made a complaint against her and she was arrested; but when the matter came up for examination he failed to appear, and she was discharged. Yesterday morning she again called at his office and made violent threats against him, and he caused her re-arrest. Justice Connolly held her to await examination. Holmes has a wife and family residing in Attorney street.—*N. Y. Citizen, 16th.*

COLD WEATHER VS POTATOES.—The Louisville (Ky.) Courier estimates that the cold weather has ruined half a million dollars' worth of potatoes in that city.

THE LAST WORDS OF A KNOW-NOTHING.—The *Wabash (La.) Gazette* gives a vivid description of the last moments and execution of John Hubbard, who was executed on the 19th ult., for one of the most atrocious and wholesale murders that has blackened the criminal records of our country. When leaving the prison for the scaffold, he used these words to express his religious and political sentiments:—"In my death the Know-Nothings will lose a friend and the Pope of Rome an enemy."

REMITTANCES

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THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 22, 1856.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The news by the *Canada*, which arrived at Halifax on the 17th inst., is unimportant. The following is the most interesting:—

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.—The despatches of the Russian Government completing and confirming the telegraphic announcement of the unconditional acceptance of Austria's propositions were received at Vienna on the 23rd ult., and couriers immediately conveyed them to Paris and London. A memorandum embodying the propositions has been signed at Vienna, and sent to Paris and London and it is reported that the Congress will meet at Paris, Feb. 17th, that very little time may be lost in the discussion and that the whole will be brought to a conclusion by the 25th Feb. The signing of preliminaries prior to opening the Congress, are now only awaiting the arrival of the Turkish plenipotentiary. It is stated that Prussia refuses to agree to the conditions exacted by the Allies, preliminary to her admission into the Peace Conference, and that, consequently, she will be excluded, but will be invited to sign the final deed of settlement. Baron Brunow and Count Orloff are the Russian Plenipotentiaries assisted by Messrs. Tidoff and Fenton; Lord Clarendon represents England; Marquis Dazoglio, Sardinia; Count Buol, Austria; M. Walewski, France; Kermich Pacha, Turkey.

General Gortschakoff has handed over the command to General Luder, and issued a new valedictory to his Crimean commanders.
Jan. 9th.—The Russians made an expedition over the ice to attack Kertch, but Gen. Vivian being on the alert, they retired.

ASIA MINOR.—Gen. Williams was at Tiflis, Dec. 14th, being handsomely treated, and awaiting orders from St. Petersburg as to his destination. We know nothing of Kars, except that the town is occupied by the Russians. Letters received to the 30th ult., speak of mild weather and the resumption, more or less, of navigation at Pillan, Memel, and Cuxhaven. Ice was breaking up.

THE CRIMEA.—Correspondence from the English Camp of January 18th, reports the army healthy. No incidents, except that the Russians continued to fire from the North side.

FRANCE.—Satisfaction is expressed that Paris is selected as the place of holding the Congress. Peace is looked upon as certain. There have been numerous political arrests of members of secret Societies at Bordeaux. Paris is extremely gay, and even the Faubourg St. Germain is coming out strong in balls. The *Moniteur* publishes a decree fixing the import duty on raw cotton brought from the Entrepôts by French vessels at 25f per hundred kilograms, being a reduction of 5f on the rates fixed by the tariff of 1853.

SPAIN.—The *Official Gazette* denies that political arrests have been made in Cuba.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor of Austria, as a mark of consideration for his illustrious ally Queen Victoria, has pardoned Col. Turr.

INDIA AND CHINA.—Bombay dates are received to January, 2nd. The Santhal insurrection is suppressed, and there is quite throughout India. Great Britain is about to take possession of the Kingdom of Oude, to allow its King a pension of half a million of dollars, to reduce its army from 80,000 to 15,000, and to appoint the English Outnam, Governor of the country.

The London *Morning Advertiser* has the following announcement:—"We regret to hear that at an interview which Lord Clarendon and Mr. Buchanan had together at the Foreign Office, on Tuesday, very angry words passed between them relative to the Central American question."

QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The following is the Queen's Speech on the opening of Parliament, Jan. 21:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,—Since the close of the last Session of Parliament the arms of the Allies have achieved a signal and important success. Sebastopol, the great stronghold of Russia in the Black Sea, has yielded to the persevering constancy and to the daring bravery of the Allied forces.

The naval and military preparations for the ensuing year have necessarily occupied my serious attention, but while determined to omit no effort which could give vigor to the operations of the war, I have deemed it my duty not to decline any overtures which might reasonably afford a prospect of a safe and honorable peace. Accordingly, when the Emperor of Austria lately offered to myself and my august ally, the Emperor of France, to employ his good offices with the Emperor of Russia with a view to endeavor to bring about an amicable adjustment of the matters at issue between the contending powers, I consented, in concert with my allies, to accept the offer thus made, and have the satisfaction to inform you that certain conditions have been agreed upon, which, I hope, may prove the foundation of a general treaty of peace. Negotiations for such a treaty will shortly be opened at Paris. In conducting these negotiations I shall be careful not to lose sight of the objects for which the war was undertaken, and I shall deem it right in no degree to relax my naval and military preparations until a satisfactory treaty of peace shall have been concluded.

Although the war in which I am engaged was brought on by events in the South of Europe, my attention has not been withdrawn from the state of things in the North, and, in conjunction with the King of Sweden and Norway, I have concluded with the Emperor of the French, a treaty containing defensive engagements applicable to his dominions and tending to the preservation of the balance of power in that part of Europe.

I have also concluded a treaty of friendship, commerce and free navigation with the Republic of Chili. I have given directions that these treaties shall be laid before you.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—The estimates for the ensuing year will be laid before you. You will find them framed in such a manner as to provide for the exigencies of war—if peace should unfortunately not be concluded.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—It is gratifying to me to observe that notwithstanding the war and the burdens and sacrifices which it has unavoidably imposed upon my people, the resources of my empire remain unimpaired. I rely with confidence on the manly spirit and enlightened patriotism of my loyal subjects for continuance of that support which they have so nobly afforded me, and they may be assured that I shall not call upon them for exertions beyond what may be required by a due regard for the great interests, the honor and the dignity of the empire.

There are many subjects connected with internal improvements which I recommend to your attentive consideration. The difference which exists in several important particulars between the commercial laws of Scotland and those of the other parts of the United Kingdom, has occasioned inconvenience to a large portion of my subjects engaged in trade. Measures will be proposed to you for remedying this evil. Measures will also be proposed to you for improving the laws relating to Partnership, by simplifying those laws, and thus rendering more easy the employment of capital in commerce. The system under which merchant shipping is liable to pay local dues and passing tolls has been the subject of much complaint. Measures will be proposed to you for affording relief in regard to these matters. Other important measures for improving the law in Great Britain and Ireland will be proposed to you, which will doubtless receive your attentive consideration.

Upon these and all matters upon which you may deliberate, I fervently pray that the blessing of divine Providence may favor your councils, and guide them to the promotion of the great object of my invariable solicitude—the welfare and happiness of my people.

THE ADDRESS.—In the House of Lords Earl Gosford moved the address and Earl Abingdon seconded it.

The Earl of Derby would not oppose it, but considered the Royal Speech bare, cold and meagre, and said it ought to have referred to the state of America, India and the Colonies, and to the fall of Kars. Further, in carrying out the enlistment scheme, Government, he conceived, had evaded the spirit of the municipal law of the United States, and he hoped the apology offered would be received. He regretted, however, that there was not a conciliatory paragraph introduced in the Speech in reference to the subject. The whole Speech, he said, was redolent of water gruel.

The Earl of Clarendon replied as follows:—"I wish to take an early opportunity to refer to the state of our relations with the United States.—In my opinion there can be no doubt as to the common sense view of the obligations of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and yet it is upon the interpretation of that treaty that a difference of opinion has arisen. In such a case correspondence is useless, and I lost no time in offering to refer the whole question to the arbitration of any third Power, both sides agreeing to be bound by the decision. That offer has not yet been accepted. It has been renewed, and I hope that upon further consideration, the United States Government will agree to it. With respect to recruiting in the United States, it would not have aided a friendly solution to allude to it from the throne, inasmuch as the correspondence must have been produced, and the correspondence still continues. The most recent demands of the Government of the United States arrived only two days ago, and are not yet in a state to be made public. The origin of the trouble was this:—At the beginning of the war, numerous foreigners in the United States applied to the British Government for permission to join the army in the East. In consequence, instructions were sent to the Government of Nova Scotia to consider whether persons from the United States could be recruited at Halifax. These instructions were notified to Mr. Crampton, who was at the same time informed that, anxious as England was for recruits, there should be no violation of the municipal law of the United States. An agency office was opened, and upon complaint being made, Mr. Crampton desired that it might be made public that the British Government did not recruit or raise soldiers in the United States, and so made known his instructions to Mr. Marcy who then expressed himself satisfied. Judge Kane had decided that to pay the passage of a man to a foreign port and then enlist him, was no violation of international law, and those persons whose passage was paid to Canada went as volunteers, and were not bound to enter the British service. A correspondence of a not very amicable nature has taken place between the two Governments; but the transactions to which it referred are bygone transactions, and from the commencement the British Government has disclaimed all intention of interfering in any way with the laws of the United States. The conduct of Mr. Crampton his Government is perfectly satisfied with, for I am confident that neither intentionally nor accidentally did he violate any law of the United States."

Lord Clarendon then goes on to say that he hopes the difficulty is susceptible of a peaceful solution, and that he does not mean any slight by making no mention of America in the Queen's speech.

In the House of Commons the Speaker read the speech. Mr. Byng moved and Mr. Baxter, seconded an address in reply.

Admiral Napier took his seat as the new member for Southwark, and immediately moved for papers relating to his Baltic expedition.

Mr. Bailey gave notice of a resolution to the effect that the employment for enlistments in foreign countries lowers the dignity of Britain, and is calculated to endanger relations with other States.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.
LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

Toronto, 15th Feb., 1856.

This day at half past three o'clock, his Excellency proceeded in state to the chamber of the Legislative Council, in the Parliament building. The members of the Legislative Council being assembled, his Excellency was pleased to command the attendance of the Legislative Assembly, and that House being present, his Excellency was pleased to open the Second Session of the Fifth Parliament of the Province of Canada with the following Speech from the throne:—

SPEECH:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council;
Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly;

I have thought it right to call you together at this season, because I believe it to be the wish of the country that your task of legislation would not be delayed till a later period of the year, and because it is at once the desire and the duty of the Executive Government to profit by your advice and assistance when it may be most conveniently afforded.

In referring to the labors of your last session, I cannot help congratulating you on having settled the disputed question of the Clergy Reserves. You will find, I believe, a large balance of funds arising from this source available for distribution among the municipalities; but I think it likely that your assistance as legislators may be required to give full effect to the fair and equal allotment of these sums.

In Lower Canada, the act for the abolition of the Seigneurial Tenure promises in like manner to close a long pending controversy, by an equitable adjustment of existing claims. No time has been lost by me in acting on the powers conferred by this law, and I trust that you will be satisfied with the progress that has been made.

The subject of a change in the Constitution of the Legislative Council, by rendering it elective, will again be brought before you.

A measure for the organization of a Provincial Police, capable of being supplied by the Crown for the prevention of crime and the speedy apprehension of offenders, deserves your attentive consideration.

The increasing wealth and prosperity of the country demand increased protection for property, and the advance of civilization in Canada should be marked by the strict enforcement of law, and by the perfect sense of security from outrage. It is to you that I must look for the power of insuring these great objects.

I have spoken of our increasing prosperity; no mark of its existence can be stronger than that afforded by our extensive lines of Railway. Nor is that progress confined to one section of the Province: Eastward to St. Thomas and Westward to Guelph and Hamilton, those lines, at once the sign and cause of progress, are already completed.

I may congratulate you on the fact that, since your last meeting, nearly 250 miles have been got into working order, whilst it is hoped that 250 more will be finished before next year.

Legal reforms are needed both in Eastern and Western Canada. One measure at least will be submitted to you, having reference to this important subject. It may not be possible in the present session to effect all that you desire, but I trust that some progress will be made in simplifying the procedure and facilitating the working of our Courts by the adaptation of practical amendments.

I should see with great satisfaction the adoption by you of any general measure which tended still more to abridge your legislative labors, in providing for the incorporation and for laying down the conditions of private institutions of every kind.

I regret to say that the presentments by numerous Grand Juries, which I have directed to be laid before you, show too clearly the want of improvement in the construction and discipline of our Jails.

Your zeal in the cause of education is known and appreciated by all the world. It is important to consider whether we cannot combine the reform of the juvenile offenders with the punishment of their crimes. At the very least, it is incumbent upon us to take care that such punishment does not in itself afford fresh opportunity for debasing the criminal and instructing him in vice.

The Board of Audit constituted by the Act of last session, is already at work, and it will, I trust, contribute to ensure a satisfactory examination of the public accounts.

With regard to the Militia Act, the ready loyalty of the inhabitants, both in Upper and Lower Canada, has enabled me to authorize the formation of numerous troops and companies of volunteers, whose conduct and discipline will undoubtedly do credit to the Province. I have, moreover, with the assistance of the Adjutant-General, done my best to carry out your wishes by organizing the Sedentary Militia.

The Government, in pursuance of the wishes of the Legislature, have taken on itself to conclude a fresh arrangement calculated to secure a line of Ocean Steamers from the St. Lawrence to England during the approaching season.

That the Timber trade has been depressed is a source of deep regret to me and to all others who have at heart the welfare of the Province. I trust we are about to witness its revival, and that the Commerce of Quebec and Montreal will suffer but a temporary check.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

The accounts of the last year, and the estimates of the present, will be laid before you. You will find that, on the whole, our finances are in a satisfactory state.

The people at large have reaped the benefit of those reductions in the custom duties which you made last year. The diminution in the receipts consequent on such reductions, nearly correspond with the calculation submitted to you by my advisers. A large decrease has been caused by the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States; but I conceive that any such apparent loss is more than compensated by the increased commerce, and by the facility of intercourse between the two countries.

It will be the duty of my Council to ask you, in the present session, for such supplies for her Majesty as you may see fit to grant.

Hon. Gentlemen and Gentlemen:

The year just ended has been one of difficulty and conflict in Europe. On this side of the Atlantic we have, by the blessing of Providence escaped the direct evils of war.

In no part of the Queen's dominions, however, has a deeper sympathy with her arms been shown, or more fervent prayers for their success been offered than in Canada. Our people have eagerly watched every turn of the contest, and consisting as they do of men of French and English origin, equal members of the same free community, and loyal subjects of the same Queen, they have grieved at the sufferings and exulted in the success of the Allied Armies. In like manner, should it please God to establish a firm and honorable peace, Canada will, I doubt not, rejoice at the termination of the war. May it be my lot, before the end of the present session, to congratulate you on so auspicious an event. At present I have only to leave you to the discharge of your important duties.

A Catholic Bishop's Pastoral, which did not provoke the wrath of the enemies of the Church, would indeed be an extraordinary document; an anomaly in Christian literature, a disgrace both to its author, and to the flock to whom it was addressed. We may measure indeed the value of such a document by the amount of abuse which it calls forth from the Protestant world; and just as we should be sorry to bear our Non-Catholic brethren praising one of our Prelates, as a fine liberal fellow, with no humbuger bigotry about him, so do we heartily rejoice when we hear them denouncing him as a despot and a bigot. Were it for no other reason, then, all good Catholics should attach a high importance to the Lenten Pastoral of His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto; the appearance of which has well nigh driven the *Globe* into fits, and the very mention of which makes the good man of the *Colonist* foam at the mouth.

Of what then has His Lordship been guilty? We find the heads of the indictment laid against him, in an article which appeared over the signature of "A Protestant" in the *Toronto Colonist* of the 29th ult.; and the writer of which takes good care to inform the public that he had read His Lordship's Pastoral with "Astonishment," and with "Indignation," and with "Pity," and with "Contempt." The intensity of his Astonishment, Indignation, Pity, and Contempt being forcibly expressed by means of *italics*.

The first count in this indictment is—that the Bishop seems to take it for granted that he has the "privilege of determining what is a mortal sin, and what is not." This, in Protestant eyes, is, no doubt, a heinous offence; for, according to Protestant theology, it is the people who should instruct their pastor: in things spiritual, and not the pastor who should teach his people. The Bishop has, in short, been guilty of setting at naught the "right of private judgment" in things spiritual; and of comporting himself like a real Bishop, and not like a sham one—as a Government Bishop of the Protestant

Church of England, as by Law Established, would comport himself;—he has been guilty of speaking like one having authority, from God, and not from a mere Act of Parliament. The Popery of the Bishop of Toronto is rank; and the scent thereof is offensive in the nostrils of "A Protestant."

Into the question of the formal right of the Bishop of the Catholic Church, in communion with the See of Peter, to determine for the people committed to their care, what is and is not, mortal sin, we will not enter. For this would involve the whole question of Church Authority. The first thing to settle is—

"Do the Bishops of the Catholic Church hold their authority to teach from God, or from man?" If from the former, then it is their right and their duty to speak in God's name; and it is only upon the hypothesis, that they are impostors; that they do not hold of God, that their action in *pretending* to determine what is, and is not, sin, can be condemned. "A Protestant" has, however, no right to assume that his hypothesis of "Church Authority" is the correct one; nor, unless he prove it to be so, can he logically conclude to the assumption, by the Bishop of Toronto of undue power.

But, waiving the question of Episcopal authority, what is it that that Prelate condemns, and warns his people against, as "mortal sin?"—what is there in his definition of the duties of parents towards their children, towards the Church, and towards God, which should stir the "Indignation," the "Astonishment," the "Pity," or the "Contempt," even of "A Protestant?"

His Lordship tells his hearers that it is their duty, as parents, to provide for the education of their children; that it is their duty to teach their children, from their tenderest years, to worship God, and to adore His Holy Name; that it is their duty to keep their children from all evil associations, to keep strict watch over their little ones, that neither their faith nor morals be exposed to danger; and that parents cannot neglect their duties without being guilty of "mortal sin." This is the Bishop's major proposition; and even "A Protestant," if retaining any form of religion at all, if recognising a God the Lord of all things, must accept it as unquestionable.

The Bishop's next proposition is—that mixed Schools, in which no religion at all, or a false religion is taught, are dangerous to faith and morals.—This proposition "A Protestant" may perhaps reject. But many Protestants, we are happy to say—all, in fact, who do not carry their "Protest" to downright Atheism—all, in short, who admit that man's first duty is to know, obey, and love God—will admit its truth. Indeed, there is scarcely a religious journal of any denomination in the United States—where State-Schoolism has, for many years, had a fair trial—that does not complain loudly and bitterly of the infidelising and demoralising tendencies of the Common Schools of America. "A Protestant" should therefore reserve a considerable portion of his "Astonishment" and his "Indignation," his "Pity" and his "Contempt," for his Protesting brethren both on this Continent, and in the Old World.

Lastly—from the aforesaid premises, the Bishop concludes—that—if it be the duty of parents to keep strict watch over their children's faith and morals, and that to neglect this duty, is "mortal sin"—and if schools, in which no religion at all, or a false religion, is taught, are dangerous to faith and morals. Catholic parents cannot send their children to such schools without exposing their faith and morals to danger—i.e.—without therefore neglecting their duty as parents—which is "mortal sin."—Q.E.D.

The same line of argument is equally applicable to what "A Protestant" says about that portion of the Bishop's letter which refers to the duty of parents towards their children, with respect to Baptism.—Either Baptism confers some spiritual advantages upon its recipient, or it does not. If it does not, it must be worthless, a ridiculous piece of humbug at best; and "A Protestant" should bestow his "Astonishment," his "Indignation," his "Pity," and his "Contempt," upon Him who instituted such a worthless Sacrament. If, however, it does confer any spiritual advantage—and as it is the parent's duty to procure for his children every spiritual advantage within his reach—it is clear that the neglect of this duty is a "mortal sin" on the part of the parents; and entails a spiritual loss upon the child, deprived of a Sacrament, the reception of which confers some spiritual advantages.

"A Protestant" is also puzzled to know how the reception of the Sacrament of Matrimony, in a state of mortal sin, can involve the crime of "sacrilege." This however does not convict the Bishop of Toronto of an improper use of the term; but merely shows that "A Protestant" is ignorant of its true meaning. "Sacrilege" is, in its general acceptation, the crime of profaning any holy thing. Now there are still many Protestants who admit that Matrimony is, even if not a Sacrament, a holy thing. He therefore who receives it in a state of mortal sin, is guilty of profaning a holy thing; and is therefore guilty of sacrilege. Under the old Dispensation, as "A Protestant" may see by referring to *Leviticus* v., xiii., the crime of sacrilege might be incurred even "through ignorance, in the holy things of the Lord."

What next rouses the "Astonishment," the "Indignation," the "Pity," and the "Contempt" of "A Protestant"—is the definition given by the Bishop in his Pastoral, of the obligations incurred by a member of a Lay Temperance Society, not bound by oath or religious engagement. Should such a person, says His Lordship, violate his mere promise so far as to indulge again in the use of fermented and alcoholic liquors—without however, of course, exceeding in the least, the limits of perfect sobriety—he would not *ipso facto* be guilty of mortal sin. Of course the man who with, or without having taken the pledge, drinks to excess, or so as to become in-

toxicated, is always guilty of mortal sin. But the use of wine, or intoxicating liquors, in moderation, as Our Lord and His Apostles, when on earth, used them, is not, according to the Bishop's Pastoral, and the teachings of Christianity, a mortal sin—Brother Stiggins to the contrary notwithstanding.

"A Protestant" having lavished so many of the best feelings of our nature upon us poor Papists—we regret that we cannot reciprocate, or pay him back in kind. We have no "Astonishment" to spare him; for we know him, and all his tribe, so well, that we are never astonished at any amount of absurdity of which "A Protestant" may be guilty. We can give him none of our "Indignation;" for, thank God, our religion teaches us to moderate our passions.—"Pity" for him we have none to spare; for we reserve our pity for more worthy objects; and we do not regard him with "Contempt;" remembering that he is still one of God's creatures, and an immortal soul, though unfortunately "A Protestant."

THE MONTREAL WITNESS'S "HISTORY OF THE JESUITS."

Reader, do you remember the days when your imagination was filled from morning to night, with the horrors of nursery-superstition?—when some terrible "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" presided in all the vagueness of mystery over your nightly slumbers?—when in the darkness of night you feared to look around lest some awful bug-a-boo should start out of a corner? when some pairs of great, staring, mysterious-looking eyes seemed ever to follow your motions, watching an opportunity for the great mouth thereto belonging to eat you up, poor little trembling, frightened creature? Well, good reader! if you can happily conjure up from the far depths of memory those hideous dreams which made your childhood's misery, you can picture to yourself the fantastic ideas which certain evangelical writers—dark-visaged Amanidab Slicks—form to themselves of the Jesuits. Never was the bug-a-boo of your nursery regarded with more awe than are the poor Jesuits by these people, who know just as little of them, or of their real nature, as you did in those early days of that mysterious personage. If the melancholy scribe of the *Montreal Witness* believes half what he says about the Jesuits, then we must needs pity him; for, assuredly, his night-mares must take the form of black-gowned, murderous-looking Jesuits, with daggers pointed at his heart, or, perchance, bearing strangely-fashioned cups of deadliest poison, by way of giving the victim a choice. Ah! reader, think of the pitiable condition of a poor evangelical wight—"a canting car!" like that, with such a figure seated on his chest at that hour—

"When church-yards yawn
And graves give up their dead."

Think of it, and, though your heart were hard as stone, yea, as the Rock even of Plymouth, it will melt, melt away, in tenderest pity as ice before the vernal sun. Oh Castor! oh, Pollux!—celestial twins! who look with trembling eyes on the dark doings of Jesuits—omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent in iniquity—wont you save the man of the *Witness* from *Father Chiniquy*, and all other such bloody-minded Jesuits? From all idolatrous Jesuits, "worshipping their Superior as God"—oh! shades of sainted Knox and glorified Calvin! deliver your poor children!—from Jesuits, going forth to assassinate kings as one would kill a bug or a fly, oh! Knox and Calvin deliver your votaries!—from Jesuits, who are at the bottom of all mischief, oh saints of Protestantism save your clients!—where be ye, oh Samuels of the Reformation!—ye mighty men of Israel—where be ye, that ye suffer poor innocent, unoffending Protestants to be so haunted by ghostly Jesuits. Long, oh! mighty men of old! did ye fight, yea, ye your own selves, against these same wonder-working, murderously-inclined Jesuits; and yet lo! here they are, to terrify us your children in the broad light of this nineteenth century! We thought they were dead; we hoped that the infidel revolutionists of the last century, good trusty friends! had rid us for ever of the Jesuits; and loud and long were our songs of joy—we sang even as Miriam sang on the banks of the Red Sea, when the waters had closed over the Egyptian tyrant, and his cohorts, yea we did; but our songs were idle; for lo! the Philistines are on us again, and we cannot sleep for fear of them. But, as all our brethren do not see these hideous monsters as we would have them see them, yea! we will even lend them our spectacles that they may look upon them in all their sable horrors.

You will laugh, good reader; but this is no laughing matter to the poor evangelicals, who feel, or affect to feel, just such fear of the Jesuits, or something to which they give that name. How vague their ideas are of the Jesuits, and how general their idea of that venerable Order, you may see from the fact of their setting down the Rev. Mr. Chiniquy as a most active Jesuit. So they did a certain lay gentleman of our city, when he came forward a few years since as a candidate for Parliamentary honors. The fact is, they have just as little notion of what, or who the Jesuits really are, as they have of the man in the moon. Yet, forsooth! the *Witness* gravely announces, that it is going to devote a series of articles to—the Jesuits, their history, &c! Surely, there must be a great dearth of news just now in the Conventicle. *Invention* must be, for the present, at a dead stand, when the lachrymose organ of evangelicism is forced to fall back on the Jesuits—its oldest and most thread-bare subject. Of a surety, John has a mind to "Tak his auld cloak about him," for lack of one newer. Query—if John paid £19 for editorial assistance during the month of January—when there was nothing particular going on, in the Romanist way;—how much will it cost him and the subscribers to metamorphosis the Jesuits into demons? To slay these weird warriors, body and soul, and

send them, not to the third heaven, but to the antipodes of that region? Which of our readers will undertake to solve this arithmetical problem?

Meanwhile, it may be right to admonish the Jesuits, as the bumpkin in the theatre did the mimic Desdemona, when he saw Othello approaching her with dagger drawn, she apparently slumbering the while: "Look out there!" Look out, reverend fathers!—your doom is sealed, if you arise not in the power of your diabolical might, and annihilate the advancing foe! Display to him the horrors of your Medusa-like heads;—transform him into stone, lest he slay you; if you don't, you are gone men, every mother's soul of you!

Meanwhile, good readers, we will guarantee to any of you who will take the trouble to hunt up the *Witness*, a rare literary curiosity. Only fancy what a history of the Jesuits that will be, concocted by the enlightened editor of that organ with the three gentlemen, who received the £19 for editorial assistance! Baron Munchausen, we think, may hide his diminished head when that history appears. It will be a new "Cavern of Horrors" at the very least. For us, we confess ourselves fairly at a loss to imagine what the chronicle will be like. Romance will be, of course, its prevailing characteristic: "the higher order of romance," we suppose. At all events, the very least we can expect is, to find out that the Jesuits are wont to regale, and have regaled, in times past, on the flattened bodies of little children, seasoned after the most approved Jesuit-fashion. We shall find that all, or nearly all, the dirty work of the world—such as murder, arson, and other such legal trifles—has been slyly done by the Jesuits ever since "the military genius of their founder" (i.e., St. Ignatius Loyola) conceived and brought forth that ever-active, never-idle Society. And, of course, one of their most prominent crimes will be strongly dwelt on; that is to say, their having, "in the stormy times of the Reformation," kept faithful watch over the citadel of the Church; and having, "at the beginning, perfectly succeeded in rolling back the tide of the Reformation from Southern Europe." These things are, we know, "the head of front of their offending;" and we may expect to see them exposed in all their enormity.

• Vide *Montreal Witness*, Feb. 20.

THE ST. SYLVESTER AFFAIR.

The trial of the persons charged with the murder of Corrigan at St. Sylvester is at length concluded, and a verdict of NOT GUILTY, has been returned. The ultra-Orange press left no means untried in order to pre-judge the case. In fact before the accused parties surrendered themselves for trial their guilt was considered as certain. But now that they have been fully acquitted after a protracted trial of sixteen days, the jury adhering conscientiously to the evidence before them; now that their innocence, has been clearly manifested, so that no impartial, right-thinking man can do other than applaud the conduct of the jury, still we find the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city coming out with a most ferocious article—one of the most savage compositions it has ever been our lot to read—and why? simply because the men were not condemned without rhyme or reason. It is a regular Orange howl, yelling for the blood of fellow-men because they are of a different religion. No article of the same length could possibly contain a greater amount of bigotry, and religious hate, or the seeds of greater mischief. Believing it, as we sincerely do, calculated to evoke the most angry passions on both sides, we think it more prudent not to place it before our readers. In its stead, we have very great pleasure in giving insertion to the following remarks from the *Montreal Herald* on the same subject. This article is the direct opposite of that just referred to, and does honor to the head and heart of the writer. Such is the spirit in which public journalists should approach these exciting topics. Be it theirs always to smooth the troubled waters rather than lash them into fury:—

THE TRIAL OF THOSE ACCUSED OF CORRIGAN'S MURDER AT ST. SYLVESTER.—This trial—the last day's proceedings in which we publish this morning—we learn by telegraph, yesterday, has terminated in the acquittal of the accused; who, we also learn, were, on their release, escorted by a crowd of people through some of the streets of Quebec, with banners flying, much cheering and other demonstrations of triumph. Under all the circumstances, while we admit it was only natural that the accused and their friends should rejoice at the declaration of the innocence of the former of the awful crime, for the commission of which they had been indicted, we think their joy should have been tempered with thankfulness not with triumph. We have taken pains to supply our readers with a full and accurate report of the trial—they have had the evidence before them and the arguments of the Counsel for and against the accused—and, therefore, are in a position to form their own judgment upon the verdict of the jury. For ourselves, whatever we may think of the manner in which the trial was conducted; of the absence of decorum, on which we have already commented, manifested in the proceedings; of the, to our mind, highly improper attempt, on the part of the Counsel for the prisoners, to fix the guilt of Corrigan's death upon others; notwithstanding all this, after a very attentive, and assuredly unprejudiced, perusal of the evidence, we can see no just grounds for disputing the justice of the verdict given by the jury. That Corrigan was foully and brutally assaulted and beaten at the Cattle Show at St. Sylvester in Autumn last, and that he died of the injuries then inflicted upon him, we can find no shadow of ground for doubting; but that he was murdered—that he was so beaten and abused of malice prepense and with intent to kill him—the public prosecutor, in our opinion, altogether failed to prove. Then, as to the evidence regarding the identity of the parties accused with those who had thus beaten and abused, and caused the death of Corrigan: it was, in many respects, so contradictory and, in some of the witnesses, tainted with such strong suspicion of passion and prejudice, that to expect any twelve men to agree in either admitting or rejecting it would be unreasonable. Assuredly, the identity of the accused, with those who caused Corrigan's death, was not proved by the evidence, and, not being so proved, the jury could not, in accordance with their oaths, find them guilty of even the less heinous crime of manslaughter, of which, the slayers of Corrigan, whoever they may be, were, most undoubtedly guilty.

BALMEZ'S FUNDAMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—We would direct the attention of our readers to an advertisement on our seventh page, relating to this work. All who have read the work of the same author, on Protestantism and Catholicity compared, will, we are sure, make it a point to procure this.—It is translated from the Spanish, by H. F. Brownson, Esq., and edited, with Notes, by his Father, Dr. Brownson. As the speedy publication of the work depends on the publishers obtaining a sufficient number of subscribers, to warrant them on going on with it, we advise all who wish to subscribe, to send their names to Messrs. Sadliers, the publishers, immediately.

YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION.

A Special General Meeting of the above Association was held at their Rooms, St. Helen Street on Saturday evening last, the 16th instant, which was numerously attended.

The Chair was occupied by Mr. Frederick Dalton, the first Vice-President.

On the Meeting being called to order, the Chairman stated that the object of calling the members together was for the purpose of complying with the request of the Reverend Clergy of St. Patrick's congregation, by agreeing to a dissolution of this body, (the sister Society having already declared itself dissolved,) in order that one Grand National Society be formed which would be creditable to the Irish citizens of Montreal.

The following Resolutions were then adopted:—
Moved by Mr. Robert Warren, seconded by Mr. W. P. Maguire, and

Resolved.—That this Association having been always guided and governed by its Constitution, are of opinion that, to effect a dissolution of this body, it should be done constitutionally; but, believing that the Seventh Article of the said Constitution was never contemplated as a barrier against the interference of our clergy to dissolve the same,—they having recommended and earnestly requested a dissolution of this Association,—we do, this evening, declare the Young Men's St. Patrick's Association to be dissolved.

Moved by Mr. William Dalton, seconded by Mr. W. P. Maguire, and

Resolved.—That we, the members of this Association, cannot now separate, without calling to mind the many happy hours and the social intercourse we have enjoyed together since the formation of this body; and the Irish sentiment and brotherly love which have characterized us during that time, will ever actuate us throughout our lives.

Moved by Mr. Samuel Jackson, seconded by Mr. John Houlihan, and

Resolved.—That the warmest thanks of this Association be, and are, hereby tendered to the Secretary of this body, Mr. Patrick J. Fogarty, for his obliging manner and assiduous attention to the duties of his office during the time he held the same.

Moved by Mr. Houlihan, seconded by Mr. Joseph Cloran, and

Resolved.—That the thanks of this body be tendered to the Assistant Secretary, Mr. W. W. O'Brien, for his valuable services rendered to the Association.

Moved by Mr. Timothy Finn, seconded by Mr. J. Murray, and

Resolved.—That the Chairman do now leave the Chair, and that Mr. Joseph Carran, be called thereto.

Moved by Mr. T. Finn, seconded by Mr. J. Cloran and

Resolved.—That the heartfelt thanks of the meeting be, and are hereby tendered to Mr. Frederick Dalton, as well for his previous services to this Association as for his impartial conduct in the Chair this evening.

Whereupon the Association was declared dissolved and the meeting separated.

FREDERICK DALTON, Chairman.
PATRICK J. FOGARTY, Secretary.

BUFFALO CONVENTION.

BUFFALO, Feb. 15.
The Convention met yesterday, at 10 o'clock, a.m., pursuant to adjournment, and was called to order by the chair.

The Committee, in their report, would state that they have ascertained that in 10 of the oldest States of the Union there is in deposit upwards of \$40,000,000 of surplus earnings of Irish laborers, and in consideration of that fact would recommend the application of the Joint Stock principle and invite the Irish settlers and emigrants to participate in the same.

The Joint Stock principle proposed is a scheme wherein all shareholders have the privilege of becoming purchasers of lands, and in all cases where land is taken the company guarantee to the buyer not to charge a greater advance than 10 per cent on the first cost. The report caused considerable discussion. A strong debate ensued which was participated in by many of the delegates.

On motion the Convention adjourned till three o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—The Convention met at 3 o'clock and was called to order by the chair. The Committee on lands in the United States was again called upon. The report of the committee on Organization being then called for, Mr. Devlin, of Montreal, its Secretary, rose and submitted the result of the progress of the labour of the committee. The report recommends the establishment of paid agencies at Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Chicago, and St. Louis, and such places in Canada as the delegation from that quarter of North America may deem fit to select, for the purpose of giving such information to the Irish emigrant which he may require.

Also, the appointment of an exclusive agent at or near each of the points mentioned, to whom shall be given the duty superintending the paid agencies and regulating their affairs.

On motion, the Committee were allowed further time for the completion of their labor.

On motion, a special Committee was appointed to prepare an address to the Irish Catholics in the United States and Canada.

We will be in a position to give a further detailed account of the proceedings next week.

To the Editor of the *True Witness*.

Montreal, Feb. 19th, 1856.

DEAR SIR—The avowed hostility with which the grand Irish Convention (now holding its deliberations at Buffalo, and which, through God's help will be entirely successful, and without the possibility of a doubt, from the number of true, and good men sent there, result in the happiest consequences to our fellow emigrants) is viewed by the Orangemen of Upper Canada, through the medium of their tool, George Brown, and the Toronto *Globe* newspaper, is already but too well known, and the meeting in the St. Lawrence Hall in Toronto last week, for the purpose of using all their endeavors—"to prevent the *Romish Irish* from emigrating to, or settling in Canada," and "regarding the emigration of the said *Romish Irish*, as one of the greatest calamities the country could sustain, and which

every true patriot, whether Protestant or Catholic, should prevent by every lawful means in their power." The above is another illustration of the refined bigotry and religious intolerance for which their fathers, and *confreeres*, for generations in our own lovely but unhappy Isle, were famed.

Can the page of history furnish an instance wherein the intolerance of a people has carried them so far, as to view with such undisguised distrust the emigration of their fellow-exiled and unfortunate countrymen? A reply in the negative can be made with all confidence. But their efforts will, I am satisfied, end in a mere bubble, at the expense of the multitude, and to reap a little political capital for a few worthless demagogues, who, as long as they can raise a little excitement, consider themselves the leaders of the people; but when all cools down to the proper level, they sink into that utter insignificance for which they are famed, and for which their conduct suits them.

These little outbursts of fanaticism will, at times, break forth even in the best regulated communities, but, as a general rule, are of very short duration, and in the end only help to serve the cause, which they intended to dishonor and destroy. For every honest man, who possesses a generous soul within him, whether Protestant or Catholic, must behold with the utmost disgust and contempt, the efforts of one set of men calling themselves Irishmen, for the destruction of the hopes of their oppressed and less fortunate countrymen. But our fellow-countrymen elsewhere must not be disheartened by this show of opposition from the bigoted Orangemen of Toronto. Happily for themselves and others, their power, even in their boasted stronghold is much less than people at a distance would be led to suppose, from the confident and bullying tone assumed by their organs of the Upper Canadian press, and will, with God's help, at no very distant day, be so far counterbalanced by a healthy and steady emigration of our Catholic fellow-countrymen, as to render them no more formidable to their enemies, or as a party to be courted by people who now call themselves their friends. The comments of the Lower Canadian press upon this outrage against civil and religious liberty, does the utmost credit to the heads and hearts of the writers. The United press also seem to take a lively interest in the colonization movement, particularly the *New York Herald*. It eulogises the movement for humanity's sake; and three columns of its valuable space are taken up with intelligence from different parts of the U. States and Canada, which in this forms a striking contrast to the bigotry and intolerance of the Orange press of Upper Canada.

But if Irishmen are only true to themselves, and to that visible destiny which seems to be hurrying them on in the march of progress and intellectual improvement in every part of the world (the sneers of their opponents to the contrary notwithstanding) even the most bitter resistance from their enemies, cannot do aught to harm them.

Our people will no longer be the slaves of their haughty masters in the New England States and other places, but will in all the pride of glorious freedom (dearly won) in the fertile valleys of Canada and the prairies and forests of the great West, worship their God after our own old fashioned way, and bequeath to their children after them that inheritance for which our fathers, during days of more severe persecution, preserved for their children, and which has been treasured up, and kept pure and undefiled for generations (till the blighting influence of Know-Nothingism and Orangeism began to show itself upon the exhausted and famine stricken frames of our poor countrymen), but which, through the patriotic efforts of our own countrymen, will shortly be stayed—and forever—and the religion of our forefathers will yet grow, and bloom, and expand, and its cheering influences, and the blessed sounds of Catholic civilization, will yet be felt throughout the great West, where only now is heard the occasional stroke from the axe of the solitary Pioneer and the howl of the wolf and the catamount.

With best wishes for the speedy amelioration of our race, and their transplanting from the dirty and crowded hovels and filthy bye-streets of the large cities to their future homes, where a virgin and fruitful soil awaits them, and where in the enjoyment of the happiness and comfort in their old age, they will bless the day when the philanthropic efforts of their own countrymen were the sole cause of their present happiness, and the future prosperity of their children.—I remain, yours, &c.,

U.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

St. Marthe, Rev. Mr. Martineau, £1 5s; St. Bridget, Major D. Murray, £1; Eganville, J. McKeenan, 12s 6d; Brock, J. Doyle, 12s 6d; Holland Landing, J. Ryan, 10s; Rawdon, P. Jennings, 12s 6d; Alexandria, J. McNeill, £1 5s; do., J. Fagan, £1 5s; Carleton, N. B., Rev. E. Dunphy, 15s; Adjala, P. Patton, 6s 3d; Horton, T. Costello, 10s; Burnstown, P. Ryan, 6s 3d; Quebec, A. Leonard, 2s 11d; N. Lancaster, Capt. N. B. McDonald, 6s 3d; do., J. Dunne, 11s 6d; L'Assomption, P. Fauteux, 12s 6d; St. Urbain, Dr. C. Dolnelne, 10s; St. Anicet, T. Quinn, 6s 3d; Charlotte-town, Hon. D. Brennan, £1 2s 6d.
Per P. Doyle, Hawkesbury Mills—Self, 7s 6d; E. Ryan, 6s 3d; P. Rodgers, 6s 3d.
Per J. Doyle, Aylmer—M. Donohoe, £1 5s; M. Kennedy, 12s 6d.
Per A. Beaton, Emily—W. Houlihan 12s 6d; J. Scarry, 12s 6d; J. Quinn, 6s 3d.
Per M. Heaphy, Kemptville—S. Tannev, 10s; C. O'Neil, 5s; M. O'Connor, 5s; J. O'Connor, 10s.
Per J. O'Sullivan, Prescott—F. Feeney, 6s 3d; C. Farley, 7s 6d; C. Murphy, 6s 3d.

THE WEATHER.—Yesterday was the coldest day we experienced this winter, the thermometer marking 22° in the Upper Town Market place at 8 o'clock in the morning, with a sharp wind from the North West. The sentry at St. Lewis Gate discovered a man in a cariole at noon, frozen dead, in his seat. He had been driving in from the country, and must have passed the toll-gate alive. Many persons were frost bitten during the day.—*Quebec Colonist*, Feb. 14.

Married.

In this city, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Mathieson, Thomas Finney, Jr., Printer, to Ann Peterkin, of Beauharnois.

Died.

On Saturday morning, the 16th instant, at his residence, 32 Beaver Hall, Hon. Mr. Justice Van Felsou, at the age of 73 years. He was born and educated at Quebec, and there studied the profession of law; admitted to the Bar in 1806; and was elevated to the Bench in 1849.

At Quebec, on the 19th inst., Mr. John Colvin, aged 37 years.

On the 6th inst., at his residence, St. Dunstan, Lako Beauport, near Quebec, Mr. Andrew McDonough, aged 53 years, a native of Anloo, County Derry, Ireland.

It is with deep sorrow we have to record the death of the pious, exemplary and beloved Pastor of Doonas (Ireland) Rev. James Meade. The deceased clergyman, a short time before his death, was removed from Grushoen, county Clare, where he had been Parish Priest for a period of upwards of 26 years; and during that time he gained the good will of all his parishioners by his amiable disposition, his unbounded liberality to the poor, over whom he particularly extended his paternal solicitude.—His good qualities and virtues endeared him alike to all his acquaintances. He was confined to his bed for six weeks; but he bore his illness with a patience and resignation becoming his sacred office. His death took place on the morning of the 5th of January, 1856. The deceased was uncle to the Rev. John R. Meade, Pastor of Lochiel, C.W. *Requiescat in pace.*

WANTED, A CREED—ANGLICANISM DURING 1855.

(From the Dublin Tablet.)

The condition of Anglicanism is full of interest for mere philosophy as well as for Christian charity. It is worth while to look at the gradual disorganisation of a body which had everything to support it but truth; and there is no Catholic who contemplates the consequences of its overthrow—the phases through which its agonies and disorders may yet drag human society in these kingdoms—that ought not to redouble his prayers and sacrifices to save us from the disasters and woes which must threaten the land. These considerations have been more than sufficient to suggest a return to this subject to-day; and we firmly believe that no subject of more importance to religion could engage the Catholic press.

Tractarianism itself was a symptom of Anglican decay. A Clergy without authority saw the population "unchurched," and the few moneyed people, to whom religion was a recreation, running to the conventicles. Ministers preached to choristers, and choristers sang to the Ministers and the echoes. The millions outside did their best to make beasts of themselves, and police courts and sessions showed life and property had begun to lose all security. Reports of prisons, workhouses, and parish philanthropists, all told the same sad story—viz., that Parsons were no use—the people had no creed—youth and old were alike "savage" and "barbarous," and, in fact, as we ourselves so often published, grave legislators declared "American Indians to be far in advance" of the Anglicans. Now, this was a most serious state of affairs. Bad Parsons and rebellious flocks might be worthy of little commiseration; but what was to become of twenty millions a year? What was to become of the Right Reverend father of seven or eight young ladies, and most legal appropriator of lordly lands and luscious game, and twenty thousand every Heeding day? Would the "sensible people of England" always pay men enormously who did nothing, or to whom nothing was given to bedone? That was the question, as the player says. Evidently, the congregations should be come at somehow or other, and Dr. Pusey thought he saw the principle and manner. "Puseyism" had always held the masses; it should be approached as nearly as Puseyism dared, and then a "new life" would appear in the "English branch of the Catholic Church!" Poor man! The supremacy of the Christian Church was announced by a power to which all men bowed, and had it not been, men would have taken care never to acknowledge it. 'Tis easy to say "I rule," every heresiarch has practically attempted it; but the world will not say "I obey" unless omnipotence stand beside the legislator. And besides, every man of any brains saw that Doctor Pusey's Church would have been "nowhere" had his ancestors in error admitted "I rule" as an Ecclesiastical axiom. Dr. Pusey's effort was a great one to catch the crowd, and to substitute a "creed" for a "form of belief."

We do not mean to assert that all Puseyites were animated by the cold materialism of gripping the gain. Every one knows how many brilliant exceptions even Dublin can show in her Catholic University, and a little acquaintance with England will prove that many hopeful and deluded men are still to be "added to those who are to be saved," though they write in the meshes of heresy. All these have been awaiting the operations of grace and reason, and those who still wait will find the fold in God's own time. Yet we believe that even the very best of them commenced their change from the view of desolate churches, and sought to regain an ascendancy which they deemed essential to the Ministry. They adopted a system, without anticipating what it would demand of them, and when they discovered what it required, they embraced it like men. Far different from the double-dealers of enthusiastic medieval tendencies, who, when they saw the "patron" frown, laid by the surplice, who sought in Methodistical cant a substitute for "Penance" and the "oblation." There is a number—a large number—still remaining, who are ashamed to retrograde, or who are sincerely struggling; but the "spirit of Englishmen" will soon teach them what is the Church. In the words of a "noble" Christian, as he is designated by a religious paper—

"They have no right to drive me from my parish church, nor to compel me to join in novel practices repugnant to my conscience. I believe them to be Romish customs, and if they do not bear Popery, it may be grafted on them and thrive and flourish there, and I will not submit to them. Here I take my stand, and neither fear nor favor shall move me whilst the voice of duty bids me stay."

What an absurd thing to attempt to teach men authoritatively after leaving the Catholic Church on the principle of every man for himself! The independent gentleman above quoted lets them see the meaning of their own dogma, and that all their Christianity must be preached according to the dictates of the fellow who has the strongest faction. How men of education and sincerity can call this Christianity is a puzzle. Does not England want a creed?

Our contemporary, the Church and State, is very well satisfied with the "form" aforesaid, however. A valorous churchwarden lately walked into the church, and, boldly striding onward to the Communion-table, he tore the "Christmas ornaments" which decorated the place all around. The Church and State cheers him on, and quotes—the Bible? No such thing, but Dr. Lushington:—

"They had the power now and they would make use of it, said the churchwardens as they stripped off the flowers and wreaths. Dr. Lushington's judgment only embraces the diocese of London. But we question very much if any other Chancellor will have the hardihood to deny the weight of that decision in a similar case; and we doubt still more if any Clergyman will venture, with that decision staring him in the face, to go into court against a churchwarden who follows out its spirit and principle by openly and boldly resisting all such innovations, and removing all such illegal decorations as have been condemned on the weighty authority of the Chancellor of London diocese."

And so Christianity means that the laity shall teach the Clergy both Gospel and Rubric, and that if the Clergyman complain he'll be brought before Dr. Lushington! We believe the doctor is an excellent judge, certainly—knows the civil and canon law, minds his family as a good lawyer should, and could settle this controversy as well as the Bishop or the whole "Church of England." But the "A.M.'s," and "A.B.'s," and "Reverend" gentlemen, who are allowed no opinion, they are to be pitied indeed, for they want a creed.

The extent to which the "spirit" of the "educated laity" and the humiliation of the Clergy has progressed only equals the unbridled licentiousness of the

ignorant population. And if there be no man, or body of men, to whom they owe respect—if they see the whole tribe of Parsons vociferating one against the other, and denouncing each other as heretics, it is very natural that, pending the battle of the learned as to the meaning of the Bible; they should close the sacred volume, and look upon Churchdom as a sham. And so they do, because England wants a creed.

The English Churchman will give "private judgment" to any one who follows himself, which means that each man may follow his own opinion as long as he does not differ with our infallible contemporary. Formerly the Churchman gave its "cordial assent" to various things which are no longer to be tolerated! Moreover, the lamentations of the good editor show that "private judgment" has been treating him badly, and still threatens him with heavy blows. He very properly, then, abolishes said "judgment," as far as some Clergymen are concerned:—

"There was a time when we should have given our cordial assent to both of these propositions, almost without any qualification; but that time is past, at least so far as regards the first of these axioms. Our experience of the last few years leads us to the conclusion "that, in days like these, great liberty should not be allowed in such matters," for there are unmistakable signs and proofs that it would be converted into great license—in other words, that it would be extensively abused. We have not the slightest doubt about it—the evidence is before our eyes, and therefore we cannot, in common honesty, avoid this conclusion. It cannot give us any pleasure, nor any profit, to form and express this judgment. On the contrary, it is most painful to us to differ in this matter from those with whom we have agreed, and still agree, we hope, in many things. We have not wantonly or lightly taken this position. It has been forced upon us, and we feel that we have no alternative. If "great liberty" is to be allowed on this subject, we may claim a share in it for our own honest convictions, founded, as we believe, upon plain matters of fact."

But if Anglicanism has no creed at home, its foreign possessions and achievements go far to redeem it from opprobrium. We have the advantage of voluminous "reports," containing astonishing revelations of its power, state, and prospects. The "reports," state, and prospects cost the pious people of England somewhat over a million of money, we think, last year, and as "good Churchmen" show their devotion only in this way, and hope to put down Popery by the same procedure, it is expected that next year they will be very much more liberal. Besides picking a quarrel with the Sisters of Mercy in the Crimea, they announce the "consecration of a Bishop" at Calcutta, and this they say, furthermore:—

"Will be a striking and encouraging event. It will be the first that has ever taken place out of England, and will be a speaking evidence and illustration of the true Catholicity of the Church."

If the Church of England have any gratitude, the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" should be recorded as the wonder-working power of the nineteenth century which is most worthy of "Protestant support." It has realised something similar to the "conversion" of Connaught and the overthrow of the Archbishop of Tuam, precisely, too, by the same holy means—only that its victory has been more extensive and less bothersome. Any one who is blind enough to deny that the "consecration" of a Calcutta Bishop proves the "universality" of the Protestant Church, will never see the beauty of the Reformation, and won't pay a year's subscription—and any one who will admit the same is worthy of being a good Churchman, and having his name on the list of the "saints."

In the Crimea we have been told that the poor Catholic soldiers during the live-long night before the battle gathered round the Priest, and on the bed of death grasped his hands as their father. In the enthusiastic ministrations of their office, one after another, the Catholic Clergymen fell, and five of them quietly repose in the same graves with their beloved spiritual children. Many a tear has been shed over the scenes of tenderness which sprang from a devotedness which never tired on the part of God's Ministers, and the yearning affection which grew stronger every hour on the part of the poor fellows who surrounded them. There was a creed in teacher and hearer—not a creed by which they were named, but a creed by which they lived and moved. Those who have read their letters "to dear mothers," "beloved sisters" and "friends" will remember how present God was in the poor men's souls, and how they spoke of the indomitable self-sacrifice of Missionaries like Father Wheelie. Let us hear one of our Anglican friends whose enthusiasm has been printed in a "report":—

"That the work of a Chaplain to a hospital is monotonous, cannot be denied; it wants the variety of parochial work to make it altogether pleasant, but that it is of its kind as encouraging, I think I may bear testimony. It is perhaps unwise to look for much fruit."

The reception by the "flock" was not very unlike the ardor of the shepherd:—

"Throughout the whole period of my ministry among soldiers I do not remember an instance where I was made to feel out of my place; they always treated me with respect, though with somewhat the distance of strangers; but since the increase of Chaplains in the Crimea, they look upon us as friends, and expect our visits as regularly as they do the doctors."

Let us have another, whose success is so great that he fears his relation may be incredible, or at least may be such as to excel what any one else has to tell:—

From the Rev Henry Robinson, Monastery of St. George, July 24th:—

"The men were all delighted to have a Minister amongst them, and I never witnessed among the same numbers of sick as much earnest attention to things which concern their everlasting peace, and more convincing proofs of some having given a hearty reception to the truth as in Jesus Christ. In many instances, after being discharged as fit for convalescent duty, they watch my arrival in the camp, and crowd into the hospital, and remain whilst I am there."

"I necessarily speak of my own experience, but I have no doubt that the services of all the Chaplains are no less valued."

And we are informed by another:—

"On Saturday I entered on my duties, and cannot express to you how deeply interesting they are to me. The men are most willing to converse, and are easily induced to enter upon religious subjects."

If ever there was a time when any kind of Christian sentiment would work in the souls of men, it was the time at which the Ministers presented themselves in the Crimea. Within view of death and judgment—if they believed—and when eternity depended to a great extent on a few hours; yet they received their Clergy "coolly"—looked on them as "strangers"—and the Minister sends home to be printed the "stupendous success, that no one offended him. It ought to have been added to the "report," that when the zealous Missionaries saw the Catholics inclined to

say their prayers, they endeavored to gain admittance to their deathbeds to torment them."

"We will conclude, for to-day, by a most illustrative morceau, for which we are indebted to the "All Hallows Report for 1855"—a most important compilation, to which we pray the attention of all our readers. A treatise of a religious meeting lately enacted in some obscure street of this city: "hailed the brother Presbyterian" if he would only come forward and lie at the "Romanists," and praised him for his Boyne predilections and memories—

Turks, Jews, and Atheists
Enter here—but no Papists!

The Derry inscription over again, worthy of the intellect and charity of every generation of firebrands, was the motto. The Presbyterians are beginning to be wise enough to know the "Establishment," and to feel that soft words hardly compensate them for the "rentcharge." The case of "Mr. de Koek" shows how the Anglicans "hail" their "brother Protestants" when they have the chance of ignoring them, even though the said "brothers" may admit Orders and wear the surplice. How wonderfully useless "private judgment," or any judgment, may become if only the "Establishment" be allowed to rule! And what "independent" men the Anglicans are who are "handed over" in hundreds when a Minister doubts of his ordination!

"My anxiety about the mission work is such that I feel impelled to give a few details as to our proposed measures, which I failed to give in my last letter. And first of all, our openings increase upon us. In this place a Mr. de Koek, a Dutchman, a good English as well as Dutch scholar, has offered himself for ordination, having for a long time had scruples as to the Orders he received from the London Mission. The London Missionary Society are about to abandon their ground here for lack of funds, and Mr. de Koek will not undertake any work under them, from his altered view of the question of ordination. . . . He will at once put into our hand a colored congregation of 200 souls."

Nothing can be more plain than that whatever may be the honesty of some, there is no real belief in the world of Anglicanism. It is impossible that there could be, or facts would wear the livery of faith, and every new public profession and pretension would not be a contradiction to a preceding one. The "Clergy" have no influence, no sacredness, no hope of acquiring them, and the only stay to the headlong impetuosity of brute force is broken. England ought to look for a creed.

Let us conclude by saying that we think it is time for the people of this country to bestir themselves on the subject of the absurd anomaly called the "Irish Church." Whatever differences may exist among us, here at least there will be no discussion. A wretched race who do not know what to believe are bonded by the union of hate and jealousy, and their inspiration is the "Church Establishment." There never can be peace from them; progress and general charity are impossible as long as the said Irish Church Establishment is a premium for aggression and defamation.

THE OTTAWA.

The following description of the Ottawa River, accompanied by an excellent wood engraving, appeared in the Ottawa Citizen of the 12th ultimo:—

This noble stream has its sources in the elevated land lying north of Montreal, Lower Canada, and the Hudson Bay territory. Its course is at first towards the west for 200 or 300 miles, through a labyrinth of lakes, some of them of large size. At the head of Lake Temiscamingue a turn is made towards the south, and from the foot of the same lake easterly. From its source to its mouth, the Ottawa forms a curve somewhat in the shape of a horse shoe—the whole length of the valley being over 750 miles, and draining an area of 80,000 square miles. The following are the principal tributary streams of the Ottawa:—

At the head of the Temiscamingue it receives the Blanche, a stream almost ninety miles in length, and which rises in the north. Thirty miles farther down the lake it receives the Montreal River, coming 120 miles from the north-west, the latter is the canoe route from the Ottawa to the Hudson's Bay. Six miles lower, on the east side; it receives the Keepawa, a river of great size, passing thro' an unknown country and coming from a lake whose length is fifty miles. The Keepawa exceeds in volume the largest rivers in Great Britain, and in its descent to Lake Temiscamingue presents a magnificent cascade 120 feet in height. This river, 90 miles above its mouth, is 300 feet wide, and very deep where it issues from the west side of Lake Keepawa. Out of the southern extremity of the same Lake issues the River Dumoine, which enters the Ottawa a hundred miles below the Keepawa. From the Long Sault at the foot of Lake Temiscamingue, 233 miles above the city of Ottawa, and 366 miles from the mouth of the Ottawa river, then down to the Deux Joachim Rapids, a distance of 89 miles, several other tributaries fall in; the principal one of which is the Mattawa, a stream which has its source in a small lake communicating with Lake Nipissing. The portion of the Ottawa from the Deux Joachim Rapids to near Pembroke, a distance of some forty-three miles, is called the Deep River, it is throughout this portion navigable for vessels of the largest class, and both shores are fringed with most picturesque scenery. A steamboat has been running here for the last two or three years. Near Pembroke the Ottawa receives the Petawawa, one of its largest tributaries. It is 140 miles in length and drains an area of 2,200 square miles. At Pembroke nine miles below the mouth of the Petawawa, the river debouches into the Ottawa. At the head of Lake Coulogne, seventy-nine miles from the City of Ottawa, the Black River 130 miles in length, and draining an area of 1,120 square miles, is received, and nine miles lower, the river Coulogne, which is 160 miles in length, and drains a valley of 1800 square miles, falls into it. Thus far in its course the Ottawa is remarkable for the vast amount of water it receives from its various tributary streams: Persons who have visited its upper portions express their surprise that the river appears not to be much less in size than it is, at its mouth. They do not consider that besides numberless streams of lesser dimensions, all those larger ones above mentioned combine their waters into one channel. At the city of Ottawa it is three-fourths of a mile in width, and 20 feet deep upon an average, with a strong current, at low water; while during the early part of the season, while the "north floods," as they are called, are passing, the depth is from fifteen to twenty feet greater.

The volume of water in the Ottawa at this season

is at least equal to that of the St. Lawrence at Niagara, and double that of the Ganges. In the vicinity of the city of Ottawa, and just below the Chaudiere Falls, it drains from the south Rideau, 116 miles in length, and draining an area of 1,320 square miles, and from the north the great river Gatineau, 450 miles in length, with a valley of 12,000 square miles. And below there the River du Leivre, the North and South Nations, the Rogue, the Riviere du Nord, the Assomption, and others make it the depository of their several waters. The Ottawa is then one of the largest rivers on the continent, and its territory, constituting as it does the shortest road from the portion of the St. Lawrence to the great West, must inevitably become, sooner or later, a theatre on vast and varied enterprise.

FRENCH COLONIZATION.—An article in the *Montreuil* gives some details concerning the progress and prospects of the colony of Nossibé. It says:—"The island of Nossibé is, as regards colonization, the most interesting point of the establishments which France possesses on the coast of Madagascar, and which comprise also Mayotte, Ste. Marie, Dzaoudzi, and Pamanzi. If Mayotte and Dzaoudzi appear to be more particularly calculated for a centre of commerce and a military position, Nossibé, from the extreme mildness of its climate and the fertility of its soil, is exclusively reserved for agricultural labors, colonial productions, and a barter trade. The soil of Nossibé is, in fact, fit for any kind of cultivation, the vegetation there being most luxuriant and rapid. Coffee, sésame, sugar-cane, and indigo grow there without any very considerable care, and rice, potatoes, maize, and manioc in a natural state. Provisions are so abundant that they may be said to be given away rather than sold. A native feeding on manioc, potatoes, or maize does not generally expend more than a sou a-day. This abundance of all the necessaries of life has rendered the natives gay and healthy. As to the plantations of the Europeans, they also appear most satisfactory, and promise well for the future. Indigo at first did not answer very well, but the mode of plantation has since become better understood, and the crop has been sufficient to keep four indigo factories well supplied. About 80 acres are now planted with sugar-cane and the soil appears to be so peculiarly adapted to it that the natives begin to follow the example of the French settlers, and cultivate it to some extent. A sugar manufactory has recently been established at Nossibé, with every prospect of success. The sésame also appears to thrive well in the soil there, and will doubtless produce good crops. The facility with which the natives procured sufficient food for their existence before the coming of the French rendered them at first averse from any kind of labor, but their intercourse with the new comers has inspired them with wants which necessitate the possession of money or the means of exchange, which labor alone could procure for them. These wants, which principally consist of woven goods, rum, household utensils, and jewelry for the women, induce them to give their labor to procure them. The expenses of cultivation at Nossibé are very small. In order to prepare 2½ acres of land for indigo, inclusive of clearing, planting, &c., the outlay for the first year is 150l., and for the second and following years 25l. The indigo gives three or four cuttings, according to the season, the three cuttings yielding 100lb. Ebony wood is delivered on the spot at 30l. the ton, and is sold at Nossibé at 100l.; sandal wood, fit for fine cabinet-work in France, is sold at 200l. the ton; tortoiseshell is very abundant, and is worth from 10l. to 15l. a-pound, average quality. Trade on the coast of Mozambique and on the eastern coast of Africa is carried on by means of barter. The principal articles required are cotton goods, both white and printed, for which a very extensive market might be opened; French muskets, gunpowder, cooking vessels in iron, lead, gunflints, glass, jewelry, &c.; would also find an excellent market, these articles being now supplied by America. Nossibé has an excellent and well-sheltered port, easy of access either by day or night, and where all the materials for shipbuilding may be procured at very moderate prices. In fact, there seems to be no doubt that this establishment may become an agricultural centre of great importance and an excellent entrepôt for the trade of Mozambique, the eastern coast of Africa, and, above all, of Madagascar."—*London Times*.

RECANTATION OF THE "EX-MONK LEAHY."—A correspondent of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* writes from Fondulac, Wis.:—"The 'ex-Monk, Leahy,' so notorious for his outrageous falsehoods against the Catholic Church, (in which he was encouraged and endorsed by a host of Protestant ministers,) and latterly convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life on account of the murder of his wife's paramour, has for eighteen months been constantly pleading to be readmitted to the communion of the Church he had so deeply disgraced. Capital punishment having been abolished in Wisconsin, he was not hanged for the murder he committed. His imprisonment brought him to reflection, and after eighteen months of probation, having a year ago made a long written recantation, he was admitted to penance on the 20th of last month, by the Rev. Mr. Dael, after having again by word of mouth, made a recantation in presence of the assembled prisoners, and begged pardon of God and man for his falsehoods and long-continued calamities. In sending his recantation to the Bishop of Milwaukee, a year ago, he expressed his willingness that it would be published. We hope, however, that this may not be done. It is unnecessary, as no person could really have believed his abominable falsehoods. Let him live out the remnant of his days in the prison to which human justice has consigned him. Let him there do penance to the hour of his death for his atrocious crimes and wickedness, and let his name serve as a warning to the cohorts of darkness with which he was lately associated. It would be an interesting thing now to obtain the various letters of warm eulogy and recommendation from Protestant ministers of name, which he received in former times, as well as an authentic list of those who admitted him to their pulpits, and countenanced him in the course of palpable falsehood in which he so long ran."

If a stout, healthy man applies to you for charity, give him a job of work and let him earn it. If he is honestly poor, he will return again; if not, you have a happy riddance. A gentleman of our acquaintance disposed of six in this way last week. He kept them sawing wood and shoveling snow for half a day, and they have never been back to see him since.—*American Paper*.

A WEDDING INTERRUPTED.—In the evening of the 25th of October last a family of distinction, residing in the Chaussée d'Antio, gave a grand banquet in honor of the signing of a contract for the marriage of their daughter, a young lady of great beauty, and possessed of not less than 28,000*fr.* a year, with Louis Elie Adolphus, Baron de Selhausen, a young man of 25, chief of one of the most ancient and distinguished baronial houses of the province of Silesia. In the midst of the banquet a rude-looking stranger arrived, and demanded to see the Baron. The concierge told him that on account of the joyful event of the day the family had given orders that no visitors should be admitted. The stranger insisted, and the concierge, getting angry, threatened to turn him out by force. At length, after a good deal of altercation, the stranger espied a large bell, and began ringing it furiously. This drew all the inhabitants of the house to the windows, and the man then cried in a loud voice that he wanted to see Baron de Selhausen—at the same time threatening to ring the bell until his request should be complied with. The concierge at last allowed him to go upstairs to the family, with whom the Baron was. Stalking into the middle of the room, the man cried out—“My name is Bozeluc, and I let out carriages for hire. I have let out carriages to the Baron de Selhausen, and he owes me 700*fr.*; but he will never pay me, for he is a swindler, and not a baron at all! I am not the only man he has cheated—tailors, glovers, hotelkeepers, upholsterers, painters, gilders, all sorts of tradesmen, in fact, have been swindled by him! Good people,” added Bozeluc solemnly, turning to the young lady's parents, “you had better put off the marriage, for I tell you again the man is no baron, but a swindler?” The marriage was postponed, and the *soi-disant* baron was, after some explanations, handed over to the custody of the police, until inquiries could be made about him. It was then ascertained that, instead of being a baron and a German, he was only the son of a ruined tradesman of the Ile de la Réunion (Bourbon); that he had come to Paris to accept a place as clerk in a bank; and that, finding his salary insufficient, he had taken to swindling, and had carried it on with such skill that he not only made a vast number of dupes, but contrived to gain access to very good society. He has been tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment and 50*fr.* fine.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

A NEW EXPEDIENT TO SUPPLY THE PLACE OF PROTESTANTISM.—We find the following curious letter in the Philadelphia Ledger:—More than ten millions of people in the United States never go to church! In the city of Philadelphia, notwithstanding our stringent laws for enforcing the observance of the Sabbath, there are about one-third of a million who do not regularly attend places of divine worship, of those, there may be fifty thousand of who receive their knowledge of truth through the Ledger and other papers, and a like number who receive theirs, such as it is, from their neighbors, courts of law, lectures, theatres and other places of amusement, leaving a quarter of a million to whom the truths of religion and science are sealed books. This accounts for our penitentiaries, almshouses, and taverns being crowded; and, if not corrected, may end in a majority of our people becoming entirely unfit for self government! These considerations call for the serious attention of Christians, philosophers, statesmen and philanthropists. Would it not be possible to remedy this evil by supplying the great mass of non-professors with lectures, inculcating the truths of science and revealed religion, irrespective of sect or party, by causing a number of popular lectures to be delivered, in various parts of the city, mostly on evenings of judicial days, and occasionally on the Sabbath? Those on that day are not expected to be attended by church goers, but by those who, if they did not go to hear those lectures, would stay at home, or go elsewhere in search of pleasure, amusement or recreation. Penal laws cannot prevent them from so doing; let any party attempt it, and the next election would teach them a lesson such as no statesman or politician would desire to learn. Accustom the people to assemble, to hear the truths of science, and they will soon desire to hear the truths of revelation. Such an attempt would be praiseworthy, and ought to succeed.

CROSSES USED BY "PROTESTANTS."—I wish some of our "Protestant" countrymen would pay a visit to their brethren in Germany, in order to see how they are not ashamed of the visible cross, "before whose eyes Jesus Christ is evidently set forth crucified among them." Yes, let them enter the great "Dom" of the Lutherans, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and see the white marble image of Christ crucified standing on the Lord's table, which is immovable and of marble; then let them cross the river and visit the Lutheran church at Sachsenhausen, where they will find a stone altar with a "reared," consisting of a large wooden "crucifix" supported by the images of the Virgin Mary and St. John. Are these Lutherans idolaters?—*London Guardian.*

DISCOVERY OF A NEW ISLAND.—On the outer voyage of the Ben Nevis, Capt. Heron, in latitude 44° 1' south, and in the same longitude as the Crozetts, came unexpectedly upon land. Supposing it was the Crozetts he steered 120 miles south, and was astonished to find himself at the Crozetts. He describes the new island as the highest he had ever seen, for the mountain ridge on it seemed to be as high as the Andes. The Crozetts are in a line with Prince Edward's Island, Marian, and Korquelin's Island.—*Liverpool Post.*

GOLD STORIES ARE AGAIN ABUNDANT IN TEXAS. The San Antonio Texan says:—We have before us several specimens of gold quartz rock that were hauled up by a gentleman of our city, who has spent much time in the gold mines of California, and which was procured about 100 miles north of San Antonio. One specimen was obtained only six miles from our city. Persons who are acquainted with gold mines, say that where such specimens are found, gold always abounds in the country around, and often on the surface of the earth.

"LOVELY WOMAN."—There is a woman in Cincinnati who keeps grocery, attends faithfully to a fat pair of twins, does her own housework, and yet finds time to give her lazy husband a sound thrashing three or four times a week.

WELL DONE MAINE!—The Legislature of Maine have erased everything of know-nothing intolerance from its statute books.

The Editors of Ohio have had a pleasant time at their annual session in public Convention. One of the good moves was the adoption of a resolution which declares, that, as newspapers are chronicles of the times, it is important for city and country journals to preserve scraps of local history, particularly events and traditions which pertain to the wilderness and the pioneers. In the Western States, this material is peculiarly abundant, but the people who can tell stories half a century old are dropping away, and presently they and their knowledge will be buried together; unless, indeed, their stories are gathered up by the local Editors and preserved in print.

FOUND THE NORTHEAST PASSAGE.—Last week, four of the Blackwell's Island prisoners discovered the North-east passage from that place to the long Island shore opposite. The ice was frozen fast to each shore, and quite solid all the way across, stretching for about half a mile down the river. When last seen they were faithfully pushing their discoveries into the interior.—*N. Y. Citizen.*

MPLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. Are ranked among the most popular remedies of the day. That it will cure liver complaint, sick headache, and dyspepsia, is now beyond a doubt. Read the following testimony from a well known lady and gentleman of our own city.

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THE MEMBERS OF THE late ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY are requested to MEET at ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, 25th instant, at EIGHT o'clock, when a statement of the Affairs of the late Society will be laid before the Meeting; and all persons indebted to the Society are requested to attend said Meeting, and settle their arrears; and those who may have claims against the Society are requested to present the same to the late Secretary, on or before that date.

W. P. BARTLEY,
T. C. COLLINS.

Feb. 19.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber begs to notify his Friends and the Public generally, that on the 1st May next, he will REMOVE his HORSE-SHOEING SHOP from Haymarket Square to 23 St. Bonaventure, and corner of Little St. Antoine Streets, where he will carry on the HORSE-SHOEING BUSINESS as heretofore.

JAMES MALONEY.

Feb. 15, 1856.

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Montreal, Feb. 14, 1856.

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Dec., 1854.

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The public in general, as well as parents of the Deaf and Dumb, will be happy to learn that this Institution has secured the services of an experienced professor from France, to whom will be confided the course of instruction to be adopted. This professor, Mr. Joseph Young, was born at Metz, is 33 years of age, and became deaf and dumb in his infancy. This gentleman, after having completed his course of studies at the celebrated institution of Nancy, was professor during eight years at the school of the Deaf and Dumb at Soissons. Mr. Damais, of the diocese of Lyons, who accompanied Mr. Young to Canada, will assist him in the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. Mr. Damais will also take charge of the temporal management of the Institution, and correspond with parents of the pupils. The Rev. Mr. Lagorce will continue to have the spiritual direction of the Deaf and Dumb.

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N.B.—In order the more effectively to advance his Commercial and Mathematical Students, Mr. Davis intends keeping but few in his Junior Classes. Montreal, March 15, 1855.

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MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS!

JOHN McCLOSKEY, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer, (FROM BELFERT,) 35, Sanguiet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last nine years, and now craves a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality.

He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and Watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.

N.B.—Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer. Montreal, June 21, 1853.

NOTICE!!! MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY,

HAVING now disposed of all the GOODS damaged by the late Fire on their Premises, 238 Notre Dame Street, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF PART OF CLASS Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 14, 19, and 31,

And a portion of the GOODS in the 3rd and 4th Stories, they have determined to pack up the same in CASES, for disposal during the dull Season, and to OPEN for Inspection and Sale on Monday First, the 25th instant, their entire

ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS! Comprising the choicest variety of FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

AS OUR NEW GOODS Have come to hand so late in the Season, we have determined to mark them at a very

SMALL PROFIT, In order to effect a speedy Sale, so that GREAT BARGAINS WILL BE OFFERED.

M., C. & E. beg to state, that the ENTIRE STOCK, though large, will be Sold by Private Sale, and not by Auction; and that the doors will be OPENED EACH MORNING, punctually at NINE o'clock.

All Goods marked in Plain Figures, at such a LOW RATE that no SECOND PRICE need be offered. MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY, 238 Notre Dame Street, (late No. 202.) Montreal, June 23, 1855.

TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN STUDYING FOR COMMISSIONS IN THE ARMY.

AT the suggestion of three or four young gentlemen, whose studies in the above line he has recently had the honor of successfully superintending, Mr. ANDERSON would respectfully intimate that he has opened a CLASS exclusively for the benefit of gentlemen of the foregoing character.

References: Rev. Canon LEACH, McGill College. Cols. D'URBAN and PRITCHARD. Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Class Room, No. 60, St. Charles Borromeo Street. Sept. 6.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the last Thursday of June.

TERMS: The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150

For Students not learning Greek or Latin, 125

Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15

French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20

Music, per annum, 40

Use of Piano, per annum, 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctors' Fees will form extra charges. No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

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DR. MACKEON, 6, Haymarket Square.

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