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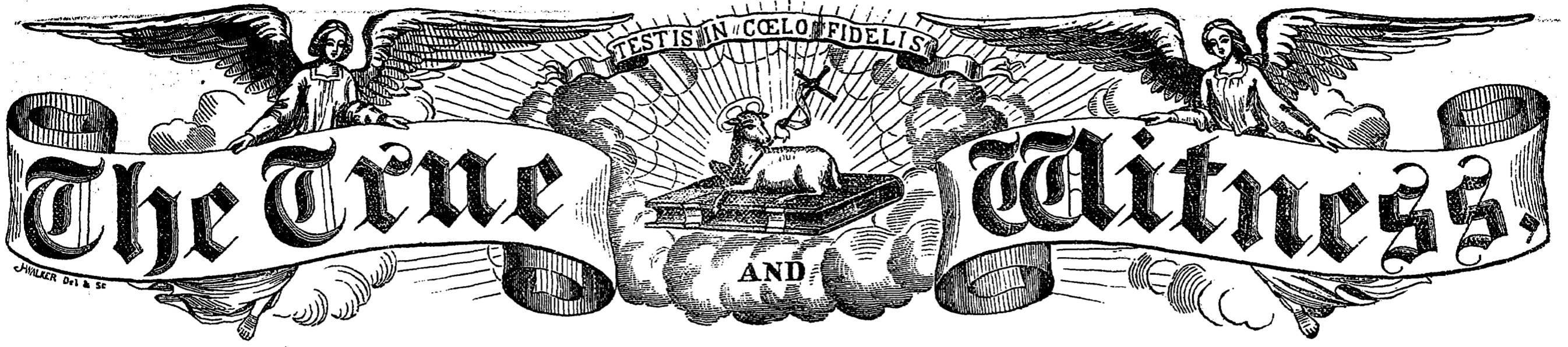
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THIODOLF THE ICELANDER.

BY BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUER.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When after some time the fertile Sicily, with her smoking mountain, arose out of the waves in sight of the voyagers, all the Icelanders stood on the decks of their vessels, and joyfully stretched out their arms towards the beautiful vision.—“Hecla’s brother!” they cried out. “Welcome, Hecla’s brother: Is it not as if we were looking upon our own beloved fire-mountain itself.” And then they broke forth into the following song:

“Deep in the bosom of the earth,
Day and night a furnace rages;
Flames as ancient as the world,
Yet unknown to man for ages.
But when, smoking in her wrath,
Hecla lifts her thousand voices,
And when Etna threatens loud,
Then the soul of man rejoices;
Glorious thoughts his heart inspire,
That the world is girt by fire!”

“I cannot now understand,” said Thiodolf to himself, “how Malgherita could help taking more pleasure in the fiery-red Hecla. Etna here only sends out smoke into the air, and yet how joyfully my heart beats at the sight.”

While they were casting anchor before the fertile island, they heard the song of some fishermen who were rowing about, singing words like the following:

“In the red glow of evening
Came o’er the blue sea
The strong northern hero,
So bold and so free.
That his sword is unsparing
Shall Musselmans find;
But to women he ever
Is gentle and kind.

“When the battle is ended,
The mazes he’ll trace,
Of the song and the dance
With skill and with grace.
He who boldly meets death,
And who fears not to dare,
He also shall vanquish
The hearts of the fair.”

“Would to the gods that it were so,” said Thiodolf with a sigh. “Then would Isolde not have shown herself so ungracious towards me; for as to meeting death firmly, that I think I could do as well as any other. But I must speak to those good fishermen at any rate.”

He beckoned to them; and as at that time there were many true and brave Normans on the island, their countrymen were received without the smallest distrust. The fishermen rowed gladly to the vessel, and prayed the noble lord to rest awhile in a bower which they had made near the shore, of orange and plain branches interwoven.

“Have you any wine there?” asked Thiodolf. “I will pay you well for it, and I greatly like it.”

“Good wine of Syracuse,” answered the fishermen; and without more ado he went with them and some of his companions to land.

As they now drew near to the orange shade, he whispered to his Icelanders, “Children there is no help for it; this time you must go on and make inquiries about Achmet. It is so very pleasant here under the branches. Besides I see bright flocks glisten; and as it is a land of friends, I can well remain behind. Now make yourselves thoroughly well informed; you will surely find me here when you return, if even you are rather long away.”

The soldiers dispersed, and Thiodolf went with his friendly hosts into the leafy bower.

“Children,” he said, as they sat with their glasses before them, “you were singing just now a beautiful song of a brave and courteous Northman. Of what hero were you then speaking?”

“Of the great knight Helmfrid,” answered a fisherman. “He bore himself so gallantly, that not only castles and ships, but also the hearts of the noblest and fairest women could offer him no resistance. And often indeed has he wooed a lovely lady; but when he was just about to hear the sweet consent from her lips, he colored up as if in anger and shame, turned away, and sought some other path.”

“That was well,” said Thiodolf. “I can easily guess at the reason. But if I only knew where he now is, I would bring him a certain shield, and with it lull to rest his wrathful sorrow.”

“You would come too late, dear sir,” answered the fisherman; “at least too late as far as regards his love adventures. The great knight Helmfrid must now be an old man.”

“They say,” added another, “that he is become the head of the northern guard which the rich Greek Emperor keeps at his court, and which is called the troop of the Væringers. He must be there a very mighty and glorious prince.”

“Then he is what beseeems him,” said Thiodolf; “and the people who have made him such have not done a little more than their duty. So help me Odin! what a joy it must be to look only for once into the face of such a warrior.”

While they were thus speaking, a blooming

graceful woman joined them. She belonged to the fishermen, and helped to bring wine and pour it out. At length she said to him who was her husband, “These are other and pleasanter guests than the corsairs who were here of late.”

“Corsairs!” and Thiodolf sprang up. “Could you not tell me whether the Arab prince Achmet was their leader?”

“That he was,” answered the woman. “I know that as well as any one. For when they had tormented us long enough, and were just about to sail away, I was called to the ship in order to dress and plait the hair of a beautiful lady.”

“Indeed!” cried Thiodolf. “O thou dear woman, thou art to me like a guiding star, and one very fair and kindly to look upon. Tell me now how went it with the beautiful lady?”

“I plaited her silky tresses,” answered the woman, smiling; “and the while the Arab prince knelt before her on rich cushions, and spoke tender and loving things to her; but I could not hear much of them, for all around were youths and maidens singing to their Moorish instruments. The lady in the midst of these flattering sounds looked like a very queen, so steadily and brightly did her eye look out upon the green of the sea and the blue of heaven.”

“Oh, I know that!” murmured Thiodolf to himself. “Just so did I see her for the first time: as if she were a sunflower, the proud maiden, and naught but the sun was worthy of her gaze. Did you not hear?” continued he, turning to the woman, “whither they were steering?”

“I think, dear sir,” answered she, “that they were going to Africa. At least much was said in the songs, and also in the speech of the Arab prince, of a castle that stands near the ruins of the old Carthage, or perhaps on part of them, and where the true joy of love was to rise up out of a fallen world.”

“I have it!—thanks be to all the gods!” cried Thiodolf, springing up and seizing his horn.—But quickly turning again to the fishermen, he said kindly, “Be not afraid, children, if I blow somewhat loud. I must do it this once, for I have not a moment of time to lose.” And forthwith the thunder of his mighty horn echoed thro’ the flowery valleys. The Icelanders came hastily running back, and he called out to them in his native tongue:

“Wise warriors scour the land,
Aye for tidings seeking;
Their leader, the while, bright wine is quaffing.

“The best of tidings came,
As the goblet he raised,
The secret is known. We must be sailing!”

Then he put two golden rings into the hand of the pretty fisher-wife, who bowed, full of thanks to the noble hero, and hastening to his companions on board, steered full of joyful hopes to the African coast.

The beams of the sinking sun fell with a strange brightness on the ruins of the overthrown Carthage. High grass and fragrant shrubs, which sprang up out of the clefts of the stones, whispered in the sea-breeze, as if repeating with mysterious sounds the marvellous deeds of the past. The voice of a shepherd-boy sang these words from amongst the mounds, which might have been taken for graves:

“When banished Marius, once a Roman chief,
On Carthage’s ruined fragments sat him down,
He thus poured forth his bosom’s sad complaint:
‘O changeful life!’ he cried; ‘say, what art thou?
More than a passing shadow—a more sate?
Or less than the forerunner of grim death?’”

A beautiful woman who passed thus then, leaning on the arm of a Moorish prince, trembled painfully at this song, and he immediately took her back to a splendid castle which rose up not far from the spot.

Soon after, Thiodolf came across the plain.—He had landed some hours before; and had, as he was wont, taken upon himself alone to make inquiries in this land of enemies. His answer to some well-meant remonstrances of his companions had been: “In the first place, it makes less noise when I go alone; and then I can get more honor from all that may befall me. Keep quiet in your posts, and let no man interfere with me.”

They well knew what that meant, and did not venture on another word of opposition; remaining on the shore listening and prepared for combat, that they might run at the first sound of the horn, wherever their young leader should call them.

Now, Thiodolf was striding over the ruins, he heard the song of the boy as it gave out these words:—

“The brilliant green of summer’s days
Changes to autumn’s mournful brown.”

“There is not much harm in that,” said Thiodolf. “Autumn is a beautiful season; but thou to whom it seems so mournful, come out for a while from thy heap of stones. I have to speak with thee.”

The stripling shepherd drew near to the young hero, greeting him courteously.

“Thou fair boy,” said Thiodolf, “canst thou show me the way to old Haroun’s dwelling?”

“I will do so gladly in the morning, dear sir,” answered the boy; “but this evening it is all too fearful around the old building. Besides, many wild beasts cover there in the night-time; and before we could complete our journey, the moon would be already risen high.”

“Leave the moon to rise if she will, dear child,” answered Thiodolf. “Thou art under the safeguard of a strong Northman. Before a hair of thy head can be touched, I must be lying dead on the ground; and that would not be so easily done.”

“I well believe that, thou great, noble man,” said the boy. “I will go with thee; but I must first collect my flock.”

Thiodolf was content with this. The boy drove his flock into a space surrounded with a half fallen wall, closed the entrance carefully with hurdles, and went his way with his knightly companion. They went over the level coast, only passing at times detached lovely buildings, or low brushwood, breaking the sameness of the way, while the deepening shades of evening more and more overcame the power of the setting sun. Clouds of deepest sorrow and longing came at the same time over Thiodolf’s mind. The friends he had left behind in Iceland, and the proud beauty who had fled from him, came before him as if the past and the future, half severe and half alluring. He was tempted to think that all the joy which he was pursuing was but an unreal cloud. His faithful relations in Iceland he might never see again, and never win the love of that glorious maiden. Some chords which the boy drew forth from the lute sounded mournful likewise, and now and then a heavy tear fell from his large blue eyes, almost like the rain-drops which fall from the clouds when a mighty storm is about to burst forth.

When the moon had been long up, and the sands appeared golden yellow in her light, the wanderers perceived a ruined building which rose upon a gentle hill. All around grew thick bushes of shrubs strange to look upon, some of them spreading wide, others shooting up high; every leaf recalling to a stranger how far off is his beloved home, and in what remote, wild country he is wandering.

“Yonder lives old Haroun,” said the boy, and he pointed with his hand towards the moon-lit building; but he suddenly remained in this position as if spell-bound.

“What is the matter, boy?” asked Thiodolf. “Go onwards, or we shall find old Haroun already asleep.”

“Dost thou not see it?” whispered the child, but without moving. “Yonder is covering a fearful lion, ready to spring on us; if we move he will be upon us.”

“Truly the lion must be a bad beast,” answered Thiodolf. “If only I could see him!” And cautiously looking through the bushes, he said at length, “Look now, there is a beautiful great dog, quite gold-colored; he shall help us in our chase.” But as he was about to call the dog, it sprang fiercely out upon him. “Come on,” cried Thiodolf; but at the same moment he felt his round shield almost torn from his arm, and the creature’s teeth in his side. “Dost thou so love to bite, sirrah?” he cried, and let his battle-ax fall on the beautiful head of the beast, dividing it into two bloody halves, so that the wild aggressor fell to the ground with a loud, far-echoing cry, and then stretching out his limbs in death, immediately expired. “Pity for the beautiful, noble dog!” said Thiodolf, compassionately. “I have never seen so large a one. But why was the creature so ill-conditioned?—And now, where shall we find the lion?”

The astonished boy had difficulty in convincing him that there lay the lion, and that it was one of the most fearful that could be met with on the African coasts.

“So, so,” said Thiodolf, bending down to observe the fallen beast. “So that is a lion!—Well, it is a very beautiful and powerful creature; but I can tell thee I had pictured to myself it would be something more.”

An old man, with a venerable beard and high turban, had approached them. “Could you not tell me, my children, who killed here this mighty lion? I know very well that it may have been a thunderbolt. But how came it that I heard nothing of it, and yet that the fearful death-cry of the beast rang through my chambers?”

“Thunderbolt?” answered Thiodolf. “Yes, if you call this a thunderbolt.” He held his battle-ax towards the old man, and added, “But you are mistaken.”

“And yet I might well nigh call it a thunderbolt,” said the old man, now looking at the edge of the ax and now at the animal’s wound; and the boy whispered in Thiodolf’s ear that this was the rich old Haroun, to whom they were going.

“Dear Haroun,” said Thiodolf kindly, “I have to give thee a greeting from thy friend Bertram.”

The old man looked at him, his eyes sparkling

with joy, and said: “Truly, thou valiant youth, thou hast the look of one who may be the friend of my friend, and thou beseeonest thyself as such; but yet I must ask for another assurance.”

Then Thiodolf held the seal-ring before his eyes; and forthwith Haroun grasped the hand of his guest with youthful warmth and youthful strength, and led him up into the building, promising at the same time hospitality and a night’s lodging to the shepherd-boy, so that in the morning he could return in safety of day light to his flock.

The two men sat opposite to each other in a great hall, painted with figures of very ancient date, and talked over their business. Between them stood a table covered with rich fruits, and a flask of precious wine shone before Thiodolf, who diligently applied himself to it. Faithful to discharge the commission of his friend, he settled about the transfer of the jewels before he began to ask after Isolde and Achmet.

“The bold prince lately returned home with a wondrously fair woman,” answered Haroun;—“and a succession of feasts has been held in his splendid castle. I will give thee a counsel, dear friend. Go thou to-morrow, towards evening, to the castle as a player on the lute—thou canst strike its strings?”

“Not much worse than I can wield a sword,” answered Thiodolf, nodding confidently.

“That is well,” proceeded the old man;—“then that will be the best way to search out how matters stand there, and then to make plans accordingly.”

“I must say one thing to thee first. If I can go there as I am now, so let it be. But to disguise myself as a Musselman, that I can do neither now nor ever. I will live as a Northman, I will die as a Northman; and no single moment shall come between in which it can be said that I have passed for aught else.”

“Thou art a strange man,” said Haroun, with some displeasure, “and takest too much thought. When the alchemist can change metals for ever, why should a man be scared at putting on another garb for two or three hours?”

“With an Icelandic, such tricks are not so lightly played,” answered Thiodolf indignantly.

“Well, well,” said the old man kindly; “it must, then, be done after another fashion. In the castle they much love all that is called song or melody; and the gates would open all the quicker before the wonderful appearance of an Icelandic minstrel.”

“Yes,” said Thiodolf; “that is the way with the doors when Icelanders knock at them; if good words cannot do, good blows can.”

At this moment he perceived a large figure painted on the wall in vivid colors, on which the lamp, as he turned it in order more conveniently to help himself, threw a bright light. “That must be a very old painting,” he asked.

“Truly it must be of the time of Carthage,” was the answer, “for our law forbids us to make such images.”

“That is a strange law,” cried Thiodolf, “which would forbid man to make beautiful images, in which other people will find pleasure for many hundred years afterwards. If I am not mistaken, I would never let myself be so hindered.”

“The prophet,” answered Haroun, “says that all such figures will one day, before the judgment-seat of God, ask of those who made them souls for the pictured bodies.”

“That sounds very serious,” said Thiodolf; “but yet I think, if the pictures are of the right sort, there is nothing to be said against them.—But now, my noble host, declare to me what those figures on the wall may mean—the young knight, who stands before an altar, solemnly stretching out his hands towards heaven, and the old chief near him, who appears as if he were giving him grave warning?”

“There was, in the old Carthaginian times, a very great hero, who had yet a far greater hero for his son. And now, because the city of Carthage had such a strife with the city of Rome that it was easy to see that one of them must be overthrown, the old hero made the young hero, whose glorious and unequalled greatness he well foresaw, take an oath that he would be an enemy to all Romans, and know of no reconciliation with them till death. The young hero joyfully took the oath, and kept it fast through his whole life; so that the great city of Rome was well nigh swept away from the earth before his wrath.”

“I like that well,” said Thiodolf; “and if the people on the wall both look somewhat strange and harsh, and very passionate in their whole appearance, one can yet see that they are of the right good sort. Such an oath, and his weapons first put into his hand—it is very beautiful; and I would fain that something like it could now be found in the world. But not an oath only against the Romans, or against this or that one in particular, but against all that is bad, and for all that is good.”

“The Christians have such a kind of knightly oath amongst them,” said Haroun; “but he who would learn it must first be baptized.”

“That is a pity,” cried Thiodolf; “I would else have taken it.”

At the same time, he was about to offer to his host a parting cup; and he then first remarked that Haroun let no drop of wine pass his lips.

“Why is that now?” asked he. “Your law has not forbidden you that likewise?”

“Yes,” said Haroun, “our law does forbid it; and the great Mahommed has given us an example of obedience. He could lift himself to heaven in his ecstasies without the help of a drop of the intoxicating liquor.”

“Mahommed!” repeated Thiodolf thoughtfully to himself, “that must be the Mahommed of whom Malgherita was asking in the spring. No, all the gods be praised! he belongs not to us.—It was well if he was so full of inspiration in himself; but he should not have forbidden the joyous wine to other brave people!”

“Mock not!” interrupted Haroun, very gravely.

“Nay, truly I am not mocking,” answered Thiodolf, good-humoredly. “I honor greatly the hero who could despise so precious an earthly gift, and yet, as you say, could soar up to heaven. Only I do not understand him well; and also I am not the man to imitate him.” So saying, he emptied a newly brought flask almost at a draught, and wished good night to his host.

When he was on his bed he could hear the sounds of a harp, and Haroun singing from the flat roof of a building below him. The song spoke of the joys of Mahommed’s paradise, and the many lovely maidens who were there to greet the heroes with ever-changing love. But in Thiodolf’s heart was the one Isolde, whom he hoped next day to recover; and he fell asleep, smiling, with her image before his closing eyes.

CHAPTER XXV.

A part of the following day was spent in arranging and putting together Bertram’s jewels, so that Thiodolf could carry them away with him as soon as he had gained his object.

“The only thing to be considered is, that you dwell so far from Achmet’s castle. Perchance I may succeed by sudden unforeseen stroke, and then I shall have to come here again, it may be, to stake my prize on a second throw.”

“Hearken, friend,” said Haroun, after some reflection, “I believe we should do best if you take the whole packet with you. Bertram has chosen your brave arm for the defence of his treasure, and I think you will take it in safety through everything.”

“Assuredly,” answered Thiodolf. “At the same time, Bertram would never wish his jewels to be as fetters to my undertaking. At the worst I will make him tell me what they are worth, and I will somewhere take their full value for him. There are many precious stones in the world. But none shall easily take these from me; give them to me.”

And then, with a lute of the old man’s under his arm, he took again the way that he had passed yesterday, and reached Achmet’s castle in the cool of the evening.

“It seems pleasant here,” said he to himself, and I wish that all things may go peacefully, so that I need not sprinkle the smooth, polished walls with blood.”

But as he was about to go in, it struck him that his faithful companions might be missing him too long, and perhaps at nightfall might come inland to seek for him. So he went up a hillock whence his ships could be seen, and blew on his horn, but in slow, measured tones which spoke of peace and waiting.

At the first sound of the well-known horn, all the Northmen sprang to arms; but understanding the call to rest and stand still, they laid aside their arms again with sighs, and seated themselves in a circle to repeat old legends to each other.

In the meanwhile Thiodolf once more approached the noble building, and was hospitably admitted at his knock and call. He asked for the lord of the castle, and a handsome man in Moorish garb came to him out of one of the beautiful alleys in the garden, and made himself known as such.

Then Thiodolf thought to do as Haroun had advised, and to begin the conversation with a song. He powerfully grasped the strings of the lute, but two strings broke in the rough pull; he pressed the delicate instrument yet bolder, and the wood-work flew asunder. He flung it angrily on the ground, and broke it entirely with his foot; then looked at the lord of the castle with some embarrassment.

“My dear guest,” said the Moor with a hearty laugh, “what dost thou then want with me?”

“What do I want?” answered Thiodolf; “I wanted, indeed, to play before you, but see, that thing under my feet was altogether too tender, and broke in two.”

“That was unfair of the lute when you touched it so delicately,” said the other, still laughing; and he invited his guest, from whom he expected much amusement, to follow him to a joyous evening meal in the palace.

"Have you here no women?" asked Thiodolf, as they entered together a splendid hall, where richly dressed men already were lying on cushions round a brilliant table.

"Not women," answered Achmet, but one woman; and a fairer one than is in the paradise of Mahomet. But after thou hast so treated thy own wife, thou canst not blame me if I first make trial how far thou art fit to be taken into her presence. The fair one is in a neighboring chamber."

"Well," said Thiodolf, "we will wait." And he threw himself on a cushion and gaily poured out wine. "It is wise of thee," said he, after a pause, during which the others had stared at him with laughing astonishment, "not to deny thyself the beloved juice of the vine; for I lately heard that such is the custom with you of the high turbans and crooked swords."

"In this castle we keep every custom that stirs the spirit of life most nobly and joyfully, and makes the blood flow quicker through the veins," cried Achmet; and "Long live god-like freedom!" added he; whereat the other revellers made their golden cups touch and give forth a clear sound.

But Thiodolf shook his head and said to himself: "That might carry you far—perchance somewhat farther than would please you." "Thou art muttering something to thyself, dear hyperborean sage," said the laughing prince. "Wilt thou not let us hear what the Muses have granted to a priest from so far north?"

"I understand not thy strange words and expressions," answered Thiodolf. "How, dear sir?" said a mocking guest;—"hast thou never been in Greece? dost thou not know the god-like Homer? nor the joyous Aristophanes? After their free unsophisticated way we spend our lives; and we know of none other rule than that which comes down to us from the heavenly halls of science, and which is as needful as it is lovely. And now, my refined and polished guest, without doubt thou comprehendest my words, and that which keeps us together."

"I understand not one single word of it," said Thiodolf, gently; "nor do I understand why the company here all make such jesting faces. But this I assuredly know, that none shall get either song or sport from me until I have seen the fair woman who dwells in this castle."

"Then the risk must indeed be run," said Achmet, laughing. And some of the guests cried, "Yes, by all means." "The prince went out, and soon came back leading a slender veiled lady, of tall and noble stature. "Now, then, wilt thou sing, young Orpheus?" asked he smiling.

"I am not called Orpheus," was the answer; I am called Thiodolf, the son of Asmundur.—And I will not sing till she has flung back the veil from her fair face."

"Oh, ho! my dainty sir," answered Achmet; "perchance that price might be paid beforehand for a glorious song, but not for some strange kind of noise?"

"The price?" muttered Thiodolf, half rising from his cushion; and all involuntarily shuddered at the strong, graceful motion. But soon leaning back again quietly, he continued with earnest friendliness, "I see not why we should spoil each other's lives with so many tricks and turnings.—That veiled woman is, without doubt, the one whom I seek. In many ways I am pledged to her relations to bring her back again; and I look for great joy to myself in the deed. Be pleased, Prince Achmet, to restore the fair lady to me peaceably. It will thus be best for us all."

An inextinguishable laughter broke forth from Achmet's lips, and excited that of all the guests, till the sound drew forth together all the dwellers of the castle; and as one related to another the words and demands of the stranger, all laughed, till the lowest of the crowd pointed with his fingers at Thiodolf as a most diverting and unheard-of monster. The lady alone appeared to be seized with some foreboding sadness, and retired to her chamber with unsteady steps.

For a space Thiodolf sat quite still under the gibes and laughter of the strange, unknown forms. But a silent, mighty flame rose ever hotter and hotter in his eyes. It was almost as when, in a time of threatening danger, torches shine from the windows of some high water-tower. At length he rose, looked around sharply and severely, and said, with a voice of thunder which sounded clear through the tumult, "Wilt thou give her to me now forthwith? I mean the lady thou hast carried away. Wilt thou?"

with his foot. The veiled lady, whom he had before seen leaning on Achmet's arm sank trembling on her knees before him, and stretched out her hand imploringly.

"Come, then, Isolde," he said, kindly. "In sooth, no man in the world can less think to put thee to pain than Thiodolf, the son of Asmundur. But throw back thy veil, that I may drink in strength and joy from thy sweet eyes."

It seemed as if the lady in her great fear understood few of Thiodolf's comforting words;—but the same fear made her hasten to obey such as she did understand as a command. She unveiled herself.

But how was it with poor Thiodolf when a face, very fair indeed, but quite unknown, looked upon him with pale, beseeching features!

"Lady," he said, faltering, "ah! lady, conceal nothing from me. Are you, then, the only woman here in this castle?"

"Yes," stammered she; "except my two black slaves, there is none other here. I would not dare to inform you falsely, my mighty lord."

"So, so," answered Thiodolf, as in a dream; "that is another and a very bad thing. Truly I have greatly erred. Forgive me, thou unknown, alas! quite unknown beauty; but sleep presses upon me as with leaden weight." And he sank down amongst the dead in heavy exhaustion, more overcome by the weight of grief than by his swoon.

He must have long lain thus, when unconsciousness passed away, and he felt himself again fresh, and strong. His first thought was for Bertram's property. It was still lying safe on his breast. Whilst he was further recovering his recollection, he heard the voice of the lady close to him saying in displeasure, "Cease from giving needless succor, Haroun, I repeat. Thou knowest that Achmet has escaped from that ghastly bath of blood, and will soon be here with some slaves to put that wild beast yonder in chains, which he will not easily break. Then will we take vengeance on him, and on thee, unless at once thou leavest him and takest thyself from our castle."

"He is my guest," answered Haroun. "I will do by him as is the duty of a brave Arab; and if you do me harm for that, you will have to answer for it to yourself."

And he began anew to rub diligently the temples of the youth with a strong sweet-smelling balm; but Thiodolf suddenly sprang up, his arms rattling, and stood firm and joyful on his feet.—He grasped Haroun's hand, saying, "It is good of thee to have come thus to assist me. Fear no more from any man; I am once more in my full strength." He only gave a contemptuous look to the trembling woman, adding, "Fie, shame on thee! So fair, and yet so wicked!"

At this moment many people ran hastily up the steps. "You come to me in a happy moment," said Thiodolf to himself, smiling bitterly; he seized Throng-piercer firmly, and walked straight to the door.

Achmet sprang in with five or six slaves carrying fetters in their hands; but when they saw the hero standing with his glittering sword, they all remained pale and motionless.

"Ye are those for whom I wait?" said Thiodolf. "Why do ye delay? Will ye not come in?" The black slaves took to flight. "Fly away," cried Thiodolf after them; "but thou, Achmet, thou must not run from me. I am swift as a deer, and by no means must I have thee."

Achmet manured himself, threw the chains on the ground, and drew near with drawn sword. The swords flew clashing one against the other for some time; but Throng-piercer had the advantage. Achmet's weapon fell to the ground; Thiodolf seized him, bound him, and then stood calmly before him, saying, "Now, methinks it would serve the fellow right if I were to sink him thus bound in a pond, or in fault of that in the sea; for he did a coward's deed when he came with five or six others upon an unconscious man."

"Thou wilt not kill this prince without taking my life also," said the lady, as she stepped firmly between Thiodolf and Achmet. "He is now the light of my life, and I will not leave him. Beware of dishonouring thy hands with a woman's murder."

"Oh, fear not for that!" answered Thiodolf. "I am one, believe me, who with my right hand would cast him in, and hold thee back with my left till he has sunk. What thou wilt afterwards do, thou must answer for."

"I would entreat thee, my strange, fearful guest," said Haroun, "to show thyself a milder conqueror.—It would too much grieve me to see a stain upon thee, thou noble hero."

"Thou art right, my friend," answered Thiodolf.—"I would gladly be a wise and faithful judge, since for that I think I have been sent into this castle."—After some grave thought he sat down on the cushions in the hall, and said, "I will here do my very best to act and to speak rightly. But answer me carefully, and lie not. I can indeed first let thee loose," said he immediately afterwards to Achmet; "for there is no fear of thy escaping. But I warn thee not to attempt it, for evil would happen to thee." Therewith he loosened his bands, sat down again on the cushions, and ordered the prince to relate how he had come by the fair lady.

It soon appeared that the lady was the Countess Laura; of whom, as the unworthy widow of his kinsman Pietro had made such severe and bitter complaints; and Prince Achmet, the Moorish youth with the lute, and also the knight before whose spear the old lord had fallen in the tournament.

"That does not much mend the matter," said Thiodolf, shaking his head. "On the contrary, the murder of old Paolo weighs very heavily on you; though one can see that you carried away the lady with her own free will."

"I killed Count Paolo unintentionally," answered Achmet. "I sought no more than to show to the lady my knightly skill and dexterity. But the excitement of the combat, and the different manner of fighting which prevails with us and Christian knights, brought it to so sad and bloody an ending."

"If one could but trust that smooth-tongued man!" said Thiodolf. "But his coward deed just now, when he would have bound me as I lay senseless—it witnesses too much against him; and, behold, it goes against his life."

"Will it, then, come to that?" cried Laura, wringing her hands. "And we had pictured to ourselves a life of endless joys for long, long years!"

"Yes," answered Thiodolf; "but why did you not have better thoughts? Such inglorious luxury could never bring to noble things. I am sorry that I must kill him; but I see well that I may not do otherwise. Achmet is there here in the neighborhood a pond or lake, where I can quickly make an end of thee?"

"Thiodolf," said Haroun, "if thou wert to lay upon him and upon her some purifying penance, would not that be enough?"

The young judge sat for a time motionless in deep thought. At length he said, "In good sooth, I believe that so it may be. We have a proverb in Ireland which says: 'A pillow cures a sick woman; a

horse or a ship the sick man.' Now it cannot be otherwise with deluded people, and I will try if I can heal you both. Thee, Laura, by a year or more of great stillness and quiet, and him by the same period of warlike activity in storms by sea and dangers by land. I will at once take the Countess Laura to a convent; there she shall reflect whether it were not much better to remain in it for ever, on account of the many serious events which have happened in her life. In the mean while Achmet shall sail to my home in Iceland, and there great for me my uncle Nefelof and my aunt Gunhilda, and bring me word of what they are doing, and also of how it goes with my dear tame wolf whom I left behind there. See, children, that will help us all; for I must fairly tell you that I have long since wished for such a messenger. And you both will perchance become good orderly people; a joy to gods and men. But if not, then may Achmet take his wicked Laura out of her convent."

"But where shall I find thee again?" asked Achmet.

"I will see to that," answered Thiodolf. "I will leave so bright a track behind me, that there shall be no fear of losing the way."

Achmet offered to take an oath that he would fulfil Thiodolf's commands; but the latter would not allow him. "You have taken care," said he, "that no man should trust to such words from your mouth; but I know of another curb that I will put upon you."

In the dawn of morning they took their way to the strand. Laura and Achmet went before, ashamed and troubled; Thiodolf and Haroun walked gravely behind them. As the old Arab took leave on the shore, he said, "Mahomet grant, my brave Northman, that I may meet thee again in the bowers of his paradise."

"We shall not truly meet sooner," said Thiodolf, earnestly; "and who indeed can say whether we shall ever meet? For see, old sir, this is now the third abode I have heard of where brave people meet after death, and yet I firmly believe there can be but one place of the kind. Well! the great Father will soon make it known; and I think that we shall both, as usual, be in it."

The Arab bowed reverently; and when far from the shore, still greeted his guest with his unbounded joy.

As the coast of Africa began to vanish from the eyes of the voyagers, Thiodolf sang: "A huge yellow lion prowled over the plain; By the son of Asmundur that lion was slain. In the proud castle hall was high revel prevailing; But the son of Asmundur he turned it to wailing."

He would have sung more, but the thought of Isolde came over him; the joyous song of victory died on his lips; he bent low his head, and two great tears rolled from his eyes on the golden shield of Helfnfrid.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE PRESENT AND FUTURE POLITICAL PROSPECTS OF IRELAND.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The growing antagonism of party feeling in England; the change of public opinion on several leading political questions, and the state of foreign policy through Europe and America, will very soon force the British Cabinet to adopt a code of legislation favourable to democratic progress; and in the present times, Ireland had a large share in extending or laying the foundations of popular liberal measures of internal policy: our eminent Irish leaders struggled for the religious liberties not only of the Catholic but also for the Presbyterian and the Methodist; and the echoes of the House of Commons are still ringing with the fervid eloquence of our orators, demanding on every befitting opportunity, since the year 1829, an extension of social and commercial rights for the people of Scotland and England. And it is a strange historical fact, that where Ireland had aided in this striking off the fetters that bound the Scotch and other creeds: and when she had cheerfully united her willing exertions, in framing or enforcing laws of justice for the English nation—how strange to see the peoples whom she had helped to work out their religious and political emancipation, not only ungratefully refuse afterwards a similar service to Ireland, but even use the unsheathed sword she had put into their hands, to wound our faith, and to resist our liberties. How changed is the present condition of things! The questions for the accomplishment of which Cobbett had written so much, and for which O'Connell has uttered the most brilliant passages of his impassioned eloquence, are now taken up by almost the universal English people, and will be made the future essential pledge for a seat in the House of Commons. Extension of Reform, additional representatives in proportion to population, triennial Parliaments, and vote by ballot, are measures which heretofore were only agitated by Chartists and popular democrats: but which, in the present time, are considered, by the sober decision of eminent statesmen, as the necessary accompaniments of social progress, in order to make deeper and wider the basis for the more elevated structure of modern civilization.

Many causes have slowly contributed to produce this new public feeling in England. The population of the manufacturing and other towns have grown large by the addition of tens and hundreds of thousands; and the fictitious wealth of the nation has increased by tens of millions pounds sterling. No doubt, if Cobbett were alive, he would say, how can a nation be called wealthy, which owes at least more than twice the amount of her entire capital. She owes indeed, at present nearly one thousand millions pounds sterling! One must take in fresh breath before this magnitude can be pronounced a second time. No doubt, if the government paid this sum to the people to whom it is due, it would take the form of simple Canada, and India, and Ireland, to discharge even a moiety of the amount, leaving tens and hundreds of millions still unpaid. But who could make this purchase, and where could the money be procured? There is not so much money in all the treasures, and all the exchequers of the whole world; and more than this, they never will be so much gold on the whole earth till the day of judgment, as could discharge this most incredible, most wonderful, multitudinous debt by the present Queen and Cabinet to the people of England, Ireland, and Scotland. And, what renders this debt still more stupendously surprising is the fact that all this sum has been given by the people, only receiving in exchange from the government some few pieces of sheepskin called debentures, on which the interest is paid half-yearly as long as the commerce of England is prosperous, or the empire lasts: but which, if either or both of these two antecedents fail, must end in the bankruptcy of the government, and the beggary of the people.

Well, then, it is quite true to say that by the collection, aggregation, and circulation of these pieces of sheepskin, England is the wealthiest nation on earth, always remembering that it is fictitious wealth, having no capital to represent it, or no equivalent security of any kind to meet its demands, except the stability of the empire, and a prosperous commercial business: or as old Napoleon used to call it—"An unrivalled cotton and iron warehouse." Well, then, it is admitted that under the premises here laid down, England is most wealthy: and this is in fact one of the elements which has this present year set the nation on a new race of Reform through every department of legislation. Education, too, has a large share in this modern move of the people, as the lifting the popular mind into a new and more refined class of thought, a higher stamp of improved intellect, will make a wider demand of popular rights corresponding to the new condition of knowledge and cash. And when this feeling is shared by tens

of thousands of men in the same town, or city, or country, the old status quo will be soon changed for new political arrangements.

Force alone, or despotism, can silence or repress this natural condition of the popular mind. A cotton spinner, a shopkeeper, a respectable successful mechanic, well educated, well dressed, sitting in a cushioned steam carriage, with his mind elevated by the progressive perfection of the times, and belonging to a town of tens and hundreds of thousands of inhabitants will not consent to stand in the same political rank as his grandfather. Nor will he agree to give up his body and soul bound hand and foot to any government, unless he has a reasonable and an improved share in the code of Legislation for which he pays the taxes, and for which his sons freely spill their blood. When to these considerations we add the blundering, the neglect, the expenditure, the stupidity, the incompetence of public officers during the late Crimean war and Indian mutiny, the English people are everywhere arriving at the decision that they must have a larger amount of political influence in the House of Commons in order to check the overgrown extravagance of place and power through all the departments of the state. Lastly, they have read and heard the instances of gross and shameful bribery at the Elections of Members of Parliament; and they know, too, the persecution which the Country Aristocrat or the Cotton Lord often inflict on the conscientious voter; and hence the cry of vote by ballot is now raised throughout the Kingdom, the Empire, in order to defeat the vice of unjust power, to crush the despotism of the malice, the persecution of the defeated Candidate, and to protect purity of election, and the inalienable rights of liberty and conscience. One thing only is wanting to bring this National feeling into successful activity,—namely, an orator of known power, a statesman of tried experience, a Patriot of tested name: and all these requirements the English people possess in the persons of two Englishmen, Bright and Cobden, who can carry the measures under consideration with overwhelming majorities in Parliament, and amidst the cheers of the entire English people.

In fact the leaders in the House of Commons, and the high officials under Government, are the persons to whom we owe the present movement of Reform. Prime ministers of late hold office more to promote the individual interests of their friends than to advance the public good; hence the demands for short Parliaments in order to curtail the duration of official injustice, and to place insolent power or incompetent service often on its public trial. Again, the connivance of authority at the shameful bribery at elections has long and loudly called for change in this department, while the cruelty of the rejected candidate towards those who opposed his claims to the representation is a crime before God and man, which cried to Heaven for Reform or vengeance. The Premier, too, during the last twenty years have not been able to satisfy the numerous demands for place and pension of the followers and adherents who raised them to power and pre-eminence. They were like hounds afraid of being devoured by their own dogs, unless they satisfied their savage hunger, and threw into the kennel the Best reserved for the food of their fellow-citizens. The Ballot, the new franchise, and the triennial Parliaments will put an end to this combination, of injustice, trick, and perjury. These results will appear evident, when it is remembered that the party of general Reform constitutes a majority of the House, while the section which avowedly demands vote by ballot amounts at present to the compact and powerful body of upwards of two hundred and forty members. When the process of reform is once set going, and when it is attended with successful results there is not a department of the public service or expenditure into which it will not enter.

Hence the fraud and extravagance of the Church Establishment will be the next point of attack of the nineteenth century. Like the ballot party numbering upwards of 240 members, the anti-church endowment band can count, I believe, two hundred devoted supporters. The Protestants, they say, are not at present the one-third of the population of the empire; and it is a case of injustice and of plunder unexampled in the wide world over, that a handful, a section of the empire should tax other creeds with the payment of a worship from which they dissent, and compel them to pay the annual impost of eight millions and a half pounds sterling, a sum considerably larger in amount than the yearly revenues of all the churches of Europe taken in the aggregate. Mr. Mill, who leads this party, could, by factious opposition, carry, if he wished it, this measure of disendowment in the next session of Parliament: but in the magazine which is edited under his own inspection, and for which he has engaged some of the most eminent writers of the age, he makes the avowal that "He will never attempt to introduce his measure till he will have a large majority in his favor combined together, not from faction, or interest, or ambition, but linked by one common sentiment and conscientious conviction that the accumulated revenues of the Church Establishment are a public robbery, a shameful nuisance, a blasphemous fraud, and the worst scandal of Protestant Christianity."

A new House of Commons, increased by Reform, and elected by the Ballot, would soon carry the measure referred to, and remodel the entire working of our internal jurisprudence and our foreign policy. And it is neither the teaching of O'Connell, nor the united action of the Irish members, which will have brought about this unexpected change: no: it is the growing civic population, the education, the wealth, the intelligence of the English people, combined with the blundering, the incompetence, the extravagance, the partial patronage, of some past Governments: to which causes may be added, what may be called "Family Cabinets," pretending to a difference of policy, but yet always the same, since

Small differences there be
'Twill twaddle dum and twaddle deo.

If a report were judiciously, fully, and dispassionately drawn up, and presented to this new House of Commons, setting forth the present grievances of Ireland, the public officers, from which Catholics are practically excluded; the public bodies into which they are not admitted; the public boards from which they were indirectly expelled; and the universal system of exclusion practised towards them, through all the ramifications of state patronage; this report would equal in bulk and bigotry Scully's volume on the Penal Laws, and might, in these days of public exposure through the press, have the effect of wresting justice to Ireland. By the union and exertion of Irishmen themselves, many collateral and converging circumstances seem at this moment to work in our favor. The enormous fleet contemplated in the channel by England: the multiplied fortresses along the coast: the numerous militia and army necessary for the defence of the empire at home and abroad, must require the aid of the Irish people: and may so far influence the English government to save the remaining Irish cabins from utter demolition, to preserve the Irish peasantry from extermination and extinction; and may tend thus to a certain extent to settle the vital question of landlord and tenant. America has recently evinced new feelings of friendship towards the unfortunate Irish. America is the Asylum the refuge, the home of the expelled, wandering, broken-hearted Irish: her friendly hand raises their crushed spirits, and her smile of sympathy breathes hope and courage into the forlorn destiny. America is now to our next door neighbor: and what we every day suffer from the crown of England, is effaced by the cheerful expression on the face of America. Between the fears of France, and the friendship of America, England may, in the end of ages, through the agency of this new reform, give final justice to Ireland. But Ireland must never forget that she must not wait with folded arms for the voluntary charity of England: we must always remember the cold-blooded, the marble feelings of scathing irony of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, when in the debate on Reform he stated "that Ireland did not want Reform since she had not made any public demand for it." Ireland must,

therefore, have her monthly public meetings: and since agitation, according to the testimony of that English official, is the expression, the legal exponent of our wants, we must make our voice be heard like a peal of thunder within the walls of St. Stephen's demanding our full national rights.

D. W. G.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PHOENIX ARRESTS IN CLARE.—Considerable sensation was created in Ennis, on the 8th of March, in consequence of the arrest of five men at Bearfield, near this town, charged with being members of a Phoenix Club. The prisoners were arrested on the evidence of a man named Thomas Rice, a schoolmaster, and were brought into town on Tuesday morning, and lodged in the police barracks, from whence they were committed to the county jail, to await their examination before the magistrates. The parties charged are of rather an humble class of life, and are young men occupied as labourers and farm servants. Their names are—Thomas Galvin, Timothy Malone, James Reiddan, Patrick Whelan, and Patrick O'Connors.—Clare Journal.

THE PHOENIX TRIALS.—A more shameful and lamentable travesty of justice the records of no country contain. A fishing proclamation from Government offering a large reward to informers; a charge got up by a notoriously perjured witness against those whom he pretends were his accomplices; the accused arrested and debarred from the visit of their friends; the letters between them and their legal advisers secretly opened by the officials; the ludicrous failure of anything like proof at the trial; the division of the jury, and the complaint of the foreman in the open Court that the fault lay with Mr. Whiteside for not having sufficiently packed it—all make these trials a memorable monument of Orange Administration. The foreman was right. If Mr. Whiteside meant to have a verdict for treason on such evidence, he was inconsistent in allowing an independent man to remain on the jury. It is absurd to venture on great crimes and hesitate about the means, without which success is impossible. Our Protestant contemporary, the Star, in an able summary of the proceedings, says:—"We cannot feel that the stability of the Government was imperilled by the fact that seven men and boys met at the Priest's Leap, and played at soldiers with wooden sabres. Of this last vagary, may not the Lord Lieutenant have been the involuntary instigator? Did he not, in his famous Tournament, achieve prodigies of valour with blunted lances, and set aside all the aristocratic world at fighting in the lists, with the charitable proviso that no body was to hit too hard, thus reviving the jousts of mediæval times with all the success which attends the efforts of an aged croque when she strives to warble with passion the love ditties of her youth? Perhaps these Irish Juveniles were but imitating, after a humble fashion, their Viceroy's illustrious example." He concludes in a more serious strain—"Such is justice in Ireland; are we not justified in asserting that the like cannot be seen elsewhere? If we have dwelt much upon the ludicrous features of the transaction, it is not because we are blind to its serious aspects. The whole affair has been a farce, but a farce which might have had—and may yet have—a tragic ending."—Weekly Register.

IRISH STATE PROSECUTIONS.—The British constitution is an excellent thing in its way, till you offend against it, and then you are made aware that, like everything human, it is, after all, made of clay. We have a state prisoner in our county jail, and though it is the boast of the constitution that a man is supposed to be innocent till he is found guilty, Martin Have still remains a prisoner, and has been refused to bail, although ready to stand his trial at the recent assizes—and, as far as we can judge from the acts of the government, he will still be confined to the captive's cell till next assizes. We can make every allowance for the exigencies of government, but surely, such an extreme course as this is not expedient at present. There are Neapolitan Exiles in England to-day, and how can Englishmen meet and feel these men while their own dungeons are filled with persons of a similar class? It is a question which will occur to any rational man, and we commend it to the consideration of the English people.—Kilkenny Journal.

The Attorney-General has intimated his intention of re-commencing, on the 30th of this month, the trial of the young men whom a strong, steady, and self-reliant Government, a Government not easily alarmed, and not in the least afraid of ghosts, has thought fit to charge with various compassings, contrivings, and imaginings, amounting on the whole to a compound crime discovered a few years ago, and named by its finders "treason-felony." We confess we think the Government would be pursuing a wiser course in abandoning them. All their evidence was brought forward in full array; it was collected, shaped, pointed, and driven on far as it could be made to go, by the legal talent of the Attorney-General; and all we shall say of the constitution of the jury is that it was not favorable to the prisoners—what then is the use of going over the same ground again, and endeavoring to bear down the young men by a vindictive pertinacity and the weight of the practically unlimited wealth of the Government? Certainly we know there are other resources—dark and discreditable modes of proceeding—in the hands of the Government; but the results obtained by such means never create an effect favorable to the cause of "law and order," which our rulers would appear to have so much at heart, on the contrary, they perpetuate ill-will and antagonism between the people and the Crown, and generally do more damage in that direction than would the crimes, even should they really have existed, against which such a foul machinery is employed. If the Irish people were not shown quite so frequently how entirely Trial by Jury in this country can be made "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare," the popular feeling in relation to the law would probably in the course of time undergo some modifications; but generally speaking the loadstone dice and the marked cards are not dearer to the gambler than are unfair panels and a partisan selection of jurors are to the Crown prosecutors in Ireland. We do not charge that any of these disgraceful proceedings on the good old plan were enacted on the striking of the jury at Tralee to try the case of Daniel Sullivan, but we have to say that the composition of the long panel for the County of Kerry is one-sided and unfair, and to express a hope that if the young men whose trials have just been postponed be placed at the bar again, those chances of a fair trial to which they are justly entitled shall not be fished from them with a cunning hand.—Nation, 14th March.

A HEROIC MOTHER.—After all, the good old chivalrous feeling of the Irish peasantry, which marked with infamy the character of a perjured informer, is not yet extinct. Our better classes may have become West Britons, but the great heart of the people is still Irish to the core. A more touching exemplification of this could hardly be given than the anecdote related of the mother of the two young men, Daniel and Joseph Murphy, who now lie in the Jail of Tralee, for refusing to swear away the lives of the men prosecuted by the British Government. We (Nation) quote the anecdote as we find it in a Protestant paper:—"The refusal of the witness to give evidence, and their committal, occasioned considerable excitement in the court, and in the vicinity of the court-house large crowds soon assembled, among whom it was a topic for discussion and sympathy during the evening. The mother of the witnesses having come to the lodging-house where they had been stopping, to inquire respecting them, was informed of the event, and at first exhibited some natural emotion, but immediately recovering went down upon her knees in the presence of several persons, and thanked God and the Virgin Mary that her sons had acted so, and had not brought disgrace upon their name."

COUNTY DONEGAL—11TH MARCH.—This county, in consequence of the Gweedore inquiry, the emigration of the people from that district, and the attempted assassination of the Rev. Mr. Nixon, has obtained a great deal of notoriety, and if one were to credit the statements of the local press, he would be naturally led to infer that the people of this great county were almost in a state of semi-barbarism. The calendar, however, for the present assizes presents no crime of extraordinary magnitude. The commission was opened by the Right Hon. Justice Perrin. His Lordship addressing them said—Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the county of Donegal, I have the pleasure of informing you that there are but few persons in custody for trial; there are a few more bailed out, who will be in attendance to take their trial. I do not find that any of these cases call for particular observation or direction from me. His Lordship then proceeded to flat the presentments.—No local influence could be brought to bear on the great constitutional judge who presided on the present occasion in Donegal to induce him to bolster up the sinking fortunes of a few Donegal landlords.—Cor. of Nation.

The four men charged with stealing sheep in Gweedore were acquitted. The Dublin Evening Post justly remarks that the failure of this prosecution is another evidence of the monstrous system of exaggeration by which this peaceable county has been calumniated, and the poor peasantry mulcted in taxation for extra police.

Gweedore.—In the county of Donegal there are some curious rumors about, imputing the crime of systematically sheep-killing to others than the peasants. We have even heard that gentlemen connected with the county have spoken out pretty plainly on the matter. This is an offence which cannot be too strongly reprobated. Nothing could palliate it except the fact that hunger had forced the people to seize sheep and eat them. At the same time it is justly sheep to the wretched population to notice the exculpatory rumors to which we have referred.—Derry Journal.

At the late assizes in Nans, the Athy men charged with riot were all let out on their own recognisances.

The Lord Lieutenant has offered a reward of £100 to any person or persons who shall, within six months from the date hereof, give such information as shall lead to the arrest of the person or persons who murdered Edward Dournein, in the county Wexford, on the 6th March.

THE SPIRIT OF ORANGEISM.—An incident of two occurred at the Monaghan Assizes, before Chief Baron Pigot, which are worthy of notice. A Protestant named McClure was put to the bar and charged with the manslaughter of a Catholic named Danell. An altercation had taken place between the parties. An attorney went into his house, seized the handle of a sword, came out, and split Danell's skull with a blow. The professional gentleman concerned for the defence challenged every Catholic juror who was called, and succeeded in getting a Protestant juror to try their client. This was a gross insult to the Catholic Judge, and we wonder they did not challenge his lordship. The witnesses were examined, counsel addressed the jury, and they were charged by the Chief Baron, who held that the offence of manslaughter was fully proved. But what does the jury do? Of course, they return a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner. No, nothing of the kind; but they come into the jury box, hand their verdict to the Clerk of the Crown, and that verdict is "justifiable homicide" with a recommendation to mercy! The Chief Baron refused to take such a verdict, and said the prisoner's offence was more akin to murder than to anything else. The feelings of most of these in the court were terribly excited, and the Catholics at once saw why every man of their creed was excluded from the jury. The outraged juror again sneaked into their room, and after wiping the perspiration from their brows, and recovering from their surprise, they condescended to return a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life.—These matters carry their own comment with them, and are a disgrace to the Orange spirit of Ulster.—First, a Protestant juror is packed, to try a Protestant prisoner, who has deprived a Catholic of life by a savage blow; and then the packed jury, contrary to the evidence and the charge of an upright judge, endeavor to mitigate the offence, and call manslaughter "justifiable homicide!" The judge and all those who looked on the scenes enacted, must have formed their own opinions of the men who could act in this manner. Let us request the *Nevy Telegraph*, the *Evening Advertiser*, and all such organs to take some notice of these transactions. But what after all, have the Monaghan juror done, but what they have seen their betters accomplish? They have studied in the despotic and bigoted school of England. They have been taught to hate the "Papists," and to hunt them down; and when a "papist" was slain, and a Protestant arraigned for doing the foul deed, can we wonder if they thought that deed one of no great harm? Oh, his "liberty" which England cherishes (!) is one of a strange kind. It is all on one side like the handle of a jug. The "Protestant boys" of Monaghan would give it only to themselves, for when the prisoner in the dock "carried the day" by splitting a "papist's" skull, the jury thought to "carry the day" for him, in the jury box. But an upright judge spoiled their pretty game, and so may it always be.—Dundalk Democrat.

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.—Little more than eight years ago the publication of a document which we reprint elsewhere excited public opinion in Great Britain and Ireland in an extraordinary degree. It was a letter written upon the occasion of an act of spiritual authority exercised by the Holy See, and solely affecting the Catholic body in England. That act had been misrepresented by bigotry, and the misrepresentation had acted unfavourably upon popular prejudice. Polemical impostors and political knaves saw the use which might be made of this opportunity to further their own selfish schemes, and at once resolved to turn it to account. Among the latter class the Ministry of the day was conspicuous, and the leader of that Ministry calculated that, by spreading his sails to catch the popular breeze in the new direction it had taken, a prosperous voyage and a safe harbour would be the end and the reward of his dexterity. Nor was he entirely disappointed. He made wonderful head-way for a while, though some experienced old mariners did not hesitate, at the risk of incurring great temporary disapprobation, to warn him of the dangers of his course. But he soon found himself on a lee shore—his vessel was stranded, and went to pieces; and his character for seamanship suffered so much in consequence of this misadventure, that the post of second mate is the highest that he has since been deemed qualified to fill. Had he been, in fact, the veritable "man that shot the Albatross," he could scarcely have had worse luck than has for some time attended him. Dropping our nautical metaphors, it is simple truth to say that the unprincipled scheming and unparalleled treachery of Lord John Russell, have met with a fitting retribution. The Durham letter was followed by the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The punishment of the Irish Hierarchy for a presumed offence, in which no one imputed any share to them, was justified upon the principle of the juror, who would have convicted a man of murder because he had stolen his "grey mare." The Archbishop of Tuam, and the venerated prelate who now governs this Archdiocese, were made the objects of the episcopal pigmy's most venomous vituperation.—The Bill was carried through Parliament by sweeping majorities, but had scarcely received the Royal assent when it was practically repealed by the Royal veto. No one thought of prosecuting the prelate who, in the teeth of the Act, had signed himself "Paul, Archbishop of Armagh;" no one has since thought of taking proceeding against the prelate who has always signed himself "John, Archbishop of Tuam." But the passing of the Act and its insertion in the Statute Book is not the less a standing insult to the Catholics of Ireland. Lord John

Russell's hostility to our Church did not, however, end here. In 1853, being then a member of Lord Aberdeen's Administration, and Ministerial Leader in the Commons, he took occasion, in opposing Mr. Moore's Religious Equality motion, to express himself in terms so offensive to the Irish Priesthood that Mr. Monsell, and even Mr. William Keogh and Mr. John Sadler felt that they could not with honour continue to hold their places without obtaining from the head of the Government a public disavowal of any share in his colleague's opinions. We need say nothing of Lord John's subsequent career. One would have thought that his disgraceful conduct in reference to his Vienna mission, the exposure of which obliged him to quit Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, would have, even in England, given the finishing stroke to his political reputation. But the Great Briton is a worshipping of lords, and we find the little Jockey of Bedford, notwithstanding all his falls, again upon his legs, and bidding for a fresh start in the race for power. It is not often that Ireland has such a chance of inflicting condign and final punishment upon one who has so deeply wronged her, and we think we can see that, in the present temper of the country, the opportunity will not be allowed to pass unused. We beg, therefore, to give notice to Lord John Russell, should our warning happen to reach him, that if Mr. John David Desmond Dvorce-bill Fitzgerald, and Mr. Rickard Deasy, and other honorable gentlemen representing Irish Catholic constituencies, accept office under him with the express or implied condition of being able to support the measures of his Government in Parliament, they will not be left in a position to perform their part of the contract. The noble lord's name is on the back of his friend Fitzgerald's Oaths Bill, and we have not the least objection to see it there; but we can never forget that it once appeared on the back of another Bill, which became an Act of Parliament; and which it appears on the back of a Bill to repeal that Act and erase it from the Statute Book, we shall give our worthy champion the benefit of his bad deeds rather than of his better dispositions. The name of "J. Russell" also once appeared at the foot of an elaborate epistle which held up to public odium and derision our "superstitious use of the sign of the cross," our practice of auricular confession, and other usages which we cherish more than life, though to him they seem no better than "mummeries of superstition;" and we can assure the writer of the Durham Letter that our "intellects" are not so "confined" as to prevent us from distinguishing an enemy from a friend, nor our "souls" so "enslaved" as to make us ready to yoke ourselves at the chariot-wheels of an "insolent" impostor, and an "insidious" traitor.—Nation.

The Dublin correspondent of *Times* complains that:—"The education question is hourly becoming more complicated, and as matters are going on, it promises to be, before long, the great Irish difficulty in the path of whatever Ministry holds the reins of office.—Between the zealots of both sides, no one can discern the beginning of the end, but it is impossible to close one's eyes to the probable prospect of some Government yielding to the pressure from without, and, by conceding the claims for separate grants, restore that miserable sectarian system which prevailed in Ireland until its demolition, in 1830, by the present Prime Minister of England. The *Nation* of this day makes the important announcement that, at this moment, there is in the hands of the four Roman Catholic archbishops, "one of the most remarkable manuscripts upon the subject of education which has ever emanated from the Holy See." And the organ adds:—"The Propaganda, in proof of its solicitude and anxiety regarding the education of the Catholics in Ireland, gives a historical resume of the various bulls, rescripts, and other official documents which it has forwarded upon this subject for the last century. It sets forth the unfavorable reports which have reached it respecting the working of the ordinary National Schools of Model Schools, and of the Queen's Colleges, and refers to the projected scheme of Intermediate Schools. The archbishops are called on to reply to a series of categorical propositions in relation to those institutions, and, in doing so, to ascertain the opinions of their suffragan prelates, and inform the Holy See. Provincial synods and a council of the whole Irish episcopate are suggested, and we have reason to expect that a national meeting of the prelates will be held at the earliest possible moment.—The gratitude and prayers of every Irish Catholic will, we doubt not, be freely and generously offered to the Holy Father for this additional proof that no domestic trouble, none of the weighty care of State which unhappily surround his throne, can abate his watchful zeal in protecting that faith which 14 centuries since his predecessor in the Pontifical Chair sent St. Patrick to plant in Ireland."

With the question of the Catholic University now assuming a political shape, the whole subject of education in Ireland will probably be brought under the review of Parliament. Mr. Blake, of Waterford, moves next week for a Select Committee, to inquire into the working of the Queen's Colleges. If all that is asserted in justification of this application be true, as I have reason to believe it is, there is a case strong enough to justify the abolition of the whole system of mixed education in Ireland, on the simple ground that it is a gross public fraud. For it will be found—1, That every graduate of the Colleges, since their foundation, has cost the country £1000; 2, That there have been more scholarships given away than students entered; 3, That there have been constantly more scholarships, gold medals, and exhibitions than there could be found competitors; 4, That not a single student has attended some of the faculties; 5, That all the annual returns of students have been false—the same names reappearing over and over again, and each time counted as individuals, one name actually registered and counted in this way eight several times. And all these returns have been revised and authenticated by the Catholic commissioner, whom Lord Nans calls "that consistent Liberal," Sir Thomas Russellington. Such is the success which it has for years been vaunted that the goddess luck had, in spite of the interdict of the Church.—Corr. of Tablet.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE, DUBLIN.—This is the Tenth Annual Report of the above institution—an unpretending volume it certainly is, but full of news which will gladden every Catholic heart. Ten years ago Ireland was suffering sorely from the effects of an artificial famine; its poor houses were overstocked, and its road-side ditches, too often were the scenes of dying wretchedness which it is painful even now to recall; yet it was at this time that All Hallows College was established as an Irish Missionary Training Depot, a time which, to human eyes, would seem ill selected. Still the institution has prospered; though grim poverty pressed hard on the old Isle of Saints, yet when the cry of spiritual distress fell upon her ear, her Catholic heart throbbed with sympathy, and her widow's mite was caste into the treasury. Her prodigious bonst is to be the mother of so many of the brave soldiers of God's army, battling in every corner of the world. In how many wildernesses have they not reared the cross—emblem of man's salvation? everywhere, wherever the Gospel has yet been preached, the Irish missionary is to be found busy in his master's service. In the far West he is hard at work amongst its wilds and prairies, in the crowded streets of its vast cities where rage sin and sickness, he is to be met on his errand of love and charity; in Australia he is at the "diggings," seeking what is far more precious than all the gold that lies hidden beneath the sands of its shining rivers; the dark pine woods of the East echo with his simple exhortation, and too often cast their shadows on his early grave. In the old world, as in the new, in the cities of England and of Scotland, he is to be found amongst the host of workers in the cause of religion, which, thank God, those countries can now boast. When we contrast the aids in money, in organisation, in favor of the powerful, in all human means, fine, in which the Protestant missionaries have at command with those

of the Catholic missionary, and then compare the results attained under all disadvantages by the latter, with those of the former, we see how signally God's favor has been shown to Catholic missions all the world over. Superior in all worldly aids and appliances, wanting in nothing save God's grace, and the spirit of His Gospel, the Protestant missionary has failed, utterly failed. Even in China, where such ship loads of Bibles have been sent, such numbers of missionaries been despatched, such quantities of money been expended, it is well known that of the conversions there, ninety per cent are effected by the humble and ill-sustained Catholic Priest. We lately mentioned that Mr. Albert Smith, in his lectures, publicly vouched this fact, but the statement was unpalatable to Protestant ears polite, and Mr. Smith soon got the information to himself. But how is the good cause progressing under the efforts of the directors of All Hallows, who have devoted themselves to the training of the young Irish missionary, so as best to fit him for his arduous and sacred calling? Well then, they have in the year that is past sent forth thirty young and ardent priests—some to Australia, some to America, some to England, some to Scotland, some to Demarara, here or there, wherever the need was most felt. Of students they have nearly 300, who are humbly and patiently waiting for the moment when they shall be desired to set about their Father's business, when willingly they will leave home and country and dear friends, to spend their prime in the effort to save the souls which He came to redeem.

THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES.—The total amount of the Cork subscription is but £330, and of this £200, has been handed to the committee for the use of the more necessitous. These number about 50, and are yet in Queenstown, waiting instructions from the Sardinian Embassy in London, whether some of the principal of their companions have proceeded to make arrangements it is supposed, for their settlement in the dominions of Victor Emmanuel.

ITALY AND IRELAND.—The Irish *American* has a capital hit at the intense hypocrisy of the British Government in its affected interest in the freedom of the Italian Governments from Austrian domination. Speaking of the Premier's speech to the House of Lords on the subject, the *American* says:—"He is, in Ireland, what the Austrian is in Italy, with this difference, that his title is more perjured, the agencies by which it was usurped more foul and false and fraudulent, and those by which it is sustained more cruel, treacherous and heartless. In fact, as compared with the English Garrison in Ireland, the Austrian in Italy is not 'foreign' at all, it is coeval with modern civilization, is the same in race, to a great extent, and identically the same in religion, with the Italian people; while in Ireland, the Garrison is alien in race, in blood, in religion, in sentiment, in feeling, and in estimate of honor, of faith, of truth, and of justice, and draws from all and every of these sources weapons and means to minister to his lust and vengeance. Too well the noble Lord knows this; too well he knows that the same ineradicable disinclination to foreign tyranny pervades every Irish as well as every Lombard heart, and we apprehend that when warning the Lombards of the evil consequences of another unsuccessful revolt, he was reading a lesson to the Irish 'enthusiasts' on the danger of their present attitude. Be this as it may, the ephemerality of the *Times* and of the Premier, in the pretended sympathy for Italian liberty, is absolutely astounding; when all Europe knows that the cruellest, falsest, bitterest, most perfidious, treacherous and wolfish tyranny is that the English have forced, and is forcing on Ireland; a tyranny rendered more intolerable by their cant and pretences of philanthropy everywhere else."

GREAT BRITAIN.—A meeting was held on Wednesday evening, in the Lower Room, Exeter Hall, for the purpose, as described in the announcement convening the meeting, of "considering the dangerous tendencies of the new Roman Catholic Oaths Bill, and to frame petitions to Parliament against it." A Mr. Bingham was called to the chair. The audience comprised no persons of influence, being composed of some noisy ultra Protestant demagogues. A Rev. Mr. McCarthy, after the usual tirade of misrepresentation, moved the adoption of a petition to Parliament, which was duly seconded.—The *Morning Advertiser* of Thursday thus reports the subsequent proceedings:—"A gentleman in the body of the hall here got up, and said he begged to propose an amendment. Before doing so, he would announce to them that his name was Tresham Gregg, and that he was a benefited clergyman. He approved of the wording of the resolution and petition.—Mr. Harper, Mr. Chairman, I call to order.—Mr. Gregg says he has an amendment to propose, and yet he says he approves of the resolution and petition. Beware, gentlemen, of what Mr. Gregg says, for he is a traitor to our cause.—A scene of great confusion here ensued, in which, in the midst of shouting and hooting, Mr. Gregg called upon the Chairman to hear him, and protect him from the attacks of Mr. Harper; and Mr. Harper, in turn, called upon the Chairman to order the police, who by this time had entered the hall, to turn Mr. Gregg out.—Chairman: Mr. Gregg, if you are not quiet the police must turn you out.—Mr. Gregg: I dare them to touch me.—Chairman: What for?—Mr. Gregg (who by this time had, along with several other parties, mounted over the chairs and reporters' table on to the platform): I will make them answerable to the laws of their country. [Great uproar.] The Rev. Mr. McCarthy: Don't hear him; he is treacherous to us. [Groans, hisses, and cheers.]—Mr. Gregg: Is not this too bad, to be charged with falsehood and treachery? The Chairman then called upon the police to remove Mr. Gregg, and they not complying with the request, he said to that individual, 'If you do not sit down forthwith, I will turn you out myself.' [Great uproar.] Mr. Gregg: Then I will put the matter in my attorney's hands. The scene that here ensued beggars all description; an uproarious audience in a 'penny gaff' could not have been worse. All further attempts to hear anything more were fruitless. People were struggling to get on to the platform, the occupants of which endeavored to keep them off, and the cheering, hooting, and hissing were carried on to the very echo. At last, the meeting, as the Chairman said, was dissolved, or put an end to, in some way or other, but how we do not know, as the reporters for their own safety had quitted the scene of confusion."

The British public is reaping at this moment the fruits of that unwise encouragement with which it has fostered revolutionary principles wherever a disposition to them has appeared; and it is due to that encouragement that we are in danger of war, of which at any moment we may see the beginning, but not so speedily the end. It was a hobby of the English people, amounting to a passion, to see the existing Governments of Italy overthrown, in the hope that in the general confusion and madness the harque of Peter might somehow be stave in, and finally got rid of. And when Sardinia rose up and proclaimed herself a model State, framed upon the British pattern, it was impossible to set bounds to our fellow-countrymen's admiration. Here at last was a hope for Italy. The example of Sardinia would attract the free and the enlightened in all the other States, and her success would animate them to give vent to those aspirations after liberty which it was well known in England were universally indulged, though their visible sign was, for obvious reasons, suppressed.—British principles would be triumphant, and Popery would go to the wall. Nor could this consummation be long postponed under such a Minister as Camillo Cavour. He had had the inestimable blessings of an English education; his sympathies and principles were English; he swore by the representative government and a free press; he had the courage to plunder the Church and break with the Pope. What fitter prophet could rise up in these latter days to sketch

forth the future of a regenerated Italy, and pronounce the words of wrath before which the authority of Pope, and King, and Emperor, should topple to the ground! Suddenly the Sardinian minister appears in a new character. Hitherto he has been the bone British, a foster-child of our commonwealth, brought up at the feet of our Russells and Palmersons, and repaying them for their principles by constituting himself their apostle. But now we see him in a different capacity, at the feet of quite another sort of philosopher. He shakes hands with an autocrat, and in the name of liberty calls to his aid an army whose services have certainly not been taxed in favour of Constitutional Government. By his intrigues he has so perplexed the relations of two great military powers that it is uncertain from day to day whether Europe shall not be plunged into all the horrors of a war, to which that enlightened progress which Englishmen so much profess to love must be postponed, and which, in all probability, will terminate by confirming the reign of those absolute powers which they profess to hate. Under no rational supposition can Italy be benefited. In all probability, the representative institution of Piedmont will become even less a reality than they are now; and, should France prevail, it is most likely that they will be swept away altogether. And, taking into consideration the fact that these institutions have been cemented by the plunder of the Church, and have grown up to be whatever they are under the fosterage of an apostate Minister and a worse than apostate King; it is difficult to imagine a more appropriate termination to them. In truth, they are already on the brink of such a fate. For what hope can we have for a country on the eve of national bankruptcy familiarized through the election of her representatives with moral corruption, cast off from the Church, having sent into exile two archbishops, whose sin was their fidelity to a sacred trust; and still under the Government of a Minister who, though he has not "driven out the Croat," has brought in the "Cossack"—at Villafranca; has degraded the Royal Family by uniting its Princess to an adventurer, and brought upon his King this deserved satire from the lips of one of the wisest and bravest of patriots.—"Il faut comme les Chinois, qui jettent leurs flûtes aux porceaux!" During the eight years that he has ruled the destinies of Piedmont his administration has been marked by the most profligate expenditure; by the increase of loans and taxes under which the energies of the country stagger; and instead of an able despotism he has created a mongrel constitution, under whose shelter he is himself an irresponsible despot, acting by the aid of creatures who serve him for a share of the spoil, mocking his countrymen with a show of freedom far more injurious to them than a declared tyranny.—Tablet.

In the case of Flanagan v. Flanagan, a Catholic has availed himself, as far as the law of God allows, of the miserable Divorce Act of 1857. A clause was put in expressly for the relief of Catholics, by which those who refuse to set aside the law of God by seeking a "dissolution of marriage" (which the law now calls a divorce), may seek and obtain what is now called a judicial separation (equivalent to what the Church calls a divorce) on the ground of infidelity. This was practically obtained in this case, we believe, for the first time. Meanwhile the business of the Court increases so fast that Lord Brougham has given notice that he will, on an early day, call attention to the absolute necessity of adding the Quirt to the discharge of its duties. The *Times* also gives us the estimate of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the cost of what it very truly calls "Lord Palmerston's Act for the relief of married couples to whom matrimony may have become from circumstances a galling yoke" (the description *obscure* is not ours but that of the *Times*). We have to pay £130,000 per annum as compensation to the officers of the abolished Courts, which represents a capital sum of at least two millions and a half. We are, therefore, "paying dear for our whistle." This includes none of the expenses of the Divorce Court itself. The *Times* appears to think that they will be delayed by the fees and stamps paid for by suitors. It may be so, but it supposes an enormous number of suits, for it tells us at the same time that the fees in very many cases amount only to £1, and in one case only to as much as £28. These small fees, however, produced an aggregate sum of £1,556, "proving," as the *Times* boasts, "at once the cheapness and facility of the present system of loosing the bonds of wedlock," in other words of "putting asunder those whom God has made one."—Weekly Register.

A correspondence has arisen out of a Puseyite publication, called the *Directorium Anglicanum*. Many of the clergy of the diocese of Oxford, residing Puseyite imputation lately cast upon them, say in an address to the Bishop of Oxford:—"We conceive from the extracts we have seen from it, that Mr. Pusey's book is a very unwise and mischievous publication. We are strongly opposed to all attempts to alter in any respect the ritual of our reformed church, of which we are, as our fathers were before us, loyal and affectionate sons. We are confident, from our experience of your episcopal rule of fourteen years among us, that these are also our convictions and principles of action; and many of us know instances in which, where young and inexperienced men have been led in this direction you have kindly, but firmly restrained them and corrected their errors." The Bishop says in his reply:—"You well know that I have a jealous dread of every Romanizing tendency, and that I have not the slightest sympathy with those who wish to restore among us such a ritual as Mr. Pusey describes,—for that, in my opinion, such attempts both breed, on the one side, in some weak minds a longing, first for the gorgeous ritual, and then for the corrupt doctrines of Rome, and on the other, tend far more widely to alienate our people from sound Church of England principles, and give occasion to such calumnies as those which you have condemned. . . . The diocese is, I rejoice to believe, indeed the 'centre of a great movement.' But that movement is not Romanizing. It is really a movement towards that which Romanists have always found to be the strongest guard against the introduction of their manifold corruptions—a movement towards a heartier, more self-denying, more laborious, and more devout maintenance of true Church of England faith, and carrying out of true Church of England practice both among our clergy and our laity."

THE LIQUID FIRE GUN.—At Chatham a series of experiments has been tried with a gun made on the new principle, and with the terrific form of missile invented by Captain Norton, and charged with his "liquid fire." The result left but one impression on the minds of the spectators, and that was that naval warfare as hitherto conducted must be deemed at an end. What, indeed, is the state of things brought about by the ingenious application of science to increase the destroying power of instruments of war? At the trials a short time ago, on Shoeburyness flat, it was found that the Spaldin ensing of the Trusty (floating battery) afforded at 400 yards no protection to the steel-pointed Armstrong bolt fired from a 32-pounder of the new kind, and with the small charge of Gils powder. We make use advisedly of the term "bolt," for these missiles, from their shape, resemble much more a rocket than any other description of bullet hitherto used for heavy guns. So much at variance with professional opinion as to the impregnability of these massive batteries was the result described, that Captain Halsted, of the *Greyhound*, who had fearlessly stationed himself on board the Trusty, in the first instance, confident in the impregnability of the casing around him, was glad to retire to safer quarters when he found not only plate-bolts, decks and knees starting in all directions, but the five-inch metal plates themselves being driven in, the Armstrong bolts passing completely through, and subsequently tearing away decks and beams of the most ponderous character. Wood-work, indeed, of any kind, seems incapable of arresting the flight of these missiles, for at a range of 800 yards they

are found capable of traversing a solid mass composed of heart of oak, bolted together, even to the thickness of nine feet. So much for an elongated and steel-pointed variety of the missile already in use. Let us next consider what Captain Norton's leaden-shell, charged with "liquid fire," can accomplish. It has been demonstrated that a single rifleman, by the help of this extraordinary projectile, can at any distance up to 1,800 or even 2,000 yards, infallibly set fire, if not to the hull at least to the sails and spars of any vessel. If then, we imagine in case of actual hostilities, one of Warray's guns, pouring from an embrasure in comparative security, at the rate of 20 per minute, shells of a few inches diameter, with an absolute certainty, too, that each shall hit its mark, what other conclusion can we adopt than that war, upon the principles by which it has hitherto been regulated, will become nearly, if not wholly, impracticable? The country will learn with satisfaction that a committee of experienced officers has already been appointed to consider what effect the late improvements in artillery will have upon the modern system of fortifications.

Among the notable incidents arising out of the presentation of petitions in the House of Commons on Monday evening, we may notice the cheers that greeted Mr. Bazley, the new member for Manchester, as he presented a petition signed by 53,600 inhabitants of Manchester, neatly tied up in the form of a cotton bale, and which the hon. gentleman shouldered in the most haughty and pouter-like manner when called to bring it up to the table; the ironical cheers from the Opposition that greeted Mr. Garnett, when he presented the first petition in favor of the Government scheme; and the applause with which Mr. Bright was received when he presented a petition with 40,000 signatures from Birmingham against the bill.

In a letter to the *Bradford Advertiser*, General Thompson, M.P., says he has given his assent to a suggestion that, "in the event of any change of government, the friends of the ballot should persist in occupying their present sittings, by way of demonstration that they will not march through Coventry with any government which does not show signs of establishing the ballot."

At a marriage in Leeds, after the ceremony, the bride burst into tears, of course. Whereupon the bridegroom, a stout six foot fellow, following the example, blubbered like a calf, and an accompanying crowd of well-wishers, with a "Let me alone! I feel as bad about it as she does, in earnest."

A REVEREND.—A clergyman in the county of Durham lately concluded a morning service with the following words:—"Brother, next Friday is my fifth day, and those who bring the tithes on that day shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but those who do not may depend upon receiving a County Court summons."—*Harrogate Mercury*.

PARADE FROM THE LURE.—The following finished portrait of the modern "Euclyptoid" is from the *St. John's Colonial Protestantist*. It is really too bad of our contemporary time to expose to a scolding world the hideous features of his brethren, of his own flesh and blood:—"You 'Euclyptoid'! He is eminently religious, zealous for the sect, may be a proselyting fanatic for proselytism, has a stock of Bibles, a Bible, laid up in memory a stock of scripture phrases to be recited in general conversation, or to testify an angry stroke of business, such as exclaiming to his woman, or swabbing a customer. You may know him by a generally sullied looking look, an occasional upturning of the white of the eye, soul signs pumped up without apparent reason, mouth-twirling, a pursing of lip, and general assumption of sanctimony. Sometimes he affects the clerical, and dons the white choker. He is regular in his pew, grave in deportment, and particular about smaller forms of religion. He would be a saint but for the devil that is in him. Hence he is the edify of a paradox, a triced-out figure of grace and greed, charity and covetousness. His character is of a saintly cut,—the product of ecclesiastical civilization, but the body is made of rage and sickings of everything disreputable. Outside finery inside dirt: a christian by conversation, a swindler by trade; with truth on the lip but a lie in the heart. A holy man of God to all who do not know him better; rich as those who have intimate dealings with him, and among others his good friend the devil. A varied spectacle full of dead men's bones."

Sometimes the Pharisee's my Lady, who dedicates finery, reduces the length of the ribbon, and the width of the crinoline by half a finger-length, and is eloquent against the pomp and vanities, except in gilt bibles with golden clasps, and illuminated books of piety, and perhaps costly churches and luxurious pews. Her piety is a choice needle to carry her to church or prayer meeting, her carriage in the house is drawn by a cross-docking, her own lady's disposition. She is good at public prayer and private scolding; loves the last concert so much that she has little affection left for her family; and picks a quarrel with her neighbor about the use of a clothe-line. The public good she prefers in private to fitness; makes toys for benevolent bazaars but hates to turn stockings; attends all class meetings, revival meetings, preachings and penitent benches, while the children squall or go to bed sleepless.—She is a mother in Israel, but her children are motherless. In the church a saint; in her family a sloven, the darling of all the deacons, but the sorrow of her husband, who somehow, heightened man, cannot appreciate the piety that produces a dirty kitchen or leaves his shirt without buttons. Jeantime while he scolds, if he does such a thing, Mary consoles herself that she has chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from her.—The darling Pharisee!

The particularized garments of phariseism are woven from the shreds and patches, the odds and pickings of religion, with wicked feelings and bad motives. Out of this are cut the Phylacteries, on which are imprinted in large letters, "Holiness to the Lord," and such like scriptures, which flaunt before the dazzled eyes of the multitude, who admire the glorious robe. Who would not wear it these times when hozaanas follow it? You shall have for the public exhibition; all the licence of private indulgence. If you are a political tactfuler, for example, you need not wear the garment of abstinence except on public occasions, and then what power and influence and opportunity for the gratification of all your covetous propensities! If you are an employer the oil of piety will enable you to grind the face of the poor by a sweeter operation. If you are a shopkeeper, a sign and a sanctified demeanor, will null the suspicion that you lie or cheat and if your evil deeds should be discovered while you lose your reputation for honesty, you are still, are you not—"a religious man." Hold by that Sir Scoundrel, even law cannot take that from you, and public opinion is so charitable that it will allow you to keep it to cover your nakedness.

We have seen many specimens of this garment both for masculine and feminine wear, of clerical and unclerical cut, some of them for a long time rated by us as real Christian clothing. Alas! in these days of deception, when our coffee is chockery our tea mingled with weeds, and when it is rumored that everything we eat and drink is adulterated, how shall religion escape the general depravity, and how shall we be sure that we have got an honest Christian? It were much to be wished that a new system of Hermetisms were invented to distinguish the genuine saint from the pharisee, and determine the true reading of our phylacteries—to determine what is the true value of solemnity, and seriousness, and even in this latter day, of wit and humor, as evidential of religious revivalism. Our critical faculty is at present sadly at fault, and the next person we meet may impress us with the idea that he is or is not a pharisee—contrary in any case to the fact.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1859.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The announcement that Austria had consented to a Congress of the great European Powers, Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, and England, to take into consideration the state of Italy, had increased the prospects of an amicable settlement. Still it can hardly be looked upon as conclusive; and the proposal for a Congress may be only a trick to gain time, and to complete military preparations. Sardinia will it is said be represented in the Congress, but will have no vote.

The Reform Bill is the one subject of discussion in the British journals; but judging from the reports, the length of the debates thereupon in Parliament is no measure of the feelings of the great mass of the people outside, towards the Bill. There is no enthusiasm, nothing to remind one of the excitement of '31 and '32. The Derby Ministry have however staked their fortunes on the fate of their measure; and will in all probability be defeated upon the motion for its second reading.

An unexpected incident has occurred in the Phoenix trials in Ireland. One of the Crown witnesses had not it seems been sufficiently well trained; and has in consequence been committed to take his trial for perjury by the Ennis Bench of Magistrates.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

An animated and most important discussion upon a subject to which we have often been compelled to direct public attention, occurred in the Legislative Assembly on the evening of Wednesday the 6th inst. The immediate occasion of the debate was a motion by Mr. Dunkin that the House do go into Committee, on a Bill to incorporate the British and Canadian School Society. This having been carried, Mr. Dunkin again moved that the clause making invalid all gifts or bequests to the said incorporated Society, unless made six months before the death of the donor or testator, be expunged; and hereupon a warm contest ensued.

It will thus be seen that the questions at issue were, whether the system of legislation towards Religious, Charitable and Educational Societies, inaugurated by Mr. Drummond some three years ago; and supported then and since by the Ministry and the majority of the Ministerial party, as well as by the "Rouges" and the "Clear Grit" followers of George Brown, was to be abandoned or made permanent; and whether the Clergy and Religious of the Catholic Church in particular, were by Act of Parliament to be branded as death-bed robbers? To our great satisfaction these questions have been both settled. The House has retraced its steps; the Ministry and their supporters have for once acted like gentlemen and Catholics; they have by their votes frankly acknowledged their gross error in voting for the restrictive clauses of Mr. Drummond's infamous Bill, and made the best reparation in their power for their former offences; and have, therefore, by implication, fully ratified the condemnation passed upon them by the TRUE WITNESS for their anti-Catholic conduct upon previous occasions; and also, for having allowed the Acts of Incorporation for the Assumption College of Sandwich, and the Academy of St. Cesaire, to pass last session encumbered with those very restrictive and insulting clauses, which this session they have refused to admit in the case of the Bill for the Incorporation of the British and Canadian School Society, and of that for Incorporating the St. Bridget's Asylum of Quebec, as an insult to the ministers of their religion. It is, therefore, incumbent on the Hon. M. Cartier and his supporters who voted with him on the 6th inst., if they desire to obtain a reputation for consistency, and to make full satisfaction for their past transgressions, to expunge from the Acts of Incorporation passed last session, those clauses against which they profess so much honest and virtuous indignation in the session of 1859.—But to come back to the debate:—

The motion of Mr. Dunkin, mentioned above, was met by an amendment from the "Clear Grit" leader, Mr. George Brown, the person with whom it was proposed that Catholics should contract a political alliance. True to his antecedents, Mr. George Brown contended for retaining the offensive clauses; as the effect of their abolition would be to perpetuate those death-

bed solicitations which were so much to be deprecated.

Mr. Brown was supported by all the leading Orangemen of the House; thus showing that Orangemen are his natural allies; and proving the truth of what we have always asserted—that an alliance of Catholics with George Brown was neither possible nor desirable; and that such an alliance would inevitably be unspeakably disgraceful to all Catholics, parties thereunto. On the other hand, M. Cartier, for once, spoke out boldly, and like a man; standing up for the rights of his coreligionists, and the honor of his Clergy, like a gentleman and a Catholic. Had he always assumed—or if we had assurance that for the future he would always assume—such a dignified attitude, we would not have had, we should not again have, imposed upon us the disagreeable task of hostile criticism. Did he know his true interests; could he rise above the sordid considerations of place and emolument, or the paltry ambition of being a leading political partisan, he might yet be a credit to his country and his Church; he might have been, he might yet be, what the time-server, the place-hunter, and the inconsistent politician never can be—a truly great and respected Catholic Statesman. He has talents; he has energy and great aptitude for business; all he wants are firmness, integrity, and singleness of purpose. "*Si oculus tuus fuerit simplex, totum corpus tuum lucidum erit.*"—St. MATT. vi. 22.

As a specimen of the energy which M. Cartier can put forth when he pleases, we give the following extract from the Toronto correspondence of the Montreal Gazette:—

Mr. Brown was arguing that death-bed solicitations on the part of the priests were to be prevented, when—

Mr. Cartier interrupted him, saying he was insulting the members who professed the Roman Catholic religion.

Mr. Brown denied the imputation.

Mr. Cartier—Yes, yes, you do.

Mr. Brown—The Hon. Atty-General East, with studious discourtesy, interrupts hon. members on this side of the House, screeching at the top of his disagreeable voice as loudly as he can.

Mr. Cartier—If there is one member of this House whose conduct is marked by an absence of courtesy, of respect for the feelings of others especially Catholics, it is the hon. gentleman himself. When I saw him making a lecture and insulting my co-religionists, under the hypocritical pretence of depriving this institution of the power to receive bequests, what could I do but interrupt him? I am not a man to be insulted on the floor of this House. My voice is perhaps too loud to please the hon. gentleman—he can't put it down; and, though I am a smaller man, physically, than the hon. member, I might meet him either here or elsewhere. As for his taunts, I regard them not: he has a moral and physical defect; he can never keep within the truth.

Mr. Foley—That's courteous!
 Mr. Cartier—I don't intend to be polite to the hon. gentleman; he doesn't deserve it.

Amongst the other speakers who took part in the debate upon the Catholic side, we must mention Mr. Dunkin, Mr. McGee, Mr. Alley, M. Laberge, and M. Thibaudeau; whilst on the other side, we must notice M. M. Brown, Gowan the Orangeman, Ferris, Mowatt, Dorion, and Dr. O'Connor. That M. Dorion should have spoken and voted against Catholic interests, and with Mr. G. Brown and the Orangemen, has indeed surprised and pained us; but the fact will we hope be carefully treasured up, and duly brought forth, when next again he shall present himself before the Catholic electors of Montreal as a candidate for their suffrages.

After a lengthy debate, the House divided; when there appeared—in favour of retaining the restrictive clauses, 35; against retaining them, 42. Thus the principle was settled; and on another debate on the 8th instant, the St. Bridget's Bill, free from the obnoxious and insulting clauses, was carried through its third reading. It now remains for us to secure against all future assaults the integrity of our Charitable Institutions; and to return our thanks to those to whom we owe the late victory. Amongst these, though M. M. Alley, Thibaudeau, and others deserve to be honorably mentioned, it would, we repeat, be unjust to refrain from assigning a prominent place to M. Cartier; and we rejoice heartily that, for once, he has put in our power, as a Catholic journalist, to speak of his political conduct in terms of unqualified approbation. For our opinion of that conduct, for our good will, or our hostility, he may care but little; but of the former we can assure him so long as he adheres to the honorable policy that he pursued on the 6th instant; whilst we believe that we may add that many Catholics who have long stood aloof from him, because of his unworthy concessions to Protestant fanaticism, and his adverse votes upon questions affecting Catholic interests, would promptly and cheerfully rally round his standard, and give him their best support; would he in return but give them assurance that, for the future, he would always, and against all opponents, approve himself the stern and uncompromising champion of our schools, of our charitable and our religious institutions. Upon these terms, but upon these terms only, we should be ready as Catholics to forgive and forget his past; and to give him for the future our best support, poor and humble though that support may be.

On Monday, 11th inst., an interesting discussion arose in the Legislative Assembly on the McLean "License to commit Adultery Bill."—Mr. Morrison moved that the Bill be put first on the order of the day for Wednesday following.

This was opposed by M. Cartier; after whom Mr. J. S. McDonald called upon the Government to explain why they had not laid before the House a dispatch from the Imperial Government to the different Colonial Legislatures on the subject of Divorce. This dispatch which has already been laid before the Nova Scotian Legislature, urges upon the dependencies of Great Britain, the importance of establishing uniformity of Legislation upon the subject of the sexual unions of Her Majesty's subjects throughout all parts of Her dominions; and was accompanied with a copy of the filthy English "Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act," whose anti-Christian provisions, it was hoped, would shortly be adopted in Canada.

To Mr. J. S. McDonald's question, Attorney-General Macdonald replied that the Government had made up their minds to take no action upon the dispatch alluded to, and would not, therefore, bring it down unless it was moved for. After a somewhat desultory debate Mr. Morrison's motion was negatived by a Majority of 51 against 36. Then Mr. J. S. McDonald, seconded, of course, by Mr. George Brown, moved for the production of the dispatch before referred to; and this motion was ultimately agreed to.

On the same evening, some amusement was given to the House by an announcement from the Speaker that several members were grievously tormented with duns; and had actually been subjected to the outrage of having a process served upon them by bailiffs in the lobby of the House. He, the Speaker, had given instructions that Hon. members who could not pay their debts, or meet their trifling engagements with their respective washerwomen, should not be harassed again in a similar manner, and in the lobbies of the Legislature; and he, therefore, appealed to the House to support him in the course he had taken. Mr. Foley suggested that it would be better to give orders that Hon. members should not be waylaid by duns "in any other place either"—a suggestion which was received with much laughter. It is really too bad, considering the high wages that we are obliged to pay our representatives, that they cannot keep out of debt; and that their creditors are obliged to pursue them, with their "small accounts," even within the sacred precincts of the House of Assembly! Would it not be well to pass a Bill for the relief of insolvent Members of Parliament? with a special clause restricting them to a certain number of glasses of brandy and water, and "*gin-slings*" *per diem*, during the course of the Session!—We throw this out merely as a hint to the advocates of a "Maine Law;" for if there was less liquor consumed by our legislators, there would, we are sure, be also much less talk, and a great deal more work. What says the *Montreal Witness* to our suggestion?

M. CHINIQUY.—It is with sincere pain that we find ourselves compelled to notice the ravings and misrepresentations which, through the friendly columns of the Protestant press, the unhappy man, and degraded priest, M. Chiniquy, has given to the world, as the explanation of the causes of his deplorable fall, and apostacy from that Church to which, at his ordination, he had vowed obedience. Our present course is, however, forced upon us; and though we would gladly have left the fallen priest undisturbed; though as Catholics we would desire none to notice him, save in their prayers to God for his conversion, he himself has, by the unenviable notoriety which, after much labor and more falsehood, he has obtained, forced us to enter upon a discussion, which, for his own sake, for the sake of decency, morality, and Christian charity, we would, if possible, have still avoided. But as silence might be misconstrued; as M. Chiniquy seems determined not to profit by the indulgence and great tenderness that has been extended to him by his Ecclesiastical superiors; and as the *locus penitentiae* which in hopes of his conversion, they have still left open to him, has been obstinately refused, it is almost time that truth should be told, and the guilty unmasked.

Why has M. Chiniquy left the Church, and abjured the Catholic faith? is a question we often hear asked. He would fain have us believe that it was because of a pecuniary dispute with the Bishop of Chicago; arising out of some dealings with respect to Church property in the Diocese of that venerable Prelate. But this reason, prominently assigned by M. Chiniquy himself, is not only notoriously inadequate for a change of faith, but is also utterly false. We say it advisedly, and with full knowledge of the facts; that it was not because of any dispute about the disposal or ownership of Church property that M. Chiniquy was suspended from the exercise of his functions as Priest. He well knows the true reasons for his suspension; and though he is at full liberty to make those reasons public, he will, we know, take precious good care for his own sake to keep them secret.

Again, we often hear it asked: How came it, that this same M. Chiniquy, who in Canada had earned such a reputation as a preacher of temperance, and who apparently had done so much good amongst his fellow-countrymen, was so quietly allowed by his Canadian Ecclesiastical

superiors to abandon the field of his labors? and that not an effort was made to induce him to remain in Canada, where the need of a zealous Apostle of Temperance was so strongly felt?—There were, we can assure our readers, many and good reasons, why his Ecclesiastical superiors in Canada were glad to get rid of him quietly; in the hopes that, change of scene, removal from the immediate occasion of fall, and the prayers of the Church, might yet avail to produce in him repentance, an amendment of life, and moral reformation. Alas! in this pious wish they have been bitterly disappointed; their tenderness towards him has but encouraged him to pursue his bad career, and to malign those who had mercifully refrained from exposing him to the world. Whilst the same reasons that caused his unregretted departure from Canada, at length compelled the Bishop of Chicago to proceed to the strong measures against him, which have been so falsely commented upon in the columns of the Canadian Protestant press. This we say, not in anger, nor in bitterness of spirit against M. Chiniquy.—We remember that, fallen and degraded as he now is, upon him has been imprinted the indelible character of Priest of the Most High God; of the Minister of Him Who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live; and remembering this, it is in sorrow, rather than in anger, that we record his fall; and with the sole object of disabusing the public mind of those prejudices with which, through his lectures and published letters, he has sought to abuse it. Our object in fine, in treating of the subject is strictly defensive, and not offensive.

Two main reasons are assigned by M. Chiniquy for his quarrel with the Bishop of Chicago; which quarrel again M. Chiniquy wishes us to believe was the cause of his suspension; whilst that suspension from the exercise of his spiritual functions, was he pretends, the immediate cause of his renunciation of the Catholic faith, and his profession of Protestantism. In all this we need hardly add there is scarcely one word of truth.

It is true, indeed, that the Bishop of Chicago did transfer the property in a certain church from the hands of a French Canadian, to those of an Irish Catholic congregation; but M. Chiniquy forgets, or finds it more convenient to suppress, the fact that the property in question was deeply indebted, and mortgaged; that the Bishop offered every opportunity to the French Canadians to raise amongst themselves the sum necessary to redeem it from its encumbrances; that the latter did not, or would not, avail themselves of those opportunities; that in consequence the Bishop was at last reluctantly compelled to interfere; and that it was under these circumstances that the transfer of property complained of as an act of injustice on the part of the Bishop of Chicago, took place.

Again: M. Chiniquy complains that the same Bishop commanded him to give up his—M. Chiniquy's—right to certain property at St. Anne's; that upon his refusal the Bishop sent for, and suspended him: and that upon his refusal to yield to the sentence of suspension, the Bishop proceeded to excommunicate him. Here again there is a complicated tissue of falsehoods.

In the first place, the entire property in question was the exclusive property of the Bishop of Chicago; having been formally conveyed by deed, in trust for the use and interests of the congregation, to the predecessor of the Prelate with whom M. Chiniquy pretends to have had the dispute. Indeed, had there been any valid grounds, or semblance even of grounds, for impugning the Bishop's title, is it probable that M. Chiniquy would not have enforced, or attempted to enforce, his claims to the property in question before the legal tribunals of a country whose people and rulers are certainly not obnoxious to the charge of encouraging the pretensions, or of straining the law in favor of the authority, of Romish Bishops? We beg of our Protestant readers to give this consideration its due weight.

In the second place, and we say it advisedly, it was not because of any quarrel arising out of the Church property at St. Anne's, that M. Chiniquy was suspended from the exercise, in that mission, of his priestly functions. He was suspended for entirely different reasons; for reasons seriously affecting M. Chiniquy's moral character; for reasons which were fully stated to him by the Bishop, and which had not the *slightest* reference to Church property. The Bishop wished to remove him from St. Anne's for reasons analogous to those which induced the Bishops of Canada to part with him. The intentions of that Prelate being—to deliver M. Chiniquy from the immediate temptation to which at St. Anne's the latter was exposed—and to give him an opportunity during a "*Spiritual Retreat*" with the Jesuit Fathers at St. Louis, to repent, through the great mercies of God, of his former sins, and to commence a new life; in which case, it was further the intention of the said Bishop to raise his suspension, and to place M. Chiniquy in a new Mission; where under fresh auspices, removed from old associates, and the immediate causes of his fall remote—he might yet, by a life of holiness and sincere penitence, atone in some measure for his conduct at St. Anne's.—

These his intentions, the Bishop imparted to M. Chiniquy himself; giving the latter full permission to make public the real grounds of his suspension. Of that permission, from that day to this, M. Chiniquy has not seen fit to avail himself.

The subsequent proceedings against M. Chiniquy were rendered inevitable by his contemptuous disregard of his Bishop's sentence of suspension; by his open and ostentatious violation of all Church discipline; and by the sacrilegious obstinacy in which he persisted, in spite of his well-merited suspension, in celebrating the sacred mysteries.

With this plain statement of facts, which M. Chiniquy knows to be true, we take our leave of a very painful subject; in the hopes that M. Chiniquy will see that *silence* is his wisest policy; and that he will spare us and himself, the necessity of raising still higher the curtain which conceals his true character from the world.

THE MONTREAL "PILOT" AND CHRISTIAN MATRIMONY.—We have, we hope, convinced our cotemporary that Protestant marriages are at present looked upon by the Catholic Church and all her children, as holy and honorable, because Christian and indissoluble, unions. When however, the *Pilot* shall have established his thesis—that the sexual unions of Protestants are mere civil contracts, "*and nothing more*;" when he shall have proved that into those unions a religious and Christian, as distinguished from a mere civil or secular, element does not enter, he will have succeeded in convincing us that there is nothing more "holy" about a Protestant marriage, than there is in a contract for the delivery of a specified quantity of pork; and when he shall have succeeded in establishing his other thesis, that the marriages of Protestants may, upon any pretence whatsoever, be dissolved by any tribunal upon earth—then we shall of course cease to look upon the sexual unions of Protestants as a whit more "honorable" than concubinage. Until then, however, our cotemporary must excuse us if we treat the marriages of our Protestant brethren as both "holy" and "honorable"—as Christian, and therefore as something more than mere civil, contracts; and as indissoluble by man, because made by God.

In point of fact the questions—Are the sexual unions of baptised persons civil contracts, "*and nothing more*?" as the *Pilot* asserts; or are they also religious, as distinguished from mere civil, contracts? as the Catholic Church has always taught—embrace all the points at issue betwixt Catholics and Protestants as to the nature, effects and force of the matrimonial contract itself. For, if those unions be but civil contracts "*and nothing more*;" and as it is of the essence of all mere civil contracts, that their terms may be modified, or even annulled by the mutual consent of the contracting parties; it is a self-evident proposition that, if marriage be no more than what the *Pilot* pretends it is, the parties to that contract have the right, without the intervention of any third party, to dissolve at pleasure their unions, and to enter into new contracts. But, on the other hand, if, as the Church teaches, marriage is a religious as well as a civil contract; if it be a Divine Ordinance—in a higher sense than a contract for Pork is a Divine Ordinance—it is equally evident that the Civil Magistrate has no absolute jurisdiction therein; and that his authority, though it may be sufficient to invalidate a mere civil, can have no effect whatever upon a religious, or spiritual, contract. The main question at issue therefore resolves itself into this—Is marriage a Divine Ordinance, and therefore beyond the reach of the mere civil magistrate? or is it a mere civil contract, "*and nothing more*," over which he has legitimate jurisdiction?

And here we would pause to ask the *Pilot* how to reconcile his thesis that marriage is "*nothing more*" than a civil contract, with the fact which we suppose he will admit, that God Himself has denounced its violation as a special crime? If, we say, marriage be "*nothing more*" than a civil contract, then adultery is but a breach of a mere civil contract; and is, *morally*, indistinguishable from a breach of a contract for the delivery, at a stated period, of a certain amount of dry goods; or from the breach of a contract entered into by a railway contractor for completing a specified amount of road within a specified time. He, however, Who from the thunders of Sinai proclaimed the Divine Law—"Thou shalt not kill"—in like manner, and at the same time, issued His command—"Thou shalt not commit adultery." How then, upon the *Pilot's* hypothesis that marriage is a civil contract, "*and nothing more*," are we to account for the fact that God Himself singled out the breach of this mere civil contract, as the subject of special denunciation?

And again would we request our cotemporary to explain wherein, upon his hypothesis, concubinage differs *morally* from marriage; or wherein a mistress *morally* differs from a wife. For if in marriage there be "*nothing more*" than a civil contract; and since the arrangement in virtue of which and for a pecuniary consideration, a woman contracts to live for a specified time as a man's mistress is also a "*civil*" or more secular con-

tract," although the law may take no cognisance thereof; it is self-evident that morally, there is "nothing more" in marriage than there is in concubinage; and that, morally, a kept mistress, who adheres faithfully to the terms of her contract with her keeper, is indistinguishable from a wife. If, we say, the union of the sexes be a mere civil contract "and nothing more" as the *Pilot* pretends, then God Himself has not prescribed the sole terms on which it is lawful to contract those unions; and if He has not prescribed the terms, then, though in concubinage there may be a breach of a civil or municipal enactment, there is no violation of His Laws, and therefore no sin.—The kept mistress, who adheres to the terms of her civil contract with the man who keeps her, may by so doing incur the wrath of the Police; but has no more reasons to dread the judgments of God for her conduct, than has the householder who in defiance of the Bye-Laws of the Corporation, neglects to clean the snow away from the pathway in front of his door. In fine, if marriage be not a Divine Ordinance, and therefore "something more" than a mere civil contract; if the terms upon which alone the union of the sexes is lawful have not been prescribed, and specially revealed by God himself; then a civil contract in virtue of which a man and woman should agree to cohabit for a year, for six months, for a week, or a single day, would be no violation of the Divine Law; and therefore as sinless, and as morally justifiable, as a civil contract wherein they should stipulate to cohabit for the term of their natural lives; and though there might be a legal or municipal, there would be no moral distinction between the condition of a wife, and that of a concubine. For concubinage is a mere secular, or civil contract; and, according to the *Pilot*, marriage is "nothing more."

But if, as we contend, marriage is something more than a civil contract; if it be a spiritual as well as a mere secular or civil contract; if its terms have been prescribed by God Himself, and by Him revealed to man; then is it a contract over which no man, whether he be a Deacon, a Bailiff, or a Member of Parliament, has any power of jurisdiction. The civil accidents therefrom flowing are indeed under his control; but the contract itself being spiritual, and not merely civil or secular, is beyond his reach; and the terms thereof, having been prescribed by One Who is greater than Bum-Bailiffs, and Whose Majesty transcends that of the Police Magistrate, or any other civil functionary, are not subject to human law, and cannot therefore be either annulled or even modified by man.

Respectfully commending these considerations to the *Pilot*, we would take leave of him for the present; begging of him, however, not to forget, when next he writes upon the subject of marriage, to show us wherein, according to his hypothesis, concubinage differs—not legally, but—morally from marriage; and what moral—not legal—advantage a wife has over a concubine, or kept mistress who faithfully adheres to the terms of her pecuniary and purely civil or secular contract with her keeper. As to the authorities whom he threatens to quote against us in support of the doctrine of the lawfulness of divorce—a *divorcio matrimonii*—we are quite ready to encounter him and them. For we are sure beforehand, that our cotemporary will either misquote the writers whom he proposes to cite; or that quoting them correctly, he will altogether fail to seize and appreciate their meaning. This we pledge ourselves to make good when he brings forth the authorities whose names he so ostentatiously and with so many blunders, paraded in his issue of Saturday last; and by way of signalling one of those ridiculous blunders, we would just hint to him that the Emperor Charlemagne was never "canonised" by any Pope, or recognised as "anonised" by the Catholic Church.

Whilst thus avowing our readiness to accept the challenge offered to us by the *Pilot*, we would take this opportunity of reminding him that the question to be by us discussed is not—whether matrimony is a Sacrament and indissoluble?—for that is a question in the supernatural order, which Catholics cannot discuss with non-Catholics, because in that order they have no first principles in common; but simply, whether the Roman Catholic Church, by her Councils and Decrees of her Pontiffs, has always taught that matrimony is a Sacrament and indissoluble? This latter is a question in the natural order; a question of facts recorded in history; one which offers therefore a fair subject for discussion between Catholics, and non-Catholics or Protestants.

OUR PROTESTANT COTEMPORARIES.—In our last we published some statistics relative to the Kingston Hospital, as furnished to us by a well known gentleman of that City; who guaranteed that the statistics by him sent to us for publication, could be established by oath, if their truth were called in question.

Now these statistics gave the lie direct to the *Montreal Witness*, to the *British Whig*, the *Daily News* of Kingston, and also to several other of our Protestant cotemporaries; who, with the design of discrediting the morality of Irish Catholics, had published a statement to the effect that, between the First of January of the

present year, and the month of March, there had been in the Lying-in Wards of the Kingston Hospital, 77 cases of illegitimate births from amongst Catholic women, against only 21 illegitimate births from amongst the Protestant inmates of that asylum. We therefore called in our last upon our several cotemporaries above named, to make good their assertions with respect to the greater immorality of Irish Catholics, as revealed by their statistics of the number of illegitimate births in the Kingston Hospital; or else to submit to be branded openly as convicted of lying and slandering—unless, indeed they gave up the name of their informant. This request, we think, was, on our part, just and reasonable.—Let us see how it has been met by the Protestant journals; whose editors, one would think, had some interest in upholding their reputations as men of honor and lovers of truth.

To our contradiction of its statistics, the *British Whig*, in its issue of the 11th instant, replies as follows:—

"THE 'BRITISH WHIG' AND THE 'TRUE WITNESS'—When a man is beaten in argument, he begins to call names. The recent impious calumnies of the 'True Witness' against the Protestant Faith, have drawn from the British Whig and other newspapers severe rebuttals, under which the author of these atrocities evidently winces. Having no argument to use, he makes foul-mouthed blackguardism serve the purpose. In his last issue he dedicated several of his columns to accusations couched in language that no one having any respect for himself can reply to. He thus shut up discussion and has the field to himself. A man living in a glass house should not throw stones. Had we a mind to administer to him a modicum of the lex talionis, we could remind him of what he has been, and what he is now; but we shall only tell him, that it is a poor way to show his attachment to the creed he has joined, by abusing the creed he has left; and that though his present co-religionists may admire the talents he so badly uses, yet they must detest him as a renegade. They may love the treason, though hate the traitor. 'Tis a dirty bird that fouls his own nest.'"

We do not think that any one will pretend that the above—which is all that the *Whig* has to offer to the damning charges brought against his veracity by our Kingston correspondent *Veritas*—contains any refutation of the latter's statistics; or any satisfactory proof of the truth of the statistics previously published by the *British Whig*, in corroboration of the immorality of Irish Catholics in the vicinity of Kingston. Neither do we think that any man, calling himself a gentleman, and whose veracity had been so seriously called in question as has that of the *British Whig*, would content himself with such a reply as this, which in the above paragraph, our Kingston cotemporary has vouchsafed us. And yet it comprises all that the latter has to offer in reply to the very serious charge of lying and slandering urged against him by *Veritas*.

On the other hand, Dr. Horatio Yates, whom our correspondent by name accuses as the originator of the infamous lie to which the *Witness*, and its Kingston compeers, the *British Whig*, and *Daily News*, gave circulation—has not a single word to say for himself; though we took the precaution of sending him a copy of last week's *TRUE WITNESS*, in which his honor as a gentleman, and his veracity as a Christian, were so directly and strongly impugned.

And again, the only notice taken by the *Montreal Witness* of our direct contradiction of his statistics, and our challenge to him to prove their truth, is contained in the following paragraph which appeared in its issue of the 9th inst.:

"The *True Witness*, on the authority of a Kingston correspondent, denies the accuracy of the statement which appeared in a communication to this paper, respecting the number of Roman Catholic illegitimate births in the Kingston Lying-in Hospital. This writer says that so far from there being 77 in three months, there have only been 44 in three years. The discrepancy here is startling. We wait further developments."

Thus the *Witness* tries to shuffle out of the disagreeable position in which his disregard for truth has placed him. We would tell him, however, that it is his duty to join with us in demanding an investigation into the truth of the report to which he gave circulation; that, not to "wait," but to move in this matter, is his duty; and that no man with a spark of honor, the truth of whose statements had been called in question, would "wait" one moment under the imputation, when it was in his power to prove his integrity, and to crush his opponents.

We should add, that, though the moment they caught our eye, we gave insertion to the statistics published by the *Witness* the *British Whig* and other Protestant journals respecting the illegitimate births in the Kingston Hospital—not one of those Protestant papers that we have yet seen, with the exception of the *Witness*, has so much as hinted that the truth of its statistics had been called in question in this journal. This we cite as a specimen of Protestant love of "fair play."

Lastly, we would ask of our Protestant cotemporaries what they would think of the *TRUE WITNESS* and of its supporters, if, after having given as the statistics of some Canadian public institution a string of figures strongly condemnatory of the chastity of Protestant women, we were to treat the open contradiction of those statistics with silence; or with such pitiful evasions of the question as those resorted to by the *British Whig* and the *Montreal Witness*?—Would they not justly look upon the *TRUE WITNESS* as a slanderer, and upon its supporters as the abettors of slander? Would they not tell us that we were bound—the truth of our statistics having been called in question—either to substantiate them by evidence, or else to retract them

and confess our error! This then is what we say to the *Witness* and the *British Whig*.—"You have made an explicit statement as to the number of illegitimate births amongst the Catholic inmates of the Kingston Asylum during the last three months. On the faith of a correspondent, who offers to establish the facts he adduces upon oath, we denounce your statistics as lying forgeries; and call upon you either to substantiate them by proof, or to admit your error and retract. Were you either Christians or gentlemen, this is a challenge to which you would not consent to subject yourselves twice." In our next therefore, we hope that we shall have it in our power to publish our cotemporaries' replies thereto; for we assure them that it is a subject which we will not allow to drop, until we shall have elicited the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In this undertaking we request the co-operation of our correspondent, *Veritas*, and his Kingston friends.

ATROCIOUS.—The *Montreal Witness* informs us that the following awful outrage upon the Holy Protecting Faith has been brought to light by means of a paper, "picked up in a tradesman's shop in Exeter;" and whereupon were found the following soul-harrowing sentences:—

"Novena for the conversion of Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Patron St. Peter. The Angelus at twelve o'clock—One Pater, Memorare."

Awful indeed! Surely some stringent measures should at once be resorted to, to put a stop to this new Papal aggression; and to prevent Catholics praying for the conversion of their Sovereign, and the heir apparent. By Act of Parliament, the Holy Spirit should be declared contraband; and a heavy penalty imposed upon all Papists detected in imploring His gracious assistance either for themselves or their rulers.

CASTING OUT SATAN BY MEANS OF SATAN.—The moral effects of legislative enactments against drinking, are strikingly illustrated by the Custom House returns, as given by a *Boston Paper*, quoted by the *Montreal Witness*. According to this authority, three hundred thousand pounds of opium, of which not more than one-tenth were used for medical purposes, were last year imported into the United States; thus indicating a consumption of two hundred and seventy thousand pounds of opium—a drug whose intoxicating effects, though under another form, are morally and physically more degrading than are those of rum and whiskey. Indeed the writer quoted above, adds that "druggists and physicians say that the habit of taking opiates in some form, is becoming more and more prevalent every year." So much for the Maine Law.

TO ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.—We receive too many anonymous letters; whose writers are perhaps not aware of the gross breach of common courtesy of which they are guilty towards those to whom their letters are addressed. We would therefore remind them that—as it is not customary for gentlemen either to write anonymous letters, or letters over feigned signatures, or to take any notice of such letters when addressed to them—and as even editors of papers have the right to be treated as gentlemen, and with common courtesy, editors though they be—so we will not give insertion in our columns to any communication whatever, not accompanied with the name of the writer; nor for publication indeed, but as a pledge of his good faith, and the truth of his statements. This is a rule invariably adhered to by all editors of journals throughout the civilised world, and we will not depart from it.

Mr. John Rowland has consented, and is hereby authorised to act as Agent for the *TRUE WITNESS* in the City of Ottawa and adjacent district.

We are indebted to the *Pilot* for the following report of a very interesting examination of the pupils of the Christian Brother's Schools of this city, which took place on the 7th inst. It is indeed pleasant to find the great value of these educational institutions so frankly recognized by Protestants:—

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOL.—A Private semi-annual examination of the pupils attending the High Class, consisting of sixty scholars, in the English Department of the Christian Brothers' Schools, situated at the corner of Vitre and Cote Streets, took place on Thursday last, in the presence of a considerable number of the parents of the children, and others interested in the progress of education. We had the pleasure of being present while Professor Frank one of the Christian Brothers in charge of this class was engaged in examining his pupils in Reading, English Grammar & Parsing, Geography, Astronomy, Mental & Practical Arithmetic, Algebra, Mensuration, Geometry, Book-Keeping, Philosophy & English Composition. The manner in which the pupils went through the various exercises bore creditable testimony to their own diligence, and to the pains bestowed on them by their most indefatigable instructor. In each one of the different branches of study in which we heard them examined the pupils so acquitted themselves as to show that full and accurate information in that particular department had been acquired, not only by a few of superior industry or ability, but by almost the whole class without exception. In Geography and Arithmetic most particularly, they were well versed, and displayed a very extensive degree of knowledge with respect to all the kingdoms and other divisions of the earth, and the structure, motions, sizes, and distances of the various members of the solar system as well as the various branches of a good commercial education. The examination wound up by an address from Master Henry Fluton, followed with the song 'Patricks Day in the Morning,' by the whole class, accompanied admirably well by Master Bermingham on the Violin, assisted by Master Palmer. Some of the specimens of writing which we were shown were in a very beautiful style of penmanship. Looking at the results of the examination generally, the parents, of whom, as we have said, a considerable number were present, had good cause to be gratified with the evidence afforded them of the progress that is being made by their children, and which also must have proved most gratifying to their zealous instructive Professor, Brother Frank, who, from all appearance, spares neither time nor exertions on his part for the instruction of his pupils.

Notwithstanding the imitations, and many other medicines in the market pretending to answer the same purpose, yet the sale of Perry Davis' Pain Killer is more than the whole of them put together. It is one of the few articles that are just what the pretender to do. Try it.—Brunswick Telegraph.

To the Editor of the *True Witness*.
Sir—The mission of the Redemptorist Fathers, which was opened here on the 20th March in St. Patrick's, was closed on Sunday evening, the 4th April, by one of the most imposing ceremonies ever witnessed in the Catholic Church.
The Baptismal font, adorned with flowers and glittering with light, was placed within the sanctuary, on an elevation, whereon might be seen the holy oils and salt; as also the surplice, stole, and baptismery employed in the Sacrament; whilst, depending from the font itself hung the white veil, emblem of that innocence and purity bestowed by Baptism. An eloquent and touching sermon was preached on the occasion by Father Hewitt, explanatory of the Sacrament, its benefits and duties; after which the Bishop and Priests within the sanctuary, as well as the whole congregation, arose, and with hands uplifted towards the font, renewed their Baptismal vows, and promised to preserve the sacred fruits of the mission.
Then were repeated the five Paters and Aves for the gaining of the indulgence; and all knelt to receive the solemn Papal benediction. So impressive was the scene, that I know of some Protestants present who joined with true earnestness in the ceremony; indeed the prostrate forms of those fervent worshippers—the stifled sobs of the poor pardoned penitents—the chaste and solemn beauty of the holy altar and font, on which all eyes and hearts were riveted—will leave an impression on the mind of those who witnessed it which neither time nor circumstance can efface.

His Lordship Mgr. de Tison terminated the mission, by entoning the *Te Deum*, and subsequently giving the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.
The Thursday evening previous had also witnessed another beautiful ceremony; when the whole congregation recommended themselves by a solemn consecration to the Blessed Virgin. The altar, above which was placed the statue of our sweet Mother, was decked out for the occasion with thousands of natural flowers—sweet innocent offerings of love to the pure lily of Israel. Father Baker on this occasion spoke in the most forcible and touching manner on the worship rendered by the Church to the Mother of God.

I must again revert to the admirable style of preaching adopted by our good missionaries—their simple language which comes from the heart, speaks equally to the heart;—it is touching, convincing, overpowering;—it is an eloquence that electrifies, while it elevates;—that alike subdues the reason and softens the heart. I can say nothing so forcible in praise of their holy teaching, as to tell you the fact, that at the conclusion of the mission 7,200 persons had approached the Sacraments, and that at least fifty converts were added to the true fold. And when we think that hundreds of nominal Catholics, who had for years neglected their religion, and turned their backs upon the altar of their God, have now returned;—that many a desolate family has been restored to happiness;—that numberless divisions have been healed;—and that many suffering hearts have been led back to peace;—you will say that we have indeed cause to thank God for the blessing vouchsafed in this holy mission.

It would be ingratitude not to mention those excellent priests of the district who rendered the most efficient aid to our beloved pastor, Rev. Mr. McGauran, in his arduous duties:—The Very Reverend Grand Vicar Cazeau; Reverend M. Auclair, Cure of Quebec; Reverend Messrs. Duthaler, Ferland, O'Grady, Harkin, Proulx, of St. Vallier; Gampau, Coopman, O.M.J.; Rousseau, and Colfer; who, in addition to the Rev. Mr. Clarke, Rev. M. Bouneau, Rev. Mr. Gleason, and the Rev. M. Hammelin, the Vicars of the parish, all labored in the good cause with unremitting zeal and devotion. Amongst these respected names we cannot fail to remark many who, during the year of fever when Grosse Isle became little better than a charnel house, dared all the horrors of contagion, suffering, and death, and flew with eager haste to afford the last consolations of religion to the sick and dying.

We cannot either give too much praise to those good Canadian priests, who forgetting their nationality for the good of our poor Irish, have only remembered the sacred bond of Catholicity which binds us all together in so holy a union; whilst our revered Bishop, by his presence on several occasions, evinced the deep interest he took in the spiritual welfare of the Irish portion of his flock.
It remains only for me to say that notwithstanding the dense masses of people that attended the offices, no accident whatever occurred; and that the conduct of our people in leaving the church was so orderly as to edify all the strangers who witnessed it.
Long will the effects of this mission be felt in Quebec; and long will our grateful hearts be raised to heaven in thanksgiving for this blessing.
I forgot to say that these holy Fathers form a branch of the Redemptorists; and are under the immediate sanction of the Supreme Pontiff, associated into a distinct Order, entitled the "Paulist Missionaries," for the special conversion of American Protestants and Infidels.

I am, Dear Sir, your obedient servant,
L. J.

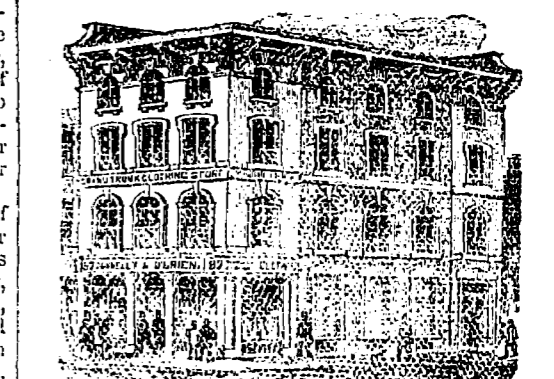
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—St. COLCUBA.—A general meeting of the Irish residents of the Parish of St. Columba de Sillery, was held at the Sillery Academy on the evening of Monday the 4th inst., for the purpose of organizing a national Society. A very full meeting was in attendance, and John Fitzpatrick, Esq., was called to the chair, and the undersigned appointed secretary. The chairman having explained the object of the meeting at some length, called upon those favorable to the movement to come forward and be enrolled as members of the society, when eighty members subscribed their names. The following gentlemen were then elected office-bearers for the current year:—
Honorary President, Rev. P. H. Harkin,
President, John Fitzpatrick,
Vice President, Joseph Castillon,
Secretary, Francis Gallagher,
Treasurer, James Rockett.

COMMITTEE.—Wm. Power, James Finigan, Thos. Egan, Denis Bogue, John Timmony, James Flanagan, Michl. Rockett, Thos. O'Brien, James McCoy, D. C. McDonnell, Daniel Harkins, James Meloney, Charles Timmony, Wm. French, John Kelly, Henry McPeak, John O'Brien, Michael FitzGibbon, James McKenna, James O'Donnell, James Burns, James O'Donovan, Patrick Walsh.
It was resolved that the proceedings of the meeting be published in the Quebec *Freemantic*, and *Montreal True Witness*.
FRANCIS GALLAGHER,
Secretary.

We take great pleasure in calling the attention of those who may wish to procure New Garments to Mr. Garreau's Clothing Establishment, No. 271 Notre Dame Street, as being the best and cheapest, and where purchasers may rely on being served with punctuality and uprightness.

Birth.
In this city, on the 9th instant, Mrs. N. Potter, late of Toronto, of a daughter.
Died.
On Sunday morning, 10th instant, at No. 1 Little St. James Street, Mary Margaret Mathilda, youngest daughter of L. Beaudry, Esq., aged 26 years.
On the 10th instant Charles D. Roy Esquire, aged 43 years.
On Sunday, the 10th instant, of apoplexy, aged 71 years, Wm. Thompson of the late firm of W. & J. C. Thompson, and for the last half century a resident of this city.

MONSTER SALE
OF
SIX THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH
OF
DRY GOODS.
THE MART COMPANY,
MAIN STREET,
Giving up Business on the 1st of May, has commenced to
SELL OFF
AT AN IMMENSE REDUCTION, in order to Clear Out the Stock by the above time.
The Selling Price marked in plain figures. No Second Price.
Hours of Business from half-past NINE in the Morning till Seven o'clock in the Evening.
ST. LAWRENCE MART CO.
April 13.
1859. SPRING AND SUMMER. 1859.
GREAT BARGAINS!
AT THE
GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE,
87 M'GILL STREET, 87

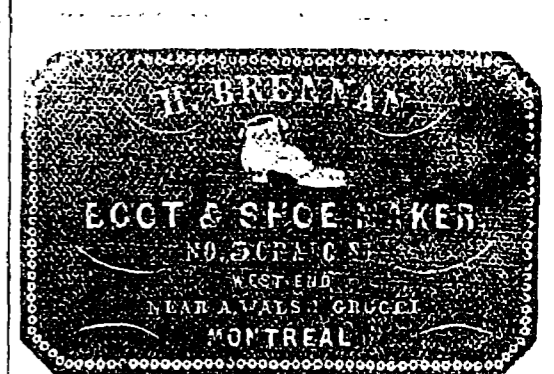


The Proprietors of the above well-known
CLOTHING & OUT-FITTING
ESTABLISHMENT,
RESPECTFULLY announce to their Patrons and the Public generally that they have now completed their SPRING IMPORTATIONS; and are prepared to offer for Sale the Largest, Cheapest, and Best Stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING & OUT-FITTING
(All of their own Manufacture)
EVER PRESENTED TO THE CANADIAN PUBLIC.

Their Stock of Piece Goods consists in part of—French, West of England, German, and Venetian BROAD CLOTHS, and CASSIMERES; also fancy DOESKIN; Scotch, English, and Canadian TWEEDS, &c., &c.
The choice of VESTINGS is of the newest Styles and best Qualities.
Their Out-Fitting Department contains, amongst others articles, Fancy Flannel Shirts; Australian and English Lambs' Wool do.; every description of Hosiery; White, Fancy French Fronts, and Regatta Shirts, Shirt Collars, &c., of every style and quality.
Also a great number of French, English, and American India Rubber Coats—Reversible and otherwise.
The whole to be disposed of at astonishingly low prices.
To give an idea of how cheap we sell our goods, we here state the price of a few articles:—
Black Cloth Coats from \$4.00 to \$25.00
Vests, Do. " 1.50 to 12.00
Tweed, " " 0.75 to 8.00
Pants, " " 0.75 to 10.00
N.B.—A liberal Discount made to Wholesale purchasers.

DONNELLY & O'BRIEN,
87 M'GILL STREET,
Montreal, April 14, 1859



PRIVATE TUITION.
MR. ANDERSON, sincerely grateful for past favours, begs to notify the gentry of Montreal and vicinity that, in consequence of his recent appointment to a Professorship in the Montreal Model School, Cote Street, his Classes for the Private Tuition of Young Gentlemen for entering the Army or Matriculation in McGill College, will, from 1st May next, be held in the Rooms of aforementioned Institute.
Hours of attendance, Terms, &c., may be ascertained daily after school hours.
April 11.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.
NOTICE is hereby given that the COPARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of FROTHINGHAM & WORKMAN, in Montreal, has been Dissolved this day by mutual consent. JOHN FROTHINGHAM and WILLIAM WORKMAN retiring from the same.
JOHN FROTHINGHAM,
WILLIAM WORKMAN,
THOMAS WORKMAN,
GEORGE H. FROTHINGHAM.
Montreal, March 31, 1859.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP.
THE undersigned hereby give Notice, that they have this day entered into Copartnership as IRON STEEL and HARDWARE MERCHANTS, and will continue the Business of the late Firm of FROTHINGHAM & WORKMAN, under the same name, and on the premises heretofore occupied by the late Firm. They are authorized to collect all debts due to the late Firm of FROTHINGHAM & WORKMAN, and will pay all liabilities due by them.
THOMAS WORKMAN,
GEORGE H. FROTHINGHAM,
HENRY ARTHUR,
EDWARD MURPHY.
Montreal, April 1, 1859.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Presse says:—“Since the days of Napoleon I., nothing like the last Monteur's note has been addressed to the German nation. As ever since the 1st of January it has been the policy of the Tuileries to disturb the peace of Europe, it is unexampled impudence (beispiellose unverschämtheit) on the part of the Montieur to speak of those German Diet which have displayed a patriotic feeling as agitators.”

The Debats devotes an article to the debate in the House of Commons on the Naval Estimates. It concludes thus:—

“The great fact to be remarked in the immensity of means commanded by the English navy. To add in a single year to the fleet 26 large vessels, of which 15 are line-of-battle ships, is an extraordinary exertion which England is alone capable of making, and which could not be executed by the dockyards of all the other Powers of the old and the new world, were they even to combine their efforts. The French steam fleet comprises splendid vessels, which can bear advantageously any comparison with those of England, and the First Lord of the Admiralty spoke perhaps with greater truth than he suspected when he admitted that fact in full Parliament; but he laughs at the public when he pretends that the number of these vessels causes him alarm. He is too well aware that in this respect England still possesses no rival.”

The Constitutionnel, after describing the activity prevailing in the British dockyards, remarks:— “What is undeniable is the calm which exists in our arsenals and garrisons in presence of the more or less justifiable activity witnessed everywhere else. The transformation of the French fleet, publicly announced after the first steam line-of-battle ship had been launched, has been proceeded with regularly, without feverish activity or interruption; and the expenses incurred have never exceeded the wants of a maritime State which has 200 leagues of coast to defend. This calm, amid the general fever, is one of the best proofs that France can give of her strength and moderation.”

The Presse has completely changed its policy, and is now completely favorable to a pacific solution of the Italian question. It observes:— “England is assuredly a generous nation. A few years ago she maltreated General Haynau in the name of humanity outraged in Hungary. To-day she raises a subscription for the benefit of the Neapolitan exiles. But at the same time she is a sensible nation, and no one would propose to her to wage war against Europe, or even against Austria, for the cause of Italy; the most generous Englishman would not dare to bring forward such a motion in the House of Commons. . . . We address the following question to politicians of all opinions:—Does there exist in Europe an alliance greater than that of England, or that of Russia? Assuredly not. Well, if England were to say:—In order to obtain my sincere and complete alliance you must wage war against the remainder of Europe, we should consider that alliance valued at a heavy figure.—Were Russia to offer the co-operation of her 800,000 soldiers on the condition of engaging in a war against all Europe, we should look upon the bargain as a bad one. What, then, can be replied to Piedmont, when she proposes her alliance in order that she may obtain possession of Lombardy? Let us boldly and frankly declare that there exists too small a chance of improving the destiny of Italy by a general war. And yet it is a general war which must be the consequence of the ambition of Count Cavour.”

The Union remarks on the same subject:— “Before defending Italy against Austria or against the more or less badly interpreted treaties of 1815, is it not necessary to protect her from Piedmont? Does not Piedmont raise the passions of Italy? Is it not from Piedmont that will issue the greatest disasters, unless something more prudent than mere advice shall oppose the contagion of her policy? Let Austria be moderate; moderation is the strength of justice.—But, in order to have the right of advising moderation, it is first necessary to protest against disorders. Let Europe protect Italy, but then it must not be with the view of introducing the right of anarchy, which would be worse than servitude and war.”

GERMANY. As the relations between Austria and Prussia are much more satisfactory than is generally believed, you will do well not to attach much importance to any newspaper articles in which it may be said that the two Governments do not pull well together. It would, doubtless, be much more agreeable to Austria if Prussia displayed less reserve, but the Imperial Government does not complain of the policy of its Federal ally. The Prussian Cabinet is still doing all in its power to effect a compromise, but you may be sure that it will not be found wanting should Austria be involved in a war with France. In fact, certain confidential communications have recently been received from Berlin which have produced a very agreeable impression on the Emperor.

law of nations, or infringed the faith of treaties in the smallest particular. Austria has been patient under extraordinary provocations, because it has been confident both in its own strength and in the goodness of its cause; but it has been assumed too easily that this extraordinary patience implied the consciousness of weakness. All Germany is well aware that in case of war the prize of victory for France is to be found on the Rhine, and not beyond the Alps. This certainly doubles Austria's strength, and if Austria were now to proclaim that forbearance had reached its limits, and that it would appeal to arms since the appeal to justice had failed, we believe that might as well as right would be found upon the Kaiser's side.—Triblet.

It is certain that the force which Austria now has in Lombardy is more imposing than what people generally thought, though it was known to be great; and that, in case of a hostile move from the part of France, she would withdraw her forces from the other parts of the empire, and pour them all into Lombardy. Regardless of what might occur in Germany, she would so fortify herself in her Italian provinces that it would take immense efforts and immense time to dislodge her from them.

The last Montieur note has produced an extremely bad impression in Southern Germany, but we have not yet heard how it was received in Prussia. The Wiener Zeitung has given the article in extenso, but it has refrained from making any remarks on it. The Oesterreichische Zeitung, however, takes the liberty of telling the Montieur that it is not worthy of credit. The Montieur says:—

“Germany has nothing to fear, and it said the very same thing during a period of 15 years. After the 18th Brumaire, the first Consul sent a letter to Berlin, in which he eulogised the policy of the Prussian Cabinet, and asked for a bust of Frederic the Great.—The north of Germany was resolved to prove to the first Consul that it could stand alone, and while it was exhibiting its strength he crossed the Alps.—Soon after Germany lost the Rhenish provinces and the countries watered by the Elbe. Shortly before the battle of Austerlitz was fought Germany was assured by the Montieur that it had nothing to fear.—Then, as now, Austria was called the disturber of the public peace, and the German Emperor was accused of trying to extend his influence in Germany. The Montieur brought the charge, and people believed it until the same paper proclaimed the peace of Tilsit.”

The Austrian Government is as incredulous as the Oesterreichische Zeitung, and consequently it continues its armaments. I cannot understand the use of the puerile and hollow reasoning one continually hears in Northern Italy with the object of constituting Austria in all respects the aggressor. If Austria has aggressed it has been by infringement of treaties, and we know that there are good reasons to hope that two great European Powers, who desire peace and are disinterested in the question at issue—whose attitude is neither minatory, like that of France, nor ambiguous and treacherous, like that of Russia—are now strongly urging upon her the necessity of retiring within her proper limits. But to say that Austria has committed aggression upon Piedmont is, as it appears to me, entirely to reverse the true state of the case. I need not, however, again enumerate the provocations that this country, while secretly conspiring with the Lombard incitents, has, for some months past, and especially in the present year, been offering to Austria. They are quite sufficient to render it in no degree surprising if the latter Government has become greatly exasperated. Why do not people here speak out boldly, and say:—We hate Austria; we want Lombardy, and we will do all we can to bring on a war (now that we have France at our backs) in such a way that we may not appear to begin it?—Cor. of Times.

SARDINIA.—TURIN, MARCH 16.—Notwithstanding the impressions communicated to me by Sardinian officers as to the strength of the contingent just called out, I have ascertained beyond a doubt that it will be very little, if at all, exceed 30,000 men; and I suspect it will take some time to put these in a condition to move—not on account of the men, who have all served their five years already, but by reason of the necessity of providing transport and equipment.—Times Correspondent.

ROME, MARCH 12.—The use made of Monsignore Talbot's name, in the accounts given by the Herald and other journals of Miss Cavendish's conversion, excited but a smile here as a piece of impertinent invention; but, as the statement has been favoured by much repetition, I am requested to contradict it, and to assert that Mgr. Talbot did not disapprove of the conduct of the parties concerned in Miss Cavendish's reception into the Church. It is painful to add, that restraint is still resorted to by her parents, to debar her the exercise of her religion and intercourse with friends; and that this perpetuated tyranny would not seem to be relaxed by any species of appeal or remonstrance, although now extended over many weeks.—It really becomes a national disgrace, and ought to arouse feelings of shame and indignation amongst those whose religious principles are involved. In England she could summon the rescue of police and the protection of the law by throwing up her window and proclaiming her coerced retention. And, reversing the picture, supposing her to be the victim of Catholic oppression, how would the country be convulsed!—and yet in Rome no hand can reach her! There exists a Religious Order, founded for the redemption of captives during the days of Moorish piracy, to whose sympathy we commend this case; and reverting, by invitation of the Herald, to the Mortara case, it really looks to us, that being a minor, and being debarred the liberty of worship, Miss Cavendish becomes entitled to State interference and protection.

The French have not retired from Rome as yet, although under orders, as publicly stated. The despatch of the Cardinal Secretary of State conveyed a permission, rather than a command; otherwise we believe the evacuation would have been accomplished at once. It will now be effected so as to secure the mutual interests and the general welfare, without precipitation. Those qualified to judge seem to entertain no doubt as to the ability to govern, also as to the becoming attitude assumed in recent policy. Self-respect and a spirit of independence required such a declaration, and all parties applaud it: the results it may entail are in God's hands, not in man's alone.—In the meantime nothing arises around us to indicate danger or disturb the public mind, nor do we see grounds for apprehension.—Triblet Correspondent.

territory by one, at least, of the powers at present quartered there. You are already aware, in all probability, that according to the general opinion in Paris, Prince Napoleon is considered the great instigator of Louis Napoleon in the policy he is now pursuing towards Italy. The fat occupant of the Palais Royal is supposed to have ambition, which an Algerian ministry by no means satisfies, and which will not be appeased until it is gratified with an Italian realm, over which its influence may be exercised in kingly or viceregal sway. It is now declared that this self-same personage, who has already paved his way to popularity on the side of the Alps by marriage with a Sardinian Slave, has taken other and even more disgraceful means to clear the way to power. Report says that he has been mixed up in a plot, having for its object the overthrow of the Pope; that letters proving his connivance with the conspirators are in the possession of Cardinal Antonelli, through the agency of the secret police; and that it was in consequence of this discovery that Pius IX determined upon getting rid, once and for ever, of the French protectors who were engaged in betraying him. It is added that the Papal government intends to submit proofs of Prince Napoleon's criminality to the great powers of Europe, in order that the real designs of France upon Italy may be made known to the world. The story, it must be confessed, has the air of a romance; but experience has taught us that the Bonapartes are never checked by scruples of honesty in any enterprises they take part in. So there is no more reason to suppose Prince Napoleon would hesitate to act in concert with conspirators, than there is to believe he would refuse to betray, for instance, his Imperial cousin, if the hour were ripe for so doing, and the inducement held out sufficiently tempting. There is no honor among thieves, from the moment it becomes more profitable to sell each other than to remain friends.

PORTUGAL. L'Univers publishes correspondence from Lisbon, which relates that a young ecclesiastic who was collecting petitions in favor of the Sisters of Charity, had been assassinated by the revolutionists, and that a French priest, chaplain of the French Embassy, had been stoned in the streets of Lisbon. The writer says that everything threatens an approaching struggle, in a country profoundly Catholic, but governed in absolute contempt of its religious feelings.

RUSSIA. THE AWFUL LOSS OF LIFE AT TAGANROG.—A short time ago we had from the Continental papers an account of a calamity at Taganrog, on the sea of Azoff, so dreadful in its character, from the number of human beings reported to have perished by it, that we were fain to believe there was some inaccuracy in the details. Further particulars, however, are now given in the Cologne Gazette, from which it appears that the catastrophe has been even more appalling than was represented.—Affected by the mildness of the temperature and by the purity of a cloudless sky, about 3,000 inhabitants of Taganrog followed the fishermen upon the ice. In that country fishing is the favorite occupation of all, young and old, rich and poor. The ice was so calm that all advanced, without mistrust farther and farther upon the ice, in the hope of obtaining a richer booty. Suddenly a warm wind rose from the east, which insensibly rose higher, whirled masses of snow, and finished by detaching from the shore the ice which adhered to it. In a few instants the vast sheet of ice cracked—rode—broke in several places—and the unhappy people who were upon it saw themselves carried out towards the open sea. Two hours afterwards not a trace of life was perceived from the shore upon the surface of the waves. On the following day the waves drove ashore a floe of ice, on which were five of these unhappy people; three were dead, and the others stupefied by cold—the two last a young girl and an old man. The young girl died some hours after. The old man survived, but from fright he had lost the use of his tongue. He gave in writing a narrative of the events of this frightful night. The number of persons who met death in the waves amounts to 3,000.—Standard.

THE PASSION FLOWER (Passiflora).—The leaves of this singular plant resemble the spear that pierced our Saviour's side; the tendrils, the cords that bound his hands, or the whips that scourged him; the ten petals may be viewed as representatives of the ten Apostles (omitting Judas, the betrayer, and Peter, the deserter). The central stem of the Passiflora stands for the cross—the stamina for the banner, the style and the nails—the cups interior circle indicates the crown of thorns, the radiance, or the glory; the floral white color, besides being the emblem of Christ's purity, suggests, also, his burial sheet, while the blue is typical of heaven. On one species of the Passiflora, an altar, and even blood-drops are said to be apparent. This flower continues open three days, and then dies; thus denoting Easter, or the “Resurrection” that follows passion-tide.

REV. DR. CAILLON ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE CONTINENTAL ARMAMENTS.

Twelve years ago the Thrones and the Religion of Southern Europe were menaced with a catastrophe unparalleled in modern history. A conspiracy, which extended from the Mediterranean to the British Channel, and from the Douro to the Danube, was organized, matured, and perfected, with the avowed object of overthrowing Catholicity, effacing Monarchy and establishing Republicanism and Rationalism in Italy, Austria, France, and the Spanish Peninsula.—These statements would appear incredible, or impossibly exaggerated, if they were not infallibly sustained by facts and documents of the most rigid authenticity: and if they were not, besides this demonstration, afterwards proved by the disastrous results which accompanied and followed the failure of this most iniquitous attempt to bury the Altar and the Throne in the ashes of a universal conflagration. In the year ending 1846 there were not less than seventy-five thousand conspirators collected in Switzerland alone: the City of Berne and the neighbouring towns literally swarmed with emissaries from Hungary, Poland, Naples, all Italy and France. One should doubt this extravagant number being collected together in one small territory, if we had not evidence of strict accuracy of this statistical fact before us, in the pre-emptory command of the Emperor Napoleon, where he mentions the danger of these hostile conspirators residing on the borders of France, expresses the precise number already quoted, and orders their immediate removal from the Swiss territory. The sworn confederates of this infidel band were spread with secret and skilful caution through all Southern Europe; and they filled Vienna, Paris, Naples, and all the minor towns, with such a number of partisans as avoided detection, but which, at a given signal from head-quarters, would be ready to rush from their hiding places, and with burning brands and drawn swords fill these cities with slaughter and devastation! This short outline is a mere skeleton description of the terrific explosive materials which were prepared in Europe in the year 1846; and the fact, which the future Historian will note, as the event next in order to this universal conspiracy, is the singular Providence which defeated this destructive combination, restored present peace, and laid a sure foundation for the future stability of order, morality, and religion. The events which have been crowded into the history of Southern Europe within the last twelve years are higher in constitutional importance, more remarkable in social results, and more astounding in Democratic daring, infidel project, and criminal confederacy, than all the facts which have filled the records of the last century. Switzerland has been humbled in the dust; the imposture of Kossuth has been detected, the intentions of Hungary have been unmasked; the Red Republicans have been crushed; the English Cabinet anti-Catholic conspiracy has

been exposed; the Protestant alliance has been defeated; the Neapolitan and Roman cut-throats have been forced to sue for mercy; the European Thrones have been rescued from sanguinary Republicanism; and the Chair of Peter has been surrounded by rival nations to protect Pio Nono from the stratagems of revolutionary assassins. Europe has had time enough, within the last twelve years, to reflect on the causes which have produced this revolutionary spirit throughout her Southern territories; and a bitter experience has taught her that an insupportable jealousy of her Catholic Royalty, her exclusive family alliances, her orthodox Institutions; and an undying hatred of her unchanging Creed have made the Protestant Northern Cabinets the avowed originators and the impassable accomplices in the treason and infidelity under consideration in the present historical review. Catholic Europe knows all the facts of the treacherous Cabinets referred to, has heartily regretted her past foolish confidence in Protestant liberality; and now that she has escaped the blow aimed at her Thrones and her Altars, she has made the most stringent laws to protect her future social and ecclesiastical policy, from being made the dupe and the victim of Protestant propagandism and foreign official deceit.

The present prodigious armaments of France and Austria have been produced from this northern treachery with the rigid logical sequence of cause and effect; and all the expense of the impending war on a large scale; and all the national irritation between two great empires; and if conflict shall follow all the blood that will be spilled, are to be placed to the guilty account of those parties who have generated the national discontent which has called forth these menacing and appalling sanguinary results.—Italy being, from the number of its small independent principalities and duchies, the weakest part of Catholic Europe; and Rome being the residence of the Pope, and the centre of Catholic unity, this territory had been selected by the conspirators as their first point of attack. The papal authority once crushed, and the heart of Europe in their possession, they calculated Hungary, Switzerland and the red accomplices of France could easily accomplish the remaining task calculated by their leaders in the North. But they miscalculated somewhat the place where this wicked campaign was to have commenced. Chance had shifted it to Italy; but circumstances had almost transferred it to Switzerland.—When Napoleon ordered the seventy-five thousand confederates to depart from Switzerland within ten days, they begged a longer time, as they dare not pass through France, nor could they attempt to cross the Rhine into Prussia or Austria. In these several cases (they declared) they would be seized as rebels and sent to the gallies or shot. The Swiss Diet here interposed; and called on Napoleon for a solution of these difficulties.

He replied that they could travel to England through Belgium, and still steadily adhere to the pre-emptory period of ten days. In the mean time the Belgian Cabinet remonstrated, and stated that they could not permit so large a number of dangerous men and foreign conspirators to pass through the Belgian nation. Whereupon the Emperor, on the sixth day, sent an autograph letter to Leopold, King of the Belgians, in the following words—namely, “That his Majesty need feel no apprehension of the passage of these foreigners through his kingdom; as in case of fear or refusal he was prepared to send an army into Belgium to conduct them to the shore.” It need hardly be stated that the Swiss guests departed immediately for England and America! Switzerland, therefore, was very nearly being made the theatre of war between France and the conspirators; new relations alone with Austria have transferred the battle ground to central Italy. But the present Continental quarrel is still not precisely the result of any national impolicy on the part of the contending parties. It is the palpable consequence of foreign enemies setting fire to the cities of Rome and Naples, thus necessitating the interference of two neighboring Empires to extinguish the flames of these malicious incendiaries; and in their imperial rivalry to restore order and confidence, a new unexpected quarrel has arisen for individual supremacy during this work of defeating English perfidy, restoring Italian peace, consolidating constitutional monarchy, and guarding the crown and the interests of the successor of Peter from infidel assault.

Whatever may be the final result of the stupendous war preparations between Austria and France, it is certain that the Catholic Church in the South of Europe, and therefore all over the world, has not, since the days of Charlemagne, been placed in a position of greater national security, or a higher official pre-eminence. The Catholic Continent is now paying dearly for their folly in permitting the infidel stratagems to take such deep root in their several states; and like a city which has providentially escaped the horrors of malicious burning, sentinels will be placed in future (if I may so speak) at all the gates of Europe, to expel the incendiary wherever he makes his appearance, and to protect the nations from the awful scourge which their past neglect had raised for their unexpected chastisement. Austria, at the present time, watches the English Correspondent at Vienna, as England watches Nena Sahib in India: Naples would not permit an Englishman to hold any position within her kingdom in reference to schools or education of any kind; and France has made her educational policy still more stringent within the last year, with a view to meet the danger of foreign spies, who, under the guise of preaching the Gospel, spread abroad irreligion and revolution.—The Spanish Peninsula has carefully disengaged herself from the slavery sought to be put on her by England; and the whole face of Catholic Europe is thus washed clean from the foul excrement of an unscrupulous political and political ultra-liberalism. The proof of these statements of mine will be found in the Bible meetings to be held next May in Exeter Hall and elsewhere. The reader will then learn that no foreign missions will be sent to the South of Europe, or no Bibles distributed beyond the salt mines of Cornwall. We shall hear no more stories of young blind Papist girls, after being reformed in the Protestant faith; reading the Gospel of King James by drawing their tongues gently over the print in the inspired page! nor shall the Irish people be astonished by learning from some itinerant Biblical from New Zealand that the Catholics there, drink holy water at their breakfast; that the priests there, give leave to the people to commit any sin they please, for the sum of two shillings and four pence! and that the Virgin Mary is worshipped above the Trinity!

Neither will the Irish people be disgusted with the old huge lie “that thousands of Protestant Bibles, and tons of thousands of tracts are annually circulated by the Bible Societies amongst the Catholics of Ireland.” As well might these jugglers assert that the Catholics of Ireland make their tea for breakfast from tobacco leaves, eat oak bark and hemlock for their dinner, and take their supper from living snails with the shells on them. The simple proof that the penitency of Ireland neither receive or possess Protestant Bibles is the fact that Catholic Bibles are sold in the shops of the principal Catholic booksellers, and are bought and read at pleasure by the Irish Catholic people. Since the very beginning of human history there never has been told such a huge, monstrous, stupendous, thrilling, impalpable, multitudinous lie, as the old lie of the circulation of the Protestant Bible in Ireland—wherefore I have given a challenge three years ago on the following points viz:— Firstly, tell the name of any one Catholic in Ireland who has in his possession a Protestant Bible. Secondly, tell the name of any one Catholic in Ireland who has read one page of a Protestant Bible. Thirdly, tell the name of any one Catholic in Ireland who has seen any other one Catholic in Ireland read it, receive it, or keep it. This challenge exposed the incredible juggle, the ancient swindle of those emissaries who state that the Irish people receive their Bibles; and whose word, if true, would go to prove that the Bibles dis-

tributed since the year 1824 are so numerous that they would be sufficient to lath the houses of the peninsula. This sickening imposture will be no longer heard of; and the future Bible meetings will be entirely employed in sending bibles and preachers to Delhi, Lucknow, Calcutta, and to all the other districts in India where the Biblical reputation of England is so much admired and respected!

The European policy of the last twelve years has been singularly eventful: revolution has been crushed, infidelity has been defeated, and peace has been restored. The present threatening aspect of war between France and Austria will, it is confidently stated in the highest quarters, be changed very soon into a satisfactory solution to both parties; and the Catholic church like a noble ship that has rode out the storm, and spreads her triumphant canvass above the still agitated murmuring deep, can proudly look from her secure pre-eminent position on the vanishing discontent which surrounds the Vatican, and rejoice that the infidel passions which were lashed into fury, are gradually subsiding into calm reflection, and peaceful submission. A long and happy future is, therefore, likely to succeed the past violent disturbance, leaving mankind wiser and happier, and religion more exalted and secure.

March 24. D. W. C.

UNITED STATES.

CONVERSIONS IN NEW ORLEANS.—On last Sunday the congregation of St. Alphonsus' Church, Fourth District, had the gratification of witnessing one of those glorious triumphs of truth over heresy and error, which now-a-days are so frequent in the Holy Catholic Church. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, seven converts, all adults, abjured the errors of Protestantism, and were received into the bosom of the one true Church, by the Rev. Father M. Grabe. Previous to their admission the Rev. Father explained to them the great blessing they were about to receive in being admitted into the communion of the Catholic Church, and exhorted them not to receive the Grace of God in vain.—N. O. Catholic Standard.

THIRTEEN MURDERERS IN ONE JAIL.—There are now in Jail in this city six persons under sentence of death. There also are seven persons awaiting trial for murder. Thirteen men charged with wilful murder in Baltimore city jail at the same time, was never before witnessed in this community.—Baltimore paper.

YANKEE CIVILISATION.—Some months ago, Mr. Cicero Maxwell of Hartford, Ky., who had the misfortune to be Prosecuting Attorney of his district, experienced a “difficulty” with Mr. Thos. Lowe, merchant of Hawesville, in the same State. Upon which Mr. Lowe, sent one of those awful, bloody, explosive things called a “note” which “note” Mr. Maxwell declined to receive. Whereupon Mr. Lowe, in all bar-room and other public institutions of Kentucky, declared his firm and irrevocable intention of horse-whipping Mr. Maxwell “upon sight.” Mr. Maxwell went to Hawesville to prosecute horse-thieves and pickpockets; and as Mr. Lowe lived in the vicinity, much fun was anticipated. A great many persons assembled. While Mr. Maxwell, in discharge of his sworn duties, was addressing that stercoriferous institution, a Jury, Mr. Lowe burst into the Court-room, and denounced the honorable instrument of the law as a poltroon, “and made,” says a Kentucky newspaper, “another remark much more hard to bear.” What this mysterious and maddening remark was, we do not know, and perhaps may never know. Mr. Maxwell at once fired at Mr. Lowe, who returned the fire, thus, it is evident, disturbing the serenity of the abode of Justice. Whereupon more than a hundred shots were discharged at Lowe, injuring him in the thigh, annihilating the thumb of his right hand, and “riddling his clothes, including his shirt.” He retreated, ran to the house of a friend, and subsequently was conveyed to jail, partly as a prisoner of the law and partly to save him from lynching at the hands of an indignant population. Since that time he has been lynched with such effect that he was killed.

The trouble in one of the Boston Public Schools, growing out of a practice instituted into it of reciting, as a part of the school exercises, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, according to the Protestant version though a large part of the pupils are Catholics, is a very instructive case. No doubt it appeared to the Boston School Committee and to the teachers of the Eliot School a great piece of absurdity, if not of mischief, on the part of the Rev. Father Wiget of St. Mary's Church to stir up the religious prejudices of their pupils against this part of the school exercises, and to exert his pastoral authority in forbidding them to join in these recitations. It is no part of our business to defend Father Wiget; but if the Boston School Committee consider him a firebrand, what shall be said of their wisdom or common sense in going to work to arrange matters as if on purpose to furnish him with an opportunity to kindle a fire? And what is to be said of the judgment, to leave the humanity out of account, of the teacher who, by dint of corporal punishment and repeated chastisement with a rattan, makes a religious martyr of one of his pupils, and attempts to force him, on a question of religion, to obey the schoolmaster rather than the Priest?—New York Tribune.

MEETING IN ALEXANDRIA, VA.—The boys of Saint Mary's Sunday School assembled in St. Mary's Hall, on Sunday, March 20th, and on motion, Clarence B. Gwynn was called to the chair, and Bernard J. Coyle appointed secretary. An account of the proceedings at the Eliot School, Boston, as copied into the Virginia Sentinel from the Boston papers, having been given, the secretary read the following address of the boys of Saint Mary's Sunday School, Alexandria, Va, assembled in general meeting in St. Mary's Hall, March 20th, 1859:—

To Thomas Whall and the other Catholic boys of the Eliot School, Boston, Mass.: Having learned from the newspapers how graciously you have been treated, because of your refusal to unite in services, and recite forms of prayer, &c., disapproved by the Catholic Church, we have assembled this afternoon to give you an expression of our sympathy, and to exhort you to persevere in the course you have hitherto pursued, as becomes the children of fathers who know how to suffer and die for liberty of conscience. Catholics here are much less numerous, in proportion to the population, than they are in Boston, and the free school, the largest of which was founded by the Father of his Country, are charitable institutions intended for such only as are unable to pay for an education; yet such of us as attend them have our religious rights fully respected; and it is the glory of our Commonwealth that no preference is given, in any matter, to one denomination over another, within her borders. As descendants, then, of those who were the neighbors and friends of Washington, residing almost at the threshold of the sacred spot where his ashes repose, we call on you to look upon the monument which casts over you its shadow from Banker Hill, and to remember that those whose valor it commemorates fought and died for general laws, equal rights, and equal justice. Forget not that the eyes of your brethren, and of all true friends of religious liberty, throughout the land are upon you, and so conduct yourselves that they may have cause to rejoice in your devotedness. Signed, on behalf of the meeting, by Clarence B. Gwynn, Chairman. On motion of G. W. Hunter, it was unanimously resolved—That a suitable testimonial be presented to Thomas Whall, as an evidence of our appreciation of his conduct in the recent school difficulties in Boston, and that a committee of three be appointed to receive contributions, and carry out this resolution. The Chair appointed as the committee G. W. Hunter, Edward F. Lawler, and J. Samuel Wimsatt, and

the meeting thereupon adjourned, after voting to have their proceedings published in The Pilot.

TESTIMONIAL TO MASTER WALL.—We (Boston Pilot) have received for presentation to this young sufferer for the faith, a very beautiful and appropriate testimonial which has been got up by the teachers and pupils of the Nativity Sunday School of New York city.

TO MR. W. WALL. For his Heroic Conduct at the Eliot School, Boston, March 14, 1859.

The following letter, speaking in commendatory terms of the boy's heroic conduct, was sent with the testimonial:—

Dear Sir: Accompanying this note you will please find a medal intended for your son, of whose barbarous punishment for not disobeying his father, and for refusing to violate the precepts of his religion we have read with deep sympathy.

While we are sorry to see the Protestant Press of Boston enlisted in an unwholy raid on the consciences of its citizens, we must in justice note one exception.

On Sunday last about 4 o'clock p. m. a piece of certain, covering a portion of the altar of the Catholic Church in 42d street, New York, took fire from one of the candles causing an alarm.

THE REMAINS OF A FEMALE FOUND IN A BOX.—We mentioned briefly yesterday, as we went to press, that the remains of a dead body had been found at the Hudson River Railroad office, in Maiden Lane, enclosed in a box.

Just as an auctioneer in Hartford was saying "gone" a few evenings since, his audience went down through the floor into the cellar, and happily without hurting one of them.

A HINT TO THE SHABBIEST OF ALL DEPAULTREES.—It is said that the mistress of the Fourteenth Street boarding house, New York, whose family was poisoned by a servant girl, had a quarrel with the latter owing to her inability to pay the girl's wages.

A CONFIDENCE MAN.—The scene is a city court-room; and the judge has taken it upon himself to cross-examine the chief witness in a case before him.

MATRIMONIAL WEATHER REPORT.—APRIL 7. Days. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

ENGLISH AIR.—Throw up the windows and admit the free fresh air! Let it sweep along the dark passages where lurking vapors are generating disease and death.

SAM LOVER AND THE LADIES.—At the celebration of the Burns' Centenary in Glasgow, Mr. Samuel Lover, in proposing the toast of "The Lassies," said:—

AN ITEM FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—As the season for bugs approaches, it will be well to bear in mind the advice of the "Country Gentleman."

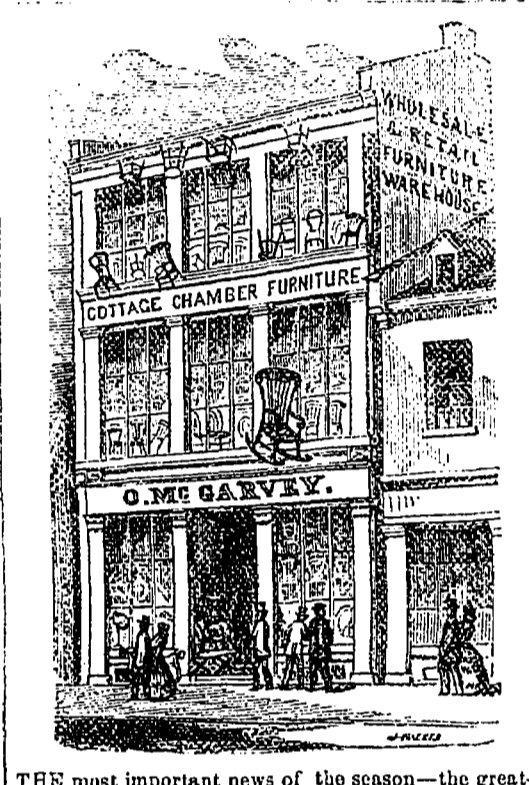
The Doncaster Gazette states that a revivalist preacher, named Milbourne, has been holding services and preaching in the Wesleyan Reformers Chapel, and the Town Hall, Doncaster.

According to Alfonso, King of Arragon, there are only four things in this world worth living for: "Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to talk with."

NOTICE. MONSTER SALE OF SIX THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH OF DRY GOODS.

ST. LAWRENCE MART COMPANY, MAIN STREET, Giving up Business on the 1st of May, has commenced to

SELL OFF On THURSDAY, THE 14th OF APRIL, THE ENTIRE STOCK OF FANCY AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, part of which is the Spring importation, consisting of Delaines, Coburgs, Gassimers, Silks, Satins, Poplins, Barages, Pelots, Muslins, Prints, Mantles, Parasols, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Sewed Muslin Work, Table Linen, Sheetings, Toweling, Blankets, Counterpanes, Carpeting, Rugs, &c.



THE most important news of the season—the greatest excitement being felt from the fact being made known—is that

McGARVEY'S LARGE STORE IS NOW OPENED, with an entire new Stock of the choicest styles of PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE, at prices that will be found lower than ever before offered.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. From the Boston Journal.

This medicine, coming from a respectable source, and carefully prepared by an experienced and skillful physician, is received by the public with confidence.

None genuine unless signed I BUTTS on the wrapper. For sale in Montreal, at wholesale, by Lyman, Savage & Co., 226 St. Paul Street; also by Carter, Kerry & Co., 184 St. Paul Street; by Johnston, Berys & Co., Medical Hall, Great St. James Street; and S. J. Lyman, Place de Armes.

Messrs. P. Davis & Son—Dear Sirs: I have had occasion to use your PAIN KILLER very frequently during my residence in Burmah, and have found it a very useful medicine.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, & C., FOR SALE, At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

TEAS (GREEN) GUNPOWDER, very fine. YOUNG HYSON, best quality. IMPERIAL. TWANKY, extra fine.

OF very good literary acquisitions, who can produce excellent Testimonials, REQUIRES a SCHOOL, where a good Salary is given.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C.W.; Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized.

Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half-yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2.

COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, WHOOPING COUGH, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Chemists, Boston, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Dist. of Mass.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Cures Cough, Cold, Hoarseness and Influenza. Cures any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. [From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has used the Troches five years.]—I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. [From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Rutgers Female Institute, New York.]—I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your Troches.

W. M. PRICE, ADVOCATE, No. 2, Corner of Little St. James and Gabriel Streets.

P. P. P. PARK'S P.ICKLY PLASTERS. They soothe pain; protect the chest; they extract the conglutated impurities and soreness from the system, and impart strength.

Also Yapon's Magic Insect Powder.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alternative that can be made.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation, of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO. LOWELL, MASS. Price, \$1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for \$5.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, FOR THE CURE OF Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diarrhoea, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Itch, Scalds, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetters, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Aid, and for Purifying the Blood.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these remedies, but our space here will not permit the insertion of them.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

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PATTON & BROTHER,
 NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
 42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street,
 MONTREAL.
 Every description of Gentlemen's Wear and Apparel constantly on hand, or made to order on the spot, and noticed at reasonable rates.
 Montreal, March 6, 1856.

ROBERT PATTON,
 229 Notre Dame Street
 BEGS to return his sincere thanks to his numerous Customers, and the Public in general, for the very liberal patronage he has received for the last three years; and hopes, by strict attention to business, to receive a continuance of the same.
 R. P., having a large and neat assortment of Boots and Shoes, solicits an inspection of the same, which he will sell at a moderate price.

MOUNT HOPE
 INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES,
 UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
 LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART,
 LONDON, C. W.

THIS Institution, situated in a healthy and agreeable location, and favored by the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of London, will be opened on the first Monday of September, 1857.
 In its plan of Literary and Scientific Studies, it will combine every advantage that can be derived from an intelligent and conscientious instruction in the various branches of learning becoming their sex. Facility will be offered for the acquisition of those Ornamental Arts and Sciences, which are considered requisite in a finished education; while propriety of Deportment, Personal Neatness, and the principles of Morality will form subjects of particular assiduity. The Health of the Pupils will also be an object of peculiar vigilance, and in case of sickness, they will be treated with maternal solicitude.
 The knowledge of Religion and of its duties will receive that attention which its importance demands, as the primary end of all true Education, and hence will form the basis of every class and department. Differences of religious tenets will not be an obstacle to the admission of Pupils, provided they be willing to conform to the general Regulations of the Institute.

TERMS PER ANNUM.

Board and Tuition, including the French per quarter, in advance,.....	\$25 00
Day Scholars,.....	6 00
Book and Stationery, (if furnished by the Institute),.....	2 50
Washing, (for Boarders, when done in the Institute),.....	5 00
Use of Library, (if desired),.....	0 50
Physicians' Fees (medicines charged at Apothecaries' rates),.....	0 75
Italian, Spanish, and German Languages, each,.....	5 00
Instrumental Music,.....	2 00
Use of Instrument,.....	3 00
Drawing and Painting,.....	10 00

Needle Work Taught Free of Charge.

GENERAL REGULATIONS.
 The Annual Vacation will commence the second week in July, and scholastic duties resumed on the first Monday of September.
 There will be an extra charge of \$15 for Pupils remaining during the Vacation.
 Besides the "Uniform Dress," which will be black, each Pupil should be provided with six regular changes of Linen, six Table Napkins, two pairs of blankets, three pairs of Sheets, one Counterpane, &c., one white and one black bobinet Veil, a Spoon and Goblet, Knife and Fork, Work Box, Dressing Box, Combs, Brushes, &c.
 Parents residing at a distance will deposit sufficient funds to meet any unforeseen exigency. Pupils will be received at any time of the year.
 For further particulars, (if required), apply to His Lordship, the Bishop of London, or to the Lady Superior, Mount Hope, London, O. W.

RYAN & VALLIERES DE ST. REAL,
 ADVOCATES,
 No. 59 Little St. James Street.
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 No. 7, Little St. James Street,
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 M. DOHERTY,
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 No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

REMOVAL.
JOHN PHELAN, GROCER,
 HAS REMOVED TO 43 NOTRE DAME STREET, the Store lately occupied by Mr. Berthelot, and opposite to Dr. Picault, where he will keep a Stock of the best Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Wines, Brandy, &c., and all other articles [required] at the lowest prices.
 JOHN PHELAN.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S
 REMEDY FOR
**ASTHMA, CATARRH, ROSE COLD,
 HAY FEVER, &c.**
 PREPARED from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character, has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. Within the past two years this remedy has been used in thousands of cases, with astonishing and uniform success. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever, an infant may take it with perfect safety.

[Letter from a Methodist Clergyman.]
 WARDENBORO, Vt., May 12, 1857.
 Mr. BURNETT—I take great pleasure in briefly stating the wonderful effects of "Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma," on my wife. She had suffered for years more than my pen can describe with the Spasmodic form of that terrible disease. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity to very little or no purpose. As often as ten or twelve times in a year, she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers sometimes, for several days and nights in succession. At times, for hours, it would seem as if every breath must be the last. We were obliged to open doors and windows in mid-winter, and resort to every expedient that affection could devise to keep her alive. At one time she was so far gone, that her physician could not count the pulse. At length I heard of your "Remedy"—it acted like a charm; it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I keep it constantly on hand—and though it has not cured her, it has done wonders in the way of relief. I have never known it fail in more than one or two instances of affording immediate relief. I am a Methodist clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any enquiries respecting her case, and you are at liberty to make any use of the foregoing facts that will benefit the afflicted.—Yours truly,
 KIMBALL HADLEY.

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy is Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., 27 Central Street, Boston, and Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar per Bottle.
 For Sale in Montreal, at Wholesale, by Carter, Kerry & Co., 184 St. Paul Street; also, at Medical Hall, Great St. James Street.

BUY THE BEST:
THE ONLY COMPLETE CATHOLIC ALMANAC
 PUBLISHED IN AMERICA,
 NOW READY;
DUNIGAN'S AMERICAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC FOR 1859.
 CONTAINING THE CLERGY LIST for the BRITISH PROVINCES, and British West Indies, unusually Complete and Correct.
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 Orders should be sent early to
E. DUNIGAN & BROTHER,
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JUST PUBLISHED.
EDWARD DUNIGAN & BROTHER, 371 Broadway, New York, have now ready
MARIAN ELWOOD;
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HOW GIRLS LIVE.
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ONE OF THEMSELVES.
 A most interesting, lively and agreeable Tale of American Social Life.
 Send Orders to
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AN ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES,
 WILL BE OPENED ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER, at No. 16, CRAIG STREET, Montreal: in which a Complete Course of Education in the ENGLISH and FRENCH Languages will be given by Mr. and Mrs. H. CLARKE, and Mlle. LACOMBE, from London and Paris.
 MUSIC, DRAWING, ITALIAN, and other accomplishments, by competent Masters.
 A few Pupils can be received as Boarders, on reasonable terms.
 AN EVENING CLASS for Adults.
 References are permitted to the Rev. Canon V. Pilon and the Rev. P. LeBlanc, at the Bishop's Palace; and to J. L. Brault, P. Moreau, P. Doucet, and L. Boyer, Esqrs., Montreal.

IMMIGRATION.
PASSAGE CERTIFICATES,
 PER SABEL & SEARLE'S FIRST CLASS LINE of Packet Ships, from LIVERPOOL to QUEBEC, NEW YORK, OR BOSTON, and also by STEAMSHIP from GALWAY, are now issued by the undersigned.
 Rates and information will be furnished on application. All letters must be pre-paid.
HENRY CHAPMAN & CO., Agents,
 Montreal.
 January 1859.

D. O'GORMON,
BOAT BUILDER,
 BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.
 Skiffs made to Order. Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province.
 Kingston, June 3, 1858.
 N. B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.
 [Established in 1826.]
 BELLS. The Subscribers have constantly for sale an assortment of Church, Factory, Steamboat, Locomotive, Plantation, School, House and other Bells, mounted in the most approved and durable manner. For full particulars as to many recent improvements, warrants, diameter of Bells, space occupied in Tower, rates of transportation, &c., send for a circular. Address
A. MENEELY'S SONS, Agents,
 West Troy, N. Y.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
 A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without a rival.
 It prevents the hair from falling off.
 It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
 It is not greasy or sticky.
 It leaves no disagreeable odor.
 It softens the hair when hard and dry.
 It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
 It affords the richest luster.
 It remains longest in effect.
 It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle.
BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
 TESTIMONIAL.

Boston, July 19, 1857.
 Messrs. J. BURNETT & Co.—I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocaine).
 For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contained camphene spirit.
 By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others similarly afflicted will be induced to try the same remedy.
 Yours very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.
 A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World. Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston. For sale by all druggists.
 For sale, at wholesale, in Montreal, by Carter, Kerry & Co., 184 St. Paul Street; also, at retail, by Johnston, Beers & Co., Medical Hall, Gt. St. James Street.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS
JOHN McCLOSKEY,
Silk and Woolen Dyer, and Scourer.
 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.
 BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years, and now solicits a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality.
 He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woolens, &c.; also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woolen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c. Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.
 N.B. Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer.
 Montreal, June 21, 1853.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S
MARBLE FACTORY,
 BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)



WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above-mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition.
 N.B.—W.C. manufactures the Montreal stone, if any person prefers them.
 A great assortment of White and Colored MARBLE just arrived for Mr. Cunningham, Marble Manufacturer, Bleury Street, near Hanover Terrace.

NOTICE.
MONSTER SALE
 OF
SIX THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH
 OF
DRY GOODS.
 THE
ST. LAWRENCE MART COMPANY,
 MAIN STREET,
 Giving up Business on the 1st of May, has commenced to
SELL OFF

On THURSDAY, THE 14th OF APRIL,
 THE ENTIRE STOCK OF FANCY and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, part of which is the Spring importation, consisting of Delaines, Cobourgs, Cassimeres, Silks, Satins, Poplins, Bareges, Pelouts, Muslins, Prints, Mantles, Parasols, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Sewed Muslin Work, Table Linen, Sheetting, Towelling, Blankets, Counterpanes, Carpeting, Rugs, &c.
 A large assortment of Superfine Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, Shirts, Collars, Neck Ties, Braces, &c.
 The Establishment will close for some time to re-mark the Stock at a reduction of One-Third, and in some instances One-Half, so as to effect an entire clearance; and as there are but two weeks to close out the Entire Stock, the greatest possible dispatch will have to be carried out in all the departments till the closing day of sale.
 The Goods will be marked in plain figures, and no second price made.
 Hours of Business from half-past nine o'clock in the morning, to seven o'clock in the evening.
 No parcels will be sent till after business hours.
ST. LAWRENCE MART COMPANY,
 April 13, 1859.
 St. Lawrence Main Street.

A TRAINED TEACHER,
 OF very good literary acquirements, who can produce excellent Testimonials, REQUIRES A SCHOOL, where a good Salary is given.
 Apply to the Rev. M. O'BAUGH, St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, C.E.

DR. MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT PILLS.
 DR. MORSE, the inventor of MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS, has spent the greater part of his life in travelling, having visited Europe, Asia, and Africa as well as North America—has spent three years among the Indians of our Western country—it was in this way that the Indian Root Pills were first discovered. Dr. Morse was the first man to establish the fact that all diseases arise from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD—that our strength, health and life depended upon this vital fluid.
 When the various passages become clogged, and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its action, becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all pains, sickness and distress of every name; our strength is exhausted, our health we are deprived of, and if nature is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humors, the blood will become choked and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from plants and roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of diseased man. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sudorific, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an Expectorant, that opens and unclogs the passage to the lungs, and thus, in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm, and other humors from the lungs by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double strength to the kidneys thus encouraged, they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out bountifully by the urinary or water passage, and which could not have been discharged in any other way.—The fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies the other properties of the Pills while engaged in purifying the blood; the coarser particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and conveyed off in great quantities by the bowels.

From the above, it is shown that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills not only enter the stomach, but become united with the blood, for they find way to every part, and completely rout out and cleanse the system from all impurity, and the life of the body, which is the blood, becomes perfectly healthy; consequently all sickness and pain is driven from the system, for they cannot remain when the body becomes so pure and clear.
 The reason why people are so distressed when sick and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will pass to the afflicted parts, and which will open the natural passages for the disease to be cast out; hence, a large quantity of food and other matter is lodged, and the stomach and intestines are literally overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable fermentation, constantly mixing with the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein and artery, until life is taken from the body by disease. Dr. Morse's PILLS have added to themselves victory upon victory, by restoring millions of the sick to blooming health and happiness. Yes, thousands who have been racked or tormented with sickness, pain and anguish, and whose feeble frames, have been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought, as it were, within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, Morse's Indian Root Pills. After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished, and absolutely surprised in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do they give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore, it will be shown, especially by those who use these Pills, that they will so cleanse and purify, that disease—that deadly enemy—will take its flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again return, and the prospect of a long and happy life will cherish and brighten your days.

CAUTION.—Beware of a counterfeit signed A. B. Moore. All genuine have the name of A. J. WHITE & Co. on each box. Also the signature of A. J. White & Co. All others are spurious.
A. J. WHITE, & CO., Sole Proprietors,
 59 Leonard Street, New York.
 Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all dealers in Medicines.
 Agents wanted in every town, village, and hamlet in the land. Parties desiring the agency will address as above for terms.
 Price 25 cents per box, five boxes will be sent on receipt of \$1, postage paid.

GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY
 OF
PHILADELPHIA.
 CAPITAL,.....\$500,000.
FIRE, OCEAN, AND INLAND MARINE.
 Office—No. 11, Lemoine Street.
 THE undersigned Agent for the above Company is prepared to receive applications, and grant Policies. The Company insures all description of Buildings, Mills, and Manufactories, and Goods, Wares, and Merchandise contained therein.
 Mr. Thomas M'Grath has been appointed Surveyor to the Company. All applications made to him will be duly attended to.
AUSTIN CUVILLIER, Agent.
 Montreal, October 8, 1858.

BROWN'S
BRONCHITIS
TROCHES
 COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, ASTHMA, CATARRH, any irritation or Soreness of the Throat, INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY BROWN'S BRONCHITIS Troches, or Cough Lozenges.—To Public Speakers and Singers, they are effectual in clearing and giving strength to the voice.
 "If any of our readers, particularly ministers or public speakers, are suffering from bronchial irritation, this simple remedy will bring almost magical relief."
 CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN.
 "Indispensable to public speakers."—ZION'S HERALD.
 "An excellent article."—NATIONAL ERA, WASHINGTON.
 "Superior for relieving hoarseness to anything we are acquainted with."—CHRISTIAN HERALD, CINCINNATI.
 "A most admirable remedy."—BOSTON JOURNAL.
 "Sure remedy for throat affections."—TRANSCRIPT
 "Efficacious and pleasant."—TRAVELLER.
 Sold by Druggists throughout the United States.

THE GREATEST
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
OF THE AGE.
 MR. KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures
EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.
 From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
 One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
 Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
 Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
 One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
 Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
 One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
 Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
 Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.
Directions for Use.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
 TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
 For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
 For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
 For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
 For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such relief that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
 For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
 For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
 This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.
 Price, 25¢ per Box.
 Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
 For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.
 Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1856.
 Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.
ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB,
 Superioress of St. Vincent's Asylum.
 ANOTHER.
 Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphan in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.
 SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
 Hamilton, O. W.