

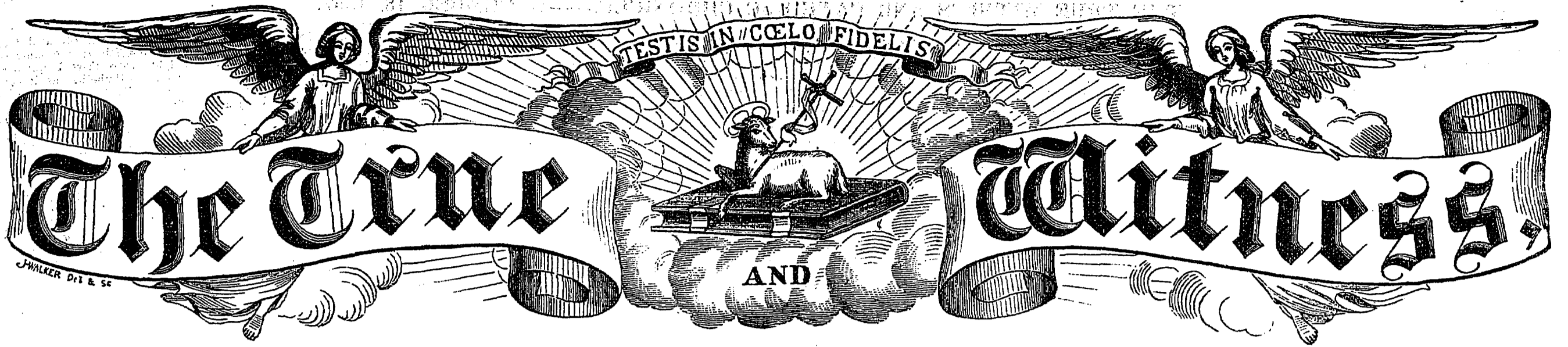
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 19.

## THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.

A LEGEND OF THE BOYNE.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

It was the night of the 2nd of July, in the year 1690, that a small remnant of a discomfited army was forming its position, in no very good order, on the slope of a wild hill on the borders of the county of Dublin. In front of a small square tower, a sentinel was pacing up and down, darkly brooding over the disastrous fight of the preceding day, and his measured tread was sometimes broken by the fierce stamp of his foot upon the earth, as some bitter thought and muttered curse arose, when the feelings of the man overcame the habit of the soldier. The hum of the arrival of a small squadron of horse came from the vale below, borne up the hill on the faint breeze that sometimes freshens a summer's night, but the laugh, or the song, that so often enliven a military post, mingled not with the sound.—The very trumpet seemed to have lost the inspiring tingle of its tone, and its blast sounded heavily on the ear of the sentinel.

"There come more of our retreating comrades," thought he, as he stalked before the low portal it was his duty to guard—"Retreating—curse the word!—shall we never do any thing but fall back and back before this Dutchman and his followers? And yesterday, too, with so fine an opportunity of cutting the rascals to pieces—and all thrown away, and so much hard fighting to go for nothing. Oh, if Sarsfield had led us! we'd have another tale to tell." And here he struck the heavy heel of his war boot into the ground, and hurried up and down. But he was roused from his angry musing by the sound of a horse's tramp that indicated a rapid approach to the tower, and he soon perceived, through the gloom, a horseman approaching at a gallop. The sentinel challenged the cavalier, who returned the countersign, and was then permitted to ride up to the door of the tower. He was mounted on a superb charger, whose silky coat of milk white was much travel-stained, and the heaviness of whose breathing told of recent hard riding. The horseman alighted: his dress was of a mixed character, implying that war was not his profession, though the troubled nature of the times had engaged him in it. His head had no defensive covering, he wore the slouched hat of a civilian common to the time, but his body was defended by the cuirass of a trooper, and a heavy sword, suspended by a broad cross belt, was at his side—these alone bespoke the soldier, for the large and massively mounted pistols that protruded from the holsters at his saddle-bow, were no more than any gentleman, at the time, might have been provided with.

"Will you hold the rein of my horse," said he to the sentry, "while I remain in the castle?"

"I am a sentinel, Sir," answered the soldier, "and cannot."

"I will not remain more than a few minutes."

"I dare not, Sir, while I'm on duty—but I suppose you will find some one in the castle that will take charge of your horse."

The stranger now knocked at the door of the tower, and after some questions and answers in token of amity had passed between him and those inside, it was opened.

"Let some one take charge of my horse," said he, "I do not want him to be stabled, as I shall not remain here long, but I have ridden him hard, and he is warm, so let him be walked up and down until I am ready to get into the saddle again." He then entered the tower, and was ushered into a small and rude apartment, where a man of between fifty and sixty years of age, seated on a broken chair, though habited in a rich robe de chambre, was engaged in conversation with a general officer, a man of fewer years, whose finger was indicating certain points upon a map, which, with many other papers, lay on a rude table before them. Extreme dejection was the prevailing expression that overspread the countenance of the elder, while there mingled with the sadness that marked the noble features of the other, a tinge of subdued anger, as certain suggestions he offered, when he laid his finger, from time to time, on the map, were received with coldness, if not with refusal.

"Here at least we can make a bold stand," said the general, and his eye flashed, and his brow knit as he spoke.

"I fear not, Sarsfield," said the king, for it was the unfortunate James the Second who spoke.

Sarsfield withdrew his hand suddenly from the map, and folding his arms, became silent.

"May it please you, my liege," said the horseman, whose entry had not been noticed by either Sarsfield or his sovereign. "I hope I have not intruded on your majesty."

"Who speaks?" said the king, as he shaded his eyes from the light that burned on the table, and looked into the gloom where the other was standing.

"Your enemies, my liege," said Sarsfield, with some bitterness, "would not be so slow to disco-

ver a tried friend of your majesty—'tis the White Horseman," and Sarsfield, as he spoke, gave a look full of welcome and joyous recognition towards him.

The horseman felt, with the pride of a gallant spirit, all that the general's look and manner conveyed, and he bowed his head, respectfully, to the leader, whose boldness and judgment he so often had admired.

"Ha! my faithful White Horseman," said the king.

"Your majesty's poor and faithful subject, Gerald Pepper," was the answer.

"You have won the name of the White Horseman," said Sarsfield, "and you deserve to wear it."

The horseman bowed.

"The general is right," said the king. "I shall never remember you under any other name. You and your white horse have done good service."

"Would that they could have done more, my liege," was the laconic and modest reply.

"Would that every one," laying some stress on the word, "had been as true to the cause yesterday!" said Sarsfield.

"And what has brought you here?" said the king, anxious perhaps to escape from the thought that his general's last words had suggested.

"I came, my liege, to ask permission to bid your majesty farewell, and beg the privilege to kiss your royal hand."

"Farewell?" echoed the king, startled at the word—"Are you, too, going?—every one deserts me!" There was intense anguish in the tone of his voice, for, as he spoke, his eye fell upon a ring he wore, which encircled the portrait of his favorite daughter, Anne, and the remembrance that she, his only child, had excited the same remark from the lips of her father—that bitter remembrance came across his soul and smote him to the heart. He was suddenly silent—his brow contracted—he closed his eyes in anguish, and one bitter tear sprang from under either lid at the thought. He passed his hand across his face, and wiped away the womanish evidence of his weakness.

"Do not say I desert you, my liege," said Gerald Pepper. "I leave you, 'tis true, for the present, but I do not leave you until I can see no way in which I can be longer useful. While in my own immediate district, there were many ways in which my poor services might be made available; my knowledge of the country, of its people and its resources, its passes, and its weak points, were of service. But here, or farther southward, where your majesty is going, I can no longer do any thing which might win the distinction that your majesty and General Sarsfield are pleased to honor me with."

"You have still a stout heart, a clear head, a bold arm, and a noble horse," said Sarsfield.

"I have also a weak woman and helpless children, general," said Gerald Pepper.

The appeal was irresistible—Sarsfield was silent.

"But though I cannot longer aid with my arm—my wishes and my prayers shall follow your majesty—and whenever I may be thought an agent to be made useful, my king has but to command the willing services of his subject."

"Faithfully promised," said the king.

"The promise shall be as faithfully kept," said his follower; "but before I leave, may I beg the favor of a moment's private conversation with your majesty?"

"Speak any thing you have to communicate before Sarsfield," said the king.

Gerald Pepper hesitated for a moment; he was struggling between his sovereign's command and his own delicacy of feeling; but overcoming the latter, in deference to the former, he said:—

"Your majesty's difficulties with respect to money supplies."

"I know, I know," said the king, somewhat impatiently, "I owe you five hundred pieces."

"Oh! my liege," said the devoted subject, dropping on his knee before him, "deem me not so unworthy as to seek to remind your majesty of the trifle you did me honor to allow me to lay at your disposal; I only regret I had not the means of contributing more. It is not that; but I have brought here another hundred pieces; it is all I can raise at present, and if your majesty will further honor me by the acceptance of so poor a pittance, when the immediate necessities of your army may render every trifle a matter of importance, I shall leave you with a more contented spirit, conscious that I have done all within my power for my king." And, as he spoke, he laid on a table a purse containing the gold.

"I cannot deny that we are sorely straitened," said the king, "but I do not like it."

"Pray, do not refuse it, my liege," said Gerald, still kneeling—"do not refuse the last poor service your subject may ever have it in his power to do in your cause."

"Well," said the king, "I accept it—but I would not do so if I were not sure of having,

one day, the means of rewarding your loyalty and generosity." And thus allowing himself to be the dupe of his own fallacious hopes, he took from poor Gerald Pepper the last hundred guineas he had in his possession, with that happy facility that kings have always exhibited in accepting sacrifices from enthusiastic and self-devoted followers.

"My mission here is ended now," said Gerald.

"May I be permitted to kiss my sovereign's hand?"

"Would that all my subjects were as faithful," said James, as he held out his hand to Gerald Pepper, who kissed it respectfully, and then arose.

"What do you purpose doing when you leave me?" said the king.

"To return to my home as soon as I may, my liege."

"If it be my fate to be driven from my kingdom by my unnatural son-in-law, I hope he may be merciful to my people, and that none may suffer from their adherence to the cause of their rightful sovereign."

"I wish, my liege," said Gerald, "that he may have half the consideration for his Irish subjects that your majesty had for your English ones," and he shook his head doubtfully as he spoke, and his countenance suddenly fell.

A hard-drawn sigh escaped from Sarsfield, and then, biting his lip, and with knitted brow, he exchanged a look of bitter meaning with Gerald Pepper.

"Adieu, then," said the king, "since you will go. See our good friend to his saddle, Sarsfield. Once more, good night; King James will not forget the White Horseman." So saying, he waved his hand in adieu. Gerald Pepper bowed low to his sovereign, and Sarsfield followed him from the chamber. They were both silent till they arrived at the portal of the tower, and when the door was opened, Sarsfield crossed the threshold with the visitor, and stepped into the fresh air, which he inhaled audibly three or four times, as if it were a relief to him.

"Good night, General Sarsfield," said Gerald.

"Good night, my gallant friend," said Sarsfield, in a voice that expressed much vexation of spirit.

"Don't be too much cast down, General," said Gerald, "better days may come, and fairer fields be fought."

"Never, never!" said Sarsfield. "Never was a fairer field than that of yesterday, never was a surer game if it had been rightly played. But there is a fate, my friend, hangs over our cause, and I fear that destiny throws against us."

"Speak not thus, general—think not thus."

"Would that I could think otherwise—but I fear I speak prophetically."

"Do you then give up the cause?" said Gerald in surprise.

"No," said Sarsfield, firmly, almost fiercely. "Never—I may die in the cause, but I will never desert it, as long as I have a troop to follow me—but I must not loiter here. Farewell!—Where is your horse?"

"I left him in the care of one of the attendants."

"I hope you are well mounted?"

"Yes; here comes my charger."

"What!" said Sarsfield, "the white horse?"

"Yes; surely," said Gerald; "you never saw me back any other."

"But after the tremendous fatigue of yesterday," said Sarsfield in surprise, "is it possible he is still fresh?"

"Fresh enough to serve my turn for to-night," said Gerald, as he mounted into the saddle. The white horse gave a loud neigh of seeming satisfaction as his master resumed his seat.

"Noble brute!" said Sarsfield, as he patted the horse on the neck, which was arched into the proud bend of a bold steed who knows a bold rider is on his back.

"And now farewell, general," said Gerald, extending his hand.

"Farewell, my friend. Fate is unkind to deny the charm of a victorious cause to so gallant a spirit."

"There is more gallantry in remaining unshaken under defeat; and you, general, are a bright example of the fact."

"Good night, good night," said Sarsfield, anxious to escape from hearing his own praise, and wringing the hand that was presented to him with much warmth; he turned towards the portal of the tower, but before he entered, Gerald again addressed him.

"Pray tell me, general, is your regiment here; before I go, I would wish to take leave of the officers of that gallant corps, in whose ranks I have had the honor to draw a sword."

"They are not yet arrived. They are on the road, perhaps, by this time; but I ordered they should be the last to leave Dublin, for as, yes-

terday, they suffered the disgrace of being led the first out of the battle,† I took care they should have the honor of being the last in the rear to-night, to cover our retreat."

"Then remember me to them," said Gerald.

"They can never forget the White Horseman," said Sarsfield; "and they shall hear you left the kind word of remembrance for them.—Once more, good night."

"Good night, general; God's blessing be upon you!"

"Amen!" said Sarsfield; "and with you."

They then wrung each other's hand in silence. Sarsfield re-entered the tower, and Gerald Pepper giving the rein to his steed, the white horse left the spot as rapidly as he had approached it. [Pepper having remained some time in Dublin to find out what was going forward, on discovering that his property is forfeited, sets off for home, in order to save as many moveables as possible. On the way he meets his foster brother, Rory Oge, who being informed of what was about to occur, takes means to delay the progress of the trooper to whom the property had been granted—the many manoeuvres to accomplish this are drawn out to such a length as to prevent our giving more than an outline. The story, we should have observed, is divided into three chapters—the Legend of the White Horse, if legend it can be called, is nearly complete in the first and last, the intermediate chapter being almost altogether occupied with "The Little Weaver of Dulceek Gate," another legend, introduced by way of episode, to entertain the trooper. In the third chapter Mr. Lover continues:—]

Let the divisions I have made in my chapters serve, in the mind of the reader, as an imaginary boundary between the past day and the ensuing morning. Let him, in his own fancy, also settle how the soldier watched, slept, dreamt, or waked through this interval. Rory did not make his appearance, however; he had left the public on the preceding evening, having made every necessary arrangement for carrying on the affair he had taken in hand; so that the Englishman, on enquiry, found that Rory had departed, "being obliged to leave the place on his own business, but sure his honor could have any accommodation in life that he wanted, in the regard of a guide, or the like o' that."

"Now, for this, Rory had provided also, having arranged with the keepers of the public, to whom he confided every thing connected with the affair, that in case the trooper should ask for a guide, they should recommend him a certain young imp, the son of the most mischievous, knowing, and daring young vagabonds in the parish.

To such guidance, therefore, did the Englishman commit himself on this, the third day of his search after the lands of the Peppers, which still remained a *Terra Incognita* to him; and the boy, being previously tutored upon the duties he was to perform in his new capacity, was not one likely to enlighten him upon the subject. The system of the preceding day was acted upon, except the casting of the horse's shoe; but by-roads and crooked lanes were put in requisition, and every avenue, but the one really leading to his object, the trooper was made to traverse.

The boy affected simplicity or ignorance, as best suited his purposes, to escape any inconvenient interrogatory or investigation on the part of the stranger, and at last, the young guide turned up a small rugged lane, down whose gentle slope some water was slowly trickling amongst stones and mud. On arriving at its extremity, he proceeded to throw down some sods, and pull away some brambles, that seemed to be placed there as an artificial barrier to an extensive field that lay beyond the lane.

"What are you doing there?" said the soldier.

"Makin' a convenience for your honor to get through the gap," said the boy.

"There is no road there," said the other.

"Oh, no, please your honor," said the young rascal, looking up in his face with an affection of simplicity that might have deceived Machiavel himself. "It's not a road, Sir, but a short cut."

"Cut it as short then as you can, my boy," said the soldier (the only good thing he ever said in his life), "for your short cuts in this country are the longest I ever knew—I'd rather go a round."

"So we must go round by the bottom o' this field, Sir, and then, over the hill beyond there, we come out on the road."

"Then there is a road beyond the hill?"

"A fine road, Sir," said the boy, who having cleared a passage for the horseman, proceeded before him at a smart run, and led him down the slope of the hill to a small valley, intersected by a sluggish stream that lay at its foot. When the boy arrived at this valley, he ran briskly

across it, though the water splashed up about his feet at every bound he gave, and dashing on through the stream, he arrived at the other side by the time the trooper had reached the nearer one. Here the latter was obliged to pull up, for his horse, at the first step, sank so deep, that the animal instinctively withdrew his foot from the treacherous morass.

The trooper called after his guide, who was proceeding up the opposite acclivity, and the boy turned round.

"I can't pass this, boy," said the soldier.

The boy faced the hill again, without any reply, and recommenced his ascent at a rapid pace.

"Come back, you young scoundrel, or I'll shoot you," said the soldier, drawing his pistol from his holster. The boy still continued his flight, and the trooper fired, but ineffectually, upon which the boy stopped, and after making a contemptuous action at the Englishman, rushed up acclivity and was soon beyond the reach of small arms, and shortly after out of sight, having passed the summit of the hill.

The Englishman's vexation was excessive, at finding himself thus left in such a helpless situation. For a long time he endeavored to find a spot in the marsh he might make his crossing good upon, but in vain—and after nearly an hour spent in this useless endeavor, he was forced to turn back and strive to unravel the maze of twisting and twining through which he had been led, for the purpose of getting on some high way, where a chance passenger might direct him in finding his road.

This he failed to accomplish, and darkness at length overtook him, in a wild country to which he was an utter stranger. He still continued, however, cautiously to progress along the road on which he was benighted, and at length the twinkling of a distant light raised some hope of succor in his heart.

Keeping this beacon in view, the benighted traveller made his way, as well as he might, until, by favor of the glimmer he so opportunely discovered, he at last found himself in front of the house whence the light proceeded. He knocked at the door, which, after two or three loud summonses, was opened to him, and then briefly stating the distressing circumstances in which he was placed, he requested shelter for the night.

The domestic who opened the door retired to deliver the stranger's message to the owner of the house, who immediately afterwards made his appearance, and, with a reserved courtesy, invited the stranger to enter.

"Allow me first to see my horse stabled," said the soldier.

"He shall be cared for," said the other.

"Excuse me, Sir," returned the blunt Englishman, "if I wish to see him in his stall. It has been a hard day for the poor brute, and I fear one of his hoofs is much injured; how far I am anxious to see."

"As you please, Sir," said the gentleman, who ordered a menial to conduct the stranger to the stable.

There, by the light of a lantern, the soldier examined the extent of injury his charger had sustained, and had good reason to fear that the next day would find him totally unserviceable.—After venting many a hearty curse on Irish roads and Irish guides, he was retiring from the stable, when his attention was attracted by a superb white horse, and much as he was engrossed by his present annoyance, the noble proportions of the animal were too striking to be overlooked; after admiring all his points, he said to the attendant, "what a beautiful creature this is!"

"Throth, you may say that," was the answer.

"What a charger he would make!"

"Sure enough."

"He must be very fleet."

"As the win."

"And leaps?"

"Whoo!—over the moon, if you axed him."

"That horse must trot at least ten miles the hour."

"Tin!—fax it wouldn't be convaynt to him to trot unther fourteen," and with this assurance on the part of the groom, they left the stable.

On being led into the dwelling-house, the stranger found the table spread for supper, and the owner of the mansion, pointing to a chair, invited him to partake of the evening meal.

The reader need scarcely be told that the invitation came from Gerald Pepper, for, I suppose, the white horse in the stable has already explained whose house chance had directed the trooper to, though all his endeavors to find it had proved unavailing.

Gerald still maintained the bearing which characterized his first meeting with the Englishman on his threshold—it was that of reserved courtesy. Magdalene, his gentle wife, was seated near the table, with an infant child sleeping upon her lap; her sweet features were strikingly expressive of sadness; and as the stranger entered the apartment, her eye was raised in one timorous glance upon the man whose terrible mission she was too

† At the battle of the Boyne, when the Irish were driving the enemy with great slaughter before them, James was heard often to exclaim, "Oh spare my English subjects."

† Sarsfield's regiment, after having repeatedly repulsed the enemy, was obliged to leave the field in order to protect the person of the king, who chose to fly unnecessarily soon.

well aware of, and the long lashes sank downwards again upon the pale cheek that recent sorrows had robbed of its bloom.

"Come, Sir," said Gerald, "after such a day of fatigue as yours has been, some refreshment will be welcome;" and the Englishman, presently, by deeds, not words, commenced giving ample evidence of the truth of the observation.

As the meal proceeded, he recounted some of the mishaps that had befallen him, all of which Gerald knew before, through Rory Oge, who was in the house at that very moment, though, for obvious reasons he did not make his appearance; and, at last, the stranger put the question to his host, if he knew any one in that neighborhood called Gerald Pepper.

Magdalene felt her blood run cold, but Gerald quietly replied, there was a person of that name thereabouts.

"Is his property a good one?" said the trooper. "Very much reduced of late," said Gerald. "Ballygarth they call it," said the soldier; "is that far from here?"

"It would puzzle me to tell you how to go to it from this place," was the answer. "It is very provoking," said the trooper; "I have been looking for it these three days and cannot find it, and nobody seems to know where it is."

Magdalene, at these words, felt a momentary relief, yet still she scarcely dared to breathe. "The truth is," continued the soldier, "that I am entitled, under the king's last commission, to that property, for all Pepper's possessions have been forfeited."

The baby, as it slept in its mother's lap, smiled as its legalised despoiler uttered these last words, and poor Magdalene, smote to the heart by the incident, melted into tears; but, by a powerful effort, she repressed any audible evidence of grief, and, shading her eyes with her hand, her tears dropped in silence over her sleeping child.

Gerald observed her emotion, and found it difficult to master his own feelings. "Now it is rather hard," continued the soldier, "that I have been hunting up and down the country for this confounded place, and can't find it. I thought it a fine thing, but I suppose it's nothing to talk of, or somebody would know of it; and more provoking still, we soldiers have yet our hands so full of work, that I only got four days' leave, and to-morrow night I am bound to return to Dublin, or I shall be guilty of a breach of duty; and how I am to return, with my horse in the disabled state that this detestable country has left him, I cannot conceive."

"You will be hard run to accomplish it," said Gerald. "Now will you make a bargain with me?" said the soldier.

"Of what nature?" said Gerald. "There"—said the soldier, throwing down on the table a piece of folded parchment—"there is the document entitling the holder thereof to the property I have named. Now, I must give up looking for it, for the present, and I am tired of hunting after it, into the bargain; besides, God knows when I may be able to come here again. You are on the spot, and may make use of this instrument, which empowers you to take full possession of the property whatever it may be; to you it may be valuable. At a word then, if I give you this document, will you give me the white horse that is standing in your stable?"

Next to his wife and children, Gerald Pepper loved his white horse; and the favorite animal so suddenly and unexpectedly named startled him, and, strange as it may appear, he paused for a moment; but Magdalene, unseen by the soldier, behind whom she was seated, clasped her outstretched hands in the action of supplication to her husband, and met his eye with an imploring look that, at once, produced his answer.

"Agreed!" said Gerald. "This a bargain," said the soldier; and he tossed the document across the table as the property of the man whom it was intended to leave destitute.

Having thus put the man into possession of his own property, the soldier commenced spending the night pleasantly, and it need not be added that Gerald Pepper was in excellent humor to help him.

As for poor Magdalene, when the bargain was completed, her heart was too full to permit her to remain longer, and hurrying to the apartment where the elder children were sleeping, she kissed them passionately, and, throwing herself on her knees between their beds, wept profusely, as she offered the fervent outpourings of a grateful heart to heaven, for the ruin so wonderfully averted from their innocent heads.

The next morning the English soldier was in his saddle at an early hour, and he seemed to entertain all the satisfaction of an habitual horseman, in feeling the stately tread of the bold steed beneath him. The white horse champed his bit, and, by his occasional curvettings, evinced a consciousness that his accustomed rider was not on his back; but the firm seat and masterly hand of the soldier shortly reduced such slight marks of rebellion into obedience, and he soon bade Gerald Pepper farewell.

The parting was rather brief and silent; for to have been other, would not have accorded with the habits of the one, nor suited the immediate humor of the other. In answer to the spur of the soldier, the white horse galloped down the avenue of his former master's domain, and left behind him the fields in which he had been bred. Gerald Pepper looked after his noble steed while he remained within sight, and thought no one was witness to the tear he dashed from his eye when he turned to re-enter his house.

LETTER OF THE MOST REV. DR. CULLEN ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO LORD ST. LEONARDS.

The following able letter, has been addressed by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, to Lord St. Leonards, in reply to the remarks of the latter respecting the management of the Patriotic Fund.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD ST. LEONARDS, ETC.

Dublin, Nov. 21, 1857.

MY LORD—On returning a short time since from the Continent, where business detained me for some weeks, I learned that your lordship had considered it necessary to take exception to some statements made in a letter addressed by me to the Very Rev. Monsignore Yore, Vicar-General of the diocese of Dublin. I cannot but feel indebted to your lordship for having thus contributed to attract public attention to the questions briefly alluded to in my letter, viz., the education of the children of Catholic soldiers, the application of public moneys to proselytising purposes, the management of the Patriotic Fund, and the endowment of Protestant institutions out of that fund. These important questions are now before the public; they will be discussed with warmth, and probably many hard and unpleasant things will be said; yet, we may confidently hope that the good sense of the people of this great empire, and their love of impartiality and fair play, will declare in favor of justice and truth, and that in the end the grievances of which we complained will be redressed.

naturally lead us to indulge in these pleasing anticipations. Certainly, your lordship must now clearly see that the management of the Patriotic Fund was not so satisfactory as you imagined, and the arrangements for the endowment of public institutions were not agreeable to "all classes and every denomination of Christians." The letter of the Duke of Norfolk, one of the most illustrious noblemen of England, the testimony of so many other Catholic gentlemen, and the voice of the Catholic press, must have raised serious doubts in your mind as to the correctness of the opinions you expressed.

Whilst truth, notwithstanding the many efforts made to suppress it, is thus advancing into day, perhaps I might abandon things to their natural course, and leave the vindication of my letter to time and the progress of events. However, as your lordship condescended to notice that letter, I fear I might be considered as wanting in courtesy or respect, were I not to offer some observations to explain or confirm what I wrote. I shall do so as briefly as possible, hoping to convince your lordship that the views I entertained of the questions now under discussion were correct, though the reasons for adopting them were scarcely hinted at, and especially that I had good grounds for calling into question the management of the Patriotic Fund, and for complaining that public funds, whether at home or abroad, were made engines of proselytism against Catholicity.

If, in this reply, I should use any expression inconsistent with the high respect due to your lordship, I beg to protest beforehand, that it will be altogether against my intention; and if, through inadvertence or prepossession, I should fall into any mistake, I will be ready to correct my error, when pointed out.

I wish, however, that it should be distinctly understood that we are not examining whether relief is to be given to the Indian sufferers, or not. There can be no difference of opinion on that question. Every one must detest the atrocities committed by the Sepoys, and sincerely desire that the sufferers should be relieved.

It is true, indeed, that here we cannot do much: in our towns, and even in this city, we live in the midst of scenes of misery, and destitution, which, though regarded with indifference by many, can scarcely be equalled, even in a country laid waste by fire and sword. Were your lordship to visit some of the ruined lanes and streets of Dublin, your heart would thrill with horror at the picture of human woe which would present itself. Long and galling persecutions, as well as the late famine, and the clearance system unhappily adopted by some landlords, have brought about this state of things. Hence, our charitable resources are wholly insufficient to meet the continual calls made in urgent and pressing cases of distress.

Yet, there exists a general desire to make every sacrifice to alleviate the sufferings of our brethren in India, and to help to supply their wants even from our own poverty. This desire is perfectly consistent with the persuasion that charity and religion require that money given for the relief of human misery should not be perverted to the propagation of error, or to other unworthy purposes. We are not deaf to the cries of suffering humanity, but the history of the past, as well as the daily occurrences which we witness with our own eyes, give evidence of such a propensity on the part of many to interfere with the education of Catholic children, and to seduce them from the religion of their fathers, that the duty we owe to God and His holy Church, compels us to be watchful and even jealous on so vital a matter, and to insist on obtaining safeguards for faith, a virtue, for the loss of which no earthly treasure can compensate.

In approaching the principal business of this letter, you will allow me to assure you that I fully agree with your lordship, that "this is not a time to add a drop to the cup of bitterness between the churches." Neither on the present, or on any other occasion, have I had recourse to so unworthy an expedient. Though I have been sometimes obliged, as the guardian of the flock, to raise my voice against false prophets who approach the fold in sheep's clothing, but within are ravening wolves, seek to devour the tender lambs, yet, I have always inculcated peace, charity, patience, and forbearance. Such is the general practice of the Catholic pastor everywhere; and we may boast that in Belgium, Bavaria, France, Austria, and other countries where the influence of the Catholic clergy is very great there, those who differ from us in religion are treated with the greatest liberality, whilst in some of the northern kingdoms, such as Sweden and Denmark, where Protestantism is all-powerful, most galling penal laws are enforced against Catholicity. In our churches in Ireland, though we teach with the Scripture that there is but one true faith and one true Church, we never indulge in invectives against those who profess another religion, and you might pass years in our houses of worship without hearing the name of Protestant or Dissenter mentioned from our altars or pulpits. We teach our flocks to love all mankind, and this universal love is manifested in the management of charitable institutions, such as those of St. Vincent of Paul, and the Sisters of Mercy and Charity, who give relief to the needy without distinction of creed or country. Thus, Catholics, though they are often assailed as bigots and intolerant, practise true charity and Christian toleration, clinging firmly to truth, condemning doctrinal errors, but loving all, and praying for their salvation.

Unhappily, my lord, I am obliged to state, and I do so with deep regret, that a large portion of the Protestant clergy of Ireland do not exhibit the same charitable spirit. They add not drops, but torrents to the cup of bitterness, not only between the churches, but between neighbor and neighbor, master and servant, landlord and tenant. It is a sad fact that, during the past years, they have excited a most violent persecution against poor Catholic servants rendering themselves answerable to Heaven for having reduced many fellow-creatures to misery and starvation, because they would not consent to violate the dictates of conscience. Perhaps your lordship is not aware that the churches of these clergymen continually resound with the fiercest denunciations of Ca-

tholically, the themes of their sermons are frequently placarded on the walls of this city, and published in some newspapers, in which Catholics are stigmatised as guilty of idolatry and superstition, and charged with teaching that lying, theft, and other crimes, are lawful. Even on the day set aside by her Majesty for public humiliation and prayer, some reverend orators exhausted their eloquence in proving that Catholicity is worse than Paganism or Mahometanism, leaving their audience to conclude that the poor Irish soldier, now fighting the battle of England in the burning sands of India, is worse than the brutal Sepoys to whom he is opposed; and instead of humbling themselves, as they were invited to do, they boldly proclaimed, like the proud Pharisee, that they were not like other men, nor such as those millions of Catholics.—In the meantime, whilst breathing nothing but hatred, and desirous to oppress, these preachers hold themselves forth as models of toleration and liberality, and condemn all others as lovers of despotism and tyranny. It grieves me to add that her Majesty's Protestant soldier is marched to churches where the preaching is so uncharitable, where the doctrines of Catholics are described as worse than those of the Hindoo or the Moslem, and where, if nothing else, the offensive placards exhibited at the church door, are calculated to fill them with prejudices.

By preaching after the manner I have described, by attempting through the instrumentality of insulting placards, handbills, and invectives, to propagate religious views in a new fashion, our modern apostles have succeeded in poisoning the minds of many with the bitterest hostility against their Catholic brethren on account of their religion; Indeed I may safely say, that many of their hearers have been worked into the persuasion that if they hate a phantom called Popery cordially, they have fulfilled the law and the prophets.

Undoubtedly the liberal and enlightened Protestants of this country, and, happily, they are numerous and influential, are unanimous in condemning the unholy warfare of calumny and vituperation which is carried on with relentless fury against the ancient religion of Ireland; yet it is too true, that many sanction and encourage it.—Among those are to be numbered, I regret to state it, dignitaries of the establishment, even in this city, and the great confederacy of Orangemen, who, within the last few months, have carried their violence so far, and allowed themselves to be excited by street-preaching to such transgressions of the law, that the Lord Chancellor of Ireland—a man of great forbearance and moderation—has found it necessary to exercise his authority in bringing them to a sense of duty.

Where bigotry and violent fanaticism are so rife, are we to be surprised that attempts should be made to divert charity from its heavenly destination, and to make it an instrument of proselytism? Your Lordship, judging from your own high feelings, thinks that it would be treason against human nature to imagine that so base a perversion would be possible; yet, its actual existence cannot be denied. Look to the workhouses, the goals the hospitals, the union schools, and examples of such treason will be found even in England. The history of the famine in Ireland affords another illustration. Human misery in every form—starvation, sickness and death, overshadowed the land. What feelings but those of pity and compassion could have entered the heart of man in the midst of this universal desolation? Yet, the sad tale is recorded in history, that many calling themselves ministers of the Gospel of Peace, and many others led astray by their words or example, did not hesitate to avail themselves of the direful condition of the country to insult the feelings of the poor, and to attempt to rob them of their faith. Relief was oftentimes refused, except on the condition of apostasy, and the starving man was called on to choose between the death of his body or of his soul. At the same time, proselytising schools were established, and spread like a nett-work over the country, and starving children invited to frequent them, and to barter their faith for food and clothing. In many instances, children have been purchased from a miserable mother, that they might swell the ranks of sectarianism. The system, inaugurated in the hour of darkness and trial, though defeated generally in its main object, has, nevertheless, produced great evils, driving its victims into hypocrisy and lying.—Unhappily, it is still urged on with vigor, and we have to regret that many good and benevolent Christians in England are induced by the reports of interested preachers, to contribute immense sums to its support.

Now, having a knowledge of the party and the feelings which I have described, was I not, my lord, justified in inquiring by whom the funds about to be collected, were to be managed—whether by men of honor and charity, or by men who on other occasions had not hesitated to traffic on human misery? Had I not a right to ask, without incurring the guilt of treason to human nature, what protection was to be given to poor Catholic orphans, in whose souls a traffic, worse than the slave trade, is sought to be established?

I perceive that an inquiry almost similar was considered expedient by a colleague of your lordship in the management of the Patriotic Fund—Sir John Pakington. "There exists," so we read in a letter of his to the Times, "in the public mind, in combination with a desire to subscribe, a feeling that no adequate security has yet been offered with respect either to the responsibility under which the fund is to be administered, or the principles, regulations, or conditions under which it is to be applied." When such an uneasiness about the fund existed in England, where fair play is the general rule, and where no attempt is ever made to injure the religion of the great mass of the people, could it be considered strange that doubts of a similar nature should be raised in Ireland, where bigotry and intolerance have left indelible traces on the soil?

Nor, my lord, was the management of the various funds collected for the relief of the sufferers in the late Russian war, calculated to make us place unbounded confidence in every future collection. In many cases the sums raised were openly applied to the purposes of proselytism. A respectable lady living in Ireland, the widow of an officer, assured me some time ago, that, having applied to one of the societies established for relieving sufferers in the army, she was promised the means of educating her son and daughter, but was informed, at the same time, that they should attend Protestant service at the school in which they were to be placed. I believe some of the public committees, and the founders of Hampstead School, did not attempt to conceal their proselytising tendencies.

Greater regard to justice and charity was certainly displayed in the management of the Patriotic Fund, and undoubtedly your lordship and your colleagues undertook that work of benevolence in a most impartial spirit. That, however, in carrying it out, grounds for complaint have been given, and arrangements attributed to your body or your agents, have been looked on justly with dissatisfaction. I trust I shall give you convincing proof. Far be it from me, however, to charge you or your colleagues, with a desire to do anything unfair, though I cannot but condemn some of the proceedings for which your are

held responsible. Probably, whatever was defective or reprehensible in your administration, is to be attributed to under-agents of biased minds, whilst all the good that was done is referred to the direct agency of the Commissioners themselves.

Yet, my lord a general persuasion prevailed in this country that a tendency to proselytism was evinced in the management of the Patriotic Fund, that the same provision had not been made for the education of Catholic as for Protestant children, that the surplus funds had been allocated without any regard to Catholic rights, and that even Catholic children had been sent to Protestant schools. I participated, I must confess, in the prevalent feeling, and I was influenced by facts which came under my knowledge. Reports of cases of proselytism in England, and in other parts of the empire, have tended to confirm my conviction. I will not now enter into an examination of those reports, but I beg to solicit your attention to the merits of a case which has occurred here in Dublin. I select it in preference to others: because, having, in my hands the original letters of the persons concerned in it, its proof does not depend on vague reports, or oral evidence which may be easily misunderstood.

Among the many brave soldiers who lost their lives in the service of their country during the late Russian war, we find the name of Sergeant Kirley, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards. Kirley was a native of Louth, and a Catholic. When dying, he left behind him, in this country, a wife and three children. Unhappily, her afflictions preyed upon his wife's mind, and after some time she was placed in a lunatic asylum in this city. In the mean while, the report having gone abroad that the children were about to be sent to Protestant schools, the Rev. Canon Grimley, a clergyman who had devoted many years to the religious instruction of the Catholic soldiers in Dublin, wrote to Major Harris of the Royal Hospital of this city, informing him that the young Kirleys were Catholics, and protesting against any unjust interference with their religion. Major Harris did not give a decisive answer to Canon Grimley's letter, but stated that he would refer the case to the consideration of the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund.

The question of the education of three Catholic children was thus fairly brought before the Commissioners, or those who were acting in their name.—What their decision was, we learn from a letter of Major Harris, in reply to Canon Grimley, who, having waited for several weeks without hearing anything further about the fate of the young Kirleys, begged of the major, in a second communication, to let him know what was the decision of the Commissioners. Here is Major Harris's letter, of which I hold the original:—

Royal Hospital, Dublin, April 26, 1857.

Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge your note of the 19th inst. It does not appear that the children of Sergeant Kirley were ever, at any time, brought up by their parents in the Roman Catholic faith, and therefore they have been sent to a Protestant school where they will be taken care of by the Royal Patriotic Commission. Had these children been Roman Catholics, they would have been sent to a Roman Catholic school, and the same care would have been taken of them.

Should any further correspondence on this subject appear to you to be necessary, I beg you will be so good as to address it to the Honorary Secretary of the Royal Patriotic Commission.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) R. R. HARRIS, Major and District Officer.

Rev. Thomas Grimley, &c., St. Paul's Church, Dublin.

Let us examine, my lord, the various circumstances of this case, so as to decide whether they justify the proceedings of Major Harris.

1. Sergeant Kirley was always a Catholic; his father and mother, now dead, were Catholics; his brother and sister, still living, are Catholics; he himself went to Mass and performed other duties of our church. Nor was he indifferent to the religion of his children. When stationed in Dundalk, he brought them himself to the schools of the Sisters of Mercy, and made a particular request that every attention should be paid to their religious training by the sisters. The superiors of the convent bears testimony to the fact. (See Appendix I.) Besides, when the Rev. Mr. Hoit, chaplain of the troops in Dublin, had proposed to Kirley to send one of his girls to England, to be brought up by a Protestant lady, he stipulated that the child should be educated in her own religion, and wrote two letters on this head to a Protestant gentleman in Dundalk, which letters I hold in my possession.

2. That Mrs. Kirley also professed herself a Catholic, cannot be denied. The poor woman during her husband's absence, or after his death, was committed several times to Grangegorman penitentiary. Major Harris, when about to dispose of her children, called at the penitentiary and inquired what was her religion, and the religion of her children. The governor gave him all the information that was required, and showed him the books of the penitentiary, in which Mrs. Kirley and her children were entered as Roman Catholics three or four successive times. I publish the governor's letter, which proves that Major Harris received full information regarding the religion of Mrs. Kirley and her children. (See Appendix II.)—From the same letter of the governor it appears that Mrs. Kirley was in a lunatic asylum for some time, and that she was entered there as a Catholic. I add the important testimony of the chaplain, Rev. Mr. White, who states that the Kirleys were Catholics, and that he instructed the eldest child for the sacrament of penance, which she approached several times. (See Appendix III.)

Such was the state of things when Major Harris of the Royal Commission had to determine in what religion the young Kirleys were to be educated. The father being dead, and the mother a lunatic at the time, they could not be consulted. But the religion of the father was known, the religion of his brother, the natural guardian of his children, was, or could easily be known. It was known that the children had been entered in a public institution of this city as Catholics several times, and it was, or could have been easily known, that they had been placed by their father at a Catholic convent school in Dundalk; yet, notwithstanding all these reasons, it was decided to place the children in a Protestant school, and to make them Protestants.

Major Harris, assigning a reason for the step he had taken, says, the children were not brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. I dare say the Major is not well qualified to decide what constitutes education in that faith, or to examine children in the doctrines and practices of our Church. We cannot accept his assertion as evidence in such matters. But even if they were uneducated, the course dictated by justice would have been to send them to a Catholic school, to be educated in the religion of their father and their natural guardian, his brother, their mother being then a lunatic. Does Major Harris pretend that all ignorant children should be taken and sent to Protestant schools, without regard to the religion of their parents? But were they in reality left without any Catholic education? Certainly not; for, as we have seen, the father had brought them to a Convent school in Dundalk, requesting that particular care should be taken to instruct them in their religion, and, besides, we have the important testimony of the chaplain of the penitentiary, that he himself paid great care to the instruction of the eldest child, and prepared her for confirmation.

Now, let me ask, my lord, was it just to order these poor children, Catholic themselves, and the offspring of Catholics, to be brought up Protestants? Do we not find here a bias in favor of Protestantism, whilst we are told that all religions are to be equally protected? Reverse the case for a moment; suppose Kirley had been a Protestant; suppose his wife was now morally dead, having lost her mind; suppose the father's brother was a Protestant, and that the children had been at some Protestant parochial school; would Major Harris have entertained for one

instant the proposal to have them educated Catholic? But, if this be considered fair to use other measures and other weights where there is question of our rights. It is the lot of Catholics, as it has always been, to suffer. A slight is cast even on the memory and religion of a brave Catholic soldier, who died in the service of his country. Alas, he would have foreseen the fate of his children—how he would have deplored—his heart filled with sorrow—the unhappy lot that compelled him to leave his offspring under the control, and at the mercy of strangers.

Nor is it to be supposed, my lord, that the sentiments attributed to Kirley exist in imagination, or are not generally participated in by Catholic soldiers in the army. We have most conclusive proofs that such feelings are general, and are manifested even on the battle-fields and in the hospitals of India. A most respectable officer of the East India service—Thomas Staunton Cahill, Esq., M. D.—when examined before the Committee of Indian Territories, gave important evidence on this subject. The following question was proposed to him:—

"9169.—Have you known soldiers who had either been wounded upon the field of battle, or who were on beds of sickness from other causes, complain that, in the event of their deaths, their orphan children would be left wholly unprovided for?"

The reply was as follows:— "Complaints have been made to me by men of different regiments, when they were dying in the hospital. They felt unhappy and discontented at the recollection of the fact, that while the Protestant portion of the children were the objects of the care of the Government, their own children were compelled to abandon what the fathers believed to be the only proper religion. That feeling, I think has been general among the Roman Catholic soldiers, particularly on service and when sick in hospital. Those who had children, were naturally anxious about them, and always regretted that they had not a Catholic orphanage to put them into. That regret, I may say, has been universal."—Sixth Report on Indian Territories, 1853, page 108.

The feelings which must naturally arise in the bosom of a dying soldier animated with a firm and lively faith, as to the religious education of his children, are here so well described, that it is not necessary to add a word of comment or illustration.

You have now my lord a sad story before you. Whether the evil done to the young Kirleys (and how many other children are sharing their fate?) will ever be repaired I cannot conjecture. Probably such impressions have been made upon their minds in the past months, that they are now determined enemies of the religion of their father. I know that when very young Catholic children are induced to spend a few weeks in the ragged proselytising schools of this city, they are assiduously taught to hate everything Catholic, even the name of the Blessed Virgin, and the sign of the cross of her Divine Son. The young Kirleys, now so many months under training in a Protestant school, may have been acted on in the same way. Perhaps, also, their mother may now approve of what has been done. It can scarcely be expected that a poor woman whose mind has been shattered by poverty, affliction, and a residence in a lunatic asylum, will have courage to condemn the measures of an officer whom persons of her rank are accustomed to regard with reverential awe.

But whatever may be the fate of the poor children, whether or not they have lost that faith without which it is impossible to please God, when the facts to which I have referred presented themselves to my mind, had I not grounds to doubt about the fair application of the Patriotic Fund, and to express a wish to have measures taken that the Indian Fund should be managed with a greater regard to Catholic interests?

A similar case to that now stated lately occurred at Chatham, where an attempt was made to pervert the children of an Irish Catholic, Corporal Guillefoyle. I subjoin in the appendix the narrative of the fact, written by the Rev. Mr. Morley, Catholic Pastor of Chatham, and published in the Dublin Evening Post of the 21st of October last. Though it is not connected with the management of the Patriotic Fund, this plain and detailed statement of facts will show your lordship how ready some officers are to tamper with the religion of Catholic children, and will convince you that vigilance and caution on our part are not superfluous or uncalled for. (See Appendix IV.)

Having said so much on the danger of proselytism, you will now allow me to examine the allocation of the surplus fund made by the Commissioners. My statements on this point have not and cannot be contradicted, as they were founded on a report of the Commissioners themselves, inserted in the Times of the 9th June, 1856. According to that report, the following grants had been made:—

Table with 2 columns: Description of grant and Amount. 1. For endowing a school for 300 girls, children of soldiers or sailors, £150,000; or according to a later statement, £180,000. 2. For endowing a school for 100 boys of the same class, £25,000, to be added to allowances already granted. Total amount not given. Probably it may be 60,000. 3. To the Wellington College, 25,000. 4. To the Cambridge Asylum for widows, 3,000. 5. To Naval School, Newcross, 8,000. 6. To Female School, Richmond, 3,000. 7. To Naval and Military School at Plymouth, 2,500. 8. To similar school, Portsmouth, 2,500.

Besides the sums here specified, amounting to more than a quarter of a million of money, perhaps other grants may have been made, for the report published in the Times sanctions "the purchase of presentations to already existing asylums and schools for similar objects."

From an anonymous memorandum published some time ago in reply to my letter, and which is attributed by the press to the Royal Commissioners, we learn the character of some of those institutions. Speaking of the naval and military schools at Plymouth and Portsmouth, it says:—"Those Schools, no doubt, are for Protestants." Speaking of some other endowments, the same document says: "Further sums also were granted for the purpose of purchasing nominations in institutions established by laymen for the benefit of children of officers of the army and navy. These, no doubt, are Protestant in their teaching, but there are no others for this purpose where the religious teaching is different; and it was not competent for the Commissioners to endow, even partially, institutions that were not specially intended for the benefit of these classes."

The other schools, mentioned in No. 1 and 2, are what we call mixed schools here in Ireland, and which, when under Protestant management, as they will be in England, are quite as dangerous as, or more so than, purely Protestant schools, inasmuch as with positive error, they introduce an indifference to every religion, than which nothing more fatal can be conceived. The memorandum tells us that the schools recently endowed are to be conducted on the principles of the Union Schools in England. What is the character of the teaching in these schools? A gentleman, well acquainted with England, describes them in a few words:—"The Union Schools are openly and almost avowedly proselytising."

Whilst all the vast outlay we have mentioned was made in England for the endowment of Protestant establishments, was there a single grant made to any Catholic Institution? We have, both in England and Ireland, many excellent orphan asylums, especially for girls, in full operation; they would have afforded a safe place of refuge to Catholic soldiers' children, had any provision been made for their support. But the Commissioners, overlooking these institutions altogether, reserved their grants for institutions favored class. They made grants to institutions which "no doubt are for Protestants," and which "are Protestant in their teaching," as they



an institution which, by its religious teaching, can in nowise indemnify the state or the people for the ample supplies which it receives. Looking at the country in the light which past and present history has thrown about it, we should be prepared to infer that if a Catholic people still existed, its temporal condition would be that of utter destitution. But instead, my lord, of reproach on this head, should not the fidelity of the people to the faith of their fathers, be admired, which no amount of persecution has been able to subvert? And what judgment is to be passed on the church establishment that has been forced on them? "Of all institutions now existing," says a high Protestant authority, "the Irish Church is the most absurd and indefensible. It is considered so by the present generation, it will be considered so by posterity, and men will wonder how such an abuse could have existed so long."

If I have, my lord, touched upon some of those religious grievances which afflict this land, it is not intended to evoke angry feelings, but to demand redress. Shrinking from the calm assertion of our rights in the spirit of men who deserve to be free, whilst we should fall immeasurably in your lordship's estimation, we should at the same time stand accused of having indefinitely deferred the attainment of justice which would benefit the empire at large, by the union of all its people on terms of perfect equality in the bonds of eternal friendship.

In conclusion, my lord, I beg to state, that many Catholics have assured me of their willingness to contribute to the Indian Fund, if measures be adopted to protect the poor children of Catholic soldiers against the dangers of proselytism. Perhaps the appointment of some Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, to take part in the central Committees in London and Calcutta, with the view of superintending the interests of those children, would remove all apprehensions and satisfy public anxiety. I have the honor to be, with profound respect, your lordship's obedient servant.

PAUL CULLEN.

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 18, 1857.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC VOTERS' GUIDE.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

Passed Unanimously, November 22nd, 1857.

**Resolved**—That all secret political societies are dangerous to the state and the well-being of society; and the Montreal St. Patrick's Society, as lovers of civil and religious liberty, enter their protest against, and express their abhorrence of, all such secret political societies, no matter what name they may assume.

**Resolved**—That as the spread of Orangism in Canada is a fact boasted of publicly by its members, we feel it our bounden duty to make use of all the constitutional means in our power to protect ourselves against its baneful influence. Therefore, we pledge ourselves collectively and individually to withhold our support from any government that will countenance said society; and moreover, at the hustings not to give a vote to any man that will not pledge himself to the same course.

**Resolved**—That this Society considers the state of the Catholic minority in Upper Canada to be a most unjust one with regard to state schoolism, and that we refuse our support to any government or to any individual at the hustings that will not procure or pledge themselves to grant the same privileges to the Catholic minority in Upper Canada that are possessed by the Protestant minority in Lower Canada.

**Resolved**—That we will use all the constitutional means in our power to induce every lover of civil and religious liberty throughout Canada to unite with us in carrying out the objects of the foregoing resolutions; and for that purpose a sub-committee of five be now appointed to take the necessary steps to accomplish this end, and report progress at the next regular meeting, and the committee be recommended to put themselves in correspondence with the editors of all such papers as are in a position to give them the necessary assistance and advice.

**Resolved**—That at the next regular meeting the Society shall appoint a committee of five, with a chairman, that shall be called the Standing Sub-Committee of the St. Patrick's Society, and shall be a Standing Committee for the remainder of the year, the duty of which Committee shall be to act in relation to the proceedings of this meeting.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTES OF UPPER CANADA.

**Resolved**—That the Catholic Institute of Toronto pledges itself to oppose, by all constitutional means, the re-election of the present Ministry, and of any of their supporters, if, at the next session of the Provincial Parliament, full justice is not done to the Catholics of Western Canada with regard to the free working of their separate schools; and that this Institute invokes the sympathy and assistance of their fellow-Catholics in Eastern Canada to promote their object.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE intelligence from India brought by the last steamer is, upon the whole, decidedly encouraging, and holds out prospects that the mutiny will be entirely suppressed in a short time. The long expected reinforcements were beginning to arrive, and were being pushed on at once to the scene of action, where their presence will very soon bring the mutinous Sepoys to their senses. Lucknow, with its brave garrison, is reported safe, though a large body of the mutineers were still in arms in the vicinity of that fortress; and the anxiety which has so long been felt for our sore pressed countrymen may now be considered at an end. It is said that the titular King of Delhi is to be handed over to a Military Commission to stand his trial for the encouragement given by him to our mutinous soldiers, and the unmentionable outrages perpetrated in his presence, and with his sanction, upon the unfortunate women and children, who fell into the hands of the mutineers at Delhi. Another account, not however well authenticated, states that the filthy old wretch has already received the reward of his crimes, and appears in a letter published by the *Morning Herald*, to the following effect: "The letter, which is dated Calcutta, 8th October, says—General Wilson, the officer in command, knowing the temper of his men, and feeling the ne-

cessity of the case, had issued orders that no harm should be done to women and children, but that no quarter was to be given to the men. He was bound, however, to enforce the official command to secure and protect the persons of the state criminals. He therefore placed the royal rebels under arrest, the guard being supplied from the different regiments in rotation. On its coming to the turn of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, only sixty-four men of which survived the assault, the guard rushed on the King and Queen with their fixed bayonets and speedily despatched them. The officer on duty rushed forward to prevent the vengeful retribution, but was instantly served in the same way. Such acts of sanguinary insubordination are not to be justified, but a reference to human nature will be sufficient to explain them."

Indeed we cannot wonder at the exasperation of our soldiers after the scenes they have witnessed, and the brutalities of which their wives and little ones have been the victims. We read, for instance, that when the troops forced their way into Delhi, one of the first things which met their eyes when the smoke cleared away, was one of their countrymen expiring in the agonies of crucifixion, and one of their countrywomen stark naked, covered with scars from head to foot, chained to a bastion, and a raving maniac from the sufferings she had undergone. Two others also of our countrywomen were subsequently found crucified. Such sights as these might well drive wise men to madness; and if they can not fully justify, yet more than palliate the severities of the storming party at Delhi. Before any man presumes to blame, he should ask himself "how would I act under similar circumstances, and under such provocation?—how would I treat the ruffians who had roasted my child on a slow fire, violated my sister, and crucified my brother?"

The commercial panic was abating in England. From the Continent the news was of little general interest; only the Catholic, and the friend of liberty, will be glad to learn that the elections in Piedmont have resulted in a great accession of force to the Catholic party, and a proportionate loss to the Liberals—who like Liberals always and everywhere, have approved themselves the most cruel and unscrupulous of tyrants.

At home we are in the midst of our election fever; but the crisis has nearly passed and we hope all danger of riot is over. At Quebec there have been disturbances arising from the badness of the times, and want of employment. The worst feature in this case is the rapid spread of Socialistic doctrines even in Canada. The silly idea seems to be gaining ground that the Government is bound to find employment and wages for the people; and that the citizen has a right to be supported by the State. We had hoped that these monstrous abortions of Socialism were unknown on this Continent; and that the simple, self-evident truth, that the State owes no man anything—neither food nor clothing, nor yet education—but mere protection to his honest industry from the violence or fraud of others, would have found but few impugnors in Canada. We fear, however, from the evidence of recent events, that Socialism—of which by the bye, "State-Schoolism" is only one particular phase—has already made much progress even in this country, and that its absurd doctrines have infected a large portion of our community.

**THE NOMINATION.**—The nomination of candidates for the city of Montreal took place at noon on Monday last, upon the Champ de Mars. The attendance was large, and the proceedings unusually protracted from the number of candidates brought forward; but we are happy to have it in our power to say that every thing passed off in the most orderly and good humored manner possible; and that from first to last there was not even the ghost of the symptom of a disturbance—though it must be confessed that some of the orators were abominably prosy, and did tax the patience of their hearers to the uttermost.

The proceedings having been opened in the usual manner by the Sheriff, the following gentlemen were put in nomination:—

M. Dorion, proposed by J. Dewitt, Esq., seconded by M. Valois.

Mr. Holton, proposed by Mr. Young, seconded by M. Brazeau.

M. Cartier, whose modesty prevented his appearance at the hustings, was proposed by M. Dumas, and seconded by Mr. Townsend.

Mr. Rose, proposed by Mr. Workman, and seconded by Mr. Hudon.

Mr. Starnes, proposed by Mr. Bulmer, and seconded by M. Pelletier.

Mr. D'Arcy McGee, who was proposed by Dr. Howard, President of the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, and seconded by Major Devlin.

The several aspirants for Parliamentary honors then addressed the meeting. M. Dorion, whose eloquent speech was listened to with much attention, was followed by Mr. Holton, who insisted largely upon the evils of the present Administration. Mr. Rose replied at some length, and was succeeded by Mr. Starnes. Last in order Mr. McGee claimed a hearing, and delivered himself as follows:—

Mr. McGee, before proceeding to address the electors, would ask a question to set himself right with a large part of the people of this city? The gentlemen of the ministerial party had taken credit for not using personalities. He thought neither Mr. Rose, or Mr. Starnes had stooped to that last resort of a disreputable cause and a vulgar disposition; but they had done the same thing in another manner. They had employed, and taken into their favor, and pet-

ted, and patronized one or two most scandalous writers, who disgraced the press. But each of these papers, the *Gazette*, the *Transcript*, and the *Commercial Advertiser*, have said that I have been engaged in certain ministerial negotiations. Now, I call on Mr. Rose, and ask him to consult with Mr. Workman, and say here and now if I am at liberty to depart from that secrecy, which necessarily exists in the intercourse of society, and whether I may make known the propositions which were made to me from ministerial quarters, together with the names of those who were the bearers of them.

Mr. Rose, was understood to say that he knew of no propositions communicated to Mr. McGee by the authority of the government.

Mr. McGee—Then there is no objection to my making the statement.

Mr. Rose—Mr. McGee may state anything he pleases on his own responsibility.

Mr. McGee—Well, then, I have to state that after my Committee was formed, and the same day as the first batch of signatures to my requisition was published, my proposer, Dr. Howard, received a proposition from the proposer of Mr. Rose, Mr. Workman; and again that a gentleman, now I believe in this crowd—one who has not been made use of as was intended that he should be—Mr. Bartley, brought a subsequent proposition, to the effect that if I would consent to retire from my canvass in this city, a county would be provided for me, all my expenses paid, and that the ministry would otherwise handsomely consider me.

Mr. Workman made some statement which our reporter could not hear very distinctly; but the purport of it was, that he had no authority from any body to make this proposition, and that he did so merely as a suggestion of his own.

Mr. McGee—Let Dr. Howard say whether he did not ask Mr. Workman whether he came from any other persons, or whether what he proposed was only from himself?

Dr. Howard said Mr. Workman stated most distinctly that he was charged by other persons to make these propositions; but that Mr. Workman refused to give the names of those persons.

Mr. McGee—Well it was plain that a gentleman who had been chosen by one of the ministerial candidates for his proposer, one who must, therefore, have represented that gentleman's principles, and have been very much in his confidence, made the propositions he spoke of. He (Mr. McGee) was good enough to be a ministerial candidate at the time when his address appeared, but since that time the ministerial journals of this city have been employed in aspersing his character, and in denying that of which the truth had now been elicited. These journals would not give the authors of their statements, and being conducted by men of a low, unworthy spirit, they would not retract their error. Under such circumstances, he had no alternative but a personal quarrel, disgraceful to himself and injurious to his cause, or this public exposure before witnesses.

Had he withdrawn from the contest, he would not have been thus abused by papers permitted or instructed thus to asperse him. He would have been high in the favor of gentlemen now contesting the city with him. But he was not nominated to be thus set aside—to make a bargain for himself. All that he had done was above board; and if he gained he would gain with honor. It was possible that the candidates had not themselves engaged in the dirty work of this department, but they have employed deputies who have out-heroded Herod.

Mr. Starnes had never said a word, nor written a line, nor had he authorized nor asked any paper to abuse Mr. McGee.

Mr. McGee was quite ready that Mr. Starnes should enjoy the full benefit of this disclaimer; but it was a little suspicious that the earliest announcement of Mr. Starnes' address, and eulogiums upon him of the most complimentary character, should appear side by side with the most intense abuse of himself. Of all the ministerial journals, the one the loudest and most consistent in his praise was also the loudest in abuse of himself. A most extraordinary statement had been made by one of the candidates, that there was no difference of opinion between the two sides that day represented. If so, it was one of the most extraordinary facts. Messrs. Holton and Dorion were in possession, as sitting members; if, then, there be no difference between them and the new candidates, it must be only for self-interest that the latter come forward. Here was the head of the Government coming from his quiet county, where, perhaps, for his own peace of mind it would have been better for him to have remained, and placing himself at the head of these two gentlemen, to out the late members with whom they had no difference of opinion. But why was this same Attorney-General absent? Perhaps Vercheres wanted nursing. Perhaps it was because the gentleman knew he would receive a popular condemnation which, carried through the country by telegraph, would blast the ministerial hopes as a frost cuts off the flowers of a garden. Perhaps the Attorney-General was impatient to see his friends and if so, in days when sentimentalism was generally confined to young ladies in their teens poring over novels, it was pleasant to find such a flow of human feelings in the hard-worked Attorney-General. However, he was not there, and he had left behind him only his two aids-de-camp, without any commanding officer. He had sacrificed all for his friends at Vercheres, and he ought to have a poet to celebrate his virtues. [A voice.—Three cheers for the Honorable Mr. McGee.] Mr. Rose had said that if he wished to get more money for the Grand Trunk Company, it was out of pity for the mechanics. The Company did not want it for themselves, of course—they only wished to have the handing of it—None would stick to their fingers! Well, suppose they all accepted that declaration for the truth; but how was it to be reconciled to Mr. Rose's printed address, when he stated that he was not in favor of any pecuniary grant to the Grand Trunk? He said now that an application for more money had been made—that he hoped it would be granted—and that it was all for the benefit of the mechanics. Now what he states is either incorrect, or else what he has set down in his address he has no intention of standing by.

Mr. Rose—Suppose the Government advances the money which it pays for conveying the mails—that is what I meant by temporary assistance.

Mr. McGee—Mr. Rose has also declared that he has had nothing to do with obtaining 50,000 acres of land for the Hudson Bay Company for a nominal price; but has he not joined a Government which had sanctioned these large grants, and even issued patents for some of them?

Mr. Rose knew nothing of it but what had appeared in the newspapers.

Mr. McGee—Then the Solicitor General is going into a Cabinet, knowing nothing but what he sees in the newspapers of this important matter, for surely this is no minor affair. He is ready to go into the firm in this ignorance, and he vindicated their character in this fashion by saying that he knew not whether the imputations on them were true or not. Really, if Mr. Solicitor-General would permit him to say it, for an ally he was a very useless one. The party with whom he made his debut was called the liberal party. He understood that word in its full meaning, and what he meant by this liberality was a belief, that no power, no individual, no sect, no party, in this free country, should have any right to suspend or encroach on any one of those liberties of person, property, worship and free discussion, which were allowed by law. He held that every man should be at liberty to worship God; to hold and bequeath property; and to discuss openly his opinions and this as an inheritance held from that government with which the country was blessed. No man could go further, or work harder, in defence of those liberties, than their humble servant. There had been brought against him the most odious charge of fanaticism—of Irish fanaticism. But such a charge was a contradiction. There was something too genial in the Irish character for fanaticism to harbor

there.—After ridiculing the accusation brought against him of being a stranger and an adventurer, on the ground that in this country all were strangers and adventurers, Christopher Columbus, and Charlevoix having been among the most illustrious of them Mr. McGee also denied that he had ever become naturalized in the United States. He had intended to do so, and would have done so had his dream of a republic been realized; but finding from the prevalence of mob law, and what he thought the too great extension of the elective principle even to judges and constables, he had come to the conclusion that there might be as much despotism in a republic as a monarchy. He had therefore come to Canada, where there was a large development of the democratic spirit with some remains of these laws which preserved order in Europe. He would have come sooner had he not felt bound to remain in the United States to fight the battles of the emigrant against the Know Nothings. A great deal had been said about moderation—nothing was more admirable if it were shown out of office and in, but if violence were shown out of office, and moderation only came on opening the official door, it was a moderation that might well be suspected. He liked a balanced man, especially a man in authority, but he did not like that which came only by trusting Her Majesty's commission into one pocket, and a year's salary into another. He in a few words condemned the pretense that a great city like Montreal ought to go on its knees to every ministry to ask for favors. Mr. McGee complained that he had been misrepresented to those who differed from him in religious belief. He had lectured in this city every winter for six years, and he would ask any gentleman who ever heard him if they ever heard from him one offensive word. He acted thus, not because he did not feel strongly his own opinions, but because he was convinced that any expression of bitterness or spleen on religious subjects was a most absurd exercise of ingenuity, and no slight profanation. When he should have been elected, as he expected to be, and should have served a year, he called all to witness that he would come back to that stand, and that the verdict of malice itself, that the position he had gained by the partiality of his friends had not been abused—that he had been the representative of the whole city, not of one class. He concluded by expressing a hope that if any of his friends had intended to give him one vote and another to a ministerial candidate, they would not insult him by this half-and-half assistance, but that they would go through the contest in such a way that Irish faith would be untarnished, and Irish honor remain unstained.

A show of hands in favor of the respective candidates, was then called for; and this being almost unanimously in favor of Messrs. Dorion, Holton, and McGee, a poll was demanded for Messrs. Cartier, Rose, and Starnes, which was granted for Monday and Tuesday next, when it is to be hoped that the same order and good feeling that marked the proceedings at the Nomination, may be maintained by all classes of our citizens.

The business at the hustings having closed, the Liberal Candidates, accompanied and enthusiastically cheered by their friends, proceeded to the Haymarket Square where they addressed the crowd from the balcony of Mr. O'Meara. "At the conclusion" says the *New Era*, "several rounds of cheers were given for the candidates, singly and collectively; and three tremendous groans for Alleyne the renegade Irishman." The vast crowd then quietly dispersed, and our streets resumed their usual business like appearance.

"Does the *True Witness* which declaims so often, and so strongly against Ministers, and especially the Hon. M. Cartier, know that its approved candidate, M. D'Arcy McGee, would have been very happy to ally himself with that gentleman, and to have united his candidature with that of the other for the City of Montreal?"—*Minerve*.

This question is put to us by the *Minerve* of the 12th inst.; and we have no hesitation in replying—that we have no knowledge whatever of the circumstance alluded to by the *Minerve*; and that we look upon it as a weak invention of the enemy, to create discord in the camp, and to bring Mr. McGee into disrepute by representing him as a venal and inconsistent politician. The *Minerve* may feel assured that his artifice is seen through; and that the trick, though a clever one, will not have the desired effect of inspiring the Irish Catholic electors of Montreal with distrust in the man whom, with one voice, they have brought forward to represent them. They know Mr. McGee too well to believe him capable of acting the dishonorable part imputed to him; and can therefore afford to treat with silent contempt the malicious insinuations of the *Minerve*, and its servile Ministerial colleagues. In fact, the *Minerve's* story bears internal proof of falsehood.—For is it likely, that Mr. McGee, who, on the 5th ult., laid down as the rule of his political life—"determined uncompromising hostility to every Ministry that will not follow the example of the Irish Government by withholding office and emolument from Orangemen"—would, within a few days, court an alliance with a Ministry whose head is himself an avowed Orangeman; and whose members have taken an open and active part in countenancing Orangism in Upper Canada? Why the thing is preposterous.

On the other hand we have good reasons for believing that the Ministry did make overtures to Mr. McGee; and would have been only too glad to ally themselves with him, if they could have managed to prevail upon him to renounce his pretensions as a candidate for this City. This we know, that the proposer of Mr. Rose, one of the Ministerial candidates, waited upon the President of the St. Patrick's Society, Mr. McGee's proposer, and, speaking as one authorized, did make an offer to the effect that—if Mr. McGee would renounce his candidature for Montreal, he should be furnished with a seat in Parliament for some other constituency, and that the Ministry would likewise feel disposed to consider him favorably. In other words, the Ministry which to-day repudiates all connection with Mr.

McGee, would but a few days ago, have been glad to furnish him with a constituency, and a snug office to boot with a fat salary, if he would but have consented to retire from the present contest for the representation of Montreal. These facts were publicly stated on the hustings; were fully corroborated by the President of the St. Patrick's Society; and were not denied by the gentleman who acted the part of "go-between" upon the occasion. It is for the *Minerve* and the supporters of the Ministry to reconcile these facts, with the unmeasured abuse which they have lavished upon Mr. McGee since that gentleman refused to become a tool in their hands, and to renounce the high position to which his confiding fellow-countrymen have raised him.

With regard to ourselves, we need only remark that our opposition to the Ministry is based upon the "Resolutions" of the Catholic Institutes of Upper Canada, which we reproduce in another column, and to which we refer our cotemporary for a full explanation of our motives. We may add that those "Resolutions" were adopted with the full knowledge and approval of His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto—whose "declamations" against the Ministry of which M. Cartier was a member, are not forgotten by the Irish Catholics of Montreal, and were, to say the least, as strong as any in which the *True Witness* has permitted itself to indulge. In fine, as we told our cotemporary last week, we cannot, as Catholics, feel, or profess, any respect for, or confidence in, the Minister who, by supporting Mr. Drummond's infamous amendments to the Incorporations Bill, offered a cold blooded cowardly insult to our Catholic Religious, generally. That was an offence which no Catholic should ever forgive or forget; and we feel convinced that—if all else prove false to their religion, if all else show themselves ready to put up tamely, like docile and well broken in hounds, with the insolence of M. Cartier and his colleagues—the Irish Catholics of this City will prove by their votes on Monday and Tuesday next that they will allow no man to insult their Pastors with impunity.

We refer the *Journal de Quebec* to the published "Report of the Select Committee" appointed by the late Parliament to inquire into the causes of the emigration from Canada into the United States, and its moral effects upon the French Canadians. In that official document—extracts from which we shall in a few days do ourselves the pleasure of laying before our readers—the *Journal* will find a full corroboration of our opinion as to the degraded condition of the immense majority of "Yankeeified"—not as "*Yankeeified*," French Canadians.

All French Canadians are necessarily Americans, if, as geography informs us, Canada be a portion of America; and it is therefore grossly dishonest on the part of our Quebec cotemporary to misquote us, for the sake of creating a false impression against the *True Witness*.—By "*Yankeeified*" French Canadian, we meant one who had abandoned, not merely his native land, but the traditions, the habits, and the religion of his ancestors;—and we regret to say it, such is too often the case with the majority of those who emigrate from Lower Canada to the United States; we meant one, who having lost the sound of his parish bells, with their constant summons to prayer, had lost also all sense of his obligations as a Catholic, all memory of religious duties, and had conformed himself both morally and physically to the habits and customs of the semi-heathen population of the neighboring republic. That such cases are common—may that they form the rule with the French Canadian emigrants to the United States—is a fact abundantly proved in the *Report* before us; and it is because these things are so, because when at home, and whilst under the holy influence of his religion, the French Canadian Catholic is so worthy of our love and respect, that we deprecate his emigration to the United States as a national calamity, and regard his metamorphosis into a Yankee as the last stage of moral degradation. Yes, we repeat it, we know nothing upon earth more hateful, more contemptible, than a "*Yankeeified* French Canadian," unless it be a "*Yankeeified* Irish Catholic." What we said of the one holds true of the other. Whilst truly Catholic, they are the salt of this Continent which alone preserves society from corruption; but if the salt lose its savor, if it, by becoming "*Yankeeified*," become itself corrupt, the whole mass will ere long be one mass of noisome putridity.

As another proof of the honesty of the *Journal de Quebec* in dealing with the *True Witness*, we would observe that in quoting our article of the 4th inst., wherein speaking of the Sepoys we said that "as gentlemen we had no sympathy with *mutineers*, cut-throats and thieves," he adroitly translates the word "*mutineers*" by "*rebels*;" and then appeals to the Montrealers who are about to raise a monument to the memory of the victims of the political troubles of '37, to reprove the impertinence of one who confounds "*rebels*" with "*thieves*."

Subsequently however, he himself admits the dishonesty of this translation, and consequent distortion of our meaning; for he admits that in

our eyes, as in the eyes of every man who has any knowledge of modern India, the Sepoys are not political insurgents, but our own disorderly mutinous soldiers, who have treacherously murdered their officers, and plundered and desecrated with the property which had been confided to their keeping. Amongst Frenchmen the sense of military honor is generally pretty high; and we did think, considering his national origin, that some portion of that fine sense of honor might have been transmitted hereditarily even to the editor of the *Journal de Quebec*. If in this we have been mistaken, it is the only error into which we have fallen in our controversy with our Quebec cotemporary, and it is one into which we shall not fall again; if however we have not been mistaken, the *Journal de Quebec* must admit with us, that the Sepoys are "thieves and cut-throats," and therefore unworthy to be compared for one moment with the brave, even if in some points mistaken, men who were driven by gross misgovernment to take up arms in 1837.

The dilemma in which the *Journal* seeks to place us by asking if the king of Delhi is a mutineer? is easily disposed of. He is not himself a mutineer, because he is not a soldier; but he has associated with, and countenanced the brutal acts of, our mutinous soldiers; and has therefore, if the British Government is disposed to deal strictly with him, justly incurred the felon's doom. To talk of him as an independent sovereign, and therefore not amenable to our laws, is an idle quibble upon words. He is our creature; owing his title, his palace, the clothes he wears, the food he eats, and the monies which he squanders upon his infamous pleasures, to the liberality of the British Government. It was by British arms that his grandfather, old Shah Allum, was rescued from the cruel hands of the Mahratta Princes who, after having poked out his eyes, had consigned the last of the descendants of Timour to the recesses of a dungeon. In this abject state the British found him; and restoring him to liberty, they gave him as a residence the old Palace at Delhi, and assigned to him a magnificent pension of about \$600,000 which has been regularly paid to his ungrateful descendants. These facts it is well to mention; because so intense is the general ignorance of Indian history, that many otherwise well informed persons seem to imagine that the Mogul Empire has continued uninterrupted to the present day; and argue as if the titular King of Delhi were the inheritor of the dominions and authority of Aurengzebe.—The fact is that that Empire had ceased to exist by the middle of last century; and that the present King of Delhi has no right, authority, or power of any kind, except that which he holds from the British Government, which made him what he is, and has therefore the right to unmake him, and to punish him for his crimes. That the British Government was guilty of an act of folly in giving the attributes of royalty to Shah Allum and his descendants, and thus apparently resuscitating the defunct Mogul Empire is now evident to all; but this act of imprudence cannot justify the ingratitude of the titular King of Delhi towards his benefactors.

ORANGEISM.—Whilst its friends tell us that the objects of this politico-religious organisation are defensive, and not aggressive, and that it aims at the securing to all, the blessings of civil and religious liberty, or in other words "religious equality," its opponents assert that it is essentially aggressive and anti-Catholic; and that it meditates the subversion of all civil and religious liberty—by the substitution of "Protestant Ascendancy" for religious equality. Shall we give credit to the friends or foes of Orangeism?

Nay! rather let us listen to Orangemen themselves. What do they say?—what do they propound as the ultimate designs of the Society of which they are the spokesmen, and of which the Leader of Her Majesty's Government in Canada is a sworn and most active member.

We have before us a "Sympathetic Address from the Orangemen of Canada to their Brethren in Ireland," published in the *Toronto Colonist*; and which we are assured, "speaks not only the sentiments of the Orangemen of Toronto, but of the whole body throughout the Province"—including of course those of the Hon. J. A. Macdonald, Attorney General for Canada West; who as a member of the Orange Society, is responsible for all the acts, and must be credited with all the sentiments, of that essentially anti-Catholic organisation. Now in this "Address," the maintenance of "Protestant Ascendancy," or, in other words, and upon the principle that if two men ride on one horse, one must sit behind, of "Catholic Inferiority," is expressly assigned as one of the main objects of the Orange Association; and as the end at which all its members,—the Hon. J. A. Macdonald, Attorney General for Canada West—are bound to aim. Thus we are told in this public manifesto of the Orangemen, that it is not merely because "secret societies are dangerous to the state" that the Chancellor of Ireland has interfered with Orangeism, but because he the Chancellor feels:—

"That the Orange Association, so long as it continues watchful of occurring events, will present, as

it ever has done, the only effectual barrier to the encroachments of Popery, and preserve by their united action, not only Protestant Ascendancy but the integrity of that Empire," &c.

Thus then, by the avowal of Orangemen themselves "Protestant Ascendancy," and not "religious equality"—which is incompatible with the ascendancy of any one denomination in particular—has been, is, and will ever be, the grand object of the Orange Association, and of the members of that politico-religious organisation. "What farther need have we of witnesses" against Orangeism?—behold now, we have heard, from its own lips, the confession of its odious designs against our civil and religious liberties; of its intent to assert dominion over us, to subject us to its cruel yoke, and to reduce us to the position of an inferior race! What think ye, then, Catholics of Canada?—is such a Society worthy of your support?—or rather, as the enemy of freedom and religious equality, is it not worthy of political death?

We wait anxiously for the verdict, which at the present General Election the Catholic constituencies are about to pronounce. Every Catholic elector is now called upon, individually, for his verdict; and he who gives that verdict in favor of a supporter of a Ministry whose Leader is an avowed and active Orangeman, the sworn foe of Popery, the upholder of "Protestant Ascendancy," and consequently, bound by oath, to maintain his Catholic fellow-citizens in a state of inferiority and degradation—is, no matter by what paltry quibbling he may endeavor to deceive himself, and reconcile the dirty act with the dictates of his conscience, accessory to his own degradation, and an accomplice of the faction whose avowed design is, to reduce his co-religionists to a state of subjection, and to crush our civil and religious liberties beneath the swinish hoofs of the Orange *canaille* of Upper Canada—with whom the Attorney General delights to consort.

And it should be remembered that, if by our verdict in favor of an Orange Ministry, we give our aid to the establishment of "Protestant Ascendancy," and consequently to the subversion of "Religious Equality" in Canada, we shall have no right to complain if that "Ascendancy" which we shall have labored to establish, be exercised over us in the most cruel and insulting manner. If we court insults, we shall deserve to be insulted; if we put a whip into the hands of our bitterest enemies, we shall deserve to be flogged; if we meekly present our backs to our persecutors, we shall deserve to be soundly kicked, and must put up with our whippings, kickings and cuffings without a murmur. To whine, and cry out against the aggressive spirit of Orangeism, will be absurd on the part of those who by their votes in favor of Orange candidates, or as the supporters of an Orange Ministry, shall have done all in their power to strengthen Orangeism, and to provoke its insolence; and as it is impossible to feel pity or respect for men who will neither help nor respect themselves, so no Catholic who at this election gives his vote in favor of the Ministerial colleagues of an active and prominent Orangeman, as is the Attorney-General for Canada West, need expect the pity or sympathies of his countrymen and coreligionists, should he—as in all probability will prove the case—find himself very speedily the victim of Orange brutality, and crushed beneath the accursed and degrading yoke of "Protestant Ascendancy."

The great question, in short, which every Catholic elector should ask himself is this—"Can I, as a Catholic, and in conscience, directly or indirectly, give my support to a Ministry whose head is an active Orangeman; and one who as a Legislator, and as a Minister, exerts all his influence to promote the interests of a secret politico-religious Society, whose policy consists in hostility to my religion, and whose avowed object is the overthrow of "religious equality," and the maintenance of "Protestant Ascendancy?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A "Friend of Justice" is informed that his surmise is unfortunately only too true: and that if he will consult the Division list, he will see that Mr. Alley voted with the worst enemies of our religion, against Mr. Felton's motion, to grant to the Catholic minority of Upper Canada the same advantages in the matter of education as are enjoyed by the Protestant minority of Lower Canada.

That M. Cartier never voted against Separate Schools for Catholics is also equally true, and that he did so, is not the complaint against him. What he is accused of is, having opposed those alterations in the existing school laws which were necessary to place the Catholic minority of Upper Canada in as favorable a position as is the Protestant minority of this section of the Province. It was against this reasonable and loudly called for amendment to the existing school laws that M. Cartier and his colleagues voted; and it is for this, and not because they voted against Separate Schools, that they are unworthy of receiving the support of any Catholic, or of any "Friend of Justice."

M. Cartier is well content to allow the law to remain as it is, because he knows that in their present form, the clauses pretending to concede

to Catholics the right of "separate schools," are, in the words of His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, but "a snare and a mockery." Like the "Weird Sisters," M. Cartier and his colleagues still—

"Palter with us in a double sense,  
Keeping the word of promise to our ear,  
Breaking it to our hope."

Like the considerate parent who gives Tommy a new drum, with the proviso that he must not beat it, so our Liberal Ministry are willing to grant us separate schools, but coupled with such restrictions as shall effectually prevent us from enjoying them; and when asked so to amend the law as to render the clauses in favor of Catholics practically advantageous, they dismiss us as importunate beggars, and boast that they have done enough for us already in giving us "separate schools" upon paper.

What the present separate school law of Upper Canada is worth, and how far its supporters—amongst whom we must reckon M. Cartier and his colleagues—are entitled to the thanks of Catholics, a "Friend of Justice" may gather from the following extract from the speech of Mr. Boulton, the Ministerial candidate for Toronto. Speaking of the existing provisions of the law with respect to separate schools, he remarked that he intended to support them—not because it is unjust to tax any man for the support of schools to which he is conscientiously opposed—not because it is just that the Catholic minority of Upper Canada should be placed on the same footing as the Protestant minority of Lower—nor yet because the said provisions were favorable to Catholics—but because they had been so drawn up as effectually to deprive the minority of the very privileges which they seemed to convey; because the Separate School Law, as now existing, was "a snare and a mockery," of no practical advantage to Catholics whatever. We quote from the *Toronto Colonist* the words of this Ministerial gentleman, who like M. Cartier does not vote against separate schools:—

"Gentlemen were very much mistaken if they thought it—the Separate School Law—was obtained by the priests. It was obtained, not with their sanction, but against their most determined opposition, and there were three or four members of Parliament who were excommunicated because they consented to it. It is a clause which Roman Catholics believe to be more beneficial to the Protestants than to them."

This be it remembered is the language of a Protestant, and a Ministerial candidate. He and M. Cartier support the actual Separate School law, because the priests offer it "their most determined opposition," and because it is "more beneficial to Protestants than to Catholics." Thus when, in pamphlets and handbills, the friends of M. Cartier claim for him the Catholic vote because he did not vote against Separate Schools, we must bear in mind that this only means that he supported a measure which the Clergy actively opposed, and which the Catholic laity of the Upper Province feel to be, not only useless, but positively mischievous. If a "Friend of Justice" will but lay to heart Mr. Boulton's candid admissions before a Protestant audience, he will see that M. Cartier's support of the Separate School law, as at present existing in Upper Canada, does not entitle him to the support of the Catholics of Montreal.

We clip the following paragraph from the *Toronto Colonist* as a specimen of the injustice to which the Catholic minority of Upper Canada are constantly subjected from the hands of their Protestant brethren:—

"APPROPRIATION OF THE CLERGY RESERVE FUNDS IN VAUGHAN.—The Township Council of Vaughan has adopted the following resolution:—

"Resolved—That it is highly desirable to increase the efficiency of the Common Schools of the township by aiding the Trustees in securing the services of the most competent teachers, by the offer of liberal salaries; and for that purpose the Treasurer be directed to pay to the Secretary Treasurer of each school section within the township, the sum of ten pounds out of the interest received, or receivable to the 31st December on the securities in which the money received from the Government from the Clergy Reserves Fund has been invested."

Our readers may perhaps remember, that the TRUE WITNESS pointed out at the time of the passing of the Clergy Reserves Bill, the inevitable consequences of that measure, to our Separate School system. Unfortunately, neither in the press, nor in the Legislature, could we find a single voice to protest, or aid us in our protest against the injustice of passing over to the Municipalities of Upper Canada the sums accruing from the secularised Clergy Reserves, without at the same time making it imperative upon those bodies to admit the Separate schools within their limits to share equally with the common schools, in all public funds devoted to educational purposes. To-day we witness the result of the apathy, or rather treachery, and venality which allowed the Clergy Reserves Bill to pass in its actual form. A large sum of money is annually placed at the disposal of the Municipal bodies of Upper Canada, applicable to Protestant school purposes, but in one penny of which no Catholic school can share. Here then we see clearly one point, upon which we must insist, and without which no satisfactory solution of the School Question is possible. We must insist, as indispensable to the settlement of that question, that it be made compulsory on all Municipal bodies, to admit the separate schools within their respective limits to share equally with the common schools—but in proportion to the average attendance of children upon such separate schools—in all appropriations of public monies, whether accruing from the secularised Clergy Reserves, or from any other source, and by the said Municipalities made applicable to educational purposes.

A BRAND SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING.—"Babes of Grace," who figure occasionally on platforms at Evangelical Anniversary Meetings, living evidences of the power of the "Word" and of "Soap," oftentimes turn out a sore scandal to the children of the conventicle, from their profane and dissolute conversation. Thus, under the heading "An Impostor," we find in the *Toronto Christian Guardian* the following paragraph, wherein the "backslidings" of a "converted Romanist," and a zealous professor of the Holy Protestant Faith, are held up to public reprobation:—

"AN IMPOSTOR.—We have received a letter from South Charleston, Ohio, in reference to a person in that region who represents himself to be a converted Romish Priest, but now a Minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The writer says:—'Dr. Seignemur professes to be a citizen of Quebec, and shows credentials purporting to come from the Presiding Elder of Quebec and a place he calls Point Levi.' We have been requested to state, for the information of all concerned, that no such person is known at Quebec or Point Levi, as a Wesleyan Minister, and any credentials that he has of that nature are forgeries.—From a circular accompanying the letter it appears that he has been lecturing in different places, and collecting money to found a Protestant School, under the pretence that he has been sent out for that purpose by the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. So far as any such person being known here, his pretended mission is an imposition."—*Christian Guardian*.

Can any of our Quebec friends give us any details of the antecedents of the Reverend Mr. Seignemur, "now a Minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church," and, before conversion, a "Romish priest." That the man is a blackguard, a liar, thief and "impostor," we learn from the *Christian Guardian*—and what else could our cotemporary have expected of a "converted Romanist?"—but we should like to know if there ever was a person of the name of Seignemur, in or about the district of Quebec; and if so, what was his actual occupation, and what his character.

REPORT.

OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY ON ORANGEISM AND STATE SCHOOLISM.

The Sub-Committee appointed at the special meeting on the 23rd inst., "to carry out the object of the resolutions" then adopted, beg leave to report:—

That they have forwarded the resolutions as a Circular to the several St. Patrick Societies in Canada, with an urgent request that they may take them into immediate consideration; and that they have also despatched copies, with the same request, to influential individuals where no St. Patrick Society is yet in existence. Before going further in their Report, your Sub-Committee would here most earnestly advise, that wherever there are 30 Irish Catholics, or upwards living in one neighborhood, they should form themselves immediately into a St. Patrick Society.

Your Sub-Committee have to regret that the dissolution of Parliament, occurring within the week of their appointment, has drawn public attention almost entirely to local issues and personal contests. The action of your special meeting could not have been sufficiently advanced in a few days to produce any general demonstration against secret and political societies; but so far as this city is concerned, we believe the entire body of the Irish electors are resolved to a man to act upon the letter and spirit of your Resolutions of the 23rd of November.

In the opinion of your Sub-Committee, the general body of the people of Canada—French and British—are not fully informed of the antecedents of the Orange Institution, whose present menacing attitude was the immediate cause of your late special meeting. Irish Catholics unfortunately know the facts only too well; but we must not take it for granted that all men are equally familiar with the counts of the indictment. Your Committee have therefore decided to present through the Society to the public a brief Memoir on Orangeism, accompanied by their respectful entreaty to the French and English journals to copy and circulate it among their respective readers. For greater convenience, they purpose to divide the memoir into two parts—1. Orangeism in Ireland. 2. Orangeism in Canada. They will be greatly obliged to any and every person, possessing documentary evidence, or reports of cases at law, arising out of Orange demonstrations, who would forward such, without loss of time, to the President of St. Patrick's Society, Montreal. The Sub-Committee undertake to preserve carefully, and return to the several owners, all such documents.

Your Committee would have presented to-night the 1st part of their Memoir, now in preparation, but that, on consideration, it was thought, in the very crisis and tumult of a General Election, it would not receive that public attention so much to be desired. And, as we have the best reason to believe that the Orange Society will vigorously press their application for a charter on the new Parliament—and as the battle will have to be fought on the floor of Parliament—your Committee propose to hold over their brief against Orangeism until the next monthly meeting of the Society.

The 3rd resolution of the special meeting, which we were instructed to consider the means of carrying into effect, reads thus:—

"That we refuse our support to any government or to any individual at the hustings that will not procure or pledge themselves to grant the same privileges to the Catholic minority in Upper Canada that are possessed by the Protestant minority in Lower Canada."

This Society, not being a purely political organization, although not having debarred itself from the consideration of public measures deeply affecting its own members, cannot, in our opinion, take overt action in the present canvass to enforce its views on the School question. But your Committee are most happy to learn that a general meeting of the Irish Catholic electors, held in this city, on Tuesday, the 1st inst., the Society's view were endorsed by acclamation, and we have every assurance since, that the General Committee representing that meeting are making every effort to carry into effect the determination expressed in the resolution above quoted.

We learn from the *New Era* that Mr. McGee has received a pressing invitation to allow himself to be put in nomination at Quebec.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT.—The Ottawa correspondent of the *Montreal Herald* asserts that Mr. Bryson spent upwards of Two Thousand dollars during his late contest with Mr. Burke. This goes far to establish the notion that, after all "Representative Government" is only the synonym of "Government by Corruption."

TORONTO.—The nomination of Candidates took place on Monday. The show of hands was in favor of Messrs. Boulton and Brown. Mr. Bowes then retired in favor of Mr. Robinson, and a poll was then demanded by Mr. Brown.

THE "QUARANTE HEURES."—On Wednesday of next week the 23rd inst., the Blessed Sacrament will be exposed to the adoration of the faithful in the Chapel of the *Hotel Dieu*.

MINISTERIAL "HUMBING."—We find in the *Montreal Herald* of Wednesday last the following extract from the speech of that zealous Orangeman, the Hon. J. A. Macdonald, to the electors of Kingston. Speaking of the "Seat of Government" and the clever dodge by which the Ministry had succeeded in hoodwinking, or, as our Attorney General classically expressed it, in "humbing," the people of Quebec, the Hon. J. A. Macdonald is reported to have delivered himself as follows:—

"You are aware that the Lower Canadians a man, and some of the representatives of Upper Canada too had decided upon placing it at Montreal; and had it then been put to a vote the parliament, public offices and Seat of Government would now have been located at Montreal; but by a species of *manœuvrisme* we got it knocked aside at that time. [Great Cheering.] Now how was that? Just by setting up Quebec. But this trick could not be repeated, and it has been referred to the Queen, who will decide impartially and without respect to any of our local prejudices. [Cheers.] Now had it not been for our exertions upon that occasion the Seat of Government would now be at Montreal."

What will our friends at Quebec think of this barefaced avowal? or how will the Attorney-General get himself, and friends, out of the scrape, into which, by his imprudent frankness, he has brought himself and them? We know not; but perhaps the most efficacious plan would be for the honorable gentleman to deny his words, and to disclaim his own utterances.

The *Brockville Recorder* of the 10th inst., says that at a meeting of the Catholics of Brockville, held on the 8th inst., it was agreed to support Mr. Sherwood; that gentleman having given a pledge that he would resist the Incorporation of the Orange Society, and oppose the Government, if it appointed Orangemen to office.

COL. GUY IN QUEBEC.—We learn from the Quebec papers that on Monday there was a large meeting of unemployed laborers at Quebec, whom Col. Guy undertook to pacify. His efforts at peace-making, however, failed of their due effect, and only led to an attack on himself. He retreated to the Court House, where he was pursued by the mob, who, upon the door being closed, smashed it open. The Police Magistrate, Mr. Maguire, then harangued the mob, with better effect than had followed the efforts of the Colonel. The rioters retired to the Lower Town, making somewhat feeble demonstrations on the Flour Stores of the Messrs. Renaud and Mr. Nond, which being closed were beyond the enterprise of the riotous. Colonel Guy narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered. His clothes were torn.—*Montreal Herald*.

NURSERY.—There cannot be an article more suitable for Infants, to promote cleanliness and health, than the "Persian Balm." It gives strength and vigor to the constitution, and prevents and cures the eruptions incident to children. Apply it as in bathing, or pour a few drops into the water when washing.

P. K.  
There is no medicine, at the present day I value so high as *Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer*. I have used it in my family for years; in every instance it has proved a sovereign remedy. I tested its qualities to-day, on a severe burn, and found it all that could be desired.

A. D. MILNE, Editor of Messenger.  
Portuguese Colony, July 1st, 1857.  
Messrs. Perry Davis & Son:—Gentlemen—Allow me, as an eye witness of the great good which your excellent medicine, the PAIN KILLER, has done amongst the exiles of Madeira, to state for the good of others, that it is now, and thus been for five years, the great family medicine. We have found it excellent in fever and ague, in coughs, colds, dyspepsia, chronic and inflammatory rheumatism, cramp, worms piles, nervous headache, gravel, &c. &c. The introduction of the Pain Killer has been a great blessing to the whole Colony.

MANUEL J. GONSALVES,  
Minister of the Gospel, and one of the Madeirans.  
Sold by all medicine dealers.  
Lyman, Savage & Co., and Carter, Kerry & Co.,  
Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

If you are sick, the probability is that the root of your sufferings is in the stomach. From a weak stomach proceed dyspepsia, languor, oppression in the diaphragm, jaundice, headache, nausea, bodily weakness, dimness of sight, heartburn, costiveness, dysentery, and a legion of other tormenting diseases. Indigestion produces thin blood, and therefore destroys the strength and vigor of the system. To restore the tone of the stomach, and enable it to throw off and dismiss forever all these tormenting and dangerous complaints, nothing is necessary but a persevering use of Hoodland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. There is no mistake, no failure in their salutary effects.  
For sale by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canada, West Indies, and South America, at 75 c. per bottle.  
For sale by all the druggists in Montreal.

A LUXURY FOR HOME.  
If our readers would have a positive Luxury for the Toilet, purchase a Bottle of the "Persian Balm" for Cleansing the Teeth, Shaving, Champrooping, Batting; Removing Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sun-marks, and all disagreeable appearances of the skin. It is unequalled.  
No Traveller should be without this beautiful preparation; as it soothes the Burning sensation of the Skin while Travelling, and renders it soft. No person can have Sore or Chapped Hands, or Face, and use the "Persian Balm" at their Toilet.  
Try this great "Home Luxury."  
S. S. BLODGETT & Co., Proprietors,  
Ogdensburg, N. Y.  
LAMPLAGH & CAMPBELL,  
(Wholesale Agents),  
Montreal.

MR. THOMAS DUGGAN, of Mapleton, near St. Thomas, in the London district, Canada West, will put himself in communication with this office, he will hear of something to his advantage. Upper Canada papers are respectfully requested to copy.  
Montreal, Dec. 10, 1857.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Paris Correspondent of a London weekly newspaper (Bell's News), writing on November 16th, says:—There is considerable excitement in certain circles in Paris, occasioned by the on-dit that an explosion is imminent between England and France. The Emperor is said to feel or feign great indignation at the diplomacy of England, and the language of Palmerston and the Times. The brag of the veteran Premier about the warlike attitude of the British Lion has occasioned many a significant shrug of the shoulders, and I am compelled sometimes to hear things that are unpleasant to a British ear. There is certainly no need of anything like warlike preparation in France, should anything sinister be intended. France, as every one knows, is a vast camp from Marseilles and Toulon to Cherbourg and Boulogne. What can Lord Palmerston be thinking of? The Emperor knows as well how many soldiers you have at Aldershot and elsewhere as you do yourself—probably far better than most well-informed Englishmen. He knows as well as Lord Palmerston that there are not 5,000 soldiers in England. There are 30,000 or 40,000 raw recruits, and a certain amount of militia. What is the use of being silent on such a point as this? The eternal boasting and the insolent superiority of the Times have done their work in irritating the old war of Napoleon and Waterloo. The fact is that there is no token of a Millennium as yet observable. History affords no example of ferocity and savage revenge greater than that exhibited by the British in India. All this is freely said here. I am forced to hear it canvassed in such language as seldom finds its way to English ears. For my part, I wish that the whole British nation could hear itself thus spoken of 'behind its back.' The lesson would not be thrown away. In all that I hear there is no intonation of personal insult. Your correspondent, cloaked, bearded, and silent; for the most part, being also able to pronounce the word garcon, is seldom noticed as he sips his coffee in a corner and listens to the babble of the Gaul. All I say is—look to it! War with France and Russia is on the cards. No foreigner will have the slightest ruth for England if she be caught napping. Surely, Lord Palmerston is not the device of Captain Warner's secret, or he never could have talked as he has done in the face of fact. 'Ce vieux fanfaron,' does he want to make a Delhi of London? Was a phrase I was obliged to hear yesterday evening.

It appears that in consequence of information given by Cardinal Antonelli to the French Minister at Rome, some Italians who some time since arrived in Paris have been arrested, no doubt on the same charge as before, that of conspiracy against the Emperor.

The correspondent of the Times is informed that the last despatches received by the French Government from China, announce that the court of Peking will not give satisfaction for the murder of the French Missionary, Chappellain, and that, moreover, it had given the strictest orders against the Catholics.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria has formally sanctioned the reduction of his army. The commercial accounts from the manufacturing districts of the empire are most unfavorable. The number of failures is enormous, and Vienna was, on the 14th ult., in a state of panic such as was never before experienced.

INDIA.

The telegraphic despatches, with summaries of the contents of the Indian mails, reached London on Wednesday last, the 25th instant, with intelligence from Calcutta to the 22nd of October. The news brought by the Bentinck and Vectis will probably be considered as decisive. General Greenhead's column, 3,000 strong, in pursuit of the fugitives from Delhi had beaten and routed them on the 4th and 5th of October. He arrived at Agra on the 10th, where he was attacked by the Indore and Gwalior mutineers, the same of whom we have so often heard as held in check by Holker and Scindia. They had waited too long, for they were repulse, dispersed, and pursued across the Kharee, twelve miles south of Agra, with a loss of 1,600 men, thirteen guns, all their camp equipage, and five lacs of rupees. On the 14th General Greenhead had crossed the Jumna, and was on his way to Lucknow, where his arrival, which was expected by the 30th October, would raise Havelock's army to 7,000 men. That gallant general, on the 13th October, was in the Residency at Lucknow with 1,500 men. A convoy of provisions had been received from Cawnpore, and it is added that the garrison could easily force their way out, but for the unwillingness to expose the women and children to further danger. On the 16th October 1,200 were to start from Cawnpore for Lucknow; and if there is no mistake as to dates in Lord Lyons' message by the Vectis, these troops, her Majesty's 53rd and 93rd Regiments, arrived there on the 24th October. But we do not understand how the news from Lucknow could be two days later than the news from Calcutta. Three miles from Lucknow, at a place called Alumbahak and Alumbur, were 1,000 men, with sick and wounded, and General Outram was desirous that supplies and reinforcements should be organized there rather than at Cawnpore, the communications between the two being perfectly open, while between Alumbahak and the Residency the communications are difficult, as the enemy is entrenched, in great force, and very strong in artillery. Large bodies of the troops sent out from England had already arrived, and were on the point of arrival at Madras, at Bombay, and at Calcutta. The King of Delhi was to be put upon his trial, two more of his sons were to be shot, and the revenue "was being brought in very rapidly, and loyalty was the order of the day."

On the other hand, the Europeans at Saugor are still in the fort, and relief is urgently required. That appears to us to be the only matter of anxiety contained in the despatches. There are reports of threatened disturbances at Hyderabad—part of another Bengal regiment has mutinied—moreover, a person named Mann Singh, or Rajojin Singh, has "turned against us," and one of the despatches makes the mysterious statement that "it is supposed most of the Farge Talookdars have also"—there is nothing from Rajpootana, Central India, Bundelcund, Hyderabad, or Nigrore, and all is quiet in Scinde, Bombay, Madras, and the Nizam's dominions. Such is the intelligence as it has reached us. It may be that, as heretofore, the arrival of fuller particulars may awaken new anxieties on particular points, but these despatches tell their own story, and may safely be left to make their own impression on all who have persuaded either themselves or others that the last hour of European dominion in India had sounded, that everything was going on as well as possible with the Sepoys and as ill as possible with the British, that all statements to the contrary were mere fictions, and that, when the truth was known, it would appear that the Blacks were everywhere victorious, and the Whites everywhere humbled, beaten, and dismayed.—Tablet.

MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.—This rebellion has cost the Agra mission five worthy Missionaries, who have suffered cruel deaths. One of the oldest Missionaries of that vicariate, who had spent nearly fifty years in missionary labours in those provinces, was murdered by the miscreants who enacted the Cawnpore massacre. Father Aedonatus was nearly eighty years of age, and was at the outbreak of the mutiny at Lucknow, but fearing that at that place he was not secure, he, together with another Clergyman, his assistant, proceeded to Cawnpore, where they were both massacred; and we learn also that with them two Irish Secular Priests, whose names we ignore, were likewise murdered. At Delhi, the Catholic Chaplain, Father Zacharias, was also murdered; at Mhow the Catholic Chaplain had a narrow escape; it was only by timely removal from the vicinity of the outbreak that he was saved! In the future history of India the present rebellion will occupy its darkest pages.—Bombay Catholic Ex-ner.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.—At the present moment, we feel that we are rendering a service to our readers by laying before them the following important document upon the political duties of Catholics, from the Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Turin. We copy from the Dublin Tablet:—

"THE BISHOPS AND VICARS-CAPITULAR OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROVINCE OF TURIN TO THEIR WELL-BELOVED, THE FAITHFUL OF THEIR RESPECTIVE DIOCESES, HEALTH AND BLESSING IN THE LORD.

"At the approach of the epoch when the elections of deputies to the national parliament are about to be renewed, our love of country, and our zeal for religion, impose on us the sacred duty of addressing to you, our beloved flock, a few words to serve as a rule for you in this important matter, on which may depend the welfare of the nation and the future of the Catholic faith in this land.

"As citizens we cannot be, and we certainly are not indifferent to our country's good, for we feel that a very weighty obligation lies on us to concur in our sphere of action in procuring for it what is of real advantage to it. But, as Bishops, we should betray our conscience if we were to neglect to employ all the means which Divine Providence has placed in our hands to defend our holy religion, and to work according to our strength for its interest and glory. In the ardor of His love for His fellow-citizens Jesus Christ wept over the ills which threatened Jerusalem, and we who also love the country which we have here below, are bound to think with solicitude of its destinies, and to weep for the misfortunes which our faults may bring upon it. The Saviour was full of zeal for the honor of His Heavenly Father, and for the holiness of His temple. We, who are His Ministers and dispensers of His Divine mysteries, are bound to have the same zeal for the honor of God and the sanctity of the Catholic religion.

"Therefore, in the language which becomes those who love their country and their religion, who must be the guardians and apostles of truth, and with all the ardor which animates ourselves, we exhort you to lift up your most fervent prayers to that God from Whom all good descends, that He will deign to turn on us a merciful regard, and to enlighten with His heavenly brightness the minds of the electors, in order that, trampling under foot all human considerations, and considering in their choice of a member nothing but the good of their country and of religion, they may deposit in the urn a name but that of a good man affectionately attached to the Catholic Church, full of respect and obedience for its Visible Chief, an observer of the Commandments which she imposes on her children, and consequently one in whom may be seen a sincere friend of the greatest good and prosperity of the nation.

"And do not think, dear brethren, that our exhortations amount only to a salutary counsel that you may follow or neglect. No surely. For here more than ever is a question of a duty most important in itself, which obliges the electors to transport themselves to the places fixed for the poll, and to give their votes to the candidate who to their knowledge possess the qualities of which we have spoken—a rigorous duty, which not only society, but even more, religion, imposes upon all, under a terrible responsibility, both to God and men; for religion, which commands each Christian to love his neighbor, to do good to all, even to one's enemies—religion, which orders us to love God with our whole heart, to seek His glory and the salvation of souls, not only by our words, but especially by our acts—in this religion assuredly requires also of us to do what is in our power to attain so important an end.

"Divine Providence, which rules all things here below, has placed our country under such political conditions that we are called upon to exercise a sort of sovereignty by the election of those who in part decide on our destinies. We are bound to recognise the designs of Providence in this political situation, and to discharge the duties which result from it.

"You know well that the Divine Commandments are transgressed by commission or by omission, and that we shall have to render an account to God for infractions of either one sort or the other. He would sin by commission, in the present case, who, through human considerations, through self-interest, through the desire of empty honors, through condescension for another's will, should give his vote to a man who would care little for the public good, or would be an enemy to the Catholic Church. But those would sin by omission who, being able to repair to the elections, should not repair thither, and should leave to less honest electors, and less the friends of the good cause, every facility for choosing as deputies men without a real and sincere love of their country, or men without religion, capable of proposing or approving laws fatal to the Church and to the nation. With what cruel remorse will not the conscience both of the one and of the other be torn during life, and at the Last Day—the first when they think that they have co-operated, by their votes, in every injury done to religion and their country; the second, when they tell themselves that if they had not abstained they might perhaps have prevented the passing of a law fatal to civil and religious society?"

"You cannot excuse yourselves before God or before men by saying that you do not wish to meddle with politics, that you wish to live quietly, and not to concern yourselves about the future. To say the truth, we are here treating, not of politics, but of a precept of Christian morality. The public good is at stake, the honor of our holy religion (the fundamental basis of the law under which we live, and the source of all public and private prosperity); finally, and above all, in the circumstances in which our country and our religion are placed, a sacred duty is involved that cannot be neglected without grave culpability.

"Hasten then, electors, and cast into the electoral urn the name of the man that your conscience, enlightened by faith and the grace of the Lord, as well as the advice of honest, disinterested, and pious men shall indicate to you. But, above all, as faithful Christians, whoever you be, electors or non-electors, do not, we repeat, neglect to ask of the God of Mercy, with all the fervor of your prayers, that the result of the election may be to the advantage of religion and of our country.

"You cannot be ignorant that a terrible struggle is now waged between truth and error, between the genius of evil and the spirit of God, between heresy and the Catholic Church, between indifferentism and the Christian faith. Who shall sustain and defend us, and make us victors in this war, if not the Almighty hand of God, which nothing can resist?—And who shall obtain for us this heavenly help, if not she to whom it has been given to crush beneath her immaculate foot the head of the hellish serpent, and to destroy all heresies over the whole world?"

"Let us, then, at the foot of our holy altars, ask the Divine help; let us put ourselves under the protection of the Most Holy Virgin, and we shall not trust in vain on the happy issue of the forthcoming elections."

[Here follow the signatures.]

IRELAND.

PERSUASION OF THE PRIESTS.—The Freeman's Journal throws out a very proper hint, which, it is to be presumed, will not escape the attention of the sympathizers of Mr. Conway. It appears that the rev. gentleman has had several communications in reference to pecuniary assistance towards defraying the heavy expenditure requisite for his defence. Mr. Conway, however, has declined personally receiving any subscriptions whatever—a course which elicits the marked approbation of the Dublin organ. It is added,—"His delicacy on this point—so becoming his position and his character—is, however, no reason why 'a poor curate' should be left to supply, unaided, the enormous cost which an ex officio proceeding will involve; and we would suggest that parties—and we know they are many—who may be desirous of lightening the burden which has been thus cast on

him, would communicate with any of the clergymen of the town of Tuam on the subject, and forward to them their contributions." A few days, we hope, will see the formation of a committee to bear the Rev. gentleman harmless through the ordeal."

THE DREVENES.—Government, it appears, have come to the determination of erecting defences for the protection of Kingstown harbour, for which purpose a circular battery is to be constructed on the east pier-head, armed with 68-pounders. The battery is to be commenced forthwith, and will be completed in about a year. By this means opportune employment will be given to the working classes during the winter months.

THE BELFAST GOVERNMENT COMMISSION.—The Banner of Ulster states that the Government report respecting the late commission of inquiry, which has been so long expected, will be placed in the hands of the local authorities before the close of the present week.

THE RECENT PANIC.—Letters from Donaghadee announce that, from the depressed state of the militia trade, many hundreds of families have been totally thrown out of employment, and that great distress is anticipated during the approaching winter.—One of the Dublin morning papers, commenting upon the late commercial crisis, observes:—"We can hardly be grateful enough for the high position our own Ireland holds. Here no banks have stopped payment—may, by wisely assisting trade, they are paying unheeded dividends. No manufacturing establishments have failed, throwing out of employment numerous hands. The storm reached us and passed over, leaving us unscathed. Possibly, as we are deprived of the profits resulting from gigantic factories so also are we free from their fluctuations. Probably the terrible lessons which our country learned at so fearful a price in former visitations wrought their effect, and we are wiser and better men. Thanks be to God our harvests were great. What trade we have is steady; our people have abundant work; the necessities of life are cheap. We are informed that thousands of our peasantry who left our famine stricken land some years ago are threatening to return. Let them come, they will be welcome. We shall find work here for all. Glad, only too glad, shall we be if in the Western land they sought, and now fly from, they have learned industry and prudence."

GREAT BRITAIN.

CONVERSION.—We are happy to announce the reception into the Catholic Church of the Reverend James Marshall, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, and Curate of St. Bartholomew's, Moor-lane, and author of a work lately published, "The Life of the Rev. James Marshall, of Clifton" (the writer's father), whose change from Presbyterianism to Episcopacy excited much attention some years back.—Weekly Register.

We receive with very mixed feelings the following evidently semi-official announcement in Friday's Times:—"We are happy to say that as soon as Parliament meets for the despatch of general business, the total abolition of the Company's Government will be proposed by Ministers. India will be brought immediately under the control of the Crown and Parliament, with such a machinery of administration as shall be thought conducive to its welfare. The greatest dependency of the empire will receive the benefits of direct Parliamentary supervision and direct Ministerial responsibility. Under such a system we cannot doubt that the nation which has conquered and reconquered India will soon urge it onward with new force in the path of improvement." On the whole, we believe the change will be for good, yet the objections to the Parliamentary Government of such a dependency as Hindostan are obvious and weighty. The Saturday Review says it will be Governor Smith, with a Council of Spicers. One way or other, however, the evils may and must be provided for, and the gain is certain and immense. As Catholics, unquestionably we have more justice to hope from any department of the British Government than we have found from the Indian Administration.—Weekly Register.

PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION TO LADY HAVELOCK.—Julien produced at her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening a new composition called the "Indian Quadrilles." After its delivery Mr. Julien said:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—We are honoured this evening by the presence of Lady Havelock, the wife of the distinguished general—the British lion who has so nobly hunted down the Bengal tiger. I am sure you will all be as delighted as I am to know that she is among us." Then pointing to a box on the first tier, he continued—"There is Lady Havelock!" This announcement was received with such tremendous cheering that Lady Havelock rose from her seat, and coming forward to the front of the box with her two daughters, gracefully saluted the audience. The acclamations that followed were again interrupted by M. Julien, who spoke in a loud voice, and was evidently as excited as if he had been an Englishman born. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said "I shall join with you in three British cheers. I shall give the word, and you shall all respond, ensemble!" He did give the word, and his "Hip, hip, hurrah!" thrice reiterated was thrice echoed by such a "hurrah!" from the united voices of the whole assembly as made the walls "reverberate again." Rarely has a scene of greater enthusiasm been witnessed.—[When will General Havelock's wife be Lady Havelock? If he is killed, she will be generously awarded £100 a-year! Perhaps.]

It cannot be denied that a very large proportion of the rank and file of the British army consists of Roman Catholics; and it is but justice to that element of our military strength to own cordially and frankly that braver or more loyal soldiers have never been found in the service of the commonwealth. Their religious feelings and prejudices are not matters to be questioned or discussed—they are simply to be honourably and scrupulously observed. On the plainest principles of policy and justice, the dying sergeant of the Connaught Rangers ought to feel as much confidence that his widow and his orphans will be cared for and respected, as the wounded corporal of the Welsh Fusiliers or the 92nd Highlanders; and it were an insult and a farce to clog the promise of respect or care with any fraudulent condition which fanaticism would suggest. Let controversialists contend where else they please, their clamorous railings must not be permitted to distract the last moments of the men who have perilled their lives for the honour of our common country. We have never desired, nor do we now desire, to see the great argumentative contention about religious truth abandoned. But there is a time for all things; and a season like the present of national humiliation, evoking as it has done a practical spirit of comprehensibility and unsectarian national charity, is not the fitting occasion for disputes which are liable to degenerate into an infamous scramble between rival creeds for the proceeds of public benevolence. Anything more odious, disreputable, or mischievous it is impossible to conceive; and we confidently trust that those who may be entrusted with the dispensation of the Indian Relief Fund will see the propriety of not losing an hour in taking steps to preclude the possibility of such an evil.—London Daily News.

As a proof that in England poverty is frequently treated as a crime, we give the following dialogue between the police magistrate at Westminster and a poor fellow who had just been released from prison:—Mr. Paynter: How is it that the Governor of the prison sent you here?—Applicant: I was in confinement at his goal for fourteen days, and my time expired this morning. I told him my distress, and as I could not see the visiting justice there, he said I had better come to you. Mr. Paynter: What were you committed for?—Applicant: Begging. Mr. Paynter: Where do you come from?—Applicant: Devonshire.

Mr. Paynter: Have you been long in London?—Applicant: I came into London the very day I was taken up by the policeman. I was in great distress, and did not know what to do. Mr. Paynter: What are you?—Applicant: A tinman. Mr. Paynter: What was your object in coming to London?—Applicant: I came here to endeavour to get into a hospital. Dennis (the gaoler): I remember he made that statement when he was committed. He said a gentleman's servant had promised to get him an in-patient's ticket for one of the hospitals. Mr. Paynter: What is the matter with you?—Applicant: I am covered with humours all over my body. The doctors say it is leprosy. Mr. Paynter: It would have been better had you remained at your own native place. There are several very excellent hospitals in Devonshire, to which you were more likely to procure admission than here, where you are a stranger.—Applicant having expressed his desire to get back to his native place, Mr. Paynter kindly gave him a few shillings to enable him to do so.—Weekly Register.

SPOLLEN IN LIVERPOOL.—James Spollen, who was tried for the murder of Mr. Little, at Dublin, and who has since obtained for himself such notoriety, has arrived in Liverpool with the avowed purpose of getting out of the country. It appears that he is about to resort to means in this town somewhat similar to those he tried in Dublin without success. He is endeavouring to get funds to enable him to procure models and drawings of the railway terminus, Mr. Little's offices, and his own cottage, which he intends to exhibit and comment upon, for the twofold purpose of showing the impossibility of his being the guilty man and of procuring funds to enable him to get to America or Australia. Last evening, about eight o'clock, he made his appearance at the Central Police Office, Dale street, in company with Mr. Thomas, publican, at whose house in Preston street he is staying, when the following scene transpired:—Addressing Mr. Clough, the indoor superintendent of police, Mr. Thomas said—This is Mr. Spollen, a confident tone, said—I want the assistance and co-operation of the police in opening a place where I intend to show a model of the premises where the murder took place, and also of my house and situation, so that I can more clearly explain the incidents relating to it. I hope you will give me your assistance, for I want to raise means to get out of the country. Mr. Clough replied that he was astonished at his application. The police would deal with him as with any other of her Majesty's subjects, without reference to the past; but they would not extend to him any protection beyond that usually extended to any other person. He also said it would be out of all character for the police here to give him special protection or pecuniary aid after what had transpired. Spollen seemed not to relish the reception, but he coolly thanked the superintendent, and then retired.

A wealthy printer has been discovered in India.—The British Zoological Society are making preparations to catch him.

UNITED STATES.

THE RESUMPTION OF CASH PAYMENTS BY THE NEW YORK BANK.—We learn from New York, by telegraph, that the Banks of that City are to resume cash payments this day.—Montreal Herald, 14th inst.

GENERAL WALKER'S EXPEDITION.—The New York Tribune says:—"There is a prevalent impression, which every day tends to strengthen, that General William Walker and his advanced corps of the new filibuster Expedition have found graves beneath the waters of the Gulf. The steamer Fashion which bore them away was not a No 1 in sea-going qualities, and the long time which has elapsed since she left without tidings from her justified apprehensions that she has gone to the bottom with all on board.—Another week's silence would go far to convert this presumption into a certainty."

A CATHOLIC PRIEST BURNED TO DEATH IN FRANKLIN COUNTY.—On Tuesday evening, at about 11 o'clock, a fire occurred at the residence of the Rev. Bernard McCabe, the Catholic pastor in this village, by which that gentleman lost his life. But a few minutes elapsed after the alarm was given, before many of our citizens were at the scene, but not in time to render any service, except to arrest the fire. The fire originated in, and was confined to, the sleeping-room of the Priest—a small bed-room on the ground floor. The fire was discovered by a visiting Priest, who occupied an adjoining room, and who aroused the household, consisting of the Priest's brother, a family occupying a wing of the house, and two or three other persons. When help had arrived and the fire was sufficiently subdued to allow people to enter the room, the Priest was discovered lying on his bed, which was nearly consumed, burned and fairly roasted to death. The door and casings of the room and the bedstead were completely charred, and everything indicated that the fire had been burning for a long time; and it is more than probable that the Priest was dead before the fire was discovered. The body, when taken from the room, was a horrible sight, blackened and burned and crisped till the flesh fell from the limbs, and one of his arms burned off to the elbow. Nothing is known of the origin of the fire, but it is supposed to have been communicated to the bedclothes from the lamp. Coroner Farnsworth, of Chateaugay, has been summoned to hold an inquest, which will reveal all that can ever be known of this singular and horrible accident.—Malone Palladium.

THE REMAINS OF MADISON.—In digging for a foundation for the monument recently erected over the grave of President Madison, the coffin was exposed to view. The appearance of the remains is thus placed above the coffin had decayed, but no earth had fallen in upon it, and everything appeared to be as when the coffin was deposited there, except that the coffin lid was slightly out of place, allowing a partial view of the interior. As there was no fastenings to prevent, the part of the lid covering the superior portion of the body was raised, and several gentlemen present looked in upon the remains of the great Virginian. The coffin itself, of black walnut, was in perfect preservation, and the interior was nearly filled with a species of moss, which adhered pertinaciously to the wood. Beneath this, and partially hidden by it, were a few of the larger and harder bones. The lower jaw had fallen away; the bones of the breast and ribs, were gone; and the only parts of the skeleton which remained were the skull and portions of the cheek bones; the vertebrae of the neck, the spine and the larger bones of the arms. All else of the upper part of the body had returned to the dust from whence it was taken, and in a few years more every trace of the body will disappear, until the triumph of resurrection shall unite the scattered particles. The body has been interred just twenty-one years.

A LITTLE AFFAIR OUT WEST.—The eldest brother of Miss Carter, and daughter of Judge Carter, living on Jersey Prairie, Illinois—finding that she had been injured by a wealthy young man, named Shelby, who had been paying attention to her, named himself with a revolver and a horse-whip, repaired to Shelby's house, found him at dinner, and immediately commenced beating him violently about the head and shoulders with the butt of the whip. Two hired men, who were also sitting at the table, attempted to assist their employer, but young Carter kept them at bay with his pistol, until he had severely punished his sister's lover. He then demanded, threatening to shoot Shelby like a dog if he ever met him in the neighborhood of his (Carter's) house. Here the matter rested until Shelby had quite recovered from a serious illness into which the flagellation had thrown him. He then gathered a set of young fellows, laid in wait for young Carter, and when he passed rushed out and unhorsed him, before he could have time to draw his revolver. They took him about two miles

into the timber where they had several gallons of tar; a sack of feathers, and a bonfire, and after heating the tar so hot as nearly to take the skin off, stripped their victim; completely covered him with it, and rolled him in the feathers, giving him a thick coat from head to feet. Not satisfied with this, they tied him upon his horse, facing the wrong way, his clothes in a bundle behind him, and then sent him off, Maccapallike, upon the prairie, at about one o'clock in the morning. His horse took him straight home, and he was found more dead than alive, at his father's gate, at daylight. The authorities were informed, and went at once to Shelby's house to arrest him, but they found the house locked up and deserted, and everything of value having been taken away.

THE MORMON WAR.—News from the Utah Expedition, says the N. Y. Tribune on Saturday, as late as Mormons had run off six hundred head of cattle in sight of Colonel Alexander's camp, near Ham's Fork, and there had been a slight skirmish between his troops and the Saints, in which several of the latter had been captured. Colonel Johnson had probably joined Colonel Alexander, and it was thought that Colonel Cook's command would be with them shortly. The army were expected to winter on Green River at Henry's Fork. Governor Cumming and suite were anxious to press forward to Salt Lake City; but the Mormons were thought to be bent on resistance to civil officers as well as to the military.

TO THE PARLIAMENTARY ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

GENTLEMEN,—The dissolution of Parliament has devolved upon you the choice of three representatives from this city. It is matter of notoriety that I have received the nomination of a portion of the constituency, and that the requisition embodying their wishes is the most unanimously signed document of that description which has yet appeared in the canvass. The circumstances attending this nomination would seem to demand, on my part, a departure from the usual summary style of election addresses; and I must presume on your interest in the issue for your patient attention to a rather lengthy statement.

When I removed into this Province gentlemen, after visiting it at all points, several years in succession, I came as an unattracted British subject, who could not reconcile it with his sense of duty to become an adopted citizen of the United States, in the present temper of the American democracy. I own that I came to that conclusion slowly and reluctantly, since the name of Republic had a captivating charm for my imagination. But as I could not be a citizen on sufferance, petted one day and proscribed the next, I came among you to reclaim my Birthright, and to resume all the duties attaching to that condition.

I was previously no stranger to the inhabitants of Canada of Irish birth or descent. Fifteen years of such literary service as it was in my power to render my fellow-emigrants, had familiarized my name and opinions to most of them. Those of Montreal have not regarded me, even for one hour as a stranger amongst them. And, if their right to nominate any man to represent them in Parliament be admitted—if their numbers in the City justify their present assertion of that right—if they decided to pitch upon myself as the person so to do—I cannot see why they should be censured for their selection, or why I should be thought to have offended, if after several years of voluntary abdications of civil rights, rather than purchase political position at the sacrifice of ancient nationality, I now accept their nomination as the best proof of being restored to the enjoyment of perfect equality on the soil of Canada.

Gentlemen, I know that I labor under a serious disadvantage in not being better known to the majority of my fellow-citizens. At the same time, I would respectfully suggest for their consideration whether personal acquaintance or length of residence are higher guarantees for steadfastness to principle, than a course of consistent devotion to my fellow-emigrants, and their unanimous endorsement already supplies? Is the man who proves true to his race, under every change and every adversity, less likely to prove worthy of a wider confidence, than the devotee of party, whose faith is in intrigue and whose expectation is in office?

Newness to the city is alleged as my main deficiency; yet those who declare they know nothing whatever of me, are the most confident delineators of my future intentions. Their confidence is equal to their want of knowledge, and their injustice proportionate to both. I declare myself no sectionalist, and no bigot, while they clamorously insist that I am both. I am resolved, however, to reverse the judgment of all the honest men among them if I live, and I now appeal to every lover of fair play in the city, against special pleading, who absurdly make, of the very absence of evidence, a groundwork of condemnation.

To pass from the personal to the public topics proper to this Address: I have most anxiously sought to learn in what the best interests of this country consist, and how far intelligent legislation may promote and protect them. We are a composite people, and must practise mutual conciliation; we are a growing people, and need the more of legislative care; we are a Northern people, and our most profitable employments must be found in manufacturing and commercial pursuits; we are a Colonial people, and our local interests must be carefully guarded against the imperious necessities of international negotiation; we are inextricably wound up with the commerce of the Americans, and will need all our vigilance, all our energy, and all our unity, if we are to get our fair share of the common profits. I hold, as to our policy of trade, that these propositions are irrefutable:—

I. That the Lake Trade—the tonnage of which on the American side much exceeds their entire seagoing tonnage—may be divided between the Saint Lawrence route on the one hand, and all the other Northern routes on the other.

II. That our Gulf Fisheries may be made, by judicious encouragement, to supply a valuable article of very large consumption, in the Western (U.S.) markets.

III. That the Shipbuilding interests of the Province may be greatly benefited by proper legislations in relation to the fisheries, as well as by a thorough overhaul of the regulations which now govern both the Lake Trade and "the Gosling Trade."

IV. That a real reciprocity of advantages was not, in many most important particulars, secured by the Reciprocity Treaty, and that speedy legislation towards the equalization of the tariffs of Canada and the United States is imperatively called for.

To these four propositions, which refer mainly to the American trade, let me add two others, on which my mind is equally clear—*siciliter*—

I. That *ad valorem* duties on imports should be more generally substituted for specific duties.

II. That the whole subject of Emigration should be taken into the serious consideration of the next Parliament, with a view to the establishment of an improved and more complete system than at present obtains.

As for party politics, gentlemen, I am prepared at the hustings, or at any other suitable time and place, to state the principles which will govern my conduct. But I must here declare in advance, that one of my objects in going in Parliament will be to oppose, on every occasion, the recognition by law of every secret association, organized for political or sectarian purposes. One such society (not of Canadian origin) is known to have attained a formidable degree of strength throughout the Upper Province, and has lately attempted even here to demonstrate its force by a most offensive commemoration of a civil war, in which the ancestors of various classes of our population were arrayed on opposite sides. This secret society has become a vast political machine, menacing the

freedom of election, thrusting its agents and apolo-

The existing Ministry, I am sorry to be compelled to say, are acting, in a great degree, under the dictation of the Orange confederacy.

In making this direct issue with Orangeism, I beg most explicitly to add, that I never did, and never shall confound that conspiracy with the principles of any denomination of Christians.

On the subject of Education we have no cause of complaint in this part of the Province. In Upper Canada it is otherwise. The Roman Catholics there entertain, what I believe to be, unanswerable objections to the existing Common School System.

The Canadian Constitution, as it is, must be upheld, since all the reforms and ameliorations required can be obtained under it, from a responsible Executive, acted on by a liberal, tolerant, and powerful representation of the People.

With my heartfelt thanks to those of your number whose names are affixed to the Requisition I have had the honor to receive, and the invitation contained in which I hereby gratefully accept,

I beg leave to subscribe myself, Gentlemen, Your obedient humble servant,

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

Montreal, December 7, 1857.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS. PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA., WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

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INFORMATION WANTED OF STEPHEN FERGUSON, a native of Ireland, some time in Canada, when heard from last spring, he was employed at Chabot's Canal, near Ottawa City. Any communication as to his whereabouts, addressed to his brother, PATRICK FERGUSON, care of Mr. HOWLEY, Corner of Anne and Wellington Streets, Montreal, C.E., will be thankfully received.

CHURCH ARTICLES. SACRED VASES, CHALICES, VESTMENTS. MONTREAL No. 78, NOTRE DAME STREET, (BRANCH DEPOT FROM NEW YORK.) The Subscriber begs leave to offer his respectful thanks to the Rev. Clergy of the United States and Canada for the liberal patronage extended to his Establishment of New York and Montreal. Having two assortments to offer to his Patrons, the Subscriber can, at any time, supply their orders either from Montreal, or from New York, at the most reduced prices.

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THE CHARITABLE RELIEF COMMITTEE of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will meet every THURSDAY from 7 to 9 o'clock in the St. PATRICK'S HALL, Place D'Armes, for the purpose of affording relief to all worthy applicants for the same. August 6.

M. MORLEY, St. Mary Street, Quebec Suburbs, (SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECER), RETURNS his sincere thanks to the Public for the support which he has received for the last twenty-three years; and as he intends to RETIRE from business, he begs to inform them that he is SELLING OFF his large and well assorted STOCK of DRY GOODS, without Reserve, at Cost price for CASH. Montreal, Nov. 5, 1857.

WANTED, IN School District No 3, in the Parish of St. Alphonse, County of Joliette, a FEMALE TEACHER (having a Diploma) competent to teach French and English. Applications addressed to the undersigned, will be punctually attended to. LUKE CORCORAN, Sec. Tr. of School Commissioners. St. Alphonse, 15th August, 1857.

M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

FOREIGN BOOKS. JUST RECEIVED by the Subscribers, several cases of Books from London and Dublin: Mores Catholic; or, Ages of Faith, 3 vols., \$18 00 Cardinal Wiseman's Essays, 3 vols., 7 00 Cardinal Wiseman on Science and Revealed Religion, 2 vols., 2 50 Faith of Catholics, 3 vols., 8vo., 6 00 Mochler's Symbolism, 2 vols., 2 25 The Pope, By De Maistre, 1 25 Audin's Life of Luther, 1 vol., 2 00 " " Henry VIII., 2 00 Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent, 1 25 Life of St. Teresa, By Herself, 1 50 Letters of St. Teresa, 1 50 Captain Rock in Rome, 1 75 Geraldine; a Tale of Conscience; and Rome and the Abbey, 1 25 Archer's Sermons, 2 vols., 2 00 Appleton's " 2 00 Morony's " 2 25 M'Carthy's " 2 00 Massillon's " 2 25 Gaban's " 2 00 Liguori's " 2 50 Peach's " 2 00 Bourdaloue's " 2 25 Newman on University Education, Appleton's Analysis; or Familiar Explanations of the Gospels, 2 00 St. Liguori's History of Heresies, 1 vol., 3 50 Religious Monitor; or, Instructions and Meditations, Preparatory to the Reception and Professions of the Sacred Spouses of Jesus Christ, 2 vols., 8vo., (Just published) 3 00 St. Liguori on the Council of Trent, 1 25 St. Liguori's Victories of the Martyrs, 0 63 Life of St. Dominic, 1 25 Interior of Jesus and Mary, 2 vols., 1 25 Gather on the Epistles, 1 25 Lanagan on the Eucharist, 0 30 Peach's Reflections, 1 25 Stone's Retreat, 0 50 Nun Sanctified; or, Spouse of Christ, Life of St. Francis Assisim, Patriarch of the Friars' Minors, 0 63 Sinner's Complaint to God, 0 50 Lucy Lambert, 0 31 Grandfather's Story Book, 0 31 Huck's Travels in Tartary, &c., illustrated, 1 50 Morning Star, 0 31 Virginia Mother, 0 63 St. Francis De Sales on the Love of God, 2 00 Hornhold on the Commandments—Sacraments Practical Meditations, 1 00 Pater's Poems, 2 80 The Oratorian Lives of the Saints, 29 vols., per vol., 1 25 Challoner's Meditations, 1 vol., 0 75 " " Memoirs of Missionary Priests, 2 vols., 0 75 Life of St. Liguori. By the Oratorians, 5 vols., 6 25 Lacordaire's Conferences. Translated, 5 00 Lingard's England. 10 vols. Last Edition, revised by the Author before his death. Half calf, 20 00 Bourdaloue's Spiritual Retreat, 1 00 Butler's Discourses, 2 vols., 2 50 Archbishop M'Hale's Evidences, 2 00 " " Letters, 2 00 Young Christian Library, 4 vols., 2 00 Newman on the Turks, 1 25 The Church of the Fathers. By Newman, A Series of Practical Meditations, 0 50 Annals of the Four Masters. Edited J. O'Donovan, L. L. D. 7 vols. Royal 4to., 60 00 O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland, Native and Saxon, 0 88 Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar. 2 vols., 2 50 O'Connell's Speeches. 2 vols., 1 25 Burke's " 1 25 Curran's " 1 25 Grattan's " 1 25 Sheil's " 1 25 Plunket's " 1 25 Carleton's Tales and Stories. New Series. Dublin Edition, 1 vol., 2 00 The Life of Thomas Moore, with Selections from his Poetry, 12mo., 0 75 The Life of Robert Emmet. By Dr. Madden, 1 00 Revelations of Ireland, 1 00 Military History of the Irish Brigade, comprising a Memoir of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France. By Matthew O'Connor, Esq., 1 50 Catholic Guardian, 0 38 Confederation of Kilkenny, 0 38 Barry's Songs of Ireland, 0 38 Davis's Poems, 0 38 Ballad Poetry of Ireland, 0 38 M'Carthy's Irish Ballads, 0 38 Irish Writers. By T. D. M'Gee, 0 38 Art M'Murrough, 0 38 Confession of Ulster, 0 38 Geraldines, 0 38 Hugh O'Neill, 0 38 Davis's Essays, 0 38 Curran and Grattan, 0 38 Bleeding Bightonia. By Dr. French, 0 38 Unkind Deceit, 0 38 Paddy Go-Barry, 0 38 Casket of Pearls, 0 38 Rody the Rover, 0 38

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He has also made such arrangements, that Garments of all descriptions can be MADE TO MEASURE on the SHORTEST NOTICE; while, as to FIT, STYLE, and WORKMANSHIP, no effort shall be spared to have them made up in a manner that cannot be surpassed elsewhere.

Call, and Examine for Yourself. Montreal, April 23, 1857.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS

JOHN M'CLOSKEY.

Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer.

35, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street, BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years, and now solicits a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality.

He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Grapes, Woolens, &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 Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.

N. B. Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer. Montreal, June 21, 1853.

To Intending Purchasers of Indian Lands.

PLANS of the above LANDS on a large Scale, showing the Lots, Concessions, Roads, Creeks, Swamps, &c., have been published by the undersigned, with the authority of the Indian Department, and will be for SALE in a few days, at the principal Book Stores in Montreal.

The Map has been got up in two parts, and in the best style of Lithography, containing three Townships in each, and will be sold at the low price of Five Shillings each Sheet, or Ten Shillings the complete Map. Application by Mail, Post-paid, stating the number of copies required, and enclosing the necessary amount, will be promptly answered by remitting the Plans.

Address, DENNIS & BOULTON, Surveyors & Agents. Toronto, August 6, 1856.

PATRICK DOYLE,

AGENT FOR "BROWNSON'S REVIEW," AND "THE METROPOLITAN," TORONTO.

WILL furnish Subscribers with these two valuable Periodicals for \$5 per Annum, if paid in advance. P. D. is also Agent for the TRUE WITNESS. Toronto, March 26, 1854.

FLYNN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, REGISTRY OFFICE, AND FEMALE SERVANTS' HOME,

No. 40 Alexander Street, NEAR ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

J. FLYNN has the pleasure to inform his old Subscribers and the Public, that he has RE-OPENED his CIRCULATING LIBRARY, in which will be found a choice collection from the best authors of Works on History, Voyages, and Travels, Religion, Biographical Notices, Tales and Novels, to which he will be constantly adding new works (particularly Gerald Griffin's), for which he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. June 25.

INFORMATION WANTED

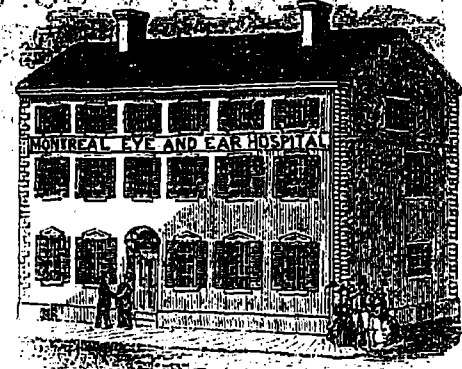
OF JULIA ANNE WHITE, a native of Ireland, who lately resided with the Rev. Mr. Brethour, a Protestant clergyman in Godmanchester, and suddenly disappeared about the middle of last July, and has not since been heard of. Her children are anxious to find out her place of residence, if she be still in the land of the living, and should this advertisement meet her eye, she is earnestly requested to communicate with them.

All Christian persons, having the management of public journals, are respectfully requested to copy this notice, as an act of charity. September 22nd, 1857.

OF DENIS LENIHAN, who is said to be residing in Upper Canada. He is a native of the Parish of Tulla, county Clare, Ireland. Any tidings respecting him, directed to the office of this paper, will be gratefully received by his nephew, JAMES LENIHAN.

W. F. S. MYTH,

ADVOCATE, Office, 24 St. Vincent Street, Montreal.



MONTREAL EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL, CONDUCTED BY DR. HOWARD, Oculist and Aurist to St. Patrick's Hospital, AND TO THE MONTREAL EYE AND EAR INSTITUTION.

THIS fine Hospital is for the reception of DR. HOWARD'S PRIVATE PATIENTS, and no expense has been spared to make it in every way suited to accommodate them.

A careful and experienced Matroness, Nurses and Servants have been engaged; new and appropriate Furniture and Hospital Comforts have been procured; and all the modern improvements requisite for a sanitary establishment have been introduced. HOT and COLD BATHS, &c., &c.

The Hospital being situated in the same building with DR. HOWARD'S Office and the Montreal Eye and Ear Institution, secures to Patients the advantages of a constant supervision, whilst they enjoy, at the same time, the comforts of a private residence; an arrangement which can only be effected in a Private Hospital.

For Terms, apply to DR. HOWARD, At the Hospital in Juror Street, between Bleury and George Streets. Montreal, Oct. 13, 1857.

FALL 1856.

MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY

RECEIVE NEW GOODS BY EVERY CANADIAN STEAMER; ALSO, PER MAIL STEAMERS, VIA DORCHESTER, VIA DORCHESTER.

OUR ASSORTMENT IS AT ALL TIMES

COMPLETE,

OUR GOODS ENTIRELY

NEW,

AND OUR PRICES

REASONABLE.

BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE

One Price System.

Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

SALES MADE FOR READY-MONEY ONLY.

As we open no Accounts, we can afford to Sell at a

SMALL ADVANCE ON COST.

UPWARDS OF 150 CASES NEW FALL GOODS

Just Marked Off,

EMBRACING ALL THE NEWEST STYLES OF

DRESSES, SHAWLS, CLOAKS,

AND EVERY VARIETY OF

NEW FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

FROM THE MARKETS OF

BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND GERMANY;

an inspection of which is respectfully solicited by our

numerous Customers.

MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY,

388 Notre Dame Street. Montreal, September 26, 1856.

Will be ready on the 20th of March,

(NEW AND REVISED EDITION.)

THE LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY,

by the Count de Montalembert. The Life, translated by Mary Hackett, and the Introduction, by Mrs. Sadler. 12 mo., of 427 pages, with a fine steel engraving. Cloth, 5s; cloth gilt, 7s 6d.

The first edition of Three Thousand having all been sold, and there being many calls for the work, we have put to press a New Edition. The translation has been read over with the French copy and carefully corrected.

Of the merits of the work, we can safely say, that no biography ever issued from the American Press equals it—it is as interesting as a romance.

The Press have been unanimous in praise of the first edition. We give extracts from a few of them:

"The book is one of the most interesting, instructive, and edifying that have been produced in our times, and every Catholic will read it with devout thankfulness to the Almighty God, that he has been pleased to raise up, in this faithless age, a layman who can write so edifying a work. It is marked by rare learning, fine artistic skill, and correct taste; and breathes the firmest faith and the most tender piety. His work is as refreshing as springs of water in a sandy desert. Let every one who can read purchase and read this beautiful Life of one of the most lovely and most favored Saints that have ever been vouchsafed to hallow our earthly pilgrimage."

—Brownsou's Review.

"The whole introduction shows the hand of a master, and it loses nothing in Mrs. Sadler's racy and elegant English. It enhances the merit of the work, which, in the Dublin edition, was published without this essential preface. Of the Life itself, we cannot speak too highly. The exquisite character of 'the dear St. Elizabeth' (as the good Germans have at all times styled her), is brought out with a clearness, a tenderness, and a vigor, which bring tears from the heart. We do not think there is any book of the kind in English, at all to be compared to this 'Life of Saint Elizabeth.'"—American Cell.

"We might say much in praise of the narrative and Life of St. Elizabeth, attending which, from the beginning to the end, is a charm which cannot fail to attract and secure the attention of the reader, did not the well known abilities of this distinguished author render it unnecessary. We cheerfully recommend the work to our readers."—Pittsburg Catholic.

"This magnificent work of the great French Tribune of true liberty, has at last been translated into English. The name of its Author is a sufficient guarantee for the value of the work. Montalembert is one of the lights of the age—a man who combines rare power of intellect, with unswerving devotion to the cause of liberty and the Church. Let every one who desires to study the spirit of the Middle Ages, read this book."—Catholic Telegraph.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Sts.

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 a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.

One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.

Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.

One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.

Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.

One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.

Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.

Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one tablespoonful per day. Children over eight years, 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.

This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.

Price, 2s 6d per Box.

Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury, Mass.

For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

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

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1856.

Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children of that class & 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 SHORE, Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum.

EDUCATION.

MR. ANDERSON begs to inform the citizens of Montreal, that his AFTERNOON CLASSES are now open for the reception of Medical, Law, and Commercial Students. A special hour is set apart for the instruction of young gentlemen desirous of entering the Army.

In testimony of his zeal and abilities as a Classical, Commercial, and Mathematical Teacher, Mr. A. is permitted to refer to Rev. Canon Leach, McGill College; Rev. Mr. Rogers, Chaplain to the Forces; Col. Pritchard; Captain Galway; the Rev. the Clergy, St. Patrick's Church; the Hon. John Molson; Dr. Hingston, and Rector Howe, High School.

Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Class room, No. 95, St. Lawrence Street.

N. B.—Mr. A.'s NIGHT SCHOOL will be re-opened First Week in September next.

DR. YOUNG,

SURGEON DENTIST,

WOULD respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Montreal, that he has OPENED an OFFICE over the METROPOLITAN SALOON, 158 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Teeth in Whole Sets or partial ones, or single teeth of every variety of color, properly manufactured to order.

Every style of DENTISTRY performed at the shortest notice, in an approved and scientific manner, even to the Plugging, Setting, and Extracting of Teeth without pain, and performs Dental Operations on the lowest possible terms.

Setting Teeth from 7s 6d to 15s; Plugging do. from 2s 6d to 7s 6d; Extracting do. 1s 3d. Montreal, May 28, 1857.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DEL.

THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

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

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

TERMS:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150. For Students not learning Greek or Latin, \$125. Those who remain at the College during the vacation will be charged extra, 15.

French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20.

Music, per annum, 40.

Use of Piano, per annum, 8.

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

Rev. P. REILLY, President.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.

BIRMINGHAM, March, 20th Dec. 1856. Dr. J. C. AYER: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your CHERRY PECTORAL. It is constant use in my practice and my family for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints. EBEN KNIGHT, M. D.

A. B. MORTLEY, Esq., of Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used your PECTORAL myself and in my family ever since you invented it, and believe it to be the best medicine for its purpose ever put out. With a bad cold, it should always be taken, and it is a sure remedy for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints. HENRY L. CONKLIN, M. D.

Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza.

BROTHER AYER: I will cheerfully certify your PECTORAL is the best remedy we possess for the cure of Whooping Cough, Croup, and the chest diseases of children. We of your fraternity in the South appreciate your skill, and commend your medicine to our people. HENRY L. CONKLIN, M. D.

AMOS LEE, Esq., Montreal, L. writes, 3d Jan. 1856: "I had a tedious Influenza, which continued me in doors six weeks; took many medicines without relief; finally tried your PECTORAL by the advice of our clergyman. The first dose relieved the soreness in my throat, and in a few days I was enabled to attend to my business. Your medicine is the cheapest as well as the best we can buy, and we esteem you, Doctor, and your remedies, as the poor man's friend."

Asthma or Phthisis, and Bronchitis.

WEST MANCHESTER, Pa., Feb. 7, 1856. SIR: Your CHERRY PECTORAL is performing marvellous cures in this section. It has relieved several from alarming symptoms of consumption, and is now curing a man who has labored under an affection of the lungs for the last forty years. HENRY L. CONKLIN, Merchant.

A. A. RAMSAY, M. D., ALBION, MONROE CO., IOWA, writes, Sept. 6, 1855: "During my practice of many years I have found nothing equal to your CHERRY PECTORAL for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable."