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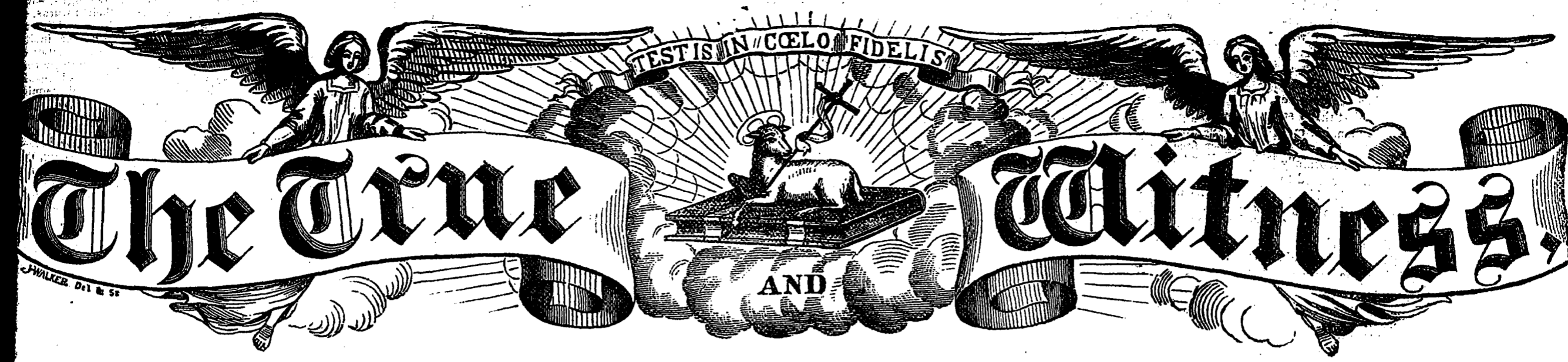
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The True Witness.

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THIODOLF THE ICELANDER.

BY BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

CHAPTER XLVI.

In that same night in Iceland Uncle Nefolf and Aunt Gunhilda were sitting on their high stools by the hearth, wrapped up in furs; the snow-storm raged without so fearfully, that the iron-bound doors rattled together; the wolf lay cowering under Nefolf's seat, and often howled in wild affright. Then the old warrior chid him, and attempted anew with his deep husky voice to sing one of Pietro's songs to the sound of a half-strung lute; but the wind and the wolf howled too discordantly the while, and he was obliged to give up, especially when Gunhilda said:

"We shall but make our loneliness the deeper and drearier by the mournful echo of those bright days when the three blooming young ones sat here by us on the hearth. Ah! in what land is our well-beloved Thiodolf now wandering, in sorrow or in joy?"

They remained silent awhile; only at length, as Gunhilda was looking earnestly and fixedly at the fire, Nefolf said:

"Seest thou anything of our Thiodolf in the flashes of the flames? I know that thou hast inherited the prophetic gift from thy mother."
"I am not this day of strong mind enough to divine," answered Gunhilda; and her eyes filled with tears. "But yet it is as if the flames would tell me of Thiodolf, they flicker so strangely and significantly. Wreaths are wound this night round his head; that I seem clearly to see; but there may be thorns woven with them."

Again all was silent; at length the wolf got up and began to look round with glaring eyes, and to show his teeth. At the same time, the hounds without in their kennel began a wild barking and howling.
"Sturle," cried Nefolf to one of the attendants, "look over the out-works. A stranger must be at the gate. If there be but one, or if he have not too many with him, let him in without farther question. The poor stranger may have knocked long enough," said Nefolf, again turning to Gunhilda, while the attendant was gone; "and neither man nor beast has heard him in the uproar of this spring storm. Ah! in sooth, none know how to knock as boldly and loudly as our Thiodolf did."

The gates of the court turned on their hinges, the heavily-descending beams clattered down with their padlocks and fastenings, as the footsteps of many men were heard on the paved court approaching the hall. The inner doors opened, and there entered, led in by Sturle, a tall, youthful figure in a very strange garb; some soldiers dressed like him followed. The wolf opened wide his blood-red jaws upon the stranger guests, and their leader grasped the curved sword which hung at his side from a splendid girdle;—but Nefolf called off the furious animal, and it curled itself up again quietly before the fire. In the mean while the old chief desired the servant to put seats by the hearth, and he held out to the strangers a drink of the choicest mead in a silver-bound horn.

"My errand first," said the foremost of the guests, bending his turbaned head almost to the ground. His followers imitated him. "I see plainly," he continued, "that I stand in presence of Uncle Nefolf and Aunt Gunhilda, and also that Thiodolf's faithful wolf is lying on the hearth."

"Sir," answered Nefolf, "our words make my heart swell with gladness and longing; but it would be for ever shame to me if I let a stranger do his bidding with me before he had tasted, as a guest, of my drinking-horn. Sit down, ye foreign men of war, and accept my hospitality."

The orders of old Nefolf were obeyed; and during the meal which the attendants now furnished abundantly, the host began to speak of the joy which every Icelander would feel at their being in foreign lands such valiant seamen, who could govern their helms and spread their sails in spite of the wild storms of spring and the foaming waves, affording thus an opportunity for the voyage to these shores.

"You will less wonder at that, noble chief," said the guest, "when I tell you that we are Arabs."
"Ha! welcome, brave comrades on the sea!" cried old Nefolf. "My brother Asmundur and I, we have often ranged with you, now as friends, now as foes, on the southern coasts, where orange trees blossom and laurels cast their shade. I ought to have known you at once by your dress and your weapons; but those days are long gone by. Even in my dreams, I have not for years seen an Arab. But it is ever a great joy to me to receive one like you, and his faithful followers."

"Sir," answered the Arab, with an embarrassed smile, "I come not here altogether as a guest, but rather as a messenger, and that by constraint."
Then Achmet, for he it was, related how he had been overcome by Thiodolf, and bound by so-

lemn oath to inquire what Uncle Nefolf and Aunt Gunhilda were doing, and also to bring tidings of his dear wolf. The old people looked at each other with sparkling eyes, and Nefolf often asked:

"Was he alone in your castle, quite alone?"
Achmet colored as he answered yes. And his host begged him to rest with them till the rage of the spring storms was over, and then he could take back more assured and detailed news of Nefolf, and his wife, and the wolf. Achmet accepted the hospitable invitation, constrained thereto by the bad state of his ship, but with a certain scornful smile, which seemed to augur no good in the wolf's opinion, for he suddenly made a rush at the stranger, grinding his teeth, and it was only with difficulty that his master could recall him.

When the guests and Gunhilda were gone to rest, Nefolf went up to the grave of his brother, and chanted to him, through the snowy mound, how bravely and gloriously his Thiodolf had behaved on the ruins of old Carthage.

CHAPTER XLVII.

One morning early Thiodolf was sitting thoughtfully at the gate of one of the courts of the Væringier fortress. He was waiting for some young Arab horses which he and Philip meant to mount; and during the delay, he had taken his lute in his hand, and drew forth from it sadly solemn strains. Philip stood beside him, and sang, without Thiodolf's heeding him, the following words to the vibrations of the strings:

"See, see, and hearken
Where mists the sea-waves darken,
'Neath lion one doth weep—
'Tis Achilles sounds the lyre,
Mighty knight, the Greeks' desire—
His breast doth all sorrows keep."

Now the battle lowers
Against the foeman's towers,
Yet far from the fight I stray;
And her, my heart's only pleasure,
Brisest, my blooming treasure,
Hath envy now torn away.
Silent in sorrow,
I must die ere to-morrow;
Naught now can rescue me
But her gentle accents sounding,
Or the fierce joys of war surrounding,
Could again make me bold and free."

The sudden appearance of Helmfrid interrupted both lute and song. The great Væringier chief placed himself with kindling eyes before Thiodolf, and seized the hilt of the good sword Throng-piercer, saying:

"Come forth, good sword, come forth now from thy too long repose! The Bulgarians have broken loose, their allies are with them, and to-morrow we take the field."

With a cry of joy, Thiodolf sprang up.—Philip knelt down, kissed the point of Throng-piercer, and said low:

"Where thou leadest the way, I will quickly follow, so help me God!"

At the same moment the young Arab horses were led up. Thiodolf went kindly up to them, patted one on the back, stroked the mane of another, and looked confidingly into the bright eyes of the third, as he said:

"You poor beasts, you are not by a great deal as happy as we are, for you cannot yet take the field with us. Say yourselves, my brave fellows, are you not still much too wild and untamed?—But have patience, and let yourselves be taught; then in a year's time you can follow us, and I hope that the Bulgarians will hold out as long. Rather more than less, for it is said they are a bold and very warlike nation."

Then he ordered the horses to be taken away, sounded his silver horn, and when Icelanders and Norwegians had gathered around him, he spoke to them with joyous, encouraging words, making known to them the news of the war, and calling upon them to go forth to it with no less bright arms and clean equipments than they had been wont to exhibit before the fair ladies of Constantinople in their place of exercise. A gay clashing of shields gave the answer; and when Thiodolf, bowing to them, dismissed them, the troop dispersed joyfully to prepare their horses and arms for their departure.

Helmfrid had seen with pleasure the demeanor of his young captain; and now that he stood alone, he took him under the arm, saying:

"Beloved young hero, the emperor has a strong wish concerning thee. He desires that thou shouldst let thyself be baptized before thou goest forth, partly because he can then show thee more honor and favor, but chiefly because he would know that thy soul is safe in paradise, in case it be God's will that thou shouldst die in this war."

"The emperor is most kind and gracious," said Thiodolf, as if smiling to himself; but he can never desire that I should take the field with a lie in my mouth. There would be an end of all rejoicing in great deeds; and I may say it to you, master, I hope to complete many such before we look again on the towers of this beautiful city."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The next morning a countless multitude of people were collected before the church of St. Sophia, and all the troops of the city stood in their full, brilliant armor, while from the holy dome poured forth solemn songs of praise to the swelling tones of the organ. The emperor was about to assist at a High Mass for good success to the departing army; and also many young nobles and deserving warriors were to be made knights. When the bells ceased, and the service was heard to begin, Philip bent forward to Thiodolf, who remained without with his band of Icelanders and the other heathen soldiers, saying:

"Beloved and noble master, blame me not if I now leave thee. Christ calls, and that alone can ever make me go away from thee."

Thiodolf nodded assent kindly, and Philip went into the church. Sadly the Northern chief remained behind. He so dearly loved the white Christ, and so dearly this church of St. Sophia, and yet had not gained the needful knowledge, so that he must keep aloof from the solemn service. How did his heart beat, when High Mass being ended, a herald came to the gate of the church, proclaiming that the order of knighthood was now to be conferred, and whoever thought he had any claims to it must place himself before the imperial throne; but if he were a heathen warrior, he must first receive the holy water of baptism, to administer which many holy Bishops stood ready with willing hearts. The last part seemed added especially for Thiodolf's sake; it was almost as if his feet struggled violently to advance; but he said to himself, "Halt! for the honor and glory of the white Christ, halt!" And so he remained faithful, though in deep sorrow.

The herald went back into the church; and Philip at the same moment, came forth, to take again his old place beside Thiodolf.

"How now, boy?" asked Thiodolf in surprise; "have they not chosen to make even thee a knight?"

Philip bent his head in silence.
"I understand not that," continued Thiodolf; "thou art a Christian, born of a knightly race; thou wieldest well thine arms; and I see that the imperial pages have an especial right to this honor. Philip, I must know what shuts thee out from it, and, as thy chief, I command thee, by the duty thou owest me, to tell me the cause."

Philip again bent low, and said, "I must no longer keep silence. Well, then, it is my own will that keeps me from knighthood. The disciple must not be above his master. When once the bravest of all Væringier chiefs has received knighthood, I will also receive it."

Thiodolf, with deep feeling, pressed the youth to his heart, and could hardly bring out the words, "In troubles and in death, in joy and in sorrow we are one, thou gallant boy, inseparably one!"

Then came the imperial family from the church; behind them were the new knights. The troops in the square stood to their arms, and Thiodolf brushing from his eyes the tears of a blessed emotion, placed himself in grave warlike attitude at the head of his company.

The emperor in his full pomp passed close before him, and seemed for a moment about to pause that he might whisper words of warning and instruction into the ear of the young captain; but the solemnity of the moment made him pass on. He bowed with a sad fatherly kindness, and went by. His two daughters followed him; the elder Zoe greeted Thiodolf kindly and gently as ever, and even the pale Theodora looked this time with smiling graciousness on the once hateful Northman. Yes, she made with her white hand the sign of the cross over him, and whispered, "God grant thee light; thou art yet a noble branch, which gives promise of blossom."

Again it arose darkly in Thiodolf's mind whether this was the Secret Helper who had parted from him so peacefully in the garden, and the goddess Freya under both forms; he could not unravel the thought, for the fair young Zoe now passed by, and his senses became confused. He only noticed that she kept her beautiful eyes firmly fixed on the ground, and seemed diligently to avoid giving him a glance. Soon after came the new knights in their bright armor, looking gaily around, and were greeted with loud acclamations by the hopeful crowd. Then Thiodolf's heart waxed very heavy, but he turned and pressed Philip's hand, and the dawn of a bright hope for the future sprang up within him.

On the evening of this day, Pietro, who had been drawn forth into the city by the trumpets and horns and drums of the collecting troops, found, on his return, Malgherita busied in preparing a beautiful suit of armor, and adorning it with all that it yet wanted for full perfection.

"This will be thine, Pietro," said she, turning to him her pale, smiling face. "Since the Bulgarian war has been spoken of, I have prepared this noble armor for thee, and see, at the right

moment it is ready. May this restore health to thee! only suffer me to put on these new arms, noble Marquis of Castellfranco."

Flushing with joy, Pietro grasped at the shining armor; but soon letting fall his hand, he said, "That is not for me. Could I leave thee all lonely, Malgherita?"

"Why not?" answered she with sad calmness. "All joy is over for me; and wherefore should I detain in my misery one who perchance may again in freedom look up into the blue of heaven? Pietro, I speak to thee for thy good; go into the field."

"To become untrue to my banner," murmured the knight angrily. "I ask thee thyself, Malgherita, what could ever be a holy and safe device for me were I capable of forsaking thee, the consecrated image, to whom I am pledged by vows, by joys, and by sorrows a thousand fold? Speak no more of it, and let the Bulgarian war rage as it pleases. It concerns me not."

Malgherita would not cease from her entreaties, and a strife, earnest as it was loving, arose between the two. At this moment the door of the room opened, and a tall armed man entered. "Now, then, Thiodolf may decide; he comes at the right moment!" cried Malgherita.

But Pietro looked narrowly at the gigantic stranger, and said:

"Thiodolf, my brother-in-arms, where hast thou left thy wild-bull helmet? One cannot tell if it is thou or not."

Then the armed man spoke hoarsely out of his iron vizor: "Pietro does well to remain here.—And Malgherita, how dost thou dare to drive him forth? Thou poor, forlorn creature! Say only where, where is thy Tristan, thy sad joy, unhappy wife?"

Malgherita sank trembling and weeping into Pietro's arms; the armed stranger threw up his vizor, and there stared forth the ghost-like features of the great baron; he turned away and went out of the room.

When at length Thiodolf himself, with looks half sad, half joyful, came to take leave, he found his friends still greatly troubled. Pietro related to him what had happened; and Thiodolf, falling back into his old familiar way, which he had put aside for more courtly manners, said, "Ay, little Malgherita, thou didst very wrong to try to drive Pietro away from thee. Has he less than thou to do penance? Should he heap new guilt on his head, and so go forth into the field? Little Malgherita, that would very ill besem a warrior. Armor weighs not heavily, blows of enemies fall not heavily; but one grain of guilt—my child, it is so heavy that it makes the gayest heart sick and sorry when the trumpets blow for an onset, and death stalks through the field of battle. I have not a very great deal of bad on my heart to answer for; but what I bear is a heavy burden to me, and therefore I can warn you so well. Keep henceforth such strange notions far away from thee, Malgherita, and then the apparition will not be able to frighten thee often again. And now, dear friends, we will forget all this history. Pietro remains with Malgherita, and Malgherita with Pietro; and I will tell you something very pleasant that befell me to-day."

Then he sat down familiarly between them, and began as follows:

"The noble minstrel, who lately arrived here on his travels, and bears the name of Romanus, met me at noontide as I entered the imperial gardens. I remembered well his strains on a certain evening—it does me no great honor, my friend, and therefore you will not ask me more about it—and involuntarily I drew in the reins of my horse. Romanus looked kindly in my face, touched the strings of his guitar, and sang something after the following fashion:

"Within the hollow lute Aslauga slept,
And plaintive music sounded when she wept.
O fairest flower, thou child of mystery,
Wondrous alike thy birth and destiny;
Shielded by gentle sounds and golden strings,
The minstrel's skill thy quick deliverance brings.
But upon him, so careless erst and free,
An anxious care is fallen with the sweet charge of thee."

"Friend," said I, "what mean you by this verse?"

"That is asking too much of a poet," was his answer; "but what I may tell you concerning it is, that this beautiful Northern legend of Aslauga came into my mind at the sight of you; and it seems to me that my task is no less strange, though far more joyful and safe, than that of king Heimer, who carried about with him in his lute, the child of Sigurd." Then he went back into the grove; and my mind became strangely confused, till I could no longer distinguish between his form and that of King Heimer. But now that I am come to the end of my story, it strikes me that you will find nothing wonderful in it, dear friends."

"Wonderful!" repeated Malgherita, thoughtfully. "Dear Thiodolf, why should we wish for what is wonderful? Is it, or is it not, wonderful that the ghost of my father follows me unremittently? I myself know not. But thy tale is

heart-stirring, sweet and sad together. It speaks of a child, a lost, orphaned child; oh, my Tristan!"

And weeping bitterly, she clung to her husband, feeling well that she must have been utterly desolate if he too had gone from her out into the wide world.

Thiodolf's farewell was sad and solemn, and yet the sorrowing parents saw their friend depart with a sort of joy. Did it not almost bring them a glimmering of hope that the true-hearted Thiodolf was about to pass over wide tracts of distant lands? If Tristan yet lived might he not be as well found in this expedition as in any other way? We will not wonder at these strange anticipations; we know from our own experience the ever trembling, never despairing, heart of man.

CHAPTER XLIX.

When Thiodolf returned home, he found the old chief Helmfrid standing in one of the courts of the Væringier fortress, and throwing, by moonlight, three lances of very different shape at a target; as Thiodolf entered, and closed the door, all the three lances were fast sticking in the center; Philip went to take them out, wondering with glad amazement at the skill of the old chief.

"They are very good ones, dear brother-in-arms," said Helmfrid, as he went towards the young captain and held out the three lances to him. "I have these last days been especially preparing them for thee, and employed thereon my best skill. See here, this small, slender lance—it flies lightly through the air, and even a weak arm can fling it; but when directed aright it can rival the wind in speed—I call it the falcon, and deem that it will be a useful weapon to thee when in pursuit of a foe too ready to take flight. This second lance—I call it the bear—thou canst but use, dear Thiodolf, in trials of skill than in actual combat. For he can hurl the bear may wield and hurl every other weapon. But it may so betide that a foe in full armor may, with wild wrath come close up to thee—though it is not the fashion of the Bulgarians; but if such a one did come, then let fly the bear, and I shall promise thee that it shall pierce through whatever armor the haughty challenger may wear.—This third lance, finally, with its shaft of noble wood—with its beautiful point of steel and circle of pure gold—thou didst find the like sticking in the laurel-grove on the Lacedæmonian mountains when we made our first acquaintance—this weapon, dear youth, I call the king-lance; and thou must only use it on important decisive occasions; it is as good to use in close combat as at a distance. Guard carefully these three spears, my beloved son; I will leave them in the hands of thy armor-bearer, Philip; and God will grant thee to do with them great and glorious things. Good night, dear children. I vœen that in all my life I have never so heartily rejoiced in any war as in this one. I know that you will fulfil the bright hopes of an old man; and, then, good night for me! good day for you!"

The trumpets sounded clear in the early dawn which rose, strewing gold and crimson over the waves of the Propontis, as the departing troops assembled gaily in the great square of the city.

"Be praised, Thou, whom I know not!" said Thiodolf, devoutly smiling to himself; "be praised, Thou, to whom we may be brought by the White Christ, or by Heimdal, the messengers of the gods; be Thou praised for the great gladness which streams through my young heart on this heavenly morning, and help me to bring to pass in the field of battle deeds brave and well-pleasing to Thee."

Then he sprang on his horse, which neighed with joy; and a soft, kind voice, close by him, said, "Amen!"

Looking round, Thiodolf became aware of the noble merchant, Bertram, and asked him, "What do you say Amen, dear Sir?"

"To your prayer?"

"How is that, my friend! I certainly did not speak so loud that any man could hear me."

"That depends upon the kind of man, and his understanding. See, dear young knight, when just now you looked towards heaven so bravely and confidingly, so lovingly and solemnly, one hand on your breast, and the other firmly on your sword's hilt, then I knew of your prayer, and felt, without hearing a word, that I might say, Amen, with a glad heart."

Thiodolf stretched out his hand to Bertram with hearty love, looked for a time quizzically in his wise, honest eyes, and then, bending down to him, whispered gently in his ear, "Seek after Iselde for me, my true friend. I know no other man in the world to whom I would give the task but thee." Then he spurred his horse, and flew to the head of his company.

A knight in armor of peculiar elegance came towards him from another troop, and said, lowering his spear, "Sir Captain, let all rancor be at an end between us. I am the chamberlain, Michael Androgenos, and I am going to take the field with you."

"You do well," answered Thiodolf, kindly; "and God forbid that I should bear the least ill-will to a companion in arms and in battle, who comes forward when danger is nearest and most urgent. It pleases me well, too, that you so mark yourself out by your beautiful armor; for brave warriors are glad when they can be recognized by the foe. It is for that that I so prize my wild bull's helmet; for no man, but myself, in the whole army wears the like."

Michael Androgens smiled rather scornfully when he heard the strange helmet compared to his choice and delicate armor; but Thiodolf gave no heed to this, and left the chamberlain with a friendly greeting.

The trumpet sounded for the second time—the troops moved and began their solemn march. The following song sounded from the Væringers band as they began their joyous march:

"As joyful in the varied crowd, We wend upon the battle-row, The lance we poise, the song we raise With greetings the loved fair to praise. Soon will come tidings from afar Of gallant deeds achieved in war; And low will whisper maidens bright, Fight bravely on, each gallant knight!"

They passed the imperial palace; the sovereign, with many of his attendants, stood on a splendid balcony and kindly greeted those below. Thiodolf, guessing that the blooming Zoe might be there also, could not help looking up, excusing himself with the thought, "It may be a parting for life."

The fair form appeared above, with tearful eyes; and as she returned the greeting of the young chief a green sprig flew from her hand, and fell on Thiodolf's breast-plate. Then he heard a sorrowful sigh; and as he looked round, Philip smiled at him with moistened eyes, and said, "Good-bye to you, my dear commander!"

A few steps farther on, the crowd parted reverently; a veiled female form appeared, and cried out, as she bent before Thiodolf, "Hail, to the noble northern hero! may he return victorious, the honor of this city! and may all sorrows be past and gone from his heart."

Then the veiled apparition passed on; and the wondering crowd murmured around, "It was the unknown Helper!" But soon all voices rose to give joy to the young hero, to whom had been vouchsafed a greeting so heavenly, on going forth into the field of honor. Thiodolf's quick swelling heart beat joyfully beneath the morning sun.

CHAPTER I.

Beyond the Danube, on the shores of the sea of Azoff, had appeared a mighty multitude, like a cloud of countless locusts thickening and darkening the air, from the most remote and well-known plains. Warriors, almost naked, of brown and ill-favored countenances, hearing before them, as their sole defense, immense shields, with strange weapons hanging over their shoulders, whose use could only be in part understood by foreigners, with now and then a horse appearing amongst them, but generally all on foot, yet rapid and fearful in their movements—thus came the Bulgarians across their boundaries, and the Greek empire trembled. Men thought of the time when this torrent had reached the outskirts of Constantinople, and lamentations were heard from more than twenty thousand families for their vanished loved ones, who had been borne back by the departing warriors into their endless deserts. On all sides the peasants took to flight; the citizens anxiously closed their gates; and the voice of prayer for protection and deliverance rose up to God and to His saints.

Protection and deliverance were at hand.—The fugitives soon met on their sad way the vanguard of the advancing army; and with no small consolation they saw amongst the other troops the tall forms of the Northmen, and heard that the Væringers were now taking the field stronger and more glorious than ever: they heard, too, that in its ranks was a young chief on whom all Constantinople, though so long accustomed to the noble northern warrior, gazed with wonder, as the flower of heroic courage and strength. The wanderers slackened their weary steps, attended to the women, and children, and sick; and, resting in friendly villages, looked on with quiet hope to the exploits of the army.

"Master," said Thiodolf one day to Helmfrid, as a group of fugitives halted near them, a part lying down on the ground which they had rescued, and looking at the soldiers with confident greetings, "Master, for him whose heart does not swell in his bosom with the joy of war, all that is great and noble has passed away. The Bulgarians are a deluded people to send to us such reminders; it will be small gain to the evil pleaders."

"Thou art right, dear Thiodolf," answered Helmfrid; "and as I know that the precious Icelandic gift of song has been granted thee in rich abundance, I would that thou shouldst put these thoughts into a lay, which our soldiers may learn and carry with them into the fight."

Then Thiodolf lifted up his powerful voice, which thundered through the ranks, and sang the following words:

"Fresh o'er the fair plains, Sounds the host from afar; In each warrior's proud veins Sounds the life-blood of war."

"Ye heroes, I woe! Ye will prove your swords' worth In no easy or false scene, In no game's jocund mirth."

"Mothers, now do you see The brave and fast meeting; With their babes to be free Your shelter they're seeking."

"Hear ye now the sick groan, For whom forwards ye bid? And the child's asking moan, Why like eagles ye fly?"

"The claw of the vulture Will destroy and will cease, While land rich with culture, Smoke and pillage now sees."

"Soft doves fly for cover Where verdant fields charm, While eagle-winds hover To shield them from harm."

"The doves, naught now fearing, Drink in their clear spring; Refreshed appearing, As they rest the tired wing."

"But the birds of the sky Who in war's pleasures live, With proud plumes will fly Strong protection to give."

"They the vultures will cease In their powerful flight; What escapes quickly flees To the waste far from sight."

"Then the doves o'er on meads Springing up brightly green, Soon from Væringers' deeds, May this, brethren, be seen!"

The troops repeated this song with great delight, and its words were heard to sound through many a hot combat which was afterwards fought with the robber Bulgarians. Even the Greek soldiers learned the song; and the Væringers were soon called the Eagles, throughout the whole army. They quickly came to deserve this high name; for the Bulgarians, eager for prey and for fighting, came down upon them, and it needed many hard blows before the wild enemy again learned the fear which it once had for the assembled troops, and which their previous victories had a well-nigh made them quite forget.

At the close of a bloody day, Thiodolf sat silent and thoughtful before his tent. Near him, Philip was sharpening and polishing his arms, at times turning inquiring looks on his master. At length he arose and came close to him, making spear and sword clash together, and looked lovingly in the eyes of the northern hero, as he raised them at the well-known sound.

"Why dost thou take so much trouble, boy, with my good sword Throng-piercer?" asked Thiodolf. "It has not given a single blow during this whole expedition, and the foe keeps aloof and will never let us get at him. The King-spear and the Bear-lance I also carry in vain.—If thou only wilt keep the Falcon in good condition, and always, as heretofore, will seek it out for me on the battle-field, and besides keep a dozen other light lances in readiness; that is all that we need in this joyless war."

"Master," said Philip, and his face shone in heightened joy, "dear master, if thou wilt not look upon this armor-bearer as a boasting fellow who meddles in things for which his inexperienced youth is unfit, I would tell thee how we might contrive to force the foe to a stand still, and bring on a glorious close combat."

"Speak, dear boy," answered Thiodolf kindly. "And even if thy words do not lead to deeds, it is still brave of thee so earnestly to have fixed thy thoughts on noble things."

"The wisdom is not mine, dear master," said Philip. "I have learned it from one wiser than I. In one of the Greek bands there is a strong, gigantic trooper, who lets no comrade look upon his face; only his snow-white beard makes known that he is an old man, for it falls in two long curls through the links of his hauberk. No sound has been heard to pass his lips except in his dreams; but then his words are often mysterious, even almost prophetic. If he is asked concerning them when awake, he raises his hand with a menacing gesture and turns away in silence. After the last fight, I had to seek long after your beautiful Falcon-spear, you had hurled it so very far off; and I found it at last in a rocky valley, sticking in the skull of a Bulgarian who had fallen there in the grass. It was very bloody, and before I had washed it clean in the brook, night had closed in dark and cloudy.—Having with difficulty returned to our army, I got into the wing opposite to ours, where was the very troop to which the strange old warrior belongs. He lay asleep by the fire, and his companions made a sign to me to be silent, because just then his wonderful prophetic words were escaping from his lips in broken sounds. He murmured about the rocky valley and the flying Bulgarians, round whom a magic circle must be drawn; the others seemed not to understand him, for they were listening more in sheer curiosity than with proper thoughtfulness; but those words of rocky valley and enemy sank deep into my soul. I have since had no rest; I have inquired of all the country people, I have almost ridden to death my beautiful chestnut, and now I am certain of the matter. Dear master, we can surround the enemy in the rocky valley; truly and indeed we can; and he must wait for us, and we shall rejoice in a good knightly fight, man to man."

"How thou liest up, boy!" said Thiodolf, smiling at him. "I thought at first it was the evening glow which so brightly rested on thy cheeks; but now I see well that the sun which gives forth those rays lies deep in thy knightly heart."

Then he made Philip repeat to him all that he had learned of the rocky valley, and the position of the Bulgarians; and he said at length, "Boy, keep all within thee pure; the gods will see to that which is without; for I say to thee, there lie in thee the seeds of a hero such as thy fatherland has not seen for long."

Thiodolf hastened to Helmfrid, and after a short talk with him he returned, charged to begin and lead on the expedition. A few more arrangements on his part turned the scheme of Philip into a masterly manœuvre.

"My dear brave boy," said Thiodolf, "it would rejoice me to entrust thee with the management of the whole expedition, but for that thou art yet too young. But to give thee thy due, thou shalt choose our war-cry for the attack which thou hast so nobly planned."

Philip looked down a few moments; then he said, with sunk eyelids and glowing cheeks, "I say master so highly honors me as to leave me the choice.—Well, then, 'Zoe' is our battle-cry."

Thiodolf looked at him with surprise; a question nearly escaped his lips; but shrinking from giving words to a feeling, whose thought he avoided in his own mind as a destroying fire, he bent his head in assent, sounded his war-horn, and soon after rode forth with his young friend at the head of a stout Væringers band into the already dark night.

(To be Continued)

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it to the soil, and the scarred and crooked oak will tell of their centuries to come. How forcibly does this beautiful figure teach the lesson of giving right tendencies instead of wrong tendencies to the young mind.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE ARGUMENT OF ENGLAND IN THE PRESENT CONSTITUTIONAL WAR.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.) The inconsistency of the English press, and the dishonesty of the British Cabinet in the present crisis on the Italian Peninsula, are the just commentaries to form an accurate judgment of the past diplomacy and policy of this country in reference to Italy. The entire British press, without a single exception, have, since the expulsion of Charles Dix from the French throne in 1830, cried out for reform in the political government of all the Italian States.—Within the last ten years, since the expulsion of Louis Phillipe in 1847, there is no expression of ridicule, no language of malicious contempt which English journalism has not employed against the tyranny of Naples, the misgovernment of Rome, and the slavery of the Duchies. And in reference to the Austrian rule at home and abroad, all the writers of England depicted it as the most degraded despotism of modern Europe, and as the unimprovable code of Popish antagonism to progressive civilization. The prisons of Naples, the assassins of Rome, the rebels of Tuscany, the deism of Lombardy, the hypocrisy of Austria, the infidelity of Vienna, supplied jumbled daily articles on men, and creeds, and things, to the universal English press; and English tourists, English correspondents, and English Bibles transmitted to their friends at home deplorable accounts of the slavery, the immorality, and the Paganized Christianity of all Southern Popish Europe. Ereter Hall, our own Rotundo, and several of the townshells in Scotland and Ireland re-echoed in holy horror with the thrilling descriptions of the fallen state of liberty and religion beyond the Alps and the Rhine: and some of the most eminent of our Parliamentary saints and Biblical statesmen have repeatedly argued during the last four years that the Revolutionists of Italy should even receive military aid from England in order to carry out their ideas of Reform in Church and State.

And if such has been the feeling and the language of the press, the conduct of the different cabinets and administrations has been still more emphatic and practical. An English Cabinet Minister complimented and flattered, in the year 1848, the principal Revolutionist at Rome: he received this man at the English Embassy, invited him to his table, and thus became by the fact, the companion, the abettor, and the accomplice of the Roman rebellion! A second English Minister, at the head of a procession of fifty thousand Englishmen, received Kossuth the Hungarian rebel, read an address of congratulation to him, sympathized, of course, with the Hungarian revolution, and thus identified the English Cabinet with the insurrection. An English Chancellor of the Exchequer visited Naples in 1849, wrote a pamphlet on the tyranny of the laws, and on the cruelties of the administration; and Lord Roden, accompanied by four others, travelled through Italy, examining the gaols, entering the cells, conversing with the prisoners, making presents of money amongst the culprits; and then returning home to protest before large English and Irish assemblies against the Constitutions and Administrations of all Italy. Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, so late as last February, have declared that the Italian Priests were "about the very worst species of Ecclesiastics in all Europe; that all foreign force should be instantly withdrawn; and the various States of Italy left to themselves, to frame their own laws of temporal policy and church discipline." And so associated, so identified was England with the enemies of the Italian rulers that she lent two millions sterling to Sardinia, to complete the fortress of Alessandria; and had agreed with France to send two ships of war into the bay of Naples to encourage the hopes of the Revolutionists, and to overthrow the King into submission to the rebel democracy! In fact, the continued theme of the English Press and the English literature and social English sympathy during the last thirty years has been the public unqualified encouragement to rebellion through all Italy; and the equally undisguised conduct of the English Prime Ministers and the English Cabinets during the last thirteen years has been an open appeal to the whole Italian population to rise up against the constituted authorities in Church and State, to throw off the authority of the throne and the altar; to get rid of the King and the Pope; and that they had the moral power of all England on their side: that they could also command to a great extent the English Exchequer; and above all that if circumstances were favorable to the revolutionary cause the British Navy might be placed at their service! The facts stated in the two paragraphs just written of this article are registered in the whole Press of this Country, are recorded in the speeches and the printed documents of the Cabinet Ministry, and are known to all Europe.

If these statements be accurate, and beyond all dispute undeniable, how can we account for the present bitter reproaches of the English press against the Italian policy of France? Is not this the policy which they have encouraged these last thirty years? Where is the consistency in *unsaying*, within one month, the things which have been said almost every day for upwards of a quarter of a century? How can France be charged as a criminal in doing what Lord Minto recommended in Rome—what Lord John Russell praised in Parliament—what Lord Palmerston joined in Birmingham? How has English journalism found out, in the space of a month, what it could not discover during the last thirty years? Or, how have the eminent Leaders of several past Cabinets learned, in the month of April, 1859, that their past policy towards Italy for a quarter of a century has been a blunder, a mistake, perhaps a fatal error? How can the English companions of Napoleon, in counselling ships of war to be sent to the Bay of Naples, now condemn him for carrying this English advice into practical execution? How can it be wrong in France to lend men to Sardinia against Austria, when England has, within the last two years, lent millions of money for the same purpose? If England flattered and dined with Revolution at home, surely it can be no crime, in the eyes of Great Britain, if France now flatters and dines with insurrection in Florence? If England thought it right to offer aid to the Italian confederates, how can she declare it wrong in France to do the same? Wherefore, then, the inconsistency of the English press, or the dishonesty of the British Cabinet? Will not all mankind cry out against the baseness of the one, and against the treachery of the other? And will not the voice of Europe and the whole world equally do justice to the unbroken word of Napoleon and to the firm consistency of the French Cabinet?

In view of the premises here advanced and proved, how now stand the political conditions of the four parties here engaged—namely, Austria, Sardinia, France, and England? Firstly, Sardinia being encouraged, assisted in money, and strengthened in her navy by England, has relied upon English truth; and from the very commencement of this Italian difficulty has, therefore, sincerely prepared to accomplish her hostile declarations. For good or for evil; right or wrong, she has kept her word. Secondly, Austria has sworn before all Europe that she would not attack Sardinia if France would remain neutral; and in this sworn pledge it is strict justice to say that Austria has broken her pledge in treacherous falsehood.—Thirdly, France from the beginning of the Sardinian movement, asserted that she would prepare her national force merely in an armed neutrality; and that she would not pass her frontiers if Austria did the same. Mankind can now bear testimony that she has rigidly kept her word till Austria, suddenly, unexpectedly, and perfidiously broke her pledge! I do not argue the course which this nation might hereafter do; I only reason on the actual course which she has followed; and this conduct is beyond all doubt an indictment of a violated promise and an unexpected declaration of war. In that hour France was released from her engagement of neutrality; and with the rapidity of French action, her war steamers issued from Toulon with armed thousands for Genoa;

while her soldiers climbed the heights of Saint Genevieve, walked to the neck in snow for two days, leaving their baggage and artillery behind at the foot of the mountain; and merely carrying their muskets and cartouche boxes in their hands above their heads, as they trod their frozen march in slow and almost smothered steps across one of the old French passes into Italy! France has, therefore, kept her word of honor; and has also, at the sound of the first Austrian bugle on the Ticino, met the sudden challenge to war. Fourthly, and how has England maintained her national character in this crisis? She has decidedly abandoned Sardinia which she had so long encouraged! she has deceived France, which she so recently promised to accompany to the bay of Naples in a hostile demonstration in favor of the Revolutionists against the King! She has with her usual political perfidy reversed her policy, backed out of her diplomatic engagements, and has, within the last week, seemed even willing, if she dared, to join the cause of Austria. That is to say, she now seems anxious to enforce in Italy "the reputed despotism" of Austria, which during so many years of deceit she has denounced, through her press, her embassies, her literature, her pulpit; and which she has held up to public execration through every foreign court, city, town, and village where intrigue, influence, and money could advance her disastrous propaganda.

The strict historical truth in this case is—namely, that England has long ago enkindled the revolutionary spirit in all Italy and Hungary; that she has recently lighted the match in Sardinia, in order to commence the conflagration; that she has given to France unmistakable evidence of her willingness to join Napoleon in the revolution of all Italy, and in the expulsion of Austria from Lombardy; and that when the moment for action had arrived she retreated from her former oaths, turned approver against her former accomplices, and now stands before Sardinia, France, and rebel Italy, as an Informer and a Traitor! England is certainly on the very brink of falling into the precipice which she has long prepared for others: she is likely to be caught in her own trap, and to reel from her own shores the war which she encouraged elsewhere. The blow which she has aimed at other nations may re-act on herself; and it is more than probable that the depression of the funds and the vast expenses of the new warlike preparations (even if she be not drawn into the actual scheme she so long conceived and developed—namely, the remodelling of all the Catholic thrones and the extinction of the Catholic Church in Europe—Time will tell; and that time seems near at hand, when the supreme power of England will receive a check: when her dominant name will be lowered; and when the persecution of her laws and the bigotry of her administration will be branded before, not only her rivals but her masters, as being without a parallel in civilized Europe. In these remarks I am not expressing my own feelings; I am merely recording history: I am the rigid chronicler of events passing under our eyes.

In the present crisis England has used to exercise all her prudence. The union of Russia with France (if turned against Great Britain) would be enabled to re-narrow the scenes of Sebastopol before the walls of London! What would prevent France and Russia from uniting to humble England, no more than France and England combining to overpower Russia? At the battle of Waterloo England taught France the power of allied forces! What is to prevent France from purchasing this dearly-bought lesson, and rehearsing it before the gates of the English capital? If Russia be sincerely united with France in the present war, the clear results of this alliance may be calculated—firstly, the revolution of Hungary; secondly, the total subjugation and division of Turkey; thirdly, the entire, the universal revolution in the polity, the territorial divisions, and the thrones of Italy; fourthly, the descent of Russia on the Northern frontier of our Indian empire; and lastly, the separation of Canada from Great Britain! Sardinia, Italy, France, and Russia, when fairly combined in war, can carry out this programme with much less expense, and with more assured success than the Crimean campaign was accomplished. Russia wishes such a course, in order to retrieve and revenge Sebastopol; and France actually wants this policy, in order to employ the army, and to keep up the enthusiasm of French glory. Once having conceded the neutrality of England in the present struggle, there is little doubt of the victory of France assisted by Sardinia, supported by all Italy, and reinforced by the multitudinous Russian armies and the numerous Russian fleet.

What can Austria do under such circumstances even aided by Prussia and the German Confederation? Austria has a weak fleet; Prussia has really no fleet; hence the united navies of France and Russia could walk the seas unmolested from the Sound to the Nile; not leaving a vestige of Prussian or Austrian power on all the coasts where their commerce or their fortifications are now recognised and felt. England will, therefore, require all her wisdom to escape untouched in the midst of the present struggle; and moreover she will find it necessary to put in practice at home the liberal laws which she demands abroad; to unite all her subjects in a sincere equality; to extinguish the bigotry which makes her church a libel on Christianity; and to apply to public purposes of utility, the revenues of "the establishment" which are at once a robbery of the poor, a sacrifice before God, and the incongruous funds for feeding overgrown sensuality, pampering prodigal luxury; and lastly, are the abundant source of spreading social hatred and rebellious dissatisfaction amongst the subjects of the Queen.

May 25th.

D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Irish news of the week is still the election proceedings. At Dublin the Liberals, after a well-sustained fight, were beaten by a majority, which in so large a constituency may be called a very narrow one, of some two hundred votes. Of votes representing the property, taxation, and intelligence of the city, Messrs. Brady and McCard had a majority close upon 1,500; but that was rendered nugatory by the Orange Freeman, who represent only the pauperism and the vilest bigotry of the place. Out of North Dublin workhouse alone some twenty-seven of these "free and independent" voters were carried to the poll to vote for the Orange candidates. Messrs. Grogan and Vance will sit in Parliament as the members for Dublin, but it is absurd to say that they are its representatives. We are sorry to see that Mr. Kirk has lost his seat in Newry, which will be occupied by Mr. Quinn, agent to a local landowner, and a thorough Tory. On the other hand, Mr. Spaight gives way at the poll at Limerick to Major Gavin.—*Weekly Register.*

TENANT-RIGHT.—This question which, but a few years ago, was solemnly declared to be the great and primary question of the country, is now scarcely more than breathed on any bustings in Ireland. So low has it fallen, through the mismanagement or worse, of factious demagogues, that men seem ashamed even to whisper the name of Tenant-right. We deliberately affirm that the cause of the Irish farmers has been sacrificed to a vulgar spirit of faction, and to the mean jealousies of trading politicians. Look back to the year 1853. In that year Tenant-right was made a cabinet measure; in that year a good Tenant-right Bill was carried by large majorities through the House of Commons. Look now to 1857. In that year, Tenant-right was laughed at in the House of Commons, and the bill, improperly denominated the "League Bill," was ignominiously refused a second reading. Now, in this year, 1859, Tenant-right, as we have said, is scarcely breathed.—*Frisman.*

Turf is enormously dear at present in Gort, where 6s. is paid for an ash load. Potatoes sell there for 2 1-2d. per stone, and oats 10s. per barrel.

THE ELECTIONS.—The Irish Elections are hourly being consummated, and already the boroughs, with one or two exceptions, have made their returns.—Notwithstanding the utter absence of any public organization of agitation to control, direct, or incite popular action, and render the elections a national campaign, not a series of disintegrated efforts, never since 1852, has there been such widespread revolt against Whiggery and Toryism; never such unmistakable manifestations in favor of the principles of the Independent Party. King's County at the last moment, to the surprise of friends and foes, throws off the yoke and declares for the League cause.—New Ross turns out a Tory, and Cashel a Whig, the new members in each case seeking and obtaining election as "Independent of, and in opposition to all Governments" not conceding the long sought settlement of the Land Question. Cork is banished in a noble and vigorous effort only by a disastrous blunder by which the battle has been, for this time, lost without a blow. In Galway, against all the powers of venality, bribery, and corruption, Colonel French has fought a contest which will command for him the honor and the esteem of every friend of political honesty and popular rights; a contest which we are confident will place him in the position of representative of Galway, when inquisition shall have been made into the practices by which some thirty or forty majority was exhibited by the hero of the Calcutta Cyprians. In Tipperary there is not even an attempt to dispute the seat of the gallant and youthful "Chieftain of the Glens"—while one whose perverse resistance to what he knew to be the feeling of the county, once plunged it needlessly into strife, has given an adhesion acceptable to his constituents and creditable to himself. The Marble City reiterates its resolution to be represented by none but a man of the honest party; and while the county has taken to itself a noble and a herculean task; that of executing righteous judgment upon two traitors to the people, and conferring significant reward upon two faithful tribunes. Amongst the former Ireland beholds one of the subtlest and most dangerous of the able and powerful men who by great talents and great treachery won and deceived the hopes of the Irish tenantry: in one of the latter a man whose genius was equalled only by his fidelity; who, as friend after friend fell off, and as adversity grew darker and deeper around the popular cause, stood firmer and closer by the standard, sword in hand, faithful and unflinching. Leitrim, challenged to pass its verdict for the third time upon the Independent member, emphatically pronounces its approbation of the man and the principles it declared for in '52. Wexford once more proves worthy of its proud position in the struggles of Ireland, armed and unarmed. In Waterford, where the most bitter and unscrupulous attempt, which the annals of elections could parallel, has been made not merely to defeat, but to crush Mr. Blake, he has triumphed over his dastardly assailants in a manner which renders their overthrow the more galling and humiliating to them, and gratifying to all hearts, for the violent and truculent malignity attempted against one who had so many claims on the gratitude of every citizen in his native town. In Dungarvan, the adherents to Independent principles has been so resolute as to debar the mere attempt at a contest. In death no one expected a change. Whiggery made its dying effort in that county three years ago; and a Tory member for such a constituency may be looked for only with the reappearance of the Irish Elk and the Pleisiosaur. Thus not only are all the Independent seats safe, but others have been, or almost certainly will be, won; and all this has been done under circumstances which were calculated to dispirit and dismay all effort of the kind. What more infallible indication could be given that our people are sick of British politics and British factions, and that the only party which they desire to strengthen is that which promises to be Irish not British—to make the safety of Irish households, the welfare of the Irish people, its highest aim and most sacred duty.—*Nation.*

On Wednesday night, says the *Drogheda Argus*, about half-past ten o'clock, a man came to the Priam's palace, in Fair-street, and stood there till he met the Rev. Mr. Haratty, who was about going in. He told him that he was wanted to attend a sick call at the house of a man named Pentony, who resides near Killineer, on the North Road. It was not the reverend gentleman's night of duty, but, thinking that Pentony wanted him, he went with the man, who wore a large coat, with the collar over the ears, and his hat nearly down on his face, so as to be unrecognisable. When they got near the quarry, on the right side of the road near Killineer, the man told Father Haratty to step aside, as that was the way to the house. The night being extremely dark he could not see the way before him, but walked on as directed, and stumbled right into the quarry, foremost on his head, but the fall, fortunately, was broken by a projecting bank, otherwise he must have been killed. His face was greatly lacerated. His hat was bulged in, and was cut through on the side, and it is probable that were it not for that the reverend gentleman would have lost his life. As it was he was greatly injured, and so stunned by the fall that he remained lying on the ground over an hour. On recovering he walked home slowly.—The man, after leading him to the precipice, made off; and it is to be regretted that the diabolical villain cannot be identified by his intended victim.—Father Haratty has since been attended by Drs. Penland and Morgan, and we are happy to announce that he is progressing favorably. His dispositions were taken to-day, and will be sent off to the Castle. On next day, hearing of the occurrence, Head-constable Northgate made enquiries at Pentony's house, and was informed by him that there was no one sick there nor in the neighborhood, and that he never saw any party. The affair is wrapped in mystery.

LAST COAST DEPARTURE.—Now that a great war is evidently on the point of breaking out—if, indeed, the first gun heralding the coming conflict has not already been fired—and it is impossible to say how soon England may be actually involved in hostilities and exposed to invasion in the most vulnerable portion of her dominions, the necessity of being prepared for such a contingency becomes a matter of the gravest importance. With such an extent of seaboard as the United Kingdom presents, there are few, if any, maritime countries so deficient of coast defences as Great Britain. As regards Ireland, there are scarcely half a dozen spots round its shores which would not be absolutely at the mercy of an invading enemy of any considerable force, so far as artillery and gunners to repel them are concerned.—Our own harbor may be said to be utterly defenceless. All it can boast of in the way of fortifications is Carrickfergus castle, the four guns of which are mounted for ornament rather than for use, and would be laughed at by the crews of a French flotilla of gunboats, which could burn or cut out the whole mercantile fleet in port, in spite of them. On our toy cannonades on the Queen's Island, we need not waste so much as a quill. Even if we had artillery to guard our port, we have no gunners immediately available, to work them at a moment's notice. A regiment of artillery, no doubt, forms a part of our garrison, but it is a young militia corps, and not yet practically trained to the use of ordnance. The nearest point from which we could secure assistance is Charlemont Fort, and the force there, never very strong, might be required in a dozen other places.—The fortification of Belfast harbor occupied the attention of our Harbor Commissioners some time since, and a correspondence with the Admiralty, we believe, took place on the subject. This, of course, elicited a civil answer—a stereotyped reply, amounting in those forms of expression which proverbially "bitter no parsnips," and there the matter ended, and rests to this moment. Not an additional gun has been planted "from the mouth of the Ford" to Black Head.—*Belfast Banner.*

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Humphrey Jones, Esq., of Carrickfergus House, Clontarf, a magistrate for the county Monaghan.

Judgment on the application to admit the State Prisoners now in the jails of Cork and Kerry to bail was delivered in the Court of Queen's Bench on Wednesday, and it amounts to this—that the prisoners are to remain in the dungeons until the next assizes. Thus are those young men to undergo previous to trial an imprisonment extending from the commencement of last December up to some time in the coming August. This is as it was expected to be. From the vindictive manner in which those proceedings were conducted from the first, it was easy to foresee that there would be no relaxation even for an instant of any severity against the prisoners which it was in the power of the Crown to exercise. The English garrison in Ireland will do its worst in all cases where its existence is supposed to be menaced. That fact is patent. We doubt, however, that it will terrify the Irish people—a people who have braved something more than the penalties of "Treason-felony" for devotion to their native land—it will not terrify men whose forefathers went unflinchingly—proudly—gladly, to the battle-field, to the block and the gibbet for the cause of Ireland. Thus runs the lesson taught to Irishmen by the Phoenix prosecution—"All you who are dissatisfied with the rule of England over Ireland, but who fear to encounter the legal machinery England has prepared for persons who dare manifest such feelings—Stand aside! and keep your own peace; eat, if you can find where-withal, and sleep, and eat and sleep again; and so let your lives wear away in tranquillity; but do not venture to shake the nerves of the English government by offering any objection to its supremacy in Ireland. All you Irishmen who would shrivel up with terror before the oratorical battery of England's Attorney-General for Ireland, who would be awestruck by a sight of the wigs of England's judges, who would be astonished at the sight of a cold-blooded perjurer in English pay, who would quail before a well packed jury, who would be struck with grief and repentance if sentenced to death or exile for the "crime" of seeking liberty for your native land—that "crime" for which the world honours Washington, and sings of William Tell and Hofer—that "crime" for which Ireland cherishes the memory of Tone, Emmett, and Fitzgerald—Stand aside! For should you dare to commit so great an offence against the majesty of the English people, such awful sights as may meet your eye, such terrible things may befall you! We do not think the prisoners whom the Crown is so careful to keep in confinement are such men. If they set deliberately about the commission of that great "crime," probably they calculated the risk, and took it, and their country will know what to think of them; if, on the other hand, they did not contemplate it, and are wholly innocent of the offence, the country will in that case too know how to appreciate the late proceedings. In either case their fate, in all human probability, is decided. No one in Ireland can now entertain a doubt as to what will be the issue of the proceedings against them. They pass forthwith from amongst the passive herd of English-governed Irishmen, and take their places in the long succession of brave men who have suffered for Ireland. They ask no pity from their fellow-countrymen, and no cowardly wail should be raised over them.

"Wake them not with woman's cries,
Mourn the way that manhood ought,
Sit in silent trance of thought."

James M'Caugh, the schoolmaster of Dundalk Jail, was on Friday committed for trial at the summer assizes, on an alleged charge of having a copy of the Ribbon oath in his possession. He was admitted to bail.

GREAT FIRE IN BELFAST.—On Sunday morning the premises of Messrs. Dobbin and Co., North-street, were discovered to be on fire, and as the contents of the warehouse consisted of oils, drugs, &c., the flames spread with rapidity. The manner in which the fire originated cannot be accounted for. The amount of property consumed is said to be between £6,000 and £7,000 worth, all of which is fully covered by insurances.

OUR DUTIES.—In England there is a cry for a citizen soldiery and a general arming of the people. Rifle clubs in every town and village are recommended, and as much in the way of training and drilling as the present defective state of the law will permit. The Times is loud on the subject, and the whole press of England is of one mind as to the propriety of an immediate popular armament. Letters are making their appearance in all the papers suggesting and advising various modes of raising and arming volunteer corps. A writer signing "The Horn of Chace" proposes regiments of hussars, armed with sabres and revolvers, another writer proposes rifle clubs in each parish or township; having regular practice on stated days, and giving prizes to the best marksmen. The Spectator says the elite of the population should be armed and trained, and the volunteers so raised should be made a permanent institution of the country; the Liverpool Albion advocates the formation of rifle club without loss of time, and says that fortunately there is a nucleus in Liverpool with which to start. "The few gentlemen," says the Albion, "who have for some time been enrolled under the title of the Liverpool Volunteer Corps, and whose efficiency has been endorsed by military opinion, are entitled to the thanks of the public for the good example they have set." At Birkbead a circular, calling on the people to form a rifle club is being extensively signed. The parties, whose names are affixed to the document, declare that they feel "deeply sensible that the time has arrived when individual efforts are absolutely necessary to be exerted, as well as Government measures, for the defence, if not the actual safety of the country." And they further say:—"Without entering into the subject whether the existing state of continental Europe is such as to warrant our preparing ourselves for the worst, we would respectfully submit that the use of the rifle as a weapon of defence has been notoriously neglected by Englishmen, and while every adult of every nation in Europe has been trained to the use of arms, we are most deplorably ignorant of their use, and consequently would be placed at a great disadvantage if obliged to defend our home from an invading foe. But, supposing no higher object is in view than the manly, healthful, and amusing exercise of the rifle practice, we trust this appeal will meet with a ready response, so that this our Wirral Rifle Club may soon muster its 300 members." So all through England runs the resolve to prepare for that day of danger, which all believe to be near at hand. Is Ireland, in this great crisis to remain supine and unconcerned? Are not Irish interests too at stake in such a time as this? Are the lives and properties of Englishmen, the honor of their families, and the independence of their country more dear to them than similar considerations are to the people of Ireland? Have our people been dragged with any villainous compulsion that they should only dream and sleep, or rub their eyes, and look on like idiots, while every nation around them resounds with the bustle of prudent preparation, or glows with energetic action? Are there in Ireland men capable of standing forward to defend their own homes and families, or are there only a crowd of cowardly, cold-hearted creatures, who must leave that work to be done by such English militia regiments as England may please to spare for such a purpose? Men of course there are, yielding to none in manly spirit, inferior to none in their sense of national honor, second to none in their love and reverence for all that patriots and Christians hold sacred—men who will not abandon their manly rights or abdicate that post of honor which they should occupy to Englishmen, sent amongst them by the English Government, and having no interest in this country or its affairs further than the earning of their hire from their English employers. Those men have no duties to perform, duties which they cannot neglect for a day with credit to their own character. The first of these, according to the unmistakable pro-

nouncement of public opinion is, to arm—to procure good weapons, learn to use them, and keep them for purposes of national defence. The gross stupidity, and the cowardly policy of our rulers have led them to throw every possible obstacle in the way of popular armament, even in England; and the effect is that they have to-day for subjects—speaking from a military point of view—the most ignorant, awkward, and cowardly lot of people in the civilized world. A squad of French or Prussian schoolboys would clear any field of twice their number of whiskered subjects of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria in a very short space of time, and it will be long, even supposing the English government now to commence an endeavour to correct its mistake, ere anything approaching to a military spirit can be awakened in the hearts of the grubbing, plodding, manufacturing people of England. In Ireland the restrictions placed in the way of military knowledge and military practices have been still more stringent, but they have not produced the same effect. Every one knows that even the most trifling approach to anything like military marching in Ireland is looked on with suspicion by the English authorities, and often prevented. It is but a few weeks since a number of children who used to amuse themselves by walking together—for we cannot call it "marching," in as much as they made no attempt to "keep the step"—in the vicinity of this city, playing on a tin whistle and beating the remains of some old kitchen utensil to serve the part of a drum, had their proceedings gravely reported to the Castle, and received from the officials of the government a caution to discontinue the practice on pain of prosecution! Nevertheless the spirit of our people is essentially military, and a defensive army might be raised and brought to a state of efficiency in this country in a shorter space of time than that in which a like work could be accomplished in any other country similarly circumstanced. Now all authorities agree in stating that the time has arrived when the people of these countries should put themselves in a position of defence, and, therefore, we call upon our countrymen to do, and do quickly, as much as they can legally do, towards that object. They cannot—until the law is altered—train and drill, but, except in a few districts which are under proclamation, they can procure arms, and, individually, learn the way to use them; and in all parts of Ireland people are at full liberty to procure and make themselves acquainted with military books. These things should be done without delay. Where the law permits it, no man, at least no house, and particularly no father's house, should be without a serviceable fire-arm, but persons who cannot procure such a weapon on account of its cost, should supply themselves with some other that will be within their means. This, in the present position of affairs, is a duty which they cannot neglect unless at their great peril.—Nation.

We have to-day, says the Galway Vindicator of 5th inst., the melancholy duty of announcing the act of self-destruction by an unfortunate plover named John Coyne, who for the last ten years had abandoned his faith, and became, for a consideration, infidelity less than that received by Judas Iscariot, the emissary of superstition into the Irish Church Missionary Society. The wretched man on Wednesday shot himself with a double-barrelled pistol upon a heap of stones in the ruins of an old forge, at Bushy-park, about two miles from Galway. An inquest was held on his body next day, and a verdict of "accidental death" returned. The following letter was found by the Police-constable on the person of the deceased, and was read by him in his evidence before the Coroner at the inquest:—"Rev. Sir—Once more I embrace this present and most favorable opportunity of addressing your reverence with these few lines, hoping that your reverence might agree to my request, which is, to give me as much money as will bring me to England. I intend to go this afternoon, and I have not as much as one shilling to bring me. As for striving to get on the Irish Church Mission again, I do not want to get on, and during the period that I have spent on the Irish Church Mission, I was kept on a most miserable salary; still I might pull on for some time only for Mr. Ryder, who is the cause of my destruction. I am sure I have said a good deal on that matter before, so that I need scarcely remark that Mr. Ryder made a real infidel of me, and I came to the conclusion that he is one himself, from all the persecution I have suffered from him since I had the misfortune of coming under him. Your reverence said to me on Saturday that you did not forward the note I sent you to Dublin to Mr. Eade. I am sorry for not doing so, but still I have full time to write to the Rev. Mr. Eade concerning the matter. I went to some rounds about the house that I am in at present in getting a room there which was ten shillings out of my pocket. My mother also brought thirty shillings from me, so that I am left in a poor condition, so that if your reverence will favor me so far as to give me as much as will bring me out of Errismore, it would be a favor to me. As for striving to get on the Mission again, if I could get it back I would not take it, for I am on the mission this six years and a-half, and during half that term half starved and not able to support myself, so that I have no advantage by being on the Mission, no more than to turn myself to some other work. I was better off when I was an Irish teacher at 12s. a month. No more at present, but hoping that your reverence will give me something to bring me away, I am, your humble and most obedient servant.

"JOHN COYNE, Errismore, Daily Hill.
(Signed) THOMAS HANSLAN, Constable."

THE CORMACK SISTERS.—Our readers remember the case of the unfortunate Cormacks, who were unjustly hanged for the murder of Ellis. Their sisters have been left destitute. A correspondent of the Tipperary Advocate writes:—"I am glad to be able to inform you that a subscription has been at length set on foot here in behalf of the sisters of the ill-fated brothers Cormack, and with the view of enabling them to emigrate to America, to a still surviving brother and sister, that have been for some time settled there.—Ever since the melancholy death of their brothers, it was intended that such subscription should be raised for them, but as long as there remained any hope of obtaining an investigation into the foul and execrable means whereby the legal murder of those doomed men had been accomplished, it was thought well to defer it, in the hope that they might be afforded the consolation of seeing their brothers' memory redeemed from the foul stain of murder cast upon it by the verdict of a packed jury at Nenagh, and the late actors in that terrible drama exposed and punished. All hope of an investigation would seem now to be abandoned on every side, and it is time, therefore, that something should be done for these poor, broken-hearted, and desolate sisters. Immediately after the execution of their brothers, their house was razed to the ground, as if to erase every vestige of their memory from the land, and they, the sisters, were obliged to take refuge in some of the wretched hovels in the suburbs of our town, where, sorrow-stricken and oppressed, they have been endeavoring to eke out a miserable existence ever since. And were it not for the kind encouragement and assistance given them by the good nuns of the Presentation Convent, aided by the charity of the priests and people of the town, their faith should have been wretched indeed. Their case, therefore, is a hard and truly painful one, and it is hoped they shall not now appeal in vain to the charity of a sympathizing public.

WRECK IN DUNDALK BAY.—The French Chasmeare Bonellis, bound for Belfast from Bayonne, with Indian corn, was driven ashore in our bay on Wednesday evening, close to where the wreck of the Mary Stoddart, wrecked in April, 1858, lies. The crew took to the rigging, where they were lashed when passed by the Earl of Erne steamer, they refusing to quit the wreck. About eight o'clock Mr. Henry M'Dermot, managing clerk to the United States Vice Consul, accompanied by another clerk, a young Frenchman, Henri Renaud, also in Mr. Caraher's employment, and four Blackrock fishermen, namely, John

Mathews, Patrick McKeon, Patrick Smith, and Francis Prendergast, put off in a yawl from the Blackrock, in the midst of the gale, and succeeded in taking the crew, consisting of the master, two sailors, and two small boys ashore in an exhausted state, the boatmen having to carry them in their arms to place them in Mr. Caraher's car, which was in attendance to convey them to a place of warmth in Mr. Carroll's public-house, where they were carried during the night. On Thursday they were removed to Mr. Caraher's business house on recovering their strength. The small boys were nearly dead when taken ashore, and one of them is still very much swollen in the hands and feet. Mr. Carvill, the newly appointed French Consular Agent, arrived in Dundalk yesterday and will of course, take charge of the crew. The vessel still holds together, there being three feet of water in the hold. Messrs. Caraher and Co. have placed a watchman on the wreck. If the weather moderates the vessel, it is hoped, will get off after being lightened. The brave fellows that rescued the crew at the peril of their own lives, there being eleven people in the small yawl, besides the trunks, luggage, &c., of the poor Frenchmen, deserve the greatest praise. The poor little French boys actually kissed the boat on being placed ashore.—Dundalk Advertiser.

Loss by the POMONA.—The Pomona, Captain Merrybaw, left Liverpool on Wednesday morning last at 5 a.m., for New York, with a crew of forty men and three hundred and ninety-seven passengers, chiefly third class. There were thirty-four children and seven infants. She got away with a fair wind. At 4 p.m., she passed Holyhead. Many of the passengers and a portion of the crew retired to their berths early, but a large number, more cheerfully inclined, congregated together, and sang and danced to the music of a fiddle and a pipe. At midnight the wind increased, and the ship lay to under close reefed topsails. A revolving light was made supposed to be Tuskar, and the ship was squared away on a westerly course. Very soon afterwards the vessel struck on what proved to be Blackwater Bank, and the sea made a complete breach over her. About ten on Thursday morning, the fore and main masts were cut away, the ship rolling heavily at the time. Two boats were got out but they were soon swamped.—About 1 p.m., she washed over the bank, when the best bower anchor was let go, but it was found she was sinking fast. At 1:30 p.m., the long-boat was got out, into which the cook, steward, boatswain, and three others scrambled; she upset, and four of them were drowned. The third mate (who has furnished the above account, fifteen of the crew, and three passengers (Lees, Reilly, and Taylor) left the ship at 2:30 p.m., in the whole boat, and landed near Blackwater. The remainder were all drowned, when the ship went down at her anchors. A long account of the catastrophe is contained in the Wexford Constitution of Saturday. It states that the ship went on the bank some seven miles off Ballyconigar. The passengers, half clothed, ran on deck. A wild scene of horror ensued, but the crew obeyed the captain, some degree of order was restored, and the pumps were manned. The gale continued to increase. In the course of the morning an attempt was made to launch the life-boats, but they were stove in and their crews drowned. In this fearful state of suspense they remained till toward evening, when the ship, which had till then remained firm on the bank, slipped off by the stern into deep water, and commenced rapidly to fill. The whole-boat was then launched, and a number of the crew and passengers rushed into her. The captain in the hope of being again driven on the bank, let go the best bower anchor, but all his exertions were fruitless, and though more than forty men were working at the pumps, the water gained upon them so fast that in less than an hour she sank. The captain and first and second mates remained on the sinking ship, the only officer in the boat being the third mate, Stephen Kelly, who succeeded in reaching the shore, in company with eighteen others of the crew, and three passengers, five being washed out in their passage from the vessel. In the meantime the intelligence of the dangerous situation of the vessel had been brought to Wexford by some of the coastguards, and steps were immediately taken by the collector of customs to render assistance. For this purpose a steaming tug was kept ready for many hours, but it was not till daylight on Friday morning that the wind moderated sufficiently to admit of her leaving the river, and then it was too late. Little of the wreck was to be seen when the steamer arrived at the spot, only the mizzenmast being above water. From this was taken the colors, which were lying when the vessel went down, the last sad memento of the departed. On visiting the shore in the neighborhood of the wreck at a later hour on Friday, nothing whatever was to be seen of the vessel, very little of which was washed ashore. On the beach at Ballyconigar, however, were found the lifeless remains of several of the unfortunate passengers, which were removed to the boat-house near there to await an inquest. Among those saved there are only three passengers; and of the seamen preserved there are several who are Irish, a number of the crew being natives of that country. The cabin passengers, all of whom were lost, were Mrs. Paxton, son and daughter, Mr. Montgomery of Waterloo road, Liverpool, Mr. Fox of New York, and Mrs. Hicks. We were informed on Saturday by a gentleman, Mr. Allen from Wexford, that when the vessel sank, the shrieks of those on board could be heard on the main land.—London News, May 4.

An inquisition was held on Saturday by John Thomas Brynrigg Esq., coroner, on the body of a female, lying in the boat-house at Ballyconigar. The Coroner proceeded to examine the several witnesses, who proved that the vessel was described on Blackwater Bank about five or six o'clock on Thursday morning, 28th inst., distant nine miles east, or thereabouts, the wind blowing E.S.E., with strong gales, and occasional showers. The density of the atmosphere sometimes hid the vessel from view. The body of the female under inquiry was found some time previous to the discovery of the vessel. It was observed from shore that the vessel's masts were cut away about eight, a.m. Large numbers of people were assembled on the beach, but any attempt to launch a boat would have been unavailing, about two or three o'clock the boats were decreed making for the shore, which were watched with the most earnest concern by those on the beach, and which providentially—indeed almost miraculously—succeeded in reaching it, where prompt assistance was rendered to those who were so fortunate as to escape from the destruction which seemed almost inevitable. One of the boats arrived before the other, and landed twenty-one men, of whom, seventeen were seamen and the remainder emigrants. They departed instantaneously except one man, who waited to see the result of the other boat, as it had just overset, and of six persons which it contained four sank, and the remaining two struck out for the shore, which they succeeded in reaching, though almost exhausted. The last boat had its side much fractured in launching but the leaks were stopped by blankets and the water bailed out with cans. One of the witnesses deposed that many of the seamen had their faces mutilated, that they had blackened eyes, and that traces of blood were visible on the clothes of one. Of the two who were saved from the overset boat, one was the boatswain, and the other an ordinary seaman. The following is the narrative related by Philip Mulcahey passengers' cook:—He deposed that he left Waterford on Friday, the 22d inst., for Liverpool, and there succeeded in obtaining an appointment as passengers' cook on board the emigrant ship Pomona, 1,400 tons, Charles Merrybaw, master, bound for New York, having on board a general cargo and 372 emigrants, and the crew consisting of thirty-three sailors, two mates, a doctor, two stewards, and a carpenter. They sailed at one o'clock on Wednesday, the 27th, and the captain remarked from the wind being so favourable "that they would reach New York in seventeen or eighteen days." The wind was blowing high on Wednesday night. He (witness)

was compelled to retire out of the galley to avoid the spray which was dashing in, and to seek shelter at the stem of the ship, and was there about one hour when the ship struck, and a quantity of ropes, loose chains, &c., were hung upon him by the rolling of the vessel, but she again righting, these were thrown off, and he escaped uninjured, and repaired to his hammock, where he remained about two hours, and at four o'clock on Thursday morning returned on deck, being disturbed by the raking of the vessel.—As soon as he came on deck he heard the captain say to the chief mate, "the ship is lost." He (witness) then descended into the storeroom, where the passengers, who now seemed aware of their perilous situation, were in a state of indescribable terror. He sought to encourage them, and held out hopes in which himself could not participate. He immediately re-ascended on deck, accompanied by some of the passengers, who, acting from his orders, repaired to the pumps. Many of the female passengers came on deck, while the greater part remained below, awaiting in dreadful anxiety the melancholy fate which stared them in the face. The weather stars were cut on one side, as also two masts, which went overboard. The ship was at this time making water fast. A boat was next lowered, containing the name of the ship, expecting to attract the notice of any passing vessel. Some of the sailors were employed in "canting over" a fragment of the mast, and witness, going to their assistance, and three of his fingers broken by the timber. The captain continued to issue orders to the crew, who were prompt in obeying them. The captain preserved great calmness, but the chief mate seemed desirous of abandoning the vessel. At this time witness heard that a boat containing six sailors had put off for the shore. He continued to work at the pumps till about eleven o'clock, when he noticed the crew launching another boat. Witness listened to their assistance, and leaped second into her. Soon as the crew entered the boat they pushed her out with an oar to prevent any others from entering—the butlocks being then crowded with passengers, half stifled with fear, from the impending danger—from the inevitable ruin which awaited them. No sympathy was dealt out by the crew, who seemed concerned for themselves alone. This last boat had not long put off when the vessel with all on board sank into the yawning abyss, which opened its gaping jaws to swallow the multitude of poor creatures, whose feelings at this moment can be better imagined than described.—Little more requires to be told. Mulcahey landed safely, where he was welcomed with true Irish hospitality, and received amidst a sunshine of smiles and an ocean of tears—smiles for the deliverance of those who effected their escape, and tears—tears of genuine and heartfelt sorrow—for the fate of those who were left on board. Mulcahey is a native of Farnham, near Cappoquin. Soon as his deposition was taken, a subscription was set on foot by a humane and benevolent gentleman, Dr. Carten, who attended as Admiralty agent, and before leaving he received a liberal donation from the gentlemen present, which exhibited the sympathy which was entertained for the poor sufferer. After having examined five witnesses, the coroner addressed the jury, who after due deliberation returned the following verdict:—"That the deceased female, No. 1, now lying dead in the boat-house at Ballyconigar, came by her death by drowning. We are of opinion that she was a passenger from the emigrant ship Pomona, that was wrecked on Blackwater Bank, on Thursday, 28th instant. In recording this verdict we must express surprise that with a most favourable wind and tolerable weather that this ship should have gone so much out of her course. We have no proof of drunkenness, but most heartily we condemn that portion of the crew which deserted their passengers, occupying the boats to the exclusion of women and children. We respectfully call for a further inquiry by the Lords of the Admiralty, and recommend in future that seamen surviving the loss of their ship ought to be detained until due inquiry be made into the particulars of the case."—Wexford Independent.

GREAT BRITAIN

Government appears to be taking proper measures; and Mr. Disraeli very patriotically informs the Emperors of France and Russia that, while they will probably be bankrupt in the third year of a war, we shall be able to go on merrily for 20 years, and leave off with an appetite. With equal good sense, he lets them know that we are not simply a European race, or a European Power, or simply the member of an old and wide-bound world. We belong to the New World as well as the Old; and whatever Time takes from us in the Old World he gives us in the New.—Suppose a war such as the last; suppose it is as long; at the end of twenty years we are the chief of a mighty American and Australian Confederation.—Mr. Disraeli throws out these very suggestive hints for Imperial ruminations. We thank him for doing so, though we think he has damaged his good advice by the value he sets upon Colonial Confederations. At all events, he has damaged his consistency, for it sounds very like a gratuitous insult to those very peaceable and inoffensive members of society, the Emperors of Russia and of France, to tell them we are prepared to fight them twenty years running, though they cannot last three, all the time that the very idea of a quarrel, Mr. Disraeli says, is a Stock-Exchange of the Evening Mail.—Times.

For the last two centuries we have, on an average, been at war one year out of every two. We have considerable results to show for it. Banners in a few great churches, and eight hundred millions of debt. After all we much doubt whether the map of Europe would have been materially different, if we had never meddled at all. Like most other evils, this interference in continental affairs has been a direct result of our Protestantism. William of Orange owed his throne to the Protestantism of England, and to William of Orange England owes this fatal delusion.—Henceforth let us renounce it. Let Queen Victoria be not a first class European sovereign, but *ultra orbis Oceanum*. We have an illustration of the possibility of such a position in the United States. What distance has done for them, our insular position, supported by a fleet and by internal strength will if we please, do for England.—Weekly Register.

YORK MINSTER.—We are a Protestant people, and have a secret, uneasy conviction that painted windows and traceried capitals are inventions of the Scarlet Lady. So, abiding in Salems and in Bethels, we give up our beautiful cathedrals to the obscene influence of vergerdom. There is nothing more melancholy indeed than to observe such a building as York Minster, once glowing with a lively faith (such as it was), and crowded with worshippers, now lying waste and empty, and at the best but a rare show. In vain have we endeavored to detect any where about its precincts those "drowsy felicities" of which Mr. Ruskin speaks as being some among the results and the compensations of a modern cathedral establishment. There is the drowsiness indeed, but nowhere the felicity, unless we are to include in that term the sordid delight of a hungry verger over the abstracted siphon. The noble pile, the patient labor of centuries, which was the centre and object of many a good man's faith, and the product of the best art of a province—the cathedral of which Roger the Good laid the crypt, and Archbishop Thoresby built the choir, Archbishop Melton the nave, to which the Percies gave the wood, and the Vassors the stone, and every good citizen and Yorkshireman contributed something, if only an honest prayer or a pious ejaculation—the minster, like all his brethren, exists solely for a show and a means of aims—the solemn, grandest, pitiablest of shams.—Westminster Review.

The death of the Duke of Leeds is announced in all the papers of Friday. They abstain from adding, what we are happy to be in a position to state, that he died in full communion with the Catholic Church, to which he was lately admitted by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Beverley.—Weekly Register.

The Parliamentary elections were nearly concluded. The Times foits up the returns, showing a Ministerial gain of only 19. The Herald claims 28.

The aggregate of all the vessels of war now in course of construction at the several English ports is twenty-seven, mounting in all 1,574 guns, and 15,010 horse power.

We understand that the Government have issued an order for 60,000 rifles and 60,000 bayonets.—Chronicle.

NOT AT ALL PARTICULAR.—At Ipswich, lately, the Church carried off, for church-rates, a set of dish-covers and a table out of the kitchen. At Blandford, she possessed herself of two carts; and at Bishop Auckland, of a cart-horse and waggon. At Hook Norton, she regaled herself with beans and bacon, besides putting her hand into a shopkeeper's till.—The Liberator.

PROTESTANT SLANDERS.—There exists a certain society, framed expressly to counteract the work of the Oratory of St. Philip, which, by calling to the subject the attention of the neighbourhood, it has, we believe, materially promoted. These worthy gentlemen held a public meeting a few days back, and expressed extreme soreness because the Oratorian Fathers refused to controvert with them, or in any way notice them more or less. The chair was taken by Mr. Colquhoun, who explained that "popery" was the cause of the present war. Major Powys loudly complained that collections were not made in Catholic churches toward the funds of his "Central Association for the Wives and Children of Soldiers." Our readers will not have forgotten the detailed statements which we have given of the misappropriation of that fund under the direct connivance of the Major himself.—Neither, we will be bound to say, has he; for a zealous Catholic had our article reprinted in a separate form, and distributed it at the door of the Orphan Asylum at Hampstead, of whose board of management the Major is chairman and absolute dictator, on the day of the solemn opening of the Asylum by the Prince Consort. That article contained in detail charges as unpleasant as were ever made against a British officer, but Major Powys thought it more prudent to let them pass in silence. After this, most men would have held their tongue on that subject, but Major Powys snatches the first opportunity of calling attention from a public platform to the fact that collections were not made in the Catholic churches in support of that very fund. Some men's courage is of a peculiar kind—wonderfully daring with regard to infamy, whether or not it may be as to danger. Major Powys is readily entitled to a Victoria Cross. And yet he was eclipsed by a subsequent speaker, a Mr. Weldon, who calls himself Reverend. The rank of the American practices secures itself from attack by its insupportable stench, and Mr. Weldon's inventions are so filthy that respectable men cannot expose their falsehood. On this occasion he related a fiction which, if it were not too filthy to be repeated, we could from circumstances show to be not only false, but impossible. He charges one of the Oratorian Fathers with crimes which even the law of England would most severely punish; proof of which he professed to have in his own letters, but protecting himself from prosecution by avoiding names. This poor creature probably belongs to the class condemned by the foolishness of their own imaginations to the alternative of filthy words, or total silence, and to whom at the same time silence is impossible. They are reduced by their own fault to the condition of the poor girl from whose mouth fell a viper and a toad, every time it was opened. The only use such men can do their kind is to afford an awful warning of the possible degradation of human nature. But there is another person responsible for all this defamation and filthiness, whose conduct is of more consequence than that of a poor creature like this Weldon. By the special favour of the Duke of Wellington, it was delivered in his Grand Academy school. Now, this noble Duke ought to be aware that his position is peculiar. His it ever occurred to him that he is a Duke and a Knight of the Garter, endowed with princely revenues, and we know not how many honors, not for his own services, but for those of another? For our part we have always felt the second holder of such a title as his to be a real object of commiseration. In a few generations it will be different. A few dukes like the second will effectually dissipate the tulo of glory which was cast around it by the first, and any disgraceful example may sound as natural in a Duke of Wellington as it does in a Duke of Marlborough. A peak of dirt most likely will be thrown upon a great name sooner or later, but it had better not all be thrown at once.—The present holder may be unable to rival the exploits of his father but it is not too much to ask that he should behave a little like a gentleman. *Melton's oblige*,—and the Duke of Wellington should not take himself and his palace a nuisance by offering it as a field for Weldon to publish filthily calumnies against men who (to say nothing of their higher claims to reverence), are at least as good gentlemen as his grace, and who have the misfortune to be his neighbours.—Weekly Register.

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All communications to be addressed to the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, post paid.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1859.

As the editor of the TRUE WITNESS will be absent from town for a few days, it is requested that all communications intended for his exclusive perusal, and not requiring an immediate answer, may be marked outside "PRIVATE."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FROM the Seat of War we have literally nothing to report. French troops were being fast poured into Piedmont; and the Austrians seemed more intent upon securing their retreat, than upon making a dash at Turin. Thus the attack has slipped out of their hands, and passed into those of the younger, more energetic and enterprising generals of the French host. Soon the two armies must be in presence of one another, and we may expect to hear of some hard fighting and a heavy butcher's bill. In England the war fever was increasing; and every preparation was being made for the hostilities in which, it is feared, the country will ere long be engaged. The *Asia* was telegraphed, and reported "no fighting."

THE "TRUE WITNESS" CONDEMNED!—A meeting of the friends of Mr. McGee, composed—in as far as we can learn—of Messrs. Sadlier, McCambridge, McGrath, Donnelly, and others, was held on Monday evening last to denounce the TRUE WITNESS. The Resolutions, which appeared in the *Herald*, were unanimously adopted, and read as under:—

Moved by Thomas McGrath, Esq., seconded by J. Sadlier, Esq., and
Resolved, 1st.—That the best thanks of the Committee are due to the Montreal journals which reported so fully the proceedings of the public meeting to present an address to Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Esq., M.P.P., on the 16th inst.
Resolved, 2nd.—That we feel it due to the large, respectable, and unanimous meeting which adopted that address, to mark thus, publicly, the very opposite course of the Montreal *True Witness*, in excluding that document, and the reply of Mr. McGee, from its columns, whilst freely commenting on both.
Resolved, 3rd.—That the foregoing resolutions, signed by the Chairman and Secretary, be forwarded to the journals which published our previous proceedings; and that a copy be sent to the *True Witness*.
A. McCAMBRIDGE, Chairman.
J. DONNELLY, Secretary.

In noticing the above we would observe—1st, that it is not true that we offered one word of comment upon the address to Mr. McGee; 2d, that if we did not publish it, it was because it was neither sent to us for publication, nor was any desire expressed on the part of its promoters that we should publish it; and 3d, that, as Mr. McGee's speech would have taken up more of our space than we had to spare, and was for the most part made up of utterly irrelevant matter, with which the Catholic journalist has no concern, we reproduced and commented upon that portion of it *only* in which, as Catholics, we were immediately and strongly interested. We mean, of course, that portion wherein the speaker insisted upon—not the expediency of submitting to Representation by Population as a necessary evil, which must come some day; but, the *injustice* of giving to Catholic Lower Canada the same number of representatives as to the more populous and Protestant section of the Province. This is as much as one whom—so long as he defends the principle of "Representation by Population" as just, when applied to communities situated with regard to one another respectively, as are Upper and Lower Canada—we look upon as "a political enemy," has the right to expect at our hands.

The speaker stood before the world as the representative, in a special manner, of the Irish Catholics of Montreal; he boasts too of being, in some sense, the leader, or moral representative of the Irish Catholics of Canada. Now, when such a person enunciates certain views, decidedly hostile to French Canadian, and to Catholic interests, and certainly not creditable to Catholics of any origin, it is the duty of the Catholic journalist to repudiate any participation in those views. This we have done; and we say again, that we do not believe, that a majority of Mr. McGee's Irish Catholic constituents of Montreal, or of the Irish Catholics of the Province, are prepared to endorse his views as to the *justice* of "Representation by Population," as applied to Canada. If Mr. McGee thinks that they are, it is in his power to ascertain the fact by means of a very simple experiment.

On most of the other politico-religious questions of the day, we have no fault to find with

Mr. McGee's conduct in Parliament, and should be happy to support him. We regret indeed, that in the Session of 1858, two Acts of Incorporation for Catholic institutions were by him allowed to pass with the obnoxious restrictive clauses; and we altogether condemn, as a violation of the express understanding upon which he was elected, his intimacy with Mr. Geo. Brown; and his political alliance with M. Dorion, since the latter's most offensive vote on the subject of bequests to religious societies. And though we should be glad to see Mr. McGee's eloquence exerted in behalf of the separate schools of the Upper Province, and in denouncing Orangeism, we cannot, we will not, give any support or countenance to one who in appearance even, is the advocate of "Representation by Population."—By advocating that measure, Mr. McGee may acquire a little temporary popularity amongst the "pharisaical brayers" of the Upper Province. Like the unjust steward spoken of in the Gospel, whose situation was in danger, and who therefore sought to make unto himself friends who might receive him into their houses, after his place should have been taken from him; so perhaps Mr. McGee, with the prospect of losing his seat for Montreal, before his eyes, may in like manner be seeking to make unto himself friends amongst the "Clear Grit" constituencies of Upper Canada, who also may receive him as a candidate at the next general election. This, we say, may be Mr. McGee's policy; this the secret of his advocacy of "Representation by Population;" but we can assure him that, even should that policy prove successful, it will certainly not rebound to his honor; and though he may thereby for a time gain favor in the eyes of the anti-Catholic demagogues of Upper Canada, it will earn for him, and most justly, the ill-will and contempt of all honest Catholics throughout the Province.

For ourselves we need only remark that, though our nervous system has received a severe shock from the cruel "Resolutions" of Mr. McGee's friends above named, we trust that the TRUE WITNESS may be able to survive it. We have no expectations, however, that the latter will change his course or amend his ways.

THE ORANGE NUISANCE.—The rapidly increasing development of Orangeism in Upper Canada, and its menacing attitude towards our Catholic brethren of that section of the Province, ignored, or complacently regarded, though they may be by the Governor General, and by those to whom is confided the administration of justice, should excite the Catholics of this more favoured portion of Canada, to action against the monster. It is a great and a grave mistake to suppose that Orangeism is a question in which Irish Catholics, or Catholics resident in the Western section of the Province, are alone concerned; and that it is therefore one about which French Canadians, and the Catholics of Lower Canada generally need not disturb themselves. Independent of all other considerations; independent of the claims of, in many cases a common origin, of in all cases, a common faith, and of Christian charity, we of Lower Canada are bound by the claims of interest and self-preservation to extend, if possible, a helping hand to our cruelly persecuted, and daily outraged brethren of the Upper Province.

What have we to hope from inaction? This only, that we shall be the last devoured. What have we to expect from the triumphant establishment of "Protestant Ascendancy" in Upper Canada, by means of the Orange organization?—this most assuredly—that that Ascendancy shall in time be exerted over Lower Canada; and that our religious institutions, our churches, convents, and asylums be also trampled underneath the feet of Orangeism, and fall an easy prey to the Orange incendiary.

Catholics of all origins, whether residents of Eastern or of Western Canada, are immediately interested in one another's welfare. A blow dealt to religious liberty in Toronto, or on the shores of the Lakes, must be felt in Quebec, and along the banks of the St. Lawrence; and if one portion of the body Catholic suffer, all the other members of that body must needs suffer with it. Our common enemy, but our enemies alone, would fain persuade us that, betwixt the Catholics of the Western Province, and those of the Lower, there should be no sympathy of feeling, no unity of action. They seek to exaggerate and perpetuate jealousies of race; and by all means in their power strive to oppose obstacles to that cordial union of all Catholics, which alone can check, or prescribe bounds to Orange intolerance, and Protestant fanaticism. We have ever labored to thwart this Machiavellian policy of our adversaries; it has ever been the fundamental principle of our policy, that union, and harmony of action, betwixt the Catholics of the two sections of the Province are essential to their common prosperity; but that union, that harmony of action, cannot be established or maintained, so long as the Catholics of one section of the Province, wholly absorbed in their local interests, approve themselves indifferent to the well being, or the sufferings, of their coreligionists of the other section. This is why we have so often urged upon the Catholics of Lower Canada the duty of in-

teresting themselves warmly and actively in the Upper Canada School Question; this is why we have denounced the policy of an alliance betwixt the Catholics of Western Canada and the enemies of Lower Canadian institutions; and it is for the same reason that we would to-day again endeavor to enlist the sympathies of French Canadians, and of the Catholics of the Lower Province, in behalf of their brethren of the West; outraged constantly as the latter are by the foul Orange demon; and left unprotected by the Government against the brutalities of the members of that cruel organization.

Our readers will remember the series of outrages lately perpetrated at St. Thomas upon the Rev. Clement Frachon, the Priest of that place; and the neglect on the part of the Government either to bring the offenders to punishment, or to take any steps whatever for the suppression of those outrages, and the protection of the innocent victims. At St. Thomas, the Magistrate, a person of the name of Clavis, approved himself throughout an active partizan of the Orange assassins; the Rev. M. Frachon appealed by letter to the Governor-General; and by the latter his appeal was transmitted back again to the same partizan Magistrate—Clavis—who had previously refused to give the Rev. M. Frachon the protection, and assistance of the law. It is in vain for the reverend gentleman to look to the Executive for redress; he is a Frenchman, a Papist, and a Priest; and his would-be assassins are Orangemen. The County Attorney-General, a person of the name of Stanton, is likewise an active Orangeman; the "Dear Brother;" and morally the accomplice, of the scoundrels who stabbed the French Priest. Thus criminals and magistrates are in league with one another; to uphold the reign of violence, and to stifle the complaints of the innocent victims of their barbarity.

But the Orange outrages at St. Thomas, though scarce a month old, are by no means the last of the ebullitions of Orange brutality. Encouraged by the immunity enjoyed by their "Dear Brothers" at St. Thomas, and confident of the protection of an Orange Magistracy, the Orangemen of Owen Sound have likewise proceeded to vindicate "civil and religious liberty" in their district, and in the approved and time-honored fashion of orthodox Orangeism. Thus we find in the Owen Sound *Times* of the 6th inst., the following account of the doings of the "Scarlet Brethren" of that district:—

For several weeks past, filthy caricatures of the Roman Catholic priesthood have been posted about our streets; but the crowning act of vandalism was reserved for Saturday evening last, when some miscreants broke a number of windows in the Roman Catholic Church in this town. Such conduct is disgraceful in the extreme, and the perpetrators ought to be severely punished if they can be detected. The Mayor has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$25 for such information as will lead to the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties.

And again, turning to the columns of the Toronto *Freeman* of the 13th inst., we find another long and dreary record of Orange "Saturnalia" in the details of the burning of a Catholic church, on the 1st of this month. To those details the *Freeman* adds that, "it is not more than twelve months since the church at Mount Forest, in the same Mission, was burned down; and almost within the same period the Church at Arthur was literally perforated by balls, fired from guns in the hands of Orangemen. In one year then," continues the *Freeman*, "we have recorded the wholesale burning of two Catholic churches, and the partial destruction of two others, in the same locality, and by the same iniquitous brotherhood."

These facts proclaim, with more eloquence than words, the utter falsehood of the pretence that the "Brown-Alliance" has tended to mitigate the lot of our Catholic brethren in Upper Canada, or to check the progress of Orangeism. They proclaim, and in a language that cannot be mistaken, the impolicy as well as the dishonor, of the course which some have of late pursued in connecting themselves with the so-called "Liberals" of Upper Canada. Orangeism is not suppressed; the demon is more rampant, more powerful, and more bitter in its malignity than ever; and the material condition of our coreligionists of the Upper Province, so far from having been improved, has within the last year changed considerably for the worse. These are consequences which any prudent person might have foreseen would flow from the adoption of that course which we have in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS, so often condemned; and now, at last, the Toronto *Freeman* admits, and when almost too late, deprecates them in the following terms:—

"MORE ORANGE VANDALISM.—The atmosphere of Upper Canada is charged with a threatening cloud of rabid fanaticism, and Orange intolerance, lighter in some parts, denser in others, but almost too heavy in all. It is difficult to conceive how in a British Colony—which boasts its toleration and freedom of opinion—the fell spirit of religious hate is ever allowed to attain the height we sometimes see it reach. We are often inclined to indulge in the pleasing hope that this wofully blind Orange bigotry begins to languish, and its discordant notes of hatred are fast dying away, when our delusive fancy is suddenly dissipated by some fresh act of malignity, which shows that a new and more deadly element of strife has been infused into its already lifeless body.

"There was a comparative lull—a calm in Orangeism for some months;" (which some simpatous accepted as a proof that the beast was dead, and attributed like fools to the *Brown Alliance*.) "The lovers of peace and order welcomed the glad change, and hoped for its continuance. But alas! for hu-

manity, for decency, and for the character of the country, this lull,"—(as any one gifted with the least prudence might, from its commencement, have seen would be the result)—"this calm seems to have been employed by the vulture of Orange bigotry in whetting her beak for a more fatal swoop, and repluming her wing for a more sanguinary desperation. Catholic Clergymen, and Catholic Churches, appear to be the objects especially selected by Orangemen for insult and attack.—Toronto *Freeman*, May 13th.

These are the words of our cotemporary; and who, after reading them, and bearing in mind that Orangeism is at this moment revelling in the luxuries of priest stabbing, and church burning throughout Upper Canada, can for a moment doubt that Orangeism has increased both in power and malignity; is still rapidly increasing, and should at once be checked?

But how can it be checked? it will be asked. Only, we reply, by a firm and cordial alliance betwixt Irish Catholics, and Catholics of all other origins; only by means of the hearty and united action of the Catholics of both sections of the Province, without distinction of race. Orangeism is encouraged and stimulated to fresh outrages by the evident symptoms of our weakness; and that weakness is the inevitable consequence of our divisions, our internal dissensions, and our paltry jealousies of race. The Catholic of the Upper Province is suspected by his brother of Lower Canada, of a willingness to sacrifice Lower Canadian interests to the exigencies of Upper Canada; the French Canadian has not hitherto manifested a becoming indignation for the wrongs perpetrated upon his Upper Canadian brethren. Each has been too much wrapt up in, or engrossed by, the peculiar or sectional interests of his particular district; and if one has on several occasions betrayed a culpable indifference to the welfare of the other—on the School and Orange questions, for instance; the Catholic of Upper Canada has been, to say the least, equally regardless of the interests of his brethren in the Lower Province; by giving his political countenance to a party whose object is to trample out the last sparks of French Canadian nationality, and whose watch-word or rallying cry is "Representation by Population." Neither then is guiltless; both must share in the reproach of having been the cause of that division, and those dissensions, which are the cause of our weakness—which weakness again is the exciting cause of the fresh outbursts of Orange audacity.

To the Catholics of Upper Canada therefore would we say:—Detach yourselves at once and forever from the Clear-Grit enemies of Lower Canada; give no countenance to, but oppose with all your force, any and every man, any and every party, who, or that, attempts even to disturb in any manner the existing arrangement of the representation in the Legislature, with regard to the respective sections of the Province; thus, but thus only, shall you succeed in enlisting in your behalf the sympathies and assistance of the Catholics of Lower Canada. In like manner would we say to the latter:—Show yourselves active and in earnest, in insisting that your coreligionists of Upper Canada obtain full and immediate justice on the School Question; and make your voice heard, and your political influence felt by the Executive, for the repression of Orangeism and "Orange Vandalism." To the Catholics of both sections of the Province would we say:—Throw aside your mutual jealousies and sectional prejudices. Remember that you are children of one spiritual mother; and that her claims upon you are paramount to the claims of race or of party. As brethren live together in unity; interest yourselves, mutually, in one another's welfare; and look upon, and treat him as your worst enemy who attempts to make divisions betwixt French and Irish Catholics.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.—A plain narrative of the cruelties practised upon the boy Wall at Boston by a "Common School" teacher; and of the recognition of the right of Protestant teachers to torture Popish boys in order to drive them to apostasy, throws so much light upon the entire system of State-Schoolism, that we deem it but proper to lay before our readers a simple unadorned statement of the facts that have lately occurred in the Common Schools of the United States.

These "Common" Schools are supported by Catholics as well as by Protestants; they are State institutions to which all are compelled to subscribe; and to which therefore all have an equal right to demand admittance, and to send their children.

Acting under this impression, the Catholic father of the lad Wall sent his son—a young boy of, we believe about ten years of age—to a Boston State School; but with a strict injunction not to join in any Protestant religious exercises; and above all not to repeat the corrupt version of the Decalogue, in ordinary use amongst the non-Catholic sects. In all other respects, and in every thing that did not interfere with his religion, the boy was enjoined to submit himself to the discipline of the school.

Thus warned and instructed by his father, the little boy attended the school to whose support his parents were compelled to contribute; and into which he had therefore a manifest right to demand admission, without being obliged to renounce his faith, or to submit to any interference

with his religious opinions. At school, however, he was in compliance with the regulations of the Protestant School Commissioners, ordered to recite the Protestant version of the Decalogue, and to take part in Protestant religious exercises.—This little fellow, with the spirit of a Christian martyr, and in obedience to the positive injunctions of his father, respectfully, but firmly declined to do; urging the duty of obeying his parents; and offering to recite the Decalogue as given in the Catholic version of the Scriptures, which alone he could accept as the Word of God.

Enraged at the obstinacy with which this young Popish boy persisted in his refusal to apostatize, the "Common School" teacher, a human brute of the name of Cook, determined to try the effect of torture. With a three-foot rattan he commenced flogging the poor child over its hands; and continued the brutal operation for at least half an hour. Slowly and deliberately blow after blow fell upon the young martyr's writhing and agonised frame; and still, obedient to his father, and faithful to his God, the latter refused to perform the vile act of apostasy required of him by the torturer. From time to time, during the infliction of the torture, the beast Cook made the child bathe his swollen and lacerated hands in cold water, in order to inspire him with renewed strength to endure renewed agony. And so it continued for upwards of half an hour; the big tyrant continued to flog the little helpless child before him; whose only crime was, that he honored his father and mother, upon earth; and that he would not consent, even in appearance, to an act of apostasy, or of treason to his Father Who is in Heaven.

The father of course became acquainted with the infernal cruelties perpetrated upon his noble-hearted child; instituted legal proceedings against the vile agent of the Boston School Commissioners; and the case was argued before a fellow of the name of Maine, a thorough Yankee and Protestant judge. This worthy, having had the facts of the case as detailed above, laid before him in evidence, dismissed the complaint; ratified all that the school teacher had done; and by implication established the principle that to compel Popish children by the application of torture, to renounce their Faith, is not only lawful, and indeed meritorious, but an essential part of the "common school" system of the United States.

Except to thank God that we are not Yankees, we see no need for adducing any comments upon the above plain statement of facts. But we refer to those facts, though several weeks have elapsed since their occurrence, as a specimen of what Catholics have to expect from their Protestant brethren, if they relax for one moment in their opposition to State Schoolism; and in order to keep alive in the breasts of our readers a deep and lively horror of that system, and to excite them to persevere in their efforts for its entire subversion.

There is but one way by which we can avert the menaced evil; and that is by asserting the fundamental principle of all civil and religious liberty—that the State has no rightful, independent authority in matters of religion or education. It matters not under what form the State is organized; whether it be cast in a monarchical or in a democratic mould. Still the truth remains, that neither religion nor education is a legitimate function of the State; and that though it does well to give material assistance to church and school, it has no right to exercise jurisdiction over either. The action of the Boston School Commissioners in ordering Protestant religious exercises in the "common schools;" the conduct of the brute Cooke in torturing the Popish boy who refused to yield obedience to the spiritual mandates of the Commissioners; and the verdict of the Protestant judge—were all in logical accordance with the fundamental doctrines of the friends of "State Schoolism; nor can any one who admits the premise—that to the State belongs the education of the child—contest the conclusion, that the State has the absolute right to determine how the child shall be educated. There is then but one way of dealing with the advocates of "State Schoolism." We must assail their premises, not their conclusions; we must first contest their right to tax us for schools to which we are conscientiously opposed, before we can impugn their right to flog, and otherwise torture our children for refusing to submit to the religion of those schools. This is the moral of the Boston School case; for if we concede to the State the educational functions claimed for it as a right by Protestants generally—we must, to be logical, abandon to it sole and absolute control over both the bodies, and the souls of our little ones.

The Catholic *Weekly Register* states that in consequence of its pro-Austrian sympathies, its circulation in France has been prohibited. With few exceptions, the Catholic press of the British Isles is disposed to side with Austria in the present conflict. Not because it believes the conduct of Austria towards its Italian subjects to have been immaculate; but because the history of the last war shows us that, of the two, French dominion in Italy is more arbitrary and oppressive than that of Austria; and because the support given by France to Piedmont, is an armed declaration in favour of the infamous Cavour policy—a policy which every Catholic must hold in execration.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS.—A respected correspondent, writing to us from Caledonia, Grand River, under date of the 18th instant, draws a cheerful picture of the prospects of Catholicity in that district. He writes that the new priest, the Rev. Mr. McNully, is progressing fast with his new church in the town; that the brick and mason work will be completed early in June next; and that he is in hopes that all will be ready for the Benediction in the course of the ensuing month of July. The people, adds our informant, have struggled hard for the creation of their church, during the last fourteen years.—It was only in the month of November last that the priest came amongst them, and encouraged them to persevere in the good work, in spite of the hardness of the times, and the many obstacles with which they had to contend.

We should observe that this mission is one of which mention was made some few years ago; and which was destitute of a priest until the advent of the present energetic Bishop of Hamilton to his Diocese. The furnishing of the different districts of that Diocese with active and zealous priests, has been the object of that Prelate's unceasing efforts; and the success with which these efforts have already been attended, is evident in the growth of new Catholic churches, and the renewed zeal of the people for the offices of religion.

ORDINATIONS AT QUEBEC.—The Courier du Canada mentions the following Orders as having been conferred on Saturday last, 21st inst., by His Lordship the Bishop of Thlo:—

Deacons—M. Lucien Francoeur, and M. Thos. Bannou, of the Diocese of Boston. Priests—Revs. M.M. Joseph Dion, and Augustin Bernier.

On the 23rd inst., Maddle. Marie-Emilie Duldine Garant was by His Lordship received amongst the Sisters of Charity under the name of Sister St. Francois de Sales.

There was a reception of Ladies at the Congregational Nunnery on Thursday, the 19th inst.; amongst others of Miss McCormick, daughter of our well known and respected citizen, Mr. Christopher McCormick.

We would remind our readers that on Sunday next, will take place the imposing ceremony of the Benediction of the Bells at the establishment of the "Ladies of the Sacred Heart," at Sault-au-Recollet. The guardians and parents of boarders at that establishment, and their friends, are respectfully invited to attend. Children and young persons will not be admitted. The ceremony will commence at Four o'clock in the afternoon.

QUEEN'S BIRTH DAY.—Tuesday last was kept as a general holiday, with every sign of loyal rejoicing. There was a turn out of the troops at Logan's Farm in the forenoon; and an inspection of the Fire Brigade on the Champ de Mars, in the latter part of the day. Everything passed off well and gaily.

THE ETERNAL TRUTHS.—By St. Alphonse M. De Liguori, Translated From the Italian by R. A. Coffin. New York, Ed. Dunigan and Brothers.

Any work of the Blessed Liguri must be acceptable to the devout Christian, and to those who seek to walk in the narrow path, and to make progress in spiritual life. We have, therefore, received with much pleasure a copy of the above named work from the Messrs. Dunigan of New York, published in their well-known elegant style. For his sake we hope it may have many purchasers; and for the sake of the Catholic public we trust that it may have many and attentive readers.

MAP OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL, AND THE VICINITY.—By F. N. Boxer, C.E.

We can heartily recommend this cheap, and handsomely-executed map to our readers. In size it measures about 2 10 by 2 3; and gives an admirable view of the city itself, the harbor, and proposed Boulevard round the mountain. In point of accuracy, and elegance of execution, it surpasses anything of the kind yet produced in Montreal. Price, in a handsomely gilt frame, only \$3.75.

The Montreal Witness pleads in his own defence against the strictures of the TRUE WITNESS, that the obscene and mendacious article by us complained of, was not original, but copied by the Montreal Witness from an account given by a "celebrated French Roman Catholic writer," of his residence in the city of Rome.—To this plea, we reply by citing the old adage "that the receiver is as bad as the thief;" which being applied to the particular instance before us means, that the editor who inserts the obscenities of others in the columns of his journal, is morally as culpable as the original writer. As to what the Witness asserts respecting his authority being a "Roman Catholic writer," we have but to give him a flat contradiction. The writer quoted by the Witness, and in whose moral garbage his fair readers take such intense delight, is a Protestant, that is a baptized person who protests against the Roman Catholic Church; and we need scarcely add that his lucubrations "in the city of Rome," are in consequence, admirably adapted to please the tastes of an anti-Catholic or Protestant circle of readers.

Our friends in the Lower Provinces seem to be in a dreadful state of excitement and alarm at the encroachments of Popery. Of Her Majesty's soldiers, a very large number are Catholic; and it would seem as if these unreasonable fellows have had the audacity to demand that their conscientious opinions should be respected; and that in matters of religion, and of assistance from the State, they should be put on an equal footing with their Non-Catholic or Protestant fellow-soldiers. This monstrous demand, so repugnant to all the ancient traditions of "Protestant Ascendancy," and so irreconcilable with the spirit of Protestantism, has been partially acceded to by the authorities. Whereupon the Church Witness breaks forth into bitter wailings over the degeneracy of the age:—

"A priest, named Butler, has been lately appointed chaplain to the British soldiers in the garrison at Halifax, and we are amazed to learn from the Presbyterian Witness, that a demand was made that he should share the garrison chapel with the Rev. Dr. Twining." It may well be asked, what next? To permit the idolatrous services of Rome in a Protestant church, would be a degradation indeed. It would be a step—nay, a leap, in the road to ruin, of which the very idea should arouse the indignation of every true Protestant in the empire. And yet it seems that the demand was nearly granted. The Witness says:—

"Application was made to General Trollope for permission to say mass in the Garrison Chapel last Sabbath morning. We understand that the General at once consented: but when the fact reached the ears of Bishop Binney and other influential Episcopalians, they succeeded in inducing the General to delay at least their humiliation. The General accordingly referred the matter to the home authorities by this week's mail. So far had the matter gone that Capt. Smith, the Barrack Master, received orders to clear away Sabbath School books &c., out of a room in the Chapel that the priests might put on their theatrical attire for the performance of Mass!"

We commend this outrage on "civil and religious liberty" to the serious attention of our cotemporary the Montreal Witness. It is indeed too bad that Catholic soldiers should be put on a footing of equality with their Protestant comrades; and that out of the common funds, a portion—a very small portion indeed—should be set apart for the support of the religion of the former, as well as for the support of the religion of the latter.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Montreal Natural History Society was held on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst. A large number of members being present, the following gentlemen were elected officers of the Society, for the ensuing year:—

- President—The Right Rev. Dr. Fulford, Protestant Bishop of Montreal.
1st Vice President—Rev. Abraham DeSola.
2nd do —Wm. Fraser, Esq., M.D.
3rd do —E. Billings, Esq.
Council—Principal Dawson, H. Chapman, Esq., W. H. A. Davis, Esq., Rev. A. Kemp, Ed. Murphy, Esq.
Library Committee.—Henry Rose, Jas. Hutton, F. W. Torrance, Henry Venor.
Cor. Secretary—W. H. Hingson, Esq., M.D.
Rec. —John Leeming, Esq.
Treasurer—James Ferrier, Jr., Esq.
Curator and Librarian—G. E. Fenwick, M.D.
Sub —W. S. D'Urbanis, Esq.
Committee for Publishing the Naturalist.—Dr. Dawson, Mr. T. S. Hunt, Mr. Billings, Mr. D. A. Poe, Rev. A. F. Kemp, Mr. A. N. Rennie, Dr. Hingson, and Mr. John Leeming.
The business of the evening concluded by a unanimous vote of thanks, proposed by T. D. McGee, Esq., M.P.P., to the President and other retiring officers for their zealous attention to the interests of the Society during the past year.

ACCIDENT.—We are sorry to learn that on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Rollo Campbell, of the Pilot, fell through a trap-door in his premises, and fractured his left thigh and leg bone. He is, however, doing well.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY SOCIETY, OTTAWA.

A full and highly respectable auditory assembled on the evening of last Tuesday week, in the Hall of the above Association, to hear the Reverend Mr. Dawson deliver his lecture upon Shakespeare's historical play—"King John."—Rich as were the expectations previously formed, the learned lecturer considerably exceeded them; and presented his hearers with an intellectual treat of the most delightful character. After a concise analysis of the plot, and a brief but effective outline of the dramatic personae, Father Dawson proceeded to illustrate his subject by reading various portions of the text; which he did in such a style as called forth expressions of enthusiastic admiration. An able and eloquent vindication of the claim of the Holy See to temporal power; and of the position always accorded to the Pope by the Potentates of Christendom, as the supreme arbiter of their occasional differences, was appropriately introduced in the course of the lecture, and was also received with hearty applause. We regret that we can furnish but this meagre sketch of one of the best lectures ever delivered in Ottawa. The series, we understand, will consist of a Course of six, and the proceeds will go to the treasury of the St. Patrick's Literary Association.—Communicated.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Rawdon, May 6th, 1859.

Mr. Editor—I feel it pleasing duty to make known, through the columns of your journal, that the erection of an English Academy in the village of Rawdon is now in contemplation; and, according to the decision of a meeting lately held for that purpose, the work will be commenced in the course of the summer. There is not perhaps within fifty miles a place better adapted for such an undertaking; being prominently situated between two rivers—the Lac-Quarro on the South, about three acres distant from the site of the building; and the Red River, the same distance on the North.

The influential Canadians in the adjoining parishes are very desirous to see this work progressing; as their children can get a good English education, and in many of the reformed branches, which cannot be taught in the common schools.

All those who will be liberal enough to make contributions, will do well to hand them in, so that the progress of the work may not be delayed. I remain, Mr. Editor, Yours most respectfully, M. R.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.) Glengarry, May 17, 1859.

DEAR SIR.—You would not receive an answer to the letter of the "Irish Catholic" last winter, because you were wrongly informed that it was merely through spite and personal feeling that the "Scottish Catholic" wrote about the member for Glengarry.—You will see whether it was from ill-feeling or not that I wrote against D. A. Macdonald. He has shown himself to be worse than the worst bigots in the House of Assembly by his votes last Session. He has no shame in him. He voted on the Jury Bill for the right of the majority to decide against the minority—that is to swamp the Catholics. He voted for the McLean Relief Bill—a thing no Catholic could do who believed in his religion. He voted for putting the Bequests clause in the St. Bridget's Asylum Bill, and another Bill from Montreal. He voted against the Segrourial Tenure Bill—that is, he wanted to do an injustice to Lower Canada. He voted for the higher sum on the division for the members' pay.—He voted for Representation by Population. He went with George Brown in everything. If George Brown brought in a Bill to make Satan king of Canada, he would rot for him.

What do the Catholics of Glengarry think of their member now? What does the "Irish Catholic" think of himself in defending such a man before the public? As for the lands he is said to have left to the Church of Alexandria, according to the "Irish Catholic," a jury at the Assizes in the town of Cornwall decided that he had no right whatever to them.

Yours, &c., A SCOTCH CATHOLIC.

[We heartily agree with our Scotch Catholic, as to the merits of Mr. D. A. McDonald.]

"The still and mental parts, That so contrive how many hands shall strike, When fitness calls them on; and know by measure Of their observant toil the enemies' weight." —SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Alexandria, May 23, 1859.

DEAR SIR.—The Session of 1859 being now at an end, we can take the School Question into consideration, as it is at present stands, and as the Parliament has just left it. It has been shunned and neglected by all parties, by men on both sides of the House, during the Session lately over. It was a terror to the two chief parties in the Legislature. Neither Ministerialists nor Oppositionists would look it steadily in the face; no further proof is required to show that the Ministry is not to be trusted on the question of Separate Schools. They are not able to legislate, with justice to Catholics, upon this question. But then their weakness is not to be our loss. We are not to suffer on account of the unfortunate political connexions of some members of the present Ministry. Some of the supporters of John A. McDonald are ardent Orangemen, the enemies of Catholics, and of Catholic education. Therefore, he could not dare to touch the School Question. Are we to be bound down by him, and to participate in his infamy? Are the Catholics to tolerate a leader of an administration, who is trammelled by his adherents? Certainly, there are men in the Ministry who are able to take a stand in favor of Separate Schools; and there are many men in Parliament desirous of having an opportunity of taking an independent course on the School Question. But the weakness and vacillation of the Ministry, and the active and incessant hostility of G. Brown—the Opposition chief—have hitherto prevented those men from being able to follow out their convictions. Justice, then, is not to be expected from either of the two leading parties as at present constituted. Brown is totally hopeless; and John A. McDonald is, even if well disposed, personally, too feeble; and too much hampered by his Orange connexions. The only course for us Catholics is now to ask the assistance of those Members of Parliament whom we know to be honest; to get a combination formed with the Lower Canadians, and then the day is ours. No wise nation ever desisted from continuing steadily a warfare, whilst the cause for which the war had been commenced, was unobtainable. Our cause is not yet gained; consequently, we are not to relax in our efforts for a single hour. We are again to make new preparations for another campaign—a campaign that is to be fought on the floor of the House of Assembly at Quebec. The question was evaded last Session; it must not be evaded during the next, and ought to be then definitely and satisfactorily settled.

The Catholics have given full expression to their desire. Their wishes are now to be brought home to the House of Assembly—the Legislature is to act in conformity with the well-understood wishes of the Catholic body; when those wishes are reasonable and justifiable in the minds of all honest men.—Yours, &c., CONSTANT.

The following letter, which we clip from our respected cotemporary, the Ottawa Tribune, will show what measure of justice is meted out to the Catholics of Upper Canada, on the School Question:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OTTAWA TRIBUNE.

Sir—The Banner affects to believe that it has completely demolished the arguments of the Tribune in favor of Separate Schools, because the latter has thought fit to cite the case of the Elliot school in Boston in support thereof. But if the editor of the Banner be possessed of impartiality, or even common honesty, I shall prove to him we need not go beyond the limits of the Township of Gloucester, to show that the Common School system of Upper Canada is based upon a superstructure of bigotry and fraud.

The following facts are undeniable:—The whole taxable property of this Township amounts to about \$55,000. This would leave \$3,500 to each school section—there being 15 sections. Section No. 1, which is almost exclusively Catholic, receives only about \$2,000, while the adjoining sections have nearly \$3,000 each. Out of the fifteen Common School teachers only three are Catholics. On the last Saturday in November 1858, Richard Hargrove went before the Municipal Council of this Township, and made application to have his property separated from Section No. 2 and annexed to Section No. 1, on the ground that he lived nearer to the latter, and also that he wished to have his children instructed in the rudiments of their religion. The Council, consisting of four Protestants and one Catholic, refused his request; stating that his application was not drawn up in legal form, and that he had not given sufficient notice to the parties concerned.

In about an hour afterwards Matthew Hannon, of Section No. 1, made a similar application, having given the same number of days' notice, and, strange to say, that intelligent Council could see nothing wrong in his application, and moved him, at his own request, to Section No. 4, which was twice as far from him as Section No. 1. This application was opposed by nearly all the respectable Catholics of Section No. 1, while Hargrove's was opposed by no one except the Council.

Now, Sir, I think the above facts ought to be sufficient to convince even the editor of the Banner that the Common Schools of Upper Canada are virtually sectarian; that the Catholic teacher is excluded simply because he is a Catholic, and Councils are invested by law with the power of cheating their Catholic constituents of their fair share of the public money, and of insulting their religion with impunity; and that they do so with a vengeance.

Why is it then, that Catholics do not unite and shake off the galling yoke? I confess I cannot understand it, except it be that they are determined to live and die in bondage, and transmit it as a precious inheritance to their children.—Yours truly, Gloucester, May 19. AN IRISHMAN.

A MAN MURDERS HIS WIFE IN WELLINGTON STREET, GRIFFINTOWN.—About seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, information was lodged at the Water Police Station, King Street, that a man named James Connell, residing in Wellington Street, was cruelly beating his wife, Mr. McLaughlin, Chief of the Water Police, immediately despatched two of his men to the house indicated. When they arrived there they saw that the woman was dangerously injured, and thought it best to send for Mr. Goursool, J. P., to take her depositions, and for Dr. Hingson; but, before either gentlemen arrived, the woman had expired. The deceased was about 37 years of age, and married by the first husband, the oldest of whom is but twelve years of age. The ill-fated woman was pregnant at the time she received the injuries which hastened her death. She kept a tavern in her own right, while Connell, who is about her own age, worked out as a mason;—and it is supposed that there must have been a quarrel about money, which the woman refused to yield up. The other facts of the case will be made apparent at the inquest, which is to be held this evening by Mr. Jones, the Coroner, who, yesterday afternoon, summoned a jury composed of residents in the vicinity. When the prisoner was brought to the Station of the Water Police, he appeared to be partially intoxicated. Yesterday, when we saw him, he seemed to be in almost unconscious condition. The dress he wears is that of a mason, and his face and hands bear marks of a recent scuffle.—Herald.

DESPERATE ATTACK.—On Tuesday night, a negro, named Childs, who represented himself to be an escaped slave, was conveyed to the General Hospital, under the following circumstances:—According to his own account, he had been walking along the wharf, when he was attacked by six assailants, and received a blow from a stone which laid open his upper lip, and knocking out several of his front teeth. He stated that this was done without any provocation. In the hospital, the man received prompt attention at the hands of Dr. Craik. The Police are on the look out for the perpetrators of the cowardly outrage.—Herald.

Sir William Logan, Director of the Geological Survey, has, it is said, lately visited the Ramsay lead mine. He will probably report upon its capabilities and extent.

The burning of Catholic churches, outrages against Catholic clergymen and the Catholic community, have become so frequent, that if the Government take not immediate steps to put a stop to them, Catholics must look upon the Administration as hostile to their interests, and connivers at, and abettors of, the many disgraceful acts perpetrated against them.—If the Government, by their remissness, force this conviction on the minds of Catholics, they may soon have reason to regret it. We will watch closely the line of conduct they will pursue in regard to the perpetrators of acts of this kind, the Freeman complains. We hope the next Canada Gazette will contain a reward for their apprehension.—Ottawa Tribune.

LEAVING THE COUNTRY.—The Huron Signal speaking of the existing distress and of the desire prevalent in some places to leave the colony for other parts, says:—"Many have gone and are going now, and speaking from personal knowledge, we hesitate not to assert that fully one-half of our farming acquaintances, as well as mechanics, and tradesmen, are held in the country merely by their unobtainable property." And, possibly, it is quite as well that they are held; for though serious difficulties have been experienced, they have not been of a more urgent kind than those which have been felt in the Western States, while the prospects of coming abundance were never brighter. A good crop and wheat up again to \$1 75, and we shall hear very little about discontent. At all events, we should endeavour to bear up against the difficulties and not to give way to undue repining.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—FORGERY OF A WILL AND SUPPOSED MURDER OF A FATHER BY HIS SON.—We learn from the Hamilton Times that great excitement prevails in Brantford and the surrounding country, in connection with the arrest of a young man named William Robertson, against whom an information has been laid by his mother, charging him with having murdered his father for the purpose of becoming possessed of a portion of his property. Mr. Robertson, senior, a farmer near Mount Pleasant, a few miles from Brantford, was found murdered on the road in November, 1854. Mr. Robertson was returning from Brantford, and had freely partaken of intoxicating liquors. He did not reach home at the hour he was expected, and on the following morning his body was found lying on the roadside. An inquest was held and evidence of the most conclusive nature adduced that a foul murder had been committed. The body presented several marks of violence, including severe contusions and a stab in the region of the breast, which of itself was sufficient to cause death, and was apparently inflicted by a dirk knife. A brother of the young man now in custody was strongly suspected of being the perpetrator of the crime, and was arrested on the Coroner's warrant, but was subsequently released for want of sufficient inculpatory evidence. A will, purporting to have been made by the deceased was produced, and has since been ascertained to be a forgery, and to have been drawn out by some member of the family—supposed by the prisoner. On Monday last, an investigation into the whole circumstances was commenced by W. B. Matthews, Esq., J. P., at Brantford.—The name of the prisoner is William Wallace Robertson. He is a young man apparently about 25 years of age, and when arrested he denied that he was guilty of the forgery. Mrs. Sarah Robertson, mother of the prisoner, deposed that William had admitted to her that he had forged the late Mr. Robertson's will. This admission was made some time after the will was made. The will was found by the children in a desk which had been previously searched; but Mrs. Robertson, from the beginning, doubted that the will was ever made by her late husband, as if it were genuine, it would have been found in a place which had been previously searched so well. Several other witnesses are to be examined.

DR KING.—We (Cobourg Star) learn on good authority that an attempt to rescue the wretched convict—Dr. King from his unhappy fate has been in contemplation by a band of desperate fellows in the township of Brighton, to be aided probably by some lawless fellows in this neighborhood. However this may be, we have the satisfaction of knowing from Mr. Bennett himself, that any such visitors will meet with a warm reception. Mr. Bennett has, in addition to his six-chambered revolver, which is always ready for use, a newly invented kind of rifle, capable of firing twenty balls in rapid succession. This we have seen and truly it is a weapon which few would care to encounter. There are also men constantly on guard, so that anything like a surprise is out of the question; and the death of the first half score who may succeed in getting in may be regarded as certain.

EXECUTIONS TO TAKE PLACE.—There are no less than seven executions to take place in the course of next month; one in this city; one at Mercerville; three at Brantford; one at Oubourg, and one at Belleville. This reveals an alarming state of things, and indicates a fearful increase in capital offences. We have no doubt that the law will take its course in every case. With regard to the culprit Mitchell, who is to be executed here on the 7th proximo, there is not even a gleam of hope for him. An example must be set, and we trust no mistaken clemency will induce the Executive to reprieve any one of the culprits, all of whom are clearly guilty of the awful crimes for which they have been doomed to die on the scaffold.—Hamilton Spectator.

THE CONVICT DR. KING.—A telegram from Washington, says the Toronto Leader, states that the Federal Government have been applied to on behalf of Dr. King, who was lately convicted of murdering his wife, on the ground that he was illegally arrested in the United States. It is not stated whether the fact of the illegal arrest was proved; but merely that redress will probably be demanded from the British Government for the infraction of the treaty. In this business, adds our cotemporary, the Americans are no more sinned against than sinning. But it is high time the frequent violation of the treaty, by both countries, should be put a stop to; if it is not, it must sooner or later lead to serious complications, which may probably end in endangering the peace of England and the United States.—Herald.

We copy from the Brantford Expositor the following news paragraph:—

Since his conviction, Armstrong, one of the men under sentence of death for the murder of the mail carrier Adams, has made a most astounding revelation, which, there is every reason to believe, is strictly true, as it is corroborated by known facts. It seems that on the day of his discharge from gaol, viz., the 11th of April last, he had a confidential conversation with Moore, one of the convicts now under sentence of death, when the latter told him that about a month previous, an attempt had been made by himself and Overy, the other convict, to throw one of the Great Western trains off the track, with the intent, in the confusion which would be certain to follow, to pillage and rob the passengers; but their attempt had failed; that the engineer of the train, on finding some obstruction on the track, at once whistled "down brakes," and reversed his engine; and after an investigation of the cause of obstruction, and finding no damage done, the train went on its way, and they, Overy and Moore, returned home. He also stated that this occurrence took place between Paris and Harrisburg. Such was Armstrong's statement, and it must be remembered that he was in gaol three months previous to the 11th of April.

It now turns out, although for obvious reasons the matter was kept secret by the Company, that such an occurrence did take place on the Great Western Railway, between Paris and Harrisburg, on the night of the 12th March last, exactly one month before Armstrong's discharge from gaol, and that the Express train going East was the train so jeopardized, and so providentially saved.

The obstructions consisted of an iron rail, a three inch plank, and some fence rails. The engine happened to be one of the heavy English ones, and as the night was dark and stormy, was going at a slow rate of speed. The rail was snapped in two like a pipe stem, and the engine ran over the plank without getting off the track, when the engine-man, thinking something wrong, at once stopped the train. Suspicion was fixed in another quarter, and the officials of the Company have been watching ever since for the perpetrators of this diabolical outrage, but of course without success—they being on the wrong scent.

On Saturday last, several of the Great Western officials hearing of this revelation, visited Armstrong in gaol, when he reiterated the statement as above detailed. Overy and Moore, however, deny all knowledge of the transaction, or participation therein.—If evidence can be placed in Armstrong's statement, and it is hard to doubt it, corroborated as it is, by established facts, we hold it would be an outrage upon society to allow such funds to be at large. The murder of Adams, unparalleled as it is in cold-blooded atrocity, was as nothing compared with such a wholesale slaughter as was contemplated by the overturning of a railroad train, and thus endangering the lives of hundreds.

As a means of removing pain from the body, no medicine has ever acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain Killer. The sale of this article has exceeded all belief. But it has real merit, and that is sufficient.—Newport & Covington News.

Died. In this city, on the 10th inst., Jane Sheridan, relict of the late Daniel Bready, formerly of the city of Dublin, Ireland, aged 66 years.

WE take great pleasure in calling the attention of those who may wish to procure New Garments to Mr. Gareau's Clothing Establishment, No. 271 Notre Dame Street, as being the best and cheapest, and where purchasers may rely on being served with punctuality and uprightness.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION. 79th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THOMAS MOORE.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION will be held at their HALL, 87 MCGILL STREET, ON SATURDAY EVENING, 28th MAY,

being the 79th ANNIVERSARY of the Birth of Ireland's Immortal Bard, THOMAS MOORE. AN ADDRESS, on the LIFE of MOORE, will be DELIVERED by the PRESIDENT; Declarations from Lalla Rookh, and Selections from the Melodies, by Members.

By Order, THOMAS WALSH, Rec. Sec.

BEAUTIFUL NEW MAPS, OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND, 30 Inches by 40 in Size.

Elegantly Engraved, Colored, and Mounted on Rollers; all in the best style. Their accuracy can be relied upon, having been got up, strictly according to the last Ordnance Survey.

Also, The MAP of CANADA, colored in Townships. Price, \$2 each.

Can be procured at the Franklin House, Montreal; or from P. Doyle, Arcville, Toronto.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF THOMAS HACKETT, who emigrated from Edin-derry, King's County, Ireland, to America, about the year 1839, after which he was bound to a Brush Maker. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by his only sister, ELIZABETH HACKETT, care of T. L. DOUTREY, Montreal.

Papers in Canada and the United States will confer a great favor by giving the above notice a few insertions. Montreal, May 18.

Rev. D. P. Livermore, Editor of the Chicago New Covenant, says of Mr. Brown's Bronchial Troches:—"We have frequently had occasion to test the efficacy of Brown's Bronchial Troches," and have invariably found them to answer the purpose for which they are recommended. Through our influence, others have tried them, and always with the most beneficial results, and so from our own personal experience and observation, we know them to be a superior remedy for colds, coughs, and bronchial complaints. No family should be without them, and every public speaker will find them absolutely invaluable. The two distinguished divines of our country, Henry Warm Beecher and N. H. Chapin, bear testimony to their excellency, as our readers can see by getting a box of the Lorenzes.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE. FRANCE.

PARIS, MAY 4.—The Manifesto, or Proclamation, of the Emperor to the French people, which appeared in yesterday's *Moniteur*, is regarded as a weak but not unfaithful plagiarism of those of the First Empire. It is, indeed, so close a copy of any of those early addresses which used at first to thrill, but which afterwards fell unheeded on the public mind, that there are some who point to it as a proof of the intellectual rigor and originality of other days. To the bulletins and proclamations of General Bonaparte, addressed to his half-famished and half-clothed army, blockaded amid the snows of the Alps, before they poured down upon the fertile plains of Lombardy: to the "Orders of the Day" after Lodi or Arcole or the Treaty of Campo Formio; to the addresses to the French people on setting out for some new campaign, the Proclamation of yesterday presents a contrast not very flattering to the latter. A Deputy, a vine-grower of the Burgundian district, remarked that it bore to the first Napoleon's effusions the same relation as a glass of ordinary wine and water does to a draught of Chambertin! I dare say there are people here and elsewhere who will consider it, or, at least, speak of it, as a model of eloquence. Be this as it may, it has not passed without remark from the people who peruse it in the open air and those who read it in their closets. They observe with surprise (though why they express surprise it is hard to say) that it makes no more allusion to the Senate, the Legislative Body, the Council of State—in fact, to any one of those which are called the "Grands Corps de l'Etat"—than if they had no existence in the mechanism of government; no existence, moral, material, or financial. Alluding to the Emperor and the Imperial Prince, it is to the "last surviving brother of the Emperor," Prince Jerome, "to the valor of the army that remains in France, to the National Guard, and, generally, to the people, that these august persons are confided; but not a word does the *Moniteur* say of either Senate or Deputies. The *Siècle* pursues the theme which has been so perseveringly insisted on late by the principal organs of the Paris press—viz., the necessity of tearing up the treaties of 1815—

"To endeavor to limit in 1859 the action of France by means of the treaties of 1815, when her liberty against those treaties was not disputed either in 1830 or in 1848, or on other occasions, is a pretension on which we can admit no sort of compromise. The treaties of 1815 exist no more for us than they did for Russia when she united Poland to her territory, for Austria when she confiscated Cracow, or for England when she aided the Revolution of Belgium. . . . Let us leave, then, the treaties of 1815 where they are—leave it to say, in history. What is the use of reviving them? Some persons spoke of them in the English Parliament, but England has already overthrown the imprudent men who desired to resuscitate a past completely defunct. In truth, in order to appear prudent, we must not run the risk of being imprudent and weak.—To limit in advance the action of France, to confine it within the political circle of 1815 at the very moment at which she goes to the assistance of the oppressed of 1815, seems to us more than imprudent; it would be a political fault which the good sense of the country would condemn in the most energetic manner. If to engage the future of France appears an imprudence and a fault, it would seem to us a still greater imprudence and a still greater fault for her to renounce her past—to renounce it, so to speak, by uttering at the solemn moment at which we now are an anathema on revolution and by rejecting its co-operation. What! Austria violates treaties, seeks the conquest of Piedmont, calls Europe to arms against us, excites to revolution in the worst sense of the word—that is to say, provokes disorder, confusion, violence—and we are not to have the right to oppose to her what we call revolution, that is to say, the rights of nations, the principles of 1789, the abolition of the vestiges of feudality and religious absolutism? We are, forsooth, to disarm morally, when she arms in a manner so immoral. That cannot be admitted. Is not all Italy rising at the sight of the French flag? Are not Tuscany and Parma uniting themselves to Piedmont? Are not the Duchies in arms? Is not all that revolution? And is it possible by cold reasoning to deprive us of the support of the populations who have risen for their independence? Must we condemn in advance their re-awakening? We are strong, it is true, but it is because we represent an idea—that of the enfranchisement of Italy, unjustly conquered by Austria.—Take away that idea and we are only protected by material arms. . . . Our flag, floating in Italy for the independence of nations, has a significance too splendid for any one to have the right to take anything from it."—*Cor. of the Times.*

The French Government are said to be occupied at this moment with trying to secure the neutrality of Prussia; to have promised not to form an army of observation on the Rhine; and also that the war shall be circumscribed to Italy. It is not said whether these negotiations are likely to succeed.

The present war is stirring up a feeling in Paris which may lead to strange results by and by. It is said that in all the cabarets and drinking shops in the Faubourg St. Antoine and Marcell nothing is now heard but the "Marseillaise" and "Mourir pour la Patrie," which have been for so many years forbidden to be sung.—Nor is this all. A freedom of political discussion is observed which has not been permitted of late years. But the fact is, that their sympathy as to the war is uniting the workmen and the soldiers together more closely than has been the case since June, 1848; and the police dare not come down on the "blouses" for fear of offending their military friends. There is no doubt a great animosity against the Austrians, but it is more because they are the traditional representatives of opposition to "the principles of 1789," than on account of their national characteristics. Of course, the troops share in this outburst of the old revolutionary ballad singing, and are not

likely to forget the feelings and sentiments which it expresses. The result of the war has, according to Paris gossip, occasioned both surprise and disgust to the Emperor.

Lyons and Toulon are crowded with troops, all moving towards the theatre of the war in hot haste. In the departments the stream of men recalled to their regiments is unbroken; and the calling out of the contingent for 1859 in advance has produced a considerable impression, as if France were actually menaced with invasion. Volunteers are said to have presented themselves for enlistment very numerous within the last few days.

While the most competent judges declare from personal observation that trade in France has not been in so bad a state since the revolution of 1848 as it is at present, the semi-official Paris papers give a very different account. They state that the information collected in Paris and in the provinces announce that French commerce was never in a more satisfactory position. In proof of this assertion they add that the manufacturers of Lyons, Mulhouse, Wesseling, Rouen, Roubaix, and Lille want hands, and that the price of labor has increased. If this be true it is a very unfortunate circumstance that so many men who were industriously employed should be called from home, and, much against their will, sent to Italy to fight for a cause in which they take no interest.

Hundreds of millions of Catholics all over the world will detest as the worst of brigands, as well as the most dangerous of tyrants, any ruler who dares to interfere with the full and absolute liberty of the Holy Father, by any "pressure," whether foreign or domestic, French or Austrian, and will not tolerate an attempt on the part of Napoleon to substitute his own domination for any other pressure, real or imaginary. Even in his own servile Legislative Chamber he has received free warnings upon this point. Even from the report given by the official journal, of the proceedings of that body when the bill sanctioning the war-loans came under discussion, it appears that several members alluded to the position of the Pope. The Viscount Lemerrier, while declaring that he had entire confidence in the Government, expressed his "anxiety, considering what was going on in Italy, to know what steps had been taken by the Imperial Government to secure the independence of the Holy See," and M. Pichon pointedly asked whether the war, upon which the Emperor had recklessly entered without the purity, advice, or consent of the Chamber, was to be "the negation or the consecration of the expedition to Rome." The Keeper of the Seals endeavored to reassure the Chamber upon these points, but though his protestations of imperial devotedness to the Holy See were as strong as possible, his explanation evidently did not give complete satisfaction, or remove the uneasiness about the Holy Father's position which pervaded the Chamber.—*Weekly Register.*

THE MARCH OF THE FRENCH ARMY OVER THE ALPS, AS DESCRIBED BY AN EYE WITNESS.—A writer in the *London Times* gives the following interesting description of the French army met by him crossing the Alps:—

"On the evening of the 26th April I crossed Mount Cenis, where there were reports of slaughter, the previous evening, of a large portion of the Sardinian army by the Austrians, and of the rapid advance of the latter upon Turin. These reports were contradicted when I reached Susa, the morning of the 20th; indeed, it appeared to be generally doubted whether the Austrians had as yet crossed the Ticino in any force.

"I found at that town the advanced guard of the French army—some 2,000 men—consisting of Chasseurs de Vincennes and infantry—of the line—ready to be pushed on by rail to Turin. Tickets were only issued to passengers for the 6 o'clock evening train. The same day, as I re-crossed Mount Cenis I met two battalions of infantry; and again, on the 28th, I passed, at different stages of the route, between Landesbourg on the Savoy side of the mountain, and Culoles on the French frontier, not less than 17,000 troops—including three regiments of light and one of heavy cavalry, a large body of Chasseurs, and 16 brass field pieces; three regiments of infantry were marching rapidly along the line of rail within a few miles of each other, while others were being conveyed in the train.

"I was struck with the disproportion both of cavalry and artillery to the whole of the above-mentioned force—as the road from St. Jean Marie, where the railway terminates, to the foot of the Cenis Pass, is excellent, 60,000 is said to be the number of troops about to be transported along this route. The guns were all rifled, quite new and very light, drawn by four horses, which appeared to my eye to want a little more blood. The cavalry were well mounted, and the infantry had the appearance of being admirably efficient, both in discipline and condition—active, sturdy little fellows.

"Although only on the outset of a campaign, every man looked as if he had passed every hour of his existence in the field—hardy, skilful and self-relying. The truth of the matter is, that scarcely a day passes in garrison that the French soldier is not compelled to fence or to go through the bayonet exercise with his comrades until his eye is quickened, his limbs strengthened, and he has become thorough master of his weapon."

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S NEW CANNON.—The following description of the Emperor's new cannon appeared in the French journals:—"They are internally grooved, as in the rifles or carbines 'de precision.' The calibre are reduced to two dimensions only—12-pouuders for siege guns, and 4-pouuders for field batteries. For the navy the calibre remain unaltered. The solid ball is done away with, the projectile being one which strikes like a full shot and then bursts like a shell, thus having a double effect. It is fitted with wadings of lead, which enter into the grooves of the gun, and give the requisite precision to the aim. This new piece is equivalent to one of 24 of the old system, which is the size generally used for opening a breach. Against a massive butt of masonry a battery of ancient 24-pouuders was pointed, some weeks ago, at a distance of 35 metres, viz., that at which fire is generally opened against a rampart. A second mass of masonry, similar to the first, was breached by a battery of 12-pouuders guns, but at a distance of 70 metres. The experiments proved that fewer rounds from the rifled gun were required to open the breach than from the old 24, and at double the distance. The 4-pouuders field piece is so small that it may be well termed the artillery rifle, weighing less than 300 kilogrammes.—Six gunners can carry it on their shoulders without difficulty. The charge of powder is only 500 grammes, and sends the ball 4 kilometres.

ITALY. THE STATE OF PIEDMONT.—TURIN, MAY 2.—I can quite imagine you all wondering in England to learn so little about military movements, and also somewhat surprised at the inactivity of the Austrians.—In this last respect we share your astonishment, and are at a loss to comprehend the waste of time which might have been employed most profitably to the enemy and greatly to our molestation. With their superiority of force, and with energetic commanders, the Austrians ought to have been in Turin by this time—nay, more, they ought to have been in any part of Piedmont they choose to go to, with Alessandro invested, and a strong force at Novi, watching the passes through the Apennines. We are justified in believing them in sufficient strength to do all this; it is probably less than a Charles James Napier and one of our living English Generals would have attempted with a much smaller army. Military authorities of the slow-coach school may, perhaps, say that there has not been time, that this is only the sixth day since Sardinia's rejection of the ultimatum, that it was necessary to reconnoitre, that sureness is better than swiftness, and so forth. All this is very well; but look at the circumstances of the case, at the small distances to be got over, at the Austrians'

intimate knowledge of the country, at the disproportion between the armies—a disparity that every day diminishes. I can assure you that people here who are acquainted with these circumstances marvel at the sluggishness of the enemy, and of course congratulate themselves upon it. Could we suspect the Austrians of anything so chivalrously unpractical, we might imagine them unwilling to take us at a disadvantage, and waiting till we had equalled our strength, and could meet them on an equal footing.—This is very unlikely to be the cause of their seeming torpor. We shall probably be nearer the mark if we seek the cause in the incapacity or age of their Generals, and presume that, as you lately said, they are exhibiting the slowness and pedantry of 1796, instead of the more dashing tactics of 1849.

ARRIVAL AND RECESSION OF THE FRENCH TROOPS IN PIEDMONT.—TURIN, APRIL 30.—I have seen the French enter Turin early this morning. The drums of the National Guard roused the whole town at six. But the Turin people are early risers, and need no reveille. Before I reached the Victor Emmanuel Railway station, a crowd assembled there. By seven o'clock the roads in every direction, the walls and bulwarks of Emmanuel Philibert's half dismantled citadel, were lined with dense masses. I heard old inhabitants say they had never witnessed such a gathering of men in their town. The National Guard, from 6,000 to 8,000 strong—the finest and most martial-looking of all burgher militia in the world—were at their place. Old General Gonnaz, at the head of brilliant staff, amongst whom I recognised Da Bormida, a late Minister of War, was on the spot, about seven, and they had to sit on their saddles until nine o'clock when the first detachment of French troops, the Chasseurs de Vincennes, brought in by two successive trains, issued from the station, first at a *pas de charge*, then at a run. I spare you the shouting, drumming, trumpeting, and clapping of hands, the flowers thrown by fair hands at the brisk looking soldiers as they passed under the balconies in the streets. It was a population drunk with joy; but less noisy, and wild, and stormy than that of any other Italian town would have been under similar circumstances, The Piedmontese are quiet, nay, almost grave, even in their carnival frolics. No emotion can stir the good Turinese out of their proprieties.—*Cor. of London News.*

THE PAPAL STATES.—ROME, APRIL 30.—On the evening of the 26th 1,400 Austrians disembarked at Ancona; on the morning of the 27th 200 more.—A battalion of Chasseurs and a squadron of Hussars were to be at Pesaro in the evening, and on Friday (that is, yesterday) was expected they would arrive in Ancona. Two other steamers, on the evening of the 27th, were bringing in five sailing vessels with troops, another followed them closely, and three others were seen at a distance, and had been signalled. If each contained troops the garrison will amount to 10,000 men. Other battalions are ready at Trieste for embarkation for the same destination. The immense material of war alarms people even more than the number of troops. The Papal banners are still unfolded, but as if in mockery. The Austrians dispose of everything as usual. The few cannoneers belonging to the Pope that remained were to have been sent away on the 28th; their barracks had been already taken from them. The Gonfaloniere protests strongly against these acts, and refuses everything. The Delegate is embarrassed, not having received precise orders from Rome. The telegraph from Ancona to Bologna is in the hands of the Austrians; that to Rome is open to the public an hour or so in the day. There was talk in Ancona of preparations to resist a blockade on the part of France, and to give support to a body of 30,000 Neapolitans who were said to have crossed the Tronto and joined the Austrians.

Such is the information which I receive through letters from Ancona. As a positive fact I know that the Pope has protested most strongly against his States being made a battlefield, and against this sudden invasion of the Austrians in spite of remonstrances and protests. News has reached us this afternoon that General Ulloa, so well known for his defence of Venice, and who is now in the service of the King of Sardinia, is marching southwards towards Rieta, with a detachment of Tuscaros. We cannot make out what their object is. I told you in my morning letter that some of the French troops now in Rome were ordered off to Rieta also; but I must suspend the statement—nothing positive is known or can be affirmed; indeed, officers themselves do not know their destination. A curious incident took place this morning, I hear. The Papal dragoons were reviewed on the Pincio, and at the conclusion the commanding officer is said to have addressed them, and cried out, "Viva Pio Nono, e il Re delle Due Sicilie!" The cry was, however, received in dead silence. The Roman youth are burning with impatience to start, and 1,000 are now ready at a moment's notice. To-day the great nobility will be called upon to subscribe—indeed, throughout the higher circles of society the greatest enthusiasm prevails for the Italian cause. A telegraphic despatch arrived yesterday directing the Prince of Wales to leave Rome. The day fixed upon originally for his departure was the 9th of May; this date will be anticipated by a week, as he will now leave on Monday, the 2d May. He is going on a yachting expedition, which is to include the coast of Spain and Gibraltar. He will leave in the *Scourge*, commanded by Prince Hohenlohe, a cousin of Her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales, during the whole of Lent, has not assisted any parties or diplomatic receptions; the only exception to this on his part has been to appear for a short time at the Austrian embassy. Three children were missed lately in Rome, and evil report accused the Jews of the Ghetto of having stolen them. On hearing of these false accusations, the Holy Father went himself to visit the Ghetto to reassure the inhabitants and to show them his special protection. The children have finally been found at about fifty miles distance from Rome.

"On Easter Sunday," says a letter in the *Union*, after the Papal blessing, which had deeply moved the innumerable crowd gathered in the Piazza of St. Peter's, and filled all hearts with a respectful veneration for the Sovereign Pontiff, a few dozens of persons, without regard for the respect due to so holy a ceremony, and for ordinary decency, set up loud shouts with which they intermingled the name of France, just as the French ambassador crossed the Piazza in his carriage. The voice of these men found no sort of echo in the crowd.

From Rome we learn that His Holiness is about to address a circular letter to all the Catholic Bishops, inviting them to order public prayers for peace.—Cardinal Antonelli, has it is stated, delivered a diplomatic note to the Governments of France and of Austria declaring the intention of the Pontifical Government to maintain the strictest neutrality. No disturbance of public tranquillity (if we except a few noisy exclamations at Bologna) has taken place in the States of the Church. The Prince of Wales, we may add, has now left Rome via Civita Vecchia for Gibraltar, with orders (according to a statement in the *Gazette du Midi*) not to land in France. The revolution in Tuscany, which we last week announced, is confirmed. Victor Ramanuel is *pro tempore* dictator. Carrara and Massa have followed the example, but ask (what he will not be slow to extend to Tuscany, as well as to them, if his power equal his wishes) permanent annexation to Sardinia. In Parma, a similar revolution has taken place, followed by a counter-revolution, which has restored the authority of the Regency, nominated by the Duchess, who has herself fled to Austria. For the Present Victor Emmanuel may probably be flattering himself with the prospect of an Italian throne. But he will have not only formidable enemies, but rivals from among his friends. The Bonapartes have not been fond of conquering, or fighting for the advantage of other people.—*Weekly Register.*

THE HOLY SEE AND SARDINIA.—When bad men seek bad ends they have always at hand an evil

counsellor ready to prompt evil means to accomplish criminal purposes. The devil never sleeps when his own work is to be done. Victor Emmanuel was shown the beauties of Lombardy, and he was told the price which he must pay for their promised possession, and he fell down and adored the tempter.—His counsellor soon unfolded the plan of operations, by which alone his ambition could possibly be gratified. Austria is a Catholic Power, and the present Emperor is sincerely devoted to the Holy See. Piedmont must take the opposite side, and put itself in direct antagonism to the Church. And as the Emperor Francis Joseph felt it his duty to renounce the usurped authority in ecclesiastical affairs which he inherited from an impious ancestor, and to restore to the Church that freedom of which it had been deprived by an unbelieving tyrant, King Victor Emmanuel deemed it his best policy to take a pestilent heresy under his especial protection, to persecute the religious orders, plunder convents, banish and imprison bishops, and treat the decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff with contempt. The contrast was made complete in every feature. Austria entered into a concordat with the Pope, and Sardinia abetted the Waldenses. The Austrian Civil Government is a mild and paternal Absolutism—Piedmont unfurled the flag of Constitutionalism. It was mere pretence, however, and the pretence was as false as the motive was corrupt. This is now transparent to the world. If the Sardinian Government had been sincere in its profession of veneration for the principle of "civil and religious liberty," there surely was no necessity for plundering convents and expelling nuns at dead of night at the point of the bayonet out of their own monasteries, while churches were opened at Turin and Genoa for the malignant sect of Waldenses. This conduct was utterly inconsistent with the professions of the Sardinian Government, but perfectly consistent with the character of the King of Sardinia and his policy. A sovereign whose life is a continuous scandal, who repudiates all religious restraints, who scoffs at ecclesiastical censures, and refuses to be bound by any divine assurances, may well fraternise with heresy and persecute the Church, in his efforts to promote those temporal interests which alone enlist his regard. By this means the King of Sardinia has managed to gather round him the sympathies of every enemy of order and of the Church in every quarter of Europe. The Republicans flock to his standard, or give him their best wishes, because while attempting to gain his own selfish ends, he is playing their game, if not promoting their object; and he has very naturally conciliated the favor of such men as Lord Shaftesbury and the other Calvinistic patrons of the *Record* by his ruthless persecution of the Catholic Church in his dominions. He has incurred the excommunication of the Pontiff, and this is an unquestionable passport to the heart of that fanatical British nobleman, who is the most malignant bigot that ever cloaked malice and uncharitableness under the guise of religion, and who, with all that cant of benevolence which marks his career, and is so loathsome only wants the power of Nero or Dioclesian to rival their atrocities. Victor Emmanuel is a man after Lord Shaftesbury's own heart, and we may, therefore, say to see his cause calmly espoused by that bitter persecutor is heart, and will, and word, and by the whole tribe of Pharisees, who hate the Church with an intensity which can be inspired only by the arch-fiend. They and the anarchists will of course applaud the conduct of Sardinia, because the success of Victor Emmanuel promises to each the fulfilment of their desires. Both yearn for the downfall of the Pope, because he symbolises in his own person the spirit of order and religion to which they are enemies, and they naturally give their ardent hopes to a Sovereign who is the declared enemy of the Pope. But are they quite sure that the triumph of Sardinia by the aid of France over Austria, would be the accomplishment of their purpose? The malice of Calvinism might, doubtless, be gratified by the momentary removal of the Pope from Rome, but does not the history of eighteen centuries tell them, if they have ears to hear, or eyes to see, or hearts to comprehend, that the Catholic Church is indestructible, and that the Pope does not die if separated from the Vatican? How often have the Popes fled from Rome, or been forcibly driven from Rome, or preferred another domicile, and yet the Papacy and the Church exist in their full vigor in this the sixth decade of the nineteenth century of the Christian era! Half a century ago the first Napoleon laid his impious hands upon the Pope, whom he dragged to France as a prisoner, making himself King of Rome, and Protestant England and Greek Russia joined with Catholic Austria in chastising the sacrilege, hurling the usurper from his high estate, and restoring the outraged Pontiff to his antique inheritance—the oldest sovereignty in the world. Suppose the Third Napoleon to pursue the same course, and there is superabundant reason to believe that this is his intention, does the anti-Catholic malice of Lord Shaftesbury so scale his mental faculties as to make him believe, in the impetuous darkness of his fanaticism, that he sees the downfall of the Papal power and of the Church, in the temporary elevation of Napoleon Jerome Bonaparte to the ephemeral rank of King of Rome? If Rome were swallowed up in an earthquake, and the sea, rolling its waves from Civita Vecchia, were to submerge the Seven Hills, engulfing all the treasures of monumental and modern Rome, and removing every trace of the Coliseum and St. Peter's, is Lord Shaftesbury so blind a slave of his own prejudices as to imagine that Pius IX. would cease to be Pope, or that his authority as Sovereign Pontiff would be weakened to the extent of the smallest imaginable weight, all over the Christian world? On the contrary, what happened before would happen again; every Catholic heart would beat with greater fervor, and every Catholic tongue would pour out more ardent orisons for the persecuted Vicar of Jesus Christ—the day of retribution would surely arrive—the sacrilegious usurper would be again ignominiously expelled from the Eternal City, and the Sovereign Pontiff would be once more restored by combined Europe, the instrument of the Divine will, to the Chair of Saint Peter.—*Literary Cabinet.*

WAR HAS BEGUN, AND THE AUSTRIAN ARMIES ARE IN THE KINGDOM OF SARDINIA. We have already expressed our conviction that Austria was not morally the aggressor, and was justified in commencing hostilities. It is quite a different question why she thought it expedient to act as she did, and this our present information does not enable us to answer. First, after the Sardinian rejection of Austria's demands had been received, a further delay of three days took place in crossing the Ticino. It is conjectured that this may have resulted from the well intended attempt of our own Government to renew, at the last moment, the attempt at conciliation. Be the cause what it may, the effect must have been to give the French army (never more distinguished than in a rapid advance) time to pour into Piedmont over the Mount Cenis, and by sea to Genoa. At last the frontier was crossed, and all men expected to hear that the Austrians had resolved on a race for the first occupation of Turin. Such, it appears, was not the case. The last accounts report progress up to the fifth day after the passage of the Ticino. Up to that time the main body of the Austrians, instead of marching on Turin, has turned a little to the left, and, crossing the Po, has approached within ten miles of the strong Sardinian fortress of Alessandria. Of the other Austrian force which crossed the river higher up, and nearer to Lake Maggiore, and which was expected to converge upon Turin, we have no accounts. Even military men are as yet too temperate in proceeding to be able to judge how far this course of movements may have been desirable or necessary. As far as we can see it sacrifices the object which was supposed to have reconciled Austria to the untoward appearance of being nominally the aggressor by her sudden commencement of hostilities. That object was the immediate occupation of the

enemies' capital; and the possession of the centre to which the different lines of railroad converge from the Alps, from the sea, and from the Apennine frontier. It does not appear, so far as we can see, that anything has actually been gained by the suddenness of the Austrian move beyond the power of maintaining her army for a few days by forced contributions from a hostile territory. Her obvious advantage was that Piedmont did not belong to France, and could not be occupied by the French army until war had broken out. This advantage she does not seem to be using. Those who remember the wars of Napoleon naturally suspect that the Austrian movements may be slow and indecisive. But such a conclusion would as yet be premature. Present appearances point to the first great action of the war as likely to take place in the neighborhood of the famed field of Marengo. A telegram on Friday morning represents the Austrians as having had the worst in a conflict at the passage of the Po. Coming from Turin the report is worth little. Our information is as yet quite fragmentary. In Sardinia the dictatorship of Caroux has wholly interdicted any publication, even of such news as appears in the French papers. Our Turin newspapers reach us in the form of half-sheets. Even in France and Austria little more is known than the respective Government wish to tell. And it is a proof of the watchfulness of the French Police that our own paper has been stopped in France for the last fortnight. It is stated, we believe truly, that the *Times* has despatched to the Austrian army a British officer, with a salary exceeding the pay of a general. But in what form his communications will be allowed to reach Printing-house Square is a question.—*Weekly Register.*

THE VIENNA GAZETTE in publishing the news of the passage of the Ticino, adds:—Thus the campaign of Italy has commenced. We publish this grave intelligence with hearts full of confidence; for we know, as does every faithful Austrian, that right is on our side. The soldiers who have gone to fight for this right crossed the frontiers with shouts of joy, knowing that the soil which our army now treads will furnish rich laurels for the imperial flag. May the Lord, in whose hands is victory, grant it to the flag of the just cause. We hope it; but of one thing we are certain—that from that flag honour and glory will never be separated. The spirit of an illustrious dead hovers over the Austrian eagles—hovers over the soldiers whom it accompanies to-day beyond the Ticino, as it once conducted them to Novara. This every soldier of the army knows, and not one of them wishes to return without a branch of laurel to place on the tomb of Father Radetzky.

Count Huol has addressed a circular despatch to the diplomatic agents of the Austrian Government at foreign Courts:—"By her refusal to disarm, Sardinia (it says) has proved that she is resolved to continue her attack on the indisputable rights of Austria, to disturb the tranquillity of Europe, and to encourage the hopes of the revolutionary party.—The Sardinian Government has abused the national feeling of the Italian races. All the forms of discontent in Italy were long assiduously cultivated, and, as soon as they began to spring up, Piedmont took the field as the champion of all the Italian nationalities. Sardinia can never have sincerely wished that Italy should remain in a state of peace and prosperity, for whenever the Italian monarchs have displayed clemency, and shown a spirit of conciliation, she has redoubled her efforts to rouse the evil passions of the people. When the Emperor and Empress were in Italy, the public papers were permitted to speak in favour of regicide; and when His Majesty placed his brother, the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, at the head of the Administration of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, the agitators at Turin systematically misrepresented every act performed and every measure taken by the benevolent and generous prince. Austria is a Conservative Power, and religion, morality, and historical rights are sacred in her eyes. The possessions of Austria in Italy are guaranteed to her by the very Powers which gave Genoa to Sardinia. Lombardy was during many centuries a fief of the German Empire, and Venice was given to Austria instead of her Belgian provinces. Sardinia tells us that the real cause of the discontent of the inhabitants of Lombardy and Venice is the dominion of Austria on the Po and Adriatic. The right of Austria to Lombardy and Venice is irrefragable, and it will be defended against every attack." France, which long shared with Sardinia the moral responsibility for the sad state of things in Italy, now openly supports the revolutionary movement which has begun. The second French Empire is about to realize its long-cherished ideas, for the throne of Power in Paris has informed the astonished world that 'political wisdom' will replace those treaties which have so long formed the basis of European international law. The traditions of the first Napoleon have been resuscitated, and Europe is not ignorant of the importance of the struggle which is about to begin."—*Times.*

The *Nord* of Wednesday says that in well-informed circles it is believed that the Austrians have given up their intention of marching upon Turin, and purpose first to try the fate of a great battle. Some days are necessary to make choice of the positions. The 10th is suggested as the probable day, by which time the Emperor of the French will have arrived at Turin, and have taken command of his army.

Before the lapse of fifteen days the French army in Sardinia, the *Nord* says, will be 100,000 strong. The Prince Napoleon, who is making active preparations for his departure, will command a corps of observation at a place which is at present kept secret.

The Municipal Council of Vienna has voted 50,000 florins (£5,000) for the foundation of a grammar school for the Protestant youth of that city. The Emperor has given a piece of ground, estimated at 80,000 florins (8,000), for the same object. There are about 10,000 Protestants in Vienna.

The Catholics in Berlin, who amount to 30,000, have not a single college in that capital, nor in Brandenburg, Pomerania, Lusatia, or Prussian Saxony; and they are likely to have to wait a long time to see Prussian religious liberty come up to the standard of the Austrian.

PRUSSIA. At Monday's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies the Minister of War made the following statement:—"Government on the 23rd March last explained the point of view which persuaded them of the necessity of ordering the three corps d'armee, of the Federal Contingent to be placed on a war footing. Since that date political affairs have assumed such a form that Government have deemed it their duty to extend the same measures to the remaining six corps d'armee, and the necessary instructions have been already sent to the different quarters. Although Government have for the present communicated this intelligence to the Chambers, they have reserved a more detailed statement of the position of political affairs, which will, however, be made to the House with the shortest possible delay." The Minister's speech was followed by the applause of the Chambers.

RUSSIA. The official newspapers of St. Petersburg of Tuesday last contain the following notice:—"We are authorized to declare, in the most positive manner, that there exists no treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between Russia and any other power whatsoever. At a moment when all Europe is making maritime or military armaments on a large scale, the Emperor was obliged to provide, by measures of political prudence, for any emergencies. His Majesty retains in the present conjuncture entire liberty of action, and we hardly need add that he is animated only by the sentiment of the dignity of his crown and the interests of the country."

Alluding to the secret treaty betwixt Russia and France, the *Times* says:—

It is enough for us to know that, not a Treaty, but a written agreement, exists between France and Russia which those Powers think it for their interest to keep a secret from any third Power. Prince Gortschakoff gives his personal assurance that this

"written agreement" does not "constitute a hostile alliance against Europe." And upon this we are to lap ourselves into security, putting our trust firmly in the frankness of Prince Gortschakoff's reading of the written agreement, and in the innocency of this little secret between the two great aggressive Emperors.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says:—"We are on the eve of a general rising in European Turkey. The political agitation in the Southern provinces is exceedingly great. The Porto has about 120,000 men concentrated at Shumla, Sophia, &c., and Omar Pacha was coming rapidly from Bagdad."

Friday morning brings a telegram announcing the capture of Tania Topee. He is said to have been given up by Maun Sing, who has also surrendered, and has probably thus made terms for his own life.

We (Weekly Register) have recently been honored by a communication from an officer in Her Majesty's service, in which the writer says:—"I was present at the trial of some of the Sepoys who had mutined at Sealkote, but who were afterwards taken somewhere in the hills. A more wretched looking lot of men I hardly ever saw; they were all chained or manacled, and one was so ill and weak, that he actually could not stand, his bones were all but through his skin, yet he was obliged to remain in court. They were sentenced to be transported for life, and branded with the letter D as deserters, in the same way as they usually mark European soldiers, viz. by tattooing; but the doctor who did it to these men (a European officer), finding it did not show to his satisfaction, actually got a red hot iron, and branded them much in the same way as an animal is marked; and, although this was the work of you, may say, one person, yet the authorities marched these men off for Lahore the next day, and the weather being hot at the time, you may imagine, from the dust, &c., of the road, that they were in a pitiable state on reaching that place. The only way that the authorities showed their disapproval of the proceeding was to issue an order that such a thing was not to be done again."

With respect to the two Treaties or Conventions, or engagements, between France and Russia, we have nothing essential to remark. In fact, we may leave our contemporaries to answer themselves, or each other. One of them has reason to know that the Russian Court has given our Government the strongest assurances "that no agreement has been entered into that can in any way affect the interests of this country." As a commentary on this reassuring piece of news, it states that a Russian army of 60,000 men has crossed the Danube, thereby threatening the Gallician frontier of Austria.

UNITED STATES. It seems that in one vessel there arrived at this port, the 12th inst., and departed for Utah on the 14th, the number of 726 Mormons (Mormons, men, women, and children). Of these, 233 are English, 224 are Danish, 168 Swedes, 31 Scotch, 30 Welsh, 19 Norwegians, 7 Irish (Protestants), 4 Swiss, 0 Americans. —N. Y. Freeman.

A SLAVE KILLA HIS MASTER.—The Galveston News of the 10th contains the following correspondence:—"Grand Jury, May 21.—A dreadful murder was committed last Sunday week, by a negro on his master, Mr. James Roper, passed here with his negro on his way home to Peach Tree Village. That camped out a mile and a half above Smithfield; the stage driver in the evening saw them sitting together; half an hour afterwards the negro dashed out his master's brains with an axe while he was asleep, and then burned his body; he then proceeded towards home and stated to some of the citizens that he did not know what had become of his master. Suspicious were excited and he was taken to the spot where he had camped; the ashes of the fire were examined and pieces of bones, buttons, and rags found. The negro said the Indians had killed him, and he owned the whole. On Saturday the 30th April, a negro was burned alive on the spot where he had killed his master. He acknowledged he had a good master. His back was examined and no indication appeared of his ever having been whipped. Mr. Roper was a new comer, and the negro had left a wife in Alabama. The rest of Mr. Roper's family wished to return to Alabama, but Mr. Roper was opposed to it, but promised the negro to purchase his wife next year, if money could buy her, as he had to return and collect some money, but this the negro thought was too long to wait, and he thought that his master was put out of the way the rest of the family would go back to Alabama at once. He did not believe they were going to burn him even after the fire was kindled. He made a speech to some negroes assembled on the occasion, warning them against the crime. He did not struggle any until he was involved with the flames. In his boots was found \$95 which he had taken from his master. A newspaper correspondent writes that while travelling South he attended a negro meeting, when the sable preacher offered an earnest prayer for "the white element in our population."

The customers of a certain cooper in a town out West, caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old 'bung-hole' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made.—Then I quit the business in disgust."

To people who have any relatives out in Arkansas the following will be interesting:—"The Pine Bluff Independent says five men were hung near Brownsville, Prairie County, Arkansas, by some of the citizens. No particulars given."

BRING AN "IRISHMAN."—Such is the language meant to be a sneer and a reproach—sometimes used by self-styled "Americans" when speaking of a portion of our fellow citizens. History informs us that in the days of the Revolution, Irishmen were at least as good as some of our "Americans" of that trying time. We have the testimony of a true American gentleman and Statesman. "Mr. Speaker," said John Randolph, on the floor of Congress, "I have seen strange and wonderful things in my day; I have seen a black swan and a white crow; but I have never seen an Irish Tory!"

Not bad.—"a scurrilous paper" relates that at a recent "darky prayer-meeting" down South, an old dilapidated brother "commenced supplicating the throne of grace," when another brother called out in a stentorian voice:—"Who dat praying ober dar?" The response was, "Dat's brudder Mose." "Hole on dar, brudder Mose," was the dictum of the former; "you lot brudder Ryan pray, he's better 'quainted wid de Lord dan you am." Brudder Mose accordingly stopped, and brudder Ryan went on "with the services."

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS (DISCONTINUED) IN ARREARS TO THE TRUE WITNESS.

Table with columns: Name, Place, Amt. Due. Lists names and amounts for various locations like London, G.W., Newburgh, etc.

Table with columns: Name, Amount. Lists names like J. J. Saurin, Qgebec, and amounts.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Messrs. PENNY DAVIS & SON—Gents.—I am at a loss to express with words the satisfaction it gives me to inform you of the benefit I have received from the use of your Pain Killer.

HENRY WEED, Clerk at 117 Genesee Street, Utica. Lymans, Savage, & Co., Carter, Kerry, & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, Agents, Montreal.

A PERFECT CURE BY WILD CHERRY.

From the Editor of the New York Mirror, Aug. 6. About four weeks since, one of the composers of this office was suffering so badly from a cough that he was unable to sleep nights, and too weak to stand at his case.

DR. ANGUS MACDONELL, 183 Notre Dame Street. (Nearly opposite the Dougan Hotel.)

SELECT SCHOOL, No. 109 Wellington Street.

MISS M. LAWLER takes this opportunity to return thanks to her many patrons for their liberal support since her commencement, and hopes by unremitting care to the progress of her pupils, to merit a continuance of the same.

ENGLISH PRIVATE TUITION.

MR. KEEGAN, English and Mathematical Teacher, St. Anne's School, Grifftown, will attend gentlemen's families, Morning and Evening, to give lessons in any branch of English Education.

MONTREAL MODEL SCHOOL, April 23rd, 1859.

MR. THOMAS MATHEWS has been engaged in the above institution for nearly two years, during which time he has strictly attended to his classes. He is well qualified to impart instruction in English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping and Mathematics.

TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

MR. MATHEWS has been Teaching at the Model School, Montreal, for the last two years, where he has given universal satisfaction, and is prepared to stand an examination on any, or all of the following subjects: English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-keeping, Geometry, Trigonometry, and Natural Philosophy.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL, Near the Corner of Craig and St. Constant Streets.

Mr. W. DORAN, Principal. T. MATHEWS, Assistant English Master. J. M. DESROCHES, French Master. For particulars apply at the residence of the Principal, 227 LaGauchetière Street, near St. Denis Street, or at the School. May 12.

MONTREAL ACADEMY, Bonaventure Hall.

THE next Term of this Institution commences on MONDAY next, 2nd MAY, under the Professorship of Mr. P. FITZGERALD. The Course of Instruction comprises—English, in all its departments; the Greek and Latin Classics, Mathematics, French, and Book-keeping, &c.

PRIVATE TUITION.

MR. ANDERSON, sincerely grateful for past favours, begs to notify the gentry of Montreal and vicinity that, in consequence of his recent appointment to a Professorship in the Montreal Model School, Cote Street, his Classes for the Private Tuition of Young Gentlemen for entering the Army or Matriculating in McGill College, will, from 1st May next, be held in the Rooms of aforementioned Institute.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, & C.

FOR SALE, At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. TEAS (GREEN) GUNPOWDER, very fine. YOUNG HYSON, best quality. IMPERIAL. TWANKY, extra fine. BLACK TEAS. SOUGHONG (Breakfast) fine Flavor. CONGOU. OOLONG. SUGARS. LOAF. DRY CRUSHED. MUSCOVADA Sugar, very light. COFFEE, &c.

JAVA, best Green and Roasted LAGUARIE, do. do. FLOUR, very fine. OATMEAL, pure. RICE. INDIAN MEAL. B. W. FLOUR. DRIED APPLES. CHEESE, American (equal to English.) WINES—Port, Sherry, and Madeira. BRANDY—Plantat Pale, in cases, very fine; Martel, in bids, and cases. PORTER—Dublin and London Porter; Montreal Porter and Ale, in bottles. PICKLES, &c.—Pickles, Sauces, Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Shelled Almonds, Honey Soap, B. W. Soap, Castile Soap, and English do.; Corn Browns, Corn Dusters; Bed Cord, Cloth Lines, Shoe Thread, Garden Lines, Candies, Lemon Peel, Orange and Citron do.; Sweet Oil, in quarts and pints. STARCH—Glenfield, Rice and Saffron, fair. BRUSHES—Scrubbers and Stove Brushes; Cloth and Shoe Brushes. SPICES, &c.—Figs, Prunes; Spices, whole and ground; Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, White Pepper, Black Pepper, Allspice, Cayenne Pepper, Macaroni, Vermicelli, Indigo, Button Blue, Sego, Arrowroot, Sperm Candles, Tallow do.; fine Table Salt; fine Salt in Bag; Coarse do.; Salt Petre; Sandalines, in Tins; Table Cod Fish, Dry; do., do., Wet; Cream Tartar; Baking Soda; do., in Packages; Alum, Copperas, Sulphur, Brimstone, Bar Beils, Whiting, Chalk, &c., &c.

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS. DR. MORSE, the inventor of MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS, has spent the greater part of his life in travelling, having visited Europe, Asia, and Africa as well as North America—has spent three years among the Indians of our Western country—it was in this way that the Indian Root Pills were first discovered. Dr. Morse was the first man to establish the fact that all diseases arise from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD—that our strength, health and life depended upon this vital fluid.

When the various passages become clogged, and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its action, becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all pains, sickness and distress of every name; our strength is exhausted, our health we are deprived of, and if nature is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humors, the blood will become clogged and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we here in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from plants and roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of diseased men. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sordidif, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an Expectant, that opens and unblocks the passage to the lungs, and thus, in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm, and other humors from the lungs by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double strength to the kidneys, which encourages, they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out honorably by the urinary or water passage, and which could not have been discharged in any other way.—The fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies the other properties of the Pills which engaged in purifying the blood; the coarse particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and conveyed off in great quantities by the bowels.

From the above, it is shown that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills act only upon the stomach, but become united with the blood, for they find way to every part, and completely root out and cleanse the system from all impurity, and the life of the body, which is the blood, becomes perfectly healthy; consequently all sickness and pain is driven from the system, for they cannot remain when the body becomes so pure and clear.

The reason why people are so distressed when sick and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will pass to the afflicted parts, and which will open the natural passages for the disease to be cast out; hence, a large quantity of food and other matter is lodged, and the stomach and intestines are literally overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable fermentation, constantly mixing with the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein and artery, until life is taken from the body by disease. Dr. Morse's PILLS have added to themselves victory upon victory, by restoring millions of the sick to blooming health and happiness. Yes, thousands who have been racked or lacerated with sickness, pain and anguish, and whose feeble frames, have been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought, as it were, within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, Morse's Indian Root Pills. After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished, and absolutely surprised in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do they give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore, it will be shown, especially by those who use these Pills, that they will so cleanse and purify, that disease—that deadly enemy—will take its flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again return, and the prospect of a long and happy life will cherish and brighten your days.

CAUTION.—Beware of a counterfeit signed A. B. Moore. All genuine have the name of A. J. WHITE & Co. on each box. Also the signature of A. J. WHITE & Co. All others are spurious.

A. J. WHITE, & CO., Sole Proprietors, 50 Leonard Street, New York. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all dealers in Medicines. Agents wanted in every town, village, and hamlet in the land. Parties desiring the agency will address as above for terms. Price 25 cents per box, five boxes will be sent on receipt of \$1, postage paid.

MRS. MUIR, 283 NOTRE DAME STREET, WEST, (Near Morison & Empey's.) WOULD intimate to her Customers and the Public in general, that her SHOW ROOM is now opened, with a handsome assortment of the FINEST GOODS in the city. PRICES AND STYLES TO SUIT ALL, At MRS. MUIR'S, Millinery and Dressmaking Establishment, 283 Notre Dame Street.

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

BURNETT'S COCAINE. A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the hair. For efficacy and agreeableness it is without a rival. It prevents the hair from falling off. It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth. It is not greasy or sticky. It leaves no disagreeable odor. It softens the hair when hard and dry. It soothes the irritated scalp skin. It affords the richest luster. It remains longest in effect. It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle. BURNETT'S COCAINE. BOSTON, July 19, 1857. Messrs. J. BENSLEY & Co.—I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocaine.) For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contained camphene spirit. By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others similarly afflicted will be induced to try the same remedy. Yours very truly, SUSAN R. POPE.

P. P. P. PARK'S PINKY PLASTERS. They soothe pain; protect the chest; they extract the congested impurities and soreness from the system, and impart strength. They are divided into sections, and yield to the motion of the body. Being porous, all impure excretions pass off, and they cannot become offensive, hence can be worn four times longer than any other plaster, and are cheaper at 25 cents than others at 10. Where these Plasters are put, sandal exist. Weak persons, public speakers, delicate females, or any afflicted with side, chest or back pains, should try them. You will then know what they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp and our Signature.

BARNES & PARK, 13 & 15 Park Row, N. Y. Also Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder.

COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, WHOOPING COUGH, INFANT CONSUMPTION, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by JOHN F. BROWN & SONS, Chemists, Boston, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Dist. of Mass.

COUGHS.—The gradual and sudden changes of our climate, are fruitful sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Lozenges, let the Cough or Irritation of the Throat be so slight, as by this preparation a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Cures Cough, Cold, Hoarseness and Influenza. Cures any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat. Relieves the Hoarse Cough in Consumption. Relieves Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh. Clears and gives strength to the voice of SINGERS Indispensable to Public Singers.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. [From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has used the Troches five years.]—"I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of. In all my lecturing tours, I put 'Troches' into my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen. I do not hesitate to say that in so far as I have had an opportunity of comparison, your Troches are pre-eminently the best, and the first of the great Lozenge School."

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. [From Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., New York.]—"I consider your Lozenges an excellent article for their purpose, and recommend their use to Public Speakers."

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. [From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Rutgers Female Institute, New York.]—"I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your Troches."

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. For children laboring from Cough, Whooping Cough, or Hoarseness, are particularly adapted, of account of their soothing and demulcent properties. Assisting expectoration, and preventing an accumulation of phlegm. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box. For sale, at wholesale, in Montreal, by Carter, Kerry & Co., 184 St. Paul Street; also, at retail, Johnston, Beers & Co., Medical Hall, St. James Street.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm. Adjala—N. A. Goste. Aylmer—J. Doyle. Amherstburg—J. Roberts. Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron. Arichat—Rev. Mr. Girroir. Belleville—M. O'Dempsey. Brock—Rev. J. R. Lee. Brockville—P. Furlong. Brantford—W. McManamy. Cavanville—J. Knowlson. Chambly—J. Hackett. Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor. Compton—Mr. W. Daly. Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy. Desautelsville—J. M'Yer. Dundas—J. M'Gerrald. Egansville—J. Bonfield. Eastern Townships—P. Hackett. Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis. Farmersville—J. Flood. Gannogque—Rev. J. Rossiter. Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry. Huntingdon—C. M'Paul. Ingersoll—Rev. R. Keleher. Kemptonville—M. Heaphy. Kingston—M. M'Namara. London—Rev. E. Bayard. Lochiel—O. Quigley. Lobbrough—T. Daley. Lindsay—Rev. J. Farrelly. Lacolle—W. Hartly. Merrickville—M. Kelly. Millbrook—P. Maguire. Niagara—Rev. Mr. Wardy. Ottawa City—J. Rowland. Oshawa—Rev. Mr. Froulx. Orillia—Rev. J. Synnot. Prescott—J. Ford. Perth—J. Doran. Peterboro—T. M'Gabe. Picton—Rev. Mr. Lalor. Quebec—M. O'Leary. Rawdon—Rev. J. Quinn. Renfrew—Rev. M. Byrne. Russelltown—J. Campion. Richmond Hill—M. Teely. Richmond—A. Donnelly. Sherbrooke—T. Griffith. Sherrington—Rev. J. Gratton. Summerstown—D. M'Donald. St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay. St. Athanasie—T. Dunn. St. Ann de la Poutiere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett. St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Fulvay. St. Raphael—A. M'Donald. St. Remy—H. M'Gill. St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax. Thorold—John Heenan. Tigawick—T. Donegan. Toronto—P. Doyle. Tupperville—J. Hagan. West Osgoode—M. M'Voy. Windsor—C. A. McIntyre. York Grand River—A. Lamond.

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, 1858.

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.

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 Ornamental Arts and Sciences, which are considered requisite in a finished education; while propriety of Deportment, 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 are 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.

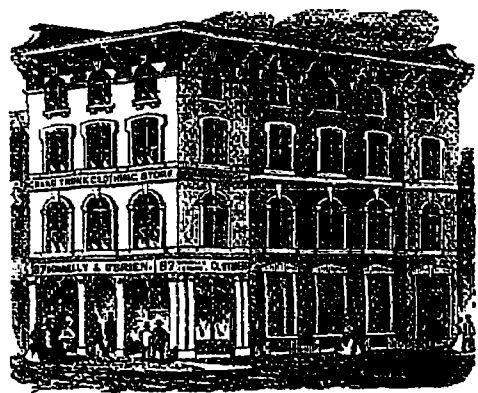
GENERAL REGULATIONS.

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, one white and one black bobinet Veil, a Spoon and Gilet, Knife and Fork, Work Box, Dressing box, Combs, Brushes, &c. Parents residing at a distance will deposit sufficient funds to meet any unforeseen emergency. 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.

1859. SPRING AND SUMMER. 1859.

GREAT BARGAINS!

AT THE GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE, 87 M'GILL STREET, 87



The Proprietors of the above well-known CLOTHING & OUT-FITTING ESTABLISHMENT,

RESPECTFULLY announce to their Patrons and the Public generally that they have now completed their SPRING IMPORTATIONS; and are prepared to offer for Sale the

LARGEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST STOCK OF READY-MADE CLOTHING & OUT-FITTING (All of their own Manufacture) EVER PRESENTED TO THE CANADIAN PUBLIC.

Their Stock of Piece Goods consists in part of—French, West of England, German, and Venetian BROAD CLOTHS, and CASSIMERES; also fancy DOESKIN; Scotch, English, and Canadian TWEEDS, &c., &c.

The choice of VESTINGS is of the newest Styles and best Qualities.

Their Out-Fitting Department contains, amongst others articles, Fancy Flannel Shirts; Australian and English Lambs' Wool do.; every description of Hosiery; White, Fancy French Fronts, and Regatta Shirts, Shirt Collars, &c., of every style and quality.

Also a great number of French, English, and American India Rubber Coats—Reversible and otherwise.

The whole to be disposed of at ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

To give an idea of how cheap we Sell our goods, we here state the price of a few articles:—

Black Cloth Coats from \$4.00 to \$25.00. Tweed, Do. " 1.50 to 12.00. Vests, " " 0.75 to 8.00. Pants, " " 0.75 to 10.00.

N.B.—A liberal Discount made to Wholesale purchasers.

DONNELLY & O'BRIEN, 87 M'GILL STREET, Montreal, April 14, 1859.

IMMIGRATION.

PASSAGE CERTIFICATES,

PER SABEL & SEARLES FIRST CLASS LINE of Packet Ships, from LIVERPOOL to

QUEBEC, NEW YORK, OR BOSTON,

and also by STEAMSHIP from GALWAY, are now issued by the undersigned.

Rates and information will be furnished on application. All letters must be pre-paid.

HENRY CHAPMAN & CO., Agents, Montreal.

January 1859.

B. DEVLIN,

ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 30, Little St. James Street.

RYAN & VALLIERES DE ST. REAL,

ADVOCATES, No. 59 Little St. James Street.

PIERCE RYAN. HENRY VALLIERES DE ST. REAL.

W. M. PRICE,

ADVOCATE, No. 2, Corner of Little St. James and Gabriel Streets.

M. DOHERTY,

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

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

[Established in 1826.]

BELLS. The Subscribers have constantly for sale an assortment of Church, Factory, Steamboat, Locomotive, Plantation, School-House and other Bells, mounted in the most approved and durable manner. For full particulars as to many recent improvements, warrants, 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.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS

JOHN M'CLOSKEY, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer. 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, Woolens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and 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.

EDUCATION.

MR. M. C. HEALY will OPEN his SCHOOL on MONDAY next, 2nd MAY, in St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, No. 95, in the School-house lately occupied by Mr. ANDERSON. Mr. Healy's Course of instructions will embrace a sound English and Commercial Education; as also a Course of Mathematics for those who may wish to prepare for any of the Professions. N.B.—Pupils can receive PRIVATE instructions, after School hours, in any of the above studies. Terms moderate, and made known at the School Rooms, No. 95, St. Lawrence Main Street. Montreal, April 28, 1859.

IMPORTANT TO

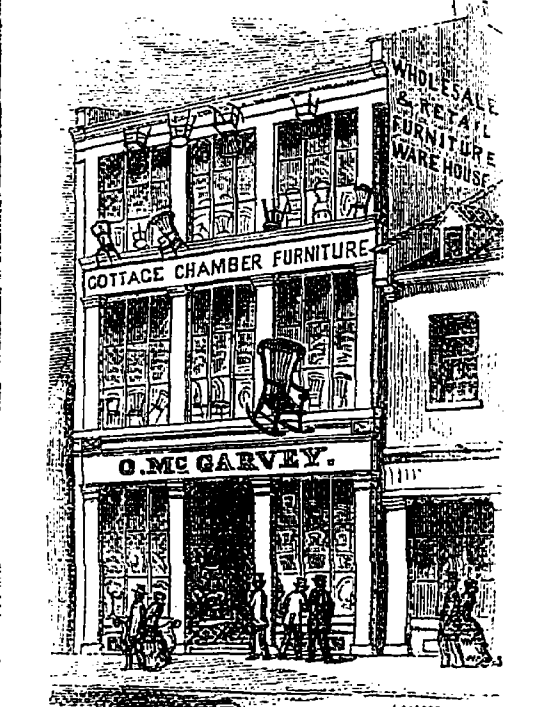
FARMERS AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES. NEW SEED WHEAT FROM SCOTLAND.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have received, per last Steamer from Liverpool, samples of 3,000 Bushels Scotch Fyfe WHEAT, to arrive by first vessels. This Wheat has been selected for them with great care, and is imported expressly for Seed. Samples may be seen at their Office, and all other informations obtained, if, by letter postpaid, addressed to

GREGORY & CO., 37 Commissioners Street, Montreal.

April 26, 1859.

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



THE most important news of the season—the greatest excitement being felt from the fact being made known—is that

McGARVEY'S LARGE STORE IS NOW OPENED,

with an entire new Stock of the choicest styles of PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE, at prices that will be found lower than ever before offered, as he has availed himself of the advantage of purchasing his Stock during the winter for cash, and securing the best Goods in the market for prices that would astonish all. He would call special attention to his large assortment of PARLOUR, CHAMBER and DINING ROOM FURNITURE of Black Walnut, Mahogany, Oak, Chestnut, and Enamelled Furniture, from \$25 to \$175 a set, and a large Stock of Mahogany, Black Walnut Centre Tables (Marble top); also a splendid ornamented Centre Table, representing William Tell shooting an apple off a boy's head, Washington, Indian Chiefs, and containing 7,500 separate pieces of wood.

Those in want of such goods will best consult their own interest by calling at 244 Notre Dame Street, and examining his Stock. All goods warranted to be what they are represented, if not, they can be returned within one month after date of sale and the money will be refunded. All goods delivered on Board the Cars or Boats, or at the residence of parties who reside inside the Toll Gates free of charge.

OWEN MCGARVEY, 244 Notre Dame Street, near the French Square, Wholesale and Retail.

April 14.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY,



WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., 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, Bligny Street, near Hanover Terrace

REMOVAL.

JOHN PHELAN, GROCER, HAS REMOVED to 43 NOTRE DAME STREET, the Store lately occupied by Mr. Berthelot, and opposite to Dr. Picault, where he will keep a Stock of the best Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Wines, Brandy, &c., and all other articles [required] at the lowest prices. JOHN PHELAN.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS,

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

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages. A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils.

TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half-yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July, July 21st, 1858.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alternative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:—

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TUMORS, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, SYPHILIS AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA OR TIC DOULOUREUX, DEBILITY, DYSPPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION, ERYSIPELAS, ROSE OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or any thing else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. And we think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS. Price, \$1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for \$5.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all that has ever been found to do.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR THE CURE OF Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box; Five boxes for \$1.00.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent persons, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these remedies, but our space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the above complaints, and the treatment that should be followed for their cure.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S, and take no others. The sick want the best and there is for them, and they should have it. All our Remedies are for sale by Lyman, Savage, & Co., at Wholesale and Retail; and by all the Druggists in Montreal, and throughout Upper and Lower Canada.

GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL, \$500,000. FIRE, OCEAN, AND INLAND MARINE. Office—No. 11, Lemains Street.

THE undersigned Agent for the above Company is prepared to receive applications, and grant Policies. The Company insures all description of Buildings, Mills, and Manufactories, and Goods, Wares, and Merchandise contained therein. Mr. Thomas M'Grath has been appointed Surveyor to the Company. All applications made to him will be duly attended to. AUSTIN CUVILLIER, Agent. Montreal, October 8, 1858.

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, ASTHMA, CATARRH, any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, INSTANTLY RELIEVED by Brown's Bronchial Troches, or Cough Lozenges.

To PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS, they are effectual in clearing and giving strength to the voice. "If any of our readers, particularly ministers or public speakers, are suffering from bronchial irritation, this simple remedy will bring almost magical relief."—CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN. "Indispensable to public speakers."—ZION'S HERALD. "An excellent article."—NATIONAL ERA, WASHINGTON. "Superior for relieving hoarseness to anything we are acquainted with."—CHRISTIAN HERALD, CINCINNATI. "A most admirable remedy."—BOSTON JOURNAL. "Sure remedy for throat affections."—TRANSCRIPT. "Efficacious and pleasant."—TRAVELLER. Sold by Druggists throughout the United States.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered it one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures

EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

From the worst Scrofula down to the 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 cancer in the mouth and stomach.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.

Two bottles are warranted to cure tanning of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.

One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.

Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years ten spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.

For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.

For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.

For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.

For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.

This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 25 cent per Box.

Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.

For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

St. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1856.

Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE, Superiours of St. Vincents Asylum.

ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. Sisters of St. Joseph, Hamilton, C. W.