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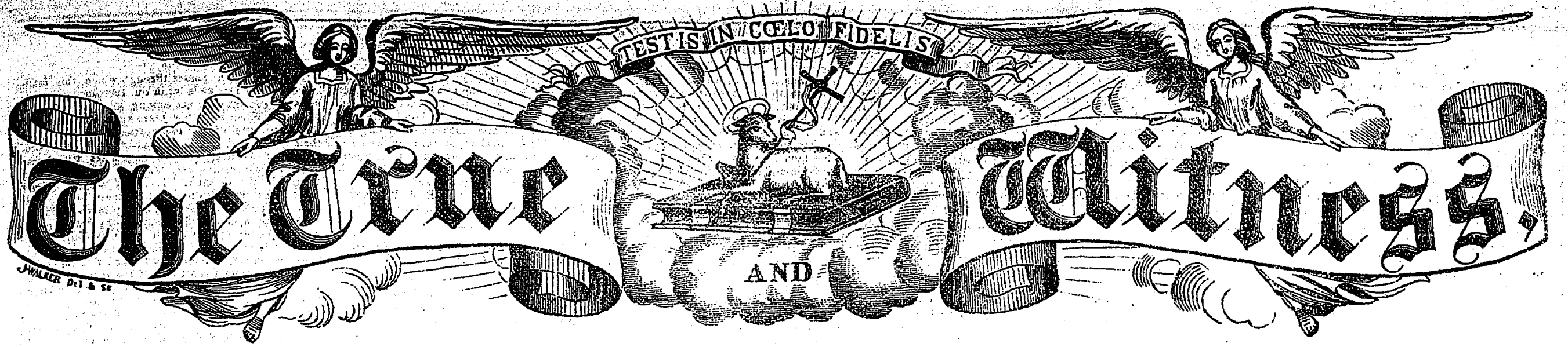
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TURLOUGH O'BRIEN;

OR,
THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER.
CHAPTER III.—THE CAMP AND THE FIELD OF
AUGHRIM.

After little more than an hour's brisk riding, Turloch O'Brien found himself traversing the straight and narrow paved road, which in those days formed the immediate approach of the ancient town of Aughrim.

The misty moonlight covered the whole landscape: to the left rose the softened outline of the hill of Kilmomedan—a gentle eminence of a mile or so in length, with the little town of Aughrim snugly nestled at its foot, and the white canvas of the Irish camp studding its crest from end to end. Hundreds of ruddy fires were glowing and around them were visible the gliding forms of soldiery and peasants; a hum and murmur like that of a crowded city, filled the night air. The lowing of cattle, penned for slaughter in the ruined castle which flanked the road, close to its entrance into the town, the distant neighing of horses, and the sullen roll of drums, enhanced by a thousand martial and thrilling associations, the excitement which made his heart beat thick and fast, as he drew near the destined field of battle.

He soon fell in with the Irish pickets, and having stated his rank, and proved it by producing his commission, was, at his own request, conducted directly to Lord Lucan's tent. Passing, therefore, through the then excited little town, with its stout, heavy-chimneyed, thatched houses, ringing with laughter, and singing, and all kinds of merriment, he pursued, with his escort, the steep road which mounts the crest of the sweeping hill, and entering the entrenched camp, found himself in a few minutes in Sarsfield's tent. His welcome was frank and cordial.

'You have a keen relish, colonel, for danger,' said he, briskly; 'you have just arrived in time to-morrow we expect hot work enough, and to spare; but it is needful you should see the precious commander-in-chief they have sent us from Paris, before you assume the command of your regiment; so let us to his tent at once, as much is to be done, and little time to do it in.'

'Had I not better first see O'Mara, and get at my trunk mails?' said Turloch, glancing at his unmilitary attire, 'these French generals, they say, are punctilious in matters of the toilet.'

'Eshaw! what care you or I for the coxcomb's fancies,' said Sarsfield, gruffly, at the same time planting his cocked hat carelessly on, and taking Turloch by the arm; 'we don't want *petit maîtres*, but men of head and action, and the oftener we let him see it, the better he's like to behave himself; besides, I command the cavalry, and I stand between you and the fellow's annoyance; if he don't like your dress, we can't help it—there's matter more important for to-night, than trimming of ruffles and unpapering of gold lace.'

As he thus spoke, he led O'Brien through a portion of the camp, until they reached, near the very summit of the hill, one of these ancient raths which abound in Ireland; this was an unusually large one, with a high embankment hedged with wild bushes and brambles surrounding it; and in the centre of the enclosed area stood the tent of the Marquis de St. Ruth. Passing the sentinels who guarded the levelled way into the fort, and who saluted Lord Lucan, that officer led his companion to the general's tent.

'Lord Lucan,' said Sarsfield, curtly announcing himself to the starch old military servant who came to the tent door.

'Pray come in, my lord,' answered the grizzled veteran, with a low inclination, and employing the French language, in which the subsequent conversation was also conducted.

General St. Ruth was sitting writing at a table under a strong light. He was a well-built, handsome man, of some fifty years; sharp and masculine of feature; dark complexioned; and with a countenance decidedly bold and energetic, though marred a little in expression by a certain superciliousness, not to say disdain, which had, perhaps, helped to provoke the positive dislike with which Lord Lucan regarded him.

Without raising his head, the French general continued to write in apparent unconsciousness of the presence of his visitors. If this unconsciousness was assumed, it was certainly well acted. Sarsfield, however, abruptly terminated it by intimating his presence in a sharp and peevish tone.

General St. Ruth rose and received Lord Lucan with a formal and distant salutation, and remained standing; it is to be presumed, to avoid the necessity of asking his visitor to be seated.

'Some business, I presume, my lord?' he said, dryly enough.

Sarsfield replied by presenting Turloch O'Brien, and to him St. Ruth spoke for several minutes with easy courtesy, never addressing one word to his companion, who, much nettled at the foreigner's studied coolness, constrained his resentment so far as to affect indifference.

'Adieu, colonel,' said St. Ruth at last, still confining his attention to O'Brien, 'we much needed cavalry officers, such as I already judge you to be—gentlemen who understand and do their own business, without interfering in that of others.'

'By my faith,' interposed Sarsfield, unceremoniously, and almost savagely—for he knew that the last remark had been pointed at himself;—'there is, indeed, a sore lack of men who understand their business here—a dearth by no means mended by any late arrivals we can boast. It was conspicuously proved at Athlone, and I trust may not be so again to-morrow.'

'If you have no further business with me, my lord,' said the general, tartly, 'may I pray you—as ceremony seems to be dispensed with here—to direct your care, for an hour or so, to your men and horses—and leave me to arrange the business of to-morrow. Your orders shall be with you by two o'clock to-night. Adieu.'

'Marquis of St. Ruth,' retorted Sarsfield, bluntly, while the blood mounted to his face; 'I seek not to be consulted by you—though, perchance, wiser men have asked and followed my advice.' Of this much, however, he assured—but that the king's service demands forbearance, spite of your command and your commission, I would, on the spot, teach you to respect an Irish gentleman.'

St. Ruth changed color, and made a menacing movement of his hand toward his sword-hilt;—he mastered the impulse, however,—and with a shrug, and an ominous smile, he said, briefly—

'You can explain this language hereafter and elsewhere, my lord.'

He then bowed very low, pointing at the same time toward the door. Thus ended O'Brien's introduction—and thus concluded a conference which had well-nigh ended in bloodshed.

'Ah, my good friend, honest Caillard,' exclaimed St. Ruth, with a profound and anxious sigh, as he threw himself into his chair; 'woe worth the day that ever I accepted this command.' For some seconds he remained silent and abstracted. 'What say you, Caillard—a bad affair?' he abruptly added, glancing at the trim old soldier.

'My good lord,' answered he, kindly and respectfully, 'I have often heard you say as much, when we were serving in Savoy. It is, after all, but fatigue; half an hour's sleep, or a cup of coffee, and all is bright again.'

St. Ruth smiled, but shook his head, and then almost sadly added—

'No, no, Caillard—this is a very different business; this appointment has made me enemies at home—powerful enemies; and here, you see how it is. Louvois is my enemy—this Irish command has made him so; he continued, in gloomy abstraction: 'Louvois—Louvois, a dangerous, dangerous gentleman—specially dangerous in absence; and this Lord Lucan, and his Lutterels, factious, insubordinate truly—among them all, I hold my honors on a fragile tenure; by my faith, a miscarriage here were a grave matter for me—ruin, ruin, nothing short of ruin.'

He relapsed into silence, and resumed his writing, which occupied him for nearly half an hour longer.

'Eh, bien, my friend—so far it is well done,' said he, briskly, rising and throwing the pen upon the table; orders and despatches—all done, and the plan complete; to-morrow's battle here—all here, and he touched his forehead. 'So, by my faith, I've earned my biscuit and my glass of wine, for this night, at least, methinks; what say you, my trusty Caillard? Come, bring the flask—and bring a glass, too, for yourself,' he added, gaily and kindly; 'drink, drink to your master's success—drink to his Irish laurels; for, by St. Denis, I'm resolved to gather them, tho' it be but to plant them on my grave.'

The memorable 12th of July, 1691, rose over the destined field of battle in one of those heavy fogs which portend unusual heat. Before seven o'clock, scouts came spurring in with the exciting intelligence, that the whole English force was rapidly crossing the river Suck, at Baillinsloe, and the fords adjacent, just three miles distant from the field of Aughrim.

At eight o'clock the columns of Irish infantry were formed all along the front of the camp; and with colors displayed, and drums beating, began to march down the slope of the hill, and get into position. The cavalry destined for the outposts moved forward, and the artillery, with all its lumbering appliances, advanced to occupy the several batteries whence its fire was to play upon the assailing army.

A few words must here be said in explanation of the Irish position. The bill of Kilmomedan is in no part very steep—it forms a gradual slope, extending almost due north and south, from end to end, a distance of about a mile and a half; and at the time of which we speak, it was perfectly open and covered with beath. Along the crest of this hill was pitched the Irish camp; and the position in which St. Ruth was resolved

to await the enemy extended along its base.

The foremost line of the Irish, composed entirely of musketeers, occupied a series of small enclosures, and was covered in front throughout its entire extent by a morass, throughout which flows a little stream; and this swamp, with difficulty passable by infantry, was wholly so for cavalry. Through two passes only was the Irish position, thus covered, assailable upon firm ground, the one at the extreme right, much the more open of the two, and called the pass of Urrachree, from an old house and demesne which lay close to it; and the other, at the extreme left, by the long, straight road leading into the town of Aughrim. This road was broken, and so narrow that some analysts state that two horses could not pass it abreast; in addition to which it was commanded by the Castle of Aughrim, then as now, it is true, but a ruin, but whose walls and enclosures nevertheless afforded effectual cover, and a position such as ought to have rendered the pass impregnable. Beyond these passes, at either side, were extensive bogs; and dividing them, the interposing morass. The enclosures in which the advanced musketeers were posted afforded excellent cover, and from one to the other communications had been cut, and at certain intervals their whole length was also traversed by broad passages intended to admit the flanking charge of the Irish cavalry, in case the enemy's infantry should succeed in forcing their way thus far.

The main line extended in a double row of columns, parallel to the advanced position of the musketeers, and the reserve of the cavalry was drawn up upon a small plain, a little behind the Castle of Aughrim, which was occupied by a force of about two thousand men.

The Irish army numbered in all, perhaps about twenty thousand men, and the position which they held extended more than an English mile, and was indeed as powerful a one as could possibly have been selected.

Many of our readers are no doubt aware that the field of Aughrim was fought upon a Sunday, a circumstance which added one to the many thrilling incidents of the martial scene. The army had hardly moved into the position which was that day to be so sternly and devotedly maintained, when the solemn service of High Mass was commenced at the head of every regiment by its respective chaplain; and during the solemn ceremonial, at every moment were arriving fresh messengers from the outposts, their horses covered with dust and foam, with the stern intelligence that the enemy were steadily approaching; and amid all this excitement and suspense, in silence, and bare-headed, knelt the devoted thousands, in the ranks in which they were to receive the foe, and on the very ground for which they were, in a few hours, so desperately to contend.

This solemn and striking ceremonial, under circumstances which even the bravest admit to be full of awe, and amid the tramp and neighing of horses, and the jingling of accoutrements, and the distant trumpet signals from the outposts, invested the scene with a wildness and sublimity of grandeur which blanched many a cheek, and fluttered many a heart with feelings very different from those of fear.

And now from the extreme left, resting upon the Castle of Aughrim, High Mass being ended, arose a wild shouting—the deep, stern acclamation of thousands of human voices swelling over the heathy sweep of Kilmomedan, and wildly pealing onward, and gathering as it came; while foremost among a brilliant staff, with his chief officers about him, dressed in a uniform which actually blazed with gold, and with a snow white plume (which tradition still records) tossing in the three-cocked hat, which he raised as he greeted each regiment in succession, rode the man who carried in his head alone the plan of that day's battle—the Marquis de St. Ruth. A word or two he spoke at the head of every regiment, and though his language, which was French, was not of course understood, except by the officers, his stern and animated voice, the splendor of his appearance, and the emphatic gesture with which he pointed with his plumed hat in the direction in which the enemy, shrouded in the intervening mist, were known to be advancing, these were appeals sufficient for hearts charged with the wild and stern excitement of impending battle.

At every brief stern sentence, from the Irish ranks, in the irrepressible enthusiasm of that grand and terrible hour, broke rapturous gratulations and responses, in the wild and passionate Celtic dialect, which swelled and gathered as he passed on, in one long cheer of high and pealing incense, far more thrilling and glorious than all the clangor of the martial music that rose along the line.

CHAPTER III.—THE BATTLE.

Deeper and exciting every moment grew the suspense—all the outposts from the opposite hills; only a mile distant, had been driven in, and upon their misty outlines every eye was turned to dis-

cern, if possible, the columns of the enemy, whose presence was already indicated by the sharp roll of drums, and the other signals which accompany military movements. At length, however, at twelve o'clock, under the blaze of the noon day sun, the interposing mist rolled slowly away like a solemn curtain, and disclosed to each army the stern military spectacle which confronted it.

'Jesu guard us!' said Father O'Gara, addressing Turloch O'Brien, who, at the head of his regiment, occupied the right of the line at the pass of Urrachree, 'it is a powerful army. I fear we are much outnumbered; and his dilated eye wandered over the low undulating hills which confronted him, upon which were slowly moving the compact masses of the enemy.'

'These are Cunningham's dragoons, methinks,' said Turloch O'Brien, lowering the glass through which he had been scrutinizing the foremost regiment of the immensely preponderating force which threatened the pass of Urrachree. 'We shall have a brush with them presently. See there to the left; they are getting their great guns into battery. Yonder are the Danes, and look there, the Huguenot foot; there again are the white Dutch, and there the blue.'

As Turloch O'Brien thus pointed in detail, as far as he distinctly could, the various regiments which formed the opposing army, the sight over which the eye of the young priest wandered, was, in truth, a stern and splendid one. There were masses of cavalry—some in buff jerkins, others in steel breast-plates—wide seas of tossing plumes and manes—huge columns of pikemen, reflecting from their burnished head-pieces, cuirasses, and greaves the blaze of the meridian sun; there were the musketeers, too, in their bright cloth uniforms, varying according to the national equipment of every country in that wondrous confluence of nations assembled there; and every regiment, headed by its colonel, trailing in his own right hand a variable pike, according to the then military usage, as stiff, with gold lace, with flowing periwig and lawn neckcloth, he marched in the van of his men.

'See,' added Turloch, abruptly, 'an aide-de-camp from Ginkle's staff is now speaking with the commander of Cunningham's regiment; take my advice, Father O'Gara, and ride back towards the camp; for, unless I'm mistaken, the action will begin presently.'

He had hardly said thus much, when a single troop of dragoons filed off from the regiment, to which their attention was directed, and began to trot down the opposite slope, into the plain which interposed between the armies, followed by the main body at a walk; and now, indeed, many a heart beat thick, and all was hushed and silent as the grave,—for the threatened attack upon the pass of Urrachree was actually about to open, and with it the momentous battle on which the destinies of the kingdom were suspended. At the same moment the Irish battery commanding the pass of Urrachree opened its fire upon the advancing troops; and the opposing hills pealed back the successive explosions; while the British detachment from a trot broke into a charge, and with cuirasses and swords flashing through the clouds of dust that rose around them from the parched soil, came thundering down upon the outposts which guarded the entrance to the pass.

'I pray you, ride a little back,' said Turloch, addressing the priest a second time, as the smoke of the cannon, driving slowly over the light breeze, darkened their faces in its shadow. 'The battle has commenced. My men may be engaged ere many minutes more.'

Reluctantly, the priest obeyed; and just as he did so, St. Ruth and his staff galloped up to the spot. Every glass was now raised to watch the issue.

'Right, right!—well done!' exclaimed St. Ruth, in his native tongue, as he watched intently the movements of the opposing parties; 'our men give ground, as I directed.' Good!—the English cross the rivulet!—and now the whole regiment are about to follow! Colonel O'Brien, be continued, addressing that officer, who was instantly at his side, 'as soon as they are all across, charge them in flank.'

Turlough bowed, and rode back to the head of his regiment; and in a few seconds more, the splendid cavalry he commanded were following him at a gallop down the slope. The intervening distance was cleared in less than a minute, and with a wild cheer, the splendid corps dashed into the English cavalry, ere they had well time to form, and bore them back in utter confusion, pursuing them beyond the stream they had already crossed, hurling men and horses over in the tremendous rush, and sabering the riders in spite of their cuirasses and steel-cased hats. When the dust cleared off, it disclosed O'Brien's regiment halted in line, beyond the stream, and the English cavalry retiring in confusion; on the ground lay strewn many a steed and rider, and many a horse, with empty saddle, scampered wildly over the plain.

'By my faith, a beautiful charge!' said St. Ruth, in irrepressible exultation. 'These Irish will immortalize themselves to-day. We must take some care of the brave fellows, however. Desire my Lord Galway to move his horse a little forward,' he added, addressing one of his aides-de-camp; and then to another he said—'Tell O'Brien to draw his men again behind the brook.'

The officers spurred off upon their respective missions, and the orders were duly attended to. These movements were followed by repeated skirmishes between the Irish and English cavalry at the same flank, but with a like result; and after two hours' combat, the latter had not made an inch of ground. Meanwhile, the remainder of the British force was halted much in the position they had occupied when the attack upon the pass of Urrachree was commenced; and the cavalry which had been engaged was now withdrawn. An anxious interval followed, and up to five o'clock, it was undecided whether the attack should be renewed or not; at that hour, however, the enemy were once more put in motion—and now, indeed, it became evident that a general action was about to commence. The Danish cavalry moved forward upon the same point, and under cover of their advance—the Danish and Huguenot infantry marched up to the enclosures occupied by the Irish musketeers, and commenced the attack in earnest, upon the extreme right. Now rose the roar of musketry, sharp and sustained—and hedges, fields, and plain, were speedily shrouded in one white mass of smoke, through which were seen the dense columns of the assailants, and the rapid and ceaseless blazing of the guns.

Other columns of English infantry marching along the edge of the morass, in front of the line, soon began to move upon various points of the Irish centre, across the intervening swamp; and thus, in little more than an hour, the whole line, with the exception of the extreme left, at the pass of Aughrim, was hotly engaged. The English artillery, planted at the verge of the morass, played upon the Irish centre, and was answered from the Irish batteries; while, throughout the whole length of the line, in one continuous roar, the musketry poured on, enveloping all beyond it in an impenetrable cloud. The Irish, in accordance with the order of their general, retired in perfect order, from one enclosure to another, wherever they were pressed, and thus drew the impetuous assailants onward, 'The Huguenots, upon the right, were thus surrounded, and at last forced to give ground under tremendous slaughter. Precisely a similar manœuvre was practiced with a like success upon the centre—three times were the enemy driven headlong through the morass, which they had crossed, and forced, with dreadful loss, back to the very muzzles of their cannon. The Irish line, throughout the entire extent, was unshaken, its centre was victorious, and its left untouched.

The evening was already far spent, and the issue of the struggle, whatever it might be, could not now be remote. St. Ruth, seeing the British centre thus repeatedly beaten back, could not restrain his exultation and rapture at the heroism of the Irish infantry, of whom before he had thought so meanly, when he beheld them for the third time, drive their assailants pell-mell through the bog, and pursue them to their very batteries. Tradition says he threw his hat up into the air, and cried, 'Now, then, I will beat them back to the gates of Dublin.'

Meanwhile, the right wing of the English, consisting of several regiments of their best cavalry and infantry, together with a party of artillery, began to advance along the narrow road to Aughrim; this approach, as we have already said, was greatly the most difficult, and was, moreover, entirely commanded by the castle and its enclosures, in which were posted nearly two thousand men; it was, moreover, swept by one of the Irish batteries; and was so very narrow that two men could with difficulty, if at all, ride abreast along it; no wonder, then, if St. Ruth considered this pass altogether impracticable.

This force marched down the long and narrow causeway, which we have described as forming the only pass by which the left of the Irish line was approachable upon solid ground; and having reached a point some three or four hundred yards in advance of the castle of Aughrim (whose ruined walls and ditches closely overlooked the road), they began rapidly to form into column, upon a small esplanade of firm soil, which there expanded to an extent of a few acres. The artillery unyoked their guns, and the infantry, quitting the road, began to march, or rather to wade and scramble through the swamp, keeping their ranks, as best they might, under a continued fire from the Irish batteries; at the same time, the English cavalry began to file along the road towards the castle, and their cannon, over the heads of the advancing columns, returned the pealing fire of the Irish guns.

St. Ruth rode a little up the hill of Kilmomedan, whence he might command a view of the

entire field. From end to end, like one continued roar of thunder, pealed the musketry; and the unbroken cloud of white smoke spread entirely across the plain, and swept around the bases of the opposing hills. The glorious evening sun streamed roily over the scene of havoc—blazing on the extended splendor of martial pomp—and all along the line rose, deep and stern, the wild shouting of tens of thousands of human voices; while, from the opposing batteries rang out the sustained discharge of artillery and the roar of round shot—speeding through dust and smoke, upon their deadly mission.

Nobly, upon every point, were the Irish infantry sustaining the assault; the English centre was absolutely beaten, and thrown into confusion; the pass of Urrachree was maintained with invincible resolution; the infantry, who had crossed near Aughrim were driven, under the tremendous fire of their opponents, back again, with fearful loss, to the verge of the bog; and the cavalry were moving slowly along the broken road, in files, and approaching the castle—occupied, as we have said, by nearly two thousand infantry—under whose shot it seemed impossible that a single horseman of the whole force, thus fearfully exposed, could escape destruction.

At last, at a glance, the practised eye of the general took in all that we have described.

‘What do you mean, there?’ said he to Lord Galway, who stood next him, and pointing with his glass to the English cavalry.

‘They mean to force the pass,’ replied he.

‘They have won the field,’ said St. Ruth; ‘but they are brave fellows; it is a pity they should be so exposed. Order two foot regiments’ he added, promptly, ‘from the left rear, to move towards Urrachree, at quick time; the wide camp dashed away down the slope with the orders; and the reserved cavalry to mount and two regiments to move hither,’ he continued, addressing a second messenger, who sped away upon the errand; while springing from his palfrey and foam-straked horse, St. Ruth himself mounted the grey charger which the groom held for him close by the battery; the third steel and the last, as tradition says, which he bore that day; and then, in a few brief words, he issued his final order to the gunner for the direction of his fire.

Now, indeed, the fate of the day seemed well-nigh settled; and many an Irish soldier grasped the hand of his comrade in the enthusiasm of anticipated victory, as they watched the heroic exploits of their resolute brethren in the van.

At once, however, on a sudden, declared for the English. A fatal blunder was too late discovered. The regiment who occupied the castle and its enclosures, whose fire must have exterminated the cavalry in their difficult, nay, desperate advance, found cannon ball instead of bullets, in the casks with which they were supplied. Messenger after messenger was despatched in furious haste, to repair this ruinous error, but in vain. The enemy's cavalry was now advancing almost under the walls of the Castle.

Pebbles, buttons, everything the moment could supply, were in requisition; but shot with such missiles their fire was ineffectual. Under this shower of gravel and ramrods and buttons, the cavalry, but partially disturbed, pressed onward, passed the Castle, and formed upon the left flank of the Irish infantry. At the same moment, by a misapprehension of St. Ruth's orders, two columns from the front, instead of the rear, of the Irish infantry, began to march—from the bank now most severely pressed—towards Urrachree. The English infantry, seeing their support thus withdrawn from the musketeers who had hitherto effectively held them in check, now boldly recrossed the bog; and a cry of treachery began to spread along the Irish line. The cavalry, whom St. Ruth had ordered in advance were, however, now formed upon the hill side. The general, confident of their resolution, and having seen their prowess proved already, in full assurance of sweeping the English horse, with ease, from their present lodgment, rode to the head of the magnificent column who awaited his orders. ‘They are beaten,’ he said, with stern exultation, ‘let us beat them to the purpose.’ Everything depended on the promptitude of the movement; and at this critical moment, when the fortune of kings and kingdoms hung trembling in the scale, a round shot from one of the English batteries shattered the head of St. Ruth to atoms. The white-plumed hat rolled down the hill before the breeze. Wildly plunged the maddened charger. The lifeless body swayed for a minute in the deep saddle, with all its resplendent trappings, and tumbled to the ground. The cavalry halted; some of the French guard dismounted, and threw a cloak over the headless trunk, which was thus carried to the rear. The guard themselves followed; and now a general panic began to spread throughout the Irish army. The cavalry, thus left without orders or general, fell back in uncertainty. The infantry, first at the left flank, then at the centre, and finally at the right, began to give ground, at first slowly, and soon in confusion, running pell-mell towards the camp. The Irish cavalry, abandoned by the foot, retreated by the road to Louhrea; and in one huge mob, the now routed infantry ran toward the bog which extended in the rear. Among this broken and wide-spread mass the infuriated English cavalry plunged and hewed, and trampled with merciless slaughter—a giddy, frightful scene of rage and terror, confusion and butchery on every side. Instead of the stern huzzas which had filled the air not half an hour before, now rose, wild and appalling, one fearful chorus of wailing, terror and despair.

‘We killed,’ said Story, ‘seven thousand of the Irish upon the spot, as was generally believed, and there could not be many fewer, for looking among the dead three days after, when all our own and some of theirs were buried, I reckoned in some small enclosures one hundred and fifty, in others one hundred and twenty, &c. lying most of them by the ditches where they were shot; and the rest from the top of the hill where their camp had been, looked like a great flock of sheep scattered up and down the country, for almost four miles round.’

Thus ended the last battle, in which the Irish

nation rallied the fragments of its ancient aristocracy and native people, in military array against the power of England.

In the choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral are suspended what are alleged to be the gloves and spurs of St. Ruth; nay, even the shot that slew him in his flight. His ashes lie, as tradition asserts with clear and circumstantial detail, in the roofless church of Athray, besides those of Lord Galway, who fell upon the self same field of battle.

To this hour, by many a peasant hearth, tradition tells her tales of that memorable day; the rustic laborer from time to time turns up the whitened bones of those who fought and fell so bravely upon the tranquil and deserted fields; where once the fate of Ireland was determined; and many a rusted spur and pike-head still is found just where the chances of the battle had flung it so many years ago.

(To be continued.)

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND HIS YOUTHFUL UNIVERSITY.

The following replies by Catholic gentlemen have been forwarded to Sir Robert Peel:—

Ballyna, Dec. 15, 1861.

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th December, enclosing a subscription list, and a statement relating to the Queen's University, and inviting me on the grounds therein stated, to contribute to prizes, as a further inducement to the youth of Ireland to accept of education in the Queen's Colleges. I recognise among the names appended to the statement some who have been the consistent advocates of freedom of opinion in matters of religion, and whom I believe to be incapable of holding out pecuniary inducements to their Catholic countrymen to abandon or modify their conscientious convictions; but, taking into account the history of the Queen's University, and the grounds of the opposition offered to it by the hierarchy and laity of the Catholic Church, I feel that to ask a Catholic to subscribe to it can only be regarded as offensive. The vast endowments of the Established Church provide superabundant means and full security for the religious and secular education of the Protestant minority in their own university, under the special and exclusive guardianship of their prelates and clergy, and yet you deny to the Catholic majority that security in education which you retain for yourselves. If you would support your Church out of your own resources, instead of forcing me and my co-religionists to pay a tribute to your Protestant Ascendancy in the shape of rent charge on our properties, and thereby aid in the maintenance of your sinecure clergy in parishes where there are neither Protestants nor churches, you would do more to effect the objects you profess to have at heart than by begging for contributions to support a system of irreligious education which the majority of my countrymen conscientiously repudiate. You have been ill-advised to enter on a contest with the Catholics of this country on the question of religious education. We suffered for our religion and succeeded in preserving it. Do you suppose that we can be won to the teaching of your colleges by any such inducements as you offer? We look on our religion as an essential part of our nationality, which, under more prudent and tolerant statesmanship, would become a strength instead of a weakness to the British crown. It is unnecessary for me, on my own part or that of my co-religionists, lay or clerical, to make any profession of zeal in the cause of secular education. In 1831 the laity and a portion of the hierarchy accepted with unbounded but misplaced confidence the experiment of mixed education on the solemn assurance of the ministers of that day that the system should be so administered as to preclude “even the suspicion of proselytism,” and we accepted certain rules and regulations as sufficient for the object. Those rules, framed for our security, have been altered against our consent; a parliamentary return has proved that, consequent on such alterations, several hundred children have been submitted to Protestant teaching in matters of religion; and yet, in defiance of our remonstrances, these injurious alterations are still maintained. Confidence destroyed by such bad faith is seldom restored. More experience would have taught you that, though a government which so forfeits the confidence of the people may continue to exist for the want of a better it is impotent for good. I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

R. MORE O'FERRALL.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR R. PEEL.

Rath, Ballybrittas, Dec. 15, 1861.

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a circular bearing your signature, in which I am asked to subscribe towards the “founding exhibitions or other prizes, to encourage learning and promote industry among students and graduates of the Queen's University in Ireland.” While I decline complying with the above request, I beg to assure you that I do so from the strong conviction that the Colleges of Belfast, Galway, and Cork, have not only proved to be a lamentable failure, but are quite unsuited to the requirements of this country. It has been proved that those who condemned the system of education in the Queen's Colleges based their objections on a solid foundation. I have but to call your attention to the disgraceful proceedings as reported to have taken place at Belfast on the recent inspection by the Lord Chancellor and other visitors of the College in that town, where, we are informed, the demonstrations of a party, and which is miscalled a religious character, took place. This shows in an unmistakable manner that “a united system of education” does not tend to subdue those feelings of bitterness and rancour which can only be allayed by all teaching being based on true religion. The Catholics of Ireland, disapproving of the Queen's University, have founded a seat of learning, without any “aid from Government,” thereby showing in an extraordinary degree that self-reliance to which your circular refers. May we not fairly claim for the Catholic University at the hands of the executive the encouragement of a charter, which would place it on an equal footing with similar institutions, and give it that fair play which it is the proud boast of every English statesman to promote?—I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDMUND DEASE.

Turlinstown, Coole, Westmeath, November, 26, 1861.

GENTLEMEN—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th, enclosing a memorandum relating to the Queen's Colleges, and the Queen's University in Ireland, and requesting me to co-operate in founding prizes and scholarships in those institutions. I must beg respectfully to decline any co-operation in the above scheme. The memorandum which you have done me the honor to enclose, claims the assistance of those persons of wealth and station who are interested in the moral and material improvement of the country on the following grounds:—1st. That the Queen's Colleges are successful. 2nd. That they have won their way to popular esteem. 3rd. That their prestige is established, and the Irish people have recognised the claim of this University to take rank among the national institutions of the country. 4th. That this “national edifice of education” is successfully cultivating friendly feelings and mutual forbearance between the members of different creeds. Speaking as one of those heartily “interested in the moral and material improvement of the country,” I feel bound most respectfully to question the accuracy of each and everyone of the above statements.

Until within a few weeks ago, when all Ireland was started at hearing the Queen's Colleges, so elo-

quently described as an immense educational success, I shared what I believe to have been the almost universal opinion—that that institution had been a complete and most expensive failure. I am still of that opinion; and I am, moreover, at a loss to know in what possible way the Irish people—the Catholic Irish people—have ever shown that they recognise the “national claims” of the Queen's University. Still less have I been able to discover—and I say it with the most unfeigned regret—that friendly feelings or mutual forbearance between members of different creeds have been successfully cultivated of late years in Ireland, whether by means of the Queen's Colleges or through any other agency. It is to be feared, indeed, that certain amongst the events of the past few weeks will have done much to retard in this country the growth of these very desirable feelings. I am one of those who believe that religion should be the foundation of all education, and, sharing this belief with very many conscientious Protestants, and with every sincere Catholic, I share it with the large majority of the Irish people.

I both tolerate and respect the conscientious opinions of others who differ from me, and I admire the generosity of those who, acting, as I am sure they believe for the best, have so liberally come forward to aid that scheme, my co-operation in which you have done me the honour to request. There are attached to your memorandum the names of men whose good intentions no man doubts—but, though this is a matter that so vitally affects the Catholics of Ireland, I see not as yet upon your list the signature of a single Catholic nobleman or gentleman—and I shall feel much surprised if, when it is complete—it contain any such name. Would this be the case if the Queen's Colleges had won their way into popular esteem—into the esteem of the Catholic people of Ireland? Would this be the case if the sincere Catholics of Ireland were not unanimously of opinion that a high educational system not based on religion is a curse rather than a benefit? The educational wants of the Protestants of Ireland, or certainly at least of Leinster, are admitted to be provided for by Trinity College, Dublin. The new college, which it is part of Sir R. Peel's present plan to establish is almost as admittedly intended to be chiefly for the use of the Catholics of the same province. If, therefore, the money of the State, or the money of individuals, is to be spent ostensibly for the educational benefit principally of Catholics, why insist on expending it in a way so contrary to their wishes, so repugnant to their feelings, as to make an insult of the intended boon?

The supporters of the Queen's Colleges have been formally accused of a deliberate intention to sap the foundations of faith in the Catholic youth of Ireland I am unwilling to believe that this is the definite object, though I am persuaded that it would be the sure result of your scheme ever to be successful—which I hope and believe it never will be. You may hold out inducements in honors and emoluments that may tempt a few weak Catholics to send their sons to receive your godless teaching; but what will be the end? That in nine cases out of ten your scholars will pass through your College doors into the world—in name still Catholic, in reality infidels. And is for this that we are to subscribe our money, and to keep alive that religious animosity which we all alike are deploring? Whatever a man professes to be, that let him be in all sincerity and in all truth. Be he Catholic—be he Protestant—he he of what faith he will—no man was ever yet a worse subject for being a good Christian, or a fearless professor of the faith that is in him.—I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your very obedient servant,

JAMES ARTHUR DRASE.

Greenagh, Killarney, Dec. 6, 1861.

SIR—I have had the honor to receive your circular of the 2nd instant. Absence from home has prevented my immediate acknowledgement of it. It is accompanied by a memorandum, in which it is stated that, because there are upwards of 600 laymen of the various religious denominations receiving training therein, “the Queen's Colleges therefore, are successful.” With my own knowledge of the country and its sentiments, I cannot accept this conclusion. I infer rather that this small number, after so many years of experiment proves their failure. Your circular you are pleased to say that “in no way can private beneficence more contribute to the welfare of the country than in affording countenance and assistance to the youthful university” for which you plead, and “which is imbuing the educated portions of the population with the principles of liberty and mutual toleration.” I entirely dissent from this observation, whether as a matter of ethics or of fact; while, as a Catholic, I cannot conscientiously in any way “afford countenance or assistance” to these colleges, so long as their organization continues to be disapproved by the bishops and pastors of my Church. On the contrary, I presume to say that I regard the effort which is at present being made, under your inspiration, to connect with them the “educated portion of the population” as a specious attempt to weaken their reliance upon the direction of their spiritual superiors, and to engage them in an act of perverse contempt towards the judgment of their venerable Head, which has pronounced these colleges to be “dangerous to faith and morals.” The “principles of liberty and mutual toleration” with which this system, it is affirmed, is imbuing the educated portion of the population will be found, I fear, to be but an emanation of the revolution which has overspread the Continent, the real object of which is the overthrow of the spiritual as well as of the temporal power of the Papacy—principles of which the most undaunted champion is the distinguished chairman of your committee. I cannot, however, doubt that this new conspiracy to separate the Church and the people, insinuating itself under the mask of liberal education, will experience the same results which similar efforts, under other forms, have met at all times at the hands of the Catholics of Ireland.

You will permit me to suggest that this zeal in the cause of a system that has been condemned, contrasted moreover with a contemptuous silence as regards the claim of the Catholic University, was scarcely needed to convince the Irish priesthood how much the policy of the present Government has become unimpaired, if not averse, to their proper and legitimate influence. The moment has been ill-chosen. We are on the probable eve of a calamitous conflict with America. The Irish heart is already throbbing with excitement and anxiety; and the hour may not be distant when her Majesty's advisers may regret the estrangement and require the support of those whom they now so palpably disregard. Would it not be wise to recall these circulars and suspend the subscription list, and cease to float the Hierarchy in the face—at least until Messrs. Mason and Slidell have been replaced on board the Trent?

I return the subscription vouchers, and have the honor to be, Sir, your humble servant,

DENIS SHINK LALOR.

Right Hon Sir Robert Peel, Dublin Castle.

Milltown House, Dec. 11, 1861.

SIR—I have the honor of being in receipt of your circular, and also of the memorandum, relative to the education of all classes of the Irish people. From the observations I have made, ever since the opening of the Queen's Colleges, and from my knowledge of the feeling of the Roman Catholic portion of the population of this country, I can truly state that the Queen's Colleges have not won their way into popular esteem, and I cannot avoid coming to the conclusion, that the Government is of the same opinion, or why dread a rival in the Catholic University? The test is easily applied, by granting to it a charter and the same privileges that the Queen's Colleges enjoy (and that even without any pecuniary aid from Government) we shall be able to judge which shall “win its way into popular esteem.” I believe the best and wisest men are of opinion that religious and secular education ought to go hand in hand, as without the former, the latter rather tends

to the subversion of all religion. Looking over the list of numerous subscriptions which you enclose would not lead me to suppose that the object was purely withal denominations, unless I take as a criterion that of a “Roman Catholic Layman” who withholds his name. Feeling strongly in favour of combined religious and secular education, I must decline to add my name to the list—and have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

P. J. KEARNEY.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M. P.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD VISCONT PALMERSTON.

Saint-Jarlagh's, Tuam, Dec. 9, 1861.

My Lord—The sudden danger of war from the far countries beyond the Atlantic cannot dispel the alarm excited at home by the more terrible enemy of famine. The one may, and I trust will, be only a mere panic, inspired by national hate and aggravated by national pride, which the seasonable counsels of peace and wisdom can effectually allay. But the other is a reality daily spreading and gathering fearful dimensions from the continuous baleful influence of the elements by which it was more immediately created. Yes, the prophecy of two months ago is already hastening to its fulfillment, and the remnant of the wretched potato crop, which in some places was left undug in the hope of improvement, has been so ruined under incessant rains as to be utterly abandoned in the field. The condition of the portion that has been dug, and pitted or hounded, is scarcely better, and how unfit they are for human food may be inferred from a very general observation, that they are actually refused by some fowl and animals not remarkable for fastidiousness; yet, on this miserable esculent, never ripened, and now in a state of decay, the lives of hundreds of thousands, until the remote month of August, are exclusively depending.

I will not now stop to inquire by what infatuated councils such a neglect of our agriculture—the first of social sciences in every well-regulated State—has been brought about, and systematically perpetrated for the benefit of class interests and the periodical slaughter of the people. But I will inquire of this Government, whose duty it is to take care by wise and provident measures that the public weal be not sacrificed, what measures it is even now adopting to repair the consequences of its own culpable neglect, and save the lives of those who would require no extraordinary assistance had their industry been only encouraged by just and provident legislation.

The distress, we are told, is being taken into consideration, and for that purpose an influential member of the Irish Government sets out on a tour of inquiry, marching with the utmost speed along the mountains of Connemara and Achill, whilst English as well as Irish journalists pursue his rapid flight with well-pointed shafts of ridicule on the unexampled celerity of his movements and the necessary barrenness of his information. No matter, he reserves the precious knowledge which he collected for a congenial auditory at Derry. But whilst he harangues, and journals criticise, and public bodies are canvassing the justice of the oratory of the one and the commentaries of the others, numbers of people beyond the reach of cars and railroads are on the brink of famishing from cold and hunger; and some who endured both for eight and forty hours have, through the zeal of the Catholic Clergy, been rescued from death. This account I had this very day from the Clergyman of a parish, where it was said, thank God erroneously, that a death from starvation took place. I desired him to publish the facts as they really occurred, for the sake of those who, notwithstanding the notoriety of intense distress, feel that such facts, however melancholy, sufficiently arm them against the danger of imposition.

This extreme caution on the one hand, and sensitiveness to danger on the other, are natural enough in the incipient and yet undeveloped stages of every public calamity. And I could well conceive how the apprehensions of some for the safety of the people might unintentionally exaggerate the amount of the pressure of the destitution to which their lives were exposed. This might happen—and in such circumstances would still be a fault on virtue's side—though an amount of danger or of suffering could justify any deliberate and willful exaggeration. But to labor, on the other hand, to gain any manifest truth which can no longer be concealed—to become the advocate of class interests, whatever they may be, which the famine may injuriously affect, and which its denial would be sufficient to secure—to become thus the champion of a comparative few at the hazard of the lives of thousands, which such disastrous championship would not fail to destroy—this speaks a perverseness in the human heart which is akin to no virtue, and which no devotion to private or public interests can ever palliate.

Such was the fate of Ireland at the commencement of the famine in 1846 and during the disastrous years that followed. Famine was out of the question—it was only the artificial cry of those who sought either to embarrass a most paternal Government or to win popular applause. The famine came—the Viceroy was visited on a select deputation from the hierarchy of Ireland, who then seemed a solemn duty to bespeak with earnestness the protection of Government on behalf of a dying people. They were received with all the conventional courtesies of the Castle. The Viceroy, in his reply, which I still hold, decanted on the boundless duties of Government to save the lives of its subjects. His task, it seems there ended, and soon the people died, as unprotected and unprotected as if no viceregal assurance had been pledged to the contrary.

I am not, then, surprised either at the stubborn perseverance with which the destitution of our people is denied, or at the want of humanity with which they are treated when that destitution is reluctantly admitted—inhumanity, I mean, on the part of those who owe protection to the people in return for that fidelity of which they are as jealous as any Government could be, that was never known to deserve the reproach of suffering its patient subjects to starve. There is no want of humanity elsewhere. It is now some two or three weeks since, through a respected member of the maligned order of the Jesuits, I received the sum of twenty pounds from a charitable gentleman for the relief of the famishing poor of this diocese. Having acknowledged the charity with gratitude, I delayed its publication, lest, as the lawyers say, I should be raising a false issue, and doing injury to the cause of the oppressed, whom it is my inclination as it is my duty to labor to serve. It was a large donation—probably munificent for the donor—and would have done much in the hands of Clergyman, or of the Sisters of Mercy, to mitigate the sufferings of the many victims of dysentery and other diseases whom they attend, or to soothe the agonies of the children who are crying to them for relief. But to imagine or contrive the impression that, with such individual contributions, however ample and numerous, you could stay the progress of a famine already felt among the inhabitants of extensive districts, would be as hopeless as to expect that some few hundreds of men, however devoted and self-sacrificing, could cope with the sweeping artillery of any powerful nation.

It is not with such slender or inadequate means the Minister of the Crown could hope successfully to combat a mighty enemy with whom the country should be engaged in war; but armaments are quickly prepared, and millions are expended on transports and commissariat, to save the lives of the people from the threatened attack. Why not a similar solicitude and precaution, and the application of similar means to save the lives of a people, who, with ungrateful remuneration, have ever proved, and may still be required to prove themselves the best bulwark of the country? Can you not give even one million of the thousands of millions that are wasted on unprofitable wars and expe-

diments to close the passes through which this familiar enemy of famine is let in on the country, making such continued havoc among all classes of the people? When but a few years ago, the Loire and the Rhine, swelled by mountain rains, overflowed their banks, and spread desolation, the fairest provinces of France, you may recollect with what promptness measures were taken by the Government to repair the disaster. Its most zealous officers were despatched, not merely to witness, but to alleviate the public distress; the first personage in the empire displayed a laudable sympathy with the provincial suffering; the ablest and most skillful engineers were engaged to deepen the ballows and confine the courses of those floods, and thus save the inhabitants from a repetition of the same calamities.

But what measures are adopted by your lordship's Government, may be permitted to ask, in order to check the inroads of the Suck, or the Shannon, or the Moy, though not as destructive as the Garonne; or what has it in contemplation to carry off all the sluggish waters that have gathered and rested on the land during the later years of agricultural inertness and stock-farming rapacity, when the people do not heart to clear, or drain, or fence their little farms, from an apprehension of being driven away to make room for the more favorable quadrupeds? Though the floods have been the immediate, the culpable neglect of our rulers has been the remote cause of this, as well as of the other famines that have desolated a land of surpassing fertility. We have, then, every right to expect that the Government will be no longer tardy in coming to our assistance.

It is a terrible maxim, propagated by those miscreants who are destroying the moral virtues in England, that publicity is what gives all its deformity to crime. I trust for the interests of humanity that this destructive maxim has not many advocates. It will be a crime, and a frightful crime, if our people are suffered to perish by another famine, and living under a Government whose benevolence and solicitude for human happiness are, we are continually told, only bounded by the limits of the civilized world. All we have to say is, that if doomed to starve, they shall not starve in utter silence. Their cries may be unheeded, as they have been often unheeded before; but assuredly they will not be unheard; and the sincerity of England's sympathy with the happiness of foreign peoples, must be tested by her tender care for the happiness and lives of the people of Ireland, whom, without reason, these foreign nations call her own.—I have the honor to be, your Lordship's obedient servant,

JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The following letter from His Grace, the Bishop of Cloyne has been forwarded to us for publication.

Fermoy, Dec. 12

VERY REV. AND DEAR DR. WOOLLOCK—The sum of \$291 12s. 2d., for which a bank order is herewith enclosed, includes all the parochial contributions, and in a few days more all the parishes will have made their returns. In some districts the circulars from Dublin did not reach the clergy until an advanced hour in the morning of the second Sunday, when it was so late to make effective arrangements for the third Sunday. The inconvenience of such delays may be prevented by despatching from Dublin early in the week, all circulars and documents which ought to be in the hands of the clergy on the Thursday or Friday previous to the Sunday on which the University collection is to be announced.

With the sum total from the remaining parishes may expect a list of the names, and of the contributions of each. The average of the collection already sent in, including the remittance you received direct from Dr. Croke, of Charleville, is close on ten pounds a parish; but, it is not unlikely that this high figure will be lowered by the returns from the outstanding districts.

For the current academic year '61-'62 the contributions of the clergy and laity, including my own subscription of ten pounds, go together. With all the drawbacks of a bad harvest, the people were, as always, Catholic and generous, and the clergy subscribed three pounds in one instance, and, generally speaking, one pound from the parish priest, and ten shillings from the curates. But beginning with the next year of '62-'63, the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Cloyne undertake to give the following amount of support to the Catholic University.

First—The parish priests will make up among themselves for ten years an annual exhibition or first place of forty pounds.

Secondly—The curates will make up a second free place of forty pounds a year for the same time.

Thirdly—The Bishop will at his own expense make an annual provision for a third place of forty pounds during the same period, or for as many years of it as life may be spared him.

These places may be given to meritorious students as three places of forty pounds, or, as four at thirty; or, as six at twenty; or as the University authorities may deem most conducive to the interests of the institution.

Fourthly—Whatever sum may be annually required for the support of the Catholic University—due regard being had to the sources which the funds are to come—the laity will be prepared to contribute a proportionate share in common with their Catholic brethren all over Ireland. Thus, there are in Ireland more than a thousand parishes; if the Board of Bishops and the responsible heads of the University had that two or three, or four or five thousand pounds a year will engage that their joint contributions will be rather over than under the average to be expected from the thousand parishes taken together.

The clergy and laity assume these obligations from a deep sense of duty. In their intention to carry out the resolutions agreed to at the general meeting of the Bishops in Dublin, last April, and in their resolve, at any cost to support true Catholic education, they act thoroughly in earnest. They have no objection that the Protestants of this country should have the benefit of Protestant training; they have an objection that the Protestants should command similar advantages for their co-religionists; but, for the Catholic youth, towards whom Heaven has imposed on them the responsibility of parents or of pastors, they never will accept a system of education, which, pronounced by the Holy See to be dangerous to faith, and morals, may lead to perdition and infidelity.—With sentiments of great personal esteem and respect, I have the honour to remain, Very Rev. and dear Dr. Woollock, your faithful servant,

WILLIAM SPARE.

The Very Rev. Dr. Woollock.

MOUNT MELLONY ABBEY—FATHER FERDINAND'S CURETIARIA MONKS.—Mr. LARA that Father Peickerman has just entered the Abbey of Mount Mellony, as a member of the community, having obtained a dispensation from His Holiness to retire from the scene of his missionary labours, where he has so long and so successfully laboured among the heathen and zealous Fathers of the Redemptorist Order. Father Peickerman is a Russian, of princely birth. Some twenty years ago he fled from his native country, to embrace the Catholic faith, and to devote his life to the most noble of all works—the salvation of souls. Wherever the mission-cross of the Redemptorists has been erected throughout the kingdom, the name of Father Peickerman shall long be remembered among the people, associated with the happiest recollections of their past lives. The wonderful power of his eloquence, the force of his burning words, has made an impression on the minds of his hearers which neither time nor the worldly clamours and vicissitudes of after-life can efface. It was whilst engaged upon one of these missions of charity at Kingsdown, six years ago, that he was arraigned

upon the famous Crown-prosecution for "Bible burning." It will appear not a little surprising that he should not have sought some relaxation, after a life of such incessant "missionary" fatigues, instead of entering a "sterile" monastery. The bare idea of the rigorous discipline and austerities of the monks of Mount Melleray, is enough to make human nature quake with fear; but to the spiritual man, it appears these things sink into insignificance.—Waterford Citizen.

Sir John Arnold, M.P., Mayor of Cork, has invested £40,000 in the establishment of a "monster bakery" and milling concern, with the view of selling to the poor at first cost, during the approaching season of scarcity and distress.—Home News.

A triumphant refutation has been given to the calumnies so freely uttered by the Sabastianic bigots of the Royal Dublin Society against the peaceful conduct of the artisan classes of this city in reference to the opening of the Botanical Gardens on Sundays. The Council ordered the curator of the gardens to make a report, showing the numbers who frequented the gardens, and what their demeanour was. That report has been presented within the last few days, and it bears splendid testimony to the success of the experiment, and to the conduct of the people. It states that during a period of three months upwards of 78,000 persons attended the gardens on Sundays, that on one Sunday alone upwards of 15,000 persons were present, and that their demeanour was uniformly distinguished by order, propriety, and decorum. To this may be added a fact equally illustrative of the excellent behaviour of our working classes. During the six months our exhibition remained open not one single person was brought before the magistrates for riotous conduct, or for any breach of the law. It is true that two "gentlemen" had a boxing match, but the aggressor has been obliged to pay £200 for his pugilistic amusement.—Dublin Cor. of Weekly Register.

THE ARMAH JURY CASE.—It is admitted on all hands that everything connected with the administration of justice should be like Cesar's wife, not only pure but above suspicion, and it is not less universally allowed that under the British constitution trial by jury is the palladium of the rights and liberties of the subject. Impartial and unsectarian juries are therefore a first necessity for the proper administration of justice, yet it is a matter of notoriety that such juries are not always empanelled at the Assizes in the Northern province, especially in cases between Protestants and Catholics where party feeling is apt to run high. It may be as the learned Chief Justice laid down that the law takes no cognizance of the religion of a juror, simply requiring that he be qualified by property and intelligence for the duty he is summoned to discharge. No doubt the law extrajures much to the good faith and discretion of Sheriff's, but if the letter of the enactment be defective its spirit is easily understood. The law of England and of Ireland allows to a foreigner, when placed on his trial in any of our courts the privilege of having one-half his jury composed of aliens, and this well-known provision clearly indicates that the spirit of the jury law is favorable to impartiality in the jury box. The Catholics of Armagh have long and loudly complained of the virtual exclusion of Catholics from the jury box and jury panels in that county, and whoever may be blameable for that exclusion, there can be no doubt that the complaint was neither unreasonable nor unfounded. Not long since one of the judges of the Queen's Bench announced in strong terms upon this matter in a case which came before him on appeal from a local tribunal. A Dublin special jury has, however, given nominal damages—a shilling in the pound of the amount claimed—to the Sub-Sheriff of the county Armagh to vindicate his character from the aspersion of filling the jury panels with partisans. This verdict which was doubtless guided by the charge of the learned Chief Justice, may be taken as the decision on the legal question whether or not the Sub-Sheriff had done anything more than perform the duty which the law entrusted to him according to his legitimate discretion. One of the jurors, a Catholic, indeed clearly intimated that in his opinion a shilling and the costs of the suit would sufficiently compensate Mr. Hardy for the injury done to his character. The fact is that the case on all sides was regarded as a public one, as a judicial investigation of the claims of the Catholics of Armagh to a more fair and impartial system in the empanelling of juries. The verdict of the jury appears to have been founded on the dictum of the learned Judge that neither the law nor the Sheriff takes cognizance of the religion of jurors, but the evidence given on the trial amply demonstrates that the present system of empanelling juries in the Northern counties, even where the population is one-half Catholic, hardly a single Catholic name is returned on the jurors' lists, and scarcely anywhere is the full proportion of Catholics to Protestants and Presbyterians preserved. These lists, however, are not prepared by the Sub-Sheriff, but by the barony constables, so that this very important branch of the case could not be fully gone into at the trial. Enough, however, was proved to substantiate the complaint so often publicly made by the Catholics of Armagh and of all Ulster against the partiality of the jury system, and the virtual exclusion of Catholics on political trials from the jury box. The amount of damages awarded by the jury proves that they regarded as unimportant the personal question between the plaintiff and the defendant in the case which so far may be considered a drawn battle. The Catholics of Ulster will not, however, be satisfied with this no result. The case has now been fully opened, and we trust it will be prosecuted with all the energy of which in other matters the North is wont to show so good an example to the rest of the country.—Dublin Telegraph.

The Times, that habitual reviler of every thing Catholic, has at last discovered the noble secret that the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin has become a loyal subject, on account of his forcible denunciation of secret societies. If there is a passage in his Grace's pastoral which could be called "stereotyped," it is that in which he pronounces the censures of the Church against all members of those diabolical cabals. The Times can hardly fail to know this. Notwithstanding the contradiction of Sir Robert Peel, the existence of distress in many parts of this country—amounting to the extent of actual famine—is a melancholy fact, which no one but a heartless and obstinate sceptic would deny. In Galway, Tuam, Headford, and Loughrea, meetings have been held to adopt measures to stave off impending starvation, and even in Drogheda the workhouse is crowded, and unemployed artisans are starving. Beyond all doubt it will be a disastrous season in the largest sense of the word.

DISTRESS IN BALLINASCLO.—The distress in this town has become great—almost intense; but on the suggestion of the Most Rev. Dr. Derry, a relief committee, including the principal townspeople, has been organized, and has already commenced its work in a proper, practical manner. The committee have personally gone round the town, and are now making out a tabular statement of the extent of the distress—food and fuel. A subscription list has been opened, and, in a few moments, £38 were subscribed—the venerated Prelate heading the list with £5. The committee have resolved to purchase a quantity of coal, and have it distributed to those who cannot afford to purchase it.

RECRUITING IN GALWAY.—Recruiting is going on actively here. About a dozen young fellows left Galway by the four o'clock train on Thursday for Dublin, en route for England. The Royal Artillery is the corps most recruited for; and increasing poverty in the district will materially assist the persuasive powers of the recruiting sergeant.—Galway Fimbleator.

THE ASSAULT ON MAYNOOTH.—On Monday evening a meeting of persons opposed to the endowment of Maynooth College was held at the Rotundo in Dublin for the purpose of hearing an exposition on the subject from Mr. Whalley, M.P. Amongst those present were Sir William Verneer, M.P.; John Vance, M.P.; Sir Edward Grogan, M.P.; Rev. Thomas Wallace, Rev. Dr. Millar, Belfast; Colonel Boyes, Mr. Bonsall, T.C. &c. The chair was taken amidst peals of Kentish fire by Sir Edward Grogan, who went into a history of the Maynooth endowment, contended that it was never meant to have been permanent, and that it ought to be repealed. He congratulated Mr. Whalley on having succeeded to the mission of Mr. Spooner. There was no doubt that Mr. Spooner had not achieved any very brilliant success in the course of his anti-endowment career, but that was a circumstance which should not, and he (Sir Edward Grogan) was certain would not discourage Mr. Whalley; but, on the contrary, incite him to renewed efforts in the same glorious and hopeful course. (Kentish fire.)

The Rev. Thomas Wallace made a lengthened speech, with the view of showing that the Catholic religion was "anti-Christ," and that, therefore, even if it were politically expedient for a Protestant Government to endow Maynooth, it was a grievous national sin, religiously speaking, to do so. In conclusion, he moved a resolution to the effect that the endowment was inconsistent with the Act of Settlement and the principles of the British Constitution in Church and State.

Mr. William Johnston, of the Downshire Protestant, seconded the resolution. He felt proud in being associated in any way with the gentleman who had so nobly thrown around him the mantle of Mr. Spooner. One of the objects of that meeting was to testify that the distinguishing characteristic of Britain was her Protestantism, and that that was the case, was it right to hand over such an instrument as the Maynooth endowment to the deadliest foes of Protestantism, to subsidise those who were sworn to put it down? (Cries of "No, no," waving of orange handkerchiefs, and Kentish fire.) It was much to be regretted that the Prince of Wales was so ill-advised on the occasion of his recent visit to Ireland as to pay a visit to the College of Maynooth. (General hissing.) The times were perilous—crowns were falling from the heads of European monarchs—and it was therefore not wise on the part of the heir apparent of the British Crown to tamper with the right by which he was to ascend the British throne, if he ever did ascend it. He should not forget that if he did ascend the throne it was because of his Protestantism. (Peals of Kentish fire.) That event of the Prince of Wales's visit was mere part and parcel of the system carried out in Canada by the Duke of Newcastle. (Groans, hisses, and yells.) He hoped that Lord Monck would be better advised—but it was a disappointment to the Protestants of Canada that Sir Edward Grogan was not sent out as Governor. The Protestants of Ireland would never rest until the grant was repealed unconditionally. (Kentish fire.)

The resolution was then put from the chair, and of course adopted. Sir William Verneer proposed a lengthy resolution to the effect that the meeting was convinced that the mission of leading the opposition to Maynooth had most appropriately devolved on Mr. G. H. Whalley; also that the meeting was convinced that his speeches and course of action were eminently calculated to bring the matter to a successful issue. Mr. Vance, M.P., seconded the resolution.

Mr. Whalley, on coming forward to support the resolution, was fired with a tremendous outburst of shouts, Kentish fire, and stamping of feet, accompanied by waving of hats and handkerchiefs.—After attributing to Maynooth every sin forbidden by the Decalogue, Mr. Whalley said that there was no body of men in Europe who had done so much for civil and religious liberty and the rights of conscience as the Orangemen and Protestants of Ireland. Their loyalty had never wavered. They were true to their Queen, to their principles, and their religion. (Yes, yes.) The time had come when they could point to the realisation of their prophecies. Not for thirty years was war so imminent as at present, and on Thursday last the voice of treason and sedition was heard within these walls, and that at a time when the voice of Europe was of the side of England. (Groans, hisses, and cries of "Rebels!") It was time to ask Her Majesty's Ministers whether they intended to maintain the constitution—whether they were consistent with the constitution that "Romanism" should be further endowed. (Cries of "No, no," and Kentish fire.)

Mr. Stewart Blacker, in proposing a petition to the House of Commons in favour of the repeal of the endowment, said that his "broom" was the petition which he read, and he hoped that soon "brooms of a similar character would be forthcoming from every community in Ireland to sweep to eternal destruction the nest of vipers of Maynooth." (Tremendous cheers, yells, and peals of the "fire.")

Mr. Nunn seconded the adoption of the petition, and made two statements. First, that he (Mr. Nunn) had no confidence in Lord Derby as a Protestant, nor even the great Conservative party as a bulwark of Protestantism. Secondly, that he (Mr. Nunn) had the most reliable information to the effect that Sir Robert Peel had spent the greater part of last Sunday week in the College of Maynooth. The conclusion which Mr. Nunn drew from the last fact, or alleged fact, was that Protestants of Ireland should receive the Chief Secretary with extreme caution, notwithstanding his attack on Dr. Cullen.

The petition was adopted, and Mr. Vance having been called to the second chair, and a vote of thanks passed to Sir E. Grogan, the meeting separated.

THE ORANGE CELEBRATIONS.—The Apprentice Boys are celebrating the 18th of December very much as usual, the Parties Emblems Act and the death of Prince Albert, to the contrary notwithstanding. Many fancied that if the fellows did not respect Her Majesty's laws they would respect the memory of her deceased consort; but those who thought so knew little about the genre in question. There was tremendous cannonading this morning, and we shall probably have more in the evening, when the effigy of Lundy, which hangs from the summit of Walker's Pillar, is about to be burned.—There was also a procession to church and fireworks. A soiree and some miscellaneous enjoyments are the other items in the day's programme. I understand there is a strong feeling in the city as regards the indecency of the display under existing circumstances. The impropriety of such a thing, while Prince Albert's body lies unburied at Windsor Castle, was pressed upon the consideration of the Apprentice Boys, but these "loyal" individuals proved themselves as insensible to the promptings of delicacy as to the provisions of the statute which they have been persistently violating.—Freeman.

GREAT FIRE IN LONDONDERRY.—A great fire broke out in the Mill of Mr. John Christy, at nine o'clock, on Tuesday, and continued raging up to one o'clock, when a portion of the wall fell in, burying several persons in the ruins. Five bodies have been recovered up to the present. An active search continues to be made. Only one person yet dead out of the five found; the other four are gravely injured. Fire smouldering. The number buried not yet known.—Freeman's Journal.

ONE POUND NOTES FOR 17s. 6d.—An enterprising vendor of Beumham jewelry visited Templemore last week, and unable to collect a crowd before whom to display his attractive wares, he proceeded to sell one pound notes at 17s. 6d. Hearing of the circumstance, John Gore Jones, Esq., R.M., procured one of the notes and sent it to Mr. Fitzgerald, Manager of the Provincial Bank, who having minutely inspected same, pronounced it to be genuine. The individual in question was allowed to proceed with his profitable business.—Tipperary Free Press.

DEATH OF DR. JOHN O'DONOVAN.—It is with unfeigned regret we record the demise of John O'Donovan, LL.D., which lamentable event took place this morning at Upper Buckingham-street. He was such a man in his singular services in illustrating the history and antiquities of his native country, that there is no replacing him. He had been a diligent student of Irish literature from his earliest youth; and no man ever did so much in fixing the attention of philologists, historians, and general scholars upon the subject as he did. His splendid edition of the Four Masters; his contributions to the series of works published by the Irish Archaeological and Ossianic Societies; his learned and elaborate Grammar of the Irish Language, and his labours in the preparation for publication of the Brehon Laws, are monuments of learning, research, and industry, such as have been the lot of few men to erect in a lifetime. He was a voluminous contributor to the local serial publications during the last quarter of a century; and his labours in cataloguing the MSS. in our national public libraries were no less arduous or useful than those which have connected his name with works of world-wide celebrity. O'Donovan's career of usefulness began on the Irish Ordnance Survey, some two or three and thirty years ago, when a mere boy; and a few years subsequently Eugene O'Curry joined that service, which laid the foundation for the productions of both gentlemen, that have attracted the attention of the learned of all nations. For the last quarter of a century or more they have laboured together, as on the Survey, the Brehon Laws, and for the Archaeological Society; and separately, as on the annals of the Four Masters and the MS. Materials of Irish History. What a pity that death has separated two such men, in the very midst, too, of their most useful labours! Dublin Evening Post of Tuesday.

DISTRESS IN THE WEST.—LOUGHREA, Monday.—A numerous and most influential meeting was held in the Court-house of Loughrea this day, for the purpose of devising means to alleviate the distress caused by the scarcity and high price of fuel. The chair was occupied by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert.

Thomas D. O'Farrell, Crown Solicitor for the County of Galway, was requested to act as Honorary Secretary.

The Lord Bishop briefly explained the object of the meeting, and alluded to the widespread and deep distress that, to his own knowledge, existed in the locality. In these years of famine there was nothing that indicated so much approaching distress as he had witnessed for the last few weeks. The amount that might be subscribed that day was nothing as compared with what private people had to contribute to meet the daily calls of charity on them. The workhouse statistics were no criterion of the existing distress, because the workhouse was repulsive in many respects to the poor, and he (Dr. Derry) knew that there were many poor creatures who would pine away and submit to death rather than enter the wards of the workhouse. It was, therefore, plain that the absence of paupers in the poorhouse was by no means a criterion of the general distress. (Loud cheers.)

The Marquis of Clanricarde moved the following resolution:—"That the scarcity of fuel, and consequent suffering of the labouring classes in this town, call for the prompt aid and benevolent exertions of those whom Providence has blessed in various degrees with the means of succouring their less fortunate fellow-creatures." The noble Marquis said that in moving that resolution he was happy to see the meeting presided over by him; he might so call him—his right rev. friend the Lord Bishop. Dr. Derry (Clanricarde) could promise for himself that he would do all in his power to promote the improvement of the town of Loughrea, and so give employment to the people. It was a perfect certainty that the people were very badly off for fuel, and how could a man at a shilling a day wages give himself the comfort of a fire after a hard day's labour? (Cheers.) He complained much of the Act of Parliament relating to loans for the improvement of property as restricting the amount to be lent to the sum of £5,000, a defect that ought to be remedied the very moment Parliament assembled.

Sir Thomas Burke, Bart., M.P., seconded the resolution.

Robert Burke, Esq., J., proposed the following resolution:—"That a committee be formed of the Town Commissioners to collect subscriptions, and to take such steps as may appear fit to carry into effect the objects of this meeting, and that the clergymen of the different denominations be requested to aid and act in concert with the committee."

The Rev. Mr. Rash, Protestant Rector of Loughrea, seconded the resolution, which passed. A subscription list was then opened, and close on £120 was contributed. The meeting was then adjourned.

GALWAY, Tuesday.—A very important meeting was held this day at the Town Court-house, its object being to consider the best means of providing for the wants of the poor.

George Morris, Esq., High Sheriff, in the chair. The Rt. Rev. Dr. MacBrilly, Lord Bishop of Galway, proposed the following resolution:—"That the distress caused by the want of fuel is, even at the present time, extreme, and must become more melancholy as the season advances." His Lordship spoke strongly on the subject, and stated that he would refer not alone the perverse but the sceptical on the subject to the unusual severity of the season. His Lordship concluded by handing in £10 as his subscription.

Captain O'Hara seconded the resolution which passed. A committee was then appointed, several subscriptions were handed in, and the meeting adjourned.

A MAN SHOT AT KILLYMAN, CO. TYRONE.—ANOTHER WOUNDED.—DUNGANNON, Dec. 15.—This morning this town was startled by the report that a man named Hillan was shot near the "Bush," Killyman; and the melancholy report has turned out to be true. This terrible tragedy occurred under the following painful circumstances.—The house and farm of Mr. Francis Dickson are now in the hands of trustees, soon to be sold on behalf of his creditors. It seems a nephew of his named Curran had a decided aversion to this sale, and wished to hold possession himself, against the wish of his father and friends. Yesterday the boy's father, in company with one of the trustees (Mr. J. Ewing), went to the place, and, after putting him away, they placed a man named Donnelly and his wife as caretakers until the day of sale. It seems that Curran collected a few foolish partisans to assist him in an attempt to regain possession of the house last night, and that more than once the attempt was repeated. At length Donnelly fired a loaded pistol, shooting one of the party, named Hillan through the heart. Another of the assaulting party was wounded in the head; but as Donnelly, when arrested, had a bar of iron as well as a double-barrelled pistol in his hands, it is thought that this wound may have been given by a blow from a bar. Hillan is the son of a poor widow, whose despair on learning the untimely end of her son was heart-rendering to witness. All the parties on both sides are in the hands of the police. An inquest will be held.—Belfast Morning News.

The result of analysis of the contents of the stomach of the late Terence M'Mahon, butter buyer, of this city, whose death by supposed poisoning at the hands of his mother has been recorded, has been furnished to the Government by the resident Chemist of the Queen's College, Cork, to the effect that "the stomach contained more poison than was sufficient to kill one person." A magisterial inquiry was held to-day in the Police-court before the Mayor and other magistrates, when after a lengthened and minute investigation, and examination of witnesses, the magistrates ordered informations to be received and fully committed the prisoner for trial at the next assizes.—Limerick Chronicle.

THE LAKE MASS MEETING.—The O'Donoghue has written the following letter, withdrawing his name from the committee so curiously "appointed" at the late meeting in the Rotundo:—

Dear Sir, Derriquin Castle, Kenmare, Sunday. Gentlemen.—On Thursday evening I received your letter of the 10th inst., acquainting me that on that evening the committee nominated at the Rotundo was to meet for the first time. I now beg to inform you that I withdrew from the committee, as, upon reflection, I see that the resolution appointing it was too hastily adopted, and, moreover, that the committee, as at present constituted, in the absence of many well-known names, cannot command the confidence of the country.—I am, gentlemen, your faithful servant,

O'Donoghue. To Messrs. R. O'Kelly, and Edward Hollywood.

DUBLIN, Dec. 11.—I have excellent reason for believing that Sir Robert Peel's grand "national" project for endowing a fourth Queen's College is turning out a lamentable failure; and if all the replies which he has received to his circular were published, I have no doubt that a large number of them would not only be found to contain refusals to contribute towards the project in hand, but also to administer rebukes to the man who set on foot a scheme neither required or called for. Two or three replies have already been published, and they are of this kind. One from Mr. James A. Deane, Turbotstown, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant, of an old Catholic family, is dignified and gentlemanlike in its tone, and tells Sir Robert Peel that Catholics are much better judges of the kind of education they require than he is; and it asks him how comes it that his published list of contributors does not present the name of a single Catholic nobleman or gentleman of position. I am informed that Lord Castleereagh and other Catholic noblemen forwarded most spirited replies, declining to have anything to say to this project. Sir Robert Peel is sending his circulars to Catholic gentlemen holding appointments under Government. If they decline to support the project of the Minister they will feel that they are marked men, and that there is no chance for their receiving promotion during Sir Robert's tenure of office. I hope that some Member of Parliament will, early next session, call for a return of the names of those to whom these circulars were sent, and the replies received, and that Parliament will express its condemnation of the scheme itself, and the means resorted to for carrying it out.—Dublin Correspondent of Weekly Register.

INCREASED VALUE OF LAND IN IRELAND.—The estate of Castle Hyde, near Fermoy, county Cork, purchased in the Incumbered Estates Court in December, 1851, by Mr. Vincent Scully, M.P., for £13,423, was yesterday revalued by Judge Longford at prices amounting to £44,950, upon the petition of Mr. Sadleirs mortgagees, Messrs. Blackthorn, of Darlington. This is one out of the many instances of the increased selling price of property in this country.

GOON LANDLORDS.—Lawrence Waldron, Esq., M.P., has written to his agent, Mr. Mulligan, to distribute among his tenantry on the Lang and Bannaduff estates situated in Roscommon and Mayo, large quantities of timber for fuel in this inclement season of the year. This is not the first or second occasion of this generous gentleman's munificence towards his tenantry; he has been the guardian of the widows in distress. Richard Henn, Esq., of Herbert street, Dublin, who only a short time since came in for the estate of the late Francis Casey, Esq., of Spanish-point, knowing the present distressed state of the country, and particularly of his own tenantry, sent a large supply of warm clothing to Dr. Coakley to have them distributed among such of his tenantry as are ill-provided against the present severe winter. Clare Journal.

SUMMARY OF THE CORK CORPORATION.—We extract a rich gem from the Cork Daily Herald, reporting the proceedings of the Improvement Department of the Cork Corporation upon a business motion made by one of its members, Mr. Mullaney, and seconded by Mr. Bernard Sheehan.

Mr. Mullaney drew the attention of the department to the fact that Peter's Church, in the North Main-street, had been condemned by Mr. Atkins and Sir John Benson, and that the Archdeacon threatened to close it up soon, if the Ecclesiastical Commissioners persevered in refusing to secure it. He moved, therefore, that notices be served by their officers on the proper parties, requiring them to take all necessary steps for the preservation of human life.

Mr. Sheehan—I second that, and I can assure ye I was carried in there to-day by two clergymen belonging to that little church, knowing I have a good deal of judgment from time to time (laughter). Yes, Sir, I have a good deal of judgment, for I showed Sir John Benson nine years ago, a place overright my house, in Mallow-lane, a parcel of ground that was going to fall down (laughter), and he said it was very good, and I said it was not, and he never took it down until after it fell down and killed two people, Sir (laughter). Oh, ye may laugh at it, but 'tis a fact; and so, from time to time, I am known to be representing places that want to be taken down (continued laughter). I was carried in there to-day by them two ministers, and I went in and I looked round for a long time, and really, Sir, it will fall in, and if it falls in it will fall out (shouts of laughter). Ye may laugh, ye set of caubogues, ye that don't know science; it will fall in and fall out, for in great buildings the front will fall out, and the other place will fall in through the place, like several places do generally (loud laughter). What sneering and laughing ye have, ye set of caubogues, ye. I say, Sir, it wants to be done, and I second the motion of him (renewed laughter), for I know all through Cork, and when I reported Broad-lane, formerly, it was not taken down, and it destroyed a whole family; however, they were not killed (roars of laughter). It destroyed all their property, Sir, and is that a laughing matter? and I often tell those things, and the people knows very well that I have more judgment than your officers generally. So them two ministers to-day took me in and showed me the place, and it is in a most curious kind of a way, and it would remind ye of—what was the name of that strong man that have pulled down that place that all of them fellows were in and killed them all, and himself too (laughter). So I tell ye, Sir, in several parts of the county of Cork, and in Dublin and other places, there are churches there, and there is not 5 Protestants in the parish, which really the humbug rector gets £500 a year, and he don't say "Amen" in the parish, and he pays his poor curates nothing (laughter), so I assure ye that in our west ward, which is a very popular place entirely, there ought to be a good independent church built there for the people generally (laughter), and particularly the head man of it is in favour of it to be done, and so it ought to be done, and if it don't be done, we'll throw it down (oh, oh).

Mr. O'Connell—I think it is better second Mr. Mullaney's proposition.

Mr. Sheehan—I second it, Sir. It is only your humbugging, Mr. Pious attorney, Mayor.—"The Church is in danger" (laughter).

Mr. Sheehan—No doubt of it; and it will fall I assure ye, (renewed laughter).

Mr. Julian—Mr. Sheehan wants an independent church.

Mr. Sheehan—Decidedly, for the people generally (continued laughter).

DEPARTURES OF THE ARTILLERY FROM CLONMEL.—Last night a telegram was received from headquarters, ordering the immediate departure of Captain Morris's battery, No. 3 Brigade, Royal Artillery, stationed in Clonmel. The order was to leave this morning at eight o'clock, for Cork, to embark at Queenstown for Canada. Before the receipt was known through the town, morning had arrived, and the entire battery was equipped and was leaving the Barrack Square in the most orderly manner amidst the personal regrets of many respectable inhabitants, by whom the battery generally, were greatly liked.

The band of the Tipperary Artillery would have played out the gallant fellows out of Clonmel, but sympathizing with the sovereign and respect for the recent national loss forbade such.—Clonmel Chronicle.

ALLEGED OUTRAGES ON THE GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY.—The correspondent of the Irish Times writes:—"Early on Tuesday morning last, part of the telegraphic wire which runs from Tippermore to Cashliff was cut and pulled down by some person or persons unknown. A similar occurrence took place near Clara some months since, preceded by a threat that if a certain man in the Company's employment was not dismissed the late telegraphic wire would be thrown off the rails. On the same morning between eight and nine o'clock a man named Fitzgerald, who has been employed as flagman for the Company, at Bladerry, between Ballycumber and Athlone, was attacked by a party of three men who beat him unmercifully with sticks, one of which was broken on his head."

There was an Orange festival on Monday night in the Dublin Rotundo against Maynooth, when Messrs. Grogan and Vance, the two no-popery representatives in Parliament of the Catholic metropolis in Ireland—to the deep disgrace of the said Catholic city—were attacked by Sir William Verneer, Mr. George Hammond Whalley, and others denoted at a tremendous rate and copiously discharged the most noisome missiles of invective against the Catholic College. This was to be expected, and we certainly have no notion of wasting our own time and space or detouring our readers by a continuation of the stupid calumnies of these Orange libellers. The chief mountebank, however, imprudently touched a chord that awakens rather backward recollections of the dark designs and deeds of the Orange faction between 1828 and 1834. "The loyalty of the Orangemen of Ireland (said Mr. Whalley) has never wavered. They were true to their Queen." Orangemen loyal! We don't know whether to attribute this bold assertion to Mr. Whalley's gross ignorance of the Parliamentary history of the last thirty years, or to a resolute determination to misrepresent facts in order to excite the passions of Orange men; but we do know from the *Hibernian* that there never was a grosser falsehood than is contained in the assertion that the loyalty of the Orangemen has never wavered, and that they were true to their Queen. Did Mr. Whalley know that a Colonel Fairman, or of the Orange party, who had his ramifications in the army, had been the order of succession to the Crown, and that he had been promoted Viscount in order to raise her gentle uncle, Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, the Grand Master of the Orangemen to the throne? Sir William Whalley's committee was bankrupt in its efforts to bring the whole of this abominable conspiracy of the loyal Orangemen to light, by the sudden death of Colonel Fairman (to Hanover we believe), but enough was developed to prove incontrovertibly not only that the Orangemen were not "true to their Queen," but that they were as disloyal traitors to the Crown, the law, and the Constitution as ever were hanged at Tyburn or beheaded on Tower Hill. The Queen is well aware of all this, and so were her illustrious mother and her affectionate uncle and friend the late Duke of Sussex, as well as the Duke of Wellington, who took energetic measures to purge the army of the treasonable Orange element. We have only to add that the timely exposure of the disloyal Orange plot was due to the loyalty of a Catholic soldier, who accidentally obtained proof of its extension in the army, and placed that evidence in the hands of a Catholic member of Parliament. We think Mr. Whalley for reminding us of this dark story, and affording us an opportunity of revisiting the public recollection of the circumstances.—Hibernian Register.

GRAND BRITAIN.

If the Royal House of England required any new proofs of the nation's respect and affection, it would have found them in the manifestations of the last three days. Never in our remembrance has there been such universal sorrow at the death of an individual, and such deep and anxious sympathy with those left behind. The public have expressed not merely the conventional regret which attends the death of Princes, but the real pain which they felt at hearing that a man of activity and genius, with high purposes and with the opportunities and the energy for realizing them, had been suddenly cut off in the vigour of life and in the full career of usefulness. But it need hardly be said that anxiety for the Queen has had much to do with the general sorrow for the Prince's death. It was well known that during their whole married life Her Majesty had been very much guided by the Prince, and that for the last few years, after his own judgment had ripened and his acquaintance with affairs had become more extended, he had been able to take from his Consort the heaviest cares of her position. Our first thought, when we heard of the danger and then of the death of the Prince Consort, was—"How will the Queen bear it?" Two such shocks as Her Majesty has suffered during the present year are enough to weaken the health of any woman but she otherwise far less cause for anxiety than the Sovereign of these realms and the mother of a family of Princes. On this score the solicitude of the country may now, we believe, be set at rest. The Queen, though overwhelmed by the suddenness of the event, has not suffered in health, and bears her loss with fortitude and resignation. This news has satisfied everybody. There is in the public mind—it may be said of the great mass of the nation—such a feeling of unselfish good will towards Her Majesty, that the question of public business has but a second place in their thoughts. They are glad to know that the Queen is well, and disarms for the present the consideration of political matters. But the Queen, if we are rightly informed, shows herself at this supreme crisis of her life worthy of her high station. As if her own experience and penetration led her to divine what no one at such an hour could obtrude upon her, the Queen has declared that the present is a time which will not admit of mournful inaction, and that it is her duty to attend without delay to public business.—London Times.

The storm of possible war has been met in a most honourable spirit by the men of our naval reserve, and the loyal Canadians who volunteered to aid the mother country in the Russian War, have petitioned to be sent back now that danger threatens Canada itself. This is as it should be.—Weekly Register.

The Government have purchased for the use of the troops at Canada several thousands of leather waistcoats, of the kind which proved so beneficial in the Crimea during the late war.—Star.

The scientific and commercial world is not fortunate in the exhibition of its magnificence; for the third time disaster dogs its footsteps, and threatens it with increased trouble. The Great Exhibition in Hyde Park was followed by the war with Russia; the second in South Kensington will be opened when our fleet shall be in the Atlantic, measuring its strength with the American navy. The French imitation of the great show in Hyde Park was followed by the war in Italy, the end of which we have not yet seen. There is something fatal in this display of material prosperity; it is like the act of Ezechias showing all his treasures to the ambassadors of Marodach Baladan, and that of Nebuchodonosor, who, surveying the city he had adored, cried out, "Is not this the great Babylon that I have built, to be the house of my kingdom, in the power of my might, and in the glory of my magnificence?" If war with America can be started off by timely explanations, a war in Italy once more is imminent, and the English Government will not be innocent.—Tribune.

There are now only three Catholic chapels in England, which, from times anterior to the Reformation, have always been devoted to religious worship according to the Catholic rite—viz., at Stonehenge, in Oxfordshire; East Hendred, Berkshire; and Hazelwood, Yorkshire.—Weyford People.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Things of Piedmontese victories over the Neapolitan loyalists, or "brigands" as some call them, must be received and dealt with in the same spirit as that in which we deal with the constantly recurring announcement of decisive victories over Southern rebels; wherein the forces of the latter, ranging from 15,000 to 30,000 men, have been utterly routed with a loss of many thousands killed and wounded, by a band of Federal troops some 400 strong, and with a loss of one man injured. There is in fact no reliance whatever to be placed in the accounts from the South of Italy; and though the revolutionary press persists in proclaiming the complete dispersion of the "brigands," it is certain that the Piedmontese are masters of no more of Neapolitan soil than they occupy with their troops, and that the work of conquest has yet to be accomplished. It is again hinted that Louis Napoleon is about to interfere with the butcheries perpetrated by the alien invaders of the Kingdom of Naples; and that, since the establishment of a Victor Emmanuel dynasty is now evidently impossible, owing to the detestation in which it is held by the people, a Murat dynasty is to be brought forward under the auspices of France, as the claimant of the vacant throne.

The withdrawal of the French troops from Rome is again mooted, but the designs of Louis Napoleon are inscrutable as the grave. If he has determined on the policy attributed to him in certain quarters, he must have made up his mind for war with Austria in the Spring; for to hand Rome over to the Revolutionists would be the signal for an attack upon Austria's Venetian provinces; and in such a war, though provoked by the Northern Italians, it would be impossible for Louis Napoleon to remain neutral, and it is equally impossible to doubt that he would not fight on the side of the Austrians. All, however, is mere conjecture, nor have Catholics any reason to fear for the safety of the Pope. He has been miraculously preserved during the past year, in spite of the hostilities and threatenings of his enemies; and we have, therefore, additional grounds for trusting that he will not be deserted during that which we have just commenced. Perhaps, before its close, we shall have the satisfaction of seeing his oppressors humbled by the hand of Him who putteth down the mighty from their seats, and who exalteth the humble and the weak. Then with Him whom all generations proclaim the Blessed, shall we be able to raise our triumphant shout of Magnificat.

The tone of the Northern press would seem to indicate that another battle is at hand betwixt the contending parties in the States. The Northerners are becoming impatient; and the expenses of the war are so great, that their cry is, to finish it immediately and at all hazards. Of the condition of the Southern army, or the plans of its commanders, we know nothing, as all direct communication with the Seceded States is cut off. If, however, the account given by a writer in Blackwood may be accepted as an approximation even to the truth—the Confederates are well armed, well disciplined, well officered, well fed, and animated by a stern resolve never to submit to a Union with the North. They are Eight Millions; and eight millions of brave men, if united and determined, may be defeated indeed in battle, but can never be permanently subdued or subjugated. It is rumored that General McClellan is to be superseded by General Halleck. The health of the former has been for some time very precarious.

LOTTERY IN FAVOR OF THE ASYLUM OF ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.—The Sisters of Providence, Directors of the St. Vincent of Paul Asylum, respectfully inform the public that a lottery in favor of their Asylum will take place on Tuesday next the 14th inst., and the two following days, in the Hall of the Asylum, Visitation Street. The Lottery will be opened during these three days, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. All persons having purchased tickets are respectfully invited to give them to the ladies who preside at the lottery, before drawing the number out of the urn. None will be admitted to the drawing, if tickets are not previously given up. Any charitable persons and friends of this Institution who may have lots to give, are requested to send them to the Sisters of the Asylum, or to the R. P. Oblats.

PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.—The following letter has been read in all the churches of the Diocese, with the view of pointing out to the laity, their duty in case of a war with the United States:—

MONTREAL, 25th Dec., 1861

Sir,—To-day the Church celebrates the birth of the King of Peace, singing with the Angels: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to all men;" but we bear, alas! but cries and rumors of war.

Already our Government, in its wise provision, has deemed fit to call upon the good will of the country in a Proclamation which orders that a company of 75 men be formed for active service within fifteen days, from each battalion of militia.

As many persons do not read the newspapers which reproduce official documents, you will explain to your parishioners the orders which have emanated from the authorities, civil or military, respecting the enrolment in question.

You will readily make them understand that all the Government requires of them is to their advantage; and that they should hasten to reply to the appeal which is thus made to them. You will undoubtedly attain this end, by laying before them the following considerations, and such others as suggest themselves to the minds of all serious and reflecting men:

War is a scourge, always dreadful to a people. One of the best means to avert it, is to have men well armed and well disciplined. Our Saviour himself told us so, saying that the King who meditates war, commences by calculating the strength of his forces; and that if he finds that he is too weak to make resistance, takes every means to ensure a peace. Aliquot ad hoc longe agitate, legationem mittens, rogat ea quae pacis sunt. [Luce, 14, 32.] It is highly commendable for a country to be duly furnished, in order to prevent the terrible disasters which armed invasion always effects. This is what should be done by responding to the appeal of the Government.

It is not now question for the volunteers to shed their blood on the frontiers, as war with our neighbors has not been even declared, and may not be, especially if they perceive that Canada has many strong arms well disciplined for defence. We incur therefore, less risk of war by enrolling in large numbers and with heartiness, than if we stood with our arms folded, as cowards and lazy people generally do.

In all wars there are always great evils to be deplored. The fields are devastated, the cities burned, property pillaged, commerce ruined, the harvest destroyed, and above all the people are demoralized, girls and women are insulted, and the public morals considerably changed for the worse. In striving for the defence of our government it is clear that we arm for the defence of our property and for the honor of our families and country. Nay more, "We reader unto Caesar the things which belong unto Caesar," as our Saviour so expressly recommends us to do in the Scriptures; and consequently we fulfil a religious duty which merits an eternal reward.

In justice each proprietor is obliged to defend his property by all the honest means which the law of God gives him. Now a country is one large property divided among the different members of a numerous family, which is called a nation. It is, therefore, the duty of all the members of this great national family, who are all brothers, being children of the same Government, to join in a union as strong as it is tender to defend their common property. They who do not understand this duty, imposed upon all the members of a common family, do not possess the natural sentiments of existence.

The Apostle St. Paul in teaching Christians to obey their governments also told them why a king of the earth, who is the minister of God and the avenger of crime, carried a sword: non enim sine causa gladium portat; Dei enim minister est, vindicam in ira qui malum agit. (Rom. 13, 4.) And now, our Government after having given the country such liberal institutions that it has truly made it the most happy country of the earth, offers it to-day, for the purpose of protecting it against the invasion with which it is menaced, its powerful sword, that is to say its army, its navy, its money, in a word all that is necessary to a people which desires to defend all its possessions.

Encouraged by such liberal offers, the entire country will rally with alacrity around the glorious British standard. At the head of its battalions, if without we must come to blows with the enemy, will march those intrepid Crimean soldiers, who were sent hither to rest after that glorious campaign. Nothing, therefore, can be more encouraging to the inhabitants of this country than the thought, that to defend their firesides they will fight side by side with experienced soldiers, and with brothers whom the common danger will have taught to act as one man.

Men of all origins will form an intimate alliance and be as one for the defence of our common country. Each will have to sustain under the protecting folds of the flag of Great Britain its national honor and its military glory. Many Canadians in doing this will not forget the deeds of arms of their forefathers, the memory of which applies to so many persons and to so many places under their eyes. It will be seen if the heroes of Chateauguay are still alive, and if the blood which circulated in their veins still runs in those of their children and countrymen.

Truly it is not question, for the moment, of a military engagement. The Government expects that there will be among the population of the country a true loyalty, and that, amongst the subjects of Her Majesty, there will be found enough brave volunteers to stay enrolment by virtue of the law which would force young men to enter into the incorporated militia, and all others able to carry arms to turn out by general order. Would it not be better to avert this extremity, for all the people of the country to come forward and place themselves at the disposal of government so that they may receive the beat of weapons and learn to make use of them in order to defend their property, than to wait until the enemy has put every thing to the torch and sword? Would not battalions of volunteers, well-armed and well-drilled, defend the country better than bands of poor men, who not having been disciplined would go to the battle field only to be slaughtered? Besides, is it not evident that government would the more attach itself to a country which had shown it such great devotion? Would it not favor with affection still more paternal the already so liberal institutions which it has bestowed upon it? Will it not be thereby the more impelled to protect that religion which sustains man on the battle field, and teaches him to sacrifice his life for the love of God and of his country? A faithful people comes to be as well loved by its government, as a good child is loved by its father.

Furthermore, supposing that the scourge of war with which we are now threatened, should burst upon us, we will take courage in the assurance that we are in a condition, and quite ready to make a vigorous resistance. All who are called upon to assist in repelling the march of the enemy, to drive him from their homes, will have learnt beforehand to march to victory in having learnt to fight according to the rules of the military art. They will have, besides, their zealous pastors to absolve them before the battle; and should they be called upon to die the deaths of heroes, they will have them by their sides to teach them to die good Christians.

From these principles, and others which you will speak of when needful, our brave people will comprehend that it is to their own advantage to offer themselves to their officers immediately, to receive arms from government and learn by military exercise to make good use of them.

Strengthened by our pastoral injunctions, they will learn to despise the bad counsels which may be given them by ignorant or evil minded persons. The old adage which religion has given on the hearts of our fathers—"My soul to God, my body to the King"—will animate and sustain their courage. As to ourselves, who are placed between the vestibule and the altar, we will not cease crying with confidence: Spare, O Lord, spare thy people by averting the terrible scourge of war with which we are threatened! Let us preach penitence as the only and the sole way of appeasing the wrath of the Lord in these evil days. Let us not cease repeating, in the pulpit and elsewhere, that now above all should the mundane cease going to balls, festivals and other dangerous parties. Let us raise our voices especially against drunkenness, against the habit of haunting taverns and other houses of debauchery, against blasphemy, luxury, injustice, usury and other excesses, which attract to earth the displeasure of Heaven.

To conclude, let us form ardent vows that the new year be happy and filled with blessings. May the sombre mists which seem to announce a furious tempest be dissipated by the powerful prayer of the Glorious Mother of God, the Immaculate Virgin. May the whole world enjoy a serene and happy peace. May we all, after the pains and sufferings of exile, be united in the ever happy country.

I am, very cordially, Sir, Your very humble and obedient servant, + In., Bishop of Montreal.

A correspondent, who writes to us desiring information as to the duty of Catholics in case of a war, will find an answer in the above, as also in a letter from His Lordship of Tloa to the Clergy of the Arch-diocese of Quebec, which we publish in another column. We feel that after such deliberations upon the subject, it would be superfluous for us to say another word thereupon. A Catholic is one who listens to, and obeys the voice of, the Catholic Church speaking through her Pastors. He who upon any subject upon which she thus speaks, or who upon any pretence whatsoever, slights her injunctions, is at heart a "Souper" and should no longer be allowed to bring disgrace and ridicule upon his coreligionists, but should be hissed and hooted out of a community of which he is a rotten and unworthy member. There are bad men to be found in every society; the visible Church is composed of all kinds of persons, good, bad, and indifferent; and there are of course, many who call themselves Catholics, who are but worthless scoundrels, and good for nothing "loafers." Amongst such, but amongst such nominal Catholics only, are to be found those, who, upon the sham pretence of a patriotic regard for Catholic Ireland, would welcome Yankee invaders of Canada—and the sham patriotism of such men is on a par with their sham religion. The Catholic who would not, if called upon, take up arms for the defence of Canada, is unworthy of the blessing of civil and religious liberty, of which on this Continent, Canada is the last asylum.—He is a "Souper" at heart; and his proper place is amongst the rank and file of the noble army of "Swaddlers."

There is an old standing joke about a Dublin man who, to wreak vengeance upon an unpopular banker, collected all his notes and liabilities and burned them before his face. More stupid and irrational still would be the conduct of Catholics in this country were they, out of a spirit of hostility to Great Britain, to allow Canada to become the prey of our enemies of the Northern States. The loss of Canada would be but of little material consequence to the British Empire, seeing that the only advantage which its possession confers upon her, is the obligation of defending it in time of war. But the annexation of Canada to the Northern States would be to the Catholics of the Province, not only ineffectually degrading, but meanly injurious as well. It would assure the political triumph of that party in the Province which has always sought to deprive Catholics of their most sacred rights; it would inaugurate an era of "Protestant Ascendency" on this Continent; and would reproduce in the Western hemisphere the same embittered feuds betwixt alien races, and alien creeds, which for centuries have desolated the fairest region of Europe. A Canada, forcibly annexed to the United States, would become the Ireland of America; it would be governed by aliens in blood, aliens in language, and aliens in religion; and the "oppressed nationalities" of the Old World, would find a sister in humiliation in the "oppressed nationality" of the French Canadians.

We scout, therefore, as an atrocious libel upon Irish patriotism, upon Irish religion, and upon Irish honor, the insinuation that any portion of our Canadian Irish Catholic fellow-subjects, would directly or indirectly aid in inflicting such wrong, such shame and suffering upon their French Canadian coreligionists—from whom they have received so many benefits,—to whom they lie under so many deep and sacred obligations, by whose charity so many thousand orphan children of their race have been housed, fed, clothed, and carefully brought up in the faith; and to whose ecclesiastical and educational institutions they are indebted for the many spiritual blessings which they and their children enjoy,—but of which they would inevitably be robbed were Canada to pass under Yankee rule.

And if we must appeal to national sympathies and antipathies, if sentiment rather than reason is to decide upon which side the Irish Catholics of Canada should range themselves in case of war with the United States—we would ask whether the descendants of the New England Puritans, or the Catholic children of old Gaul, are the more fitting allies for men who boast of their relationship with the soldiers of that terrible "Irish Brigade" who on many a hard-fought field so nobly sustained the honor of French arms, and whose shout upon the day of battle was the invariable prelude to victory. We have been asked "how can Irish Catholics in Canada fight for the British Government under which their fathers in Ireland have suffered so many things?" Nay but, we ask—"how can Irish Catholics in Canada fight against, or hesitate to fight for, their French Canadian brother Catholics, when attacked by the Convent burners of Massachusetts, and the savage 'No Popery' fanatics of the Northern States!—and how can the Irish Catholic who exclaims indignantly against the alien rule of the Saxon in Ireland, consistently give any countenance to imposing the alien and detested yoke of Yankeeism upon Catholic Canada?"

Leaving, therefore, out of sight the claims of duty as expounded by the Bishops of the Catholic Church, and guided solely by motives of honor and expediency, it must be self-evident that the Irish Catholic is bound to defend the cause of Canada against the Northern States, and that the French Canadian, and not the Yankee, is his "natural ally." We might go further, and with perfect truth we might assert that—were it permissible to entertain or encourage national antipathies—there is no people upon the face of the earth for whom Catholics in general, but Irish Catholics in particular, should entertain and cherish greater aversion and detestation than for the Yankees—from from none have they suffered such vile treatment. In the United States, Irish Catholics have been treated like dogs, and like the sons of dogs, and they must have the stomachs of dogs if they relish such usage. The penal laws of England of the last century were cruel; but not so cruel, not so injurious, even to the bodies of Irish Catholics, as the infamous school laws of the United States have shewn themselves cruel, and ruinous to the souls of the descendants of the Catholic immigrants. In Europe, Ireland has been the glory of the Church; alas! how different has it been in this Continent, owing to the blighting influences of Yankeeism, the deleterious moral atmosphere of the U. States, and the accursed efficacy of New England common schools upon the wretched creatures subjected to their mephitic exhalations. At home, the Catholics of Ireland are justly distinguished above, far above, all other races for the heroic constancy with which they have adhered to the faith; and the persecutions by which they have in consequence been tried, have but served to bring out in stronger relief the noble qualities of Irishmen. But in the United States, the wholesale apostasy of the children of Irish Catholics, and the facility with which they have cast away every vestige of the ancestral faith, is as remarkable, and as notorious, as was the fidelity of the fathers of those degenerate children of noble sires. And it is the same with those French Canadians who cross the Lines, and even worse; for whilst, as a general rule with Irishmen, the first generation of immigrants remains faithful, and the moral leprosy of apostasy declares itself only in the second, the adult French Canadian immigrant in the United States too generally throws off with his faith, every restraint of decency and morality, and becomes conspicuous even in the godless and depraved community amongst whom he has cast his lot, for his filthiness and incredible depravity. There are exceptions no doubt; there are some few Catholic constitutions robust enough to resist the ravages of Yankee malaria; but, as a general rule, the moral atmosphere of the United States has the same effect upon Catholic spiritual life, as have the poisonous exhalations of certain well known grottoes upon animal life. It produces first a sort of spiritual asphyxia, which, if prolonged, terminates in spiritual death; whilst the shortest exposure to it leaves alas! too often, deep and indelible traces of the subtle and powerful poison with which it is surcharged. Adults may sometimes, for a short time, breathe it with comparative impunity; but upon the young its effects are almost invariably fatal. Even if they survive, they live a kind of lower life than do others who have never been subjected to it; just as the life of an oyster, or any other mollusc is, though animal life, yet an animal life of a lower kind than that which animates beings higher in the scale of organization. The Bishops and Priests of the Catholic Church in the United States do all that men, aided by divine grace, can do, to disinfect the atmosphere, and to render it salubrious, and fitted to sustain Catholic life; but in spite of their exertions, and generous self-sacrifices, the devil is still too strong for them; and in this Continent alone the Prince of Darkness seems, for a season, to have triumphed over the Spouse of Christ. In the United States—and this is one of the worst symptoms of the disease—there seem to be few effectual vocations to the Priesthood; the Church is indeed well supplied, but from foreign countries; and whilst in every other part of the world the ministers at the altar are natives, in the United States the Bishops and Priests are almost entirely recruited from Europe and Canada. This one fact speaks volumes as

to the low, or feeble vitality, of Catholicity amongst our neighbors.

Contrast—God forbid that we should say compare—but contrast a Yankeeified Irishman with one of his own kin and stock such as he appears in the old Island of Saints and Martyrs—and the truth of these remarks will be at once strikingly and painfully apparent. Nothing is so unlike an Irish Catholic at home, as the descendant of Irish Catholics in the U. States; and hence our horror of any and every political change which might in any degree tend to assimilate our social and religious condition to that of the people of the adjacent republic.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.—Medical men, of high standing in their profession, have attributed the very sudden and lamented death of His Royal Highness, to gastric and typhoidal fever, and the world at large has been content to accept their explanation. We have all been mistaken however, it seems—medical men and all. Not the disordered state of the Prince's bowels, but the sins of the nation, deprived the Queen of her husband, and the Sovereign of a wise, and honest councillor. This important discovery has just been made, and announced to the world, by no less a personage than the Government Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Wilberforce.

But what is this national sin, it will be asked, which God has visited vicariously upon the Prince Consort? Is it the encouragement given to revolution in Italy by the British Government? or the outrage sanctioned, nay encouraged, upon all international law, by the unprovoked invasion of the Kingdom of Naples by the foreign mercenaries of Sardinia? No, it is none of these things apparently, rank though they be, and crying aloud to heaven for vengeance, that has provoked the judgment; but the hard-heartedness of the people in neglecting to contribute liberally towards "foreign missions" for propagating amongst heathens and Pagans the knowledge and the blessings of the "Gospel according to law." Because the frouzy old woman who congregated in Exeter Hall turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of the eloquent Parliamentary Prelate of Oxford—because plump and portly citizens held back their sixpences from the begging boxes—therefore is the hand of the Lord heavy upon the Royal family, and therefore has the Queen of England been left a widow. Such are the judgments of the God of Protestantism, as expounded by a Right Rev. Protestant Father in God. Fortunately, however, the being who thus capriciously deals with Protestant princes, is not the God of Catholics.—not the Lord, just and merciful, Whom Papists adore.

The doctrine preached by this Anglican Bishop, is as repugnant, however, to many Protestants as his explanation of the cause of Prince Albert's death is unsatisfactory to the scientific world generally. Enlightened by the light of natural religion only, earnest and devout minds cannot be easily brought to believe that the Prince Consort has been suddenly cut off, because the oratory of Dr. Wilberforce had been slighted, and his appeals to the consciences and purses of his hearers, disregarded. The London press is therefore very severe upon the presumptuous prelate, and treats his theory with the contempt which it deserves; of which contempt the annexed from the Ecumenical is a pretty fair specimen:—

"To us it seems that the life, the existence of such a Bishop as Dr. Wilberforce may be a more marked sign of the wrath of the Almighty than the death of a blameless Prince like the late Consort of our Queen. Heaven sends its favorites early doom, not so, perhaps, the grovelling sensualists, the sanctified hypocrites, the oily Tartuffes. They are the living scourges of our sins. It is to see them mired in the high places, whose passions and propensities are all to the low places, that is the opprobrium of the land. Shocking indeed it is to find one of Episcopus's hogs in the sacred fold."

It is consoling to turn from the blasphemous anilities of a Protestant Bishop of Oxford, to the dignified and Christian language of a Catholic Prelate upon the same subject. The following is an extract from an Address issued by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, to the Clergy of his diocese. Among public occurrences, I need not do more than refer to the one which at this moment most fills men's minds,—the removal from his high place in the nation of the Prince Consort. So sudden and so unexpected has been this blow, that one, as yet, can hardly believe it real. No one, perhaps, had ever anticipated it, or taken it into any calculation of worldly chances; no one can yet estimate the effect it may have on great national interests. But, going no further than its first and present consequences, we must all feel deep sympathy with the Sovereign, to whose house he was the cause of virtuous happiness, and round whose throne he shed many a grace.

Whether any opportunity will be afforded to Catholics to approach the Queen with an expression of their loyal condolence, I know not. But should it be permitted to them, I trust the occasion will not be passed over, without taking advantage of it. This idea, however, I must leave to others to carry into effect.

In St. Patrick's Church on Sunday morning last, Father Dowd called upon every young and able-bodied man, and even the married men whose circumstances permitted, to put themselves under drill and prepare for the service of the country; as, though there were now good hopes of peace, it was still proper to prepare for the worst. He added that the British Government in Canada, was one under which Catholics enjoyed the greatest liberty, and it was, therefore, their duty to support it.

FRENCH AND YANKEE JACOBINS.—We have on more than one occasion pointed out the striking similarity betwixt the language and acts of the Jacobins of the French Revolution, and those of the Yankee Unionists, or Federalists, as they by a strange misnomer style themselves; and from thence we have concluded to the identity of the spirit which animates the latter, with that which imparted a diabolical energy to the Terrorists of the Convention.

"Lyons in fact is a town to be abolished; not Lyons henceforth, but 'Commune Affranchie' Township Freed, is the very name of it shall perish. It is to be razed, this once great City, if Jacobinism proper is right; and a pillar to be erected on the ruins with this inscription:—'Lyons rebelled against the Republic; Lyons is no more.'"

The more closely we examine into the incidents of the great civil war now raging; the more carefully we scrutinize the acts, the language and objects of the combatants, and the more minutely we analyze their respective motives—the more firmly must we be convinced of the fact, that the great drama of the French Revolution—with its new scenery, new actors, and properties indeed—but identical in plot, origin, and probably in denouement, is now being played out before our eyes, on the western shores of the Atlantic.

"Pobre o rico, burric es burrico." "Rich or poor, an ass is always an ass." The light-heartedness of Irishmen under the heaviest calamities, and in the hour of the extremest peril, is an acknowledged national trait. Sir Robert Peel must have known this surely, and desired to put it to its severest test, when he mounted his low-backed car, to take a scamper "across country" with the "Prince of Peeters" as his counterpoise.

The utmost refinement of cruelty to jeer at misfortune; but when that misfortune, is seen approaching habited in the guise of the destroying angel, before whose fell breath not only the first born are doomed to destruction, but parent as well as child—the second born as well as the first, and all indiscriminately;—it is surely too much even for Jack-in-Office brutality to put on the cap and bells, and dance with jibes and jeers through this scene of death.

They owe it to humanity; they owe it to the land that nursed and reared them to resent the miseries that are heaped upon her. They have escaped them, it is true, by severe trial of severing their home ties; but are they therefore to forget their brethren who have been left behind in bondage? Enjoying the fullest freedom in Canada, let them show that they know and appreciate it, and in their deep appreciation, let them strive to win it for others.

Sir—The faithful Catholic inhabitants of Brockville were very much pleased and rejoiced on last Sunday morning, in hearing that His Lordship, Bishop Moran, had arrived among them, and would celebrate Mass and preach. At about eleven o'clock, His Lordship, accompanied by our well-beloved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Byrne, entered the Church, and immediately every eye in that large and commodious building sought to obtain a glance at his amiable countenance, the appearance of which impressed the beholder with love and reverence, as well as gratitude to Almighty God, for placing over them so holy, zealous, and attentive a Bishop.

Mass being ended, His Lordship ascended the pulpit, taking his text words from Job, "Man's days are short," and proceeded to deliver a beautiful and eloquent sermon. He dwelt with much force and clearness upon the shortness of human life—the certainty of death—the irremediable recovery of past time—the very doubtful prospect of the future, energetically imploring his hearers to make good use of the present, to spend it in the fear and love of their God, so that when the Divine Redeemer should send His messenger to summon them to His judgment, they could console themselves with the reflection that their earthly pilgrimage had been spent in accordance with the laws of their Creator.

THE "LOW ORANGEMEN."—The Weekly Register takes a very correct view of the state of parties in this Province. "Treating of the feeling of the Canadians, generally, towards the British Government, and of the little favor which a proposition for 'Annexation' to the Northern States would meet with, our well-informed London contemporary observes:—

"In fact, the tone of the Canadian journals prove that there is no party favorable to such a Union, except that of those miserable Orangemen who so deeply disgraced themselves on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales."

This is perfectly true. As a general rule Catholics and Protestants are united on this one point at all events—that their duty and their interests oblige them to maintain the actually existing connection betwixt the Canadas and the Imperial Government, and if there be any exceptions to this, they must be looked for, as our contemporary remarks, amongst the ranks of the "low Orangemen," in whose bosoms still rankles and festers the memory of the snubbing which they received from the Heir Apparent to the British Throne.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the supposed translation of an editorial from the Minerva of the 28th instant. The sentiments expressed by our French contemporary are alike honorable to his head and to his heart; and are we hope, and firmly believe, shared in by all his competitors, with the exception of a miserable clique of rouges or demagogues, who, as destitute of honor and patriotism as of religion, would sacrifice their country to the alien, with the hope of thereby promoting their own dirty personal ends.

There is in the world a certain people hastrated by its worship of matter, and its neglect of that belonging to the order of intelligence. Amongst these the great moving principle is interest, selfishness. But with us the heart still feels, nor has the mind solicited its noble rivalry. National honor is not an empty word in our vocabulary, and we are essentially attached to liberty, to hate despotism and arbitrary rule.

When the American press speaks of forcibly annexing Canada to the United States, should we keep silence, or should we proclaim our detestation of the great republic, and our attachment to the monarchical government of Great Britain. We have known you so long and so well, that your threats of annexation excite in us a healthy antipathy, and a profound disgust. For us, annexation means the loss of our nationality, and of our religion, in a by no means distant future.

INTERESTING ITEMS.—Our esteemed Catholic contemporary the Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph publishes a table of "INTERESTING MEMORABLE EVENTS IN NORTH AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORY." We make a few extracts, which no doubt, will prove interesting, and shall we trust prove also "instructive" to our Catholic readers in Canada:—

of Nunneries, and shooting down Papists, our "free and enlightened" on the other side of the Lines, have had a very busy time of it lately.—To them it must have been fine sport; but whether Catholics enjoyed the fun is questionable.—There is, however, no accounting for tastes; a certain class of dogs are said to be fond of a particular description of puddings: some people seem to like being kicked; and perhaps upon the whole, the little recreations in which Yankee Protestants are in the habit of indulging at the expense of Catholics, may be intensely gratifying to the latter.

MANDATEMENT OF THE RIGHT REV. ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

Below we publish the patriotic mandatement of His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Baillargeon, Administrator of the Archdiocese of Quebec, calling upon the Catholics to respond without delay to the call of the Governor-General for the formation of active service companies for the defence of the country in case of danger:—

"Charles Francois Baillargeon, by the mercy of God, and the Grace of the Holy, Apostolic See, Bishop of Tlova, Administrator of the Diocese of Quebec, &c., &c."

To our dearly beloved brethren, the clergy and the faithful of the diocese of Quebec, greeting and benediction in our Lord Jesus Christ. His Excellency the Governor General, in view of the probability of war with the Northern States of America, has ordered the calling out of a portion of the Sedentary Militia of the Province. For this purpose a company of volunteers is to be formed from each Battalion to be employed, in case of need, in active service.

"All young men should, therefore, have at heart, at this moment, to serve such a noble cause. They will be proud to march in the footsteps of our forefathers who, on two memorable occasions, covered themselves with glory in repelling the invasions sent by the American Union to conquer the country. It will be a glorious thing for them to imitate the bright example of the multitude of their young compatriots who, in former times, enrolled themselves in military companies, to devote themselves to the service of their fatherland."

"Should the danger of which we are apprehensive, under actual circumstances, pass away, we cannot, however, conceal from ourselves the fact that new difficulties may arise on the first occasion and force us to take up arms. It would, therefore, be an immense advantage for our militia men to be skilled, in advance, in the art of war so as to be ready to encounter the enemy if he should assault us. The most efficacious means which we can employ to divide the enemy to remain at peace with us is to show him that we are well prepared to receive him."

"We invite therefore those persons who are in a position to exercise some influence in their localities, not to omit making use of it, to aid in the formation of the volunteer company which each battalion of militia is called on to furnish. They will have no difficulty in making our loyal people understand how noble—how glorious it is to fight for our country; and that religion as well as honor makes it a strict duty. Our faithful diocessans have on more than one occasion proved that they know this call of religion and honor. We are confident, dearly beloved brethren, that everywhere you will respond to it with a praiseworthy spirit of emulation; and that in each parish companies of brave men will be formed who will take part in the defence of our country, if a recourse to arms becomes necessary."

"But as all our efforts would be useless without the help of Him who holds our destinies in His hands we shall make it our duty, dearly beloved brethren, to address our most fervent prayers to Him, to obtain, before all, that He may be pleased to avert the terrible scourge of war; but that, if it be His will that we should undergo its horrors, He may vouchsafe to give our warrious strength and courage and grant them victory."

For these causes, invoking the Holy Name of God, we have ruled, and do enact as follows:— 1st. On all Sundays and holidays, after the recital of the litanies of the Blessed Virgin for our Holy Father the Pope, there will be added, until further order, the recitation of a *Patet* and an *Ave* for the preservation of peace, or for the happy success of our arms should war take place.

2nd. Each priest will add to the daily Mass, after the orison *Pro Papa*, the orison of the *Mass Pro Pace*.

This our pastoral letter shall be read and published at the prône of all the parochial churches, on the first Sunday or holiday after it has been received.

Given at the Archbishop's Palace of Quebec, under our hand, the seal of our diocese and the counter-signature of our Secretary, this twenty-sixth day of December one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

C. P., Bishop of Tlova, Administrator.

By His Lordship, EUGENE LAFRANCOIS, Proc. Secretary.

MONSIGNOR GUIGES.—By a letter received from His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Guiges, we learn that the Very Reverend Father Fabre, of Marseilles, has been elected Superior General of the Society of the Rev. Fathers Oratorians. Father Fabre is well known in France as a man of superior talents and attainments, and is possessed of great administrative powers. His election, we learn, has been received with the greatest satisfaction by the members of the congregation. The Right Rev. Bishop of this diocese continues in the enjoyment of good health, and expects to return to Canada towards the end of this month or in the beginning of the next. We trust that Providence may grant him a safe return to his devoted people.—Ottawa Tribune.

FLOOD.—Yesterday a portion of Griffintown was flooded, owing to the recent rise of the river. The water only reached the lowest parts covering yards and fields in the vicinity of Colborne, Catherine and McCord streets. It was feared the flood would reach some higher localities during the night, as the water was forcing its way up in the afternoon. It is about on a level with the parapet in Water Street.—Montreal Herald, 8th inst.

We understand that the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, which recently arrived at Halifax in the *Australasia*, will arrive at Montreal within a few days, coming overland to Riviere du Loup by detachments of 100 or thereabout at a time. They will be quartered in the Montreal College, College street, which has been fitted up for their occupation, and in which the 15th company of Royal Engineers has been quartered since Friday.—Id.

THE INDIAN MOVING.—We are informed that the Six Nations held a grand Council a few days since, and deputized five of their Chiefs to wait upon the Indian Agent, David Thorburn, Esq., and request him to inform the Commander-in-Chief that there were 600 of them armed, drilled and equipped, and ready to take the field at an hour's notice, if their services should be required. This is no more than might have been expected, considering the liberal and humane treatment the Indians have ever received from the British Government. During the war of 1812, the Indians did great service to the Government, and we believe will do the same again should the occasion unfortunately arise.—St. Catharines Journal.

CANADIANS UNITED.—From all sides, fresh evidence comes to hand of the thorough utility of purpose of the Canadian people, to fight as one man if need should be, for the flag under which they have enjoyed the blessings of a liberty unknown in any former time to any dependency of any empire in the world. The most gratifying evidence of the loyalty of the Irish Catholic population of the country comes in from every side. The solemn appeal of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, and of the administrator of the Archdiocese of Quebec to the Roman Catholics of Lower Canada, to do their duty in the present crisis, will meet with a ready response. A hundred thousand men will be ready to show that the blood which flowed in the veins of the men of Chateaugay has not degenerated. Any invaders of Canada who come among us now will meet such a reception as will send them speedily homeward.—Montreal Gazette.

UNIFORMS OF THE MILITIA.—We understand that the Government has decided, and we think properly, that the uniforms of Militia shall be the same as those of the Regulars. Besides the confusion caused by a multiplicity of uniforms and the chance of the Regulars firing into the Militia, it is of great importance that the enemy should not be able to distinguish the Militia from the Regulars. An enemy discovering the Militia would be likely to direct its attack on them for the purpose of throwing them into confusion. The uniform of the Sedentary Militia will be red, and we can at once get from England clothing for 50,000 men, ready made. It seems to us these arguments are decisive and the decision of the Government will commend itself to the good sense of the community.—Montreal Gazette.

The American press may depend on it, its appeals to the passions or prejudices of the Irish population will effect little. It is, we think, in the end, our duty to the province—God grant that it may not, but should Providence be pleased to permit it, the Irish Catholics of Canada will be found in the hour of trial, in connection with their fellow citizens of other nationalities and creeds, bravely and manfully doing their duty to their flag and their country—a duty solemnly and strictly enjoined by the teachings of the religion which they profess.—Ottawa Tribune.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Wheat—U. C. Spring in cars, has been sold at 54 1/2c, at which good samples are in demand. Oatmeal, per bbl. of 200 lbs., \$4 25c. Barley—48 to 50c per 50 lbs. Oats—About a half-penny a pound. Peas per 55 lbs., 65c. Apples—Pis, are advancing still further, the price being \$7 to \$7 50c; Inferiors, 5c. more; Pears, very dull at \$6 40c. Butter—Stony-pocked 12c. to 13c., and choice Dairy, 14c. to 16c. Pork—Prime \$10 to \$11; Prime Mess \$12; Thin Mess \$14; Mess \$15. Dressed Hogs, \$4 to \$4 75c.—Montreal Witness.

Birth. At Valleyfield, on the 15th ult., the wife of Mr. O'Reilly, of a daughter. At Picton, on the 28th ult., Mrs. Thomas Shanton, of a son. At Newmarket, on the 2nd instant, the wife of Mr. Thomas Claffy, of a daughter.

WANTED. BY THE Trustees of the Catholic Separate School of TRENTON, a competent TRACIER, to whom a liberal Salary will be given. Apply, by letter, post-paid, to the Rev. H. BURRARGH, Sec. -Tres. Jan. 8, 1862.

LOTTERY! LOTTERY! LOTTERY! THE LOTTERY in favor of the ASYLUM of St. VINCENT OF PAUL will take place on TUESDAY, the 14th instant, in the HALL of the Asylum, VISITATION STREET. Bring your Tickets.



A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held THIS EVENING (Friday) at the Society's Hall, Place d'Armes, for the purpose of making arrangements for a CONCERT, and for the discussion of other matters of importance connected with the Society. The Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock. P. OMBARA, Assistant Rec. Sec. Jan. 19, 1862.

TO TEACHERS. A MALE and FEMALE TEACHER, holding Second Class Certificates, are Wanted in the Roman Catholic Separate School, Peterboro, to whom a competent Salary will be given. THOMAS LEONARD, JAMES B. DUNN, Trustees. Peterboro Dec. 17, 1861.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR. 160 DOZEN LUBIN'S PERFUMERY, JUST RECEIVED; Winter Blossom, Jockey Club, Mile-Bear, Kiss-me-Quick, &c., &c.—28 6d per Bottle. A large and choice assortment of Silver-capped and other Fancy Smelling Bottles, Violets, &c.; Hair, Tooth, and Nail Brushes; Combs, &c., of every description and price; Fancy Soaps, in boxes, for presents. SYRRUPS. Ginger, Lemon, Pineapple, Orange, Sarsaparilla, &c., in Bottles, 1s 3d; Quart Bottles, 1s 6d; equal if not superior to any in the city. R. J. DEVINS, CHEMIST, Next the Court House, Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The financial position of France is most alarming to all moderate men. The national debt has been doubled since 1848. The most fearful extravagance exists in all the departments of the Government.

I am happy to tell you that Lord Normanby's unanswerable vindication of the Duke of Modena is about being translated into French and Italian. It is an important branch of the Italian question.

They are for pulling down Church and State, and a general division of property. Their great organ is the Siecle, which is to be met with in every cabaret and cafe.

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before the next year for they could not be introduced into the present system but by way of a Senate's consultation, and this is allowed for this time. M. Roule does not want to dissolve the Legislative Corps; he says that it is quite good enough for what he has done with the old parties, and that he wants to see the President's trial has more amused the public opinion.

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THE DEBATES IN THE SPANISH SENATE ON THE PROPOSED ADDRESS IN ANSWER TO THE QUEEN'S SPEECH FROM THE THRONE, are now out of date, but they have only lately come under our notice, and we regret that they contained much to encourage and strengthen the Catholic sentiment of the loyal adherents to the Holy See.

It is the fashion to bear testimony to the reviving power and material prosperity of Spain, which is resuming her place among the Great Powers. But it is equally gratifying to have to bear testimony that with the revival of material prosperity there is no diminution, but rather an increase of that generosity and magnanimity in Catholic faith and devotion which was for centuries the glory of the Spaniard.

PORTUGAL. LISBON, Dec. 7.—The news of the probable rupture between Great Britain and the Northern States of America has created a great sensation in Portugal.

TO-DAY AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.—It is often curious to observe how history repeats itself. Before the success of the French republican army at Valmy and Gemappe, nothing could equal the contemptuous insolence with which the Irish people, that is, the Catholics of Ireland, were treated by the Protestant Ascendancy.

THE FINAL DEPARTURE OF MASON AND SLIDELL FROM THIS COUNTRY.—The departure of Slidell and Mason from Fort Warren was conducted as quietly as possible. The garrison, with the exception of the guards on duty, were kept from the side of the Fort where the prisoners' quarters are, and there were but few persons upon the wharf, when they embarked.

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Albany, who is also mixed up with some gigantic pieces of public robbery, went to Europe some time ago, probably to avoid giving evidence before the same Committee of investigation. Montreal Witness.

OPENING THE COTTON PORTS.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, writes as follows in regard to the designs of the government at the South: "The statement in a French paper that the British government promised the Lancashire merchants that the cotton ports would be opened in February, is no doubt true, but the promise was made upon assurances which have been given to this government. It was the cherished policy of this government last summer to open the cotton ports to foreign and domestic commerce, and Senator Simmons undertook to test the theory, with what success every one knows."

HOW TO KNOW A LIBERAL.—The are certain marks by which the Liberal party is characterized over the whole world. It is the enemy of the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage. It is the propagator of false principles and of anti-Christian systems of education. It seeks to exclude the religious element from affairs of men.

THE TITLE AND TABLE OF CONTENTS suggests the character of this work, which the Rev. Author designs in the following Dedication: "This Treatise on the Sacred Infancy of our Most Dear and Blessed Redeemer, is laid with the most tender devotion, the most humble confidence, and the most reverential worship, at the Feet of Saint Joseph, the Spouse of Mary, and the Great Foster-Father of our Lord."

THE NAME OF THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR, whose Works have already become so popular in England and this country, as well as on the Continent, where they have been translated, and met with an immense sale, is sufficient to invite attention to this past production of his genius, learning and piety.

UNIFORM SERIES OF FATHER FABER'S WORKS. In 8 vols. Demi 8vo. Cloth 7s 6d; Gilt Edges \$1.25 per vol.—The complete set done up in neat Paper Boxes, 8 vols. Cloth, \$6. Gilt, \$10. The usual discount to the Trade, the Rev. Clergy, and others ordering in quantities.

THE CREATOR & THE CREATURE; or, The Wonders of Divine Love. GROWTH IN HOLINESS; or, The Progress of the Spiritual Life. THE BLESSED SACRAMENT; or, The Works and Ways of God.

WANTED, A SITUATION as TEACHER, by a Young Lady competent to give Instruction in English, French, and Drawing, and possessed of a Moral Diploma.

EVENING SCHOOL. A YOUNG MAN'S EVENING SCHOOL for Young Men is now OPEN in the Male School attached to the St. Ann's Church, Griffintown.

FOR SALE. AT THE ACADEMY OF ST. LAURENT, ONE SIX-YEAR OLD MARE, with her FOAL, race Clyde.

THE OTTAWA UNION, A TRI-WEEKLY JOURNAL, Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, & Commerce. Published in the Chosen Capital of the Province.

THE WEEKLY UNION. It is made up from the best matter of the Tri-Weekly; is not crowded with advertisements; and is a first class FAMILY PAPER.

LANDS FOR SALE. TOWNSHIP OF STONINGTON. LOT No. 26, 11 Concession, Township of Stonington, 200 acres; Lot No. 2, 15 Concession, do, 175 acres.

TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES. A MALE TEACHER, holding a First-Class Provincial Normal Certificate for U. C., desires an engagement.

SITUATION WANTED. A SITUATION as BOOK-KEEPER is wanted by a Gentleman with five years' experience of Book-Keeping, and who can produce excellent testimonials.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, Druggist and Pharmacist, 94, ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, MONTREAL.

CONVENT OF LORETTO, NIAGARA FALLS. THE LADIES OF LORETTO, from Toronto, have OPENED an EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT, at their new Convent at NIAGARA FALLS.

TO THE REVEREND CLERGY, CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS, BOOKSELLERS, &c. At Extensive Stock of about \$50,000 worth of Books and Stationery.

MURPHY & CO., Publishers, Booksellers, Importers, Printers, &c., 183, Baltimore Street, Baltimore. December 5, 1861.

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THE ART OF SUFFERING. A Tale. Translated from the French, by Edmund Butler. 24mo. Cloth. 0 25

ENGLISH AND FRENCH SCHOOLS BOOKS. New Editions of Perrin's Elements of French and English Conversation with new, familiar, and easy dialogues, and a suitable vocabulary. 0 25

NEW BOOKS, SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

ALBUMS, ANNUALS, ILLUSTRATED STORY BOOKS, &c., &c. PRAYER BOOKS, 14 Vols., Mercecos, and other Styles, always on hand.

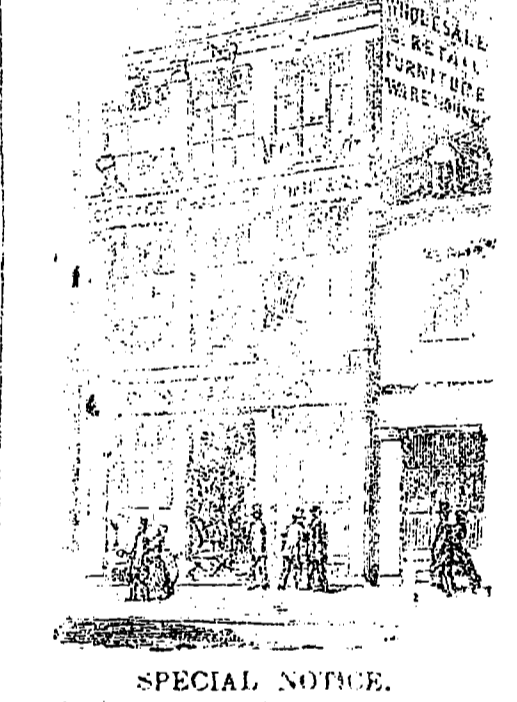
PROSPECTUS OF THE ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, CANADA WEST; Under the Patronage of their Lordships the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Sandwich, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Detroit, U. S.

THIS College is under the direction of the Rev. Fathers of the Order of St. Benedict, whose Mother-House is at St. Vincent, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, U. S.

There is a Classical and a Commercial Course.—The Classical Course comprises the English, French, German, Latin and Greek languages, together with the other branches of literature which are usually taught in all great Colleges.

TERMS, (invariably in advance): Board and Tuition, for quarter of 50 days, \$25 00

FATHER OSWALD, O. S. B., President.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal support extended to him during the past twelve years, would announce to them that he has just completed a most extensive and varied Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE.

OWEN MCGARVEY, Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, 244 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. April 19, 1861.

AMALGAM BELLS. AT prices within the reach of every Church, School-House, Factory, Cemetery, or Farm in the land. Their use all over the United States for the past 3 years has proven them to combine more valuable qualities than any other, among which tone, strength, durability, vibrations and sonorous qualities are unequalled by any other manufacturer.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, ANNUALS, ALBUMS, AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

PRAYER BOOKS, Bound in Velvet, Morocco, and other elegant styles with clasps and rims.

Offered at Low Prices of No. 19, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

J. B. BROUSSEAU, Esq., M. C., of the Parish of Belmont, in the District of Montreal, does hereby give Notice.—That he will apply to the Legislative Assembly of Canada during its next Session, to obtain the privilege of maintaining the Erection of his Wharves on the River Chambly, near the Grand Trunk Railway Company's Bridge, and that of Erecting other wharves, when required, at the same place.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF ANDREW WELCH, who was master of the barque "NORTHERN LIGHT," of St. Catharines. When he was last heard of he was in Quebec.

AS A FAMILY PHYSICIAN. "Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of our patients."

INTERNAL OBSTRUCTION—WOMEN—ST. PILES.—"I hold them in esteem as one of the best purgatives I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses, for biliousness and indigestion. Their purgative makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children."

CONSTIPATION—CONSTIPATION.—"The medicine cannot be said of your PILLS for the cure of constipation. It shows that your PILLS purify the bowels, and do not, as I have been told, cause any general laxative effect, with consequent weakness and derangement of the system. They stimulate the organs of digestion, and infuse vitality and vigor into the system."

FOR HEADACHE—SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOMACH—PHLEGM—PLETHORA—PARALYSIS—FIT—&c. "Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which is a valuable remedy in small quantities, but dangerous in large pills from the insidious consequences that frequently follow its use. These contain no mercury or any mineral substance whatever."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Has long been manufactured by a practical chemist, and every year of its use has rendered it more and more popular.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMIST, LOWELL, MASS.

BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

THE ORIGINAL MEDICINE ESTABLISHED IN 1757, and first article of the kind ever introduced under the name of "Pulmonic Wafers," in this or any other country; all other Pulmonic Wafers are counterfeits.

FOR SALE in Montreal, by J. M. Henry & Sons, Lyman, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerr & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lambuth & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL.

THE duties of this School will be resumed on Monday, 12th August, at 9 o'clock, a.m.

PRIVATE TUITION. J. M. ANDERSON, Professor of Classics, Mathematics, and Commercial Science.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE, NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA. THIS Institution, placed under the benevolent patronage of His Lordship the Right Rev. Catholic Bishop of Montreal, and of the Provincial Government, is entrusted to the direction of the Clergy de St. Viateur.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. ALTERATION OF TRAINS. ON and after MONDAY, October 28th, the DAY MAIL TRAIN between Montreal and Toronto, and the EXPRESS TRAIN between Montreal and Quebec, will be DISCONTINUED, and Trains will leave Pointe St. Charles Station as follows:—

EASTERN TRAINS. Mixed Train for Quebec and Intermediate Stations, at 11.00 A.M.

WESTERN TRAINS. Accommodation Train, Mixed, for Ottawa City, Kingston, and Intermediate Stations, at 8.45 A.M.

Ayer's Ague Cure. THE AGUE CURE, by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass. It is a simple, safe, and certain remedy for the Ague, Malaria, and all the diseases which are produced by the influence of the miasmatic air of the Southern States.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS

- Agents for the True Witness in various locations including Alexandria, Algona, Ansonia, etc.

O. J. DEVLIN, Notary Public, Office at 32 Little St. James Street, Montreal.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX, Importer of DRY GOODS, No. 112, St. Paul Street.

Has constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, etc.

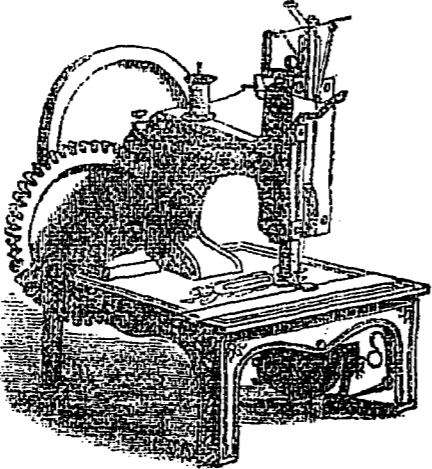
No. 19, Great St. James Street.

The Subscriber has received an assortment of Prayer Books, from London, in various elegant styles of Bindings, with Clasps, Rims, &c.

No. 19, Great St. James Street. J. ANDREW GRAHAM.

H. BRENNAN, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, No. 3 Craig Street (West End). Includes logo of a boot.

SEWING MACHINES.



E. J. NAGLE'S SEWING MACHINES, 25 PER CENT UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!!

These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarnia.

TESTIMONIALS: have been received from different parts of Canada.

We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle.

We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months.

Devins' Vegetable Worm Destroyer, A never-failing Remedy. In bringing these Powders to the notice of the public...

DEVINS' BAKING POWDER: A NEW ARTICLE, the best ever introduced, containing none of those ingredients which in other Baking Powders have proved so disastrous to the Teeth...

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. Established in 1826. THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry...

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

T. C. DE LORIMIER, Advocate, Office at 31 Little St. James Street, Montreal.

W. F. MONAGAN, M.D., Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur, Office and Residence at No. 71 Wellington Street, Montreal, C.B.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., Advocate, Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.

B. DEVLIN, Advocate, Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.

M. DOHERTY, Advocate, No. 54, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

M. F. COLOVIN, Advocate, &c., No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co., Montreal Steam Dye-Works, Successors to the late John M'Glosky, 38, Sanguinet Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada...

No. 19, Great St. James Street. THE CHEAPEST MUSIC.

THE Subscriber feels pleasure in announcing that he is Agent in Canada for the CHEAPEST MUSIC PUBLISHED.

This Music, published in London, is distinguished for correctness, beauty of Engraving, and superiority in every respect, while it is sold for only about ONE THIRD the price of other Music...

Stationery of all kinds, BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c., Wholesale or Retail, at Lowest Prices.

ACADEMY OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON, C.W.

THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers...

SCHOLASTIC YEAR. Board and Tuition, Use of Bed and Bedding, Washing, Drawing and Painting, Music Lessons, Piano.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C.W.

Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

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

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

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

NEW CLOTHING STORE.

BERGIN AND CLARKE, Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters, No. 48, M'GILL STREET.

HAVING commenced BUSINESS on their own account, beg leave to inform their numerous friends, and the Public in general, that they intend to carry on the CLOTHING Business in all its branches.

READY-MADE CLOTHING CONSTANTLY ON HAND. All Orders punctually attended to.

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



WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVESTONES.

WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVESTONES. (Repeating previous text)

The Montreal Gazette BOOK AND JOB STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

36 Great St. James Street. SUPPLIES EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING WITH NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH.

Being furnished with POWER PRINTING MACHINES, besides CARD and HAND PRESSES, we are enabled to execute large quantities of work, with great facility.

BOOK PRINTING! Having the different sizes of the new SCOTCH CUT and other styles of TYPE, procured expressly for the various kinds of BOOK PRINTING, all CATALOGUES, BR-LAWS, REPORTS, SPENSERS, &c., &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch.

FANCY PRINTING! Particular attention is paid to COLOURED and ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. The highest style of work, which it was at one time necessary to order from England or the United States, can be furnished at this Establishment, as good, and much cheaper than the imported article.

CARDS Of all sizes and styles, can be supplied at all prices, from \$1 per thousand to \$1 for each copy.

BILL-HEADS! The newest style of BILL-HEADS supplied at a very low figure.

SHOW-BILLS! Country Merchants supplied with SHOW-BILLS of the most STRIKING STYLES.

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY. Jobs ordered by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post.

M. LONGMOORE & CO. MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDING, 36 Great St. James Street.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM-FITTING ESTABLISHMENT.

THOMAS M'KENNA, WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has

his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment, TO THE Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street, BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS, (Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.)

where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices. Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanised Iron Pipe, &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.

The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms. Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has already fitted up in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction.

D. O'GORMON, BOAT BUILDER, BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C.W.

SKIFFS made to Order Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province. Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder-humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.

For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.

For Scales on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.

Price, 2s 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 130 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.