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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1850.

NO. 1.

What more fitting period for the first issue of a Catholic paper could we have chosen, than during the Octave of that Feast when the Church celebrates with canticles of praise, and every demonstration of joy, the glorious Assumption into Heaven of Her who, on earth, was found not unworthy to be the Mother of the Eternal Son?

Gaudeamus omnes in Domino, diem festum celebrantes.

What more appropriate introduction to such a paper than the Address of our Beloved Father, Pius IX., upon the occasion of his triumphant return to the Eternal City—the City of Saints, and of an innumerable army of Martyrs?

As Catholics, let us hope that this glorious event may be an omen of the speedy return of all nations to the bosom of that tender Mother, who ceases not to yearn after her erring children, and would fain gather them together, "even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."

ALLOCATION OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

MADE IN THE SECRET CONSISTORY, 20TH MAY, 1850.

Venerable Brethren.—If in past ages we have always been able to verify the existence of the admirable Providence with which the most good and great God protects the Catholic cause, it is especially in these latter years that we have seen beaming with a splendor truly extraordinary, the Divine might with which He has promised to assist His Church even to the consummation of the world. The entire world is acquainted with the sad vicissitudes which have so cruelly afflicted us, at the same time that they have condemned us to an exile of more than sixteen months, and every one sees and feels how bitter and deplorable are the conjunctures, in the bosom of which the Prince of Darkness has vented his utmost rage against the Church and this Apostolic See, in taking for the theatre of his fury this City itself—the centre of Catholic truth—and in thus filling with inexpressible grief our soul, yours, and those of all good people. Nor yet is any one ignorant how the just and merciful Lord who strikes and heals again, who kills and raises to life again, who brings down to Hell and rescues from it, has condescended, by the efficacious and evident aid of His bounty, to console us in our tribulation; to receive with propitious and serene countenance the prayers of His Church, to calm the horrible tempest let loose by Hell, to snatch the well beloved people, the subjects of the Church, out of the misfortune and misery under which they were groaning, and to reconduct ourself into this good City, amidst the transports of public joy, and the acclamations of the whole Catholic world. This is why, in addressing you to-day for the first time since our return, we have nothing so much at heart as to render great and immortal thanksgivings to Almighty God for such mercies, and to pay their merited reward of praise to those illustrious nations—to those princes who, excited by God himself, have so well deserved of us, and this Apostolic Chair, by expending their treasures, by having recourse to negotiations and to arms, in order to protect and defend the Temporal Power of the same Chair, and to re-establish it in the midst of the most lively demonstrations of joy, order, and public peace, in this City, and in the Pontifical States.

The tribute of gratitude with which our soul overflows, and of praises which we owe, appertains, in the first place, by just right to our very dear son in Christ, Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies—indeed, by the impulse of his own eminent piety upon the first rumor of our arrival at Gaeta, he hastened to meet us with his august spouse Maria Theresa, supremely happy in giving, to Christ's Vicar upon earth, a striking testimony of his rare piety, of his devotion, and of his filial obedience, according to his hospitality full of munificence, and during all the time that we remained in his kingdom never ceasing to overwhelm us with good offices of every sort, to which yourselves, venerable brethren, can amply testify. He was desirous, also, when other nations marched to the assistance of the Temporal Power of this Apostolic Chair, to unite his troops with theirs. The illustrious merits of this most pious prince towards us and this Holy See are so profoundly graven in our heart, that nothing will ever be able to efface their happy remembrance. In the next place, it is with much honor, and in witness of our eternal gratitude, that we mention the French nation, so celebrated for the glory of its arms, for its devotion to the Apostolic See—so illustrious, besides, by so many other titles, and of which we have experienced the

very excellent will and kindness on our behalf. For that nation and its illustrious chief, the President of the Republic, anticipating our sad necessities, and those of our Pontificate, and sparing no sacrifice, decreed to send its brave generals and soldiers, who, at the cost of many painful labors, have vindicated and freed this city from the miserable and wretched condition to which it was reduced, and, moreover, have earnestly struggled to attain all the glory of bringing us back. In this praise—in this mark of our gratitude—we wish also wholly to unite our very dear son in Christ, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, Apostolic King of Hungary, and most illustrious King of Bohemia, who, faithful to the piety of his race, and to his respect for the Chair of Peter, and employing with incomparable promptitude and zeal his much redoubted power and all his cares, to defend the Temporal Power of this Apostolic See, has, by means of his victorious troops, rescued the Pontifical provinces from an unjust and wretched domination—especially those of Emilia, Picenum, and Umbria, and has again subjected them to the legitimate authority of us and of the Holy See. We have also the most powerful inducements to preserve a very grateful remembrance of the services which we have received from our very dear daughter in Christ, Maria Elizabeth, Catholic Queen of Spain, and from her Government; for as you know well, from the moment she became aware of our misfortunes, she desired nothing more earnestly than immediately to urge, with an especial zeal, all Catholic nations to undertake the cause of the common Father of all the faithful, and to send immediately her valiant soldiers to defend the possessions of the Roman Church. Nor can we either, Venerable Brethren, omit to make mention here of the excellent dispositions entertained towards us by other very illustrious princes—by those even whom no bond attaches to the Chair of Peter, and who, not having lent us the assistance of their arms, have not the less devoted themselves to defend and enforce our temporal rights, and those of the Roman Church. Accordingly to these, likewise, we owe and return our well-deserved thanks, and we acknowledge the deepest gratitude for their services. In all this assuredly no one can refuse an especial admiration for the sovereign providence of that God who rules and governs all things with benignity and might, and who, in times so calamitous and troubled as ours, has known how to dispose princes even separated from the Roman Church, to sustain and defend its temporal power—the incontestable right which the Roman Pontiff, by an especial desire of the same Divine Providence, has enjoyed during so long a succession of ages, so that he might be able to exercise in full liberty in the world, for the government of the Universal Church, divinely entrusted to him, the plenitude of the Apostolic authority—a right which is so necessary to enable him to accomplish the duties of the Supreme Pontificate, and to provide for the salvation of the fold of Christ. We desire also to praise and honor all the persons who have come to us, and to this Holy See, as the organs and ministers of these princes and of these nations, and who, in the name of these same princes and of these same nations, have displayed all their good will and all their zeal in defending our person before our withdrawal, and have faithfully assisted us in our exile and our return. These marks, so great and numerous, of singular piety, of generous love, of most devoted submission, of boundless liberality, which we have received from the Catholic world, have so profoundly touched us that we should ardently desire to express in this assembly our particular thanks and commendations, not only to each of the town and cities, but even to each of the numerous faithful who have deserved well of us; but our prescribed limits do not permit it. We cannot, however, pass in silence the illustrious and admirable evidences of faith, of piety, of liberality, which we have received on all sides from our venerable brethren, the Bishops of the Catholic world, and which have been for us the source of the deepest joy. Although involved themselves in the gravest difficulties and dangers, they have, notwithstanding, never ceased, to fulfil their ministry with all sacerdotal zeal and courage, to fight the good fight, to defend heroically, whether by word, by salutary writings, or by episcopal councils, the cause, the rights, the liberty of the Church, and to provide for the salvation of the flock entrusted to their care. We shall also express our profound gratitude towards you, Venerable Brethren, Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, who have lavished upon us so many consolations, and so much assistance; you, who have followed and shared in our misfortunes; you, who have opposed an invincible heart to adversity; you, who ready to suffer every thing for the Church of God, to prove yourselves by the practice of all the virtues worthy of the elevated

rank which you fill in that same Church, have neglected nothing to assist us by your counsels and your labors, in conjunctures so critical and perilous. And since, by the great blessing of God, things have so changed that we have been able to recover this Apostolic See amidst the acclamations, not only of this good city, but also of all people, what better can we do than return, in the humility of our heart, assiduous and immortal thanksgivings to the most merciful God, to the Lord of Mercies, and to the most blessed Mother of God, the Immaculate Virgin Mary, to whose all-powerful protection we ascribe the safety which has been granted us.

So far, Venerable Brethren, we have recalled that which has caused us a sweet satisfaction; and, now, urged on by the duty of our Apostolic ministry, we must mention what afflicts our heart with profound disquietude, what fills it with anguish and overwhelms it. You know, Venerable Brethren, what a frightful and inexorable war is carried on between light and darkness, between truth and error, between vice and virtue, between Christ and Belial; and you are not ignorant by what artifices, and by what secret practices men, who are our enemies, labor to attack and trample under foot the things which appertain to our most holy religion; to pluck up by its roots the germ of all Christian virtues; to propagate everywhere an unbridled and impious licentiousness of thought and life; to infect and corrupt with perverse and mortal errors the hearts and minds especially of the inexperienced multitude, and of imprudent youth; to overthrow all rights, human and Divine; and, if such a thing were possible, utterly to destroy the Catholic Church, and overturn the holy Chair of Peter. There is no one that does not see with what numerous and immense misfortunes, with what calamities, the Power of Darkness, to the grief of our soul, has broken into and ravaged the flock of Jesus Christ entrusted to our care, and even human society itself. Therefore, Venerable Brethren, now more than ever ought we, and you in conjunction with us, ardently to apply ourselves, by the intimate union of our minds, by all vigilance, by all zeal, by every effort, by every word, every work, and every example, to raise up a wall of defence before the house of Israel, and fight with intrepidity the battle of the Lord. For ourself, although conscious of our weakness, yet supported by the assistance of God according to the duty of our Supreme Apostolic ministry—"propter Sion non tacuimus, et propter Hierusalem non quiescimus," (Isaiah lxii. 1.) and constantly raising our eyes to Jesus the author and perfecter of our faith, we shall spare neither care nor counsel, nor labors, to give support to the house, to fortify the temple, to repair the ruins of the Church, and provide for the salvation of all—being disposed and prepared very willingly to offer up our life for the Lord Jesus Christ and His holy Church. And here, addressing ourself to all our venerable brethren, the Bishops of the Catholic world, called to share in our solicitude; whilst warmly congratulating them upon their illustrious labors for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, we exhort them to the end, that in this horrible war against our Divine religion, being themselves unanimous in the bonds and the expression of the same sentiments, fortified in the Lord, and in the power of his might, taking in hand the impregnable shield of faith, and girding on the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, they may arise, as they have already done, to combat fearlessly in support of our most holy religion, and with a zeal becoming every day more ardent, with their pastoral functions, with their constancy and prudence, withstand the efforts of hostile men, repel their attacks, their fury, defend from their snares and violence the flock committed to them, and guide it into the paths of salvation.

Moreover, we ask of our venerable brethren that they will never cease to admonish, exhort, and urge ecclesiastics in particular, that, devoting themselves to prayer, filled with spiritual fervor, and living in piety and sanctity, they may appear in all things as models of good works; and that, inflamed with zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, united together by the strict bond of charity, they may put on the Divine armor, and advance to the conflict with a single heart and a single soul, uniting all their forces; and under the direction of their own Bishop, raising night and day the sacerdotal voice, preaching with ardor to the Christian people the law of God, and the prescriptions of the Church His Spouse. Now let our venerable brethren cease to inculcate upon the ecclesiastics the duty of unweaving to their Christian flocks the stratagems and snares laid for them by deceitful men, and remind the faithful that from sin have always sprung, and do still spring, all the misfortunes and all the calamities which overwhelm nations; and that true and solid happiness con-

sists in the observance of the Christian law. Let them, therefore, exert every effort to the end that all, detesting the evil, and following the good may walk in the way of the commandments of God, and that the misguided, delivered from the darkness of error and the corruption of vice, may be converted to the Lord.

Already, Venerable Brethren, have we communicated to you the great consolation which was afforded us in the midst of so many afflictions, when we were informed of the decrees issued by our very dear son, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, Apostolic King of Hungary, and King of Bohemia, decrees by which, following the suggestions of his piety, fulfilling our wishes and our requests, and those of our venerable brethren, the Bishops of the vast empire, to the glory of his name, and to the joy of all the good, he, in concert with his ministers, and from the impulses of an ardent heart, has insured to the Catholic Church in his States that liberty, which has been so much desired. An act so great and so worthy of a Catholic prince, entitles that illustrious emperor and king to the praises which we give him in ardently congratulating him in the Lord. We cherish the pleasing hope that that prince, so religious in his zeal for the welfare of the Church, will, by continuing his work and carrying it out to perfection, complete the measure of his deserts.

But whilst we were surrendering ourselves to this consolation, we were unexpectedly afflicted with a poignant anguish of which we keenly feel the weight and severity, at seeing how in another Catholic kingdom the affairs of our most holy Religion are treated, and the sacred rights of the Church, and this Holy See, trampled under foot. You know, Venerable Brethren, that we speak of the subalpine kingdom, where, as all know by private intelligence and public letters, a law has been promulgated contrary to the laws of the Church, and to the solemn treaties made with the Apostolic See; and where, not many days ago, to the great grief of our heart, the illustrious Pontiff of Turin, our venerable brother, Luigi Fransoni, was torn from his residence by an armed force, and taken to the citadel, amidst the mourning of the good inhabitants of the city of Turin, and the whole kingdom. We, meanwhile, as the seriousness of the case and our office, as defender of the rights of the Church, required, lost no time in appealing to that Government, through our Cardinal Secretary of State, against the above mentioned law, and against the injury and violence put in practice in the person of the illustrious Archbishop. In the affliction which fills our heart we are consoled by hoping that these demands will have the desired effect, and we postpone to another Allocation, when the time will seem to us opportune, to treat with you of the ecclesiastical affairs of that kingdom.

We cannot, also, abstain, through our paternal solicitude for the illustrious Belgian nation, from expressing our grief that Catholicism should be now menaced in that kingdom, hitherto so distinguished for its affection towards the Catholic religion. But we hope that the most serene king, and all those who administer the public affairs, considering, in their wisdom, how much the Catholic Church and doctrines contribute to the temporal prosperity and tranquility of the people, will preserve intact the salutary power of the Church, and will consider as their most important duty the task of protecting and defending her sacred prelates and ministers.

And forasmuch as the Apostolic charity in which we embrace all nations and every people in our Lord, so inflames us that there is nothing which we desire with more ardor than that all men should confess the Son of God in the unity of the Faith, we turn with all the affection of our heart towards all those who are separated from us, and entreat them in the Lord to dispel the darkness of error; to open their eyes to the light of truth, and to take refuge in the bosom of the Holy Mother Church, and by that Chair of Peter, upon which Christ has placed the foundation of His Church.

Lastly, Venerable Brethren, let us never cease to address, with all the perseverance of which we are capable, humble and fervent prayers to the most merciful God, from whom all blessings proceed, that, through the merits of His only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, of His Most Blessed Mother, the Immaculate Virgin, of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and of all the Saints, He will deliver His Holy Church out of all adversities, that He will honor her, and enlarge her amongst all the nations of the earth, by the most striking victories, that He will daily confer upon Ourselves the most abundant gifts of His bounty, that He will dispense the treasures of true happiness amongst the Princes and Nations which have rendered so well for us, and that He will grant to all the world that peace which is so much to be desired.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PLENARY INDULGENCE IN THE FORM OF JUBILEE.

(From the Tablet of July 27.)

[By a circular, under date July 24, (of which the following is a translation,) his Eminence Cardinal Orsini, Perfect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, in virtue of the express order of the Holy Father, authorised all the Bishops in the world to publish in the course of this year a Plenary Indulgence in the form of a Jubilee.]

"Most Illustrious and Reverend Lord and Brother—Divine Providence having re-established our Holy Father the Pope on his throne, and having removed the terrible chastisements hanging over guilty heads, the heart of his Holiness has remained filled with sentiments of the most pious gratitude to the Lord, who deigned to relieve with His mighty succour the time of tribulation. For this reason, his Holiness ceases not to render humble offerings of thanks to Him from whom all good comes, fervently praying Him also to make an end of the storm, restore calm to His Church, increase the zeal of the Clergy, revive the Faith of the Christian people, strengthen the good, bring back into the right way those who wander from it, and light up in the hearts of all the flame of His eternal charity. Also, our Holy Father ardently desires that these sentiments may be excited in the minds of the Faithful, because this union of thanksgiving and prayers will be more powerful to make the Father of Mercies propitious to us, who is so ready to console us in our afflictions.

"What hope could we conceive that He will accept our vows and hear our prayers, if we did not unite ourselves in conjunction of heart and reformation of manners? For this reason, the Holy Father desires that the sacred Pastors, moved with a holy zeal for the salvation of souls, not merely convoke the Faithful to the churches for public prayers, but also exhort them by all salutary instructions, each one of them, to pray in spirit and truth, and purify by the Sacrament of Penance their souls from sin, for our sins are the true cause of God's indignation against us. And to give a strong impulse, the Holy Father hastens to open to the Faithful the heavenly treasure of Indulgences, and to render more easy, by a special privilege, the way to sincere repentance, having moreover, the intention of supplying in some measure the Jubilee which the circumstances under which we live have not permitted us to publish in the course of this year, in this city, where at the recurrence of the holy year, the Faithful were accustomed to come from all countries to venerate the tomb of the Holy apostles Peter and Paul, and the ashes of the holy martyrs who have bedewed this earth with their blood.

"He consequently authorises the Ordinaries to whom the present circular shall be addressed, to publish in their respective dioceses, during the current year, at such times as they shall think fitting, the Plenary Indulgence in the form of a jubilee, which shall last fifteen days, and which the Faithful of both sexes may gain, who, having satisfied the conditions which shall be promulgated by the Ordinaries themselves, shall approach, during the above-mentioned time, the Sacrament of Penance, and the Eucharistic Table.

THE MIRACLE AT RIMINI.

(From the same.)

A correspondent of the *Univers*, writes as follows from Rome:—

"I send you a letter of Father Antonio Forci, under date June 27, which will put you in possession of what is passing at Rimini up to the present day. From another letter, written on the 28th, by a Father of the same company of the Precious Blood, one of the Preachers of the Novena, the following expressions deserve quoting:—Great prodigies! marvellous things! when the people pray for Holy Church, they see the face of the Madonna sweetly resplendent. To the places mentioned by Father Forci, as having witnessed the same prodigy, and on which I was unable to procure any exact information, except as to Fossombrone, where the prodigy is still continuing, I may add San Genecio, a little town adjoining Cemerino and Terni. In these two places the prodigy is incontestable. I had the pleasure of reading a most edifying letter written by the Archbishop of Camerino, in which the circumstances are related. This country has received a completely new life; its Christianity is like to the first ages of the Church. One of the narratives laid before the Secretary of State relates to the instantaneous cure of a woman born deaf and dumb, whom everybody knew—who, in the presence of the Madonna, began to speak, as if she never had that infirmity. At Terni the prodigy takes place in the private chapel of the bishop. After being convinced, as were a multitude of witnesses, of the reality of the fact, the Prelate wrote to the Holy Father to know what ought to be done. The Pope replied that the Madonna should be removed to the Cathedral Church, and there exhibited to the veneration of the Faithful. At the request of a great number of the Faithful, the Rev. Fathers of the Precious Blood have announced a Novena in honour of Our Lady of Rimini: this Novena will commence next Saturday, in their Church of San Salvatore in Campo.....

T. M. Benjamin Romanis, Prior-General of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood at Rome. Live the Precious Blood!

"As to the prodigy, I am enabled to inform you that it becomes more and more striking; that the concourse of strangers continues, and even daily increases on the side of the Romagna; the Marches, Umbria, and the Modenese. It is the same with the number of the offerings, although the public prints

have exaggerated this, and stated it beyond the truth. The town of St. Julian came in procession on Sunday—the most beautiful thing you can conceive. Rimini indeed looks like a Paradise, with these beautiful processions continually entering. Some of them receive Holy Communion in general; then it is one would wish to be found among them.

"The Bishop told us last evening that the processes are going very well, and he hopes to be enabled shortly to send them to Rome. It is said that the same prodigy takes place at Fossombrone, at Lugo, at Sant'Arcangelo, at Sant'Agata, and at Montbarroccio, in the diocese of Pesaro. Persons come here from the countries I mentioned above. This morning, for several hours, I was hearing the confessions of a great number of men and women who had come from Fermo.

"Blasphemy, which disappeared from Rimini at the first moment of the prodigy, is no longer to be found, even in the cabarets and public-houses, and strangers take a delight in walking up and down, and indulging their astonishment at this great prodigy, more marvellous than the movement of the eyes of Mary, the Blessed Mother. A few days ago, a youth uttered a blasphemy, and his companions, after having administered a correction to him, conducted him before the holy picture, to make him beg pardon, and make a vow that he would never blaspheme again. Those who may be called blasphemous *par excellence*, the fish-dealers, have made this agreement among themselves: that whoever, by inadvertence and the force of habit, utters a blasphemy, shall be corrected by his comrades, and pay a small sum, to be deposited at the feet of the Madonna; and they observe this rule scrupulously. Is not this a miracle!..... All classes of persons unite to visit the B. V. in bodies and processions. The controllers of estates are the first, and they have offered a beautiful humeral veil; the class of domestic servants have given one before the altar, and have all communicated. The seigneurs and nobles assist at the altar in turn, in place of the soldiers, who were at first stationed there.

"It is a most touching thing to see the Mattioli, the Spini, the Savini, the Topi, the Brigiadovi, the Battaglini, with a medal of a Virgin on their necks, remain with us at the altar from morning till night, each for the space of an hour. Religious persons have been singularly edified with this. It was the idea of the very religious Count Battaglini, immediately on his return from Rome; and they are now thinking of forming themselves into a Confraternity, always under the direction of two Missionaries. It is a real pleasure to find oneself amongst them of an evening when they assign the hours of guard. As to myself, who am there very frequently, I find a great delight in beholding the devotion and the union that reign among them. When there are processions, I go to put them in order; I place one here, another there; and if you could see with what grace and with what satisfaction they direct the Confraternities, the women, and the Clergy, keeping the crowd back, which obeys them in a most pleasing manner! Last Sunday there were three processions; they remained there all the morning, and remained again after dinner for another guard.

"Pray for me; and believe me, &c.,
"ANTONIO FORCI, Missionary."

ITALY.

ROME.—VISIT OF THE IRISH COLLEGE TO THE POPE.

The following interesting details respecting the recent visit of the Irish College at Rome to the Holy Father, will no doubt interest our readers. We give them from a letter written by one of the students in the College to his brother, a Catholic gentleman in this city, who kindly allows us to publish the extracts:

"I don't think that I have written to you since our visit to the Pope. We had been trying to obtain an audience ever since his return, and so on this day fortnight we were allowed to see him. The German College was present at the same time, and we took occasion to say something on the Catholicity of the Church, and there being no distinction of nations among the common children of one Father. He then allowed us to kiss the foot, and blessed whatever we brought, and finally gave us a little lecture on the zeal we ought to have in these bad times for the spreading of the kingdom of Christ, and then gave us a most paternal and heartfelt benediction, which he told us he intended to extend to all our families, and told us all to write and tell them so. It was really fine to see the good old Father amongst his children, blessing them and lecturing them so familiarly. This is really receiving one's credentials from head-quarters."

MONSIGNOR FRANZONI.—"The Catholic world," says the same authority, "has found a fitting occasion for a great manifestation of its principles. It is very generally known that the Archbishop of Turin, Monsignor Franzoni, has been mulcted and imprisoned for his refusal to renounce the Clerical privilege of immunity secured to the Clergy of Piedmont by a convention stipulated between the Courts of Rome and Turin; it having been arranged some years back by Gregory XVI. and Charles Albert, that the Clergy of Piedmont should not be cited before civil tribunals. This regulation was lately abolished by the Legislature of the country, without the consent and against the earnest remonstrance of the other contracting party—the Holy See. The resistance of the Archbishop to a law so passed, and his consequent imprisonment, have aroused the religious sympathy of all religious Italy. A second Thomas a Becket, he strove for the rights and privileges of the Church against the encroachments attempted by the rulers of the State. It may be supposed that nowhere has more sympathy been felt, or more strongly manifested, than at the head-quarters of Catholicism. While

France attested her admiration of the Archbishop, and approbation of his conduct, by sending him the memorial which was destined for the heroic Archbishop who fell at the barricades of Paris, Naples is preparing an Episcopal ring, Piedmont a pastoral staff, and Rome a chalice. If one may judge from the beginning of the Roman subscriptions, this gift will not be outdone in magnificence by any other donation. Rome has lost one of its most brilliant men, the Monsignor Corboli Bussi; he was a steady and spirited reformer, and is said to have died of a broken heart, on witnessing the failure of all those dreams of regenerating Rome which had been fondly indulged in by him, in company with Pius IX., at whose right hand he was until death removed him."—*Times* Correspondent.

FRANCE.

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH—THE LAZARITES.

[The following interesting details are taken from the Paris correspondent of the *Times*:—]

"I learn that a report has been just presented to the authorities on the state of the prisons of Paris, and that a really wonderful change is perceptible.—In the prison situate in the Rue St. Lazare, where unhappy females are confined, that is particularly the case. The management of that part of the prison has been removed by the Prefect of Police, M. Carlier, from the control of the civil authorities, and completely entrusted to a Religious Order—the Sisters of St. Joseph. The benefit derived from the new regulation introduced by these admirable women is something wonderful. The discipline has been entirely changed, and during the time—some four months only—that the *Sœurs de St. Joseph* have managed the establishment, not a single degrading punishment of the kind hitherto practised has taken place or been found necessary. Previously, confinement in a solitary cell entered into the punishments inflicted for breaches of prison discipline. This has been done away with, and the penalty now inflicted consists in compelling the offending party to appear before her companions with uncleaned shoes, and a coarse nightcap. This, strange as it would appear in England, has been productive of better effect than any privation of food or comfort, or even the infliction of corporal punishment."

ENGLAND.

VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF MARSEILLES TO PENZANCE.—It having been rumoured during the last week that the Bishop of Marseilles would officiate in the Catholic Church of this town on Sunday, the 14th inst., long before the time for morning service the church was crowded. The altar was tastefully decorated. Immediately outside the sanctuary knelt about thirty converts to the Catholic Faith, who were preparing to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation. We understand that the Right Rev. Joseph Eugene de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles, is the son of a French nobleman. About forty years ago, being disgusted with the state of Europe after the French Revolution, he turned his thoughts exclusively to religion, and entered the Priesthood. He afterwards became Bishop of Marseilles, and founder of the Order of the Immaculate Conception. He has left France to visit the various houses of his Order in England—the Catholic Presbytery and Convent of Penzance form part of his Community. At eleven o'clock his Lordship entered the Church, accompanied by the Very Rev. Dr. Aubert, Provincial of the Order, and three other Clergymen, preceded by boys wearing surplices. Having reached the altar, and kneeling, his Lordship intoned the Hymn to the Holy Ghost, the "Veni Creator Spiritus," which was taken up and continued by the choir and organ. His Lordship ascended the altar, and took his seat in the centre of it. The Rev. Father Hickey having knelt before him, received his blessing, and, standing by his side, delivered an effective discourse on the particular effects of the Sacrament of Confirmation—namely, the grace of the Holy Ghost, received by the imposition of the Bishop's hands. He said it was his Lordship's wish that he would express the regret he felt that he was not enabled, by a facility of speaking the English language, to make known to the respectable congregation the pleasure he felt in finding himself amongst them; and though a visit to this remote district must necessarily be accompanied with fatigue, he was more than repaid by the warmth of feeling manifested towards him by those with whom, since he arrived, he had had intercourse. After the sermon, his Lordship administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to about thirty converts, among whom is Miss Eliza Peel, a first cousin of the late Sir Robert Peel, and subsequently assisted Pontifically at the High Mass. The Very Rev. Dr. Aubert was the Celebrant, with the Rev. Fathers Bradshaw and Miot as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. At the evening service there was also a crowded congregation, to whom the Reverend Father Bradshaw addressed a very touching discourse, on those motives which should induce Christians to practise fraternal charity towards each other. His Lordship is staying at the Convent, where he has received some converts to the Catholic Faith. He has also given the black veil to two novices, who have made the religious vows. His Lordship is much pleased with the town and neighbourhood of Penzance, and the salubrity of the climate.—[The above information is taken from a letter published in the *Penzance Journal*. A respected correspondent of our own has added to it some additional details. He observes:—"The good Bishop was gratified also on more particular grounds; he was rejoiced to see an interesting mission flourish under the care of the parent house of his Order in England.—None but a man who, like Jonas, feared only the Lord God of Heaven, would, seven years ago, think of erecting a Catholic church beneath the very furnace of dissenting fanaticism. However,

that man of God, the Rev. Wm. Young, did lay the foundation of a church, and a very beautiful church, at Penzance. When the walls were built, he gave it up to the Fathers of the Immaculate Conception, who completed and ornamented it."

We understand that the Bishop of Marseilles is going back to France, being recalled there sooner than he expected, and that consequently he is obliged, with much regret, to give up, for this time, his intended visit to Ireland.—*Tablet*.

CONVERSIONS.—The *Catholic Magazine* and *Register* for June contains the following communication:—

"I have been informed of the reception of Miss Aglionby, (cousin of H. Aglionby, Esq., M. P. for Cokerhmouth) and of an honourable M. P. for one of the Welsh counties, the scion of a Welsh house; the latter is only an *on dit*. Poor Mr. Maskell, although assured by the Primate of all England (?) that the Church of England teaches no definite doctrine, still remains behind fighting for a shadow. Truly does a better cause than that of Anglicanism desire such a man. God grant that he may not play with grace, and delay responding to the voice of the Eternal One until it be too late.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
A CONVERT, formerly Curate of B. "Feast Stæ Katherine, V., 1850."

We are glad to be able to inform our readers that the Misses Flavia and Ellen Dayman, sisters of Mr. A. J. Dayman, late curate of Wasperston, Warwick, have made their abjuration of Protestantism, and been admitted into the Church.

The Rev. George Gage, M. A., of Brazenose College, Oxford, has been received into the Church. A correspondent from Paris informs us that in one of the principal churches in that city, six or seven abjurations from Protestantism, by English converts, have occurred every week since the commencement of last winter. A letter in the *Catholico* of Genoa, written from Jerusalem, announces that 150 families of Armenian schismatics had been converted into the Catholic religion at Audana, near Tarsus, in Asia Minor.—*Catholic Standard*.

IRELAND.

DIocese OF WATERFORD AND LISMORE.—PROSELYTISM.

[From the *Dublin Tablet*, July 27.]

The Right Rev. Dr. Foran has finished the visitation of his diocese. On Monday, the 14th instant, a Confirmation took place at Lismore, as mentioned last week in the *Tablet*, when the Holy Sacrament was administered to a vast number of children.

After Mass, and an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. Sheehy, C. C., the Right Rev. Dr. Foran ascended the altar. His Lordship, after delivering a very beautiful and impressive exhortation, concluded by asking Dr. Fogarty whether any attempts were made, during these awful times of famine, to seduce the people from their Faith?

Dr. Fogarty—Yes, my Lord, frequent attempts are made here and through this district, at war with every sentiment of Christianity, and subversive of those amiable relations which for many years subsisted between all classes of our community. It has been my study and desire to sustain those pleasing relations without any interruption, and by doing so I am certain that I am only giving practical effect to your Lordship's earnest wishes. I never utter a word, or perform any one act in the discharge of my Ministry, calculated to insult the Faith, or in any measure to hurt the feelings of those who are not members of my communion. Every Catholic in my parish is equally well disposed to sustain my inculcations of peace and of social order. Unfortunately, there are certain Evangelicals in this district who are doing all in their power in stirring up ill-will, and endeavouring, as far as possible, to prolong bitterness and rancour by the circulation of vile tracts and calumnious addresses, and holding out a premium for proselytism at the expense of truth and charity. All these attempts were fruitless, and no defection from the Catholic Faith has taken place except two of our starving creatures, who were seduced for one week, and for which they received a small sum. They came into this Church on the Sunday following, and, before a large congregation, made a public confession of their guilt, and, at their own earnest request, emphatically declared that extreme poverty induced them to abandon their faith only for a week. The consequence was, that their remorse of conscience was so painful and insupportable to them that they came into the chapel and made a public declaration. There is not in the annals of proselytism anything so atrociously flagrant, and consistent with hypocrisy, and so much at variance with Christianity, as such base and unprincipled attempts to seduce the poor famishing creatures from their Faith. Such is the statement which I have to make to your Lordship's consideration. I can add also, that the inhabitants of the parish of Lismore are truly loyal and peaceful.

Right Rev. Dr. Foran expressed himself most happy to hear of the patience of the people, and their fidelity to their Faith against bribes proffered to them by wolves in sheep's clothing. But the Catholic religion is a religion of charity; for, as St. Paul says, "If you gave your body to be burned, and had not charity, all would be lost." Charity is the life and soul of the Catholic Church. But there are persons who, though having the Bible in their hands, know nothing of charity. He compared those parties who sell their souls for a little meal or money, as worse than Judas, because they betray their Lord and Master for less than thirty pieces of silver.

THE GRAND JURY OF LOUTH AND THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

[From the *Dublin Tablet*, July 20.]

At a meeting of the Louth Grand Jury on Satur-

day, Mr. O'Reilly moved, and Mr. Taaffe seconded the following resolution:—

“Resolved—That it is the opinion of this grand jury that the religious ladies of the Order of Mercy should be admitted to the gaol, at proper times, for the purpose of visiting and instructing the female prisoners of their own religion.”

The grand jury divided, when there appeared for the motion, Messrs. Taaffe, Foster, Black, Carraher, and O'Reilly—5.

Against the motion—Messrs. W. Filgate, T. L. Norman, T. Tipping, G. Buxton, A. Lee, H. Richardson, J. Bigger, Harpur, T. W. Filgate, A. Henry, J. Townley—11.

The resolution was accordingly lost.

The *Dundalk Democrat* comments as follows upon the above transaction:—

“We thought and believed that we had concluded our remarks on the labours of the members of the ‘grand panel.’ We regret to find that we were mistaken. The majority of the grand jury commenced and proceeded with their labors in stupidity, and they concluded them with as bigoted an act as ever disgraced the annals of intolerance. That act, so gross, so scandalous, and so disreputable, we cannot permit to pass without notice. Perhaps we should not attribute the act to the bigotry of the majority of the grand jury, but to their stupidity; for, as we stated last week, some of them are not over gifted with genius of a commanding kind. A portion of them are beggarly landlords, who know very well how to let land at a rack-rent, and put the screw on their unfortunate tenants. They have studied the ‘law,’ as regards notices to quit and ejectment process. They could tell you the amount of arrears their plundered tenants owe, and point out the course which should be taken to send them to the workhouse and the emigrant ship. But bring before them any question outside the range of these things, and the members of the ‘grand panel,’ of whom we are writing, will certainly be found inadequate to treat it in a rational manner. They immediately begin to ‘hem’ and ‘haw,’ and shake their heads, but to give any intelligible notion of what they think on the subject, is beyond their capacity; proving, beyond a doubt, that a man may be a landlord, and possessed of a large estate and a large quantity of ignorance at the same time. Let us now come to the question which the grand jury decided on Saturday. Mr. O'Reilly, on the Thursday previous, stated that, in conformity with the 13th rule for regulating the government of prisons, he had made application to some of the members of the Board of Superintendence of the Dundalk gaol to admit the Sisters of Mercy, to give instruction to the female prisoners of their own religious persuasion. The Board, he said, refused his application, as they conceived they had not power to act without the permission of the grand jury. The Board, we believe, were not unanimous in taking this course; but the majority of the members applied to give it their sanction. The persons who constituted the Board in 1845 were Lords Rodon and Jocelyn, Sir A. Bellingham, T. Fortescue, M. Bellew, J. J. Bigger, L. Upton, G. Johnston, J. Tipping, J. Townley, and T. Coleman. As far as we can learn, all these persons still constitute the Board of Superintendence. Most of them were not present when Mr. O'Reilly made his application, but all who were, as we believe, voted for the exclusion of the Sisters of Mercy, with the exception of Mr. Coleman. Mr. Townley was amongst those who refused admission to the Sisters of Mercy; at least, we gathered as much from Mr. O'Reilly's statement in the grand jury room. We do not know if Mr. Bigger was there. They are both magistrates, and we distinctly state that their conduct on this occasion proves to us that they are not qualified to occupy a seat on the magisterial bench. This is our firm conviction, and we have no hesitation in saying so. In a book printed by Mr. James Parks, of Dundalk, in 1845, and entitled ‘Rules and Regulations for the Government of Dundalk Gaol,’ prepared, in conformity with the provision of 7th George IV., cap. 74; we find the 13th rule to be as follows:—‘The Board are at all times to assist and encourage, under due regulation, the labors of benevolent ladies, who may individually or collectively attend in the female prison to superintend the work or instruction of the female prisoners; it being proved by experience that the influence of persons of education of their own sex, has promoted the object of moral reformation in the female classes, in a degree which could not be effected by any other means.’ It was in conformity with this rule, which, together with the others, was approved of by the Louth Grand Jury, at the summer assizes, 1829, J. Leslie Foster, foreman, and by Judge Jebb, that Mr. O'Reilly asked for permission for the Sisters of Mercy to enter the gaol to give instructions to the female prisoners. And Mr. O'Reilly was perfectly right in making the application, but the majority of the Board of Superintendence were so stupid that they, it would appear, could not discover the meaning of the words composing the 13th rule; words that are as plain and intelligible as that a mere schoolboy could tell their meaning. But, forsooth, they should refer the matter to the grand jury; and eleven of those worthies, without giving any reason for their conduct, voted that the Sisters of Mercy should not be admitted. It was not thus that the grand jury of Limerick acted under similar circumstances, nor is it thus that the grand jury of Dublin treat the Sisters of Charity, who are admitted to the prisons to give instructions to the female prisoners. We beg to call the attention of the eleven grand jurors of Louth to the following documents:—

“City Grand Jury-room, July 11, 1849.”

“My Dear Lord,—I have been requested to transmit to you the following resolution, moved by Mr. White, and unanimously agreed to by the grand jury, this day:—

“Resolved—That the highest praise is deserved by the Sisters of Mercy in this city, from their ceaseless exertions in the cause of charity, and more especially during the prevalence of cholera here, and that the thanks of the grand jury are hereby given them.”

“I beg you will communicate this resolution to these excellent ladies, and assure them it is cordially agreed in by, my dear Lord, yours very truly,

“S. PRENDERGAST VEREKER.

“To the Right Rev. John Ryan.”

“Park-house, July 11, 1849.

“My Dear Sir,—I have received your very kind communication regarding the services of the Sisters of Mercy, which I shall feel much pleasure in conveying to them, and which, I am sure, cannot fail in affording them sincere satisfaction. I am equally certain that your kind concurrence in the compliment will be duly appreciated by these ladies.—I have the honor to remain, my dear Sir, your faithful servant,

“† JOHN RYAN.

“The Hon. S. Prendergast Vereker.”

“One word, before we conclude, respecting the local inspector of the gaol, the Rev. Mr. Allpress. We charge him with neglecting his duty, in not compelling the board, as far as he could, to admit the Sisters of Mercy. He should at once inform the Lord Lieutenant that the grand jury and the board of superintendence have refused the Sisters of Mercy admission to the gaol, contrary to the expressed provisions of an Act of Parliament.”

LORD LUCAN'S BILL TO FACILITATE EXTERMINATION.

[From the same.]

In our Second Edition of last week, we had time merely to refer to the gravitation from the Upper to the Lower House of Parliament of Lord Lucan's Bill to Facilitate the Extermination of Tenant Farmers in Ireland, and to extend and perpetuate that beautiful system, called by some moralists “the wild justice of revenge,” to which the outraged and unprotected peasant is too prone to have recourse. It seems, indeed, that this fatal measure has every likelihood of becoming the law of the land; for Sir William Somerville—we presume, facetiously; but it is sad work, joking on such grave subjects—professes to think that the bill is “as much for the advantage of the tenants” as for the benefit of the landlords. Whatever Sir William and his masters may, in their souls think of the measure, it is quite certain they feel inclined to play this game into the hands of the landlords. And if the Whigs are far-seeing enough to perceive that the term of landlord tyranny is inevitably drawing to a close—that probably the next session of Parliament may see the concession of one of those instalments of justice which are never yielded to craven petitions or *effete* systems of agitations, but to angry demands, backed by a force which just stands on the very verge of the constitution, they may probably be anxious to give the bloodhounds one winter's carnage amongst their victims—for the nonce, “to let them feast, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow they must die.”

Lord Lucan's bill, to which the Whig Government have promised their support, empowers the landlord to seize the growing crop for arrears of rent. By such a provision, three-fourths of the produce of the forthcoming harvest may be swept away by the landlords, in lieu of arrears of three or four years' standing. Another clause of this infamous bill forbids the tenant, under a penalty of ten pounds and twelve months' imprisonment, to cut any portion of the crop between sunset on Saturday evening and sunrise on Monday morning, and between sunset and sunrise on other days. So that if, after a long continuation of unfavorable weather, the twenty-four hours of the Sabbath should be favorable for collecting the fruits of the earth for the support of those who have cultivated it, lest landlord avarice should be deprived of one grain, the entire produce may be doomed to perish. The specious pretext for these thumb-screws for the Irish tenant is a professed desire to assimilate the “laws of England and Ireland in this respect;” but why not first assimilate the relations of landlords and tenants in this country to those in England? Would any English landlord dare to seize the entire crop in lieu of arrear? We think not; and yet to afford facilities for this is the precise object of the bill at present before Parliament. In England, the object of such an arrangement is to prevent the dishonest tenant from plundering the honest landlord—a just law in any civilized country; but here, where the relations of landlords towards tenants are admitted to be of such an unjust nature as to require a thorough reformation, it seems monstrous to arm the landlord class with deadly weapons against their unfortunate tenants, while not a single hope of protection is extended to the latter.

And this is to be the appreciable total of what Whig wisdom can devise in the matter of landlord and tenant, after seven months' grave deliberation in the present year, and God knows how many months and years of investigation, shuffling, and humbug before; to hand over the unfortunate cultivators of the soil, bound neck and heels, to the tender mercies of men whose cruelties and injustices have been, and are, flagrant, that no man who professes a particle of common honesty dares utter one word in their direct defence, and all humane and just men proclaim, with one accord, “this abomination must cease; in the name of the just God, let this iniquity disgrace the earth no longer.”

And then the time at which this cut-throat measure is sought to be run through Parliament—the latter end of a long and tiresome session, and smuggled into the Commons' House at one of those select gatherings, where favorite jobs are hurriedly disposed of, called “Morning sittings”—exhibits the attitude of our rulers for setting up that which is really the misfortune and weakness of the country for what would

constitute its happiness and strength. “Whoever may suffer by such measures, Captain Rock or some of his numerous family will prosper.” The jails and convict ships will be crammed by lawless slayers of their kind; while the legal murderers will enjoy their greed one season longer, and stagger to their doom like drunken maniacs.

This last act of legislative wickedness ought to have, and we hope will have, one solitary beneficial result, but one of great efficacy if rightly used; and, taking into consideration, we are disposed to rejoice at the delay of the Conference till August, whatever, in other respects, may have been the wisdom or unwisdom of that postponement. It will, we hope, satisfy those who have hitherto placed their trust in the willingness of the British Parliament to legislate fairly in this matter, of the exact amount of reliance they may place on the justice and wisdom of that august assembly. Amongst the masses of the people it will deepen the wide-spread distrust in the disposition or capacity of the Government to make any fair adjustment of the matter, and will enforce the necessity of seeking some means (legal and constitutional, of course,) of settling the business without Parliamentary aid. It, therefore, affords another argument for the formation of a powerful League, which, by laying some definite proposal for an adjustment of the landlord and tenant question, and some specific plan for attaining such an adjustment before the country, will centre in itself the hope that now is baffled by the British Parliament, and turn the thoughts of those who rely on midnight burnings and wayside murders for the redress of their grievances, to some safe and legitimate mode of redress. In the existence of such a League lies our only hope of repressing the agrarian outrages likely to take place in consequence of this very bill of Lord Lucan's.

STATE OF THE CROPS.

[From the *Dublin Tablet*, July 27.]

The newspapers have already begun to publish accounts from different parts of the country, which painfully vary the first and long-continued anticipations hitherto indulged in of a glorious and abundant harvest. The more dismal published forebodings that have fallen under our notice are from the county of Kerry. The respected Parish Priest of Ennis gives confirmation to these sad stories, by a like account of the potato crop in that part of Clare. Here, in the north of the county Wexford, the same gloomy prophecies have become more or less general in the last few days. Along the high road from Dublin to Gorey, the potatoes seem unusually healthy and abundant; but it is said that in all directions decisive symptoms of the fatal disease are showing themselves. What makes this prospect even more gloomy is, that for many miles round, I am told, the wheat—which looks in beautiful order—has been attacked by an insect, and seems, in great part, doomed to destruction. I examined, this morning, as fine a field of wheat as any I have seen between here and Dublin, and found that (apparently) in every ear several grains—in some ears every grain—are inhabited by a number of small yellow insects, which eat the grain, lay their eggs, and die. I am told that this calamity is very widely spread in this neighborhood. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, it has rained here, and in great part of Wicklow, for at least eight-and-forty hours; and to-day, after a few hours' sunshine, the rain continues. The consequence is, that in at least one field out of every two or three, as far as I could see and hear, both wheat and oats are beaten down, and a great part of the oats, I am told, it is feared, are irreparably injured. How far these disasters extend, I am not in a condition to say; nor would I confidently assert that a little too much alarm may not be felt at this complication of evils. But it is at least certain, that in this neighborhood the potato disease has again showed itself; a considerable per centage of the grain crop is devoured by insects; and the wheat and oats have sustained considerable damage from the rain.

Gorey, July 24, 1850.

F. LUCAS.

LIMERICK, July 19.—I think it right to let the public in general know the real state of the potato crop in this neighbourhood. I have gone over a good deal of the district, and in all cases I have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing the crop irrecoverably gone. It had a beautiful healthy appearance up to Tuesday last; on that day there was a most oppressive, unhealthy kind of fog, which set in about nine o'clock in the evening. Next morning the potatoes presented most unmistakable symptoms of disease, in its most virulent forms. The fields looked as if a shower of burning lava, brimstone, or vitriol had fallen during the night. The stench from some of the fields, since then, is almost intolerable.—Correspondent of the *Limerick Examiner*.

GALWAY, July 20.—Potatoes are in both size and quality greatly improved. We occasionally hear of something like the rot having made its appearance, but we cannot find any confirmation of the fact.—*Galway Mercury*.

SLIGO, July 20.—The rumours which were widely circulated relative to the immediate appearance of blight, on the nights of Monday and Tuesday, have proved to be groundless, and must have originated in the nerves of the timid, or the imagination of some greedy monopolist. No symptom whatever, well authenticated, has yet been discovered in this town or locality of the disease on the tubers of the potato, and, in many instances where the stems and leaves appeared spotted, a few days after the apparent affection disappeared.—*Sligo Champion*.

EVICIONS IN TIPPERARY.—Roscrea, July 19.—On yesterday Mr. Pigott, agent to the Earl of Portarlington, accompanied by Samuel M. Going, Esq., Sub-sheriff, and a party of constabulary, proceeded to

a street in the suburbs of this town, called “Boheen Glass,” alias Green-street, and levelled thirty houses, in which were located at least three hundred human beings, who were in a most abject and impoverished state.—*Nenagh Guardian*.

EVICIONS IN THE WEST.—In passing by a few days ago, we observed upwards of twenty houses levelled on the townland of Killemanagh, on the property of the late Mr. Murphy, salesmaster, Dublin. We were told the evictions were ordered by the Master in Chancery. May God have pity on these poor creatures.—*Tram Herald*.

A SAD ACCOUNT OF ENNISKILLEN.—The following is taken from the *Fermanagh Reporter*:—“The leprosy of Enniskillen society is its gross immorality and beastly sensuality, accompanied by mental ignorance and imbecility. Too many grow up mere fungus, without end or aim. God is not in their ways. They are taken with the lusts of the flesh, and, in the present blaze of Gospel day, Enniskillen is worse than were Sodom and Gomorrah.”

COUNTY OF SLIGO.—The Commission was opened on Thursday afternoon, the 16th instant. Chief Baron Pigott, charging the grand jury, said—The calendar upon which you will have to exercise your functions is remarkably light, both as to the number of prisoners and the character of offences.—At the trial of a man for stealing an ass, which took place on the same day, the following dialogue took place. Chief Baron (to the prosecutor)—How did you know the ass was yours? Witness—Well I knew him; there was no mistaking his legs. (Laughter.) Chief Baron—Had you any marks upon him? Witness—Faix I had not, but he had marks upon himself. (Laughter.) He had lumps on his knees and on his back, and one on his nose. (Loud laughter.) Clerk of the Crown—Had you any other reason for knowing the animal was yours? Witness—Yes, I knew his voice. (Loud laughter.) Chief Baron—Whose voice? Witness—The voice of my ass, my Lord. (Roars of laughter.) The minute he saw me he threw up his tail and roared. (Loud laughter.) Chief Baron—Roared! Who roared?—Witness—My ass, my Lord; he roared with joy. We were together for the last five years; he knew me well; and I would know his voice twenty miles off. (Loud laughter, in which the Chief Baron heartily joined.) The prisoner was convicted.

THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.—The Right Honorable the Lord Mayor sailed for London on Saturday evening to attend his parliamentary duties, having appointed Alderman James Moran *locum tenens* during his necessary absence.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.—We (*Kerry Examiner*) are happy to find that the appeal we made in our last to the grand jury of the county on behalf of this unfortunate gentleman has not been in vain. The matter was taken up in the best spirit by even the Conservative portion of the grand jury, who formed the great majority, and on Tuesday the following resolution, moved by Robert Conway Hickson, Esq., Fermoy, was unanimously adopted:—“Resolved—That our foreman be requested to communicate with the Home Secretary, and to convey to him, on part of this grand jury, their unanimous prayer, that the sentence passed on Mr. Smith O'Brien be carried out with as much lenity as the due administration of the law will permit.”

SHOCKING CRUELTY.—An instance of wanton and almost unparalleled cruelty has just been revealed in Manchester, perpetrated by an inhuman parent on the body of a child some five or six years of age. The woman is named Buterfield, and is the wife of a lodg-keeper on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. A few days ago some of her neighbors discovered that, as a mode of punishing her child, she had resorted to the unheard-of and barbarous practice of cutting out pieces of flesh from the buttock, filling the interstices with salt, and actually covering the wound with plaster! No fewer than four such wounds, some of them of considerable depth, were, upon examination, found upon each hip, and the amount of torture to which the child must have been subjected is inconceivable. On making the discovery the neighbors had the case brought before the magistrates. The inhuman mother, in her defence, said she had found the ordinary modes of punishment ineffectual. The magistrates decided upon inflicting summary punishment to the highest extent in their power, namely, a fine of £5, or in default of payment, three months' imprisonment.—*The News of the World*.

LEWES.—THROWING A CHILD INTO THE SEA.—Mary Hardwick, a miserable-looking creature, was indicted for feloniously casting her child into the sea at Brighton, with intent to murder it.—It appeared that the prisoner was seen by a man named March standing with a child in her arms near the Custom-house, at Brighton, and she suddenly ran down to the sea, threw the child into the water, and then jumped in herself. March immediately ran into the water, and having fortunately succeeded in laying hold of the child, he brought it to the shore, and then went a second time into the water and brought out the woman. The child, it appeared, very soon recovered; but the prisoner was insensible, and it was a considerable time before she was restored to consciousness. A man was upon the spot who was represented to be the husband of the prisoner, and according to the testimony of the witness, after the melancholy transaction had taken place, he was very violent and abused her, and expressed a desire that she should have destroyed herself. The poor woman during the trial appeared hardly to be aware of the character of the offence she was charged with, and she was evidently suffering most acutely.—When she was called upon for her defence, she expressed herself to be ignorant of what had happened.—The jury found her guilty, but recommended her to mercy, and judgment was deferred.—*ib.*

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The names of the Agents for this paper, in the different districts of Upper and Lower Canada, will be published in a future number.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1850.

TO OUR CATHOLIC FELLOW-CITIZENS OF CANADA.

It has often been the subject of wondering remark, to many of sincere regret, that, whilst our Protestant fellow-citizens, of almost every denomination, have each their avowed organ, through which they can express their wants and feelings, and advocate each their own peculiar views of what they consider truth, the Catholics alone, that is, that numerous portion of the community, who, professing the Catholic faith, speak the English language, should not possess, throughout the entire Province, a single publication, in the columns of which they can give utterance to their indignant protest, against the illiberal, and often libellous charges with which they stand accused. That, whilst every recurring week brings back the same stereotyped calumnies, and blasphemous mockery, of all that as Catholics we love, of all that as members of Christ's Church we esteem most sacred, not one voice should be raised in defence of the teaching of our holy religion.

As men, as citizens, we are insulted by the meditated invasion upon the sacred rights of property, by the cry raised against our religious establishments, and the property of the Clergy; by the cry raised for their destruction; not because it is even pretended that the funds created by the farseeing piety of former generations have been wasted, or misapplied; not because our religious establishments have been found, by experience, impotent for good, or productive of evil, but because of their very efficacy, but because of the living testimony that they bear to the unity of the true Church of Christ.

As intelligent beings, we are insulted by the taunts of mental blindness, of bigotry, and of superstition—of mental blindness, because, in our researches after truth, we refuse to be guided by the new light of the conventicle;—of bigotry, because, believing in the unity of truth, we can recognise no Church of God save one;—of superstition, because we submit our reason to the teaching of that Church, and are content to adore, where we cannot comprehend.

As Christians, our feelings are continually outraged, by the foul charge of idolatry, whilst the most solemn offices of our holy religion, are made the subjects of the scorner's unhallowed mirth.

And, if ever mindful of the precepts of our Divine Master, "not to render railing for railing," we have long borne all this in silence, could we hope, by patience, and calm endurance, to disarm, or weary out the malice of our adversaries, we yet could bear. For we have no wish to enter upon a religious newspaper controversy, far less do we desire to heap abuse upon our separated brethren, because of the difference of our respective creeds, or to cast back upon them some portion of the dirt with which they have so long bespattered us. But even patience may be taxed beyond the power of endurance; a longer silence be mistaken for an inability to reply, and a continued refusal to plead to the indictment, might seem to authorise the finding of a verdict of guilty against us.

And, therefore, with the blessing of God, we will reply; not to offend others, but to defend ourselves.

We will endeavour to shew that we are not necessarily fools, because we are Catholics; that humble faith is no more the fruit of ignorance, than infidelity is the sign of wisdom; that we are not idolaters, because we worship, as of old, the martyrs worshipped; that we do not dishonour God, because we honour His saints; and that we are not wanting in love and adoration to Christ, our Lord and Redeemer, because we also offer the homage of our love and veneration to His blessed Mother.

We will endeavour to shew cause why it is not expedient to violate treaties, to infringe upon the sacred rights of property, to destroy the establishments for educational purposes, and to annihilate the only provision existing in this country for the relief of the poor and needy.

And, by the help of God, we will no longer tamely submit to have our religion reviled—our holy things profaned—our clergy insulted—and the meek inmates of our religious communities exposed to the ribald taunts, and cowardly insinuations of the infidel or the fanatic.

We will endeavour to shew, that it is owing to these much abused institutions, and to them alone, that this country is not, like Protestant England, burdened with a daily increasing mass of pauperism, and its hideous attendant crime,—that these establishments offer the only effectual provision for the suffering members of the community. And whilst gratefully acknowledging the benefits we derive from the equitable administration of the laws under which we have the happiness to live, we will still contend, that it is chiefly owing to the blessing of God upon the teaching of the Clergy, that peace and order, religion and morality, continue to flourish in this country, to a degree unknown in other, blessed perhaps, with a more fertile soil, a more genial climate, and more richly endowed with the elements of a material prosperity.

And, at the same time, we will always endeavour to avoid giving any just cause of offence to others. In

as far as in us lies, we will ever endeavour to maintain peace and charity with all men; and in any disputes, in which we may happen to be involved, if we cannot boast of the wisdom of the serpent, we will at least try to emulate the gentle meekness of the dove.

With these sentiments, and for the purpose of carrying into effect the above-mentioned objects; it is proposed, if the necessary encouragement can be obtained, to start a Weekly Paper, to be edited at Montreal, and entitled "THE TRUE WITNESS."

Although the "True Witness" will be essentially a religious publication, it is not intended that it should be so exclusively. Whilst no articles, inoffensive to true religion, sound morality, or to Christian charity, will be excluded from its columns, yet, as its primary object is avowedly religious, the greater part of its pages will be devoted to topics connected with religion.

Not indeed to the discussion of abstruse points of Catholic theology, or to treatises upon the incomprehensible mysteries of our faith,—the love and condescension of God towards man, as manifested in the Incarnation and Real Presence in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar,—His mysterious nature revealed to us; and by us worshipped in Unity of essence, and Trinity of persons, are topics too vast, too holy to be lightly treated of in the fleeting columns of a weekly periodical, too awful and sacred to be irreverently mixed up with accidents and offences, slipping intelligence and police reports.

But, to explain what are the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and what her teaching to her children,—to declare what as Catholics we hold, and what we reject,—to repel the charges of idolatry, and of superstition, brought against us—these will be our objects, these the end of all our efforts.

Religious intelligence from Rome, from France, Great Britain, Ireland and the United States, gladdening the heart of the reader with the prospect of the increase and continual triumph of our holy faith. Extracts from the writings of Catholic Divines—translations of interesting passages from the early Fathers—a full account of the toils and victories of those glorious Athletes of the Faith, who, for the love of Christ, devote themselves to the conversion of the heathen, a record of all the ecclesiastical changes, promotions, and conferments; together with a detail of the proceedings of the different branches of that generous society of temperance, will principally compose the religious matter which it is proposed to lay before the public.

Catholicity is of no nation, of no particular shade of politics. The "True Witness" therefore will not be a political paper, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Confining ourselves to the discussion of those measures, the effects of which may be advantageous, or prejudicial to the moral and religious wellbeing of the community—the acts, and not the persons of the members of the Ministry, will alone form the subjects of our censures or of our praise. Ardently attached ourselves to the land which gave us birth, we cannot but admire the love of country in others, and the respect which we would demand for our own nationality, will be a pledge for the respect with which we will ever treat the laws and language of those whose religion is also our religion.

But if sparing of politics of our own, we will endeavour to make amends by giving copious extracts from other periodical publications, both of Europe and of the United States. These will appear transferred to our pages, without note or comment, without any expression of approval or of blame.

The condition of Ireland must ever be a subject of the deepest interest to all Catholics, especially to those who speak the English language. And as we look for support, in a great measure, to the generous efforts of our Irish brethren, it is but fair that a very considerable portion of the political intelligence thus extracted, should be of a nature to interest them; it is therefore proposed to borrow largely from the columns of the Irish papers.

Translations from, and notices of, foreign authors, together with extracts from the more amusing portions of the light literature of the day, will here also find their allotted place.

Arrangements will be made, so that a full report of the proceedings of the Provincial Parliament, together with the latest intelligence from Europe, the United States, and all parts of the Province, may be constantly laid before our readers.

The merchant, the man of business, will here also find a regular account of the state of the Markets, domestic and foreign; and we trust, that by means of a respectable circulation in the rural districts, we may merit and obtain some share of their advertising favours.

It is intended that the "True Witness" shall be published of the same size and form as the other weekly papers of this Country, or the United States. The terms will be Two Dollars and a Half per annum, payable in advance, to our country subscribers, and Three Dollars to those in town. Advertisements will be inserted upon the usual terms.

The "True Witness" will be conducted and edited by Laymen, who alone will be responsible for every line and word of every article that it may contain. Whilst on the one hand, no articles of a purely religious or dogmatic character will be submitted to the public, without having been previously subjected to an Ecclesiastical censorship, so that our readers may be effectually secured against the danger of having heretical propositions laid before them, and have a sure guarantee as to the orthodoxy of our matter. So, on the other hand, if in the manner of treating any subject, harsh or unseemly expressions should occur, as such through inadvertence or momentary irritation may occur; then, be it clearly understood, that the blame, whole, and undivided thereof, must rest upon the shoulders of the Laymen, by whom the paper will be avowedly conducted.

And now we trust we have sufficiently explained our objects, and the means by which we hope to obtain that support and encouragement which are necessary to ensure success; and, therefore, would we call upon the Catholics of Canada, whose religion is dear unto them, to assist us with their literary and pecuniary contributions.

Especially, would we call upon our Irish brethren for countenance and support,—by the love they bear to their own Green Isle, and to their Ancestral Faith—by the memory of the trials and persecutions they so oft have borne in the cause of truth. We would implore them to come forward now, and prove, that here, in Canada, as in Ireland, and elsewhere, they are ever ready to do battle for their Church; always prepared to give every man a reason for the faith that is in them.

Respectfully, would we solicit the patronage and encouragement of our Ecclesiastical superiors—the

benediction of our Bishops—the prayers and good offices of all the Clergy—their approval when right, their reproof and correction when in error—the benefit of their paternal admonitions and ghostly counsels; at all times. And, above all, would we humbly ask the guidance and assistance of the Father of Lights; beseeching Him, from whom alone cometh every good counsel, and from whom every perfect work doth proceed; that He will deign to bless this our undertaking to the honour and glory of His name, and the good of His Church; so that from Him every work of ours may always begin, and in Him, and by Him, be happily ended. Still as Catholics, not ashamed of our religion, nor afraid of the sneers of our opponents, would be desirous to place ourselves under the powerful protection and patronage of the ever Blessed Virgin, Mother of God,—calling upon her for help, in the form of words, which the Church herself teaches:

Sancta Maria, Auxilium Christianorum, Ora pro Nobis.
Montreal, June 18, 1850.

We reproduce to-day, the Address we made a few weeks ago to our Catholic fellow-citizens; as a pledge that we intend faithfully to adhere to the principles therein laid down. Now, one of the objects for which we solicited public support, was to enable us to refute the vile calumnies so often made against our Church, our Clergy, and our Religious Establishments; calumnies we firmly believe, not more offensive to us Catholics than they are to many, very many of our Protestant brethren.

To Christianlike, to gentlemanly language and arguments, will we ever oppose the language of gentlemen, and endeavour, at least, to meet argument with argument. But when we encounter abuse and Billingsgate, the abuse and Billingsgate we will not return: we shall not, certainly, be very ceremonious in our choice of terms, for we are still accustomed to call things by their right names.

There are, who, like Scrub in the play, always fancy that every one must be talking of them because they laugh consumedly. Misled by their own egregious vanity, they think that they are of as much importance in the eyes of the world, as they are in their own conceit. Thus it is, that the Editor of the *Montreal Witness*, flatters himself that a Catholic paper is to be established in Canada, solely for the purpose of opposing him. "Let him not lay this flattering unction to his soul." True, we may sometimes find it necessary to contradict some of his statements. True, also, that we may occasionally indulge ourselves with a little quiet laugh at the cant of the Tabernacle, and the evangelical (which means, being interpreted, strong nasal) twang which usually accompanies its delivery. This we may do when "i'th' vein," or when its suits our convenience. We make these remarks, for fear our readers should think we were paying much too high a compliment to the *Witness*, in devoting a portion of our first number to the refutation of some of the absurdities which have been vented on us for some weeks past. That the Editor of the *Witness* should hate our religion, is by no means strange, for he is ignorant of her doctrines. That he should mock at the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, is natural.

We do not suspect him of a soul capable of appreciating their poetic truth, or of comprehending their deep and earnest symbolism. His hatred or his scorn are to us indifferent;—can excite neither our surprise nor our regret. But, when, for the sake of raising a prejudice against the peaceable exercise of our legal rights, he states that upon occasion of the Catholic processions passing along the streets, members of all other religious denominations are expected to stand "cap in hand," we have a right to contradict him. When he wrote this, he must have known that it was not true,—he must have known that all that is demanded of Protestants, is, that they do not molest, or obstruct, an act of devotion, the exercise of which is guaranteed by treaty, and in which they are not expected to take any part. And here we cheerfully admit, that, thanks to the liberal and gentlemanly feeling on the part of the vast majority of our Protestant fellow-citizens, no insult, no obstruction, worth mentioning, ever takes place,—which, we suppose, the Editor of the *Witness* regrets, as he does the "silent forbearance and criminal complaisance shewn by the press towards Romanism." And we have the right to complain of the disregard for truth, of the want of every manly feeling manifested by the writer, when he presumes to speak of the Grey Nuns, those meek Sisters of Charity in such terms as these:—

"Here, towards the water, we find the stately cloisters of the Grey Nunnery, an establishment whose operation is to diminish the difficulties of seduction, and weaken or supersede the heaven-implanted instincts of maternal love and responsibility, by providing a place where any mother may throw her child as soon as born, to be nominally taken care of, but really, in a fearful majority of instances, to be consigned to an early—a very early, grave."

No, thank God, the Editor of the *Witness* will not find many Protestants to endorse his opinions.—What matter, though we differ in our religion, sure are we, that their hearts are too honest, too generous, not to detest the spirit which dictated such a mean attack upon a few harmless women, and, as

such, entitled, if not to respect, at least to immunity from insult.—But women, whose time, whose energies, whose lives, are devoted to the relief of misery where ever found, whose

"God-like crime is to be kind."

Whose sole mission upon earth is, as far as in them lies—

"To render less,

The sum of human wretchedness."

And therefore well entitled to the respect of every one who has the feelings, we do not say of a gentleman, but of a man.—And it is against these poor Nuns that the Editor of the *Witness* is not ashamed to insinuate gross negligence, if not something worse, in the management of the children committed to their charge. What shall we say to such a one as this? Let him go, himself, to the Grey Nunnery. It is open to all. Let him go and examine—convince himself of the falsity of his insinuations, and then, if there be aught of grace within him left, let him humbly ask forgiveness, not of them, for they, poor souls, cease not to pray daily for their slanderers—but of Him whose commandments he has violated, by bearing false witness against his neighbour.—And then let him thank God too, as well he may, that his slander is as impotent as it is malicious—as powerless for evil, as his approbation is worthless for good.

"Of the children left at the Grey Nunnery, the great majority come to an untimely grave." Such is the meaning of this Evangelical witness. Mark now how plain a tale will put him down. Within the last eighteen months, a period to which we have confined ourselves because unusually sickly, during a portion of which—cholera, diarrhoea, and other bowel complaints were very prevalent—there have been left at the Grey Nunnery, 171 newly born children. During the same period of time the total number of deaths amounted to 83. These children are put out at nurse, where they are left until of age to be received amongst these who are boarded in the Convent. During which time their expenses are defrayed by the Nuns. The Government has very liberally granted the sum of £250 per annum for the last four years, to assist the Nuns in their charitable enterprise. Now, for the mortality amongst the children, actually within the walls of the Convent, and let us see how far that will bear out the very Evangelical statement, that in a fearful majority of cases these children come to an early, a very early, grave. Within the last eighteen months there have been received within the Convent 82 children, from eighteen months to two years old. Amongst them, there have been 27 deaths; the remainder, 55, are alive and in good health. So much for the fearful majority of cases. We have now given the amount of mortality amongst the children under four years, the most critical period of life, and when, of course, the mortality is greatest.

We know of no statistical tables which can be relied on, as shewing the proportion of births and deaths for the city of Montreal. But we have good medical authority for stating, that amongst young children the proportion of deaths is *excessively high*. Referring to Buffon we find that during the last century the mortality amongst children under two years of age for the whole of France, was as 88 to 239. Malthus on Pop., 1st vol., p. 463, states—"one half of the infants born into the world died, in London, under three years of age; in Manchester, under five years of age; and in Stockholm and Vienna, under two years of age." Now, this was the mortality amongst the children of all classes of the community; of the rich as well as of the poor; of the healthy and chaste, as well as of the sickly and impure; the average mortality for a number of years, and not for one short period of pestilence, such as we have purposely chosen. Let us now consider who, and what the children are, which are thrown upon the hands of the Grey Nuns. Sickly fruits of debauchery are they,—often tainted with those loathsome maladies, with which an all-just God punishes, even in this world, in their own persons, and in that of their children, those who despise His holy law of Chastity.

Heirs of disease are they. Abandoned, ere well they have seen the light of day, by those from whose breasts they should draw their first and most wholesome nourishment. They are sometimes exposed for hours to the inclemency of the weather, before they are discovered, and it often happens that there is barely time to confer upon them the Sacrament of Regeneration, whereby they are made inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven, ere they are summoned into the presence of Him, whose face, we trust, their angels do continually behold.

We could easily adduce good reasons to shew why the mortality amongst these infants must necessarily be greater than amongst those of the rest of the community. But the subject is rather a delicate one to discuss in the columns of a newspaper. We must content ourselves with pointing out one or two of the

most prominent. We have been informed by one of the most distinguished medical practitioners of Montreal, that, to his own knowledge, it often happens that the mothers of the children, subsequently exposed at the Convent door, have, during a long period of their pregnancy, done their utmost to procure abortion, by means of violent purgatives, and other well known agents; and that the mother's of many others have been, during their pregnancy, under an active course of treatment for certain foul diseases which it is not necessary to mention.—We hope the editor of the *Witness* will take some medical man's opinion, as to what effect upon the health of the children these two causes would produce. Enough for the present of a disgusting topic, which the necessity of refuting the calumnies of the *Witness* could alone have forced upon us.*

But the Grey Nunnery is an establishment whose operation is—

"To diminish the difficulties of seduction, and weaken or supersede the heaven-imprinted instincts of maternal love and responsibility."

Heaven help the poor man; if he can possibly imagine that the difficulties of seduction are diminished by the existence of an asylum for the miserable fruits of an illicit intercourse, he must be credulous, indeed; as if the libertine, or the unchaste, were ever deterred from the gratification of their lusts, by the consideration of the necessity of providing for their offspring.

—quis enim modus adsit amori?

No. The existence of the establishment to which we allude, has, or can have, no other operation than to diminish the crime of child-murder, by diminishing the temptation. As to maternal love—heaven-imprinted instinct—we presume to offer no opinion. We admit that it is an evil, that mothers should abandon their children. But there is a greater evil than this under the sun, and that is, Infanticide,—for specimens of which, the Editor of the *Witness* would do well to refer to the criminal statistics of Great Britain, and more especially of puritanical Scotland. We tell the Editor of the *Witness*, and those who, like him, would fain destroy, if possible, our Catholic Asylums,—those glorious creations of catholicity,—that the Protestants of Canada are very glad to avail themselves of them. Nor do we blame them if their consciences, upon this point, are very elastic. For instance. We were applied to, a short time ago, by a Rev. Gentleman, whose name appears as one of the members of the French Canadian Missionary Society, to give him information as to what steps should be taken, by a female of his congregation, in order that she might leave in the hands of the Nuns, her illegitimate child. Desirous to return to the paths of virtue, this poor girl found her restoration rendered extremely difficult by the continual presence of the pledge that she bore about with her, of her folly, and of her crime. The Rev. Gentleman desired to know, what precautions should be taken so that the mother might, if she wished, at some future day, reclaim her child. We told the Rev. gentleman alluded to, what was necessary to be done in her case, but cannot say whether he availed himself or not, of the information thus afforded. We mention this, not from any desire to cause annoyance to a gentleman we highly respect, and who, we are sure, was actuated by the purest of motives, but merely to show that there are Protestant Clergymen who believe that, in certain cases, a mother may do well in making over to others, the care of her child, and that he at least, though a "fellow-labourer," did not agree in opinion with the Editor of the *Witness*, as to the danger to which the child would have been exposed. For surely a clergyman would not for a moment entertain the idea of entrusting the child of one of his congregation to an asylum where, "in a fearful majority of cases, the children are consigned to an early—to a very early grave." We think the Rev. Gentleman was not mistaken; and until we see some better arguments against our opinion than those adduced by the Editor of the *Witness*, we shall still believe that it is better that these little infants should be left at a Nunnery door, than that they should be stuck down privies, which is too often the mode of disposing of illegitimate children in England;—that it is better that our Parliament should pass acts, securing to a few religious societies the peaceable enjoyment of their property, than that it should be compelled, as was the Scotch Parliament, towards the latter of the seventeenth century to pass

* Would we form a correct estimate of the amount of the mortality among the children at the Grey Nunnery, we should compare it with the mortality in similar institutions.

In the Findelanstalt, or Foundling Hospital, at Vienna, established by Joseph II. in 1784—for the 54 years, ending 1838, the average mortality was 79.86, or nearly 80 per cent. This establishment was often visited by the Emperor; and in most cases the children were nursed by their own mothers.

fresh and more stringent acts against the rapidly increasing crime of child-murder,—a crime continually increasing in Scotland, in spite of the facilities with which marriage was contracted, or rather, not to profane the sacred word, marriage, and to call things by their right names—in spite of the facilities with which concubinage was legitimized. And we shall still think that it is better that the eyes of the Editor of the *Witness* should be offended by the sight of the "stately cloisters" of the Grey Nunnery, than that the eyes of the whole community should be shocked by the spectacle of a mother who confesses to the deliberate murder of six infants successively, by applying arsenic, or some arsenical preparation, to her nipples, as lately occurred in England; or by the sight of the sumptuous establishments for the purpose of procuring abortions, which exist in neighbouring countries. We pass over, for the present, this writer's remarks upon the tenure by which the gentlemen of the Seminary of Montreal hold their property, merely observing, that his ideas of what is legal, seem to be as confused as his notions of what is equitable; and that it could not have been through ignorance that he marked down the revenue of the Seminary at £30,000, because, by a statement lately published in the *Pilot*, it was clearly shown that it barely amounted to £15,000. Neither will we, at present, enter upon the question of Canadian pauperism, its causes, its extent, or the manner by which it is provided for without being burdensome to the community. This must stand over to another day. With one statement of the *Witness* we fully concur. It is very true that Lying Legends, which a boy of common sense, six years old, would reject with scorn, are attempted to be imposed upon the French Canadian habitants—not by the Catholic Clergy, but by the agents for a certain Evangelical Society, whose *Records*, in a future number, we may, perhaps, take the liberty of overhauling.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONIES TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(From the Halifax Cross.)

[In the *New Orleans Weekly Picayune* of May 27th, 1850, we find a sermon, "delivered in the first congregational Church New Orleans, on Dec. 23rd., 1849, by the Rev. Theodore Clapp"—a sermon remarkable in many points of view, but especially for the admissions made by the preacher as to the contrast between the Catholic Church and the various sects of Protestantism. Our readers, we are certain, will thank us for the following extracts. After a noble tribute to the good deeds of the Sisters of Charity, the preacher proceeds:—]

"Indeed, the Roman Catholic Church is infinitely superior to any Protestant denomination in its provision of charity and mercy for the poor. They labour to inspire the poorest and most forlorn with the hopes of religion. This very morning, if you were in St. Peter's Church at Rome (large enough to hold all the congregations of this city,) you would see the poorest and most obscure persons kneeling on that glorious pavement, by the side of the most noble, princely, and exalted inhabitants of that city. In that cathedral there is no place assigned for the exclusive use of fashionable people. All meet on the same level as the children of one common Father; as dependant on the same pardoning mercy; as travellers to the same grave; as partakers of the same promises, and heirs of the same immortal glory. Throughout Catholic Europe the doors of the churches are kept open day and night. Then at any hour of the day, the forsaken outcast, on whom the world has ceased to smile, can go, and falling down before the altar of his God, feel supported by the sublime faith that he has in Heaven a better and everlasting inheritance. I may say, that Catholic churches are the homes of the poor. In countries enjoying this form of Christianity, the most fallen are incomparably less degraded than the worst in Protestant lands.

"Then, they all, without distinction, participate of the sacraments of religion. No one is permitted to die without the rites of the Church. So it should be. Do you know what is the nature of that last benediction, which the Priest pronounces over the dying man? It runs, if I have been correctly informed, in a strain somewhat as the following:—"Go forth, O thou immortal spirit, in the name of the Father, who created thee, in the name of the Son, who died to redeem thee, and in the name of the Holy Spirit, who has sanctified thee; and when thou leavest the body, may the resplendent multitude of angels greet thee; may the spirits of the just, clad in their white robes, embrace thee, and conduct thee to the mansions of the blessed." Could there be anything more appropriate; more thrilling, more beautiful and sublime? But with us, the poor die without a Clergyman, without a prayer, without any recognition of their immortality, as if they were about to lie down with kindred brutes in the same ditch, to exist no more forever.

"No Protestant denomination, with the exception of the Methodist, has done anything worth mentioning for the poor. This remark was once made by a distinguished prelate of the English Church. In our northern cities, New York, &c., there is an actual rivalry as to which church shall be most exclusive; and no one congregation has erected a separate building for the poor. Churches are constructed on purpose to shut out the poor. The pews are sold, like the

boxes of a theatre, to the highest bidder. The poor can never enter there. Oh, what a commentary on the degeneracy of our times! After spending the week in folly and dissipation, the noble among us enter a fashionable place of worship on the Lord's Day morning, merely to gratify the love of display, to indulge that poor, mean, pitiful vanity, which one act of true religious worship would annihilate for ever. I do not know where all would end. But I do know that Protestantism will soon go down to the dust and darkness of death, unless it changes its entire ecclesiastical plans and politics. Eternal honor be to the Roman Catholic Church, for practically observing the distinctive precept of our religion, to remember and bless the poor."

There is at present in Montreal a visitor from the Holy Land, in the person of the Rev. Father Flaviano, a Maronite Monk of Mount Lebanon, whose Convent was, some years ago, destroyed by the Druses, and who now visits the new world on a mission to collect the means of rebuilding it. He celebrated mass, according to the Greek Catholic rites, in the St. Patrick's Church, on Wednesday morning; in the Bonsecours Church on Thursday morning; in the Recollect Church, this morning, Friday; and tomorrow morning he will celebrate mass in the St. Pierre Chapel, Quebec Suburbs.

NEWS BY THE PACIFIC.

Beyond the Battle of Idstedt, is of very little importance.

DENMARK AND THE DUCHIES.

Battle of Idstedt—Great Slaughter of the Schleswig Holstein Army—Entrance of the Danes into Schleswig.

Schleswig, Thursday, July 25.

"The anticipated battle commenced this morning, at three o'clock, with an attack by the Danes on both wings of the Schleswig Holstein army.—The Danes did not at first succeed in obtaining any advantage, but in a short time they began to gain ground, where they attempted to establish themselves, but were driven back so far by a gallant charge of the rifles and infantry, that no further attack was made from this quarter. On the right wing they were so warmly received by the Schleswig Holsteiners that they could not succeed in gaining a single inch of ground. After this attack on both wings had continued for two or three hours, the Danes made an onslaught with infantry, cavalry, and artillery at the same time. The Schleswig Holstein light infantry retired behind the main position near Idstedt, where the advancing Danes were received with a shower of balls from the fortifications thrown up there, which compelled them to retire a little.

The Holsteiners again rushed to the centre, and with such vivacity that the Danes were soon obliged to retreat *en masse* into a poplar wood.—This manoeuvre was twice repeated, and twice was our main position on the right wing and centre attacked by the Danes. On the left wing a mere skirmishing fire was only carried on. The battle had by this time continued for nearly eight hours, and between 10 and 11 o'clock it seemed certain that the result would not be otherwise than favorable to us. But just at this time it became apparent that the Danes had concentrated their whole force for a main attack on our centre and right wing. From the eminence where I stood, I could distinctly see the whole Danish Infantry debouch from the poplar wood, and form line directly opposite the Schleswig Holstein force, bringing up at the same time several new batteries of field artillery. I could also distinctly see the fatigued and worn out troops relieved by fresh battalions. Gen. Willisen also caused his reserve batteries to be brought forward as well as the cavalry, which had as yet been but partially engaged; and about 11 o'clock a most fearful cannonade commenced on both sides, which was kept up on the part of Schleswig Holsteiners with great obstinacy for two hours and a half, although the enemy's guns were larger and more numerous. Individual instances of courage were shown that would appear almost incredible.

"A small battery of 12 pounders, charged right into the thickest of the enemy's fire, posted itself at half distance, and greeted the Danes with repeated discharges. It was, however, soon obliged to retire in order to avoid a charge of cavalry. The most determined courage of the whole army was, however, of no avail against the superior force the Danes at this time brought into action. Shortly after this, the mournful news came that the Danes had broken through our centre. Under such circumstances there was no other alternative than a retreat, which immediately ensued. General Willisen gave the necessary orders, and the brave little army saw itself compelled to retire from the field of battle, the General himself being among the last to leave.

"The battle of Idstedt will take its place in history as one of the most sanguinary battles on record. On both sides the loss has been immense; but the Danes must have suffered most, otherwise, with their great numerical superiority, they would not have remained upon the field of battle. They cannot have numbered less than 45,000 to 50,000 men, according to the statement of the prisoners who, 400 in number, were removed, first to Schleswig, then to Rendsburg. Swedes and Norwegians are said to be among the number, in Danish uniforms.—Report says that not a single staff officer of the Schleswig-Holstein army has been wounded. Of one battalion of Jagers only two officers and 400 men remain. Many other battalions have been fearfully cut up. Of the artillery only one gun is missing.

NEWS BY THE NIAGARA.

It is expected that the Imperial Parliament will be prorogued about the middle of this month, by Her

Majesty in person, after which the Royal Family will proceed to Scotland.

Much excitement still prevails, as to whether the Baron Rothschild will be permitted to take his seat in the House of Commons, as member for London upon taking the oaths upon the Old Testament only.

The defeat of the Schleswig army seems to have been owing to a deficiency of ammunition. Their retreat was conducted in good order, and it is likely that they will soon be able to resume offensive operations.

The Greek question has been amicably settled. The necessary documents were signed on the 18th ult.

HE WOULD NOT BE A PEER.—Few acts of Sir Robert Peel's career have occasioned more speculative curiosity than his posthumously published wish, that none of his family should accept a title as the reward of services rendered by himself. The *Conservative Post* seeks an explanation of the "strange wish," in the character and achievements of the statesman. He was from the first destined to be a "Member of Parliament," and trained for that post; he fell into the project, and threw all his energies into it; all his triumphs were in the House of Commons; he declined opportunities of being called to the Upper House, because he knew where the true field of his genius lay; he desired thoroughly to identify himself with the House,—a ruling passion which he did not conceal; and "this last act caps the rest." There is some truth in this, and, as the *Post* says, it helps to explain Sir Robert's wish without the extravagant assumption that he was solely actuated by humility or was devoid of ambition. Peel was ambitious, and he was fond of power; but his ambition was not of the kind that desires to figure in stage pageants—the "low ambition and the pride of kings." The power which he considered was real, not affected power. He liked to feel that he was doing something when he moved; and he preferred to do for some beneficial end, especially the service of his country. He liked distinction, but his affections were bound to realities, not semblances. He had no sympathy with Elliston's self-illusion, brought on by the parade and strut of royalty on gala days, which made the inflated actor reward the loyal applauding audience of Drury Lane with the paternal benediction "Bless ye, my people!" Peel valued power for its real potency; he knew that he was more powerful than a king or a lord, and he liked to feel it. It was not only because he was better suited to the House of Commons than he affected that assembly, but more because he saw that there lay the centre of power in England. It would seem that, as a provident and sagacious man, he desired to bind closer the ties of his family with the industrious classes rather than with the titular aristocracy. But there can be little doubt that the desire which survived him had another motive. It will now be remembered how, amid the general grasping for profit and honors, he abstained. He said nothing—but what must he have thought of a Buckingham snatching at a blue riband, or of a Campbell greedy for verbal augmentatives? Although official corruption, of the grosser kind, has probably shrunk before the advance of knowledge until it may be deemed nonexistent, the spirit of mere utilitarianism has scarcely yet had its reaction among the official and office-seeking classes; the public service is now sought in the trading spirit of self-interest; the poor man looks for subsistence, the rich for dignity; patriotism is now deemed rather Quixotic. Such sentiments especially prevail among the Liberals; the lavish distribution of place and title, the contrivance, the jobbing, have distinguished the "popular" party. Peel grew Liberal without acquiring the disease of Liberalism. He was even the means of "doing justice" to the claims of his own supporters and coadjutors: for himself he took nothing; it would have diminished his power, it would have lessened his usefulness; it would have obscured his fame to posterity. He has shielded his own name from the contempt which he must have felt at times when "low ambition" attained its satisfaction.—*News of the World.*

AFFAIRS AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—President Fillmore has issued his first Message to Congress. The occasion of it is as follows:—The Governor of the State of Texas dispatched a special commissioner with orders to extend the civil jurisdiction of that State over the portion of the Territory of New Mexico which lies east of the Rio Grande. This is part of the Territory lately acquired from Mexico, and is in dispute between the United States and the State of Texas. President Fillmore in a dignified manner insists that Texas shall not be permitted to infringe the Territory of the United States, nor to extend her laws beyond her own boundaries. At the same time, he does not decide absolutely as to what is the proper boundary between New Mexico and Texas. He calls upon Congress to settle this question at once, and not to refer it, as has been proposed, either to the Supreme Court or to special Commissioners. He says that Congress has already all the facts of the case in its possession, and should settle it at once. He, at the same time, recommends that, in case the claim of Texas should be found valid to any portion of this territory, Congress should grant that State a fair remuneration for the part so belonging of right to it. The entire Message is equally firm and conciliatory.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

The Honorable Francis Hincks is gazetted to be the Crown Member and Chairman of the Endowment Board of the University of Toronto, and Upper Canada College and Royal Grammar School.—*Herald.*

WEATHER, CROPS AND MARKETS.—We regret to hear that in the northern and western townships that much of the wheat crop on account of the prevalence of wet weather, has grown in the stook. We allude to Blenheim, Wilmot, Waterloo, Woolwich, Eramosa and Esquesing. Dumfries and Beavly are comparatively free from this misfortune. The green crops progress favorably, and in some places a good deal has been cut.—Markets are unchanged here, wheat being six York shillings a bushel, and very little coming in to the mills.—*Galt Reformer.*

We understand that the Commissioner of Customs has instructed the Collector of this District that hereafter no property will be permitted to be inspected, and no vessel unloaded from foreign ports at any place in this District, except at the port of Buffalo; thus shutting the ports of Tonawanda, Black Rock, Barcelona and Dunkirk, against any commerce with Canada.—*Buffalo Courier.*

[From the Dublin Nation, July 27.]

ONEAGHER'S MESSAGE TO IRELAND.

PART I.

Ross, District of Campbell Town,
Van Diemen's Land,
Saturday, Feb. 16th, 1850.

MY DEAR DUFFY,—I am sure you will forgive my delay in writing to you, the moment you break the seal of this letter, and run your eye over its exceedingly liberal proportions! Of course, I do not offer any apology for having been so extremely slow, for, I am confident, you will not ascribe the fault to any discreditable cause; at all events, you will not accuse me with an unkind forgetfulness.

The fact is, I have been collecting matter for a long despatch. Every letter passing between true and warm friends should be fairly proportioned, I conceive, to the distance it has to travel; and where, as in this case, sixteen thousand miles intervene, nothing short of half a quire should be attempted.

So much by way of preface: now for the narrative itself.

On Saturday, the 28th of October, 1849, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, we reached our destination. The voyage was what they call an average one, having been accomplished in a hundred and some odd days. The weather, during it, was, generally speaking, extremely fine. From Kingstown Harbour to the Cape not more than a fortnight's rain occurred; and that, not all at once, but at intervals; three days, at a time, being the longest succession of wet weather with which we were troubled.

The passage across the Indian Ocean, however, was, on the whole, extremely unpleasant. Heavy falls of rain, accompanied by the wildest gales, frequently occurred; the latter driving us to the South, and introducing us—at a distance, to be sure, but unmistakably enough—to the white bears and icebergs of the bleak Antarctic. Add to this, that, for the six weeks we were fighting through these cold, wild waves, not a sail appeared, nor had we the faintest glimpse of land.

Yet, what with our little library, and pens, and log-books—M'Manus's backgammon box, and other harmless resources—the time went by less irksomely than you might suppose, and left us nothing very serious to complain of. Indeed, somehow or other—in sunshine and in storm—running before the wind, ten knots an hour—or rocking sluggishly in a calm—in all weathers, and with every motion of our little ship, we managed to keep alive most cheerfully, and bid defiance to all the shades of Tartarus.

Occupations like these served in great measure to relieve the monotony of our sea-life, and render it something more than endurable. Were it not for them, indeed, the voyage would have been most tiresome and insipid. Except in the coasting-trade, or for an odd cruise in the Mediterranean, I would not be a sailor for all the world. The sameness of the life would be my death before long. "As to the sea," observed Mr. Solomon Gillis to his nephew, "that's well enough in fiction, won't do in fact: Wally, but it it won't do at all."

With regard to our accommodations on board, nothing could have been better. We had an excellent saloon, in which we breakfasted, dined, took tea, read, wrote, and got through a variety of other agreeable pursuits. Our berths ran along two sides of it, and were shut off from the saloon by means of sliding-doors, and pannelings of open work.

The regulations laid down for our observance, were but few, and far from being strict.

In the first place, we were forbidden to have any intercourse with the ship's company, save and except with the Captain and the Surgeon. In the next place, only two of us, at a time, were permitted to be on deck together. At nine o'clock, p.m., we were obliged to retire to our berths; at which hour the Sergeant of Marines extinguished the lamp in the saloon, saw that we were all safe and four in number, then locked the door of the saloon on the outside, and reporting "all right," delivered the key to the Captain. Outside of the quarters, a Marine was stationed, night and day, whose duty it was to report our presence every four hours, and cut off all communication between the aforesaid quarters and the rest of the lower deck. Another Marine was appointed to wait on us, and perform a variety of domestic duties: so that, in a peculiar way, and to a certain extent, he became a modern edition of Proteus; assuming different characters, presenting various appearances, and exhibiting divers accomplishments and faculties, in the course of every four-and-twenty hours; passing, with astonishing facility through the most startling transitions—from cook to butler, and from butler to chambermaid. He was an honest, active, respectable, good man, and his name was Spriggs.

As for the "Swift" herself—she was a sprightly, handsome, little brig—as steady as a rock, but as graceful as a swan. I wish you could have seen her in a storm: at no other time did she look so much advantage. With a broken, scowling sky above her, and a broken, scowling sea beneath, she gallantly dashed on. Glancing down the steepest valleys, she seemed to gather fresh force and daring from the steepness of the fall; then breasting the highest waves, she would top them with a bound, and flinging their white crests in sparkling atoms, right and left before her, spring further on—her beautiful light spars quivering like lances in the gale.

As for the officers, they were fine, generous, gallant fellows. Owing to the restrictions imposed by the Home Office, our intercourse with them, as you may easily suppose, was extremely limited; but, limited as it was, we soon were led to conceive the truest esteem for them. England may feel proud as long as she has such brave, upright, noble hearts to serve her. Their frank, generous, warm nature—their manly, gallant bearing—form a striking contrast, indeed, to the cold, cramped rigidity of some of the officials here.

The Captain was a most courteous, gentle, amiable, good man; strict, to be sure, in carrying out, in our regard, the instructions he had received; but never, in the slightest degree, inquisitive, exacting or officious. Far from it. Wherever it was in his power to be so—wherever his instructions left him to his own discretion—we found him always willing and anxious to grant us any little indulgence we asked for. I do not think that a better man could have been selected to discharge the painful duty with which he was entrusted.

Very probably, you may have heard, long before this, that we were not permitted to remain more than a few hours at the Cape. On the evening of Wednesday, September 11th, between seven and eight o'clock,

we dropped anchor in Simon's Bay; but had hardly done so, when orders came from Commodore Wyvil, the officer in command of the station, directing us to be off about our business next day, at twelve o'clock precisely; and, furthermore, prohibiting the slightest communication between the "Swift" and the shore.

These orders were issued in consequence of the storm which was raging at Cape Town, and which threatened to sweep Sir Harry Smith, his government and household, mounted riflemen and all, right into the sea, should any convict, political or otherwise, be permitted to set foot within the immaculate territory of the Hotentot and Boer. The result of which, so far as we were concerned, was simply this, that next day, precisely at 12 o'clock, we were running out to sea again, in a very disconsolate condition, indeed; having a very scanty supply of fresh provisions on board, and ten weeks' accumulation of soiled linen in our portmanteaus and bags.

From that day, September the 12th, until Saturday, October 27th, we saw no land; not so much as would sod a lark, as they say at home. It is true, we should, by right, have passed between St. Paul's and Amsterdam; two volcanic islands, inhabited by wild goats and pigs, lying midway between the Cape and Van Diemen's Land, and included in the dependencies of the Mauritius. The gale, however, which took us out from Simon's Bay, bore us so far astray from the direct course, that we were obliged to leave the more southerly of these islands sixty miles to the north.

Well, so much for the "Swift," and our voyage out; of which, as you cannot help remarking, I have said little. It would, however, have been difficult for me to have said much more. One day's sailing is just the same as a three months' voyage, and from a sketch of one, an excellent outline of the other may be easily conceived. Breakfast—tea, without milk, dry biscuit, and brown sugar; dinner—salt-beef, preserved potatoes, bottled porter, a joint of mutton, perhaps, and a bowl of pea-soup; shifting of sails, yarn spinning; rope-splicing; hands to quarters; hammock-scrubbing; singing, drumming, dancing, fifing, at the fore-castle; the first watch, lights extinguished,—there's a complete history of a voyage round the world! So far, at all events, as my experience enables me to decide.

But, for all the dreariness of those six weeks, in our passage up the Derwent we enjoyed a delightful compensation. Nothing I have seen in other countries—not even in my own—equals the beauty, the glory, of the scenery through which we glided up from Tasman's Head to Hobart Town.

To the left were bold cliffs, compact and straight-built as the finest masonry, springing up, full two hundred feet and more, above the surface of the water, and bearing on their broad and level summits the forests of the gum-tree. To the right, eight miles away, lay the green lowlands of Tasman's Peninsula, sparkling in the clear, sweet sunshine of that lovely evening.

Then, as the little ship glanced quietly and gracefully along, a signal-tower, with the Red Flag floating from it, appeared in an open space among the trees. Still further on, a farm-house, with its white walls and green verandah shone out from some cleft or valley close at hand; and the fresh, rich fragrance of flowers, and ripening fruits, and waving grass, came floating to us through the blue, bright air. By and bye, the trees became more scarce, and handsome houses rose up in quick succession, and, forming into graceful terraces, told us, by many a sign of life and comfort, that the town was near at hand, and that we should be soon at rest. Last of all, Mount Wellington, a majestic mountain, towering to the height of four thousand feet behind the town, and wearing a thin circle of snow upon its head, disclosed itself in its all greatness, grandeur, and solemnity.

These were the principal features of the scenery—the beautiful, glorious scenery—within the shade of which we passed up to Hobart Town. You can easily imagine the delight they inspired, the influence they had upon us. Gazing at them, we lost sight of our misfortunes, and the dull, cold destiny which at that moment, like the deepening twilight, fell upon our path. Gazing at them, we forgot for the while we were prisoners, destined for life to sojourn in a land in the growth of which we could take no interest—the prosperity of which would claim from us no proud congratulation—the glory of which could never stir within our hearts one glad emotion, nor win from our lip or hand the faintest recognition.

It was nearly nine o'clock when we cast anchor. The night had fallen, and all we could see of Hobart Town were the lamp-lights—up there, a lonely couple—down there, a misty group—alone there, a twinkling line—beyond there, an odd one, flickering like a candle in a wine-vault, and doing its best to keep in.

Through the darkness, however, there came a variety of sounds. Now, the clatter of a bell; a moment after, a voice exclaiming, "Peter, where are you?" then a chorus of loud laughs, shrill whistling, and the cracking of whips; all round us, the soft sighs and murmurings of the river, the creaking of cordage, the dip and splash of oars; by-and-bye, the bugle-call, filling the calm night with clear, strong notes, and the crashing of the drums in the barrack-square.

Next morning, when we went on deck, the sun was shining warmly; and in its soft radiance, the town, the noble mountain close behind it, the ships and boats, the trees, the gardens, cottages and villas all about, looked charming in the extreme. It was a beautiful, bold picture; and, it being Sunday, there seemed to be a sweet tranquillity diffused all through it, which rendered it still more enchanting.

For a good part of the day, we amused ourselves with the glasses, making the most minute observations, and curiously inspecting every object within sight. Horses, cabs, policemen, bonnets, soldiers, sign-boards, sailors, warehouses, chimney-tops, street-door knockers, wheel-barrows, church spires, flower-pots—nothing was omitted in our search. The smallest trifle became the subject of the deepest interest; and even the poor dog we caught playing amongst the bales and baulks, the casks and spars, upon the wharf in front of us, was followed through all his windings, tumblings, twists, and twirls, with the keenest curiosity.

The whole of this day, we had the "Swift." I may say, to ourselves; most of the officers, and, towards evening, most of the men, being ashore, enjoying themselves in every direction; as well they might, poor fellows! after their four months' weary work.

Of course, no communication of an official nature was made to us this day. The following morning, however, the Assistant-Comptroller, accompanied by a clerk, arrived in a whale-boat, and shortly after

their arrival, we were requested to attend the Captain to our saloon. Here we found the fashionable arrivals; and, as an indispensable part of the lugubrious ceremony of transportation, we were introduced to them in due rotation by Captain Aldham. Whereupon the chairs were taken, and Mr. Nairn, the Assistant-Comptroller, in a smooth, neat speech, opened the proceedings.

First of all, I must not omit to mention, he disengaged a yard or so of thin red tape from a bundle of long, thick-wove, blue paper; and in so doing exhibited an easy dexterity of finger, and a deep-water placidity of look. Having separated the papers, and placed them in a line along the table, one after the other, just as if he was arranging a set of dominoes, he gently fixed his elbows upon the documents, and joining his hands in a meek and devotional manner before him, begged leave to observe—

"That he was directed by His Excellency, Sir William Denison, to communicate with William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, Terence Bellew M'Manus, and Patrick O'Donohoe, prisoners of state on board Her Majesty's sloop-of-war, the "Swift." The object of his visit was to inform the aforesaid prisoners, that Sir William Denison had received certain instructions relative to them from the Secretary of State for the Home Department; that, by these instructions, Sir William Denison was authorized to grant 'tickets-of-leave' to each and all the aforesaid prisoners, provided that, in the first place, the Captain under whose charge they had been during the voyage, was enabled to speak favourably of their conduct, and that, in the second place, they pledged their honour not to make use of the comparative liberty which 'tickets-of-leave' conferred, for the purpose of escaping from the colony."

Mr. Nairn begged leave to add—

"He was happy to inform us, that Captain Aldham had reported favourably of our conduct, and, such being the case, it only remained for him now to receive our parole not to attempt an escape from the colony."

This speech being ended, a profound silence ensued, during which the Assistant-Comptroller delicately fiddled with his documents, and glided off into a serene abstraction.

I never met, in Gaol or Courthouse, in the Queen's Bench or the Henry-street Police-office, so sleek, so tranquil, so elaborate an official. His motions were most delicately adjusted, even to the opening of an eye-lid, or the removal from his forehead of a fly. His voice flowed richly and softly from his lips, like a glass of Curacao into an India-rubber flask. His fingers appeared to have been formed for the express purpose of writing with the finest steel pen, pressing the clearest cut official seal, and measuring out, for despatches on the public service, the neatest and narrowest red tape. The knot of his neck-tie was an epitome of the man. It struck one as having been put on by means of the most minute and exquisite machinery. To have accomplished such a knot by the aid of manual labour seemed at first sight impossible.

The silence was broken by O'Brien, who begged to state that he, for one, was not prepared to accept a "ticket-of-leave" on the conditions specified by the Assistant-Comptroller;—he certainly had little or no intention of escaping, but felt strongly disinclined to pledge his word to the observance of an arrangement which would preclude his availing himself of any opportunity to escape that might occur hereafter.

I took a different view of the matter. It appeared to me that, whether we pledged our honour to the fulfilment of the conditions proposed by the Government or withheld it, an escape was out of the question.

In the former case, our parole, of course, would bind us more firmly than the heaviest chains to the island. In the latter case, it was clear, the authorities would adopt such measures as to render it absolutely impracticable. It seemed to me, then, that the point at issue resolved itself simply into a choice between two evils. Our detention, in either case, being certain, I thought it much more desirable to accept a small amount of liberty, fettered only by my word of honour, than surrender myself to the confinement of a prison, and the vexatious surveillance of turnkeys and constables.

Moreover, the condition annexed to our holding "tickets-of-leave" appeared to me a fair and an honourable one; it exacted no compromise of conduct or opinion; it exacted no hypocrisy, no submission; it simply required of us not to make use of certain privileges for the purpose of effecting an escape; and going thus far, and no farther, I felt convinced, that in pledging myself to the fulfilment of it, I would do no unworthy act. In other countries, better and nobler men have not hesitated, as prisoners-of-war, to accept and fulfil a similar condition.

O'Donohoe and M'Manus took the same view, and we three, consequently, agreed to pledge ourselves to remain in the colony so long as we retained the "tickets-of-leave."

Having come to this determination, the Assistant-Comptroller requested us to put our opinions in writing, in the shape of letters addressed to him. "It would be his duty," he observed, in conclusion, "to lay them before Sir William Denison, and receive his Excellency's reply to them."

I enclose you a copy of my letter. You will perceive from it that I have accepted the "ticket-of-leave," on the condition proposed to us, for six months only. I was unwilling to pledge myself for an indefinite period: so that, at the expiration of the six months, I will be at liberty to surrender myself as a prisoner, or renew the contract.

M'Manus and O'Donohoe wrote letters to the same effect.

Two hours later, Mr. Nairn returned, and informed us that his Excellency had been pleased to grant "tickets-of-leave," on the condition hereinbefore specified, to Thomas Francis Meagher, Terence Bellew M'Manus, and Patrick O'Donohoe; that the official papers authorizing this arrangement would be sent on board next day; and that William Smith O'Brien was to be sent to the probation-station of Maria Island, and be there detained, in strict custody, during the pleasure of his Excellency.

Having made this announcement, the Assistant-Comptroller drew in his lips, economised a smile, slightly bowed, and, drawing back his hat as he inclined his head, withdrew.

Hardly had he disappeared, when another official came on board, and solicited the pleasure of our company. This gentleman was no less a personage than the Assistant-Registrar, and his business was to take an inventory of our respective heights, ages, pursuits, and families; also, the shape of our noses, the complexion of our cheeks, the color of our eyes and

hair, the character of our chins, and our general appearances as human beings. "A delicate, a very delicate business," he whispered to me as I entered, "and one, which considering our position in society, he wished to get through as delicately as possible."

Whereon he begged of me to see that the door was shut, and in a very mild manner—the mildest manner possible—commenced his observations. One would have thought we were made of down or gossamer, he looked so gently at us; and then he noted down the results of his inspection so softly, that one might have also imagined he wrote upon velvet. While this was going on, I could not help remarking to O'Donohoe that it forcibly reminded me of Mr. Pickwick's introduction to the Fleet, and the bewilderment with which he sat in the arm-chair whilst his portrait was taken.

The likeness finished, the Assistant-Registrar shut up his portfolio, expressed his regret at having troubled us so much, and backing to the door with two or three scrapes—expressive, no doubt, of high consideration and esteem—betook himself to the wharf, and from thence to his office, there to make out and distribute copies of the performance he had so nimbly and expeditiously completed.

The rest of the evening we had to ourselves. And a lovely evening it was. There we were, pacing the quarterdeck, disconsolately gazing at the poor little "Swift," which had been unrigged and dismantled in the morning, and now lay like a mournful wreck upon the brest of the calm and noble river. Oftentimes we looked out far a-head, watching every sail that made up towards us, for the news had just reached that the "Emma," from Sydney, with O'Dogherty and Martin on board, was hourly expected. At other times we turned our eyes to the shore, and found, in the passing to-and-fro of sailors, cabs, and waggon-loads, and a hundred other things, a pleasant relief from the monotony of our wooden walls.

The following day we received our instructions. I was directed to proceed next morning at half-past three o'clock, by coach, to Campbell Town—the principal town of the district which had been assigned me. M'Manus was to start at a later hour for New Norfolk. O'Donohoe was to leave in the course of the day, and take up his quarters in Hobart Town. O'Brien was to be ready to sail for Maria Island by seven o'clock.

This was Tuesday, the 30th of October. After nightfall, just as we had retired to our berths, the "Emma," dropped up the river and cast anchor close beside us.

Next morning, at three o'clock, the guard-boat came alongside the "Swift," and having wished good-bye to O'Brien, M'Manus, O'Donohoe, and the officer on watch, I got into it, and was soon on dry land once more. I arrived at the hotel as the coach was on the point of starting, and five minutes after was rattled away at a magnificent pace from the town; of which, owing to the darkness at the time, I saw little more than half a dozen lamp-lights, two or three constables, and the sentry-box at the Government House.

As the morning dawned, the fresh and beautiful features of the country gradually disclosed themselves. One by one they seemed to wake up, and, shaking off the dew and mist, scatter smiles and fragrance all along our road. There was the river breaking into sparkling life, and flowing cheerfully away, as if it had been pent up and worried all the night, and was glad to feel the warm sun once more. There were farm-houses, with cozy hay-ricks, close behind them, and fowls spreading out their wings, and, with many a light and nimble effort, shaking off their drowsiness. There was the green corn waving, and the grey clouds melting in the silver sunshine along the hills before us. There were handsome villas next, like those we had seen coming up the Derwent, with their gardens and verandas, and the blue smoke rising from their chimney tops. There was, by-and-bye, a waggon, painted blue and red, with its ponderous market-load, its fine team of horses, and a large white dog chained to the axle-tree of the hind wheels, rumbling past us, and leaving in the yellow dust broad deep tracks, and straws, behind it. There was, just a few yards a-head, a clean white turprike, and the keeper tumbling out to open it, with his woollen nightcap on, and his braces clattering at his heels. Then came carts, and cows, and shepherds, with their kangaroo-skin knapsacks on their backs, and the night coach, with the windows up, and a thick steam upon them, hindering the faintest sight of the cramped and stifled passengers within. At last, there was the heart of the country itself, with its beautiful hills, rising in long and shadowy tiers one above the other, and the brown foliage of its woods, and the blackened stumps of many a tough old tree, and mobs upon mobs of sheep, and the green parrots, and the wattle birds, and broad lagoons, and broader plains, and ten thousand things besides!

For a long, long time I was in raptures with my drive, and almost forgot I was hurrying away still further from my own poor country, and journeying amid the scenes of a land, in the fate of which I could take no interest—for the glory of which I could breathe no prayer.

About 3 o'clock I arrived in Campbell Town, and was set down at the hotel "where the coach dined," along with my portmanteau and hat-case. After dinner, I strolled out to inspect the institutions of the place, and make myself acquainted in a general way, with its various attractions and resources.

Twenty minutes rendered me fully conversant with the subject of my inquiry. A glance, indeed, was sufficient to inform me that this celebrated town consisted of one main street, with two or three dusty branches to the left; and, at right angles with these, a sort of Boulevard, in which the police-office, the lock-up, and the stocks are conveniently arranged.

The main street has one side to it only. The ribs of this side consist of four hotels; a warehouse; a board-and-lodging house, with Napoleon upon a green lamp, just as you go in; half a dozen private residences, furnished with a ground floor, and a back and front entrance; a jeweller's shop; butcher's stall; a sign post; and two sheds. Opposite to this line of edifices, and parallel with it, at an interval of fifty feet, runs a wooden paling, which, mid-way up the town, is broken by three cottages, a hay rick and the post-office. Aloof, at the uttermost extremity, in a straight line with the paling at the post-office, and the hay rick, stands the Established Church—a gaunt structure, compiled of bricks, with facing of white stone.

Having seen so much, I thought I might as well go to bed. To bed, then, I went, and dreamed all night of Eden. Not the Eden of the Scriptures, but that social and stirring Eden so agreeably described in the history of "Chuzzlewit."

(To be continued.)

GATHERINGS

MORAL CONDITION OF CANADA.

The condition, manners, habits, and pursuits of the Canadians of French origin, resemble, at the present time, many of the characteristics described by Governor Murray.

The manners of the women and children have nothing of the awkward bashfulness which prevails among the peasants of Scotland, nor the boorish rudeness of those of England. While we know, that each may be equally correct in heart, yet, we cannot help being pleased with the manners that smooth our journey; and often have we compared the easy obliging manners of the Canadian habitants with the rough—"What d'ye want" of the English boot; or, the wondering, "What's your will," of the Scotch couters.

In the village (St. Thomas) there is a handsome, though plain, stone church, said to contain near 3000 persons. We had the opportunity of being at this church on a Sunday. Nothing could be more pleasing than the scene which presented itself.

About ten o'clock the roads leading through this extensive parish, exhibited a decently dressed peasantry, clad chiefly in fabrics manufactured by themselves. A great multitude moved on, with a sober trot, in calèches, cabriolets, several on horse back, and others on foot; but no one disturbed the calm tenor of the day, further than casual converse between two or three. In church, if the most close and devout attention, during the whole service of mass, and the delivery of a short, practical, but not argumentative, sermon, which dwelt altogether on their moral conduct, without alluding to points of faith, be considered as general proofs of sincerity, and piety, the habitants of this parish have undeniable claims to these virtues. We believe there is little difference to be found, in this respect, among the other parishes. If there be, we have failed to discover it. And, admitting, as we have frequently heard, that they are religious by habit, and imitation rather than by conviction, no one, who has travelled among them can deny that they are sincere, amiable, charitable, honest and chaste.

Let us leave abstract points of Christian doctrine to theological disputants; but if we look for a more correct, or moral people than the Canadian habitants, we may search in vain. A Sabbath morning in the Scotch parishes, most remote from towns, bears the nearest resemblance to a Sunday before mass in Canada. The interval, however, between morning and evening service, differs, but not widely; for, in both countries, those who do not return to their houses, spend the time in conversing on local incidents, or in communicating what news is gathered during the week. But the evenings of Sunday are far more cheerfully spent than in Scotland: the people of the parish often meet in small groups, or at each other's houses, for the sake of talking, and on these occasions they sometimes indulge in dancing. We may always observe beings kneeling along the aisles, or beside the columns, with their faces towards the altar; and as we pass along, we hear the half smothered breathing of their devotions. At such a time, rather than during the pompous celebration of High Mass, few, we believe, have ever found themselves within the walls of a spacious Catholic Cathedral, that have not experienced a deeper feeling of reverence, and a more impressive consciousness of the presence of Omnipotence than is usually experienced within the temples of Protestantism. This we know is not philosophy—but it is nature.

To the Catholic priests of the present day in Canada, justice requires us to acknowledge that there is great merit due. Although, generally speaking, their education and attainments, do not, perhaps, exhibit the splendid points of acquirement in polite literature, and in the sciences, which distinguished the Jesuits, yet, they neither want intelligence, nor are they destitute of useful or classical learning. Many of them are eloquent preachers; and it is worthy of our consideration to know, that since the Catholic clergy have consisted nearly all of Canadians, born in the Province, and have themselves received their education in the colleges of Canada, they have directed their special attention to the instruction of youth.

They have been accused of silently opposing the establishing of schools, and the instruction of the Canadian youth, particularly in the English language. No charge can now be more unjust. Disputed points of faith do not belong to our province: and having known many of the Canadian Priests, truth and candour require us to declare, that they are pious and amiable; and not only watch carefully over the morals of their parishioners, but conduct themselves as individuals, and as a body, with praiseworthy correctness. They certainly never give any advice to others, that the example of their own conduct does not enforce.—Many of the schools have been established by the Curés.—*The Progress of America, from the discovery of Columbus to the year 1846, by John Magregor.*

MORAL CONDITION OF SCOTLAND.

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, lately held for the purpose of forming an association for suppressing drunkenness, Mr Pringle, of Whytebank stated that Scotland was the most drunken nation in Europe; that in proportion she consumed twice as much spirits as was done in "Popish Ireland;" that, with a population not equalling 3,000,000, she consumes annually 6,935,000 gallons of spirits (there is surely a plentitude of the "spirit" in that;) that in Edinburgh alone, on the Sabbaths, the consumption of spirits amounted to £100,000 per annum. Sheriff Allison, of Glasgow, at the same meeting, stated, that no former period in the annals of mankind could compare with the unexampled progress Scotland has made during the last thirty years in serious crimes; that in Glasgow alone, which comprises a population of about 380,000, spirits to the value of no less than £1,200,000 was annually consumed—that is 36 bottles of whiskey to every individual in the city, including the infant at the breast—more than twice the whole poor rates of Scotland; that the goal was continually kept filled with from 700 to 800 prisoners. Again, William Logan, in his "Moral Statistics of Glasgow," shows that the number living directly on the wages of prostitution in Glasgow alone, is 3,600!—that the number of weekly visits to the Glasgow brothels is 36,000—and that the total amount expended annually in Glasgow alone in prostitution, is £514,800! Such is the rich harvest of immorality, not only in Scotland, but, as Laing, in his "Notes of a Traveller," shows, in

all the northern countries of Europe where Protestantism prevails; whilst the testimony he bears to the morality of the people, and particularly the women of Catholic Ireland, is creditable to their religion and country.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

REIGN OF TERROR UNDER CALVIN.

In perusing this politico-religious code, one imagines himself reading fragments of the laws of some savage tribe, discovered after the lapse of several thousand years. Idolatry and blasphemy are capital crimes, punished by death. There is but one word heard or read: DEATH.—Death to every one guilty of high treason against God.—Death to every one guilty of high treason against the state.—Death to the son that strikes or curses his father.—Death to the adulterer.—Death to heretics. And, with sanguinary irony, the name of God incessantly drops from the lips of the legislator. It is ever that same coldly cruel soul, which, at a later period, will exhort the princes of England to put the Catholics to death.

During the space of twenty years, commencing from the date of Calvin's recall, the history of Geneva is a burgher drama, in which pity, dread, terror, indignation and tears, by turns, appear to seize upon the soul. At each step, we encounter chains, thongs, a stake, pincers, melted pitch, fire and sulphur. And throughout the whole, there is blood. One imagines himself in that doleful city of Dante, where sighs, groans and lamentations continually resound.

Quivi sospiri, pianti, et alti guai
Risonavan l'aer senza stelle.

After the lapse of three centuries, at length a cry of reprobation bursts forth from a Genevese breast, and in a writing, printed at Geneva, by a Protestant, we can read this energetic sentence:

"Calvin overturned every thing that was good or honourable to humanity in the reformation of the Genevese, and established the reign of the most ferocious intolerance, of the most gross superstitions, of the most iniquitous dogmas."—Galiffe, *Notices généalogiques*, t. III, p. 21.

Woe now, to the man who should say that he is impelled by the Holy Ghost to preach a word different from that of Calvin; the hierophant is there, ready to seize the audacious man, and he will put him in irons or cast him into the fire, if he consent not to retract. Colladon will put him to the torture, and give him, as he did Goulaz, "a strappado" with the rope, if he will not confess; and order him to be shorn for using enchantments; and have him proceeded against by all manner of justice, till the pure truth be known." (22 janvier, 1543. Reg. de la ville.) "and," adds M. Galiffe, "after the confession shall have been obtained, subject him anew to the torture, to the end that something else may be learned."—Not. Général. Article Colladon, p. 566, l. 11.

Sometimes a wretch, worn out by sufferings, after having in vain cried for mercy to Colladon and his acolyte, the executioner, who, on the next day, were to resume their office, addressed himself to God, imploring him to terminate his life; but soon he learned that God had not heard him; then he fell into despair, and requested to see Calvin. And Calvin entered the dungeon, and wrote to Bullinger: "I am able to assure you that they have acted very humanely towards the guilty; they hoist him up on the stake, and cause him to lose the earth by suspending him from the two arms."—A. Bullinger.—*Manusc. gen.*

We shall shortly behold a Spaniard, guilty of blasphemies against the Trinity uttered in France, ask of Calvin, not some bread and water, but a shirt, as a change for the one on his body, and which the vermin are devouring, and Calvin will answer: No.

Most of the patients subjected to the torture, "on recommendation of M. Colladon," as we read in the registers of the city, acknowledged the real or false crimes, of which they were accused, and passed from the fiery chamber to their punishment.

These torments and punishments had affected all hearts at Geneva: but they wiped away their tears; for, had they wept, they would have been denounced to Calvin. Some verses were put into circulation, in which the judges and executioner were devoted to the wrath of God. The police seized upon them, and noted in them several infernal heresies. Three citizens, suspected of occupying themselves with religious poetry, were cast into prison. Colladon, who had tortured them, according to his custom, concluded that they should suffer "the pain of death." But the poets did not die; they were condemned to make the *amende honorable*, with torch in hand, and to cast their heterodox inspirations into the flames.

Colladon, who did not believe that God, in his mercy, wished to save sinners, treated his prisoners as so many damned souls. If they refused to confess their crime, he said: the finger of Satan is here; and he had the criminal shorn, and again subjected him to the torture, persuaded that the devil was concealed in the hair of the sufferer.

Do not fear that Calvin will cry mercy, in behalf of the victim. If he descend into the lion's den, called the question chamber, it is not in order to say to the executioner: enough! but coldly to write to Bullinger: "I should never have done, were I to refute all the idle stories which are circulated in my regard." They say that unhappy persons have been forced to confess, under the torture, crimes, which, afterwards, they disavowed. There are four of them, it is true, who, at the moment of dying, changed some trifling things in their first avowals; but that torments constrained them to lie to God, this is not so." Do you recognize the student of Noyon, who, by the dead body of his child, wrote to his friend:—Do come, we shall chat together?—*Audin's Life of Calvin.*

TREATMENT OF AN EVANGELICAL WITNESS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

On the day in which he was brought to the bar, Westminster Hall was crowded with spectators, among whom were many Roman Catholics, eager to see the misery and humiliation of their persecutor. A few years earlier, his short neck, his legs uneven as those of a badger, his forehead low as that of a baboon; his purple cheeks, and his monstrous length of chin, had been familiar to all who frequented the courts of law. He had then been the idol of the nation. Wherever he had appeared, men had uncovered their heads to him. The lives and estates of the magnates of the realm had been at his mercy. Times had now changed; and many, who had formerly regarded him as the deliverer of his country,

shuddered at the sight of those hideous features on which villainy seemed to be written by the hand of God.

It was proved, beyond all possibility of doubt; that this man had, by false testimony, deliberately murdered several guiltless persons. He called in vain on the most eminent members of the Parliaments which had rewarded and extolled him to give evidence in his favour. Some of those whom he had summoned absented themselves. None of them said any thing tending to his vindication. One of them, the Earl of Huntingdon, bitterly reproached him with having deceived the houses, and drawn on them the guilt of shedding innocent blood. The judges brow-beat and reviled the prisoner with an intemperance which, even in the most atrocious cases, ill becomes the judicial character. He betrayed, however, no sign of fear or of shame, and faced the storm of invective which burst upon him from bar, bench, and witness box with the insolence of despair. He was convicted on both indictments. His offence, though, in a moral light, murder of the most aggravated kind, was, in the eye of the law, merely a misdemeanour. The tribunal, however, was desirous to make his punishment more severe than that of felons or traitors, and not merely to put him to death, but to put him to death by frightful torments. He was sentenced to be stripped of his clerical habit, to be pilloried in Palace Yard, to be led round Westminster Hall with an inscription declaring his infamy over his head, to be pilloried again in front of the Royal Exchange, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and, after an interval of two days, to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. If, against all probability, he should happen to survive this horrible infliction, he was to be kept a close prisoner during life. Five times every year he was to be brought forth from his dungeon and exposed on the pillory in different parts of the capital.

This rigorous sentence was rigorously executed. On the day on which Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard, he was mercilessly pelted, and ran some risk of being pulled in pieces; but in the city his partisans mustered in great force, raised a riot, and upset the pillory. They were, however, unable to rescue their favourite. It was supposed that he would try to escape the horrible doom which awaited him by swallowing poison. All that he ate and drank was therefore carefully inspected. On the following morning he was brought forth to undergo his first flogging. At an early hour an innumerable multitude filled all the streets from Aldgate to the Old Bailey. The hangman laid on the lash with such unusual severity as showed that he had received special instructions. The blood ran down in rivulets. For a time the criminal showed a strange constancy; but at last his stubborn fortitude gave way. His howlings were frightful to hear. He swooned several times; but the scourge still continued to descend. When he was unbound, it seemed that he had borne as much as the human frame can bear without dissolution. James was entreated to remit the second flogging. His answer was short and clear. "He shall go through with it, if he has breath in his body." An attempt was made to obtain the queen's intercession, but she indignantly refused to say a word in favour of such a wretch. After an interval of only forty-eight hours, Oates was again brought out of his dungeon. He was unable to stand, and it was necessary to drag him to Tyburn on a sledge. He seemed quite insensible, and the Tories reported that he had stupefied himself with strong drink. A person who counted the stripes on the second day said that they were seventeen hundred. The bad man escaped with life, but so narrowly that his ignorant and bigoted admirers thought his recovery miraculous, and appealed to it as a proof of his innocence. The doors of the prison closed upon him. During many months he remained ironed in the darkest hole of Newgate. It was said that in his cell he gave himself up to melancholy, and sat whole days uttering deep groans, his arms folded, and his hat pulled over his eyes. It was not in England alone that these events excited strong interest. Millions of Roman Catholics, who knew nothing of our institutions or of our factions, had heard that a persecution of singular barbarity had raged in our island against the professors of the true faith, that many pious men had suffered martyrdom, and that Titus Oates had been the chief murderer. There was, therefore, great joy in distant countries when it was known that the divine justice had overtaken him. Engravings of him, looking out from the pillory, and writhing at the cart's tail, were circulated all over Europe; and epigrammatists, in many languages, made merry with the doctoral title which he pretended to have received from the University of Salamanca, and remarked that since his forehead could not be made to blush, it was but reasonable that his back should do so.—*Macaulay's History of England.*

SETTLING A KING MAN-OF-WAR FASHION.

One of her Majesty's ships, while cruising on the African station was ordered to proceed to the Camaroon river, and deliver the presents to King Bell and Aqua, in fulfilment of a treaty entered into with these sovereigns by the British Government for the suppression of the slave trade; and, on the morning after her arrival, at daylight, was surrounded by a number of war canoes, with fifty men each, one division having King Bell and his chiefs on board, another division the eldest son of the late King Aqua (who had died since the delivery of the former presents,) and the other division, the youngest son of the late King, who had deposed his eldest brother, and assumed the sovereignty. The Captain declined receiving them on board till eight o'clock, when the colours were hoisted and a guard of marines ready to receive them, the officers wearing their sword and cocked hats. King Bell was the first to come on board, accompanied by his favo-

rite wife and twelve of his chiefs; he was dressed in the full dress of a mail-coach guard, with a petticoat instead of trousers; next was the eldest son of old Aqua, wearing an English general's full-dress coat and epaulettes, no breeches, nor any substitute for them; last came Tim Aqua, the younger brother; he wore the full dress of a general officer, and was decently clad in a pair of white duck trousers and ankle boots, also a white beaver hat, with a blue silk ban; and on it in letters of gold "King Aqua." The English resident at Bell Town also came on board, and represented to the captain that, in consequence of Tim having assumed the sovereignty, the trade of Aqua was stopped, much to the injury of the Liverpool merchants, whose agent he was, and requested the captain would use what authority he possessed to place the rightful heir in his proper position, and prevent Tim Aqua from taking upon himself the rank of his late father. A palaver was immediately held on the quarter-deck, King Bell and the Aqua chiefs examined, when it was proved to the satisfaction of the captain that the prince without the breeches was the eldest son of the late King, and consequently the rightful heir to the throne. The master-at-arms was ordered to dispossess Tim of his emblem of sovereignty, by removing the blue band from his white hat; this ceremony appeared excessively disgusting to Tim Aqua, but having no power to resist, he quietly acquiesced and became a subject. The elder brother was then required to enter into the same treaty as his father had done, and sign the same in presence of the several witnesses, which having done, he was desired to go on his knees, and the captain, drawing his sword, gave him the flat side between his shoulders, saying, "In the name of Victoria, Queen of England, I acknowledge you King of the Aqua country." At the conclusion of the ceremony the marines presented arms, the chiefs cheered, and King Aqua was congratulated on being established on the throne of his forefathers. The younger brother, Tim, asked the captain what he intended doing with him; he was told, "If he would take the oath of allegiance to the King, his brother, and swear to serve him truly and honestly as his lawful Sovereign, and render all and every assistance in his power to British subjects trading to the Aqua country, he would be created Prince Royal." This Tim Aqua rather reluctantly agreed to, and having signed the necessary document in the presence of the former witnesses, he was desired to kneel, when the same ceremony was gone through as with the King, excepting the captain saying, "In the name of Victoria, Queen of England, I create you Prince Royal of the Aqua country." The presents were then delivered to Kings Bell and Aqua, consisting of, to each sovereign, one puncheon of rum, twenty barrels of gunpowder, sixty muskets, twenty bales of blue cotton cloth, and a general's uniform, coat and epaulettes, with a handsome sabre in a gold-mounted velvet scabbard. King Aqua generously offered one half the presents he received to his brother Tim, now Prince Royal, no doubt fearing that if he had not done so, that when they reached the shore Tim might dispossess him of the whole. This division, except the rum and gunpowder, took place on the quarter deck; and when the tin case, containing the general's coat and epaulettes, was opened, the Prince Royal proposed to divide the coat by cutting it down the centre of the back, and the King to have one epaulette and himself the other. The King without the breeches appealed to the captain to prevent such an outrage. He decided that the coat and epaulettes was the insignia of sovereignty appointed by the British Government to decorate the body of the lawful King, at the same time strongly impressing on the mind of his Majesty that when he wore the coat and epaulettes, he ought, out of respect to her Majesty and the British Government, always to put on a pair of breeches. Thus, in an hour, was one King deposed, another established, and the dynasty of an empire settled, without bloodshed, by the captain of a British man-of-war.

This being Sunday, I heard, about 7 o'clock in the morning, a sort of jangling, made by a bell or two in the Cathedral. We were getting ready to be off, to cross the country to Burghclere, which lies under the lofty hills at Highclere, about 22 miles from this city; but hearing the bells of the cathedral, I took Richard to show him that ancient and most magnificent pile, and particularly to show him the tomb of that famous bishop of Winchester, William of Wykham; who was the Chancellor and the Minister of the great and glorious King, Edward III.; who sprang from poor parents in the little village of Wykham, three miles from Botley; and who, amongst other great and most munificent deeds, founded the famous College, or School, of Winchester, and also one of the Colleges at Oxford. I told Richard about this as we went from the inn down to the cathedral; and, when I showed him the tomb, where the bishop lies on his back, in his Catholic robes, with his mitre on his head, his shepherd's crook by his side, with little children at his feet, their hands put together in a praying attitude, he looked with a degree of inquisitive earnestness that pleased me very much. I took him as far as I could about the cathedral. The "service" was now begun. There is a *dean*, and God knows how many *prebends*, belonging to this *immensely rich* bishopric; and chapter: and there were, at this "service," two or three men and five or six boys in white surplices, with a congregation of *fifteen women and four men!* Gracious God! if William of Wykham could, at that moment, have raised from his tomb! If Saint Swithin, whose name the cathedral bears, or Alfred the Great, to whom St. Swithin was tutor: if either of these could have come, and had been told, that that was now what was carried on by men, who talked of the "damnable errors" of those who founded that very church! But, it beggars one's feelings to attempt to find words whereby to express

them upon such a subject and such an occasion. How, then, am I to describe what I felt, when I yesterday saw in Hyde Meadow, a country bride well, standing on the very spot, where stood the Abbey which was founded and endowed by Alfred, which contained the bones of that maker of the English name, and also those of the learned monk, St. Grimbold, whom Alfred brought to England to begin the teaching at Oxford!

After we came out of the cathedral, Richard said, "Why, Papa, nobody can build such places now, can they?" "No, my dear," said I. "That building was made when there were no poor wretches in England, called paupers; when there were no poor-rates; when every labouring man was clothed in good woolen cloth; and when all had a plenty of meat and bread and beer."—*Cobbett's Rural Rides.*

PROGRESS OF REPUBLICANISM.

[From *The News of the World, London, July 28.*]

France is at this moment in the enjoyment of a pure Republic. Its President has been elected by millions of votes; its House of Commons is the creation of universal suffrage; and so far is it from having a House of Lords, that even all its titles of peerage are abolished. Its people are citizens; it is the great Republic of Europe: are its people free? Do they exercise the same privileges, and enjoy the same rights, as the English, who are presided over by a female Sovereign, and for whom laws are made by an hereditary peerage, and a House of Commons that is but nominated by certain classes in the community?

Further reforms are required in England; a wider basis must be given to the suffrage; and, beyond all other things, it is requisite that there should be a re-distribution of the electoral districts; the burdens of taxation are not properly apportioned; and it may be even said, that England is ruled for, by, and through an oligarchy. England is far from being in that position in which a thorough and true popular Government would place her; but still she can boast that she is not like to France—a Republic.

France has given several awful, and, if men were wise, very useful lessons to the world; and none more full of practical instruction than at the present moment, when there are to be found at some of our public meetings obscure and ignorant persons to descend upon the beauties of a Republican form of Government, as if "a Republican form of Government" were synonymous with "the freedom, the happiness, and the enlarged rights of the great masses of the population." France demonstrates to such brawlers that a nation may call itself "a Republic," and yet a people be in a condition of absolute slavery and utter degradation, as the French are at this moment.

The revolutions in France have all begun with a pretext—the greater freedom of the press. The present Republic is the handwork of journalists who wished for greater freedom. How has the Republic repaid them? As Louis Philippe replaced the censorship by his Fieschi laws, the Republic has aggravated his Fieschi laws by an act which surpasses in its tyranny anything that ever yet was attempted against authors or political writers. Every person writing in a newspaper is compelled to affix his signature, whether the subject he discusses has reference to the politics of the day, to political economy in its widest extent, or to matters in which individuals may be concerned. If he writes what is merely an imaginary sketch—a tale, a romance, or a piece of poetry—that which constitutes the *feuilleton* in French newspapers—an additional stamp duty is imposed upon that—all sorts of publications, in a newspaper or pamphlet form, are to pay stamp duty, and subjected to the same regulations. In fact the expression of thought is taxed as if it were a luxury, or mulcted as if it were a crime.

A Republic has done this, not to increase the revenue, but for the avowed purpose of depriving France of the protection of the press. This is the doing of a Republic. It is well that men should ponder on this fact; and as they do so to bear in mind, that those they may hear talk of being admirers of a Republic can thereby only mean that they are tyrants in their hearts, and that what they aim at is not greater liberty and happiness of mankind, but their own base, sordid, and selfish profit.

[From the *Boston Pilot.*]

We learn from the *Racine Advocate*, that the filthy monster, Leahy, was mobbed at that city. We are sorry if it be true, because we cannot defend a mob in any case, no matter how good the cause may be. The best course to pursue with reference to such fellows as Leahy, would be, to prosecute for obscenity. Give him that reception in every town, and he will go to New-York, by and by, and show himself to the long-eared gentry, under the auspices of a committee of arrangements, made up of codfish aristocracy, thieves and Orangemen.—[We believe this Leahy, here skuded to, to be an apostate monk.—Ed. of T. W.]

SUSSEX.—DISCOVERY OF FRESCOS IN STEDHAM CHURCH.—The workmen at present engaged in pulling down this venerable church, prior to the erection of a new one, have discovered some beautiful frescoes, and which are now laid open. The subjects are admirably executed, and occupy the entire north wall of the nave of the church. One of them represents the Virgin Mary, with Christ by her side, His hands and feet pierced, and supplicants imploring the Virgin to intercede for them. Another, St. Christopher carrying Christ over the river Jordan. The figure of St. Christopher is very large, reaching almost from the base to the top of the wall, and the coloring of his dress and shield are in good preservation. Another is supposed to be the Day of Judgment. W. D. Willis, of Elsted Rectory, as well as

several other members of the Archaeological Society, have inspected the frescoes. As several sketches have been taken of these frescoes, we are not without hope that eventually the public may be presented with a sight of their fac-similes.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

[Compiled expressly for this Journal.]

MONTREAL, 15th August, 1850.

Our Market for all descriptions of Breadstuffs, is dull. The local demand is trifling; and scarcity of shipping would prevent any amount of business being done for export, even if there were any other inducement.

FLOUR.—The best description of fresh, No. 1, is held for 22s. Secondary descriptions are to be had at 21s. 3d. a 21s. 6d. No. 2 and fine are scarce: the former worth 20s. 6d. a 21s., the latter 19s. Sour 18s. 6d. a 19s. per brl.

WHEAT.—No sales. No Upper Canada offering. Lower Canada red worth 4s. 6d. per 63 lbs.

PEASE.—Held for 2s. 9d. per minot.

INDIAN CORN.—Held for 2s. 10d. per 56 lbs.

OATMEAL.—Very scarce. Good quality would command 20s. per 224 lbs.

PROVISIONS.—Pork, little doing. Mess \$13 a \$13½. Prime Mess \$11 a \$11½. Prime \$10 a \$10½.

BUTTER.—Very little here at present. No. 1, 7d. per lb.; No. 2, 6d.

ASHES.—Pots were to be bought yesterday forenoon, at 35s., and Pearls 31s. 6d. Owing to English advices, telegraphed per Niagara, Pots have advanced 6d., 36s. per cwt., and Pearls are worth 32s.

FREIGHTS.—The last engagement for Flour, was 3s. per brl. to Liverpool. Ashes are 30s. per ton measurement. There is very little unengaged Tonnage now.

BONSECOURS SCHOOL.

THE re-opening of the BONSECOURS SCHOOL will take place MONDAY, the 2nd SEPTEMBER. August 15th, 1850.



MONTREAL HIBERNIAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

THE QUARTERLY MEETING of the above Society, will be held at their Rooms, corner of HAY MARKET SQUARE and BONAVENTURE STREET, on MONDAY EVENING next, the 19th instant. L. MOORE, Secretary.

August 15, 1850.

THE Undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the Public, that he still continues at the Old Stand,—

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JOHN FITZPATRICK.

August 16, 1850.

CATHOLIC WORKS.

JOHN MCCOY has on hand the following STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS:—

Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week, as performed in the Papal Chapels, delivered in Rome, in the Lent of 1837, by Nicholas Wiseman, D. D.

A Reply to the Rev. Dr. Turton's "Roman Catholic Doctrine of the Eucharist Considered: Philanthropic Cantabrigiensis; The British Critic, and the Church of England Quarterly Review:—by N. Wiseman.

Symbolism; or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings, by Jno. A. Mochler, D. D., 2 vols.

The History of the Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Foundress and first Superior of the Order of the Visitation; collected from original documents and authentic records, by the Revd. William Henry Coombes, D. D., 2 vols.

History of the Reformation in Germany, by Leopold Ranke, translated by Sarah Austin, 2 vols.

The Lives of the Saints; compiled from original Monuments, and other authentic records, by the Rev. Alban Butler, 12 vols. bound in 4, Turkey Morocco.

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August 15, 1850.

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14th August, 1850.

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Director and Proc. Gen. C. C.

Chambly, Aug. 14th, 1850.

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14th August, 1850.

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OF JOHN MITCHELL, a native of Ireland, County of Galway, Parish of Portumna, who left for New York about nineteen years ago, and was last heard of in Montreal, Canada.—Any information will be thankfully received, by his Sister, if directed to Catherine Mitchell, Buffalo, N. Y.

Printed by JOHN GILLIES, for the Proprietors.—GEORGE E. CLERR, Editor.