

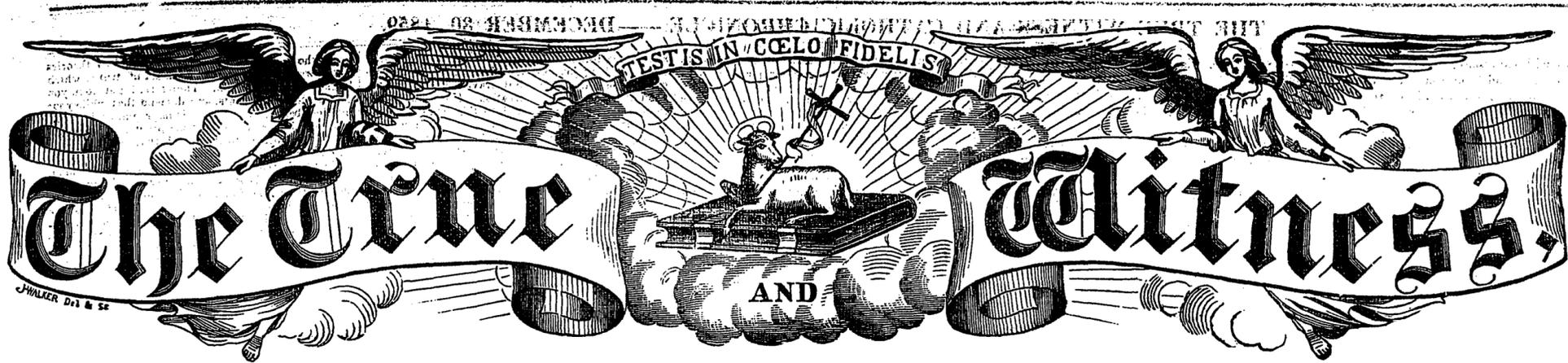
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. X.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1859.

No. 20.

## THE LAST IRISHMAN.

(Translated from the French of Elie Berthet, by C. M. O'Keefe, for the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER XII.  
(Continued.)

The bluff face and red nose of Mrs. Flanagan, disfigured with a couple of pimples, each the size of a haw, was seen smiling at the door of her tent, welcoming her friends and acquaintances with interested courtesy. She seemed in much better spirits than usual, because she possessed her two barrels of strong beer and one of pure Drogheda ale, together with her half barrel of John Jameson's best Dublin whiskey—thanks to Miss O'Byrne's little gift. She never ceased lauding the purity and strength of her liquors, "all XXX, first shot, 365 degrees above proof," &c. The tents in which eatables were sold were fashioned like the above, with the exception that a few long planks, supported on stones, ran the whole length of the tent. The central board was the table d'hôte, and was covered with a profusion of wooden plates, delf dishes, and capacious trenchers filled with segments of smoking bacon, pigs' cheeks, and heaps of half-cooked cabbages, to which voracious strangers did ample justice. The sign which these restaurants usually exhibited was perfectly unmistakable; it consisted of a large pot containing cubes of pork and masses of green cabbages, simmering over a blazing fire which flamed in a hollow or cavity in the ground. The fortunate wight who had money and an appetite was armed with a two-pronged flesh-fork, on presenting a small coin to the self-important proprietor of the pot, who kept lustily bawling out the price he charged for a lunch—"three prods for a ha'penny." This enviable individual, who purchased this desirable privilege of plunging the flesh-fork among the boiling cubes, was regarded with interest by the less fortunate by-standers, who gaped and grinned with moist lips at performances they envied. The cubes of pork were so volatile, and the flesh-fork so blunt, and the ocean of water so prodigious that it required a keen eye, great practice, and consummate dexterity to secure the flying fragments of pork circulating in that flood with whirling motion and elusive rapidity. But if the fugitive fragments of pork evaded capture, the more sluggish motion of the greens enabled the temporary wielder of the flesh-fork to fish forth steaming wisps, dripping with water, smothered with steam, and loaded with scum.

"Sorra take him if his ha'penny would go for nothin'" was the exclamation with which the adventurous explorer encouraged himself to energetic action. Elsewhere tables, covered with scanty napery, which displayed a profusion of pigs' feet, long since separated from the parent pig, sausages of an undecipherable appearance, but, above all, sheep's trotters, which were individually announced as an "illegant leg of mutton for a pinny, an' plinty of salt to the bargan," were ranged here and there. Hand-carts and wheel-barrow, containing ginger-bread, sugar-stick, liquorice-ball, and nuts, moved through the multitude, and paraded the fair in all directions, urged slowly by the vociferous proprietors, proclaiming eagerly the merits of their merchandise. While groups of ragged urchins, playing pitch-and-toss with brass buttons instead of half-pence, casting stone quoits for pins, shooting marbles, or squabbling as to the results of their game, occupied the more vacant outskirts of the fair green.

Early in the morning might be seen groups of both sexes wending their way by the different roads that led to the fair. The men drove herds of lowing kine, flocks of sheep, droves of pigs, &c., to have the first luck of the fair." At a later hour, the bustle of business cheered the spirits of the casual observer, who, having heard that famine and deep distress prevailed throughout the land, began to believe, as he contemplated this scene, that the famine was feigned and poverty pretended. Crowds gathered round the dealers in cattle—cheapening their purchases and attracting attention by their vociferation, as they slapped with all their might large copper coins upon the hard hand of the sellers of stock, loudly asseverating that they offered over-value for the animals. Elsewhere you might see the purchasers taking up dirt with their sticks, and thus marking the stock they purchased.

On this occasion numbers of strangers were seen loitering through the fair, who had no visible marketable business, and never once joined in the merry dances, games of chance or other pastimes. They wore great coats, and bore a suspicious appearance.

Skirting a fair green, contiguous to one of the entrance-gates to Powerscourt House, was a half-ruined cottage; this cabin, tenanted by a poor widow, was rendered remarkable by the number of persons who visited it, though there were neither eatables nor drinkables for sale, nor any attractive amusement. Before the door stood a robust man, enveloped in a great frieze coat, who spoke a few words to strangers who approached the house in twos and threes, and

then departed, with earnest faces intent on business, after a brief delay. In a back chamber of this house, which had no window, sat Richard O'Byrne alone at a little deal table upon which papers, writing materials, and some letters were strewn, and upon which his lamp reflected a dim unnatural light. The parties who visited the house received brief instructions from O'Byrne, and subsequently joined the crowd, where they formed small earnest-looking groups. Suddenly, amid the hilarity and bustle of business, a party of peelers appeared in the distance, and caused much excitement and speculation as to their object; accompanied as they were by officials in colored clothes.

Meantime Miss O'Byrne sat in her brother's house reflecting sadly upon her misadventures and hopeless future. The clergyman entered her room and dispelled her reverie: "Here is a letter which a servant in livery has just handed me—it is from Powerscourt House, probably from Lady Ellen—see what it is."

Julia opened the note and read: "An humble subject presents her dutiful compliments to the Queen of Glendalough, and requests the favor of her Majesty's presence at the Pavilion of the Ruins in the Park. Fail not; your loyal subject has business of importance to communicate to your Majesty. Your Majesty's devoted subject, Nelly."

"What does she mean?—I do not wish to go," exclaimed Julia.

"Dear Julia, you look pale and sad—you have my permission and request to visit your friend: her animated conversation may dispel your sorrow for the eviction and distress of our poor neighbors which seems to prey upon your mind. Get up, and I shall accompany you to the gate."

"Well, since it is your wish I shall go, brother," said Julia, putting on her bonnet and scarf. Father O'Byrne, with his sister on his arm, proceeded through the fair. On his approach, the crowd opened and made a passage for the pastor of the parish. Hats were raised by the men and curtsies dropped by the women as he passed along; but, contrary to the usual custom, no one seemed anxious to speak to his reverence. The coolness of the people seemed strange to Father O'Byrne; for, in Ireland, the priest is the friend, the confidant, and the counsellor of his parishioners, and they are desirous of consulting him whenever they have an opportunity, or, if they have no other business, they solicit his blessing and implore his prayers. As Father O'Byrne and his sister passed through the multitude they were met by the parish schoolmaster who made his obeisance.

"Why, this is a very crowded fair, John," observed Father O'Byrne.

"Yes, your reverence; and I see most of them are strangers."

"I have observed that too," replied the priest; "what can be their object?"

"Faix, sir, I can't tell; but I suspect there is something serious contemplated. I have observed two or three of the leaders of the Young Ireland party from Wexford and Kildare; and also a prominent person from Dublin."

"Oh, I hope they have nothing rash in contemplation, and I also hope none of our neighbors will involve themselves in their machinations," said Father O'Byrne.

"I hope so too, your reverence; but this Young Ireland party has grown very powerful, and imagine themselves fully a match for the Queen's troops," said the schoolmaster.

Meantime the priest and his sister accompanied by the schoolmaster arrived within a few paces of the company of peelers whose approach caused so great a commotion among the folks at the fair, a few moments before. Some of the people, as the peelers passed, shouted sarcastically, "The Peeler an' the goat," "Who killed the people at Newtownbarry?" and made other remarks equally unpleasant to those well paid preservers of the public peace.

"Captain Wiggins, how do you do?" said the priest to the chief in command of the police; "Oh, Mr. Jameson, is this you—how do you do?" added he, addressing Lord Powerscourt's bailiff who accompanied the peelers.

That official took off his hat, and made a bow to the priest; he then muttered something to the captain; and the peelers made a sudden halt.

"I hope, Mr. Jameson," resumed Father O'Byrne, "you contemplate no trouble to our poor parishioners enjoying themselves at the fair?"

"Oh, nothing particular, yer reverence," replied the bailiff. Father O'Byrne was proceeding on his way towards the park gate when two or three constables, with the Captain and Jameson stood in his way, as if to impede his further progress.

"What do you mean, gentlemen?" asked the priest in surprise; "I am accompanying my sister who has a note of invitation from Lady Ellen Wingfield—do you mean to oppose my passage?"

"No, yer reverence," replied Jameson, "but we have a painful duty to perform—we hope yer reverence will excuse us—do your duty, Captain Wiggins."

Wiggins laid his hand on Miss O'Byrne's shoulder, saying, "I arrest you in the Queen's name!"

Miss O'Byrne shrieked and clung to her brother for support.

"Arrest my sister! arrest my sister! for what—what crime could this innocent child commit?" exclaimed the alarmed Father O'Byrne.

"You are the Queen's prisoner," said Wiggins addressing Miss O'Byrne—"for that you entered into a conspiracy with a large party of persons, some of whom are known, to waylay and assault with intent to murder Sir George Clinton, Baronet, ensign in her Majesty's regiment of the First Royal Dragoon Guards, on yesterday in the park of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Powerscourt."

"It is false! it is false!" shouted Father O'Byrne, "and I shall proceed immediately and convince his lordship of the utter impossibility of such an act on the part of my innocent sister—show me the warrant."

"Here it is," answered Wiggins; "you'll find it perfectly legal; signed by two magistrates of the county, the Right Hon. Viscount Powerscourt and Rev. Mr. Bruce—here it is."

"Oh!" cried Miss O'Byrne, "is it possible that Ellen sent a note of invitation to ensnare her innocent friend?"

"You are innocent, and I shall prove your innocence before both these gentlemen—there is some mistake in this matter," said Father O'Byrne.

"She is innocent—I can swear it," re-echoed the schoolmaster.

A peeler constable took hold of Miss O'Byrne's arm; she shook him off indignantly, murmuring—

"If he was here—"

"And I am here to protect you, Julia O'Byrne," shouted Richard, as he dashed in among the peelers. "Do not presume to touch that lady or you shall die!"

Giving utterance to a shriek, Miss O'Byrne fell into the arms of her noble-hearted brother, and swooned.

"Good God! is this possible? Can it be you—is this Richard what brought you here—how did you come to Ireland?" exclaimed Father O'Byrne, looking around him in the utmost surprise.

"Yes, I am Richard, sure enough, Angus;—and I am come to repair your faults," replied Richard, in a dry tone.

"My conscience reproaches me with no offence," said the priest, with an air of simplicity.

"But tell me, I beseech you—"

"By and bye; I have other matters to attend to at present," said Richard, in a fierce tone.

At a few paces from the spot rose a block of granite; having one arm round his sister's waist, while he grasped a loaded pistol with the other, Richard mounted the block. In this elevated position, he could see the whole multitude.—While they in their turn could gaze at him. As soon as he appeared with his lovely burden as pale as death, he was greeted with a shout of rapturous applause. Richard waved his hand as he looked upon the multitude, and hushed them to silence, as it were, by enchantment.

"Fellow-countrymen," he cried, in a voice which appeared to issue from a chest of bronze, and which was heard in the remotest extremities of the valley, "you know me; I am Richard O'Byrne—I am come here to protect my sister."

These words were greeted by a shout of transport, louder, if possible, than the former.—"The crime which this poor girl has committed is well known to you; it is a crime for which Lord Powerscourt and Parson Bruce are desirous of burying this innocent child in the stony dungeons of the county jail. I, the offspring of the Kings of Leinster—the brother of this unfortunate girl—will tell you the nature of her crime. She has been the innocent victim of an abominable act of violence, which the vile spawn of trained perjurers and assassins, Sir George Clinton, perpetrated on the sister of your parish priest—"

The speaker was interrupted by a hoarse roar of fury and indignation which burst spontaneously from the multitude.

"This agonized avowal occasioned Richard O'Byrne unspeakable torture. His voice was broken, and his face haggard, while his eyes, suffused with blood, seemed ready to start from their sockets. The beautiful girl, whom he held on his arm, made an effort to rise as if stung by the blow, then relapsing into helplessness—hung inanimate and inert from his arm.

Father O'Byrne looked up to heaven—"What lies, my God, what lies. The man has gone mad—stark mad. But he should, nevertheless, respect the honor of his family."

"It's false, it's false!" shouted the schoolmaster, "it's perfectly false. Were it true, I should revenge it at the risk of my salvation itself."

This blasphemy escaped the notice of the priest. Meantime, Richard continued:

"Representing as I do the unsullied honor of a Milesian family—representing the generous Feach Mac, the fearless champion of the clans of Wicklow—I naturally endeavored to defend my sister—I endeavored to discover that monster of baseness, Sir George, and provoke him to fight me; and when he refused I struck him with my pistol in the face. To punish this assault the future lord of Powerscourt House wishes to plunge Julia O'Byrne into a prison. Will the clansmen of O'Byrne permit him to perpetrate this crime?"

"Never, never," shouted the whole fair.

"Come on, then, for your country," exclaimed Richard. "Let us avenge poor Julia on the insolent Sassenaghs. Hurrah, hurrah. O'Byrne for ever!"

"Hurrah! O'Byrne for ever!" shouted the crowd.

It is impossible to describe the ardent passion which fired the tumultuous multitude. These passions seemed to animate, not a handful of enthusiasts, but a whole country. Centuries of unsatisfied hate—whole ages of anger seemed to start into existence and roar for gratification, and reveal themselves in nude intensity. The people threw themselves upon the peelers, whose arms were wrung from their hands, while they themselves were hurled on the ground, felled by their own firelocks. In the very first onset two or three were killed or wounded, before Richard O'Byrne, reluctant to quit his precious and beautiful burden, could intervene to prevent it. The people, maddened by the sight of blood flowing on the earth, seemed seized and animated by the demon of destruction. Richard vainly exerted himself; he could not command the rage and roar of the tempest he himself had called up.

On hearing the dreadful screams of the dying peelers Father Angus forgot his personal afflictions, and plunged into the tumult to arrest its violence. He endeavored, to no purpose, to protect the vanquished by interposing his own person. They were torn from his embrace and butchered before his eyes. This sacerdotal authority on other occasions so profoundly respected was at present treated with indifference or contempt. He might as well attempt to subdue the stormy seas of Iceland during a tempest by chastising it with rods, as essay to repress the headlong vengeance of a maddened people—blind with fury, drunk with anger, and transported with revenge.

Richard, meantime, had succeeded in seating Julia on the stone which served him as a tribunal. The charming girl betrayed some signs of consciousness, but her head reclined upon her shoulders; she could scarcely sustain herself.—But the fury and rage of surrounding circumstances gave Richard no leisure to cast even a glance of pity on his sister. He was hurried away by events.

"Let us now, my countrymen," he exclaimed, addressing the populace, "hasten to Powerscourt House and get the fore hand of the authorities, who intend to assemble in that house to issue warrants against the patriots. Forward, then, my countrymen. Let us not stain our sacred cause with petty pillage, useless cruelty, or private vengeance. The man who perpetrates such crimes is unworthy of fighting in the array of patriotism. But lest our enemies mistake us for malefactors, let us unfurl the glorious flag under which it is our duty to triumph or to die."

At these words Jack Gunn unfurled a green flag, adorned with a snow-white harp, surmounted with a radiant cross with burnished gold.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Old Ireland for ever!" shouted the multitude.

Meantime, Richard threw off his cloak, and appeared in the beautiful green gold-laced dress of the Irish volunteers, such as was suggested and worn by Daniel O'Connell and all the chiefs of the people.

Shouts of applause greeted O'Byrne . . . . "The Count O'Byrne for ever!" "Down with the peelers!" "Hurrah for the last chief of the race of O'Byrne!" "Well spoken!" "It's all God's truth!" "We'll stand by you until we die!"

"Oh, ho! no violence. . . . it's all false. . . . my sister did not attempt to commit any crime. . . . She knows her religion better than to think of such. . . . She has no cause for so doing. . . . It is all false!"

"It is all false. . . . She is innocent!" shouted the schoolmaster, re-echoing the words of the priest.

But the voice was drowned in the rising and raging tumult of the infuriated people, rushing like a tide in the direction of Lord Powerscourt's demesne.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The peelers on guard at Powerscourt House made a faint show of resistance before they fled their post, and yielded the park to the stormy multitude. It would indeed be folly on the part of that handful of men to attempt to arrest the

insurrectionary deluge which poured and surged around the house of the nobleman. Posted behind the iron gate of the park, the peelers fired a volley at the advancing host, which compelled the latter to halt. The rebels then seized a cart laden with straw, to which they attached a long ladder. A number of men seized this ladder by rungs, and forced the cart to run rapid before them. With this cart they covered their front, smashed in the gate, and scattered the peelers, and triumphantly rushed headlong, like a flood, into the park.

The imbecility of the resistance swelled the ardor of the assailants. Scrambling crowds swarmed over the walls, which they mounted, whilst furious thousands struggled in through the gate-way, which was broken. Richard O'Byrne meantime, directed small detachments to seize the remaining outlets of the park. One of the first men who entered was Richard himself.—Those excesses, for which the infuriated insurgents were thirsting, might, he hoped, be restrained by his presence. He eagerly desired to secure the safety of Lady Ellen, and entertained perhaps, some peculiar purposes with reference to Sir George. Some of his men he directed to pursue and disarm the peelers; he then made his arrangements for the capture of the house which rose at the end of the avenue.

A man of genius cannot tolerate deliberation. As he acts from impulse, not from reasoning, he will not be pestered with the useless and frivolous debates of vain-glorious garrulity. Hence such men as the two Napoleons were or are obliged to shut up, or sweep away deliberative assemblies, which only serve to put them out, and perplex or delay, or frustrate those inspirations of genius which, when followed, lead to victory.

As O'Byrne advanced, he could easily perceive that no one intended to defend the magnificent house of Lord Powerscourt. No attendants were visible; doors and windows lay wide open. O'Byrne, nevertheless, halted his insurgents in the court, and prepared his arms, and ordered out detachments to circumscribe the house and explore the shrubberies and gardens in which covering enemies might lurk in ambush.

Meantime, no life was visible in the mansion. The silent residence seemed to be utterly forsaken, completely abandoned; but when the captured house was surrounded by a circle of shouting insurgents, two men, waving their hats appeared in the vestibule vociferously cheering for the cause of Ireland.

"That's Cleary! that's Cleary!" cried Kavanagh, whom this conversion of sour 'soupers' into generous patriots, at first perfectly confounded. "Oh, the bloody varmint! mind how he shouts; hurrah," continued Kavanagh, ironically echoing the cheer, "hurrah."

"Who is he at all?" asked a peasant from a remote district, taking up his firelock while suffering under the incipient temptation of shooting the newly-coined Irishman.

"Sure he's the lord's valet—a worse graft never was born—that's the villain that's hard to the poor—Musha, sweet bad luck to your red wig! Oh! to be sure—Hurrah," continued the mocking Kavanagh, darsively waving his hat in ironical imitation of the lord's valet. "And mind Tyler. Oh! look at Tyler! an' he as big a shoneen as ever was born! Oh! look at Tyler . . . . See the capers he cuts! . . . . Oh, mind how he bows and scrapes! . . . . Oh, by gorras, he's got a notice to quit! Arrah, Mr. Tyler, maybe it's what you'd have an objection in your pocket to put a poor man out of his cabin, this morning—eh! . . . . Oh, sweet bad luck to your yellow phiz, it's you that looks wholesome," &c.

The most obsequious of his lordship's servants, while his lordship was in power, were thus the first to throw open his house and welcome his enemies when he was fallen. Richard, sword in hand, advanced alone towards those two fellows. They received him with smiling indications of servile respect and submission.

"Your lordship is heartily welcome, my lord. . . . O'Byrne," cried Cleary, bowing to the very ground, "you will find none in this house but lovers of Ireland, my lord. The servants have run away in terror, and no one remains, except ourselves, to welcome the liberators of our country. It makes me rejoice, my lord, to see a noble shoot of the old tree in a place which was wrongfully usurped so long by tyrants and oppressors of Ireland. I know well, my lord, that Powerscourt House belongs to your lordship and your lordship's family. Command us, my lord—command us. You have only to order, and we shall obey."

"No words can convey the satisfaction and delight which we experience at seeing the illustrious offspring of the kings of Leinster appearing under the sacred banner of Ireland!" exclaimed Tyler, whose pale face assumed a forced expression of enthusiasm. "Many an honest heart, my lord, that was forced by hard necessity to eat the odious bread of the oppressor, and bend the knee under the yoke of the foreigner,

will follow with enthusiasm the consecrated banner of freedom; and I am proud and happy, my lord, to be one of these. . . . I am well aware, my lord, that my grandfather was a Catholic, and though he had the culpable weakness to forsake the true Church and marry a Protestant, still, my lord—

The orator paused in the midst of his harangue, on observing that Richard made a gesture of disgust.

"That will do, gentlemen," said Richard, a little drily. "Nationality meets friends where it never expected to find auxiliaries—friends of whom, I fear, it has little reason to be proud; but I shall judge by the nature of your answers of the sincerity of your patriotism. Where is Lord Powerscourt at present?"

The two converts to patriotism looked at each other with embarrassment.

"He has left the place, my lord," answered Cleary at last, and speaking with fear.

"You are deceiving me," said O'Byrne; "take care, gentlemen, I may find means of extracting the truth from you—terrible means, which I learned in India."

"By all that is sacred, my Lord," said Tyler, with great appearance of sincerity, "Cleary speaks the truth. His Lordship was excessively feverish and excited by the events of the last few days, and was driven by his blind rage to the most extravagant proceedings. Would that my hand had withered before I filled that fatal warrant directed against innocence and beauty!"

As Richard's forehead scowled a menace at the speaker, Tyler hastened to say:—"When messengers arrived on the heels of one another, announcing that you detained the lady, and roused the peasants, the courage of his lordship evaporated—he became the slave of fear; he had heard of your exploits in France—was aware of your influence in Ireland—dreaded what was going to occur. He ran himself to the stables, saddled in great haste, in spite of his gout, the first horse he laid hands on, and galloped through the back of the park with flowing rein, and in great perturbation, no one knows whither."

Let the old fool go—he is not worth a thought. But Sir George must be above. Ye villains! if ye tell me he is gone—

As both the converts remained perfectly silent, Richard struck the ground with his foot.—"What do you mean?" he asked, "do you hear?"

"My lord, it is not just to blame poor servants like us for an occurrence which we could not possibly prevent," stammered Tyler, in a tremor. "Sir George ran away as hurriedly as my hand and almost as soon."

A terrible malediction escaped from the lips of O'Byrne; and at the same time a cry like that of a hyena was uttered behind him. This roar of disappointed revenge was uttered by the young schoolmaster. But O'Byrne was exclusively occupied with his own feelings, and took no heed of the sentiments of others. Resuming his threatening tone, he exclaimed, "You lie, you scoundrel; you want to save him from my fury, because you know he has wronged me. It would be impossible for a man lying sick in bed to rise and run away—an officer in the British army—a man of honor is not base enough!"

"Nevertheless, I assure you, my lord, he has fled," said Cleary, with every appearance of sincere truth. "Sir George bounced out of his bed, at the first news of the rebellion, with wonderful agility; and with his person half naked, and his face covered with bandages, he trampled precipitately down stairs. He spoke a few words to my lord, whom he met at the stable door;—without waiting for a saddle he jumped upon a horse, and galloped away as fast as he could. Sir George is, you know, an excellent horseman;—it is devil catch the hindmost with the pair."

O'Byrne remained mute for a moment. "What has become of lady Ellen?" he said at last, "she has doubtless followed her kinsman?"

Cleary looked at Richard with a knowing grin.

"By dad, that's true," said he, with a laugh, "all forgot Miss Ellen—father, kinsman, and all. As well as I remember, she went to the park a little before the news arrived that you were coming to storm the house with the papists. They only thought of themselves in their terror and bewilderment, and never even enquired for poor lady Ellen. Well, my lord, you have a hostage in her that's not to be despised, should fortune ever become unfavorable to our party—you can—avenge yourself, as the saying is."

Richard cast a glance of scorn at the rascal that made him recoil in terror. Cleary's failure did not deter Tyler.

"My lord," said the clerk, in a low tone of confidence, "all your enemies have not quitted this house. The minister, Bruce, the Justice of the Peace, who signed the warrant, is hidden in the toilet chamber. You may catch him like a rabbit by the ears. The odious turn-out, McDonough, who was so tyrannical to the poor Catholics, is likewise in the house. It would be very easy to seize him, as he can neither stir hand nor foot."

Richard was about to express the fierce loathing with which their turpitude inspired him, when he heard a terrible noise in the interior. A band of insurgents had penetrated at the rear, and were roaring from chamber to chamber—their hurrahs of victory ringing through the deserted edifice. The band that lay before the house, deeming it unfair that these intruders should have the whole interior to themselves, closed up to the hall door, with the view of entering and sharing the pillage; and this, in spite of Richard's commands. The loud fracture of furniture, the crash of broken mirrors, and the smashing of china and delf rang through the palace, and informed the pale ears of O'Byrne that the work of destruction had begun.

"I must go in myself and stop these freebooters," said O'Byrne. "But first—"

The mention of her name made the schoolmaster tremble; he silently bowed his head. "Take a few men, and look for lady Ellen; she must be somewhere in the park—lose no time. This servant," he continued, pointing to Cleary, "will act as your guide. If he wishes to escape punishment, he will prove faithful. You will protect lady Ellen from every species of offence, and if any one has dared to offer her an insult of a serious character you will kill him on the spot. Do you understand—Blow his brains out; I give you authority."

The firm tone in which O'Byrne pronounced these words raised the hair on the head of Tyler and Cleary.

"Where am I to bring the lady?"

"On that subject you must consult herself. You will lead her to the place of refuge she selects. Obey her orders."

Richard plunged into the house while the schoolmaster, accompanied by a few men, proceeded in search of lady Ellen. Richard arrested the "architects of ruin" without difficulty. His presence served to awe the most avaricious and ferocious. He found it impossible, however, to preserve a rich collection of ancient and modern arms which glittered in a superior gallery. He could not resist the entreaties of the unarmed peasants who were ready to meet English muskets with Irish shilleghs. Accordingly the damasked fowling-pieces of Sir George, and the two-handed swords of his ancestors, the matchlocks of the age of Elizabeth, the axes of the time of Boadicea, and the leaf-shaped swords of the Irish were hastily divided among the rebels. Nothing came amiss. Here a peasant might be seen flourishing a tomahawk of the American Red-skins, and there, another alternately brandishing and gapping at a Malay creese. When the arms were shared out, Richard cleared the house of its motley visitors, and placed sentries at the doors with severe instructions. On the other hand, he caused all the provisions in the house to be lavishly distributed amongst the people; and the domestics, who now crept out of the dark burrows in which they had buried their precious persons, might be seen busily sharing and serving meat and drink among their unwelcome visitors. The lawn, covered with gossiping groups, cracking jokes as they lay upon the grass, quaffing ale and eating beef, suggested the idea of a joyous festival, not a grim picture of civil war. Rigorous orders were issued by O'Byrne that no whiskey should be served to the people whose terrible intoxication had often produced disastrous consequences; and owing to the sagacity of his measures, and the vigilance of his subalterns, not a single peasant got drunk in Powerscourt House on the memorable occasion.

Richard entered the house and seated himself in Lord Powerscourt's study, where he wrote to the other chiefs to apprise them of what had been accomplished. Having performed this task, and sealed the letters with a peculiar seal, he descended into the lawn to accelerate their departure. He found the gardens, park, and avenues swarming with a prodigious crowd of people. Women and children had come flocking to see their sons, fathers, or husbands, and formed here and there animated groups. Some of these new-comers were eating and drinking at his lordship's expense in the court, which had been converted into a banquetting hall. Some were going and coming under the flowery shadows of the majestic trees that beautified the park, greatly astonished, like the Doge of Venice, to see themselves in such a paradise. Here a line of men were going through the pike exercise, and there a knot or group were tumultuously discussing the plan of the campaign. Hope and ardor seemed to animate all this multitude. The defeat of a handful of policemen, the flight or silence of the paralysed magistrates, and the capture of Lord Powerscourt's house were regarded as great victories. The very men who, in the morning, saw nothing but disasters, court-martials, and loaded gibbets, now saw the English flying for ever out of Ireland, and hailed that green flag with shouts of transport which Jack Gunn hoisted on the base of a broken statue.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL, HIS FIRST LECTURE IN AMERICA.

(From the New York Irish American.)

As might have been anticipated, the announcement that the Rev. Dr. Cahill would lecture at the Academy of Music on Sunday last, the 18th inst., in behalf of the Sisters of Mercy, drew together an immense audience. The doors were opened a little after six o'clock, and before seven the immense building was crammed to its utmost capacity with a brilliant audience, pervaded by the most enthusiastic desire to welcome and listen to the great Irish lecturer. From the foot-lights to the ceiling was one dense mass of human beings packed so closely that, as the eloquent Doctor himself remarked, they could scarcely breathe, and motion of the slightest kind was utterly impossible. Even the spacious stage was crowded to the back wall; the passages and doorways did not afford standing room for half those who were unfortunate enough to be among the late arrivals, and at least a thousand people must have gone away hopeless of gaining admission at all.

Among those who occupied seats on the front of the stage, immediately in the rear of the lecturer's desk, were his Grace, Archbishop Hughes, Rt. Rev. Dr. Bailey, Rt. Rev. Dr. Laughlin, Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, Archbishop McCarroll, and most of the Catholic clergy of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey.

The appearance of Dr. Cahill was the signal for a tremendous outburst of cheering which lasted several minutes, the audience appearing to be nearly frantic with delight, while hats, hands and handkerchiefs were waved from every part of the house. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, Archbishop Hughes came forward and was most warmly received. He said it was his privilege and his pleasure to have been designated as fit to introduce the eminent gentleman who had lately landed on our shores, the Rev. Dr. Cahill [cheers]. Of the distinguished character of the reverend gentleman he need not inform them; he was known throughout the world, wherever science was valued. Dr. Cahill had come to this country—he would not say he had come to a strange country, because a large portion of his countrymen were here—and he had not come among strangers, for he had come in the large and enlightened spirit of science to diffuse that knowledge among us that we might stand on a higher scale of intellectuality. The Catholic Church never had been against science, no matter who said

to the contrary, and whenever science came to them, at all it came to them with the greater pleasure from one who had the faith as well as the science. He would only add that Dr. Cahill, in the benevolence of his heart and the spirit of charity which was characteristic of him, and in a manner nobly worthy of his pursuit, had spontaneously offered to lecture for the benefit of a charity which was dear to them all. The remarks of his Grace were responded to by the audience with renewed enthusiasm.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill on rising to address the audience, was again greeted with a warmth which appeared to affect him deeply. His commanding figure and fine presence as such would at once rivet the attention of any auditory, however cold or hostile. His enunciation is clear and distinct, making every word audible without apparent effort on the part of the speaker; while his voice has that mellow softness and volume peculiar to the Irish tongue, and pleasing above all else to the Irish ear. All these circumstances are only, as it were, auxiliaries of the refined oratory and clear logical reasoning of the learned lecturer, who, in these particulars, has probably no living superior. The effect of the entire conjunction upon an audience so impressive and so favorably disposed as that which filled the Academy of Music on Sunday night may be imagined but cannot be portrayed in words.

Dr. Cahill commenced his address by saying:—"I derive no other reward for coming to America than the high compliment which I have just received from his Grace, my time indeed is very well spent. I have never in my life received from such lips a compliment which makes me feel more happy. And first, your Grace, I beg to offer you my personal acknowledgments for your kind words, which I shall never forget as long as I live. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am at liberty to speak to you. I protest, in all sincerity, that I have never witnessed such a scene before [loud applause]—though I have been engaged in a great number of cities in my own country, lecturing in the various theatres of London by the consent and approbation, and I may say, by the urgent request of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman [applause]. If I were a great deal younger than I am, my feelings would be overpowered with what I see before me. The Archbishop, however, has relieved me of a good deal, for he has convinced me of what I before suspected, that I am not in a foreign country at all, but in Ireland (tremendous cheering and applause). I am not in New York, I am in Dublin (applause). I am not in a strange place, but at home. I shall never cease to be grateful to you for the distinction you have conferred upon me this evening, and I now pledge myself to labor during the short time I shall be amongst you, by every effort in my power, to merit some small portion of this great public demonstration which you have given me [loud applause]. The Archbishop has kindly alluded to my services in the cause of charity. I had been here but a very few days when the Sisters of Mercy learned that I would be prepared to deliver a lecture, and I at once said I would. But the question was, what sort of a lecture I should give, and as it was to be given on Sunday night, I thought it would not be decorous to deliver a lecture on natural philosophy. Therefore, considering the purity of the Sisters, and the professional sanctity of their institution, and also, remembering the sanctity of the day, I resolved to deliver a lecture upon religion, so constructed and so arranged, that as I should be surrounded by various denominations, not a word should escape that would not, as I hope, be most interesting to all classes of religionists of this vast metropolis [loud applause]. I selected my subject; and, though I know you can cheer me very well, I call upon you to give me your breathless attention while I lecture. The subject is, 'The inefficiency of Human Reason to acquire Christian Faith.' No doubt human reason is very efficient in its own small territory, but yet it is limited in the vast universality of things with which we are surrounded. In reference to the body and soul reason is very limited. I can do some smart things upon this earth, but beyond it I can do scarcely anything. It is tolerably efficient in the territory where we all now live, but beyond the grave it is almost all darkness to human reason. Whatever knowledge we do receive from that country, must be communicated by an imperial ruler himself, or through the favored mortals whom he instructs in his cause. But, reason can do some things in this world. All the arts are indebted to it; all the social and liberal arts claim it as their author. It can chain the lightning of the skies, draw treasures from the ocean. The poet lifts his ethereal finger in the divine creations, and we admire the efforts of his reason. The orator, with floods of eloquence, moves thousands as the breeze moves cornfields, or the tempest shakes the forest. The painter may make the canvas speak, the sculptor may make the marble breathe, and the man of science can take his lie, which you think a short one, and send it above the skies from planet to planet unimpeded. When the hurricane makes the mountain nod, when the lightnings flash, and the ocean is lashed into fury, and the skies are darkened in terror, reason constructs its little boat and rides high upon the sullen flood, and looks smilingly at the terrors of the sea in triumphant security. No doubt painting, poetry, and the finger of the musician, can touch chords that bring forth melody and harmony which melt the soul itself. Then we are anxious to draw a picture of human reason which will give it its due meed of praise in the limited domain in which it lives. Reason cannot go further than in the arts, and poetry, painting, and sculpture. Men who know all that, think probably, because they can make iron they can make religion; because silk can be woven, that new dogmas can be added or subtracted from the truth. Here is where reason goes beyond its domain. Even in this world, reason is rather limited in its power. I take a handful of clay, and I ask educated reason—how is it that the elephant's tooth comes from that? how is it that wool upon the sheep's back—that silk—are all productions of that clay—even the breath of the rose. Reason is silent even in its own domain upon such a subject. I ask, will you account to me why the crust of the earth in some places is three miles thick, and in others, nine miles. The king and the peasant, the philosopher and the poor ignorant man, all eat, drink, and are supported by that which is manufactured from the earth under our feet. So, while we give human reason its praise, and have seen its power, we, at the same time, can mark its weakness. But, if I ask reason what has this earth come from, these are questions which belong to the same authority to answer. Is the earth as old as God? No. Then, it is created? Yes. What did it come from? from out of God's person. No. Spirit cannot produce matter. The unorganized spirit cannot be the product of the living God. Not from him? No. It is not as old as He. If it were so, it would be one of his attributes. What did it come from? From nothing. So that human reason, in the human body, has only to stamp on the earth to have that reason levelled into its first existence. This fact appears not only above logic, but, at the first blush, contrary to logic. How can something come from nothing? how can premises of nothing produce a conclusion of something? Thus you will see, that human reason is a most dangerous faculty, while most valuable; that it has a limited scope, and it is exceedingly foolish and perfect insanity to employ it in any country where it has no light from the effect of which it can be raised above the capacity of itself.

When the philosopher reflects upon the fact that the earth is revolving under his feet, and himself with it, if he reason judiciously and logically he would be obliged to say, I have only to look at myself or a grain of sand beneath my feet, to say that my reason, even in this instance, is demolished, and levelled in the dust. But the moment reason approaches to God the Father and leaves this earth, it becomes perfectly silent. How can it know a being that had no beginning and can have no end? Let fancy begin now to travel towards the beginning of his being, at the rate of even sextillions of miles every second, and for sextillions of years, and when it approaches that long journey, as it contemplates its progress, it finds that it has not travelled one inch beyond the line of God's creation. How can reason therefore presume to enter into this country, or to know anything at all except what is communicated to it? Then I ask reason, is God a spirit? Yes. Existing everywhere? Of course. Can he be divided? No. That cannot be. Such a thing as half or a tenth of a God is an idea monstrous. Then he is whole and entire in every part? Certainly. And then we begin to learn as we approach him, that whatever we learn about him must be communicated, though we do not even understand but believe it when we hear it. Upon general principles, is not reason finite, and is not God infinite? How can the finite embrace the infinite? How can the limited take in the unlimited? How can the part contain the whole? It is impossible. An individual says to me, I will believe nothing that I cannot understand. Have you no faith? Certainly none. You are guided solely by human reason? Yes sir. And believe nothing but what you can understand? Yes, sir. Therefore you have left out God. Therefore your system can no more save you than Euclid's Geometry or Blackstone's Commentaries. (Applause.) If you leave everything supernatural out of it, it is proving a new system. The greatest scholar, the most distinguished philosopher, of all other men, the most likely to go astray by looking for God through his reason, for he looks for him where he cannot be found; and the farther he pursues in that direction the further he goes astray. Therefore the great scholar is the most dangerous man in the world. Such a man will drop into the depths of doubt and infidelity, while the poor servant boy or girl walks securely beneath the glory of revelation.

As we pass on this subject two propositions present themselves. The moment we approach toward Christianity, leaving these abstract questions, then the difficulty becomes more and more enlarged. If I ask human reason what is original sin, the answer is, I do not know I am sure. Do you think man committed an original fault against the supreme Ruler? I cannot say. Well I will give you a little information. We will look at the mineral kingdom. Give me any mineral:—If I know its specific gravity, its hardness, cleave it, know its medicinal qualities, I have not to go over millions of specimens, for, knowing that, I know the whole. So if I know the geographical character of a plant, its parentage, the curvature of its leaves, I know it will be the same a thousand years hence. I go into the animal kingdom and I find that among the seven hundred families of fish each family follows its instincts. They are taught by the invisible hand of their Maker, who has written their constitutional character, and they all follow literally the original instinctive law. But, man, I find is never twenty-four hours in the same way. He has reason. Man kills his father, presents the dagger to the breast of his nearest friend, commits suicide: God never made him that way. He brought that upon himself. He must have committed some great original fault which has caused him to be banished from his father. Who knows when he committed the crime? Can human reason tell that, or what the crime was? No. But I have learned a long time ago, from the old book of Revelation, that the crime under which this unfortunate being staggers in the world, was that of eating an apple, contrary to the command of his Master the Ruler God. Reason asks if eating an apple was such a crime as to be punished with so large a punishment. Yes decidedly. God cannot allow man to live a moment in a state of irresponsibility. He must give him a command that there might be merit in his use of liberty. If human reason smiles. I say to human reason what command would you have given Adam? One more important than that. Will you tell me what it is? I am the Lord thy God? He knew that every day. Do not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain? Of course he would not. You might as well tell a child fourteen years of age not to kill his father. Keep holy the Sabbath day? Every day was the Sabbath day. Honor thy Father and thy Mother? He hadn't any. Thou shalt not kill?—There was nobody to kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery? Woman was not created. Thou shalt not steal? He owned the whole world to himself. Do not bear false witness against thy neighbour? He was the only man in the world himself, and had no neighbour. Do not covet thy neighbour's wife. He had neither neighbour nor wife. Thus you see how foolish is reason, and therefore God gave to Adam the only command he could. It would have been scandalous if he had given some of the commands that I have alluded to. It is remarkable that the command which was given referred to tasting; his palate was a command for fasting; and Adam, when he broke the command, broke the ten commandments. He did all that a man could do against a Ruler, a subject against a legislator. He committed rebellion, doing all that he could do then. How could reason tell that? Does it even comprehend the question how he was to restore himself? No. Sin itself can never produce sanctity. Darkness can never produce light, death can never produce life. Adam could not be restored except by a third person. What kind of a person? A person who could make compensation. For what? For the mortal crime that he had committed. And what is a mortal crime? A crime levelled against the infinite majesty of God. Therefore anything against infinite majesty can only be atoned for by the infinite. The foundations are laid for the Son of God to exhibit the omnipotence and infinity of his mercy. He went before the throne of his Father, saying, fallen man can never work himself into your favor. You must have infinite compensation, and I stand before your throne in the flesh and blood and bones of the guilty man. I am able to pay the debt. I am determined to do it. Therefore, bring forth the vial of thine omnipotent anger and pour it on my head. How could reason know anything of that? Reason could not learn of such a fact. It is beyond its power. It is too limited. The very thing I am speaking about is illimitable. Man is too small a creature to attempt to appear in the presence of God, and his soul covered with chains of crime. How can we know what He knows, or understand what He does not reveal. Reason being exceedingly weak and limited in its own domain, it is foolish, demented and insane when it per se makes the attempt to form a religion for its own salvation. Therefore, as I advance in my programme from point to point, we shall learn the whole character, I hope, of this thing called human reason.

I assure you this human reason, under the circumstances described, is much more extensively employed than you are aware of; but as we come closer to Christianity its incompetency becomes more and more apparent. When we come to look and see what is to protect man against the difficulties which I have just now described, we will find that nothing will protect him but faith. What is faith? When our Lord executed the compact between himself and the Father to redeem us from perdition, he addressed all men saying—I can now save you, and I am willing; but if I save you it must be on these two conditions—that you are to believe what I tell you, and that you will practice what I command. I save your whole being; of course I demand the allegiance of your whole being in return. If you are wanting in faith or practice, you are then in a position as if I never came, as if I had never disarmed my Father's anger, as if I never unbolted heaven. For I will make a compact with my Father, that I will always call upon him to grant me what I want for the world, and if you call upon me I will ask him for it, and he will give it. The conditions of your salvation are faith in me, and practice in accordance with your faith. I want to identify your intellect with mine. The Father will not sit at the table with the Son if they quarrel about their various positions. Our heavenly Father cannot put me with himself on His throne if my intellect is not identified with his and I therefore, call upon you as the first condition of my saving power in your behalf, that I shall have

you whole being, and I demand it by theories of the world, covered by a set of truths which shall be true for you. Therefore, I put upon you certain commitments, and demand that while your intellect belongs to me, and is impregnated by mine, that you shall at the same time practice such principles as will prove to the world, that you belong to my Father.

This faith, that the Son of God became a man, was made flesh, how can human reason know that? The death of the Son of God—how could reason know the Son of God died by the hands of those he loved best? Man? Yes. They called him a malefactor, tried him as a blasphemer, put him to death as an insurrectionist. (Tried by human reason.) Never ask me what is human reason after that.—That act stamps its character forever.

The resurrection from the dead of Christ, the resurrection of the God-man from the tomb in the twinkling of an eye, the immortality of the soul to share in the world to come eternal bliss? Who can do that? Can reason tell you facts like those I have just submitted to you? But salvation is on the right, perdition on the left—what more? On the 25th of December I shall suppose that I am with Reason at the crib where the Saviour was born—the God-man—I believe it. Reason says that is a contradiction. How could God be a creature. He is; and I will give you authority you cannot dispute. I said God-man, I believe it. That is a contradiction—it looks like it. But look. Infinite riches is there poverty. Infinite majesty is there a slave. And more than all, immortality is there. But while faith and reason are thus discussing the plain facts, an army of angels spread their wings over Bethlehem, saying, it is He. I turn to reason. I do not know how it is any more than you do; but I know it is so. I believe it. How can I resist the testimony upon my head. But I say to reason, why are you governed by your eye in this case?—Why do you reject the authority of the ear? I take the ear. Paul says that faith comes by hearing. I look up to the skies and I hear the whole host of heaven sing, it is He. And there is the whole of our authority, the whole truth of Christianity, in a nutshell;—believing facts which we cannot comprehend upon testimony which we cannot deny [applause].

This, therefore, is what is called revelation. A communication made to us on earth of things which we cannot understand, but coming from authority which cannot be denied. That and the commandments are the two conditions of the salvation of man by the cross of Christ. And this revelation cannot be changed; never. The laws of natural philosophy have never changed. The heavenly bodies never go wrong in their glorious paths; the tides never come later than they should. The world that we live in is as good as it could be made from the materials from which it is made. But let the world be Republican or Monarchical, or have what institutions it thinks proper, the laws of nature are the same. I should expect that when Christ gave us legislation it would be at least as good as that; that it could not change, and that it would be always the same. If I were to speak never so long, I could not say as much as Paul in the different parts of his works which we continuously meet, in which he alludes to the fact that we are all brethren, from the same parent, the same stamp of countenance, the same class of feelings, the same hopes of reward in eternity. Surely we ought to have but one doctrine. The same father ought to publish the same kind of law. How did Paul express it? He was a scholar and knew how to write. He looked through all the universality of his acquired knowledge. He examined the very depths of his inspired knowledge, and he could get nothing better to compare it to than God himself. And what does he say—"One Lord, one Faith and one Baptism" [loud applause.] There is nothing in the world to compare this faith to in oneness except God himself. He is the same yesterday, to-day, to-morrow the same God, unchangeable—no contradiction in the attributes of God, no contradiction in the principles of faith, above all governments, faith like God, holy like God, existing and not depressing the human intellect, as God's grace. Did you ever see anything so beautiful as those words, "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."—But Paul's logic is this, "one Lord, one Faith" not two Lords and two faiths. It is just as absurd to maintain the existence of two Gods as the existence of two conflicting faiths. You will never forget that. Now, I want to conclude that point and ask you where you get that. I should like to be very logical with you; and I say that as you got it not get it out of your own head you must have got it somewhere else. If it is not natural it must be supernatural, as it leads to heaven to see and enjoy God our Father, and embrace Christ our brother, it must be a gift of Christ—he will always give it to mortal man that asks it. But he will not give it to a man who is persevering in mortal sin, for did he do so, he would be countenancing iniquity. He will give it to mortal man who asks it as the gratuitous gift of his own hand. That is the way to get faith.

Without advancing on the subject, it is clearly a thing which is not within the gift of human reason, and can only be got from a supernatural source, from Christ himself. You, therefore, must have concluded long before this that faith and good works are two conditions without which man cannot be saved. The two enemies of Christianity then, are the men who follow human reason—what we call modern philosophers, who reason against revelation—and the wicked men who practice against the commandments. You read the pamphlets of the philosophers, and you glean from them that which raises his judgment and his puny intellect to knock down revelation. Of course all he wants is to throw it all down, and strangle you; and the wicked man overturns the commandments. Would you not think a supreme ruler, knowing everything, ought to meet this case. I expect he will. I expect that my Father will place some land-mark before his erring children, that they may not be carried away by these disastrous principles. He has done so. He has given us the most exquisite programme, the most finished piece of legislation that ever mortal eye beheld, no one, by any possibility, being able to understand it, except it comes from the Divine imperial lips [applause]. Yes, the whole volume of the New Law is nothing more than a draft to carry out these two principles, and keep reason within its proper boundary; and a most magnificent boundary it has got; but no one is more determined than I am to resist it from passing one inch beyond. It reduces the human intellect to its proper position, and then sanctifies the human heart. If it steps beyond, human reason is annihilated in the first page of the Bible, and if it is not able to read the first page, how can it read the second? If it cannot read the alphabet, how can it read the whole work?—Intellect is annihilated even in nature. What next? To purify the human heart, forty days were passed in fasting. Forty days an immense space in the life on earth of the Saviour. Christ lived on earth thirty-three years, and only three years of that time were passed in preaching. Before he began his mission, the turrets of which were built upon a foundation sunk into the earth by thirty years of humility, he spent forty days in fasting. A miracle! For himself? No for us; telling us how to subdue the passions of others by beginning to subdue our own. After he had given to you the generous and imperishable example to purify yourself, he became transfigured—for what? For the poor. Every body knows what a precious part of his flock is the poor man. The rich man too, he loves. The rich man can employ his means and education and influence for the purpose of furthering the interests of religion, as the cherished friend of Christ; but the poor man walks poorly clad on the thorny paths of poverty and mortification, amid the scorn of society. But he is dressed in Christ's own livery—walks in His path, speaks his language,—the noble poor man,—and ultimately reaches the heights of immortal glory. What next? Every moment the Son of God was performing His miracles, curing the blind and the

lame, restoring the dead to life, none ever asked His aid that it was not given. We have not an instance recorded where He was called upon to give relief to the poor man that He did not do it. And when the populace desired to stone the adulterers; He said to them, Let them who is without sin cast the first stone. Hypocrites they were. He looked into their hearts and saw their wickedness; and he said unto the woman, Woman, is there none who will accuse thee? then neither will I. Was there ever such a phrase of mercy, giving hope to the sinner, and teaching you to subdue the passions of the human heart? And when he came to his death he made his will. And what for purpose? What did he leave to us, to his followers throughout all time? Kingdoms, empires? No such things; these are all to finite, too limited to be worthy of the majesty of him who created all things; besides, has He not said His kingdom was not of this world. What was it then? He left us something of infinite value, for he left us Himself for ever, until his Father stops the pendulum of time in its motion. And He says: "Do this in commemoration of me." It is not a thing to be thought of, nor a thing to reflection. It is not a thing of meditation. It is an axiom—a fact. And when I see a priest performing the duties of his office, I try to relieve my heart to know if there is any thing in the world like it. In my own puny estimation, I say I have got some illustration. A little child of four years of age, with a spark upon the palm of his hand: weak and powerless himself, he proceeds to throw that spark upon a magazine of powder, and in an instant he awakens a power stronger than himself, and beyond his own control. When the priest goes to do what he is commanded to do, when he opens his lips, I know there is a spark upon his tongue, that the moment he pronounces the sacred words he calls Christ from heaven to stand upon our altars, between man's crimes and omnipotent vengeance. (Loud applause.)

Did he do anything more? By the judgment of human reason, He was crucified on Calvary, between two thieves. When they laid Him upon the cross, on that awful day, and began to tie his sacred body with ropes, the holy host of heaven stood before God the Father in amazement. But when the stroke of the hammer was heard in heaven, and they began to drive the nails into His hands, the whole court of heaven went in agony, and in His own words, they said, "If it be possible, let this bitter chalice pass from me." "No," said God. Then took place that mystery—no, those millions of mysteries concentrated and combined in one great mystery, the Son of God suffering for a lost world, crucified by the men whom He had come to save. But hardly had He expired when the earth began to reel in convulsion—graves were opened, the heavens wept, the sun grew dark, and for three hours all creation mourned over His death, showing for all coming time that nothing but the death of the Son of God could cause such a terror throughout the whole kingdom of God. And what next? The resurrection. Who ever rose before? We have heard of it, we have read of it, but we saw Him. Revelation teaches that, in accordance with His compact, He ascended before His apostles into the skies, and was seen by them until the clouds obscured Him from their sight. Our resurrection shall be the same. Like the sluggish vapor that rises from the deep, and floats higher and higher, until at length it soars in gilded majesty, so the soul when called from the grave, rises from the tomb and soars aloft into glory, into the regions of eternal bliss. (Loud applause.) And when he has entered the Divine presence, he takes a position higher than any spirit which the Father has created; for the cherubim and seraphim are but mere creatures, while the saved soul is marked with the blood of Christ, one drop of which is infinitely more precious than the whole host of heaven. But reason again asks, what guarantee have I that all this will continue, that the Omnipotent Ruler will not change His mind and undo all that He has done. I know that but a few years ago there was nothing of all that exists, that the earth and the heavens, and all they contain, were called out of nothing by the word of God. How do I know that He may not, in the same way, at any moment, destroy all this, and, at a single stroke, annihilate the glorious picture He has created? Ah, there is Christ, our brother, clothed in our very flesh and blood, seated at the right hand of His Father, in His place—our place—which He has purchased for all eternity by His blood. Christ is our brother, and we approach Him and lean on His bosom, for has he not redeemed us? For whom did Christ do all this? The Jewish nation? Surely any of these facts ought to have converted the whole nation. Now we come to test human reason. Instead of calling Him the Lord of the Universe, they denounced him as Beelzebub, the prince of devils. There is human reason! Though they saw him perform all these miracles, they tried him as a malefactor, and found Him guilty of blasphemy. Human reason will you ever again go out of your boundary? Will you follow reason and crucify Christ, or will you follow faith and adore Him? Have I not my facts? Am I dealing with theories? And who tried Him? Pontius Pilate, a man educated in the school of Rome, under Tiberius, the most powerful monarch the world ever saw. He had come over with all the Roman literature fully understood by him, than which eighteen centuries has produced nothing better in style, and which is now the model of perfection in our colleges, like stars shining brilliantly as they did eighteen centuries ago. Pontius Pilate questioned him; he saw his lips move, yet, tho' a Roman Governor, guided by the light of human reason, he could not know Christ. But the blind beggar knew him, who did not see him at all. Jesus of Nazareth, said he, have mercy upon me. O throw me in his way, said he, that I may speak to him. Reason could not know the Saviour, faith did. And Caiaphas, who prosecuted him, was the High Priest of the Jews, a man learned in the Scriptures, and one of those whom Christ denounced as a generation of serpents, hypocrites, as like whited sepulchres full of rottenness and putrefaction within. Caiaphas examined Him; and asked him the question "Are you Christ?" He said, "I am." He looked at Him, but in place of being converted, he tore His garments, and gave Him over to be crucified. Mary Magdalene, the penitent sinner, recognised Him, and He forgave her on the spot; but the impenitent criminal had not faith.

And has He not given us any plan by which we may escape these two difficulties? He has given us the most splendid legislation that ever came from His own tongue. He said to the Apostles, as my Father sent me, so do I send you; with the same mediatorial power that I have executed the great work, the same power I give to you; and He commanded them to go unto all the world and preach the gospel, that they had all the knowledge which was necessary to teach all the nations; and He commanded that so long as there was a single creature, one nation to be taught, they should never be silent; and to show the value that I set upon your teaching, preach that he who believes and is baptised shall be saved, and he who believeth not shall be damned.—I attach to the denial of those two words eternal perdition. Here was important matter to be taught; and it must be evident that their mission was one of great importance. He said to them, for fear you may think that you have not all the knowledge necessary for you, I will send the Holy Ghost to you, who will bring to your recollection all the things I have told you. And you have all the aid, to the commemoration of the work of my authority, my mediatorial knowledge and power; my Father and myself and the Holy Ghost will be with you, and perdition can never prevail against you (loud applause.) Did you ever hear such legislation as that? completely cutting the ground from under human reason. A man possessing all the virtues of good citizenship, kindness, charity; a man who never harbored a wrong thought, who never injured, or wished to injure his neighbor,—whose conscience is as clear as the mid-day sun, or as the most cloudless

sky, on which nought is visible save the indelible word G-O-D, God,—this man, destitute of Christian faith, but confiding in the powers of human, finite reason, asks me if he have not faith, cannot he be saved on the grounds of his obedience to natural, moral law? If he have not faith, will he be lost? I dare not answer that he cannot be saved, for Omnipotence, nothing is impossible. But I dare affirm, I dare assert that, without faith, he will be lost. Christ says distinctly, I gave you certain conditions, on which you should base your hopes of salvation.—If you are outside of those conditions, if you disregard them, you defy me, you distrust me, you despise me, you are lost!

This is the legislation of the God-man, who shed his blood on the cross of Calvary, for the redemption of sinful human nature. According to this legislation, on which I put my hand (touching a copy of the Scriptures,) and my view of this law, as an authorized barrister in this court—one of the legitimately appointed interpreters of this law—your moral purity, but unbelieving, man is not a Christian, but a pagan,—is not a follower of Christ, but a disciple of Plato, and is therefore not more perfect, nor more sure of heaven than the Roman Governor or the Jewish High Priest, who, in all the pride of richly cultivated intellect, all the acidity of finite reason,—without the sublime virtue of humility, or the heavenly grace of implicit faith,—denied the divinity of Christ, and condemned to death. The Redeemer has declared: "He who believeth not shall be damned." Supposing your moral, but unbelieving man, on the day of judgment, at the gate of heaven, meets his Creator,—suppose, in His infinite mercy, God is inclined to admit his soul to the mansions of eternal bliss,—what do you imagine will be the decision of a crucified Saviour in the case of a man who led an innocent, harmless life, but who doubted the divine mission and the divine law of the Redeemer on earth? Why, he would say to God: I am your equal in heaven, equal in divinity, in power, and in majesty, to you, I am, as much as you are, Lord of all created things. I shed my blood on the cross of Calvary for this man's redemption, and affixed to the compact certain conditions, to which he should voluntarily submit, to have any share in the atonement. This man could not, with his finite, weak intellect, comprehend this; he therefore denied my power, discredited my origin, and disbelieved in my mission among the children of men; he refused to obey my law, because he could not understand it; and, falling back upon his invincible ignorance, claims the benefit of that which he distrusted and despised. I cannot, therefore, grant him salvation, because such mercy would belie my divinity, ignore my authority, degrade my power before all my imperial court; I cannot permit my creature to make me a liar; I cannot allow him to deny me on earth, and to enjoy the bliss of my company in heaven.—You are God with me in unity of divinity, in unity of authority, and unity of decision. I told this man on earth "He who believeth not shall be damned." He did not trust me; he refused to believe me; he depended on his reason, not on his Creator, not on his Redeemer. To the kingdom of heaven he forfeited all claim. My presence he can never enjoy. I led him to his redemption. He refused to accept it.—Let him abide by the decision of his poor, blind reason. He can never obtain that which is the promised reward of Christian faith.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LORD PLUNKET'S DOINGS IN PARTY.

TO THE CATHOLIC MOBILITY, GENTRY AND PEOPLE OF IRELAND. Mount-Partry, 21st Nov., 1859. Fellow-Catholics—There is hardly one amongst you who is not already in possession of the main features of my harrowing case—of the main grounds on which I rest my appeal to your Catholic feeling and Catholic sympathy. A Bishop of that monster Establishment, which lives on the plunder of the olden Catholic charities of your ancestry, and on a species of black-mail levied on yourselves, not content with his share of both, would also fain have the very souls of our helpless Catholic poor. While millions of these were dying of starvation, he was enabled to come into landed property in your country; and no sooner did an All-seeing Providence permit him to exercise the power of landlord than he forthwith began to wield all its fearful instruments to proselytise those souls that Providence had placed in his grasp.—About the aged he cared not. Oh, no! Like his own, their day was not to be very long, nor would it be an easy task even for his power to crowsbar them into perversion. But the children—the little innocents—those tender, pliant twigs—these at once did he set about securing, and with them their indefinite posterity. Schools were erected—pervert teachers procured—Bible-readers sought for from every quarter—and, above all, the amiable daughters of his lordship commenced that pious crusade against the faith of his tenantry's children the details of which would shock the heart of a Pagan parent.—In season and out of season would the motley gang of persons, "readers," bullfies, and accomplished ladies be seen going the rounds of houses, to make sure of the unsuspecting innocents. "A bimble" of serena. Yes, yes—from the very age of two or three the little ones should be forthcoming, to swell the lists and outlets together. Mothers would have to carry the little things in their very arms, while the scolding tears would their path to the odious schools—doors would be forced in—the same houses would be visited five times the same day. There was the person with a tract in his hand condemning every Papist soul to perdition;—the young ladies with the "authorised version," to show that the Pope was Antichrist and Rome Babylon; and, finally, the bailiff at their heels to clinch the question by three words—"Notice to Quit!" In vain every argument from the first two sources—Papist bravos were too thick for their cogency. But the third was found to act with grand effect on the Papist spirit. It was applied to one townland—Drinbeggy—stripped though it was. For six months it had no effect. The process was on the point of being served. The village met in solemn deliberation—the question was put, "should the homesteads be saved by sacrificing the children?"—and though conscience and religion answered "No," fear and poor nature cried out "Yes," and next day the school was full, and next day the notice and process fell to the ground.

Six months ago was the "notice" served, a few days ago possession demanded, and in a few days more is the process of ejectment to be flung in amongst us for the one crime of our loving our faith—of parents loving their children. Again, and again, Men of Ireland! will you allow it? Would any nation, any people on God's earth, allow such outrageous proceedings?—Nay, would it be dared in any other land but our own—hundreds and hundreds of God's purchased creatures to be flung adrift on the world—consigned to misery and death for the one crime of not offending HIM! Hear it France—gallant, glorious France; hear it Europe; hear it America—Australia; hear it every soil where a Catholic heart beats—a Protestant Bishop dures, in Catholic Ireland, to press sentence of death on hundreds of your Catholic brethren for their not offending God and damning their souls. Catholics of Ireland! I appeal to you in the name of humanity—in the name of religion—in the name of God—step forward at once—fling a shield over the fellow-members of our mystic body, and save your country from the ignominy in which it would be plunged by the enemy of your creed and people.—I have the honor to be, &c., PATRICK LAVELLE, R.C.A.

BALLYMAY.—Tuesday, Nov. 15th, was a great day for Catholicity in Ballymay. Popery was rampant in its streets, in all its outlets to the surrounding country, and most assuredly any one who had the happiness of stepping inside the walls of the new Catholic Church being erected by Father Carney and his flock, and which stands on a commanding hill overlooking the town and witnessed the assemblage there congregated, and the ceremonies, and heard the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Anderson, must have been deeply edified by the display of genuine Catholic feeling visible in every part of the building. There was the venerable Bishop of Clogher, the Most Rev. Dr. MacNally, robed in full canonicals, and with crozier in hand, surrounded by a large number of his faithful and zealous clergy, and before them hundreds of the people of the parish who had never before beheld such a scene as they then witnessed. Numbers came from Enniskillen, Cootahill, Clones, Castleblenny, Monaghan, Carrickmacross and other districts to witness the august ceremonies. But the greatest triumph of the faith appeared in the person of the preacher, who is an Englishman, an accomplished scholar, and had been a minister of the Protestant Church. In that church he discovered no saving faith; in it he found no sacraments whereby the merits of the Saviour are conferred on the souls of men. He found himself in darkness, and in the region of the shadow of death; and beseeching light from on high to enable him to discover the true road to heaven, it was given him; and at length he arrived at the City seated on the mountain, where true faith, and hope, and charity, reside, to replenish the souls of the faithful. And beautiful was his discourse on the regenerating treasures dispensed by the Church in the administration of the Sacraments, by which all things are made new—baptism washing away original sin; confirmation, strengthening the young Christian to go forth to do battle in the cause of Christ; and the great sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist repairing lost virtue in the soul, and enabling it to live a supernatural existence. We were glad to observe by the proceeds of the sale of tickets, and the amount of the collection, the desire which was felt outside the parish to assist Father Carney and his people to complete their great work; which, when finished, will be no ornament to the town, and a credit to the diocese of Clogher, in which so many new churches have been recently erected, a powerful evidence of its veneration for "the faith once delivered to the Saints."—Dundalk Democrat.

The High Altar of the Franciscan Church, Wexford, is now erected, and will be soon permanently exposed to the public. For beauty of design and finish of workmanship, the altar and tabernacle may fairly challenge comparison with aught to be seen in the three kingdoms.

Mr. Bowyer has sent a check for a £100 as his subscription to the fund for erecting the new Church of St. Nicholas, in the lower end of Dundalk.

A resolution was passed by the guardians of the Yonghal Union, to the effect that their solicitor be directed to take proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench, as advised by counsel to compel the Poor Law Guardians to appoint a Catholic Chaplain.

In Ireland, to adopt the stirring language of the Freeman's Journal, "The Irish people are profoundly sensitive to the condition of their spiritual Chief, and we believe, in times of the greatest popular excitement, nothing ever approached in intensity the feeling of the people at the present moment. Vast demonstrations are swelling and surging up in every part of the kingdom. The great counties and cities have issued requisitions, the most numerous and influential ever published in this country, to remonstrate against the policy of the British Government, and to sympathise with the Sovereign Pontiff. At any rate, Catholic Ireland feels as a single individual, and if the Palmerston Government abet any infraction of rights which do not concern England, contrary to and despite of the unanimous voice of the Catholics of the empire, they incur a debt of odium which no services can ever liquidate."

£15,000 per week is paid out in wages to workmen at the ship-building concerns of Messrs. Pike, of Cork. The commerce of that port will soon compete with some of the first in England.

We regret to announce the death, on the morning of the 27th ult., at his residence, Rathmilten, county Meath, of Thomas Kelly, Esq., solicitor, for many years the much respected town clerk for the borough of Drogheda.

The Cork Corporation are to present Sir John Arnott, the Mayor, with a silver cradle, upon the birth of a son, recently born.

There is no change to report in the state of the Linen trade, which, though healthy, continues rather in a cative, in consequence mainly of the unsettled state of political matters. Stocks of suitable goods continue very light in the hands of manufacturers, and with the exception of the United States, the principal markets, both at home and abroad, are very bare of our fabrics. There is little doing in linen yards, and prices are without change.—Belfast Mercury.

FRIENDSHIP FOR FRANCE.—The Gateway Indicator says:—"The organs of British interest in Ireland speak of our apathy as compared with the activity of England and Scotland. But now, in the crisis of danger, the Irish Catholics, who of necessity should form the fighting men, might resort on these ultra Protestant mouthpieces. In piping times of peace it was the fashion of the Spoons in Parliament, of the Evangelical Alliance, of Exeter-hall philosophers of Irish missions, and all the machinery of cant which preyed upon credulity, to speak of our people as Papias and Romanists, with a 'divided allegiance,' with mental reservations in the solemnity of oath-taking, and with an eternal rebellion of feeling and passion animating them against England and her rule of Ireland. Now, mark the consistency!—They want those men, with all this supposed disorganising immorality influencing their nature, to arm for the defence of their English masters and calumniators! They ask them to exterminate an enthusiasm for England and its loving, paternal, and Christian rule of this portion of Her Majesty's dominions, and to will for the moment an unyielding hate of France, where they see Irish Catholics the leading statesmen and generals of that country, with honors heaped equally on their wisdom in council and their glory on the field! This is rather taxing poor human nature to the utmost. Nevertheless, I believe Ireland just now is utterly opposed to any war of invasion, and that she would rather go on industriously in her career of material prosperity."

Pursuant to the provisions of the Act of Parliament, the annual election of a Town Councillor for each ward in Dublin, in the room of those who retired by rotation, and to return six Aldermen for the North City wards, took place on the 25th ult. As usual the day was wet and disagreeable, but the zeal and anxiety of the various candidates and their friends were not the less ardent and intense. In the Rotundo Ward, the election took place in the Pillar Room of the Rotundo. Alderman Hudson was re-elected without opposition. The outgoing Councillor was Mr. Vance. He was opposed by Mr. Richard J. Devitt. The contest was a close one. The following was the result of the polling:—Mr. Vance, 158; Mr. Devitt, 148. Majority for Mr. Vance, 11. In the North Dock Ward, the election took place at 14 Lower Sackville-street. Mr. Hoyle, the outgoing Alderman, was opposed by Mr. James Martin, North Wall. Mr. John French, the outgoing Councillor, was opposed by Mr. Maurice Brooks. Messrs. Martin and French were elected. The following is the close of the poll:—Mr. Martin, 227; Mr. Hoyle, 139. Majority, 88. Mr. French, 237; Mr. Brooks, 124. Majority, 113. In the Mountjoy Ward, the election was held at Mr. Burke's Auction Rooms, 13 Upper Sackville-street. Mr. Redmond Carroll, Lord Mayor elect, opposed Alderman Wilson. The competitors for the councillorship were new candidates.—Messrs. Peter P. M'Sweeney, of the firm of M'Sweeney, Dolan & Co.; and Mr. Henry O'Bierne, solicitor. The contest was severe: the last vote was cast by Judge Hayes just as the polls closed. Mr. O'Bierne entered a protest in which he "objected to all votes given for Peter Paul M'Sweeney, Esq., and to the voting papers delivered for him, such votes not having been given in the form and manner required by the statute in that case made and provided." The document was signed by Henry O'Bierne and Thomas O'Dowd. The announcement of the signatures was received with cries of "Oh, oh," groans and much confusion. Alderman Wilson declared the state of the poll to be as follows:—Mr. Carroll, 214; Mr. Wilson, 171. Majority for Mr. Carroll, 43. Alderman Carroll was declared duly elected. For Mr. M'Sweeney and Mr. O'Bierne the polling stood:—M'Sweeney, 215; O'Bierne, 132. Majority for Mr. M'Sweeney, 81. Mr. M'Sweeney was not declared elected in consequence of the protest entered against his votes. The election of a Councillor for Fitzwilliam Ward was held in No. 1 Lower Leeson-street. The candidates were Mr. J. O. Bonaill, the outgoing Councillor, and Mr. Rosenthal. At four o'clock, when the books were read up, the result of the polls was—Bonaill, 174; Rosenthal, 105. Majority for Bonaill, 68. Mr. Bonaill was, therefore, declared duly elected.

The Cork Municipal Elections took place on the 25th ult., with the following results:—North-east Ward.—The Aldermanship.—At the close of the poll the numbers were—For Mr. W. V. Gregg, 153; for Mr. Thomas Lyons, 133. Majority for Mr. Gregg, 20. Messrs. Shaw and Harvey, the two retiring councillors, were re-elected without opposition.—North-west Ward.—At the close of the poll in this Ward the number of votes recorded for each of the candidates for Councillorships were as follows:—Mr. Alexander McCarthy, 134; Mr. Denis O'Flynn, 126; and Mr. W. J. Lyons, 105. Mr. Charles Sigrine was unopposed for the Aldermanship. North Centre.—Aldermanship.—At the close of the poll the numbers were—Mr. Donegan, 98; Mr. Unkles, 58. Majority for Mr. Donegan, 40. Councillorship.—Messrs. Mayne 104; Finn, 93; Cooke, 75; and Dally, 32. South Centre.—Alderman Sir John Arnott was elected without opposition. For the offices of Town-councillorship there were four candidates.—Messrs. P. O'Connell, solicitor, and James Keane, on the Liberal side; and Mr. R. B. Evans and W. Hannan, on the Conservative side. The following was the result of the poll:—Mr. Keane, 106; Mr. O'Connell, 105; Mr. Evans, 90; and Mr. Hannan, 75. West Ward.—Contest for the Councillorship.—The numbers at the close of the poll were—Mr. Sheehan, 122; Mr. Fitzgerald, 101; Mr. Mullane 95. South Ward.—no contest. Mr. Michael Gould was elected Alderman; and Messrs. Daniel J. Daily and Thomas Rice were elected Town Councillors. It will be seen that the Liberals have gained two votes in the Council by the election—one in the North Centre and one in the South.

The Drogheda Municipal elections took place on the 25th ult., when the following gentlemen were returned for the ensuing year:—Lawrence Gate Ward.—There was no contest, and Messrs. Block and Hand, the outgoing councillors were re-elected. Fair Gate Ward.—There were four candidates, Messrs. B. Courtney, P. Brennan, the outgoing councillors, Joseph Montgomery and Bartholomew Ennis. At the close of the poll, the numbers stood as follows:—B. Courtney, 24; P. Brennan, 17; J. Montgomery, 35; B. Ennis, 23. Messrs. Montgomery and Courtney were declared duly elected as councillors. West Gate Ward.—There were four candidates also for this ward, Messrs. P. Byrne, West-street, who stood again, P. Lynch, P. Brady, Shop-street, and Samuel Muncie. The polling stood as follows:—P. Byrne, 38; P. Lynch, 28; P. Brady, 30; S. Muncie, 18. Messrs. Byrne and Brady were declared the successful candidates.

The following are the names of the gentlemen re-elected to the Limerick Town Council for the ensuing year:—Castle Ward.—Arthur Russell, Esq., J.P., T.C. Abbey Ward.—W. L. Jovatt, Alderman; Eugene O'Callaghan, Esq., T.C. Irightown Ward.—D. Garvey, T.C. Custom-house Ward.—Lawrence Quinlan, Esq., Alderman; Maurice Lenihan, T.C. Market Ward.—Robert M'Mahon, T.C. Shannon Ward.—Thaddeus McDonnell, Alderman; John O'Donnell, Esq., Solicitor, T.C. Gleetworth Ward.—William Phayer, T.C. Dockward Ward.—William Fitzgerald, Alderman; Robert Rogers, T.C.

IRISH BANKS.—The prosperity of two or three of the Irish metropolitan banks has attracted the attention of some of the leading commercial men in this city, and the initiatory steps have been taken for the formation of a new company, to be named the Dublin Joint-Stock Company, on the limited liability system, with a capital of £300,000, half paid up.—Unlike the majority of establishments already in existence, the directory of the new bank, it is said, mean to eschew exclusivism as respects the political-religious element, and men of all creeds and parties will be found acting on the board, whenever it may be constituted. The names of the wealthiest merchants in Dublin are mentioned as taking an active part in the project, but until the details are fairly before the public it is unnecessary to be more specific.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.—About forty lots of the Duke of Devonshire's property in the neighborhood of Dunganree have been sold to the occupiers, at about twenty-five years' purchase, on their letting value. Some experienced valuers have been engaged valuing the several holdings, and making out maps, &c., of it, and, on that being done the holdings have been offered to the tenants in possession at twenty-five years' purchase, and many of the offers have been accepted, and already no less than forty deeds of assignment have been submitted for approval. It is his grace's wish that no one on his property should be displaced, and he is, therefore, desirous that the occupier should purchase the fee of his holding. The lots which the tenants do not purchase will be put up for competition in the Landed Estates Court.—Waterford Mail.

IRISH LIBERALITY.—A few weeks since a Scotchman arrived in this city, and obtained employment as engine-fitter, from the directors of the Cork and Youghal railway company. A short time after his arrival, he accidentally sustained a fracture of one of his legs, and other injuries, which terminated fatally on Saturday, the 12th inst. On the same day his wife and five children arrived from Glasgow, and learned, for the first time, the news of the accident

which had befallen him who was their only support in life! Their wretchedness and misery appealed to the hearts of the laborers employed on the line, who with true Irish generosity, immediately subscribed, amongst themselves, a sum of £23, which they handed over to the widow and orphans. The example set by these honest fellows was followed by the railway company, and by other persons connected with the line.—Cork Examiner.

A new farm residence is about to be built on part of the Kelly's Grove property, at Rosglass, for Mr. Warner Barr, to whom the Earl of Clancarty has let a beautiful new farm of over 200 acres. Mr. Barr is a Scottish settler, and intends to adopt the tillage system with which he is intimately acquainted. The lands were reclaimed a few years ago by Lord Clancarty, and an extensive standing with a steam engine erected to meet the emergencies of a tillage farm.—The plan of the new residence, which was drawn by Mr. Maxwell, C. E., has been much admired, and its adaptation to the site and circumstances of the farm generally approved. The contractor is Mr. Cody, of Lawrencestown, who has executed several extensive works in the neighborhood, and has been largely employed by A. Pollok, Esq.—Western Star.

THE EVICTIONS AT PARTRY.—There is before us, while we write a heart-touching, spirit-stirring appeal from the Rev. Father Lavelle, for sympathy and aid for the fearfully-used tenantry of Partry. "The die," he says, "is at length cast. The billiard, with the police at his heel, was abroad all this day demanding possession of my poor parishioners. The pretence is not that cattle would pay better than men, 'made to God's image and likeness'—that 'green crops' would bring a better average than even the exorbitantly increased rents already exacted—that these rents are not paid—no; no such thing.—The sole cause of this crying outrage on the part of one who pretends to hold a commission from the God of Mercy is the refusal of the tenants to prosecute their fathers' blood animates yours? Do you cherish that faith for which they shed that blood? Are you, like them, prepared to show, by word and deed, that never shall you yourselves be robbed of that, your greatest inheritance, nor shall you allow any person to wreat it from your fellow-Catholic countrymen? People of Ireland? What, we ask, is to be done in this terrible case? Your money contributions would no doubt assist in alleviating the immediate horrors of eviction, but you will scarcely be able to provide these honest families homes in which to lay their heads and lands to cultivate. And if you by great exertions were able to do so in this particular instance, the landlords will still be able to beat you at that game. The sure headed up in one place will break out elsewhere with still greater violence.—Money may save the tenants of Partry, it will not save the people. Well did the Rev. Father Malony, P.P., when writing of the case of the evicted families at Belmont say:—"These poor sufferers may indeed be relieved in their present distress through the charity of kind and tender-hearted individuals, but the next day will exhibit some other landlord and his unfortunate tenantry on the same stage, and thus the good people of England and Ireland (the rev. gentleman was writing in acknowledgement of a charitable contribution from Yorkshire) will be forever harassed by scenes of distress and endless appeals, until the legislature interpose and eradicate, once and for ever, the crying evil by legal enactment." Charitable contributions may do something for a few victims of eviction, but there is a system at work in this country which they will not break up, and which must be broken up before there can be peace or prosperity in the land. The Rev. Father Lavelle in concluding his letter says:—"In the name of creed and country, forward! Catholic parents in Ireland, the parents of Partry appeal to you. Children of Ireland, the little ones of Partry invoke your aid. They are ready to die for their faith. Will you not aid them in their struggle? The Very Rev. Michael Waldron, P.P., of Cong, is Chairman of the Financial Committee. He will gratefully receive any donations given for the sacred cause."—Notice.

GUARANTIES AND EVICTIONS.—In a late number we showed, from the experience of the counties of Cullinagh and Sutherland, that evictions were unprofitable in a money point of view to the proprietors, and injurious to the public good by depriving the nation of her defenders. We turn now to the most pleasing task of giving an example of a landed proprietor, who, by following the opposite course, has benefited himself, his people and his country. Mr. Alexander Matheson, M.P., purchased the estate of Ardross, from the Duke of Sutherland, in 1846, and, instead of "clearing," directed that none of the tenants should leave the property,—that they should be provided with good farms and better houses. Upon the whole of Mr. Matheson's extensive possession there has been no clearing of the old inhabitants, to make room for improvements or sheep-walks, yet it has been found perfectly compatible to carry out the most extensive improvements without removing a single tenant, or without attempting to expatriate a peasantry of which any nation might be proud—all that has been found necessary was simply to adjust matters, and none can be more easily managed than our Highland crofters in this way, if they are but fairly and kindly dealt with. Mr. M'Kenzie, factor of Ardross, got the gold medal of the Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland for his management of the estate, which has been profitable to the proprietor and beneficial to the tenants. Since 1846 the population has increased from 109 to 429, there being seven farms from 110 to 200 acres; 4 from 50 to 100; 12 from 20 to 60; 12 crofters from 5 to 20; and 2 under 5 acres, all happy and contented. For further particulars we refer to the Highland Society's transactions in the Journal of Agriculture (Edinburgh).—Having now shown, by comparison of the systems of the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Matheson, how much better the latter is in a national point of view, we can with pleasure refer to many Irish landlords, who have not been evictors, but who have fostered and encouraged their tenants, and as one of this class we may mention Lord Palmerston, whose treatment to his small tenants stands in marked contrast to that of the Duke of Sutherland in Scotland, and of the management of the Castlebar and Dandrum estates, some time ago, in Ireland, when undergoing the system of clearance as well of the inhabitants, as of the pockets of the proprietors. We trust we have stated the cases fairly, proving from facts, figures and public documents that clearances and evictions are not profitable or patriotic, but that kindness and fostering care will make an estate productive, and the tenants happy and comfortable.—Cork Examiner.

MONK ABOUT DOON.—Crowe's house is situated about a mile west of the village of Doon. The spot where he was murdered is in a hollow part of the road leading from his house to the village, between a portion of Lord Derby's property, tenanted by his bailiff to the north, and Mrs. Newport White's property, in her own possession, to the south. There are three houses—and only three—within view of the fatal spot; the nearest about 188 yards distant, is on the property of Mrs. White, and inhabited by a Protestant, the gatekeeper of the adjacent church. The second, about 200 yards distant from the place of the murder, is on the property of the Earl of Derby, and is inhabited by the cousin-german of the murdered Crowe. These two houses are to the east of the place of the murder. The third house in view is to the west of the fatal spot, about 300 yards distant, and belongs to Lord Derby's bailiff. Neither the door nor any of the windows of these three houses faces or commands a view of the place where the murder was committed. The police barrack lies to the east, between the village and the latter, and much nearer to it than any other house is, except the three already mentioned, and perhaps another, which, by a bird-fly, is about the same distance as the barrack from the place of the murder.—Notice.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1859.

TO OUR READERS—A "MERRY CHRIST-  
 MAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR."—This is  
 the formula prescribed for the season, the  
 ardent wish of our hearts. Not words of form  
 merely, but words of honest truth and sincerity.

It is customary at this season to review the  
 year that is past; to "take stock" as it were,  
 and to balance one's accounts. If we refrain  
 from so doing, it is because we would not revive  
 unpleasant memories, because we have no intention  
 of fanning into flame the now smouldering  
 embers of strife. Only this would we say for  
 ourselves, and in justification of our course: that  
 we have always adhered with inflexible fidelity  
 to our first principles, and that we have never  
 swerved one hair's breadth from our ancient  
 paths. We are to day what we were yesterday;  
 we are in every respect at the close of this year,  
 what we were at the commencement of the last,  
 and what we shall be to the last moment of our  
 editorial existence. If unfortunately we have  
 come into collision with others, it is because we  
 have ever, in good repute and in evil repute, held  
 one straightforward course, heedless of whom we  
 might offend by so doing; because we could not  
 veer about with every shifting gale, or trim our  
 sails to catch the fickle breeze of popularity.—

This is the head and front of our offending; and  
 we feel that we owe, and should make, no excu-  
 se, no semblance of apology for our consistency,  
 or for the terms in which we have expressed the  
 profound contempt which we entertain for all  
 trimmers and shufflers, for all time-servers, pledge-  
 breakers, and place-hunters. These, and such  
 as these, but none other, may have motives to  
 complain of the TRUE WITNESS; but of what  
 we have said of them, we would not retract or  
 modify a single expression, for we have not said  
 a word that is not strictly true.

As a hardened and impenitent sinner, there-  
 fore do we address ourselves to our readers; not  
 to vindicate ourselves in their eyes, but to assure  
 them that we shall still prove what we have  
 hitherto approved ourselves; that discarding as  
 too paltry for a moment's notice all considera-  
 tions of secular politics, of nationalities, and of  
 personal or party interests, we will still continue  
 to advocate the cause of "Freedom of Educa-  
 tion and Religion"—i.e., the emancipation of  
 education and religion from all State control;—  
 to vindicate the rights and honor of our religious  
 and charitable institutions against the assaults  
 and calumnies of our enemies; to assert the true  
 principles of civil and religious liberty, of which  
 the Catholic Church alone is the guarantee; and  
 to resist to the best of our abilities, every at-  
 tempt to set up a "Protestant Ascendancy" in  
 Canada. Against secret societies of all kinds,  
 but especially against "Ribbonism" and  
 "Orangeism"—against all attacks upon the sanc-  
 tity of the marriage tie, all restrictions upon the  
 right of religious corporations to receive, or of in-  
 dividuals to give, our voice shall still be loud and  
 earnest. To owe political allegiance to no man,  
 to no party shall ever be our pride; whilst it is  
 our prayer that we may ever and in all things be  
 found obedient to that voice to which alone the  
 Catholic journalist should give heed, or by which  
 he should allow himself to be influenced—we  
 mean the voice of the Church speaking through  
 her divinely appointed pastors. These are the  
 sole conditions upon which we would desire, or  
 indeed condescend, to prolong our editorial ca-  
 reer; and if these conditions are acceptable to  
 our Catholic readers; if an independent Catholic  
 journal, beyond the reach of all secular influences  
 of any kind, be by them deemed worthy of their  
 support—that support—appealing to our past as  
 the guarantee for our future—would we respect-  
 fully bespeak for the TRUE WITNESS.

On one other point, but one of much, indeed  
 we may say of vital importance to ourselves,  
 would we touch. We mean the remissness of  
 many of our subscribers in discharging their in-  
 debtedness to the printer. Thus delicately al-  
 luding to this defect, we would pray of our delin-  
 quent subscribers that "they would reform it  
 altogether;" so may they rejoice at this festive  
 season in the possession of a good conscience; so  
 may the mince-pies, plum-puddings and other  
 carnalities wherein they may see fit to indulge  
 themselves, sit lightly on their respective stom-  
 achs.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The past week has been altogether sterile of  
 events, and the news from Europe by the last  
 steamers is altogether devoid of interest. All  
 the Great Powers had given in their adhesion to  
 the Congress, but whether amongst them they  
 will be able to hit upon a plan for settling the  
 Italian Question is very problematical. Confide-  
 nce, as to the continuance of peace betwixt  
 France and Great Britain is slowly gaining  
 ground in spite of Louis Napoleon's pacific as-  
 surances, and trade was reviving. In other re-  
 spects, there is nothing of importance by the  
 last arrivals.

The Protestant press has a moral code of its  
 own; distinct from, and indeed directly opposed  
 to, that which regulates, or should regulate, the  
 ordinary intercourse of mankind. Amongst  
 simple unsophisticated persons, not tainted with  
 evangelicalism, and not addicted to the practice of  
 slandering their fellow-citizens, it is a moral ax-  
 iom that he who makes an assertion derogatory  
 to the honor of his neighbor, is, when called upon  
 by the aggrieved party, bound, either to make  
 good, or to retract, his injurious and derogatory  
 assertion. Protestant editors alone seem to deem  
 themselves bound by no such moral law; but as-  
 sert for themselves on the contrary, the privilege  
 to make any amount of injurious statements with  
 regard to their Popish neighbors, without incur-  
 ring thereby any obligation of either substantiat-  
 ing, or withdrawing, their accusations against Ro-  
 manists. This, we say, is explicitly and unblush-  
 ingly avowed by some of our cotemporary; and  
 whilst it is to a considerable extent practised by  
 all, but more especially by those amongst them  
 who are chiefly distinguished by their pretensions  
 to Godliness.

Thus the *Coburg Star* having made some in-  
 jurious assertions with regard to Popery, was  
 taken to task by a correspondent writing over  
 the signature "Romanist," who called upon the  
 editor of the *Coburg Star* "to prove the charge"  
 advanced by the latter. To this, certainly not  
 unreasonable request, our Protestant cotemporary  
 replies as follows:—

"If we were to enter upon a set theological dis-  
 cussion with our respected correspondent we should  
 feel called upon to sustain our assertion with suitable  
 arguments. But we cannot admit the right of any  
 one of our readers to call for detailed proof of every  
 assertion we may choose to make editorially."—*Coburg  
 Star*. The Italics are our own.

There is a sublimity of impudence in the above  
 which is unapproachable; a contempt for all the  
 laws of truth, honor and justice, which compels  
 our admiration. To such a height of evangeli-  
 cal perfection has the writer attained, that he  
 feels himself no longer bound by the laws to  
 which profane persons of all denominations, and  
 Romanists especially, yield allegiance; and con-  
 scious of his freedom from all such disagreeable  
 restraints, he rebukes with stern majesty the im-  
 pertinent Papist who calls upon him "to prove  
 the charge" by him advanced against the latter.  
 With such a one, so highly privileged, it is in-  
 deed in vain for Romanists to attempt to argue;  
 he cannot condescend to their low estate; he  
 cannot waive in their behalf his lofty privileges;  
 neither will he submit to be called upon to prove  
 his calumnious assertions against them. He is,  
 in the peculiar phraseology of the conventicle,  
 Christ's freeman, and, therefore, no longer in  
 bondage to the law.

It is this position of moral irresponsibility for  
 their utterances adopted by evangelical writers  
 generally, that renders it so hopeless a task to  
 engage with them in controversy. Deeming  
 themselves at liberty to advance whatsoever  
 things they please against Papists, and not deem-  
 ing themselves bound, either to prove any of those  
 things, or else to retract them—argument, history,  
 facts are alike thrown away upon our traducers.  
 How can argument in short be possible with  
 men who do not admit the existence of any obli-  
 gation to prove their assertions? and since argu-  
 ment is impossible with such men, how can the  
 Catholic be taxed with want of proper courtesy,  
 who treats them simply as liars? By their own  
 act, by their refusal to be bound by the ordinary  
 rules of morality, they have placed themselves  
 on a plane beyond the reach of argument, and  
 therefore beyond the reach of courtesy. By ab-  
 solving themselves from the law to "prove all  
 things" that they may advance, if called upon to  
 do so, they have virtually absolved those whom  
 they calumniate, and whose religion they traduce,  
 from that other law which enjoins all men "to  
 be courteous."

These considerations often prevent us from  
 taking any notice of the incessant diatribes  
 against Catholic faith and morality with which  
 the columns of our evangelical cotemporaries are  
 surcharged. Many a mendacious slander do we  
 pass over with scorn, rather than engage in an  
 idle logomachy with its silly and malicious utter-  
 er. For after all, we know that for the most part  
 Protestants themselves do not believe one half of  
 what they read in their own journals against Po-  
 pery; and these same charges are often so self-  
 evidently false, that they carry their own refuta-  
 tion along with them. So long therefore, as anti-  
 Catholic writers content themselves with making  
 bare assertions of whose truth they "cannot ad-  
 mit the right of any one of their readers to  
 call for detailed proof;" it is often, if not always,  
 prudent to allow those assertions to pass unchal-  
 lenged. But when Protestants rashly enter into  
 the domain of reason; when they substitute argu-  
 ment—or what they intend as argument—for  
 declamation; when condescending to our lowli-  
 ness, they abandon their vantage ground of ir-  
 responsibility—we feel ourselves in a manner called  
 upon to accept the proffered combat; and for  
 this reason will briefly notice the logic wherewith  
 in its issue of the 24th inst., the *Montreal Wit-  
 ness* convicts the Catholic Church of idolatry,  
 and seeks to justify the "Swaddlers" of the F.  
 C. M. Society.

The convict Beauregard, who was hung on the  
 16th inst., having nothing else to give, bequeath-  
 ed to his wife, children, and parents—to be dis-  
 tributed amongst them—his crucifix, his rosary,  
 and a few religious pictures which he had with

him in his cell; he also, after commending his  
 soul to his Creator and Redeemer, humbly asking  
 for forgiveness of his sins, implored in his behalf  
 the intercession or prayers of the "Immaculate  
 Virgin Mary," of his "angel guardian," of "St.  
 Jean-Baptiste and all the Saints of Heaven," and  
 of "all those who may have done or wished him  
 good." He also addressed the Blessed Virgin  
 by the title given to her in the Litany of Loret-  
 to, "Gate of Heaven—*Janua Caeli*;" and "re-  
 signed himself to the will of God." Hereupon  
 our cotemporary's acute nose smells idolatry, and  
 he breaks out as follows:—

"Here, then, we have an authentic public deliv-  
 erance of the actual state of religious belief among  
 Roman Catholics in the year 1859, and in Canada.  
 And what is it? A catalogue of crucifixes, images,  
 beads, and medals, accompanied by invocations ad-  
 dressed to the Saints, and especially the Virgin. An  
 old Roman, with his household gods, was a sensible  
 man when compared with a Roman Catholic of our  
 times, with his 14 images left to his wife, and his  
 small images to his children. The Hindoos or South  
 Sea Islanders, idolatrous as they are, could not  
 probably exceed, in regard for their idols, this French  
 Canadian, instructed by our most enlightened  
 priests.

"This poor man looks to Mary as the Gate of  
 Heaven, when Jesus Christ expressly says, 'I am the  
 door.'" He also looks to her and the saints as his  
 intercessors, when the Scripture says that the only  
 mediator between God and man is the man, Christ  
 Jesus.

"God's wrath is pronounced more distinctly against  
 idolatry than any other sin or crime; whilst judgments,  
 therefore, must we expect in Canada, and what a deep  
 interest must every inhabitant of this country feel in  
 the progress of the Gospel among French Canadians?"

Here then we have an offer at argument to  
 convict the Catholic Church of idolatry. Papists  
 are idolaters, argues in substance our cotem-  
 porary, because they invoke the prayers, or inter-  
 cession with God, of the Saints, and of their  
 fellow-creatures, in their behalf; because they  
 use paintings or images, in which are set forth  
 the sufferings of Christ for us, as aids to devo-  
 tion towards their Redeemer; and because they  
 apply to the B. Virgin, through whom they re-  
 ceived Christ their Redeemer—to her who was  
 the fellow-worker with God in the great mystery  
 of the Incarnation—the title of "Gate of Heav-  
 en." These are the *quasi* reasons assigned by  
 the *Montreal Witness* for branding the Catho-  
 lic Church with the stigma of idolatry.

To answer him, the first thing to be done is to  
 ascertain the meaning of the word "idolatry;"  
 for two-thirds of the disputes in the world pro-  
 ceed from an improper use, and ignorance of the  
 true value, of words. Now we think that the  
*Witness* will accept the following as a correct  
 and exhaustive definition of idolatry. "Idolatry  
 consists in the worshipping as God, that which is  
 not God; or attributing to creature that which  
 belongs exclusively to Creator." Do Catholics  
 worship, or does their Church sanction their wor-  
 shipping, as God that which is not God?—do  
 they attribute, or does their Church sanction  
 their attributing to any creature, even to the  
 Blessed Virgin Mother of God, the most exalted  
 of all creatures, that which belongs exclusively  
 to Creator? These are the questions which the  
*Witness*, for the reasons above assigned virtually  
 answers in the affirmative; and it is because he  
 has been so imprudent as to convict himself by  
 giving his reasons for so doing, that we take the  
 trouble of replying to him.

By invoking the prayers, or intercession with  
 God, of the Saints, and of their fellow-creatures  
 on earth, Catholics do not offer, either to the  
 Saints, or to their fellow-creatures, that which is  
 God's. Protestants even, in so far as invoking  
 the intercession with God of their sinful fellow-  
 creatures is concerned, do the same, and are  
 therefore as much idolaters as are Papists; and  
 if the intercession of sinful man with God, and  
 in behalf of his sinful brother man, does not de-  
 tract from the *one mediatorship* of Christ, so  
 neither can the prayers, or intercession of the  
 Saints with God, and in behalf of their fellow-  
 creatures on earth, interfere with, or in any de-  
 gree derogate from, the claims to be the sole  
 Mediator betwixt God and man, of Jesus Christ—"qui  
 solus noster redemptor et salvator est."—*Conc.  
 Trid. Sess. XXV.*

So with images and paintings. If we use  
 them as aids to devotion, as recalling forcibly the  
 benefits conferred upon us by the Cross and Pas-  
 sion of our Redeemer, we are no more guilty of  
 idolatry, or giving to creature that which is  
 God's, than is the Protestant who uses the  
 printed text of the New Testament for the same  
 purpose. Images or paintings are the books of  
 the unlettered, and often imprint upon the mind  
 more firmly than can any form of words, the  
 great events they are intended to commemorate.  
 So also the Papist—who, when an image or paint-  
 ing suggests to him the idea "Jesus," lowly and  
 reverently bows his head—is no more guilty of  
 idolatry than is the Protestant who bows as he  
 hears pronounced the name of Jesus. In the  
 one case, the idea Jesus is suggested through a  
 sign addressed to the eyes, and in the other,  
 through a sign addressed to the ears; but in  
 both, the signification and the moral value of  
 the act of bowing are identical. Printing and paint-  
 ing, type setting and image carving, are all meth-  
 ods for conveying by means of sensible signs a  
 knowledge of historical and religious truth. The  
 use of one of those is not more idolatrous than is  
 the use of the other—whilst there are many who  
 are more vividly impressed by an image than  
 by a paragraph, by a painting of the Crucifixion,  
 than by the sublime language of the Evan-  
 gelists; and as the Protestant is certainly inno-  
 cent of idolatry in kissing and treating with due  
 reverence the Bible, or collection of sensible  
 signs, wherewith through the medium of printed  
 characters addressed to the eye the history of Man's  
 redemption is set forth, so neither is the Papist  
 guilty of idolatry who pays the same reverence  
 or honor to any other set of sensible signs or  
 symbols, wherewith the same history is in him  
 propounded.

The Church applies—and without derogating  
 from the honor due to Creator, or assigning any  
 of His peculiar attributes to creature—the title  
 "Gate of Heaven" to the B. Virgin; seeing  
 that it was through her, as the door, that we re-  
 ceived Him Who is "the way, the truth, and  
 the life."—*St. John* xiv. 6; because she is the  
 Woman of whom it was predicted that she  
 should crush the head of the serpent.—*GEN. iii.*

15; and because therefore it is through her, as  
 the Mother of Our Redeemer, that we receive  
 all graces, all heavenly gifts; since in the Son of  
 Mary are combined all graces, all gifts, and all  
 of which are with Him received. As it is there-  
 fore solely with reference to her divine maternity  
 that the Catholic Church ascribes to the B.  
 Virgin any peculiar excellence; as it is solely be-  
 cause of her Son, and therefore relatively, that  
 the Church applies to her those titles of dignity  
 which shock the ears of Protestants, and which  
 no doubt shock the ears of the devils in hell, if  
 they can reach the ears of the latter—so in so  
 honoring the B. Virgin there can be no robbery  
 of God, no attributing to a creature that which  
 in the exclusive attribute of the Creator. To  
 convict us of idolatry in applying to the Mother  
 of God the title of "*Janua Caeli*," or "*Gate  
 of Heaven*," the *Witness* must show one of two  
 things: either that there is access to Heaven  
 except through an Incarnate God; or that it was  
 not of Mary and of her flesh, that the second  
 Person of the Trinity became Incarnate by the  
 Holy Ghost and took flesh. When he shall have  
 succeeded in either of these things, our cotem-  
 porary will indeed have given a rude blow to  
 Popery, but he will have upset Christianity.

And this leads us to the reason why we so ear-  
 nently deprecate the action of the "swaddlers."  
 We do so because all experience of the result of  
 their labor confirms what reason teaches—that  
 the Papist who renounces Popery renounces  
 Christianity. Nor can it be otherwise, seeing  
 that other than the authority of an infalli-  
 ble Church for believing in any mystery of reli-  
 gion, for accepting any fact in the supernatural  
 order, there is and can be none. Prove to us  
 that the Church is in error in calling Mary the  
 "Gate of Heaven" and you will have proved to  
 us that the Church may be in error in asserting  
 the Divinity of Christ, and His Vicarious Atonement;  
 prove in short that the Catholic Church  
 is in, or can fall into, error in matters of faith,  
 and you will have conclusively proved to us that  
 the founder of Christianity was either a dupe, or  
 a miserable impostor.

THE CASE OF THERESE LABELLE.—Under  
 this caption the *Montreal Herald* of Wednes-  
 day publishes a communication from a Protestant  
 correspondent at St. Andrews, which we subjoin,  
 and which fully bears out our statements of the  
 16th instant:—

To the Editor of the *Montreal Herald*.

Sir,—Having this day seen your paper of the 19th  
 instant, which contains an extract from the "*True  
 Witness*" in reference to the above case with your  
 editorial comments thereon, I am induced to offer a  
 few particulars which do not seem to have been  
 known to yourself or your cotemporary. Perhaps  
 it may appear from what I am about to state that  
 none of the parties concerned were guilty of either  
 injustice or cruelty to the unfortunate woman.—  
 Therese Labelle, *alias* Besinait, (R. C.) is not a  
 native or permanent resident of St. Andrews, but  
 had lived in the village and vicinity a few months  
 at service. Some weeks ago she left the house where  
 she was employed in possession of comfortable cloth-  
 ing, but utterly insane and incapable of taking care of  
 herself. She stated that she was cousin to a me-  
 chanic of the same family name in the village, but  
 this she denied, and attributed the statement to her  
 foolishness (as *folie*). She stated that she had  
 brothers and a daughter in different parts of the  
 country, but whereabouts could not be satisfactorily  
 ascertained. In the meantime she was wandering  
 about the streets and from house to house in a state  
 of great destitution, having destroyed or lost parts of  
 her clothing, and was in danger of perishing from  
 cold or hunger, and of setting fire to houses, which she  
 seemed disposed to do. She would walk bare headed,  
 carrying her shoes in her hand through snow and  
 rain, make hideous noises in the streets at night, and  
 was a terror to the women and children of the village.  
 Wherever she staid at night people were obliged to  
 sit up to watch her. A few of the inhabitants sub-  
 scribed some money and signed a requisition to D. De  
 Hertel, Esq., J.P. (R.U.) for her removal to a place  
 of safety, which place was understood to be the Mon-  
 treal jail, from which she would probably be re-  
 moved to Beauport. The mayor and the writer  
 (Protestant) called on Mr. De Hertel with the re-  
 quisition, when that gentleman suggested that if ap-  
 plication was made to the Rev. Mr. Thibeaudier  
 (R.C.) he would probably grant a letter which would  
 insure her reception by the Sisters of Charity of  
 Montreal. The mayor went immediately to Mr. T.  
 who seemed pleased that steps were being taken to  
 care for the unfortunate woman. He enquired if she  
 was a Catholic, and being told that she was, granted  
 without hesitation a letter addressed to "Mme. la  
 Supérieure de l'Hôpital General de Montreal." It  
 was thought by some that the driver should be pro-  
 vided with papers to enable him to place her in the  
 custody of Mr. McGinn in case she was not received  
 by the sisters. But the answer to this suggestion  
 was, M. le Curé has requested the Sisters to take  
 charge of her or have her provided for, and surely  
 they will not refuse to comply with his request. The  
 woman was provided with some articles of clothing,  
 and the driver carefully conveyed her to Montreal,  
 where he presented her and the letter at the doors  
 of the Grey Nuns' Hospital. He was told that she  
 could not be received, that he must take her back to  
 St. Andrews, and a letter was given him addressed to  
 Mr. Thibeaudier, which was afterwards placed in the  
 Post office here. The driver was now at a loss to  
 know what to do. To bring her back was useless as  
 there was no institution here into which she could be  
 received, and she would be in the same danger of  
 perishing as before. He applied to every party he could  
 think of for information how to proceed, and was told  
 to take her back. He did not inhumanly abandon her  
 (at least so he states), but took her to an hotel where  
 he paid for her lodging. Here she kept up a contin-  
 ual uproar through the night, and the next day, before  
 he left the city, she was handed over to the police. It  
 is to be hoped she is now in the right place, (dans la  
 maison qui lui convient), and will be duly cared for,  
 and the publicity which has been given to the case  
 may lead to her being claimed by her relations. It  
 will be seen from the above, that Therese Labelle  
 was in circumstances which prevented her being re-  
 tained here. We have poor people among us. Their  
 wants are cared for by our citizens who would never  
 think of trusting them on other communities. If the  
 clergyman (who is identical with the "gentleman of  
 St. Andrews" mentioned by the *True Witness*) erred,  
 it was in miscalculating on the good offices of his co-  
 religionists, the ladies of the Grey Nunnery, in behalf  
 of a miserable being of their own sex and creed. The  
 driver, if his statement is true, and I believe it is, did  
 not abandon her in the streets, and it is to be hoped  
 the mayor and "good people of St. Andrews" will at  
 least be held guiltless of any intentional wrong-do-  
 ing.

I am Sir,  
 Yours respectfully,  
 A VILLAGER.

St. Andrews, C.E., Dec. 21, 1859.  
 From a perusal of the above it will be seen,  
 by the passages we have ventured to mark in  
 Italics, that the woman in question was "utterly  
 insane," violent and dangerous, a "terror to

women and children," and therefore a person  
 whom it was utterly impossible, upon any con-  
 sideration, to admit within the walls of an asylum  
 such as the Grey Nunnery, whose inmates are  
 aged women and orphan children. Her insanity  
 also seems to have developed itself in the form of  
 a passion for incendiarism; and such being the  
 case, the Grey Nuns would have been guilty of  
 something far worse than imprudence had they  
 received her into their establishment wherein are  
 so many bed-ridden and impotent persons; they  
 would have been guilty of a serious moral offence,  
 had they even recommended her—seeing her  
 dangerous propensities—to the care of any other  
 charitable institution. In short the letter of the  
*Herald's* correspondent is a complete vindication  
 of the conduct of the Grey Nuns.

It is clear we say, that a furious mad woman,  
 whose insanity had assumed the form of a dis-  
 position to set "fire to houses," was not an ob-  
 ject of charity in the ordinary acceptation of the  
 term, but of strict police surveillance; that it  
 was not so much an asylum that was required for  
 her, as a place of forcible detention. Such a  
 place, we need scarcely add, it is out of the power  
 of any of our religious or charitable communi-  
 ties to furnish; and the only marvel is, how it  
 could have entered the imagination of any one to  
 thrust such a dangerous lunatic as Therese Labelle  
 upon one of those communities—seeing that  
 neither directly nor indirectly, had they any  
 means of providing her with the only accommo-  
 dation that was suited to her peculiar case. The  
 authorities of Saint Andrews seem to have been  
 aware of this; and their first intention—from  
 which it is a pity that they ever deviated—was to  
 send their very dangerous charge to "the Mont-  
 real jail, from which she would probably be re-  
 moved to Beauport." The "jail" in short, in default  
 of the mad-house, was the only place to which such  
 a woman as Therese Labelle could be admitted  
 without great danger to the public. We can  
 fancy what an outcry, and not without good  
 reason, there would have been raised against the  
 Grey Nuns, if at their instigation she had been  
 placed in any private institution of this city, and  
 had there indulged that taste for incendiarism  
 which had rendered her so unwelcome a resident  
 of St. Andrews. Indeed it appears from the  
*Herald's*—so troublesome and dangerous a guest  
 did she approve herself in the hotel in which the  
 driver who brought her to Montreal placed her  
 for the night, that the landlord was obliged to  
 hand her over to the police, to whose charge, and  
 not to that of the Grey Nuns, she should have  
 been committed in the first instance.

And this circumstance completely refutes the  
 original statement that appeared in the *Herald*  
 of the 12th instant—that which gave to the  
 case of Therese Labelle its peculiar painful in-  
 terest—to the effect that she was found lying  
 on the snow, on which she had "sunk down"  
 exhausted, after having "wandered about"  
 the streets. Of this statement not a word was true.  
 Therese Labelle was not turned adrift, but was  
 lodged for the night in an hotel; she was not  
 found lying exhausted in the snow, but was hand-  
 ed over to the police because, so violent was she  
 in her madness that the people of the hotel where  
 she was lodged were obliged in self-defence, to  
 get rid of her, as soon as possible. The *Herald*  
 indeed, informed its readers in its article of Mon-  
 day the 12th instant, that, "yesterday morning,  
 the poor old woman was delirious,"—thus leav-  
 ing it to be inferred that her delirium was subse-  
 quent to, perhaps in consequence of, the sufferings  
 of the previous night; but he did not inform his  
 readers that she had long been "utterly insane;"  
 that she was in fact a dangerous maniac, and as  
 such had been sent off from St. Andrews—al-  
 though this was the leading feature of the case,  
 and the reason why it was morally impossible  
 to provide her with food and shelter in any chari-  
 table institution, or private establishment in this  
 city.

In so far therefore as the Grey Nuns are con-  
 cerned, their vindication is complete. They  
 were bound not to admit a dangerous maniac, a  
 "terror to women and children," and given to  
 incendiarism, within their premises; they could  
 not, in conscience, have recommended her to the  
 care of any other institution, or private estab-  
 lishment; and it certainly is not the proper busi-  
 ness of Sisters of Charity to take upon them-  
 selves the functions of the police, and to com-  
 mit to jail. No matter where lodged, or under  
 what roof sheltered, the case of Therese Labelle  
 imperatively required physical restraint; and as  
 that restraint the Sisters of Charity have neither  
 the legal right, nor the power to impose, it was  
 out of their power to interfere in any manner in  
 her case. If guilty of any error at all, it was  
 simply an error of judgment, in not telling the  
 driver who brought her to town to take her at  
 once to jail; but then these words would have  
 been out of place in their mouths, for it is not  
 the business of Sisters of Charity to send people  
 to jail.

In so far as the authorities of St. Andrews  
 are concerned, we fully acquit them of any cru-  
 elty or harshness; though we do think that they  
 erred greatly in judgment in not sending Therese  
 Labelle to jail at once, from whence she might  
 have been committed to the Beauport asylum;  
 and that they were guilty of a still greater blun-  
 der in sending a woman "utterly insane," and  
 disposed to set "fire to houses," to a religious  
 community charged with the care of children,  
 and of aged and impotent persons, amongst  
 whom it would be as prudent to introduce a dan-  
 gerous maniac, as it would be to smoke a pipe in  
 a powder magazine. Indeed it seems to us in-  
 credible that any one could for a moment have  
 entertained the idea that the Ladies of the Grey  
 Nunnery could either themselves have taken  
 charge, or have induced others to take charge,  
 of such a person as Therese Labelle is now de-  
 clared to be, by the *Herald's* correspondent;—  
 and it is much to be regretted that the very sen-  
 sible suggestion of those who proposed that her  
 driver "should be provided with papers to enable  
 him to place her in the custody of Mr. McGinn,"  
 was not adopted. She might have been com-  
 mitted to jail by a Magistrate; in jail she would  
 have been under due restraint; there her phys-  
 ical wants would have been ministered to; and  
 from thence in due time she would have been  
 transferred to Beauport, where a permanent shel-

ter would have been procured for her. This is the course which "the Mayor and good people of St. Andrews" should have adopted; but though we deplore their error of judgment, we at the same time hold them "guiltless of any intentional wrong doing."

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.—The vast sums of money expended on these sometimes ludicrous, sometimes tragic, but always mischievous expeditions; the boastings, and self glorification of the missionaries; their squabbles, their selfishness, and the ignoble termination of their labors—have been often pointed out and insisted upon, in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS. Of late years indeed, "Foreign Missions" have been at a discount in the Protestant market. Capitalists were naturally unwilling to take shares in speculations in which, if a few cunning knaves sometimes enriched themselves, the great mass of the persons engaged were invariably miserably swindled out of their money. For these and other reasons, "Home Missions" have of late been preferred by dealers in evangelical stock. The "field" is still a large one, and far more profitable, far more rich in ore, than is the Foreign Missions field. Hence Bible Readers, Tract Distributors, and innumerable other varieties and sub-varieties of the genus "Tub-Precacher" have been greatly in demand of late, and the "Swaddlers" have driven a very considerable trade. Not in souls indeed, for it is only in famine years that they can do much business in that line; but they have been successful in gaining the ear of the public—and, of more value than its ear, a pretty strong hold of its purse. In fact, "Home Mission Shares" may be quoted as "looking up."

Yet has not the "Foreign Field" been altogether deserted; for in the London Times of the 9th inst., we find a most amusing Jeremiad over the collapse of another Foreign Missionary enterprise—not in this instance to carry blankets, and Tracts in words of two syllables, to the niggers of the West Indies, but—to convert to Christianity the benighted natives of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. Every thing connected with this mission was projected on the most magnificent scale. The liveliest interest was of course taken in the enterprise—just as we read in our Montreal papers day after day, along with advertisements of OYSTERS, and CHRISTMAS FANCY GOODS, that "increased interest is being felt in the Special Services at Bonaventure Hall"; and it was confidently expected that in a few years the success of the Tierra del Fuego Missionaries would be such as to enable the promoters of the speculation to exhibit before the frequenters of Exeter Hall, a first-rate specimen of a live "converted native."

"Tierra del Fuego had accordingly a missionary expedition directed against it," says the Times.—"Graphic sketches of interviews with savages were to be sent home, of their manners, address, figure, and the first startling effects of the breaking in of new light upon them. . . . Everything was intended to go on smoothly, and only interesting pictures of savage life coming under missionary dominion, of subdued Patagonian Chieftains, and awakened barbarian consciences were to have been the result."

A Missionary yacht was provided, the duties of whose commander are thus described in the Times:

"It seems to have been part of the office of the captain of the Missionary yacht to 'write letters' home. 'Ladies (the soft sex as the poets call them) liked letters.' A scene with troublesome Jenny or Cassimora would be invaluable as an instrument of appeal to the generous sympathies of home circles."

The "Saints" who it appears, are fully awake to the benefits of the "puffing system," and practice it as regularly and extensively as do the vendors of "Patent Medicines," accordingly invested largely in the Tierra del Fuego Mission; and under the most favorable auspices the expedition for the wholesale conversion of the Patagonians, put to sea. The results are now before the public.

These consist in—first the capture of a most interesting native rejoicing in the name of Billy Button, "but of whose pretensions temporal or spiritual," adds the Times, "we are not informed." However, we may credit the mission with Billy Button; we will accept him as a genuine convert, and a new creature in the Lord; for alas! it seems that Billy Button is the sole item that can be put down on the credit side of its account.

But the other side looks gloomy indeed. The Missionaries fell out with one another. The captain of the Missionary yacht, who had been engaged to write letters home for the "Ladies," naturally objected to being obliged to find accommodation in his vessel, only 63 feet long, for the crew, 80 tons of goods, the missionaries, and "20 Falcland wild bulls with horns five feet wide." A row, and a break-up of the Mission was the consequence; and ultimately the captain was dismissed to find his passage home, with a mattress and 14 shillings worth of pork. Arrived in England, he instituted legal proceedings against his evangelical employers; and, says the Times, with the faintest indication of a sneer—"one would suppose from the way in which he calls Heaven to witness against them, that his employers were Turks and monsters, instead of being enthusiastic and devoted Missionaries burning with the love of human souls."

And so the Mission broke up. "Billy Button" has, we fear, returned to his ancient practices, and discarded both his faith, and the use of those garments to which buttons are an indispensable adjunct. The "Ladies" have received no "letters"; Exeter Hall has nothing interesting to produce from the Patagonian market; and the result of the expedition is thus summed up by the irreverent Times, with again, we fear, traces of a sneer quite perceptible on its countenance:—

"As it is, the Patagonian Mission has ended very ill, and can show a list, not of heathens converted, but of a number of excellent Christians quarrelling and abusing one another."

BLUE LAWS.—Thursday the 22d inst. being the anniversary of the landing of the first settlers of New England, was celebrated by the members of the New England Society; and a sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Rev. Mr. Bonnar, wherein the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers were extolled, the wisdom

and justice of their Blue Laws were vindicated, and the energy and fidelity wherewith their descendants have followed in their footsteps, "carrying with them knowledge, liberty," and wooden nutmegs—which last the preacher forgot to enumerate—were all duly acknowledged and enumerated. The remarks, however, which fell from the reverend gentleman apropos of New England "Blue Laws" are that to which we would more especially direct the attention of our readers; as they confirm a suspicion we have always entertained as to the real designs of the advocates of Sabbath Legislation; and are amusingly illustrative of that peculiar form of civil and religious liberty that would obtain in the world, were the principles of the Pilgrim Fathers to be universally reduced to practice.

Our readers are we suppose for the most part acquainted with the nature of the cruel code of laws established by the first Puritans of New England, and handed down to the ridicule and execration of succeeding generations under the name of "Blue Laws." We have contended that the real object of the Sabbatarians in their agitation for legislation upon the subject of the due observance of the Lord's Day, was not so much to procure for themselves perfect freedom to worship God as they pleased, and to impose their absurd superstitions upon others, and to enforce by legal penalties universal compliance with their views of religion, and religious duties. This our position was fully confirmed by the Rev. Mr. Bonnar in his discourse above alluded to.—Speaking of the "Blue Laws" he thus delivered himself, and thereby exposed the real designs of the Sabbatarians on this Continent. We copy from the Montreal Herald:—

"Much ridicule had been cast on the founders of the New England colony on account of what had been called the Blue Laws of Connecticut. . . . Yet the wisest and best men in Philadelphia and New York were, even now, attempting to enforce just such Sabbath Laws."

The phrase in every body's mouth—"wisest and best men"—means of course, those who hold the same opinions upon any particular subject, as does their eulogist. In this sense therefore we may accept the Reverend Mr. Bonnar's assertion respecting the "wisest and best men"; and should therefore be constantly on our guard against the designs of the Sabbatarians, as they are styled; seeing that it is their avowed design to reimpose the old "Blue Laws" of the Yankee Puritans.

Their legislation on Sabbath observances, that legislation which a large party on this Continent would desire to rescind, and apply to the people of Canada, and the United States, is we suppose known to most of our readers; but lest however any should be in ignorance thereof, we lay before their eyes a few specimens, in the hopes that they may excite them to vigilance, and to take all salutary precautions against the designs of the "wisest and best men."

By the Laws of the Plymouth Colony it was enacted that any person neglecting the public worship of God on the Lord's Day, approved of by the government, should be fined. In other of the New England Colonies the law enjoined that:—

"No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting; no one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day; no woman shall kiss her children on the Sabbath or fasting day. If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife her husband on the Lord's Day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the Court of Magistrates."

Nor were these laws allowed to remain idle; for it is related that a gentleman of New Haven after a prolonged absence reached his home on the Sabbath day, and meeting his wife at the door, "kissed her with an appetite," and was for this offence tried, convicted, and fined. Whilst at the same time it was strictly prohibited:—

"To read Common Prayer, keep Christmas, or Saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, and Jewsharp."

At these specimens of what Protestants understand by "civil and religious liberty," we might afford to laugh, as the superstition of past generations, as follies which, thanks to the wearing out of Puritanism, could never be revived.—But when we are gravely assured by Protestant preachers that the restoration of these absurd and cruel edicts is the object of "the best and wisest men;" and when we see the strenuous exertions of our evangelical fellow-citizens to rescind the barbarous code of the Pilgrim Fathers, we should certainly be on our guard; and should certainly regard with extreme jealousy every attempt to compel our Legislature to pass laws on the subject of Sabbath observances.

AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.—The Council of Public Instruction for Lower Canada is at last appointed, and nothing could show better the condition we are in politically than a list of the names: The Church of England has the Bishop of Montreal; the Church of Scotland Dr. Cook; all other Protestants, Christopher Dunkin and Timothy Lee Terrell; the latter, we believe, very ill. The Church of Rome has: Bishop Larocque, L. V. Sicotte, T. J. J. Laronger, Rev. E. U. Tachereau, Rev. Patrick Dowd, C. S. Cherrier, A. Polette, F. X. Garneau, J. Cremazie and P. J. O. Chauveau,—being 10 Roman Catholics to four Protestants. We cannot see how any one can consider this to be a fair proportion. The Secretary of the Board is Mr. Giard, another French Canadian.

Thus comments the Montreal Witness upon the composition of the Council of Public Instruction for Lower Canada. Only 4 Protestants to 10 Catholics! this is what stirs the bile of our cotemporary.

What would the man have? By the last Census it appears that the Catholics of Lower Canada are to the Protestants in the same section of the Province, in the ratio of about five to one; whilst in the Council of Public Instruction their representatives are, to the representatives of their Protestant fellow-citizens, only in the ratio of five to two. In other words, Protestants have twice as many representatives in the Council, as they would have had had the principle of Representation by Population been adhered to—and yet the Witness is not content!

We do not say that injustice has been done in the above appointments; but if any section of the community has the right to complain of them

it is the Catholic portion. The truth is that the vision of "Protestant Ascendency" has so completely mastered the brain, and confused the vision of our evangelical cotemporary, that the slightest approach towards equality as betwixt Catholics and Protestants, strikes him with horror; and thus while he ought to feel grateful for the liberal treatment that he and his non-Catholic brethren have always received from the hands of a Catholic community—treatment far more liberal than ever Catholics received, or ever will receive from a Protestant community—the good man complains of the wrong done him, because of the shock given to his pleasant slumbers, and sweet dreams of "Protestant Ascendency."—But this, please God, and if we are but true to ourselves, shall never be established in Lower Canada.

ORDINATIONS.—The following Orders were conferred on Saturday by His Lordship the Bishop of Cydonia, in the Chapel of the Seminary. Priests.—M.M. Martin, and Boissonneault. Deacons.—M.M. Ed. Glowinski of Hamilton, G. Jeannotte and P. Deguire of Montreal.

Sub-Deacons.—M.M. J. O. Bonneau of Montreal, and J. F. Laboureau of Toronto.

Minor Orders.—M.M. J. Renaud, A. Peladeu, A. Germain, J. Lauve of Montreal, T. Poulin and Beaul of Boston, Barry, of Albany and T. Daly, Halifax. M.M. A. Coutu, and P. A. Laporte, received the tonsure.

On the same day, the Rev. M. T. Pepin was ordained Priest by His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal at Long Point. On Sunday His Lordship of Cydonia conferred the Order of Priesthood upon the Rev. M. Vinet at Lachenaie; and on Monday the following received the tonsure at the College Joliette, from the hands of the Bishop of Montreal—M.M. Woods, Belanger, Seguen, Beaudry of Montreal, and M.M. Belanger and Hudon of Quebec.

The Bishop of Toronto has been in town for some days, actively engaged in preaching in aid of the funds for the "Propagation of the Faith," with all that zeal and energy for which that illustrious Prelate has been so long distinguished.

The collection on Christmas Day, taken up for the poor, amongst the Irish congregations of this city, amounted to Seventy-six pounds, three shillings, and nine-pence half-penny. In the face of such a fact eulogium upon the liberality of the children of St. Patrick, would be superfluous.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The complaint of our friends at St. Joseph de Chambly, has been laid before the proper authorities; the whole matter will be investigated, and, we doubt not, substantial justice done to all parties.

A respected correspondent sends us the following with regard to a statement which we allowed to appear in our last issue, but whose appearance, now that our attention has been called to it, we regret, and which we desire at once to retract. Our correspondent's letter will explain the matter at issue. He says:—

"DEAR SIR—In your notice of the lecture to be delivered by Dr. Ives on Wednesday evening in the Bonaventure Hall, you remark:—

"It is very common to hear converts boast of the sacrifices they have made, when we are often at a loss to know in what they consist." Sir, I trust you will pardon me if I feel some surprise at this remark. The more so as you omit to particularise those converts to Catholicity who thus querulously "boast," or proudly intimate to the world the amount of sacrifices they have made, or sufferings they have endured for their soul's sake.—Who are they who thus impudently boast, I am indeed anxious to know; but to be plain with you, I doubt the truth of your statement, and look upon it as a "slip of the pen."

It is consoling to see recorded in our Catholic journals the names of learned and devout persons who, from time to time have sought, or are actually preparing to seek, for admission to the true Church; but I am not aware that their conversions have been followed by "boastings," or that converts to Catholicity are justly liable to the reproach that you have, I think most uncharitably, urged against them.

Yours, A CATHOLIC CONVERT."

We can only say in reference to the above, that the remark which has elicited the well merited rebuke of our correspondent, found its way into our columns through one of those errors from which no man, not even an editor, is exempt. The article was not editorial; and as coming from an accomplished and most amiable correspondent should have been marked "communicated;" and though of course the editor is morally responsible for every word that appears in his columns, we trust that A Catholic Convert will accept our excuse, and pardon us our error. In so far as our own personal knowledge extends, we never heard of a single case of "boasting" on the part of "Romish converts."

On the contrary, their conversion is constantly being cast in their teeth by Protestants, and indeed, sometimes by Catholics, as something of which they, the converts to Catholicity, should be ashamed rather than proud. Under these circumstances, it is but natural that Catholic converts should keep the fact of their previous Protestantism and conversion as much in the background as possible, and as is consistent with a rigid adherence to truth. And this, in so far as our own personal knowledge extends, is the course invariably pursued by converts to Catholicity. They remember Him Who as at this time deigned to become man for their salvation; Who laying down the glory which he had with the Father from all eternity, humbled himself to the death of the Cross; and remembering these things—the manger-cradle, the life of toil and humiliations, the scourge, the crown of thorns, and the cross, which were the portion of the Holy One—they could not, even were they tempted so to do, they could not dare to "boast" of their paltry sacrifices for His sake. No; we admit that the remarks which have provoked the comments of our correspondent were unjustifiable, and we sincerely regret their appearance in the TRUE WITNESS. With this expression of contrition for our negligence, we trust our correspondent will be satisfied.

DR. IVES' LECTURE.

Our readers will observe that, owing to disappointment in the arrival of the trains, Dr. Ives' first Lecture has been postponed to this evening, (Friday). Dr. Ives' high abilities as a Lecturer are so well known that it is unnecessary to say that a great treat is in store for all those who may intend to be present on that occasion. The importance and interest of the subject to be treated, as well as the position and character of the Lecturer, will, no doubt, attract a large audience. Among the large numbers assembled on Wednesday evening last to greet the distinguished Lecturer were, we understand, His Lordship the Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, accompanied by several of his priests, several gentlemen of the Seminary and a number of Jesuit Fathers. We are happy, however, to learn that all these gentlemen have intimated their intention of being present at the Lecture this evening; as also His Lordship of Toronto.

THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC, AND LITTY DIRECTORY, for the United States, with an Appendix containing the Canadian Directory, 1860. Baltimore, John Murphy.

We can commend this to our readers as a complete and carefully compiled work.

DUNIGAN'S AMERICAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC, 1860. New York, Ed. Dunigan and Brothers.

To one desirous of obtaining full and reliable statistics of the Catholic Church in the United States, we know of no better Almanac than this.

AMUSING.—The Herald of Saturday last, Christmas Eve, gravely informed its readers that the next day was the "anniversary of Our Saviour's Nativity and Resurrection,"—an error for which he was taken to task in the following terms by the Montreal Pilot:—

"Our cotemporary the Herald make an extraordinary blunder in this morning's issue, in telling us that to-morrow is the anniversary of our Saviour's Nativity and Resurrection. The subject is too serious to joke about; but the Herald will at once see the absurdity of making the two great festivals of the Christian Church fall on the same day."

On Monday morning following the Herald having had time to reflect over the matter, made a correction as under:—

"A GREAT CURSE.—We should have said "Festival," not "Anniversary." In the hurry of writing for a daily paper such solecisms will occur."

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Belleville, Dec. 22, 1859.

DEAR SIR—I suppose, no doubt, that you were perfectly annihilated with the long array of "Esquires" which graced the report of a meeting lately held in Belleville, for the purpose of expressing concurrence in the policy pursued by the Editor of the Toronto Freeman, in reference to the present action entered into by the Orange Grand Master of British North America. So far so good; but when, at the same time, they spoke in terms of censure of the course of the TRUE WITNESS, it is time to say a few words in explanation, for fear it should lead others into the belief that theirs was the unanimous voice of the Catholics of Belleville. So long as they kept within proper bounds, nothing would have been said; but when they overstepped the object for which the meeting was intended, it is due to the respectable Catholics of Belleville to repudiate the sentiments therein contained, in reference to the TRUE WITNESS.

A few would-be leaders of the Catholic party conceived in their sapient noddles the design of calling a meeting, but without inviting such insignificant persons as John O'Hare, Esq., our County Attorney, or James Powers, M.D., Coroner of the County of Hastings, or other acknowledged leaders of the party or their supporters; but inviting only such of the extreme end of the tail as would be subservient to their wishes; taking it for granted, I suppose, that when the tail made a move, the head would be sure to follow. But in this they were mistaken. Instead of eliciting the sympathies of the leaders in the cause of the Freeman, some of those who were hitherto lukewarm in the cause of the TRUE WITNESS, are now stirring themselves, and a voice will shortly be heard from Belleville, of which the originators of this "hole-and-corner meeting" little dream. In looking over the list of "Esquires" present, I find the names of those who were the most active in opposing the establishment of our separate school, and who, in fact, carried their opposition so far as to be denounced from the Altar; and not on this question alone, but on almost every other question affecting the interests of the Catholics here, they have been found working in opposition to their Pastor, and those who supported him. In fact the only man whose name I find in the list, who has the least influence, is that of the Chairman.

Hoping that we have heard the end of this ridiculous farce,

I remain yours truly, BONA FIDE

On Saturday, 17th inst., His Lordship, the Bishop of this Diocese, held an Ordination in the Chapel of St. Joseph's College, when he conferred the Order of Deacon on the Rev. J. A. M. Chaine, Rev. J. O'Brien Rev. O. J. Boucher; the Order of Sub-Deacon on Mr. G. Brunet and Mr. C. Gay; and Tonsure and Minor Orders on Mr. P. S. Mansipe.—Ottawa Tribune.

INCUNDATION OF PART OF GRIFFINTOWN.—We regret to have to notice, another season, that, in consequence of the rising of the river, several streets in Griffintown have been inundated, and also that the same may be said of a great number of the cellars in McGill and St. Paul streets. The thoroughfares which have been inundated are Eleanor, William, Murray, and Kempt streets. Several lots, in the streets adjacent to the river, are also covered with water. Of course a great amount of inconvenience is thus caused, and it will seem strange that those most interested in the matter have not as yet effected any plan of obviating this very serious grievance.—Herald.

A NOVEL ELECTION BET.—It appears from a rumor which was current in the city yesterday, that Toronto is not to be out done by New York or any Yankee city in the way of novel bets at elections. It is reported that two of our grave City Fathers—one of whom is in favor of the return of Mr. Wilson as Mayor, and the other in favor of Mr. Cameron—have entered into an agreement that, in the event of Mr. Wilson being elected Mayor, Alderman—will wheel a barrow, loaded with a barrel of apples from the Rossin House to the St. Lawrence Hall in open day. If Mr. Cameron is the lucky man which from present appearances, is not very likely to be the case—then Councilman—will take charge of the wheel-barrow, and show his ability to the citizens of Toronto. The feat is expected to come off on the 4th of January.—Globe.

A great number of the inhabitants on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, taking advantage of the trains through the Victoria Bridge to Point St. Charles, daily await the arrival of the train from Island Pond, due at St. Lambert at half-past 11, to bring them into town. One day last week over 500 took the cars for that purpose. The Grand Trunk Company charge 25 cents to go and return.—Transcript.

The following Commercial Review has been taken from the Montreal Witness of Wednesday last.

The weather since our last has been cold and reasonable. The river has now taken, and there will be a better supply in our retail markets.

Flour.—There have been but few transactions, owing to the holidays. Sales of No. 1 have been made at \$5.10 to \$5.15, and No. 2 at \$4.90. For very choice brands of strong Spring Wheat Flour \$5.20 is asked to-day. There is very little Fancy in the market,—it is held nominally at \$5.35 to \$5.40; Extras may be quoted at \$5.75 to \$6; Double Extras, \$6.25 to \$6.50 but there is nothing doing in the higher grades. Hog Flour is quiet at 14s to 14s 6d.

Spring Wheat continues in moderate demand at \$1.15 for good samples. There is very little in market.

Ashea are coming in freely for this stage of the season, and meet with ready sale at 27s 6d for Pots and 27s 3d for Pearls.

Pork.—Dressed Hogs continue in active demand at previous prices. For Hogs weighing about 200 lbs we quote \$6 to \$6.25, according to quality; for heavy weights, averaging about 300 lbs, \$6.75 could be got. The prices of packed meat are quoted as before,—Mess \$17 to \$17.50; Prime Mess \$12 to \$12.50; Prime \$10 to \$10.50, but holders are mostly unwilling to sell at these prices.

Beef.—Prime Mess has been sold at \$9 and Primo at \$6.50, but there is very little demand at this season.

Butter.—There is only a retail demand for really choice parcels, at about 17c to 19c per lb, for rolls or small tins fit for family use.

DONSKOUB AND ST. ANN'S MARKETS.

Wheat—None; Oats 2s to 2s 1d; Indian Corn 3s 9d to 4s; Peas 3s 9d to 4s; Timothy Seed 9s 6d to 10s; Oatmeal 10s to 11s; Butter fresh, 1s 3d; Salt 10d to 11d; Eggs 1s to 1s 3d; Potatoes 2s 9d to 4s

Died.

In this city, on the 15th instant, Mary Elizabeth, youngest daughter of B. Devlin, Esq., Advocate, aged 7 months.

Oxygenated Bitters.—The cures effected by this remedy are truly astonishing. The confirmed Dyspeptic regains his pristine vigor, the Asthmatic breathes freer, Indigestion disappears. These Bitters produce these wonders. Let all who suffer try them.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.



DR. IVES,

(WHO IS NOW IN TOWN) WILL GIVE HIS

FIRST LECTURE

THIS EVENING, (FRIDAY, DEC. 30)

AT THE

BONAVENTURE HALL.

SUBJECT:

"Christian Rome, the Patroness of Learning."

Admission, 1s 3d. Lecture to commence at Eight o'clock.

By Order, JOHN P. KELLY,

Sec. Secretary.

December 30, 1859.



THE

GRAND ANNUAL SOIREE

OF THE

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY,

WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE

CITY CONCERT HALL,

ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 11th JAN, 1860.

REFRESHMENTS,

Of the Choicest description, will be supplied by

O O M P A N.

PRINCE'S splendid BRASS and QUADRILLE

BANDS have been engaged for the occasion.

The Chair will be taken at Eight o'clock.

Tickets of Admission—Gentlemen, 6s 3d; Ladies' 3s 9d—including Refreshments; can be obtained from Members of the Committee, at the principal Music Stores, Hotels, and at the door.

THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place in the St. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING the 2nd January, at EIGHT o'clock.

December 30.

By Order, EDWARD WOODS, Rec. Sec.

ERINA SNOW-SHOE CLUB.

THE MEMBERS of the above CLUB will meet at the Corner of Dorchester and DeBlouy Streets, on the EVENINGS of TUESDAY and FRIDAY of each week, at HALF-PAST SEVEN, precisely.

By Order,

JOHN COX, Secretary.

Montreal, Dec. 19, 1859.

COLLECT YOUR ACCOUNTS

IN DUE SEASON.

THE undersigned gives Solvent Security and respectable reference.

P. TUOKER,

Collector of Accounts, 53 Prince Street.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the Morning Herald has proclaimed his belief that the Emperor of the French meditates an attack, either on England or Prussia, or perhaps both. He professes to found this belief on the active preparations in the dockyards of France, on the extent of the coast defences, now in the act of being carried out by the Imperial Government, and also on its internal policy. But simultaneously with this pleasant intelligence, comes an account of a grand dinner given by the Prefect of the Seine to the Municipal Council of Paris, at which the Prefect made a most conciliatory speech, eulogistic of peace, and of the new era on which France has entered. He toasted the health of the Emperor, and remarked that if dynasties are founded by arms, the most enduring grandeur is that established by peace. While this is taking place, the tone of the French press is eminently pacific, and, judging by what is passing around, the head of the French nation is disposed to cultivate the most friendly relations with us. It is even asserted that Mr. Cobden was commissioned by the British Government, during his stay in Paris, to organize a kind of free trade treaty between the two countries, by which the admission of French wines into England at a nominal duty is to be accompanied by a similar concession on the imports of English goods into France.

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.—Mr. Roebuck having made some strong allusions the other day to the warlike tendency of the French nation, and having specified certain charges against Prince de Joinville, that distinguished personage replies as follows:—"Mr. Roebuck's assertion is entirely devoid of foundation. I have not made any plan of the coasts of England; I have not drawn up any scheme of attack against this country; and lastly, need I say that I have not sent anything to the French Ministry? I may add that, although I still consider myself a child of France, I should be the last to wish that 'the principles which now rule her should pass across the Channel.'"

The following gallant action, accomplished by Captain Hermal, of the French clipper Luzitano, by which the captain and crew of the Birkenhead, of Liverpool, were saved from impending death, has been reported to the French Government. The fact is the more remarkable as a British vessel had previously passed near the Birkenhead, and, although her dangerous position was evident, the other ship continued on her voyage without affording any assistance. The following is the report made by Captain Hermal:—"On the 24th of November, about 7 in the morning, during a violent gale, the wind blowing from the west, I perceived a ship at a short distance steering badly, and endeavouring to move towards the south. I found that this vessel had lost all her masts but her lower ones. I immediately steered towards the vessel, and when I was sufficiently near she hoisted the union flag reversed. The captain hailed me, and prayed me to take him and his crew on board, as his ship was about to founder. In fact, I saw that his deck was broken up, and that the sea was breaking over her on all sides. I lay to as close as possible to the ship in distress, and at half-past 8 I had the satisfaction to receive the crew, consisting of 23 men, on board. The captain told me his name was Edward Phelan, of Waterford, his ship the Birkenhead, measuring 383 tons, and belonging to Mr. J. Wilson, of Liverpool. He was on his passage from Quebec to Liverpool with a cargo of timber. The Birkenhead, being in 45 40 north latitude, and 40 20 west longitude from the meridian of Paris, sprang a leak, making 5 feet of water an hour, the wind blowing fresh from the north-west. Finding that the water was gaining on the vessel, although all hands were employed at the pumps, the captain ordered a reef to be taken in in the mizen sail. While this operation was going on the deck was burst up by the cargo, while the stern and bows were seriously damaged by the shifting of the large logs of timber. In this critical position Captain Phelan cut away all his upper masts, leaving only the lower ones, with which he expected to make the Azores, but he found it almost impossible to make the Birkenhead answer the helm. Thus the crew were exposed to great danger for 12 days, until I met them, when they had made only 80 leagues. They had passed the northern island of the Azores, and I am convinced that Capt. Phelan could not have made the island of St. Michael, for the west and south-westerly winds were driving his ship to the east, although he was making every effort to steer to the south. He was then in 42 15 north latitude, and 32 west longitude. When I received the crew they were reduced to their last glass of water, and the small quantity of provisions which they had saved from the sea was nearly exhausted. Moreover, the weather being extremely severe, the men suffered horribly from cold and damp. Six days before I fell in with the Birkenhead a ship of her nation passed close by, but the captain did not think proper to stop to assist his unfortunate countrymen. A violent tempest arose from the south-west shortly after the crew arrived on board the Luzitano, and lasted for 12 hours. Captain Phelan is of opinion that his ship must have gone to pieces during the storm."

The Times correspondent writes:—"It is a little unlucky that the new Minister of the Interior should have inaugurated his return to office by a prosecution of the press. The result of the famous Montalbert case, a year ago, might have shown the uselessness and the inconvenience to Government, of these experiments. The proceedings against the Ami de la Religion, for having published a fabricated document, purporting to be the answer of Victor Emmanuel to the letter of the Emperor of the French, came on yesterday in the Correctional Police Court of Paris. I have said that the prosecution was unnecessary, for from the first moment the document appeared there was internal evidence of its being spurious. To the eye accustomed to these things it bore on its face the stamp of forgery; and if it was considered requisite to disabuse people, a denial in the Monitor would have more than sufficed. There may have been remissness, but there could have been no intention on the part of the editor, the Abbe Sissou, to impose upon the public; and we may readily believe him when he stated at the outset that he had sent it to the printing-office without being aware of its contents, together with many other letters addressed to the sub-editor. This, however, did not satisfy the Court, who have condemned him to three months' imprisonment and 1,000 francs."

The following is an article from the Uaiuers on the Chinese expedition:—"Between two nations eager to attain the same object—the monopoly of the East—what part ought France to take? Shall she form an alliance with Russia to annihilate England? Or shall she unite her forces with those of Great Britain to stop the advances of the Russians, if, indeed that be possible? Or shall she stand quietly by, as a disinterested spectator, and content herself with accepting the fait accompli? Nothing of the kind, we think. If allies of the Russians, we ourselves establish their supremacy. That would be a fault. United with the English, we should perhaps save their power, now seriously menaced. But what should we gain by that course? Glory, we shall be told. Very possibly; but no material advantage, certainly. To merely watch the struggle when the stake is the continent of Asia, the result preponderance in the world would be to abdicate. What, then, shall we do? The first thing is to remember that we are neither Russian nor English; that we have interests and a civilization of our own; and that those interests should alone decide our acts. But the first necessity for France is to maintain her rank, and influence in the world. She would lose them if any one Power were to possess Asia. What we want is that the East shall re-

main open to all nations, that its riches shall not become the monopoly of any one, that our missionaries and merchants may each accomplish their task without fear or peril, that it shall be well known throughout those vast regions that notwithstanding their distance, the arm of France will immediately avenge the wrong done to one of her sons. Lastly, we should throw our sword between the two champions to prevent Asia becoming exclusively English or Russian; and if possible, and even probable, events should bring about a partition of the Asiatic continent, let us be among the foremost to claim our share. Let us therefore, go to China, not in the wake of the English, not to break down obstacles against which she is powerless, but on our own account. Let Russia and Great Britain know that a new champion enters the lists, and that henceforth she must be consulted. If, therefore, the Chinese expedition is undertaken with a view to the future—if it is the first landmark planted by France to indicate her place on the confines of the East—let us not regret the money it will cost and the men who may perhaps, fall on the field of honor, for that generous blood will not flow in vain."

GERMANY.—The Dresden Journal publishes a semi-official article on the subject of the Conference at Wurzburg. The article says, that as there is no unity between the great German Powers, the Conference tend to satisfy the general wish for a more vigorous and energetic attitude of the Federal Diet. The numerous and great results which have been obtained at Wurzburg will soon become perceptible. The Conference had nothing to do with any proposal for a change in the Confederation."

A letter from Vienna, in the Courier du Dimanche, says:—"The letters of convocation issued by the Cabinets of Vienna and of the Tuileries, set forth the labors which the Congress will have to accomplish. Austria and France, after briefly noticing the preliminaries of Villafranca and the stipulations of Zurich, say that the reorganization of Italy and the definite solution of the Italian question belongs to the Powers which signed the Treaties of Vienna. As long as the matter related to a political or territorial change concerning Austria exclusively, the Emperor Francis Joseph could enter into such engagements with the Emperor of the French as were compatible with the interests and dignity of both. But the moment that the events in Central Italy threatened to cause modifications of a nature to affect the basis of the European equilibrium, established in 1815, the Government of Austria and France have thought it their duty to convoke the Powers which signed the treaties of Vienna. The 5th January next is designated by the Counts de Rechberg and Walewski for the meeting of the Congress."

ITALY.—From Venice we learn that all the political offenders who were arrested during the war have been set at liberty, and that many of the volunteers have taken advantage of the Imperial amnesty and returned to their homes. At Venice it is the question of reforms, but the people openly declare that they have no confidence in Government, and as openly lament that they are still under the sceptre of Austria. An officer, who not long ago came to this city from Venice, affirms that Venetia is as hostile to Austria as Sardinia, and can only be retained by force of arms. "There are about 2,315,000 souls in Venetia," said he, "and it may safely be said that above 2,000,000 of them hate the Germans with their whole hearts." The officers belonging to the Austro-Italian Army, and the Government employes in Venetia, are paid in silver again. During the last few days there has been a marked improvement in commerce at Venice and Trieste. The publication of the treaties of peace was delayed here one day in order that they should not appear on the 2d instant, that being the anniversary of the Emperor's accession to the throne. Various reasons have been given for the prolonged sojourn of the Emperor and Empress at Shonbrunn, but the true one probably is that their Majesties, who will come into town to-day, wished to give their children the benefit of the country air as long as possible.—Times Cor.

SARDINIA.—The Corsiere Mercantile publishes an account of the state of the public debt of Sardinia, from which it appears that in 1848 the debt amounted to 102,354,668 francs, that from that period to the present one there have been added 790,037,138 francs, and that in consequence of the stipulations of Zurich there have been incurred further liabilities to the amount of 310,000,000 francs, which makes a sum total of 1,202,391,806 francs. It must not be forgotten, however, that this sum comprises 80,000,000 francs raised in 1851 for the completion of railways belonging to the State, also 10,400,000 francs for the redemption of feudal property in the island of Sardinia, 4,000,000 francs for the construction of roads in that island, besides other profitable investments.

The Piedmontese Gazette of the 5th publishes a Royal decree, enacting that the young men who have emigrated from Venice and the Italian Tyrol, and who would be desirous of continuing their studies in the Sardinian Universities, shall, if unable to support the expense, be admitted gratuitously to those establishments and to pass their examinations.

ROME.—The Monitor di Bologna announces that the decree relative to the Jesuits published by Prince Eugene of Savoy in 1848 is in force in the Romagna. The most prominent features in the decree alluded to are—that the Jesuit colleges are to be dissolved, and their property handed over to the Finance Department.

The following letter has been received from Rome, dated Nov. 24:—"The Pontifical Government has discovered that Count Walewski, in his circular note of the 5th of November, has not clearly expressed the intention of the Holy Father on the subject of the reforms which he is decided to grant his States. His Holiness, if I can believe what I hear from persons who are well acquainted with the course of events, wished to assure not an administration exclusively his, but to give a large place to laymen in the Government. The secularization of the Pontifical administration is impossible. Some branches of the Government may be intrusted to laymen, but they must retain an ecclesiastical spirit, for the Government cannot change its nature without compromising its existence. Neither was the Pontifical Government perfectly well pleased with the expressions used by Count Walewski as to the guarantees for a better administration of justice, because they throw doubts on the present administration, and do not explain the Pope's plan, which consists in a reform of the mode of proceeding both in civil and criminal matters. Perhaps the Pontifical Government will not fail to make some declaration in order to anticipate the accusations which might be made against it if the reforms which are expected from the Holy Father are not in strict conformity with what are announced by Count Walewski in his circular note. In the meantime the Roman journal declares that the reforms announced by several journals to be made by the Papal Government are exaggerated. The revolutionary leaders at Rome are increased against the Emperor Louis Napoleon in consequence of the representations made to the King of Sardinia on account of the R-gency accepted by the Prince of Carignano. The departure of General Garibaldi from the Romagna has produced a political manifestation, which was suppressed by the National Guard, General Garibaldi was greatly esteemed in the Romagna, and he found it necessary to use all his authority and moral influence to maintain strict discipline among his men, of whom he shot three at Rimini. At present Tuscan troops have replaced in the Romagna the volunteers who have passed into Tuscany and into the Duchies of Parma and Modena. The Roman volunteers who have quitted the service and return home have drawn a melancholy picture of the state of the troops under the yoke of the Government in Bologna. The privations suffered by the troops are excessive, and even now there is a want of beds

in the barracks. The Pontifical Government is decided no longer to give that increased pay to the troops at Perugia, Ancona, Sinigaglia, and Pesaro, who are supposed to be making a campaign. This resolution will produce a considerable saving. Notwithstanding the deficiency produced in the Roman Treasury by the present revolution, the Minister of Finance, Ferrari, has so well managed matters, that he has sufficient to pay all demands up to the end of the year. A loan is inevitable for 1860. Cardinal Antonelli is the diplomatist whom the Holy Father has chosen to represent the Holy See at the European Congress.

SPAIN.—The Madrid journals of the 3rd inst. do not contain any detailed account of the last affair in Morocco, but they say there is reason to believe that the major part of the troops with whom the Spaniards have hitherto fought are reinforcements sent by the Emperor Muley Abbas (who is still at the head of a large army between Tangier and Tetuan) to the contingents at Anghera. One of the journals mentions a curious incident in the battle of the 25th: The Moors, in spite of the discharge of grape, succeeded in reaching the Spanish guns, and fought hand to hand with the Spanish artillerymen. Some of them were even animated with such rage that they bit the Spaniards and attempted to strangle them. On the 1st Dec., the weather, says a telegraphic despatch, "was horrible" at Ceuta. It was said that the Moors had carried to Tangier the heads of seven Spaniards.

The Gibraltar Chronicle said that the Emperor of Morocco is endeavoring to lessen the horrors of war by assimilating the practice of Morocco to that of civilized Europe. He has forbidden the slaughter of prisoners taken in battle, and in order to give effect to the prohibition and to save the life of Spanish prisoners has adopted the following plan: Moorish irregulars, being above all irregular in the receipt of pay, are required according to the work done, and get a certain sum for every head of an enemy. The Emperor has now established a graduated scale of bounties, paying only one ducat or about half-a-dollar for a head and four dollars for a prisoner delivered alive.

RUSSIA.—A letter from Warsaw, of the 25th of Nov. says:—"I mentioned in a former letter the courageous demand made by the Polish nobility of the government of Podolia when the Ozar passed through that province, to the effect that the Polish language should be re-established in the public schools and courts of law, and that full liberty to practise the Catholic religion should be proclaimed. I now give you the Ozar's reply:—"Gentlemen," said he, "your demands are illegal. Your province is Russian, and you have no right to make such demands; and I must remind you that though I can be friendly towards you I can, if necessary, be severe."

"The election of functionaries from among the Polish nobility of the same government took place shortly after the departure of the Emperor. The Polish nobility assembled in great numbers, and, after a long discussion on the address the Emperor refused to receive, they resolved unanimously to present the same address to the Emperor through the Governor-General—the legal channel. This constancy of the Polish nobility in the provinces annexed to Russia for nearly a century to maintain their nationality, as well as liberty of conscience, proves on the one hand that patriotic feeling, notwithstanding so much persecution, has not none of its ardour, and, on the other hand, that political agency has ripened by experience. It is no longer by conspiracies and insurrections that the Poles demand their rights, but by the legal course. If you add to this fact the addresses presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph by the Polish youth of Lemberg and Cracow demanding the restoration of their national language in the schools and universities, and again the persevering petitions presented by the deputies of the Grand Duchy of Posen to induce the Prussian Government to acknowledge the nationality of that province, it is impossible not to see in these symptoms a characteristic sign of the force and vitality of the Polish nationality, repressed with so much determination for so many years. History offers few examples of such cruelty as the partitioning Powers committed on that unfortunate nation. Poland is more Polish and Catholic than ever, and after so many painful trials she has advanced in perseverance and in wisdom."

THE FRENCH HOSTILITIES AT TETUAN.—The following extract from a letter, dated Gibraltar, 28th Oct., has been received:—"On Saturday morning, or rather at noon, we were all put in great state of excitement, by a signal from the signal-house—"The French are bombarding Tetuan."

On arriving at the signal station, three men-of-war were distinctly seen blazing away at Fort Martin with shell, &c., the Moors returning the fire with great vigor. The cause of the fire was as follows:—"On the Friday, the St. Louis was cruising along the coast near Tetuan, when the Moors opened fire upon her. She showed her colors, and was again fired at. Upon this she returned here and reported the same to the French Admiral, who, with two other liners, left this early on Saturday morning. On hearing Fort Martin—a small fort of seven guns, three only commanding the sea,—the French Admiral, it is said, hoisted his colours, but was fired upon immediately. The Frenchmen, of course, commenced operations, and razed the fort to the ground; after which they returned to their anchorage in this bay. It appears the Moors stuck to their guns to the last, firing with great precision; and they managed to put seven shot into one vessel and four into another—the flagship, of 131 guns."

As a matter of course the reports we get from Ceuta are favorable to the Spaniards; those from Tangier the reverse. We learn from the latter place that the Moors thrashed the Spaniards, and took four guns, besides four heads and one prisoner. The Spanish account of the same affair states that, after six hours' hard fighting—the Moors charged up to the cannon's mouth,—the latter were dispersed with great loss.

INDIA.—The following is the letter of the Times correspondent, dated Calcutta, Nov. 2.—On the 22d of October the Governor General made his triumphant entry into Lucknow, and received and decorated all the princes and higher nobles of Oude. Your readers, I dare say, will scarcely care for the ceremonial, the formal speeches and large compliments which make up an Indian reception. The real interest of the scene, besides, does not lie in them. Two days after a grand Durbar was held, attended by the majority of the Talookdars of Oude. After the usual formal greetings, the Governor General rose and addressed the assembled landlords thus:—"Talookdars of Oude,—I am glad to find myself in your country and among you, and to have this opportunity of speaking to you in the name of the Queen your Sovereign."

"A year has not passed away since this province was the seat of anarchy and war. The conduct of its people had been such that the Government was compelled to lay a heavy hand upon it. But peace and order are now restored to every corner of Oude, and I am come to speak to you not of the past but of the future."

"You have all of you who are here present received yesterday the grants of these estates which the Government has restored to you."

"You will have seen by the terms of those grants that the ancient Talookdaree system of Oude is revived and perpetuated."

"It is assured that so long as each one of you is a loyal and faithful subject, and a just master, his rights and dignity as a Talookdar will be upheld by me and by every representative of your Queen, and that no man shall disturb them."

"The same rights are secured on the same conditions to you as to the Talookdars of Oude."

"Let this security be an encouragement to you to spend your care, and time, and money upon the improvement of your possessions."

"As the Government has been generous to you, so do you be generous to those who hold under you down to the humblest tiller of the soil. Aid them by advances of money and other indulgences to increase the productiveness of the land, and set them an example of order and obedience to your rulers."

"Let the same security in your possessions encourage you to bring up your sons in a manner befitting the position which they will hereafter occupy as the Chiefs of Oude. Learn yourselves, and teach them to look to the Government as a father."

"Talookdars, I trust that there are none among you who are so infatuated as to believe that the Government has had designs against your religion.—Even if there be any such, I will not condescend to repeat the assurances which they have already received on this head. I leave it to time, and experience, and their own senses to dispel their perverse suspicions. But for their own sakes I warn them not to be led into acts of opposition or distrust towards the Government by the false tales of designing men."

"Lastly, Talookdars, wherever in any matter you have doubts to be resolved or wishes to make known, address yourselves to the Chief Commissioner. He will tell you the truth in all things. He is the high and trusted representative of the Government in Oude, and depend upon it, he will be your best adviser and your truest friend. I wish that I could speak to you in your own language. That which I have said will now be interpreted to you, and I enjoin you to bear it in your memories."

"The Talookdars" says a local reporter, "looked satisfied," and well they might. If one could imagine the Duke of Sutherland, say, suddenly assuring his tenants that their farms were their own for ever in fee simple, one would expect some slight marks of complacency to be manifested. That and nothing less is the effect of the Viceroy's speech. The Oude proclamation, the despatches to Lord Stanley, our entire policy since the annexation, are flung to the winds together. The aristocracy are restored to their estates en masse and granted a perpetual settlement; in other words, the rate of taxation is fixed for ever, and all the increase of rental sure to follow our rule will go, as in Bengal, to enrich them, instead of the State.

"The measure, wholly unexpected, and at variance with every profession Lord Oanning has made, is in itself most wise. The people will not revolt without their leaders. They did not even in Behar, where the resurrections have created a genuine hate of our rule. The leaders now cannot move. They all accept a perpetual settlement as the greatest of benefits, and they all know that the first act of a native King would be to upset it. They may not personally feel the benefit for a year or two, but they are not fools, and they know how rapidly the Bengalee Zemindars have thriven. They are released at once from all uncertainty as to the future, they recover at once their feudal supremacy, they are exempted at once from the visits and authority of the collector, and, above all, they are made too strong for the native officials. Those gentry, even in Bengal, dare not worry the Zemindars, and in Oude with its martial population they must keep strictly within the letter of the law. There will be some distrust at first, but in five years, I feel assured, if the perpetuity of the settlement is really and honestly maintained, the possibility of rebellion will cease to Oude. There may be any amount of discontent, but the rich never revolt in earnest."

"The terms of the grants are not yet published, and are very possibly severe. The perpetuity of the conditions is, however, the point, and that is distinctly promised by the Governor-General."

"The Speech has been circulated in an official handbill, all over India."

The 45 discharged Europeans who volunteered for China have been sent back as incurably bad characters."

"NEPAL.—From Nepal it is very confidently rumored that the Nana is dead, but considerable suspicion, of course, hangs over a story which it is so much the interest of the miscreant to get believed."

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Cowley's appointment as our Plenipotentiary in the coming European Congress is a definitive act (so far as the present Government is concerned) of British interference in continental affairs. The Cabinet of Lord Palmerston has only acted consistently in resolving, for good or for evil, to stand aloof from all European transactions not directly touching the material interests of this country. We certainly had no locus standi at a European Congress met to complete arrangements arising out of a conflict in which the other consulting Powers either had taken, or were preparing under certain contingencies (other than that of being attacked), to take a part. In moral influence England is doubtless powerful; and her place in the Congress would be a high one, were the other Powers there to be represented, dependent on moral influence for their rank in the scale of relative importance. But, alas, what is moral influence, when pitted against the vast material forces of France, Russia, and Austria? It is the philosopher arguing with the master of an hundred legions. Our withdrawal from European politics is described by the Times as the late repudiation of an aged sinner, and the reproaches, or gibes of Continental politicians at our "isolation," are represented as the unavoidable penance for early errors—repeated, of but still unexpiated. Once, according to the Times, we united with the despotic powers in a crusade against liberty all over the world; once we were the allies of tyrants, in crushing abroad aspirations after that constitutional government which forms our happiness and our glory at home. Now, we have changed our policy; we have grown wiser; we no longer make war for an idea, but we stay at home—we mind our own business, which is, making money—and we leave other people to mind theirs.—Weekly Register.

A great demonstration in favor of the Volunteer movement has been made in Glasgow, where a large meeting was held in the City Hall, the body of which was thronged on the occasion, whilst some 700 or 800 volunteers in uniform occupied the galleries.—Sir Archibald Alison, in a long and not uninteresting speech, gave a resume of the history of Europe, and in one part brought the following facts to the notice of his hearers, together with the moral to be deduced therefrom:—"I have taken especial care in these remarks to say nothing in regard to that great Power, recently our ally—I hope it may never become our enemy—from which an attack is the more immediately apprehended. I will always speak with respect of the French. I will always speak with respect of the Emperor of the French. (Hisses.) I admire the talent, and I know the ability, of the French Emperor. ('Hear, hear' and 'Oh, oh!') Listen, gentlemen, to what I say. It is because I know the bravery of France, because I know the power of France, and because I know the spirit and the ability of the French Emperor—it is just for this reason that I say the Volunteer movement is indispensably called for by Great Britain. (Tremendous applause.) This is not a case of dispute—it is not a quarrel or temporary necessity. France and England have been old rivals. England was conquered by France 800 years ago in one battle fought on the coast of Sussex. It was conquered by a province of France, and that is a warning and a lesson to us at this time."

CHURCH RATES.—The establishment may doubt its doctrines: it has no hesitation about pounds shillings and pence. My Lord of Ochester may deprecate

suggest, weigh words in different senses, hold out the terrors of hopeless controversy, or seek the shelter of a neutral attitude; when judicious persons wait for a decision, the question of church-rates is a firm as adamant. He gives his opinion, and holds, like Sisyphus, to his bond. "There is nothing unjust or oppressive, no real grievance, in the legal system of church-rates: I think that the church, as a national institution, is entitled to a continuance of this measure of national support." He should pause to consider "the difference between the Church and a mere Establishment." We know that in this country Christianity is not free: that the heir of the Crown, and the head of the law must perils their souls to keep their seats: that a certain number of persons in lawsleeves hold a bad pre-eminence in the House of Lords from which thousands of their fellow-subjects long to deliver them: that in common with systems of sewerage, prison discipline, penal servitude, railroads, gas, the suppression of nuisances and the procuring of conveniences, the Establishment is indebted to the Legislature for its existence and its church-rates: but in what sense it is a national institution any more than the Royal Society, Greenwich Observatory, Chelsea Hospital, that is fed by law, we do not know. Certainly, one-half at least of the nation, if they do not excrete it as the temple of Antichrist, treat it with indifference or contempt;—and it is evident that many of its members are so weary of the insecurity of their position, that they are striving to thicken and consolidate the slippery mass of their opinions by cajoling the Dissenters, and dropping the name of Church of England for the style and title of British Christians.

The London Herald, says Mr. Lever, M. P. for Galway, has again offered to charter the Great Eastern for twelve months, but that his offer has been refused without hesitation by the directors.

THE WORKHOUSE QUESTION.—The subject comes home to the great majority of the Catholic people.—The position of the Catholic poor in England is such that no one can tell whose offspring may be subjected to the tender mercies of the Poor-law Guardians. Labor is so precarious, and human life so uncertain, that the most tenderly reared children may have to graduate into adolescence in some of these public institutions which, as at present conducted, afford so many opportunities to the zealous who manage them of robbing the children of the Catholic poor of their only inheritance—the faith of their fathers. Already, through the supineness of the Catholic public, hundreds of children have been lost to the faith—children, too, of fathers and mothers whose ancestors suffered an unexampled persecution for their religion: successfully resisted for centuries the powers of darkness, and the domination of the most powerful kingdom in Europe. History affords no such instance of the tenacity of a nation to the true faith, under the most trying circumstances, as that of the Irish people to the Catholic religion, during the operation of the bloody penal code. They have gloriously passed through the fiery ordeal. They have gloriously passed through the fiery ordeal, and Ireland is still Catholic, as of yore. Monasteries and Convents, Churches and Chapels, Colleges and Educational Establishments, are already established or springing into existence, rivalling, if not surpassing, the ancient glories of the "Land of Saints," during the early centuries of Christianity—and that, too, by the voluntary contributions of a people who have been ever devoted to science and religion. Those of the Irish people who have remained at home and clung to the fortunes of the "Old Land," have nobly sustained the hereditary genius of their country; whilst those whom oppression has driven from the homes of their fathers, have carried into their adopted countries the faith of St. Patrick; and in Great Britain, and America, and the Colonies, have planted the religion of the Saints. Such enduring fortitude, such noble perseverance, should procure for them the sympathy even of those who differ from them in religious principles. But whilst we point with pride to the progress of religion in Ireland and in this country,—whilst we claim for our dissenting brethren a tribute of admiration to the heroic virtues of the Irish poor—shall we rest satisfied so long as they are deprived of the free and full exercise of their religion, when compelled by necessity to seek an asylum in the public workhouse? Shall we stand by with folded arms whilst the administrators of the Poor-law are filching from the orphan children of our kith and kin the faith for which their fathers endured so much? We are virtually doing so, so long as we leave to individual efforts what should be the united work of the whole Catholic body. We say advisedly, the entire Catholic body: for although the poor, whose claims we advocate, are principally, if not entirely Irish, the English Catholics owe the political importance and consideration which they enjoy to their being identified with the Irish Catholics who have immigrated to this country. Much has been achieved by individuals. Mr. James Whitty, of this town, and kindred Catholic spirits in London, Manchester, and Leeds, have been the watchful guardians of the poor, and placed the Catholic public under a deep debt of obligation to them; but the question is too important and comprehensive, and affects the Catholic community too seriously, to be left to isolated efforts, or individual exertions. It requires a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether; it requires a special organization, embracing the whole Catholic body, devoted to a special aim, liberally supported by public contributions, and not desisting from that aim, until its object is accomplished. The principle to be contended for—religious freedom—is one upon which Englishmen especially pride themselves. We have seen within the last few weeks, the most influential men in the country seek the interposition of British diplomacy, to restore a Christian child to Judaism, because his parents are of that persuasion. Surely, then, the obstacles to be overcome are not insurmountable, when we only ask to have the same principles acted upon at home which our fellow countrymen would wish to see respected abroad. Surely the Catholic orphans—children of a race that has done so much for the glory and greatness of Great Britain—are deserving of as much consideration at the hands of Englishmen, as the children of Jews or Mahomedans.

Another variety of deadly missile has just been subjected to experiment, and with signal success.—It consists of a hollow shell filled with iron, molten in a cupola furnace of peculiar construction. One of these furnaces has been fitted into the Stork gunboat, which on Thursday was brought into position for firing upon the Undaunted frigate. The effect of her discharge was most striking. The unfortunate object of her attentions was almost instantly in flames, and but a very short time elapsed ere the Undaunted had sunk beneath the water.

INCIDENTS OF LIFE.—The number of languages spoken is 4,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is thirty-three years. One quarter die before the age of seven. One half before the age of seventeen. To every one thousand persons one only reaches one hundred years. To every one hundred only six reach seventy-five years, and not more than one in five hundred will reach eighty years. There are on the earth one thousand millions of inhabitants. Of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,824 die every day; 7,780 every hour; and 60 per minute, or one in every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer-lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of fifty years than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages in proportion of seventy-six to one hundred. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is one-fourth of the population.—Hunt's (New York) Merchant's Magazine.





# THE CARRIERS

OF THE

# TRUE WITNESS

## TO THEIR PATRONS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1860.

O'er Wintry carpet, far and near, old Boreas tunes his whistle,  
 Around our noses, ears, and toes, and pierces bone and gristle.  
 And with his biting breath he makes them smart, and red and blue,  
 And hastens on the Carrier Boy to greet his Patrons:—You,  
 Who stand for Freedom rational, order, and holy law;—  
 Who hate the Souper's rant, and cant, and sanctimonious jaw.  
 To all who scorn lip-patriots, self-seekers, shufflers, trimmers—  
 The motley crew,—in whose dull brain faint ray of reason glimmers;  
 To those who'd on the dawning mind pure principles embue;  
 Who cherish the True Witness—oft too disagreeably true.  
 To all his Patrons, soul-refined, auspicious mouths, and dear,  
 And bright auriferous hours be theirs, throughout this new-born year.  
 That Peace, Prosperity, and Love—uninterrupted joy—  
 This year may bring 's the simple wish o' the careful Carrier Boy.

After Twelve Months of toilsome strife, defunct the Old Year lies,  
 And still Bellona thirsts for blood—more human sacrifice.  
 "Whole hecatombs march forth!" Cries Mars, "battalions, millions,  
 billions!"

But who's to pay those millions, Mars? Echo replies—"the millions!"

Italian losels, knife in clutch, their purses would replenish  
 From good men's stores, and rob the poor, and bid old justice vanish.  
 While English rogue, and canny Scot, cheer them, and say it's funny,  
 To rob a reverend gentleman o' his ancient patrimony.  
 From Anglo-land, from Magyar land, from Faderland, and all  
 The rabid hungry curs throng in, with one united bawl—  
 "Tear down the Triple Crown," they howl, "Lord make thy right  
 arm bare,

And plant an Irish Souper Saint in Peter's crazy chair;  
 Ignore their eighteen centuries—trample them in the dust,  
 De novo bring the enlightened reign of liberty, and lust."  
 Cumming declares, and he knows well, that levelling doomsday's near,  
 And Spurgeon, and other guns—they know the very year.  
 In the few years still left us then, the Church and poor we'll rob,  
 And the world shall eat and drink and sing, when governed by the  
 mob.

Faith's lamp is quenched; let fools no more in pageant grand extol her,  
 The only faith worth minding's faith in the Almighty-Dollar.  
 Should simple souls demur to this, to set their minds at ease,  
 We'll balance all with ample lots of checks and guarantees;  
 So on, destroying Angels, on, and furious be your blows,  
 If, in the end, our gains are small, we haven't much to lose."

Austria was baffled, trusting to a gormandizing sinner,  
 Who rather chose by far to lose a battle than his dinner.

In India there's now a lull in the terrific storm,  
 The Sepoys in the Christian ranks no longer cause alarm;  
 The cartridges are all fired off; and we are free to view,  
 As friends, the effete Musselman, and effeminate Hindu.

In China dire mishap has sprung from overweening pluck;  
 Poor soldiers hurried to their graves in water, mud, and muck.  
 The "big wigs" were too youthful far—too inexperienced chaps;  
 Had they seen ninety years or so, we'd ne'er have got such raps.

The Tricolor in war, they say, will shortly be unfurled,  
 In the close-minded Eagle's claw that overlooks the world;  
 And the British Lion looks across, and lashing still his tail,  
 With patience nearly quite worn out his *Ally's* ships to hail.  
 John's "incorruptible electors" sell their votes at summions  
 Of him "wot" has the biggest purse to sit in House o' Commons.  
 The Eagle flaps his pinions;—John declares those flaps mere trifles,  
 But bids his men lay down their tools, and furbish up their rifles;  
 They grumble at the losing job—it isn't to their liking;  
 John's operatives are mere machines, like clocks they're always striking.  
 With increase of war expenses, and increase of Popery too,  
 And the terror of invasion, John Bull has much to do.

The martial spirit marches on, none view it with contempt—  
 From share in general turmoil be our Canada exempt!  
 But Canada has soldiers, too, bold, fervid, shrewd, and sharp,  
 No michers they—fair field, fair play, and Napier scarce will carp.

No more in Irish "Souper" schools, the Orange rowdies hope,  
 Shall youthful souls hear Ranters' cant, and vilify the Pope.  
 The Papists—a contrary set—on "Sawbaths" wont be sad,  
 Refusing to be stricken, or become "Revival" mad.  
 "We do the Lord's work," Soupers cry, "the proofs see in detail,  
 In the newly-wanted Workhouse, and the Mad-house, and the Jail.  
 But Derby's hounds are yelling, he'll ride the peasants down,  
 Banish them from the country, and bury them in the town.

In Canada they're trying on the same exciting game,  
 Of Protestant ascendancy, to keep the Papists tame;  
 And when the Papist balks their schemes, they, in a holy passion,  
 Seek to divorce the Provinces—*Divorce* being now the fashion.  
 But some folks say that a Repeal will scarcely suit for either,  
 As men and wives do often rue that e'er they broke their tether.  
 This Canada's the famed resort of countless refugees;  
 Of restless roving rigmaroles, who fain would snooze in ease,  
 At simple folk's expense, who yet shall find them Jim Crow wheelers,  
 Who advocate Repeal, were once apostatised "Repealers."  
 So glib their speech, so pat their Q's, the dust comes showering down,  
 From those once snubbed for loving *Green*, now drilled to shout for  
*Brown*.

Papists in name, they search a stream for trout they ne'er shall catch  
 Their "allies" are too slippery eels—they'll find they've met their match  
 Howe'er the stream may run, just let them on the surface bob,  
*N'importe*—or Ministerial, or Opposition job.  
 Their "ally" Brown would separate the parent from the child,  
 And pitch it in State School to train up bawd, for rowdy wild.  
 But our TRUE WITNESS watches still the arts of men like these;—  
 Of men whose souls and principles are pure as—*Ohiniquy's*.  
 Our own TRUE WITNESS scorns their spite, with all their "jeers and  
 mocks;"

He tears their cobweb sophistries, and still survives their shocks;—  
 Oft has he made them eat their words—gulp many a bitter pill,  
 When dealing with the *Souper-Saints* of the Conventicle.  
 Your Johnny Knox, and Zion folks, and ither worthies sma'—  
 Purity John, among the rest, the holiest o' them a',  
 Wha thinks that "ithers may be saved almost as soon's himsel',  
*Exceptin'* beathen Papists wha are hurrying fast to ———  
 But it's sair wark changing Papists, for they're a stubborn set—  
*I've* done my best for mony a year, and ne'er succeeded yet.  
 But freens ne'er mind, before men's een on 'Sawbath' days look glum  
 Snivel ye up a hymn or twa, while watering the rum.  
 Be active against Popery, therein true virtue lies,  
 Ne'er passive be to see it march along before your eyes.  
 Seize every chance against them—exclude them frae the polls,  
 And gie them nought but Common Schools to poison their young souls."  
 This sort of legislation the holy howlers pray for—  
 This sort of legislation they'd have Papists prize, and—pay for.

How poor folks thrive in these rough nights, and manage to keep  
 warm—

Economy, their monitor, still points to future storm.  
 High rents, high water-rates, and, mangre all the Mayor can say,  
 Who for retrenchment calls, and fights their battles, night and day,  
 With his *confreres* of the Council, who won't let him have his way,  
 For the lower that our incomes are, the more we have to pay.

But, Friends, in case you're getting tired, as thus the Carrier prates,  
 He ceases here, and humbly your accustomed *douceur* waits.  
 The gift received, no mercenary thought shall move him here,  
 To wish once more your happiness, in this forthcoming year.