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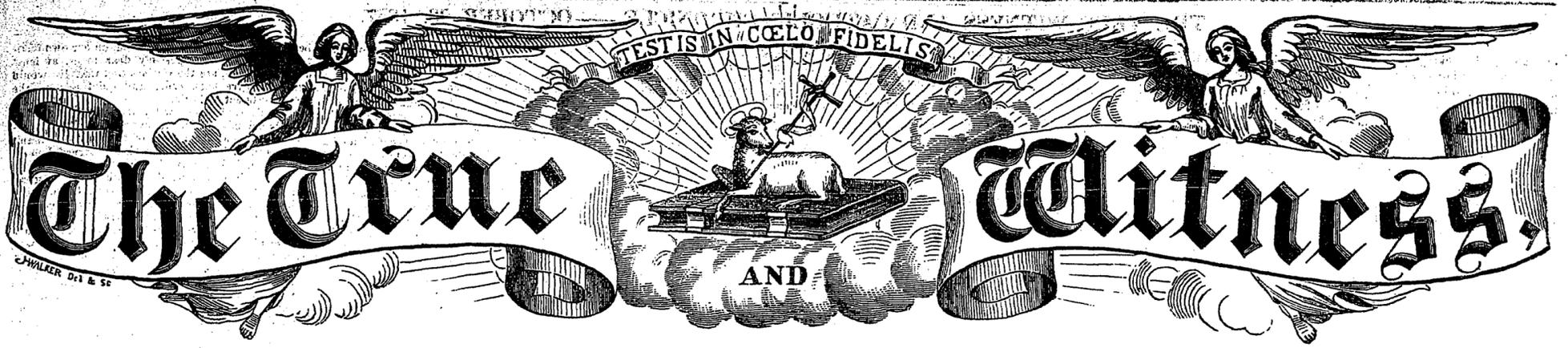
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE RIVALS.

By Gerald Griffin. CHAPTER XVII.

As he rode homeward in the dark, within a few miles of his own residence, he was hailed by a figure on the road side, which, on nearer approach, he distinguished to be that of a young woman.

"Is that you, doctor?" she said, as he came nearer, "Hurry in, hurry in, an' the heavens bless you! You never will overtake him alive."

"Whom, woman?" "Didn't James tell you, sir? A man of Mither Lacy's, that was servin' a process in the mountains, an' a poor man that was in the place had the misfortune of killing him."

"A man of Lacy's?" exclaimed Riordan, "bring me into the house immediately. I am no doctor, my good woman, so lose no time in sending for one, if you think it necessary."

He dismounted, and led his horse along a narrow bridle road, following the steps of the woman, who trudged along with the tail of her gown turned up over her shoulders, giving him at the same time an account of the accident which had taken place.

"He was a very foolish man," said she, "It was only this morning he took up two boys o' the Hares for night-walkin', an' nothin' could do him ather, but to go into the mountain to serve a process upon one Naughtin, a first cousin of their own. 'M sure what could he expect?—They gathered about him, and one o' em knocked him down, and another made him go upon his knees, and ate the process, an' swally it, an' take a drink o' wather ather, to wash it down; an', ather that, he got a blow of a stone, from somebody or another, that destroyed his head, an' indeed I'm afeard he never 'll do. Ah, sir, 'tis a frightful thing to see a man in that state when he isn't aizin' in his mind! I wished he had the priest, poor creature, for he's one o' them that turned, an' I declare I feel for him."

They reached the cottage, which was crowded with the country people. The wounded man was lying in an inner room, which, likewise, was thronged as full as it could hold. Looking over the shoulders of the crowd, Francis could just discern the bed on which the unfortunate wretch was laid, and around which a number of faces were gathered, some wearing an expression of compassion, but by far the greater number evincing either simple curiosity or a grim satisfaction. The light of a small candle, the end of which was crushed against the wall for the want of a better candlestick, threw a dead and perplexing light upon the group.

"Is the doctor come?" said the wounded man, in a tone of deep suffering, "is there no compassionate soul here that would get me a doctor, to see an I to die or to live?"

"He's sent for," said an old woman, "he'll be here immediately."

"The Lord forgive you!" said another, "many's the time you made work for the doctors yourself, before now, an' the surgeons, an' the undertakers too."

"The Lord forgive you!" said the third, "the second year isn't gone by since you swore away the life of my poor husband for nothing, and left me this way in rags, an' my children fatherless, an' apprenticed in their youth to beggary!"

"Oh, let the Lord forgive you, if he can!" exclaimed a fourth. "I had two brothers, as strong and handsome as were ever seen at fair or market place. One of them is lying in the Croppy-hole, this year, and another is in the wilds of New South Wales; and it is you I have to thank for that, and for my misery."

The wounded man regarded each of his accusers, as they came forward and retired, with a smile of grim and calm defiance, nor did he appear in the slightest degree affected by the charges which they launched against him in his agony.

"I had but one," screamed a withered creature on the right of Francis—"I had but one alone—an' that villain came across him an' destroyed me! He left me childless—may the Lord remember it to him in his own time?"

Again a grim smile of defiance crossed the pale face of the sufferer, and showed that even this imprecation had fallen harmless on his sleeping conscience.

"Shame! shame!" said Francis, "if any thing could move you to forgiveness, it ought to be the condition of the poor man who is suffering before you."

"Don't speak to me, sir," exclaimed the woman, "I know you well, mather Francis, I know you are our friend, but I know, likewise, what I had, an' how I lost it. I can't forgive him for my child's destruction!—I tell you it is an ease to me to see his blood, an' a joy to my heart to hear him groanin' with the anguish. An' see, if there isn't another come to ask for blood of her own at his hands. The mother of the Hares is come to see you in your trouble," she added, turning her face towards the bed.

At the same time, the crowd separated with-

out, so as to allow the entrance of a stranger, who presented an appearance somewhat superior to the people by whom she was surrounded. She was dressed in deep mourning stuff, with a widow's cap on her head, and a cloth scapulary, of the order of the Blessed Virgin, around her neck. Although her countenance bore the traces of recent affliction, yet there was an habitual calmness in her eyes, and around her mouth, which gave an appearance of serenity and even sweetness to the figure.

She walked to the bed-side of the patient, and after pausing for a few moments in the attitude of one who endeavors to outweary rather than wrestle with a deep and agitating passion, she said to the bystanders in her native tongue:

"This man, who lies here, once professed the same faith and knelt at the same altar that we do ourselves. He deserted his creed, and to those who asked him wherefore he had done so, he replied, that he had discovered many errors in our doctrine, and that the worship which he offered up in his present creed was of a purer and loftier nature than he had ever used in ours. I appeal to you, my friends and neighbors, whether the course of his apparent life since the day of his change, has been such as to justify the supposition of an improvement in his principles? Ah, say not that I judge him, when I answer—No! The blood of our fair, our young, our virtuous, and our noble-hearted, give back the judgment, and not I. This morning, he made me feel for myself as I had often felt for others who had fallen into his power—he robbed me of my two children, and I tremble for their blood, for innocence is not a safe-guard in the grasp of Lacy. Yet let this deserter of our faith behold the influence of that doctrine which he has cast from him and reviled. Behold!" she continued, untying the strings of her widow's cap and uncovering a head of hair half silvered over by the touch of age; "I make my head bare, in the presence of Him who is to judge us both, but do not tremble, for I come to give you, not the mother's and the widow's curse, but the mother's pardon in your dying hour. I forgive you for my lonely hearth, for the fearful days that I have passed, for the heart-aches and the pangs I feel this moment. Go to your Maker, if he call upon you, and tell Him that Mary Hare has washed the blood of her children from your hands, and oh! may He deal lightly with you, for the stains that many a broken heart beside has left there! I know not how these guiltless men may thrive, the times have taught me to expect the worst, but let their fate be what it may, I say, again, their mother pardons you, their mother gives you her forgiveness and her prayers."

Without waiting any reply, the woman at these words glided out of the room, leaving the company impressed with a strange and solemn feeling, such as the novelty of such a scene was calculated to excite. It was difficult to observe whether it produced any effect upon the wounded man, for his countenance scarcely changed, and his position remained unaltered, but he did not receive it in the same spirit which he had evinced amid the execrations which preceded it.

"I heard a voice, while ago," said the sick man, "that I would wish to hear again. If there be a gentleman in this room who will receive a dying man's last wishes, I will thank him to draw near me."

With some difficulty Francis succeeded in getting the apartment cleared, and after closing the door, and throwing in the bolt, he took a chair near the bed. The sick man turned on him a ghastly and wandering eye, and then sunk back, as if his suspicions had been fully justified.

"You seem to know me?" said Francis.

"I do," replied the other, faintly, "and I think it a sign of grace from Heaven that you have come to me at this moment, for that woman's sharachus was troubling my mind, and I longed to ease my soul of one offence at least before I die. I wouldn't have minded to the last the barking of those cabin curs that snarled where they dared not bite, but bloody as my hands have been, there's something of the gentleman about my heart, and the forbearance of that widowed wretch struck through it. I should not like to meet the Hares before a different court from that which I intended."

"You may make some reparation," said Francis, "by revealing all you know of them to me, and doing what you can to further the ends of justice before you go."

The patient smiled at this, as at a very simple speech. "They call you bright," he said, "but I think you ought to know more of human nature than to think that any persuasions of your's could induce me to say more than this;" he pointed with his finger to the wound. "I hope," he added, after a pause, "I hope my cousins will take care that I have a decent funeral. My father's covered a mile o' the road. I am not so well liked in the country, but may be when I'm dead they'd forget that for me, in compliment to the family."

"Were you not rash," said Riordan, "to venture, unguarded, into the mountains?"

"Aye," said the other, quickly, "there's the point. I have been sacrificed. Lacy took home the police as soon as I had lodged the Hares in gaol, and would not lend a man on any account. He knew that they were bent on my destruction, for so my murderer told me, and he was glad of it, for he was done with me, and he wished to be quit of the reward he promised me. And so he sent me, like Uriah, to the battle, and so I fell. Ah, Owen, cousin Owen. I wonder if your death-bed will be like mine! Bid Owen pray for me, when you shall see him."

"And Lacy, then, betrayed you?"

"And seeks your life, too: look to it, I tell you. This doctor will never see me live. The Hares are innocent. Have you a pencil, here?"

"I have," said Francis, taking out a pocket book.

"Then take my declaration, while I am able to speak it."

He revealed the entire of an atrocious conspiracy formed upon the lives of the men in question, which Francis copied carefully, and treasured up against the examination on the following morning.

"If this be not my death-wound, as I fear it is," said the sick man, "I will make an effort to be upon the spot myself. But if it should be otherwise, remember what I have told you, look to yourself! I heard you take my part against that vengeful hag, and even though you had not, I owe something to Lacy, and you are so far lucky, that I save your life to punish him. Ah, I am very weak. You saved the Hares once, do not neglect them now. I hope my cousins will not grudge a little expense upon my funeral. I could wish that Dick were there, but I suppose he is too great a man to think of it. If Bill could take it in hand, I'm sure it would be tasty, but where's the use o' talking?"

Doctor Jervas now arrived, to make an examination and Francis departed, promising to call again in the morning, on his way to the sessions-house; and leaving Tobin to the mercy of the country people, some of whom exerted themselves to draw from him some intimation of the probable fate of the Hares, while others exhorted him to look into the state of his unhappy soul, and to make a last reparation for the scandal he had occasioned by returning to the bosom of the faith he had forsaken. Otherwise, the plainest hints were thrown out, with respect to his approaching destiny; and the most cogent arguments adduced in support of the doctrines of that ancient Church, which, in the words of a rural bard:—

For fifteen hundred years,
As plainly doth appear,
Continued quite free from molestation,
Till woful heresy
And infidelity
Prevailed for to raise discorsolation.

But the medical attendant cut short the controversy, and turned all the polemics out of the room, leaving the renegade to his own reflections, and entrusting the task of his conversion to the less boisterous, but more persuasive, reasoner within his bosom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The fate of the brothers had excited a strong interest throughout the district. Accordingly, at an early hour on the following morning, a considerable number of the country people had collected around the neighboring court of petty sessions. Davy was there, and had the satisfaction, while they awaited the arrival of the magistrates, of overwhelming Aaron Shepherd with a host of arguments partly original, partly deduced from the Profession of Faith made by Pope Pius the Fourth, the Fifty Reasons of the Duke of Brunswick for embracing the Catholic Faith, and various other sources.

Francis Riordan left his home, on this morning, with feelings of no common pain. Uncertain what the issue might be of his publicly appearing in defence of those suspected persons, with the recollection of his own imputed trespasses still hanging out against him, he paused a moment ere he left his home.

"It may be," he said, "that this vindictive being may make his menace good against my life—but what of that? I was taught in childhood to place my country foremost amongst my affections; and I hope a few months' rest and quiet happiness have not unfitted me for practising the lesson."

Richard Lacy expected the arrival of this important morning with very different sensations. After returning on the previous evening, from one of his daily excursions, he was seen pacing up and down before the hall-door of his house, as if in anxious expectation of some messenger. The rain began to descend, and he was compelled, after having endured the shower for many minutes in increasing anxiety, to continue his vigil in the parlour.

He rang the bell many times, and enquired for different members of his household, who were absent on business. At length, a horseman rode into the yard, and hurried up the stairs, like one

acquainted with the impatient disposition of his master. Lacy, while his lips quivered with eagerness, made an effort to appear tranquil and indifferent while he asked the question:

"Well, Switzer, where is Tobin?"

"Dead, sir," answered the policeman, closing his lips hard.

"Dead!" echoed Lacy, starting back with a look and action of feigned concern and ill concealed delight. "Is it certain, Switzer?"

"I saw him down myself," replied the man, "I saw him in the hands of bitter enemies."

"Those murderous dogs!" said Lacy, "thus do we lose our most valuable friends, day after day, amongst them. We must be at the Court to-morrow, and see those ruffians done for. Get down and eat. Poor Tobin! I will speak with you, before I go to bed, again. At present, I am not easy in my mind, I have much to think of."

The man bowed, and left the room without speaking. Lacy remained pacing up and down rapidly for some moments, unwilling to acknowledge, even to his own mind, the secret satisfaction he felt at being rid of so dangerous and insecure a counsellor as Tobin.

"Let him rest in peace!" he said at length aloud, "and let me think of him no more. I have the Hares to deal with. The shadow of Riordan has been upon them hitherto and hid them from the search of my revenge. Alive or dead, their fate will touch him sorely, and I have now the means to make it certain."

Having completed all his arrangements for the approaching morn, he flung himself upon his bed, and took such rest as usually haunts the pillows of the impassioned and the guilty.

The interior of the petty sessions house, at an early hour on the following morning, was occupied by nearly the same actors as those who appeared upon the scene in the second chapter of our tale. On a bench at one end of a deal table, sat Mr. Dormer and his friend Mr. Leonard, nothing altered in appearance or condition by the lapse of the intervening months. The door was still closed, and a clerk sat at the end of the table, busy in preparing his books and too far apart to hear the conversation which was passing between the two Magistrates.

"Well," said Mr. Leonard, "now that I have asked after the condition of your other stock, your horses and your kine, will you tell me how you find your neophytes? Has the murrain of Popery got amongst them once again?"

"I don't know how it is," replied his friend, with an embarrassed smile, "there is less gratitude, or less sincerity, amongst them than I believed."

"I know it well," returned Mr. Leonard, "the priest has coaxed them all back again, has he not?"

"And people so convinced, so thoroughly convinced, as they appeared to be!"

"Convinced of what?"

"Why the errors of their creed. They saw, as plainly as I could desire, the excessive folly of many of their ecclesiastical ceremonies, and the profaneness of their subordinate articles of faith."

"Aye, but you know that was in the spring, and it is autumn now."

"Well, why should a man's eyes be more open before summer than after?"

"Because potatoes were thirty shillings a barrel in spring, whereas now they may be had for five."

Some other magistrates, dropping in at this moment, cut short the dialogue, and the conversation became more general.

"Well, Dickson, said Mr. Leonard, "so you won't allow me to make that little road to the village?"

"I cannot consent to it, sir," returned the gentleman so addressed, with a grave look, "I think the road is not wanted, and besides, Mr. Leonard, I thought you knew my principles, and wonder you should ask me."

"Well, Mr. Evans, you're a wiig. May I count on your voice?"

"Oh, certainly, Leonard, you may. But then," and Mr. Evans lowered his voice a little as he concluded, "I must have yours in another matter of the kind that I shall speak to you about another time."

"You may count upon it Evans; provided you fling no job upon my hands."

"Job! oh, fie! fie!"

—I impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs mring'd at ris franc pledge:
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who filled pots of ale but half full.

Complaints were made of, and fines inflicted on, the barefooted proprietors of goats and pigs found trespassing upon the highway, notwithstanding all that human eloquence and ingenuity could do on their behalf. Penalties were imposed on publicans, for vending whiskey at illegal times, and sundry other whippers of justice were reproved for their audacity.

But in the midst of those affairs of lesser interest, a general murmur of dislike, and hatred ill subdued, announced the arrival of some unpopular individual. The people in the sessions-house judged that it was Lacy, and so it was.—The village Sejanus entered pale, and candaverous with anxiety, while his round, full, sparkling eyes, glanced rapidly in all directions, to ascertain what difficulties he might have to encounter in the approaching effort. They alighted with some appearance of dissatisfaction upon the form of Mr. Leonard, but yet the concern of Lacy at his presence was not considerable, for his talent was not sufficient to render him a very formidable opponent.

The Hares, two decent-looking countrymen, with a remarkable family likeness of each other, were then summoned to the end of the table, and Lacy stood up to make his charge against them, and to produce his informations. The accusation which he made was briefly as follows:

These two brothers were, he said, his own tenants. They had been long applying to him for an abatement in their rent, which he had constantly refused. At length, he received an intimation, from a person in his employment, named Tobin, that these two men, in company with several others, meditated an attack upon his house, with the view of compelling him to enter into the terms which they desired. Their rendezvous was at a ruined castle within a few hundred paces of his residence, and he was also made aware of the night on which the project was to be put in execution. Accordingly, he took care to be upon his guard, and lay hid within the room until the party should appear. The two prisoners now before the magistrates were the two who first appeared, and they were instantly secured, and without much eclat. Some unknown circumstance, however, had occasioned the remainder of the party to take alarm, and they did not appear at the place of appointment. Tobin was now dead, fallen a victim, doubtless, to his zeal upon this very occasion, but Lacy had still enough of evidence to make his allegations good. He had the policemen who assisted in their apprehension, and he had a threatening notice in the hand-writing of the elder Hare, which was nailed upon his gate, and the purport of which was, that he must either make up his mind to comply with the reasonable demands of his tenants, or else prepare his coffin.

These facts were proved by the policemen and others, and the threatening notice was handed in, and examined by the magistrates. The identity of the handwriting was proved by several witnesses.

When the Hares were called upon for their defence, a very fat and short-armed little man arose. His dress was rather threadbare; his eyes affectedly subtle; and his mouth had got a habitual twist to one side, from the custom of speaking apart, inside his palm, to counsel and others, in presence of the Court. He affected some smart attitudes, in mimicry of lawyers at the bar, darted his eyes knowingly on both sides, and whispered a moment with the elder Hare. He then stood up, nodded significantly two or three times, and prepared to address the magistrates.

"I ask pardon," said Lacy, rising with a smile, "but I think this gentleman is an attorney?"

"Yes, I am concerned for the prisoners," replied the legal minnow.

"Then," rejoined Lacy, "it behoves the magistrates to stay a proceeding so much out of course. It is already decided, by many precedents, that a prisoner cannot be heard by attorney on his examination before a magistrate."

The attorney replied, quoted, looked angry, railed and bullied, but Lacy overwhelmed him with precedents, and he was compelled to retire, uttering a storm of censures and menaces.

"Oh, murther," said the younger Hare, "ar'n't we to have the law, either? Well, Mr. O'Twist, you won't keep our three and ninepence, Sir, as you can't be of any use to us?"

He was answered by a storm of abuse; the fat lawyer protesting that he had sacrificed three other clients to his anxiety on behalf of this pair of ingrates. And saying this, and brushing his hat furiously round with the cuff of his coat, he clapped it down upon his head, and left the court, looking like a man who had been very ill used.

The elder Hare was then called on by Mr. Leonard, to deliver, in his own manner, an account of the transaction. The man, who was

* Employed on their behalf.

† The customary fee of those attorneys who practise at courts.

an intelligent looking person approached the table with some anxiety of manner, and yet with an apparent consciousness of right which excited a considerable degree of interest in his favor.

"Please your worship," he said, "Mr. Lacy I know, is a well-spoken gentleman, and his little eye will be for me, now that my attorney is gone, to take it in hand, to gain what he advanced; but still I'll try my endavours. It was I wrote that note, surely, an' it was I, an' no one else, that nailed it on the gate; an' I'll tell you why I done so. This Tobin, that they say, is dead now, come to me one day, and asked me if I'd like to have my rent of my little farm abated? I told him I would, why not? for it was that I was asking Mr. Lacy for, an' ever an' always. Because, says Tobin, Mr. Lacy wants to get an abatement himself from the head landlord, an' all he requires is just an excuse for lowering the rent to you. So says he, it would be a good plan if you an' your brother (main' this boy here a near me) an' one or two more, would get together some night, an' post a threatenin' notice upon the gate, an' after that, to come some night an' make an attack, by way of a feint, upon the house, an' give him an excuse for saying his life was in danger on account of the rent. We did his biddin', an' we fell into the snare they laid. Tobin set the crib to catch us, and now Mr. Lacy comes to put the goulouge upon our necks."

A murmur of suppressed indignation passed among the listeners, as the man concluded, but Lacy regarded him with a smile of calm reproof and pity.

"It is very well," said he, "the case is stated with very great precision. It only remains to be seen in evidence that all this is not a fabrication."

"Have you the necessary proofs of this, Hare?" asked Mr. Leonard.

"Sure here's my brother that was by the whole time while Tobin was talking to me."

"I'll take the vestment of it," said the brother.

"My good fellow," said Damer, while they were smiling at the man's simplicity, "your brother lies implicated in the same accusation that lies against yourself, and his testimony can avail you nothing. Have you no other evidence?"

"Have you no person to produce who was present at those conversations with Tobin, besides your brother?"

"There was nobody by, exceptin' myself an' Thade," replied the prisoner.

"You have no witness, then?" asked Leonard, in a tone of commiseration.

"No witness," said the man, falling into a desponding attitude.

"No witness," cried Lacy. "No witness! and behold him standing there baffled in his vile calumny. He has no witness! not even among his gang of perjured accomplices can he find one so impudent as to support him in that shameful falsehood. This is the fate of loyal gentlemen in times like these. He has no witness—"

"Yes," cried a voice from the crowd, "he has one."

Lacy paused, while an individual made his way through the throng, and came forward to the table. The stranger was wrapt in a travelling cloak, and his hat, whether by accident or affectation, was brought low upon his brow.

"I can give evidence," he said in a low voice, "in favor of the prisoners."

"And your name?" asked Mr. Leonard.

The stranger paused a moment, lowered his face, pressed his hand upon his brow, and seemed to be debating with himself a point of vital consequence. At length he raised his person, and said, in the same subdued voice:

"My name is Riordan, Francis Riordan."

"It is I! I knew it!" cried Lacy, now for the first time springing from that attitude in which he had been interrupted, into one of more ecstatic energy. "I knew him under his disguise. 'Tis his accomplice and his old protector I demand, gentlemen, that this rebel be placed at once under arrest, and handcuffed."

"Hold!" cried Riordan, gently raising one hand, and putting back with the other the hat which had in part concealed his features. "It is true; my name is Riordan, as I said, and I am this man's friend. I have proved it well this morning. But there is no occasion for the violence which Mr. Lacy recommends. I am come here to answer for myself, if need be, before these gentlemen, who will no doubt see justice fully done without that stormy zeal which he deems necessary."

"It shall be done!" said Lacy, fiercely.

"I shall!" echoed Francis, "to your perfect satisfaction. You have laid treason at my door, and I will point it out lurking behind your own. You have called me rebel, falsely called me so, but I will make the same charge good against yourself, by evidence as palpable as matter. A double rebel, false to your king, and darkly, covertly false, to the hand that makes you what you are. That man's defence is true and literal," he added, handing over a paper to the magistrates. "I have it from the lips of Lacy's own accomplice, the betrayed, the deserted Tobin. There is his declaration."

It was read aloud, and Lacy employed the respite thus afforded him in spinning a new clue to free himself from the labyrinth in which he became so unexpectedly entangled.

"The calumny," he said, "is strongly built, and shows fairly, on the face, but there is still a flaw in the foundation. What proof is there that this is Tobin's writing?"

"My oath—A hundred oaths."

"Aye, oaths enough! They are now as plentiful as western winds. The word of Heaven is now sent far and wide, throughout this kingdom, but it is only used to multiply the opportunities of perjury. For this, good men have met, and holy men have prayed, for this, the wealth of Britain melts down before the feet of her apostles; that they may be reviled and mocked; and that falsehood and treason may need no means to give assurance to their calumnies. Such are the oaths that you can tender us, and such are the oaths against which the whole course of a life of

A forked stick, used to secure birds taken in a crib in winter.

undermining loyalty gives feeble and unavailing testimony.

"One oath at least, I have," replied the witness calmly, "which even you cannot impeach."

"Even there, even with that precious gem of perjury to decorate your falsehood, you still are foiled and baffled. This is not Tobin's dying declaration."

"How?"

"The law declares that documentary testimony is only admissible when the witness had supplied it under the firm belief that life was on the wing. What proof have we of this?"

"Is the law so merciful?" said Francis, turning to the magistrates with an appealing look.

"The document is then worthless," I do not know, myself, that Tobin had resigned all hope of life."

"And this, exclaimed Lacy, with a satisfaction ill concealed by the show of indignation he thought it useful to assume—"this is the sum of all that mass of evidence which was meant to overwhelm my character!"

"Not all," said Riordan, "I have yet one witness left. Tobin," he cried, "come forward!"

The crowd was again in motion, and Lacy shrunk back as if a lightning-flash had crossed him. Supported by a countryman, pale-faced and feeble, with a kerchief bound about his battered head, Tobin came forward trembling to the table. Had he been visibly summoned from the grave, with all its funeral suits and trappings wrapped around him, he could not have appalled the heart of Lacy with a shock of deeper terror and despair. He remained set in the attitude of sudden fear, and stared hard, as if in presence of a supernatural appearance.

"Yes!" exclaimed Riordan, pointing to the wounded man, and gazing fixedly on his persecutor; "there is the witness whose testimony I said even you could not impeach, for his was the evidence which you have most employed against the lives and fortunes of your fellow-countrymen. His oath will make that declaration good."

"Pardon me," said Lacy, addressing himself to the magistrates, "I have a word or two to offer. It was told me last night that Tobin was murdered in the hills, and I was so convinced of his death, that I have seldom felt a more singular astonishment than his sudden re-appearance at that table excited. I regretted his loss extremely, for he was a useful friend, and I owed him much which I longed to repay; I grieved that I had not sooner acquitted myself of obligations which he had long before laid on me. [These words were accompanied by a covert glance at the witness, which was withdrawn the instant the speaker saw that it was understood.] I have now to solicit that these prisoners be remanded, and that the examination be deferred for one night; a request which I think cannot appear extraordinary, considering the new turn that affairs have taken."

To this request, apparently so reasonable, Francis could offer no objection, without incurring the reproach of virulence, and it was acceded to without farther question. The prisoners were remanded; and Lacy was then asked what he had to adduce against Riordan that might touch his personal liberty? So downcast was he by the resurrection of his victim, and perplexed by his own embarrassed situation, that he could offer no accusation whatever.

"At present," said he, "I have not my evidence prepared. I will say more hereafter."

"Then you have no objection," said Leonard, "to his being abroad to-night upon his own recognizances?"

"None," muttered Lacy, in a sullen tone, as he left the session-house.

(To be continued.)

THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(From the Dublin Tablet.)

The writer of the marvellous article on La Salette, in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, amongst many things of the like kind, wrote these words of the Catholic Church:—

"It is her deliberate policy to substitute the supposed interests of the Church for all that mankind hold sacred—the reality of things, the revealed law of God, the nearest domestic ties, the holiest social duties, the sanctity of oaths, and the law of conscience. Calumny such as this is the staple of the Protestant press and platform, and it is generally left unnoticed by Catholics. Its very enormity, and still more, its never-ceasing flow, disposes us in most cases to remain passive, and let it take its course. There is, however, a time for speech as well as a time for silence, and when the Edinburgh Review, the organ of one of the great English parties, and generally supposed to be under the immediate influence of our present rulers—when a respectable publication like that, confided in by numbers of well-meaning Protestants, puts forth such charges, it is not fit that the slander should pass without rebuke. Our readers need not fear that we are about to waste a single line in proving the charges to be false. That would be stooping indeed. Rather may it be permitted us to express a doubt whether the reviewer himself, in cool blood, believes them to be true. However that may be, the present occasion appears a very legitimate one for recalling to mind certain facts which will show that—even though the charges against the Catholic Church were as true as they are certainly false—English Protestantism would do well to be silent upon the topics of a derogated of the nearest domestic ties, the holiest social duties, the law of conscience, the sanctity of oaths, and the revealed law of God." To do justice to this subject would require much space. Little more, therefore, can be accomplished here than simply to direct attention to a few items in a long and very unpleasant catalogue.

The value set upon "the sanctity of oaths" by the fathers and founders of English Protestantism—Wycliffe, Cramer, Hooper, Latimer, Bale, and the rest—is well known. Cramer especially excelled in the variety and ingenuity of his perjuries, including perjury by deputy. The biographers of these men, too, and Protestant writers in general, seem to think it rather a virtue to break a few solemn vows to God. With them there is no "sanctity" in a voluntary oath of chastity, obedience, and poverty; to disregard an enforced oath to a tyrant is perjury.

How highly "the law of conscience" was revered by the Anglican Prelates under Charles I. may be judged from the answers given to that monarch by the Bishops whom he consulted about passing the attainder against Lord Strafford. To sign the death warrant of his only too-faithful servant appeared to Charles to be something very like murder. He sent for five of his Bishops, and strongly stated to them his scruples. Out of the five one alone had the honesty to advise the King to act according to his conscience, and to refuse his consent to the death of a man whom he believed to be innocent. This was Juxon, of London, a very High

Churchman. One, Williams, of Lincoln (Low Church), informed the King that he had two consciences, one public and one private; and that his public conscience might oblige him to do what was against his private conscience. Three others (Moderates), Usher, of Armagh, Morton, of Durham, and Potter, of Carlisle, followed on the same side. They advised the King to act upon the already expressed "opinion" of the judges, that is, against "the law of conscience." That the unhappy Charles was to be saved, or eternally lost, by his own private conscience, and not by the "conscience" of his Parliament or of his judges, was an indubitable fact, essential, indeed, to him, but entirely disregarded by these respectable Protestant Divines.

We would not quote the author of "Hudibras" as an historical authority, though we believe his poem to contain quite as much truth as many a solemn "history." But, just to show what, in this matter of oaths, one section of Protestants did not hesitate to attribute to another section of Protestants, we will here cite a few of Butler's verses. It is to be remembered that the same charges are to be found in countless works, which are more grave, more weighty, but quite as accusatory, and not so readable:—

Was not the cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in sifter models for
The present use of church and war?
Did not our worthies of the House,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
For having freed us first from both
Th' allegiance and supremacy oath,
Did they not compel the nation
To take and break th' protestation?
To swear, and after to recant
The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforced by those who first did frame it?
&c., &c.
Is not th' High Court of Justice sworn
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high treason,
And fix 'em whomsoever they please on?

impeach of treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engaged their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own sense
But what they ought by oath and conscience.

Want of space alone withholds us from giving more of this witty exposure of the so-called "godly" well known though it be. There are whole pages of it. We have, however, quoted enough to show what Anglicanism thought of its anti-Episcopal brethren.

Returning to the Established Church, and descending nearer to our own times, let us see what was the practice of the Clergy of that institution with regard to oaths, and what regard they had for "the sanctity" of them, at a period often supposed to be highly creditable to those officials, that of the "glorious" Revolution of 1688.

Every Clergyman of the Church of England had sworn allegiance to King James II. By far the greater part of these Divines held that nothing could justify subjects in rising against their Sovereign, and yet, no sooner did "the supposed interests of the Church" appear in danger, than the vast majority of the Clergy set at naught their principles and broke their oaths. Having broken their old oaths, they took new ones. They swore allegiance to William and Mary. But notwithstanding this oath, "the bulk of the Clergy"—to use the expression of one of their Prelates—soon violated their allegiance to the new Sovereigns, and were quite ready to take a fresh oath of fidelity to King James, which, upon occasion, they would, no doubt, have observed with quite as much regard for "the sanctity of oaths" as they had hitherto displayed. In the meanwhile, their actions appeared chiefly to be regulated, not by "the sanctity of oaths," but by the English law of treason—not by "the law of conscience," but by the 25th Edward III., at 5, cap. ii.

Nor must it be imagined that the doctrine of non-resistance to the temporal ruler was only a matter of private opinion—a mere theory—among the Anglican Clergy. Every individual of that body, Whig as well as Tory, had pledged himself to the doctrine under his own hand. "By the Act of Uniformity," says Mackintosh, "which restored the legal establishment of the Episcopal Church, it was enacted that every Clergyman, schoolmaster, and private tutor should subscribe a declaration affirming that 'it was not lawful, on any pretext, to take up arms against the King,' which members of corporations and officers of militia were, by other statutes of the same period, compelled to swear." (Works, 429.) These things cannot be denied. They are recorded by countless writers, Tory no less than Whig—by the champions of the revolution no less than by its opponents—all of them Protestants, and bitter enemies of Catholicity.

Notwithstanding, then, their oath of allegiance to James, most of the Clergy—that is, according to Macaulay, "twenty-nine-thirtieths of the profession"—took the oaths to William and Mary; "though," says the Protestant Bishop, Burnet, "with too many reservations and distinctions, as if they had taken them against their consciences"—as it is very certain many of them did. The Bishop also attributes the general corruption of principle, which at that time pervaded the highly Protestant English nation, to this kind of conduct on the part of its clergy. "It must be confessed," he says, "that the behavior of many Clergymen gave Atheists no small advantage; they had taken the oaths, and read the prayers for the present Government; and yet they showed in many places their aversion to our Establishment but too visibly; so that the offence that this gave, in many parts of the nation, was too evident; in many places it broke out in very indecent instances that were brought into courts of law, and censured.—This made many conclude that the Clergy were a sort of men that would swear and pray, even against their consciences, rather than lose their benefices; and, by consequence, that they were governed by interest, and not by principle." (Own Time, iv., p. 177.) Burnet here, in his soft way only says "many" Clergymen. In another place, however, he lets out a little more of the truth. "The bulk of the Clergy ran this way," so that, adds he—"Profane minds had too great advantages from this in reflecting severely on a body of men that took oaths and performed public devotions when the rest of their lives was too public and too visible a contradiction to such oaths and prayers." (Ibid., iv., 383.)

It is not to be supposed for a moment that all the Clergy broke their oaths of allegiance to James II. without any scruple. Some of the Whig Clergy may have done so. Some may have absolved themselves. Others may have chosen to accept the abolition of a Parliament, nearly every member of which, peer and commoner, had first broken his own oath, and then proceeded in his legislative capacity to give himself leave to do so, and likewise to extend that indulgence to all others. In the estimation of such men, to accept absolution from a forsworn Parliament was strictly according to the Gospel; to accept it from the Primate of Christendom they declared to be "impious, heretical, and damnable."—But a very large number of the Clergy had scruples about the new oaths. They had doubts; but they had strong political passions. They had misgivings; but they had rectories, vicarages, deaneries, canonries, provostships, masterships, professorships, fellowships, and curacies, besides. They had consciences; but they also had families. Whatever the causes, the fact remains, that, when it was put to the test; the Anglican sense of "the sanctity of oaths," and "the law of conscience," produced very little practical effect; though it may freely be admitted that, the Ecclesiastical of the national Establishment displayed a very keen perception of "the reality of things;" but

the "things," unfortunately, were the things of this world.

Out of a body of 10,000 Divines, the flower of pure religion, somewhere about 400 men were found to prefer their oath to their worldly advantage; or, their political possessions. From this number it would not be unfair to deduct a certain proportion of calculating Christians who had some expectation of a turn in the political tide, and the eventual restoration of King James to Whitehall. But we are content to yield this point, and to allow Anglicanism all the advantage it can fairly claim from its 400 Nonjurors. We must, however, remark that these strict observers of their oath were nearly to a man the most Catholic in doctrine, and least Protestant members of the Establishment. We must also remark, that it is curious, when we turn from the contemplation of these eminently Protestant Jurors, in number above 9,000, and these not so eminently Protestant Nonjurors, in number about 400, and regard the conduct of the Catholic Clergy of France when the constitutional oath was tendered to them during the great revolution—to find that the Nonjurors there were the immense majority of the Clergy, including 132 Bishops—the swearing minority being, without exception, the most anti-Roman section of the Clergy. The penalties there were not simply the loss of benefices; they were imprisonment, deportation, and the guillotine; but—even though the Priests might have enjoyed the abolition of the National Assembly—they preferred death to taking an oath forbidden by their consciences and by the Pope. We say, it is "curious," because these Priests belonged to a Church which (if we believe the Edinburgh reviewer) has always substituted her own supposed advantage for the sanctity of oaths, the law of conscience, and the revealed law of God.

The new oath which the English Clergy took, and generally broke, was this—"I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary. So help me God." The word are plain enough, but the "bulk" of the national Protestant theologians put a peculiar meaning of their own upon them. They swore to be "faithful" and they were unfaithful.

While such was the conduct of the Clergy, it was but natural that "the sanctity of oaths" and "the law of conscience" should be still less regarded by the Protestant laity. Accordingly, we find that exactly eight peers, some of whom had broken their old oaths, declined the new oaths, either from virtue or policy. And, if we believe a Whig statement made during the debate on the Abjuration Bill, the number of members of the Commons who refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary amounted to two. As, however, exact truth was a quality which at that time was not frequently omitted from Ministerial speeches, it is possible that there may have been in that House a few more men of true religious feeling or nice honour.

To do them justice, the leaders of the Protestant cause appear to have had a very sincere distrust of the value of oaths, whether taken by themselves, their Clergy, their colleagues, or the mass of their co-religionists. When the Bill of Abjuration was before the Peers, the Whig Lord Wharton, a distinguished Protestant champion, said "that he was a very old man, and had taken a multitude of oaths in his time, and hoped God would forgive him if he had not kept them all, for truly they were more than he could pretend to remember; and he, for one, should be very unwilling to charge himself with more oaths at the end of his days." This hater of Papias does not seem to have contemplated the possibility of refusing to take an oath, or of keeping it, when taken. The Tory Lord Maclesfield then said "that he was much in the same case with my Lord Wharton, though they had not always taken the same oaths. . . . The truth was, he himself had made very free with his oath of allegiance to King James, but should be loath to be under the temptation of breaking any more." (Lord Dartmouth, in Burnet, iv., p. 77.) Such was the regard paid to "the sanctity of oaths" by the two great English parties at the time when they were most inveterately Protestant.

In the Commons the Bill was resisted on the ground that oaths were of no use, and that they had been proved to be of no use. Amongst other objections, Mr. Carey urged this one:—"Those men that abjured King Charles II. did they not bring him in?" And Lord Falkland declared that the proposed oath would not bind the friends of King James, saying—"If such think themselves bound in conscience to bring in King James, they will take this oath to bring him in. Those who brought in King Charles valued themselves on their abjuration of him."

It is confessed by Burnet, that, even at the beginning of William's reign, the uselessness of attempting to bind Protestant Britons by any form of oath had been seen and acknowledged by some. Experience had proved that this kind of religionist was too much given to that very equivocation and mental reservation with which he so loudly and so falsely charged others. "It was also said," the Bishop tells us, "that in many different changes of Government oaths had not proved so effectual a security as was imagined; distinctions were found out, and senses put upon words by which they were interpreted so as to signify but little, &c. Upon which words, Speaker Onslow, a Whig politician of long experience in the ways of his countrymen—as if impatient at Burnet's roundabout phraseology—asked in a marginal note:—"And is it not true? It is the integrity of Government, and not swearing to it, that must be its defence." (Burnet, Own Time, v., p. 18.) A significant comment on the value of that Anglican Christianity which fills the world with its boasts.

Of the great Protestant leader it is difficult to tell who was most utterly regardless of his oaths. Scarcely were William and Mary seated on the throne which had been won by so many falsehoods scarcely were the oaths of allegiance to the new Sovereigns taken when the anti-Catholic magnates began to assure the Monarch whom they had so lately driven from his kingdom of their undiminished loyalty to him. There was hardly a member of William's Cabinet who was not, at some time, in communication with James. The men most rewarded and employed by the Dutch Prince were no better than the rest. There is "one deep stain," says Macaulay, "upon the character of Halifax." Halifax did betray his master, but "he did not, like Marlborough, Russell, Godolphin, and Shrewsbury, betray a master by whom he was trusted and with whose benefits he was loaded." These were the men whose consciences were hurt at the idea of a King dispensing with atrocious penal laws. Marlborough had rebelled against James II., as he wrote to him, from "a necessary concern for my religion, which no good man can oppose," and Shrewsbury was Archbishop Tillotson's great convert from "Popery."

PASTORAL LETTER.

The following Pastoral Letter was read in all the churches and chapels of the Diocese of Westminster on Sunday, 27th September.

Nicholas, by the Divine mercy of the Holy Roman Church, of the title of St. Pudenciana, Cardinal Priest, and Archbishop of Westminster: To our dearly-beloved children in Christ, the Clergy secular and regular, and the Faithful of the said Diocese: health and benediction in the Lord.

When lately, dearly beloved in Christ, our country was afflicted with war, we called upon you to pray to the God of armies for victory and for peace.—They came to us in good time, and scarcely, heeding those lesser wars which harassed our eastern frontiers in Persia, and in China, we believed that we had before us a long period of national tranquillity, and of consequent prosperity.

And now so soon again we have to invite you to call aloud to the God of mercies, that He would spare us the afflicting and harrowing scenes which have

been and are probably still acted, on our own territories, of which these possibly dear to us, at least our own people, are the victims, and that He would once more give back order and quiet rule to the great continent of India.

Who, dearly beloved, will attempt to describe the terrible calamity which has overwhelmed us? "Behold, a little cloud came out of the sea like a man's foot; and while he beheld it, it turned himself this way and that way, beheld the heavens grew dark with clouds and wind, and there fell a great rain," not, alas! of refreshing waters, but of gore in battle, and of blood in massacre. It has come "as a storm of hail, a destroying whirlwind, as the violence of many waters overflowing, and sent upon a spacious land." For truly, had it been merely war, with its usual array of evils, that we had to deplore, had there been suddenly commenced, the conflict of brave men in honorable warfare, it would have been enough to sadden us, and direct our thoughts to supplications for peace. But here it has been the sudden rising of an immense army, subjects as much as our troops at home to the Crown of this realm, armed, trained, clothed and fed by the power which these represents it; their rising by conspiracy which has silently and darkly included tens of thousands, to break out openly like a plague, in separated spots, under one law of cruel perfidy, and treacherous brutality. "Almost without exception," as you all have learnt, regiment after regiment has murdered the officers who had led them to battle, and who trusted in their fidelity, till the volley was fired, or the thrust was made, which laid at the feet of cowards those who living had made them brave.

For, transformed by that deed of treachery from soldiers into assassins, these hordes of savage multitudes seem to have cast aside the commonest feelings of humanity, and to have not merely resumed the barbarity of their ancient condition, but borrowed the ferocity of the tigers in their jungles, to torture, to mutilate, to agonise, and to destroy. Nay, if we had imagined to ourselves the unbecked excesses of fiendish fury, by which legions of demons let loose against a tribe accursed of God would have marked their progress of devastation, the picture would have fallen short of what has been perpetrated in a land that we called our own, and thought that we had blessed with earthly happiness, on whose whom many around us know, whom some near us may have tenderly loved.

It is not our duty, nor our wish, to detail the horrors of this overthrow of Indian civilisation, containing as they do so much of what the Apostle tells us may that no indignity, no insult, no dishonor has been spared; that nothing which cruelty, in its refinement or in its grossness, could devise or execute has been omitted from the black catalogue of committed crimes; that no regard has been had of the sacredness of age, of the helplessness of womanhood, nor of the innocence of infancy; that compassion, remorse, the ties of previous obligations, familiarity and friendship, seem to have lost their hold on these maddened contrivers of total extermination. And many crimes there have been, no doubt, too hideous for revelation—scenes of lawless license, and unbridled brutality, of which no record has been kept, save in the reckonings of Him who will one day bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and amply repay them.

At the contemplation of these scenes of wickedness and horror the mind stands aghast, and is filled with strange surmises, and perplexed with conflicting judgments, till it merges its terrors, its anxieties, and its shifting thoughts, in the depths of that ever-consistent wisdom which can weave the vilest of men's designs and the blackest of their actions into a web of providential mercies and of unstinted goodness. What expiation and what high reward may have come to many who, with patience in faith, have endured torments like those of ancient martyrs; how large a new band of Innocents may have been welcomed in heaven by their forerunners of Bethlehem, slain even through hatred and fear of the same Christ; what a sweeping away of the old and rotten basis of civilisation, that a juster and a purer reconstruction of it follow, may have been practicable only by this ravaging flood; what a purging of a foul atmosphere of hidden crime, for the shining of a warmer and a brighter sun, may have been effected by the unsparring whirl of this tempest. In fine, what a second and renewed prosperity may be in store for that empire, after the marauders have "rushed in, and taken all away and slain its servants," and "a violent wind has come from the side of the desert, and shaken the four corners of its house, and it has fallen upon its children and they are dead;" what, in fine, of beauty and loveliness God may cause this new desert to bud forth—all these things He alone knoweth, but we may pray to Him to grant and do.

Yet, however confident we may feel, not only of future but of present mercy, it is so covered with an aspect of actual severity, so mingled with signs of impending judgment, that our first thought must be that of propitiation, and of calming the Divine indignation, which visits us and that distant dependency, for transgressions and sins, which, if dimly seen by man, may be clear to God's penetrating eye. So sudden, so unexpected, so overwhelming, and apparently so causeless a calamity comes, no doubt, by the permission of God, and has its reasons buried in His unsearchable mind. Had it fallen upon our forefathers in Catholic days, one would have seen the streets of this city trodden in every direction by penitential processions, of men and women crying out aloud, like David, when pestilence had struck the people. And this is likewise our first impulse, to turn to God, in affliction and contrition of spirit, to humble ourselves beneath His mighty hand, to set our faces to the Lord God, and say to Him, "To thee, O Lord, justice, but to us confusion of face;" and then to entreat Him to show us again the light of His countenance, to "scatter the Gentiles who delight in war," and "rebuke the wild boasts of the reeds." For then, indeed, and then alone may we justly claim the mercies of the Lord, when we have sought to appease His wrath.

Such, dearly beloved, is the double object which we propose to ourselves in thus addressing you. If we have waited some time before carrying it out, it has been because a day was approaching which seemed especially suited to our purpose. Accordingly, on the 11th of this month we addressed a letter to each of our Right Rev. brethren in England, informing them of our intention to issue this Pastoral, and appoint the first Sunday in October as a day of general supplication and collections for India in this our Diocese.

On that day, known familiarly amongst us as "Rosary Sunday," the Church publicly thanks God for victories gained over great infidel powers, threatening the destruction of Christian nations. And these victories she attributes to the humble supplications of her children, coinciding in day and hour with the defeats of the enemy. Now these supplications consisted mainly in the recital publicly of that very chapter of our Lady, which that Sunday honors and suggests. Engaged in a similar contest, let us have recourse to similar means, and exert ourselves to the utmost to avert the scourges of Divine justice, falling heavily upon our Empire, and to obtain that aid which God's blessing alone can effectually give to men's prowess and skill.

I. First, then, let us turn to God, and with His Prophet exclaim:—"And, now, O Lord Almighty, the God of Israel, the soul in anguish and the troubled Spirit crieth to Thee. Hear, O Lord, and have mercy, for Thou art a merciful God, and have pity upon us; for we have sinned before Thee." "Look down, O Lord, from Thy holy house, and incline Thine ear and hear us." Before that throne which you will erect in every church, on which, as our Holy money said, will rest the King of glory, you will cast yourselves down, to entreat God, "not to remember our iniquities, nor those of our parents;"—but to deal with us according to His mercies, and according to the multitude of His mercies; and deliver us

according to His wonderful works, and give glory to His name... according to His wonderful works, and give glory to His name...

2. With all your hearts, therefore, pray that God will break down the force of our enemies, and rescue from their cruelty their helpless victims...

3. Entreat, then, the God of battles to arise, and scatter His enemies, the enemies of His name, the enemies of His faith, the enemies of His very unwritten law...

4. And pray ye thus for that peace which will not leave a wilderness for a kingdom nor ruins for its cities. Let the guilty be dealt with so that the land be purged of its iniquity...

5. And thus shall it be, if God so direct the counsels of the nation's rulers, as to be wise and moderate abroad and at home, here preventing religious strife, and there not fomenting political convulsions...

Such, dearly beloved, may be the objects of our prayer, in the sad affliction which has overtaken us. And to assist you in its performance, we hereby enjoin, or permit, as follows:—

1. In every church and chapel of our diocese there shall be on Rosary Sunday, the 4th of October, a day of prayer and humble supplication to God, to consist of the following exercises:—

1. Wherever it is possible, without inconvenience, the Most Blessed Sacrament may be exposed for the whole day, or such portion thereof as shall be considered sufficient to satisfy the devotion of the Faithful.

2. In the evening, or other usual hour, there shall be Benediction, and the "Miserere" shall be sung or recited at it before the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

3. We permit a procession with the Blessed Sacrament, at the discretion of the Clergy.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ILLNESS OF THE REV. DENIS O'BRIEN, P.P.—Our readers will regret as much as we do the serious illness of this gentleman, the kind-hearted and worthy Parish Priest of Blane. On Monday last he was visited with a species of paralytic attack, under which he lies, and although he was better on yesterday, we cannot do ourselves the real pleasure of stating that he is yet out of danger.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FATHER MATHW.—We are glad to learn that Mr. Maguire, M.P., intends writing the life and times of that truly great and good man, Father Mathew. We rejoice that such a book is to be written, and written by such a pen as Mr. Maguire's. He is peculiarly qualified for this task, which will, we are confident, be a labour of love to him.—Nation.

SMITH O'BRIEN IN ENNISTYMON.—On Tuesday Mr. Smith O'Brien arrived in Ennistymon, on his way to Milltown. No sooner did he make his appearance, and was recognised, than he was met by the hearty cheer and the loud hurrah of the crowds assembled suddenly to greet him. Nothing could be more cordial than the affectionate greeting of the young and the old of the whole body of the people, rivalling one another in their hurry to testify their respect for him.

A NOBLE MANUFACTURER.—Lord John Manners is the largest flax and linen manufacturer in Belfast, and carries on the manufacture in all its gradations except the weaving. No young people under fourteen years are employed in those mills, and thus all trouble from the educational clauses of the factory act is avoided.

THE IRISH ORANGEMEN have succeeded in making a sort of Delhi of the once-flourishing town of Belfast. Not only (says the Hull Advertiser) is the district proclaimed under the provisions of the Peace-preservation Act, but large bodies of troops have been marched there to keep a Presbyterian fanatic from exciting an Orange mob to assert by force of arms the right to offer the grossest public insults to the religion of nine-tenths of the Irish people.

PROTESTANT SPOYS AT DROGHEDA.—Henry Tichborne, governor of Drogheda, signalled for his sanguinary career, merited the distinction we have accorded him, to be ranked with the destroyers, Ireton and Cromwell. In a familiar letter to his wife, as a matter of course, he communicates the information, that finding he could not induce the Irish to hazard the fortune of a battle, he had concluded "they were another sort to be dealt with."

OPEN AIR PREACHING IN GALWAY.—On Sunday last the Rev. G. O. Browning proceeded to the Holy Wells, near Fotherill, where there were some persons performing the usual stations; and when moved by the spirit of the fanatic monarch, Mr. Browning commenced spouting out his usual calumnies against Catholicity. Those to whom the Reverend firebrand addressed himself gave him, as was meant, a deaf ear; so that the inspired gentleman wasted his sweet words on the wind.

INVESTIGATION AT DERRYLIN.—The Kermagh Reporter contains a detailed report of a protracted inquiry before the bench of magistrates at Derrylin. It commenced with charges on the 11th inst., there was an investigation respecting armed gatherings on the 12th August on Doon Mountain. On the 15th of August a paragraph appeared in that journal, to the effect that about 1,000 men collected on Doon Mountain, armed with pikes, scythes, and guns, and fired volleys up to the residence of Edward Maguire, Esq.

CHAPLAIN AT DERRYLIN, on the 12th of August. On that day several bodies of men, numbering, it is supposed, about fifteen hundred, assembled on the mountains to the west of Derrylin, and showed their zeal and valour by firing several shots. Intelligence of the gathering reached Edward Maguire, Esq., J.P., and, with a body of constabulary under Head-constable Egan, he started off to disperse them.

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CARRICKMACROSS, a strong pile, twelve miles distant. The assault was given; and his (Cromwell's) men twice repulsed; but in the third attack, Colonel Wall being unhappily killed at the head of his regiment, his men were so dismayed thereby as to listen before they had any need to the enemy offering them quarter, admitting them upon those terms, and thereby betraying themselves and their fellow soldiers to the slaughter.

A STRANGER IN IRELAND.—A man caught yesterday in the neighborhood of Enniskillen, what he and those who have seen it believe to be a locust, of two inches long. It is not long since another was caught in the neighborhood of Omagh; and there is some alarm felt as to what is portended by the appearance of those "ominous visitors" as they are called.

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THE TRUE WITNESS

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 23, 1857.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

There is still much speculation, and nothing positive, as to the results of the meeting at Stuttgart betwixt the Emperors; but it is hinted that the excuse of sickness set up for the Empress of Russia—some say as a pretence for avoiding an interview with the Empress Eugenie—has been duly appreciated by Louis Napoleon. At all events there seem no grounds for suspecting any hostile feelings on the part of either Sovereign towards Great Britain; whilst from several remarkable articles published in the *Bee*, a Russian organ supposed to express the sentiments of the Czar, it is evidently the desire at St. Petersburg to keep on good terms with St. James'. The *Bee* expressly disclaims all sympathy on the part of the Russian Government with the mutinous Sepoys, and denies that the overthrow of the British Indian Empire would be hailed with satisfaction by those to whose sentiments it professes to give utterance.

The labors of the Belfast Commissioners have at last come to an end, without however bringing forth anything of practical utility. One conclusion has nevertheless forced itself upon the minds of all parties—that Orangeism is an unmitigated curse, and a bar to the peace and prosperity of Ireland. "It is now plain"—sums up the *Northern Whig*—"that we have no chance of peace in Ireland on any condition short of Orangeism being placed in the same category as Ribandism;" and the same journal ridicules as worse than useless, all Government inquiries "if it is not prepared rigidly to revise the magistracy, erase the name of every individual that has any connexion with an Orange lodge, and for the future decline to confer such privileges on any gentleman who does not give a solemn pledge never to belong to, act with, or patronise any such society." Thus it would appear that in Ireland men of all parties, Protestants as well as Catholics, are waking up to a sense of the gross impropriety of extending support to a society which, wherever it has been allowed to raise its foul head, has never ceased to be a source of discord and bloodshed.

The stinginess and continued injustice of the British Government towards its Catholic soldiers by refusing to their clergy the funds necessary for defraying their travelling expenses, and by withholding all securities for the proper education of Catholic children, are serious obstacles to the efforts of the recruiting sergeant. Catholics will not enlist, and should not enlist, until their moderate demands be complied with, and the Catholic priest be placed, in so far as pay and allowances are concerned, on an equality with the Protestant minister. The gross injustice of which the children of the brave Catholic soldiers who fell in the Crimea, have been the victims, through the partial administration of the "Patriotic Fund," has been well shown up by His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, in a letter by him addressed to the Reverend Dr. Yore. Of the above named Fund to which Catholics contributed, not one penny had been given for the education of Catholic children. These facts are fresh in the memories of the Catholics of Ireland, and are certainly not of a nature to induce them to come forward very zealously in defence of a Government which has treated them so scurvily. The *exodus* still continues, and according to the *Limerick Reporter*, "the people are flying out of the country in myriads." In England the recruiting sergeant is driving a somewhat brisker trade, than is the case on the other side of the Channel. The standard of height has been reduced for the line, and active measures are being taken for recruiting the army; a further body of 5,000 is ordered to be held in readiness for embarkation for India, and 10,000 more of the Militia are to be embodied, giving an actual Militia force of 25,000 men. By the end of the year, it is expected that there will be in India a European force of 85,000 men; but to fill up the gaps which battle and sickness will cause in this vast body will tax the strength of the British Empire to the utmost.

The tales of Sepoy atrocity are beginning to pall upon the ear, from their loathsome monotony. It is however some consolation to know that we must be near an end of the massacre, seeing that, except at Lucknow, there are few more women or children to be massacred. The last named place was, at last date, sore pressed by Nena Sahib, with a force under him variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000 men. The place still held out, and its brave garrison had profited by the

consternation into which the besiegers were thrown by the advance of Gen. Havelock and his gallant band, to increase their stock of provisions. The greatest anxiety however is still felt for the fate of its defenders, as at the present moment it seems to be impossible to give them any effective assistance from without. From before Delhi the news is more cheering. The health of the troops was better, the weather was improving, and reinforcements with some heavy siege artillery were arriving. Inside the doomed city the Sepoys were said to be quarrelling with one another, and the old grudge of the Moslem to the Hindoo was again manifesting itself, amongst the besieged. This, added to the blowing up of a magazine, and the scarcity of ammunition, had depressed their spirits, and revived those of their assailants, who were again discussing the chances of an attack during the month of August.

From other parts of the country the tidings are less favorable. A mutinous spirit has in one or two instances manifested itself amongst the soldiers of the Madras Presidency; and the Bombay army certainly cannot be relied upon. We hear too of risings in the Southern Provinces, and of a general uneasiness amongst the native population. There may be exaggeration, but it is more likely that the ugliest features of the case have been carefully concealed, and that unless the mutiny of the troops be speedily repressed in Bengal, we shall have the whole of India in arms against us. All depends upon the speedy arrival of the reinforcements now on their way. These landed, the reconquest of India will be an easy matter; the difficulty will be to keep it when reconquered. "*Hic labor, hoc opus est.*"

Assailed as we are on all sides, and by so many enemies, a controversy of a hostile character betwixt Catholic journalists is always to be deprecated; more especially when—as is the case with the *Toronto Mirror* and *TRUE WITNESS*—there is but little essential difference betwixt them. It is then, not with any design of prolonging such a controversy with our cotemporary, that we reply to his article of the 16th inst.; but in the hopes that a few words of explanation may suffice to put an end at once, and for ever, to all semblance even of discord betwixt those whom duty and interest should alike prompt to keep on friendly terms.

We therefore assure the *Mirror* that we have never listened "to the suggestions of common enemies" or allowed ourselves "to be swayed by the voice of those who are hostile alike to both journals;" neither are we conscious of having deserved the reproach of being "querulous," in our controversy with the *Mirror* on a subject in which our honor as Catholics is at stake. We thought—we hope that we may have been mistaken in so thinking—that in a previous article the *Mirror* had betrayed a disposition to palliate, if not defend, the unmentionable atrocities of the mutinous Sepoys, by representing them as little, if anything, worse than the military executions inflicted upon the mutineers by the British troops. This seemed to us highly unjust, and impolitic. Unjust, towards the brave men now fighting the battles of Great Britain in India, and who, as simple soldiers doing their duty, are not responsible for the gross misrule of the East India Company; and impolitic, as tending to foster the erroneous impression that Catholics generally sympathise with the Sepoys, and are indifferent to the brutalities exercised towards their fellow-countrywomen, and in many cases, their co-religionists, in the East. This accusation is constantly urged against us by Protestants; it is therefore, to say the least, very foolish and very mischievous for Catholic journalists to say or do anything calculated to impress the Protestant mind with a firm conviction of the truth of a charge, whose falsity is clearly manifested by the admirable Pastoral of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, which we publish in another column; and which we have no doubt our Catholic cotemporary will hasten to lay before his readers.

In that document, so deserving of the respect of every true son of the Church, the Cardinal invokes "*the God of battles to arise, and scatter his enemies, the enemies of His name, the enemies of His faith, the enemies of His very unwritten law, the law of humanity, inscribed in every heart.*" Now assuredly, what the Church bids us pray for, that we should in our inmost hearts desire; and therefore it is clear that, if the Cardinal's Pastoral be not a mere empty verbiage, meaning nothing, we, Catholics, should earnestly desire the discomfiture of the Sepoys, and the triumph of British arms; and from the terms in which the Pastoral speaks of the Sepoys, as "*enemies of God—of His faith—and of the law of humanity,*" it is evident that the Cardinal at all events—a high authority with Catholics, subjects of the British Crown—does not believe the cause of the Sepoys to be a just one, or one to which the Christian can wish success. To the sentiments so nobly expressed by the head of the English Episcopacy, we have feebly and in our humble sphere, endeavored to give utterance.

In other respects we see, not that there is

much, if any difference of opinion betwixt the *Mirror* and the *TRUE WITNESS*. We both admit and condemn the wrongs perpetrated by, or at all events in the name, and with the sanction of—the East India Company on the native races of India; only we contend, that it is an exaggeration of British misrule, to assert that the use of torture was learnt from the English, and that the hellish cruelties of the Sepoys are not of Indian, but of British origin; and that it is unjust towards our brave soldiers in the East, to compare, even, the righteous military executions inflicted upon armed mutineers, with the cruel murders of women and children, which hitherto have been the chief feats of arms of the gallant Sepoys; who fleeing for the most part like scoured hounds before the soldier with a musket in his hands, and in the open field, have been bold only in the presence of helpless women, and unoffending babes.

As to attempting "to defend the blowing of men from the guns at Lucknow," we have done no such thing; as we consider that it needs no defence, being not only perfectly lawful, but under the circumstances, highly praiseworthy. It is indeed true as the *Mirror* says that the men thus treated "were not rebels in the ordinary acceptance of the term," and therefore not deserving of the ordinary treatment of rebels. These men were not rebels, but criminals of the blackest dye. They were not rebels, but soldiers who had mutined against their officers, and turned their arms against those whom they had voluntarily sworn to defend—against those who paid, fed, and clothed them. As mutineers therefore, and by the laws of every civilized nation, either in ancient or in modern times, they deserved death.

And that—not only as guilty of mutiny, the highest offence known to the military code to which they had of their own free will subjected themselves—but as guilty of crimes which in all civilised communities are punished with death. They had been guilty of murder, and murder is a capital crime in all countries; they had been guilty of rape, and rape also is in most countries a capital crime. The justice of punishing such infamous scoundrels with death therefore cannot be impugned, without calling in question the right of society to punish with death, the murderer, and the violator of female purity.

As to the mode of inflicting capital punishment—"blowing from guns"—we see not what objections can be raised to it on the score of humanity. That mode of inflicting capital punishment, is the most humane and the least barbarous, which most surely and speedily puts the sufferer out of pain. Now of all modes of execution, blowing from a gun is the surest and speediest. Death under such circumstances must be instantaneous, and attended with the minimum of physical suffering. It is also, according to the notions generally current amongst soldiers, less disgraceful, or morally painful, to be shot, or blown from a gun, than to be hung up by the neck like a dog; and therefore, under every aspect, we contend that that mode of inflicting death-punishment upon our mutinous soldiers was more humane, and less barbarous, than the hangings which in Canada, as well as in England, are occasionally inflicted upon criminals whom it would be a libel to compare even with the foul fiends who met their fate from the hands of Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow. Indeed, if one great object of capital punishment be to terrify by example, then must we admit that much judgment was displayed by the authorities in their selection of the peculiar mode of punishment which so deeply moves the indignation of the *Mirror*; for it combines a maximum of example well calculated to strike terror into the beholders, with a minimum of suffering to the individual culprit; and for our parts, we can only say that, though we have no strong predilection for either mode of death, if we were compelled to select between hanging—even with the advantages of a patent drop and the personal services of the accomplished Calcraft—and "blowing from a gun," we should without a moment's hesitation chose the latter, as less painful, and to the gentleman less degrading, though to the multitude perhaps more terrifying than the ordinary mode of execution. Our cotemporary will therefore see that we offer no apology for the "Lucknow executions;" believing as we do that they were not only lawful, but deserving of all commendation from those who admit that mutiny on the part of the soldier voluntarily enlisted, and murder and rape on the part of the simple citizen, are crimes which not merely may, but should always be punished with death.

But the *Mirror* denies that it is "a libel" to say that "both sides are massacring all they can lay hands on"—and here again we are at issue. The Sepoys "are massacring all native Europeans they can lay hands on—combatants, and non-combatants—Catholics and Protestants—men women and children—indiscriminately; but the British troops do not massacre all native Indians that they can lay hands on, and if they did they would justly merit the execration of all brave men. Here is the important distinction betwixt the conduct of the mutineers and that of the British troops, which we have endeavored, but it

would appear in vain, to impress upon our cotemporary; and it is because he will not recognise this distinction, that he has been guilty of "libel" upon the brave men, whose conduct, and not that of the East India Company, we have endeavored to exonerate from the odious imputations of the *Toronto Mirror*. It is true that "not a single mutineer taken alive is spared;" but, we should like to know, in what age, or by what nation, mutineers taken in arms against their officers, and during the raging of the mutiny, were "spared?" Death, we repeat, is the doom awarded by the laws of every civilized country to the mutineer; and by none are those laws more rigorously enforced than by those which boast loudest of their civil liberties. It is not many years since a young gentleman, midshipman on board of a Yankee man of war, was by his commanding officer tried by drum-head court-martial, and hung at the yard arm; and though the deceased had powerful friends—being if we mistake not a near relative of a high government official—the Lieutenant who hanged him, was by a Court-Martial honorably acquitted, whilst his conduct was generally applauded by his fellow-citizens. Now in this case there was far less excuse, because far less necessity, for such extreme rigor, than there is in the case of the Indian mutinies. No actual violence had been resorted to, not a drop of blood, in so far as we remember, had been spilt; and yet on the plea that military discipline, and the safety of the ship, required the example, the life of a young officer who, at most, had meditated mutiny, "was not spared;" and the general verdict of the people of the United States admitted the validity of that plea. There is not, we say it with confidence, such an instance of rigorous infliction of martial law on record in the annals of the British Army or Navy, and yet the United States are held up as in an especial manner, the land of liberty.

So far then from blaming the military authorities for inflicting the extreme penalty of the law upon "all mutineers they can lay hands on," we should deem their conduct exceedingly reprehensible if they acted otherwise, until the mutiny be suppressed. Then indeed, when the necessity for such severe measures shall have passed away, will it be time to listen to the voice of mercy; but whilst the conflict rages, and until the mutineers lay down their arms, there is no other course open, than that which is now being pursued. Mutineers, when captured, are not entitled to, and in no civilised community ever receive, the treatment of ordinary prisoners of war. They cannot be exchanged, for there are none with whom to exchange them—as the Sepoys put to death all of our people who fall into their hands; they cannot be released upon parole, because mutineers are men who, having once proved false to the most sacred engagements—engagements which even a Dugald Dalgetty respected—are for ever unworthy of being trusted. To set them at liberty, unconditionally, would be to send them back to swell the ranks of the foe; to detain them as prisoners, is, with our small body of troops, simply impossible, because we have not men to furnish the necessary guards and escorts. There remains then no other mode of dealing with them than that which has been adopted—that mode which the military code of every nation enjoins, and without which the discipline of an army can not be maintained. If the *Mirror* would but remember that in dealing with the Sepoys, we are dealing, not with "rebels in the ordinary acceptance of the term," but with our own hired soldiers, who have voluntarily enlisted in our service, and who therefore, by their own act, have transferred their allegiance to those against whom they are now in arms, and deliberately subjected themselves to our military code, he would see no reasons for complaining because the provisions of that code have been rigorously applied to them.

Were we disposed to be "querulous," we might complain of the injustice done us by the *Mirror*, in representing us as "whitewashing the iniquities of English misrule" in India, and seeking "to advance the rule of the East India Company." He knows that in so representing us, he has willfully, and without the shadow of an excuse, misrepresented us; he knows that, throughout the article at which he has taken offence, we have fully admitted the evils of British rule in India, and disclaimed all design of apologising for those evils; and he knows that we have spoken of the East India Company as more intent upon squeezing the rupees out of the unhappy ryots, than upon promoting their material or moral welfare. But we forbear—remembering that, as we have hitherto said nothing at which he should take offence, so should we carefully abstain from saying anything calculated to prolong an unpleasant controversy.

For, on all the other points touched upon by the *Mirror*, we fully agree with him. With him we agree in denouncing the massacre at Drogheda by Cromwell, as, at least, as atrocious as that of Cawnpore. In our eyes, as in his, Nena Sahib, brute though he be, compares favorably with Dutch Billy, the hero of Glencoe, or with "butcher" Cumberland, whose cruelties towards the gallant Highlanders, after the fatal

day of Culloden, have not been surpassed by the savage mutineers of Delhi and Meerut. Of the diabolical atrocities perpetrated upon the Catholic people of Ireland in '98, there can be but one opinion; and whilst, as British subjects, we blush with shame to think that such atrocities were committed in the name of a British Government, it is some consolation to reflect that they were at the time loudly and indignantly protested against by British gentlemen, and British officers—like General Sir Ralph Abercromby, who, as Commander-in-Chief, not being able to put a stop to those enormities, threw up his appointment with disgust. It is also but just to state that the worst of those enormities were the acts, not of British troops, but of the Hessian mercenaries, and of the Irish Protestant yeomanry; whose cruelty towards their Catholic fellow-countrymen, British officers, like Abercromby, witnessed with surprise and disgust, but were unable to prevent, so omnipotent were the Orangemen at the Castle of Dublin. This is admitted by an Irish Protestant, Sir Jonah Barrington, who, speaking of the Irish Protestant gentry of Wexford, remarks that—"they acted as if under the impression that burning every cottage, and torturing every cottager, were a meritorious proof of their faith and loyalty."

And this brings us to one great reason why no Irishman, worthy of the name, should manifest the slightest leaning towards the Sepoys, or directly or indirectly seek to institute any comparison betwixt them, and the brave, but unfortunate insurgents of '98. It is on record, to the eternal honor of those Irishmen—and on record by Sir Jonah Barrington, a political opponent—"as a singular fact that in all the ferocity of the conflict, the storming of towns and of villages, women were uniformly respected by the insurgents. Though numerous ladies fell occasionally into their power, they never experienced any incivility or misconduct."—*Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*. We know of no people, either ancient or modern, of whom such honorable testimony can be given.—For the purity of her daughters, and the noble chivalry of her sons even in their moments of wildest ferocity, Ireland stands unrivalled. How then can the sons and daughters of that country sympathise with the filthy Sepoys, who spare not infancy in their fury, and in their brutal lusts regard not the honor of the sex?—how then can any Irishman pretend that there is any, the slightest, resemblance betwixt the cause of the mutineers, and that of the brave insurgents who uniformly respected the women of their enemies, even "in all the ferocity" of a most savage conflict? "Oh!"—would we say in conclusion to the *Mirror*—"if you really love your country, and honor the memory of her martyrs, do not insult her and slander them, by sympathising with wretches from whom the men of '98 would have recoiled with loathing. If you are a true Catholic Irishman, do not let it be suspected even that you are at heart a Sepoy."

THAT the people of Great Britain are a great people, a moral people, and essentially a religious people, is one of those facts which to doubt is sin, and to deny is rank blasphemy. That their Protestantism is the cause of the greatness, morality, and righteousness of the people of Great Britain is, of course, another fact of the same order, and constitutes perhaps the one article of faith of the Great Briton.

Some disagreeable truths will however persist in leaking out, which do seem to detract somewhat from the excellent character which Great Britons generally give of themselves. The rapid spread of Mormonism, for instance, amongst the people of England, Scotland, and Wales, is a cause of great concern to the *Times*; who, in an excess of candor, blurts out the unsavory truth, "that the majority of the Mormon community—Mr. Carvalho says nine-tenths—are English, Scotch, and Welsh." Startled at this unexpected, but conclusive refutation of the morality and righteousness of his Protestant fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, the *Times*, in piteous accents, exclaims—"How is this? Who is responsible for this? What have our orthodox parish priests been doing, and what have our orthodox Dissenting ministers been doing, that their own congregations have been the feeders of such an enormity as this?" Alas! our orthodox parish priests and orthodox Dissenting ministers have been busy for the last three centuries preaching the right of "private judgment" against the Catholic Church; and now their congregations assert the same right against "our orthodox parish priests, and our orthodox Dissenting ministers." The opinion, in fact, is gaining ground amongst the congregations, that Joe Smith was as much a man of God as Luther, and that the gospel of Brigham Young is as good an article as that furnished by the rival house of Calvin, John Knox & Co. The consequent loss of custom may be very painful to the keepers of the older heresy shop, but should not excite our surprise, or be looked upon as in any respect an abandonment of the fundamental principle of the great Protestant Reformation of the XVI. century.

On the contrary; the simple fact, that Mor-

mon recruits are drawn exclusively from the Protestant portion of the British population, and that Catholic Ireland has not as yet furnished one single soldier to the host which acknowledges Joe Smith as its prophet, and Brigham Young as its captain and high priest—is, to the reflecting mind, a conclusive proof that betwixt Protestantism—that phase of it at all events which chiefly obtains in the British Isles—and Mormonism, there is a close affinity; that the latter is but the natural development of evangelicalism, and that its conquests amongst the Methodists of Wales, and the sectaries of England and Scotland, are but the inevitable consequences of the principles which all Protestant sects hold in common.—This thesis the Times develops at length in an able, and very amusing article, some extracts from which we will lay before our readers.

The striking characteristic of all the Reformed sects in the British Isles has always been their preference of the Old, to the New Testament. To this singular, and decidedly anti-Christian taste, must we attribute, not only their superstitious attachment to Sabbatarian practices, and the quaint phraseology of the conventicle—which, since the days of Hudibras, has furnished a never ending fund of amusement to the carnal minded and profane—but, as the Times clearly shows, their easy acquiescence in the relations of the Mormon scriptures. As the learned and eloquent Dr. Brownson forcibly demonstrated in his lectures, delivered some years ago in this city, Protestantism, in so far as it is something besides a bare negation, is essentially "Carnal Judaism;" and gives a gross, carnal, and material interpretation to the writings of the Old Testament, from which, rather than from those of the New, it draws its inspiration. Now, Mormonism chimes in admirably with this "carnal" and "Judaizing" mode of interpreting the Christian hagiographa. The language of the Book of Mormon is throughout an imitation of that which Protestants have long been accustomed to admire in the authorised version of the Old Testament; the most revolting practices, and the most anti-Christian doctrines of the "Latter Day Saints," are defamed and supported by the examples of the patriarchs, and the precepts of the Mosaic law; and the prophecies of the Old Testament are applied—with an ingenuity that would do credit to a Keith, or a Cummings, a Spurgeon, or the most zealous Protestant commentator upon Holy Writ that ever attempted to make out a case of identity betwixt the Roman Pontiff and the "Scarlet Lady"—to the final triumph of Mormonism over all its enemies, and the glories of the holy city of Utah, the New Jerusalem. This appeal to "prophecy," which, when made by "our orthodox parish priests, and our orthodox dissenting ministers" has driven many an old woman nearly crazy upon the subject of Popery, and prompted many an act of ruthless violence against the idolatrous worshippers of the "Beast," has been largely and most successfully employed by the missionaries of Mormonism. To use a stereotyped evangelical formula, the latter found in Protestant England a soil which, for nigh three centuries, had been carefully manured and prepared for the seed, which they were about to sow; and it is thus that the Times accounts for the favorable reception that Mormonism has met with amongst his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists. "What," he asks, "was the inducement to the deluded crowd to join the new religion?" This question the Times answers as follows:—

"It seems to have been mainly the extraordinary prophetic show and pretence of the Mormonite imposture. The subject of prophecy has ever since the Reformation had an extraordinary hold over the minds of religious people in this country. The Puritans were mad upon it. They dreamt of the battle of Armageddon, of Gog and Magog, of the seven seals and the seven trumpets, of the star which was called Wormwood, and the angel whose name was Abaddon, till, wound up at last to frenzy, they thought the world was coming to an end, and that all these mysterious events were close at hand, every military officer of any distinction imagining that he was the person who was to have the especial honour of capturing the great dragon and delivering the saints. These speculations have never lost their charm among us, and, though we do not make such warlike prophecies as our Puritan ancestors, prophecy is still the fashion. The religious world throws itself into the future, and fixes the era of the millennium with unflinching ingenuity. No two commentators agree on their date, but this very diversity gives a zest to speculation. It is really extraordinary what stuff comes out yearly in the shape of comment on those parts of Scripture; what curious and wild contortions and grimaces prophecy performs under the guidance of its interpreters. All this is seriously written and seriously read. Men of education, scholars, Academicians please themselves with laying out the mysterious future with as much exactness as if they were laying out a Dutch garden or drawing a figure in geometry. They are as familiar with the heavenly Jerusalem as they are with the ground plan of their own houses. The pleasure is that of a Chinese puzzle. There is endless room for ingenuity in different juxtapositions of the various pieces, the pieces here being the different figures, types, numbers, and personages of this mystical department. They shake their kaleidoscope, and look through it to see what they have got, and they shake it again and look through it again, till they have got some figure symmetrical enough. Every remarkable event of the day is sure to be followed by a general shaking of the prophetic kaleidoscope, because it must be brought into the figure. If a King falls, or a King rises there are three or four books in the course of as many weeks to prove his connexion with one of the horns of the beast, and the coup d'etat of Louis Napoleon produced a general excitement in the prophetic world.

Such being the prophetic bias of many industrious writers, imagine this influence at work in a low and uneducated class. Imagine these rude and uneducated minds intent, so far as they think of religion at all, upon the prophetic aspect of it, full of ideas of a

millennium and a sort of earthly paradise, which they have caught up from the glowing page of Old Testament prophecy, and which, literally interpreted, does bear that meaning, however a more refined and a truer interpretation, may spiritualize it. They read in the Old Testament prophecy of a region where men shall no more hurt or destroy, where there shall be no violence and no want, and they give to all this a material interpretation. Under such impressions they will be very likely to be dupes of designing impostors, who come to tell them about a land beyond the seas where all is peace and plenty, no oppression, no extortion. If this was the picture of the Mormonite paradise which was given them, its gross features being kept back, their faith in it was, of course, gross credulity; but it is a credulity which our learned and educated zealots who run mad on this very subject of prophecy themselves have no particular right to censure. They have set the example. When educated men and even clever men run into such extraordinary follies and dreams on this subject, it is not very surprising if a coarse illiterate class, has gone a step further, and not only indulged the dream, but acted upon it. It is a very good maxim that no one class in society errs without the rest being in some degree implicated. The prophetic mania in our religious world is more or less responsible for the Mormonite emigration from these islands. This extravagant adventure is only a coarse reflection of that wild prophetic speculation in which so large a part of the religious public has indulged."

We ask no better commentary upon the Protestant "rule of faith" than is contained in the above valuable confession of the anti-Catholic Times. We have therein, not only an explicit admission of the dangers and immoralities which flow from the indiscriminate perusal, and literal interpretation of the Scriptures—but a frank avowal of the absolute necessity of an interpreter to elicit their true and spiritual meaning. A "literal" interpretation of the Scriptures, does yield the sense put upon them by the Mormon missionaries; the said Scriptures must therefore be most dangerous writings to put into the hands of persons not able to extract from them their hidden and spiritual meaning—that is, of nine-tenths at least of the human race; and therefore the discipline of the Catholic Church, which discourages the promiscuous reading of the Scriptures, lest a false interpretation be put upon them by the rude and ignorant, is, to say the least, a wise and salutary precaution, of which the results are plainly visible in the total non-success of Mormon missionaries to the Catholics of Ireland.

Mormonism then is but a legitimate development of the fundamental principle of all Protestantism—that the Scriptures, without note or comment, and interpreted by the "private judgment" of the individual, are the sole "rule of faith." But this "rule," literally applied, is leading thousands and tens of thousands in Protestant England and Wales to adopt the doctrines of Mormonism, and that by a strictly logical and inevitable process. The Mormon converts boast, and with truth, that they accept the "Word of God" as given in the inspired prophecies, in its simple and literal integrity; that they seek not to explain away, and put no forced interpretation upon, the sacred text; and they may well plead that, if after having thus dealt with God's Word, they have fallen into error, the fault is His, Who has expressed His meaning so obscurely, and in language that "literally interpreted" does bear the sense put upon it by the Mormons; but Who has not given a divinely authorised, and therefore infallible, interpreter of His revealed Word, in order that simple but well meaning men, might not fall into grievous doctrinal error by a "literal interpretation" and a too implicit confidence in the truth, of the promises and threats contained in the sacred writings.

The Christian Guardian of Toronto (Methodist) has received from a young lady for the benefit of the inhabitants of the Hudson Bay Territory, a present of a small box of jewellery, with an accompanying letter, which our cotemporary looks upon as a "good sign." The modest description given by the young lady herself of her spiritual condition will be looked upon by our readers as a "strange sign" of the extravagances of spiritual pride into which Methodism can lead its votaries. This very humble-minded young lady, for instance, acquaints the world, through the columns of the Toronto press, that "at a late camp meeting, she was enabled by the grace of God to throw herself entirely on the merits of her Redeemer," and to "attain the blessing of entire sanctification." For five months she had to wait for it, though, during which time, she kept her eye fixed on the one thing—"Holiness to the Lord;" which was a good thing for her, as she tells us, for "otherwise she might have gone back to the world, or at best, remained in a state of justification only." Now see what a thing it is to be a Methodist!—A poor Papist does not dare to boast even of being "in a state of justification;" but smiting his breast, and standing afar off, still cries out—"Lord have mercy upon me, miserable sinner!"—*Domine non sum dignus.* A young lady, being a Methodist, can go to camp meeting, get happy, "lose her strength"—that we believe is the cant phrase for the strange convulsions which the penitents undergo—and lo! in a trice she is in a state of "entire sanctification;" booked for a first-class place in the kingdom of heaven, with a "through ticket" in her pocket. It's a great thing to be a Methodist.

Besides, our Methodist friends do things in such a business-like manner. "What shall I do to be saved?" is as serious a question with many at the present day, as it was when first the Gospel was preached upon earth; and every sect has its different *nastrium*, which it prescribes as an infallible specific for all spiritual diseases. What

"Holloway's Ointment" is for sore shins, or "Ayer's Cathartic Pills" are in cases of indigestion, so are the remedies for soul complaints which the conventicle freely administers to its attendants. Pre-eminent however amongst these spiritual "Jack-Puddings," stand the Methodists, whose wonderful and well attested cures drive the devil to despair, and who have brought the art of saving souls to perfection. Thus, in a late number of our Toronto cotemporary, the writer, giving us an account of the wonders wrought at a late "camp meeting" near Brighton, introduces us to a "Dr. and Mrs. Palmer from New York"—who "seem to have thoroughly mastered the sublime art of saving souls"—indeed, Mrs. Palmer thinks no more of saving a soul than of curing a ham; and who "are perfectly at home in unravelling the most difficult cases of conscience, answering the most subtle and puzzling questions, and meeting the most formidable objections suggested by the heart of unbelief." These unrivalled spiritual practitioners carry on their business at New York; but no doubt, if sufficient inducements were held out to them, they might be persuaded to pay us a short visit here in Montreal, where quacks of all kinds can reap a rich harvest, and are sure—if they will but pay for it—of the hearty support of the city press. We hope that the Christian Guardian will profit by the hint, and use its influence with its friends—whose marvellous gifts it advertises—to persuade them to open business—(terms, *Cash*)—in some of our large Canadian cities, wherein there are a good many very "hard cases" and lots of souls in need of saving. We have our quacks of all kinds—for our lungs and our bowels—why should we not have our Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, for our souls?

William McCarthy has been arrested and committed to stand his trial as one of the party engaged in the assault on Lieutenant Tryon, which terminated in the death of Dempsey. We regret to see that some of our cotemporaries assume the guilt of the accused, and speak as if the charge were already proved against him.—This is unfair, for every man has the right to be treated as innocent, until he has been proved guilty—even though he be an Irishman, and a Catholic.

In the case of Jovanetti, charged with the murder of Arch. McDougall, the Jury has returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

We have received a printed circular, signed Andrew Russell, warning us against inserting "Crown Land's" advertisements without a written order. This notice we look upon as a piece of gratuitous impertinence, since the TRUE WITNESS never has inserted any "Crown Land's" advertisements, and has certainly never betrayed any anxiety to insert them.

"ASPIRATIONS OF NATURE."—By T. T. HECKER.—An admirable work from the pen of the author of "Questions of the Soul," which we are sure the Catholic public will receive with delight. Mr. Hecker's object is to show that the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church alone, can satisfy the natural yearnings of the human heart; and in this object he has, we think, been eminently successful.

"BROWNSON'S REVIEW," for October, has come to hand, and shall be noticed in our next.

To the Editor of the True Witness.
Kingston, Oct. 17, 1857.

Sir—I regret that, instead of reading and publishing Mr. Vankoughnet's speech at Brandon, you chose to adopt the remarks which the Hamilton Banner—a very questionable authority, as far as truth is concerned—was pleased to make upon it. Had you published the speech itself, your readers would have seen that there was no desire, on Mr. Vankoughnet's part, to draw unjust distinctions between the energy, industry, and skill of the agriculturists of the two sections of the Province; but that, on the contrary, contrasting the two exhibitions, he pointed out with the strictest fairness and impartiality wherein the one excelled the other; showing that the Montreal exhibition excelled the Brandon, in some respects, while it did not equal it in others.

Mr. Vankoughnet is the last man to do injustice to any portion of his fellow-Colonists. His views are large and liberal; and being a man of intelligence, as well as a man of honor, he is far above endeavoring to catch "rounds of cheers" by any such disgraceful trick, as the Hamilton Banner ascribes to him.

Your obedient servant,
A CATHOLIC.

(From the Tablet.)

A question has lately been started which is of general interest, and on which a good deal has been said incidentally in one sense or another as to the real sentiments of the Catholic body respecting the Sepoy mutiny and the Indian insurrection. Do they, at this crisis, stand aloof from their Protestant countrymen in England and Ireland? Do they sympathize with the Sepoy or with the European? The question is not whether any one can be found to express deliberate approbation of individual acts of atrocity. The question is not whether, in point of fact, the barbarities practised by the mutineers have been over-stated, as some say, or understood, as we both believe and know to be the case. The question is, are there at this moment any considerable number of Catholics who desire the success of the insurgents? It is a question of no trifling moment, for it is beyond dispute that those who desire the success of the insurgents must desire what that success involves and implies.

Now, the success of the insurgents involves and implies no less than the slaughter of many thousands of English and Irish soldiers and civilians, the violation, mutilation, and murder of many hundreds of English and Irish women, and the entire ruin of many English and Irish families. Are these things, then, desired by any considerable number of Catholics? Any Catholic who avows that such are his desires is, of course, believed upon his word. If he says so, who will be so charitable as to argue with him that he is mistaken as to the state of his own feelings?

But with regard to the vast majority of men their sentiments cannot be learned from their own published sentiments, for neither do they give public utterance to their thoughts, nor have they authorised any one to speak on their behalf. Whoever would learn their opinions must trust to conjecture, or must draw his inferences from facts. Now, we have seen statements in Protestant papers on both sides. Some profess to believe that a very large number of Catholics sympathise with the insurgents; some, on the contrary, maintain that such sympathy is as nearly as possible confined to those who have expressed it. Our belief on this point happily coincides with our incli-

nations. We should be most reluctant to believe, and we do not believe, that any considerable number of Catholics have the sentiments which their inveterate calumniators attribute to them. If we could show that no Catholics ought to entertain such sentiments, we should have done something towards proving that no considerable number do entertain them. For it is clear that, in the absence of proof, the presumption is in favor of innocence. If we could further show that there was no reasonable motive for harboring such sentiments, we should have gone a step further still, for the presumption in favor of innocence is always strengthened by the absence of a motive for guilt. But if we could show that such sentiments were not only wicked and foolish, but contrary to self-interest, to natural instincts, and to all the ordinary motions of the human mind, we should have provided ourselves with a justification for ascribing to any man who brought such an accusation against the Catholic body the stigma of being a foul and wicked slanderer. Yet, it is unnecessary to bring these proofs, for the very men who make the accusation would be the first to declare the propositions proved, that no Catholic ought to sympathise with the insurgents, that no Catholic has any reasonable motive for doing so, and that to do so is wicked and foolish, contrary to self-interest, and to every natural instinct. Then why are we accused? Catholics are continually praying to Almighty God for the peace and prosperity of the realm, imploring Him to grant a peaceful reign, length of days, and victory over all enemies to their Sovereign, and entreating Him to avert all temporal evils and afflictions from their country. Is it supposed that, while thus addressing the Almighty in words, the aspirations of their hearts are directed to the Devil, in the hope that he may bring ruin and disaster on their country, and death and destruction on their countrymen?

But it may be said that men do not always act according to their own notions of duty. Well, what reasonable motive has ever been suggested why the Catholics of England or Ireland should desire the success of the insurrection? The Sepoy sword or bullet makes no distinction between Catholic and Protestant, between English and Irish. In the lists of the fallen soldiers or of the murdered women the names of O'Connor and O'Brien, Casey and Dempsey, are mingled with Thompson and Wilson, Lindsay and Jones. They are not Irish or English Protestants to whose agonies we are supposed to be indifferent, but Catholics of both countries, involved in the same dangers and menaced by the same fate. Or, if we are so brutal that the ties of country, kinship, and religion have no meaning for us, are our material interests less involved than those of Protestants in any public disaster? Will Catholics be exempted from, or are they heedless of, the burthens of increased taxation and all the hardships necessarily attendant on a costly and protracted war?

The secret reason, both of the suspicion and the slander, lies in this: that English and Irish Protestants are fully conscious that their Catholic countrymen, and especially the Catholics of Ireland, have deep and real cause of complaint. These Protestants know well that their Catholic countrymen are continually reviled and insulted; that their religion is made the constant theme of abuse, misrepresentation, and outrage; that their rights to civil and religious equality are denied and withheld; that their protests, petitions, and demands are slighted; that such a flagrant injustice as the Protestant Church Establishment is maintained in full force, after its enormity has been demonstrated and admitted; that Protestant bigotry is so violent that, in England, trial by jury is no protection to a Catholic Prelate, while in Ireland the very guardians of the peace are Orange partisans. Even at this very season of emergency, that portion of the Protestant press which yields the greatest influence and enjoys the widest circulation finds space and time to insult Catholics. Even at this crisis, when Catholic Chaplains are called for to provide Catholic soldiers with spiritual aid, an insolent distinction is drawn between them and Protestants, and it is left to the private charity of Catholics to provide them with the mere necessities of their sacred functions. At this very moment, when the safety of the empire is at stake, Protestant bigotry in England excludes every Catholic, no matter what his rank, his fortune, or his talents, from the House of Commons. There is not one class or condition of life in which the profession of Catholicity does not constitute a social disadvantage to all but the unworthy and the mean. There is even reason to believe that in the very highest quarters the restoration of those hereditary honours, which to a Protestant in similar circumstances would be granted as of course, will be withheld from Catholics solely on account of their religion.

In Protestant Prussia, Wurtemberg, Holland, and Hanover, new Catholic Hierarchies have been recognized; in England a new Hierarchy has been prescribed, and in Ireland the ancient national Hierarchy has been subjected to the same insult. The recruiting sergeant is seeking to enlist Catholic soldiers for the defence of the empire, while the Protestant Souper, paid, sent, and maintained by Protestant industry, is everywhere exasperating the Catholic population by his blasphemous invectives against all they hold sacred, and driving his vile bargains with hunger and poverty for the purchase of the souls of children. These are the reasons which inspire doubt and suspicion into the minds of Protestants as to the sentiments of Catholics.

They hate whom they have injured—they fear whom they hate. We, on the other hand, neither hate nor fear in return. In this Indian crisis, as in all other national emergencies, we have our own duties, our own interests, our own affections, which prescribe to us the course which it befits Catholics to take as good Christians, as honest citizens, as faithful subjects. We shall be content if Protestants do their duty half as well as Catholics. Let them begin by redressing the grievances under which their Catholic fellow-subjects labor. That will be a safe and certain way of reassuring their own minds, and allaying any suspicions of Catholic sympathy for Sepoys. Sure we are of this, that at the present crisis, it is the duty of every good citizen to do his best to compel Protestant bigotry to listen to reason, and to remove those permanent causes of suspicion and ill-will which still exist in such formidable numbers.

Would to Heaven that every Catholic in Ireland and England would feel with us that, since none of the objects which we have at heart trench upon the rights of any man, or would conduce to anything but the security of the State and the welfare of the people, the present opportunity should by no means be neglected of urging our just claims, when danger has opened men's eyes to the perils of disunion, and when the resistance of Protestant bigots to the redress of our wrongs would be overborne by the common sense of all wise and enlightened men. This, we believe, is what our enemies most fear; for this reason they have sought to excite public opinion against Catholics by representing them as sympathising with the Indian murders. We are sorry then even a single Catholic has afforded the slightest pretext for the cry. No amount of sympathy with Sepoys will hasten, by a single day, the cause of the Irish tenant, the abolition of the Church Establishment or obtain for Ireland or for Catholics one fraction of their just claims. The Times is perfectly assured that a full proportion of Catholic blood and treasure will be spent in the service of the country; on this point it has no misgivings. What it fears is that justice may be done.

The Hamilton Banner says that twenty dollar forged bills of the Commercial Bank are in circulation; they have been altered from fours. This counterfeit can scarcely be detected except by comparing the vignette and figures on the four and twenty dollar bills. On the former, the vignette is a railway train, and the figures two female portraits; while the vignette on twenty dollar bill should be a single female figure between 2 and 0 and the portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert at the sides.

TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—The New York Herald of Saturday morning contains the intelligence of a sad accident on the N.Y. Central Railroad, on Thursday evening, 15th inst., about eight o'clock. It occurred at a place called Beaver Meadow Brooks, six miles west of Syracuse, and was caused by the washing away of about eighty feet of the embankment. The mail train, consisting of one baggage car, went all, excepting the last car, thrown down an embankment of twenty feet. There were sixty passengers aboard the cars. One passenger, Miss Brown of Toronto, was drowned. Mr. Bronson, of New Britain, Conn., had his bowels torn out, and died to-day at the Globe Hotel. About twenty of the passengers were injured, six of them seriously. The locomotive is a perfect wreck. The mail car was burned, as also all the mail bags, save one which was saved by Mr. McMasters, the mail agent who came to his senses only in time to save it. We deeply regret to learn that the Miss Brown mentioned is sister of George Brown, Esq., M.P.P., who, in company with her father, was en route for England. Mr. Brown escaped with slight contusions.—Gazette.

DARING BURGLARY.—Late on Thursday night or early on Friday morning last the house of the Rev. Mr. DeSola, corner of Lagouchetiere and Chenouville streets, was burglariously entered. Early on Friday morning (about 5 o'clock) it was discovered that Mrs. DeSola's gold watch had been removed from a table in her bed-chamber, on the first floor and on search being made, traces of the burglars were found in the rooms below, in broken desks and in the absence of some silver spoons and other articles stolen from the drawers in the dining room. The front door of the house was found open, it having been locked the night before. The police have, as yet, been unable to find any clue to the discovery of the perpetrators of this, in our community, unusually daring crime.—Herald.

THE BURSTALL FAILURE.—As we mentioned in a late article, the rumored failure of Messrs. Burstall & Co. could not be confirmed until the arrival of the next mail from England. Telegraphic despatches by the Asia announce that the Hull Bank, in which was deposited the funds of the firm, is likely to pay in full. It appears that one of the partners, who retired two years ago with a fortune of £200,000, had neglected to take the legal steps to relieve himself of his liabilities, and by this omission his whole fortune becomes liable to the creditors of the bank. Melancholy to relate, however, this sudden deprivation of fortune had such an effect upon the unfortunate gentleman that he shot himself. The Advertiser says that this turn in the affairs of the Hull Bank is of immense importance to Canada at this moment. Two of our banks sold £100,000 of exchange drawn by Burstall & Co. against funds in its hands, and other parties claims of twice the amount. The news at once gave a buoyancy to the money market, and Montreal Bank stock advanced 5 per cent.—Transcript.

PONTIAC ELECTION.—Mr. George Bryson has been elected member for Pontiac; majority 481. His opponent was Mr. Burke.

FIRE AT OTTAWA CITY.—An extensive and alarming fire occurred in that city on Thursday morning last week. It broke out in the kitchen of a house in Sussex Street, occupied by one Baskerville as a saloon or tavern, and quickly communicated to the adjoining houses. Before it was stopped in its progress no less than ten or twelve tenements with their contents were consumed. One of the houses destroyed belongs to W. Workman, Esq., of this city. There is an insurance to the amount of £300 upon it.—Transcript.

BURGLARY IN QUEBEC.—On Wednesday night, the Wholesale Store of A. Laurie & Co., in Quebec, was broken into, the safe opened, and £80 taken therefrom.

THE RENFREW MURDER.—At the Perth Assizes last week, Jas. Kearns and Michael Dillon, were placed upon their trial for the murder of Sampson, on the Opeongo road. The evidence showed the murder to have been committed in the most cold-blooded and cruel manner, by at least two individuals, who entered the house of Sampson at the dead of the night, attacked him in his bed, chased him into the field, and beat him to death. A son and daughter of the deceased were also severely beaten, and would very probably have been killed, had they not escaped and concealed themselves in the darkness. The evidence of identity of the persons was not very strong, and they produced witnesses who swore an alibi. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

We learn that Col. Milo M'Caragar, of the fourth battalion Grenville militia has proposed to raise 100 men to go to India to assist in putting down the mutinies. Col. M'Caragar, at the age of 15, volunteered and served in the last war between Great Britain and the United States. He possesses qualities of determination and energy which would make him a very efficient officer. Baron de Rotenburg has, we understand, acknowledged the offer in a very complimentary and appropriate manner.—Leader.

BARBERS.—If you must shave—if you will shave—if you wish to be shaved—and oh! so nicely—just purchase a bottle of Blodgett's "Persian Balm." Four or five drops upon your brush makes a rich lather, and renders the beard soft. You cannot have a sore or chapped face, and use the "Persian Balm" for shaving.

Birth.
In this city, on Friday, the 16th inst., Mrs. C. W. Sharpley, of a daughter.

Died.
On Monday morning, the 15th instant, aged 24 years, Stanislaus Henry, youngest son of J. M. Anderson, Esq., Classical Teacher, No. 95, St. Lawrence Main Street.

Tho' scalding tears unbidden flow,
When those we love have pass'd from earth;
It sweetens grief withal, to know
That life with God begins in Death!

On Friday, the 16th instant, Robert M'Naughton, Esq., merchant, aged 47 years.
At Silery Cove, Quebec, on the 19th inst., Mr. Maurice Malone, Culler, aged 67 years.

NOTICE.
THE Undersigned have entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as
Commission Merchants and General Agents,
under the name and firm of FOGARTY & RONAYNE, and will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of
TEAS, WINES, LIQUORS, and GROCERIES,
Which will be disposed of, to the Retail Trade, on Liberal Terms.
P. J. FOGARTY,
M. RONAYNE.
Nos. 28 St. Nicholas and 21 St. Sacrament Streets.
October 23.

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

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Stuttgart will henceforth be famous as the favored city in which two great potentates met to deliberate (if we are to believe all that the papers say) on the affairs of every nation of the world except their own. The citizens of that now remarkable city are, it seems, excessively elated, and the King of Wurtemberg equally pleased, that the capital of his kingdom was the chosen spot upon which the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander last week cordially grasped the hand of friendship. The gratification of the King has not been diminished by a knowledge of the current rumor that his Court was selected by the Emperors because the King is not only aged, but very deaf, and so would be unable to catch all they might say in his presence. The interview is, however, now over, and it is to be hoped will be productive of the best results to civilization and humanity. We stated on a former occasion that a confident hope had been expressed that one immediate result would be a considerable reduction of the standing armies of the great Continental Powers. However this may be, one thing is certain—that both France and Russia are fast increasing their naval armaments. The latter Power seems especially to be making every exertion in this respect. A ship-of-war has just been launched at Bordeaux for Russia. Several have recently been launched in the United States, and French and American ship-builders are still actively employed in the service of the Russian navy. It is at present idle to speculate on the real objects of the Emperors, but as this visit was followed up by an interview on Thursday last at Weimar, between the Emperor Alexander and the Emperor of Austria, and another meeting between the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Prussia is reported as about to take place, we see no reason to suppose that any but pacific intentions at present exist. One certain advantage has been gained by the Emperor of the French. His journey into Germany has been for him one of his greatest triumphs. The successor of the Emperor who treated him with coldness and hauteur, and who, in fact, repudiated his pretensions, has shown himself most desirous of tacitly admitting the claims of Napoleon as the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. The Paris Correspondent of the Chronicle, in a despatch dated Thursday evening, remarks very truly—"His recognition by all the great Powers of Europe is no longer merely diplomatic, but personal, and given with an eagerness and care that no European Sovereign ever before received." Weekly Register.

An understanding has been come to between the French and English Governments with respect to the introduction of French troops into Pondicherry and the other French settlements in the East Indies. It is reported here that, in consequence of recent persecutions of Europeans in Madagascar, a combined English and French expedition against the Queen of that country is not improbable. Although this would doubtless be a matter of no great difficulty in a military point of view, the dangerous climate, which in many parts of the island is almost inevitably fatal to Europeans, should suffice to deter from such an undertaking, unless it be deemed absolutely necessary. Cor. of Times.

INDIA.

DELHI.—The mutineers made great preparations for an attack on the 31st of July, the eve of the Bukreee festival, but nothing occurred beyond some desultory skirmishing. On the evening of August 1st, they attacked the right of the British position, and maintained the contest through the night, and up to the afternoon of August 2. Our loss was very slight—10 killed and 36 wounded—the men being kept well under cover. Captain Fravers, 32nd N.I., serving with Lokos Rifles, was killed.—On the 6th of August, the enemy's cavalry, supported by artillery, attacked the Metcalfe-house picket, but not in any force. Lieutenant Brown, 33rd N.I., attached to the Kumaon battalion, was killed; Lieutenant Venion, artillery, and Lieut. Temple, Kumaon battalion, wounded.—On 7th August, skirmishing, with cannonades at intervals. A powder-magazine of the enemy exploded this day, with a loss, it is rumored, of 500 lives.—On the 8th of August, a battery, constructed by the mutineers, to inflame our guns, was destroyed. Skirmishing was kept up during that night and the next three days. Our troops suffered very little.—On the 12th, guns established outside Cashmere-gate were attacked by a force under Brigadier Showers, and, after a sharp contest, taken. They consisted of one 24-pounder howitzer; two 7 and one 6-pounder. Our loss was severe—112 killed and wounded. Brigadier-General Nicholson arrived in camp on the 8th of August in advance of his force. His troops were expected on the 13th, and all would arrive by the 15th, on which date the army before Delhi would number about 11,000 men.—Further reinforcements, it was computed, would, early in September, increase our numbers to 15,000 men. It is generally expected that the assault on the city will take place on the 20th of August. The King is reported to be sending his Zenana to Rhotuck.

AGRA.—All well at Agra, Cawnpore, and Lucknow. The greatest anxiety is felt regarding Lucknow. General Havelock, after crossing the Ganges, defeated the enemy at Onoor on the 30th of July. On the 31st he attacked the enemy in a very strong position in the town of Bussater Gunje, and again defeated them with great slaughter, and took all their guns. His own loss was 88 killed and wounded. He then retired on the Ganges, his small force being burthened with sick and wounded and with the captured artillery. On the 5th of August he again advanced towards Lucknow, and gained two more victories. On the 5th and on the 12th he then found the enemy strongly entrenched in their positions, and numbering 50,000 men.—Finding it impossible to cut his way to Lucknow, in the face of such a force, General Havelock was compelled to retire to Cawnpore and to wait for reinforcements. In the meantime, the position of the gallant garrison of Lucknow is

most precarious. Major Banks, who has acted as Commissioner since Sir H. Lawrence's death, has fallen, but the date of this melancholy occurrence is not stated. The facts above stated are drawn from newspapers and private letters, but they are believed to be substantially correct. No official account has yet been published. ARRAH.—DINAPORE.—After the disaster at Arrah, reported by last mail, the rebels lunged the dead bodies of the Europeans to trees, and took their Enfield rifles, greased cartridges and all, which many of them used. They did not, however, long enjoy their triumph, as they have had a severe beating by Major Eyre, who attacked them at Arrah. He had three guns, 50 gunners, 150 of the 5th Fusiliers, and 12 gentlemen volunteers from Buxar. The mutineers numbered about 2,500 men, some of them with Enfield rifles. They fought desperately, charging the guns, but were beaten back, and the little garrison at Arrah, consisting of 45 Sikhs, 12 gentlemen, and a lady, were rescued by our brave little force.

GENERAL BENGAL NEWS.—The 63rd Native Infantry and the 11th Irregulars were disarmed at Berhampore on the 1st of August.—They were paraded at an early hour in the morning, and on either flank were placed two guns loaded with grape, under the protection of her Majesty's 90th Regiment, which had just arrived at the station. The Sepoys, when ordered to deliver up their arms, at first made some demur, but at last yielded with a bad grace, and the arms eventually piled and collected, and the troops dismounted. It is said that many of the arms were found to be loaded, and that cartridges were discovered concealed under some of the saddles of the troopers. From several other stations, the European inhabitants, fearing the rising of the Mahomedans, were flying towards Calcutta, which was becoming crowded with fugitives. In Calcutta itself considerable excitement prevailed, and preparations were being made to guard against a Mussulman outbreak, which was believed to be imminent.

THE KING OF DELHI.—A letter from Aboo, dated the 11th ult., mentions that the King of Delhi has offered to make peace with us, on the condition that 36 lakhs of rupees annually, instead of 15, as heretofore, should be secured him and his successors. This proposal was of course peremptorily declined. He was informed that nothing but unconditional surrender could be accepted.—Poonah Observer Extra, Aug. 27.

PUNJAB.—The 26 Regiment, which mutinied at Meer Meer, has been almost entirely destroyed. All remained quiet in the Punjab and cis-Sutlej States up to August 14th.

At Nusseerabad it has been found necessary to disarm 105 of the 12th Bombay Native Infantry, they having refused to obey their commanding officers, on the occasion of a drunken trooper of the Lancers raising an alarm that the Europeans were about to murder them. A court of inquiry is now investigating this affair.

BOMBAY.—GUZERAT.—With the exception of symptoms of disloyalty, immediately suppressed, in the territory of the Rajah of Mundisore, tranquillity has been preserved in Guzerat.

MADRAS.—The 8th Madras Light Cavalry has been disbanded, for refusing to proceed to Bengal.

HYDERABAD.—All quiet at Hyderabad up to Aug. 3. Some apprehensions were entertained that the Chumasee Rajah of Sherpore was meditating rebellion, but arrangements have been made for crushing him.

THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.—NUJOOR JEWANREE'S STORY.—The writer of the following is described as one of our spies. He belongs to the 1st Native Infantry, and is said to be a most intelligent man.—

"When the mutiny broke out at Cawnpore he was with three companies of his regiment, the first or Gillis Pultun, at Banda. On the breaking out of the Sepoys at Band Nujoor Jewanree saved the life of a Mr. Duncan and his wife (Mr. Duncan was a writer, and instructed this man in English), by concealing them in his hut, and afterwards reporting to the Rajah that they were willing to turn Mussulmans. For this the Sepoy fell into ill odor with his comrades, and when the mutineers marched into Cawnpore, the Nena took away from him all he had—about 300rs.—and confined him with four more Sepoys in the same house with the Europeans. At the flight of Futtahpore he was released by the Nena, went back to the Gundeel Nuddee, and thence came over to the English. His account of the Nena's treacherous attack on the boats and the escape and recapture of one of the boats is as follows:—

"When the Nena's guns opened on the boat in which Wheeler Sahib, the general, was (it has now been fully ascertained from servants and others who were with the English party that General Wheeler was not dead before the massacre, but was put wounded on board the boats) he cut his cable and dropped down the river. Some little way down the boat got stuck near the shore. The infantry and guns came up and opened fire. The large gun they could not manage, not knowing how to work the elevating screw, and did not use it. With the small guns they fired grape tied up in bags, and the infantry fired with their muskets. This went on all day. It did not hurt the Sahib-log much. They returned the fire with their rifles from the boat, and wounded several of the Sepoys on the bank, who therefore drew off towards evening. The Sepoys procured a very big boat, into which they all got, and dropped down the river upon the Sahib's boats. Then the Sahibs fired again with their rifles and wounded more Sepoys in the boat, and they drew off and left them. At night came a great rush of water in the river, which floated off the Sahib's boat, and they passed on down the river, but owing to the storm and the dark night they only proceeded three or four koss.—In the meantime intelligence of the Sahib's defence had reached the Nena, and he sent off that night three more companies of the native regiment (1st Oude Infantry) and surrounded the Sahib's boat, and so took them and brought them back to Cawnpore.—Then came out of that boat 60 Sahibs and 25 men—Sahibs and four children—one boy and three half-grown girls. The Nena then ordered the men-Sahibs to be separated from Sahibs to be shot by the Gillis Pultun (1st Bengal Native Infantry); but they said, 'We will not shoot Wheeler Sahib, who has made our Pultun's name great, and whose son is our quartermaster; neither will we kill the Sahib-log. Put them in prison.' Then said the Nadire Pultun, 'What word is this? Put them in prison; we will kill the male.' So the Sahib-log were seated on the ground, and two companies of the Nadire Pultun placed themselves over against them, with their muskets ready to fire. Then said one of the men-Sahibs—the doctor's wife who was, I don't know his name, but he was either superintending surgeon or medical storekeeper—I will not leave my husband; if he must die I will die with him.' So she ran and sat down behind her husband, clasping him round the waist. Directly she said this the other men-Sahibs said, 'We will also die with our husbands'; and they all went and sat down beside their husbands. Then their husbands said, 'Go back'; but they would not. Whereupon the Nena ordered his soldiers, and they going in pulled them forcibly away, seizing them by the arms; but they could not pull away the Doctor's wife, who there remained. Then, just as the Sepoys

were going to fire, the padre (chaplain) called out to the Nena and requested leave to read prayers before they died. The Nena granted it. The padre's bonds were unloosed so far as to enable him to take a small book out of his pocket, from which he read; but all this time one of the Sahib-logs, who was shot in the arm and the leg, kept crying out to the Sepoys, 'If you mean to kill us, why don't you set about it quickly and get the work done? Why delay?' After the padre had read a few prayers he shut the book, and the Sahib-log shook hands all round. Then the Sepoys fired. One Sahib rolled one way, one another, as they sat; but they were not dead, only wounded, so they went in and finished them off with swords.—After this the whole of the women and children (that is, including those taken out of other boats), to the number of 123, were taken away to the yellow house which was your hospital. This was the Bithoor Rajah's house in the civil lines, where I and four more Sepoys were confined, and where I had the opportunity of taking to the sergeant-major's wife. After this, when we (Sepoys) were taken down with the Nena to Futtahpore, the women and children were taken away to the house where they were afterwards murdered.

"I have seen the fearful slaughter-house, and also saw one of the 1st Native Infantry men, according to order, wash up part of the blood which stains the floor before hanging. The quantities of dresses, clogged thickly with blood, children's frocks, frills, and ladies' under clothing of all kinds, also boys' trousers, leaves of Bibles, and of one book in particular, which seems to be strewn over the whole place, called Preparation for Death, also broken daguettoe cases only, lots of them, and hair, some nearly a yard long; bonnets all bloody, and one or two shoes. I picked up a bit of paper with on it, 'Ned's hair, with love'; and opened and found a little bit tied up with riband. The first fellow that went in, I believe, saw the bodies with their arms and legs sticking out through the ground. They had all been thrown in a heap in the well."

Our correspondent adds:—

"I have seen the fearful slaughter-house, and also saw one of the 1st Native Infantry men, according to order, wash up part of the blood which stains the floor before hanging. The quantities of dresses, clogged thickly with blood, children's frocks, frills, and ladies' under clothing of all kinds, also boys' trousers, leaves of Bibles, and of one book in particular, which seems to be strewn over the whole place, called Preparation for Death, also broken daguettoe cases only, lots of them, and hair, some nearly a yard long; bonnets all bloody, and one or two shoes. I picked up a bit of paper with on it, 'Ned's hair, with love'; and opened and found a little bit tied up with riband. The first fellow that went in, I believe, saw the bodies with their arms and legs sticking out through the ground. They had all been thrown in a heap in the well."

The following is from a gentleman in the Bengal Civil Service:—

"Umballah, Aug. 12. We have no news for some days, but so far as we know it really seems that things are looking up at last. General Nicholson has taken down to Delhi a strong force—some 2,700 men—of whom 1,100 are Europeans, and people in camp are confident and again talk of taking the place without waiting for reinforcements from below."

"We have so often heard of the enemy being dispirited, deserting, &c., while notwithstanding they attack us (the besiegers) as constantly as ever, that those stories must be received with caution; but they are now so uniform and constant that I think there must be something in them and that the mutineers are not so plucky and confident as before. Whether we shall, as is so strongly asserted, attack Delhi within a week I do not pretend to say. I should think we must make a breach in the wall first, and, though five 24-pounders went down with General Nicholson, the siege train (a second-class one) only left Ferozepore on the 10th, and cannot be at Delhi before September. God grant that somehow or other we may finish the place without being prostrated by the sickly season; that is still our great danger. But the army has been blessed with wonderful health; there is still very little sickness, and, with abundant supplies, tolerable comforts, and constitutions apparently inured to heat, our men do not complain. We have heard nothing of General Havelock or Sir P. Grant since the former marched for Lucknow, but our hope is that they must be now advancing from Cawnpore. If, as has been proposed, a Punjab or Ghoorka regiment be sent to Meerut, I believe that their will be no difficulty in making an end of Vice-King Waleed of Booland-haha and recovering the Doab. If we can clear it from this side while the Europeans advance from below we shall be decidedly in a much improved position.—The Delhi mutiny will be insulated, our communications will be opened, and we shall again have a small North-West government of our own instead of acting in an enemy's country."

Here and throughout the Punjab things are wonderfully quiet, and the destruction of the last regiment which ventured to mutiny has been complete and effective, although, in the case of the last disarmed regiment, recourse was had to severities which would frighten quiet Englishmen. Nothing in the whole history of the mutiny is more remarkable than the strange flight of the 26th Native Infantry not to Delhi; they did not even take that direction, but, unarmed and apparently without hope or plan, into the centre of a hostile country, where, at 20r. per head, they were killed like so many rats.

The hostility of the Punjabees to Poorbees (Hindoos) does not necessarily imply loyalty to us; but as yet they have certainly been with us, and have been doing us extremely good service. It will be strange indeed if, with the recently conquered Punjab, we reconquer Hindostan. The policy followed is to trust and induce the Sikhs. Hindostanees are ejected from all office, and everything is given to Punjabees. It is trusted that they will thus be satisfied with so many leaves, will not now think of independence, and will hereafter form a trustworthy army. The only difficulty in the Punjab is money. All civil employes and all military servants upon whom the experiment can be safely tried are to be kept six months in arrears of pay. In truth we are attempting to reconquer India with the resources of the Punjab, a task to which it is not equal; and that money has not been raised on any terms and sent up from Bombay is another instance of want of appreciation of the crisis from which very dangerous consequences may follow.

"As regards the North-West Provinces, I trust you will hear more from below of districts regained than we yet know. Rohilcond and all the country below Meerut are still as much strange enemy's countries as ever were the steppes of Russia. But we believe that as soon as we have available forces there will be little popular opposition. So we do now hope that the work of reorganization will soon commence. It is certain that the whole Agra Government must be made Non-Regulation and governed somewhat upon Punjab principles, for some years at least. It is like a country over which a deluge has passed. All our old landmarks and institutions are completely washed away, and we shall commence upon a tabula rasa. There will be every opportunity for the formation of a model administration and the clearing away of the vast Regulation network will greatly facilitate the gradual introduction of new codes and systems. There will be very much to be done, and, to supply the place of the massacred and the incompetent, Government must speedily prepare a large reinforcement of civil servants. In justice to the army, the system of recruiting the civil ranks from it must be wholly put an end to. Men may now be transferred for good to the other service, but for the future there must be nothing of the kind. To remodel the army is a task still more difficult and more pressing. We must have many native

troops, and the financial difficulties will be hard enough without the aggravation of paying the vast number of unemployed officers of the Indian Army in addition to another set of officers with European troops sent from England. My own impression is that in future the 'normal' employment of all our officers must be with European troops or with a few regiments of natives who submit to a thorough European discipline and are as fully 'officered,' drilled, and looked after as Europeans; and that all other native regiments must be commanded by selected men and effective native officers. If this be so, the sooner the better some amalgamation of the Queen's and Company's armies is arranged, and the Company's officers set to do duty with European regiments and learn European discipline. So much in the meantime, in the first hope that the tide is turning. It will be time enough to go into more details when the waters have somewhat receded and the land begins to appear.

P.S. General Wilson does well at Delhi, but it is feared his health is failing. We must, indeed, trust that he will hold out, for there is not another man to command, literally not one."

The Indian news is thus summed up by Wilmer & Smith's European Times:—

"Affairs in India are evidently progressing from bad to worse. The news by the last overland mail is decidedly the least favorable which has come to hand since the commencement of the outbreak, and we must be prepared for weeks to come to receive intelligence of additional disasters. The probability, almost the certainty is, that before the great bulk of the troops which have been sent from this country have arrived out, the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras will be in the same flame of rebellion which is now sweeping over Bengal. There is no use in concealing the fact that without the greatest possible exertions which England can make in this crisis of her fate we shall be driven ignominiously out of India, and lose thereby the prestige which we have so long and so nobly maintained amongst the natives."

GREAT BRITAIN.

According to the Morning Chronicle the call for the immediate assembling of parliament is so general throughout the country that ministers will, at the next Cabinet Council, deliberate, not on the necessity but on the convenient time for summoning it.

THE REVENUE.—The quarterly accounts show a falling off in most of the principal items. In the customs there is a decrease of £500,000 on the quarters compared with last year. The falling off principally arises from the diminished consumption of sugar caused by high prices. The reduced duties on that article and coffee and tea also had influence. The decrease in the excise will not exceed £150,000. In stamps little variation. A decrease of about £400,000 in property tax. In the Post Office an increase of £85,000. The revenue for the year will exhibit a decrease, but one much slighter than the quarter, the decrease on the year being about £200,000, and on the quarter £900,000.—Globe.

REINFORCEMENTS TO INDIA.—From a table published by Thacker's Overland Mail it would appear that seventy-seven vessels have already sailed to India since the news of the revolt first reached home, conveying to the assistance of our countrymen a force of 29,325 men of all ranks of cavalry, infantry, and artillery; and that a further force of 5,000 men of the cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineers, and field-train, will embark almost immediately for the same destination. As the vessels which first left these shores have now been out close upon ninety days, we may calculate with some degree of certainty, that in addition to the 14,000 reinforcements already landed at Calcutta from China, the Cape, and Mauritius, relief from England will now be daily arriving, and that during next month a force of over 9,000 men will be landed and sent up the country, to be followed in November by nearly 18,000 men, and in the following month, December, by nearly 18,000 more, including the 6,000 now embarking, so that by the close of the year we shall have increased the British force in India by at least 48,000 well-seasoned and disciplined troops of every arm in the service."

At a Meeting of the East Cumberland Agricultural Society last week, Mr. P. H. Howard, of Corby Castle, took the opportunity of referring to the Indian Relief Fund. He said—"It had been remarked that in England we were perhaps more successful in local affairs and local efforts than in matters of general policy. He hoped that in that subscription which had been adopted by Government and supported by foreign Powers, some general rules will be laid down which would tend to increase its efficiency. Committees should be appointed at the seaports where some of the unfortunate sufferers might be likely to land, in order that they might be able to give them immediate relief. (Hear, hear.) And perhaps he might say that as we were not retreating from India, and as we trust the British sway in that land will endure for many years to come, he hoped that some reward would be given in cases where great heroism and self-devotion had been shown by native domestic servants, and where British subjects had escaped the horrors of their situation through their aid and instrumentality. (Hear, hear.) If it was our melancholy duty to punish, it ought also to be our pleasure and our satisfaction to reward. He hoped when the hurricane had blown over, the mind of Parliament would be devoted to the concerns of India. Unfortunately, it had happened that except there was some strong reason, it was difficult to make a House on any question connected with our colonial empire. He trusted that this state of affairs in India would be a warning to Parliament, and that when they saw a notice on the books relating to India and the Colonies, they would be prompt and ready to give attendance, even though they should not be called upon by the urgent claims of calamity and rebellion. He must agree with many things that had fallen from the lips of Mr. Hodgson with respect to the military defences of this country. He thought, for instance, that it would be extremely dangerous, as some of the papers had said, to withdraw our legions, or any great amount of our forces, from Canada; because Canada was most essentially necessary to the greatness of this country, and it should be enabled to defend itself from the attacks of any foreign Power, or of its sometimes rather uneasy neighbors. (Hear, hear.)

There are some actions so excessively mean and shabby that they only admit of being expressed in irony. We certainly can find no term strong enough to describe the meanness of what we are about to relate. It is well known that a very large number of the soldiers who are fighting our battles in India are Catholics—whole regiments which have been recruited in Ireland belong to the Catholic religion. A few weeks ago Government gave notice that they were willing to send out Catholic Chaplains to minister to those who are engaged in this awful warfare—made of course more terrible to men who have consciences, from the fact that no quarter is given. Our Bishops invited their Priests to offer themselves for this holy and self-denying work. The call was promptly responded to by, we believe, an adequate number of zealous Priests. Well, one might have supposed that the Government which made the call would have taken care that men bent on such a service should not have wanted the temporal means necessary for reaching the objects of their pious care, and fulfilling the duties of their calling. Will it be believed that our munificent Government has left this task to be fulfilled by the voluntary offerings of Catholics? All that the Government does for these Chaplains is to allow them a miserable pittance of a salary, much below what is allowed to the Protestant Chaplains, and barely sufficient to maintain them after they have arrived at the scene of their labours. But still—an expensive outlay for India—expenses of travelling in India, and even the cost of the needful vestments and of holy vessels for Sacraments—these are left to be provided by the pious benevolence

of private Catholics. A few hundred pounds probably would supply what is required, but our munificent Government refuses the amount. The same Government, which recently proposed and carried a vote of ten thousand pounds (a portion of which is exacted from Catholics), to supply the rich Protestants of London with churches, refuse as many hundreds to supply the religious necessities of the poor Catholic soldiers fighting our battles in India! Can nothing be done to shame our Government out of such degrading niggardliness? Cannot an appeal be made to the liberality of the Emperor of the French, and begging-boxes opened in all the Catholic capitals of Europe, that the wants of the British soldier may be supplied? If any principle were involved in the matter, we can understand it; if our Protestant Government would say at once, these soldiers are Catholics, and therefore we will let them die like dogs—that would be comprehensible. But to invite Chaplains to go, and then to deny them adequate provision, is really a meanness which we should have thought absolutely impossible in a great nation, and particularly so under present circumstances.—Weekly Register.

The Rev. Hugh Robinson writes indignantly to the Yorkshire Gazette, complaining of the "First Catechism of Christian Doctrine," just published by the Unionist Clergy. After giving a number of extracts to show its "Popish" tendency, he continues—"Though it talks in one place about Extreme Unction, and in another recognises the Bishop of Rome as the Primate of the Western Church, yet its author is not, as far as I can ascertain, in communion with the Church of Rome, but with that of England; its patrons are not (professedly) Romanists, but members of a church which authoritatively applies to several of the doctrines and positions of the Romish Church the uncompromising out-spoken epithet of 'damnable.' Has it come to this with us, that in this 19th century, the articles of the Church shall be signed, and its liturgy read, and its revenues appropriated, by men who have devoted themselves, body and soul, to undo that work which the Church was established to maintain, to advocate those principles against which the Church itself is a living protest."

YANKEE FILIBUSTERING.—As the Yankee press is very loudly rendering Great Britain a lesson on the filibustering tendencies of the East India Company, we think it not amiss to call attention to the following well authenticated instances of Yankee brutality perpetrated by the sanction of the government, and participated in by officers of rank in the army. Nothing in the history of British India is so foul as the following which we clip from the correspondence of the New Era:—

The city of Granada is situated on Lake Nicaragua in the midst of the most fertile and best cultivated soil in the country, and the great depot for all the agricultural productions, and of course the centre of the wealth and fashion of the neighborhood. It is unnecessary to refer to the course of the filibusters previous to the Costa Rican attack on the city. Suffice to say, the star of Walker was setting; he found himself cooped up in the city, surrounded by the enemy. Finding safety only in retreat, he resolved, if he abandoned the city, to strip it of everything valuable to possess himself of the wealth of all, even disregarding the supplications of those who had sympathized or aided him in his cause, as you will perceive. The plunder of the churches was complete; nothing was left, absolutely nothing, possessed of the least exchangeable value, as eight heavy chests which were carried on board the San Carlos too well attest. The costly robes of the priests were taken and burned in mockery in the grand square, while those who called themselves the apostles of liberty, the filibusters, danced with hellish joy around them.—Every bell was taken from the eight churches (in all forty-eight), and placed on board of the steamers.—This was done because many of them were known to be half silver. With this plunder he hoped to make his escape in safety to some other shore, as at that time he saw his cause was entirely hopeless; but the capture of the steamers by the Costa Ricans, not only defeated this hopeful project, but was also the means of restoring to Granada her plundered property. Only imagine what evil the "gray-eyed man" would have been enabled to undertake, had he escaped with the treasure inhumanly plundered from God's holy temples, composed of the forty-eight bells, and gold and silver ornaments, amounting in value to about four millions of dollars! Faithful to their orders, the disciples of this apostle of "progress" commenced the work of destruction by destroying the cane-built hovels of the Indians. France, in the wildest days of the Reign of Terror, never witnessed a saturnalia more hellish than the streets of Granada presented on that memorable occasion. The wildest orgies that drunken madness could conceive, were enacted in the streets of the burning city. Native citizens, as they were carrying from their burning buildings the little wealth which the rapacity of Walker left them, were mercilessly set upon, and inhumanly told when dying—"Go—go, we came here for money, and we will have it." When the terror-stricken inhabitants were rushing from their falling roofs, while the screams of violated women resounded in the street, only answered by shouts of derisive laughter, the Plaza was crowded with fugitives and children, some praying to God for protection, some imprecating curses upon the heads of their persecutors, and some silent, speechless monuments of despair, a fearful spectacle issued from the door of the Grand Parochial Church. While its roof was in flames above them, the image of the suffering Saviour on the cross was borne from the portals of the church, upon the shoulders of four drunken disciples of the great Apostle. Two of the four were "officers" of the army (General Sanders and Colonel Rodgers.) Behind the sacred symbol followed the motley crowd, some clothed in sacerdotal robes; others were enveloped in costly silk and satin, the ornaments of the church wound in fantastic forms round them. The shameful procession moved in mock solemnity to the rum-shop known as "the Walker House," and there, amid shouts and screams of derisive laughter, they celebrated what they pleased to call in hideous mockery, "The Last Supper." The sacred symbol was here overturned in the dust, and sacrilegiously pelted with empty brandy bottles; and all this was done in the presence of that crucified Saviour, who, in his last agonies, said of persecutors, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." This deed, as I relate it, was witnessed by hundreds. Previous to the burning, General Walker had, in the presence of the army, given whispered orders to his Captains, about which there was considerable speculation. After burning the casitas of the poor Indians, the more wealthy part of the town was approached. Captain Dolan entered a house, and said to the lady who owned it, "Madam, I am ordered by His Excellency, President Walker, to burn your house, unless you instantly pay me the sum of five hundred dollars." "Merciful God," exclaimed the terrified woman, "I have not that amount in the world! and why, O God, tell me why," said she, falling on her knees, "O God, thus punished? My only son died fighting by his side, at the battle of Rivas, and my husband basely left him \$8,000." "I have my orders," was the cold reply. "What can you pay me," said he, "to spare your house?" "\$180 is all that I have." "Pay me that, then, and borrow twenty more." He did not suspecting the order to destroy was universal. "Well, boys," said Dolan, "we have got \$180; that's enough for this house; fire away!" And the torch was applied. This amusing trick was generally repeated, according to the whispered order of Walker, and in this manner was money, extorted to replenish his exhausted treasury. These are facts substantiated by a Surgeon of Walker's army, (Dr. Bouton,) now on board of the ship, and a graduate of Yale College.

A TONGA MISSION.—On the Island of Tonga, our missionaries have baptized, within the last year, nearly 400 Heathens. (In the two years, that Father Rogers has spent at Tonga, he has baptized more than 200 natives, including the head chief.—New Orleans Catholic Standard.)

MOUNT HOPE INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART, LONDON, C. W.

THIS Institution, situated in a healthy and agreeable location, and favored by the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of London, will be opened on the first Monday of September, 1857. In its plan of Literary and Scientific Studies, it will combine every advantage that can be derived from an intelligent and conscientious instruction in the various branches of learning becoming their sex. Facility will be offered for the acquisition of those Ornaments of Arts and Sciences, which are considered requisite in a finished education; while propriety of Department, Personal Neatness, and the principles of Morality will form subjects of particular assiduity. The Health of the Pupils will also be an object of peculiar vigilance, and in case of sickness, they will be treated with maternal solicitude. The knowledge of Religion and of its duties will receive that attention which its importance demands, as the primary end of all true Education, and hence will form the basis of every class and department. Differences of religious tenets will not be an obstacle to the admission of Pupils, provided they be willing to conform to the general Regulations of the Institute.

TERMS PER ANNUM. Board and Tuition, including the French per quarter, in advance, \$25 00 Day Scholars, 6 00 Book and Stationery, (if furnished by the Institute,) 2 50 Washing, (for Boarders, when done in the Institute,) 5 00 Use of Library, (if desired,) 0 50 Physicians' Fees (medicines charged at Apothecaries' rates,) 0 75 Italian, Spanish, and German Languages, each, 5 00 Instrumental Music, 8 00 Use of Instrument, 3 00 Drawing and Painting, 10 00 Needle Work Taught Free of Charge.

GENERAL REGULATIONS. The Annual Vacation will commence the second week in July, and scholastic duties resumed on the first Monday of September. There will be an extra charge of \$15 for Pupils remaining during the Vacation. Besides the "Uniform Dress," which will be black, each Pupil should be provided with six regular changes of Linen, six Table Napkins, two pairs of Blankets, three pairs of Sheets, one Counterpane, &c., one white and one black bobinet Veil, a Spoon and Goblet, Knife and Fork, Work Box, Dressing Box, Combs, Brushes, &c. Parents residing at a distance will deposit sufficient funds to meet any unforeseen exigency. Pupils will be received at any time of the year. For further particulars, (if required,) apply to His Lordship, the Bishop of London, or to the Lady Superior, Mount Hope, London, C. W.

ENGLISH EDUCATION. Mr. KEGAN begs to inform the citizens of Montreal that he has OPENED an EVENING SCHOOL (under the Patronage of the Rev. Mr. O'Brien) in the Male School-house at ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, GRIFFIN-TOWN, for young men and mechanics; where they will receive instruction in any of the various branches of English Education, for five nights each week. Hours of attendance—from 7 to 9 1/2 o'clock, p.m. Terms very moderate. Apply to ANDREW KEGAN, Teacher. St. Anne's Male School, Griffintown.

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

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

W. F. SMYTH, ADVOCATE, Office, 24 St. Vincent Street, Montreal.

TO TEACHERS. WANTED—By the Catholic School Trustees of the Town of Perth—A FEMALE TEACHER, well qualified to give instruction in English and Arithmetic. She will also be required to give instruction on, and play the Organ. Salary £50 per annum. Apply to JAMES STANLEY, Secretary, Perth, C. W., 6th August, 1857.

INFORMATION WANTED. IF this meets the eye of Mr. JOSEPH HARDY, formerly of Nenagh, County Tipperary, Ireland, and late of Cornwall, Upper Canada, he will very much gratify his Sister, by sending his address to No. 115 West 17th Street, New York. Upper Canada papers please copy. Montreal, Oct. 13.

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

FOREIGN BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED by the Subscribers, several cases of Books from London and Dublin: More's Catholicism, or Ages of Faith, 3 vols, \$18 00 Cardinal Wiseman's Essays, 3 vols, 7 00 Cardinal Wiseman on Science and Revealed Religion, 2 vols, 2 50 Faith of Catholics, 3 vols, 8vo., 6 00 Moebler's Symbolism, 2 vols., 2 25 The Pope. By De Maistre, 1 25 Audin's Life of Luther, 1 vol., 2 00 " " Henry VIII., 2 00 Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent, 1 25 Life of St. Teresa, by Herself, 1 50 Letters of St. Teresa, 1 50 Captain Rock in Rome, 1 00 Geraldine; a Tale of Conscience; and Rome and the Abbey, 1 75 Archer's Sermons, 2 vols., 1 25 Appleton's " 2 00 Morony's " 2 00 M'Carthy's " 2 25 Massillon's " 2 25 Gaban's " 2 25 Liguori's " 2 00 Peach's " 2 50 Bourdaloue's " 2 00 Newman on University Education, 2 25 Appleton's Analysis; or Familiar Explanations of the Gospels, 3 00 St. Liguori's History of Heresies, 1 vol., 3 50 Religious Monitor; or, Instructions and Meditations, Preparatory to the Reception and Professions of the Sacred Spouses of Jesus Christ, 2 vols., 8vo., (Just published) 3 00 St. Liguori on the Council of Trent, 1 25 St. Liguori's Victories of the Martyrs, 0 63 Life of St. Dominic, 1 25 Interior of Jesus and Mary, 2 vols., 1 25 Gother on the Epistles, 0 30 Lanagan on the Eucharist, 0 30 Peach's Reflections, 1 25 Stone's Retreat, 0 50 Nun Sanctified; or, Spouse of Christ, Life of St. Francis Assisim, Patriarch of the Friars Minors, 0 63 Sinner's Complaint to God, 0 50 Lucy Lambert, Grandfather's Story Book, 0 31 Huck's Travels in Tartary, &c., illustrated, 1 50 Morning Star, 0 31 Virgin Mother, 0 63 St. Francis De Sales on the Love of God, 2 00 Hornhold on the Commandments—Sacraments Practical Meditations, 1 00 Faber's Poems, 2 80 The Oratorian Lives of the Saints, 39 vols., per vol., 1 25 Challoner's Meditations, 1 vol., 1 00 " Memoirs of Missionary Priests, 2 vols., 6 75 Life of St. Liguori. By the Oratorians, 5 vols, 5 00 Lacordaire's Conferences. Translated, Lingard's England. 10 vols. Last Edition, revised by the Author before his death. Half calf, 20 00 Bourdaloue's Spiritual Retreat, 1 00 " " in various styles of Binding, from \$1 00 to 3 00 Butler's Discourses, 2 vols., 2 50 Archbishop M'Hale's Evidences, Letters, 2 00 Young Christian Library, 4 vols., 2 00 The Church of the Fathers. By Newman, A Series of Practical Meditations, 1 25 Annals of the Four Masters. Edited by O'Donovan, L. L. D. 7 vols. Royal 4to., O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland, Native and Saxon, 0 88 Shell's Sketches of the Irish Bar. 2 vols., 2 00 O'Connell's Speeches. 2 vols., 1 25 Burke's " 1 25 Curran's " 1 25 Grattan's " 1 25 Shie's " 1 25 Plunket's " 1 25 Carleton's Tales and Stories. New Series. Dublin Edition, 1 vol., 2 00 The Life of Thomas Moore, with Selections from his Poetry, 12mo., 0 75 The Life of Robert Emmet. By Dr. Madden, 1 00 Revelations of Ireland, 1 00 Military History of the Irish Nation, comprising a Memoir of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France. By Matthew O'Connor, Esq., 1 50 Catholic Guardian, 0 38 Confederation of Kilkenny, 0 38 Barry's Songs of Ireland, 0 38 Davis's Poems, 0 38 Ballad Poetry of Ireland, 0 38 M'Carthy's Irish Ballads, 0 38 Irish Writers. By T. D. M'Gee, 0 38 Art M'Murrough, 0 38 Confession of Ulster, 0 38 Geraldines, 0 38 Hugh O'Neill, 0 38 Davis's Essays, 0 38 Curran and Grattan, 0 38 Bleeding Ephigenia. By Dr. French, 0 38 Unkind Deserter, 0 38 Paddy Go-Busy, 0 38 Casket of Pearls, 0 38 Rody the Rover, 0 38 We have the Library of Ireland complete in 11 vols., gilt, 75 cents per vol. D. & J. SADLIER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets.

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

EDUCATION. MR. ANDERSON begs to inform the citizens of Montreal, that his AFTERNOON CLASSES are now open for the reception of Medical, Law, and Commercial Students. A special hour is set apart for the instruction of young gentlemen desirous of entering the Army. In testimony of his zeal and abilities as a Classical, Commercial, and Mathematical Teacher, Mr. A. is permitted to refer to Rev. Canon Leach, McGill College; Rev. Mr. Rogers, Chaplain to the Forces; Col. Pritchard; Captain Galway; the Rev. the Clergy, St. Patrick's Church; the Hon. John Molson; Dr. Hingston, and Rector Howe, High School. Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Class room, No. 95, St. Lawrence Street. N. B.—Mr. A.'s NIGHT SCHOOL will be re-opened First Week in September next. August 13.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS. "Griffins Works.—They are interspersed with scenes of the deepest pathos, and the most genuine humor—at one moment we are convulsed with laughter, at the next affected to tears. We heartily recommend Gerald Griffins Works to the attention of the American public, and predict for them an immense popularity."—Sunday Dispatch. "We welcome this new and complete edition of the works of Gerald Griffin, now in the course of publication by the Messrs. Sadlier & Co. We read

the Collegians, when it was first published, with a pleasure we have never forgotten, and which we have found increased at every repeated perusal. Ireland has produced many geniuses, but rarely one, upon the whole superior to Gerald Griffin."—Brownson's Review. "Whoever wishes to read one of the most passionate and pathetic novels in English literature will take with him, during the summer vacation, The Collegians, by Gerald Griffin. The picture of Irish character and manners a half a century since in The Collegians, is masterly, and the power with which the fond, impetuous, passionate, thoroughly Celtic nature of Hurdess Cregan is drawn, evinces rare genius. Griffin died young, but this one story, if nothing else of his, will surely live among the very best novels of the time. It is full of incident, and an absorbing interest allures the reader to the end, and leaves him with a melted heart and moistened eye."—Putnam's Monthly.

"We have now before us four volumes, the commencement of a complete edition of Gerald Griffin's works, embracing the 'Collegians' and the first series of his 'Munster Tales.' The nationality of these tales, and the genius of the author in depicting the mingled levity and pathos of Irish character, have rendered them exceedingly popular. The style in which the series is produced is highly creditable to the enterprise of the American publishers, and we are free to say that the volumes are worthy of being placed in our libraries, public or private, alongside of Irving, Cooper, or Scott."—Hull's Merchant's Magazine.

The Life of Christ; or, Jesus Revealed to Youth. Translated from the French of Abbe La Grange, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. 12mo. cloth, 2 50 The Creator and the Creature; or, The Wonders of Divine Love. By F. W. Faber 3 9 A Life of the Rt. Rev. Edward Maginn, Co-Adjutor Bishop of Derry; with Selections from his Correspondence. By T. D. M'Gee, 3 9 The Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. By the Count de Montalembert. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadlier. New and Revised Edition, 5 0 Souvenirs of Travel in Europe. By Madame Le Vert. 2 vols. 10 0 Aspirations of Nature. By Rev. J. T. Hecker 3 9 The Prophecies of St. Columbkille, Beancan, Malachy, Alton, &c., &c.; with Literal Translations and Notes. By Nicholas O'Keefe, 1 10 1/2 The Life of Thomas Moore, with selections from his Poetry, &c. By Jas. Burke, A.B., Keating's History of Ireland. Translated, with notes, by John O'Mahoney, 12 6 MacGeoghegan's History of Ireland, 10 0 My Trip to France. By Rev. J. P. Denelan Balme's Fundamental Philosophy. Translated from the Spanish by H. F. Brownson. M.A.; 2 vols.; cloth, 15s; half mor., 17s 6d; beveled, 20 0 Alice Riordan; or the Blind Man's Daughter. (A New Edition, with an additional chapter.) By Mrs. J. Sadlier, 1 10 1/2 Fabiola; a Tale of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. (New Edition.) 12 mo., cloth, 3 9

STATUES FOR CHURCHES. The Subscribers have on hand some beautiful Statues of ST. PATRICK, the BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. JOSEPH, CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN, &c., &c., which will be sold at reduced prices. —ALSO— A large Oil Painting of the CRUCIFIXION. D. & J. SADLIER & Co., Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Sts. Montreal, Sept. 16.

JUST RECEIVED FROM PARIS. By the Subscribers, SEVERAL CASES, containing a large assortment of PRAYER BEADS, SILVER and BRASS MEDALS, HOLY WATER FONTS, CATHOLIC PICTURES, &c., &c. BLANK BOOKS, STATIONARY, PRINTS, &c. 15,000 Blank Books, ruled for Ledgers, Journals, Day, Cash, and Letter Books. 500 Reams of Foolscap, Letter, and Note Paper. 50 Gross Drawing and Writing Pencils. 100 Do Slate Pencils. 5 Cases of Hard Wood Slates. 10,000 Religious and Family Prints. 200 Gross Steel Pens. We have also, on hand, a good assortment of Pocket Books, Memorandums, Ink Bottles, Pen Holders, &c., &c. D. & J. SADLIER & Co., Cor. Notre Dame & St. Francis Xavier Sts., Montreal, Sept. 16.

MRS. D. M'ENTYRE, No. 44, McGill Street, (OPPOSITE SAINT ANNS MARKET) MONTREAL.

BEGS most respectfully to inform the Ladies of Montreal and vicinity, that she has just received a large assortment of FASHIONABLE MILLINERY, FROM PARIS, LONDON, AND NEW YORK; which she is prepared to sell on the most reasonable terms. She would also intimate that she keeps constantly employed experienced and fashionable Milliners and Dress Makers; and is better prepared than heretofore, having enlarged her work room, to execute all orders, at the shortest possible notice. Mrs. M'E. is also prepared to CLEAN AND TURN. To the latest Style. Straw, Tuscan, Leghorn, and Fancy Bonnets and Hats. Mrs. M'E. has also received a splendid assortment of SPRING and SUMMER SHAWLS, SILK CAPES, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, and PINAFORES of every style and price. Mrs. MacI. would beg of Ladies to give her a call before purchasing elsewhere, confident that she can give a better article at a lower price than any other establishment in the City, as all her business is managed with the greatest economy. Mrs. M'Entyre would take this opportunity to return her best thanks to her numerous Friends and Patrons, for the very liberal patronage she has received for the last three years. June 13, 1856.

MONTREAL CATHOLIC MODEL SCHOOL, 19 and 21 Cote Street.

THE DUTIES of the above establishment will be RESUMED on THURSDAY, 13th instant, at nine o'clock, a.m. A thorough course of instruction is imparted in this institution in English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education, on very Moderate Terms. Persons wishing to see the Principal are requested to call between 4 and 5 o'clock, p.m. W. DORAN, Principal. August 13.

A NEW AND ELEGANT PRAYER-BOOK.
"ST. JOHN'S MANUAL,"
 A GUIDE TO THE PUBLIC WORSHIP AND SERVICES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND A COLLECTION OF DEVOTIONS FOR THE PRIVATE USE OF THE FAITHFUL.
 Illustrated with Fifteen Fine Steel Engravings.
 BY MULLER OF DUSSELDORF.
 A new Catholic Prayer-Book, got up expressly for the wants of the present time, and adapted to the use of the Faithful in this country. The Office-Books and Rituals Authorized for use in the United States being strictly followed.
 It has been Carefully Examined by a Competent Theologian, and is Specially Approved by
THE MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D.,
 ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK;
 and most of the Archbishops and Bishops in the United States and the British Provinces.
 For Sale in all variety of Binding, and at all Prices, from \$1.25 to \$10, by
EDWARD DUNIGAN & BROTHER
 (JAMES B. KIRKER.)
 371 Broadway, New York.

DONNELLY & CO.,
GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE,
 Wholesale and Retail,
 No. 50 M'GILL STREET.

DONNELLY & CO.,
 BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have Removed to No. 50 M'GILL Street, near St. Ann's Market, where they have on hand a large and well assorted Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING for the SPRING and SUMMER TRADE, consisting of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, TWEEDS, FANCY TROWSERINGS, and VESTINGS, of English, French, and German Manufacture; all of which they will dispose of at the lowest rates for CASH.
 All Orders from the Country punctually attended to. As their Stock is all new, and having been got up under first class Cutters, and in the best style, they would respectfully invite the public generally, and Country Merchants in particular, to give them a call before purchasing elsewhere.
 May 4, 1857.

PATTON & BROTHER,
 NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
 42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street,
 MONTREAL.
 Every description of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel constantly on hand, or made to order on the shortest notice at reasonable rates.
 Montreal, March 6, 1856.

GROCERIES, &c., &c.
 SUGARS, Tea, Coffee, Raisins, Currants, Spices, Canned Lemon, Orange and Citron Peel, Bottled Brandy and Wines, Lemon Syrup, Ginger, do, Raspberry Vinegar, and all other articles of the Best Quality, and at the Lowest Prices.
JOHN PHELAN,
 Dalhousie Square.
 Montreal, January 21, 1857.

FOR SALE,
FRENCH AND LATIN BOOKS.
J. B. ROLLAND
 KEEPS constantly on hand the largest and best selected Assortment of FRENCH and LATIN BOOKS in the City, at very moderate prices.
 No 8, St. Vincent Street, Montreal.

WANTED,
 IN School District No. 3, in the Parish of St. Patrick, Sherrington, a MALE TEACHER, competent to Teach French and English. A liberal Salary will be given.
 Apply to Mr. MICHAEL FLEMING, School Commissioner, District No. 3, St. Patrick, Sherrington, Co. of Napierville, C.E.
 St. Patrick, Sherrington, }
 August 3, 1857. }

TEACHER WANTED,
 FOR the ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, in District No. 4 of the Municipality of Lacorne, County of Terrebonne.
 Applications—addressed to the School Commissioners of Lacorne, New Glasgow; or to the undersigned—will be punctually attended to.
WILLIAM CAMPBELL,
 Sec. Treasurer.
 New Glasgow, 27th July, 1857.

TO LET,
 A FARM of 130 ACRES, in superficies, adjoining the Village of VARENNES. Apply to the undersigned on the premises.
JOSEPH ST. GEORGES.
 Varennes, July 29th, 1857.

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 FOUNTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above-mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition.
 N.B.—W.C. manufactures the Montreal Stone, if any person prefers them.
 A great assortment of White and Colored MARBLE just arrived for Mr. Cunningham, Marble Manufacturer, Bleury Street, near Hanover Terrace.

P. J. FOGARTY,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,
 21 St. Sacrament, and 28 St. Nicholas Streets.
 A FRESH SUPPLY of LIQUORS and GENERAL GROCERIES just received in Store, and will be disposed of on most REASONABLE TERMS, wholesale only.

DANIEL M'ENTYRE'S
CLOTHING & OUTFITTING
ESTABLISHMENT,
 No. 44, M'GILL STREET,
 OPPOSITE ST. ANN'S MARKET, MONTREAL.
 THE SUBSCRIBER has just OPENED the above Establishment with a varied and extensive assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING
 OF EVERY SIZE AND DESCRIPTION,
 Made Up in the Latest and Most Approved Styles,
 Suitable for the SPRING and SUMMER SEASONS, which he is now prepared to dispose of on MODERATE TERMS to Cash Purchasers.
 He has also to OFFER for SALE (and to which he would respectfully invite attention) a large and superior assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
 CONSISTING OF
 BLACK, BLUE, AND BROWN BROAD CLOTHS, DOESKINS, CASSIMERES, WEST OF ENGLAND, SCOTCH, AND YORKSHIRE TWEEDS; BEAVER & PILOT OVER COATINGS, & FANCY VESTINGS, Of Various Patterns.
 —A680—
 A Complete and well-selected Assortment of GLOVES, NECK TIES, MUFFLERS, HANDKERCHIEFS, SHIRTS, DRAWERS, &c.
 D. M'E. in inviting the Patronage of the Public, feels confident of being able to give undoubted satisfaction to such persons as may favor him with their patronage. Having engaged the services of one of the Foremost CUTTERS in the Province,
MR. P. O'BRIEN,
 (For several years in the employ of P. RONAYNS, Esq.,) TO SUPERINTEND AND MANAGE THE CUTTING DEPARTMENT, employing the very BEST WORKMEN, and intending to conduct his business in every other respect on the most ECONOMICAL principles—he is enabled to offer inducements to purchasers, such as cannot be exceeded, if even equalled, by any other Establishment in the City, so far as regards

QUALITY OF MATERIAL, CHEAPNESS and WORKMANSHIP.
 He has also made such arrangements, that Garments of all descriptions can be MADE TO MEASURE on the SHORTEST NOTICE; while, as to FIT, STYLE, and WORKMANSHIP, no effort shall be spared to have them made up in a manner that cannot be surpassed elsewhere.
 Call, and Examine for Yourself.
 Montreal, April 23, 1857.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS
JOHN M'CLOSKEY.
 Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Sewer.
 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street,
 BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years, and now solicits a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality.
 He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Securing all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and Watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.
 N.B. Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer.
 Montreal, June 21, 1853.

To Intending Purchasers of Indian Lands.
 PLANS of the above LANDS on a large Scale, showing the Lots, Concessions, Roads, Creeks, Swamps, &c., have been published by the undersigned, with the authority of the Indian Department, and will be for SALE in a few days, at the principal Book Stores in Montreal.
 The Map has been got up in two parts, and in the best style of Lithography, containing three Townships in each, and will be sold at the low price of Five Shillings each Sheet, or Ten Shillings the complete Map.
 Application by Mail, Post-paid, stating the number of copies required, and enclosing the necessary amount, will be promptly answered by remitting the Plans.
 Address, **DENNIS & BOULTON,** Surveyors & Agents.
 Toronto, August 6, 1856.

PATRICK DOYLE,
 AGENT FOR
"BROWNSON'S REVIEW,"
 AND
"THE METROPOLITAN,"
 TORONTO.
 WILL furnish Subscribers with those two valuable Periodicals for \$5 per Annum, if paid in advance.
 P. D. is also Agent for the TRUE WITNESS.
 Toronto, March 26, 1854.

FLYNN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, REGISTRY OFFICE, AND FEMALE SERVANTS HOME,
 No. 40 Alexander Street,
 NEAR ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.
 J. FLYNN has the pleasure to inform his old Subscribers and the Public, that he has RE-OPENED his CIRCULATING LIBRARY, in which will be found a choice collection from the best authors of Works on History, Voyages, and Travels, Religion, Biographical Notices, Tales and Novels, to which he will be constantly adding new works (particularly Genard Griffin's), for which he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.
 June 25.

INFORMATION WANTED
 OF JULIA ANNE WHITE, a native of Ireland, who lately resided with the Rev. Mr. Brethour, a Protestant clergyman in Godmanchester, and suddenly disappeared about the middle of last July, and has not since been heard of. Her children are anxious to find out her place of residence, if she is still in the land of the living, and should this advertisement meet her eye, she is earnestly requested to communicate with them.
 All Christian persons, having the management of public journals, are respectfully requested to copy this notice, as an act of charity.
 September 22nd, 1857.



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

THIS fine Hospital is for the reception of DR. HOWARD'S PRIVATE PATIENTS, and no expense has been spared to make it in every way suited to accommodate them.
 A careful and experienced Matroness, Nurses and Servants have been engaged; new and appropriate Furniture and Hospital Comforts have been procured; and all the modern improvements requisite for a sanitary establishment have been introduced. HOT and GOLD BATHS, &c., &c.
 The Hospital being situated in the same building with DR. HOWARD'S Office and the Montreal Eye and Ear Institution, secures to Patients the advantages of a constant supervision, whilst they enjoy, at the same time, the comforts of a private residence; an arrangement which can only be effected in a Private Hospital.
 For Terms, apply to
DR. HOWARD,
 At the Hospital in Juror Street, between Bleury and George Streets.
 Montreal, Oct. 13, 1857.

FALL 1856.
MORISON, CAMERON & EMPY
 RECEIVE
NEW GOODS
 BY EVERY CANADIAN STEAMER; ALSO, PER MAIL STEAMERS, VIA BOSTON.
 OUR ASSORTMENT IS AT ALL TIMES

COMPLETE,
 OUR GOODS ENTIRELY
NEW,
 AND OUR PRICES
REASONABLE.
 BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE
One Price System.
 Goods Marked in Plain Figures.
 SALES MADE FOR READY-MONEY ONLY.
 As we open no Accounts, we can afford to Sell at a SMALL ADVANCE ON COST.

UPWARDS OF 150 CASES NEW FALL GOODS
Just Marked Off,
 EMBRACING ALL THE NEWEST STYLES OF
DRESSES, SHAWLS, CLOAKS,
 AND EVERY VARIETY OF
NEW FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,
 FROM THE MARKETS OF
 BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND GERMANY;
 an inspection of which is respectfully solicited by our numerous Customers.
MORISON, CAMERON & EMPY,
 288 Notre Dame Street.
 Montreal, September 26, 1856.

Will be ready on the 20th of March,
 (NEW AND REVISED EDITION),
THE LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY,
 by the Count de Montalembert. The Life, translated by Mary Hackett, and the Introduction, by Mrs. Sadlier. 12 mo., of 427 pages, with a fine steel engraving. Cloth, 5s; cloth gilt, 7s 6d.
 The first edition of Three Thousand having all been sold, and there being many calls for the work, we have put to press a New Edition. The translation has been read over with the French copy and carefully corrected.
 Of the merits of the work, we can safely say, that no biography ever issued from the American Press equals it—it is as interesting as a romance.
 The Press have been unanimous in praise of the first edition. We give extracts from a few of them: "The book is one of the most interesting, instructive, and edifying that have been produced in our times, and every Catholic will read it with devout thankfulness to the Almighty God, that it has been pleased to raise up, in this faithless age, a layman who can write so edifying a work. It is marked by rare learning, fine artistic skill, and correct taste; and breathes the firmest faith and the most tender piety. His work is as refreshing as springs of water in a sandy desert.... Let every one who can read purchase and read this beautiful Life of one of the most lovely and most favored Saints that have ever been vouchsafed to hallow our earthly pilgrimage."
 —Brownson's Review.

"The whole introduction shows the hand of a master, and it loses nothing in Mrs. Sadlier's racy and elegant English. It enhances the merit of the work, which, in the Dublin edition, was published without this essential preface. Of the Life itself, we cannot speak too highly. The exquisite character of 'the dear St. Elizabeth,' (as the good Germans have at all times styled her), is brought out with a clearness, a tenderness, and a vigor, which bring tears from the heart. We do not think there is any book of the kind in English, at all to be compared to this 'Life of Saint Elizabeth.'"
 —American Celt.
 "We might say much in praise of the narrative and Life of St. Elizabeth, attending which, from the beginning to the end, is a charm which cannot fail to attract and secure the attention of the reader, did not the well known abilities of this distinguished author render it unnecessary.... We cheerfully commend the work to our readers."
 —Pittsburg Catholic.

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

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.
MR. KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

From the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple!
 He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
 One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
 Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst canker in the mouth and stomach.
 Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
 One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
 Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
 One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
 Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
 Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one tablespoonful per day. Children over eight years, dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.
KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
 TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
For Sores: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
 This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.
 Price, 2s 6d per Box.
 Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury, Mass.
 For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston—
ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1856.
 Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children of that class & neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.
ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB,
 Superioress of St. Vincent's Asylum.

ROBERT PATTON,
 229 Notre Dame Street,
 BEGS to return his sincere thanks to his numerous Customers, and the Public in general, for the very liberal patronage he has received for the last three years; and hopes, by strict attention to business, to receive a continuance of the same.
 R. P., having a large and neat assortment of Boots and Shoes, solicits an inspection of the same, which he will sell at a moderate price.

DR. YOUNG,
SURGEON DENTIST,
 WOULD respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Montreal, that he has OPENED an Office over the METROPOLITAN SALOON, 158 NOTRE DAME STREET.
 Teeth in Whole Sets or partial ones, or single teeth of every variety of color, properly manufactured to order.
 Every style of DENTISTRY performed at the shortest notice, in an approved and scientific manner, even to the Plugging, Setting, and Extracting of Teeth without pain, and performs Dental Operations on the lowest possible terms.
 Setting Teeth from 7s 6d to 15s; Plugging do. from 2s 6d to 1s 6d; Extracting do. 1s 3d.
 Montreal, May 28, 1857.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.
 [Established in 1826.]
 The Subscribers have constantly for sale BELLS, an assortment of Church, Factory, Steam-boat, Locomotive, Plantation, School-Bells, House and other Bells, mounted in the most approved and durable manner. For full particulars as to many recent improvements, warrantee, diameter of Bells, space occupied in Tower, rates of transportation, &c., send for a circular. Address
A. MENEELY'S SONS, Agents,
 West Troy, N. Y.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
 WILMINGTON, DEL.
 THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.
 The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as in time of classes.
 The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the last Thursday of June.
TERMS:
 The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$160
 For Students not learning Greek or Latin, is \$125
 Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15
 French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20
 Music, per annum, 40
 Use of Piano, per annum, 8
 Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.
 No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.
 Rev. P. REILLY, President.

AYER'S
CHEWY
PECTORAL,
 FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
 Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.

BRIMFIELD, MASS., 20th Dec., 1855.
 Dr. J. C. AYER: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your CHEWY PECTORAL. Its constant use in my practice and my family for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints.
EBEN KNIGHT, M.D.
A. B. MORTLEY, Esq., of Uxbridge, N. Y., writes: "I have used your PECTORAL myself and in my family ever since you invented it, and believe it the best medicine for its purpose ever put out. With a cold I should sooner pay twenty dollars for a bottle than do without it, or take any other remedy."
Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza.
BRIMFIELD, MASS., Dec. 7, 1856.
BRONCHITIS: I will cheerfully certify your PECTORAL is the best remedy we possess for the cure of Whooping Cough, Croup, and the chest diseases of children. We of your fraternity in the South appreciate your skill, and commend it to our people.
HIRAM CORNELL, M.D.
ANOS LEE, Esq., Montreal, L. L., writes, 3d Jan., 1856: "I had a tedious Influenza, which confined me in domestic seclusion; took many medicines without relief; finally tried your PECTORAL by the advice of our clergyman. The first dose relieved the soreness in my throat and lungs; for than one half the bottle used, I should sooner pay twenty dollars for a bottle than do without it, or take any other remedy."
Asthma or Phthisis, and Bronchitis.
WEST MANCHESTER, PA., Feb. 4, 1856.
DR. J. C. AYER: Your CHEWY PECTORAL is performing marvellous cures in this section. It has relieved several from alarming symptoms of consumption, and is now being used by me in the treatment of an affection of the lungs for the last forty years.
HENRY L. PARKS, Merchant.
A. A. RAMSEY, M.D., ALBION, MONROE CO., IOWA, writes, Sept. 6, 1856: "During my practice of many years I have found nothing equal to your CHEWY PECTORAL for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable."
 We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing proof of the virtues of this remedy is found in its effects upon trial.
Consumption.
 Probably no one remedy has ever been known which cured so many and such dangerous cases as this. Some no human aid can reach; but even to those the CHEWY PECTORAL affords relief and comfort.
AJON HOGS, New York City, March 5, 1856.
 Doctor AYER, Lowell: I feel it a pleasure to inform you that your CHEWY PECTORAL has done for my wife, who had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption, from which no aid we could procure gave her much relief. She was steadily failing, until Dr. Strong, of this city, where we have come for medical aid, recommended your medicine. We bless his kindness, as we do your skill, for she has recovered from that day. She is not yet as strong as she used to be, but is free from her cough, and calls herself well. Yours, with gratitude,
ORLANDO SHELLEY, OF SHELLEYVILLE.
 Consumption, do not despair till you have tried AYER'S CHEWY PECTORAL. It is made by one of the best medical chemists in the world, and its cure all round us bespeak the high merits of its virtues.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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