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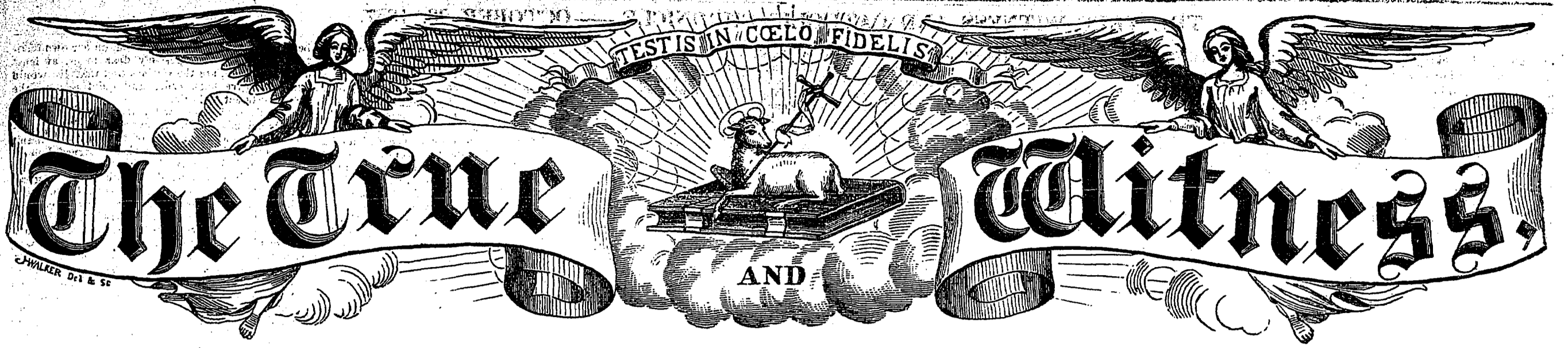
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1857.

No. 11.

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. She waved her hand anxiously several times, and seemed impatient for his approach. "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 aizy 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.

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 discorolation.

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!" The crowd were now admitted, and several cases were dispatched, while they awaited the arrival of Lacy, as the accuser of the Hares.—Some processes were issued, to recover for a smith the price of a new spade; for a weaver the worth of a piece of bundle linen; or for a village carpenter, the cost of some repairs in instruments of husbandry. Then came the dire account of trespasses and offences. A policeman, with a long paper in his hand, containing a list of parochial grievances appeared at the right hand side of the clerk; prepared with law and evidence.

—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 candavereous 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.

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

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ILLNESS OF THE REV. DENIS O'BRIEN, P.P.—Our readers will regret 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. Few persons will hear of his illness without pain, for every one to whom he is known esteemed him as a friend. We are glad to state that accounts, received since this was written, go to show that Father O'Brien is much better.—Heath People.

chapel at Derrillyn, 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 Derrillyn, 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. When they came close to the tumultuous assembly, a deputation of the men came down and asked for half an hour for the people to disperse. Mr. Maguire gave them five minutes, and at the end of that time they began to scatter; but Mr. Maguire and the police spent a good part of the day in chasing and dispersing different gangs or knots of people that were on the mountains. It was not true, as supposed, that the gathering was near Mr. Maguire's house, or that any shots were in its vicinity. The three persons summoned were the only ones known to the police.

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. All the officers and soldier's of Cromwell's army promised quarter to such as would lay down their arms, and performed it as long as any place held out; which encouraged others to yield. But when they had once all in their power, and feared no hurt that could be done them, Cromwell, being told by Jones that he had now all the flower of the Irish army in his hands, gave orders that no quarter should be given; so that his soldiers were forced, many of them against their will, to kill their prisoners. The brave warrior, Sir A. Aston, Sir Edm. Verney, the colonels, Warren, Fleming and Byrne, were killed in cold blood; and indeed all the officers except some few of less consideration, that escaped by miracle. The Marquis of Ormond, in his letters to the King and Lord Byron, says, 'that on this occasion Cromwell exceeded himself and anything he had ever heard of, in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity; and that the cruelties exercised there, for five days after the town was taken, would make as many several pictures of inhumanity, as are to be found in the book of martyrs, or in the relation of Amboyna.'

husband: "Mrs. Mary McAlister shamefully beaten by her husband, Doyle's face smashed by her husband," and lastly, we find that Mr. John Collins, the son of Mr. Collins, originator of the great American line of steamers to Liverpool, which were started to whip John Bull from the ocean, has been arrested again for an assault upon another female. This is the report:—"John Collins, son of Mr. E. K. Collins, was on Monday brought before Justice Flandreau, charged with following Mrs. Sarah J. Todd, of New Rochelle, every time she comes to the city, and using abusive language to her, and on one occasion threatening to shoot her."

UNITED STATES.

We noticed a sad background to yesterday's rush upon the banks. The men who made the rush were money men, at least in cases, comparatively so. But standing, not all without interest, but without object, in crowds beyond those who were striving to pass, in and out, were hundreds of discharged workmen,—men who had no hope in the future of the terrible winter that is before us. It seemed to us that they looked on with a melancholy pleasure,—perhaps we did them injustice; let us say they regarded the scene with black despair. What the coming winter will bring to many thousands of our fellow-creatures in this City, is a contingency too disagreeable to contemplate.—N. Y. Times.

COMPETITION IN VICE.

Some of the Press,—the better portion of the Press—fear the continuance of the present state of things. They contemplate with alarm the danger which already rumbles within the dread shadows of gathering public indignation, and wish to see some practical steps taken to avert the increasing irritation of crime and fury before it all ends in the unmanageable storm of revolution. Another portion of the Press says that statistics show that two-thirds of the inhabitants live by the vice and follies of the other third, and that the competition among the vicious is becoming so great as to ultimately drive them to the dire alternative of gaining an honest livelihood.—"This is certainly a droll mode of looking out for our future reformation; and as a curiosity to your readers, we subjoin a specimen of our weekly literature treating so great a question:—"Illegitimate occupation in New York is overthronged with practitioners; crime staggers beneath the load of dead-heads who cling to it for support; rascality, in the most remunerative forms, is oppressed by the claims of a host of 'poor relations' in villainy, who seek to live upon the prey of the preyers. In what swindling calling, in what infamy of tolerable safety in practice, in what unlawful mode of life, is there any longer a moderate prospect of success, for an aspirant of pernicious inclinations of either sex; the prostitution of the city groans beneath the extortions of the male dead-heads it has to support. Faro is gradually ceasing to pay, so numerous are the friends of the 'bank.' The emigrants arriving at this port, are not sufficient in number to supply the needs of the augmenting bands of 'runners,' who pant for their purses. Free run-selling is being literally 'run into the ground,' by the thousands of five and ten dollar capitalists, who have of late years taken to that noble pursuit. So with other illicit trades and professions that exist among us; the pursuers are outnumbering the victims; the drones by extended divisions are reducing the profits to a contemptible minimum; and some of them the Criminal Courts are rendering too hazardous, for prudent rogues to follow."

WIFE BEATING IN NEW YORK.

Women selling in Washington is common enough—women burning in the South is not uncommon—whipping women in Virginia is universally voted right—brutality and horrid inhumanity in American ships is universally acknowledged, but it has always been a favorite popular superstition in America, that wife beating is a monopoly of England. But a glance at New York life, without spectacles, reveals the fact, that wife beating, and wife murder is exercised on an extent; and of a character to make the coarsest heart-shudder, and to disgrace civilized nature. In the Times of yesterday, we have a description of "Mrs. McCormack most inhumanly beaten." "Mrs. McShally perhaps fatally whipped." "Mrs. Sophia Zell had her hair dragged from her head by her

THE TRUE WITNESS

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY J. GILLIES
FOR GEORGE E. CLERKE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
At the Office, No. 4, Place d'Armes.
TERMS:
Town Subscribers \$ 3 per annum.
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The True Witness.

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 scourged 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 wilfully, 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. Carvallo 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-

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.

General Bengal News.—The 63rd Native Infantry and the 11th Irregulars were disarmed at Berhampore on the 1st of August.

The King of Delhi.—A letter from Abood, 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.

At Nusserabad 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.

Delhi.—The mutineers made great preparations for an attack on the 31st of July, the eve of the Bukree eid festival, but nothing occurred beyond some desultory skirmishing.

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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.

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.

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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.

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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?"

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.

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.

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.

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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.

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.

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of private Catholics. A few hundred pounds probably would supply what is required, but our munificent Government refuses the amount.

The Rev. Hugh Robinson writes indignantly to the *Yorkshire Gazette*, complaining of the "First Catechism of Christian Doctrine," just published by the Unionist Clergy.

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.

THE CITY OF GRANADA.—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.

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.

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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.

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.

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