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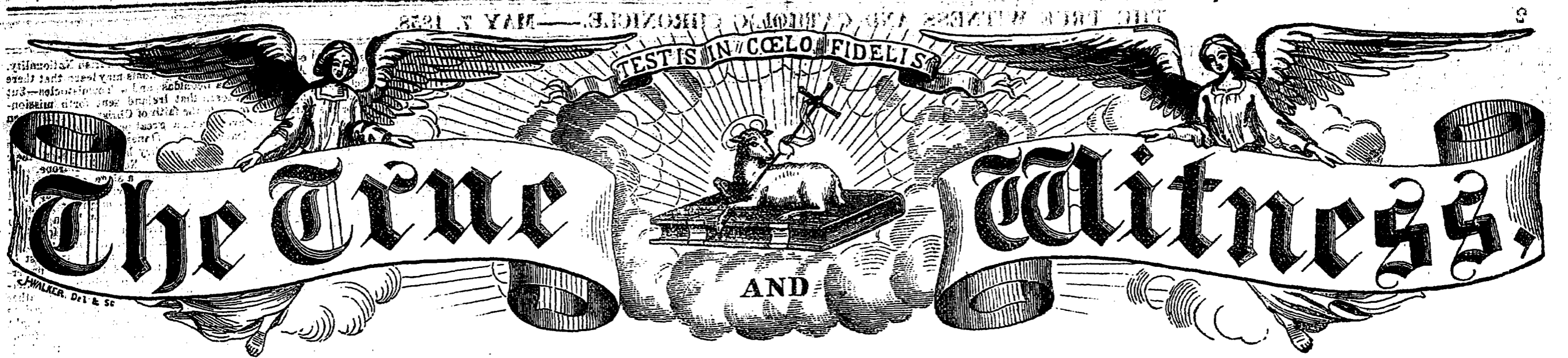
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1858.

No. 39.

FICTION CRUSHING.

No! Duncan of Scotland would have been safe in my best bed-room, (it is the only spare room in the house) in spite of all that Mrs. Smith (the wife of my bosom) could have urged to the contrary; and yet I feel all the confusion of mind and perplexity of purpose, which led the ambitious Thane to believe, "that nothing is but what is not!" What may be the exact meaning of this expression I have never seen explained by any commentator; and therefore conclude, that the impenetrable obscurity of the sentence was meant to illustrate the chaotic helplessness of Macbeth's mind.

The art of the divine William was admirably shown in this bewildered presentment of a feeble-minded individual, who had a dreadful tartar of a wife; and who, all of a sudden, finds an unaccountable propensity to cut his benefactor's throat. He had no such wish previous to the interview with the hideous Sisters; but in a moment all the landmarks of his previous life were thrown down by that frightful prophecy of the witches—all his loyalty to the gracious monarch—all his kindness to his trusted friend—all his reliance on the feminine tenderness of his wife—all his sweet sleeps and joyous wakings—all his self-respect and sinless ambition to excel and be promoted—all these had disappeared; there was nothing left by which to recognise his existence, to unite his past with his future; he could trust no man's evidence, not even the witness of his own eyes and ears—and therefore he said, "All isn't, all is, all is, all isn't!"

Now, this is what Shakespeare makes a general, an earl, a murderer, a king, a tyrant, and hen-pecked husband do; and it is strange that circumstances perfectly different from Macbeth's, have produced the same effect on me; who am neither a general, nor an earl, nor a murderer, nor a king, nor a tyrant, nor even—except in a very modified degree—anything else by which the Scotchman was distinguished from other men. I do not wear a kilt, nor a feather in my bonnet as large as the central ornament of an alderman's hearse. In fact, I live at Clapham, and go every day by an omnibus into the City, transacting my business to the best of my ability (my address is at the printers of this publication);—and at four return to a nice little dinner—an hour or two of music (Lucy certainly has a charming voice), a hot cup of tea, and then children being in bed, feet on fender, lamp on small table at the left hand, don't I enjoy my book? my novel? my biography? my voyages and travels? my history and antiquities?—while Lady Macbeth mends the baby's frocks, knits me a new purse, adds up the household accounts, or reads—(she is a very little woman, and nobody would take her, even now, for more than nineteen)—the description of Dora in David Copperfield, for at least the hundredth time.—That's how I live—or lived I ought to say—for that's one of the "ises" which "isn't." No! I have shut up my book-shelves; I have sent home a barrowful of volumes to Mudie; I have taken to drinking in despair; and have serious thoughts of giving Mrs. S. a black eye. They would only fine me thirty shillings, or give me a fortnight of the mill if I trampled her nearly to death; and, would probably let me off for half-a-crown, for a mere poke in the organ of vision. But why should I do this? Why, to show my courage in the first place, and, in the next place, to prove beyond cavil and dispute that I am a changed man; that I am not what I was; that I live in a confusion of tenses distracting to a grammarian, and that all isn't, nothing is?

This is how the metamorphosis came to pass. On the bus for many consecutive mornings I sat next a man who lived in the other half of my Semi-detached, a good-looking man enough, with very broad cheek bones, light grey shiny eyes, yellow disordered hair, and lips that clutched together with a snap when he had made an observation, like the spring of a man-trap. But they were always valuable observations, and well worth holding fast. No nonsense, no joke, no frivolity; all solid heaps of truth and great crude forms of fact; none of your mouldings, and ornaments, and flexibility of shape. A thing was a thing and nothing else. Vesuvius was an elevation of the ground near Naples, which occasionally gave forth smoke, and fire, and lava;—but, as to the beauty of its lurid flame reflected in the Bay; as to its effect in brilliant sunshine; as to its ghost-like appearance when the moon held high court in Heaven—bah! nobody ever thought of sunshine, or moonlight, or blue deep waves curling up and along golden sand, who listened to Mr. McRitchie. I doubt whether these natural phenomena would have had the courage to exhibit themselves in his presence; so no wonder nobody spoke of them. We spoke of corn and tallow, of lead and guano; and the curious thing was, that he was a perfect miracle of information. There was not a spot on the face of the earth he did not know the shape of, and the size of its market, and the whole of its history, and what was the rate of exchange established

in its bourse. In short he was Haydn's Dates, and Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge, and Murray's Guide Books, and McCulloch's Dictionary all in one. And I—only think of the difference—knew the hero of every novel for twenty years, believed in Gulliver's Travellers, and could say the Arabian Nights by heart. Of course, being so entirely opposite, we took a fancy to each other. I asked him to tea.

My domestic peace was gone from that hour! The wife I was so fond of, my Dora, my tiddy toddy, my wippity pippity, she never cared for me any more! All my little enjoyments, my dips into Shakespeare, my flights with Peter Wilkins, my courtships with the glums and glories, she hated and despised. She cared for facts, facts only; the broader the bolder, the stupider the better. And there—opposite the fairy creature—sat the gaunt form of Mr. Ritchie, ejecting huge, deformed, repulsive, coagulated, realities, with the force and pertinacity of a twenty-four pounder, and shutting his mouth after the operation with the slam of a prison-door. She respected the wretch! he was so exact, so reliable, and knew so much! Did I say he was a Scotchman? But if you had heard him cough, you would have known that those lungs had been filled with mountain winds and alcohol from his earliest years. His breath was Scotch, his walk was Scotch. He would have done for sentry at a tobaccoist's shop; his language was strong, firm, grammatical, trenchant, and to the point; but with a tone; with a pragmatical conceit; with a pitiless precision, and regardlessness of other people's thoughts and feelings—ugh! I think I hear still the remorseless "I big yer par-don" with which he solemnly prefaced his demolition of all your statements and rectification of all your errors; your favorite statements, your fondly cherished errors. What was to be done? The man was always right. Your statements were evidently unfounded, your errors ridiculously clear. You had made them for twenty years, you had believed in them from childhood. But, he wouldn't let you quote from the poets anything whatever that wasn't as true and undeniable as the income-tax. If you said Henry the Fifth was a gallant fellow who talked of taking Prester John by the beard, Mr. Ritchie rolled the vast denial in his jaws, and propelled it with the vigor of a catapult, "I big yer par-don, Henry the Fifth was wrong; there never was a Prester John;" and, when the big lips jerked themselves together again with a triumphant crack, you felt that Prester John, beard and all, was buried in that impenetrable grave, never to rise again.

Why should I go through the miserable list of all the cherished beliefs he scattered into air? Did Remus never jump over a wall? did Curtius never leap into a gulf? nor Mademoiselle Rachel never blow up that bandy-legged little Horatius in the colorless kilt? The Sabines:—was there no forcible abduction to Gretna Green? Regulus:—was there no surrender on his own recognisance? And farther down in history, was there no Rosamond's Bower? No generous St. Pierre and the citizens of Calais receiving their pardon from the harsh-voiced king at the intercession of the sweep Philippa? Were all to be overthrown by that gigantic image of iconoclasm sitting starched and cold on the cosiest side of my fire-place, gazed on, open-lipped, by the once all-believing, but now utterly incredulous, sceptic, sneering, proof-exacting little girl who despised Dora and began mathematics, amusing herself in her gayest moments with a page or two of the statistics of crime or corn? I hated the man. He did not look like a person of 1856, but a skeleton of some dreadful and extinct pre-Adamite animal. Vastity of jaw, breadth of countenance, boniness of structure— who could he be but the resuscitated body (and possibly mind too) of one of the antediluvian monsters on that melancholy island in the Crystal Palace garden—the iguanodon, or mastodon; or, more likely still, the megatherium, of which, I believe, the name means in English the great beast? He was undoubtedly an English, or rather Scottish megatherium, and committed such devastations in the forests of history and romance, that, if long continued, not a green leaf would be left. Was there indeed no St. Pierre and the self-sacrificing six, as honorable in my eyes as the three hundred Fabii (who never existed) or Codrus of Athens (who also is a mere imposition).

"I big yer par-don," he began; and before the flop of his closing jaws it was clear that the pretty story of that Calais surrender was an invention of after days; for he pulled out—other people would have put a hand in their pocket for this purpose, and laid a volume on the table, but he merely opened a drawer in his inexhaustible memory, and pulled out—a work written by an eye-witness, in which from hour to hour the course of the siege is detailed, and no mention made of what, to a citizen, would have been the most interesting part of the story—no summoning of the inhabitants—no procession with ropes about

their necks—no obduracy of Edward, no eloquence of the Queen. All these things, however, I give up. In fact I am ready to profess my unbelief in anything; and when the object to be sacrificed is only an old-fashioned incident in the midst of persons and manners with which we have nothing to do, the effort at incredulity is not very difficult. I am prepared to take a sponge and pass it over all history, anecdote, and belief, previous to George the Third. But, when a fellow in mere reliance on his powers of denial, begins to interfere with my modern faith, and with one flop of his teeth annihilates the most recent records, as if they were moth-eaten with the rottenness of the Crusades, the thing becomes serious. Let Cleon, we cry, be a much-abused individual, and instead of the notorious demagogue we thought him, let him be a high-principled whig; let bloody Mary be beautiful into the perfect ensample of a lofty-minded, tender-hearted woman and justice-loving Queen; let Henry the Eighth be the most patient of martyrs, and the most immaculate character of recent times; let Jeffreys himself be the impersonation of equity and of the righteous firmness which gives the sword of justice all its value; but spare us the dome of St. Paul's! the roof of Westminster Abbey! Alter as much as you like, but don't obliterate altogether! Make Shakespeare out an illiterate ass if you please, but don't deny that such a man really lived! Tell us the Pyramids are round, but don't destroy them utterly! Yet that is what the inexorable Mr. Ritchie has done; not with regard to Shakespeare and Jeffreys, or the Pyramids; but about several things much more valuable to me than the English Justice or the Egyptian Cheops.

For instance: One night I said, but almost in a whisper (I am so subdued I seldom speak above my breath) that politics (it is thought quite a novel expression) were as irresistible as the vortex of the Maelstrom—and when I looked at the face of our guest (he had swallowed his ninth cup of tea, and walked into a heaped up plate of muffins till not a single one was left) I sincerely wished I was at that moment whirling round and round in the outer circles, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the central pool, in company with a few howling bears and distracted boats performing the same dreadful revolution; for the mouth was opened, and from it proceeded the word of fate:

"I big yer par-don, there's no such thing as the Maelstrom."

Come, come, I thought, this fellow will deny the existence of my mother-in-law next. I'll stand it no longer: wherefore I said, "Mr. McRitchie, I think you go a little too far. The Maelstrom is in every geography book, and every school boy—"

"I big yer par-don. Every school-boy is a perfid idyit who believes in any such thing."

And he condescended to proof. From the same repertory which he kept his authorities about Calais, he brought forward a certain official report, presented to the King of Denmark by a commission of scientific and naval men, who have been sent to verify the size and danger of the greatest whirlpool in the world. It was dated two or three years ago. It was very clear, very conclusive; and signed with all their names. They had searched night and day in the quarter where the awful Maelstrom was supposed to be. Over and over, backward and forward, sailed the vessel of inquiry. There was no recoil, no eddy, no roar; there was nothing but smooth water, and a gradual tide. The philosophers examined divers of the fishermen and skippers; and all of them had heard of the Maelstrom, and believed in it, and prayed against it; but none of them had ever seen it. All the coast was traversed, from the mouth of the Baltic to the north of Norway. There was no Maelstrom! And the navigator may guide his bark in peace; the swimming bears may dread no suction; the inadvertent whale may spout through its nose in safety; the stately ship may fear no irresistible twist and twirl, and may lazily float with fair wind and tide across the dreaded spot. It is for ever extinguished, abolished, and done out of existence by act of the Danish parliament. The jubilant lips closed with a bang, and all my simile was overthrown.

But, the next effort of this exterminator of acknowledged truths, was more interesting even than his expungement of the Northern Sylla and Charybdis; I commend the consideration of it to the erudite inquiries of the Notes and Queries. He was damming up for ever the sources of the Nile, when I took courage to make a remark about the explorers of Africa, and named my favorite traveller Le Vaillant. In a moment the dreadful doom was passed. "I big yer par-don; Le Vaillant never wrote the book!"—What! were the plains of Kaffraria to be robbed of the picturesque accompaniments of wagons and bullocks, and the groups of attached natives; and the pleasantries of Kees the monkey; and the beautiful tenderness of the desert flower—the fair Narina—the connecting link be-

tween the graceful savagery of a naturally gentle nature, and the culture and elegance of European maidenhood? All, all my pretty ones, at one fell swoop! But so it was; and here was his story:

A gentleman, whose name he gave, and whose character for truthfulness and honor would guarantee whatever he said as having occurred to himself, was engaged in a great commercial speculation in Paris shortly after the peace of eighteen hundred and fifteen. This business brought him often into contact with the members of the French government at the time, and with many of the men of science and literature.—Among these, the persons with whom he became most intimate was the celebrated John Anthony Chaptal, the great natural historian, chemist, and statesman. Like our own Sir Humphrey Davy, this man only not the first poet of his country, because he chose to be her first utilitarian philosopher. He lived, in fact, in two worlds: one consisting of the most plain matters of fact, and the other ideal and imaginative—an Atlantis or Utopia, which he peopled with kings and personages of his own creation. One day, when the friends were communicative and confidential, the vanity of literature overthrew the barriers by which the statesman, peer of France, and former minister for trade and manufacture, had entrenched his dignity, and he said, "With this hand I wrote Le Vaillant's travels; I invented all his adventures. In some portions of the story I was assisted by a friend; but, in fact and substance, I am Le Vaillant, the slayer of the giraffe, and lover of Narina." The story of the modern Frankenstein was antedated in the person of M. Chaptal. The monster he created, overwhelmed him. Le Vaillant became a real existence, and the veritable Simon Pure sank rapidly into oblivion. Many mistakes he confessed to. He acknowledged the impossibility of the existence of Narina. He was ludicrously inexact in his description of the motions of the carmelopard. All succeeding travellers had tried in vain to find evidence of his career; but, with the sole exception of one who discovered an old woman who said she remembered him living in her kraal, there was no trace of his ever having been in Africa. Lichtenstein, a German explorer, began to smell a rat in eighteen hundred and nine, and has the following remarkable passage: "When Le Vaillant asserts that he has seen the giraffe trot, he spares me any further trouble in proving this animal never presented itself alive before him."

Then, who does not remember the ferocious colonies of the Houswanas; their courage, their size, and the influence they exercised over all the surrounding tribes? Who were these tremendous warriors, these assayed Romans, founding a long-enduring dominion by self-control and stoic perseverance? They were our friends of the Egyptian Hall, London, the base Bosjesmen or Bushmen—the lowest type of human nature—but recommended to Chaptal by the vague uncertainty of the name which was current among the Dutch colonists of the Cape, the wild heroes of the forest, the Men of the Bush. Who, then, was Le Vaillant? He is mentioned in the Biographie Universelle, "was born in seventeen hundred and fifty-three, and died in eighteen hundred and twenty-four; a quiet, retired, and unsocial man, devoting his whole time to the preparation of his travels and the publication of his essays on the Natural History of Birds." The whole of this biography is taken from the prefaces and inductions to the various editions of the travels. Nobody ever saw him. The ingenuity with which a local habitation and a name are given to this purely imaginary individual is worthy of De Foe or Gulliver. He is born, not in any town or district of France, where a baptismal register might be appealed to, but at Paramaribo in Dutch Guyana; there he devotes himself to study and the exploration of wood and fell. In seventeen hundred and sixty-three he comes with his parents to France, but not to Paris or any traceable position, but to the wild parts of Lorraine and the Vosges. Here he shuns society, and gives himself up entirely to the chase. He comes by chance to the capital in seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, and sees the royal cabinet of natural history; and the fire, long dormant, breaks forth. He will travel into the native land of those strange and captivating animals, and see them in their natural freedom; and at a time when England and France are at war, when no record of his voyage could be possible in the log-books of either country, he embarks in a Dutch vessel at the Texel, and reaches the Cape in safety; but the ship which brought him is sunk, burnt, or otherwise destroyed by an English fleet; and alone out of all the crew—sole visitor—with no one to prove his identity or deny his statements, behold Le Vaillant, penniless, shirtless, bookless, at full liberty to invent as many adventures as he likes. There is no one to say to him nay. He is the Robinson Crusoe of the desert, and finds his man Friday in Claas,

his tame goat in Kees, and transcends all the imaginings of the mariner of York in the creation of the matchless Narina. Looking at the book with this light thrown upon it, it is an admirable natural history romance. He comes home, but still his impersonation is sustained.—He lives—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—at La Noue, near Sezanne. Is there a tomb there to his memory? Did he leave a will? Is he in no old list of citizens? Two-and-thirty years are not so long a time as to have expunged the memory of so distinguished an author. Many must be alive who knew him, who spoke to him about his books. People of sixty were eight and twenty when he died. Did Thiers know him? or Guizot? or Michelet? or Lamartine? "Deed, no," concludes Mr. McRitchie; "and the reason's very plain; the man never existed, body or soul; and was naething but the idolon or external image of Maister Chaptal." Whereupon the lips closed with a clash, and Le Vaillant disappeared forever from the rolls of human kind.

REV. DR. CAHILL.
ON CAPTAIN HELSHAM AND THE SOUPERS OF KILKENNY.
(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The Catholics of Kilkenny, and indeed of Ireland, owe to Captain Hesham a debt of gratitude, which, although we may not be able fully to discharge, we shall always be prepared cheerfully to acknowledge. The readers of this journal recollect the association of Protestant gentlemen, formed in Kilkenny within the last two months, to protest against the unbecoming conduct of what is called "The Irish Mission" in that city. At a meeting of that association, representing the talent, the rank, the liberality of Protestant Kilkenny, Captain Hesham was moved to the chair: and on that occasion a respectful petition was forwarded to the Protestant Bishop of Kilkenny, calling on his lordship to remove this nuisance from amongst them; and the petition, signed by Captain Hesham, as chairman of the meeting, and as the High Sheriff of the city, appeared thus before the Bishop, both as a private parochial communication and as a public official document. Nothing could surpass the respectful courtesy, the temperate language of this petition; and the liberal feeling, and the cogent argument in which it was conveyed, cannot soon be forgotten by those who have read that remarkable production. The Bishop sent a reply, but no answer: he parried and avoided close conflict; and it is not denied by Dr. O'Brien's friends, that the association stripped the Diocesan in Christian sentiment, social feeling, and sound argument. Some few Kilkenny critics (not bad judges too) even add, that the composition of the Bishop fails, in a rigid comparison, with the polished style and the correct taste of the Sheriff: and that in polite literature the "Doctor of Laws" seems to have a decided advantage over "the Doctor of Divinity."

The Association having obediently appealed to ecclesiastical authority: and finding their appeal rejected: and the nuisance still continued, the next move made by Protestant Kilkenny, on the 25 of last March, has been carried out in a letter from the same quarter to the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This is a generous, a bold act: it is advancing in the scale of remonstrance; and it is a clear case that the Protestant gentlemen who have gone so far are not likely to stop even here, if their just request shall be refused. The determination which has urged them to go to the episcopal palace, which again has carried them to the Dublin Castle, will (it is said), if again checked and baffled, lead them, with a renewed vigour and decision, to the Parliament house: and if they are to be conquered, the defeat will only be gained by "the Mission" at the expense of exposure and shame before the British empire and the civilized world. Although the letter to Lord Eglinton has been already published in the *Catholic Telegraph*, there is one paragraph in that communication which ought to be repeated, in order to renew, as it were, the horror, the public horror, against a souper conduct which has long afflicted the Catholics of Ireland, and which has awakened the generous indignation of the Protestants of Kilkenny: the passage referred to is as follows:—

With every respect and deference, I shall lay before your Excellency a case which will illustrate the position in which this city is placed by the proceedings of the agents of the Irish Church Missions Society—one of the scenes which take place daily in the streets of our city. My Sub-Sheriff, a Protestant gentleman, a retired officer of Her Majesty's service, married a Roman Catholic lady. They have two infant children. The mother has been for some time past in a delicate state of health and the children are suffering from scarlatina. On yesterday afternoon some of these street-preachers placed themselves opposite the door of my Sub-Sheriff's house, where his wife and children were lying on a bed of sickness, while he himself was employed on the business of the ensuing Quarter Sessions. The frebrands of the Irish Church Missions planted themselves opposite the door, and in stentorian voices shouted out their vile and blasphemous ribaldry against the Ro-

man Catholic faith. For nearly an hour this work was carried on to the great annoyance and distress of those who were prostrated with illness. It requires no great stretch of the imagination or fancy to picture the torture of that gentleman's mind under such circumstances; his wife on a sick bed and his friends in fever. Throwing down his pen, no longer able to endure the annoyance to which he and his afflicted family were subjected, he rushed out of his house, and came to me to save his family from such unchristian persecution. I referred my Sub-Sheriff to the Mayor in whose presence his complaint was made, and his Worship declared that he could afford my Sub-Sheriff no protection, however anxious he might be to do so, as the power of the magistracy has been completely paralyzed, as far as these rascals are concerned, by the acts of the late government.

Pending a reply from the Lord Lieutenant to the letter of the 25th of March, the public will be delighted to read an account of the concluding scene at the Kilkenny Quarter Sessions on Friday the 2nd of April. Here again, Captain Helsham, as High Sheriff of the City, introduces before the learned Chairman, a renewed remonstrance against the persevering insult, the goading slander, offered to the patient, unoffending Catholics of Kilkenny by the hired scum of this Missionary Society. If any one argument more forcible than another could be adduced to move the Lord Lieutenant to give his favorable attention to the Kilkenny remonstrance, that argument is to be found in view of the judicial proceedings of the late Quarter Sessions in that City. The official statement of the Barrister reports that there was no one in prison: there was no trial: the Grand Jury had nothing to do: and the Barrister received the remarkable memorial usual on such occasions—a pair of white gloves. This good conduct, this observance of the laws, is an unanswerable commentary on the petition of the association, proving that the Catholics of Kilkenny deserve well from the Chief Governor of Ireland. This loyalty, this freedom from civil and civic crime and offence, should not be repaid by encouraging a set of men to parade the town in daily aggravated insult: followed by the police as a paid governmental guard to protect them in their durnal rounds of sectarian rancour, and stereotyped calumnies. The following extract from the *Kilkenny Moderator* of last Saturday will furnish additional proof of the laudable perseverance of Captain Helsham and his associates against the social disturbers of the "Irish Mission": and it will, perhaps, convince Lord Eglinton of the necessity of suppressing a nuisance so offensive to the Catholics: so subversive of the public peace:—

The Chairman of the County, J. R. Corballis, Esq. Q. C. went into the court at 2 o'clock, when he was joined on the bench by the Mayor, T. Hart, D. Cullen and J. Potter, Esqrs, borough justices, with Captain Helsham, High Sheriff.

The Assistant Barrister, in delivering his charge, said he had in the first place to express his regret for the necessity of assembling them on this day—a day upon which all classes and denominations of Christians looked with respect, as that of the celebration of the great sacrifice to which all looked for the redemption of the world. However, the day having been fixed upon, he presumed by an oversight for holding quarter sessions in other counties as well as in this city, it became necessary to enter on the business of the day, as whilst we are in this world we must attend to the business which is appointed to be done. He should now refer to a subject for congratulation, not only to himself, and to the magistrates with him on the bench, but to the grand jury and all present—that was, that although the law required them as a grand jury, to be sworn in, in order to receive the complaints of anyone who might wish to offer a bill of indictment, and to try if there was ground of complaint in such a case; now having gone through this formality he had great gratification in telling them that they had nothing to do—there was not a single bill to be sent to them; there was no prisoner in custody, and he had great pleasure in telling them that their duties were at an end.

Captain Helsham then came forward and addressing his Worship, said as High Sheriff of this city, he had great pleasure in presenting a pair of white gloves, as an emblem of the want of crime in this community. And when it was considered that the city comprised a population of from 23,000 to 24,000, of whom nine-tenths were Roman Catholics; and when they bore in mind that it was a garrison town, into which soldiers were frequently coming with evil habits contracted in various foreign countries, it was gratifying that that population had not been contaminated by evil communications, and the absence of any calendar for these sessions showed that there was no crime existing here. There was only one thing he had to remark upon, and that was the systematic annoyances and insults to which not only Protestants were liable here, but the Roman Catholic inhabitants were particularly exposed to. The English nation must look upon us as idolaters, or as worshippers of fire and Baal, rather than as Christians, or they would not establish a Missionary Society to send amongst us a set of vulgar and illiterate men, to shock the feelings of the inhabitants, and to make the name of a Missionary Society an insult, not only—

The Barrister, interrupting Captain Helsham, said—Pray excuse me, but I think it is better to refrain from a topic of this kind.

Captain Helsham said that as it was his Worship's wish he would pursue the subject no further, but he hoped he would permit him to present him with a pair of white gloves, which, whenever he would look upon them, would remind him of the pleasing duty which he had performed of dismissing the grand jury without having any business for them to discharge. [He then presented a pair of white gloves embroidered with silver.]

The Barrister said he hoped the High Sheriff would excuse him if he was unable to acknowledge the compliment in suitable terms: he would treasure the present to the last moment of his life as a memento of the occasion. It was, indeed, a fact of extreme gratification that in a city such as the High Sheriff had described, no evidence of crime existed, and he looked on the present he had received as a valuable testimonial, not of any merit in himself, for he had no share in producing such a result, but of the gratifying circumstances under which he had become connected with their city. He was sorry to hear any allusion to certain local disturbances, if he might call them so, arising from the expression of religious differences. All he would say on that subject was, that he would appeal to all classes to reflect that it was not by controversial discussions, it was not by offering slights to the opinions of others; that converts were made; and if it were not stepping beyond his functions he would appeal to that Holy Book which contained those truths on which all based their faith, to show that never had our Redeemer, in any one instance recorded in that sacred volume, resorted to such means for conversion.

This energetic liberality and (I shall call it under the circumstances) this social courage on the part of Captain Helsham renders the greatest public service in two points of singular importance. It confirms the statements, the complaints already made in numberless instances against the irritating persecution of the Soupers; and it sets a noble example to the liberal Protestants of Ireland to shake off all connexion

with this degrading system of Proselytism: encouraging the Protestants to assume the position which belongs to their birth, their education, and their property, and to discharge the duties of Christian charity, religious toleration, and social friendliness towards their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The history of the last three hundred years stands an imperishable argument to prove that the system of bribery, slander, and persecution can never change the religion of Ireland. Let any man of common sense study and behold the means adopted for three centuries to Protestantize Ireland: and why, then, wonder at the permanent failure of this incongruous scheme. The plan, when stated in honest language, and without disguise, was this—it was undertaken to communicate divine faith by bribery, to spread divine revelation by perjury, to teach truth by lies, to awaken the voice of conscience by crushing out the last feeling of all moral principle: to encourage sanctity by palpable blasphemy, to worship God by the practice of admitted crime, and to engage the love of the Irish national heart for the new Gospel by the most refined cruelties of a relentless persecution. How can a man, a human being, a human soul be bribed into honor: be insulted into faith: be perjured into truth: be demoralized into virtue: be flogged into charity: or be reprobated into salvation? Religion cannot be propagated by the same means as conquests are made, nor can the Gospel be identified with scenes of national horror. Hence in a mere worldly point of view, the failure of all past stratagems to change the faith of poor Ireland, founded on these monstrous premises. On the contrary, the clear, natural result of these immoral unchristian elements of machinery is to make their converts more irreligious than their Pagan ancestors: to accumulate vice as this teaching progresses: till, in its most advanced stages of moral turpitude, the soul ends in committing every crime, and in rejecting every truth enforced in the moral code, or professed in Christian revelation: that is to say, this teaching ends in the total demoralization of the conscience, and in the naked disbelief of Christianity. There is no proposition in Euclid, no truth in Mathematics, eliminated in a more rigid conclusion than this awful practical result from the monstrous premises just referred to. But the most singular feature of "this Mission" is, that the thing they preach and teach is neither the true Faith, nor the correct Gospel, nor even the just history of Christianity.

After upwards of three centuries of experiment to spread her Gospel on these principles, England has failed even to preserve her own congregation much less to receive reinforcements from other creeds. With Nobility, Royalty, Education, Talent, Power, and a yearly revenue of Eight-and-a-half Millions, England has failed—Scotland is Calvinist; the English manufacturing towns are Methodist: and her Capital is almost infidel. In the City of London, fifty persons (from official reports) is the average number of parochial congregations on Sundays: and the report invites the curious reader to visit any one of the London City Churches, and to see with his own eyes that a poor London Protestant tradesman or workman is never seen within their walls. The reports on the Public National Morality state that crime is on the increase: the statistics on Education assert that the labouring classes are buried in unparalleled ignorance: and one sentence from a Dispatch of the late French Ambassador, the Count de Persigny, will be sufficient to express the idea which the Frenchman has formed of the Christian morality of the "reformed" Congregations of England:—

Besides 150,000 artisans unemployed there are at present immured in the poorhouses 51,585 persons of both sexes, of whom 10,000 are able to labour. The women in these poorhouses in the year 1856 gave birth to 12,770 illegitimate children. So much for the country which pretends to give civilisation and improvement to the world. Since the year 1846 the yearly Revenues of the "Irish Mission" to convert the Irish Catholics have been £39,000: that is within twelve years (see their report) they have expended £468,000 in this work of insult and Religious slander: and the statement made by Captain Helsham in Kilkenny is the history of the Society; viz., a system of imposition and religious fraud carried on against morality and the Christian Gospel, and resulting in failure and public contempt. System after system for centuries have thus commenced and ended: and all plans, one after the other, have only tended to weaken respect for the laws, to loosen the public faith in even the prominent truths of Christianity, and to lay the foundation, as it is in England, of an incurable Infidelity.

The Catholic writers and the Catholic clergy have never volunteered an attack on the Protestant belief, through its innumerable changes and inconsistencies: we have ever acted on the defensive, repelling the slanderous attacks on our ancient Faith. Even in this, our defensive characters, we would fain lay down our pens and be silent; in order to live in peace and toleration with our Protestant fellow-countrymen: we would fain change our very national history, to make the rising generation forget the martyrdom of their fathers, the confiscation of the property of their ancestors. But when our poor people are goaded by incessant insult: when we behold sectarian malice demolish their cabins, bury their children in the poorhouse, banish the remainder from their country, and kill them in hundreds of thousands, we would not be men, we would not be Catholics, we would not be their own flesh and blood, we could not be Irish Catholic Priests, if we did not come forward to defend the cause of God, of our flock, our family, our kindred, and our country, against a fiendish persecution, an infidel crusade which has no parallel in the history of the Christian world.

Captain Helsham, in his present career, will render a service to the cause of order, morality, and the Gospel, far greater than he, perhaps, at present contemplates: and whilst he has the respect, the good wishes, the regard of all liberal Protestants, of all honorable men of all creeds and classes, I can assure him that he possesses, in the eminent degree which he so well merits, the heartfelt respect and the ardent love of the Irish poor.

D. W. C.

MR. (S.) O'BRIEN'S ADDRESS.

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

PART III.

It will, I trust, be understood that in submitting for your consideration a summary view of the measures which appear to require immediate attention, I do not maintain that the adoption of them would render unnecessary any further legislation. On the contrary, if successful, they would tend to encourage further progress in the same direction. Nothing is stationary in this world: and as in bad government the commission of one act of injustice necessitates the commission of another, so in the march of improvement, one beneficial change facilitates the adoption of others which at first appeared to be unattainable.

Neither am I disposed to contend that you ought to withhold your confidence from all public men whose ideas may not be in exact conformity with those which a majority of you entertain. When you shall have selected men in whose integrity you can place implicit faith, and whose capacity you respect, you ought to allow them a broad latitude for the exercise of individual judgment. You want champions and advisers—not slaves. If from corrupt motives a member of the Irish Party shall desert you on a critical occasion, he ought to be visited with retributive justice—such as that which has already excluded from public life some who first duped and then betrayed you—but if one or more of our representatives differ from us occasionally, under the influence of honest conviction, their conscientiousness deserves to be respected rather than punished.

TENANT RIGHT.

First amongst the measures to which the public opinion of the people of Ireland has of late years been directed stands the question of *Tenant Right*. Upwards of eighteen years have elapsed since Mr. Sharman Crawford first brought this subject under the consideration in the House of commons. Since that time a variety of bills have been introduced without any effective result beyond a general recognition of the necessity of legislating upon the subject. The time has come for a settlement of this question. The views of contending parties now approximate very nearly to each other, so it may be supposed that legislation will not be long deferred. It is now admitted by all just and reasonable men, that in case a tenant be dispossessed, due compensation ought to be made to him for any judicious expenditure of capital which shall have given increased value to his holding. The clauses of former bills which were supposed by landlords to be calculated to transfer their property from themselves to their tenants have been withdrawn by the Tenant League; and the measure which was brought forward last year by Mr. George H. Moore simply proposes to effect by legislative enactment arrangements, which every just landlord would be willing in his own case to adopt, even though they are not imposed by statute.

In connection with the Land Question, I may observe that every measure which facilitates the transfer of land and the acquisition of perpetual estates in the soil by peasant proprietors, ought to be encouraged as tending to promote improvement—to stimulate the employment of labor—to guarantee public tranquility, and to augment the happiness of the country—provided that such measure do not violate the fundamental rights of property or inflict injustice upon individuals.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.

That all persons should be put upon a footing of perfect equality in regard of Civil and Religious Right or Privileges, is a demand which will be continuously urged by the people of Ireland until this principle shall be fully established as a recognised basis of legislation and administration. This principle is still violated in Ireland by the maintenance of a Church Establishment which provides for the spiritual wants of little more than one tenth of the population; and by various disqualifying enactments, which are the relics of the ascendancy of this minority of the people. Upon this point I confess that my own sentiments have undergone some modification. Formerly I was of opinion that such equality could be best attained by providing, as is the case in Belgium, an equal endowment for the religious ministers of every persuasion, and, perhaps, if there were a Parliament in Ireland, I might still advocate an independent provision by the State for clergymen of every denomination. But so long as a legislative connection with England subsists, this mode of establishing Religious Equality cannot be realised, for the following reasons:—

First—The Catholics of Ireland distrust so much the Protestant Government of England, that they would regard such a provision as an attempt to corrupt their clergy by rendering them stipendiaries of an adverse authority.

Secondly—The Catholic Clergy themselves repudiate the proposal.

Thirdly—The people of England and of Scotland are so bigoted in opposition to Catholicism that they would not consent to such an arrangement.

In the discussions which have recently taken place respecting the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, the Oaths Bill, and the College of Maynooth, as well as in the treatment which Catholic soldiers have experienced in India, abundant evidence has been afforded to prove how much reluctance still exists on the part of the English people to recognise the principle of equality for which we contend.

It may, indeed, be said, in regard to the last of these points, that the Catholics have the remedy in their own hands. For if the leading men amongst the Catholic clergy and laity were to meet openly and declare that no Catholic should be enlisted as a soldier for the British army unless Catholics were placed, in respect of religious ministrations, on a footing of perfect equality with Protestant soldiers, the British Government would not venture to persevere in upholding the injustice of which Catholics at present complain. Employment can now be obtained in Ireland by every able-bodied man: and whilst the flourishing colonies of Canada and Australia, as well as the United States of America, offer to adventurous spirits an inviting field for enterprise, it is somewhat strange that so many of our countrymen volunteer to perish under the burning sun of India. But though Irishmen are fond of military life, yet if the leading members of the Catholic community were to recommend that no Catholic should enlist until the Catholic soldier shall be placed on a footing of perfect equality with the Protestant soldier, recruits would cease to be found even amongst the worst classes of the Catholic population of the United Kingdom.

But the question whether an ecclesiastical system ought to be founded on endowment or upon voluntary contribution is not simply a Catholic question. With a view to the interests of Protestantism as well as for the purpose of establishing equality in regard of ecclesiastical privileges, the Protestants of Ireland may with propriety advocate a disruption of all connexion between Church and State. This connection has not only been a source of constant heart-burning, jealousy, and social disorganisation amongst the population of Ireland, but it has been injurious rather than beneficial to Protestantism. When this question was brought under discussion in Parliament about twenty years ago it was contended by the friends of the Established Church that though the abuses which had existed in past times or were still subsisting were indefensible, yet those abuses were about to be altogether reformed. But so far as the administration of the Church is concerned, abuses are nearly as prevalent now as they were in the year 1838. It is true indeed that as the Tithes Rent Charge is now paid by the landlords, of whom a majority are Protestant, the Catholic occupiers no longer feel the pressure of the tax, but as a matter of principle its appropriation for the exclusive benefit of a small minority of the people is as objectionable as it ever was.

And, if the Protestant landlords of Ireland ask themselves what benefit they, or their tenants, or the community at large derive from the tithes paid out of their estates, they will arrive at the conclusion that, for the most part, the present ecclesiastical system leaves inadequately provided those meritorious clergymen who perform efficiently the duties of their office, while it bestows upon sinecurists the greater part of the emoluments of the Irish Church. Those clergymen upon whom falls the principal burden of clerical duty are left to pine through life in indigence, whilst emoluments far beyond the ordinary remuneration of other State functionaries are reserved for favoured ecclesiastics whose offices, if not absolute sinecures, are, comparatively speaking, exempt from labour.

The discussion of this question requires a more detailed statement than is consistent with the nature of this Address. I shall therefore, only refer to one particular branch of the Established Church by way of illustration of my argument.

In Thom's Official Almanack for 1858, page 514. I find that the gross annual income of the twelve Bishops who superintend the spiritual concerns of the Protestant Episcopalians of Ireland, amounts to £79,812, and that their net income, after all charges and deduction, is £66,437 per annum. Now, even if we were to allow (a very improbable supposition), that the number of Episcopalians is as great as it was in 1834, although the gross population of Ireland has been diminished by more than one-fourth, and although there has been a great emigration of Protestants from some of the northern counties, we shall find that the whole number of the adherents of the Established Church in Ireland (say £62,044, the number given in the census of 1834) does not amount to as many souls as are contained in each of the following English dioceses, viz.—London, Winchester, Chester, Exeter, Litchfield, Manchester, Ripon. The salary of the First Lord of the Treasury, and of other Cabinet Ministers being only £5,000 per annum, it appears that for the performance of duties which, comparatively speaking, cannot be onerous, the Bishops of the Irish Established Church receive incomes greater than are allowed to the highest functionaries of State, who are compelled to live in the most expensive metropolis in the world. Now, even if we admit that there are many learned and pious men amongst the dignitaries of the Established Church, it may be doubted by Protestants whether a system which bestows upon ecclesiastics incomes such as these, does not tend to engender pride, and worldly-mindedness, rather than to encourage humility, learning, and piety.

For myself, I am fully convinced that social harmony and patriotic feeling would be greatly augmented in Ireland by the severance of the temporalities of the Established Church from the purpose to which they are at present dedicated, and by their application to purposes in which Catholics, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians feel a common interest. The Protestants of Ireland constitute the wealthiest section of the Irish community. Wherever, therefore, a bona fide congregation of Protestants exists, that congregation would be able to give an efficient clergyman suitable remuneration, by means of voluntary contribution: and it is probable that the remuneration so provided would in many cases be more adequate than that which is at present received by the minister, who practically performs the laborious duties of the parish. Where no congregation exists, as is the case in many of the parishes in Ireland, there seems to be no reason why sinecures should be preserved; and where a church is maintained only for the accommodation of a few families, who might with equal facility attend service in some neighbouring parish, no practical injury would be sustained by the total suppression of such a church.

In connexion with these remarks I may observe that all who desire the abolition of the present Church Establishment, are disposed to pay a due regard to the life interest of existing incumbents. I am quite aware that the discussion of this question is calculated to awaken angry feeling, on the part of those who are interested in upholding the present ecclesiastical system, but the interests of the community deserve to be considered, as well as the interests of individuals, and the passions which its discussion may evoke must be boldly encountered.

It appears by recent intelligence that in the Australian province of Victoria, all classes of the population (with the concurrence, I believe, of the Protestant Bishop) have agreed to discard reliance upon State aid, and have adopted the voluntary system.—This example tends to show that the question is one which may be discussed on Protestant grounds, and is not simply to be regarded as a question which concerns only the Catholic population of Ireland. For many reasons it is desirable that it should be brought forward by a Protestant rather than by a Roman Catholic. Unless my memory deceives me, Mr. Bagwell, the member for Clonmel, declared at his election that he was prepared to abolish the Church Establishment: but I have not perceived that he has given any notice in the House of Commons on the subject. Though he did not enter Parliament as a member of the Independent Irish party, I am reluctant to believe that he made this declaration at the hustings of Clonmel merely for the purpose of inducing his constituents to record their votes in his favor.

EDUCATION.

If on the part of Protestants there were a disposition to abolish every vestige of an ascendancy, I feel convinced that there would be on the part of Roman Catholics a corresponding desire to meet the wishes of the Protestants. In regard of Education there is a large body of Protestants who disapprove of the system of the National Board, and who think it unreasonable that they should be excluded from all participation in the grants made by Parliament for Educational purposes. On general principles it is certain that due respect ought to be paid to the conscientious scruples of such Protestants, and that they too are entitled to be placed on a footing of perfect equality with their Catholic fellow-countrymen.

It is not surprising indeed that the Catholics of Ireland should view with jealousy any thing like encouragement on the part of the State towards proselytising schools. When they find that zealots—and I fear also some speculators—go periodically to England for the purpose of levying funds for the establishment of proselytising schools—when they find that by these zealots all manner of calumnies against the persons and religion of Catholics are addressed to crowds who, never come into contact with Catholics, and never reading Catholic books have no opportunity of judging as to the truth or falsity of these accusations—when they find that these funds are often employed in subsidising men of very indifferant character, who undertake, for lucre, to become subordinate agents in this system of proselytism, and carry on blasphemous vociferations against the Catholic religion in the streets which are most frequented by Catholics—when they find that Protestant landlords, as was recently the case in the county of Monaghan, eject respectable Catholic tenants because they decline to send their children to Protestant schools—it is not surprising that they should resist any modification of the present educational system which might tend to encourage proselytism. But, on the other hand, there are amongst Catholics, as well as amongst Protestants, a large number of conscientious men who think that the system of the National Board is not so beneficial to children as a system in which the training is of a character more entirely religious. Personally, I avow a preference for united education. Personally I would prefer that their children should meet at school and at college persons belonging to different religious persuasions; but whilst, speaking for myself, I prefer united education, I am not prepared to say that no aid should be given by the State to those who prefer separate education. Personally, I have always upheld the Board of National Education, though I confess, that to me, as a Nationalist, it is painful to find that in the so-called "National" Schools, the history of the Irish nation is utterly ignored, and that everything is done, which can be accomplished through the influence of

education, to extinguish the spirit of Irish Nationality. As a result of these schools may learn that there were once a Leonidas and a Themistocles—but they must not learn that Ireland sent forth missionaries to propagate the faith of Christ, at a time when Paganism overpread a great part of Europe. He must not learn that the Dames were expelled from Ireland at a time when they had established their power in half the ports of Northern Europe. He must not learn that there was a siege of Derry, and a siege of Limerick, in both of which was displayed heroism that may vie with the brightest achievements of other nations. He must not learn that in 1782 the Volunteers of Ireland acquired for their country constitutional independence, nor must he know by what means that independence was lost in the year 1800, A.D. But though I accept, as preferable to popular ignorance, the teachings and intervention of a Board, which deserves any title rather than that of national, I am by no means prepared to contend that the Catholic Christian Brothers ought to be prohibited from receiving a share of the funds voted by Parliament for the education of the Irish people.

The same principle of action which applies to elementary education applies equally to collegiate establishments. If suitable guarantees had been offered to the Catholic clergy for protection of the faith of students in the Colleges of Cork, Belfast, and Galway, at the time when those institutions were founded, there is reason to believe that the Catholic Bishops of Ireland would have given their sanction to a system of United Education. These guarantees ought still to be offered. But if the Catholics of Ireland deliberately prefer a separate system of collegiate education, the Catholic University ought to be admitted to share whatever advantages can be offered by the State with the principles on which that institution is founded.

In like manner Grammar Schools, which have been endowed with property that may fairly be considered as belonging to the public at large, ought to be thrown open to all classes of the community; but if a portion of the Protestants, or of the Catholics, of Ireland prefer to establish schools for intermediate education on the principle of separation, they ought to receive such encouragement from the State, as they can accept, consistently with the maintenance of that principle.

If, therefore, you find that the Protestants of Ireland are disposed to treat with their Catholic countrymen on the footing of perfect equality, it will be for the common interest of both, by mutual concession, to settle these questions respecting education in the manner which shall be most conducive to mutual good will and to social harmony.

I reserve for a future publication the continuation of this Address, as I have not yet exhausted the topics which appear to me to deserve your consideration.

I remain your faithful friend,
WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

Cahinnoyle, April 5, 1858.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Monday last, His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Enniskerry, on a site liberally granted by Lord Powerscourt on his attaining his majority. Owing to the zeal and the untiring exertions of the Rev. Thos. O'Dwyer, Administrator, and the other clergy associated with him, this happy state of things has been brought about. The place which at present serves as a chapel for Enniskerry is a miserable thatched cabin, adjoining a cowhouse.—*Dublin paper*

On Friday last, the foundation-stone of the new Catholic Church of Castlemagner was laid by Sir Henry W. Becker, of Ballygiblin. [The hon. baronet is himself a Protestant.]—*ib.*

A Correspondent informs us (*Weekly Register*) that the struggles of the worthy Priest of Carrigrohilly, to which we have more than once called the attention of our readers, in defence of the Catholic Faith in this remote region, are daily more and more successful. The permanent chapel which is to replace the "Ark" is nearly ready for roofing, and it is even reported that his labours have received the highest earthly reward, in having attracted the kind attention and approbation of the Vicar of Christ himself, to whom a drawing of the little "Ark" and its congregation, sketched on the spot by an English Catholic lady, was sent by the hands of a relative—an Ecclesiastic in high post in the household of Pius IX.

On Sunday, 11th ult., a public meeting of Catholic citizens of Dublin was held in the Church of St. Saviour, Dominick-street, for the purpose of promoting the collection of the funds requisite to enable the Dominican Fathers to complete this extremely beautiful temple, which will be one of the finest architectural ornaments of our city. The fact of this being the first assemblage held within its walls and under its roof, not long since completed, invested the occasion with the deepest interest, while the vastness of the assemblage and its highly influential character rendered the meeting one of the most important that has been held with a similar object for many years in Dublin. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor presided, and most effective speeches were delivered by Mr. Serjeant Deasy, M.P.; Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C.; Mr. D. Lynch, Q.C.; Mr. D. Sherlock, Q.C.; Very Rev. Dr. Spratt; Mr. Errington, Esq.; &c. &c. The Lord Mayor observed:—"The office which I have the honor to hold has conferred on me no more valued privilege than that of presiding over this numerous and influential meeting. Nor can I anticipate the occurrence of any event this year to which I shall refer with greater satisfaction; for it is with no small degree of pride that I find myself presiding over the first congregation assembled within these walls destined to be Mother Church of the great Dominican Order in this country." (Cheers.) The results of the meeting were highly successful.

The Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, has induced a large number of the spirit dealers of the city to form themselves into a guild for the purpose of discountenancing the sale of intoxicating drinks at times prohibited by law, and particularly on Sunday mornings; also to prevent the sale of liquor to persons in a state of intoxication, or likely to become so. His lordship held a meeting of the trade on Sunday last, and addressed those present on the frightful evils he was anxious to put down.

Five nuns of the Order of the Good Shepherd have arrived in Waterford, from France.

THE ASSAULT ON THE REV. MR. HARDIMAN, P.P.—The hearing of this case, the particulars of which have been already published in the *Catholic Telegraph*, came on at the Ballinrobe petty sessions on Monday. The assault was of an aggravated kind and nearly fatal in its result, and had the Rev. Mr. Hardiman yielded to the solicitation of the crown authorities by swearing informations, the consequences to the unfortunate accused would have been very serious. But the rev. gentleman, with that true gentleness and clerical suavity which so distinguish his conduct, has for the present, saved the offender from the rigorous penalties which the law would inflict as a monument for so diabolical an outrage upon decency and society. The bench were unanimous in their desire to act with severity, and equally unanimous in their admiration of the forbearance and the Christian spirit of charity manifested by the Rev. Mr. Hardiman, who, without qualification or reserve, forgave a delinquent who was very nearly his murderer. As it was said in court, this magnanimous conduct reflected not only on the rev. gentleman, but on the clerical character. The exercise of such forbearance will have its due reward before God and man; and we feel certain, from the penitential feelings manifested by the unfortunate offender that Father Hardiman by his conduct has achieved the only object he had in view—the spiritual welfare of his erring parishioner.—*Tiam Herald*.

The Rev. Mr. Foley, P.P. Timoleague, died on the 25th ult. of effusion of water on the chest. Seldom has the grave closed on a more amiable clergyman.

CONVERSIONS.—On Friday, the Rev. Jas. Meagher, C.O., St. Canice's, received the family of Mr. Holmes, of Dean-street, in this city, into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

RATING OF CONVENTS.—The Glomel Quarter Sessions were opened on Friday, before Sergeant Howley. The Hon. Martin J. French, R.M., Cashel, and Neale Browne, Esq., R.M., Mitchelstown; John Chaytor, Esq., Cahir, George G. Gould, R.M., Clonmel; John Power, Esq., and Alderman Kenny, occupied seats on the Bench.

THE LIQUOR LICENSING OF THE COUNTY MONAGHAN.—The Earl of Eglinton, we are authoritatively informed, has placed the Member for Monaghan, Mr. Leslie, in the position vacated by Lord Rossmore.

Her Majesty's Letters Patent have passed under the Great Seal of Ireland appointing Edmund Hayes, Esq., Q.C., to be her Majesty's Solicitor-General in Ireland.

The Northern Whig gives an account of renewed riots in Belfast, arising from street-preaching.

The trade of this port, as shown by the number of vessels which entered it during the past year, is greatly increased. The total number of vessels that entered during the year ending the 31st March was 2,170, being an increase of 280 vessels upon the previous year.

This has been a very unfavorable season for fishery operations in Kinsale, the take being much under the average. The consequence has been that numbers of the men engaged in the fishery have been reduced to distress, and many have had to resort to the workhouse.

The Cork Benevolent Apprenticing Society have the gratification of finding that all the lads taken from the workhouse and bound to trades in the city are conducting themselves well.

Sir Hugh McCalmont Cairns has, during his three weeks in office, received upwards of 200 letters and memorials from Belfast, soliciting, and in some cases claiming as a right, his influence with government.

Proof is not wanting of the utter contempt into which the Catholics of the empire are fallen, and of the inability of the Protestants to do justice. But if anybody has a lingering doubt still in his mind, he must lose it if he gives a moment's consideration to the acts and sayings of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund.

THE DESTITUTION IN DONEGAL.—The subjoined document, containing resolutions adopted by the Children Board of Guardians, will fully explain itself.

Resolved.—That we reply to the Board of Guardians of the Dunfangan Union, and the other proceedings connected therewith, printed copies of which they have forwarded to us. We strongly disapprove of the entire proceedings for many reasons.

Resolved.—That we reply to the Board of Guardians of the Dunfangan Union, and the other proceedings connected therewith, printed copies of which they have forwarded to us. We strongly disapprove of the entire proceedings for many reasons.

GWEDDOR.—Where, then, are the peasant?—Mount with me, and drive off to the right. Now you stare in amazement, and your jaw drops. Yes, these mud and dry stone cabins down the "shoughs" are the homes of the tenants of Lord George Hill.

WRECKS ON THE IRISH COAST.—Mr. John George, late M.P. for Wexford county, writing from Cahore, on the south-east coast of Ireland, thus alludes to the lamentable wrecks that took place in that neighborhood a few days ago.

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE AT WICKLOW HEAD.—WICKLOW, APRIL 6.—I regret to have to record the loss of a vessel and two of her crew on Monday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a little to the southward of Wicklow Head.

THE WILL OF A MILLIONAIRE.—The Evening Mail states that the late Mr. Quinlan Dick, who was privately interred in Dublin on Saturday, died worth considerably over a million of money.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Prince of Wales is signalling his "coming out" of (which his Confirmation by Dr. Sumner, a fortnight ago, was the public notification,) by a visit to Ireland.

THE JEW BILL.—The ministerial organ, the Herald asks if anybody seriously expects the House of Lords to pass the new bill, and advises Lord John Russell to accept the Oaths' Bill without what it calls the Jew clause.

The Duke of Norfolk has given notice of a motion for "returns connected with the expenditure of the Patriotic Fund." Mr. Deasy is to move an Address to the Queen as to the "provision for the religious worship of Catholic soldiers, and the instruction of their children, both in the United Kingdom and in India," on the 4th of May.

COAST DEFENCES.—The Berwick Advertiser says:—"The Government have resolved on placing a series of heavy artillery on our ramparts. The guns are each to be 95 pounders, and are to be planted on the battery underneath the flag-staff, whereby they will possess a range of the shore on the south coast for a considerable distance.

A STRANGE DIPLOMATIC BLUNDER.—From the correspondence respecting the Cagliari presented to parliament, it seems that the Sardinian government, by a blunder of Sir James Hudson's secretary, was led to believe that it would be supported, in its demands upon Naples for the restitution of the vessel and compensation for the seizure, by the British government.

From a parliamentary return just issued it appears that of the 164 militia regiments of the United Kingdom, last July only 37 were at their full strength the remaining 127 requiring 15,851 men to make up their quota, equal to about 125 men to each regiment.

We (Union) are glad to see that public opinion has unmistakably declared itself against any proposal to supplement the Adulterers' Marriage Disabilities Removal Bill by a measure to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

The jury in the case of Dr. Bernard, charged as an accessory to the murders committed by Orsini and others, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

Mr. Edward A. Glover, late M.P. for Beverley, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, at the Central Criminal Court, for making a false declaration of his property qualification.

THE LEVIATHAN.—At about two o'clock on Monday a very heavy squall came with full force on the port bow of the huge ship, and there being a strong flood, caused an immense strain on the mooring chains.

PROFANE POLYGYMY.—Anglo-Indians have for some time past had subjects enough in their own immediate condition and prospects. As the cloud begins to break, they find other matters forced on their attention; and one of the first is, whether Her Majesty's Church allows polygamy to converts from Paganism and Mohammedanism.

marriage than he could wipe out his debts or other legal engagements. Dr. Whately consistently maintains, not merely the lawfulness, but the duty and obligation of polygamy, in the case of all converts from Mohammedan and Heathen superstitions.

The Leeds Mercury gives an account of Protestant instruction as exemplified by the answers of a witness named Knowles, aged 23, in a case before the magistrates at Skipton.

As Mr. Reebuck did in politics, so Mr. Spooner comes on, for the hundredth time, to attack Ireland in her religion. The gentleman's annual motion for the withdrawal of the grant to Mayo comes on for discussion after the present recess.

THE PROTESTANT CHAMPIONS.—There is in the papers of this morning a little paragraph which ought not to escape the notice of your readers, inasmuch as it affords conclusive evidence that Lord John Russell, who is now bidding high for the Premiership, is not a whit more liberal in his sentiments on religious questions than when he penned the Durham Letter.

Mr. Edward A. Glover, late M.P. for Beverley, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, at the Central Criminal Court, for making a false declaration of his property qualification.

SURE such a pair were never met, So justly famed to meet by nature. It were a thousand pities to spoil two houses, or indeed, two ministries, with them.

UNITED STATES.—Mrs. CUNNINGHAM BURDELL.—It is intimated that new developments have transpired within a few weeks that warrant the supposition that this woman will yet be subjected to a new trial for the murder of Dr. Burdell.

CRUCIATE has got into court in Detroit. A suit is now pending before a magistrate's court, in that city, by the husband of a lady, who was refused admission to a public lecture, the price of which was twenty-five cents, which, being duly tendered by her, was refused, and fifty cents demanded, on the ground that she would occupy two seats.

NET RESULTS OF THE REVIVAL IN IOWA CITY.—Whether owing to the superior attractiveness of an election excitement, or to some other cause, the religious revival here has nearly subsided.

A SHORT PRAYER.—The following laconic prayer was delivered in the Iowa House of Representatives, the other morning, by the Rev. Mr. Shine.

A RELIGIOUS MONOMANIAC.—The Parke County [Indiana] Republican relates the following incident as having occurred in the village of Hoekville in that State.

MISTAKEN CONVERSIONS.—A correspondent furnishes the following instances of mistaken conversions in New York city.

Among the recent conversions was that of Mr. —, a large dry goods dealer. After his conversion he went to a neighboring minister, and told him there were so many links in the trade, that he was convinced that no man could be honest, and obtain a living by the sale of dry goods.

SABBATHIAN RELIGION.—The following graphic remarks upon Protestant religion which its professors treat as they do their black coats, giving it an airing once in seven days, are from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher.

"The titles come twice a day in New York harbor but they only come once in seven days in God's harbor of the sanctuary. They rise on Sunday, but oblige on Monday, and are down and out all the rest of the week. Men write over their store door, 'Business is business,' and over the church door, 'Religion is religion,' and they say to religion, 'Never come in here, and to business, 'Never go in there.'"

"High in an ancient belfry there is a clock, and once a week the old sexton winds it up; but it has neither dial-plate nor hands. The pendulum swings, and there it goes, ticking, ticking, day in and day out, unnoticed and unheeded. What the old clock is, in its dark chamber, keeping time to itself, but never showing it, that is the mere sentimentality of religion, high above life, in the region of airy thought; perched up in the top of Sunday, but without dial or pointer to let the week know what o'clock it is, of Time, or of Eternity!"

SCARCITY OF CHANGE.—During the revival out West, a short time since, a pious woman seeing a jolly rat standing and "looking on" with a great deal of interest, approached him and said, "Well brother do you feel any change?" "No, your honor, says Tom, the devil a cent."

THE SHAD FISH.—In the multiplication and continuance of the shad, it may be regarded as a miracle of nature. Notwithstanding thousands of myriads are destroyed by the agency of men, and tens of thousands of myriads in the oval state, which can only be accounted for by their extraordinary creative ability. They spawn about forty-five thousand to each female. They ascend our rivers from the 1st of April to the 10th of June, for the purpose of spawning, which they accomplish in the same manner that bass do, except that the male fails to cover the ova. This necessary operation is performed by the ebbing and flowing tide. The organization of this fish, says Mr. Peck, enables it to breathe either salt or fresh water, and, taking advantage of this fact, I have been enabled to breed them in ponds, and, from numerous experiments, am led to believe that shad live but a single year, and thus, when they pass down our rivers, after spawning, they are so weak and emaciated that they fall an easy prey to voracious fish. They take the circuit of the sea, commencing in the regions of the North Pole, in schools equaling in extent the whole of Great Britain and France. When they reach the coast of Georgia, they separate into immense squadrons, and, as the season advances, run up all the rivers on our coast, followed, a little later, by the herring. The shad lives upon suction, and feeds upon the animalculæ in the water, while swimming. Food has never been discovered in the body of shad when opened, and they never bite a baited hook.—Hartford Post.

THE TRUE WITNESS

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY J. GILLIES... FOR GEORGE E. CLERKE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR...

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We have dates from Liverpool to the 24th ult. but very little important intelligence. The acquittal of Dr. Bernard, or rather the manner of his acquittal upon the charge of being accessory to the murders of the 14th January, has become an event of the highest political and national importance...

Here, even, had the matter rested, there would have been apparent cause for dissatisfaction on the part of our sensitive allies; but here, unfortunately for the harmony between two great countries, and for the credit of our free institutions, the matter did not end. The acquittal of Bernard was made the occasion for a most indecent display of public feeling; shewing clearly how warmly a large portion of the middle classes of England sympathize with the revolutionists and assassins of Continental Europe...

CONSECRATION OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON.—In the St. Patrick's Church of Quebec were assembled on Saturday last, a vast multitude of all degrees—Bishops, Priests, and Laity—to assist at the august ceremonies wherewith the Catholic Church celebrates the consecration of her Chief Pastors...

worshippers. His Lordship, Mgr. Baillargeon, Bishop of Tloa, and Coadjutor of Quebec, officiated as Consecrating Prelate, and was assisted by their Lordships the Bishops of St. Hyacinthe and London. The Bishops of Hamilton, of Cydonia, of Three Rivers, and Bytown, were also present. Amongst the clergy taking an active part in the proceedings, we may mention the Rev. Mr. McDonald, Grand Vicar of Kingston; the Rev. M. Casault, Grand Vicar of Quebec; the Superior of the Seminary of Ste. Therese, the Rev. M. Desaulniers of the Seminary of St. Hyacinthe, and the Rev. Mr. McGoran, pastor of St. Patrick's church at Quebec.

Our Quebec correspondent furnishes the following details:—

This august and imposing rite took place at St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, on Saturday, 1st May, and was attended with more than usual interest, owing to the great number of Bishops and Priests who were present.

The Clergy and Committee of Management of St. Patrick's Church spared no pains or expense in making arrangements befitting the occasion, as they were anxious to manifest their gratification at seeing raised to the dignity of a Bishop one who, as a gentleman and a scholar, enjoys the respect of all classes of the community, and whose late father labored long and effectively in aiding to place the congregation in its present respectable position.

The streets in the vicinity of the church were in a bad state, in consequence of the trenches for the water works being but lately filled in; but through the kindness of the acting Mayor, George Hall, Esq., this inconvenience was soon remedied by laying down a plank way from the St. Patrick's Rectory to the church. On the outside of this plank way evergreens were planted, and the houses in the neighborhood, as well as the front and steeple of the church, were decorated with flags, streamers, &c.

The interior of the church, which was filled at an early hour by thousands, among whom were many of our separated brethren, presented a magnificent appearance. The banners of the St. Patrick's Society were hung from the galleries, and the fleur-de-lis of the Seminary students were placed over the sanctuary.

The grand Altar, as well as the one on the Gospel side of the sanctuary, were tastefully decorated with flowers. The Altar steps and sanctuary were covered with splendid carpets, of which I have made mention in a previous letter, as being the gift of the Ladies of the Congregation.

The procession started at eight o'clock a.m., precisely, down St. Stanislas street, round St. Helen street, in the following order:—

- The Bearer, Holywater Bearer, Cross Bearer, Acolyte. The inferior Clergy, numbering about one hundred, Two and Two. Monseigneur Prince, of St. Hyacinthe, Monseigneur Pinsonnaul, of London, C.W. Monseigneur Cooke, of Three Rivers, Monseigneur Farrell, of Hamilton. Monseigneur Guigues, Monseigneur Larocque, Monseigneur Horan, Monseigneur Baillargeon. Professors of Medicine, Laval University. Professors of Law, Students of Medicine, Students of Law.

As the procession entered the Church, a grand march was played on the organ by Mr. Desseau, organist of the French Cathedral, in his usual brilliant manner.

The Bishop elect on reaching the sanctuary, took his seat in front of the side Altar I have before spoken of. Monseigneur Prince of St. Hyacinthe, and Monseigneur Pinsonnaul, of London, were seated on his right and left. The Rev. Mr. Desaulniers, of the Seminary of St. Hyacinthe, was priest-assistant of Mgr. Prince, and the Rev. M. Gauran, of Mgr. Pinsonnaul.

After robing in the Sacristy, Mgr. De Tloa, assisted by Mr. McDonald, Grand Vicar of Kingston, as Priest, and the Grand Vicars, the Rev. Messrs. Casault, and Tusso, of the Seminary of St. Therese, as deacon and sub-deacon, took their seats before the top of the Altar steps.

The Right Rev. Dr. Horan then advanced with his two assistants, the oldest of whom addressed the following words to the Bishop of Tloa:— "Reverend Father—Our Holy Mother the Church asks of you to grant to this Priest the charge of the Episcopacy."

Bishop: "Have you the Apostolic Letter?" Rev. Mr. Langevin, the Bishop's Secretary, replied—"We have it." Bishop: "Read it then."

When the reading of the letter was finished, the Bishop elect took the oath that contains the vow of obedience to the Church, and fidelity to the Rock of Peter.

After the solemn words of the oath were pronounced, the Consecrator held in his hands the Gospels, on which the Bishop elect placed his hands, saying, "So help me God and this Holy Gospel of God."

The following questions were then asked him:—"Will you, most dear Brother, by sincere charity, submit to the ordinances of the Holy Writings, with all the wisdom your nature is capable?" "Yes I am willing to believe and obey in all things with all my heart."

"Will you teach, by word and example, to the people confided to you, the divine writings?" "I will."

"Will you accept with veneration, teach and guard the traditions of the fathers of the faith, and the holy decretals, and the orders of the apostolic see?" "I will."

"Will you show in all faith, submission and obedience, after the canonical authority to the blessed apostle Peter, to whom power was granted by God to bind and to unbind, and to the vicar of our Lord, Pope Pius IX and his successors the Roman Pontiffs?" "I will."

"Will you shun evil, with all your force, and with the help of God practise all good things?" "I will."

"Will you teach and practise, with the aid of God, chastity and sobriety?" "I will."

"Will you attach yourself to divine things and be a stranger to things of earth and of gain, as far as possible for man to do?" "I will."

"Will you practise humility and patience, and teach these virtues to others?" "I will."

"Will you be good, and compassionate to the poor, to travellers, and to the needy, for the love of God?" "I will."

Then the consecrator said,— "That God may grant you these gifts and other good things—that He may guard and strengthen you in all virtues."

All the clergy then present answered—"Amen." Several questions were then put to him about the doctrine of the Church, and the articles of faith, to which he replied, "Credo, I believe."

"Do you say anathema to all the heresies that rise against the Holy Catholic Church?" "I say anathema."

The Bishop elect was then conducted by his assistants to the consecrator, before whom he bowed, and with respect kissed his hands. The mass then began, and continued till the Ad libitum of the Gradual.

During this time the acolytes clothed the Bishop elect, and he commenced saying mass at the side altar, and stopped at the Gradual.

Then, the consecrator being seated, the Bishop elect and his assistants saluted him and took their seats.

"It belongs," said the consecrator, "to the bishop to judge, interpret, consecrate, ordain, offer, baptise, and confirm."

"Let us pray," said the consecrator to the faithful, "that God the Most Powerful will grant a plentitude of His graces to the elect chosen for the usefulness of His Church."—Amen. The Bishop elect cast himself upon the ground while the Litanies were read.

Then the Consecrator placed the Gospels upon the head and shoulders of the Bishop elect, kneeling before—as a symbolical of the burden of the episcopacy. The consecrator and his assistant placed their hands upon his head saying, "Receive the Holy Ghost."

The eyes and hands of the Bishop elect were then bandaged with fine linen. The hymn *Veni Creator* was then sung, and the consecrator taking off his gloves, made with the Holy Chrism a form of a cross on the tonsure of the Bishop elect, saying, "That by the blessing of heaven, your head be consecrated, and anointed in the order of Pontiffs, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The 132nd psalm was then chanted. The hands of the Bishop elect were then anointed, and his cross and ring blessed. The Consecrator gave him the Gospels, saying, "Receive the Gospel and go teach it to the people who will be confided to you, for God is powerful to grant you His Grace, He who reigneth for ever and ever." Amen. The Consecrator and his assistants then gave the consecrated kiss of peace. The mass was continued until the Offertory.

The Consecrator then gave two lighted candles, two small loaves, and two little barrels of wine, offerings of the priests, according to the Order of Melchisedech, to the Bishop Elect. The Consecrator and the Consecrated then continued the Mass at the one Altar as far as the "Hic Missa est." The benediction of the mitre took place, as well as that of the gloves. The Bishop elect was then enthroned in front of the Altar, the other Bishops standing around him.

The *Te Deum* was sung, while the consecrated walked round the church, giving his blessing to the faithful. After the prayer *Deus omnipotens, fidei, &c.*, the new Bishop gave his benediction once more to the people—*Benedictus vos omnipotens Deus*—singing three times, *ad nuntios annos*; wishing his Consecration length of days. He then read the Gospel of St. John—*In principio erat verbum*; and the ceremony ended with the anticle—*Benedicite*.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Kelly, P. of Brockville, C.W. His text was the words of the psalmist, "Thy youth shall be renewed like the Eagles"; The discourse was an excellent one and was listened to with great attention by the thousands present.

Nothing could surpass the richness of the robes worn on that occasion. The suit in which Mgr. Baillargeon and his assistants were clothed, cost the sum of \$3,200.

Yours truly, URSILON.

Quebec, 4th May, 1858.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

On the 28th ulto. M. Dorion moved in the Legislative Assembly, the second reading of a Bill to authorise the Sisters of Charity, of the General Hospital of Montreal, to dispose of certain portions of their real estate, which they found it inconvenient to manage. The motion was opposed by Mr. G. Brown, of course; but was carried by a majority of 56 against 12. In the course of the debate, Mr. Mackenzie remarked that he could not understand why the Ladies of Charity could not manage the property. "Other ladies who had property did not find any difficulty in getting young and handsome men to act as stewards for them." A remark which elicited much "laughter" in the House; as no doubt it would had it been uttered in some of the "back-slums" of the good city of Toronto.

We do not find fault with Mr. Mackenzie. Of course he cannot be expected to understand why ladies should devote themselves to the service of God, and or those for whose sake the Son of God became poor—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Of course, Mr. Mackenzie cannot understand why, ladies should be indifferent to "young and handsome men," and consecrate themselves to a Heavenly Spouse. It requires a slight tincture of the feelings of the Christian, and the gentleman, to understand such things; and though Mr. Mackenzie's constituents may, by their most sweet voices, make him a member of Parliament, they cannot, though they do their best, make him either a Christian or a gentleman. At the remarks therefore of Mr. Mackenzie we feel no surprise—though we must confess that we were a little astonished at reading in the *Colonist* that those remarks were received with "laughter" in an assembly wherein we, in our simplicity, fancied that there were both Christians and gentlemen. It seems however that Mr. Mackenzie judged his audience more correctly than we did; and though several so-called Catholics were present, and heard the ribald sneer against vows of chastity, there was not—judging from the report of the debate published in the *Toronto Colonist*—one amongst them who had the courage to reprove the impertinence of the hoary old sinner who uttered it. No; they "laughed" at the good joke about getting "young and handsome men," to manage the property of the Sisters of Charity—perhaps because they were anxious to show that, although Catholics, they were as liberal as the members of "any other sect." The silence of Catholics under such a sneer, and upon such an occasion, is more

disgusting, more painful to us, than the sneer itself, or all that the utmost malice of our avowed enemies could possibly suggest.

Another point connected with this debate, appears to call for a few remarks. It seems to have been the general impression in the House, both amongst those who supported, and those who opposed the Bill, that the property of the Sisters in question, was a gift from the Crown; whereas the truth is, that it consists in land acquired in virtue of an act of donation from the Sister Youville, or purchased by monies, the proceeds of the manual labors of the Community. To the Crown, the Sisters of Charity are indebted only for the Act of Incorporation of 1753; for the property which in virtue of that Act they hold as a Body Corporate, they are indebted solely to their own industry, and the voluntary contributions of private individuals. Over property so acquired, it is evident that the State can have no more right than it has over that of any other if its subjects. We hope that M. Dorion, to whom has been committed the honorable charge of pleading the cause of one of our most valuable religious institutions, will find opportunity, when next the subject comes before the Legislature, to put the origin of the property in question, in its true light.

The enquiry into the Lotbiniere election frauds is still pending; amongst the most valuable evidence elicited during the past week, was that of Dr. Reid, who testified that he had been applied to by Mr. O'Farrell for drugs in order to "doctor" the Returning Officer. Witness refused the drugs, whereupon Mr. O'Farrell remarked that he had a dose that he would use. The Returning Officer was taken sick next day, in the opinion of witness from a drug. Mr. O'Farrell had also attempted to induce him—witness—to carry off the Poll Books, offering him a bribe of \$50 for doing the job.

On the motion of Mr. Terrill that it is expedient to amend the Lower Canada School Law, by doing away with the system of levying fees from scholars, and raising the requisite school funds by direct assessment on property, it was resolved that the House go into Committee of the whole, to take the proposed amendment into consideration. The Lower Canada members seem generally opposed to Mr. Terrill's plan; but the Ministerialists made common cause with Mr. Brown, and carried the day.—It is no doubt the object of the people of the Upper Province to impose upon us of Lower Canada, their own vile system of education; and this motion of Mr. Terrill may be looked upon as a first step in that direction. Mr. Ferguson, it seems, has been only too glad to back out of his prominent position as the antagonist of Separate Schools; this will relieve the Ministry from much embarrassment. It has also leaked out that there is a *Special Report* from the Rev. Mr. Ryerson on Separate Schools, which Ministers have prudently repressed. The House however ordered this *Special Report* to be brought down; but it is to be feared that ere it sees the light, it will have been "doctored" by the skilful hands of the Methodist preacher, so as to suit the palates of his Ministerial patrons.

On Wednesday Mr. Benjamin moved the first reading of the Orange Incorporation Bill: to which Mr. Dorion replied by moving the six months' hoist. A warm debate ensued; and on a division, Mr. Benjamin's Bill was thrown out by a majority of 54 to 46. In our next, we will publish the division list, by way of showing who they are that have taken up a "most hostile attitude towards" all Catholics, by voting for the legal recognition of a secret society, whose object is to uphold "Protestant Ascendancy," and to oppress all Papists.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Toronto, May 5th, 1858.

I know the *True Witness* is not very deeply enamored of the politics of Canada, at this moment. To one who has witnessed the great issues of Imperial parties tried and decided, there must be a belittling air about all that is said and done in our mimic Parliament. Now, I don't expect to convert you into a Colonial partizan; but I submit to you whether our own affairs must not always be to ourselves of the first importance; and, therefore, whether you ought not to give a greater share of your space—at least during the session—to the debates and the designs of Canadian parties.

At the moment I write, as indeed from the first, there is nothing especially interesting under consideration in either House. Yesterday, Mr. Ferguson allowed his motion on the Separate School question to lapse, on the plea of waiting for certain returns. He may, or may not be in good faith in doing so.—The general opinion is, that the zeal he brought from the South Simcoe hustings in February last, has gradually burned out; and that he is far too considerate and too obliging, to embarrass his friend, "Brother McDonald," by pressing to a debate and division, the proposed measure. Another, and a much more serious demonstration against Freedom of Education in Lower Canada, was last night initiated by Mr. Terrill, Member for Stasstead, and one of the half dozen Anglo-Protestant representatives of semi-Catholic constituencies. Mr. Terrill moved by resolution to go into Committee of the whole—and Mr. Cartier, on the part of the Government, at once assented—to abolish the present system of supporting schools in Lower Canada, by a capitation tax and scholar fees, and to substitute therefor a direct school tax upon property. The evident effect of this change would be to make the Lower Canada schools more directly dependent on the State—to give the political power more immediate control over them, and the parental power less. On the division, only 25 were found to vote against going into Committee, which vote is, to some extent, a verdict in favor of the proposed change. Voting to go into Committee, affirms of course the importance and the desirableness of the change; the Committee itself has only to de-

liberate on the method and manner of the change. It was on this view of the consequences of the vote, that the 25 members who voted against Mr. Terrill's motion—including Messrs. Dorion and M'Gee—acted. The Ministerial supporters generally, some 60 in all, with a dozen of Mr. Brown's friends, gave however a large majority for the reference. The following is the record taken from the *Vote and Proceedings*:— Hon. Mr. Cauchon moved in amendment, that the words "Wednesday next" in the said motion be left out, and the words "this day six months" be inserted in lieu thereof.

Yours—Messieurs Bourrasse, Bureau, Campbell, Cauchon, Cimon, Connor, Dorion, Dorland, Foley, Fortier, Gaudet, Harwood, Hebert, Laberge, Laframboise, Langevin, Lemieux, M'Gee, Notman, Papineau, Patrick, Piche, Ross, Rymal, and Teut.—25.

Nays—Messieurs Atkins, Allan, Alley, Archambault, Beaubien, Benjamin, Brown, Buchanan, Burwell, John Cameron, Malcolm Cameron, Carling, Caron, Cayley, Attorney General Cartier, Chapais, Christie, Clark, Cook, Goutlee, Daly, Daoust, Dawson, Desaulniers, Dionne, Dubord, Dufresne, Dunkin, Ferguson, Ferrer, Gauvreau, Gill, Gould, Hogan, Howland, Labelle, Lacoste, Loranger, Attorney General Macdonald, John S. Macdonald, Mackenzie, McCann, McKellar, McLicken, Meagher, Morin, Mowat, Munro, Panet, Playfair, Pope, William F. Powell, Prite, Robinson, Solicitor General Rose, William Scott, Sherwood, Sicotte, Simeard, Simpson, Siocannes, Somerville, Sturton, Talbot, Tasse, Terrill, Thibaudeau, Turcotte, Wallbridge, Webb, White, Whitney, and Wright.—73.

The main motion was then agreed to on a division. Two approaching Upper Canada elections occupy the time and thoughts of the party leaders, every moment they can steal from the business of the House. In North Oxford, the friends of Mr. Morrison (ex-Receiver General) and Mr. M'Dougal of the *Globe*, are equally active and equally anti-Catholic. As there is no considerable Catholic vote in the country, except in and about Woodstock, the bigots of both sides may be left to fight it out. But even with a few votes, independent and intelligent Catholics might, in a close contest, assert their due weight, and defeat the worse of the two candidates—the Ministerial nominee. In the other case, Mr. Oglo R. Gowen is the Ministerial favorite. It is hardly necessary to say anything to you of this gentleman, or his history; a more objectionable addition to the Legislative body could not be made, perhaps, if all Canada were searched from end to end.

Of Montreal interest, there is nothing special except that yesterday the general Committee on elections, selected the Committees to try the petitions against Messrs. Dorion and M'Gee. Mr. Ross's case, it is said, will be brought by motion before the House. In Mr. Dorion's Committee, Dr. Connor is Chairman, and Messrs. Chapais, Dorland, Tobin, and Clark, members; a very fair Committee for a member of the opposition. Mr. M'Gee's Committee consist of Malcolm Cameron, Chairman; Messrs. Cook, Bourrasse, John Cameron, and Major Campbell. Both gentlemen, feeling they have nothing to fear from a fair and full investigation, look on at the several steps with great apparent indifference.

I learn that a preliminary meeting of Catholic citizens was held on Saturday evening at the National Hotel, and a Committee of seven appointed to draw up rules for a legal and constitutional Association to defend the rights of Catholics throughout this Province—in such cases as that of Farrell, Sheedy, and Tierney. These gentlemen are resolved to take no step without the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities; and so long as they are animated by that spirit, there is no danger that they will inflict injury on their cause or their adherents, by any rash or extreme courses. It is gratifying to find this increase of public spirit in the Catholics of the West; and though I do not desire to be invidious, I cannot help saying that much of it is due to the manful example of the venerable Colonel Baldwin and Mr. O'Donohue. A few such men in every city would make our community everywhere respected and influential.

"APPEAL ON THE COMMON SCHOOL LAW—ITS INCONGRUITY AND MALADMINISTRATION. BY ANGUS DALLAS, ESQ. TORONTO, '58.

Mr. Dallas has already made himself known by his scorching exposition of the evils of the actually existing school system of Upper Canada. He has studied the question carefully; he has gathered together a formidable array of facts; and the emphatic condemnation which in view of those facts, he, a Protestant gentleman, finds himself compelled to pronounce on Upper Canadian State-Schoolism, will we hope induce his brother Protestants to pause in that career of oppression and injustice which they are pursuing towards their Catholic fellow-citizens.

Mr. Dallas enumerates many evils to which the present system has given rise. It has been the fertile parent of those "feuds and heart-burnings by which the last seven years have been signalled"—p. 5. It has encouraged dishonesty amongst the officials engaged in its administration, and furnished us with falsified Teachers' records, falsified returns from Trustees, falsified Reports from Local Superintendents, and from the Chief Superintendent?—p. 5. "Now" adds the writer—"the responsibility for the defective, and, in many cases fictitious returns of these ignorant and careless Trustees, cannot be got rid of, as has been attempted, by fastening the blame on the parents and others by whom these Trustees are elected. So long as Trustees and Local Superintendents, whether detected or not, can act with impunity in the non-performance of their prescribed duties, the prospect of amendment must be very remote."—p. 10.

Again Mr. Dallas asserts at page 7, that "the internal evidence of the annual tabular returns of the Chief Superintendent, wherever there is a means of comparison and detection, bears out their fictitious character. The way however in which the Tables are made up, however, is calculated to evade and preclude an inspection of the real facts." In still stronger language he declares, and by means of a formidable array of figures proves, "the Normal School to be an extensive Fraud;" and by quotations from the Chief Superintendent's Annual Reports, convicts that Reverend Methodist official of "fraudulent and dishonest statement"—p. 10; whilst citing the criminal statistics of the Upper Province, and proving from those statistics the rapid increase in the number of juvenile criminals, he convicts the system itself, which our Methodist friend administers, of being, to say the least,

utterly worthless as a preventive, if not an actual cause, of juvenile criminality.

This then is the judgment passed upon our U. Canada school system, by an enlightened Protestant; shall Catholics then be blamed for condemning it?

Nor is Mr. Dallas the only Protestant witness whom we can bring forward on our side; for though, through terror of the blatant demagogues of the Upper Provinces, few of our separated brethren dare speak their minds freely, yet numbers feel strongly, that the present system is a curse to society, a blot upon our civilisation, and a standing refutation of our backnied vaunting about our "Civil and Religious Liberty."

However, from time to time, a voice will still make itself heard above the screechings of the many-headed, uttering its clear indignant protest against the "common" schools of Upper Canada, and their abuses.

"Of all people," says the Colonist—"that I have ever seen, the people of Canada seem to me the most easily deceived, and the most tolerant of impostures, otherwise this system would not have been allowed to go on so long."

What is our object in citing these opinions of Protestants? Is it to convince our Catholic readers that the actual common school system of Upper Canada is monstrously unjust, most inefficient, most expensive, and most dangerous to faith and morals?

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FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Saturday last about five o'clock in the afternoon, a fire broke out in Mr. Converse's rope walk, near the Canal. The flames spread with great rapidity, owing to the highly combustible nature of the materials upon which it had seized.

We have received several communications relative to our differences with the Catholic Citizen of Toronto; and whilst returning our warmest thanks to the writers, for their very flattering marks of approbation of the TRUE WITNESS, we take the opportunity of explaining to them our motives for abandoning further controversy with our Upper Canada cotemporary.

1. Respect for the Hierarchy and Clergy of the Province, whom our cotemporary has most indecently endeavored to make parties to that controversy, forbids us to prolong it.

2. Respect for our readers induces us to abandon a topic now well nigh threadbare. They—all of them at least who have personal cognisance of the facts—must know whether it be true that within the last two years, the principles of the Citizen have changed from "independent," to "Ministerialist," and whether that change has been productive of pecuniary profit to the proprietors of that journal, in the shape of government advertisements, and "Government Agencies," or "jobs" if the Citizen so pleases to term them.

THE BOOKSELLERS OF TORONTO vs. THE REV. DR. RYERSON.—This keen and reverend speculator, who has discovered the secret of reconciling godliness with exorbitant profits, and whose ardent zeal for the moral welfare of his brethren, is only exceeded by his devout and unremitting love for dollars and cents, has, by the monopoly in the book business which by dint of jobbing he has contrived to obtain for himself, aroused the indignation of the Trade, and elicited a very indignant remonstrance against his unpractices, in the form of a petition to the Legislature from the Booksellers of the Upper Province.

bankrupts" and other swindlers, a Methodist Chief Superintendent of Education were to be sent to hard labor for a term of years in the Penitentiary! Of course we venture no opinion as to the truth of the allegations of the Toronto Colonist; but this we do say, that no man of honor, conscious of his innocence, and spoken of in the terms that the Toronto Colonist employs against the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, would remain silent for twenty hours under such infamous imputations.

"What Orangemen were sixty years ago, that they are now"—says the Belleville Intelligencer, a rabid Orange organ. "We thank thee Jew, for teaching us that word."

And who so proper to give us a likeness of the Orangemen of sixty years ago, as one who was an Orangeman himself? privy to all their secrets, and who cannot be suspected of prejudice against his "Dear Brothers," or of painting them in too dark colors? The testimony of such a witness cannot be impugned by Orangemen at all events; and therefore in order to show our readers what the "Orangemen were sixty years ago," and therefore what their sentiments are at the present moment towards their Catholic fellow-subjects, we copy from the Memoirs of Sir Jonath Barrington—himself an Irish Orangeman—the following beautiful and truly Christian toast which he assures us, was the "Charter Toast" at their public meetings some "sixty years ago;" and which, if it was a faithful exponent of Orange liberality, and Orange Christianity then, must—seeing that Orangemen are now what they were sixty years ago—be a faithful exponent of the sentiments towards the Catholics of Canada wherewith our "Dear Brother" the Hon. Attorney-General West, and his Orange colleagues, are animated at the present day.

THE GLORIOUS—pious—and immortal memory of the great and good King William: not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass-money, and wooden shoes. May we never want a Williamite to kick the . . . of a Jacobite—and a . . . for the bishop of Cork! And he that won't drink this, whether he be priest, bishop, deacon, bellows-blower, or any other of the fraternity of the clergy; may a north wind blow him to the south, and a west wind blow him to the east! May he have a dark night—a lee shore, a rank storm, and a leaky vessel to carry him over the river Styx! May the dog Cerberus make a meal of his r—p, and Pluto a snuff-box of his skull; and may the devil jump down his throat with a red-hot harrow, with every pin tear out a gut, and blow him with a clean carcase to hell! Amen.—Barrington's Memoirs, p. 157.

The Reverend M. Langevin, formerly of Beauport, has succeeded His Lordship the present Bishop of Kingston at the Laval Normal School of Quebec. The parishioners of Beauport presented the following address to their deeply respected pastor upon his departure:—

REVEREND SIR—Having learned that an unforeseen but imperious circumstance compels you to leave this parish, to occupy elsewhere a position whereunto you are called to render fresh services to society, your parishioners avail themselves of the occasion to express to you the legitimate feelings of regret that your unexpected departure has provoked.

To this address the Rev. M. Langevin replied in the following terms:— "GENTLEMEN, AND MUCH-BELOVED PARISHIONERS—I avow that this touching manifestation of your kind feelings towards me has taken me altogether unawares. Scarce could I expect such a tribute of sympathy and of gratitude; for if I have accomplished anything of good amongst you, it is, after the Grace of God, due entirely to your zealous co-operation, to your generosity and hearty good will. It would be superfluous to tell you that I leave you with regret, so many are the ties which bind me to your parish! Those improvements in the interior of your church, which I should have rejoiced to have been permitted to complete—those congregations for the young of both sexes, over which I flattered myself I might still preside—that perfect harmony which is now

completely, and I trust permanently, established amongst you! But gentlemen, Providence had other views for me, and I must submit. Yet at least I can assure you that, whithersoever it may lead me, never shall I forget the kind sentiments expressed towards me by the parishes of Beauport, and that I shall always take a lively interest in the prosperity and happiness of every one of you. And thus earnestly recommending myself to your prayers, Gentlemen, I wish you farewell."

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE, ESQ., M.P.P. To the Editor of the True Witness. Cobourg, May 3rd, 1858.

DEAR SIR—At the invitation of the St. Patrick's Society of this town, we have been honored with a visit from this distinguished gentleman, who delivered an interesting and eloquent lecture in the Globe Hotel on Saturday evening, the 1st inst., to a crowded and respectable audience, composed of Catholics, and Protestants of various denominations. It is not my intention in this short letter to trespass upon your columns by giving particulars—(the gentlemen of the St. Patrick's Society will no doubt furnish a correct account of the interesting occasion); but I wish merely to record my own impressions regarding your talented representative; because I am aware that many people in this Province, not only Protestants but Catholics also, appear to me to entertain an opinion founded upon one sided, and consequently not impartial statements regarding his principles.

To make the story short, I have been long desirous to meet Mr. M'Gee, when I had the good fortune to be introduced to him on Sunday evening last; and it gives me the greatest pleasure to say that my previous opinion of the man has been fully confirmed. He has done well in leaving the neighboring Republic, and fixing his permanent residence in Canada; he is too much a man of Conservative principles to be satisfied with the wild theories of democracy; and I think him too independent to accept any privileges from the State, when accompanied with degrading conditions; and unless my judgment deceives me, he is not the man to be wilfully rebellious against the authorities of his Church, as many of us have been led to suppose from various representations.

The editor of the British Whig is a cantankerous old wretch who deserves to be crushed to death betwixt hoops, for his monstrous libels upon the fair sex. Listen to the crusty old bachelor:—

"I alluded in my first letter to the abominable nuisance of well dressed women crowding into the galleries of the House of Assembly, and shoving men who go there on business out of their seats. I find this nasty sort of thing very generally complained of, but the Press does not feel disposed to write it down. I only wish, Mr. Whig, that your broad sheet could be read here for a single week—it would soon cause a scattering of crinolines and hoops. A modest woman ought to be taught that her presence within the halls of the Legislature is often a hindrance to public business; that her sex's attention should be wholly directed to domestic duties; that two thirds of the insanity now so prevalent on this continent arises from the improper action of the brain on matters and things foreign to the mandate of the Almighty; and that their giddy chattering and sly ogling too often distract the younger members of the House and make them neglect duties for which the public pay them. In Europe, the presence of women in these places is barely tolerated—here in Canada, it seems encouraged, for otherwise the evil would not be so universal. By the way, the dear creatures are not so fond of exhibiting themselves inside the Council Chamber, except when the Governor General and his many Aides attend! But there, the members are old men, and there is little or no fun going on there. Let them alone for knowing which place to show at.—Ed. British Whig.

The Bunyan Tableaux will open in Quebec next Monday week; and we would bespeak for it a warm reception.

Mr. P. J. Sweeney will call on our city subscribers in a few days, and we hope they will be prepared to receive him.

CONGRAT.—We learn from Saturday's Gazette that P. E. McKeon, Esq., M. D., formerly of this city; has been appointed one of the Coroners for the Counties of Peterborough and Victoria.

The frequency of fires, of late, induces me to ask, is there any truth or not in the rumors which have been in active circulation that they are the results of incendiarism? Is anything or nothing to be done? What is the corporation doing, and what are the police about? If the police force is not sufficient to cope with the evil and secure property, and it may be, life, will the citizens do nothing to protect themselves? Why not have at once a sufficiently numerous body of special constables appointed, all over the city, to keep watch, if it be but one hour per night per man?—Cor. of Toronto Colonist.

Birth. In this city, on the 1st instant, at 6 Pres de Ville Place, the wife of Dr. Howard, of a son.

Married. At the Parish Church, by the Rev. Mr. Connolly, on Tuesday, 4th May, Mr. Peter Muldoon, to Miss Alice Dawson.

Died. At St. John's, C. E., on Wednesday, the 28th ult., Margaret Keating, of Castlecomer, Ireland, aged 58 years, wife of Mr. John Brennan, Collector of Canal Tolls. May her soul rest in peace. On the 1st instant, Peter, infant son of Mr. P. S. Murphy. In this city, on Sunday morning, the 2nd inst., Mr. William Scholes, aged 61 years.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, the world renowned Chemist of New England, is now stopping at the Burnet house in this city. He has been making a tour of the Western States, with his scientific associates, to investigate their remedial productions, or such as he can make remedial. We notice he has been received with marked distinction by our leading citizens of the West and are rejoiced to find they have shown a proper estimate of the man who has perhaps done more for the relief of human ills than any other American.—Daily Journal Cincinnati, O.

The PERSIAN BALM possesses all the qualities for permanently extracting grease, tar, paint, &c. from cloths of all kinds, without injury to their texture.—Wet the garment with rain water upon the spots to be removed, pour on a few drops of the Balm, and clean well with cold water.

Chilblains.—This painful affliction may be easily cured by a few applications of Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer. It is equally effectual in curing scalds, burns, &c. No family should be without it.

Table with 4 columns: Item, Unit, Price, and another unit. Items include Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Peas, Beans, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Beef, Pork, Butter, Eggs, Fresh Pork, Ashes, Pearls.

P. K. We have but little confidence in the trumpet-tongued statements of the proprietors of advertised medicines generally, but we are forced to concur in the opinion, uniformly expressed by all who have used Perry Davis' Pain Killer, that it is a very valuable article, and one that it would be well for every household to have at hand, in case of bruises, scalds, burns, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, fever and ague, and the host of diseases, external and internal, which it is adapted to cure or alleviate. No article of medicine ever attained to such unbounded popularity and extensive diffusion. Invented only sixteen years since, its curative powers have been experienced by many, many thousands in every section of the United States and Canada. It has penetrated to every part, even the most remote of the known world, bearing with it its healing influences more potent than those of the spices of "Aran" the blessed. We are informed by our principal druggists, that they sell more of this article for exportation than of any or all others, and that the demand is constantly increasing.—Salem Observer.

Lyman, Savage & Co., and Carter, Kerry & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

DISEASE OF THE LIVER. By this disease we understand an inflammation either in the membrane or substance of the liver, known by dull pains in the right side, the stomach always disordered, the yellow tinge of the skin, dry cough, tongue coated, costiveness, high-colored urine, and of a thick nature; severe weakness and severe pains in the head. The quantity of corrupted humors in the region of the liver, causes a defective secretion of the bile. The liver when healthy, serves as a filter to the blood, to separate all impurity from it, or to refine it. When diseased, it cannot purify the blood, which, when sent to the lungs, brain, and other parts in a morbid condition, may cause Jaundice, Consumption, Insanity, &c., and withholding the natural stimulus to the intestines, causes Dyspepsia, Piles, and other complaints, as you perceive the direct way to unravel and tear the whole system to pieces. A patient, suffering from this complaint, should resort to speedy relief. Yet there are very few medicines worth a cent in curing disease. What then shall be done? We say, use Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, as they are composed of plants and roots; they will be found a sure cure for this painful disease, because they purge from the body those corrupt and stagnant humors, and so cleanse and renew the blood, which is the cause not only of the disease of the liver, and the inflammation of the kidney and the bladder, but of every description of disease. From 3 to 4 of the above pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a few days, entirely relieve the body of everything that is opposed to health. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all dealers in Medicines.

MONTEAL CATHOLIC MODEL SCHOOL, No. 19 & 21 Cole Street.

OWING to the great number of young men who have gone to business this Spring, from the above Establishment there are vacancies for more pupils. Great Care is taken to select efficient and well qualified Teachers as assistants in this institution. The French department is Conducted by Professor Garnot, a gentleman of long experience in Montreal, and of surpassing abilities. The terms, which are very low, compared to the instruction imparted, vary from one dollar to three per month, in proportion to the pupil's advancement. Superior facilities are afforded to children desirous of learning French or English, or both, as nearly all the pupils speak both languages. For further particulars apply to the principal, at the School, the best time is between four and five o'clock, P. M. W. DORAN, Principal.

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.

A LUXURY FOR HOME. IF our readers would have a positive Luxury for the Toilet, purchase a Bottle of the "Persian Balm" for Cleansing the Teeth, Shaving, Champoning, Bathing; Removing Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sun-marks, and all disagreeable appearances of the skin. It is unequalled. No Traveller should be without this beautiful preparation; as it soothes the Burning sensation of the Skin while Travelling, and renders it soft. No person can have Sore or Chapped Hands, or Face, and use the "Persian Balm" at their Toilet. Try this great "Home Luxury."

S. S. BLODGETT & Co., Proprietors, Ogdensburg, N. Y. LAMPLAGH & CAMPBELL, (Wholesale Agents), Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE. Paris, April 6. It is now positively certain to all those who have any means of knowing what passes behind the scenes that the ceremony of opening the Boulevard de Sebastopol, was put off on account of the discovery of a fresh plot to assassinate the Emperor. The details of the affair are kept in the utmost possible mystery, and are probably only known to the new prefect of Police, General Espinasse, and the Emperor himself; but the mere fact of the existence of the plot is known to some hundreds of individuals, and it has even caused a modification in the ceremonial of yesterday whereof a trace is to be found in this morning's Moniteur.

Greeks and Slavonians. To fix the limits in Asia of Turkey and of Russia. Confine revolution within its bed, in order that it may not inundate either France, England, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Roumania, or the Slavonian countries. Unite the Great Powers on all the political and social questions, which interest the peace of Europe, and the internal tranquillity of each State.

The Moniteur publishes a return of the revenue for the first quarter of 1858 as compared with the corresponding period of 1857, and which shows an increase in favor of the former period of 4,713,000f. As compared with the corresponding quarter of 1856, the augmentation amounts to 18,915,000f.

The Univers contains the following:— "We do not deny the great qualities possessed by England; it remains of true Christianity existing in that country have preserved it from the abyss towards which it is being led by Protestantism, which is, after all, nothing but rationalism and paganism more or less disguised. Family ties, the observation of the Sabbath, and the public respect for religion have not allowed this vigorous constitution to break up too rapidly; but we nevertheless detect the signs of approaching decay. The Divorce Bill has dealt a terrible blow to family ties, the Sabbath is being gradually neglected, while respect for religion has become a mere matter of form. Moreover, the growing tendencies of a separation between the Church and State will result in uprooting all that remains to the English constitution of Christianity and strength. What are we to think of the respect entertained for religion by a population which has transformed Christian festivals into pagan feasts, which rejoices on days of fasting and penitence, which has turned the Christmas holidays into a carnival, and which celebrates Good Friday, by filling the public-houses? We hope that England will recover in the supreme humiliation which awaits her the elements of real greatness, and it is, in our opinion, for the attainment of this other triumph that English Catholics are now laboring."

The acquisition of Bernard produced great sensation. The Paris Moniteur did not publish the result when first received. Several journals confessed they dared not publish the speech of the prisoner's Counsel, while others gave garbled accounts. The Paris correspondent of the London Post says the Emperor and his advisers do not regard with indifference the encouragement the result will give conspirators, but no exciting language will be employed by the French press to create indignation. The Paris Constitutionnel says if James' speech in the prisoner's case was generally circulated in France, it would be difficult for the Government to stay the effect of public indignation.

It was rumored, but not credited, that Victoria will meet Napoleon at Cherboug at the great railway fete to take place there.

ITALY. Orsini's will and a copy of a second letter alleged to have been written by him to the Emperor, the authenticity of which is, however, doubted, have been published in the Turin papers. The letter is an exhortation to the youth of Italy to depend on themselves, on their self-control and abnegation, and upright demeanor for the future of their country, a line of conduct far more certain to produce ultimate independence than tyrannicide, which he now condemns. The will orders a watch, worth 800f., to be bought for Jules Favre, his counsel, and the remainder of the 5,000f. found on his person, the proceeds of his lectures in England, to be secured to his daughters. He asks to be buried alongside of the patriot, Ugo Foscolo, in the Brompton Cemetery, and charges all his acquaintances to respect and cherish Eliza Cheney, a girl living at Kentish-town, whose virtues he extols.

THE LAND AND SEA FORCES OF PIEMONTE AND NAPLES.—Writers who imagine that Piedmont and Naples are about to go to war to decide the Cagliari question, have published some interesting statistics respecting the forces of those countries. On a peace footing, the army of Sardinia numbers 45,000 men; in time of war it amounts to 80,000. The Neapolitan forces are set down at 60,000 men on the peace establishment, but on an emergency can be increased to 104,000. The navies of both countries are respectable. Naples has two line-of-battle ships, five sailing frigates, fourteen steam ditto, six corvettes, five brigs, two schooners, and fourteen smaller steamers.

It is announced that the Sardinian officers on leave of absence in foreign countries have been called home by their Government.

GERMANY. MUNSTER.—With singular rapidity one convent rises after another, from the Order of the Sisters of the Sick who consecrate their lives to acts of mercy, to those Contemplatives who seek retirement behind their enclosed walls, and the learned Jesuit colleges whose disciples start hence over all the world. These institutions have not so forgotten the dread of secularisation as not to provide for their security in case of its return. The land with its appurtenances is therefore the property of pious private individuals, to whose families it would revert should any contingency involve the dissolution of these corporations.—Aene Preussische Zeitung.

RUSSIA. The emancipation of serfdom in Russia is making great progress. The nobles of the districts of Orel and Tver, following the example of the other provinces, have solicited permission to form committees for regulating the enfranchisement of their serfs.—The measure has become general.

INDIA. The following intelligence has been telegraphed from Suet:— BOMBAY, MARCH 24.—Lucknow fell on the 19th; 117 guns captured. About 2,000 of the enemy were slain during the siege. Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson rescued. Eight officers killed. The townspeople and the villagers, being protected, are resuming their occupations. The submission of the principal landholders has been accepted. About 50,000 of the enemy have escaped, making for Rohilcond and Bundelond. The army is in pursuit of the rebels. The delay of Sir H. Rose's force for three weeks at Sangor prevented the line of troops intended to intercept the enemy from being closed up. Sir H. Rose, with the Second Division of the Rajpootana Field Force, was within 25 miles of Jhansi on the 21st of March. 30,000 rebels are said to be in his front.—General Roberts's force marched from Nussorabad to Kotah on the 10th and 11th. The distance is 120

miles.—The Oude mutineers were taken to the fort of Chaurand, and made the Rajpootana. Whitehead's force remains in charge of Sangor, the cavalry only having pushed on to Allahabad. Stewart's brigade captured Chanderpore on the 17th. The rebel leader, Nena Sahib, was at Calpee, preparing to penetrate the Deccan, in hopes of being joined by Maharajahs.

The British would soon attack Calpee.

The Times sums up the general result of the campaign:— "The general news from India, as confirmed by the latest despatches, is entirely satisfactory. The enemy had not only been expelled from Lucknow, but they had left their guns behind them. As for Lucknow itself, order had been perfectly restored. The disorderly mob of the mutineers had poured forth and marched in various directions, but probably in chief force towards Rohilcond, where we shall no doubt have to follow them up and crush out the last sparks of the insurrection. Central India is still troublesome, but cannot be called dangerous. The movements of Sir Hugh Rose, General Roberts, and other commanders seem to be successful, and though it is possible that for some months longer columns may be required to sweep the country, yet it may be said that the rebellion as a political event is at an end. Such being the case, the public will learn with satisfaction that the Commander-in-Chief is establishing tranquillity and confidence in Oude. We learn by telegraph that Sir Colin Campbell remained at Lucknow, restoring quiet and organizing the garrison, and also that great efforts are made to reassure the population, which had fled in great numbers to the neighboring villages. These proceedings of Sir Colin Campbell are dictated not only by prudence, but by simple considerations of justice. There is no valid pretence for treating Oude as anything more than a conquered country. According to a treaty made with a former sovereign, and in consideration of the vices of the late Administration, Lord Dalhousie annexed the kingdom, but it within two years of the event the chief men of the country took advantage of our weakness to recover their own independence, we can hardly consider the rebels and traitors.—Proscription had hardly time to sanction the British Government, and it must consequently be held that the Oude people were not in allegiance to the Company, and that the present successes amount to nothing more than a conquest. If, then, we receive submission, it is no improper leniency to accept it, particularly as the Oude feudatories do not seem to be stained with the blood of English women and children. We have no wish to palliate the guilt of the Sepoys, but between mutineers and what may be called fair enemies, a great difference must be made, and it is to be hoped that in Oude the sword has been at last sheathed, and that the most populous and one of the richest districts in India will once more taste the blessings of peace and good government."

TURKEY. PERM AND THE SELTAN.—Count Walewski and the Ambassador of Russia, Count Kesseloff, have conferred regarding the possession of the Island of Perim. The question is raised—What right has England to the possession of this island? Could her sending a detachment of soldiers on the 14th Feb., 1857, to take possession, give her a right to do so—give her a right to an island which has belonged to Turkey for ages? Mr. Vernon Smith says the Island of Perim became the property of England sixty years since. But the reply is given in the explanation that in 1799, England believing herself menaced by the French expedition into Egypt, occupied the island with the authority of Turkey, her ally. At that epoch, Turkey finding herself as well as England at war with France the two Powers had a common interest that the Red Sea should be closed, and that a French fleet, if it penetrated therein, should not get out. The English, therefore, occupied Perim, and raised some fortifications, of which traces are found in constructing the new forts. But when the danger which had originated this measure was past, namely in 1802, the English garrison evacuated Perim, and for half a century the British flag has not appeared on the island. The account of Mr. Vernon Smith, therefore, goes to prove that Perim is the property of Turkey, which state is now protesting against the new occupation effected last year without its authorisation, and under circumstances entirely different from those of the parties in 1799. Now the Island of Perim, situated at the entrance of the Red Sea, between Africa and Arabia, forms two passages, of which the western is the largest, and is unavailing, on account of the rocks which are found therein. The eastern passage is not more than 3,000 metres wide, and is the only one through which vessels attempt to pass. Its situation, therefore, would render it to the English a second Gibraltar, in case of the accomplishment of the Suez Canal. They are building a fort, and will establish a permanent garrison; and this will give them the power to prevent the benefits of the canal, should it be made; in a word, they will have the power to allow just as much, or as little, to be done as they please. England will have the key of the Red Sea. Turkey, therefore, claims loudly her right over the Island, which she would neither give nor sell to England, and she takes this opportunity of regaining possession. Knowing the price which entire Europe, with the exception of England, attaches to the grand project of the piercing the Isthmus of Suez, she refuses to grant her consent—the firman which is demanded of her—to authorise the great work, unless England consents to restore Perim. This is the explanation of the report that Turkey was averse to the project of Mr. Lesseps. Turkey is very favourable to it, but takes it as an opportunity of regaining her rights.

THE ANGLO-PRUSSIAN DOGS JERUSALEM BISHOP.—The Times, in a leading article, after some insulting remarks about the devotion of Catholics to the Holy Places, and some boasts about the superior enlightenment of our own times, says:— "It was reserved for that romantic mind which now lies shrouded in still deeper mist in the Palace of Charlottenburg to revive a medieval absurdity, and to discover that the great religious want of the age was a Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem. This idea was unfortunately popular in some quarters in England, and, in fact, it appealed directly to that large mass of nebulous Christianity which floats about in religious circles in this country—a Christianity which can neither be grasped nor comprehended, which neither pretends to understand itself nor what it means, but which is always ready to do something at other people's expense for the glory of God. No matter how absurd the plan or how shallow the scheme, they cling to it all the more, on the principle of 'like to like.' These people are religious comets. Eccentric and erratic in their movements, no one can say in what direction they may turn up; but they collect our religious 'vapours,' and so, perhaps, work for good. So there was to be a partnership Bishop, a 'ride and tie' Prelate. Now England, now Prussia, was to sit on the Episcopal Throne. England had the first turn, and poor Bishop Alexander departed for the scene of his labours, fulfilling to the letter the Augustinian maxim that 'the Bishop is the Church.' In point of fact, he was Bishop, Church, and congregation all in one.—It must be confessed, too, that a Church so constituted had one great advantage—it must be harmonious, it was sure to present both unity and unanimity; for even in the quarrelsome East we have never heard of a Bishop who was in the habit of quarrelling with himself. Well, to make a long story short, we may briefly remark that Death, after a very short reign, translated Bishop Alexander to a place, it is to be hoped, less warm, controversially speaking, than Jerusalem. It was now Prussia's turn, and she appointed Bishop Gobat, who has sat upon the Bishop's throne in Jerusalem since the year 1846.—If we must speak the truth, we are afraid the English public have now become much enlightened as to the Jerusalem Bishop, which which bears, as some one irreverently said, 'the same relation to a real Bishop that a Jerusalem pony does to a real pony. Their eyes are opened to the absurdity of sending a Bishop to a place containing about 12,000 souls; mostly Jews; of whom it may be said, with no disrespect, that they cling more obstinately to their faith at Jerusalem than anywhere else; to a place, therefore, where, if it is worth while trying to convert the Jews, which we very much doubt—they are less likely to be converted than in any place on earth. The British public have been glad, then, to let the Prussians have all the glory of Bishop Gobat, and to forget him and his Bishopric, if possible. But unfortunately the curse of disunion which clings to the ruins of Sion has fallen on the Protestant community in that city, and the unbelievers have lately been refreshed by Protestant proceedings which threaten to rival the disgraceful disturbances of the Greeks and Latins. In these proceedings we are sorry to find it asserted that Bishop Gobat has a great share. Among the Christian community in Jerusalem it appears there is one Simeon Rosenthal, whose wife keeps one of the two hotels at Jerusalem, and who himself fills the post of Dragoman to the British Consul. Between the Bishop and the Dragoman a feud sprang up, and the Bishop availed himself of his position to commit a very unepiscopal act. This was nothing more or less than to draw up a protest to the Foreign-office, signed by himself and by three of his clergy, against the appointment and employment of Rosenthal. So little, it appears, did the Foreign-office on inquiry approve the course taken by the Bishop, that it not only did not dismiss the Dragoman, but gave him leave to prosecute the Bishop and his fellow-protesters for defamation. Acting on this permission, Rosenthal commenced proceedings; the British Consul gave notice to the Bishop not to leave the city until the cause was decided, and everything held out hope that an inquiry would take place which would elicit the truth of the statements made on one side or the other. "So far, so good; but here occurred a piece of unwarrantable tyranny and oppression, in which we shall be glad to hear that the Bishop had no hand. Dr. Rosen, the Prussian Consul, claims authority over Rosenthal, though the Dragoman asserts that he is a Turkish and not a Prussian subject; summons him before him, tries to force him to abandon his suit, and when he refuses, throws him into prison, keeps him in close confinement, feeds him on bread and water, will not allow his family to see him, and threatens to send him away—perhaps to Spandau—if he will not answer certain questions.—Really, if all this be true, we may well ask who is this Dr. Rosen, that he should play the part of Front de Bouc; that he should seize a man employed by our Foreign-office, and literally put him to the question on a diet of bread and water? Who is he that he should interrupt the course of British justice, that he should presume on his position to seize on the principal in a judicial inquiry, and literally torture him into an abandonment of his rights? Who is he that he should insult to injury, and mock the wife of his victim, when she appeals to him in the agony of her grief to know by what Prussian law her husband is seized and detained, by refusing to give her any information, except that the principles of Prussian law are beyond her comprehension, which, by the way, we can well believe? We have no doubt that a solemn appeal will be made to the British public by the adherents of Dr. Gobat and his friend Dr. Rosen. We shall be asked to put the Bishop and the Consul, the Doctor of Divinity and the Doctor of Laws into one scale, and the innkeeper and his wife into the other, and weigh them. We shall be told of the 'position' and 'respectability' of the one, and of the lower station and vulgarity of the other. We shall be told that Rosenthal, besides being an innkeeper and Dragoman, is a guide; but we have yet to learn that an innkeeper may not be as respectable as a Prussian Bishop, and a guide as a Prussian Consul. A great patriot—the greatest his countrymen think that ever lived—was not only an innkeeper and guide, but a boatman, and still more, a Swiss; many good people of that day no doubt thought Tell a troublesome fellow and Gessler a most respectable country gentleman, just as many Norman barons would have upheld Front de Bouc and laughed at the woes of Isaac of York; and yet the innkeeper's cause prevailed, and the Austrian tyrant fell, because that cause was just.—Add to this that we live in the 19th and not in the 13th century. This is the age of equal rights. No man can now prosecute another with impunity. All injustice must and shall be short-lived. So we live in hope that Simeon Rosenthal will somehow or other get out of prison, that he will defy Dr. Rosen, proceed with his action against Dr. Gobat, and, if he can prove his case, make the Bishop rue the day that he signed his Protest against the Dragoman Innkeeper."

AUSTRALIAN HEAT.—The following is an extract from a private letter, dated Adelaide, Feb. 11, 1858:— "I can assure you we have been nearly roasted alive; we have had ten days and nights of the hottest weather remembered for several years past. The heat at noon in the shade was 136 deg. to 146 deg, according to situation, and during the night it was never less than 94 deg. to 104 deg. indoors. The hot wind never ceased blowing, and the innumerable deaths from coup de soleil have been appalling in the extreme. Mrs. — says she is now convinced about apples and other fruit being roasted on the trees, for they have occasional demonstration in their own garden. Had it not been that we have fine underground rooms in which we live and sleep during the day in the very hot weather, I must have sent my wife to England."

THE BRITISH ARMY IN INDIA.

(From the Times Correspondent.) Camp at Bunnthrah, nine miles from Lucknow, March 2. On the night of the 26th of February it was announced in orders that the greater part of the troops stationed around Cawnpore should march for Lucknow at daybreak on the following morning, and that all the Head-quarters Staff except those in immediate personal attendance on Sir Colin Campbell and on the Chief of the Staff, Major-General Mansfield, should proceed in three marches to Bunnthrah, a large plain taking its name from a small village and mosque on the road to Lucknow, and situated about nine miles from that city. It requires but short notice in India to move a camp. For days past I had been disturbed by the gurglings and grumbings of the great internal waterworks of two huge camels which I had for the transport of my baggage, and which were picketed close to my tent. The wile was never so little mingled with the dulce as in the instance of the camel; he is a horribly necessary animal, ungainly in his gait, disagreeable in his disposition, misanthropical and dyspeptic, and teetotal in his habits, sharp and unrelenting in his bites, of unaccountable phantasies in his likings and dislikes, unreasonably susceptible of pressure and oppression—a sort of inborn animal democrat, of a querulous and morose turn of mind, and possessed of the power, which he delights to use, of making the most horrible noises with his throat, his jaws, his tongue, and his stomach. With loud protestations they submit to monstrous cruelties from their keepers, and bite innocent well-meaning people who are like to take an interest in them. They will allow without anything more than a grunt their leader to tear open their nostrils with a jerk of the string which is passed through the cartilage; ton to one offer them a piece of bread. They will march for days, the nose of one fastened to the tail of another in endless procession, and never seek to escape from

bondage; and yet the same creatures will gnash their teeth awfully if a European ventures to rub their rugged sides. However, they form an institution of India—possibly a part of the traditional polity—and they must be respected accordingly. I had secured for 'ridiculous prices' palkees belonging to one of the 'Agra fugitives' drawn by a horse, whose special recommendation was that he had drawn this vehicle 30 miles a day for several days previously, but who had evidently made up his mind, that he had by so doing secured himself an immunity from locomotion for the rest of his natural life. A promise of a mount of an elephant also entered into the consideration of my resources, and I had furthermore the aid of a white mare, which I had bought for a high price at Cawnpore. I only enumerate these matters, as they may enable one to judge of the paraphernalia of the march in India; and I have as yet said one word of the two other camels which were appointed to carry my tent. Under the eaves of that tent had gathered a strange population, they came as sparrows come to a house, without the knowledge or consent of the owner; but the analogy fails in other respects, except noise, because the natives require to be paid. There are two men who belong to the tent-post, as in England certain gentlemen belong to horses; then there is a man to carry water, who belongs to a large skin to contain that liquid; next there is a cleaner or sweeper; then there is a kitmutgar or servant, and there is his and my master, one Simon, "an asses man," he says himself, but he only means that he is a follower of St. Francisco d'Assisi; and then follow camel-keepers, and horse-keepers, and grass-cutters, so that I feel very much as Sancho did in his government of Barrataria.

On the morning of the 27th, soon after midnight, commenced a tumult in camp, the like of which I never heard before; first began a loud tapping of all the tent-pegs, as if an army of gigantic wood-peckers were attacking us. This was caused by the kelasies, or tent-men, loosening the tent-pegs, so that they might be drawn easily from the ground when the time to march was given. Then followed a most hideous grumbling, growling, roaring noise, as if many thousands of aldermen were chocking all at once, only that it was kept up for hours; that was caused by the camels objecting to the placement of the smallest article on their backs, and continuing their opposition till they stalked off with their loads. Then came the trumpeting of elephants, the squeaking of bullock cart wheels, then the hum and buzz of thousands of voices, and at last the first bugle-call, which announced that the time for turning out had arrived. Daylight was still striving with the moonlight for mastery, and casting a sort of neutral tint over the camping-ground, on which blazed the flames of many watchfires, when the heads of our columns began to cross the bridge of boats at Cawnpore. There was but a waste of baked earth where, at sunset, had been a camp,—only a few tents belonging to the Commander-in-Chief and the Head-quarters Staff, were left behind, and for hours the bridge echoed to the tramp of men and horse, the rattle of artillery, and to the tread of innumerable elephants and camels and oxen. The Ganges is at this season at its lowest, and the bridges are not, I should think, more than 300 yards long; one is used for the exit, the other for the entrance of Cawnpore. They lead to a level sandy plain, overflowed by the Ganges for several hundred yards in the rainy season, on which there were now moving, as far as the eye could reach, the strings of baggage animals and the Commissariat carts of the army, with their fantastic followers. The road has been much cut up by the passage of artillery, and in some places is only to be distinguished from the land at each side by the flanking line of telegraph posts. The country as we go on is as level as a bowling-green, but on all sides the horizon is bounded by the groves of mangoes. The country is green with early corn, but close to the roadside the presence of our hosts has made itself visible, and the trees are stripped of their branches and the fields trampled and brown, the young crops being used as food for animals, and the boughs and branches as provender for elephants and camels. The villages by the roadside, built of mud, but rather better than those in Bengal, were deserted and in ruins, and, except in the wake of the army, not a soul was visible. The dust flew in clouds, a light choking powder, which filled eyes and lungs and mouth, and rendered all the senses unpleasant. It was with great satisfaction, therefore, that I learnt after a little purgatory of some three and a half hours that we were approaching Onao (pronounced Onow), where Havelock fought and beat the enemy on two successive occasions in his advance to Lucknow. It is about 11 miles from Cawnpore, and it presents an irregular outline of mud houses, with high mud walls, which in the distance looked like those of a fortress. Above them peer the minarets of some small mosques, and there are thick groves of mangoes and orchard trees all around it. The road passes it on the left, and in half an hour more we saw before us a wide plain, destitute of trees, over which the crowds of vultures and kites that ever follow a camp were wheeling in great flocks, telling us that we were near our resting-place. Through the clouds of dust we could distinguish our tents in the distance, and, passing through multitudes of transport animals and parks of carriages of all sorts, we found our tents all ready for us, each man with his peculiar residence pitched on its own plot of ground, and all the interior apparatus arranged just as it was when he walked out of it in the morning. The most tent, not the least important of the mansions of this canvas city, was ready also with its crowd of white-robed, black-faced mute attendants, its curious dishes, and its warmest Allsoop. Camels and hackeries and elephant came pouring in all day till late at night, and the sun set through a thick veil of dust, through which might be seen dimly the fleet of camels steering their course steadily along the line of the main road towards Lucknow.

Feb. 28. This morning was very like yesterday morning, if possible, there was more noise and dust. The first bugles went at 2 o'clock, and at 3.30 the camp was struck, and the force under Walpole was again in motion. It was a strange scene—not to be described or imagined. The moon was shining brightly on the vast array, which, when in motion, became comparatively silent; but the ground, indeed, thudded with the beat of many feet, and now and then the shrill neigh of a charger, provoked a thousand responses. The camels, looting to a gigantic size in the light, passed noiselessly like spectres. As we approach the road—narrow for such a host—the clamour uprose again, and doolies, hackeries, ox carts, and baggage animals became involved in immense confusion, which was not diminished by the efforts of the baggage guard to restore order by commands issued in the vernacular, and enforced now and then by the aid of a musket stock—"Will yer keep in line, ye niggers; don't yer hear me speaking to yer?" Or, "I'll nook yer brains out on ye dinnam attend to me." At last we got into files upon the road, and rode on in clouds of dust. Presently in front we heard the joyous clash of a brass band playing a quick step, and getting off the road we managed to join our old friends of the Rifle Brigade, and renewed acquaintance with talk of old marches in the Crimea.—As the sun rose upon one side and the moon set upon the other, the spectacle assumed a weird, unearthly aspect which not all the hard reality around us could quite destroy. We were marching over historic ground. We trod the very earth which had felt the tread of Havelock and Outram's gallant little columns, and before us were positions made memorable by their valor. Onao was succeeded by Busseemgunj, and at every few hundred yards spots were pointed out, even trees identified, as the places where "We caught sight of the enemy's sows," or "where Havelock gave the men such a wiggling for staggering a little in the ranks." Through dust and smothering pillars of pulverized earth we went on, but fast as we went we heard that an hour before Sir Colin, with General Mansfield and a small staff, accompanied by his little escort of Irregular Horse,

and a solitary English lancer, had dashed on to wards Bunkhal. They had started from Oawpore at midnight, and a swinging gallop had carried them through the regiments on the march. It was at 8 o'clock in the morning when we debouched upon another wide plain, passing the camp of a regiment of the Rifle Brigade and some Punjab infantry, and pitched our tents at Nuwabgung. The day was very great, and as there was nothing to see but clouds of dust, nothing to feel but dust—dust everywhere, in eyes, in nose, on clothes, in tea, on plates, in meat and bread, in water, in the tent, outside the tent, I was glad of a fit of fatigue which enabled us to sleep through several hours of the fervour of the sun.

March 1.
First bugle at 2 a.m. Second bugle at 3. Turn out. The same noise and more dust. The moon, however, was barred with black clouds this time, and half the stars were covered with a veil, through which flashed the lightnings incessantly. A storm was gathering rapidly, and scarcely were the tents down and we half a mile away when the thunder was rolling over us, and the pattering of rain was heard on the ground. There was a sight this morning to enchant and to defy the painter—the sky, in one place twinkling clear, and azure, with stars innumerable; in another, covered with a pall of dense rolling masses scarred incessantly by lightning, through which now and then the moon revealed herself in diminished glory, and in the east the horizon just flushing with the first hues of early morning—I was rather rudely disenchanted. My horse, frightened by the lightning began to take alarm at elephants, at camels, at doolies, and at length, tired out by his fretfulness, I determined to give him a good run across the plain. Scarcely had I put spurs into him when I perceived a dark line on the plain in front of me. I tried a pull at his head. I might as well have taken a pull at a locomotive, and so I rode him straight at this dark line, which grew darker and higher as I approached it, and in another instant went smash down into the bottom of a deep trench. As the horse rolled over I managed to get clear of him, and he flew along the trench till it opened upon the plain, when he dashed off, saddle, bridle, and all. I was so little hurt that I was able in a few minutes to get upon a camel on which was seated an excellent friend of mine, who came to my succor, and so I rode into the camp.

I have already attempted to give some notion of the magnitude of the various impediments—necessary as they are, still they deserve the Cæsarea title—of an Indian army; but I feel that nothing but an actual ocular demonstration can give an idea on the subject to any one who has not seen troops in the field on Eastern warfare. Numbers fail to impress the mind, and the impression produced by a statement to the effect that we have many thousands of elephants, camels, horses, oxen, and camp followers is most vague and unsatisfactory. Who really can bring before his mind's eye a train of baggage animals 25 miles long—a string of 16,000 camels—a siege train park covering a square of 400 by 400 yards, with 12,000 oxen attached to it, or a following of 60,000 non-combatants? But to the Commander-in-Chief each and all must be ever present—ever be an object of anxiety—a thing to be provided for and taken care of. It seems to me even now that no reduction could be made in these several items without impairing the efficiency of the troops, and some doubts I had on the subject of dooly, or litter carriage, have been dissipated by conversation with officers of experience. To each company of a regiment there are 10 doolies attached, and to each dooly are attached six Coolies, or porters, who receive 8 rupees a-month each for their services. You will thus have for each regiment on an average 80 doolies and 480 Coolies, and yet you only provide for the carriage of 80 wounded men per regiment; but if horse ambulances were introduced matters would not be improved, inasmuch as to each horse of the ambulance you would have to attach a grass-cutter, and the loss of comfort to the wounded would be very great.

HINTS TO MARRIED MEN.—Peppergrass says that if he stays out late at night, and wishes to avoid scolding or a certain lecture from Mrs. P., he generally waits out to the "we sma' houres ayont the twail," when the anger of his better-half subsides into fears for his personal safety. He goes out "on business," with a promise to be home at nine. Half-past nine, Mrs. P. uneasy; ten, positively enraged, and rehearses to herself an address for Peppergrass's especial edification, filled with cutting reproaches; eleven, vague uneasiness, accompanied by an indefinite fear that "something must have happened;" half-past eleven, nervous apprehension—tears take the place of withering glances; twelve o'clock, unendurable suspense—if she only knew the worst! One o'clock, is completely worked up, has the "connoption," and is about going off the handle, when Peppergrass arrives; throws herself into his arms, overjoyed to see him, as she "was afraid some accident must have happened to him."

A BACHELOR'S DEFENCE.—Bachelors are styled by married men, who have put their foot into it, only half-perfected individuals, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of scissors, and many other titles are given them; while on the other hand they extol their state as one of such perfect bliss that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good.—If they are so happy why don't they enjoy their happiness and hold their tongues about it? What do half the men get married for? Simply that they may have somebody to darn their stockings; sew buttons on their shirts, and trot their babies; but they may have somebody, as the married man once said, "to pull off their boot when they are a little laid." These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness indeed! Who is pelted to death by ladies with marriageable daughters?—invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to drop in just when it was convenient?—The bachelor. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls that couldn't entrap him? The bachelor. Who strews flowers on the married man's grave?—His widow. Not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief had set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again; she does. Who goes to bed early because time hangs heavily on his hands?—The married man. Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking the baby when he turns out at morning?—The married man. Who has wood to split, house haunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash and lazy servants to look after?—The married man. Who is taken up for whipping his wife?—The married man. Who gets divorced?—The married man. Finally, who has got Scripture on his side?—The bachelor. St. Paul knew what he was talking about—"He that marries does well, but he that marries not does better."

On this occasion the Highlander's piper, who had lost his way, suddenly found one of the enemy's cavalry, sabre in hand, about to cut him down. His rifle had been fired off, and he had got no time to use his bayonet. "A bright idea," said he afterwards, when relating the story, "struck me." All at once, I seized my pipe, put it to my mouth, and gave forth a shrill tone, which so startled the fellow, that he bolted like a shot, evidently imagining it was some infernal machine. My pipe saved my life.—The Relief of Lucknow.

A PROVERB EXPOSITION.—A man was talking one day after dinner of the necessity of employing attorneys in doing everything, so that one must keep in with them whether he wishes it or not. Rogers said, "Not in doing everything, my dear sir; the bottle is with you—we cannot drink by attorney."

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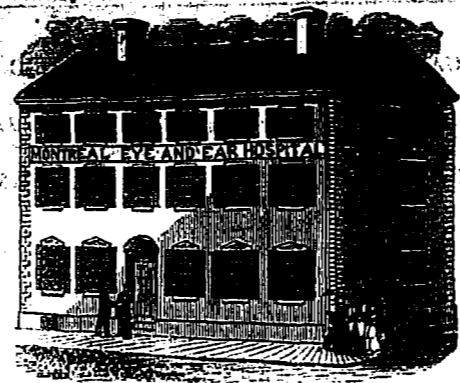
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For Scabs, these commence by a thin, acid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it 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, 2s 6d 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. F. ANN ALEXIS SHORB, Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties.

It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

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

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

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

For Students not learning Greek or Latin, 125. Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15.

French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum, 20. Music, per annum, 40. Use of Piano, per annum, 8.

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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.

BRIMFIELD, Mass., 20th Dec., 1855. Dr. J. C. AYER: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your CHERRY PECTORAL.

Its constant use in my practice and my family for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints. EZEKIEL KNIGHT, M. D.

Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza. BRIMFIELD, Mass., Feb. 7, 1856. BROTHA AYER: I will cheerfully certify your PECTORAL is the best remedy we possess for Whooping Cough, Croup, and whooping Cough of children.

W. M. MANCHESTER, PA., Feb. 4, 1856. I have been afflicted with a cold, and a sore throat, and find your Cherry Pectoral the best medicine for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable."

A. A. RAMEY, M. D., ALABAMA, MONROE CO., IOWA, writes, Sept. 6, 1856: "During my practice of many years I have found nothing so equal to your Cherry Pectoral for giving relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable."

We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing proof of the virtues of this remedy is found in its effects upon trial. Consumption. Probably no one remedy has ever been known which cured so many and such dangerous cases as this.

ASTON HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY, March 6, 1856. DOCTOR AYER, LOWELL: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for my wife.

She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption, from which she had nearly recovered. She was steadily failing, until Dr. Strong, of this city, where we have come for advice, recommended a trial of your medicine.

We bless his kindness, as we do your skill, for she has recovered from that day. She is not yet strong as she used to be, but is free from her cough, and calls herself well. Yours, with gratitude and regard, ORLANDO SHELBLY, OF SHELBURVILLE.

Consumption, do not despair till you have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is made by one of the best medical chemists in the world, and its cure all round us bespeak the high merits of its virtues.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

THE sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed to their utmost to produce this best, most perfect, purgative which is known to man.

Innumerable proofs are shown that the best Pills have virtues which are superior to all other medicines, and that they are safe and pleasant to take, and powerful to cure.

Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of the system, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the four humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart healthy tone with strength to the whole system.

Not only do they cure the every day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children.

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Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent me the assurance of their conviction that my Preparations contribute importantly to the relief of my afflicted fellow-men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing directions for their use, and certificates of their cures of the following complaints:—Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a cold, Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, and Pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcers and Cutaneous Diseases which require an evacuant Medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

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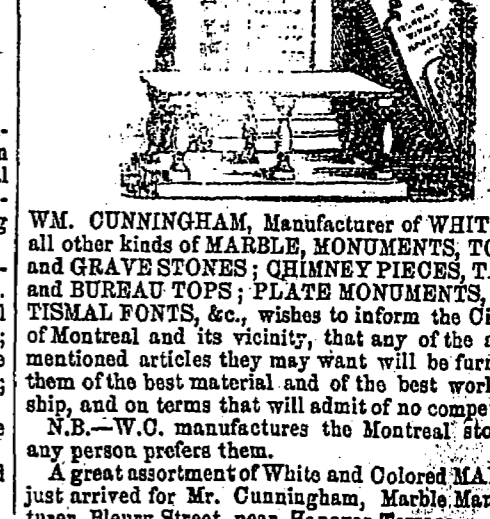
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