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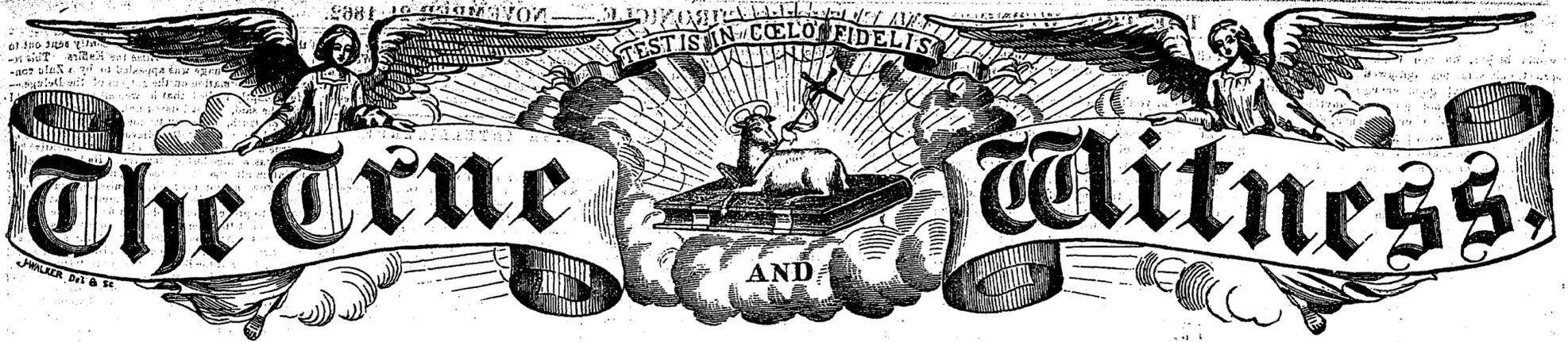
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE FATE OF FATHER SHEEHY.
A TALE OF TIPPERARY EIGHTY YEARS AGO.
(From the New York Tablet.)
BY MRS. J. SADLER.

Would that 'the fate of Father Sheehy' were only a legend—apocryphal, dim and uncertain—but alas! it stands recorded on the page of history, and is inscribed, in characters of blood on the hearts of the Catholic people of Ireland. It is one of the darkest and most revolting pages in the annals of any nation, and its memory hangs—a fearful shadow—over the hills and vales of Tipperary. The terrible struggle for and against Protestant ascendancy has long since ended, and the national religion—the religion which Nicholas Sheehy loved and practised, and for which he died—is again free to carry out its beneficent designs amongst the children of the soil; the lawless doings of the poor, misguided Whiteboys, and the still more outrageous violence and persecution of their enemies—their ferocious and unrelenting oppressors, have long been transferred from the stage of life to the historic page; but the doom of Father Sheehy—his noble resistance of oppression—his generous defence of the rights of his poor, harassed, starving people—his genuine, unostentatious piety, and, more than all, his unmerited sufferings and ignominious death, are still remembered with intense affection by the descendants of those amongst whom he labored, and for whom he died. Dear to the heart of the Tipperary peasant is the memory of this devoted priest, and may we not suppose that it has often steeled that heart and nerved many a strong arm with yet greater strength when wreaking vengeance on the oppressors of his race. Vengeance is never justifiable, never to be excused, but it is at times extenuated in some degree by circumstances.

Father Sheehy was just such a man as the Irish—the Celtic heart most loves—warm, generous, and utterly unselfish—sympathising with the oppressed wherever found, and fearless in denouncing the oppressor; the whole beautiful framework of his character adorned and enlivened by fervent piety, and the genial, heaven-born flame of charity. His very faults endeared him more to the people by whom he was surrounded, and to their posterity in our own day; for they, indeed, 'lean'd to virtue's side,' and sprang, to some extent, from his real virtues.—He was rash, and, it might be, reckless in exposing himself to danger—guileless he was and unsuspecting, and, therefore, incautiously regardless of the plans and plots of his powerful enemies. Had he possessed greater discernment of character, and practised even ordinary caution, he might have escaped, at least with life. And yet when we come to consider the all but omnipotent power of his enemies, their ferocious hatred of the old faith and its ministers, and the unhappy state of the country at the period in question, we must conclude that nothing short of a miracle could have saved the ill-fated priest.

Father Sheehy was born at Fethard, in the county Tipperary. His parents were in easy circumstances, and connected with several of the most respectable Catholic families of the county. While yet in his early childhood, Nicholas was sent to France for his education, it being then a capital crime in those Penal Days for a Catholic gentleman to employ such teachers at home as he could alone entrust with his son's tuition. Catholic education was forbidden under the most severe penalties, so that the gentry, who alone had the means of doing so, were reduced to the necessity of sending their sons to Louvain or St. Omers, Salamanca or Valladolid. Of that time well might Davis sing:

"Oh! weep those days, the Penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complain'd.
Oh weep those days, the Penal days,
When Godless persecution reign'd;
When, year by year,
For serf and peer,
Fresh cruelties were made by law,
And fill'd with hate,
Our senate state
To weld anew each fetter's flaw."

Nicholas Sheehy early manifested a desire to embrace the priestly state, and while still young was admitted to Holy Orders. Alas! little dreamed the prelate who anointed his head with the consecrated oil that it was one day to be severed from its trunk by a public execution, and to moulder away, on the summit of a pole, a spectacle of joy and exultation to the arch-enemies of the ascendancy. And just as little thought the sanguine, light-hearted youth that he was destined to fall beneath the sword of justice.—But what do I say?—justice! no—let me not so far prostitute that sacred word as to apply it to the fell practices, the nefarious arts of which he was the victim. None, in a word, could have foreseen Nicholas Sheehy's end on the day of his ordination, when he stood before the altar in the vigor and the bloom of youth, his fine oval face beaming with the consciousness of that mental power which he was, then devoting to the ser-

vice of his Maker—his young heart glowing with the love of God, and with charity towards all mankind. Yet had any one been able to draw aside at the moment the veil which overhung futurity, in all probability the new-made priest would not have shrunk from contemplating his fate—his martyrdom.

It was only a limited, and very small number of priests who were allowed to exercise their priestly functions, and as they were altogether insufficient for the spiritual wants of the people, hundreds of zealous young priests continually braved the terrors of death and torture to bestow on the poor, suffering Catholics the consolation of religion. Of this number was Father Sheehy, at least for several years after his ordination, during which time he had been repeatedly 'caught in the act,' that is to say, administering the sacraments or saying Mass, or, perchance, instructing the people in the doctrines of their religion. He had been arrested each time and formally tried, but, by some means or other, had as often escaped conviction. He was subsequently appointed to a parish by his bishop, to the great delight of his parishioners, to whom he had already endeared himself by his firm assertion of their rights on every occasion. He was ever the friend of the oppressed, and the bountiful benefactor of the poor to the full extent of his limited means, and as gratitude is a prominent trait in the genuine, unsophisticated Irish heart, it was no wonder that Father Sheehy wielded a powerful influence over the surrounding peasantry.

But unfortunately for himself the same qualities that made him so dear to the poor, persecuted Catholics excited in a corresponding degree the hatred of their oppressors, the rabid Orange magistrates and landowners of the county. These men, amongst whom were numbered, to their shame be it said, several ministers of the church, by law established, were banded together in an unholy league for the avowed purpose of maintaining the Protestant Ascendancy, and forcing their unhappy tenants to pay the exorbitant rent they chose to demand, together with tithes, church-rates, 'minister's money,' and various other assessments imposed on the people for the support of the English Church in Ireland. All these were wrung from a starving peasantry—the Catholic gentry were awed into silence by the fearful enactments of the Penal Code, still in operation, and, if perchance, any one of them manifested the slightest desire to assist his oppressed brethren, it was forthwith construed into 'a treasonable act.'

Goaded to madness by their accumulated wrongs and sufferings, the people began to associate secretly for purposes of self-defence, and also (we cannot deny it) for revenge. It was their only resource—so they believed—there was for them neither law nor justice—they were starving—trampled on and outraged in every possible and impossible way, and they sternly banded themselves together, resolved to make common cause against the common enemy. Had it not been for the exertions of the Catholic priesthood, there is little doubt but the whole country would have become one scene of anarchy and bloodshed, for the people were athirst for vengeance, and conscious that from their rulers they had nothing to hope. Yet these very priests were accused of fomenting rebellion. They were hunted from place to place, and when caught, treated as the vilest criminals, in many cases put to an ignominious death.

Father Sheehy, then, had long been both feared and detested by the Orange Magistracy of the day. He was looked upon as a troublesome man, a dangerous man, because he feared not to advocate the cause of the poor, and because his character for high-souled generosity and unselfish devotion endeared him to all the country for miles and miles around. Many an attempt had been made, as I have already shown, to get him out of the way, but Heaven had so far preserved him from the machinations of his enemies. Things were in this position when the Earl of Drogheda was sent down to the South to command of a large force, and established his head-quarters in a place that has since become famous on another account, for

"'Twas in the town of nate Ologheen,
Where Sergeant Snap met Paddy Oarey,"

that the warlike head of the house of Moore ensconced himself for the purpose of watching the Whiteboys.

On the very night after Lord Drogheda's arrival at Ologheen, when the tired soldiers were fast asleep, and even the sentries as they paced their rounds could scarcely keep their eyes open—when the silence of midnight reigned unbroken in the gloom of a moonless night, wild, reckless men were gathering in the neighborhood of the village, each group and individual as they met exchanging the password of the night, and greeting each other with the secret grasp of sworn brotherhood. And why this midnight assemblage?—why the low, hoarse threats that were echoed from mouth to mouth, and the stern

expression that might be seen even through the gloom of night on every lowering brow? Oh! there was little need to ask, for the terrible white shirts, and the blackened faces, and the murderous weapons—guns and pistols, scythes and pitchforks—all denoted a fearful purpose—and that purpose was a night-attack on the newly-arrived British troops.

Some hundreds of men were assembled, evidently of the very lowest classes, judging by their language and deportment. They already far outnumbered the soldiers within the town, and still their number was increasing, little straggling parties of two and three and four dropping in at every moment. In the fierce excitement of the hour, and the increasing consciousness of strength and power, men began to lose their caution, and threats loud and deep were heard on every side.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried one gigantic peasant as he brandished a huge pitchfork, "we'll burn the town to ashes or we'll ferret the red-coats out of their holes. If they haven't put their heads in the noose this very day my name's not Darby Mullin! Come on, boys! we haven't a minute to lose; there's work enough for us afore mornin'."

Before a foot had moved in obedience to this order (for Darby was a man high in authority amongst the Whiteboys) a hand was laid on the speaker's arm, and a deep voice spoke close to his side 'Darby Mullin, wntther would you go?—what is your purpose?'

Darby started as though stung by an adder.—'Why, God bless my soul, Father Doyle, is it you I have here? How did you get so near me? How did you get in, at all, without the white shirt or the black face?'

'Oh! as to that,' replied the priest, 'the men seemed all to recognize me as I passed through the crowd, notwithstanding the darkness. But I ask you again, what is your purpose?'

'Why, then, that I mayn't do an ill turn, your reverence, but we're goin to do a civil thing,' returned the man evasively.

'But what is it?' persisted the priest who knew all too well that some desperate object was in view.

'Nothin in the world wide, your reverence, only to pay Shaun Meskill's respects to the general in the town beyant, and to give him and his men the welcome they deserve from us. That's all, Father Doyle, as I'm a livin man this blessed night.'

Blessed night! repeated the priest sorrowfully. 'Ah, my children, my brethren,' he went on in a subdued but most impressive tone, 'you may thank God that I discovered your intention in time to prevent its execution, for I know you will not go against my bidding, when I tell you to return to your homes. Alas! what a change has been wrought in you by suffering and oppression when you could deliberately steal on sleeping men—even though they were your greatest enemies—and murder them in cold blood! I know you might easily overcome these troops, with your superiority of numbers, your weapons and your sternness of purpose, taking them, moreover, unawares—but then you could not, or would not stop there. Your passions once aroused a fearful massacre would follow, and many of yourselves would lose your lives, whilst all who survived would be branded on heart and brow as murderers—the jails throughout the country would be filled to overflowing with doomed wretches, and your enemies would rejoice in your having exterminated yourselves beyond forgiveness. No, my poor fellows! do not this foul thing. Stain not your souls with this heinous crime, which, so far from amending your condition, would but make it an hundred times worse. Be advised by me and return to your homes.—To-morrow you will rejoice for having obeyed me.'

A murmur of dissatisfaction ran through the crowd.

'Ay! that's always how it is!' growled Darby, who evidently spoke the feelings of his comrades; 'they'll never let us have our own way; if they did, it's altered times we'd have, for we'd drive the red-coats and the rascally landlords, and the parsons and the proctors into the say. I tell you, Father Doyle, we'll not be said by you this time!'

'But I command you as a priest of the Lord not to commit this black, cowardly crime!'

'Ay,' shouted more than one hoarse voice, as if the speakers were glad to catch hold of any feasible excuse for evading the obnoxious command; 'ay, but you're not our priest—there's none of the Ardinnan boys here the night, and Father Sheehy, long life to him, isn't to the fore to prevent us. And maybe if he was atself he wouldn't say again us.'

'I tell you,' replied the priest, 'I left Father Sheehy not half an hour since—he is somewhat indisposed or he would have been with me here, but it was he who informed me of your intentions and begged me to hasten hither. Thank God! he fervently added; 'thank God, I am not too late.'

Meanwhile the crowd had been thickening more and more, and, whether by accident or design, had moved considerably nearer the town. Thus the priest saw, and placing himself on the road right in front of the ringleaders, he extended his arms towards the people, his back being turned towards the village.

'Once more I command you,' he cried with thrilling solemnity, 'and adjure you by the love you bear country and your religion, to turn back while yet your hands are unstained with blood. Do what you propose to do and the curse of God shall fall heavily on you and yours; do my bidding, and you will have my blessing and the blessing of God!'

A backward motion of the crowd was suddenly perceptible. Wild and lawless as the poor fellows were, there was not one who did not shrink from the dread alternative proposed by the priest, that of disobeying him and incurring God's anger. For a moment there was a sullen murmur of disapprobation; then grumbling voices were heard reproaching the priest with having come between them and revenge. But Father Doyle saw that he had gained his point and silently awaited the result. Very soon the crowd began to diminish—white shirts were seen through the darkness straggling over the common in all directions, and in half an hour from his appearance amongst the Whiteboys, Father Doyle stood alone on the midnight waste, with hands clasped and head bowed down, and tears streaming from his aged eyes.

'Thanks be to Thee, O God!' he murmured, 'thanks that Thou hast permitted me to save these poor unhappy men from the commission of a crime which would only render their miserable existence more wretched still. When, O my God! when wilt Thou vouchsafe to lighten their heavy load? When shall their faithfulness be rewarded and their temptations become less grievous? how long are they still to suffer—how long, O Lord! how long? And then the old man slowly turned and retraced his steps to the house where he had left Father Sheehy in bed.

When Father Doyle related the foregoing scene, his brother priest raised himself quickly on his arm. 'Well, I am thankful to God and to you,' he said, 'that you have succeeded—and yet—and yet if ever men were warranted in taking the law into their own hands, it would be these very men! I declare to you, friend,' he added warmly, 'I can hardly blame them, for I believe they have shown more forbearance than any people ever did before under the same circumstances. From my heart I pity them, and I would willingly lay down my life to better their condition.'

'Nobody doubts it, man, nobody doubts it,' returned Father Doyle with a good-humored smile. 'But now,' he added, 'you must lie down and be still. I'll go and look for a bed in some other part of the house. Good night, and God bless you.'

A few days after, on a raw cold evening, as the rector of the parish, the Rev. John Hewitson by name, reclined luxuriously in an easy chair before his parlor fire, sipping occasionally the contents of a beautiful silver tankard which stood on a small table at his right hand, his burly form encased in a dressing-gown of rich brocade, and his round red face glowing with the fumes of the generous wine and the heat of the coal fire before him, a tap was heard at the door, and instantly his own servant ushered in a woman wrapped up in an old grey cloak, the hood of which was thrown over her head so as almost to conceal her face.

Dropping a low curtsey and a 'sarvent, sir,' she remained standing near the door, which the servant still held half open in his hand, while the minister regarded the intruder with a scowling glance of inquiry. At last he spoke: 'I say, Lanty, who is this person?'

'The devil I know, sir, askin your reverence's pardon, for it's mighty careful she is about lettin her face be seen. She says she has private business with your reverence.' So saying Lanty closed the door with a waggish leer on his thin sharp features.

'Well, my good woman,' said the portly rector, 'what is your business with me? You had better be quick, as my time is exceedingly precious.'

'I suppose your reverence has heard of the wonderful great meetin that took place the other night on the commons abroad,' began the woman in a bold, confident tone.

'Of course I have, but what of that?'

'Why, nothing, please your honor, only I thought you might be wantin witnesses for the trials.'

character. Mind that, I say.
'To be sure, your reverence, to be sure. I know it's decent witnesses you want, and that's why I come to offer myself.'

'And who may you be,' inquired the rector, 'who are so willing to run the risk of telling the truth at a time when we can scarcely find one individual bold enough to come forward and give testimony.'

'My name is McCarthy, your honor's reverence—Ann McCarthy, sir, and I'll make bould to say you'll not get a better witness in all Tipperary, for I wouldn't be a bit daunted if the judge himself was to question me on the table. Troth, I wouldn't, sir, and it isn't many could say that for themselves.'

'Well, well,' said Hewitson, cutting her self-laudation short, 'but against whom can you, or will you swear?'

'Why, to be sure, I'll swear against any one you please—but seeing the rector frown she quickly added—'the priest, sir, for one.'

'The priest?' cried the rector starting from his chair, 'what priest?'

'Ay! there it is—what priest does your reverence think it is?'

'Sheehy—is it not?' inquired the churchman in an eager tone, alternating between hope and fear.

'Why, who else should it be, and please your reverence—who else is at the bottom of all these doings?'

Hewitson grasped the bell with a trembling hand, and pulled it with nervous haste. Lanty was not slow in appearing, when his master ordered him to have the groom saddle a horse, and ride over with a message to Sir Thomas Maude. Lanty lingered a moment and contrived to get round in front of the woman, so as to have a view of her face, which was now somewhat more exposed. One glance was enough, and with a slight nod, as though he said to himself, 'It's just as I thought,' he was about to leave the room, when he heard his master say:

'So, Mistress Ann McCarthy, you can plump it home against him?'

'Mistress Ann McCarthy,' repeated Lanty with a low, chuckling laugh, 'oh, then, the devil a bone of a McCarthy is in her skin. Why, your reverence, it's Moll Dunlea that's under the hood—sorra one else. Sure I got a peep at her face this very mornin, and I'd know her squint among a thousand. Mistress Ann, inagh, oh, then, faith, she's taking your reverence to the fair, as she took many a one before now.'

'Silence, you scoundrel,' cried his master angrily, 'I suppose the decent woman has her reasons for concealing her real name. Go and do what I told you.'

'In course I will, sir,' and Lanty sidled out of the room, muttering, 'decent woman! wisha, then, what'll the world come to, at last?'

'And now, honest woman,' said the rector apparently oblivious of Lanty's discovery, 'may I ask what it is that induces you to inform against this plotting priest? Are you a papist?'

'Wisha, troth,' was the answer, 'I don't bother my head about religion one way or the other—all's alike to me. But, for your honor's question, she hastily added, 'sure they tell me you're given fifty pounds and a new shirt from top to toe—that's what I call decent pay.' And the respectable witness that was to be perpetrated a knowing wink with her left eye.

'But I suppose you are aware, my good woman, that we have one witness already?'

'Faith I do know it well, but he's not worth a traenen. In course, it's the 'omadhaun,' John Bridge, you mane—him that's in for Whiteboyism; and I hear Mr. Bagwell got him to inform by the hardest of treatment. Sure his oath isn't worth much, the creature.'

'I'm thinkin it's worth as much as yours, Moll,' observed our friend Lanty, who, under pretence of stirring up the fire, had again made his appearance. 'Of the two, I think his is the best, fool and all as he is, for every one who knows what makes you hard on the priest, and even if your character was better than it is, people'll be sayin that it's spite makes you swear, so your oath isn't worth a button.'

'Why, what do you mane, you blackguard?' said Moll, as, throwing back her hood, she turned a pair of quinting eyes on Lanty. 'Haven't you the devil's own impudence to talk to me in the way you do?'

'And haven't you the assurance of the same old gentleman to go up on a table and swear agin the priest—let him be as he may—when everybody knows that you did it for revenge?'

'For revenge, Lanty—how is that?' inquired the rector, his curiosity a little excited.

'Why, your reverence, it seems Father Sheehy put her out of the chapel, or cursed her, or something that way, on account of the bad life she led, and ever since she's on the watch to do him an ill turn.—Troth, sir, she's no great shakes, to bring up for a witness.'

'And what would his reverence expect, you leprehaun?' retorted Moll, fiercely. 'Who

would he get, do you think, to wear a... priest, only some poor outlawed creature like myself...

Lanty was accordingly dismissed, and Sir Thomas soon after coming in, the good news was speedily communicated to him...

'Divil a hair I care where I am,' responded Moll carelessly, 'if you'll only allow we enough of whiskey and tobacco to pass the time...'

Being assured that she would have whatever she desired, Moll dropped a low curtsy, and then marched off between two servants who were deputed to lock her up...

On the following day a small detachment of soldiers was sent out in quest of Father Sheehy, but their search was, for the time, unsuccessful. He had said mass that morning in his sister's house...

One evening he determined to make his way to the house of a farmer at the very extremity of his parish joining that of Ardhanan. Intelligence had reached him that the farmer's wife, a pious, good woman, was at the point of death...

'No,' said he to his brother-in-law, Thomas Burke, 'Ally Boyce shall not die without the rites of the Church, if I can only reach her alive. Many a time has she ministered to my wants, and sheltered me from the enemy, since I have been a houseless wanderer, and with God's help, I'll not desert her now in her hour of need...'

'But, for God's sake, Father Nicholas dear, let me go with you!' said Burke entreatingly, 'it's wearing late, and you have a long road to travel.'

'Not for the world, Tom, not for the world would I consent to what you propose. Remember your wife and children, and that, after God, your first duty is to them. Not a step farther, I insist upon it—if there be danger, I will meet it alone...'

'Why, then, Father Sheehy, is it yourself that's in it? What's your hurry this fine evening?'

'Maybe his reverence is going over to the Glebe to pay a visit to the rector,' said another jeeringly. 'Well! at any rate, it's like he can take time to give us his blessing,' suggested the third, and all three laughed uproariously.

'Really, my friends, you have the advantage of me,' said the priest, still hastening on, but two of the men quickly seized him by either arm, while the third walked close behind.

'Fellows,' said Father Sheehy aloud, 'what is the meaning of this? Whither would you take me?'

On then, you'll soon know that, priest-darling! we'll not keep you long in the dark about it. But stir yourself, man, alive, or we'll have to give you a touch of what you won't relish. If you knew but all we're going to pay you great respect entirely for in a few minutes we'll introduce you to one of the king's officers. It's truth I tell you, sir, though you don't seem to believe a word of it—an' sure that's no wonder, anyhow, for it's an honor no popish priest could ever expect!'

Father Sheehy was silent—he was meditating on the chances of escape, and looking eagerly for an opportunity to make a bold attempt. His captors had struck into the high road, and were rapidly approaching a ruinous building which had once been a comfortable farm-house...

'Wouldn't that be a fine place, now, for the rascally Whiteboys to hide in?' said one of the men in a low voice, as though he really had some misgivings on the subject. 'But, then, they're too cowardly to come abroad in the moonlight—they're like the owls, and only venture out in the dark.'

By this time they were full in front of the ruins, the gaping doorway of which was dark as a churchyard vault, when a sort of commotion was heard within.

'Shaun Meskill forever!—up, boys, and at them!' shouted a hoarse, suppressed voice in Irish, and at the well-known sounds the ruffians who held the priest turned pale as ashes. A loud noise was heard within the building—a man in a white shirt stood in the dark doorway, and, as though terror-stricken by this confirmation of their fears, the fellows flung the priest from them, and exclaiming, 'there he is, it's him you want!' they off as fast as their limbs could carry them, nor ventured once to look back till they came up with the party of soldiers who were out in search of the priest. Had they cast a look behind they would have seen nothing to justify their fears, and the loud laugh that echoed from the ruin as a stalwart arm drew the priest in, would perchance have lessened their apprehensions.

'Why, how is this?' inquired the priest, seeing that the man who had appeared at the door was entirely alone: 'I thought you had a party here.'

'Sorra one but myself, please your reverence,' said Jimmy Boyce, for he it was; 'I went out, you see, sir, to watch for you, bekase poor Ally's so eager to see you, and I hadn't gone very far when what should I see but yourself coming walking along, betune two of Maude's men, and another of them right at your back.—Och, wasn't I terrified at the sight, for I knew there was a party of sojers almost within call, and I hadn't time to go look for help. As God would have it, I thought of this ould building, when I seen the way they were taking you, so I crept along betune ditches and hedges till I got in here. Then thinks I to myself, if I could only make them b'lieve that there's a lot of the boys in the place, they'd be sure to run for their lives, so, belad, your reverence, I peeled off every stitch to the very shirt, and that itself I put it on over the rest of my clothes, and then I roused the shout as you hard yourself, and I made such a racket that they must a' thought there was a houseful of men in it; sure enough the Orange rascals did run for it—thanks be to God that I got your reverence safe out of their clutches.'

'And many thanks to you, too, my trusty friend!' said the priest with deep emotion, as he shook the sinewy hand of the honest farmer.—'May the Lord requite you here and hereafter for the service you have rendered me this night. Now let us hasten to your poor wife, and God grant we may be in time!'

Boyce quickly took off the shirt which had proved so useful, thrust it into his pocket and then hurried home with the priest. To their great joy they found Ally still alive, and Father Sheehy had the happiness of administering to her the last solemn rites of religion. Two hours after she breathed her last, and the priest was carefully concealed. In all the grief of the afflicted family, his safety was not forgotten.

What was the rage and mortification of the outwitted captors, when, coming back to the ruin a few minutes after, with the whole detachment of soldiers, they found only the bare walls—not a vestige of priest or whiteboy was to be found or seen—the ghostly ruin was silent all and tenantless, and the discomfited guides, in addition to the loss of the reward, were forced to bear the scoffs and jibes of the soldiers.

(To be continued.)

PROHIBITING OF MEETING IN THE PARKS. (From the Saturday Review.)

A letter under the head "Spiritual Touting" was inserted in the Times not long ago. It called attention to a state of things which has advanced to the rank of a social evil. A foreigner, or one who was apparently a foreigner, was accosted in the Exhibition by a shabbily dressed person, who immediately thrust into poor monsieur's hand a packet of cards containing spiritual advice, or what was meant for spiritual advice. Texts of Scripture, the shabbily-dressed person says they were; but we all know with what significance texts may be selected. This scattering broadcast of ghostly counsel in parks, and streets, and public places is becoming a serious nuisance; and in the interests of religion it may be fairly questioned whether religion itself does not suffer by it. There certainly is a duty recognised and enforced by the sacred Author of Christianity not to cast pearls before swine; and it was a prophetic anticipation of His mission, that He shall not cry nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street. We are not saying that all this is to be construed to the letter; but undoubtedly it points to some great principle of religion. And religion, if good for anything, recognises the facts of human nature. Among those principles is that of reverence and reserve. Undoubtedly there is the opposite duty, and a parallel principle. It is the mission of the Gospel, and of all truth to proclaim itself to those who most want it. The call is, we are well-aware, both to those who hear and to those who forbear.

But it is for religion to combine the two duties—not to preach truth as to confine its message to exterior disciples—not to deal with the world and sinners in its aggressive aspect as to bring its own sacred truths into contempt. No thinking person can doubt that the park preachers and tract distributors of the day at least seriously exaggerate one side of Christian duty. There is such a thing as Christian prudence; and in estimating its limits and obligations lies one of the very hardest and most delicate problems that can exercise not only the religious sense but moral wisdom. In common life, and in matters of mere worldly policy and home affairs, to give advice judiciously—to know when to give it, how to give it, and what to give—is no such easy matter. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest man, after balancing probabilities, will decline to interfere. In one sense, the easiest of all things to give is advice, and first-rate advice; but such are the varieties of temper, such are the innumerable contingent consequences, such the drawbacks and hindrances to being useful, that to be silent is often the safest rule, even for the sake of the advised. On the whole, I shall do more harm than good, is the conclusion of all but the gushing and the sentimental. What is wanted in ordinary intercourse is tact to insinuate advice—to hint, to be indirect, politic, managing. Philosophers call this prudence; and they place prudence as the very highest attainment and gift of wisdom. Now, religion is founded on this scheme of human nature. He knew what was in man; and, therefore, Christianity is suited to human nature, because it is grounded on the facts of human nature.

All this is a mere truism; but it is just what tract distributors and park and street preachers forget. The most difficult task in the world is attempted with the coarsest tools. Zeal for souls, as it is called, is thought to be the only qualification for an Evangelist in London. The man who gives cards in the Exhibition and writes to the Times, makes no doubt of his mission and his capabilities. Bad English and coarse puns: appeals made without discrimination are said to be the Gospel. Thoughtful preachers often say that sermons to what are called mixed congregations are the hardest things in the world to write, because if they hit one, they miss two; or, if they do good to one hearer, the appeal is just as likely to do harm to two or three others; and in very many cases a preacher is dull simply because he is a thoughtful, careful, wise, and prudent man. What is true of sermons addressed to people who, within certain limits, all have some respect for religion, is doubly and trebly true of appeals, whether in the shape of tracts or street sermons, to the mere herd, of whom the chances are that no two in a hundred are in the same religious or irreligious state, or are of the age, sex, habits, education, temper, and manner of life. The tract distributors and out-of-door Evangelists cut this knot. They boldly assume that everybody they meet is a reprobate. In a case mentioned by the letter writer in the Times, the tract scatterer seems to have assumed that the ladies whom he was addressing needed warnings on breaches of chastity. Now, if this is so, it is simply outrageous; and the Commissioners of the Exhibition will be wanting in duty if they do not protect us and our wives and daughters, as well as our female visitors, from the cruel insults of the impertinent Pharisees who thrust these vile placards into the hands of the visitors to the Exhibition. We all know what an offence it is to have cards of another kind forced upon us in public abroad. The present affront, though offered in the name of religion in England, is scarcely less. And, unfortunately, there is no place or time free from these intrusions. In omnibus and steambath, in the street, and in the park, in public and in private nobody is safe. One well-meaning but most injudicious person asks it a rule to send a tract to everybody who, from the newspaper obituary, is found to have lost a relative. Another takes all the young married people under his care, and introduces his ounce of spiritual verjuice into the honeymoon. Some foolish women spend their lives in haunting railway stations and dropping appeals into the excursion trains. Some persecute all the newboys, some all the omnibus conductors, some all the shoeblacks, some the soldiers, some those who are palpably going to church on Sunday, some, with more justice, those who are palpably not going. Some take to the soiled doves, and some to the rousts of society.

But the fodd offered to these varieties of the spiritual mind is terribly monotonous. There is a prevailing sulphurous odour about every appeal. You are a lost soul. You are a desperate sinner. You are a black wicked reprobate. Now this is not pleasant to be told. It is not true in nine cases out of ten; and in the tenth the assurance only exasperates. The last preacher that we heard—he was a street, not a park preacher, and he was preaching on a week-day, betune twelve o'clock at noon, and at the corner of the Portland Road, surrounded by a hundred people—was descending on a savoury theme, known, we believe, as the Calvinistic doctrine that Christ died only for the elect. Livid with rage of course spiritual rage, and pale with passion—passionate zeal, doubtless, for what he thought the truth—he thundered out his choice doctrine. "Christ did not shed his dear blood for the devil's goats." On this precious theme he enlarged, and of course he applied it. The hapless auditors were the devil's goats; and for the devil's goats was reserved—but we shall not fall into the error we are protesting against. What was the result of all this frenzied and foul blasphemy—for blasphemy in practice it was? Speechless horror on the part of the decent people present—abuse, slang, and cursing on the part of those who, bad or not, did not like to be addressed as the devil's goats. A cabman who was present, and who cried out to the waterman at the cabstand, "heave a pail of cold water over him; the gent's in a fit!"—pronounced the most charitable comment on this disgusting exhibition.

Another evil connected with this out-of-door preaching is, that the preacher being, after all, a man, sometimes loses his temper at coarse and brutal replies which his sermons provoke—when an Evangelist meets railing by railing, and contumely with cursing—it is only religion that suffers. An instance occurs. A street preacher was rudely interrupted by a jolly and profane devotee of the public-house.—"Have a pull at this pot master; you must be dry after all that talk." "Oh no, was the meek preacher's reply, "oh no, my friend; you'll wait it all in hell fire." The same sort of thing is of constant occurrence in the parks on Sundays; and it is no uncommon thing for the preacher of irreligion to take up their parable, and to confront the ignorant Calvinists who think the world is to be converted by these fierce denunciations. The Garibaldi riots are the result. Clergymen, with the best intentions, encourage such displays by their attempts to substitute a milder and more decorous gospel for the ravings of these fanatics. But experience, and no small experience, among these public preachers, convinces us that the evils—plain familiar, and unmistakable—far counterbalance the possible good. Out-of-door preaching does, as a fact, call out contention, contradiction, and insult of religion. So, in a less degree, does indiscriminate tract distribution. Preaching in the parks and in the public streets is a matter of public concern. The Executive and the police have hitherto winked at it. The Home Secretary, or the Ranger, or the Commissioners of Police have been talked over. They have been terrorized by the zealots. They are addressed as quiet people are addressed in the streets by the tract scatterers. "What! will you refuse the Gospel?" as though the Gospel were identical with this ranting, or those little scraps of nonsense. But the matter is capable of easy solution. Let short-hand writers be employed to take down any ten sermons delivered, and the running commentaries also delivered; by the audience on these ten sermons, on any Sunday, in the Regent's Park or in Hyde Park; and then let not only the bishops and clergy, but the respectable ministers of the denominations generally, say whether,

in the interests of religion, public preaching in the parks should or should not be prohibited. We trust that Sir Richard Mayne's edict is intended to stop all out-of-door preaching. If this is not its object, the sooner we have a more explicit prohibition the better.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONFIRMATION IN THE PARISH OF OREGGAN.—His Grace the Primate made his visitation of the parish of Oreggan on Tuesday last. Before proceeding to administer the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation, he examined most minutely the children who were presented to be confirmed, on the mysteries of religion, and the principles of the Christian doctrine. The ready and correct answering of the children on the several subjects in which they were interrogated, elicited his admiration and astonishment, so much so, that he termed many of them, who had not exceeded their 7th and 8th years, little theologians because they not only answered correctly direct questions, but explained doctrinal points contained in them. The confirmation over, His Grace again addressed the children on the gratitude they owed to God for conferring on them a sacrament instituted to confirm them in their faith, and strengthen them to live up to its holy injunctions, and successfully to combat all the enemies of their salvation, addressing at the same time their parents on the obligation of watching over their children, keeping them from bad company, and all evil associations. He expressed himself in terms of great delight at the state of religion in the parish; the vast numbers who approached so frequently the Holy sacraments, since the great mission of the Vincentian Fathers. The number of religious confraternities that were established, which, under God, were the means of banishing every trace of combination and public scandal. His denunciation of the vile, wicked, unnecessary system of Ribbonism made a deep impression, and will, it is hoped, be the means of keeping every one who heard it from the danger of being entrapped into that accursed system. He concluded by imparting to the parishioners a benediction so solemn and comprehensive and couched in language so feeling and impressive, that at its conclusion, in the vast congregation of old and young, there was scarcely a dry eye. In the evening His Grace and a very large number of clergymen of the Archdiocese and of the Diocese of Clogher were hospitably entertained by the Very Rev. Mr. Lennon.

Many good men and sound patriots, Protestants and Catholics, differed from O'Connell's views upon some great questions that occupied public attention during his long and stirring career. His objects, his aims, his means, did not obtain the concurrence of everybody, nor the approval at all times of even his most ardent general supporters. He said and did and proposed many things from which his warmest friends felt themselves constrained to dissent. But in all that he said or did or proposed, we believe that he was actuated by the purest motives and the best intentions, and that his grand object through life was the freedom and glory of his country, and the happiness of mankind. For this he toiled as few men ever did toil in any pursuit,—to this he devoted his great mental powers,—and that precious time which might otherwise have been employed in the pursuit of gain, and the accumulation of wealth, and the acquisition of professional honors. True, he received large sums of money from his devoted countrymen, but it has never been doubted that every shilling of the 'annual tribute,' as it was called, was spent in the political agitation in which he was engaged. From first to last, his expenses in endeavoring to rescue Dublin from the grasp of the Orange faction, and to prevent it from lapsing into their hands, must have cost him sixty thousand pounds. One Dublin election and its ordinary sequence, a Parliamentary Committee, absorbed that enormous sum. During the twenty years in which he fought for Catholic Emancipation, his professional losses must have been something one can hardly sum up even in imagination. Its amount may, however be estimated from the following facts within our own knowledge. In 1828, when Sir Anthony Hart displaced Lord Mauners of Chancellor of Ireland, O'Connell's fees in Chancery suit amounted to upwards of £2,000, though during the long incumbency of the bad lawyer and worse bigot who preceded Sir Anthony in that Court, O'Connell rarely held a brief there, even Catholic solicitors being afraid to damage the cause of their clients before the Chancellor by employing O'Connell to plead for them. Thus, by the bigotry of the Chancellor, the public were deprived of the invaluable services of the ablest advocate at the Irish Bar, and the advocate was deprived of his professional gains merely because he was a Catholic,—which throws a horrid light, by the way, upon the abominable working of the Penal Laws. The other fact is equally expressive, though it points no political moral: it is this, that when O'Connell started for Clare, in order to force the Government into a position in which they must resolve either upon Catholic Emancipation or civil war, at a time when the latter was surrounded with causes of defeat, his fees for three out of the four Terms exceeded £5,000; so that with special retainers on circuit, his fees were always numerous and heavy, his professional income must have then exceeded £7,000 a-year. This he gave up when he entered Parliament and we believe that the net amount of the 'tribute' did not average that sum, while the demands upon his purse were enormously increased. In plain truth his expenditure, not upon himself, for his personal expenses were insignificant, but upon the agitation in which he was engaged, exceeded his income; and he was, in order to pay his way, obliged to encumber his inherited property, and to use the fortunes of his children. The money he received from the people would not, if hoarded, have more than reimbursed him for his professional sacrifices in fighting their cause; but it was all spent, besides much more, in their cause and the heavy debt due to his memory remains still to be paid. Let this be done by a monument worthy of the nation and the man.—Weekly Register.

A CHRISTIAN BISHOP OF THE ENGLISH PATTERNS.—We venture to take some humble interest in Christian truth; and we should really like that some competent authority, would define what relation the English Church Establishment bears to it—for we put that precious swindle, the Irish Establishment, out of the question altogether. If you judge by the conduct of its paid officials, that English Church is one of the sublimest shams that ever robbed a nation of its revenues under false pretences. Its programme is in every prayer-book; its "reformed" creed is preached and taught in every college; and its elected ministers, from the humblest curate to the wealthiest bishop, leave those colleges, sworn to maintain that creed against all its foes. How they keep their oaths recent revelations prove. One bishop of that English Establishment was foisted upon Ireland. He had vowed to uphold the doctrine of monogamy—that no one should have more than one wife; when sending out some missionaries to Africa he advised them earnestly not to interfere with the social habits of the interested natives. One of the customs of said natives is to have as many wives as they can afford to keep; the pious bishop advised them not to interfere with that amiable institution on any account whatever. Devotion to the poor was another of his vows; but when the cholera came, the pious bishop reminded his clergy that they were fathers of families, and recommended them not to risk their precious lives for the sake of the souls of mere Irish paupers. Another English bishop signalled himself on another important point: "Baptismal regeneration" is professedly a fundamental doctrine of the English Church. This good prelate (whose name, we believe, is Hampden) said it was all nonsense; some excellent people appealed to the privy council (composed of a handful of free-thinking lawyers), and that tribunal decided that he was right; and so the worthy bishop still enjoys his immense income, whilst subverting the doctrines he was sworn to maintain. But the latest example of

the kind was given by a recently sent out to Africa to convert and civilise the Kafirs. This respectable personage was appealed to by a Zulu convert for information on the subject of the Deluge. He promptly replied that it was all a humbug. "I felt," he said, "that I dared not, as a servant of the God of truth, urge my brotherman to believe that which I do not myself believe, which I knew to be untrue as a matter of fact historical narrative."—Here was a nice bishop for you. He had vowed to maintain all the Bible teaches, and on the faith of that vow he got his rank, his mission, and his vast salary. He felt he dared not preach what he had sworn to preach; but he did not feel that he "dared not" pocket the money paid him under grossly false pretences. An honest fellow? But this is not all. The virtuous and conscientious bishop deals a still heavier blow at the Bible. He says:—"Our examination has forced on us the conviction, by reason of the utter impossibilities and absurdities contained in it, that the whole 'story of the Exodus' is a fiction, and that, consequently, no such 'groups of laws' were ever laid down in the wilderness as the story describes. And if the last four books of the Pentateuch must be pronounced to be fictitious, it will hardly be contended that the 'Book of Genesis' can be any other than in the main fictitious also."—In point of fact, according to this so-called prelate, all that we have been educated to believe in as "revealed truth"—what the Jews themselves cherished—what an Augustine, an Ambrose, a Jerome preached—what the martyrs died for—is a delusion and a fraud! Such is the latest development of British patented Christianity. We cannot object to this man holding any opinions he deems right. But surely we may reprehend the scandalous dishonesty of receiving a vast income for pretending to preach a religion which he denounces. When Newman and the other great converts from the Church Establishment went into the fold of Rome, they gave up their rich livings and every worldly emolument: even their enemies could not dispute their sincerity, their purity, their honesty. Weighed in such a balance, what is the character of the miserable man who, whilst paid a vast salary to preach Christianity to the Pagans of Africa, tells them practically that the traditions on which Christianity is based are a lie—and, without shame or scruple, pockets his salary all the time?—Dublin Irishman.

The Irish in general, and the Catholic portion of them in particular, are just now receiving anything but complimentary attention at the hands of their enemies on both sides of the Channel. The Times, with its accustomed magnanimity, leads the way, and, with few exceptions, the entire Protestant press is thundering forth denunciations of "Romish riors," and mixing up, in one wild tirade of abuse, the 'ignorant Papists of Paddyland' with the 'miserable scum' and 'savages' of the London rookeries. This voluminous Billingsgate is apropos of the late riots in Hyde Park, and has also special reference to the disturbances in Trilwee, and the minor exhibitions of feeling in Dregboda and Newry. As regards the London enue (for so the French papers term it), it has, it would seem, almost vindicated itself. Meetings such as those that provoked it have been forbidden—the citadel, for whose possession so many hard blows were given and received, has been removed, and British public opinion has been startled, by the resounding peals of the Irish shillelagh, into propriety, and it accordingly declares that neither in the park nor in Guildhall have the patrons of the Goddess of Reason a right to assemble and insult their fellow-men. The 'wild Irish' have contributed not a little to the preservation of decency and decorum in the capital of Great Britain, and, although they were rash enough to face overwhelming odds, and to knock down pipe-clayed guardsmen and plebeian citizens by the score, and to send French and Italian refugees flying like scared geese before them, they have had the satisfaction of knowing that, at the sacrifice of a few broken heads, they have secured to London future immunity from a very intolerable nuisance. We would, of course, have much preferred to see our poor, hot-headed, enthusiastic, courageous countrymen otherwise engaged than in a shindy where every hand was against them, not excepting those of the magistrates and police; but if we are to take the version of the affair which appeared in our Saturday's issue, over the plain, blunt signature of an 'Irish laborer,' we are forced to the conclusion, that, provoked and assaulted as they were, the Irish had no resource but to battle as they did battle for their manhood and lives. They might perhaps, have been expected to pocket the uncalculated insult involved in the now-a-days common exclamation of 'To-h—l with the Pope'; but when such impertinent interrogatories as 'Why aren't you over in Belfast, Paddies?' were put to them, we confess that we felt a sort of satisfaction in learning that when on further and more irresistible provocation the 'Paddies' were forced to fight, they thrashed their assailants well.—Ulster Observer.

MR. BERNARD SHEEHAN AND GARIBALDI.—At the improvement department, Cork, on Friday, the Mayor in the chair,

Mr. Sheehan (holding a letter in his hand) said—Is it not strange, sir, here is a letter I got from Garibaldi. (Cries of 'Order'.)

The Mayor—This is not the place for it.

Mr. Sheehan—It's no harm to read it. It's in favour of the people generally (laughter).

The Mayor—But this is not the place for it.

Mr. Sheehan had then to sit down. The following, however, is a copy of the letter:—

"Dungoon, Varignano, Oct. 10, 1862.

SIGNOR BERNARD SHEEHAN, CORK, IRELAND.—Your reputation as an Irish patriot has reached my ears. I covet the friendship of the worthily renowned. Hence from my prison bed I greet you. The vivacity of your nature, the celebrity of your character, the dignity of your arms, and the persistency of your crusade against popular frivolities command respect, and induce in me an ambition to aid you with my future co-operation. Your protest against the amplitude of unsightly, demoralising crinolines has immortalized your name. Go on in your exalted mission, until every nook and angle in the world shall be gladdened by your achievements, and until your sentiments shall have elicited the smiles of mankind. I am anxious to communicate with you. I sail, when released, for America, to give to the Negro the freedom that is due to him as a man.—This work accomplished, I hope to be at four sides in Ireland to right the wrongs of your country, and absquatulate its ancient oppressors—the English.—Should you visit Italy before I leave, I shall rejoice in the opportunity of presenting you with an appointment on my staff. Accosted as a Garibaldian, your figure would alone be too much for the enemy—the tyrants of my beloved Italy. Would I had a regiment of such heroes as yourself! For the present, adio, my friend. I assure you of my most distinguished consideration, and pray believe me in my sentiments of friendship, yours, "GARIBALDI."

"Please inform the Council of my intention to visit Cork."

"N.B.—This despatch is transmitted to you through my friend, Count Isaaco Juliano [Mr. Isaac Julian, attorney], who tells me he is off to Queens-town early in the morning."

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN AND THE TRADES OF LIMERICK.—Mr. W. S. O'Brien having been invited to deliver an Inaugural Address to the Trades of Limerick, has written a letter to the Secretary of the Trades, in which he says:—"I am afraid that, under present circumstances, I could not in any case feel that buoyancy of spirit which is requisite on the part of those who address public assemblies. Your request compels me to announce to you that, having been deprived of my home by the operations of those to whom I confided the protection of my estate, in 1848—(operations which I shall not characterize in the language that they deserve), I am about to endeavor to forget the painful results of my misplaced confidence by seeking, in the excitement, which is incidental to foreign travel."

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Also at Mr. Alexander's Bookstore, opposite the Post-Office, Quebec.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 21, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Revolution in Greece, and the abdication of King Otho, seem like a burlesque upon the great events to which the world of late years has been accustomed; and yet there is nothing of higher interest to report this week, than this paltry Greek Revolution. Speculation is active as to the person upon whose brows the vacant crown of Greece shall fall. Prince Albert is designated as a candidate for the not very enviable honor; and it is also hinted that Garibaldi, if he recovers, is to be invited to fill the empty throne. It will of course be expected that the successful candidate shall profess the form of religion prevalent in Greece; and this fact may perhaps operate to the exclusion of an English Prince, though it will prove no obstacle to the pretensions of one, who like Garibaldi is of no particular religion, and who looks upon all creeds as so many forms of a nearly effete superstition.

The ultimate designs of Louis Napoleon with regard to Italy are as unfathomable as ever; but the opinion now most generally prevalent is, that he is determined to keep his troops in Rome. The Piedmontese may grumble at this, but must perforce submit, and devote their military energies to the conquest of the Kingdom of Naples—an event, to all appearance, still very remote. A scandalous story that has been industrially circulated by the Protestant and Jacobin press, to the effect that there has been a serious quarrel between the Queen of Naples and her husband Francis II. and that the former had in consequence retired to a Convent, is formally contradicted.

The distress amongst the operatives in England is increasing; but for the present all ideas of recognising the South, or of interfering in any manner between the belligerent parties on this Continent, even if ever seriously entertained, seem to be laid aside by the British Government.

The war still lingers on in the States without any very striking events for the press to record. As, ostensibly, McClellan was dismissed for his inaction, we suppose that his successor General Burnside will find himself compelled to adopt a system of tactics very different from those of the "Young Napoleon." A serious battle may therefore shortly be expected. The Washington Cabinet, through the insolence and brutality of its subordinate Butler at New Orleans, now finds itself involved in difficulties with the French Government. The latter demands full and immediate satisfaction for injuries inflicted upon French citizens at New Orleans, hinting that if this be refused, force will be employed. It seems probable that Butler's acts will be disavowed by his superiors, and that the demands of France, backed as they are by threats, will be docilely complied with. Spain too has a quarrel with Abe Lincoln's Government; and Prussia has its grievance to allege, and its claims for reparation. "One war at a time" will however probably still be the rule of our neighbors, as it was in the Trent affair of last year.

GARIBALDI AND THE AMERICAN WAR.—*Harper's Weekly* calls itself "a journal of civilisation;" and truly it is the journal of civilisation in the United States. Its publishers are Methodists; its editor is understood to be a Methodist preacher—whether he be the veritable "retired clergyman whose sands of life have well nigh run out," and whose advertisement of a cure for consumption, to be furnished on the receipt of postage stamps, long adorned the columns of the *Weekly*, we cannot state. The often avowed purpose of publishers and editor, is to make as much money for the concern as possible. They have declared again and again that they look upon their paper as a mere affair of business;—and they have but one rule in conducting it—to make it pay.

It is consequently a happy blending of the leading features of the two weekly papers, which probably have the largest circulation in the United States—the *New York Police Gazette* and the *Christian Advocate*. The Americans are an eminently religious people, so *Harper is down* on Sabbath breaking and Popery; but the flesh is weak, so *Harper* publishes any striking ob-

scenity which comes to hand. It out-cants the *Advocate* in cant; and it got ahead of the *Police Gazette* in the matter of the Sickles' trial, being the only paper which published a *fac-simile* of the shocking written avowal of her shame, which the Hon. Mr. (now General) Sickles compelled his wretched wife to set down on paper. The Americans are a liberal people—nay, liberal indeed with things which are not their own, and still more so with things about which they care nothing; so we were charmed to read in *Harper* that American Jews are as good Christians as any going, inasmuch as they contemplate breaking down the middle wall of partition which separates them from American Christianity, and celebrating their Sabbath on the first day of the week. We doubt the fact, though *Harper* announced it; but of the consequences of the fact there can be no doubt. If they will eat pork, and observe the "Christian Sabbath," there will be little to choose between the Jew and the Methodist—which is a thousand pities for the Jew.

A late number of *Harper's Weekly* is adorned by a very affecting picture of "Garibaldi sick and in prison." He is represented in his shirt sleeves as usual, and looks altogether as little like that object beloved of the gods, a great man struggling with misfortune, as well may be. But Garibaldi is a great man amongst the people of whose civilisation *Harper's Weekly* is a type and exponent, and of course he is a hero to the publishers thereof. The recent rumor, that the Italian soldier has offered his sword to the U. States in the present emergency, has doubtless led to the perpetration of the affecting wood cut.

We hope the rumor of Garibaldi's offer may turn out to be true. We hope that he may recover, regain his freedom, and reach with his band of free lances the shores of the boasted land of Liberty! Garibaldi, the rebel, aiding to put down, what he and his new allies call, rebellion; Garibaldi, the patriot, fighting against those who are in arms for the sole purpose of defending their hearths and homes; Garibaldi, whose war-cry has been "Italy for the Italians," winning the South for the Yankees; Garibaldi, whose watchword at home has been that Government derives its just power from the consent of the governed, in arms as a volunteer, to force upon equal sovereign and independent States the yoke of the stranger; this would be a sight upon which we should love to look; this would force upon public attention the fact, that the high sounding words of the European Liberals, in favor of human rights, are but bluster; that they have no faith in them—no love for them; and that they are actuated by some other motives in their efforts to overthrow the peace of nations and disturb the order of the world.

Garibaldi, too, would soon sink to his true level in the United States. He may be a good guerrilla fighter, but he has not shown that he has any ability as a General on a large scale. He would come with a great reputation, with large pretensions; and he would fail and fall, as better men than he have failed and fallen in this unhappy war. The native American feeling would soon be roused against him and the brigands who might follow his fortunes from his native shores; and in a few months from his arrival, the notorious Garibaldi would be laid on the shelf. His failure there would run him in Europe. *Harper* would join full-tongued in the hue-and-cry against the favorite, so soon as the popular voice had changed, but no more would it delight to honor him in wood-cuts; in a very brief space even his name would be heard no more; and he would be added at last to the great multitude of bastard heroes of whom it is written—"memoria eorum perit cum sonitu." Sad fate—sad hell of those who have had in life no higher object than to make a name!

Our views of the Italian question are well known. When a great Prelate exclaimed to a powerful King—"Robber, take your hand from the throat of the Vicar of Christ," he spoke the sentiment of the Christian world, and that sentiment is ours. The attack upon the Patrimony of St. Peter is robbery and sacrilege. What the Pope cannot in conscience yield, none have a right to demand from him. The cry of a United Italy, the talk of Italian Nationality, is a cry got up to forward an attack upon the rights of the Church; the whole thing is done by the enemies of Christ to injure religion; and the cry does not express the sentiments of the Roman States, who, so far as they are not debauched by the emissaries of the Revolution, are loyal subjects of the Pope, and averse to the contemplated change. These facts are well known.—We do not for a moment admit that the factions in Italy, opposed to the temporal power of the Pope, represent the people of Italy; still less that the people of the Roman States desire to dethrone their King; nor do we say that, if they did so desire, they would have the right to do so. Other rights besides those of the Roman people are involved in this question—rights certainly no less sacred, no less assured. But, for the sake of argument, let us admit all these things; and then ask, on what ground Garibaldi can defend his course in Italy, that does not afford the fullest justification to the people of the Confederate States, and condemn, trumpet-tongued, the at-

tempt at their subjugation; to which he is about to lend his sword?

The people of the Southern States are entirely united in their opposition to the Federal Government; of this there is not the shadow of doubt. They are the citizens of Sovereign States which possessed, before the Union, all the machinery of government, as they possess it now. They did not, after their separation from Great Britain, agree to form the Union—which Washington himself called "an experiment"—because they wanted a system of laws, or a framework of Government; all these things they had. It is certain that, had Secession been considered impossible at the time the Union was made, it would never have been formed; that the right has been heretofore claimed by the New England States themselves; and that the States now in arms against the South would, at this moment, refuse to unite amongst themselves by an indissoluble tie. It is a principle admitted by every American, that Government derives its powers from the consent of the governed. The Southern States desired to secede in peace, as they had the right to do; and, even were that right denied under the Constitution, it cannot be pretended, in the face of the Declaration of Independence, and in accordance with the genius of their institutions, that the Federal Government should be forced upon the acceptance of the entire population of thirteen contiguous States, all united to a man in the desire to throw it off.

The South claims, of course, that this is no rebellion. The Southern States claim, and we know that they receive, the free and hearty allegiance of their citizens; they maintain that they are merely insisting upon their rights. But even were it a rebellion, with what face can a European rebel chief offer his sword to the American Government to put down a rebellion of such magnitude; involving the unanimous determination to be independent, on the part of more than a third of its citizens, being the total population of more than one-half of its settled and cultivated territory, when that Government claims to have been the first to unfurl to the world the banner of freedom, and owes its very existence to the principle, that Government loses all its rights when it loses the confidence and affection of the people.

This also, in the course of revolving years, *thus* we were to see. But who could have foreseen it?—who would have said that, in America, the hatred of rebellion would be first kindled by the one act of resistance to assumed authority, which the whole universe unites in admitting to have been made with full warrant of right; and that the chosen hero of the revolution in Europe should have volunteered his services to help to fix again upon the necks of a struggling people a yoke which they detest?

THE "GLOBE" AND THE CONVICTED COMMON SCHOOL TEACHER.—The *Toronto Globe* notices at last the scandalous case of the fellow Hay, Head Teacher of the Cornwall Common School; but our Clear-Grit contemporary misunderstands, or misrepresents the arguments of the TRUE WITNESS against the Common School system itself, which we thereupon based. We do not condemn that system because one of its servants has approved himself a scoundrel; for to do so would be illogical, and dishonest, and altogether in the Protestant line of argument against Popery as a system, because some of the adherents of the latter have been very bad men. No! we condemn the Common School system of Upper Canada because, as it is actually worked, a man may be retained as a Head Teacher, although his guilt and immorality have been publicly proved in a Court of Justice. It is not upon the offence of the man Hay, but upon his retention in his situation as Head Teacher, after his offence has been proved in a Court of Justice, that we base our arguments against the Common School system—as one which offers no guarantee for the honesty of school teachers, and which unblushingly outrages the first principles of morality and decency.

And yet if Protestants approve of that system, we have not a word to say against it, provided only that they have not the impudence to ask us to contribute towards its support. See what an outcry Protestants raise against the conventional establishments of the Catholic Church, when some filthy Maria Monk, Chiniquy, Garuzzi, or Achilli retails his slanders against the morality of their inmates; and yet these establishments are supported by Catholics exclusively, and the latter dream not of invoking the arm of the law to compel Protestants to pay one farthing towards their support. Much more then have we, Catholics, the right to raise our voices against the Common School system of Upper Canada, under which fellows convicted of seducing their female pupils are still retained in their situations as Head Teachers; and to the support of which we, Catholics, are, by an infamous and tyrannical law compelled to contribute out of our own pockets. We do not presume to interfere with the educational system of Protestants; but as freemen, we do protest, and loudly protest, against being taxed for the maintenance of a School system under which abominations such as those lately brought to light by the trial of the

Head Teacher of the Cornwall Common School can be, and actually are, perpetrated. If Protestants like to have lecherous scoundrels as teachers of their sons and daughters, we have not a word to say in the matter—but then we contend that this is a luxury for which Protestants should be content to pay out of their own pockets; without dipping their fingers into the pockets of their neighbors, who think that a man convicted of the worst of vices, is not a proper person to be intrusted with the guiding of youth in the paths of virtue.

It is amusing to notice the pretended scepticism of the *Globe* with respect to the guilt of Hay; and to contrast that scepticism with the avidity with which it gives ear to, and repeats every scandalous rumour against the morality of Catholic priests and religious, that the malice of the enemies of the Church can invent. Every filthy calumny retailed by a Leahy, a Chiniquy, or a Garuzzi is, in the estimation of the *Globe* a Gospel truth not to be contested; the verdict of a Jury composed wholly we believe of Protestants, against a Protestant Common School Teacher is to be accepted with suspicion, or rather not accepted at all, if it affirms his guilt. We do not, as the *Globe* falsely pretends, "assume" Hay, to be guilty. The solemn verdict of a Jury has, after due deliberation, after having heard the evidence on both sides of the question, and listened to all that Hay could urge in his defence, or in mitigation of his offence, publicly pronounced him to be "GUILTY;" and neither *Globe* nor TRUE WITNESS has any right to call that verdict in question, unless it can be shown that there are grounds for believing that malice, and prejudice against the accused dictated it. This, we need not add, has not been so much as insinuated, and we have therefore the highest moral and legal certainty of the guilt of Hay. There are no assumptions, no presumptions on our part; and therefore we have the moral and legal right to condemn a School system which retains as one of its Head Teachers, a man convicted of an offence so gross as that which has been clearly brought home to the Head Teacher of the Cornwall Common School.

THE PROTESTANT PRESS UPON THE FORCE OF AN OATH.—There is no point upon which Protestants are more severe against us poor Papists than upon that of oaths, and the obligations which oaths impose. We are accused, constantly, of holding very lax opinions upon these matters; every scribbler against the Jesuits, the extent of whose controversial studies has been limited by the perusal of the Reverend Josiah Blathersgate's "Testimony against the *W— of Babylon*," cites garbled and second hand quotations to prove that the Catholic Church countenances perjury, and asserts the lawfulness, or at all events the sinlessness, of swearing deliberately and knowingly, to that which is false; and the charge that Popery inculcates upon its professors the damnable doctrine that "Faith is not to be kept with heretics," finds even in this enlightened nineteenth century ready acceptance amongst the votaries of an intelligent and progressive Protestantism. Such being the case, it is profitable as well as amusing to note in what light Protestants view an Oath and its obligations; and for this purpose we will cite the language and deliberately expressed opinions thereupon, of the great organ of British Protestantism, the *London Times*.

This journal in its issue of the 29th ult., has a bitter article against the Yankee General Butler, and the reign of terror which that otherwise than honorably distinguished officer has inaugurated at New Orleans. The story as told by the *Times*, is one with which our readers must be already acquainted. Butler, with the cunning of a fellow who had been a low attorney's clerk, or something of the kind, before the Fates, and Abe Lincoln made a General of him, issued a Proclamation requiring every person in the City of New Orleans to register himself or herself as either a friend or an enemy to the Yankee Government; and insisting, at the same time, that they who registered themselves as "enemies," should register also every item of their property. In short, by the Proclamation every one was obliged either to take an oath of allegiance to the Yankees, or to submit to a wholesale confiscation of property.

Under these circumstances numbers of New Orleans ladies, against whom the Proclamation was especially directed, to save their properties took the oath of allegiance; and registered themselves as friendly to, and supporters of a Government which in their hearts they detested, and whose odious yoke they were determined to throw off at the first opportunity. The *Times* not only condemns the unmanly conduct of the Yankee General; but he defends as lawful, and as in accordance with the system of ethics, which he as the great exponent of Protestant principles professes, and seeks to inculcate, the action of those who took the oath of allegiance, whilst enemies at heart, to the Yankee Government. "Nothing," so argues this great Protestant writer, "nothing is clearer in law and ethics than that an oath extorted by unlawful coercion is void. Nothing is so essential to the character of an oath than that this should be thoroughly and universally understood, otherwise an oath would cease to be the band of so-

ciety, and would become the instrument of thieves and brigands." "But it is a horrible outrage for a wretch like this Butler, who probably in his life has never done one act of manhood; to drive up a whole population; under the muzzles of cannon, and under the threats of being utterly despoiled, to commit a sort of white perjury."—*Times*.

Or, not to put too fine a point on it, it is, according to high Protestant authority, lawful, or only "a sort of white perjury," to swear falsely in order to save one's property from confiscation; for the alternative presented by General Butler to the people of New Orleans was this—"Swear allegiance, or surrender all your effects, lands, houses, cash, and property of every description." We will not stop to criticise the principles of ethics as laid down by the Protestant *Times*; but we will ask of our readers, calmly and dispassionately to consider how such a declaration concerning Oaths and their obligation, if emanating from a Catholic source, would have been received by the Protestant community.

A NEW "REVIVAL" DODGE.—We take it for granted that our readers know what is meant by a "Protestant Revival;" and that they are aware that the great object of the minister who presides over, directs and excites those melancholy exhibitions of human weakness and depravity, is to "keep the interest unflagging," or in the language of the worldlings and unconverted "to keep the steam up." Many are the strange dodges resorted to for this purpose; of these, many are simply ludicrous; the greater part are decidedly blasphemous; but the following, which is duly recounted in the columns of the *Hamilton Times*, is worthy of the inventive genius of the great Artemus Ward himself.

From the above named journal we learn that a Mr. Hammond, an "evangelist," as our contemporary calls him, but whose real occupation is that of an itinerant mountebank, is doing a brisk business in the "Revival" line at Hamilton. The first symptoms broke out amongst the girls of the Knox's Church congregation; then the boys "took bad;" and finally, for these things are like other epidemics, the grown up members were affected, and the disease declared itself fully in the shape of a "Revival."

But it is not sufficient to "get up" a "Revival;" the job is how to "keep it up," or going, when once it is started. Being essentially abnormal, like all other abnormal things it must, in the natural order of events, run its course rapidly, and give place to a reaction proportionate to the violence of the previous action. A Revival is a kind of moral intoxication; and though it is an easy matter to the practised hand to administer the requisite amount of stimulants, and to elicit the unnatural, or rather infra-natural phenomena of a Revival, it is a much harder job to maintain the action of the stimulus, and to prevent its speedy evaporation. In the case of Mr. Hammond's Revival we are told that "the interest was unflaggingly kept up for two whole hours;" the means by which this "keeping of the steam up" was effected is also revealed to us—and a most excellent dodge it was too.

"Regenerated Pughists" are becoming a bore; evangelical cabmen are at a discount; even the time honored "converted priest," long the standing dish, or *piece de resistance* of the "Protracted Meeting," delights no more; and fails, even when insisting in his most sanctimonious, and whining nasal accents, upon the abominations of Romanism, to keep the "interest from flagging." He, that is to say, "the converted priest" is nearly "used up." He is as smutty as ever, but his smutty stories have lost their savour, and his obscenity its relish. None of the usual devices for "keeping up" the steam of his "Revival" recommended themselves to Mr. Hammond, who wanted an article startling and original—or rather one which, even if old, might be introduced to his audience by a novel and startling title. The "*properties*," or stock in trade of the professional *Revivalist* are often very limited. One man, with a slight change of costume, often plays many parts; as for instance that of "The awakened sinner," then of "The anxious inquirer," or perhaps that of "The brother rejoicing in hope"—just as by a very trifling readjustment of a few outward fixings, the world renowned Artemus contrives to make a half dozen or so of wax figures do duty for all the "Crowned Heads, Literary and Military Celebrities, and Distinguished Criminals" of both hemispheres.—Everything in a Revival depends upon a name; and where one name fails to attract, or "keep the interest from flagging," another shall draw a crowded house. So in the case of Mr. Hammond's great Evangelical Exhibition at Hamilton—where the showman introduced his crack hand, or *mimo buffo*, under a new title, that of:—

"A MAN WHO FOR MANY YEARS HAD BEEN PRAYING TO THE VIRGIN MARY."

The dodge answered amazingly. Up went the steam, and the interest rose higher than ever, as our comical friend detailed the process by which his eyes had been opened, and he himself had been "snatched as a brand," &c., &c.—"Many were in tears while he told the striking story of his having come to the meetings a careless man, and of his being led to attend to the things of eternity. He declared that his happiness was unspeakable since he had found peace."

We congratulate Mr. Hammond upon the

success of the new dodge; and we feel confident that hereafter, "The Man Who had for many years prayed to the Virgin Mary" will be in great request—what play-goers call a "favorite"—at all Revivals and Protracted Prayer Meetings, which may be held in Canada. Why should not the French Canadian Missionary Society engage his professional services for their approaching Anniversary?

Without the remotest desire to discourage amongst Catholics the noble work at present going forward in this Province of rendering aid to the distressed English operatives, it will not perhaps be out of place to say a few plain words of honest truth on this subject. Our words will give pain, because they will be wounding to that self-esteem so essentially characteristic of Englishmen; but there are times when the knife must be used; and if the scalpel but cut the flesh to induce a healthier action we shall not regret the pain we may inflict.

That an Irishman, after the so recent action of the British Government and English press with reference to the distress in the West of Ireland; that an Irish-Catholic in view of that national hatred everywhere evinced in England against everything Irish and Catholic—that an Irishman of whatever creed, in view of his nation's servitude during so many centuries to the Anglo-Saxon yoke—should contribute towards the English relief fund, is certainly an act of most heroic charity; and one deservedly to be ranked amongst those highest acts of Christian perfection inculcated in the precept of giving also the cloak to him, who had seized upon the coat—of offering the left cheek when the right has been already smitten. It would certainly be a very natural procedure, though not a very Christian one withal, to ignore this English distress, and to pool-pool the starving of thousands in a land flowing with milk and honey. It might be argued now as then with a retaliatory but unsound logic, that there are as yet no authentic records of any fellow-men having died of utter starvation; and that until then there can be no necessity of action on the part of charity! Precedents are strong at common law; and the right-worthy and reverend precedent of a certain English baronet of jaunty ear notoriety, and a Secretary of State withal, might be urged in extenuation of such unchristian conduct. But it is not our object to throw taunts into the palm, that is extended for our charity; we would merely point out the superhuman virtue of that widow's mite (for poor Ireland may truly be called a widow) cast into the treasury in return for taunts and insults and oppression. Where but in the bosom of the Catholic Church could such charity be found? Where in the history of mankind (except in that superhuman sacrifice on Calvary) has a like instance of forgiving mercy been seen?

From a purely human point of view, there is an inconsistency almost amounting to mockery in asking Irishmen to contribute to the English relief fund. That charity should be Catholic, and that Christian charity is essentially so, we know, and none feel so more than Irishmen; but that is the religious view, and we are now merely speaking from a human point of view and arguing merely from the point of consistency. When the Irish Prelates and Pastors warned the British Government that famine was inevitable in the West of Ireland, they were told by that Government and by the English Press that there were the Poor Houses for the needy, and that with them none need starve. Now this may have been very good and sound political economy and all that kind of thing—for beggars should not be choosers; and although there is an insuperable objection in the Irish mind against these cold and merciless Poor Houses on account of the moral debasement and consequent degradation they entail, still if starving people and especially starving Irish will have fine fangled notions about morality and honour, it is their own fault—their bellies must be supposed to look to it, and not the British Government. Nor should we be inclined to expect more from the British Government and Press in this regard, seeing that they are a Protestant Government and Press in intercourse with a starving Catholic population. But if this Government, and this press, wanted to preserve their self-respect, and their character before Europe, for an impartial distribution of justice, they should not quite so soon have forgotten their answer to the Catholic Prelates when it was urged by these Reverend Dignitaries, that able-bodied men should not be submitted to the degradation of a residence, however short, in a Poor-house; that a system of out-door relief might be instituted, by which they would be spared the degradation and loss of caste consequent thereon. The objection was treated as altogether too high fangled—"the poor had the Poor-houses, and if they were too proud to enter them, let them starve." Now, we do not find fault with all this in itself. For if Christian (?) charity has to be reduced to a cold system of £ s. d.—if starvation has to become a matter of contracts, and to be let out to the lowest tender, this objection to out-door relief is all very good. But what we object to is, that what is deemed all right and proper for the Irish of Connemara ought to be so too for the starving operatives of Lancashire.—We see no reason why the operatives of Lancashire are to receive any greater consideration at the hands of a confessedly pounds-shillings-and-pence Christian charity, than the Irish. "What is sauce for the goose," ought to be so too "for the gander."

If we could divest ourselves of the knowledge, that so many fellow-beings were suffering the indignity of receiving parochial relief, (for, after all, this is the sum total of the whole affair) we could rejoice at this Lancashire distress.—England was becoming too proud in her prosperity. She impiously deemed herself above famines and all public calamities. It was only the poor ignorant, priest-ridden Irish that ever starved. If they would persist in planting nothing but potatoes, they must continue to want, and "no one will pity them." Such was the sapient, pay impious twaddle of the spoilt children of fortune, so long as the destroying angel

swept over the dwellings of men at a distance from them; but when posing his wings for a moment only over the rocks, and dark mountains of Connemara, he descended with the next swoop amidst the busy shuttles of Lancashire, breaking with the breath of his wings the whirling threads that were to weave the web of life for so many thousands, then, and not until then, did England acknowledge that she too was amenable to the humbling hand of the Most High—that her destiny, bright and glorious though it might have been, was in the hands of God, and not in her own; and that if He chose to strike, contempt of others and oppression of her fellow-men was not the blood of the kid wherewith to avert the scourge. Now, at length she begins to find that there is ignorance other than that of Connemara. That if the Irish have perforce, through the pressure of oppressive laws, depended for their life's life upon a tuber that may fail with every shower, her own enlightened Englishmen have staked their all upon a slender thread that might be broken by the breath of every foreign commotion. It is an evident dispensation of God's providence, that the vain and boastful shall be rebuked and humbled in the same order as their boasts. A few short years ago and England boasted her superior enlightenment, for that she had not, as the rest of men, set her faith upon a fickle tuber, as has also this Publican. Now she finds herself mourning over a broken thread on which had hung her national existence. May the lesson, though a humiliating one withal, prove salutary to her vanity. S.C.R.D.S

WESTMINSTER REVIEW - October, 1862. — Dawson & Son, Montreal.

However objectionable from the Catholic point of view this great organ of the extreme Protestant party may appear, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to its admirable literary merits. It is beyond all comparison the ablest, as it is also the most legitimate, exponent of the intellectual Protestantism of the age; and though by some of its brother Protestants it is often denounced as unorthodox, and even infidel, it must be admitted that it sins against Christianity only in that it more logically, and more fully carries out Protestant principles to their legitimate conclusions; and in that it faithfully and accurately reflects the opinions of the more highly educated classes of the non-Catholic world. As an expression of the last conclusions of that world upon the great religious problems of the day, the Westminster Review is of the highest value; and in the abuse which is freely lavished upon it by its self-dubbed "orthodox" opponents, we find the highest tribute to its merits, and the most convincing proof that upon Protestant principles, its arguments are irrefutable, and its conclusions irresistible. The infallibility of the Bible is as hard to admit as is the infallibility of the Church; and if man has the right, and is in duty bound, to submit the claims and the statements of the one to the test of his private judgment, he is no less authorised and bound to submit the claims and statements of the other to the same ultimate tribunal. This is the principle upon which the Westminster Review, and the school which it represents, pursue their investigations after truth; and if once the problem to be solved was—"How to find the meaning of the Word of God?" that which to-day presents itself for immediate solution to the conscientious and intelligent enquirer is "What is the Word of God?"

The present number of the Review contains besides its theological articles, others of more general interest; particularly one on "The Slave Power" of America, and another on Gibraltar, and the various sieges which that celebrated fortress has had to sustain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—We had the great satisfaction of being present at a very interesting debate which took place before the above Society in their new Hall, Bonaventure Building, on Monday evening, 17th instant. Subject:—"Are the Southern States justified in Seceding from the Union." The debate was opened in the affirmative, by Mr John Murphy, in a cool and logical strain of argument, which went to show that the South have borne for years with a series of grievances, not the least of which were the fanatical inroads of the Abolitionists of New England, who are to blame for the present state of anarchy and confusion which now holds dominion in the once peaceful and great Republic. He was followed in a truly eloquent and argumentative speech in the negative, by Mr. John Joseph Curran, B.C.L., who nobly sustained the task he had undertaken. We must confess we were both surprised and delighted to hear the eloquence and wisdom of one so young, and while listening to his earnest appeals and caustic denunciations, our mind reverted to the past glories of our own dear land, in the days when his great predecessor and namesake made the halls of the Four Courts re-echo, and Norbury tremble, by his bold and eloquent vindication of justice, and the rights of his oppressed country. May our young Tribune inherit the genius, as he does the name, of the great, the good, the eloquent and the humorous, departed but never to be forgotten son of Ireland—John Philipot Curran. Mr. P. O'Meara followed, and brought forward some interesting statistical facts to prove the fallacy and injustice of the arguments in favor of secession. He was followed on the other side by a strong anti-abolitionist baronet from Mr. Patrick Kearney, who, on this occasion, although quite unprepared, took sides with the weaker party for the sake of argument. Our old and respected fellow-citizen, Peter Devins, Esquire, passed some enlogiums on the American people generally, and expressed his regret at the unfortunate occurrences which have torn the nation asunder and paralyzed to a great extent the indomitable energies of its people. Matthew Ryan, Esq., being unanimously called on, stood up, and in his own clear and comprehensive style, took a general review of the arguments on both sides. Although not a sympathizer with the Abolitionists, they were a necessary evil, and would inevitably exist while the foul blot of slavery stained the national escutcheon of the Republic. He believed not in physical force for the abolition of slavery, but in the benign and genial influence of Catholicity—for the Church opens her maternal arms to her children of every clime and colour, and recognises, not master nor slave, but the truly penitent. At the conclusion the President, in few words, thanked the audience for their attendance, and announced that the next debate would take place on the third Monday of the ensuing month of which due notice would be given in the papers.—We heartily say, success attend the St. Patrick's Society in its noble efforts to cultivate the literary tastes, and bring forth the slumbering genius of our fellow-countrymen.—Communicated.

THE REV. MR. DUNPHY OF CARLETON, N. B.—This venerable Priest, being about to leave the Parish where he has so long and profitably laboured, has been presented with an Address from his parishioners, which is creditable alike to people and to pastor; testifying as it does to the important services of the latter, and to the due appreciation of those services by the other. To this Address the Rev. M. Dunphy made an appropriate and eloquent reply. As a further proof of the high estimation in which the reverend gentleman was held by all classes of the community, we copy the following farewell Address presented to him by the Justices of the Peace of Carleton, together with the reply thereto:—

Carleton, Oct. 29, 1862.
THE REVEREND E. J. DUNPHY.—Reverend and Dear Sir.—Upon your retirement from Carleton, the scene of your labour for several years past, the undersigned Justices of the Peace, residing here, would most respectfully address you.

Be assured, Reverend Sir, that it affords us great pleasure to state, that your truly christian-like deportment—your excellent personal example, and your moral persuasion that you have continually exercised, have produced happy effects upon the conduct of those who have been directly under your charge. A result like this goes a long way towards elevating the character of a whole community. Your influence, Reverend Sir, has ever been exercised in the promotion of good neighborhood, and of kindly feeling between man and man; and be assured that you will therefore be long remembered by the undersigned, and the inhabitants of Carleton generally, with becoming regard. May God prosper you in the promotion of every good work.

We remain dear sir,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servants,
Samuel Strange, J.P. James Olive, 3d. J.P.
Joseph Beatey, " Samuel Clark, "
Wm. C. Dunham, " J. C. Littlehale, "
R. SALTER, " Josiah Adams, "
Joseph Coram, " Chas. Ketchum, "
PATRICK STUBBS,
Barrister-at-Law,
Secretary.

The Reverend gentleman made the following REPLY.

GENTLEMEN.—This compliment you pay to me by the presentation of this Address, is one I shall ever remember with pride and pleasure.

As in duty bound, I have labored to the best of my humble ability, aided by the grace of God, to render my people good Christians and good citizens; and it is to me no small consolation to be assured that my labours have not been unsuccessful. Should they be happily followed by exercising a beneficial effect upon the whole community, I shall ever have reason to be thankful to God.

I am truly pleased to notice the good feeling now existing between all the Protestant Denominations of Carleton and my people. Knowing now the advantage of living together in peace and harmony, let us hope that nothing may ever occur to interrupt these kindly feelings. I am happy to have this opportunity of acknowledging the kindness and courtesy that have invariably been shown to me by the Protestants of Carleton; and, of them, there are many, whose attentions I shall never forget.

Thanking you for your kind wishes, and assuring you of my sincere regard,
Believe me, Gentlemen,
Your very Obedient Servant,
E. J. DUNPHY,
Catholic Priest.

Carleton, Oct. 29th, 1862.

To the Editor of the True Witness.
Huntingdon, Nov. 13th, 1862.
SIR.—On the 28th September a meeting of the Catholics of St. Joseph was held in the Sacristy after Mass for the purpose of adopting such a course as should best testify to the Rev. L. G. Gagnier the gratitude of his people for the zeal he has always evinced in the cause of religion and education since he became their pastor. By the unanimous voice of the meeting Mr. James Neary was called to the chair, and Mr. William Hassan was requested to act as Secretary.

Mr. James Neary after a few appropriate remarks moved that a deputation be appointed to present the Rev. gentleman with a purse and an address. This motion was seconded by Mr. Patrick Hughes, and carried. Moved by Mr. James Fagan, and seconded by Mr. Patrick Kelly:—

That the following gentlemen be appointed for the purpose:—Messrs. Felix Hughes, James McIver, Patrick McCaffrey, Walter Walsh, James Neary, Wm. Hall, George Murphy, Patrick Mullan, Hugh McGennis, Michael Leonard, James Fagan, Patrick Kelly, Alexander Murphy, and Thomas Murphy. Carried. Moved by Mr. Patrick McCaffrey, and seconded by Mr. Dennis Martin:—

That the Secretary be and is hereby requested to prepare and read the address. Carried.

On the 26th Oct the deputation awaited on Father Gagnier, when the following address was read:—"REVEREND AND BELOVED FATHER—Having considered the incessant labors you have undergone since your appointment to the spiritual care of these missions, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls—we desire to express our heartfelt gratitude to the Father of Mercies for having placed us under the charge of a Priest so vigilant in the discharge of his sacred duties; so zealous in counteracting the wiles of Satan among his flock; so exact in his department as a Christian, so great a patron of religious education and so persevering a traveller up the rugged heights of Calvary. You have not been unmindful of the words of the Holy Ghost uttered by the mouth of Solomon 'Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it'; and therefore, Rev Sir, you have judged very properly that the establishment of a convent in Huntingdon would be an incalculable aid for implanting in the rising generation a deep, lasting, and intelligent attachment to our holy religion; for it has always spread its branches wider and struck its roots deeper into the soil, when nurtured by its handmaid, education; because the edifice of the Church is so divinely perfect, so ineffably complete, that the more intensely it is examined and the more dazzling the light by which its beauty and battlements are viewed, the more lovely and impregnable it seems. Our debt of gratitude would be less deep if you had provided for our children only the means of obtaining a mediocre education; but in a convent the pedagogy of learning though of the first order is chastened by the continual practice of virtue; and the student is constantly reminded that though the human intellect may classify the kingdoms of nature, grapple with the solution of its most intricate operations, trace the orbits of the heavenly bodies; though it may seem to be rich in knowledge and be clothed in the garb of wisdom, it is nevertheless, to use the words of the beloved disciple, 'Poor and blind and naked.' We can also rest satisfied that the education our children receive in a convent is not poisoned by any of the shifting errors that characterise the sectaries among whom we dwell, for it is imparted to them by a sisterhood who have chained their destinies to those of the Church, following Him who said 'Let little children come unto me, and forbid

them not.' The trifling sum which we present to your Reverence on this occasion is rather intended as a proof that we appreciate in some measure the lustre your conduct sheds on the priestly character, than for the value of the gift. That you may long remain in Huntingdon to complete the good works you have begun, and lead us along the narrow way to Salvation is the earnest prayer of your devoted children.

(Signed on behalf of the Congregation.)
Felix Hughes, Patrick McCaffrey,
James McIver, Walter Walsh,
James Neary, George Murphy,
William Hall, Patrick Mullan,
James Fagan, Hugh McGennis,
Patrick Kelly, Michael Leonard,
Alex. Murphy, Thomas Murphy.

A handsome sum of money was then presented, and the Rev. gentleman replied as follows:—"Gentlemen—I accept with pleasure this new proof of your great attachment to the cause of our holy religion and to education. Your gift as munificent as unexpected I am very thankful for. As to the sentiments entertained by you towards my poor individuality and so well expressed in your address, I must confess that I feel myself unworthy of them. If I have laboured hard since I have been placed over you, I have done but my duty; and I consider my labour amply repaid by your faithful correspondence to grace. I deserve no thanks for what I have done; we must raise our thoughts higher and give thanks to the Father of mercies for what he has been pleased to do by an instrument so vile as the one before you. What shall I reply to the expression of your desire that I may long remain with you? Only this, that I am ever willing to work in the midst of you as long as Divine providence is pleased to leave me here.—Let my fate be what it may I shall never forget the good people of St. Joseph's, Huntingdon."

Mr. Editor by giving publicity to this in the TRUE WITNESS you will confer a favor on yours, &c., WILLIAM HASSAN

Our subscribers will please take notice that, as the TRUE WITNESS is now addressed by means of Spenser's A Dressing Machine, they will at once find the state of their several accounts with this office, by referring to the figures which show to what date their paid subscriptions extend. If any of our friends have reasons for contesting the accuracy of these figures, they will please put themselves in communication with the proprietors on the subject, and their representations shall be immediately attended to.

We are requested to state that the splendid set of Band Instruments, which the Ladies of Montreal are about to present to the First or Prince of Wales' Rifles, will be presented at the Crystal Palace this evening, (Friday) at 8 o'clock, by the Honble. Geo. Moffatt, on behalf of the Committee of Ladies. Visitors will be admitted at the galleries.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE QUESTION.—The Government has resolved to obtain from New York and transmit daily to collectors on the frontier, the amount of depreciation in American currency. This is with a view to regulate the customs' valuation, instead of requiring the consular certificate, which is both inconvenient and expensive, the charges in some cases amounting to \$3.

We learn by a special messenger from the County of Napierville that Mr. Benoit, Rouge, has been elected to the seat vacated by Mr. Bureau, by a small majority of 25 over Mr. Coupal. On the first day Mr. Benoit's majority was 47, showing a considerable decrease of the votes in his favor the second day.—Montreal Gazette

The Provincial Government has made an application to the Imperial authorities for a loan of 25,000 stand of arms

The Government has determined on prosecuting for the recovery of the interest due on debentures by Lower Canada Municipalities. Many of the Corporations have not a red cent to meet the claim.

RE-ENLISTMENT. Several soldiers of the 17th Regiment and 60th Rifles, now in this garrison, whose terms of service had expired, have within the last few days been re-enlisted before F. A. Doucet, Esq., who holds a special commission from His Excellency for that purpose. We are glad to learn from this fact that Her Majesty's service is evidently so popular with those who, from their experience, are best able to appreciate its advantages.—Quebec Chronicle.

DIED IN A TAVERN.—In the vicinity of St. Charles Barrome Street, a medical student, entered one of the low grog shops in the early part of last week and on Thursday was carried out of the place a corpse. He had scarcely left the tavern during the period mentioned.—Montreal paper.

ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE.—A woman who goes under the name of Esther Lane, was found dead early Monday morning in a garden outside the Papineau road turnpike gate. It is supposed she had been on a spree on Sunday, and while making for the bush lay down to sleep, and never awoke. One more unfortunate gone to her death!

DRUNK AS A SOW.—A sow belonging to Mr. Geo. Tressler, of Waterloo, C. W., last week got at some cherries that had been used to flavor whiskey, and soon made herself pretty jolly. The owner fearing the effects of the debauch drove her off, but the obstinate brute returned and finished the tempting fruit. A state of complete intoxication ensued, and while in this state death carried off the intemperate animal. She left a large family to mourn her loss.—Commercial Advertiser.

A PAINFUL EVENT.—During the last two days, an unusual and startling event of a painful nature has been the subject of much conversation throughout the city. The partner of a firm doing an extensive business has suddenly left town; and his departure has been followed by the discovery of a series of money transactions bringing discredit upon a name which had hitherto been considered as honorable as any in the city. We do not know the precise extent of the operations in question; but they appear to have been carried on for a length of time, in the complete security which his own reputation and that of his partners afforded. The figure is certainly much exaggerated by current rumours. We do not give any details out of respect for honourable relatives who cannot be held responsible for an event which must be a source of grief to them.—Quebec Chronicle.

The Toronto journals contain voluminous accounts of the destruction of the Rossin House, by fire. The fire broke out in the rear of the building, in a room used for storing kindling wood, and is attributed to an incendiary. The total loss is estimated at \$180,000, of which \$79,000 only was insured. Four lives were lost, a Mr. Graham, two soldiers, and a colored boy, burned in the ruins by the fall of the floor of a room from which they were removing furniture. The losses of the boarders in the house are in many cases very heavy; among the sufferers are many refugees from the Confederate States, Mr. Pendleton of Virginia, Mr. Onningham and Mr. Barclay of St. Louis, Judge Sides of Louisville, and others. There seems no doubt that the main building could have been saved if the Fire Companies had been properly directed. It was three hours from the time the fire broke out until it reached the main building. This valuable time was wasted in ill-directed efforts.—Commercial Advertiser.

The Federal Government is indebted to this Province \$50,000 for mail service, performed by the Canadian ocean steamers. It proposes to pay this debt in its depreciated currency, which our Government is naturally unwilling to receive. It is not creditable to the Federal Government to insist on a foreign country payment which is an account of the depreciation of the currency in which it is made, one-fourth less than its contract.—Commercial Advertiser.

A HIT AT PROSELYTIZERS.—For a trenchant stroke at a popular error commend us to Dr. Barker, of the Kingston Whig. He noticed the announcement in the Hamilton Spectator to the effect that a Rev. Mr. Fenn would preach on a certain day in favor of the Sabrevois mission. This mission happens to be a swaddling institution, something like similar ones in Ireland, which are established for the purpose of preserving Irishmen by the force of the Gospel according to bread soup. The Whig comments on it as follows:—"Protestants complain bitterly when Catholics proselyte, as in the case of Sir Allan MacNab and others; and yet they can't see the inconsistency of their own conduct, when they send Protestant Ministers into the rural parts of Lower Canada to convert French Catholics. To say nothing of the utility of such a proceeding, for Catholics are very hard to convert, the impertinence of it is apparent. Let the Roman Catholic Christians of Lower Canada alone, and send Missionaries to convert the heathen! Send the School-master to them instead!" Ottawa Tribune.

INCREASE OF CRIME IN UPPER CANADA.—The crime of seduction appears to be rapidly on the increase in this Province. At the late Assizes for the county of Wentworth, there were no less than three cases. The frequency with which juries accord heavy damages as a sort of balm for the blasted honor of the seduced party is one of the main reasons for the frequency of the commission of the crime.—British Standard

On Tuesday whilst Mr. J. K. Read, was on his way from Burritt's Rapids, he found a man lying on the side of the road, with his throat cut, and to all appearance dead. Mr. Read stopped and after some difficulty was enabled to lift the unfortunate man into his wagon, and he drove to Kempsville, to obtain medical aid. On arriving Dr. Sparham, was sent for and dressed the man's wounds, which proved to be almost fatal. It appears that the unfortunate man, Daniel McCullough, had left his residence, and proceeded to Burritt's Rapids in order to obtain some money due him there, and was asked by a person named Ward if he would give him a ride, to which McCullough replied he would, and after taking a few glasses of liquor, they started, and nothing transpired until within a few miles of this village, when Ward stopped the horse and took out a knife, demanded of McCullough to deliver up his money saying that he made his living by murdering men. He seized McCullough's coat with one hand, and with the other drew the knife several times across his throat making several fearful wounds; he then let go, knocked him down, and commenced kicking him until he supposed the poor man to be dead; after that he jumped into the wagon, and drove furiously until he reached Merrickville. He then left the wagon and proceeded on horseback to Estens's Corners, where he was arrested. The prisoner has been in the reformatory prison for a term. McCullough was visited yesterday by a Roman Catholic clergyman, and fears are entertained of his recovery.—Kempville Observer.

It is stated that the flow of the Pennsylvania well is decreasing, the daily product of the whole region being estimated at scarcely four thousand barrels.

MR. PIERCE'S VOICE.—All note the clearness and distinctness of Mr. Pierce's voice when speaking. He does not smoke or drink, but he does use Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers, the best preparation known for a sudden hoarseness, cold, sore throat, etc. 25 cents a box. Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clate & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Montreal, November 20, 1862.
Flour—Pollards, \$2 to \$2.30; Middling, \$2.50 to \$2.75; Fine, \$3.75 to \$3.80; Super, No 2, \$3.20 to \$3.40; Superior \$4.50 to \$4.55; Fancy \$4.65 to \$4.70; Extra, \$4.85 to \$4.90; Superior Extra, \$5 to \$5.30. Bag Flour, per 112 lbs, \$2.45 to \$2.55. The supply of Super was small to-day, and a further advance of about 5 cents was estimated.
Oatmeal per brl of 200 lbs nominal, at \$4.25 to \$4.50.
Wheat Canada Spring, 92c to 93c ex-cars; soft 94c to 95c; White Winter, \$1.04 to \$1.05.
Corn per 56 lbs, 45c. No transactions reported.
Barley per 50 lbs 95c to \$1.05.
Oats, about one cent a pound.
Peas per 65 lbs 72c for good U.C. by car-load.
Ashes per 112 lbs Pot \$6.70; inferior Pots \$6.25; Pearls \$6.30; inferior Pearls \$6.30.
Butter per lb.—The market is rather dull, but prices remain about the same, viz., inferior, 10c, to 10½c; medium, 11c, to 12c; fine, 12c, to 12½c; choice, 14c, to 16c.
Eggs per doz, 12c.
Lard per lb, 8c, to 8½c.
Tallow per lb, in demand at 8½c, to 9c.
Hams per lb, dull; 8c, to 10c.
Pork per brl, Mess \$10.50 to \$11.00; This Mess, \$9.00 to \$9.50; Prime Mess, \$8 to \$8.50; Prime, \$7 to \$8.50.
Beef per brl, Prime Mess, \$9 to \$9.50. Nominal. Dressed-Hogs, about \$3.50.—Montreal Witness.

Married.
On the 17th inst., in St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. P. Dowd, Bernard McShane, Esq., to Maria, daughter of the late Michael Cusack, Esq.

SACRED PICTURES FROM RUBENS.

MR. TROYE invites the public to the above, as well as to his specimens of PORTRAIT PAINTING.—He solicits an early visit, as his stay will be short. ROOM, 68 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, Corner of William Street.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal.

DR. CAHILL'S LECTURE

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JUST PUBLISHED, IN PAMPHLET FORM.
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Of the above Lecture,
WITH A
PORTRAIT
Of the Rev. gentleman, and a brief Sketch of his Life.
For Sale at the Book and News Stores. Price 12½ cents.
Copies mailed to any part of the country, by the undersigned, on receipt of 12½ cents in stamps.
W. DALTON,
News Dealer.
Montreal, October 30th, 1862.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

The English papers are now taking it for granted that the accession to power of M. Drouyn de Lhuys proves merely that the Emperor Napoleon desires to stand by the Pope. It is no doubt true that the fact is that the whole educated class of France is intensely of the same will. Not that the whole, or the majority, is Catholic. Unhappily, that is far from being the case. There is a strong Catholic party, and it has great strength not only from its own numbers, but because it is the only religious party in France. French Protestants no doubt exist, but as a body they differ from English Protestants. They are men who reject the Catholic Church, and with it all revealed truth. On this subject a not of M. Fould, the present Finance Minister, is repeated, apparently on good authority. This noble man, by birth and education a Jew, some months back professed himself a Protestant. Some of his friends expressed their astonishment; but he replied, "The Jewish religion is unpopular and obnoxious, and I was anxious to have the least possible of Christianity." Such a sect as this is quite incapable of combining into any religious party as the bad Catholics or the infidels themselves; and the result is, that the good Catholics are not counterbalanced as in England, by any religious party. This Catholic party is all for the temporal power of the Pope, and therefore against the unification of Italy. But even the best Catholics are far from resting there. They are Frenchmen as well as Catholics, and they openly avow that even if they were not Catholics, they would still think as they do, because they regard the union of Italy as contrary to the political interest of France.

THE ROMAN QUESTION. — It is no doubt easy to blame the Emperor for the repeated adjournments of a solution and this continued hesitation; but in common fairness it must be said that his position is an exceptional one. It will perhaps have little effect in reconciling the Italians, particularly the more ardent and impatient among them, but it is nevertheless a fact that he has many difficulties to contend with at home. Whatever people may say to the contrary, it is certain that the clergy possess much influence in the rural districts, and that this influence, of all others, is one on which that influence would be most brought to bear. The elections are not far off, whether the Legislative Chamber be allowed to die out or be dissolved by decree. Had M. Thouvenel remained to present to the Pope the ultimatum which he supported, and followed it up on its rejection by the immediate withdrawal of the army from Rome, the consequences would be severely felt in spite of all that M. Persigny, or any other "Grand Elector" in his place, could do. The effect produced on the clerical party by the nomination of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who lost no time in appointing as Ambassador to Rome the brother of the Archbishop of Bourges, is favorable, and it is accepted as a sort of reprieve, if not more. The Emperor, perhaps hopes that concessions refused to an enemy like M. Thouvenel will be favorably considered when urged by a friend like M. Drouyn de Lhuys. In this hope he may be disappointed, but at all events he thinks it worth trying the experiment. Of course there are plenty of people who will have it that it is all a comedy; and that the Emperor is sure that the Pope will still answer with the non possumus as he is resolved on an indefinite occupation of Rome. Let us wait to see what will be the effect of M. Drouyn de Lhuys' negotiations. — Times Cor.

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 28. — A statement appeared a few days back in some of the Italian and French papers, that M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, intended calling upon the Italian Government to propose the rescinding of the vote of the Chamber which claimed Rome as the capital of the kingdom of Italy. I am positively assured that M. Drouyn de Lhuys has had no intention of making any such proposal to the Turin Cabinet. At the same time I do not believe that we shall witness for the present any material change in the policy of the French Government as regards Rome, and as for withdrawing the army, it is out of the question. The reasons for occupying Rome which existed in 1849, and which M. Drouyn de Lhuys went to London to lay before Lord Palmerston and Lord Lansdowne, who, as the organ of the Government in the House of Lords, gave the explanation asked for by, I believe, Lord Brougham, are so far as I can learn, much the same as now alleged by this Government at the present day. The Emperor declared, in his celebrated letter to Victor Emmanuel, that the French army should remain at Rome so long as there was any danger of the Papal territory being invaded by regular or irregular troops, by the free lance of Garibaldi or the army of Victor Emmanuel; and to all demands from Turin the same answer is still given. The Emperor's attention is still directed towards effecting a reconciliation between Rome and Turin, and, though the task appears hopeless, with the non possumus of the Vatican on one hand, and the cry for Rome as the new capital on the other, it would seem that he does not despair of success. He says that Catholic France cannot be expected to treat the Sovereign Pontiff with less consideration than the great Powers treat the Sultan in what regards concessions to subjects, or the surrender of his territory; and that if he is expected to press upon the Holy Father the recognition of the actual state of things, Piedmont must give solid guarantees that he shall not be disturbed in his present possessions. This, I think I can assure you, is the basis on which the negotiations at Turin, with a view to reconciling the Pope and the King, are conducted; and this is, in fact, the policy of the French Government. In the meantime the French army will continue to occupy Rome.

An association of scientific and literary characters had been accustomed to meet for some months past in an apartment in the Rue de la Paix to discuss literary subjects. The apartment belonged to M. Le Roy, who directed the proceedings, and permitted select visitors to be present on the payment of a small sum of money. The association, after having existed for some months, was closed by order of the Government. Since then M. Le Roy, who is a licentiate of the Faculty of Paris, has petitioned the academical authorities to be permitted to open a free establishment of secondary instruction, according to the provisions of the law of 1850. The vice-rector of the Academy has, nevertheless, opposed his opening a course of lectures. M. Le Roy, who is endowed with great perseverance, is determined to appeal to the departmental Council of Public Instruction, but the vice-rector of the Academy is president of this Council. He has still recourse to the Imperial Council of Public Instruction, who it is to be hoped, will have more respect for the law of 1850, which has been called "the charter of the liberty of instruction."

ITALY

An enthusiastic fox-hunter, on a fine day, with the wind in the south, intent upon his sport, had meeting

the bounds on their very back to the kennels; because the master of the same had changed his mind about the hunt, will have very fair notice of the bitter disappointment of the great Liberal Party, the illustrious Emperor of the French, not to hunt on Roman ground for the present. The great Liberal Party was in full cry for Rome; Ricassoli had promised to hold a Parliament in the Capitol; Ratazzi had set Garibaldi on the trail; and the London mob was beginning to shout for the successful dog, when the great Emperor told them to hold their tongues. Garibaldi is in the hands of the doctors of United Italy, and will, in all probability, never come out of their hands alive. Ricassoli is gone, and Ratazzi is a spectacle; the English Government looks supremely silly; for the speculation in mobs and public meetings has been destroyed by the Grand Master of the great Liberal Party, who has his own ends to serve, and his own interests to take care of, dearer to him than the universal salvation of the press.

For the present the enemies of God are baffled, they admit their failure and submit to the benediction of a man they hate but whom they must serve whether they like it or not. Their puppet, the King of Sardinia, gives them neither hope nor comfort, for they never expected anything from him; he is as if he did not exist, there is no sort of promise whatever about him, so much so, that in the depths of despair they can make nothing of that miserable idol set up by depravity to reign over fraud. They are helpless now, because the Emperor of the French does not choose to do their work. The liberal press, public opinion, natural rights, and non-intervention can do absolutely nothing, because the Grand Prophet of all these things is tired of the imposture, and wishes to refresh himself with a little rest. — London Tablet.

MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO AND GARIBALDI. — The Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio has published in the "Discussion," a severe article on Garibaldi. The Marquis has pledged, however, from his brief, which was the "Official Report of Aspromonte." He accuses Garibaldi of double-dealing and deception, and says that his reputation is tarnished for ever, prepares Italy to expect enormous efforts from the party of action, with whom he closely connects General Garibaldi, and winds up by expressing his astonishment that a people so "in love with legality and order" as the English, should show itself so "infatuated" for a man who has committed such "extraneous" as has the prisoner of Varignano.

The Curate of Sant'Anna, confined for refusing the Sacrament to Monsignor Caputo, has been set at liberty. He was greatly beloved by his parishioners, and on his being called to attend a sick person, a few hours after his liberation, the streets through which he had to pass were lined by crowds who came to welcome him, and receive his blessing. The Vicar-general and one of the Ozans of Lucera have been condemned to two and one years of imprisonment, and a heavy fine for refusing compliance with the Government ordinances, which they conceived to militate against their sacred duties. This is the way a free Church in a free State is carried into practice. A conscientious abstinence from cooperation with the new order of things is held and punished as a crime. No Government can ever be popular under such conditions, and every day is causing the people to drift further and further down the tide of disaffection. Those on the spot realise this fully, but it is a truth that will only be brought home to England when the consequences are too late for reparation.

ROME. — The Neapolitan emigration is beginning, and groups of peasants from Aquila, Orfeli, and Lago Fucino are beginning to bring across the frontier their terrible and ceaseless story of wrong and rapine. The celebrated Southern chief Cipriani la Gala has just been taken prisoner; fortunately for him not by the Piedmontese, but by a Pontifical post, near San Francisco. He was decoyed to a certain point on the frontier by a letter purporting to come from Francis II., requiring his presence in Rome. The document was, of course, not a genuine one, as the King has long remained from all connection with the Italian, but the Royalist leader, notwithstanding, fought his way with fourteen men to the Abruzzi confines, where he was attacked by the French outposts; he eventually surrendered, and was consigned to the Termini, a pretty clear proof, if any were needed, that the Roman Government is in no way the source of reaction. The movement seems daily gaining strength, and encounters are constantly reported. The "Times" is at length forced to admit the fearful state of the rural districts, and the utter impossibility of suppressing that which is proved to be a popular and national movement.

The Queen of Naples has been recommended by her physicians to remain some time longer in Germany. She has taken up her abode with the Ursuline Nuns at Augsburg for some weeks. The appointment of M. La Tour d'Auvergne, which is just announced, has given great satisfaction here to the Catholic party, as it is considered a guarantee of a Conservative policy on the part of France. Mazzini's manifesto will now prove to Europe that a union of the sect and any constitutional monarchy was impossible at any time, and was merely tolerated as a provisional arrangement. The Revolution and Victor Emmanuel by no means took each other "for better or worse"; but the divorce has come much sooner than was expected, and in the quarrels of rogues we know that honest men sometimes find an advantage. — Cor. of Tablet.

That the late change indicates a policy favorable to the Holy Father in France all parties seem to have agreed. The "Times" is as strong on that point as we could be. In France it is felt perhaps even more strongly because the new Minister is known to be not merely a Conservative in politics, but a practical Catholic. A very large body of French statesmen are for the Pope merely on political grounds. M. Goizet, though a Protestant, supports him as the keystone to all order in Europe. M. Thiers does the same. What his feelings are may be inferred from an anecdote the correctness of which I can answer. He said the other day to a friend, "There is no doubt we are right in our Conservative policy, but the Catholics have a great advantage over us by that dog of a hope of theirs (et chien d'esperance.) There is something touching in this sort of evasive acknowledgment of the blessedness of them who, amid all the storms of this world, are firmly anchored, possessed of a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Talking of M. Thiers, I may mention another anecdote of him. He attended at Court to present the last volume of his History, and was asked by the Empress his view about the affairs of the Holy Father. He is said to have replied, "Madame, I am no theologian. But as an historian I cannot help seeing that no one ever ate a bit of the Pope without dying of it." There was wit as well as truth in the reply. The fact is that although some revolutionary papers in France are so far blinded by their hatred of the Pope as to be for giving Rome to the Piedmontese, there is hardly a French statesman of any school who is not the other way, and all the more from being firmly convinced that the English have taken up the question for purely English objects. This we know not to be the case. The main principle in England is anti-Catholic bigotry, and the absurd notion that the seizure of the States of the Church is once for all to put an end to that hated "Popery." What more feeling there really is in the English people on the subject is chiefly drawn from one creditable to them as far as it goes. They have been assured that the Romans are oppressed and want to gain their freedom, and they think it a liberal thing to take their side about Foreign politics. The mass of the English people have no opinion. Have the mass of any people? — Cor. Weekly Register.

The Pontifical Guards have arrested a man who was loitering near the Pontifical villa; Castel Gandolfo, and who had been heard to make minute inquiries as to the hour of the Pope's going out, and the direction of his walks. The man, who was in

the garb of a mechanic, was armed with a revolver, and a dagger. He also upon him considerable sums of money. He could give no account of his possession either of the arms or the money. The Population of Rome. — According to a statistical account just published by the Vicar-General of Rome, the population of that city in 1855 was 180,259; in 1859, 182,585; in 1860, 184,049; in 1861, 184,517; and in 1862 it is 197,078. The increase has therefore been continual in the present year. There are at Rome 29 Cardinals, 35 Bishops, 1529 Priests, 339 Seminarians, 2,509 members of Religious communities (men), 2,031 Nuns, 609 Members of Colleges, 427 girls brought up in convents, 928 boys, and 1,200 girls in charitable establishments, 4,893 Pontifical soldiers, 331 non-Catholics, and 4,486 Jews. The French troops are not reckoned among the population. — Post.

NAPLES. — A correspondent of the Standard writes from Naples: —

The amnesty is at length before us, and has, as might have been expected, given satisfaction to none. Wrong as it has been from the fear—not the clemency of the Piedmontese Government, it has given liberty only to those to whom it dared not refuse it, and has left untouched the real evils. The whole mass of Royalists are excluded from its provisions; neither De Christo, Carraciolo, nor Mr. Bishop are among those named who are to benefit by it; the exception is also made for the deserters from the army—an exception one could better understand did not one remember the wholesale desertions purchased in 1860 by Piedmont itself. The Bourbonist prisoners are not even referred to, and as soon as the court of assize re-enters on its high functions we may expect to hear of fresh convictions for reaction obtained by perjury, and evidence wrong by similar torture to that practised a few weeks since on Tangari to make him denounce Major de Presti and the Baron di Gesezza. The reaction is daily spreading, and in most of the provinces the National Guard is refusing to act, and, in consequence, is dissolved. Among other places at Conca, at Fusaldò, and many villages in the Calabria. Between brigandage and Garibaldianism, Ratazzi's post is scarcely a sinecure, and his difficulties increase hourly. La Marmorata's voice is, and has been, always, for repressive measures. Heaven knows there is no lack of them—arrests and fustigations, and a miserable mockery of an amnesty that sets free Fra Pantaleo, Nicotera, and Mordani, and leaves thousands to the dungeon and the galley without hope or resource.

The new prison regulations coming into operation, have been greeted with the express purpose of stifling all kind of communication with the outer world. The fall of the Ratazzi Cabinet is considered imminent now, though what combination can take its place is by no means clear, and the difficulties of the situation are increasing hourly. One of the new measures to be carried out is a complete elimination of Neapolitans from the magistracy, and the appointment of Piedmontese officials in all the departments. In the Sicilies the result will shortly be apparent, and the dream of Italian unity will be further off than ever; nothing will remain but the fearful aggregate of useless suffering entailed by the experiment, and the demoralisation of all Italy to a far greater extent than would ever have been the case under the provisions of the Treaty of Zurich, had they been allowed to be carried out. It may be too late to arrest the evil, but at least humanity may plead in favour of the consequences being averted. If the wholesale prescription now on foot is carried out, if all political offences are not placed in the same category as those just pardoned, if Garibaldians are to be set free, and Bourbonist unjustly condemned and retained in prison, at least, let us hear no more cant about liberty, a phrase which was never more out of place than now, and which it seems only possible to obtain in Naples by the acceptance of one of the most absolutist dynasties in Europe. The Neapolitans are fast having this truth thrust upon them, that the slavery of the strong is less galling than that of the weak. A government barely able to hold its own can never be merciful. The inconsistency lies in not accepting the position.

Another correspondent, "Anglicus," of the same journal writes: —

The state of siege continues here. La Mamma has refused to remain at his post unless full powers are conceded to him; and the most valued of these is the suppression of all reports in the public press that would disclose the fearful condition of the Southern provinces. The foreign journals are, in the same way, confiscated at the post office if they contain anything tending to let the royalist party know that sympathy exists for them in other countries. The clandestine press is a dominant feature of the state of siege. Small journals and broadsheets are sold sub rosa every evening, and through these a certain amount of fact finds its way to the public ear. One little paper, called Roma o Morie, has a few curious remarks to-day on the state of Sicily. "Disorder, injustice, and oppression," it says, "reign in this unfortunate island. The tyranny of government is unequalled by the discontent of the population, and the hope of national unity has vanished for ever; the state of siege (a remedy worse than the disease) daily augments the state of ruin to which we have fallen; the government reaction goes on unchecked. There is now no thought but of persecuting the Liberals. The best and truest patriots are arrested and confined without the shadow of proof on which a process might be based. In the Neapolitan provinces the sword reigns supreme; a so-called military lieutenantcy has established military law, and arrests and shoots at its pleasure. The brigandage has, in the teeth of this, risen up stronger and more numerous than ever. How can we explain such a consequence? One fact alone stands out more clear than the rest—that no government that comes from Turin can exist here save by the sword; and that with the sword or miseries, far from being cured, are augmented.

Let your readers mark the source of this short and uncompromising denunciation of the Piedmontese rule. It is not the Armonia or the Epoca, or any journal one accense of being in any way a reactionary party. It is a clandestine organ of the Liberal and Mazzinian party; it is truth, and the strongest testimony that can be given of hatred inspired throughout the country, and among men of all classes, by the gross oppression they are labouring under.

The Vienna Gazette says:—"The Queen of Naples has given an assurance to her mother, and to the King and Queen of Bavaria that she required a few days of meditation and prayer, but that after that pious exercise she should return to Rome to her husband."

GERMANY

Most of our readers know that some 22 years ago an enthusiast, as we will charitably designate him, called Ronge, "got up" what was termed the Evangelical Catholic Church of Germany. It was to be quite a unique thing, having no connection whatever with any concern over the way. Its priests, however, were in limine, like the arch-apostate Luther to take unto themselves the daughters of man—wives; and the doctrine, dogmas, and tenets which distinguish the Catholic from the Protestant Church were, for the most part, to be renounced and denounced by the new sect, which at once gained such vast favour with the Government under which they had sprung up, that various privileges, which had previously been enjoyed by the Catholics, were taken from them and given to the Evangelicals. This fact shows that the latter existed chiefly in localities where the population was divided into two religious denominations, Catholic and Protestant, whilst the Government were of the latter persuasion. Well, this schism, as may be easily supposed, caused great joy and jubilation amongst Protestants everywhere, and the secession of all Germany from Romanism was predicted as inevitable, and adroitly used as an auxiliary means of perversion by the proselytising associations in these countries, especially. Of late years, however, there has been a most suspicious

attempts on the subject. Ronge, his associates, their aims, and their Church ceased to figure prominently in the annual reports of the proselytising institutions. Considerable will be recollected that whereas from time to time given translations from foreign journals of the proceedings of the associations which were formed to counteract the designs of Messrs. Ronge and Co. The earliest of these fraternities was that of St. Boniface, formed in about a year after the commencement of the Ronge heresy. Amongst the other excellent measures taken by this association, was the publication of the Almanac at St. Boniface. The number for the ensuing year gives an account of the career of Ronge and his followers, with most interesting particulars relative to the almost total disappearance of the sect which he formed (most of whom have by the-by, received the One Fold). But the most gratifying statistics in the work are those which show the rapid increase of Catholicism in Germany, not only in the districts previously infested with Rongeism, but in every other portion of the country. We quote a few of these statistics as given in the Almanac. In the provinces of Brandenburg and Pomerania, for instance, there has been an increase since 1844 of 35 parishes and 48 priests. In that year the capital of Prussia had not a single religious house, now it contains eight, and every parish contains at least one religious institution. In Saxony, about 40 new Catholic parishes have been founded, and the spread of Catholicism has occurred amongst others in the cities which were conspicuous for embracing the Lutheran doctrines when they were first promulgated. Of these places we merely mention Wittenberg, Forgar, and Esleben where Luther was born. In 1848 the Catholics at Breslau were only 28,500, they are now 45,000; Berlin now contains 10,000 more Catholics than it did twenty years ago. Turning to the state of heresy originated by Ronge, we find that of the 6,000 members in Berlin in 1840, there are only 443 remaining. What a falling off there was, and how dumb the Protestant orators at the annual missionary meetings are on this startling fact! Alas, for poor Ronge, he and his remnant of straggling followers have descended to be mere peripatetic lecturers and promulgators of Continental Radicalism, jumbled up as usual with some form of belief which, when closely analysed, is simple materialism! Had Luther lived some years longer, it is most probable that his heresy would have assumed a variety of phases and changes, which would either have thrown the original heresy entirely in the shade, or have brought its originator and his disciples back to the faith which they had abandoned. The elasticity and latitudinarianism which one and all of these schisms and heresies adopted, constituted the great secret of their success; they are something like men's habitments, made to suit their tastes, their figures, and even their whims. — Dublin Telegraph.

Despite the semi-official statement recently put forth through the agency of the Associated Press to the effect that our relations with the Government of France presented no difficulties not amenable to the ordinary solution of diplomatic negotiations, we have the highest authority for stating that our advisers from France, though couched in the usual complimentary language of the politest court in Europe, were really of a serious nature, and that they presented to our Government these two alternatives: Either a war with France or the unqualified repudiation of all the acts of Gen. B. F. Butler in connection with the French Consul and French citizens of New Orleans who on one or show any plausible grounds to make it appear that they have been injured, either in person or property, during the progress of our war for the vindication of the Union. — Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

UNITED STATES

In the deplorable form of a serpent the devil deceived our first parents. In the mean shape of New England ideas, propagated with diabolical industry and by diabolical craft, through the Press, by the pulpit, and on the lecturer's rostrum—by all the trickery of Barnum-New England—the Yankee fanatics succeeded in electing Abraham Lincoln to the office of President of the United States, according to the letter of the Constitution—hence "all our woes." Intelligence—the light of heaven—was thus perverted from its right line. Inflected, distorted, it fell at an angle on the vision of an unwary people. Cause produced its effect. The devil, garbed as an angel of light, deceived a duped people. He has paid them with his own fruits—apples of Sodom, that have turned to ashes on their lips. The effect has answered to the cause. Two years have rolled round, and the people of the North have again—refusing to be overruled by their creature—their creature—the Federal administration—the people have again expressed their will. We have heard it. "From the Hudson to the Mississippi, the great Central States" of the North, by their votes as States, and by their Congressional elections, have, every one of them, and all alike, uttered their wishes and their determinations. — N. Y. Freeman.

UNITED STATES FOREIGN RELATIONS. — As the time draws near for the assembling of Congress, the necessity of an explicit revelation of the true state of our foreign relations is making itself felt, and inklings of things not fully apprehended by the public mind are gradually creeping out of the State Department. There can be little doubt that the leading foreign representatives near this government are preparing to exert a combined influence upon the administration in favor of some decisive attempt at such a settlement of our domestic troubles as shall relieve the European populations of the burden now pressed upon them by the interruption of the commercial relations on which the modern system of European industry reposes. That this attempt, in whatever form it may be made, will be made very speedily is apparent, and that it will not be by any unfriendly feeling toward the Union may be safely assumed from the fact that Russia acts in the matter in perfect concert with the western powers. But it is useless to disguise the apprehension felt by well-informed persons here, that any manifestation of the kind contemplated must excite the popular mind in such sort as gravely to complicate the course of the government, and this apprehension is not diminished by the circumstance that questions of a highly unpleasant nature in regard to direct issues of material interest and international rights are now under discussion between our own Department of State and several of the European governments. The course of General Butler at New Orleans, and the zeal of some of our naval commanders in the West Indies have evoked these issues which the representatives of two at least of the powers concerned are pressing to somewhat pre-emptory solution. The demands actually made by the Minister of Spain in connection with the affair of the *Blanche* are believed to be fully supported by the representatives of England and of France, and it will need all the tact and skill of Mr. Seward to steer the vessel of state successfully through the present imbroglio. All that is now known here in regard to the actual condition of affairs gives a peculiar significance to the stress laid by the exponents of English opinion in the last published advices from England upon the fact that Lord Lyons has returned with instructions to take no "individual" action in regard to our relations with that country, but to "co-operate earnestly" with the representatives of other European powers in any course collectively adopted by them. — N. Y. World.

THE CASE OF MRS. BRINSMADE. — Whoever has a sister a wife or a daughter, and desires to know what pangs may come to him through those tender ties; would learn to what outrageous lengths the unbridled unpunished exercise of unlawful and despotic power will run, may learn from the correspondence in the case of Mrs. Brinsmade, which we publish this morning. Mrs. Brinsmade, a young and beautiful woman, hardly out of her teens, possessing therefore neither the self-restraint which comes with years, nor the cautious reticence of the other sex, two

months ago came North under a pass from General Butler, in the New Orleans steamer, in order to spend the winter with her relatives in Washington and New York. Arrived in the former city she is arrested without warrant; imprisoned without trial; denied communication with her friends; kept closely guarded, although brought on to this city and thrown into prison in the Forty-seventh street station-house. Through a backman employed by the officer in charge of her, her friends in the city learn of the outrage; they apply civilly to the infamous Kennedy, who made the arrest; to know its cause. They are assailed with imprecations and threats that they should be locked up if the inquiry is repeated. — Assured by a deputy that the prisoner is to be sent to her father in New Orleans by the next steamer, her friends content themselves with the hope that, although every form of law, every guarantee of civil and personal liberty has been violated by one of their appointed custodians, the sufferer had at least escaped without loss of life or of that which is dearer.

But her wrongs were not yet ended. They did not know the Kennedy. Perhaps they have not heard of O'Connell. A thirty-five days after a letter was received by one of her friends, from which it was learned that she was still a close prisoner in the Forty-seventh street station-house, waited upon only by male attendants, fed with prisoner's fare, a part of the time prostrated by illness as well as grief, every instinct of decency thus violated, as well as every form of law.

Two ladies then apply to the Kennedy for permission to see their friend. It is denied. They ask what are the charges and who the accusers. 'I, the Kennedy, am the accuser; I arrested her. I put her and keep her where she is, and she ought to be hung.' Hopeless of redress from the brute whom this infamy begets up and down through all his lineage, and in all his posterity, Mrs. Brinsmade's friends applied to Provost Marshall General Draper. Mr. Draper promptly addressed himself to the Judge Advocate General, who said that he knew nothing of the case; to Mr. Kennedy who replied that she was held by order of Colonel Baker, provost Marshal of Washington; to Col. Baker and the Assistant Secretary of war, who replied (proving that the Kennedy of course had lied) that the arrest had been made by one of Mr. Kennedy's officers, and that Mrs. Brinsmade was detained by him without any authority, whatever from the War Department; whereupon Mr. Draper got from the Kennedy an order for the lady's release, went in person and executed it, and led her in the charge of her friends.

It is but justice to say that the War Department is no farther responsible for this particular outrage than as responsibility is implied in its having been guilty of similar ones, in its having committed despotic and illegal power into the hands of a petty Galignani, and in its having hitherto connived at every license to which the ictings of a paltry police despot and the instincts of a brute had goaded him on. — N. Y. World.

GREAT BRITAIN

The English Episcopate has nobly done its part; the clergy have done theirs; when will the laity, or gentry themselves, as they have it in their hands to do? When will every Catholic demand as a condition of his vote, an unflinching opposition to the Revolution? — when will he have the courage and the pride to keep aloof from all society, however highly placed or desirable where acquiescence in the fashionable code of religious politics is a sine qua non of his retaining a place in it? — when will he support a Catholic literature in preference to the publications expressly designed to corrupt and sap our Faith? There is self-denial in all this, and of the hardest kind; but what cause was ever victorious without it? — what struggle worth a man's engaging was ever won on easy terms? The creation of a school of Catholic youth analogous to that of France, but retaining and using in the good cause all the noble points of the English character, is a necessity, if we are to be a body owning political influence, and making ourselves heard in the English public. It is from that class our future must be looked for; the workers in the regeneration of England and the soldiers in the van of her second great battle for the Faith; the persecution not of the axe, of the fire, of the scaffold, but of ridicule, of insidious argument, of social disadvantage—perhaps the hardest struggle for the young, but not the less to be met and conquered, before anything great can be attempted or hoped for among our ranks. — London Tablet.

THE ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. — The Bishop of Salisbury has amended the articles against Dr. Rowland Williams, and the case is to come before the Court of Arches on Monday, the 3rd of November, unless the case should come before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, on the technical grounds, arising out of the learned Judge's decision on the admissibility of the articles, on the 25th June inst. The proceedings are taken under the general ecclesiastical law, and not under the statute of Elizabeth. The Bishop has reformed the article in which Dr. Williams is alleged to have said that the Bible is simply an expression of devout reason, and that the sacred writers were merely passionless machines, as being a violation of the Sixth and Seventh of the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion. The Bishop has also reformed the Twelfth Article filed against Dr. Williams, in which he is alleged to deny the views held by the Church of England on the propitiation and satisfaction made by Christ for the sins of the world. Some other articles have been reformed, but the articles which are now omitted, and which will not be argued, contain the charges against Dr. Williams of denying the Messianic character of Christ, the authenticity of the Book of Daniel, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Petrine Epistles, the divinely ordained nature of water and baptism as the means of grace, the doctrine of the resurrection and the incarnation. That article is also omitted which declares that the tendency, object and design of the whole essay is to inculcate a disbelief of the Divine inspiration and orthodoxy of the Holy Scriptures. In the course of the next term the case against the Rev. Henry Bristow Wilson will be also proceeded with.

GENERAL BUTLER AND THE PRUSSIAN GOVERNMENT. — The Baltic Gazette supplies another instance of the manner in which Gen. Butler discharges his duties as Governor of New Orleans. The Gazette says:—"According to the latest intelligence from New Orleans a serious dispute has arisen between the officials of the Union government and those conducting Prussian trading interests at that Southern port. The Prussian ship Essex, Captain Augustus Klatt, had received on board a cargo destined for Liverpool, consisting of oil, oak, logs, cotton, &c., about twenty-five cabin passengers and about \$75,000 in gold and silver. The passengers were mostly of a superior class, comprising fifteen ladies and four clergymen. The captain wished to sail on the 15th September, but was forcibly compelled to remain by General Butler, who desired that about \$25,000 worth of gold and silver goods, which had been for some time entered on the bills of lading and consigned to Liverpool, should be again landed and delivered to him. The captain protested, and would only yield in case General Butler should forcibly remove the goods from the vessel, which extreme measure the General did not seem inclined to resort to immediately, but in the meantime reported the matter to Washington. Captain Klatt again protested in due form, and not only held the Union government responsible for the forcible delay of the ship, cargo and passengers, by General Butler, but also stated that he should require about \$1,000 per day as a compensation for the delay of the vessel. On the 24th of September, nothing had changed in the situation of affairs. Shortly before this a French ship was treated in a similar way by General Butler, and the Imperial government had sent in a claim to Washington for compensation. — London Post.

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