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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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TURLOGH O'BRIEN;

THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER XXXII.—THE ANSWER.

It was not until they had nearly reached the statue by which she had taken her stand, that the king became aware of her presence.

'Whom have we here?' he said, with good-humored surprise, as he paused within a few paces of the girl, and gazed with some curiosity, and obviously not a little admiration upon her; 'par ma foi, c'est une jolie fille,' he continued, looking towards his grave companion, who had lowered his eyes demurely to the ground. The king turned his gaze again full upon the shrinking girl, with that bold look of undisguised admiration which had earned for him, in his earlier days the reputation of being the most conspicuous ogler at court. 'By my word, good father, I incline to think the true divinity had descended in person to shame these counterfeit Graces of lead and stone, and tempt me from your colder orthodoxy into the charming follies of the antique worship. What say you, father: are you, too, a proselyte?' he added, gaily, laying his hand upon his companion's shoulder; 'are you, too, in danger?'

Father Petre answered not, but lowered his head, it might be about an inch more, with an almost imperceptible shake of grave disapprobation.

'My liege,' said the girl, while the color which his bold criticism had called to her cheek again returned, leaving her features almost as pale as marble, and at the same time approaching and extending a folded paper in her hands, 'if your majesty will graciously be pleased to read this petition, you will learn briefly the subject of my humble supplication.'

James removed his glove gallantly, and taking the paper in his finger and thumb, held it up, and waved it warningly at her with a smile, as he said:

'I see how it is, I would stake my life on't: a place for some clever young fellow who needs but experience to turn out a capital financier; or, let us see, rather a commission for a brave gentleman, who asks but opportunity to prove a hero and a general? What say you, father, have you read aright our fair petitioners memorial in her eyes?'

'My liege, it is no such matter,' she began. 'By my faith, then, we are at fault,' said the king, raising his eyebrows, and good-humoredly shaking his head; 'you have baulked our penetration, and for a penance, we will have these open the matter to us by word of mouth.'

'I will do so, may it please your majesty,' said the girl, spiritedly. 'I am the daughter—the only child—of Sir Hugh Willoughby, a true subject of your Majesty, accused of treason by false witnesses, and now condemned to die.'

The king's face darkened ominously as she spoke, and he interrupted her by saying, coldly—

'We will read the paper—we will read it.'

James walked slowly away, as he deliberately unfolded the petition and paused, while he read it; then walked on a pace or two further, and read a little more.

In all the sickening uncertainty of suspense, meanwhile, did poor Grace Willoughby watch his movements, striving to read in every look and gesture some ground of hope. James had walked some twenty yards away, in this desultory and broken fashion, when, at length he turned to the Jesuit who accompanied him, and placing his arm within his companion's, continued to walk down the trim alley, evidently conversing upon the topic which was, at that moment, making the heart of the poor girl flutter and throb, as though its pulsations would choke her. She saw them again pause, while the king read the petition through, and while he was thus employed, to her extreme surprise, the Duke of Tyrconnel entered the walk, and with the suavity of a courtier, and the confidence of a favorite, approached his royal benefactor.

They stopped and conversed together, in a little knot, at the far extremity of the terrace. The king handed the paper to Tyrconnel, who returned it, with a brief remark or two, and James having said a few words more, folded it, and coolly placed it in his pocket.

'It is decided now, one way or other,' exclaimed the poor girl, as she watched, with an intensity of suspense little short of agony, the proceedings of the little group. 'God grant it may be favorable. O yes! yes—it must be so—for see, they are laughing; thank God—thank God—they could not, I think they could not laugh so pleasantly, were it otherwise.'

Her agitation was so extreme, that she was on the point of hurrying to the spot where the king was standing, to hear, at once, his answer to her prayer. She feared, however, that the least precipitation might be construed into a want of respect, and so perhaps, fatally prejudice her cause, and rather than encounter, even in imagination, a risk so tremendous, she waited patiently

where she stood, until the king, in his own good time, might please to release her from the anguish of her doubts. Unhappily for her, James appeared now to have fallen upon a subject which peculiarly interested him, for his gestures became animated, and he drew in illustration of the matter of his discourse, a sort of diagram with his walking-cane, upon the gravel walk, and lectured thereupon, with a good deal of emphasis—pointing from time to time to different parts of his tracing, while his two companions listened with real or affected interest, and occasionally dropped a question, or remark which furnished the king with new matter of discussion. Nearly ten minutes had elapsed ere the poor girl saw them approach so near that she was now able to overhear what passed.

'It was not exactly so,' said the king, again stopping short, 'though pretty nearly so: 'tis easily explained. Opdam lay to our leeward, within half-musket shot, as it might be, there—I was standing at the moment by the bulwark, on the quarter-deck, as thus—and had just raised my glass; Muskerry stood, as it might be so, where you, Talbot, now stand; Palmouth scarce a step behind, as it might be, there, where you are, father; and Mr. Boyle, some pretty distance backward, not three steps from the binnacle; all happened, thus, in the same line—at which moment came the enemy's shot, and killed those three brave gentlemen; the ball, as I calculated, must have passed some four, perhaps five inches less than two feet from my shoulder.'

'I've heard it reckoned by those who had the honor to serve on board with your majesty,' said Tyrconnel, 'at something less than a single foot.'

'I will not be positive,' said the king, evidently not displeased with the suggestive correction; 'I will venture to aver, however, the distance was not more than I have said.'

'Tis such narratives,' said Father Petre, with a shake of the head, and a well-acted shudder, 'which realise to us, timid sons of peace, the true dangers and terrors of battle; one such escape, methinks, might find a man gravity and caution for the remainder of his days.'

'Tut, tut, father,' said James, gaily but withal proudly, 'tis but the fortune of war, and a sailor who has been in a few hot fights, if he be fit for his calling, will witness such casualties as coolly as he would the shooting away of a spar, or the cutting of a shroud; not indeed,' he added, in a graver tone, and crossing himself with an expression of devotion, in which, it must be confessed, a very obvious irradiation of vanity still lingered—not but that a good Catholic, wherever he be will, in all deliverances, look up with gratitude and love to Almighty God, and to his blessed saints. But, by my faith, we had clean forgotten the matter of this petition of Sir Hugh Willoughby's,' he said, abruptly breaking off, as his eye chanced to encounter the form of Grace Willoughby, who now stood close by him.

He took the paper from his coat pocket, along with a pocket-book, in which, with a pencil, he seemed to take a note of its contents, and, after folding it up again, with a few brief remarks, he advanced slowly towards the poor girl, with a look of dark and haughty severity on his face, which ominously contrasted with the gaiety and affability with which he had accosted her before.

'We have read the petition, young lady,' he said, with cold gravity, 'which you have given into our hand, praying that we would extend our royal clemency to your unhappy father, Sir Hugh Willoughby. It is a bold prayer, considering, alike, the straits and troubles of these times, and the nature of the crime for which he stands convicted; and yet so far from wishing him, or any other of our subjects ill—there lives not that soul, even amongst the greatest and most unnatural of our enemies, against whom we harbour, so God be our stead, the least malice or revenge; and were we merely to consult the promptings of our own heart, we would, indeed, rather say to all our rebellious subjects (and God wot they are many), live and repent, than die in your iniquity. But alas! it is not with governors and rulers, as with other men; the safety of the body politic, and the discipline of the national manners, good government, law, subordination, peace, and prosperity, all hang upon the acts and words of kings; what might be gentleness and mercy in common men would be but weakness, nay, criminality in them; and as the king is the appointed of God Almighty, and, by Him, consecrated to his high office, it becometh him, as God's chief magistrate on earth, in distributing his judgments, to have a strict regard to that spirit in which the Almighty administers his own, namely, for a warning and prevention; by the terrors of occasional punishment, to coerce the ill-disposed into the ways of peace and honesty; this is as much the duty of the king as to forgive. Wherefore, and considering all the attending circumstances, we are obliged to refuse the prayer, and in your father's case, to suffer the law to take its usual course.'

James spoke this formal, and, to the poor girl, most terrible address, with much gravity and discreet emphasis, but withal, as phlegmatically, as though it were no more than a mere lecture upon the abstract question of divine right and royal prerogative; and, having concluded, he was turning coldly away, when she cried, in a tone of sudden and thrilling agony—

'Stay, my liege; in the name of God, I conjure you, stay and hear me.'

The king turned upon her, once more, the same forbidding look of cold displeasure.

'Young woman,' interposed Tyrconnel, imperiously, 'tis neither seemly nor respectful thus to importune his majesty; do you not see—can you not perceive this urgency is unbefitting not to say indecent.'

'Nay,' said the king, waving his hand backward in gentle reproof; 'if the young lady has any matter to urge, as yet undisclosed to us—and pertinent to this petition—God forbid we should turn from her, and refuse a hearing.—Proceed, then,' he continued, turning again towards her, 'if there be any matter of fact or argument omitted here, and he tapped the paper which he had just perused, 'let us have it, I God's name, and speedily.'

'My liege,' she said, 'I am unskilled in argument; take pity on me; I can but pray for mercy. Oh, my liege, hear me, pleading for my father; and in your own troubles, may God incline your children to plead for you.'

'His majesty has already restricted you, young lady, to arguments and facts,' interrupted Tyrconnel, who dreaded the effect of an allusion to his children—the only topic by which, through selfish channels enough, it must be confessed, the heart of the king was easily assailable; 'you are but wasting his majesty's time and patience, in thus recurring to mere importunity.'

'He speaks the truth,' said the king; 'we desire to know, simply, whether you have any new matter to add to that stated in this paper. We have conceded much in suffering this irregular intrusion thus far; we cannot consent to be detained by mere solicitation.'

'My liege,' she continued, with imploring earnestness, 'the great God, the King of kings, the Judge of all the earth, before whom, at the last day, you and he shall stand to receive your everlasting doom, He knows that my father is entirely innocent of this crime. My liege, my liege, have mercy, and may your judge be merciful to you.'

The king turned petulently from her as she spoke; and in the wildness of her agony she threw herself upon her knees before him.

'For pity's sake—for God's sake,' she cried, almost frantically; 'consider—think; it is innocent blood they seek to shed—the innocent blood that cries up before the throne of God for vengeance. My Lord Tyrconnel—good priest—oh, sirs, speak for me, he will hear you.'

Tyrconnel raised his eyes, and Father Petre lowered his meekly; and at the same moment the king interrupted the girl's melancholy appeal by saying, curtly—

'It cannot be; and once for all, young lady, we tell you it cannot be; and desire you plainly to take your answer.'

'Oh! no, no, no, my liege—for 'pity's sake' cried the poor girl, distractedly.

'Nay, damsel, this is scarce seemly,' said the king, peremptorily, and at the same time disengaging the skirt of his coat, which in her agony she had grasped, 'and only to be excused on the score of your unripe experience. We decide no matter with undue haste, and, having decided once, and upon sufficient reasons, we do not lightly change. It is determined in this case the law shall take its course; and, if we urge not the execution of the sentence on an early day, we expect not to be troubled for our forbearance.'

The king turned austerely away, and terrified by the dreadful threat faintly implied in his closing sentence, she made no further effort to detain him.

Heart-sick and trembling, she followed him and his companions, with her eyes, as they slowly passed onward upon the broad walk which formed the royal promenade, and marked their careless gestures and easy laughter, as they renewed their light conversation; and then, scarce knowing whether she went, she turned in the opposite direction, and finding herself, after a few minutes alone, in a sequestered alley, she sat herself down upon a block of stone, under the shadow of the dark evergreens, and found relief in a burst of bitter tears.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—SWEET WORDS AND TEARS, AND FLOWERS.

We left Grace Willoughby seated mournfully in the Castle garden, in a lonely alley; among the trim, dark yews. She had dried her tears, and was sitting dejectedly, with drooping head and clasped hands, upon the rude moss-grown fragment of rock which she had chosen for her seat; when she was recalled from her reverie by a deep manly voice, close beside her.

'I have been seeking you,' said Turlogh O'Brien, for he was the speaker—'I have been seeking you, Mistress Grace Willoughby, and grieve to find you thus sorrowfully. It is, then, as we feared; the king has rejected your suit.'

'He has rejected it,' said poor Grace, in a tone so piteous, that it touched the young soldier's heart. 'Ah! what shall I do now? I fear—I greatly fear it is all over.'

'Nay,' said Turlogh, in a tone that was almost tender—'do not despair: it is but a first defeat—and many resources remain yet untried. I have friends—powerful friends; all their interest and my own—every influence that I command—shall be to the utmost exerted.'

She looked up, to thank him, and, as her eyes encountered his ardent gaze, they dropped again, and, instead of speaking, she blushed, and every moment more and more deeply.

'You have too long misunderstood me, Mistress Grace,' he continued in the same ardent and melancholy tone, and, at the same time, seated himself upon the high bank beside her, that his softened voice might distinctly reach her.—

'A descendant—the last, it may be, of an ancient and unfortunate house, relinching their outcast and ruined fortunes, in some sort, to the deeds and daring of your ancestors;—nay, I will say it—educated, as I have been in the abhorrence of your race—I came hither with a heart charged with wrath and vengeance against your family—full of the darkest passions of that ancient feud; but all—all—all that is changed now.'

As the sweet and melancholy tones of the young man's voice fell upon her ear, her head was turned a little away; but he saw that she blushed and trembled more and more every moment, while her white fingers straying among the moss and grass, unconsciously plucked the wild flowers that grew beside her.

'It is, indeed, all changed,' he continued, passionately—'changed almost from the moment when I saw you first. You must not be angry with me—you are not angry? I cannot—cannot refrain from speaking; having spoken so far, I must speak all. From the time I saw you first, you have haunted me in my waking thoughts, spite of all my struggles; and, in my dreams, you have been alone all the joy, and all the sorrow of my existence. Yes, dear, dear Grace, I do, passionately, with my whole heart, fondly love you.'

He had taken her hand, and held it fervently, while her color shifted momentarily from deadly pale to glowing crimson. She attempted to withdraw it, and arose, while a thousand, thousand thrilling thoughts and emotions were crowded into that brief interval of silence; and still holding her hand, while his cheek—that cheek which had never blanched for all the terrors of battle—was pale as death, he passionately pursued his impetuous discourse:—

'Yes, I love you, dear, dear Grace; I love you, as you will never meet another capable of loving you again; as I have loved but once and never; never can love more. Nay, do not, do not turn away; nay, suffer me to hold your dear hand for this brief minute—the first time—it may be for the last time—in my life. Hear me thus, then, tell you how I love you—even though the tale be told in vain; and say, dearest, ah, say if you can ever—dare I hope it—ever, ever love me in return.'

As he concluded, she withdrew her hand.—Such were the confusion and tumult of her feelings, that she dared not, and could not frame an answer; but one look in her pale face told him truly he was loved again. He took her cold, trembling little hand once more; he held it fondly—for she now did not draw it away—but she tried once more to speak; and, instead of speaking—poor, pretty Grace—she fainted away.

Unmoved, unconscious, the loved burthen lay in his arms; and, as he looked in her pale face, and saw the color returning, Turlogh O'Brien had never known what it was to be really proud and happy before.

'Is it—is it all a dream?' at length she softly said.

'No, dearest, no,' he said as softly, but with most passionate tenderness; 'no dream—no illusion—but truth—reality—to me the proudest and the brightest that has ever been. Look, dearest, look up into my face; it is I, Turlogh, your lover—I who stand beside you—Turlogh O'Brien, your own true lover, who would rather lose a thousand lives than this dear hand—aye, who would rather perish where he stands than forget even one sweet look of yours.'

As he thus spoke, her full heart at last found relief, and the bright tears gathered in her down cast eyes, and fell softly and silently among the wild flowers in her lap.

How absorbing was the proud, unutterable rapture of that minute—how unlooked for, through the desolate darkness of that hour, shone out this sudden, tender gleam of deepest happiness. Like an unexpected momentary glow of evening sun breaking through a sky of storm, and

pouring its radiance through wet leaves and drooping boughs; where, as the eye wanders, lost in the clear perspective of the opening glades the birds sing sweetly, and flowers shimmer bright as though they had never been overcast by the terrors and the gloom of tempest. Thus, for a moment, in the thrilling joy of that happy, happy interview, were forgotten the troubles, the fears, the agonies of the hour before.

But, perchance, we have already tarried too long over these gentle passages of love. It is, after all, but a cold task, recording scenes like these. Words will not do it, because no words spoken in such moments ever yet equalled the heart's emotions, from which they sprung—feelings which are, indeed, unutterable—while eyes and tones may tell, but common language never. What more was told by words and looks in that sweet, passionate conference, it were idle to record; suffice it to say, that when they arose to depart, they had exchanged the mutual truth of lovers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE MESSENGER.

Meanwhile, in his gloomy chamber, Sir Hugh was not alone. His faithful agent, Caleb Crooke, sat with him; deep and anxious was their consultation.

'It is important—most important,' said the attorney, toward the close of their conference, 'that the deed of settlement should be placed safely in my hand. It is the only security—the only provision your poor child possesses. Should these villains, whom I suspect to be at the bottom of your prosecution, urge their victory to its murderous issue, this document secures your daughter against spoliation—and as he spoke he wrung his old patron's hand.—'God grant—God in his mercy, grant it may not be so; but it is ever safest to look at the worst aspect of affairs, and guard not only against what is probable, but what is possible too. 'The deed is now in Glendarragh; can you say exactly where?'

'Yes, the very spot,' said Sir Hugh; 'but how to get a bold and trusty messenger—'

'Hush—whom have we here?' interrupted the old knight. 'Ha, my poor girl,' he continued, fondly, but at the same time bitterly, as his daughter, followed by Turlogh O'Brien, entered, the sombre chamber; 'I see full well how you have sped—even as I predicted. Put not your trust in princes, my child; there is One, and but One, to whom we may look with confidence, even in the worst of troubles. He can deliver me, if it be His will, though all the power of this world were leagued against me; and without the shield of His protection, with kings and armies on our side, we are not safe. Therefore, upon the God of all might and all mercy, in this sore extremity, I only and entirely rely.'

Too much agitated and embarrassed to speak, Grace remained silent; but Turlogh O'Brien, in a few brief sentences, put Sir Hugh and his companion in full possession of the result of the young lady's mission; and, this done, once more their deliberations turned upon the important document, and the choice of a trusty messenger.

'Would I could offer my services,' said Turlogh; 'but I must, even to-night, set forth for Londonderry; such are the king's commands.'

The now familiar sound of the grating of the bars and bolts which secured the prison door, interrupted him. All eyes were turned anxiously toward the narrow portal; and, to their mingled surprise and relief, Father O'Garra, the young priest whom we have had so often occasion to mention, entered the gloomy apartment.

The opportune appearance of this young man, in whom the old knight felt a degree of confidence for which, even in the momentous conference which he had had with him before, he could scarcely find a warrant, seemed to his excited fancy like a providential solution of his present difficulties; and this impression was, perhaps, heightened and confirmed by the further coincidence, that Glindarragh Castle turned out to be the immediate destination of their visitor. In accordance with the promise he had made Sir Hugh, when last they met in the Carriage, the young priest had now sought an interview with him, previous to his departure from Dublin, to join the regiment (Turlogh O'Brien's), of which he had been appointed assistant chaplain; and which, as the reader is aware, was now quartered in the hereditary mansion of the ill-fated knight of Glindarragh.

Here, then, was a messenger, in all particulars adapted to the mission, secured against the violence of the peasant marauders, by that sacred character, which even the most reckless of the rapparees never failed to respect; and protected from the insolent interruptions of the soldiery by his own demi-military office. Such advantages, backed by his frank offers of service, and by his already approved good will, in such an emergency easily overbalanced whatever scruples, under circumstances less urgent, might have suggested themselves to the mind of the old knight, and determined him finally to entrust to his execution this, to him, most momentous commission.

The task is imposed and undertaken, with full and accurate directions—with oft-repeated charges and instructions; and, commissioned more...

Good priest, it would befit thee better to spur on—life and death are in the issue of thy mission—craft and villainy are plotting behind thee—Onward, onward, ere the pursuits begin.

The ways of virtue are the ways of wisdom, no less than the ways of pleasantness; and fraud, however craftily conducted, leads, oftener than men will easily believe, to mere self-confusion, complication, and defeat.

How the devil could I tell there was a deed of settlement in the way? retorted Garrett with asperity; 'there's no good in blaming me for it.'

'Of course—but answer my question,' pursued Talbot; 'come, come, can you darn the cobweb—or is it all lost? One thing is clear—as the old fellow is attained, his life estate, at least, is in the crown, and that is worth something.'

'No, not now—that is, not yet,' replied Garvey; 'it is not in Crook's hands, and I can't say at present where it is; but,' he added, with a smile of infernal triumph, which disclosed his gapped and discoloured teeth, from ear to ear—

'Well, then, to-morrow morning be it,' said Talbot, rising thoughtfully. 'The thing, however, must be done with some tact and caution. I don't care a fig myself, for scandal; but here it might be dangerous; nothing venture, nothing win, however; so, in the devil's name, let it be tried. Mr. Garvey,' continued Talbot, motioning him somewhat unceremoniously toward the door, 'we shall expect to see you here, by eight of the clock to-morrow morning; nay, no formalities, I pray you—a good night, good night, sir—fare you well. If ever the devil had a dutiful drudge on earth,' he continued, addressing Garret, as the descending tread of his humble ac-

complice was heard upon the stairs; that sneaking scoundrel—'He's a useful fellow in his way,' said Garrett. 'Very,' replied Talbot; 'but don't leave the handling of that deed to him; let him help you to select it if you need his aid; but do the important part yourself—yourself, mind you, for that scascal might pocket the settlement, and keep it over our heads afterwards to extort money; so burn it yourself.'

'Meanwhile,' said Garrett, 'you undertake to have the old man reprieved, lest this should fail. 'Certainly,' 'tis but a word in my brother's ear,' said Talbot; 'but if you and Garvey do your business properly, he may hang as high as they please, by this day week.'

THE POPE—'PETERS PENCE.'

The following pastoral letter and instruction of his Grace, the Most. Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, directing the establishment of the Confraternity of 'Peter's Pence' was read on Sunday in the churches and chapels of the archdiocese:—

'Amidst the manifold calamities which are daily befalling the world, it is, dear brethren, a source of great consolation to witness the splendid manifestations of devotion to the Holy See, and unshaken fidelity to the great centre of Catholic unity, the chair of St. Peter, daily elicited throughout the entire world by the many and most severe trials which, in the inscrutable designs of Divine Providence, have fallen to the lot of our most beloved Father and Pontiff, the gloriously reigning Pius the Ninth.'

'The conditions of segregation are the daily recital three times of the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Gloria be to the Father," to implore the Almighty to put an end to the calamities which threaten religion and afflict the church; and in particular, to hasten the triumph of peace and justice by the speedy termination of the trials which still continue to afflict our beloved Pontiff, Pius IX., and his restoration to the full enjoyment of his sacred rights and the temporal possessions of the Holy See.'

'The object of the association, thus happily, we trust, established, to the already existing and canonically erected Arch-Confraternity of Rome, and, in particular of the many indulgences with which the Sovereign Pontiff has enriched its members.'

'It is all-important to bear in mind the difference between them and the English Low Church Evangelicals, or Irish Orangemen, like the Newdegates and Verners, who vote on the Tory side, call themselves Tories, and to the misfortune, if not to the disgrace of the Tory party, are recognised as forming a portion of it.'

'The revolutionary movement in Italy, Hungary, and Austria, have the full sympathy of the so-called liberal press, because they are anti-Catholic. To the wrongs of Ireland, to the struggles of the Neapolitans, and the sufferings of Poland these sympathies are denied, because the question affects the cause of a Catholic nation, and the freedom of the Catholic religion. But to all this outpouring of injustice and calumny, directed against the Sovereign Pontiff and his sacred rights, what, dearest brethren, has been the reply of the Catholic world? As one man the faithful have arisen, and with one voice, they have repudiated the calumnies, they have denounced the criminal rapacity, of which their beloved Pontiff was sought to be made the victim, and placing themselves and their possessions at his disposal they have manifested their determination, as far as rested with them, to uphold, by every lawful means in their power, the rights, the possessions, the liberty and the independence of the Viceregent on earth of Jesus Christ. Of the part taken by Ireland in these magnificent demonstrations of attachment and devotion to the Holy See, our country may with reason be proud; and we, on our part, have already paid the record of our gratitude in particular, for the promptness and regularity which, responding on a late occasion to our invitation, you enabled us to forward, in aid of the exhausted and plundered resources of the Pontifical treasury your munificent contribution of upwards of £17,000.'

hoped for, and will, while pressing but slightly on the resource even of the number classes, in the end realise abundant results, and entitle us to a share in the honor, the merit, and the reward of the more systematic and continuous efforts, that in the revival, under the form of a religious association, of the time-honoured institution of Peter's Pence, are now being diffused in several localities, and gradually becoming diffused over the entire Catholic world. It is therefore, dear brethren, that, confiding in your well-tryed devotion to our most Holy Father, in your generosity and zeal, we are, resolved, after having consulted with the principal members of the secular and regular clergy, upon establishing canonically in our diocese, the religious association, or Confraternity of Peter's Pence, the members of which shall be united in pious communion of prayers and good works, to implore God to console and strengthen our beloved Pontiff in his afflictions, and shall join also their contributions to aid the exhausted resources of his treasury. For this purpose we direct and declare as follows:—

'1. On and after this, the first Sunday in October, the solemnity of the Holy Rosary—the auspicious day upon which the church celebrates the victory gained through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, by the army of Christendom over the enemies of the Christian name at Lepanto—the pious Sodality or Confraternity of Peter's Pence is hereby established in our Pro-Cathedral Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlboro'-street, and we invite the faithful, and those in particular of the parishes annexed to the above church to associate themselves with it.'

'2. We direct and exhort respectively, all parish priests, heads of religious houses, and others of the clergy charged with the administration of churches and chapels throughout the diocese, to erect branch associations in the churches and chapels placed under their care, herewith according to them all necessary faculties for the purpose.'

'3. The conditions of segregation are the daily recital three times of the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Gloria be to the Father," to implore the Almighty to put an end to the calamities which threaten religion and afflict the church; and in particular, to hasten the triumph of peace and justice by the speedy termination of the trials which still continue to afflict our beloved Pontiff, Pius IX., and his restoration to the full enjoyment of his sacred rights and the temporal possessions of the Holy See. The members, those only excepted whose extreme poverty renders them unable, will also contribute a yearly donation or a small monthly offering, according to the devotion of each, towards relieving the necessities of our Holy Father.'

'4. For the purpose of receiving the offerings of the faithful, boxes bearing the name and device of the association shall be fixed in convenient and conspicuous places in the several churches and chapels of the diocese where the association is established. A monthly return shall be made, and all sums received forwarded to the secretaries and treasurers of the central association established in our church of the Immaculate Conception in this city, to be subsequently at suitable intervals sent by us to the treasury of our most Holy Father.'

'5. A central or general board of administration, appointed by us, and consisting of the treasurers and secretaries, and some of the clergy and laity of the city or its vicinity, will meet twice in each month, for the transaction of the general business of the association at the Presbytery, Marlboro'-street.'

'6. Having applied for regular letters of aggregation of our diocesan association, thus happily, we trust, established, to the already existing and canonically erected Arch-Confraternity of Rome, and, in particular of the many indulgences with which the Sovereign Pontiff has enriched its members.'

'It is all-important to bear in mind the difference between them and the English Low Church Evangelicals, or Irish Orangemen, like the Newdegates and Verners, who vote on the Tory side, call themselves Tories, and to the misfortune, if not to the disgrace of the Tory party, are recognised as forming a portion of it.'

tionally advertised. This has imparted to a large, of melancholy which has always been apparent in the Irish national poetry, and is curiously exemplified in the tenderness and affection with which the old bard spoke of his country, always with some endearing title, as: the Little Dark Rose, the Poor Old Woman, the Silk of the Kine, and the like. We in England are so much accustomed to mix our patriotism with our pride in England's material greatness, that we can hardly at first sight understand the deep fondness with which the children of these more unfortunate countries cling to their mother. Mr. de Vere in his first poem, 'The Sisters,' has dwelt with much power on this distinction, where he describes his English friend and guest:—

That love I honor'd. Great and strong he call'd her; But well I knew that had her greatness waned, His love had wax'd.

So we hope it would be with many of us. But it is impossible to forget that there is a considerable portion of English patriotism—the more vulgar and noisy portion of it—which is but another shape of the conceit which loves to praise itself, and which, under the guise of affection for England, only means appreciation of Saxon blood and money-making.

'The Sisters' is a home-story of Irish life; commonplace enough in its incidents, and evidently drawn from the author's own experience. It is but the fragments of a noteless Irish life—and tells the record of a dreamy peasant girl, her love and sorrow, and her high inspiring faith. In her story, which reminds us of some of those which Wordsworth has told, Mr. de Vere has obviously had before him an embodiment of his country's sufferings and faith and hope. For it is a thought prominent through all Mr. de Vere's poems that the long depression of his country is to have a purifying and ennobling effect upon her—to be a trial out of which she shall come in brightness. This conviction he has beautifully embodied in one of the last poems of 'Inisfail.'

'But though the past has stung the Irish spirit of Mr. de Vere to hot indignation, it must not be supposed that all his verse has the character of a dirge for Irish glories gone by. He is able to look brightly forward to the future, and the burden of most of these songs is that of hope and trust. England and Ireland do not yet understand each other well enough to partake thoroughly in the historical glory which jointly belongs to them. Mr. de Vere, we are sure, does not forget how much of the history of his country is written in the annals of the British army, from Malpla to Inkermann. But at present an Irish poet hardly knows how to deal, in a national spirit, with this part of his nation's chronicles. He can, however, look forward, as Mr. de Vere does, to the time when the united nation shall have learned to appreciate the several elements which each of her peoples contributes to her greatness, and shall own that the soberer and harder virtues of the English race are well leavened by the more impulsive merits of the warm volatile Irishman.'

'These poems of Mr. de Vere will live—live not only as a noble contribution to English poetry (although the author sacrifices so much to Irish pronunciation as in one place to make *couch* a dissyllable), but also as a true and worthy expression of Irish national sentiment. Every Irish child ought to know by heart.'

These are sentiments from the High Church English Tory Organ that the Catholics of Ireland are perhaps scarcely prepared to hear without surprise, but their surprise will not be lessened when they hear the same party's opinion of Oliver Cromwell, of Orange Ascendancy, and of Irish Nationality. We quote from the *John Bull's* review of Professor Goldwin Smith's Essay on Irish History and Irish Character. The *John Bull* says:—

'We reviewed last week the volume in which Mr. Aubrey de Vere deals with the poetical and imaginative aspect of Irish History and Irish Character.—We have now before us a book which takes up the same theme from a very different point of view. Mr. Goldwin Smith's essay is founded on a lecture read before the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society, and partakes in some degree of the didactic and generalising tone with which you might suppose a University Professor to take up *La Question Irlandaise*.

'The object of Mr. Goldwin Smith's essay is a truly patriotic one, and is practically identical with that which Mr. de Vere sets before us in the opening of his poems—that of pointing out the need which the several races inhabiting our islands have of each other, and how the quantities supplied by the one fill up the deficiencies of the other. We are afraid that Mr. Goldwin Smith, while thus recognising the mutual benefits which the two races are capable of conferring on each other, has not always kept his own moral in view. He is, doctrinaire-like, too apt to take for granted that the peculiarities of Irish character are a remnant of an older and more barbarous state of society, to be purged out by a closer approach to civilisation. He recognises with great justice the Irish tendency to agrarian disorders as the consequence of the old Irish law of land, and the classish state of society belonging to the older history of their race. But he seems to think that they are learning a more commercial view of the relation between landlord and tenant.'

'We should be sorry to see either in England or Ireland so mature and regular a state of society as to sink the relation of landlord and tenant into one of a purely commercial character. We should rather look forward to a time when the more patriarchal system indigenous to Irish rural life shall receive its natural development through the means of a resident class of landlords in thorough sympathy with the population.'

'It falls in with the scope of Mr. Smith's design to give a brief sketch of Irish history both in Church and State from the time of the English conquest, with the view of illustrating the connection between Ireland's past experience and her present condition. This sketch is of a superficial character. Mr. Smith is not free from the taint of that vulgar servility which is just now in vogue towards mere success in the person of Oliver Cromwell. Mr. Smith, indeed, does not seem to have very definite ideas about the homage which he pays to his insubstantial hero. He admits in one place that—

'The slaughter of Drogheda and Wexford is a dark blot on Cromwell's name. Unlike some of his admirers, he had the grace to excuse it, on grounds of humanity, as being likely, by striking terror, in the end to save more blood. This excuse cannot be admitted. An example of atrocity, though it may cut short one war, tends to make all wars more atrocious.'

THE "JOHN BULL" ON IRISH NATIONALITY. (From the London Tablet.)

We have already reviewed Mr. Aubrey de Vere's last volume, and expressed our admiration for it, but we have great pleasure in presenting the following review of it from that staunch old Conservative journal and organ of High Church Toryism, the *John Bull*.

'It is all-important to bear in mind the difference between them and the English Low Church Evangelicals, or Irish Orangemen, like the Newdegates and Verners, who vote on the Tory side, call themselves Tories, and to the misfortune, if not to the disgrace of the Tory party, are recognised as forming a portion of it.'

'The revolutionary movement in Italy, Hungary, and Austria, have the full sympathy of the so-called liberal press, because they are anti-Catholic. To the wrongs of Ireland, to the struggles of the Neapolitans, and the sufferings of Poland these sympathies are denied, because the question affects the cause of a Catholic nation, and the freedom of the Catholic religion. But to all this outpouring of injustice and calumny, directed against the Sovereign Pontiff and his sacred rights, what, dearest brethren, has been the reply of the Catholic world? As one man the faithful have arisen, and with one voice, they have repudiated the calumnies, they have denounced the criminal rapacity, of which their beloved Pontiff was sought to be made the victim, and placing themselves and their possessions at his disposal they have manifested their determination, as far as rested with them, to uphold, by every lawful means in their power, the rights, the possessions, the liberty and the independence of the Viceregent on earth of Jesus Christ. Of the part taken by Ireland in these magnificent demonstrations of attachment and devotion to the Holy See, our country may with reason be proud; and we, on our part, have already paid the record of our gratitude in particular, for the promptness and regularity which, responding on a late occasion to our invitation, you enabled us to forward, in aid of the exhausted and plundered resources of the Pontifical treasury your munificent contribution of upwards of £17,000.'

'There are four relations in which Ireland may be placed with regard to the sister island—dependency, independence, federation, and union. The relation of dependency has been tried during six centuries, and there are few who would desire to experience it again, as the consequence of a disruption leading to a war and a second conquest of the weaker island by the stronger. Independence would of course be feasible in itself, if it could only be accompanied by geographical separation; but so close a neighbourhood would involve contact, and contact would bring on collisions, rivalry, jealousy, hostility would spring up; the more certainly, because there would be between the two countries the memory of a former union, and of a recent divorce; and Ireland, manacled by the power of England, would become the ward and the rascal of France, or some other foreign power, which for its purposes would constitute itself her protector. The federal relation is natural and useful when it is entered into by several states of tolerably equal power, but it could not be naturally or usefully formed between two states, one of which is far more powerful than the other, since in the Federal Councils the vote of the more powerful would always prevail. There remains only union, and if this alone remains, common sense requires us heartily to embrace it, and to endeavour, by the abolition of every ascendancy and ancient misgovernment, to render it perfectly fair, honorable, and beneficial to both nations.'

'We quite agree with our author in the strict interpretation of his words. But when we come to read a little further we find that by *union* he means *fusion*; and, indeed, he asserts afterwards that the course of event has left no basis whereon Irish nationality can be established.' For our part we think that Irish nationality will establish itself, and cannot be got rid of, as past history abhors, by any course of policy. It is only on doctrinaire paper or in doctrinaire lectures that you can obliterate the instincts and feelings of a nation. Our notion of the true union between the two peoples is not the absorption of all that is distinctively Irish into an imperial system, but a combination by which the national life of each shall be kept up, and yet brought to bear on one common course of State action.'

But there is another Tory organ, and another section of the Tory Party. 'The low, bigoted, half-educated, Low Church Evangelicals in England, and Orangemen in Ireland. They must be got rid of, and eliminated from the Conservative ranks, a consummation which, perhaps, will not be delayed much longer. For their illiberality as Protestants has been scolded and flattered by Lord Palmerston's and Lord John Russell's treatment of Catholics, while their old Roundhead Cromwellian and rebellious spirit has warmed towards the Whigs for their support of the Italian revolution.'

Here the organ of Newdegate on the Irish Church:— 'The fact is that the Sovereign of England transferred the supremacy of the Irish Church to himself just as he did the supremacy of the English Church; expunged some superstitious usages from the Irish ritual as he did from the English; and declared the superfluities of certain doctrines which had been invented by the Bishop of Rome, and were unknown to the primitive Church. This change no more affected the Catholicity of the Irish Church than it did the English. Both remained branches of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church, protesting against errors which the Church of the Apostles never knew. If the Bishop of Rome chose to keep up a spurious Church in Ireland alongside the lawful one, that was nothing to us. And because in time he had succeeded in getting the majority of the people over to his side, that constituted no reason why property given to the Irish Church, and not to the emissaries of an Italian Bishop, should be handed over to the latter. The Church of Rome cannot be allowed to take advantage of her own wrong in this fashion. In Ireland she is an interloper; and, according to the canons of the early Church, heretical. Yet, because she has a majority on her side, she claims the possessions of the orthodox Church. We cannot yet at all events accord this power to mere numbers. Our political philosophy is not ripe for the acceptance of so advanced a principle. We hold with Cicerone that if you can prove the present Irish Church to be the true descendant of that branch of the Catholic Church which was first planted in Ireland then the spiritual allegiance of Irishmen is due to that Church. And though, of course, this is a principle which must be accepted with some modifications, it is one which arrests upon the threshold the doctrines of our modern number-worshippers.'

So, too, of the Italian revolution. The *Press* mutinies against Lord Derby, whom with characteristic disingenuousness it quotes as comparing the annexed Lombards and Tuscans, to noble mastiffs, and the Neapolitan brigands to mongrel curs. Of course it praises Sir E. B. Lytton, and rejoices in the union of Italy. It deposes Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby from their leaderships, and says that the edifying Whig Radical, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, "is pre-eminently entitled to be the representative of the Conservatives on this subject." Why? Let us have a reason, only let us have a reason, and Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli shall either abdicate or be deposed. The *Press* gives us its reason, and it is worthy of Newdegate. "Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is pre-eminently entitled to be the representative of the Conservatives on this subject, because"—he wrote the novel of Rienzi! "The reader of Rienzi," says the *Press*, "must have remarked the great interest which its author manifests in all that concerns Italy."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF CASHEL.—We understand that in all the parishes of the Archdiocese of Cashel and Emly the movement set on foot and promoted by His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel for the prevention of the sale of spirituous liquors on Sunday is now in full and satisfactory operation. Immense benefit to religion, order and morality, has been the result, particularly in the rural districts, where on Sunday evening the public houses used to be thronged, and where serious rows, and often fatal accidents, had their origin.—Now the Sabbath is marked by that quietude and decorum which should characterise the day of rest, and all parties seem satisfied at a change that has wrought so much of good. It is very creditable to some Protestant spirit dealers in the towns, that they were among the first to acquiesce in the ordinance of the venerable Archbishop, who, in spreading the Sunday temperance movement throughout the diocese, has set a noble example, worthy of being imitated throughout the other counties of Ireland.—*Tipperary Free Press*.

SENDING A CHALLENGE TO DR. GRAY.—Information were sworn on Tuesday, Oct. 9, by Dr. Gray, T.C., proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, against Mr. Francis Morgan, Solicitor to the Corporation, in consequence of the latter gentleman having sent a challenge to Dr. Gray, inviting him to fight in France. Upon the sworn informations of Dr. Gray, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mr. Morgan, which was executed by the police. Mr. Morgan gave a personal undertaking to appear before the divisional magistrate sitting at the Head Police-office, on Tuesday evening, at four o'clock, to enter into recognizances to keep the peace towards all her Majesty's subjects, and Dr. Gray especially. It appears that Mr. Morgan considered his honor was impeached, in consequence of statements made by Dr. Gray, in reference to him, at the very stormy debate which took place in the Corporation on Monday last, in reference to the Waterworks. He accordingly considered it necessary to send Dr. Gray a challenge who, next morning, swore informations against him.

**MUSEUM OF IRISH INDUSTRY**—The annual meeting for the distribution of prizes in the Museum of Irish Industry was held on the 10th of October, in the Theatre Royal, Dublin. The Lord-Lieutenant was present, according to custom, and there was a crowded attendance of ladies, gentlemen, and the press. The Lord-Lieutenant, in his address, commended the proceedings by delivering an address on the "Statistics of Mining Industry in Ireland." His chief object being to show the amount of employment given by the Irish mines. Their principal products are sulphur, lead, copper, and coal. The General Mining Company has commenced to work zinc from their silver mines in Tipperary. Iron exists in the country in large quantities, but the available supply of coal is not sufficient to carry on the operations with respect to this ore. Last year the Wicklow Sulphur Mines yielded 107,000 tons of ore, employing 1,200 hands, representing a mining population of 5,000, the average earnings being 15s a week for miners and 10s for labourers. The principal copper mines are at Knocknabreena, in the county of Waterford, and Berehaven, in Cork. The ore is exported and smelted in England. In 1859 they yielded 10,559 tons, value £108,107; persons employed, 1,370; amount of wages for the year, £45,000. The lead mines of Glendalough produced 3,142 tons. The lead mining population is 1,500, who receive in wages £14,000 a year. In 1859 the mines of the Seven Churches yielded 12,650 ounces of silver, value £3,480. The coal mines are generally not more than 3 or 4 feet in thickness, chiefly anthracite. There are 45 collieries altogether, 35 in the south and 10 in the north. In 1857 the quantity raised was bituminous, 42,150 tons; anthracite, 78,250; in all, 120,400; value at 8s. per ton, £48,000. The mining population, though somewhat reckless and improvident, are remarkably well conducted. A system of paper payment has been adopted in some districts, the object of which is to guard the miners from spending their earnings in publichouses. Sir Robert Kane, in concluding his address, adverted to the fact that, in the recent examination in practical chemistry held at South Kensington, when pupils from 23 schools of England and Scotland competed, four out of six medals given were carried off by pupils from the Primary School of Chemistry in Cork. The Lord-Lieutenant, having delivered the prizes to the successful candidates, for this and other purposes, there would be no break in the continuity of Irish Viceroys, though, in order to secure variety in the addresses, there should also be some variety in the persons who filled the office, adding, "And, while I thus happen to mention Irish Viceroys, I must speak with caution and apprehension about the health of one of the most valued and beloved in the whole catalogue of my predecessors—the Earl of Eglintoun, of whose health I fear very uneasy accounts have been received this day." Referring to the paper currency, his Excellency wittily remarked, "At all events it holds out to our mining population the opportunity of complying with the line of the poet—

"To eye the mine without the wish for gold."

Alluding to the ladies who were successful candidates, Lord Carlisle thus spoke of the Queen and her recent visit to Ireland:—"And, indeed, it seems only right and becoming, in a country where an illustrious lady fills the very highest place in the realm, that all classes of our women should have the opportunity of showing that they can excel in the accomplishments and attainments which are consistent with the grace and modesty of the female character. (Applause.) Having thus casually alluded to our gracious Queen, whom all classes in this city have had so much pleasure in welcoming here and in witnessing her progress through our crowded thoroughfares, where they received her with so much delicacy and with so much fervour, I feel myself at liberty to take this first subsequent public opportunity of mentioning, which I am fully authorized to do, that Her Majesty the Queen represents herself highly gratified by every circumstance of her visit to Ireland (loud applause), not only with the noble plainness of the Carrig, and with the unmatched loveliness of the Lakes of Kerry, but with the loyalty, the warmth and the whole demeanour of her Irish people. (Applause.) Greatly pleased and struck, indeed, Her Majesty could not fail to be with the obvious marks of progress and improvement in this portion of Her Majesty's dominions. They meet us in every branch of occupation and in every field of exertion. (Hear, hear.) I know that I have been sometimes charged with presenting almost too favourable and rose-coloured a picture of the condition of the country, and I do not conceal that the nature of the season through which we have lately passed, and the great prevalence of more than even our usual watery skies, may inspire us with some uneasiness lest there may not be a corresponding amount of privation and difficulty to be apprehended in the ensuing winter. This may be all matter for caution and for watchfulness; but let us not in any case forget that the proper result of privation is patience, and that difficulties are sent to call forth the energies which will conquer them. And it will go forth to ennobel even the pursuits and studies which engage you in this place if you accustom yourselves not merely to consider them as the pastime of an idle hour, or as the extra gliding of the stern realities of life, but as a means of imparting additional strength and solidity to your intellectual powers, and perhaps of furnishing you with a safe and enduring provision against the rough weather and the storms which disturb the moral as well as the natural world." (Applause.)—The proceedings then terminated.

**IRISH AND ENGLISH ENTERPRISE**—We give in our present number an article from the *Freeman* that must be read by every Irishman with gratitude and pride. It elucidates the integrity, soundness, and safety of enterprise in Ireland, and affords evidence of the prosperous progress which our countrymen can effect when it is practicable in our own land. When and where property, mercantile knowledge, and bona fide investments can ensure profits and accomplish success, Irishmen prove that the qualifications are possessed by them, and are showing that, whilst splendid schemes and specious undertakings attract and engage our fellow-subjects in England, they neither attempt to inflate empty bubbles like those that burst at the other side of the water, nor are they deceived by the evanescent colors in which frail and false projects shine before they vanish out of sight and existence. The article refers to the foundation upon which the only two Irish Insurance Companies, the Patriotic and National, are built and raised, and it is the solidest upon which responsible enterprise can possibly rest—that is, security, for it is capital so substantially and amply invested as to form a basis far more than sufficient to bear all the responsibilities that in any form could devolve upon it. Not wishing to depreciate any other such enterprise, we may point to those two planted in Ireland, and flourishing in it, as examples of the energy and honesty with which our undertakings are worked. And without meaning to derogate from the positions or prospects of any institutions of a like kind elsewhere, we may advert to the fact that in Ireland those two societies are safer than others which, even of correlative financial firmness, are out of the category of faggots and segments too numerous in England. Disasters so vast as those which visit the English metropolis, for instance, do not, and cannot occur in this country. In no quarter of Ireland are such masses of merchandise and other goods insured and consumed as in Great Britain. In a day or a night a fire may destroy the very foundation of a British company, and the late conflagration in London ate into the basements of several companies whilst it was devouring the stores on the wharf. No such piles and pyramids of goods are accumulated in Ireland anywhere, and no such danger to life presented. No range of fire in the Irish metropolis or any other of our cities could involve a twentieth of the property lost in London, and certainly no disasters encompass so many beings

high or low, as those that surround our British neighbors. There property is concentrated and massed on sea and shore, and life compressed in multitudes, and here property is more divided and separated, and life less exposed to comprehensive destruction. Any insurance here do not, therefore, involve the responsibilities of one insurance there, whilst here for the same reason, and for others which are obvious, the income from the insurance effected is steadier, and more permanent, the relative risks never so heavy, nor the demands upon the capital and resources of the Irish companies so contemporaneous, sudden and large. The demands following the London fire amounted to millions, sweeping away in one fell swoop the profits of years; and, if rumors are true, diminishing the buttresses and bearings of some companies so grievously as to excite the apprehension that the shareholders and policy holders traveling together will go down together in the same crash. However the respective stability of the institutions at either side of the channel may be regarded, this is incontestable, that our two Irish assurance societies are strong and prosperous; and that when our Saxon friends boast of their superiority in mercantile enterprise, as well as in other things, they may be requested to remember that our banks, railways, assurance societies and other undertakings are conducted, despite their drain of wealth and their grasping rivalry in many forms, with an uprightness, prudence, spirit and skill, at the very lowest equal with their own throughout England.—*Munster News.*

**AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS (IRELAND) 1861.**—Mr. Donnelly, the Registrar-General, has issued one of his useful abstracts, anticipatory of his complete report, upon the Agriculture of Ireland. The summaries have been made, by 4,000 enumerators, selected from the Constabulary and the Metropolitan Police Forces. The individual farms examined amounted to nearly 600,000. The inquiries commenced on the 3rd of June, and terminated about the middle of July. The Registrar returns his thanks "to the landed proprietors, the clergy of all denominations, the tenant-farmers, and the public press, for the assistance they have afforded to the enumerators." There is an increase in the areas under oats, barley, beans, and peas, as compared with the returns of last year, and a decrease in those under wheat, bere, and rye. Sixty thousand fewer acres of wheat have been sown than in 1860. The increase of oats is 26,627 acres, and in barley 17,779 acres, in beans and peas 1,172 acres. The decrease in bere is 1,125 acres, so that the total decrease in cereals is 15,701 acres. The whole amount of land under these crops was 2,623,683 acres. There is a considerable decrease, 38,378 acres, under potatoes, a decrease of 3,175 acres in mangel and beet-root, and a decrease of nearly the same amount in vetches and rape. There are 15,289 more acres of turnips, and 7,135 acres of cabbage this year than last, so that the net diminution in the extent of "green crops" is 36,974 acres. The amount planted was 1,570,668 acres. There is also a decrease of 47,969 acres of meadow and clover. Hence we get the following general summary:—

Decrease in cereal crops, . . . . .	15,701	Acres.
Do. in green crops, . . . . .	36,974	100,644
Do. in meadow and clover, 47,969		
Increase in flax, . . . . .	19,271	

Total decrease of land under crops in 1861, 81,373 There is also a large decrease in the number of "live stock" in Ireland this year as compared with 1860, and that again was marked by a very large diminution compared with 1859. This year we have fewer horses by 5,993; fewer cattle by 138,316; and fewer pigs by 173,096. There is the slight increase of 1,839 in the number of sheep. Thus, upon the average of the rates assumed by the Census Commissioners of 1841, we have less value in live stock by £1,161,345 than we had in 1860. This lamentable falling off in live stock is attributed to two successive bad harvests. How great has been the loss in production may be estimated by a single item. In 1860 we had fewer tons of potatoes by 1,588,143, or nearly one-half of the entire quantity raised. This must have been a grievous loss to the poor cottiers, who endeavored to make out the rent by keeping a cow, two or three pigs, or poultry. As might be expected, in consequence of the civil war in America, there has been a diminution in the number of emigrants. In the first seven months of 1860, the number of emigrants who left our shores was 55,782, and during the same period of 1861 the number was 45,508, or less by 10,274.

**THE OX OF DISTRESS.**—The warning voice we have raised on behalf of hundreds of thousands of our poorer fellow countrymen, who are menaced with dire distress, if not actual famine, during the rapidly approaching winter, has already been echoed back to us from several quarters, where exaggerated alarms would find little sympathy. The *Cork Examiner*, in an earnest article, which we copy elsewhere, urges the appeal to those who are responsible for the people's safety, and who alone can enable the country to meet the crisis successfully. "Upon the landlords and agents of Ireland," exclaims our contemporary, "a grave responsibility rests at this moment, for upon their wisdom, their prudence, their forethought, the solution of the problem depends—whether the coming winter and the next spring and summer are to be remembered with horror, or whether Ireland is to bless them as her benefactors and her saviours." This is strong language, but hardly stronger than the occasion warrants. The landlords alone, or their agents acting for them, can do anything effectual towards meeting the crisis with which the country is menaced. This is the third consecutive harvest which has disappointed the just expectations of the tillers of the soil. For two years the farmers have been paying rents out of capital, and now they are called on a third time for a like exhausting effort. It is impossible that the maximum rent of prosperous years can continue to be paid after a series of bad harvests, without impoverishing the farmer to such a degree as to render him unable to carry on the costly business of agriculture. But if the tenantry are to be reduced to beggary, who will give employment to the millions that depend on labour for the food they eat? As long as the farmer has the means of tilling his land the agricultural labourer will have at least a share of employment, but when the tenant is crippled by rack-rents the land is thrown out of tillage, and the labourer and his family have only the choice between starvation and the workhouse. Let the landlords consider the case as men of business and men of sense, and ask themselves what have they to gain by driving their tenantry to the wall. Common sense will tell them that the more they press their tenantry, during such a crisis as we are now entering upon, the worse it must in the end be for their own interests, to say nothing of the interests of the country in which they have so important a stake. The tenant who is crushed by rack-rents, in a year of falling crops, may manage for once or twice to scrape together enough to meet the demands of his landlord, but, in so doing, he will exhaust the little store which is needed to keep the land fruitful and to pay future rents. If, then, the farmers are to provide employment as heretofore for the bulk of the labouring population, some forbearance must for a time at least be extended to them by their landlords and their agents. If another course be followed, the labouring poor will be thrown out of their accustomed employment, and they or their families must either starve or become a burthen upon the poor-rates. Of course, the people will not prefer to starve, and we trust no one supposes they ought to starve, while there is food in the country. Heaven knows, the population of the island has already been thinned enough to satisfy the most heartless political economists. But if hundreds of thousands of the industrious poor are to be shut up in workhouses it is plain that both landlords and tenants will be heavy sufferers by being compelled to support in

idleness the very labourers whose industry, as a class, made their fields fruitful. Already, in some districts, estimates of 5s., 7s., 6d., and even 10s. in the pound, are being prepared for the rate-books; and though this burthen will fall first on the tenants' shoulders, the landlords will not long escape. The heavy pressure of rates will not only seriously diminish the net-rental, but will also greatly lessen the tenants' ability to pay any rent at all. Let the landlords, then, for their own sakes, if not from any higher motives of humanity and charity, treat their tenants with all possible forbearance, and they themselves, ere long, will reap the full benefit of their liberality, while the country will regard them as amongst its best friends and benefactors. Let it be remembered that the crisis now impending will in all likelihood prove merely temporary. After their deficient harvest, a year of plenty may be hoped for, and such a year would certainly enable the tenants to square accounts with the landlords. After the famine of 1840-41 came the abundant harvest of 1847 one of the very best the country has been favoured with during the past twenty years. Such another harvest would be sufficient to re-adjust the balance, and to restore the tenant farmers to a position of comparative independence. Let the landlords, then, have the good sense, as well as the humanity and patriotism, to treat their tenantry with forbearance, and not only will the distress and suffering of the poor be alleviated, but the return of better times will be greatly accelerated, and another revolution in the ownership of landed property may be prevented. The Encumbered Estates Court has changed its name, but not its nature, and those landlords who show themselves careless about the safety of the people, may find the security of their own estates imperilled by a fresh access of pauperism. The example of the last famine ought to teach them on this head a salutary lesson.—*Morning News.*

**THE THREATENED FAMINE IN THE WEST.**—As we anticipated, the sharp cry of distress begins to reach us from the far west, and our worst forebodings are confirmed. A respectable correspondent in the county Mayo assures us that the ravages caused by the potato blight and the recent floods have left the bulk of the rural population without food enough to last them till Christmas Day, and that unless the Government give public employment, the labouring poor must starve. The crisis is imminent, yet we fear the appeals of the press have as yet made little impression in official quarters. We trust, however, that there will be an end of this apathy, and that steps will be taken before it is too late to save the country from the horrors of another famine. We are no alarmists, and we should be sorry to aggravate by exaggerating the misfortunes with which the country is threatened. But, on the other hand, we know the vast gain it will be to us all to have those misfortunes which are certain and inevitable, anticipated and provided against in time. Famine always brings in its train pestilence, and other evils which affect all classes of the community alike, and from which none can be sure of escaping. Surely it is worth while making some timely effort to avert such calamities from our country. The people themselves are not apathetic in the matter, and it is to be hoped that those who should set them an example of forethought will be equally alive to the responsibilities of the crisis. The following resolutions, passed at a public meeting held last Sunday, at Kilmorrah, county Mayo, and copies of which have already reached the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary, give a clear and forcible account of the position and prospects of the labouring population of the west:—

At a public meeting held in Kilmorrah parochial church on Sunday, the 6th instant, the Venerable Archdeacon Coghlan, P. P., in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Proposed by Garret C. Dalton, Esq.; seconded by Henry D. O'Connor, Esq.

Resolved—That about five-sixths of the potato crop, the principal food of this parish and district, are destroyed by the blight and recent floods.

Resolved—That if all corn grown in this mountain parish was converted into meal, it would not give support to the population, numbering about 6,000, souls, for two months.

Resolved—That unless Government grant without delay, public works to the people, by which they may be enabled to purchase food, they will die from starvation.

Resolved—That we respectfully lay these resolutions before his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant and Chief Secretary for Ireland, requesting in the name of humanity, that they will advise the Government to take immediate steps to avert such a dire calamity.

JOHN COGHLAN, P. P., Archdeacon of Aeshony, Chairman.

MICHAEL IVERS, O. C., Secretary.

We earnestly commend these resolutions to the attention of the executive and of the public, and we trust that the simple but forcible appeal there made will not fall upon deaf ears.—*Dublin Morning News.*

The *Northern Whig* gives the following proofs of the evil effects of the American war upon the Irish linen trade:—"The United States have only had 13,757,931 yards of linen for the eight months of this year, against 36,227,397 yards for the like period of 1860. Private letters from New York report stocks of linen still further reduced; and the Protectionists of that city have at least discovered that high duties neither advance the revenue nor stimulate commerce."

A Limerick correspondent of the *Daily Express* gives the following account of a fatal accident on the Shannon near that city:—"Captain Lloyd was crossing over in a cot to the Clare side of the river, near Doness, and having missed striking accurately with the pole, the boat upset, and Captain Lloyd was carried over the rapids, the current at the base of which was so extremely violent that there was no possibility of escape. It is said there was a boy with him, who luckily escaped. The deceased gentleman was a son of Mr. Lloyd, Prospect, and was much esteemed for his amiable and inoffensive character. The body has not been recovered."

Returned Emigrants.—The Ship *Zered* arrived in the Foyle on Wednesday from Philadelphia. She brought 167 steerage and 2 cabin passengers, the majority of whom are returned Irish emigrants, who have come temporarily to Ireland, pending the warlike state of affairs at the other side of the Atlantic. We subjoin an abstract of the passengers, which may prove interesting, to some extent, as an index to the state of society in America. The *Zered* brought 12 married couples, 49 single men, 61 single women, 32 children, 2 single women (cabin passengers), 1 single woman died on passage; 169 in all.—*Derry Journal.*

The *Cork Examiner* of Saturday evening contains a letter from Mr. Smith O'Brien, written to a friend in Paris, in which he gives the impressions produced on his mind by a visit to Hungary, expressing the strongest sympathy with the Hungarian cause, and admiration of the Hungarian people. He says:—"I expected to find in the Hungarians a manly and chivalrous spirit, but I was not disposed to expect a very high degree of intellectual cultivation. To my surprise I discovered an extent of intellectual culture which is not surpassed in any part of Europe. Not only at Pesth, but in the remote parts of Northern Hungary, I met with many persons who could speak Latin with much fluency as they speak their mother tongue. A knowledge of French is almost universal among the educated classes, and in travelling on the Continent I have nowhere found so many that could speak English as in Hungary." He found the characteristics expressed in the word "gentleman."

**INCREASED CORN CULTURE IN IRELAND.**—From the turn which things are taking now in other parts of the world, a very important question suggests itself whether we can, and to what extent, increase our bread of corn to meet our demands, or whether we should diminish it as a consequence of the great cost of production and the great falling off of produce of late years, and in no one year, perhaps, greater than the very year we are in? The cost of production bids fairly to be diminished in all lands suitable to the application of improved machinery; whilst the cost of production is not likely to be increased even on lands unfit for improved machinery, because of the decreased encouragement to the emigration of our people—the inducements offered to many who did emigrate to return home it is to be hoped wiser if not better men.—*Agricultural Review.*

**A HOAX.**—A capital hoax was played off upon the constabulary and watchmen of Queenstown on Friday night. The affair took place about midnight, and originated in one of the watchmen hearing, in piteous appeals, cries of "Help me, I'm gone," and such-like exclamations. The watchman at once proceeded in hot haste to the spot from whence the sounds seemed to proceed, and, upon arriving at the quay adjoining the club-house, he perceived a man lying helplessly on the strand, apparently as if he had been drifted in by the tide. Immediately he was by the side of the swooning sufferer, and with the assistance of a gentleman who was casually passing, the patient was removed to an adjoining house. Here a third party, Mr. Lawless, of the telegraphic-office, was added to the good Samaritans, and then was begun the process of resuscitation. After a half hour of rubbing and scrubbing, the all but dead man was pronounced by Mr. Lawless to be "coming round," and it was suggested that the poor fellow be placed under care of the police. They accordingly brought him to the barracks, and by the stimulating aids of a good coal fire, hot brandy punch, and snug blankets, animation was wonderfully restored. Then came a dreadful tale. He informed the police he was "a poor boy from the country looking for service;" that while walking by the quay he was met by a man, whose only mark he could recollect was a white hat; that being ordered to "stand and deliver," he "shell-out" his only three halfpence, and then his brutal foe hurled him into the pitiless wave. That was enough—but rushed four armed constables, with gun and bayonet, thirsting for justice, and, indeed, they soon got their fill. Down they went to the water's side, and knee-deep in the tide they poked about for the felonious assaulter, but nowhere was he found—"the man with the white hat!" Back the constable returned with "lingering steps and slow;" but, lo! confusion more confounded—on entering the barracks the blankets were there, but the patient was gone! Morning again came, and a notice of a reward sent to the constabulary from the guardship, offered for the apprehension of a deserter, tells the conclusion of the story. Need we add that on Saturday not a sparrow could hold occupation in the hedge for five consecutive minutes, so faithfully was the notice to search complied with.—*Cork Reporter.*

**A LUCKY NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.**—Serjeant Campion, 1st Battalion, 18th Royal Irish, now serving in India, has by the death of his brother come in for a fortune of £10,000. His brother, who had made his money in Australia, returned to Ireland and purchased an estate a short time ago, near Fermoy, and on the day of the purchase (being the worse of liquor) rode his horse into the river at Fermoy, and was drowned. He leaves, as next of kin, two brothers and one sister, each of whom will have £10,000.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**

**THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE VISIT TO FETTERCARRN.**—The ladies of Fettercarrn are proud that the Queen should have stayed over all night in the village without their knowing it or seeing their Sovereign. Some, too, who keep lodgers are thinking over the appearance and looks of certain gentlemen who resided with them on that memorable night, with a view of seeing whether they have been among the honoured. At one house, where a stranger, slept, the good lady ordered all the bed clothes to be religiously put by, and preserved for ever and ever, in the hope that the stranger was the gallant Prince Louis of Hesse, which he wasn't. On being deceived she called out from the top of the stairs, in an agitated but effective manner, "Jeanie, woman, wash 't' class, the child was only a commercial traveller."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

**THE EMPEROR AND THE GREAT EASTERN.**—Among the *de die* current during the week is one of which we think worth while publishing. It has been stated that the Emperor of the French, with that vast amount of sagacity which so distinguishes him has made overtures for the purchase of the Great Eastern. His Imperial Majesty is evidently impressed with the value of the great ship as a transport, and his confidence in her is in no way shaken by the mishap which lately occurred to her, and which was brought about by a chain of circumstances which could scarcely happen again.—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

**A NEW WAY TO GET RATES PAID.**—An agricultural rate-payer—or rather one who refuses to pay—tells us that the magistrates's clerk has asked his (the defaulter's) father to pay the amount, and then to cut off his son so much in his will.—*The Liberator.*

**ROMOURS OF FUTURE AGITATION.**—We (*Birmingham Daily Post*) have been informed on excellent authority that the most extensive parliamentary reform movement is not only contemplated but will shortly be in active operation. The headquarters of the movement will be most probably, the City, where the Anti-Corn-Law League carried on its work so energetically, so successfully, and so successfully. The district associations to be thus amalgamated, we are further informed, are those of Lancashire, the west riding of Yorkshire, Birmingham, and the midland counties. On what day the initiative meeting will be held we are unable to state, but we may add that that meeting will be held on a day not far distant.

**THE GREAT EASTERS.**—After receiving the report of the Great Ship Company, which contained only a brief notification of the catastrophe, the officers of the marine department of the Board of Trade issued instructions, calling upon the owners and commander of the vessels to forward, under the requirements of the Mercantile Marine Act, an official account of the casualty, and amount of damage occasioned, prior to directing a local inquiry into all the circumstances by Captain Robertson, the head of the department, in conjunction with the Local Marine Board at Cork.

**SUAM CHARITY.**—(From the *Saturday Review*).—The developments of this form of charity are endless. The last great achievement in our own land has been reserved for the charitable inhabitants of Glaston-

bury. They wanted a school, or the school wanted money, or somebody wanted something. Love has we suppose, waxed cold since Abooth's Whiting's martyrdom. Money must be got somehow. Bazaar's bazaar; ball-fights would be hardly lawful. So the Glastonbury folk hit upon a device which should be recorded alongside of the presentation divorce given to a popular preacher by the ladies of his congregation. Glastonbury, like Macedonia of old, wanted spiritual help; but like Macedonia sent for an apostle, Glastonbury sent for a rope-dancer.—Blondia was sent for to perform for the benefit of the school. If we understand aright the report which we came across, the ruins of the Abbey Church—the remains of what Southey calls the most venerable building in England—were chosen as the scene of his performance. We suppose his omelets were to be cooked, and his wheelbarrows were to be driven, across the airy bridge between those two piers, standing up gloriously in their dissolution, with every stone that has not been wantonly injured, as fresh as it was nearly 700 years back. To compass a religious object on the spot where Christianity was first preached in Britain, Chinese jugglers and Ethiopian serenadeers were gathered to go through their fooling within the old monastic precincts. This is really beyond us. A man need not be an antiquary or a devotee to feel some sort of reverence for such a spot as the Abbey of Glastonbury. Religion, art, history, legend, all combine in producing a feeling not exactly in harmony with the buffooneries of rope-dancers and jugglers. We understand the men, careless of art, careless of history, who, within living memory, used the venerable building as a quarry for the cottages and the roads of the neighborhood. We do not understand the men who advertise the "magnificent ruins" as a special attraction to add keenness to the charms of Ethiopian minstrelsy and omelets cooked on the slack-rope. The science of sham charity seems to have reached its culminating point when Blondia, the jugglers, and the serenadeers are pressed into the cause; and when the indignities which used to be confined to those who devoutly listen to Handel and Mendelssohn are extended to those who clap and laugh at the sound of Ethiopian melodies within the desecrated walls of Glastonbury Abbey.

**A FALSE TITLE.**—The Church of England assumes the title of the Church of the Poor. To deserve that name it must first, among many other things, get rid for ever of ministers who are also country gentlemen and justices of the quorum, for the care of their darling game, and darling property shuts out from their minds all idea of their Christian mission. What feelings towards the Church and towards religion, for instance, are at the present moment uppermost in the breasts of Eliza Brown, Emily Stanley, and Maria Hjalms, now lying in Chester goal? It was a clergyman who sent them there, because they were destitute. Mark! Chester goal, not Chester Hospital. The Rev. T. Burke is the rector of Winstan, near Nantwich, and although his rectorial income is only £210 a year, with a house and four-and-a-half acres of glebe, we have not the slightest doubt that he lives comfortably, if not luxuriously. The population of his parish is 298, but Crookford does not say how many of these go to church. This is the magistrate who last Monday week sat on the petty sessions bench at Nantwich. Before him, were brought by the subordinate functionaries of the law, the three young women above named. What was the charge against them? That they were found asleep on a door-step in Mill-street. For this heinous crime they were each sent to goal for twenty-one days by the Rev. T. Burke. But there was this aggravation of their offence, that they were destitute. Their story, to which no contradiction was offered, and of the truth of which no doubt was hinted, was that they were factory hands, that they had last worked for Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham but had been on the tramp for several weeks, and were then making their way to Manchester to try to get work there; that they passed through Norwich late on Sunday night, and being fatigued, and not having money to pay for lodgings, they lay down on the door step and fell asleep. Now, was not this a case for a good Samaritan? Supposing their story to be true, ought not these footsore, exhausted, and destitute young women to have been carefully conveyed to the rectory, refreshed, tended, and supplied with the means of pursuing their journey? That is what the sacred character of the Rev. T. Burke would dictate to him; what he really did was to send the poor creatures to goal, and this he did in obedience to the atrocious vagrancy laws, and in vindication of his character of justice of the peace. But the ignorant and the poor cannot be expected to make this simple analysis. They see clergymen of the Church of England enforcing tyrannical laws against the poor, and they draw the not unnatural inference that the Church of England is an enemy of the poor.—*Star.*

**A PROTESTANT LINDLER.**—It seems that a certain Mr. Musgrave, Canon of Hereford (query, son of Dr. Musgrave, formerly Protestant Bishop there), preached at the late musical festival there, and in order to obtain funds for the support of Protestant Clergymen's Widows and Orphans, he went out of his way to make an unmanly and cowardly attack on Sisterhoods. Referring to this, a Protestant Clergyman (the Rev. E. Stuart, of Munster-square, London) has the courage to write as follows, for which he deserves the praise of all lovers of truth and honesty:—"Perhaps Mr. Musgrave will think a little about the present state of the poor in our large towns, before he makes his next brave and manly attack on Sisterhoods—on those ladies who have dared, even here in England, in the face of a scoffing world, to believe our Lord's promise, that 'every one that hath forsaken houses or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and inherit everlasting life.' Is it not a paltry thing to pander to the prejudices of a musical mob, at the cost of Christian faith and zeal? Surely we have had enough of this endless cant about the clergyman's wife and daughters. No doubt they often are very amiable and estimable people, but they are also very often just the reverse. Rectors' wives have a bad name among Curates for meddling in matters which are no business of theirs; and Curates and schoolmasters and mistresses are often sacrificed to appease the wrath of the clergyman's wife, though the clergyman himself, poor man, may be very sorry to part with them. It is only a few days ago that I had a letter begging me to do what I could for a young man who has just been sacrificed in this very way; and this is by no means the first instance of the kind I have known. One hears, too, sometimes, of clergymen's wives and daughters being 'fast' and dresy, and fonder of the society of the rich than of the poor;—nay, one hears again and again of clergymen being ruined, sometimes in utter, but much oftener in heart and spirit, by the utter worldliness of their wives and daughters. Moreover, I suspect that these pictures, which married men like to draw, of ideal wives and daughters, will usually be found to form part of that fool's paradise, which accepts a country living, with good house and garden, and small agricultural population, and pleasant society, &c., as the normal type of the Church of England. The overwhelming misery of our towns is put out of sight, and God's work in such unwholesome places is ebried, in order that ladies and gentlemen may marry and dally in country parsonages, and preach up their own comfortable lives as the true ideal of followers of the Cross. It is the pleasant country parish, and the good society, and the fair income, and the gentlemanly position, &c., that is the real object of too many a clergyman's desire; and then, of course, a wife and family are needed to fill up his cup of comfort to the brim; and so the comfortable Canon takes up his song and his parable at a 'music meeting,' and preaches, in self-defence, against Sisters of Mercy, who nevertheless are doing the hard work of the Church all the time, while his wife is 'living like a lady.'"

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 1, 1861.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IN the absence of more exciting topics, the work of the ex-Jesuit Passaglia on the Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope forms the great subject of conversation in political circles.

To the Italian question and the Hungarian question, a Polish question seems about to be added. Poland seems again on the eve of a rebellion, if rebellion be a fit term to apply to a nation's desperate struggle for independence.

We may expect stirring news soon from the United States. The great combined naval and military expedition has sailed under sealed orders and its destination is therefore unknown, unless it has been divulged by traitors.

MR. GEORGE BROWN SPEAKS HIS MIND. "Our natural ally" occasionally allows his temper to get the better of him; and upon occasions blurts out the truth in a manner that must be somewhat disagreeable to the more prudent members of the "Protestant Reform" party.

The bonied phrases, the bland and almost courteous tones of the advocates of Representation by Population, and their silly twaddle about "checks and guarantees" have never deceived us for an instant as to their real object—that object being the more complete subjection of Catholic Lower Canada to their Section of the Province.

"If John Bull had imposed the preponderance of his ideas a century ago, as he should have done, there would have been less French chattering in the Legislative Halls of Canada at this moment, wooden ploughs would have ceased to exist, and the petitions to Parliament would have exhibited fewer marks and more signatures."—Globe.

ent of the views, wishes, designs, or "idea," of the whole body of "Protestant Reformers" and which they hope to accomplish by means of "Representation by Population."

The words copied by us above should be allowed to sink deep into the heart of every French Canadian, because they convey in concise and most expressive form, a notion of the sentiments entertained toward, this section of Canada, and towards Her Majesty's loyal French Canadian Catholic subjects, by the "Protestant Reform" party.

Hence too our incessant exhortations to Union. For long years this has been the object of all our writings—the Alpha and Omega of all our politics. Union amongst all Catholics, no matter what their origin; and war to the knife with the Clear Grits, and the principles of the "Protestant Reformers!"

We see it announced that M. Masseras, whose eloquent and logical lectures upon the Civil War in the United States, and its causes, have attracted such crowded audiences in Montreal, will lecture again on Tuesday evening next, at the Bonaventure Hall, upon the subject of the "Acadians"—the proceeds of the lecture to be applied towards defraying the expenses of the removal of that interesting and ill-used people to the Bay of Chaleurs.

This is at once an essentially Catholic, as well as essentially patriotic movement—one therefore which every Catholic, and every lover of his country, should do his best, according to his abilities, to promote.

ANOTHER PROTESTANT CONGREGATION.—Our readers must all have heard of that Protestant sect called "Spiritualists," whose chief act of worship consists apparently in the laying, or imposition of hands upon deal tables.

This glaring deficiency is however about to be supplied; for by an announcement in the Montreal Herald of Tuesday last, we learn that a preliminary meeting of the "believers" or faithful is to be held in Bonaventure Hall this evening "for that purpose"—that is to say—for the purpose of showing believers aforesaid "the expediency of uniting their efforts, in forming a body or society."

Upon the whole we do not regret this movement amongst our Protestant fellow-citizens; for we have no fear that Catholics will be so silly as to put their trust in household furniture; and we think that the spread of this peculiar form of heresy or Protestantism will have the effect of convincing intelligent Non-Catholics of the evils of a system of which "Spirit Rapping" and "Table Turning" are legitimate, and perfectly natural developments.

We of course disclaim all sympathy with the "Spiritualists" and their objects. To us, as Catholics, all Protestant sects are alike objectionable, nor can we recognise any greater religious difference betwixt the Calvinist and the Spiritualist than that which exists betwixt Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee.

MONTALEMBERT AND HIS CRITICS.—Many have risen up in judgment against this distinguished writer. Some because of his ardent attachment to constitutional liberty, others, because of his no less ardent attachment to the Catholic Church—have assailed and persecuted this great and good man, of whom France should be proud, and in whom the Church recognizes one of her most faithful children.

The charge generally adduced or insinuated against this eminent statesman and publicist is that of inconsistency; for according to the Protestant Tradition, Catholicity is the enemy of freedom, and the profession of Ultra-monte principles is incompatible with the advocacy of constitutional liberty.

eloquent champion of the cause of Poland against Russia; and he is not a partisan of the Italian Unitarians; he does not sympathise with Victor Emmanuel and his generals in their efforts to subdue and annex the Kingdom of Naples to Piedmont.

"In the first of these countries Montalembert has lately renewed the attention directed to Poland's wrongs by a pamphlet written with all his usual perverseness, since all that he now writes on behalf of Polish liberty might, at least, as well have been said on behalf of Italian liberty."—Herald.

Now the truth is, that it is upon the same principle as that upon which he condemns the action of Russia as towards Poland, that Montalembert condemns that of Piedmont towards the Kingdom of Naples. The Russians and the Poles are to one another as are the Piedmontese and the Neapolitans; the people of the South of the Italian Peninsula entertain towards those of the North, precisely the same sentiments that are entertained by the Poles towards their Russian oppressors; and as the military rule of the alien Muscovite over the unhappy people of Poland is an outrage upon humanity and Christian civilisation, so in like manner is the bloody regime set up by Cialdini and his brother Piedmontese butchers over the unfortunate Neapolitans, a crime which cries aloud to heaven for vengeance.

The rule of Piedmont in the Kingdom of Naples in short is a pure military despotism; it is upheld, not by the affections of the people, for the people universally loathe it, but by 80,000 foreign bayonets; in short, in every particular it is the exact counterpart of Russian rule in Poland; established by the same process, continued by the same means, viz., wholesale military execution, fusillades and arbitrary decrees of exile.

ANOTHER "MORTARA CASE."—We would call the attention of our readers to an extract from the Agra Weekly Register, which will be found in another place. It relates to the son of the brave Irish Catholic, Scully, who with his own hands fired the train of the powder magazine at Delhi, during the Indian mutiny, and perished heroically, a martyr to his country and his duty.

All Scully's family were massacred by the mutineers with the exception of one boy. The latter alone was saved; and the Government took possession of him, and have placed him at the ordinary Orphan Asylum for soldier's children, where they are bringing him up a Protestant—though the son of Catholic parents, who would rather have with their own eyes been the witnesses of their child's murder by the mutineers, than have been accessory to the eternal death of his soul, by bringing him up an apostate from the faith in which alone they placed all their hopes of salvation.

But apart from the religious or supernatural question altogether, what shall we say of the justice of that Government, which thus deals with its Catholic subjects? In the Mortara case, made so much of by the Protestant press, the father, by his own act, was accessory to the conversion of his child to Christianity. He deliberately violated a law expressly enacted for the protection of members of his race and creed, against the imprudent zeal of Christian servants; and by his own sort, or wrong-doing, was thus the direct occasion of all that followed.

His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, accompanied by the Rev. M. Plamondon, proceeded to Quebec on Monday evening, to pay his respects to His Excellency Lord Monck, as the representative of that Queen whom we all, whether Catholics or Protestants, delight to honor.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—The Montreal Herald rebukes the ignorance of Protestant Scotland, in that it has lost sight of the meaning of the "Feast of All Hallows," or All Saints, as the Church of England calls it; and at the same time he undertakes to dispel that mental darkness which he deplors.

"Halloween, the eve of the Feast of All Hallows or All Saints, as the Church of England calls it, from a Religious, has become a National Festival among the Scots, many of whom are, doubtless, ignorant of its ecclesiastical origin."

The "ignorance" of the Herald upon the very subject upon which he undertakes to enlighten "the Scots," is certainly amusing. Halloween never has, and never could have been a "religious festival," because, so long as its observance was in any manner connected with religious or ecclesiastical observances, it was observed as a "religious fast," which is the direct opposite of a "religious festival."

If the Herald's explanation of the origin of Hallows Eve be inaccurate, that which follows, with regard to the Festival on the following, or All Saints' day, is perfectly mysterious, not to say unintelligible.

"They know not that the advent of the Saints on the following day was the reason why it was of old believed the Powers of evil—witches, devils and other mischief-making beings, and especially those aerial spirits, the Fairies—were so active on Halloween."

"Who is this that wrappeth up sentences in unskillful words?"—or as the Anglican version has it—"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?"—and who shall expound to us the mystery of "the advent of the Saints on the following day?" For "Sir Oracle," who from his official tripod undertakes to enlighten the human race in general, and Scots in particular, upon the subjects of fasts, festivals, and ecclesiastical observances, this "advent of the Saints" is a saying somewhat of the hardest, and we know not who shall bear it.

How thoroughly illogical and absurd the most talented minds can become when battling against the known truth, must be an object of wonder and commiseration to every intelligent Catholic. And yet it is but the natural consequence of that pride of intellect that refuses to walk in the path others have trodden, but prefers to strike into the trackless wilderness without compass or clue to direct it.

"The subject will clear of itself, if we bear in mind two considerations. First that the nature of inspiration can only be known from the examination of Scripture. There is no other source to which we can turn for information; and we have no right to assume some imaginary doctrine of inspiration like the infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church. To the question—What is inspiration?—the first answer therefore is: That idea of Scripture, which we gather from the knowledge of it." (The Italics are our own.)

It is related of the augurs of Pagan Rome, that they never met without laughing at the absurd credulity of those who believed in their divinations. How Benjamin Jowett, when he met himself in this sentence, could refrain from laughter must be a matter of astonishment. The absurdity of proving any degree of inspiration (worthy of the name) from the Scriptures themselves is beyond all bounds.

them solely as it was written at the particular time it was written, and with the ideas only of the age in which it was written. How destructive this view is to the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, which we have always been taught to consider as written for all men and for all ages, is easily seen. It reduces them, in fact, from an inspired volume of moral and theological truth for all time, to a mere history of events, or a philosophical treatise from which can be learnt only the particular views of a particular age, or of a particular author. They become of no more value than a book of Livy, or a treatise of Aristotle; and in very truth of very much less, since without their inspiration, the Apostles were less educated men than either the Roman historian or the Greek philosopher.

But however slight may be the degree of inspiration which Mr. Jowett, as a Church of England clergyman may wish to establish for the Scriptures is altogether too great, if it be to be proved from the Scriptures themselves. This is a species of judicature, which may be all very well for those absolutist courts, where an accused may be made to criminate himself, or where the rack is the chief witness for the prosecution; but to our British notions, as it is unlawful to extort a man's evidence against himself, so it would be deemed ridiculous to accept his own testimony for himself.

Nor is there any reason why the sacred Scriptures should have accorded them what was refused to our Divine Saviour. He testifies his divinity not by his own affirmation—but by his miracles—an extrinsic testimony, and the Sacred Scriptures likewise, if the world must receive them, must in like manner have some extrinsic testimony of their authenticity and inspiration. That outside the pale of Catholicity this extrinsic testimony cannot be had is true, but the want and utter necessity of it ought to have taught Mr. Jowett more respect for what he calls the "imaginary doctrine of the infallibility of the Catholic Church." In order to prove the inspiration of the Scriptures the Catholic points to the testimony of an infallible Church. Mr. Jowett in order to maintain this same inspiration is obliged to have recourse to an (exceedingly) vicious circle. "I am inspired because I say so."

Which of the two is the more consistent, it must be left to common sense to determine. But to take Mr. Jowett's own estimate of inspiration—it is "that idea of Scripture which we gather from the knowledge of it." We will suppose the case of the country burpkin reading over the abstruse laws of English jurisprudence and acting upon such a knowledge as he may gather therefrom; and we would ask, should his imperfect appreciation of the law lead him to a transgression thereof would his plea of misinterpretation stand him in good stead? or would his misinterpretation be held to be law. Practice and common sense alike answer no. Neither will his notions of inspiration be the true measure of inspiration, for it is as absurd to make inspiration dependent upon the degree of individual appreciation, as it would be to render the meaning of a law dependent upon individual interpretation. And in point of fact, this idea of inspiration is altogether destructive of it, for if inspiration depends upon each one's conception of it, then it is no definite reality, but only a relative term without fixity, or individual existence—it is in fact a nonentity—a nothing, an adjective, and no substantive—a "nomen sine re."

There is such a thing as arguing backwards. Roland Williams tells us that the Bible is "the written voice of the congregation." Jowett tells us that inspiration is the idea we form of the Scriptures from the knowledge of it; both somewhat metaphysical modes of "putting the cart before the horse." But then how little this matters with such men as the reverend authors of the Essays and Reviews, may be understood, when we remember, that Roland Williams highest idea of Scriptural inspiration, is that it is the same, as the inspiration of Luther, Milton and the divine Shakespeare, certainly a bold method of adding to the sacred college of Evangelists. How far the Christian world will accept this definition, and consent to admit the Allegro, Penseroso, the Merry Wives of Windsor and Othello amongst the canonical books of Scripture, remains to be seen. This however is certain, that however difficult the Protestant world may find it to exclude them from its bible—the Catholic Church relying upon her doctrine of Infallibility, will never lend herself to such a blasphemy.

And if we are to read the Sacred Scriptures in the ideas only of the age in which they were written, we must at once give up not only the doctrine of inspiration, but all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity—the Incarnation, Death, Resurrection and Ascension of a divine Lord—since the carnal Jews of the Saviour's time acknowledged none of these things. That it is daily coming to this in the Protestant world is evident even to the most cursory observer; and should be to the Catholic a motive for increased confidence in what Jowett ignorantly calls "the imaginary doctrine of Infallibility." SACERDOS.

"There is therefore no reason why we should wince at the figures of the two last Irish census returns—no reason why we should avoid the subject as an unpleasant one for philanthropists to contemplate."—Illustrated London News.

The appalling disclosures of the Irish Census continue to be discussed in the English papers. At first the disgrace arising therefrom was candidly admitted, until sophistry, coming to the aid of wounded national pride, endeavored to gloss over the evil and to invent reasons for congratulation in the event, rather than regret. The efforts of the Illustrated London News may be taken as a fair sample of the straining in that direction; and remind us forcibly of the man, who when his neighbor's leg had been broken by an assault, endeavored to comfort him with the consideration that his assailants had left him his head. Speaking of the decrease of population in Ireland, the editor finds reason for congratulation in the fact of the amelioration of the condition of those who have emigrated to distant lands. This certainly is a dexterous mode of drawing conso-

lation from a very ugly fact. Ireland, by centuries of the cruellest oppression and misrule, has been rendered utterly unable to support her population, a great part of which has been driven by famine to seek a home in the American and Australian wildernesses. That with the elasticity of their Celtic temperament, her sons have expanded into great nations on both Continents, may be a source of congratulation to Irishmen themselves, but can never be aught else but a standing memorial of England's disgrace, who by her abominable oppression has driven from her confines a people so capable of forming a mighty nation. Disguise it as she may, tyranny and oppression are at the bottom; and if the results have been contrary to her expectations, and instead of misery and degradation (the ordinary fruits of oppression) Ireland has reaped honor and affluence, and a high standing among the nations, England has no more cause to be proud of her share in the transaction, than has the Slaveholder, whose cruel and oppressive conduct has driven his slaves to the dangerous alternative of flight, to congratulate himself on their attainment of liberty on a foreign soil. The history of all emigration has ever been the same. 'Tis a severe remedy, entailing as it does the severing of all home ties, and everything one holds dear; and in proportion as it is severe, it presupposes a severer necessity driving to the remedy. Emigration must always be a stigma upon the nation whence it takes its rise, implying as it does either political oppression, religious persecution, or a poverty of resources in the country which renders it unable to support its children. In the case of Ireland, all three causes have been at work. The country has been impoverished to such a degree by both political and religious persecution, as to reduce its peasant population to a degree of misery not inferior to that of the Russian serf, or American slave. No wonder then that English national pride, like the drowning man catching at straws, should be glad to discover even the most remote cause of congratulation in the event.

We are told that the failure of the potato is the cause of the decrease of the population of Ireland. This is true, but it is superficial. The potato rot may be the immediate cause, but beyond that there is a remote cause. The cause of Irish emigration has ever been English oppression at home. So long as the English peasantry depended upon oatmeal as their staff of life, famines were frequent, as every failure of the oat crop left them without an inferior crop to fall back upon. But when wheat bread became the staple of consumption, famines were removed a step further. In Ireland that staple is the potato—the lowest in the scale of edibles;—hence a failure in that esculent necessarily implies a famine. Now here the question arises, and for English pride it is an humiliating one—How does it happen that whilst in England the staple consumption is at the top of the scale of edibles, in Ireland, on the contrary, it is at the very bottom? Have those centuries of misgovernment and religious persecution to which she has been most cruelly subjected, nothing to do with the answer? It may be all very convenient for English egotism to assume the inferiority of the Celtic race, as affording an easy method of accounting for this ugly fact; but Europe will always justly look with suspicion upon those political institutions, which cannot raise the nations under their charge out of the grasp of an almost triennial decimation. She will logically deduce the alternative, either that those political institutions possess not all that their advocates would claim for them, or that they are not extended in their fulness to the case in question.

SACERDOS.

The Montreal Gazette has a very excellent article upon the Acadians whom the British Government of last century treated so cruelly, and indeed, unjustly. Of the descendants of these persecuted Acadians, many are now manifesting a desire to settle in Lower Canada, and it is to be hoped that the Government will give every assistance in its power to further the good work. Immigration from France, however desirable, we look upon as impossible, seeing that France has no surplus population, and that the military conscription, by preventing early marriages, acts as a preventive check upon increase. To keep constantly on foot an army of 600,000 men, France requires all her male adults, and has not, therefore, the stuff to spare of which we in Canada are most in need. It should, therefore, be our object to attract to our shores, the hardy, moral, and religious descendants of the Acadians, akin as they are in blood, language, and religion, to the Lower Canadians.

We subjoin the notice of the Montreal Gazette upon this interesting and highly important subject:—

"There is one page in the history of British conquest of her present American Colonies which most Britons have at one time or another blushed to read—which they have desired to see blotted out. We allude to the deportation of the poor Acadians. It was a very harsh act in its design—most cruel in the manner of its execution. Some of the remnants of those poor sundered families have still lingered on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Some are resident now in Prince Edward's Island. These have desired to remove to the shores of the Baie de Chaleurs and the new settlements along the colonization roads on the South side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in order to rejoin again people of their own race and language. The Government has not been indisposed to sanction and encourage this movement, though they have not thought it right to devote any considerable sum to the purpose. Private subscriptions are being taken up in Quebec to aid this immigration, and we believe a similar subscription will be started here. And thus the wrong done to their forefathers by the harshness of British rulers or generals, and the neglect of the French Government of that day, will be in some measure repaired by the Canadians of the present day. It is of very great moment that the strip of Canadian land lying between the lower St. Lawrence and the New-Brunswick border, should be settled by a hardy and industrious people. And any movement to that end deserves encouragement, apart from any quasi-sentimental feelings about offering reparation to the Acadians."

ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that Dr. Hingston has been placed in permanent charge of St. Patrick's Hospital—or rather of St. Patrick's Ward in the new hospital, recently erected at the head of St. Urbain Street.

Hitherto, while the building was in course of erection, Dr. Hingston took his turn with the Physicians of the other ward; but now the sole charge of the St. Patrick's Department has been placed in his hands.

This opens to Dr. H. a large field of Medical and Surgical observation which, we are sure, will not be left unexplored.

FIREWOOD.—The Montreal Pilot calls attention to the exorbitant price of firewood in this city, where it is to be feared, that in a few years a fire will be a luxury within the reach only of the very rich. The navigation will, however, remain open for some weeks to come, and persons holding wood will do well to avail themselves of the opportunity for sending their wares to a good market. The Pilot says:—

"Firewood has reached the enormous price of \$7 a cord for maple. Quite a number of our citizens are disposing of their wood stores, replacing them by coal-burners. A ton of best anthracite coal will provide fire for a month; a cord of best maple will barely supply a stove for a fortnight, when the cold weather has fairly set in. The receipts of firewood up to 1st Oct., 1860, via the Lachine Canal, were..... 48,560 cords. To the same period, 1861..... 46,048

Showing a decrease for 1861..... 2,512 cords.

We have been requested to publish the following notice of the condition, prospects and objects of the "Work of the Holy Childhood":—

GENERAL STATE OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD - 1861.

I. Establishment and progress of the Holy Childhood.

The Holy Childhood, since its establishment in 1843 by His Lordship De Forbin Janson, Bishop of Nancy, has spread with the rapidity of lightning over all the dioceses of France. From France, it has passed into other countries where it has met with equal success. It is at this moment established in Europe, America, Africa, Asia and even in Oceania. It reckons its members in these various countries, by thousands and hundreds of thousands.

II. Encouragement given to the work.

Deeply interested in the good which Catholic and heathen children derive from the Holy Childhood, the Holy Pontiff Gregory the XVI and Pius the IX have blessed and enriched it by numerous indulgences. Pius the IX has of late ranked it among the canonical works, and given it a patron, the most illustrious Cardinal Reisch. More than one hundred and twenty Bishops have published pastoral letters in its favour, and there is not a single letter of the apostolical vicars, nor of the French, Spanish, Italian, English and German missionaries, that does not earnestly recommend it.

III. Its organization.

To give stability to so good a work and to help it to bring forth the fruit that might be expected from it, a Central Council has been established at Paris. This Council holds correspondences with other Particular Councils, established in the different countries of the world, at Rome for the States of the Church, at Aix-la-Chapelle for Austria, at Munich for Bavaria, at Toledo for Spain and Portugal, at Naples for Southern Italy, at Palermo for Sicily, at Brussels for Belgium, and at Montreal for America.

IV. Its publications.

The same as the work of the Propagation of the Faith, of which it is the auxiliary and most substantial hope, the Holy Childhood publishes six times a year Annals or Bulletins which show what the Catholic children do and what is done for the heathen children. These Annals are published in almost all the modern languages, in French, English, German, Italian, Spanish and Flemish. The number of copies published in French, amounts at present at more than 100,000. Nearly 800,000 medals and pictures are distributed besides, for the members of the Association. These distributions are in proportion to the receipts. The receipts at present are not less than \$2,400,000.

V. Its Results.

The end of the Holy Childhood is, as every one knows, to succour infidel children by means of Catholic children.

These are the results obtained till this day by this admirable work.

We will find them deposited in the Manual of the Holy Childhood.

I. CHILDREN SAVED;

Died after Baptism:—Nearly 3,000,000!

The number of baptisms in later years are as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Year and Number of baptisms. 1852: 193,000; 1853: 216,414; 1854: 277,950; 1855: 329,388; 1856: 324,826; 1857: 400,000; 1858: 313,576

II. CHILDREN EDUCATED.

Nearly Ten Thousand every year!

III. ASSISTED MISSIONS.

49 in Asia, 5 Africa, 4 in Oceania, 2 in America.

Without doubt we will be asked how we obtained such grand results.

It is by means of the collections offered by Catholic children of all parts of the world.

Here is the amount of the collections:

Table with 2 columns: Year and Amount in francs. 1843: 22,900; 1844: 95,834; 1850: 248,262; 1852: 389,740; 1853: 1,031,691; 1859: 1,264,267

ANSWER TO SOME DIFFICULTIES.

We are asked perhaps how, in the midst of this general enthusiasm and eagerness to receive and propagate the Holy Childhood, there are still some generous hearts who have not adopted this liberal work. It is because they are hindered by pretended difficulties which are in reality but phantasms. We are not rich they say; we have other works we are afraid to do harm to the Propagation of the Faith; we have no time; we find difficulties; we receive no encouragement; we do not like to assist strange missionaries we do not find constancy enough. A word in answer to these objections, and we will see them disappear of themselves.

WE ARE NOT RICH!

But is it necessary to be rich to belong to the Holy Childhood? What do we ask? A COPPER each month, with a HALF MARY every day. What child so poor but is able to fulfil these conditions? We see orphans every day who do not miss them, and if the poor child can, why cannot the rich?

WE HAVE OTHER WORKS!

Very well, but is the Holy Childhood an obstacle? On the contrary have we not seen, and do we not see daily that in place of charity abating, it only increases. You are afraid it will take a few farthings from you; but have you forgotten that it is written: Give and it will be given to you. Was it not following this counsel that the widow of Sarepta saw her house filled with abundance.

WE FEAR TO HARM THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

But is it not a fact that is proved, that where the Holy Childhood is most honored, the Propagation of the Faith obtains also the greatest success. Let us compare their figures. And how could it be otherwise. The Holy Childhood is addressed to a different class of persons; it addresses children, while the Propagation of the Faith addresses itself to adults. Again are these two works distinct? Have they not the same end? You cannot then like the Propagation of the Faith without liking the Holy Childhood.

WE HAVE NO TIME!

And what time does the Holy Childhood require? Is it not the collectors placed at the head of sections that do all? A few words from time to time to encourage them and no more. Can we ask less? But if more were required who dare exclaim against it? We are yet to find a person who regrets the time given to the Holy Childhood.

WE FIND DIFFICULTIES!

So much the better; it is the character of the works of God. What work has not got them? If the Holy Childhood never found any, we would fear for it. And since there are difficulties must we despair? Is it not a reason why we should have more courage? What would become of the infidels, if the missionaries would allow themselves to be overcome by obstacles?

WE RECEIVE NO ENCOURAGEMENT.

Is it on the part of children that this encouragement is wanting? Is it your place to stimulate them. Is it on the part of parents? Can you not gain them? Of all works it has the greatest empire over the hearts of parents. Is it on the part of pastors? Or charged as they are with occupations, can they always give to the Holy Childhood the time that is necessary? For the rest, is not the approbation of the Pope and Bishops sufficient?

WE DO NOT LIKE TO ASSIST FOREIGN MISSIONARIES!

Are there any such for the children of God? And who deserves more compassion than those unfortunate children exposed to perish for time and eternity. We do not like to assist strange missionaries. What would have become of ourselves if we had not been assisted? What would become of the missionaries if we thought of keeping the money of the Propagation of the Faith for ourselves instead of sending it to its destination? We do not like to assist strange missionaries. He who could speak thus is only a nominal catholic.

WE DO NOT FIND CONSTANCY ENOUGH!

But what work can sustain itself equally throughout and not need being reanimated. In the accomplishment of our own duties, do we not feel that we require to be animated, zeal is cooling? Let us revive it, and indeed means are not wanting. One time it is a lottery, at another it is a feast, while at another it is a driving for baptismal names. Let us own that when there is a question of a work that saves each year more than three hundred thousand children, there is no plausible motive, in these pretended difficulties, capable of stopping us. Thanks then to the Bishops and houses of education who have so well understood and encouraged a work that does so much good!

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO L. DEVANY, Esq

(From the Canadian Freeman.)

A public dinner was given to L. Devany, Esq., on the occasion of his departure from Hamilton, to take up his residence in Montreal, at the City Hotel, Hamilton, on Monday evening, the 7th inst. The Chair was occupied by H. McKinstry, Esq., Mayor of the City, the first Vice-Chair by Alderman Grey, and the second by W. Farmer, Esq. On the right and left of the Chairman we noticed, the guest of the evening, L. Devany, Esq.; Hon. Sir Allan MacNab, Bart., M.L.C., A.D.O.; Isaac Buchanan, Esq., M.P.P.; Very Rev. E. Gordon, V.G.; Rev. Father Sherry, &c. &c.

The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been duly honored,

The Chairman called for a bumper to the guest of the evening. He regretted that some one better able than himself had not been charged with the duty, but fortunately the large assembly which was before him was the very best and most substantial tribute that could be paid to Mr. Devany, and spoke in terms far more eloquent than he could command of the respect and esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens. During a comparatively short space of time Mr. Devany, from being a stranger and unknown, had earned for himself a respectable competence, and at the same time, now a large share of the public confidence. While his energy and ability had secured for him a large measure of success in his private undertakings, his upright and manly character had raised him high in the estimation of all with whom he came in contact. For seven years he had occupied a seat in the Council, and during that time the confidence of his constituents had never once been withdrawn. It were needless for him to speak of Mr. D's genial and hospitable nature or the high social qualities for which he was distinguished; nor would he refer to his readiness in relieving the poor of his own or any other country. Though regretting his departure, his friends united in wishing him success, and would ever cherish those kindly feelings which had grown up and been cemented during their intercourse.—(Cheers.)

The toast was honored with three times three, and one more.

Mr. DEVANY, on rising to reply, was greeted with prolonged cheering. He said it was impossible upon this occasion to find words to express his feelings. The many warm friendships he had formed in Hamilton during a residence of twelve years, and the fact that it was the birth-place of his children and the scene to him of many happy days, would make him regard it as the dearest spot on earth to him, next to the place of his birth. He had been honored with the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and taken a warm interest in municipal affairs, and during the seven years he had sat at the Council Board he felt sure that none would reproach him with one act that was not directed to the good of his own ward and the whole city. (Cheers) He felt too much embarrassed to talk about himself, and would therefore say a few words about Hamilton, a city which he looked upon as having still a bright career before it. It was not in a worse position at present than many other municipalities, and its energy and enterprise, which has already contributed so much to the good of the Province, would yet raise it to a prouder position than it has ever yet occupied. The railway enterprises which had done so much for Canada owed much of their successes to the gallant spirit of Dundurn, and other prominent men in Hamilton who first brought the Great Western Railway into existence, and he was sure Hamilton would yet reap the reward of its enterprise. Mr. Devany then referred again in feeling terms to the, to him unexpected compliment, and resumed his seat.

The first Vice-Chairman gave "The land we left and the land we live in." Duly honored and suitably acknowledged.

"The Commercial, Agricultural, and Mechanical interests of Canada," was the next toast.

Isaac Buchanan, Esq., M. P. P., responded. He was glad that the Committee had placed this toast on the list, for it was proper on such an occasion that they should remember those interests, the prosperity of which constituted the happiness of the people. He had always regarded Mr. Devany as a man not only of considerable genius, but also of great practical ability; and the time had now come when gratitude should prompt them to speak thus in his praise—gratitude for the public service which Mr. Devany had rendered to the citizens. As to the subject of the toast, he said, the three interests were, industrial, and that agriculture was the chief element in the prosperity of Canada.

Sir Allan MacNab here asked permission to pro-

pose a toast, and then, in a few well-chosen remarks, in compliment to Mr. Devany's private and social character, he proposed the health of Mrs. Devany.

Mr. Devany briefly responded.

Sir Allan being about to leave, his health was drunk with all honors.

The first Vice-Chairman then gave "Our City Member."

Mr. Buchanan responded, referring at some length to local affairs.

The second Vice-Chairman gave "The Mayor and Corporation," acknowledged by his Worship, Alderman Gray, and Councillman Hogan; "The Press," acknowledged by several representatives present and "The Ladies."

Isaac Buchanan, Esq., M.P.P., then rose and said, he had always been an advocate for the attendance of ministers of religion at occasions like the present, and he was very happy to meet his friend Vicar General Gordon to-night. It must be very gratifying to Mr. Devany, for indeed it was a very high compliment to have Mr. Gordon join with so many others in doing him honor. He was sure they were all pleased to see the Vicar General here, and they would all be glad to join in drinking his health.—(Cheers.)

Very Rev. E. Gordon responded, thanking Mr. Buchanan for the complimentary manner in which he had introduced his name, and the company for the reception accorded it. He knew Mr. Devany, he said, perhaps better than any other person present, and he was sure that he well-deserved all that had been said in his praise. Such a demonstration was a very high compliment indeed, but it was not more than Mr. Devany deserved. (Cheers.)

The Secretary here read a letter from the Right Rev. Bishop Farrell, excusing His Lordship's absence on account of important business, but very flattering to Mr. Devany, and commending the Committee for their intended compliment to that gentleman.

Several volunteer toasts were then given and acknowledged, and the company spent a very happy evening. Messrs. Filgino, Rosenband, Nicholson, and Lator, sang some very fine songs, and the City Band played at intervals during and after dinner.

THE ADMINISTRATOR OF THE GOVERNMENT.—The patent of Lord Monk as Governor General not having yet reached this Colony, His Excellency was sworn in yesterday as Administrator of the Government, under the Commission of Sir Edmund Head, authorising the appointment of an administrator in his absence. Lord Monk's powers, therefore, date only from the moment of His Excellency Governor General Head's leaving the soil of Canada. Sir Edmund Head left Quebec on Thursday afternoon for Boston, Messrs. Cartier and Ross accompanying him thither. Lord Monk's Commission under the Great Seal will probably reach here by the next steamer, when His Excellency will be sworn as Governor General.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Flour.—Fine \$4 to \$4.30; Sup. No. 2, \$5 to \$5.25; Super. No. 1, \$5.40 to \$5.50; Fancy \$5.65 to \$5.75; Extra \$5.85 to \$5.90; Superior Extra \$6 to \$6.25. No. 1 a shade lower. Bag-Flour per 112 lbs.—Common Spring Wheat Flour \$2.70 to \$2.80; Fyfe Wheat, or Black Sea Wheat Flour \$2.80 to \$2.90. OATMEAL per bbl. of 200 lbs.—\$4. U.C. Spring ex cars, \$1.12 to \$1.13 per 60 lbs.; Afloat \$1.16; White, \$1.25 to \$1.30. Wheat is not so firm. BARLEY.—50c. to 55c. per 50 lbs. CORN per 50 lbs.—50 to 55c. CORNMEAL \$3.50 per bbl. of 196 lbs. OATS.—No wholesale transactions. PEAS per 60 lbs.—75 to 82c. We hear of no sales of peas. ASPERS.—Per 112 lbs. Peas, \$6 to \$6.10 Pearls, \$6.20 to \$6.35. BEEF.—Prime Mess new, \$10 to \$11 per barrel. Pork.—Mess \$15 50 to \$16. The other grades are in small supply, and nominal. Freights not so firm.—Montreal Witness.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

PROPOSALS will be received to the TWENTIETH NOVEMBER next, for making the Steeple, and Plastering the Ceiling and the Walls, Finishing the Gallery, and Painting the Roof of the Church of St. Patrick of Sherrington. The Trustees will not be bound to receive the Lowest Tender. Two good and sufficient Securities will be required. For Plans and Specification apply at the Presbytery of the Parish of St. Patrick of Sherrington. By Order of the Trustees. Montreal, Nov. 1, 1861. 3-in.

FOR SALE

AT THE ACADEMY OF ST. LAURENT, ONE SIX-YEAR OLD MARE, with her FOAL, race clyde. At two Exhibitions, the one at Montreal, the other at Pointe Claire, she carried off the prize. One BULL of the Ayrshire breed; which animal also gained two prizes. Also some other HORSES and FOALS. Address to the Care-taker of the Institute. Montreal, Nov. 1, 1861.

A GENTLEMAN of many years experience in Teaching, and who can speak French, is desirous of taking charge of a School in the City Country. Address "M. J. W." at this Office.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, MONTREAL.

THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held on MONDAY EVENING next, 4th Nov., at ST. PATRICK'S HALL, at eight o'clock.

P. S.—An essay inaugurating the Debating Season will be read by a member of the Society.

The Chair will be taken at eight o'clock precisely.

By Order, M. F. COLOVIN, Sec. Sec.

HENRY R. GRAY,

Chemist, Druggist and Pharmacist,

94, ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET.

MONTREAL.

Retail Dealer in pure Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Trusses and Perfumery.

Garden and Flower Seeds, warranted fresh.

Coal Oil and Burning Fluid of the finest quality.

N. B.—Physicians Prescriptions accurately prepared, Medicine chests filled up, &c.

EVENING SCHOOL.

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

Hours of attendance, from SEVEN to NINE o'clock.

A few boys, between the ages of ten and sixteen years, can be accommodated with board.

Montreal, October 17.







AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Ohishalm
Adjala—N. A. Coste.
Aylmer—J. Doyle.
Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron
Arichat—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
Brookville—O. F. Fraser.
Belleville—M. M. Mahon.
Barrie—Rev. J. R. Lee.
Brantford—W. M. Manamy.
Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brunt—Thos. Maguin.
Chambly—J. Hackett.
Cobourg—P. Maguire.
Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
Carleton, N. B.—Rev. B. Dunphy.
Dalhousie Mills—Wm. Ohishalm.
Dewittville—J. M'iver.
Egansville—J. Bonfield.
East Hainesbury—Rev. J. J. Collias.
Eastern Townships—P. Hackett.
Erinsville—P. Gafney.
Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
Farmersville—J. Flood.
Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter.
Guelph—J. Harris.
Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry.
Huntingdon—O. M'Faul.
Ingersoll—W. Featherston.
Kemptville—M. Heaphy.
Kingston—P. Purcell.
Lindsay—J. Kennedy.
Lansdown—M. O'Connor.
Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley.
London—Rev. E. Bayard.
Lockiel—O. Quigley.
Loborough—T. Daley.
Lacolle—W. Hartly.
Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleher.
Merrickville—M. Kelly.
New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
Ottawa City—J. Rowland.
Oshawa—Richard Supple.
Prescott—J. Ford.
Perth—J. Doran.
Peterboro—E. M'Coormick.
Pictou—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
Quebec—M. O'Leary.
Randon—James Carroll.
Russellton—J. Campion.
Richmondhill—M. Teffy.
Sherbrooke—T. Griffith.
Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton.
South Gloucester—J. Daley.
Summerstown—D. M'Donald.
St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
St. Athanasie—T. Dunn.
St. Ann de la Poutiere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvay.
St. Catherine, C. E.—J. Caughlin.
St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald.
St. Raphael & Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
Starnesboro—C. M'Gill.
Sydenham—M. Hayden.
Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh.
Thorold—John Heenan.
Thorpyville—J. Greene.
Tingwick—T. Donegan.
Toronto—P. F. J. Mullen, 23 Shuter Street.
Templeton—J. Hagan.
West Osgood—M. M'Evoy.
West Port—James Kahoe.
Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy.
Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarmy.

NEW FALL GOODS
OPENING AT
THE CLOTH HALL,
Notre Dame Street.

THE MERCHANT TAILORING and CLOTHING DEPARTMENTS are Stocked with the Novelties of the present Season.
Prices for Ordered Suits are extremely moderate. A very experienced CUTTER has charge of this department.
J. IVERS, Proprietor.

R. J. DEVINS,
DRUGGIST,
NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

TAKES pleasure in informing his Friends and the Public that he is now carrying on the
DRUG BUSINESS,
IN THE
PREMISES ADJOINING THE COURT HOUSE,
(Formerly occupied by Messrs. Alfred Sauvage & Co.)
where he will have constantly on hand a general assortment of the very best English Drugs and Chemicals. He solicits an inspection of his Stock by Medical men and others requiring such articles.

Devins' Vegetable Worm Destroyer,
A never-failing Remedy.

In bringing these Powders to the notice of the public, he would beg to make mention that in them is contained the active principle of all vermifuges, whereby diminishing the unnecessary large doses hitherto administered, substituting one of a minimum character, by no way unpleasant to the taste, and which can with safety be given to an infant of the most tender years.

PURE MEDICINAL COD LIVER OIL,
Direct from the Manufacturers, and prepared from the fresh livers immediately after the fish are taken. Recommended by the most eminent Physicians as the most valuable remedy in the world for Consumption and diseases of the Lungs. This remedy, so valuable when pure, becomes worthless or injurious when adulterated.

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, and, in a great measure, the principal cause of offensive breath.

Prepared only by
R. J. DEVINS, Druggist,
Next the Court House, Notre Dame Street,
Montreal.
August 29, 1861.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.
[Established in 1826.]

THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address
A. MENEELY'S SONS, West Troy, N. Y.

O. J. DEVLIN,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
OFFICE:
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, &c., &c.
P. F. has also on hand a choice selection of Dry Goods and READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he will sell, at very low prices, Wholesale and Retail.
Also, on hand, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, to be sold WHOLESALE only.
Mr. F. has made great improvements in his Establishment and is receiving NEW GOODS every week from Europe, per steamer. He has also on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail.
April 6, 1860. 12ms.

No. 19,
Great St. James Street.

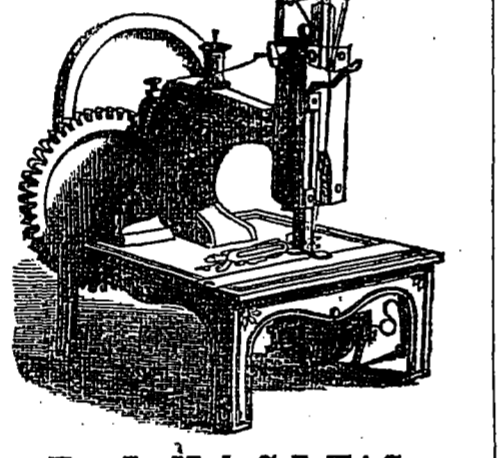
THE Subscriber has received an assortment of Prayer Books, from London, in various elegant styles of Bindings, with Clasps, Rims, &c., bound in velvet, Morocco, and other handsome materials, at prices much below the usual cost of such elegant Bindings.
A supply of Missals and Vesper Books.

No. 19, Great St. James Street.
J. ANDREW GRAHAM.
Montreal, Aug. 22.

H. BRENNAN,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

No. 3 Craig Street, (West End),
NEAR A. WALSH'S GROCERY, MONTREAL.

SEWING MACHINES.



E. J. NAGLE'S
CELEBRATED
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.
THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO
GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS

have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:—
Montreal, April, 1860.
We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind.
BROWN & CHILDS.
Montreal, April, 1860.
We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use.
CHILDS, SCHOLLS & AMES.
Toronto, April 21st, 1860.

E. G. NAGLE, Esq.
Dear Sir,

The three Machines you sent us some short time ago we have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of I. M. Singer & Co.'s that we have used. Our Mr. Robinson will be in Montreal, on Thursday next, and we would be much obliged if you would have three of your No. 2 Machines ready for shipment on that day as we shall require them immediately.
Yours respectfully,
GILLGATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

NAGLE'S SEWING MACHINES

Are capable of doing any kind of work. They can stitch a Shirt Bosom and a Harness Trace equally well.
PRICES:
No. 1 Machine.....\$75 00
No. 2 ".....85 00
No. 3 " with extra large shuttle. 95 00
Needles 80c per dozen.
EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED.
All communications intended for me must be prepaid, as none other will be received.
E. J. NAGLE,
Canadian Sewing Machine Depot,
265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
Factory over Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

T. C. DE LORIMIER,
Advocate,
31 Little St. James Street,
MONTREAL.
Will attend Circuits at Beauharnois, Huntingdon and Soulanges.

W. F. MONAGAN, M.D.,
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
No. 71, WELLINGTON STREET,
Being No. 8 Raglan Terrace,
MONTREAL, O.E.

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. 59, 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'Cloosky,
38, Sanguinet Street,
North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig 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, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch—we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges.
We will DYE all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Revivified in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & CO.

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, viz: TEN CENTS, (6d.), and larger pieces in proportion.
Among others, the compositions of Ascher, Baumbach, Beyer, Beethoven, Cramer, Chopin, Grobe, Herz, Hunte, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Oesten, Plachy, Schubhoff, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c.; besides, the popular and lighter compositions of the day.
The Stock embraces Music of all kinds—English, French, German and Italian, Songs and Ballads, Dance Music, Piano-Forte arrangements, Duets, Solos, &c. Music for Beginners, and Instruction Books. Music for the Violin, Accordion, Concertina, Guitar, &c., &c.—all distinguished for elegance of appearance, correctness, and WONDERFUL CHEAPNESS.

Catalogues can be had on application at
No. 19,
Great Saint James Street, Montreal.

A liberal reduction to Schools, Colleges, Professors, the Trade, or others buying in quantities.
STATIONERY of all kinds, BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c., Wholesale or Retail, at Lowest Prices.
J. ANDREW GRAHAM.

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, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry.
The Course of Instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
TERMS:

Board and Tuition.....\$70 00
Use of Bed and Bedding..... 7 00
Washing..... 10 00
Drawing and Painting..... 7 00
Music Lessons—Piano..... 28 00
Payment is required Quarterly in advance.
October 29.

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. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.
A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils.

TERMS:
Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays 1/2 half-yearly in Advance.)
Use of Library during stay, \$2.
The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July.
July 21st, 1861.

NEW CLOTHING STORE.

BERGIN AND CLARKE,
(Lately in the employment of Donnelly & O'Brien.)

Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters,
No. 48, M'GILL STREET,
(Nearly Opposite Saint Ann's Market.)
MONTREAL.

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.
May 16, 1861.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S



MARBLE FACTORY,
BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)

WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the former prices.
N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada has so much Marble on hand.
June 9, 1859.

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, BY-LAWS, REPORTS, SPEECHES, &c., &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch, at moderate charges.

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.
Particular attention given to BRIDAL CARDS.

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.

A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.
M. LONGMOORE & CO.
MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDINGS,
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

REMOVED
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, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c., &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.
Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12m.

D. O'GORMON,
BOAT BUILDER,

BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.
Skills made to Order. Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province.
Kingston, June 3, 1858.

N.B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.

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.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE
MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such 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.
The Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box.

Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

St. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
Boston, May 26, 1866.

Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB,
Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum.

ANOTHER.

Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular, suffering for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
Hamilton, C. W.]