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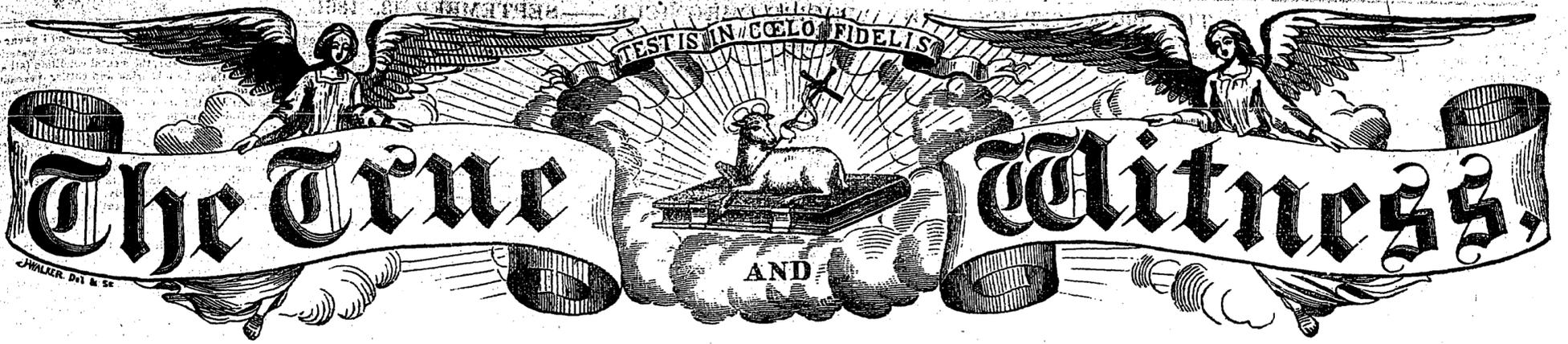
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XII.

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No. 5

TURLOUGH O'BRIEN; OR, THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER XX.—THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

Minute after minute elapsed, and as yet no harbinger of the approaching procession had reached them, but the swelling acclamation which rose and pealed louder and nearer every moment; and it was not until fully a quarter of an hour had elapsed that the front of the cortege appeared; at length it came; a gorgeous coach with six horses and outriders and grooms in the royal livery, rolled slowly along at a stately walk;—then came another, and another after that, and so on until six of equal splendor had passed. Then followed a close wagon guarded by a party of French dragoons in green uniform and with drawn swords. These, again, were succeeded by a brilliant cavalcade of about two hundred gentlemen of the city, all gaily dressed, and handsomely mounted. Then, after a short interval came Barker, the major of the royal regiment, in his splendid uniform of scarlet and gold, surmounted by a burnished cuirass, bareheaded, and with his left hand controlling his fiery black charger, while his right arm extended, enforced the orders, which, from time to time, he reiterated as he advanced, with all the flurry of excited importance, and which the officers in command of the double line of musketeers took up and vociferously repeated—'dress up—shoulder your arms—keep the middle of the street clear—keep back the crowd'—which latter mandate had become the more necessary as the mob were now, in proportion as the interest of the exhibition increased, pressing more and more urgently and curiously forward. Then followed twenty-nine gentlemen, nobly mounted and richly dressed, also bareheaded, and cheering and waving their cocked hats before a coach and six horses (one of Tyrconnell's), in which was seated Fitz James, the younger brother of the Duke of Berwick—it is scarcely necessary to add, the illegitimate offspring of the king.

This equipage was closely succeeded by three officers of the guard, in their gorgeous uniforms, curbing their nettled steeds to a prancing walk, also bareheaded, and carrying their white-plumed cocked hats in their right hands; these were attended each by a led horse. Next followed a body of mounted military officers of rank, among whom the crowd seemed particularly to distinguish two—the one a tall, athletic, dashing dragoon, with a bold, frank face, but withal commanding, prompt and sagacious—and an easy and manly carriage—whose smile, as he returned the greeting of the multitude with many a wave of his military hat, hovered between amusement and prouder emotion—something of excited gratification and kindling triumph. The cries of 'Sarsfield! Sarsfield!—more power to you—Sarsfield forever!—long life to you!' and so forth, the greater part thundered forth in the genuine fervor of the native Irish tongue, sufficiently indicated the individuality of the stalwart soldier.—The other object of popular recognition presented a striking, and a very unfavorable contrast to the bold and handsome figure we have just described. This was a diminutive old hunchback, enveloped in a huge scarlet military cloak, which had obviously seen hard service. He bestowed a gigantic black horse, raw-boned and vicious;—his features were sharp and shrewd, and red as a brick from hard weather and brandy, but the twinkle of his eye, spite of the sarcastic stamp of his other features, had in it a character of dry humor and jollity which qualified the grotesque acerbity of their expression—a fixed and cynical smile, half good-humored, half derisive, exhibiting his only acknowledgment of the enthusiastic recognition with which the multitude greeted his appearance. The oddity of this deformed and singular figure was still further enhanced by a huge wig, in a state of the wildest dishevelment and neglect, straggling in tangled wisps about his sharp and elevated shoulders, and surmounted by a broad-leaved white hat and an enormous plume. This grotesque and neglected figure was no other than the celebrated veteran, Teigue O'Regan, then full seventy years of age, and who was destined, in the coming struggle, to outdo in skill, fortitude, and daring, all that he had heretofore achieved. Ere this could be written, however, the group in which they moved had passed on, and was succeeded closely by the five trumpets and kettle-drums of state in their liveries—after whom there moved some twenty of the gentlemen a large on horseback; next succeeded the messengers and pursuivants—then came the Ulster king-at-arms and the herald in all his gorgeous blazonry;—and now approached the object on whom the thoughts and hopes of so many thousands were centred—that being whose name had for so long acted like a talisman upon all Ireland—the exiled king—the champion and martyr of the ancient faith—the friend of the native people and their old aristocracy, covered with calamities, came among them to head his brave Irish army, and in the field of battle, to

hazard one bold cast for his faith and fortunes, and their own. The cries of 'The king! the king!' came faster and shriller, until preceded by the full and stately form of the haughty Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, bareheaded, and bearing the sword of state, as he rode singly in front, and flanked at either side, but a little in advance of them, by the Duke of Berwick and Lords Granard, Powis, and Melfort, there appeared in a slouching hat and sooty-black peruke, in a plain suit of cinnamon-colored cloth, with a George hung over his shoulder by a blue ribbon, the form of a man of strong and rather massive build, somewhat stricken in years, with a large face and heavy features, whose rigid and strongly-marked lines were impressed with a character of dignity, qualified, however, by something like the melancholy of discontent, which an occasional smile of gracious suavity relieved only for a moment.—Dark-complexioned and haughty, the countenance was striking at once from its coarseness and inflexibility, and its stately and formal character, was improved and confirmed by the sombre accompaniment of his huge coal-black peruke.—Such, in aspect and equipment, did James advance, sitting his steed with more of formal adjustment and precision than elegance or grace; and as this figure, so strikingly contrasted in its extreme plainness of attire with the splendid forms which preceded and attended him came slowly onward, returning with stately and gracious courtesy, from time to time, the enthusiastic greetings of his people, a burst of wild and tumultuous acclamation, ran and rose around and before him, so stupendous, that air and earth rang with its vibrations. Fierce and wild was the rushing and crushing of the serried multitude;—blessings, congratulations, welcomes, in English and in Irish, swelled in wild Babel-chorus; a tossing, tumbling sea of waving hats and plumes and handkerchiefs, answered at every window, and balcony, and housetop, with kindred enthusiasm, dazzled the eye with its giddy multitudinous whirl. Some wept, some laughed, in the thrilling excitement of that memorable scene; and, never since the island rose from the waves of the Atlantic, did its echoes ring with such a wild, passionate and heartfelt burst of sympathy, devotion and welcome, as thundered in that sustained and reiterated acclamation. Personal claims, individual intrigues, private schemes of advancement—all lesser feelings—were for the moment lost in the grand and paramount consciousness, that in the unpretending figure before them were centred interests so great, so stupendous, and so dear to them all—their ancient grandeur, their old religion, their long hoped-for ascendancy, the movements and the power of mighty armies, the fortunes of kingdoms and people; the heart-stirring and awful consciousness of all these things filled that rapturous welcome with such an inspiring sublimity of enthusiasm, as Dublin will, in all probability, never see more.

Thus, burst after burst of welcome, pealed after and before him, as he moved onward toward the Castle-gate, and a troop of the French guard, riding four abreast and close behind, soon screened the king from view.

We need not wait for the long train which followed, including cavalcades of gentlemen and troops of buff-coated dragoons, with their broad-leaved hats and tossing plumes, and the line of noblemen's coaches, with six horses each, and the coach and four which bears Judge Keating in his scarlet and ermine, and all the other coaches and six and cavalcades of gentlemen, and troops of soldiery, until at last there remain behind but the confused rabble route, who bring up the rear on foot, with wands and streamers, and banners displayed, and cockades in their hats, shouting and huzzaing in rivalry with their motley brethren, who stand in dense array, and cheering from ten thousand throats at either side. Nor need we follow King James through his progress to the Castle-gate. There, as from Castle street, the royal cavalcade wheeled upon the ancient draw-bridge, under the shadow of the two grim flanking towers, a striking and solemn pageant awaited his arrival. The Primate crowned with a triple tiara, to represent the Pope, and followed by the other prelates of the Church—*plenis pontificalibus*—in all the gorgeous and solemn array of the splendid ecclesiastical wardrobe of the ancient Church, stood marshalled to receive him. Before this impressive and magnificent spectacle, King James reined in his horse, dismounted and reverently doffing his plain black hat, advanced across the drawbridge, threw himself upon his knees before the bishop, and amid an absolute frenzy of acclamation from the now more than ever enraptured multitude, received the benediction of mother Church. Under such auspices, amid music and acclamations and blessings, and all the pageantry of splendid ecclesiastical and military and civil pomp 'suitable,' as he himself says, 'to the most solemn ceremony of the kind, and performed with the greatest order and decency imaginable,' did James enter, for the first time, the precincts of the Irish capital. While all this pageant was passing through

the street with wild hubbub, Sir Hugh stood at the casement which commanded the scene, and from time to time pointed out to his daughter by his side, those whom he thought most worthy of remark, coupling the indication of each individual, with such suitable commentary as this—

'See you that fellow in the crimson velvet and gold, a fellow with long, light-colored moustaches and eye-brows, a nose like a vulture's beak, and a small, sleepy, grey eye; that is one of the bloodiest miscreants among them. Look at him—mark him well—that is my Lord Galmoxy. And there rides another wretch, as execrable in his own way; an intriguing, heartless, sensual ruffian—that bull-fronted, bloated gentleman in black—that is Thomas Talbot—the lay priest, as they call him; my Lord Tyrconnell's precious brother.'

Thus the old knight pursued his commentaries as the various personages, presented in succession, challenged his criticism. But poor Grace no longer heeded or heard him; her thoughts were wandering far away—fondly and unconsciously pursuing the cherished image of one whom her quick eye had instantly discerned, as for a moment he passed amid a crowd of others in the long procession. Need we say it was the form of Turlogh O'Brien which had lured her thoughts away, far into the fairy regions of romantic hope and fancy; and it was not until Sir Hugh, stamping vehemently upon the floor, exclaimed in the startling accents of surprise, anger and alarm, 'The scoundrel!—what then has brought him hither?' that she was suddenly called to the present scene, and following the direction of her father's fiery gaze, she beheld the lank, athletic form of Miles Garret, looking, it seemed to her, if possible, more ugly, sinister, and repulsive than ever, in the rich magnificence of his courtly attire, riding slowly forward among a group of others.

'The villain has dogged me hither,' he cried in extreme agitation, 'lest chance or mercy should deliver me—dogged me, to insure my destruction—the malignant villain—I feel it—I know it—may God defend me! It needed no further craft, intrigue or perjury, to aggravate my danger in this dire extremity. Villain—persecuting, malignant villain!'

The old man turned almost frantically from the window, walked to the far end of the room, and threw himself into a chair.

Started at the extreme agitation and almost horror with which this apparition had filled the mind of the old man, his daughter fearfully and tenderly approached him, her own heart oppressed with dire misgivings, and, throwing her arms around his neck, she covered his cheeks with her kisses.

Night now covered the ancient city of Dublin. Bonfires blazed at every corner; squibs bounced and rattled in mad horse-play among the shins of the multitude, and rockets soared gloriously aloft into the pitchy void; and pipers played 'the king enjoys his own again,' and other loyal airs; the crowd lounged this way and that, in laughing, noisy groups; from the windows, gleaming with lights, and chequered with fitting shadows, were heard the merry scraping of fiddlers and pouncing of dancing feet, along with all manner of jolly and uproarious shouts; the streets resounded with shouting and buzz and clatter;—here the cheering, groans, and hooting of a mock procession, consigning in effigy, the usurping Prince of Orange to the flames of a bonfire; there the drunken oratory of some tipsy loyalist, mounted upon a cart, or haranguing from a tavern window, and sometimes too the angrier sounds of fierce disputation and quarrelling—these sounds mingled with the occasional reverberating report of fireworks and the constant hum of music, filled all the town with such a buzz of excitement, as few but those whom weighty anxiety depressed, could listen to without a feeling of corresponding restlessness and hilarity.

It was upon this evening that old Jeremiah Tisdal sate morosely by the hearth of the public room of the great old inn which occupied the centre of 'the Cambre,' this chamber had once been the hall of the noble mansion which fortune in her wayward caprices, had degraded to the vile and vulgar uses of a common hostelry; two mighty hearths at either end confronted one another gloriously, and sent their hospitable warmth through every nook of the vast old reeking chamber. The place was filled with noise and clatter enough of its own, and presented as motly a gathering of guests as ever yet a tavern chamber contained; some stood by the fire discussing the exciting events of the day, and the angry politics which agitated men's minds; others drank together, or played at backgammon while listless loungers overlooked the game; some came in, while others went out, keeping up a constant double current of hospitable traffic. Here might be seen samples of many a strangely contrasted class; burly, comfortable citizens eagerly listening to the latest news of London-derry and the Enniskilleners, retailed by some raw militia officer in all the conscious importance

of his new blue uniform and brigadier wig, and seasoned with many a threat and thundering oath. In another place might be seen the boor who scarce could muster so much English as to call for his liquor and tobacco, swaggering along in the bran-new gaudy suit, to purchase which he had sold off his pigs and his cows, and come up to Dublin to seek his fortune in the character of a gentleman; and near him, perchance, with martial strut, and staring about with a bold gaze of curiosity, appeared one of the newly-arrived French troopers, affecting a sublime unconsciousness of the interest with which he was observed; while in a dusky corner, two or three friars, in the peculiar habits of their orders, conversed in subdued but eager whispers over their homely supper.

Tisdal sate gloomily by the fire, smoking his pipe, and idly ruminating upon the events of the day—a contemplation by no means calculated to sweeten the natural moroseness of his temper, while he listened from time to time with growing impatience to the conversation which proceeded beside him. While thus employed, he observed a pale young man, with a sweet but melancholy countenance, and a pair of fiery dark eyes, gazing upon him with a degree of attention, under which he felt himself, spite of his phlegmatic temperament, singularly restless and uncomfortable. The form of the stranger was slight and graceful, and he was attired in plain suit of black; he stood quite alone, and at a distance of some ten or twelve feet from the spot occupied by the Puritan, so that his gaze was frequently interrupted by interposing groups. Once or twice Tisdal, returning his glance with angry impatience, succeeded in catching his eye, which, however, was instantaneously averted. Again and again this was repeated—and again and again the Puritan felt that he was still the object of the same vigilant and disconcerting observation. Once or twice he was upon the point of going up to the pale gentleman in black and accosting him, but prudence told him that in such a place, and on such a night, a person of his faith and politics would best consult his safety by avoiding remark, and resisting every temptation to enter into discussion with strangers. Impressed with the obvious expediency of this latter course, the Puritan availed himself of the first opportunity to withdraw himself unobserved to another part of the chamber. Gliding behind the crowded knots of guests who filled the room, he seated himself at a remote and unoccupied table at the furthest extremity of the large apartment; from this position, he looked in vain among the crowd for the form which had caused him, in spite of himself, the uneasy and unpleasant feelings inseparable from the idea of being watched. No longer under the eye of this unknown personage, he felt himself once more at ease, and smoking his pipe in calm and contemplative serenity, or something as nearly akin to it as his gloomy and unquiet temperament was capable of enjoying.

As his eye wandered listlessly among the crowd, his gaze was arrested by a face and form with which he was familiar; it was that of Miles Garret, who had just entered the room in company with a square-built man in black, with a mantle of the same hue, folded in the Spanish fashion, the skirt being thrown over his shoulder, and muffing his face nearly to the eyes; he wore a black slouching hat, and making a signal to the host, he walked with him a little apart, and without removing the muffing from his face, spoke a few words in his ear: these appeared to be deferentially received, for the stout figure in black beckoned to Garret, who instantly joined them, and preceded by the respectful inn-keeper, they passed in silence through a room communicating with the private apartments of the hostelry. With the reader's permission, we shall follow them up a broad oak stair, along a gallery, through a sombre passage opening upon a large, bleak, old chamber, and through it into another; here the party stopped—the host placed the solitary candle which he carried, upon a table; its insufficient light illuminated the faded figures in the tapestry with an uncertain flicker and left the recesses and corners of the chamber but half defined; the large hearth was fireless, and for aught appearing to the contrary, might have been so for half a century before—and the whole room partook of a character cheerless and spectral enough to have made a fanciful man feel rather queer: the two guests, however, who had just entered, did not appear to belong to his class; and in answer to their entertainer's deferential inquiry whether he should bring them a pair of candles, and have a fire lighted, the stranger in black peremptorily answered 'neither!' and then, as he drew his gauntlet-shaped gloves from his hands, and tossed them upon the table, he added, in a tone as summary—

'We must be private for a quarter of an hour; so on no pretence disturb us; this pays you, and so begone!'

table with an emphatic pressure; the host pocketed the coin, bowed and withdrew.

'Garret!' he continued, as soon as the door had been closed for some seconds, 'look out on the passage, and see that all is clear.'

Miles Garret obeyed the mandate in obsequious silence, and as he did so, the stranger threw his cloak upon a chair, and displayed the form of a powerfully built man, with square shoulders, short neck, and a face, upon whose swarthy breadth was impressed the stamp of masculine intellect and passion, with a certain character of sensuality besides, presenting on the whole such a countenance as irresistibly arrests the attention and impresses the memory. 'This was the very individual whom Sir Hugh had that day pointed out to his daughter as the 'lay priest,' and brother to the Earl of Tyrconnell, while the procession was passing beneath the Carbine; let us add, too, that this is the identical person whom we described in the earliest chapter of this book as leaning over a certain map, in company with Miles Garret, upon a soft summer's night in the year 1686, in a rich saloon in London. On a very different night, thus, three years later, have these two persons met—in a grim, old, dusty inn-chamber, in Dublin city. He sat down, and resting his elbows upon the table, leaned his chin upon his folded hands, while for a few moments he maintained a thoughtful silence.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE CONFERENCE—THE BLACK LANE—THE RING.

'Well,' said he at last, throwing himself back in his chair, and tapping his knuckles sharply upon the table, 'begin, despatch.'

Miles Garret removed his hat as he took his seat opposite his companion, and, with instinctive jealousy, glanced round the room, ere he commenced—

'You remember the property?' he inquired.

'Yes; proceed,' answered Talbot.

'And—and the man?' hesitated Garret.

'Yes, we have reason—go on,' he replied.

'Well, then,' resumed his companion, 'he has run his neck fairly into the noose at last.'

'How so?' asked Talbot.

'He is arrested under a warrant for high treason,' replied the magistrate.

'Ay, indeed!' exclaimed Talbot; 'come, this looks like business. Well, then, and what's your case, for I assume it's of your making; can you prove it?'

'Ye-es, yes; I th'nk we can,' said Garret, 'a great deal, of course, will depend on the judge—and they have some troublesome witnesses.'

'Who are they?' asked Talbot quickly.

'One is a fellow named Tisdal—a dogged, ill-conditioned fellow, with honesty enough to spoil anybody's schemes but his own,' replied Garret.

'A serrant or dependent?' inquired Talbot.

'No; unfortunately under no direct obligation to Sir Hugh—a sort of independent, humble friend,' answered he.

'Well, what can he prove?' persisted the other.

'You must understand, in the first place,' replied Garret, 'that this is a case like Brown's, which, no doubt, you have heard of.'

'Talbot nodded, and his companion pursued.

'Sir Hugh fancies his house is to be attacked, and forms his friends into a sort of volunteer militia. A Mr. Hogan, with his servants, demands admission under a search warrant, to look for some cattle he has lost. He is refused; the result is bloodshed; in short, a regular battle, and some dozen are slain; now this wretched rascal, Tisdal, will give evidence, that Sir Hugh acted purely in defence; that the mob burned the witness's house and nearly hanged himself, although he took no part in the defence of Sir Hugh's dwelling.'

'And the other witness, who is he?' urged Talbot, impatiently.

'Colonel Turlogh O'Brien, who came up during the fray, dispersed the assailants, and afterwards shot one of the rapparees—for, between ourselves, they were little better) that was taken close by,' answered the magistrate.

'What kind of man is he?'

'A proud, impracticable, unmanageable fellow,' replied Garret.

'Then, it's a bungled business—botched, that's all,' said Talbot, contemptuously, as he threw himself back in his chair, folded his arms, and looked with a coarse sneer in the face of his companion.

'It's a better crown case than Brown's indictment, as it stands,' said Garret, sturdily.

'Ay, that's the way you d—d Irish fellows, that live at the back of your bogs and mountains, prate of such matters,' retorted Talbot, with coarse contempt. 'Brown's case; indeed! why, that has made noise enough, and too much, already. The King has a party in England as well as here, and he can't afford to lose them; that you may gain an estate.'

'A long silence followed, broken only by the impatient tapping of Talbot's foot upon the floor.'

'What's his title? A grant from Cromwell

—eh? he inquired, abruptly, after a pause of more than a minute.
'No; a grant from the old queen,' replied Garrett, shaking his head gloomily.
'Then a act of settlement does not touch it—'
'—cur'd unucky,' muttered Talbot, with the vehemence of disappointment. He is summoned before the privy council, he resumed, after another brief pause.
'Yes; I delivered the summons myself,' replied Garrett.
'And the warrant, too?' continued Talbot.
'Yes; both at the same time,' continued his companion.

'More bungling!—more botching,' said Talbot, bitterly. 'What good in having him before the council, with an indictment over his head;—why, he'll not cut his own throat. What in the devil's name, can you hope to make of him?—Bah! one of your cow-boys would have made a better job of it.'
'Well, sir,' said Garrett, drawing himself up indignantly, 'am I to understand that you give the matter up? If so, speak out, and there's an end of it.'

Talbot remained silent and thoughtful; at length he arose and walked to the window, where he paused for a time, looking forth into the utter darkness with an aspect almost as black. Miles Garrett, doubtful of the effects of his sudden show of independence, watched his movements from the corner of his eye, with a covered glance of intense and absorbing interest, which became more uneasy in proportion as the silence was protracted; at length he said—
'I don't know what your secret reasons for despairing of success may be, but, looking at the case itself, and no further, I think there is, on the contrary, every cause for confidence. Sir Hugh Willoughby, like the rest of his relations, is, in heart, a rebel and nothing better; every body knows it, though few may have it in their power to prove it. A jury of loyal men will, therefore, be little disposed to let him ride off upon a legal croquet, a loyal judge will be little disposed to—'

'Tut, tut, man, I know all that,' interrupted Talbot, turning abruptly, and walking again to the table, at which Miles Garrett continued to sit; 'a conviction, I dare say, may be had; the question is, will the king's advisers, for reasons of state policy, recommend the Crown to abandon this prosecution—that is the question.'

'What are those papers beside you?' he resumed, abruptly, after a pause.
'Some notes, hastily thrown together,' said Garrett, 'which may help to guide those who shall examine him at council, as well as to determine whether this is not a case demanding a prosecution.'

As he spoke, he handed the papers to his companion, who glanced through their contents, and, having occupied some minutes in this employment, he observed—
'You have drawn this statement well enough; I'll take it with me.'

'And—and you remember,' said Garrett, hesitatingly.
He stopped, however, ere he concluded the sentence; and, taking the candle, he looked jealously out upon the ante-chamber once more, then cautiously closing the door, he came back, and seated himself, and, leaning forward, so as to make himself distinctly heard without raising his voice above a whisper, he continued with a shrewd and anxious look—
'You remember, I presume, the terms on which we act together in this business?'

'Remember! yes, of course, distinctly. Why, you don't suppose I have lost your undertaking, and the parchment? Of course, I remember,' replied Talbot, sternly.
'You also recollect,' continued Garrett, averting his eyes, and speaking in the same cautious whisper, 'the precise relation in which I happen to stand with regard to his Excellency, your brother, you remember the—the peculiar circumstances—'

'Yes, well,' said Talbot, with contemptuous emphasis; and, then he added, in a careless tone, 'leave all that to me, Mr. Garrett; I know and remember all the circumstances well, and shall turn my knowledge to account; leave that to me.'

'Where may I see you to-morrow?' asked Garrett.
'I shall make no appointment now; in the morning you shall hear from me; we have been too long together in this place already. Rest content, I shall urge the matter this night;—take the candle, if you please and lead the way.'

With this unceremonious direction, he pressed his broad-leaved hat again over his brows, readjusted his cloak as before, and followed his gaunt companion through the dreary succession of chambers and passages, which we have already traced in their company, and so in grim silence down the broad darksome stair-case, with its ponderous balustrades of worn-eaten timber.

(Chapter XXI to be continued.)

PASTORAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.
The following letter, from his Grace the Archbishop to the Clergy of Dublin, was read on Sunday in the churches:—

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN—The filial attachment which our country has ever displayed towards the See of Peter is a matter of just pride to every Irish Catholic. Sent by the Roman Pontiff St. Celestine, our glorious apostle, St. Patrick, kindled throughout our island the sacred fire of true faith, and bore the glad tidings of salvation to our forefathers, then sitting in darkness and the shades of death. In succeeding ages, throughout the whole golden era of our Church, the eyes of our faithful people were ever turned towards Rome, the centre of spiritual authority, the chosen seat of the graces and blessings of God. As children to their parent (to use the words of St. Cyprian), so did the Catholics of Ireland recur to the successor of St. Peter in every difficulty and every trial, in order that disunion might be healed, and menacing clouds of error be dispelled from our shores. When preparing for that mission which re-awakened France, Germany, and the northern provinces of Italy to the fervour of Christian faith, it was from Rome that St. Columbanus sought for instruction and authority. Thither hastened St. Kilian and countless other priests of our island, to receive that apostolate, which gained new nations to Christ, and spread the fame of Ireland for learning and sanctity through all the nations of Christendom. It was at the same source of Christian life that St. Malachy, and our own glorious

Patron, St. Lawrence O'Toole, sought comfort in their troubles; and a remedy for those disorders which the Spirit of Evil then sought to impart into our Church; and when the days of trial and persecution ensued, Ireland was not less faithful to her spiritual guide, whilst Rome became the refuge and sanctuary of the exiled children of Ireland; and to this inviolable attachment of our people to the rock of faith it is due that whilst our island was laid waste and plundered of all its wealth, and its noble institutions were reduced to ruins, the hand of the despoiler could never rob us of the priceless treasure of our faith. Every virtue of heaven continued to adorn our island, and we could ever reply to those who, boasting in their riches, would revile us in our poverty. 'They have called the people happy who hath these things; but happy is the people whose God is the Lord' (Ps. 143).

Impelled by these reflections, when some months ago storms had gathered round the temporal sovereignty of our beloved Father, Pius IX., the whole Nation, in a series of public meetings, unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of any country, raised her voice to defend the rights and sympathise in the trials, of the venerated Vicar of Jesus Christ. At the same time the offerings of our faithful won for them the applause of the Catholic world, and Ireland was admitted by universal consent to have been the first and foremost among the nations that rallied round the menaced throne of the Roman Pontiff. The prowess of her sons on the battle-field of Italy crowned the efforts of our island, and proved that the honor and interests of the Chair of St. Peter are interwoven with the dearest affections of our Catholic people.

Deeply, then, must you, dearly beloved, have been afflicted and sorely pained by the insults offered to the Government of our Holy Father within the last few days by a distinguished nobleman, just welcomed to our shores. Were the words attributed to him the out-pouring of the deluded votaries of Exeter Hall, we would have pitied their credulity, and treated them with contempt; but that a nobleman, long honored for his writings his eloquence, and his liberality should allow himself to be so hurried away by the current of bigotry, and permit his judgment to be so biased by the infidel press of Europe, as to join in that revolutionary outcry, which threatens destruction to the whole social fabric, was an outrage on our feelings and an insult to our Catholic Nation, which ought not to be passed over in silence. We hope that before the Association for the Promotion of Social Science shall have brought its labours to a close, these words of insult shall be withdrawn, and due reparation made for so unmerited an attack.

Were it merely the desire of the President of that association to find some contrast with his general picture of prosperity and progress, he could surely have had no difficulty in discovering one much nearer home; he could find a Nation as blessed by nature as any other under the sun, and which, without being desolated by war, or pestilence, or famine, was, nevertheless, in ten years diminished in its population by nearly a million of souls—a Nation whose poor are imprisoned in our workhouses, and treated far worse than the convicts in our jails—a Nation whose Church Establishment presents an anomaly never before witnessed in any civilized country, and to whose people is yet denied that education, founded on true religious principles, which every other Government of Europe has granted to its subjects.—It was not necessary to seek in the lying correspondence from Turin and Naples the picture of any country to which justice was refused; and far wiser than the unwarranted denunciations against the Government of Rome would have been some effort to undeceive our legislators and awaken the attention to the harshness with which our poor are treated, and that crying iniquity by which our Catholic people are compelled, each year, to pay £600,000 to the ministers of a Church whose mission they cannot recognize and whose teachings they reject.

With the Roman Government, everything that a wise and parental rule could effect for the welfare and happiness of its people, was sure to be the cherished object of its care; and it is preposterous to accuse it of want of energy in its administration, whilst the infidel incendiaries of Europe were leagued together, impeding its action and marring its beneficent designs. Yes, beloved brethren, the difficulties and dangers which last year beset our Holy Father yet continue unabated. The fairest provinces of his dominions have been wrested from him, and every art and intrigue is employed to impede him in the administration of the provinces that yet remain. The heretic, the infidel, the enemy of all society, are leagued in encompassing his destruction. It is hence our duty not to relax our efforts in sustaining him in that temporal authority, which is so necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power. The Association of the Peter's Pence has been already founded in many places. We are now desirous to inaugurate it in this diocese, and a committee will be appointed, to meet on Tuesday, in Marlborough street, to organize that association, and to receive the offerings that may be made for that purpose.

We exhort you, above all, beloved brethren, to have recourse to prayer to the Bestower of all good gifts. It is especially by prayer that we may combat the power of darkness. In times of peril and persecution it has ever been the recourse of the children of God. Let all our hopes be centered in it, and we may rest assured that the Holy Father, through the mercy of God, and by the intercession of the Holy Virgin whose festival we are celebrating will triumph over all the enemies that now assail him, and that peace and calm will be restored to the Church.

The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all, brethren.
† PAUL CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin.
Dublin, August 17, 1861.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL.
TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NAPOLEON THE THIRD.
Rome, Oneida County, North America,
July 30, 1861.

Question—What is the Church?
Answer—The Congregation of all the Faithful, who being baptized; profess the same doctrine; partake of the same Sacraments and Sacrifice; and are governed by their lawful Pastors, under one visible head on earth."

IMPERIAL SIRE—The words I have just adduced were "the definition" of the Church from the beginning of Christianity. The fact of one sun in the skies; the fact of the universality of the seasons were not admitted with a more cogent testimony, by the followers of the New Law, than the clauses, setting forth and bounding this one, this universal Institution. All the Monarchs of the old world, with few exceptions, were converted in the early ages to this spiritual jurisdiction; and the throne of your Royal Predecessor, Charlemagne, was built and mislaid on the foundation of this Ecclesiastical legislation.

I am not going to argue Theology or to discuss Church-History with your Majesty; nor have I the presumption to continue an Epistolary Correspondence with the Emperor of France. No, sire, I fancy that I have a more just conception of your lofty position; and I hope I understand my own humble place too well, to be guilty of an unbecoming familiarity in your regard, and of a preposterous assumption in my own. No, Sire, I cannot forget myself, no more than I can be unconscious of your character and crown. But from my long correspondence with the European Continent, I am in possession of documents in reference to England, which documents cannot be too often or too widely circulated. And hence, before I shall close my letters to you, I am anxious to place before you the intrigues of Great Britain in several Catholic Countries; and to demonstrate to you, that long before your Royal pretensions were even thought of; long before the ex-

clusion of King Louis Philippe, English statesmen had created, and contemplated revolutionary parties in Vienna, in Naples, in Madrid, in Rome; and remained, Sire, in Paris itself. These combined secret clubs were united in order to revolutionize these various countries, to overturn or to weaken the Catholic God; and, lastly, to place a Prince of the House of Coburg on the various thrones, which, like Belgium or Portugal, might become vacant, through British perfidy, or by infidel Revolution.

Some of these schemes of the various English cabinets, I shall compendiously present to your consideration; and although it is very difficult to overcome my determination to discontinue forthwith a prolonged correspondence with the French Emperor, yet I shall in the present instance yield to the higher, and more powerful motives. And, therefore, I shall presume to write three letters to your Majesty: the first shall be on the character of England at home; the second shall be devoted to the conduct of England abroad; the third shall be a becoming remonstrance to Napoleon the Third, for joining the Executioners of his uncle; and I shall further inquire how the adventurous grandson of a humble Catholic Lawyer (himself reared a professing Catholic) could make common cause with an excommunicated robber to oppress the Holy Father, to dishonour the Church, to wound Christianity, and to plunge the spear of Charlemagne into the heart of Christ. Remember, Sire, that though very humble, I shall make millions further acquainted with your ingratitude and your crime; and shall make men feel that the old Pope, whose days are nearly two thousand years shall live on from age to age; shall grow vigorous with time; shall look fresh when the mountains are grey; and shall govern the world in faith and in power; when the barren stock of the proverbially childless family of the Buonapartes shall rot in forgotten or hated ruin.

Your Majesty knows from the Definition placed at the head of this letter that the Pope; the consecrated Hierarchy; the ordained Clergy; the revealed mysteries; and all other Religious facts, taught by them, constitute the official Establishment of the New Law; to which when we add all congregations, professing the one divine faith and practising the same prescribed duties, we have then before us, in practical activity, the Society called "the Catholic Church." Through the past ages of Christianity we have had several varieties of hostile-innovations in faith and in practice. The Arians and the Greek Schismatics spread themselves widely over the domain of the fold; but were removed and expelled by the old shepherd, when fairly examined and early clearly convicted. In fact, these and other early innovations had reference to dogmas wholly or half denied; to new opinions half expressed. When the Greeks did elect a local and, if I may so speak, a clerical national Pope; and they left the official Bishops and the official clergy in the discharge of their usual official duties, their novelties were, as it were, but few. The breach was not so wide but it could be easily amended. Their quasi Pope could be replaced by the true successor without much difficulty; their mistake in doctrine could be retraced by them, without great humiliation; and the Greek could be easily received by the Latin, forgiven and reinstated.

But the English innovation, the British heresy, threw down at once the whole fabric. The Monarch became the Pope, the head of the new society; he appointed mock bishops and mock clergy; he expelled from the old doctrines those parts which plainly condemned this unchristian conduct; and he explained, as allegories, parables, and metaphors, all those other passages which went to maintain the ancient faith. The new sham bishops were, of course, not consecrated; nor of course were the clergy ordained. The writers at the court of Elizabeth used to jibe the Catholic Prelates by saying and publishing that the Royal Bishops were neither "OUR OWN GRASERS" like the Popish hierarchy; but "that they came back appointed to their office by the "clear stamp of the Royal nomination." A large volume called "Anglican Consecration;" and a small book of historical references on the same subject, from the pen of an American Catholic Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, will be, before your Majesty, my voucher and my argument on this most important point of my letter. All the old consecrated or ordained officers were removed at one stroke: men who abducting other men's wives became Bishops; persons who had forced nuns from their convents were appointed priests; and in order to give sublimity to vice, and indeed for the fun of the thing, a woman was made Pope! It was a singular sight indeed to see a successor of St. Peter in petticoats! Religion must have wept, and Hell must have laughed outright; to behold Queen Elizabeth, the daughter of Anna Bullen, one of the beheaded mistresses of Henry VIII. with the mock keys of Heaven in her hand! It was a more thrilling public insanity than when the French infidels of the first revolution placed a young woman on a pedestal to adore her as the Goddess of Reason; and afterwards worshipped, in derision of Christianity, a stone female statue in the same position.

Scarcely a stone of the new Church was preserved to form the new English conventicle; the new thing became truly a new building. But they gave the spiritual architecture the same external shape. They made a fictitious Pope, viz., the King or Queen of the country; they had false Bishops and false clergy; they had a mock faith made up of the Apostles' Creed, and of the decisions of the English Privy Council! The only remnant of the old Church which they preserved was the mutilated Scriptures which they presented to the public to cajole the ignorant and to deceive the unwary. As well might Sir Hudson Lowe, the scallion of St. Helena, present one of your uncle's boots (real of course), and call it Napoleon, Buonaparte and the French army, as for Oranger and Somerset to exhibit an imperfect volume, and call it by the definition of the head of my letter, Sire, the face of the English Church is, at this point perfect: a blasphemous device, a palpable mockery of God. It is substituting an English Biblical religion in place of the faith of the Apostles; it is being made holy by act of Parliament; it is to be justified against the will of God; it is clearly a mad, wicked invention of stark-naked infidelity. If we did not see the invention in practical working, we never could be made to believe that men could appoint a woman to be a Pope; that characters of known immorality could be the apostles of sanctity; that the enemies of God could be the Ministers of His will; and that a remnant of the Scriptures could become a Church, such as was defined by all antiquity. If this definition was, heretofore, correct, it follows that the present English system of religion is an atrocious iniquity, an incurable burlesque of Revelation, practiced on the credulity of mankind.

As the old faithful Church of Ireland rested the blasphemy, the English Pope (Queen Elizabeth) banished and killed, during her reign, from 1558 to 1603, nine hundred of the Irish clergy; and she expelled and put to death seventy thousand of our sainted fathers! She seized our abbey lands, threw down our ancient churches, and the graves of our martyred ancestors are buried under their crumbled ruins.

We were guilty of no crime; we asked nothing but our ancient faith, and our national liberties. We begged no favor but liberty of conscience: we demanded no privileges except to leave us our homes, the cross, and our lives. They answered our petitions, our cries, by the sword. The left us nothing but the graves of our fathers. They wrote on their banners, "Ransom, conversion, or death." We retreated to the fortresses of our mountains; we lived among rocks. Only a wretched fragment escaped the slaughter. These were only saved to cultivate the soil. We prayed to God for patience; and we cried to Heaven for redress. For one whole century we bled under the axe of the executioner. Woes and lamentation filled our valleys; the heart of Ireland was pierced, but we clung to our ancient faith.

New deaths in the English books—they presented death by a scientific torture, with invented agonies. Priests were dragged back and thrown down steep rocks: Bishops were strangled, and hung up as targets for infamy ball-practice. The rack, the triangle, the scavenger, were instruments of pain to render the agonies of death one hundred fold more terrible. There was more blood spilled in the first establishment of this English fraud, than has been shed in any country of Europe, in the passage and victory of the most hostile sanguinary army. Ovens in rocks, deserted pits and cuts in valleys are still pointed out to the rising generation as the melancholy spots where the trembling Irish lay concealed from their murderous pursuers in these days of terror. The plunder of our lands, the robbery of our altars, the assassination of our kindred are the historic facts that have preceded and accompanied the Lutheran gospel in Ireland; and the forcible assaults on our women; the murder of our virgins (at Wexford); the perjuries of their mock trials leave nothing wanted to render this English mockery of God to be the most factitious, profligate, cruel, sanguinary aggregate of crime that perhaps has ever been enacted in any country at any period of ancient or modern history. Although I am myself an accurate professional historian, I beg, in addition to my own testimony, that your Majesty will consult on this subject two works—namely, "Cobbett's English Reformation;" and "Walsh's compendium on the missionaries and martyrs of Ireland."

Sire, here at my cold desk, my mind cannot have the just sentiment of burning rage; nor can my heart entertain the expected feeling of unassuageable woe at this merciless death of my countrymen. In order to place myself in a congruous position and temper, to treat fully this rending subject, I should go to an Irish churchyard; and I should go at night by the mournful light of the waning moon; and there, sitting alone on the crimsoned graves of my martyred ancestors, I believe I could acquire an inspiration, not only to tell you my own legitimate anger, but to make you comprehend the undying hatred of the past, the present, and the unborn generations of all Ireland against these laws of forgery on God, and of the butchery of my country. It is from the dark cold grave like the flash from the lowering cloud, that the sudden involuntary fire must issue to warm and ignite the national revenge. In our distress we often fancied that our cries for relief would reach the ear of France; and that the Gallic heart would be moved in some way to mitigate our sufferings. We hoped that the sons of Saint Louis would pity the children of St. Patrick, and save us from the offspring of Calvin—but alas! we cried in vain. We had no friend on the European Continent to arrest the English sword, to staunch our blood, to heal our wounds. And our penal laws not permitting us to write ourselves, England had, therefore, no exposure to dread from Europe, while she wore the vizor of an assassin rioting in impassable cruelties to Ireland. I am only gazing, Sire, at the general terrors. How could I compress in a few sheets, the agonies, the death of thousands, the tears, the despair of the survivors? How could I describe the executioners that killed our fathers, their red swords, their cruelty to the dead, their vengeance on the living? All our lands seized, the church levelled, our kindred beheaded, our women hiding among the tombs, the survivors hunted like wild beasts, and the whole nation trodden down under the feet of a savage, lawless, brutal soldiery! Sire, I am only gazing at the silent points of our national sorrows.

There is an important item of policy in later days in reference to the connexion of England with Ireland, which policy should be made known to your Majesty. Within the last half-century England has passed laws in favour of equality with Ireland. These laws are called by the Irish "parchment laws," but still the same political exclusion, the same penal code are, in many instances, felt in the administration of the law, with the same venomous malice as in the worst days of Elizabeth. You have, no doubt, heard of this relaxation of Ireland's woes called emancipation. The instruments of torture are now changed, but the persecution is the same. We are now hanged by a silken rope. Bigotry has seized the House of Commons, and their laws are framed to degrade Catholicity. Again, the Protestant landlords hold almost all Ireland in fee, and hence they can expel the tenantry at their pleasure. And the Protestant Church, between money and lands, commands one million sterling of Irish revenue. These garrisons of offence like masked batteries are built and arranged for the subjugation of our faith, and for the extinction of our people. Of course in such an unequal conflict the poor Irish have lost their liberties, their lands, their houses; but, faithful fellows, they have preserved their faith. These many years the whole power of England is concentrated to Protestantize Ireland; yet the noble Irish have vanquished the combination. There never was in Europe such a terrific struggle, such a violent tempest; yet the glorious Irish have conquered.—Their bullets could not reach the soul; we stooped our heads to let the hurricane pass; and the living have not lost one man by dishonor, cowardice, or infidelity. I cannot describe to you, Sire, the ceaseless treachery of the English, or the unflinching courage of the Irish. Our enemies are reducing our numbers by famine and emigration; but few have deserted our ranks as traitors. The world is deceived by England; she advocates freedom abroad, but practises tyranny at home. She complains of the dungeons of Naples, yet opens graves for Ireland. She condemns the Pope for lawfully taking one Jewish boy, Morata, from his father, while she banishes from home tens of thousands of the Irish for rejecting Protestant gold to corrupt their faith. Ireland is thus oppressed, persecuted, and unhappy: and Ireland hopes against hope for some event in the way of Providence to check the domination of her rulers, and to give justice and peace to her people.

Sire, hear me. We ask no pity from you. We petition you for no assistance. These requests would be against our feelings, our laws. Besides, we could not believe the word of Napoleon the Third. But hear me, while I tell you that the bitterest pang in the sorrows of Ireland is, when England publishes our freedom while we are laden with chains; to tell us freedom; to extol the extended system of National Education, while they insist (like the former college de France) on forcing a wolf into our fold; to boast in public meetings of our prosperity, while we are dying of hunger; and to parade the equality of Ireland with England, while millions cry out from the famine graves, from the poorhouses, from the emigrant ships, that neither Attila nor Mahomed have killed more millions in Spain or Barbary than the English Cabinets have destroyed during the last twenty years in Ireland. Sire, let no British sophism, no diplomatic perfidy, stand between your judgment, and the figures of arithmetic which I have adduced in reference to the violent extinction of the Irish. Hold the imperishable fact of history in your mind: refer to the unanswerable argument of the countless Irish dead; and ask, if England be just, if there be equality in her laws, how could tens of thousands of the Irish die of famine, while twenty-four million sterling filled the English treasury; and how could two millions of souls be forcibly, cruelly removed from the population within twenty years? And if anything could add to the scalding persecution and injustice of the Irish survivors, it is the almost incredible fact, namely, that they are compelled to pay tithes to the descendants of the men who beheaded their fathers; to support a counterpart society, called a church, which robbed our ancestors of the entire soil of Ireland; and to pay a large annual sum for the propagation of a doctrine which the most learned among themselves believe to be a public blasphemous lie.

Sire, I have been in the Southern States of this Republic: I have examined the whole case of the slaves there: I have spoken with them; I have penetrated their minds; I have daguertyped their feelings; and with all my prejudices against slavery

I own before God and man, I believe, and I swear on my knees, that England has made the material and the domestic, the mental condition (all and sundry) of the Catholic labouring and cottier peasantry of Ireland, far, far, and away, incomparably worse, and more crushing, more degrading, more self-debasing in its present policy, than the condition of the Negro slave-population of the Republic. The late Secretary of War of this country, General Floyd, in a masterly letter, which he has written in the commencement of the present year, has called the attention of America to their own tyranny and tyranny of England, namely, publishing abroad over all the world, her toleration, her justice, her constitutional equality, while at home, her persecution of the Catholics of her nation; her bigotry, her penal laws, render the condition of the poor of Ireland, infinitely worse than the position of the slaves of North America.

Sire, when I shall have placed before your Majesty the whole Church of England at home and abroad; and when I shall add to this statement the conduct of Victor Emmanuel in Sardinia and Italy, I do believe that your being an accomplice in this English and Sardinian combination renders your Majesty (under the guise of friendship) the most perfidious enemy of the Catholic Church.

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Queen's visit to Ireland, has, necessarily, created an extraordinary stir in that country. Her Majesty and the Royal party reached Holyhead on the evening of Wednesday, embarked, and, after a four hours' passage across the Channel, arrived at Kingstown before midnight. The entrance into the Irish metropolis was deferred until the next morning, and it was in every sense an ovation—the most demonstrative as regards Royalty which has taken place in the sister country since the landing of Geo. the Fourth, forty years ago. At the Vice-Regal Lodge a grand banquet was given in honour of the Queen's visit, and it is a remarkable circumstance that Dublin, at the present moment, is crowded with English philosophers, men of science and others, attracted by the meeting on the Social Science Congress. The two visits, whether the result of accident or previous arrangement, occurring at the same time have added largely to the interest of the occasion. The Minister in attendance on the Queen is Earl Granville, but the new Irish Secretary, Sir Robt. Peel, is also discharging his official duties in waiting on the Sovereign, and it seems to be a happy introduction to his new duties, for he will participate in a large extent in the joyous greeting extended to the Head of the State. Certainly, the present condition of Ireland contrasts most favourably with the misery which existed in the life time of the Queen's uncle—a misery that rendered the people discontented, and gave rise to almost every imaginable violation of the laws. The crisis through which the country has passed since the famine and pestilence, fourteen years ago, has been severe, but it has been productive of the most beneficial consequences to those who have survived it. The people are now prosperous and happy; the trade of agitation has died out; the old pauper landlords, who pressed upon their tenantry, and wrung, without remorse, the last penny from their famished hands, have been succeeded by a new and vigorous race of landed proprietors, who live on the spot, and bring industry and energy to the discharge of their duties. The change in every essential is almost miraculous and for this change the country is mainly indebted to the Act of Parliament which forced into bankruptcy the owners of land who could not meet their pecuniary engagements, and thus, by causing a change of tenure, infused new blood into districts which previously were dying of inanition. No stronger proof of the change need be cited than the fact that many of the better sort of peasantry and small traders have themselves become owners of the soil, and are doing well. We do, indeed, occasionally hear of evictions, but, as compared with the past they are exceptions to the old rule of Irish misery, and as her Majesty traverses the island from its eastern to its south-western limits, she will find a marked improvement everywhere during the few years that have elapsed since she was last there.—European Times August 24th.

ORANGE DOINGS AND THE EMBLEMS ACT.—As we anticipated, the acquittal of Tate and several of his accomplices at Armagh has resulted in the recent re-appearance of the cloven foot of Orangism in the North. People in general were premature in imagining the evil spirit had been exorcised, partly by the Emblems Act and partly by the lenient treatment which the perpetrators of the sanguinary outrages at Derry-macash had received at the hands of the Crown. The Orange nature, irradicably rancorous, savage, and implacable can only be rendered manageable by rigor and severity. Utterly incapable of generous instincts, it must be lashed into tractability, but cannot be brought to obedience and conformity either by kindness, remonstrance, or persuasion. The Londonderry Journal puts the whole case in a nutshell, when, after describing the flagrant violation of the Emblems Act and partly by the display of flags, firing of cannon, and other Orange demonstrations on the 12th July, it says:—"The Roman Catholics are to be punished with renewed insults for respecting the law, and the Apprentice Boys rewarded with renewed impunity for violating it." As matters stand, the Catholic clergy are the chefs de police, and the authorities whom the country pays for enforcing obedience to the laws look complacently whilst they are defiantly violated. But if the Catholics, whom the Orange peace-disturbers did all they could to provoke to retaliation had attempted to resent the outrages on their feelings and the insults which were so persistently offered to them, these same authorities would probably have stepped in to prevent them from yielding to the provocation, and taking the law into their own hands. Hence the case stands thus: At fixed periods, and on certain days every year, large bodies of her Majesty's subjects in Ireland, openly, premeditatedly, and with malicious prepossession in the streets in certain localities of the country, displaying offensive colors and flags, playing offensive tunes, firing cannon, ringing bells, parading party colors in their dress, their windows, and wherever they are most conspicuous to the eye of the public. It is useless to say that all this is harmless, mere usage, and commemorative of certain events and occasions which Orangemen feel themselves called upon to celebrate at stated periods of the year. It is useless to say this when they know that from beginning to end these orgies are, and are intended to be, most irritating, offensive, and insulting to the whole of the Catholic inhabitants of such localities, and that therefore, they are manifestly as much designed, as they are evidently calculated, to provoke, as they so frequently have provoked, serious breaches of the peace, terminating in loss of life, injury to the person, and destruction of property. All this the Catholics of the North had to endure, year after year, till at length Government framed and the Legislature passed a law for the suppression of these unseemly and fanatic manifestations. But the factorists, who designate themselves loyal subjects of the realm, and who are eternally babbling of their attachment to the throne and their love of the Constitution, show their insolent disloyalty to the former and their contempt of the latter by thus laughing the one to scorn and, avowedly, infringing the other. But this is not all: they insist that those whom they are thus determined to insult, and whose political and religious feelings they thus maliciously wound and exasperate shall not even protest against so monstrous a grievance, much less seek to redress it either by an appeal to the law or any other means. In fact, having so long indulged in these insufferable insults without molestation, they lay claim to impunity as a species of right, and as they persist in the same course now that a Liberal Government, sup-

posed to be adverse to their outrageous proceedings... Executive known to identify itself sympathetically with their political and religious views...

IRISH EMIGRATION TO SPAIN.—It is a curious fact in the history of men, that amidst the ebbs and flows of the tide of human population, there is no instance of the current migratory movement setting backwards towards the cradle or nursery lands of the human race...

DEBIL, Aug. 21.—Yesterday, at the head police-office, before Mr. Dermott and Mr. Wyse, Hamilton Connolly, a clerk in the War Department, Lower Castle-yard, and John M'Ilwain, ordinance contractor, Nass, county Kildare, were brought up on remand, charged with extensive frauds on the Ordnance Department...

The Irish people do not love the Parliament of the United Kingdom—nor do they look up to it with much reverence. There is no reason why they should. Parliament makes no claim on the sympathies or the affections or the personal regard of any one...

THE GALWAY LINE.—The Freeman's Journal makes the following statement:—"It is rumored that arrangements are being made by another company to keep the Galway line open for the purpose of maintaining the rapid telegraphic communication with America..."

The weather still continues unfavourable for harvest purposes. On Saturday night last we had some very heavy rain accompanied by a storm which we fear has left its mark behind it...

The heavy, almost incessant rains of the last five weeks have blighted our fair prospects of an abundant harvest, and in the northern counties of Ireland the produce will fall very far short of what it would have been had the weather kept dry...

MORE PLUNKETISM.—The story of Bishop Plunket and his tenants at Partry is well ventilated in England. An episode of that history was concluded on Tuesday last at the petty sessions of Ballinrobe, which furnishes us with a subject more calculated to throw light upon the state of the Irish peasantry than anything we know of elsewhere...

THE WAR CLOUD.—At a banquet given at Sheffield on Wednesday, Mr. Roebuck, M.P., made some very important statements in reference to the designs of the French Emperor. Having remarked that his Majesty was the servant, if not the slave, of the French army, he said:—"That army now amounted to 600,000 men..."

REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT.—The Registrar-General for England has issued his report for 1859—the 22d annual report. It tells us that the 22 years show that on an average there is one death in a year to every 45 persons living, one birth to every 30, one person married to every 61...

THE TRIAL OF EARL DE VIDAL.—The first count charged the prisoner with intent to kill him. In the second count the intent of the prisoner was said to be to do him grievous bodily harm. The demeanor of the Baron was cool and collected...

THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD HARVEST.—The cost of the imports of grain of all kinds, as well as flour for the last seven years, were in the year 1854 £21,700,283; 1855, £17,508,700; 1856, £23,039,432; 1857, £19,380,567; 1858, £20,152,641; 1859, £18,042,063, making a total in six years of £119,833,676, and an annual average of £19,980,613 paid for foreign grain and flour...

EMIGRATION FROM AMERICA.—By the City of Baltimore, which left New York on the 9th inst., several families of English emigrants, comprising in all about 60 persons, returned to their native country. These new arrivals state that the better class of English settlers are generally desirous of returning home on account of the unsettled condition of society...

DEAR SIR.—We had one of the Italian renegades here last week trying his usual thimble-rigging scheme of supplying his exhausted pockets with another round of English "cash," to enable him to continue his diversions in a "liberated Italy." Poor John Bull, with all his intelligence and inventive powers, cannot see the "Popish weed" (as Dean Swift used to call them) picking his pockets just before his eyes...

EMIGRATION.—The only colonies which at present promote immigration from the United Kingdom by means of their public funds are Victoria, Queensland, the Cape of Good Hope, Tasmania and Natal. The system on which assistance is afforded varies in each colony. Immigration into the colony of Victoria at the expense of the colonial funds is governed by regulations issued by the local Government, dated Melbourne, April 15, 1861...

A RELIC OF THE GORDON RIOTS.—The obituary informs us that on the 13th of July last, died, at 17 Goulden-terrace, Barnsbury-road, Miss Vilette, aged 82. The lady is believed to have been the last survivor of the actors in the Lord George Gordon Riots in 1780. A small actor truly, for she could then have been only one year old...

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The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 13, 1861.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Africa brings us dates from England up to the 31st of last month. To the people of Canada the most interesting article in the budget of news will be that which announces the recall of Sir Edmund Head, and that Lord Monk has been appointed to reign over us. Lord Monk is an Irish Peer, a member of the Irish Bar, and was returned to Parliament for Portsmouth in 1852. We learn also that the Imperial Government is about to increase still further the forces in Canada by a body of 2,500 additional troops.

From the Continent there is little to report. The war betwixt the Neapolitans and the Piedmontese continues as vigorously as ever. The atrocities of the invaders, and their wholesale massacres of patriots have not as yet discouraged the latter; and whilst Ricasoli, the Piedmontese minister, issues diplomatic circulars conveying the information that he will not desist in his efforts for the conquest of the Kingdom of Naples, the people of the menaced country show no signs of any desire to abandon their national independence. These Neapolitans have more pluck than their enemies gave them credit for, and in spite of the odds against them, will prove perhaps more than a match for the Piedmontese.

A singular pamphlet on the Roman question, has been published at Paris. Its gist is, that France must deliver the Pope over to Victor Emmanuel, should the Sovereign Pontiff still persist in refusing the guarantees for the independence of the Holy See offered by the King of Sardinia. What this may mean it is at first sight difficult to tell. No doubt the Pope would most gladly accept any guarantee that might be offered for the independence of the Holy See; but so far from having ever received the offer even of such a guarantee from Victor Emmanuel, the Pope has encountered nothing but threats.—The independence of the Holy See consists essentially in the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff of all secular authority. If a subject himself, the Holy See is subject too, and therefore not independent; and therefore the only conceivable guarantee that can be offered for its independence is, the guarantee of the independent Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope.

This of course is not the object or idea either of the King of Sardinia, or of the Parisian pamphleteer. The former has always been the foremost and most persistent opponent of the independence of the Holy See; and the result of the success of his policy would be to obliterate the last vestige of that independence, by reducing the Sovereign Pontiff himself to the condition of a subject of a foreign prince. The Parisian pamphleteer may, in the present enslaved state of the French press, be supposed to speak the mind of Louis Napoleon, the master of France—and he also we now know by bitter experience, seeks rather to reduce the Pope to the condition of a vassal, than to restore to him his independence. What then can be the meaning of this pamphlet?—how is the enigma to be solved or interpreted?

This we think is the solution of the mystery. In the revolutionary dialect, words have exactly the opposite meaning to that in which honest men and non-liberals employ them. "Independence of the Holy See" in the mouth of a liberal, is the equivalent of "servitude of the Holy See" in the mouth of a Catholic; and the guarantee offered by Victor Emmanuel to the Pope amounts to this—That he—the King of Sardinia—will secure to the latter the best of eating and drinking, a comfortable house to live in, and plenty of fine clothes to wear, provided only that the Pope will consent to sacrifice the rights, dignity, and independence of the Holy See, and to exchange the condition of a sovereign prince, for that of a humble subject of the "king honest man." To these terms Pius IX. is not likely to accede.—The position of a stalled ox, or cochon a l'engrais is not dignified; and both as a man of honor, and as a Christian Bishop, he will accept the other alternative—that of persecution and exile—should the menaces of the pamphleteer be carried into execution. But whatever the result, the Catholic will not allow his faith to be shaken, nor will he entertain any doubt of the truth of the divine promises. In exile, as in Rome—in

the Catacombs as in the Vatican—the Pope will still be the Vicar of Christ, and the successor of Peter, of him upon whom, as upon a rock, the Lord established His Church. No matter what may be in store for the Sovereign Pontiff, no matter to what straits the treachery of Louis Napoleon, the malice of Victor Emmanuel, and the base ingratitude of some of his subjects may reduce him, we may be confident that supported by Divine grace, the Pope will never be wanting in what he owes to himself and to the Church, and that he will maintain his own independence, and the independence of the Holy See, in undiminished lustre.

The relative position of the belligerents in the United States remains unchanged. The Southerners menace Washington, but don't seem in a hurry to carry that menace into execution.—They are aware perhaps of the deficiencies of their own troops, and have but too good reason to expect that, if they hazard an attack, they will meet with a sound thrashing. The Northerners are doing but little in the way of recruiting; but if they have to complain of a scarcity of soldiers, they have apparently a superabundance of officers. Indeed so numerous are the latter, so far exceeding the wants of the army, that our streets actually swarm with them; and we are presented with the ludicrous spectacle of a body of men in foreign uniforms, parading the city, whilst the government whose commission they hold is actually engaged in a struggle for existence. But the people of the United States carry on war on entirely new principles; and just as they gave an ovation to the panic-stricken fugitives from Bull's Run, so perhaps they deem that in case of another battle, and of another panic, it is highly desirable that the officers should be absent from their several commands, and as far out of the way as possible.

THE EXECUTION.—At a quarter after ten on Friday forenoon last, Alexander Burns was hung in front of the City Gaol. An immense crowd, formed, we regret to say it, in no small part of women, and even young women, attended, and there was great confusion, jostling, and picking of pockets. Though we strongly advocate the infliction of the death penalty as a painful, but necessary means of deterring from crime, and protecting the interests of society, we cannot but express our disgust at the scenes which too often accompany its execution; and our surprise that women should be so lost to all sense of decorum, charity, female modesty, and humanity, as voluntarily to assist at the horrid spectacle. The lowest and most degraded prostitutes must, one would almost believe, and would fain hope, shrink from contemplating the last struggles and dying agonies of a fellow-creature, as if they were part of a holiday scene got up for their especial delectation. The crowd of women who on Friday last collected round the gaol was, in short, a disgrace to our city, and a blot upon the civilisation and Christianity of the XIX. century.

The convict, as we said in our last, died penitent, and in the Communion of the Catholic Church. His last hours on earth were spent in prayer, and consoled by the assiduous ministrations of the Priest, and the Sisters of Charity; who, like angels of mercy, are ever present there where there is a suffering to be relieved, or a tear to be dried.

His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese was also with the unhappy man during a great part of the day and night preceding his execution.

The fatal hour having arrived, Burns appeared on the scaffold with a firm step, accompanied by the Rev. M. Villeneuve, and the officials of the prison. He was calm, composed, and content to die, in expiation of his crimes, and in a firm reliance upon the merits of the Redeemer to Whose sufferings, and cruel death, he in a spirit of penitence desired to join his own. With the words of prayer on his lips, and entreaties for pardon in his heart, the drop fell, and he was launched into eternity. His death was truly consoling to every Christian, and a striking evidence of the power of Divine Grace, imparted through the channels of the Church, to soften the most obdurate heart. As a brute, and as irreclaimable, he had been abandoned by all who had previously approached him; it was only when the Catholic Priest came nigh, and spoke to him in the accents of compassion and of authority, that his intelligence seemed to revive, and that the unhappy man realised the sense of his awful position. The change that then took place was rapid, wonderful, and we believe sincere, and acceptable with God. Not for man, not for angels even, to anticipate the sentence of the all-seeing Judge, whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity; but we may well hope that the contrite sinner has found mercy; and that, washed in the regenerating waters of his baptism, he may have passed from earth to the presence of a reconciled God—of Him Who came to call, not the just, but sinners to repentance.

Much surprise, indeed, surprise amounting almost to indignation, was manifested when the resolve of the Executive to spare Patterson was made known. Cries "bring out Patterson" were heard from the crowd; and men asked one another why justice was meted out with such un-

equal measure? why Burns was hung, and the still more atrocious criminal Patterson was reprieved? Indeed, of the two, it was far more necessary to make an example of Patterson, the abortionist-murderer, than of Burns. The crime of the latter was rare, exceptional, in a word, unnatural. Not in the course of centuries is it probable that it will be repeated; and though the perpetrator well deserved his doom, though it would have been worse than weakness to have spared his life, the example was scarce necessary to deter others from the perpetration of such a rare, exceptional offence as that for which he justly suffered. The crime of Patterson, on the contrary, is one daily increasing amongst us; and on another page will be found the horrid details of another young woman, cut off in the prime of her life, by the effects of her seducer to produce abortion. It is therefore, in the highest degree necessary that severe examples of offenders, who fall into the hands of justice, should be made, in order to deter from the abominable, the prevalent, and daily increasing crime; and thus though it was perfectly right to hang Burns, a great evil has been done, a great encouragement to the numerous abortionists who ply their filthy trade in Canada has been given—by allowing the convicted abortionist-murderer to go unhung. The gallows have been defrauded of their legitimate prey; a notable instance of the vacillation of the Executive has been given; and thereby suspicions most injurious to the impartiality of our rulers—none the less injurious, because false, and indeed unfounded—have been confirmed. It is said, it is we learn, very generally believed—that the indulgence shown to Patterson was in consequence of his firm Protestantism; and that to Protestant influences and sectarian prejudices he owes his escape from the gallows. For weeks before the day of execution it was commonly reported that Patterson would certainly be reprieved, because of his Protestantism; for it was added, our government hangs only Papists and French Canadians.

These rumours are of course most false, though most mischievous, because they bring into suspicion the administration of justice, and breed contempt for law amongst those by whom such reports are greedily received. Not for one instant would we harbor such an unjust suspicion against the Executive, as to believe that it would allow itself to be influenced by party or sectarian motives in its treatment of criminals under sentence of death; and if we allude to the subject, it is in order to do our utmost to disabuse the public mind of a very false, but still very natural prejudice. Yet we cannot but think that in coming to this sudden determination to reprieve Patterson, the Executive has exposed itself to these hard suspicions, for it certainly has as yet assigned no valid pretext for such an extraordinary step. In absence therefore, of any apparent valid reason, men assign a bad motive; and the only semblance of reason hitherto made public for sparing the life of the convicted "abortionist murderer" is to be found in the subjoined document—from which it would seem as if the reprieve of Patterson was the personal act of the Governor-General, and in opposition to the advice of the Council:—

Quebec, Sept. 6th, 1861.

Extract from Minutes of Executive Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

Quebec, Thursday, 5th Sept.

Present.—His Excellency the Governor General. In Council His Excellency again brought under the attention of the Council the case of the convict Jesse Patterson, and the case having been carefully reconsidered, and the opinion of Council being still in favour of allowing the sentence of the law to be carried out, His Excellency was pleased to order that the following Minute, containing his reasons at length for differing from such opinion, be entered in the minutes of the Council, viz:—"I have fully and carefully considered the opinion of my Council in favour of allowing the sentence passed on Jesse Patterson, being carried out, which I approved, and notwithstanding such opinion and approval, I have decided that he should be respited until after trial of Collins shall have taken place, for the following reasons:—

"1st. The recommendation of the Jury and the opinion of the Judge as supplied in his letter of the twenty-eighth (28th) August, and as expressed verbally to me.

"2nd. Seeing that Collins was indicted for the same crime as accessory before the fact avowed in his defence, and is not yet tried; it appears to me probable that the execution of Patterson may interfere with the due administration of justice in the trial of Collins.

"3rd. It is possible that the evidence in Collins' case may be such as to bear on the degree of Patterson's criminality.

"4th. I believe that the principle on which the Prerogative of Mercy is usually exercised, would justify further consideration of the possibility of commuting Patterson's sentence, and I hereby respite him until the eighteenth day of October next. Whereupon the convict was respited by His Excellency accordingly.

These reasons are manifestly insufficient; for without exception they were all in existence, and all fully known to the authorities on Saturday, the 31st ult., when the Governor-General positively, and apparently finally, made known his fixed determination to allow the law to take its course. With the very same letter of the Judge of the 28th of August, and the same recommendation of the Jury, before him; with the knowledge that Collins was yet to be indicted as accessory to the murder of the girl Savariat, and that the evidence on Collins' trial must, in some manner, bear upon the criminality of the poor girl's murderer—the Governor-General, after long and mature deliberation, decided on the 31st of last month, that in Patterson's case

there was nothing deserving of Executive clemency.

The reasons assigned for reprieving Patterson, as set forth in the above document, are therefore manifestly false. If insufficient—and the Governor-General himself declared them to be insufficient—to justify a reprieve on the 31st August, they were equally insufficient to the same end on the 5th of September. The real reasons for the sudden change are therefore unknown; and though we scout as altogether unfounded the suspicions that Patterson owes his life either to sectarian or party considerations; though we utterly disbelieve the rumor that in Freemasonry may be discovered the secret of the success of the convict's friends; and though we are confident that the Governor-General has acted conscientiously and honorably, even if injudiciously, in this matter—we cannot accept the Minutes of Council above printed, as any explanation of the mystery. They not only throw no light upon the subject, but rather cast over it a still more impenetrable obscurity.

And with every respect for the representative of Majesty—recognising to the fullest extent that the prerogative of mercy, as it is called, belongs to the Crown alone, and should be exercised upon the personal responsibility of him who represents to us the Queen—we still cannot but deeply regret the decision at which His Excellency has arrived—as a decision calculated to weaken the confidence of the public in the impartial administration of justice, and thereby to prepare the way for the abominations of Lynch Law; and as a great encouragement to the practice of the atrocious crime of abortion, which already prevails to a fearful extent, and which is rapidly spreading over all parts of the country. Of Patterson's guilt, no man doubts; and even those who were most clamorous for his reprieve admit it, since they ask, not for a total remission, but for a commutation only, of his sentence.—Now the only offence for which Patterson has as yet been tried, is the murder of Savariat. The law on the question is clear. If he directly, or indirectly, caused her death by his practice upon her, he is legally, as well as morally, a murderer; and the question at issue is—not as to the degree, but as to the fact, of his criminality. If criminal at all in the matter for which he has been tried, he is a murderer, and should be hung; and if not a murderer, he should be at once discharged from prison, liable however to be again arraigned for his other malpractices.

This should not be made, in any sense, a party, national, or religious question. It is one which addresses itself to all men alike; it is a question in which all fathers, all brothers, are equally interested. The crime of which Patterson has been clearly convicted is fast increasing in Canada; and though the wretches who like Patterson practise it, may have no design to take more than one life, yet they know—what every medical man knows—that it is a crime which almost inevitably entails the death of the mother, as well as of the child. For this reason, it is most important that they who practise it should be convinced of the fact—that as murderers they will be hung, if, while compassing the destruction of the one, they directly or indirectly destroy the life of the other. This salutary conviction has been dissipated by the late action of the Executive. Comparative impunity has been assured to the swarms of Pattersons who ply their filthy trade in our cities and country parishes. "Destroy children in peace," says in substance the law to them; "murder boldly, and fear not the consequences. Subject wretched half-distracted girls, the victims of the lusts, and the heartless brutality of their seducers, to your obscene tortures; consign their bodies to the grave, and their souls to hell—for henceforward, the gallows shall not cast over you its hideous shade." Indeed, it requires no prophet to tell the effects of the ill-advised clemency of the Executive towards the most loathsome of criminals. Abortion is now virtually tolerated; in a few years more, it may be expected to take rank amongst the fine arts, and to be recognised as a liberal, honorable, as well as a very lucrative business. Its Professors will then emerge from the obscurity in which they still delight; and introducing themselves to the world, will claim the patronage of the public for the dexterity of their murderous manipulations, and as Successors to, and Pupils of, the late lamented Dr. Jesse Patterson, ABORTIONIST AND MURDERER. This splendid result will, also, no doubt, be hailed by some future Mr. Buckle as a proof of the spread of the "inductive philosophy," and of the triumph of modern intelligence over the medieval superstitions of Christianity.

Every nation, civilised or uncivilised, has, or has had, its peculiar fashion of dealing with captives. In New Zealand, Australia, and amongst many of the Polynesian races, the custom is general to eat prisoners, if fat; and an unfortunate white man, falling into the hands of a lot of New Zealanders, stands a good chance of being served up, baked, as a side dish, and of being greedily devoured by his captors, under the elegant but somewhat ambiguous designation of "long-pig." In the middle ages, prisoners of war, if of

rank, were held to ransom, of which practise we have a notable example, in the case of Richard the Lion-Hearted King of England. But even in those ages, and amongst the chivalry of Europe, it was not deemed disgraceful for the captive knight to effect, if possible, his escape. That the prisoner whom fraud or violence has consigned to the hands of his enemies is, in conscience, obliged to wait patiently to be baked, eaten, worried to death, or ransomed, as the case may be—is a novel doctrine, propounded for the first time by the illustrious Chiniquy, through the columns of the Montreal Witness, and in the subjoined terms:—

St. ANNE, KANKAKEE Co., Illinois, 28th Aug., 1861.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

DEAR SIR—Here is fresh news for the edification of your readers, by which they will have a new page of the morality of the Rev. Fathers Oblats of the Immaculate Conception.

You know Father Brunet, one of the Priests of the Oblats of Mary Immaculate, of the city of Montreal, was sent here two years ago to destroy my character. But he failed. I brought him before the Courts of Justice of this country, and he was sentenced by the jury to pay me \$2,500, and over \$500 costs, for his slanders. He gave securities for that sum; but the securities, who were Roman Catholics, fearing lately to have to pay for the Rev. Father Brunet, delivered him to the Sheriff of this County, over two months since, who kept him in goal for the payment of the debt. Well, last night, the Rev. Father having cut the iron bars of the goal, went away, and the cage is without its bird this morning. The Sheriff is running after his prisoner, and he has telegraphed to many places to have his Rev. prisoner safe again under his guard, promising a liberal sum of money to those who will tell him where he is.

You may rely upon these facts; and publish them, for they are of public notoriety.

Truly yours,

C. CHINIQUY.

The particulars of the escape above alluded to are curious and amusing. We will endeavor to put our readers in possession of them.

Poor dear Mr. Chiniquy's story is in its leading features correct; whilst of the depth and sincerity of his grief at the loss of his prisoner, and of a sum of about \$3,000 in prospective, there can be no doubt. The Rev. P. Brunet has escaped, carrying away with him the peace of mind of his captor, whose cleverly devised scheme for extorting money, by way of ransom, from the Father Oblats, has at last signally failed. The facts of the case are these.

A mission, of which the P. Brunet was an active and distinguished member, was some time ago organised amongst the French Canadians of St. Anne's, where Chiniquy had previously sown the seeds of heresy and pestilence. The latter was naturally much alarmed by this attack of the Romish priests upon his stronghold; whilst the probable falling off in the contributions by him levied upon his unhappy dupes, should the latter be inveigled back into the toils of Romanism, inspired him with serious apprehensions for the spiritual interests of the flock, or nuns whom he duly sheared, and of whose fleece he was determined to keep the monopoly. Like a good shepherd he set his wits to work to ward off the danger, with which he and his fold were menaced; and in a short time he concocted an ingenious and elaborate plot, which, if successful, would have avenged him of his adversaries—the Catholic missionaries—and would have greatly contributed to recruit his well nigh exhausted exchequer. The plan was this:—

He—Chiniquy—got a friend or tool, to personate the penitent sinner; who under the pretence of a desire to be at peace with the Catholic Church, should call upon the P. Brunet in the Confessional, and there entrap the unwary Confessor into some expressions which, being made public, might furnish Chiniquy with the basis for an action for damages against the unsuspecting priest. The plot was carried out; and under the pretence of seeking ghostly advice, and spiritual consolation, Chiniquy's fellow-conspirator called on the P. Brunet, worried himself into his confidence, and obtained, or pretended that he had obtained, grounds for the predetermined legal proceedings; which were accordingly commenced before a very Protestant jury, deeply impressed with the soul destructive errors of Romanism, the necessity of supporting Chiniquy, and of putting down the Priests.

So far the plot succeeded admirably. After a long and arduous litigation—during the course of which the P. Brunet, having given security for his appearance when wanted, returned to Montreal—the action was decided in Chiniquy's favor; to whom, as a balm for his wounded spirit and outraged innocence, the sum of \$2,500 was awarded, with a further sum of \$500 costs. These facts having been duly intimated to the defendant—and he being determined not to allow his securities to suffer for his sake—the Rev. P. Brunet left Montreal, and delivered himself up to the authorities of the State by whose Courts he had been condemned. Of course, not having a farthing of money of his own, he had no hope of ever discharging the large sum which Chiniquy claimed from him, but which we suppose the latter expected to be able to extort, in whole or in part, from the Society of which his captive was a member. Like a mail-clad baron of the middle ages, Chiniquy held his prisoner to ransom; and by one and the same master stroke of policy, was enabled to gratify his appetite for revenge, and his inordinate love of money. He thrust his captive into the dungeon, with the determination of coining the latter's tears and

groans into good sound dollars and cents.

Here, and in this condition, the P. Brunet languished for many months, looking forward to death as his only chance of deliverance. He was kept confined in a filthy, unhealthy cell, in the lowest department of the jail, exposed to all kinds of insults from the officials his keepers—who but too cheerfully lent themselves to Chiniqny's schemes; and to the noxious influences of the ill-drained and worse ventilated hole into which he had been thrust, and whose fetid atmosphere was enough to ruin the constitution of the healthiest and most robust. Chiniqny's triumph seemed almost complete.

But in his eagerness to be revenged, and to heap insult and outrage upon his enemy, he overstepped the mark. The P. Brunet's treatment and sufferings became the subject of conversation amongst the neighbors, and naturally aroused much sympathy, since the treachery and injustice of which he was the victim were well known. A plan was accordingly set on foot for breaking the prison, and rescuing the captive, amongst a large body of the French Canadian residents; and means were found for informing the P. Brunet of the steps that were being taken for his release. On the night previously fixed upon, a carriage, and relays of horses were in readiness; a skilful hand was engaged to saw, or cut through the iron bars of the cell, which being on the ground floor, was of easy access; and trusty friends were at hand to receive the prisoner, and to escort him to a place of safety. About 10 p.m. the process of cutting through the bars commenced, and after no little difficulty the work was accomplished, and an opening effected into the jail. Through this opening the P. Brunet was dragged feet-foremost; by his friends outside, who hurriedly conveyed him to the carriage waiting for him; with a faithful escort by his side he rapidly drove away, and in a short time found himself in a land of freedom, and amongst his old friends, by whom his release from captivity was hailed with transports of joy, and gratitude to Almighty God.

The above is a short, but faithful account of one of the most exciting and romantic escapes from captivity that has occurred since the days of feudal tyranny. That poor Chiniqny should feel very bad about it; that the thoughts of having lost the ransom upon which he reckoned, should distract his mind, and interfere with his heavenward aspirations, dragging them down to earth—we can understand; but we see not by what rule, or code of morals, he can expect to convict P. Brunet of wrong-doing in effecting his escape from the certain death which awaited him from a few months longer confinement in the noisome jail to which Protestant cunning, directed by consummate skill, had consigned him.

Mr. Chiniqny says that "a liberal sum of money" is promised to those who will give information as to where the escaped captive is. If the poor bereaved man will put himself in communication with us upon the subject, and give us good security for the payment of the aforesaid "liberal sum money," we may perhaps be induced to furnish him with some very accurate, if not very valuable information. In the meantime, the damages of \$2,500 must be given up, and Chiniqny must be prepared to discharge all the costs of the litigation. Is not this a sore blow for the Saints? P. Brunet is in good health and spirits, and sends M. Chiniqny his love, but as for money, he has none to spare.

A Belleville correspondent sends us a communication, an Address to the Catholic Electors of the North Riding of Hastings, forming part of the Treat Division—and who in consequence of the death of the late Honorable Edmund Marney, are about to be called upon to assist in electing his successor in the Legislative Council. Our friend's communication is rather too lengthy for insertion this week, but its contents are, in substance, as follows:—

He exhorts his fellow-Catholic electors to exact a promise to sustain the Separate School principle, and to give their aid to still further extend the provisions of the Separate School Law in so far as Catholics are concerned—as the condition, sine qua non, of Catholic support. In this view of the duties of Catholic constituencies we fully agree with our correspondent, and sincerely hope that his advice may be followed.

On the question of Representation by Population the opinions of our correspondent are equally sound, and in accordance with the interests of Catholicity in both sections of the Province. If the religious institutions of the Eastern section are menaced by the Clear Grit agitation for constitutional changes, the Catholics of the West must remember that they will be the first sufferers by the proposed change; and that their Separate Schools, which are the object of special aversion to the Protestant Reformers, will certainly be swept away by the democratic storm. For their own sakes therefore, they are bound to oppose every proposition for giving to Protestant Upper Canada a preponderance in the Legislature; they are bound to refrain from making a rod for their own backs, and one which Geo. Brown and his friends will, if ever they get a chance, apply most lustily, and without mercy.

The advocate of Representation by Population is the common enemy of all Catholics; and then most dangerous and most to be abhorred, when he endeavors to make that measure palatable, by promises of checks and guarantees. No body can be a check upon itself; no such thing as a Legislative guarantee against apprehended Legislative aggression can even so much as be conceived of; and the Catholic electors may be sure that the man who prates to them about "checks and guarantees," &c., is a knave who treats them as if they were fools. Vote for no man—is the sound advice of our correspondent to his co-religionists—who will not pledge himself to maintain equality of representation betwixt Upper and Lower Canada.

Our correspondent touches also upon several other topics. He says in his address to the Catholic Electors:—

"Catholics should get their fair share of the Clergy Reserves Funds, and no candidate should obtain your confidence, unless he is willing to do you justice in that matter. Reformation in the management of the University of Toronto is loudly called for, and its surplus funds should be divided amongst the several seats of learning, Catholic as well as Protestant.

"If you cannot find men willing to adopt the above mentioned principles and measures, then stop at home, and do not throw away your votes. Perhaps the time is not remote when the Catholics of Canada, together with their Protestant fellow-citizens shall be called upon to support British rule on this Continent. For this reason then, how foolish it is of the latter to withhold justice from their Catholic fellow-subjects.

"The Catholics of Upper Canada must unite with their Eastern brethren, for both are equally interested in taking a bold and determined stand against the progress of democratic and revolutionary principles."

Our correspondent closes his communication in the following terms:—

"Why should any candidate, seeking Catholic support, be afraid to discuss the School Question on its merits; also to incorporate the same in his address to the electors. There must not be any hole-and-corner dodging; we must tolerate no evasions by candidates in enunciating their views, for they must speak out openly and plainly.

"Catholic Electors, if you find that the candidates shirk the question, discard them at once;—remain at home;—keep your votes;—let them fight their own battles. The sooner it is made plain and evident that it is absolutely necessary for all aspirants for Parliamentary honors to state their views on the School Question in their respective addresses, the better, both for the candidate and the electors. Every elector has a perfect right to ask a candidate his views upon any question; and if the latter persists in refusing him an answer, then is he unworthy of his confidence. As for asking a candidate for a private pledge, it is simply preposterous, and of no value.

"Belleville, Sept. 3, 1861." "Vox Catholica."

(Continued from our last.)

Another admission of the Piedmontese Proconsul is not less instructive, nor less damaging to his cause. With reference to the Neapolitan police, San Martino acknowledges that previous to the arrival of Garibaldi, "there did not exist any regular service of police. Now this admission is important, as it at once overthrows the principal pretext of the Piedmontese filibusters, besides giving the lie direct to the officious and sentimental Mr. Gladstone.

Really, how the English senator will get out of this affair, we cannot see, unless he is content—unlike the Roman Senator of old—to have his beard pulled by barbarian hands, and to be set down for the period of his natural life as an impudent, unprincipled and lying impostor. We well remember the declamations of Gladstone and the revolutionary press against "the atrocities of the police of Naples and Sicily;" and the English Parliament, forgetting its duty as a grave deliberative assembly, joined, like village curs on a moonlight night, in the Gladstone howl against the Neapolitan police, without asking the why and wherefore. And all this time, according to no less a personage than the Proconsul San Martino himself, this police "so sinning and so sinned against" did not exist. And those grave English senators forgot their own case in their virtuous indignation against the Neapolitan Government; for if indeed the presence of a powerful and efficient police force is to be taken as evidence of the tyranny of a government, what indeed will Europe say of that enormous police force imposed upon Ireland by an alien government, than which a more tyrannical burden, or a more efficient corps for the subjugation of an oppressed people does not exist upon the face of the earth. The plaudits of the English senate were indeed, unwittingly, the most crushing condemnation of England's Irish policy.

Another admission of the Proconsul is also worthy of note, as it goes altogether counter to the opinion the revolutionary journals would have had us form of Bourbon rule in Naples. In order to account for the necessity of foreign troops in suppressing the rebellion, he tells, with an admirable naïveté, "that the Neapolitans are unfit for soldiers—the Bourbon King never having given himself to the military education of his people." Now really this is "the unkindest cut of all," for could there possibly be a greater tribute paid to Bourbon memory, or a more complete refutation of the lying tales of Bourbon tyranny, than this?—The necessity of an armed force is evident. In Catholic France at this moment, it is by an armed force alone that her infidel Emperor rules. The reign of our own Cromwell was a military despotism of the blackest dye. And thus it was also we were taught to believe through the lying reports of the revolutionary press in Bourbon

Naples. By his immense police and military forces alone the Bourbon rule was thought to exist, until the Piedmontese Proconsul, San Martino, found out the reason of his failure to restore order in Naples, to be the utter absence of both in any organized form in the former reign.

SACERDOS.

ORDINATIONS.—His Lordship the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe conferred on Sunday last the following Orders:—

Priesthood.—J. A. Couch, of the Diocese of Hartford, U.S.

At the same time M.M. Halde, Pouton, and Nadeau of the Diocese of St. Hyacinthe, received the Tonsure.

REVIVALS CONDEMNED BY PROTESTANTS.

—A Protestant minister, the Rev. Mr. Elwood by name, and belonging, we believe, to the Anglican sect, has been preaching strongly against "Revivals." From his sermon reported in the Echo, a non-Catholic journal published at Toronto, we make some extracts:—

"Have we any example in the preaching of Christ and the Apostles of the use of strong individual denunciations; have we any for publicly praying for sinners by name; have we any Scriptural authority for the classifying men on the instant as 'anxious or enquirers,' and placing them in conspicuous seats in the 'house of God.' . . . Is there one sentence in the Word of Inspiration to justify the attempt to excite the feelings of a public assembly until every restraint of order is forgotten, and confusion becomes identified with the Word of God?"

The Montreal Witness will no doubt in due time reply to each of the above questions, giving chapter and verse.

The question of law in the case of Patterson having been ruled against him, an attempt has been made to raise doubts as to the fact of his guilt—as to whether the death of the girl Savariat was the result of his treatment of her. For this purpose a series of affidavits have been published, with the object of showing that the unhappy girl's death was the result of a severe cold, brought on by her own imprudence, and after she had escaped from Patterson's hands. Of the value of these documents, the reader will be able to form an estimate from the perusal of the remarks of the Transcript of Tuesday 3rd inst. upon the subject, which we subjoin:—

"The final decision being now arrived at, we are no longer in a position to withhold the fact that a system of terrorism has been practised for sometime at Clarenceville, where the shocking deed was practiced, to overawe some of the witnesses at the late trial, and thus compel them to make statements in contradiction to those they then made. To such an extent has this been carried, that the house of Mary Anne Savariat, the mother of the unfortunate victim of Patterson's practices, has been attacked and nearly destroyed, and her life threatened if she does not leave the country. Offers of money have also been made to her to absent herself, and the deposition she has made, and which Dr. Hall published, is known to have been extorted from her by menaces and threats. Representations of these and other outrages connected with this affair we learned some days since had been forwarded to the Executive Government, who, we are informed, either have taken, or are about to take proper steps to ferret out the matter, and bring the guilty parties to justice. We leave our reader to judge of the value of the affidavits embodied in Dr. Hall's letter, taken under such circumstances—drawn up *ex parte*—subjected to no cross-examination—and the result of threats and other improper influences.

"It must be remembered that there are two individuals now in the Montreal gaol, included in the same indictment with Patterson, and who will be tried at the ensuing term. How far the attempts to overawe the residents of the locality where the crime was committed have been intended to operate on the interests of the accused at their trial, it is not for us to judge; but we have no doubt the Executive will take proper precautions to protect all parties menaced from injury, and to secure the presence of those whose testimony is needful for the ends of justice.

"The apprehensions expressed—almost bearing the appearance of a threat—whether real or imaginary, that, unless Patterson's sentence be commuted, magistrates would cease to investigate crime, and juries to award according to their conscience and the law, we have no doubt will be found to be chimerical.—Transcript.

MOZZLING THE PRESS.—The Toronto Globe justifies the United States Government in its suppression of journals which ask for peace! There is an old Scotch proverb that says "it is a filthy bird that flies its own nest." It fits a member of the press who could justify such an act. But it is always thus: your true demagogue is also your true despot or upholder of despotism, when the time comes. An ingenious United States contemporary argues that the people even have a right and the government indisputable authority to abate papers which abuse the government as nuisances. The doctrine is perhaps not so very bad if one could extend its application to all the cases which one thought needed it. There is a newspaper in Canada which has been a most pestiferous nuisance. It has abused government after government. It has defamed and traduced our public men: it has used its utmost endeavour to destroy our public credit at home and abroad and so cripple our means: it has adopted the views of a foreign government against our own with reference to our right to frame our own tariffs. It has set class against class, section against section, race against race, and creed against creed. It has nursed and fostered vicious excitements, ill wills, hatreds, jealousies, and intolerance. It has agitated for a dissolution of the union unless unreasonable concessions were made a treason like that of the Secessionists in the United States, a traitorous attempt to overthrow "the best government the world has ever seen," to check the progress of free freedom on this continent by rendering us helpless atoms at the mercy of the first strong arm reached out to grasp us. And now when a neighboring nation is breathing forth threats and denunciations against the British and Canadian governments, this paper warmly espouses its cause, is spoken of as the only true friend in Canada of these vindictive foes and denouncers of our government. And what lends significance to this fact is that one of the recognized conductors of that journal declared in Parliament that the people of Western Canada would look to Washington for redress of grievances if other measures failed! Now such a paper as this, preaching discord and dissension to the people of the Province, decrying its credit abroad, and abetting attempts of a foreign nation to bully our own government and legislature out of their rights is a nuisance to be abated by the strong hand, according to the American principle, which receives the imprimatur of the Globe. It is quite needless for us to name that journal itself as the Canadian nuisance to be suppressed. All the

world must recognize the accuracy of the portrait we have drawn. It may be quite true that a prosecution of the Globe for libel or sedition might fail. So it would have utterly failed against the Journal of Commerce. The U.S. Government did not wait for legal process. The slow forms of law are set aside for the strong hand of usurped authority. If that be good in the States, why not here? If journals may not oppose an elected Government, here why may they a Responsible Government, here? Our Government has proclaimed strict neutrality, yet here is a journal affording aid, comfort and support to the Northerners against the Southerners. It backs up their cause as just; it hopes they may win, it exults in their successes! Let it be suppressed.—It should be refused admittance to mails crossing the border. It is contraband of war. Its outpourings a breach of neutrality. By all means, and promptly, the Globe should be suppressed. It is existing British subjects on the side of the North. The Journal of Commerce never did a tithe as much for the Southerners. Again we repeat the Globe should be suppressed, or at least forbidden the use of Her Majesty's mail to cross the lines. And then, and not till then, shall we hear an opinion from the Globe on the subject which will be worthy of respect. It was when the farmer's bull was understood to have gored the lawyer's ox that his opinion was that justice should be done and proper reparation made. All this is very great nonsense doubtless, dull enough even as a joke; and yet as worthy of any rational man's acceptance, constitutional argument as the defence of the suppression of the Journal of Commerce put forth by the Globe, which seems only too happy to flaunt its new Washington livery and play funkier to Yankeeedom for the edification of Western sympathizers with "a rotten young democracy." It is the very dirtiest piece of mean subservience to a foreign power we ever remember to have seen in the columns of a newspaper published in the British dominion. A cause which an ultra-radical like Reebuck gives up in disgust, this lick-spittle fawner upon the U.S. Government takes up and sustains before the British colonists of Canada. We can find some excuse for the act of the rulers at Washington, blinded through cowardly fear or the bewildered excitement of passion: we can even understand how some Northern papers think this war must be carried through *per fas et nefas*; but that any miserable wretch on free British soil, under the shadow of the Union Jack, without the excuse of the fear or anger of immediate partition, should disgrace or his profession by justifying so mad and bad an act is simply disgusting. One could only heartily wish that the coat of war and feathers which converted the Harvill editor could be applied for the better conversion of this writer in the Globe.—Is it possible he is paid for doing the dirty work of people at Washington? He has not hesitated to call another writer for the press an agent of President Davis? Was it the conscious guilt of an agent of President Lincoln that prompted the accusation?—Montreal Gazette.

DESERATION OF SOLDIERS.—The Leader says, it is understood that several desertions have taken place from the regiment now stationed at Toronto; and that attempts have been made by Americans to seduce others from their allegiance by tempting offers of employment in the drilling of volunteers at Buffalo and other places on the northern frontier.

EVILING SOLDIERS TO DESERT.—Four men at Quebec—runners for sailors' boarding-houses,—have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of £40, with costs, for attempting to induce two privates of the 50th Rifles to desert and ship them selves as seamen.

Federal spies are in Toronto. Some of them make no concealment of the fact or of their operations. We are told that one of their number has avowed that an organized spy system exists here and at other points of the Province; the business of "the detectives"—for so they call themselves,—being to hover about hotels and other public places, to mark "sympathizers with the South," to watch the railway stations and the steamboat landings, and to telegraph to Federal agents in the States the name and description of the "sympathizer" who happens to travel in that direction. The spy gentry may find themselves in trouble unawares. Neutrality does not consist in tolerating the machinations of individuals who use the opportunities which residence in Canada affords to harass and annoy British subjects visiting the States, because, whilst here, they express abhorrence of Federal Despotism. Toronto Leader.

EVANGELICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.—In the Township of Artemesia, and at a place called Eugene, where there is a very considerable water-fall, a saw-mill and a few houses occupied principally by the members of an enterprising family named Purdy, a series of attractive exhibitions are to be made on the 28th inst., the principle of which—as we learn from a bill of fare published by "J. P. Bissell, Proprietor,"—is a tight-rope enterprise, to be undertaken by the younger Blondin. In a supplementary bill it is announced that Signor Vivaldi will give a performance, the most daring and significant feat in which will be the swallowing of a sword two feet in length. The most remarkable feature of this entertainment is the attempt to make these gatherings of the vain and frivolous, tributary to the in-gathering of precious souls into the fold of Episcopal Methodism. That we may not be accused of making an irrelevant allusion, it is only necessary to remark that the performances are to be diversified by addresses from the Revs. Shaw, Mount Forest; Finn, Kincairdine; and Wilson, Durham. The proprietor—the theological Barnum—will introduce these Reverend brethren at the time most favorable for bringing their proselytizing machinery to bear upon the unconverted mass of carnality then and there congregated.—What the end of this 38 cent exhibition may be, we of course cannot say; but if we rightly divine the purpose of its promoter, we are constrained by a sense of delicacy and Christian propriety, and in the interests of our common humanity, to observe that the cause of true religion is suffering much more from its professed advocates than from its avowed enemies. We have no desire to break a lance with the clergy, but we cannot, as public journalists, allow such an admixture of fun and Methodism as may be witnessed under the auspices of Mr. Bissell, to pass unnoticed.—Durham Standard.

GRANT TO THE BAPTIST INSTITUTE.—The Woodstock Times says:—"The Town Council at its last meeting passed a By-Law granting \$600 to the Baptist Institute. There are two things in relation to this measure of the legislation that we are puzzled to understand. First: Is such a By-Law legal? And secondly: Will that body take a grant of public money?"

A SERIOUS CHARGE.—The Dumfries Reformer says:—"A case of a very serious and painful character was brought before the magistrates of Galt during last week. A young man, most respectably connected, was arrested at the instance of a resident of Blair, who charged in the indictment, that 'the prisoner had administered to his daughter Mary certain poison or other noxious things, with the intent to procure a miscarriage, and that the taking of the said mixture was the cause of her death.' Both in the interests of justice and morality we deem it prudent to exclude the details of the evidence. The facts established are of the most painful nature. The deceased girl, who was only 16 years of age, gave birth to a child on the morning of the 22nd of April last. Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon she went into convulsions, and died the next day between 12 and 1 o'clock. About three months prior to this date her mother discovered two bottles, one empty and the other containing medicine, between the straw and feather ticks of her bed. On being questioned, the deceased said that the medicine was given to her by the prisoner for the purpose mentioned in the indictment. She made the statement to her medical attendant a few days before her death, and it was testified by another witness that the prisoner told him he intended to give her something for that purpose.

RETURN OF CANADIANS.—The Boston Advertiser says twenty-six Canadian men, women and children, passed through this city, on Monday, on their way to their native province, from Baltic, Connecticut. The factories in that flourishing town have been suspended for the present and more than fifteen hundred Canadians are thrown out of employ, many of whom will use their accumulated wages in returning to the places of their birth.

"Omnibus quae prosunt sequimur," or "we labor for the good of all," is the inscription on one of the chime of bells given by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. to the city of Lowell. That favored place may have the bells, but they cannot monopolize the Doctor's skill which is made available by his Cherry Pectoral and Cathartic Pills to all alike—not only in this country but in all countries where civilization and commerce have gone. While we admire the liberality and taste of these gentlemen in such a donation to their native town, we will remind our readers of the halloving influence a chime of bells spreads over the whole community that hears them. They are few in this country, and their influence is little known, but ask the exile from his home in Germany, France, England, whether the chime on Trinity Church does not make his heart leap into his mouth, and his eyes swim in the recollection it brings of the solemn notes of his childhood, his boyhood, eye, and his manhood loved to hear at the soft approach of evening in his native land.

We wish our generous townsmen whom God has blessed with means would consider whether we too cannot add this one more attraction to make our children and ourselves love dearer and stronger and longer the place we call our home.—Madison Ind. Banner.

Birth.

In this city, on the 6th inst., the wife of William Wall, Esq., of a son.

Married.

On the 4th instant, at the Parish Church of this city, by the Very Rev. Bishop Tache, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Papin, Curate, C. H. DeBoucherville, Esq., M.D., M.P., of Boucherville, to Susanne Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Robert Lester Morrough, Esq., formerly Prothonotary of this city.

In Ottawa City, on the 9th instant, by the Revd. Mr. Ginguet, Thomas McCreedy, Esq., City Councillor, Montreal, to Mary E. Leamy, eldest daughter of Andrew Leamy, Esq., Hull, County of Ottawa.

Died.

In this city, on the 10th instant, Patrick Flanagan, aged 73 years.

At Quebec, on the 2nd instant, Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Hearn, Chumplain Street, aged 22 years.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Wheat per 60 lbs. Spring 88 to \$1; White Winter \$1,071 to 1,10; Red Winter \$1,065 to 1,071.

Large sales of Chicago Spring to arrive at 97 1/2. Higher prices than those above quoted are asked for shipping parcels of Winter Wheat.

Corn per 56 lbs. 45c to 46c. Sales at latter price.

Pens per 66 lbs. 85 to 70c. The latter price for shipping parcels of 50 lbs.

Oats nominal.

Barley 50c per 50 lbs.

The advices from the States are more favorable for Barley.

Flour.—Pine \$3,00 to 3,50; Superfine No. 2 \$4,10 to 4,25; Superfine No. 1 \$4,55 to 4,65; Fancy \$4,70 to 4,80; Extra \$5,00 to 5,10; Double Extra \$5,50 to 6,00.

The lower grades of Flour when out of condition are very dull. Sales of Interior Sour Super, reported at \$3,50 and 3,75. Bags are dull.

Oatmeal per barrel of 200 lbs. \$3,60 to 3,75.

Ashes per 112 lbs. Pots \$5,60 to 5,85; Pearls \$6,35 to 6,71.

Pork.—The following quotations are nominal: Mess \$18 to 17; Prime Mess \$15 to 16. Prime Mess \$14 to 14,50; Trio \$13 to 13,50. Lard 9 to 9 1/2 for good. Forced sales of Mess have been made at \$15,75.

Tallow in demand at 8 to 8 1/2 cents.

Butter per lb., good dairy 12 to 12 1/2 cents. Good store packed, 11 1/2 to 12 cents. No demand for inferior qualities.

Considerable sales of superior store-packed at 12c and 12 1/2c.

Wool.—23c to 24c for washed.

Fish irregular and nominal.—Montreal Witness.

WANTED,

A FEMALE TEACHER, for the Granby Catholic Model School, who can give instruction in French and English.

For particulars, apply by letter (post-paid) to Patrick Hackett, Esq., Granby, Canada Esq. Sept. 12. 2t.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE,

NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA.

THIS Institution, placed under the benevolent patronage of His Lordship the Right Rev. Catholic Bishop of Montreal, and of the Provincial Government, is intrusted to the direction of the Clerics de St. Viateur.

The Classes will be RE-OPENED on the 16th of SEPTEMBER instant, at Coteau St. Louis, or Mile End, near Montreal.

The Course of Studies will last generally from 5 to 6 years, but it may be abridged according to the intelligence of the pupils, or the intention of the parents.

The Deaf and Dumb, already advanced in years, or of a dull intellect, shall receive religious instruction only through the mimic language, and this in a few weeks.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—For Washing, Mending, Boarding and Tuition, \$7 50c. a month, or \$75 a year, in four terms, invariably paid in advance.

Parents, or Wardens, willing to place their children in this Institution may receive all the information they may desire, by addressing themselves to the Institution.

Gentlemen of the Press, either in English or in French, are invited to advocate this charitable Institution for the interest of the poor unfortunate Deaf and Dumb. Sept. 12.

JACQUES CARTIER MODEL SCHOOL.

THE DUTIES of the above School will be RE-SUMED on THURSDAY, the 12th instant, at NINE A.M. punctually.

As this School can only accommodate a limited number of pupils, parents are requested to send their children on and from the first day of opening.

A. VERRAU, Fire, Principal. Montreal Sept. 3, 1861.

JACQUES CARTIER NORMAL SCHOOL.

PUPILS of the above SCHOOL are requested to present themselves on THURSDAY, the 12th instant, at 5 P.M.

New Pupils will please procure the following:— 1st.—A Certificate of Baptism; 2nd.—One of Good Conduct; 3rd.—One of their Examination. The costume will be obligatory.

A. VERRAU, Fire, Principal. Montreal Sept. 3, 1861.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE. FRANCE.

PARIS, August 20th.—The Siecle had announced within these last few days that General de Goyon would retire to Civita-Vecchia. This move would abandon the Pope, and preserve to France a military station in the Peninsula, had during some days much chance of probability. Now it seems that the former game of tracasserie is resumed. However, something must be expected in that direction. For it is certain that Francis II.'s sojourn in Rome, at so short a distance from Naples, is sufficient to prevent the Piedmontese from having done, as they say, with the "brigands," and that they have summoned the Emperor to assist them in their disgusting work. The Emperor answered that he could do nothing for them ostensibly, but that de Goyon had private orders to fraternize with Pinelli, and to oppose as much as possible the projects of his adversaries. According to these instructions the French must by this time have taken possession of all the points of communication between the Neapolitan territory and the Papal States, and shoot without mercy those who seek refuge in the latter. As soon as the visit of the King of Sweden was announced, I warned you of its consequences. At present, Scandinavian Unity has already taken rank among the questions of the day, and will give rise to another flight of pamphlets. It has been remarked that the Empress Eugenie left the day before the arrival of Charles XV. This is owing to the fact that the Queen of Sweden, a Princess of Orange by birth, preferred to remain at the baths of Kreuznach to joining her husband at St. Cloud. The Vichy waters have given a certain strength to the Emperor, but his health is nevertheless in an alarming state. Dr. Teissier declared that Vichy could afford him a fictitious improvement, but would ultimately make his disease worse. In spite of the heat he attended the opening of the Boulevard Malesherbes. The ceremony did not occasion much enthusiasm in Paris. He was cheered but little. The National Guard refused to take a part in it.

A change in the ministry is always spoken of. The friends of M. Fould state that he will form part of it. All the nominations made by the Government show its resentment against the Clerical party, and its leaning towards the Pieds. M. de la Rochejaquelein has no longer been re-elected as President of his General Council.—In the department of Indre de Loire, a notorious revolutionist, has been named Vice-President to oppose Count de Flahigny. Among the 890 crosses of the Legion of Honor, distributed on Thursday last, one was given to M. Tromelin, for designating as "mercenaries" the Papal soldiers at Castellidardo; another was given to a M. Suin, because he condemned the Bishop of Poitiers.

An affair of importance is brewing at Poitiers. A new Bishopric is about to be erected at Niort, which never had one, to take away from Mgr. Pie two-thirds of his diocese.

In Paris, the police continually annoy religious communities under the pretext of inquiring into their revenues. An order has been issued to the Brothers of the Christian Schools not to make any change in their establishments without giving notice of it to the authorities.—Cor. Weekly Register.

We will assume, with the majority of journalists, that the desired "solution" is not only possible, but probable: in other words, that the Emperor of the French may be induced to deliver Rome to Sardinia. Weak-minded, indeed, must that politician be who dreams that Napoleon III. will abandon Rome without compensation. It is literally impossible that the French, especially the French army, after twelve years' occupation of the foremost city of all the world, will march uncompensated and contented across the Alps.—There has been no parallel for such a renunciation since the Carolingian dynasty ascended the throne of France. Indeed, as affairs now stand, such an act would be either folly or sublime heroism. With a strongly fortified harbor at Civita Vecchia, and an army in Rome, France commands the whole Italian Peninsula. Nor need we point out that the guerilla warfare in the South affords constant opportunities of a footing for the French in the kingdom of Naples. False rumors concerning the unwillingness of the French soldiers to remain in Rome, ought not to disturb our calculations. Not a French Regiment has left Rome willingly during the last twelve years, and the 21st of the Line mutinied at Civita Vecchia when ordered from Rome to the Crimea. No; France will not abandon the Peninsula, without compensation. Doubt can only exist as to what that compensation may be; for, of course, great as are the advantages of possessing the Eternal City, there is, Coriolanus says, "a world elsewhere." It may be equally advantageous to possess certain other portions of the globe. If Piedmont can offer something of this sort in exchange, it may gain its object.—Mammon may win a way, where the Belials of the Piedmontese Parliament might despair.

The Island of Sardinia alone offers the opportunities of such an exchange; for on the mainland France has advanced as far as present safety permits. The prevailing factions in France would approve of the exchange, and, at no distant epoch would overawe both the Italian and Spanish coasts, and command the Mediterranean. To this conclusion we invite attention; for quite irrespective of the wishes of the semibarbarous population, in spite of the promises made to the Holy Father, in spite of Ricassoli's denials, in spite of English Parliamentary menaces, in spite of all international law, in spite of all laws, human and divine, Napoleon, if driven from Rome, will annex Sardinia. That this step will be ultimately advantageous we do not for a moment suppose; but it will appear so to a great majority of French politicians who repose a wonderful trust in princes, and in the destiny of Napoleon III. They are doomed to be undecieved; they have yet to learn that loyalty to the Church would have saved the empire, while the annexation of Sardinia will raise half Europe in arms against their misguided country.—Liverpool Northern Press.

The correspondent of the Standard writes:—"The Abbe Bordegnon, who was arrested a short time ago on a charge of delivering a 'seditious' speech at Chalon, near Tours, was tried on Saturday for offence, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and 500 francs to be imprisoned more over, until the fine be paid. The subject of a cure, such as M. Bordegnon is, is 32 years of age, and the sentence is equal to one of incarceration for life. The following is the passage of his speech which is quoted in the judgment as justifying this severe sentence:—

"The revolution, such as it displayed itself in France 70 years ago, has now invaded Italy: it has arrayed around it all that is great and powerful in the eyes of the world; it has enrolled beneath its sister and blood-stained flag all the secretaries and the irregulars of every land, scribes, diplomats, politicians, statesmen, 'Crescens out of place,' its advances, surrounded by soldiers armed with swords, lances, and rifle guns."

"The abbe at the trial vowed that 'Caesars desclassees' was only meant as a figurative expression; the Court held that it was 'preposterous (derisivo)' to pretend that the phrase in question did not apply to the Emperor and Victor Emmanuel, as the French army in Italy was the only one armed with rifle cannon.' In consequence M. L'Abbe is sent to gaol to meditate on the danger of hearing the Procureur Imperial in his den."

The conversion to the Catholic Faith of M. de Forcade de Blair has made a certain sensation in Rhine-land. The family of Forcade de Blair is of French origin, and quitted France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This ancient Huguenot name now belongs to the Catholic Church, for the new convert is its only representative. He married the Fr. v. Romberg, whose father abjured Protestantism before his death. Herr von Romberg left a fortune of half a million sterling to his children, who are all Catholics. One of his daughters has exchanged the brilliant position in the world secured to her by her name and fortune for the name of Sister Mary Joseph of the Presentation, makes one of the Benedictine Community of the Holy Sacrament at Bonn.

Paris, Aug. 21.—The Patrie of this evening says:—"The English squadron still remains at Naples.—It is asserted that the crews of the vessels composing it continue to go on shore by detachments for drill."

A queer sort of drill!!!—The Patrie also publishes a letter from the Marquis d'Azeglio, complaining of the unexpected publicity given to his letter to Signor Mattoccini.

The Marquis d'Azeglio, without allowing the sentiments expressed in his letter, says, "I hope that the gloomy judgment which I gave on the state of things at Naples may prove unfounded, and that subsequent events may completely contradict it."

Several remarks made by the King of Sweden at Paris are already in circulation. His Majesty on leaving the opera, is said to have observed to the Emperor:—"Sire—If I could become a private citizen, I should not wish to live anywhere but in Paris. After successively visiting the Louvre, the Museum of Artillery, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Caserne Napoleon, his Majesty said to Colonel Castelani:—"Your Paris is at once a drawingroom, a theatre and a fortress."

ITALY.

A letter from Turin, published in the Correspondance de Rome, says nobody believes less in the unification of Italy than the persons at present at the head of affairs. None of the Ministers expect the edifice to last. But before they get they will do all the harm they can, and leave the restored Government as hard a task as possible. Meanwhile, they rob and steal on all sides so as to have a fine fortune on which to live at ease in England, when on the restoration of order they will enjoy their ill-gotten spoil, and affect to weep in exile over the beloved country.

Church-Plunderers.—It is no wonder that they followed Giardini in his predatory campaigns, with the most unflinching energy (far be it from me to liken them to sleuth-hounds or vultures), and still less should we wonder at hearing that success in the commercial or "pelfy" sense of the word, has attended their efforts.

The Bible and the wagon for the "swag" have gone in company with signal benefit to the originators of the bold commercial scheme, and if Jewish agency is traceable in it, we should remember that the Mortara wrong is yet to be made right, and that the Hebrew abettors were probably not without hope of falling in with the lost boy, and landing him in triumph on the platform of Exeter-Hall, for the special regalement of Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Robert Peel.

I enclose an advertisement cut from the Times, in reference to this subject:—Important sale of really genuine pictures, principally by the old masters, collected by a gentleman travelling through Italy, chiefly during the late Italian revolution.

Mr. Edward Hunt is favoured with instructions to sell by auction, at the City Commission Sale Rooms, 50 King William-street, London-bridge, on Tuesday, 25th, and Wednesday, 26th of June next, at 12 each day, a rare and valuable collection of paintings, embracing among others:—Pietro Perugino, Orizzonte, Poussin, Barocci, Guido, Borgognone, Palmazocchi, Lazzaroni, Luca Cambiaso, Murillo, Pesci, Bassano. Three very curious paintings on panel, by Giotto formerly in the chapel of Poggio, near Urbino, the seat of the ancient Dukes of Urbino; a fine altar-piece, by Perugino, a few modern paintings by well-known artists, water-colour drawings, scarce prints, studies and sketches, books illustrative of the Tuscan and Venetian schools of painting, a pair of magnificent majolica altar candlesticks (by Luca della Robbia), Florentine bronzes, Andrea Ferrara swords in elaborately carved sheaths of early date; Gubbio Pesaro, and Maestro Giorgio salvers; plates &c., pair of Etruscan vases, a few lots of Venetian glass, and other items. On view four days prior to the day of sale by catalogue only (1s each), which may be obtained at the auction mart; at Mr. Hunt's office, Upper Sydenham; and at the sale rooms as above.

"A gentleman travelling through Italy" does not generally go home with a freight of Church decorations, to be offered for sale by auction on his arrival in London. "Altar pieces by Perugino," "Magnificent altar candlesticks," rarely are found biggledly-piggledly with such miscellaneous lots as those which come after them; and I cannot but think that the "gentleman" in question is one of the squad of sutlers to Giardini's camp, whose movements are said to have been so ably organised on Moscovite-Brangelic principles.—Cor. of Tablet.

Roms.—The Archconfraternity of St. Peter's Pence at Rome has just celebrated the first anniversary of its foundation. On this occasion Monsiegnor Nardi delivered an address on the origin of St. Peter's Pence. He said that in the space of two years it had given to the Pope more than 4,000,000 crowns, of which 8,000,000 francs came from France; 1,775,000 francs from Ireland; 2,000,000 francs from the German provinces of Austria; 100,000 francs from Hungary; and 1,500,000 francs from the Catholic dioceses in the United States of America. From a report just issued by the London Association, we learn that England had forwarded 22,500,000 up to June last, and we are informed an additional sum of 7,500,000 francs has since that time been also remitted.—Weekly Register.

The Pope, wishing to know with certainty what had taken place at the death of Cavour, expressed a wish to speak with his Confessor. The Very Rev. Father Bernardino di Monte Franco, General of the Friars Minors, wrote two letters to Father Giacomo inviting him to come to Rome, and assuring him that no harm would happen to him from it. Father Giacomo finally accepted the invitation, and the Pope was thus enabled to know from him that Cavour had had communion given to him, not only without hav-

ing made a public retraction of his scandals, but while he was absolutely unconscious. The Holy Father had then ample matter to reprove seriously, a priest who had so ill fulfilled his Divine mission; and he reprov'd him accordingly, but with his usual paternal manner, and suspended him a *divinis*. It is perfectly false, however, that he was imprisoned, or removed from his Parish by the Pope's orders. Father Giacomo is already returned to Turin, and his parish has been taken away from him (he was only Administrator of that parish) by his General who was anything but edified at his scanty knowledge of the treatise *De re Sacramentaria*.—Cor. Weekly Telegraph.

The following letter from Rome has kindly been placed at our—(Nation)—disposal:—"The Pope is exceedingly well, and do not believe what modern phraseology politely terms 'inaccuracies,' but which our ancestors, who kept more to simplicity, called lies. They are really lies and deceptions, with which the herds of Liberalism tyrannise over minds as they try to lord it over bodies. And Italy?—Italy is in the worst of waters. Slaughter, rapine, sacrileges—that is the account of Italy. There the most humane 'liberals' clamour against 'brigands' and 'assassins,' and instigate that ferocious beast revolution to butcher and kill without mercy. But these incitements are not necessary, as the revolution, animated by the spirit of him who was a murderer from the beginning, fulfills its mission with alacrity. Cruel hypocrisies, beneath your honied words of humanity—beneath the feigned crowds who weep over a pretended Bourbonic cruelty—deeds of blood are hatched. But despite their endeavors, the reaction rises powerfully from every corner of the Southern provinces, and it is such that communications are cut off, and there is a real civil war, which, if Providence does not interpose, will require years to bring it to an end. Wherever the Piedmontese invaders become victorious, the most dreadful sacrileges are committed, churches and sacred vessels are profaned, ecclesiastical property is carried off, persons consecrated to God are dispersed and persecuted. But I suppose a Protestant would find in that even a mark of the spirit of the Lord, because Popish superstitions are thereby destroyed. Hear what follows: immorality, plundering, robbery, assassinations, suicides, springing up in shoals whenever the revolution spreads or gains a footing for its doctrines. Oh! even here a Protestant might say there is not sufficient proof of its being the Devil's work; all these proceedings may be reconciled with a belief in Christ; and if Jesus Christ even is denied what will they say? Let them know, then, that this now happens in our peninsula. It is proclaimed in the parliament that the God of the Italians ought to be the God of Pecche and the God of Kant. It is said—aye, and printed—that Jesus Christ is a preacher of liberty, with whom Giuseppe Garibaldi may be put on a par—nay, above Him—inasmuch as the new redeemer of Italy exceeds Him in his expulsion of tyrants. Behold what goes on in Italy; all is either Catholicism or open impiety. The missionaries who came from England to bring us, as they say, the light of the gospel, bring nothing but open infidelity.

NAPLES, AUG. 17.

The position becomes graver every day, and though I would willingly send you pleasant reports yet I must confine myself strictly to facts, and these are such as to awaken much anxiety for the future of the country. Divided councils in the city and a want of support on the part of the central Government to those whom it charges with the government of this province, are among some of the first evils to be complained of. The Lieutenant-General and his *adjuvants*, I have reason to believe are not in perfect harmony as regards the policy to be adopted here. Giardini, a man of action, and fully sensible of the perils which surround us, would proceed with vigour, while Cantelli inclines to conciliation and legality in midst of circumstances which, if ever they could do so, seem to justify an exceptional line of procedure.

De Bisio, the Secretary-General of Police of ten days' existence, has just given in his resignation; but it has not been accepted, and I doubt whether it will be. His views coincide with those of the Lieutenant-General, for he is persuaded that the situation is so grave as to render exceptional measures absolutely unavoidable. As regards Turin, vacillating and uncertain in its policy, sometimes full of energy, and at others trembling at its own orders, I know that on a recent occasion Giardini, in reply to some communication, said that in the event of a similar direction being given it would be better to send his successor. So much for the rulers, and now for the ruled. Some say that Giardini is ruining the country, awakening all its vindictive feelings, and driving away the timid and the lukewarm. They hold to Martino's policy of conciliation, and talk of soothing. Others, on the contrary, are all for action, arresting, cutting down hanging, quartering, and burning.—Times Cor.

In short, if Naples is ever to become a portion of United Italy it must be by conquest. Is Northern Italy prepared for that? Leaving, however, divided counsellors and counsels and contending parties, I will give you some of the sayings and doings of the last few days. We have received the details at last of the savage acts which have occurred at Pontelandolfo, in the province of Molise. I have already alluded to them very briefly; but the following is as full a report as I can yet obtain. The district of Pontelandolfo contains about 6,000 souls, while the suburb of Casalduini contains 1,000 more. A company of soldiers had been sent there a few days since and were invited and received by the population, and the National Guards, with music, and banners waving; refreshments were given them, and then came the catastrophe—their hosts fell upon them and murdered 39, one may say in cold blood.—The vengeance was terrible—a body of 500 regulars surrounded the city on Tuesday night, and on the following morning the whole place was given to the flames and bombarded. Another force of 400 Rifles, which had been despatched from Nola, were countermanded to Casalduini, which, with the exception of seven houses belonging to Liberals, was destroyed in like manner. The population took to the mountains, and the curtain will drop on scenes of starvation, carnage, vengeance, and private and individual misery too fearful to contemplate. On the vigil of the fete of the Emperor I travelled with an Italian officer as far as Castellammare. He had some extraordinary mission intrusted to him, and he talked of the affairs of the country. "The journals tell little of what is happening," said he; "we are proceeding with the greatest possible energy, and not a *milliesima* of those who are sent with arms in their hands is known to the public."—His hopes of succeeding in the unification of Italy depended on the amount of energy which it would be permitted to display.

It is a remarkable fact that with a large force of guards in Castellammare a place just in view should still be the lurking place of these reactionists. "They must be nearly 200 strong," said my informants; "many of them are Bavarians or Austrians, have the gray uniform of the Zouaves, with the cross on the bosom, and are well drilled and disciplined as soldiers. Indeed, a great many foreigners have crept in, and are daily creeping into the country. Yesterday, in a slight skirmish we shot one man, who got away, but left his musket behind bearing the Papal arms on its barrel. We have left it with the guard in the Lettere." On the following morning I landed from the Exmouth, and had a list presented to me of those who had been arrested during the night, eight-and-twenty priests from the townships of Lettere, Gragnano, Castellammare, Meta, and Sorrento. They were charged with having supplied the reactionists in the mountains with the means of living. No special facts were urged against them, and no papers found in the domiciliary visits which had been made. They were brought into Castellammare in carriages and for the present were lodged in

the tower of the municipality, in the 'balcony' of which they stood and smiled as they gazed down on the crowd below. A strong guard kept the gate and menaced 'with the butt-end of their muskets' those who pressed on to see: At half-past 3 o'clock, in the afternoon they were brought to the railway on foot, surrounded by a Guard of perhaps 80 men, and put into the third-class compartment, and so sent off to Naples. On making inquiries the next day in the latter place I found that some would be liberated, the choice not having been all cases judicious. At present all are in the prison of San Francisco. Lest there should be any exaggeration on the point, I may state that these men, including the number of priests arrested in the city and neighborhood, may amount to 50. A great number of the old Bourbon soldiers are confined in the castle of the Quarine, and in case of a disturbance would very likely make strong efforts to get out. A brigand chief very nearly effected his escape from the Nicaria a few days since; he had managed to traverse the place till he arrived within five feet of the spot by which he might have got out.

There was fighting again at Cancellò yesterday, not more than an hour from the city, and here the reactionists have maintained themselves for nearly two months.

Fresh details arrive every moment regarding the lamentable affair of Pontelandolfo. French authorities (to which I do not give implicit faith) say that the women would not leave the city, but remaining in the lofts of the houses, were burnt. The local authorities say that 150 were burnt or bayoneted.—They rushed from the soldiers into the flames. Of course, we do not learn half the horrors perpetrated. The Official Journal has a despatch thus expressed, "Justice was done yesterday at Pontelandolfo and Castellidardo."

THE WAIV LIBERAL THEORY OF NON-INTERVENTION IN ITALY.—As you know, Her Majesty's ship Exmouth is at Castellammare, and, as I have several times told you, Captain Paynter is always exercises his crew, whom he has brought into a high state of discipline. Last Friday, however, we had something extraordinary. At half-past 4 o'clock a.m. nearly 500 of the crew were landed in seven companies, with field guns, and marched in the cool of the morning two miles up the mountain, where they bivouacked under the trees, and then moved down again into the town. If there were any brigands lurking near they will have profited by the sight, and will perhaps refrain from coming into the city as they have threatened for some time. The landing was effected in half an hour and the men moved with great precision, not a word being spoken in the ranks. Of course all Castellammare was at the windows to see the novel sight, while on their return the whole population were in the streets, apparently astounded to see the movements of this well-trained body of men, well armed with rifles. As a manoeuvre it spoke highly as to the discipline of the men, and as a demonstration, I think, has assisted the inhabitants, who tremble at the prospect of the descent of the enemy from the hills. Admiral Martin is expected to-day, and the Exmouth will probably then go over to Naples to coal. I believe that I may state, now that the fleet, or a portion of it, is withdrawn from the Syrian coast, that a large force will come up here. It may as well be here as elsewhere, and there are obvious reasons why it should be here, if we mean to back up the kingdom of Italy with our moral force. If France supports brigands on the frontier, why should not England support Victor Emmanuel in the Bay of Naples? At all events, such a move will obviate the necessity of any more killing kindness from our Imperial and beloved cousin in Southern Italy.—Times Correspondent.

The French have taken possession of all the points of communication between the Neapolitan territory and the Papal States, and are stated to be acting in concert with the Piedmontese, in suppressing the attempts of the Neapolitans to restore their rightful sovereignty. If "intervention" has taken place on the part of France, we also hear of "intervention" on the part of England. The *Faith* publishes a letter from Naples, dated 13th, which states that the Captain of the English line-of-battle ship Exmouth, which has been at anchor for some days past off Castellammare with 800 infantry on board, offered the assistance of the assistance of 400 men if public tranquillity were endangered by the Reactionists. The Intendant thanked him for the offer, but did not think any such assistance necessary. Another letter from Naples in the *Nord* also says, that on the 8th a body of English seamen landed in the neighbourhood of Tora del Greco (between Naples and Tarento) with two pieces of cannon for gunnery practice. When they landed they were about 1,000 strong, but on re-embarking there were only 400, which leads to the supposition that 600 were left on shore.

We translate the following from a communication appearing in the *Osservatore Romano*:—

At Frosinone in the Kingdom of Naples, and San Bene, orders were given to the Archbishop to repair to *Castiglione*, and preach there in favour of Victor Emmanuel. He refused, and was shot. Not satisfied with such prowess, the Piedmontese shot also his brother and seven other persons. In Naples you can see in the shops of furniture-brokers, the hangings and furniture stolen from the King's palaces expecially adorned the Royal Palace of Naples.

The silver bedstead of Murat has been melted down by order of Prince Carignano, who hardly made 16,000 ducats by it, after its having been estimated at 40,000. The immense treasury of St. Januarius, which has been respected by every Government we have had, is doomed also to spoliation. I do not know how the Neapolitans will take it. I still believe that the whole of Naples will rise as one man, if it becomes known that so revered a sanctuary is robbed.

A telegram from Naples, dated August 17, also states that on the Feast of the Assumption, twenty-nine priests and three monks were arrested at Castellammare, and at Sorrento, the Vicar-General. From Benevento we hear of the assassination of the Mayor Pajo, by order of Colonel Nigra, because, according to the *Popolo d'Italia*, he was a Bourbonist and a rich landowner. These however, are but isolated cases. The following statistics, embracing a period of only nine months, show the result of the Piedmontese rule in Naples:—

Table with 2 columns: Description and Number. Includes: Shot on arrest (184), Shot a few hours after (717), Wounded (10,604), Prisoners (6,112), Priests shot (54), Religious shot (22), Houses burnt down (918), Towns burnt down (5), Families who have undergone domiciliary visits (2,993), Churches sacked (12), Children killed (60), Women killed (48), Individuals imprisoned (13,629), Communes in insurrection (1,428).

the North we have also some prospects far from cheering for the Italians. The drought, has done irreparable and murderous work. Except in some parts of Lombardy and Piedmont the staple food of the peasantry, the Indian corn, is all destroyed. The Times correspondent says that the letters from the provinces are 'appalling.' From Genoa he says they write as follows:—

Our lands are more and more desolate; the owners dismayed—the laborers in despair; at a loss how to feed and how to water their cattle; for, owing to the drought, the hay crops have failed utterly, and water is coming to an end everywhere. If you look to your vineyards, you would say that a pillar of fire had passed over them. The grapes wither as you see them. At a station on the Servia, on the Turin and Genoa line, trains have been stopped from want of water to supply the engine.

Notwithstanding all this, Victor Emmanuel, like Oliver Twist, is still craving for "more" territory.—He has, at a banquet, proposed Garibaldi's health, and assurances have been given in his name of his continued desire to possess himself of Rome and Venice.—Weekly Register.

HUNGARY.

Press, August 21.—In the last sitting of the Diet, held to-day, the Lower House passed by acclamation a motion proposed by M. Deak, calling upon the House, in case of the dissolution of the Diet, to enter an energetic protest against the violation of the Constitution and the arbitrary acts committed by the Government. Baron Vay afterwards entered the room, and was enthusiastically received. The Deputies embraced each other before separating. It is generally thought that the dissolution of the Diet will be the precursor of grave events. The collection of taxes by military execution has commenced here.

AUGUST 22.—A collision between the military and civilians took place at Arad on the evening of St. Stephen's Day, on account of national airs having been sung by the populace. Five of the people were wounded on the occasion.

The Upper House of the Hungarian Diet has concurred in the declaration passed in the Lower House, on the motion of M. Deak, that the dissolution of the Diet is an illegal act.

AUGUST 23.—The following is the text of the Royal Rescript in reply to the Address of the Hungarian Diet, as read to both Houses of the Diet to-day by Field-Marshal Count Haller, the Royal Commissioner:—

"Seeing that the Hungarian Diet has not obeyed the requests which have been addressed to it, and that we can hardly expect any further beneficial action from a Diet which, to the great disadvantage of all concerned, so entirely misunderstands its highly important mission in such difficult circumstances as to declare the way to be absolutely closed against any possible arrangement, because its demands, which in their extent exceed the bounds of admissibility, could not be acceded to, we find it necessary to dissolve the present Diet.

"We at the same time reserve to ourselves the right of assembling a new Diet, possibly within six months from this time."

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

Cracow, Aug. 10.—An amiable Russian General is said to have declared that the Poles could only be governed on one system—un *baton le matin, un bai le soir*; the fact, however, being, that they have sufficiently proved, that they are neither to be silenced by force nor to be soothed by pleasure. In the meanwhile the only consolation allowed to the Russian Poles is to abuse the government of the Germans, the German Poles being, of course, equally at liberty to condemn the tyranny of Russia. If the papers of Posen and Lemberg are said by Russia to have published greatly exaggerated accounts of the ferocity of the Russian soldiers in the kingdom, Prussia will not admit the truth of the accusation contained in the pamphlets directed against her mode of governing her Polish provinces which are sold everywhere in Lemberg and Warsaw; and we may be sure that Austria is in her turn indignant at being held up to odium, in Prussia and Russia, as a Power which oppressed all the nationalities subject to her sway. Each of the three seems willing to admit that the two others are the worst possible governments in the world, and each two have that opinion of the remaining one. The general inference to be drawn from this striking similarity of views is sufficiently obvious. A member of one of the great families of Poland cannot serve the Russian Government without endangering (at the present moment without certainly losing) his good name as a patriot; and according nearly all the official posts in the kingdom of Poland have to be filled by Russians. The men of influential names among the Poles cannot be blamed for refusing to recognise an authority of which they deny the validity, but it is unreasonable to complain afterwards that all the best places in Poland are given to their oppressors. A large party in Poland maintained some weeks ago that it was the duty of all good Poles to refuse to serve on the new Council of State. To this it was wisely objected by another party that if the Poles would not respond to the Emperor's nomination he would have no alternative but to appoint Russians. Unless, indeed, he decided not to form the council at all, justifying such a course by the unwillingness of the Poles to assist him in taking the first step towards a possible system of elective representation. Then, the inhabitants of the kingdom would once more have had no legal ground on which to make known their wishes and aspirations, and would again have been reduced to those lamentable street demonstrations which can end in nothing but suppression, with or without "massacre," and which have this further disadvantage that no one knows who the demonstrators really are. Ten words spoken in the Council of State by a Polish gentleman of known character and position would have more weight with the Emperor and with European opinion than a hundred manifestations like that of the 8th of April, and would cause fewer victims.

SWITZERLAND.

PROTESTANTISM IN GENEVA.—The London Inquirer says that "a correspondent of the *Guardian*, subscribing himself 'J. M. W.," wrote to inquire whether certain statements made by Rev. J. Wright, of Bury, in a recent tract on Servetus, were accurate. The *Guardian* publishes the following characteristic letter in reply, from Rev. Dr. Wolff, a converted Jew, whose autobiography has recently excited much attention. We know nothing of the alleged persecution by the Unitarians at Lausanne":—

"To J. M. W.:—"Sir—The statements made by a Mr. J. Wright, a Unitarian, are, alas! too true, viz.: that 'the successors of the magistrates who condemned ("burnt") Servetus, of the pastors who excommunicated him, of the populace who execrated him as the denier of the Trinity, now themselves unite in rejecting that doctrine. The faith of the great Churches of Geneva is Unitarian Christianity.' The system of the persecutor (John Calvin) is almost extinct in the town where he was once the spiritual tyrant!"

"The national Church of Geneva is Unitarian, but there are believers in the divinity of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ existing in Geneva, who are divided into several parties. The most respectable of that party is the so-called 'Societe Evangelique.' "The other party is that guided by Monsieur Malaun, who will not condescend to give his right hand of fellowship except to those who believe themselves to be the 'elect of God?' And there are also at Geneva followers of Madame De La Motte Gyon!" "The number of inhabitants of Geneva amounts to about 64,000. Among them are about 40,000 Unitarians, 18,000 Roman Catholics, and about 2000 belonging to the *Societe Evangelique*, and about 150 to the sect of Monsieur Malaun. There are also a few Irvingites in the city of Geneva. But I have to observe that the members of the national Churches of Geneva and Lausanne, professing the faith of the

Unitarians, are greater persecutors than even John Calvin was... Witness Madame, Guyon, Francois de Sales, and many others.

UNITED STATES.

Colonel C. Keefe, of the Fifteenth New York Regiment, has been cashiered by sentence of Court-martial for the following offences:—Horse-stealing, drunkenness, rowdiness, disobedience of orders, absence without leave, and insubordination.

A large placard, emanating from Rochester, advertising for recruits for the service of the United States, was found posted up in one of our principal saloons yesterday morning, but was soon removed by a public officer and carried as a prize to the police court.

How THE NORTH MUSTERS TO ARMS AS ONE MAN TO AVENGE THE BULL RUN DEFEAT.—It is useless to disguise the fact, that there is a strong pressure upon the President and cabinet by men high in military station to resort immediately to drafting, to fill the ranks of our army to the number required to carry on the war successfully.

CALLING ON THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT.—One morning, after the installations of one of President Lincoln's predecessors at the White House, a shabby-looking man presented himself at his parlour, and after the usual salutation and shaking of hands, expressed his joy at seeing the chief gentleman "at last hold the situation of chief magistrate of the country, to which his bravery, talents, and his unimpeachable rectitude entitled him."

THE LADIES OF LORETTO, from Toronto, have OPENED AN EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT, at their New Convent at NIAGARA FALLS, and are prepared to receive PUPILS on the 2nd of SEPTEMBER next.

THE SISTER OF THE BOARDING SCHOOL will RESUME the duties of their BOARDING SCHOOL on the 2nd SEPTEMBER. Montreal, Aug. 30, 1861.

WANTED, A SITUATION as TEACHER in a family, by a young Lady, who can produce the most satisfactory Testimonials, and who is competent to give instruction in English, French, and on the Piano.

WANTED, A Female Teacher to take charge of a small primary School, in the Municipality of Lacome, County of Terrebonne. Applications addressed to the Rev. A. Payette, Priest of St. Sophie, de Lacome, County Terrebonne, or to the undersigned, will be attended to.

WANTED, TO BUILDERS. TO BE LET, by Contract, the Building of the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH in the village of GRENVILLE, Canada East. For particulars apply to JOHN HOWARD, Secretary of the Building Committee. Grenville, August 6, 1861.

MRS. O'KEEFE'S ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLASSES, No. 15 Constant Street, WILL BE RE-OPENED ON MONDAY, 2nd SEPT. The approbation which this institution has met with from School Commissioners, and the parents and guardians of the children attending the Courses of instruction, encourages the hope of a continuation of the usual liberal patronage granted it.

PHONOGRAPHY can be LEARNED in THREE easy LESSONS from a person now in this City, formerly a Reporter to the Press. This method of writing enables us to write as fast as speech by a little practice. Enquire, and please leave address at this Office.

Ayer's Ague Cure. Ayer's Ague Cure is a simple, but powerful medicine, and is the best for the cure of all cases of ague, malarial fever, and all the diseases which are produced by the same cause.

SELECT MODEL SCHOOL, No. 2 St. Constant Street. THE duties of this School will be resumed on Monday, 12th August, at 9 o'clock, A.M. A sound English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education, is imparted on extremely moderate terms. The greatest possible attention is paid to the moral and literary training of the pupils. For particulars, apply at the School. W. DORAN, Principal. Montreal, August 8th, 1861.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES, DIRECTED BY THE RELIGIOUS OF ST. ANN'S CONVENT, AT LACHINE, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. The opening of the Classes will take place on the 2nd of September next.

THIS Institution contains in its plan of Education, every thing required to form Young Girls to virtue, and the sciences becoming their condition. The diet is wholesome and abundant. In sickness as in health, their wants will be diligently supplied, and vigilant care will be taken of them at all time and in all places. Constant application will be given to habituate them to order and cleanliness; in a word, every thing that constitutes a good education, corresponding to the condition of the Pupils.

COURSE OF EDUCATION. The Course of Instruction contains the study of Religion, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, House Economy, Sewing, Embroidery, Music, &c. The same Course of Education is followed in English by the Pupils who desire to learn but that tongue. The Pupils who follow the French Course will have an hour of English Class every day if their parents desire it.

CONDITIONS. For the Scholar year, payable at the beginning of each Quarter. £ 5 d

Boarding entire, with Table Service. 18 10 0
Half-Boarding. 9 5 0
Washing. 2 0 0
Music Lessons (ordinary) per month. 0 10 0
Drawing, per month. 0 2 6
The Pupils of the Village, who do not board in the Convent, will pay yearly for their instruction. 3 0 0
The Convent will furnish Bedsteads, which the Pupils will hire at 2s 6d per year. 0 2 6
The Pupils who desire it will have a Bed complete for. 1 10 0
When the parents withdraw their children before the end of a quarter, nothing will be returned to them unless it be for superior reasons.

OBSERVATIONS. 1st.—The Pupils generally receive no visits, except on Thursday. 2d.—Every year, there is vacation of six weeks; the Pupils who desire to do so can pass this time at the Convent.

CONVENT OF LORETTO, NIAGARA FALLS. THE LADIES OF LORETTO, from Toronto, have OPENED AN EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT, at their New Convent at NIAGARA FALLS, and are prepared to receive PUPILS on the 2nd of SEPTEMBER next.

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

ST. LAWRENCE ACADEMY. THIS INSTITUTION, conducted by the Priests and Brothers of the Holy Cross, is agreeably situated in the beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence River, about five miles north of the City of Montreal. Removed from the City, it is particularly favorable to health and morals.

THE Sisters of this Convent will RESUME the duties of their Boarding School on the Second of September. August 8th, 1861.

COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, Under the control of the Catholic Commissioners of Montreal, No. 19, Cote Street, No. 19. THE RE-OPENING of the Classes of this Institution is fixed for the SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.

PRIVATE TUITION. J. M. ANDERSON, Professor of Classics, Mathematics, and Commercial Science. BEGS to notify the Gentry of Montreal and vicinity that he is prepared to qualify at his Classrooms, No. 50, St. Joseph Street.

THE LAMP, A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, of Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, &c.: devoted to the instruction and amusement of all classes. Containing sixteen pages in double columns Weekly.

J. A. GRAHAM, 19 Great St. James Street, Montreal, Agent for Canada.



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

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THE following remedies are offered to the public as the best, most certain, which medical science can afford. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS have been prepared with the utmost skill which the medical profession of this age possesses, and their effects show they have virtues which surpass any combination of medicines hitherto known.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS. The following remedies are offered to the public as the best, most certain, which medical science can afford. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS have been prepared with the utmost skill which the medical profession of this age possesses, and their effects show they have virtues which surpass any combination of medicines hitherto known.

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

HORSE-SHOEING, BY JAMES MALONEY, No. 21 Craig Street, adjoining Gavin's Carriage-Factory.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. The most certain and speedy remedy ever discovered for all Diseases of the Chest and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, Sore Throat, &c. &c.

THESE WAFERS give the most instantaneous and perfect relief, and when persevered with according to directions, never fail to effect a rapid and lasting cure. Thousands have been restored to perfect health who have tried other means in vain. To all classes and all constitutions they are equally a blessing and a cure—none need despair, no matter how long the disease may have existed, or however severe it may be, provided the organic structure of the vital organs is not hopelessly decayed.

L'UNIVERSEL. THIS is the title of a daily paper published at Brussels, Belgium, and devoted to the defence of Catholic interests, of Order and of Liberty. The terms of subscription are 32 francs, or about \$5.33, per annum—for six months \$2.85, and for three months \$1.50—not counting the price of postage, which must be prepaid. Subscriptions must be paid in advance.

T. RIDDELL, (LATE FROM MR. E. PICKUP,) HAVING commenced Business on his own account, in the Store lately occupied by Mr. Constant, No. 2, Great St. James Street, (Opposite B. Dawson & Son.)

GUILBAULT'S BOTANIC & ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, 114 Sherbrooke Street, IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC, WHERE the largest collection of LIVING WILD ANIMALS, RARE BIRDS and MUSEUM CURIOUSITIES, can be seen; and all sorts of amusement is attached to the Establishment. Among the novelties, a SPLENDID BABY LION, Can be seen; also VENUS With the three CUBS, were the first raised in confinement in America. Those who have seen them say it is worth a few dollar note to witness this beautiful group, wrestling and playing with the mother.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. ALTERATION OF TRAINS. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. ON and after MONDAY, the 10th of JUNE, Trains will leave Pointe St. Charles Station as follows:— EASTERN TRAINS. Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Island Pond and all Intermediate Stations at 9.30 A.M. Express Train to Quebec, (arriving at Quebec at 10 P.M.) at 4.00 P.M. Mail Train for Portland and Boston (stopping over night at Island Pond) at 5.00 P.M. Mixed Train for Island Pond and Way Stations, at 8.00 P.M. A Special Train, conveying the Mails, and connecting with the Montreal Ocean Steamers at Quebec, will leave the Point St. Charles Station every Friday Evening, at 10.30 P.M. WESTERN TRAINS. Day Mail Train for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit and the West, at 8.45 A.M. Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Brockville and Intermediate Stations at 5.30 P.M. Night Express, with Sleeping Car attached, for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, at 11.30 P.M. These Train connect at Detroit Junction with the Trains of the Michigan Central, Michigan Southern, and Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads for all points West. W. SHANLY, General Manager. Montreal, 6th June, 1861.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF THOMAS MYLAN. When last heard of (in 1852) he was in Mobile, Alabama, United States. He was by trade a plasterer, and went out with Mr. William Dutton, of Mobile, since deceased. Any information concerning him will be gratefully received by his parents, James and Ann Mylan, No. 33, North-street, of Dale-street, Liverpool.

OF MARY JANE McALPIN, who left her Mother in the Main Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs, early in April last. She was about ten years of age, fair hair cut short, and slightly freckled. Any information respecting her will be thankfully received by her disconsolate parents, at St. Corcoran's, Boot and Shoe maker, last house in St. Catharine Street, near the Papineau Road.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.
 Alexandria—Rev. J. Chisholm.
 Ajala—N. A. Coste.
 Zylmer—J. Doyle.
 Arigonah—Rev. J. Cameron.
 Archil—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
 Brockville—C. F. Fraser.
 Belleville—M. M. Mahon.
 Barrie—Rev. J. R. Lee.
 Bradford—W. M. Manamy.
 Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brant—Thos. Magina.
 Chambly—J. Hackett.
 Cobourg—P. Maguire.
 Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Quinn.
 Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
 Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dupeux.
 Dalhousie Mills—Wm. Chisholm.
 De Wittville—J. M'Ver.
 Egansville—J. Bonfield.
 East Humberburg—Rev. J. J. Collins.
 Eastern Townships—P. Hackett.
 Erasmville—P. Guffey.
 Frinton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
 Farmersville—J. Flood.
 Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter.
 Guelph—J. Harris.
 Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry.
 Huntingdon—C. M'Paul.
 Ingersoll—W. Featherston.
 Kempton—M. Heaphy.
 Kingston—P. Purcell.
 Lindsay—J. Kennedy.
 Lansdown—M. O'Connor.
 Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley.
 London—Rev. E. Bayard.
 Lochiel—O. Quigley.
 Loughborough—T. Daley.
 Lacombe—W. Harty.
 Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleher.
 Merrickville—M. Kelly.
 New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
 Ottawa City—J. Rowland.
 Oshawa—Richard Supple.
 Prescott—J. Ford.
 Perth—J. Doran.
 Peterboro—E. M' Cormick.
 Pictou—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
 Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
 Quebec—M. O'Leary.
 Rawdon—James Carroll.
 Russelltown—J. Campion.
 Richmondhill—M. Teffy.
 Sherbrooke—T. Griffith.
 Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton.
 South Gloucester—J. Daley.
 Summerstown—D. M'Donald.
 St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
 St. Athanes—T. Dunn.
 St. Ann de la Pocietiere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
 St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvy.
 St. Catherine's, C. E.—J. Caughlin.
 St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald.
 St. Romuald d' Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
 Starnesboro—C. M'Gill.
 Sydenham—M. Hayden.
 Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh.
 Thorold—John Heenan.
 Thorpuille—J. Greene.
 Tinswick—T. Donegan.
 Toronto—P. F. J. Mullen, 23 Shuter Street.
 Templeton—J. Hagan.
 West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy.
 West Port—James Kehoe.
 Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy.
 Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarmy.

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

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

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

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

Devins' Vegetable Worm Destroyer,
 A never-failing Remedy.
 In bringing these Powders to the notice of the public, he would beg to make mention that in them is contained the active principle of all vermicifuges, thereby diminishing the unnecessary large doses hitherto administered, substituting one of a minimum character, by no way unpleasant to the taste, and which can with safety be given to an infant of the most-tender years.

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

DEVINS' BAKING POWDER;
 A NEW ARTICLE, the best ever introduced, containing none of those ingredients which in other Baking Powders have proved so disastrous to the Teeth, and, in a great measure, the principal cause of offensive breath.
 Prepared only by
 R. J. DEVINS, Druggist,
 Next the Court House, Notre Dame Street,
 Montreal.
 August 29, 1861.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.
 [Established in 1826.]
 THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address
 A MENEELY'S SONS, West Troy, N. Y.

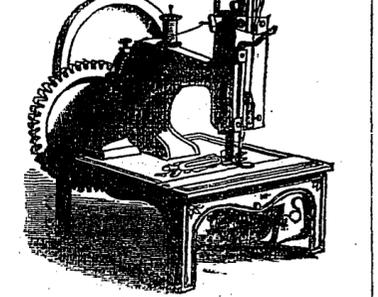
O. J. DEVLIN
 NOTARY PUBLIC.
 OFFICE:
 Union Buildings, 28 St. Francois Xavier St.
 MONTREAL.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX,
 IMPORTER OF
DRY GOODS,
 No. 112, St. Paul Street.
 HAS constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, &c., &c.
 P. F. has also on hand a choice selection of Dry Goods and READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he will sell, at very low prices, Wholesale and Retail.
 Also, on hand, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, to be sold WHOLESALE only.
 Mr. F. has made great improvements in his Establishment and is receiving NEW GOODS every week from Europe, per steamer. He has also on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and Childrens Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail.
 April 6, 1860. 12ms.

No. 19,
 Great St. James Street.
 THE Subscriber has received an assortment of Prayer Books, from London, in various elegant styles of Bindings, with Clasps, Rims, &c., bound in velvet, Morocco, and other handsome materials, at prices much below the usual cost of such elegant Bindings.
 A supply of Missals and Vesper Books.
 No. 19, Great St. James Street.
 J. ANDREW GRAHAM.
 Montreal, Aug. 22.

H. BRENNAN,
 BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
 No. 3 Crug Street. (West End),
 NEAR A. WALSH'S GROCERY, MONTREAL.

SEWING MACHINES.



E. J. NAGLE'S
 CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
 25 PER CENT.
 UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!!
 These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarnia.
 THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO
 GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS
 have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:
 Montreal, April, 1860.
 We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind.
 BROWN & CHILDS.

Montreal, April, 1860.
 We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use.
 CHILDS, SCHOLLES & AMES.
 Toronto, April 21st, 1860.

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

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

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

T. C. DE LORIMIER,
 Advocate.
 31 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET,
 MONTREAL.
 Will attend Circuits at Beauharnois Huntingdon and Soulanges.

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

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

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

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

M. F. COLOVIN,
 ADVOCATE, &C.,
 No. 30, Little St. James Street,
 MONTREAL.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co.,
 MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS,
 Successors to the late John M'Cloaky,
 38, Sanguinet Street,
 North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch—we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges.

We will DYE all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Re-dyed in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.
 DEVLIN, MURPHY & CO.

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

THE Subscriber feels pleasure in announcing that he is Agent in Canada for the
CHEAPEST MUSIC PUBLISHED
 This Music, published in London, is distinguished for correctness, beauty of Engraving, and superiority in every respect, while it is sold for only about ONE THIRD the price of other Music, viz: TEN CENTS, (6d.), and larger pieces in proportion.
 Among others, the compositions of Ascher, Baumbach, Beyer, Beethoven, Cramer, Chopin, Grobe, Herz, Hunte, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Oesten, Plachy, Schallhoff, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c.; besides, the popular and lighter compositions of the day.
 The Stock embraces Music of all kinds—English, French, German and Italian, Songs and Ballads, Dance Music, Piano-Forte arrangements, Duets, Solos, &c. Music for Beginners, and Instruction Books. Music for the Violin, Accordion, Concertina, Guitar, &c., &c.—all distinguished for elegance of appearance, correctness, and WONDERFUL CHEAPNESS.
 Catalogues can be had on application at
 No. 19,
 Great Saint James Street, Montreal.
 A liberal reduction to Schools, Colleges, Professors, the Trade, or others buying in quantities.
STATIONERY of all kinds, BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c., Wholesale or Retail, at Lowest Prices.
 J. ANDREW GRAHAM.

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

THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry. The Course of Instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
 TERMS:
 Board and Tuition.....\$70 00
 Use of Bed and Bedding..... 7 00
 Washing..... 10 50
 Drawing and Painting..... 7 00
 Music Lessons—Piano..... 28 00
 Payment is required Quarterly in advance.
 October 29.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS,
 KINGSTON, C. W.
 Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.
 A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils.
 TERMS:
 Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half-yearly in Advance.)
 Use of Library during stay, \$2.
 The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July.
 July 21st, 1861.

NEW CLOTHING STORE
BERGIN AND CLARKE,
 (Lately in the employment of Donnelly & O'Brien)
 Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters,
 No. 48, M'GILL STREET,
 (Nearly Opposite Saint Ann's Market.)
 MONTREAL.

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

READY-MADE CLOTHING
 CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
 All Orders punctually attended to.
 May 16, 1861.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S



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

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

The Montreal Gazette
BOOK AND JOB
STEAM
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
 SUPPLIES
EVERY DESCRIPTION

PRINTING
 WITH
NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH.

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

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

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

CARDS
 Of all sizes and styles, can be supplied at all prices, from \$1 per thousand to \$1 for each copy.
 Particular attention given to BRIDAL CARDS, &c.

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

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

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS
 OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY.

Jobs ordered by Mail promptly
 executed and dispatched
 by Parcel Post.

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

PLUMBING
GAS AND STEAM-FITTING
 ESTABLISHMENT.
THOMAS M'KENNA

WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has
 REMOVED
 his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment
 TO THE
 Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street,
 BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS,
 (Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.)

where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices.
 Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanised Iron Pipe, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.
 The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms.
 Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has already fitted up in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction.
 Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12ms.

D. O'GORMON,
BOAT BUILDER.
 BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.
 Skiffs made to Order. Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province.
 Kingston, June 3, 1858.
 N. B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.

THE GREATEST
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures
EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.
 From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humors.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
 One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
 Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
 Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
 One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
 Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
 One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
 Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
 Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.
KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
 TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
 For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
 For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
 For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
 For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
 For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
 For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
 This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.
 Price, 2s 6d per Box.
 Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
 For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.
 Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1856.
 Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.
ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE,
 Superiress of St. Vincent's Asylum.
 ANOTHER.
 Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.
 Sisters of St. Joseph,
 Hamilton, O. W.