

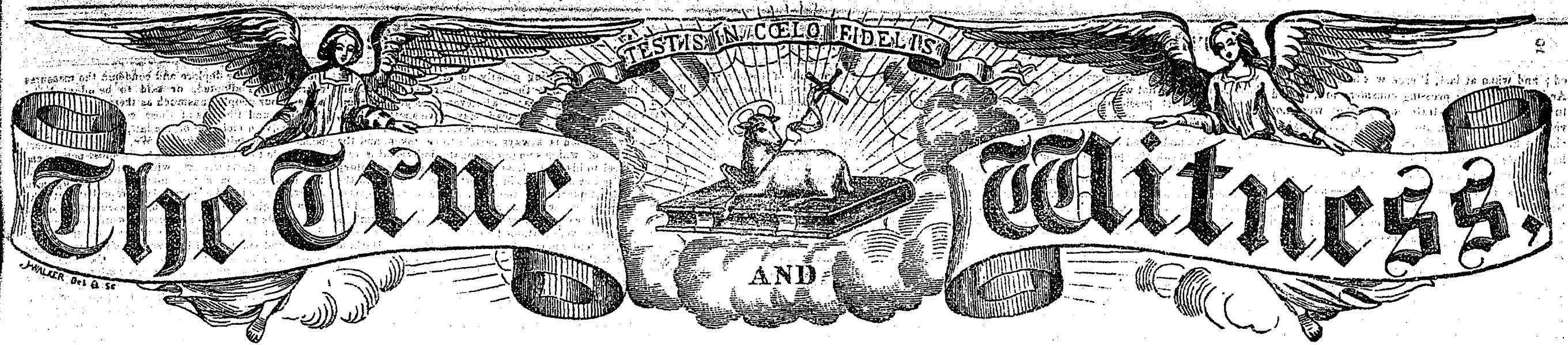
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XIII.

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No. 10.

## CROHOORE OF THE BILL-HOOK.

BY JOHN BANIM.

CHAPTER XIII.

In a narrow lane, among the very outskirts of the straggling suburbs of Kilkenny, lived a little woman, who had a less mother. Her name was Christen Moore; though her neighbor, Molly Dungan, in consequence of their many battles concerning Molly's pig and Christen's brood of young ducks, called her, contemptuously alluding to her stature, Chreestheena, or wee Christen; for Molly had a juvenile swine that would sometimes regale itself on one of the ducklings, at which the sufferer fluently rated pig and mistress, and Molly would excuse the esteemed animal by pleading its youth and want of sense; until, words growing high, our present subject received the epithet we have recorded, and, calling all the vinegar into her vinegar system, charged Molly in return with being 'a virago,' Christen having once travelled as part of a soldier's baggage, and learned some good English; but this agreeable gossip is far away from our present purpose.

Chreestheena knew fifty summers, and her mother closed on a century. They were tireless spinners; one spun with a distaff, the other with a wheel; and the product of their internal industry was manufactured into coarse blankets, coarse sheets, and ticking. Chreestheena had had her husbands three; and, it was whispered, was now on the look-out for a fourth; with this, however, we again say, we can have no concern.

The night on which Andy Awling and Bridge Chree enjoyed their own peculiar conversation in Ned Shea's kitchen, three of the very description of persons of whom she and we have last spoken had taken up their quarters for the evening at Chreestheena's well-swept hearth. For the weighty consideration of two pence, instead of a half-penny, of common stock, she consented to replenish the fire for their exclusive use; and, having done so, she led her wee mother to bed, into an inner apartment, where they together enjoyed the luxury of a bedstead to themselves;—Chreestheena congratulating her own heart on the profitable bargain she had struck, as, besides the saving of wear and tear in three-pence farthing above prime cost.

So soon as the hostess was heard to snore, Ristharde Bocchoch (Limping Dick) pulled from his two-sided wallet a pair of dead ducks, having their necks awry, and, skilfully plucking them, raised up one of the ticks, and proceeded to deposit under it the superfluous feathers;—Padhre Keaoch (Blind Peter) brought forth three large skegs of brown bread, remarking that the crust looked to him a little over-browned; and Sheemun Croonawnee (Simon the Whining Singer) added two large hors of genuine smuggled brandy, such as it would be difficult, in the same city of Kilkenny, to match at the present day, and which he had received to bribe his silence respecting a hog'shead he, by chance, saw dropped in a certain hiding-place, whither he had subsequently, for another bribe, introduced the district exciseman; and such were the materials of the *petit souper* of the three worthies.

Having completely plucked, and otherwise prepared his ducks, Ristharde, by the agency of a large pocket blade with which he was seldom unprovided, dismembered and arranged them for broiling; and good white wooden trenchers were brought down from Christen's dresser to hold the dainty fare.

While thus employed, 'Bow, wow, wow,' exclaimed Padhre Keaoch's black shock dog.

'And, who the duval is thumping, now?' said his excellent master, as a sounding knock, as if from the head of a heavy stick, came to the door.

'Let him just stay abroad, whoever he is,' said Sheemun Croonawnee, fur a drop of this wather 'ill never pass his breath.'

The knock came again.

'Go out o' that wid yourself,' roared Padhre, 'and let poor people take their night's sleep.'

'Arrah, what a sleep you're in, Padhre, Keaoch,' said a voice outside; 'I smell what's good, and must have my share.'

'The black, duval whip me round the market-cross,' resumed Padhre, 'but it's one iv ourself, boys; and more nor that, I'm a blind cullawn iv a dowaright arnest, and deaf along wid being a blind, if it isn't Shaun-law-theaum, every inch iv him.'

'Och, iv it's that poor desolate crature, the dear forbid we'd keep him abroad in the cowl o' the night,' said Ristharde.

'I wouldn't be the part iv a Christen to do any other thing,' said Padhre, 'and, after all, he'll get a sprinklin o' the wather.'

'What's the name iv you?' asked Sheemun. 'Shaun-law-theaum I'm called by them that know me well,' answered the voice; then added in a whining, snuffling cadence, 'Good tunder Christen, look wid an eye iv mardy on a poor desolate crature that hasn't the use iv his own'

hands to arn a male o' rituals for himself and his ould mother, and four small brothers and sisters, at home.'

'That 'll do,' said Sheemun; 'stay a little, you poor sowl, and you must cum in, fur God's sake.'

'May He mark you wid grace, and your a blessin on you and yours,' resumed the voice, still in its professional key; then familiarly, 'make speed, Sheemun, fur I'm cowlid and hungry.'

But here arose a little unforeseen difficulty. Chreestheena had, according to wholesome practice, locked the door of her caravansary, lest, in the night, her guests and her blankets might happen to vanish together. Sheemun Croonawnee went to arouse her: when, at length, made sensible of what was wanted, she would by no means entrust another with the key, but arose herself to admit the new-comer; and, finally, when arrived at the door, she would by no means open it, unless two pence additional was paid down by those already in possession; her terms being agreed to and fairly met, however, Chreestheena at once gave the visitor admission, without ever looking at the sort of person that entered.

'Och, you three schamin rogues,' said Shaun, as he joined his old friends, 'well I knew where to find you.'

'And what, in the name o' sinse, brought you a ramblin at sich an hour?' he was asked.

'Why, I cum all the ways from Garrodhe Donnahoo, to seek ye.'

'An what does Garrodhe want iv us?'

'That's a story to be tould; you must, all three o' you, make the best haste you can to him, afther the fair, next Wednesday night.'

'Och, very well; we ought to have good gatherins at the fair boys,' said Sheemun.

A fair-day is a day of great bustle and excitement in Kilkenny. Pierce Shea had attended the fair that day, when his ears were startled with the news of the execution of six of the men in whose company he had witnessed only two days before the attack on the dragoons. It was assezes time; their apprehension took place as soon as a sufficient detachment could be sent out from Kilkenny, after the intelligence of the sergeant; and the unhappy peasants got but one night for preparation. Hearing this, Pierce naturally wished to be safe at home. As he was quite a stranger to those who had rescued him, and whose voluntary assistance sprung from their disinclination, as whiteboys, to allow him to be sacrificed to his laudable zeal of the previous night, he confidently reckoned on a safe concealment within the limits of his father's farm, where no one, save Doran and his corps, suspected even his sortie to the proctor; for Pierce, reasonably apprehending the paternal displeasure, had not acquainted his father with a single circumstance of his illegal proceedings.

Amid a throng of cattle and of people, Pierce now stood meditating a sudden retreat from the fair, when a wild-looking woman, her hair streaming about her shoulders, and her face pale and distracted, rushed towards him. At first she seemed as if burying on without a determined course; but when near him she stopped suddenly, and glaring full in his face, addressed him in Irish—

'Hah!—you are there!—you were not hanged, and beheaded to-day—and why were you not?—you earned your death as bravely as Matthew Moran, my husband—I saw you with these eyes among the sassenauch troopers! Ay—he died for freeing you!—look, here is his blood on me—I was at the block—the head rolled at my feet—and (whisper) I have it with me—I'm stealing it home—but tell no one—they would have taken it from my hands—but I can run fast—fast?—'

And seeming to forget the former part of her address, she disappeared, shrieking wildly, among the distant crowd.

This encounter, which had fastened upon him the regards of the people around, froze Pierce to the spot, while it supplied still stronger reasons for a speedy escape homeward, which he was not yet able to avail himself. Before he could rally his senses, a different kind of a person addressed him.

'Give a help to a poor disabled body, o' God's cratures, like your-self, good charitable young man,' said a miserable beggar, standing before him.

Scarce conscious of what he did, Pierce drew forth a small piece of money and dropped it into the hat.

'May He that gives the riches increase your store, a-vich-ma-chree; and fur your charity to the poor, and the forlorn, listen well to the words I'm goin to say.'

The beggar advanced nearer; but Pierce, whose thoughts were still fixed on the frantic woman, did not appear to attend.

'Son of the Sheas—Pierce Shea' resumed the man, in a low but distinct voice; Pierce started at the sound of his name, and stared in terror on the speaker.

'Speed home from the fair, without loss of

time,' continued the mendicant, still whispering closely; 'in half an hour, if you stand in the streets of Kilkenny, your day o' life is gone;—while I talk, they come to seek you; while I stay here, there is one tellin over to the justuse o'—pace your night doins on Peery Clancy, and your day-work among the throopers; speed, speed, I say to you, and don't hear my words without heed; let no grass grow under your horse's feet, and no wind bate your race on the road to Clarah—and—mind me still—take the Wine-gar road.'

A suspicion of treachery—of an arrangement to seize him on a particular road, instead of attempting his apprehension amid the throng and riot of the fair darted across Pierce's mind, and he asked—

'How does it happen you can know me, and whence is your intelligence?'

'Lose no time askin questions, only put your hand into my hat, and take out what you'll find in it,' was the answer.

In one of his visits to Kilkenny, Pierce had got his miniature painted in a sort of way; it might lay claims to some general likeness, but we promise no further for its fidelity as a portrait, or its excellence as a work of art; such as it was, however, he had presented it to his young mistress, and she sufficiently prized it for the giver's sake, and for the novelty of the toy; indeed, Pierce had reason to know that Alley always wore it round her neck, and to believe that, in his occasional absence, she never went to rest without calling it twenty fond names, and kissed it twenty times over. He now held it in his hand.

'The owner o' that sent you word to be hid by me; and so, stand here no longer, iv you wish in your heart to see her again; the beggar went on, as Pierce remained speechless, looking alternately from him to the miniature—

'I'll see you again, before the danger comes on you; but now for the last time, speed!'

At this moment, old-Ned Shea, who had gone some distance to look at a drove of bullocks called loudly to his son; Pierce turned to make sign of speedy attendance, and when he resumed his position, the beggar was gone.

He looked round and round, but could catch no glimpse; the man, though mingled with the crowd, must not, he thought, be far off; he rushed in every direction to seek him; still vainly; and then, joining to his terrors of legal apprehension, excessive wonder at the beggar's intimations, knowledge of his affairs, and connexions, with his mistress; Pierce, divided between a hope of friendly meaning and a fear of treacherous intent, was soon on the road homewards; choosing, in the teeth of his worst thoughts, that named by the mendicant.

### CHAPTER XIV.

Pierce Shea had just arrived from the fair, his mind agitated by the danger of his present situation, and additionally embarrassed that he could not disburthen it, for sympathy or advice, to any one around him. Even from his foster-brother he had disguised the truth of his nocturnal adventure and the bloody accidents of the following day; accounting for his absence by a story of a new and still fruitless search after his mistress and her ravisher. Doran he had seen but once, and then only for a hasty moment, since the whiteboy outrage. The warning of the mendicant at the fair led him to apprehend that private informations either were or would be sworn against him; and all his fears and thoughts, experience and reasonings, pointed to Crohoore-na-billhoge as informer; how this abhorred and mysterious individual could have come by this evidence still remaining matter for discovery.

While pondering these doubts, as he sat silently gazing at the parlour fire, Pierce was surprised by a sudden pressure of his foot, from some one who had entered the room without his notice, and who immediately walked to the door.—Looking around he perceived Bridge Chree; and he was more and more surprised to observe that, as if to avoid the observation of his mother, who sat knitting in the window, he now winked the crooked eye at him. Of late, Bridge and he had been only passing civil; for, aware as he was of the honorable attachment subsisting between her and his foster-brother, he sedulously avoided any of those little romping civilities that all his mother's maids expected of him, but he feared might give Andy uneasiness; and he could not, therefore, but marvel at the pressure and wink of the betrothed Bridge Chree. As his looks followed her through the door for explanation, she winked, again and again, and added an unequivocal motion of her head that was plainly translated into 'follow me as fast as you can.'—His late train of thought now took fire, and believing, with a quick spasm and sinking of the heart, that a tale other than a love tale was to be communicated, he hastily followed her footsteps.

Bridge, still beckoning silence with her hand, led the way through the house and yard to the haggard; and there, between two huge stacks

of corn, where there was scarce room to push in, and where she judged they were effectually screened from observation, began her story.—Pierce heard, with relief and wonder, the whole account of Andy's journey to Sheeun-na-Shengog, and received from her some articles, accompanied by directions when, and where, and how to use them, and for what purpose; after which, with many cautions and prayers to conceal her agency from Andy Awling, Bridge glided back to her kitchen, and left Pierce to his own reflections and resolves on the strange and unusual occurrence.

Night was far advanced. Pierce Shea, with only the host of frost-cleared stars witnessing his motions, stood, in the lone and distant glen of Ballyfoile, on the spot where an assassin had once levelled at his heart, and turning hastily round, as a faint breathing seemed to arise at his back, Alley Dooling was before him.

The figure was at rest, except that her light drapery fluttered, and that her bosom quickly rose and fell, like a chord trembling after it had ceased to sound, or a bird just perching after a frightened flight, with its little plumage yet in disorder. She was pale and thinner than her lover had before seen her, and her eye widened and darkened, in an expression new and startling to him. His first instinctive action, prompted by wild surprise, was to start back, uttering a low cry; but the master-passion instantly resumed its sway; and while the pale girl extended her arms, as if in reproach, they were locked in a lover's embrace a moment after.

For a considerable time, tears, alone, found their way; and, during another pause, they could but exchange the words, 'Oh, Alley—oh, Pierce!'—until, relished by successive showers of weeping, Pierce was the first to speak.

'My heart's darling! my own poor Alley;—how often and in what despair, I have sought this meeting;—Oh, I had no hope we should ever see each other;—and least of all did I think, after all my days and nights of toil and suffering, the joy was so near me.'

'My beloved Pierce,' she sobbed forth, in undisguised tenderness, 'God knows whether or not I wished to see you; my poor heart was almost broken with our early sorrows, and you were not near me—you, that poor heart's only remaining comfort!'

'Do not think of the past, Alley; the storm is blown away; and our future lives shall be spent in sunshine.'

'Oh, heaven grant it may be possible!—for indeed, indeed, the storm was black and bitter;—and has its cloud so surely passed away?'

'It has, it has; my heart bounds to tell you so; and your own, dearest Alley, should confirm the answer:—what do you mean?—I have many things to ask you, and many things to ask you, and many things to tell—but this is no place—here under the cold night—let me conduct you home.'

'Home, Pierce!'—and she burst into tears.

'Ys, dear Alley, the home where you will be welcome dearly—where I, and my mother—'

'Your mother!—but mine, Pierce, where is mine?'

'Forget it, my beloved girl—forget it, for the present at least—and come, now—lean on me—come, come.'

Alley showed no symptoms of motion, or of willingness to accompany him, and only answered with her hands spread over her face—'Pierce, Pierce!'

'Well, love?—speak up, dearest Alley—and quickly; this is no place to stay in.'

'I cannot—no, no, Pierce, I cannot go with you.'

'Cannot!—and now I recollect—your presence—the wild joy I felt at seeing you—of holding you once more to my heart—this banished all other thoughts, Alley;—but tell me:—who sent or led me here? had Sheeun-na-Shengog anything to do with my seeing you?—'tis a foolish question—but had he?'

'He had, indeed?'

'A-tomshing! What am I to understand?—and now you cannot let me be your conductor from this wild glen?'

'Pierce, it is impossible; you and I must still live separate.'

'Must! I ask again, Alley, what can you mean? you stand beside me—my arms are around you—you are unaccompanied—free to act—free to make me blest or curst—happy or mad! and yet you say we must part again.'

'I am not free to act, Pierce; and though my heart at last breaks while I say it—still I do say we must part here—here on the very spot we have met.'

'You must not, I say, whatever may be your mystery—whoever the agents that control you—spirit or mortal—man or else—bah!' he interrupted himself, as one horrible recollection darkened his soul: 'Listen to me, Alley, and answer me.—I have a right to ask the question—you left your father's and your mother's

house with their bloody murderer!'

'Pierce, Pierce, spare me!' was her only reply, given in a low and shuddering accent.

'If I could—if I dared, I would, Alley!—your heart is not more riven to hear, than mine to speak—but recollect it is Pierce Shea that speaks, and Alley Dooling that hears—how did the villain act towards you? where did he convey you?'

She was silent.

'Do you still live with him, I say?'

'I dare not answer you.'

Echoing her words in horror and agony, he untwisted her arms from his neck, held her from him, looked with glaring eyes into her face, and resumed, in a hollow broken voice,—

'Only one word more, Alley, and answer, or be silent again, as you wish.—Do you refuse to quit him?'

She was again silent.

He continued to hold her from him, and to look into her eyes, until the gradually rising passion gurgled, and at last shrieked in his throat, and then, when it had gained its utmost, he let her go, and with arms still extended, as he stepped backward exclaimed,—

'Stand for yourself, then, woman! We part indeed.'

'Pierce, Pierce, do not throw me from you;—she sprang wildly to his neck again.

'No, no! take your hands—your touch—from my neck and me! God, oh God! how am I requited by this girl! by her for whom my heart was laid waste, my peace and life been a wreck and a struggle! whom to embrace once more, pure, and innocent, and faithful, was my soul's only hope and effort—and now—now; the tears interrupted him; and now she returns to me a dishonoured, worthless, false creature! No, no, Alley,' he continued, turning from her; 'no, no, free me of your arms—and there—there—stand for yourself, I say.'

She sunk on her knees, clasped her hands, and casting her eyes upward, till they were hid in the sockets, and had almost cracked with the straining, appealing effort,—

'God, that rules in heaven!' she muttered deeply, 'pity and comfort me! give me strength to bear with what I must bear—this, the worst of all; and, father—mother—you that are now enjoying the light of glory, pray to God for your miserable daughter!'

With the last word, the poor girl sank on the earth, her face downward, sobbing as if she craved it to open, and give her rest.

An agony so utter and so touching could not fail to smite the lover's heart, amid all its workings of rage and disappointment, with hasty remorse; he reproached himself for having been too cruel and too stern; and now, standing over her, said,—

'Alley, dear Alley; dear yet, though lost to me for ever—check this terrible sorrow—rise up—come with me—!—oh, I do love you still, though we can never be anything to each other but come—come to my mother's home and comfort—we will spend our lives to make you happy—save yourself from further woe and infamy—rise and come with me.'

He touched her, and she sprang up, exclaiming—'No, no, Pierce, come not near me—lay no hand on me—I have now to do an act I could not do were your arms around me.'

She retreated from him, clapped her hands loudly, and cried out, 'Now! now! Here! here!' and Pierce found himself instantly overpowered—pulled to the earth, in spite of all his efforts—his hands tied behind his back, and his feet also secured; the rapid work of four strong men, who took him unprepared for their sudden and alarming attack.

'And now, Pierce,' said Alley, stooping down and kissing, as he lay on the sward, his avoid cheek—'farewell! I am going from you; I said we should part on the spot where we had met; may we meet again, and be happier.'

The curse of a betrayed and broken heart came between you and happiness, devil in an angel's shape,' he exclaimed.

'Pierce, I forgive you; may God forgive you!' she turned and disappeared, and he sunk into a horrid lethargy.

The exertions of those who had overpowered him to raise him up, and bear him along on their shoulders, confusedly restored his senses; he became just conscious of being hurried through the glen; but his thoughts never once turned to their probable purpose or destination; Alley Dooling, lost, blasted, base, and treacherous; was all he could comprehend; when—

'Thwack, thwack, thwack! I came three successive and tremendous blows from Andy Awling's alpeen, against the skulls of three of his captors; and down they fell of course; and down came Pierce Shea, of course, also; the fourth man, as Andy afterwards said, gave legs, and cleared off. The deliverer pulled and tugged to loose the fetters of his foster-brother; but as they were formed of tough leather straps and buckles, it was some time before he succeeded



ed; and when at last, Pierce was free, and when Andy...

No, no, groaned Pierce, 'they are Alley Dooling's friends...

He rescued him, alas! but for a short time to be free...

When he reached his father's home, Pierce threw himself...

As an electric shock restores feeling to the paralysed...

(To be continued.)

THE FRUITS OF "THE GREAT ORANGE MEETING."

For the last three nights Belfast has been kept in a regular state of terror...

We would not believe any account of the scenes we have seen...

(From the Belfast Morning News, Sept. 12.)

In referring to the disturbances which unhappily have again taken place in Belfast...

Belfast, under the command of their respective officers, were located in New Durham street...

who are travelling quietly to their homes—knock them down, kick them, and otherwise abuse them...

TO THE ORANGEMEN OF BELFAST.

The riots which now disgrace our town are got up for a well known object...

(By order) W. PHELPS, Dist. Sec.

From what we saw of the determination of the parties in the Orange district...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PETER'S PENANCE ASSOCIATION.—We find the following interesting account of the association in the columns of the Spectator...

The Catholics, we deplore and condemn the measures of retaliation adopted, or said to be adopted...

† P. DONNAN, Coadjutor Bishop, Chairman. (Belfast, Sept. 19, 1862)—Ulster Observer.

The Orangemen of Belfast seem to have no idea of desisting from agitation in consequence of the events at Belfast...

That the Riots in Belfast originated in the Great Orange Meeting held there last Wednesday week...

The Morning Post says:—The gathering was rather intended to assist the Government in dealing justly and firmly with the Ultramontane faction...

And the Belfast News-Letter, the organ of the Ulster Orangemen, declares:—The Protestant demonstration was conceived in no spirit of hostility...

The Times Correspondent says:—The Episcopal appointments have given so much satisfaction to the Conservative party...

Bacon and Bacon.—An itinerant vendor of 'the Word' in connection with the used-up soupers of Dundalk...

'Who sold his God for bacon,' this hawk of the 'authorised version' loves 'pork steaks'...



IRISH GRATITUDE TO O'CONNELL.—We are glad to learn that the cap the Liberator received at the great meeting of Mullaghstun, and £3, together with a very complimentary letter, was presented to Mr. Michael O'Donoghue by a Miss G. Edwards, Esq., as a token of his respect for the memory of O'Connell, and to mark his sympathies with the people of Clare and Mr. O'Connell, who has come to London to collect funds to finish the monument in Ennis to the great hero. If fanatical influence and religious prejudice can in a few days raise hundreds to aid the cause of murder and revolution in the person of Garibaldi, we trust the Catholics of London will not forget the memory of him who gained liberty without the sacrifice of life or property. The Pontiff and the Holy Catholic Church triumphed over the cruelties of the Neroes and the Pagan Empire of Rome. She withstood the rack, the gibbet of Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth, we may then laugh at the followers of Garibaldi, who so vainly think that a few pounds got from the blind fanatics of London will upset the Pontiff and the Church; if so, what will become of the infallible promise of Christ, who said that the gates of hell will never prevail against his Church? Although fanatics may rage and foam like the angry waves of the ocean, she will still sail triumphant, as in the war of Sapperism in the famine days of Ireland, when the English people were gulled out of their in by St. Patrick, who so nobly died of starvation, with their hands clasped around the Cross, sooner than give up the holy faith of their forefathers. We hope that in a few days the small sum required of £200 will be given to Mr. O'Donoghue to carry back to Ireland, as a proof that the Catholics of London sympathise with the people of Clare, and value the services of O'Connell.—Cor. of the Weekly Register

The Dublin Evening Post recommends the erection of a statue to O'Connell in one of our leading streets:—"A statue which would be worthy of the man and of the country, and as much as possible unlike those unhappy and ill-judged attempts recently made that disgrace some of our thoroughfares and caricature those distinguished men whom they were designed to honor. We are deeply anxious that the subscription for the O'Connell statue in Dublin should be, as nearly as circumstances could render possible, simultaneous; that it should resemble those simultaneous meetings devised by the leader of the movement for emancipation at great emergencies, when millions gave expression to their sentiments in a manner the most emphatic. O'Connell had been the guide of those millions in the path to religious liberty—a path safe and sure, under his conduct, even when the first soldier of the age told the British Legislature that he apprehended civil war in Ireland."

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN.—Under the heading "A Shabby Trick," the Dublin Nation has the following:—"A decision has lately been made by 'the proper tribunal' that is much as James, Marquis of Thomond and Earl and Baron of Inchiquin, died without issue (in July, 1855) the Marquisate and Barony became extinct, but the title of Baron passes to Sir Lucius O'Brien, Baronet, now Baron of Inchiquin.—The father of Sir Lucius having died during the lifetime of the said James, his younger sons and daughters would by this circumstance be deprived of the style and title which should belong to them as the younger children of a baron, to remedy which occurrence the Queen has now issued an order conferring on them 'that style, place, and precedence, which would have been their had their father lived to become Baron of Inchiquin—but from the enumeration of those younger children in the Royal order the name of William Smith O'Brien is omitted. This is just what we have called it above—a shabby trick. William Smith O'Brien committed an offence against the British crown, but having, after years of penal exile, been accorded a full and free pardon, this violation of him with another penalty is in the last degree mean, contemptible, and unjustifiable. 'Her Majesty,' which we are bound to suppose means her Prime Minister, has done in this a very low and spiteful thing, worthy only of the mental calibre of an old Billingsgate commercial."

HOME MANUFACTURE.—The Belfast Poor Law Guardians have adopted the use of Irish linen to the exclusion of calico for shirting for the male paupers and under garments for the females. This, in addition to being a saving, is a step in the right direction towards re-establishing a branch of our Irish manufactures, which has been sinking to decay. Neagh, Birr, and other Poor Law Unions have followed the example of Belfast. We have no doubt but that the movement will become very general throughout all Ireland, and thereby give an impetus to our linen trade, which is much needed and open a field of extensive employment for those engaged in this interesting branch of our Irish manufactures. The difficulty of obtaining calico for the market in England, and the consequence will be a rise in the market on that texture. However we may regret the sufferings of thousands thrown out of employment in Lancashire and elsewhere by the scarcity of cotton, still we cannot but hail such a favourable event for the Irish linen trade, if it be the means of stirring up the people of this country to the general use and consumption of the textures of their own loom in preference to those of England. We cannot forget the deadly blow given to Irish trade by the English during our struggles for independence towards the close of the last century. England then in many instances suspended, and in others prohibited, the exportation of Irish manufactures, while she glutted our markets with every species of her own; this was done with a view to effectually destroy all competition in Ireland; for the great capitalists of England were determined at any loss to undersell the Irish in their own markets. Thus did they destroy the lace flourishing manufactures of Ireland; for how could the limited capital of the Irish trader bear up against such a pressure? He had to give way before the combination of Law and wealth which was leagued against him. While our markets were crowded with English fabrics, our tradesmen were left in a state of idleness and its consequent privations. The people of Ireland at the time, feeling keenly the injury and injustice wrought them, with a spirit worthy of the imitation of the present day, held meetings, and where available adopted non-importation and non-importation agreements, throughout the Kingdom; they refused to consume any British manufactures. An eminent writer, referring to this period, says—"No sooner was this measure publicly proposed than it was universally adopted; it flew quicker than the wind throughout the whole nation; the manufacturing bodies, the corporate towns, the small retailers, the general merchants, at once universally adopted this vigorous determination, and the great body of the people, by general resolution, and universal acclamation, avowed their determination to support the measure till they should acquire a restoration of their political rights." The people succeeded, but the accursed Union brought a deadly blight to our country, and our manufactures were again crushed. What was done in 1778-9 can be done now to a certain extent, if the people would be true to themselves. We may adopt the use of linen among ourselves and families to the utter exclusion of calico, in addition to its introduction to our public institutions, even if it cost a little more instead of being on the entire a saving. The full recognition of the principle of the Belfast Union would be the means of necessitating a great increase in the culture of flax throughout every part of Ireland, for which the soil is agricultural prosperity, would so far go hand in hand. A good crop of flax is worth more than any other potatoes or oats; it is calculated that by acre from £16 to £18 per acre could be raised in flax, besides such an increase of farm labor would be given, as would have the effect of keeping many of our labouring population at home; for whom, otherwise, there would be no prospect of

quest, held by Dr. Callan, one of the corner for the county, on the body of the deceased, Miss Carroll. Two members of the police force, stationed in Ardee, named William Waters and Hugh Devlin, were taken into custody, and were present at the inquiry, as it was supposed the young woman had met with foul play, and was last in their company.

The first witness examined was Sub-Constable Reardon, who deposed that on Friday morning his attention was called (at about six o'clock) to a dead body lying in the yard at the rear of Mr. Carroll's public-house. He found Carroll's back door open, and he went into the house and called him. Carroll came down stairs, and both viewed the body, not knowing it from its revolting appearance.—The entire flesh was burned from both sides, leaving the ribs, &c., exposed. There was a dreadful wound on the head, from which blood had flowed copiously. After some time, Carroll discovered that the remains were those of his sister, and he became much affected, and shed tears. He said that he blamed Devlin, the policeman, for the occurrence. He also remarked that he had gone to bed at five o'clock the same morning, leaving Devlin and Waters (policemen) in the kitchen with his sister. He again said that he let the policemen out by the front door himself. A candlestick used on the night before was found under the counter in his shop, with a portion of Miss Carroll's dress, partially burned, attached to it. An empty purse was found at the deceased's feet, and some small silver pieces near the kitchen grate, under which was, in a pit, a little burning, embers of fire. A net which deceased wore on her head was produced. It appears it was found under a form in the kitchen. Witness asked Carroll about the net, and the latter replied that his sister had not the net on when the body was found, and that the last place he had seen it was in Devlin's breast on the previous evening in the kitchen. This witness, in conclusion, stated that from the prevocations of Carroll he could not attach much importance to his statements. He (witness) was of opinion that Carroll retired to bed unconsciously drunk, and did not know what had happened.

The next witness was Mr. Alexander Carroll himself, who deposed that his sister was thirty years of age, of the most reserved, sober habits at all times. On the night previous to the occurrence, the policemen Waters and Devlin had come to his place about ten o'clock, and he and another man commenced to play cards with them for whisky, and continued the game up to three o'clock in the morning. They had all drunk freely of whisky. The other man (John Woods) however, left the house long before that time. His sister sat in the kitchen with them the whole time. The door between the kitchen and the shop was locked, and he was obliged to undo the lock every time he was passing through for drink. The shop front-door and back-door were bolted; and there were no other persons in the house but those he had named. Witness sat the police out of the house by the front-door at four o'clock in the morning, and did not see them afterwards. [The witness next detailed the circumstance of finding the body, in corroboration of Reardon's testimony.]

Joseph Walker (another of the Ardee police) was next examined. His evidence was not calculated to throw any credit on the manner in which some of the Ardee police carry out their duties.

Dr. McIver was next examined as to the cause of the death of Miss Carroll, after which

The jury found that Miss Anne Carroll came to her death by burning; but added, that no evidence had been given to enable them to arrive at the origin of said burning. Subsequently, the two policemen who were in custody voluntarily stated all about the drinking and card-playing but; declared they had left home between three and four o'clock, a.m., the deceased being then in the kitchen. Thus ended the inquest. Nothing has occurred in Ardee for the last half century that has caused more sensation than this sad tragedy to a young woman who was generally esteemed by all classes of the inhabitants.

A FINGER FOUND IN AN OMBUS.—The Belfast News Letter contains the following doubtful story:—"Yesterday evening a young lad came to the General Hospital, and there gave information of a somewhat singular fact. He stated that, when going into an omnibus running to the Botanic Garden, he observed the finger of a person fastened about the handle of the bus. He took it from its place, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and gave it to the omnibus conductor. The finger had upon it a ring, set with a stone. No person arrived at the hospital with a wounded finger. The youth, however, gave his name and address in case any inquiries should be made." The same journal since states that this singular affair has been explained. It says:—"A gentleman from Newtownards was a passenger in the bus, and in getting out he caught hold of a part of the door, which took off his finger above the first joint, and upon it was a gold ring. The gentleman was so weak and faint that he left without informing anyone of the accident, and ran to the establishment of Dr. Smyth, Castle-place, where the wounded finger was dressed. He then proceeded by the first train to his residence at Newtownards, and has not since returned to claim his lost property, finger included, all of which he can have by calling upon Dr. Moore, house-surgeon at the General Hospital."

APOTHECARY BLOWS AND KNOCKS.—(Knox)—Hudibras.—Mrs. Knox of Arburthstown, is a woman to put her light under a bushel. She 'does good by stealth,' but does not 'blush to find it fame.' Recently we had painful occasion to let the public know something about her—to-day we have the same unpleasant task. The Morning News of Thursday gives us the facts of her last adventure. About two years ago, there lived at Ballyhack, a poor woman named Mary Fitzpatrick, who had three children. This woman was very badly off, and Mrs. Knox brought her to Dublin—got her a situation as a nurse, and promised to do for her children. The eldest, four years old, was sent to 'the Bird's Nest,' in Kingstown. This 'nest' is an institution, we understand, where Catholic children are reared as Protestants. Well, Mary Fitzpatrick went lately to Ransgrange, to see her other two children who had been left there with an aunt. An interview with Father Doyle decided her to go back to Dublin, and demand her child. She went to one of the lady birds who preside over the 'nest,' and could not see her—went to the 'nest' and would not be let to see her child. Again she sought the patroness, who informed her that nothing could be done without an order from Mrs. Knox. Father Doyle wrote for the order—but got no reply from the lady. A letter of attorney was next sent to the 'nest' authorities, threatening immediate legal action if the child were not given up. News of this came to Arburthstown Mrs. Knox determined to hurry to the scene of action, and both in packet and railway carriage found Father Doyle a travelling companion, with feelings such as Imogene experienced when she saw the ghost of Alonzo at her wedding feast. She wished to use her influence upon Mary Fitzpatrick, and he wished to prevent her from doing so. Thus it was that they travelled together towards the one goal, with different intentions. Both met at Mary Fitzpatrick's—Here Mrs. Knox spoke of her goodness to Mary, and asked her would she swear against her. Mary said she wanted no swearing—she wanted her child. Hereupon, Mrs. Knox, struck with a sudden proxym of generosity, offered to let Mary keep her other children, if she would leave the young 'bird' in the 'nest.' This excited no gratitude in the omnibus kidnapers. Mrs. Knox threatened that her husband could afford to lose money, and would chance the losing of it on a large scale, rather than give up the child. As an ultimatum Mary was asked for a conversation in private, which she refused, insisting that she should get her child. Thus matters ended. Since that conversation, which took place on Monday evening, Mrs. Knox has shown no indication of

restoring the child to its mother. What does this lady mean? Has her brain become crazed by reading some romance in which a gipsy woman performs the interesting and respectable part of child-stealer? Has she discovered some unknown text in the bible which explains that the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," has no reference to children? Has the tender-hearted lady ever wept over Mrs. Stowe's pictures of family ties rudely broken by the slave system of America? Is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a more sacred edifice than Mary Fitzpatrick's, because its proprietor is a woolly-headed, black-skinned creature of the imagination? We dare say Mrs. Knox has been eloquent on the Montara case—and not very fervently for the Pope for his share therein. The Pope acted according to the law of the land—has Mrs. Knox done so? Her open contempt of law and feeling is totally inexplicable on any reasonable grounds. If she were a lunatic, or one that drew habitual inspiration from a black bottle, we could understand her—but her sanity has never been questioned, and her social position is one which throws discredit on the bottle theory. We feel an interest in this bird-neasting lady, and shall strive to know more about her.—Wexford People.

BRITAIN.—We read in the Glasgow Free Press:—"A consecration of the Very Rev. John Gray, P.C.—It will be seen by our advertisement that this joyful event, so anxiously looked forward to by the Catholics of the Western district, has been at last definitely fixed for Sunday, the 12th Oct. Preparations are being made which promise to render the ceremony probably the most imposing which has been witnessed in this country since the Reformation. One of the most illustrious members of the Irish hierarchy has, we believe, been engaged as consecrating prelate, and the sermon will be preached by one of our foremost members of our local clergy."

Without Ireland is to be the single exception to the loyal peacelessness which does so much credit to all other parts of her Majesty's dominions, something must be done to stop the rapid demonstrations which ultra-Protestants are continually making against the religious belief of their fellow-citizens. We are by advocates of Romanism, as our readers know, nor of anything that leads to Romanism; but we must strenuously maintain that, as long as the law of the land allows free toleration to every form of religion it must be as impolitic as it is unchristian for one religious body to be conspicuously out of its way to annoy another. This is what the ultra-Protestants of Belfast have been doing within the last few days. They have collected the extreme opponents of Popery they have paraded the city, committed riots, smashed windows, and otherwise, in filthy ways, done to their neighbour precisely what they would on an account have their neighbors do to them. Such conduct amounts to persecution, and is a flagrant violation of Christian morals, and a scandal to the Protestant community. If Ireland is to be Protestantized, it must be by something very different from any efforts made by Orange lodges. By peaceful, Christian, charitable exertions that the cause of truth may gradually be brought to prevail. There is a charm in peace and goodness which even an Irish Catholic may yield to. But the rabid fury of ultra-Protestant fanaticism will win no souls. Protestants have three legitimate ways of labouring for the ascendency of their principles in Ireland—they may work through the pastoral exertions of their clergy, by promoting the education of the young, and by the dissemination of a sound literature. Other means than these, we insist, are not open to them. It is idle to talk of meeting Popery with its own weapons. Popery fights when it suits her, with fire and sword—see Protestants do to the like? Yet there is no difference in principle between such a course and that of meeting a movement in Dublin by a counter movement in Belfast—one procession by another—one declaration by another, and, of course, one row by another. Two blacks do not make a white. Wrong should not be met by wrong. If the Irish Protestants would work in their parishes for the good of the poor with half the enthusiasm with which they will harangue a mob or get up a demonstration, they would do infinitely more good and avoid mischief altogether.—Morning Post (Protestant).

Strengthening ships with armour-plates or shields would seem to be a modern invention. It was practised in the age of Elizabeth, and with considerable success. This appears from a manuscript preserved in the State Paper Office. It was penned in the year 1596, by 'our Capt. John Yong, of St. L.———'—Poultneise, in London, near to the old Swanne, a veteran of forty years' experience in naval affairs. In that paper, Captain Yong suggests the revival of the 'ouldie' fashion, in the time of King Henry VIII., of having 'a chain nettings of iron' suspended to the sides of the largest men-of-war, the adjusting of which he describes at length. He strongly urges its re-adoption in the Royal navy as a perfect safeguard both against the fireworks of the enemy and their attempts at boarding.

The unfortunate William Roupell pleaded guilty at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday to the charges of forging his father's will and also a deed conveying property. When asked in the usual form what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he addressed the court in one of the most remarkable speeches ever delivered by a convict from the dock. It was modest, penitential, lucid, and admirably arranged. He was so far from deprecating the severity of the law, or appealing to mercy, that he literally anticipated the judge in pronouncing his own doom which is penal servitude for life. But as his case after all, is not so bad as that of Sir John Dean Paul, the pious hypocrite who made religion a mask for an impostor, and the means of swindling his clients, and as that cheating Pharisee has been deemed a worthy object of the clemency of the Crown, we do not suppose that William Roupell will spin out his days in penal servitude. Weekly Register.

In the nature of things there is no reason why there should be an Archbishop of Canterbury. Putting confirmations and ordinations aside, all the business attached to his office might be done by an actuary and a couple of clerks. But, since there is an establishment, there must be an Archbishop. There always has been one, and we should hardly recognise England without one; but it results from what we have said that he must be carefully selected. The contrast between the potential grandeur and the actual insignificance of his functions is so great that one but a shrewdly clever man can comprehend it, and the irritation likely to spring from the contrast is so intensely annoying that none but the coolest, most sedate, and most cautious soul within the pale of holy orders could possibly endure it. The State says to the Archbishop, Look you, Most Rev. Sir, I have here a magnificent house, devoted to spiritual uses; I built it, I endowed it, and am the master of it; and I propose to make you steward of a handsome salary; but I do so on one condition. You must make no disturbance even in quelling disturbances. You will find in it a raskish crew, high, low, orthodox, latitudinarian, broad, narrow, loose, and incomprehensible. It is my desire that you let them all eat their dinners with all possible comfort, provided they do not threaten to tear the house down, in which case you will just send for me. You have no doubt your own likings and dislikes, though, to do you justice I never heard you express any; but in these matters you will 'Keep yourself to yourself.' On these terms I hand over to you the rent-roll of your estates, which will make you comfortable for life; you shall have titles, and palaces, and adulation, and when you die you shall be interred with all possible respect within the sacred pile which the memory of your virtues will have rendered more illustrious. Such are the conditions of the Archbishopship. The Bishops, on the whole, are lame enough to warrant the most manageable hopes as to the ability of any one of their number to accept and keep them; but it seems to be admitted that there is one in whom the requisite qualifications meet in a transcendent degree, and, congratulating the Bishop of London on his probable elevation to the vacant throne of Canterbury, we can sincerely wish a career as calm and genial as fell to the lot of his predecessor.—Manchester Examiner.

We live in strange times, when, among the applauders of high treason, and the partisans of a sedition-revolutionist, are the Ministers of a constitutional Sovereign, in a State that boasts of its conservative character. In the list of subscribers to what is called the Garibaldi Medical Fund, we find more than one of Her Majesty's constitutional advisers figuring. Lord Palmerston, we are told—for we did not read the lists in the newspapers with regularity, and missed the Premier's name among the English sympathisers with the Nizzard buccaner—has subscribed ten guineas; Mr. Gilpin, an Under-Secretary of State has invited the hero of Aspromonte to become his guest, though he is actually a prisoner on a charge of high treason against his Sovereign; and we see that Mr. Gladstone has come down with his three guineas. The delicacy and the propriety of this conduct we will submit to a test which Mr. O'Brien's case has suggested. Let us suppose that in 1848 when Smith O'Brien was a prisoner in Clonmel Gaol on a charge of high treason, the Ministers of the French Republic had subscribed to a fund got up by the partisans of revolution, for his support, and that one of them had actually invited him to Paris to become his guest, while a State prisoner awaiting his trial on the gravest charge known to our laws, what would have been said of an indecent proceeding in this country? Or, if at that period the Ministers of the King of Naples had declared their sympathy with Mr. Meagher, and had had the impertinence to intimate to the British Government that they feared the prisoner was not properly provided with medical advice, and that a Neapolitan surgeon was on his way to Tipperary to prescribe for him, how would such a proceeding have been relished and commented upon in England? Now, Garibaldi is as much a traitor as either of the two gentlemen we have named were ever supposed to be, and yet Ministers of the Queen are not afraid or ashamed to take a course with respect to him which all England, hounded on by these very Ministers, would have reprobated as an insult demanding instant reparation, if pursued by the Ministers of France or Naples with regard to Messrs. Smith O'Brien and T. F. Meagher! France and Naples were guilty of no such flagrant impropriety, and we should like to be informed what special right or title England has to do things which she would not endure at the hands of others herself. A clearer evidence of the guilty complicity of the King of Sardinia in Garibaldi's late filibustering expedition, which ended so ignominiously at Aspromonte, cannot be adduced than the simple fact that this insolent and unwarrantable interference of the British Government with the treatment of the rebel Garibaldi in a Piedmontese prison, pending his trial for high treason, has not led to the instant dismissal of the British Minister from Turin. In no other circumstances can it be considered possible that the Government of an independent kingdom would have tamely submitted to an outrage which in the feudal times no monarch could have perpetrated with impunity, or at all events without energetic remonstrance, upon the meanness of his vassals.—Weekly Register.

A Protestant Bishop, some little while past, got into conversation with a little Irish boy who was cleaning his windows. Finding he was a Roman Catholic, the following colloquy took place: Dr. T.—You believe, then, that I shall be lost? Boy: No, sir, Dr. T.—How so? You believe that those who die out of your Church are lost? Boy: Yes, sir, Dr. T.—Well, if I were to die now, should die out of your Church. Boy: But you might be saved because of your inconsistent ignorance.—London Paper.

BRITISH STARVATION.—There is rottenness at the core of the society which lets any of its members starve. Disparity of fortune there must ever be, with resulting gradations of comfort, from the fulness of voluptuous ease down to a bare supply of the absolute necessities of life. All the world cannot live in luxurious mansions, or feast plentifully every day on dainty fare. Different degrees of ability and of energy will always command different rates of remuneration. The son of the prudent enjoys the advantage of inheriting accumulated wealth, which does not fall to the lot of the spendthrift's child. Some men seem fated to succeed in everything, although their capacity is of the meanest; others fail in all that they undertake, in spite of their large gifts of industry and skill. Fortune has her special favorites, and it is by no means on the worthiest that she invariably showers her richest gifts. We may regret this, but we cannot help it. No doubt it is impossible, philosophically, to prove a man's right to the enjoyment of any thing which he has not earned. When humanity was doomed to eat bread in the sweat of his brow, no reservation was made in favor of the offspring of peers and millionaires. It is hard to believe that when God made the earth He meant that the duke should enjoy a thousand times as much of its fruits as the peasant. But there are some features in the existing state of things which we must be content to take as we find them. We cannot hope entirely to remodel the organization of society, even though it should be obvious that the new basis upon which we should construct it is the only one that reason can approve. Still, sacred as we may hold the rights of property, there is another right more sacred still—it is the right of every human being to live. When the accumulation of property in certain hands has been carried so far that a man or woman perishes from sheer want of food, it is obvious that there has been perpetrated a grave social crime. The richest country in the world has recently witnessed several instances of this appalling climax of destitution.—Star.

WANTED A PRIMATE.—There is a gentle flutter in the hearts of the British clergy. The intelligence that there is a vacancy on the Episcopal Bench always renews their "thankfulness" that they have been permitted to escape from the dangerous seductions of worldly grandeur; but submission to the will of Providence is also a portion of a Christian's duty, and a proper professional pride prohibits them from declining "an extended sphere of usefulness." The demeanor of a dean or a preacher who stands well with Lord Shaftesbury is, at such a moment such that of a well-tired net does when the servant lays the cloth for dinner. She does not jump on a table; but the observer may infer a subdued and not unpleasant expectancy from a certain nervous irritability which just betrays itself in the extreme points of the tail.—As the meal proceeds, Fussy never begs, but she quietly keeps herself in sight, and if any tit-bit should be offered her—well! she will not refuse. Of course the persons whose names have been mentioned in the Guardian, or the Record cannot call on the Premier; but there are, nevertheless means of letting oneself be heard. For instance, you can preach a funeral service on the departed dignitary. One of our deans, whose theological writings display more originality than is in clerical circles considered "safe," has already pointed out with how potent an influence the intire dépressées these controversial movements of the mind.—

"Hiromicus amicorum atque hae certissima terra." "Not" said he, speaking of the late Archbishop, "not that it must be supposed that he was at all deficient in the gifts of intellect? It was, indeed, far otherwise; but there is something in that great place which reduces all minds to the same level, and leaves 'nothing visible' but the radiance of their Christian virtues." This delicious view of the episcopal dignity is of a nature to relieve the lay mind of its anxieties. Palmerston may do his worst. Dr. Pusey may do his worst; it is all one to us.



The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 17, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Confederates seem to have made another foray into Pennsylvania. The particulars are hardly worth sifting out from the confusion of the columns of despatches in which the news from the United States is involved.

Some of the Washington journals are making fun of that paragraph of General McClellan's recent address to his army enumerating the spoils of the battle of Antietam; they say that the arms he claims to have taken were those dropped or thrown away by his own men, and that the other captures are equally fictitious.

As one of the signs of the times, it is not unworthy of remark that the New York Herald advises Mr. Seymour, the Democratic candidate for Governor of that State, to withdraw from the contest and to leave the field clear for James S. Wordsworth, the favorite of the extreme abolition fanatics.

The European journals publish at length the despatch addressed by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Ambassador of France at Rome, and the reply of the Ambassador to the Minister, as they appear in the Moniteur.

The Emperor's Government suggests that the Holy Father agree to exercise his power only over those provinces which he retains; that Italy enter into an engagement with France to respect the present possessions of the Church;—the Emperor's Government to obtain the participation of the Powers which signed the general Act of Vienna, to the compromise;—Italy to assume the Roman debt;—France to propose to the European Power to establish a civil list to the profit of the Pope, towards which indemnity, France would contribute three million francs yearly;—the Holy Father to grant certain popular reforms.

The reply of M. de Lavalette, contains a formal rejection of the first three propositions, dictated by Cardinal Antonelli to the Ambassador. As to the last proposition, the Cardinal says "The reforms are ready; they will be promulgated on the day the usurped provinces shall return to their legitimate authority."

that these propositions should have been submitted to him before the Emperor's Government had come to an understanding with Piedmont, the sole cause of the present disturbances. Why impose sacrifices on the victim rather than on the one who had despoiled him?"

THE GOVERNOR AND THE ORANGEMEN.—It is with deep regret that we observe that, unmindful both of the errors of his predecessor, and of the statesmanlike course pursued by the Duke of Newcastle towards the Orangemen, Lord Monck has given to that dangerous, because secret and oath-bound, politico-religious Society—the sanction of a quasi official recognition, during his late visit to Kingston.

But if we deeply regret the weak impolitic course of His Excellency, we blame still more, the dishonesty, and servile popularity hunting, of his Ministerial advisers—of those of them particularly who accompanied the Governor on his tour, and who of course are morally responsible for all the official acts of the distinguished gentleman towards whom they stand in the position of advisers.

Nor of the Catholic community alone; for taking a lesson from the history of Ireland, from the brutal riots of Belfast, and from the most disgraceful scenes which Kingston witnessed during the Prince of Wales' visit, all honest Protestants, all who seek after the things which belong to the peace of their country, must strongly deprecate the encouragement of any secret politico-religious Societies, and must in their hearts condemn all political action which directly or indirectly tends to foster either Orangism or Ribbonism.

Neither Orangism nor Ribbonism has, thank God for it, as yet any legal status in Canada.—The law knows nothing about an Orangeman; and the only decorous reply which in his official capacity could be given to a deputation from an Orange Lodge by one holding office under our beloved Queen, would be an answer to the effect that:—Whilst he would be always ready to receive thankfully all Addresses from Her Majesty's loyal subjects, he would not, consistently with what he owed to her whom he represented, receive, or reply to, Addresses professedly emanating from bodies destitute of all legal status, and especially from bodies of such sad historical reminiscences as are the Orange Lodges, historically notorious for their unrelenting hostility and brutal outrages towards another class of her Majesty's loyal subjects, equally deserving of his countenance and protection.

Of Lord Monck we would not say one harsh, or disrespectful word. As a most amiable gentleman in private life, and as the representative of the Queen, he is doubly entitled to courteous treatment. But no language is too harsh or too strong to apply towards his Ministerial advisers, whom we pay, whom we clothe, whom we find in bread and butter, and who, but for the salaries which they extort from our pockets, would be compelled to do honest work for their livelihood.

quites, by making unto themselves a little political capital amongst Protestants, at the expense of their co-religionists, and of Irish Catholics especially, upon whom the first brunt of the battle invariably falls, and at whose degradation and persecution Orangism more especially aims. It was one, indeed the chief, of the objections urged by Catholics against the Ministry in the days of Sir Edmund Head, that its members had by allowing the then Governor General to receive and officially reply to an Orange Address, given a formal and official sanction to secret politico-religious Societies in Canada; and in the General election of 1858, one of the strongest reasons assigned why Irish Catholics should oppose M. Cartier was this:—That he, a Catholic, and therefore in conscience bound to discourage all secret Societies, and above all, all secret politico-religious Societies, had remained a prominent member of a Cabinet which had extended a formal and official sanction to Orangism—one of the most pernicious of all modern secret politico-religious Societies.

We are in 1862 what we were years ago—the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.—We know of only one law of right and wrong: and as we hesitated not in July 1856 to say that we could not find "language strong enough to express our disgust at the vile trucking of the Ministers," who to propitiate an infamous secret Society, abhorred by all good Christians, and an object of loathing to every high-minded gentleman, could counsel His Excellency to give an official recognition to Orangism in Canada—so in October 1862, we as warmly reprobate the action of another set of Ministers, who have been guilty of conduct precisely similar to that which we condemned upwards of six years ago, and the impropriety of which was confessed by the refusal of the Duke of Newcastle to allow any Orange displays in the presence of the heir apparent to the British throne.

To the comments of the British press we can leave the conduct of the Governor General, for he is amenable to public opinion in Great Britain. But the punishment of his Canadian responsible advisers is in our own hands; and if we have any respect for ourselves, for our religion, for common decency, and the best interests of our Irish co-religionists in Upper Canada, that punishment, swift and signal, we will not fail to inflict. We should be viler than curs, we should indeed deserve to be treated as curs, and to be whipt like curs, were we to forget or to forgive such an insult and such an outrage as that of which Lord Monck's official advisers have been guilty towards us, in allowing him to give the sanction of the Crown to Orangism in Canada.

PROTESTANTISM AND TOLERATION.—Speaking of the state of popular feeling in England, and amongst the Protestant masses, the London Times a short time ago, made the following curious revelation, or—shall we call it—avowal:—

"The old intolerant, Puritan, and anti-Papal feeling, rather slumbers than dies. The House of Commons allows the Irish members to laugh it down now, because there is no excuse for its appearance. But let no one hastily assume that it is extinct in the country, or make political alliances upon the basis of such an assumption. Upon good occasion, and in answer to provocation given, there would be found to be in England as strong a mass of stern old Protestant feeling as any Irish priest could match on the other side of St. George's Channel, or as ragged in England in the time of Lord George Gordon."

We believe this to be a true, though by no means a flattering picture of the Protestant "Great Britain." In the middle of the enlightened nineteenth century, he is what he was in the seventeenth in the days of the great Protestant martyr Titus Oates, what he was in the eighteenth, and in the days of that crack-brained fanatic Lord George Gordon, ever the ready dupe, and tool of the knave or of the madman, who raises the "No-Popery" cry in his ears.

and the glories of the martyr's crown in heaven. Catholics however are more numerous and more influential in the days of Queen Victoria than they were in those of Charles the Second and of George the Third; and this, though the race of Titus Oates and of Lord George Gordon is far from being extinct, the fear of consequences, of resistance, retaliation, and foreign interference, compels them to moderate their zeal, and, if not altogether to hide their light under a bushel, to keep it covered under a decent respectable kind of ground glass shade, which they call tolerance or liberality.

On this Continent, everywhere indeed, where the Catholic element is not numerically and socially influential, as in Lower Canada, the same "old intolerant, Puritan, and anti-Papal feeling," as that of which the Times speaks, is busily at work, and incessantly displaying itself in acts of mob outrage and legislative oppression against Papists. We see its traces in the ruins of the Charleston Convention, and in the tyrannical School Laws of the United States; it betrays its presence in Canada through the Globe, through the speeches of the Clear Grits in Parliament, and their unrelenting opposition to every effort made in behalf of the Catholic minority of the Upper Province. Actually the "anti-Papal" feeling is far stronger in the United States and in Upper Canada, and is more generally diffused, ever more ready to prompt its votaries to excesses—than it is even in England—because both in the United States and Upper Canada, in so far as they are Protestant, that social element which is most intensely Puritan, intolerant, and anti-Papal is in the ascendant. It is not amongst the aristocracy, it is not amongst the upper strata of British society that we find the anti-Papal feeling most intense. That very intellectual refinement, that delicacy of feeling, that sense of honor, and love of personal liberty which are more or less the advantages of the better educated, and socially elevated classes of society, naturally predispose towards the æsthetic and moral sides of Catholicity, and inspire a contempt, or rather loathing for the gross sensual and unintellectual system of the Calvinistic conventicle.—The strength of Protestantism—the anti-Papal feeling in its true intensity—is to be found always amongst that section of society which furnishes also the great mass of the evangelical dissenters—that is to say, the commercial, the middle, and money making classes, and of these for the most part is society, both in the United States and in Upper Canada composed.—And so it is in the present day as it was in the days when Our Lord first preached His Gospel. Amongst the poor and wretched to whom this world is known but as a place of sorrow and affliction and a dreary exile, the words of the Catholic priest who shows how the sorrows and afflictions of time, are the cross which every one who desires to reign with Jesus in heaven must cheerfully bear, bring light and gladness; and so amongst them there are many over whose conversion the Church has reason to rejoice.—Amongst the educated and refined classes of society too, conversions are by no means rare; but from amongst the worshippers of mammon, from amongst those who constitute the bulk of the middle classes of Great Britain, and the bulk of society in the United States, and in Upper Canada, conversions are rare indeed.—The Church gains recruits from both extremes of the social scale, from the highest as well as from the lowest; but from the middle ground, or mean between these two extremes, she receives rarely any accession of force, and it is from it also that the most virulent and constant hostility towards her proceeds. The poor and suffering hear the Word gladly; the educated and refined are, in virtue of their education and refinement, to a certain extent favorably disposed thereunto; but to the ears of the comfortable well-to-do man of business, not over scrupulous always in his mode of doing business, whose belly is well lined, who has everything fine and handsome about him, the voice which exhorts him to a life of mortification, asceticism and alms giving, which insists, as a condition sine qua non—without which salvation is impossible—upon Confession and Satisfaction, or the restoration of all illicit, ill-gotten gains, is harsh, repulsive, and most hateful. Popery is, in some respects, it must be avowed, a bad "business religion." Its children cannot grind the poor, sand the sugar, and put chicory in the coffee during six days of the week, with easy consciences, provided only that they sanctimoniously observe the seventh; and this it is which makes Popery so generally unpopular in the "business" world.

A HINT TO THE SWADDLERS.—In a late issue of the Montreal Witness, we find amongst that journal's "selected matter" the following extract from an article on the Papacy in the last number of the Edinburgh Review:—

"Let it be borne in mind that, while during the last few years vigorous attempts at proselytism have been made, with more zeal than discretion, no inclination towards Protestantism has manifested, or seems likely to manifest itself in Italy. On this point Protestant and Catholic testimony is agreed. All that has occurred there has but given additional force to Lord Macaulay's observation made many years ago, that, 'since the period of the Reformation no Catholic country had lost its Catholicism without losing its Christianity too.'"—Edinburgh Review—p. 148.

This is strictly true, but no less true of individuals than of communities; and though of course the Church has had, and perhaps even will have to mourn over the apostasy of some amongst her children, it may be affirmed without hesitation, that in no single instance has a Catholic ever really renounced his Popery without, at the same time, and by the same process renouncing, in the words of Lord Macaulay, "his Christianity too." Many who were once Catholics have become infidels: many, for the sake

of the great worldly advantages which no doubt the profession of Protestantism always and everywhere brings with it, have outwardly or with their lips, renounced the faith, and given in a simulated adherence to some one or other of those emasculated forms of the Christian religion, vulgarly known as Protestantism; but it may safely, and without the possibility even of error, be predicated of individuals, as of communities, who have abandoned the "errors of Romanism," that they are either infidels or hypocrites.

That it should be so, may to the Protestant, not so well read as was the late Lord Macaulay, seem incredible and at all events inexplicable. To the Catholic it appears a mere truism, and so self-evidently the necessary or inevitable result of the abandonment of Catholicity, that he in his turn cannot conceive how Protestants should for a moment doubt if it, and he marvels at the stolidity of these who act, and speak as if they really believed that it were morally possible to transform a sincere and intelligent Papist—into a sincere and intelligent Anglican, or Methodist, or Presbyterian or adherent of any other Protestant sect.

The Swaddler foolishly flatters himself, that, if he can only persuade the ignorant superstitious Romanist that, betwixt the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and a book which he calls the Bible there are any discrepancies and contradictions, the work of conversion is accomplished, and a proselyte is made to the Holy Protestant Faith. But the truth is, that, if by dint of sophistry, and vicious interpretation of garbled Biblical texts, the proselytiser should at last succeed in convincing his Romish hearer that there are insuperable discrepancies betwixt the printed book, and the teachings of the Catholic Church—the only necessary result would be that the latter would be persuaded that either book or Church was in error; but there would be no conceivable reason assigned why he should prefer the one to the other, or why indeed he should not reject both, as fallible and unreliable teachers. But, says the Swaddler, the book, the Bible, is the "Word of God;" but to the Romanist who has been accustomed to reverence the Bible as the Word of God, solely upon the authority of his Church, declaring it to be such, this argument would be destitute of all force. "Your assurance" he would say to the Swaddler—"your assurance that this book is the "Word of God" is not sufficient for me. The only reason worthy of the name of reason which I have hitherto ever heard or seen assigned for believing the Bible to be the "Word of God" is the infallibility of that Church which you assure me is fallible, and has actually erred; you are a very respectable man no doubt, an excellent judge of potash, leather, and dry goods, and in business matters a very competent adviser; but you will pardon me if I require an infallible authority or witness in the supernatural order, to convince me of the truth of what you assert respecting this book, that it is not only the word of the men by whom it was written, but the "Word of God" as well. It is true that I have lost all confidence in the infallibility of the Church—and no longer believe what she teaches;—because were she what she asserts herself to be, a divinely appointed teacher—and if this book were what she asserts it to be, the "Word of God," there could exist betwixt her dogmas and its content none of those discrepancies which you have convinced me do exist; but with the loss of my faith in the infallible authority of the Church in the supernatural order, I have also lost all reason for believing in the supernatural authority of that book which she told me was the "Word of God." In short this is the dilemma to which the Swaddler reduces the Romanist to whom by force of sophistry and garbled quotations he has brought home the conviction that betwixt the Bible and the dogmas of the Church there are irreconcilable discrepancies. If the testimony of the Church be sufficient to establish the fact that the Bible is the word of God—a fact in the supernatural order, and altogether beyond the ken of our natural faculties—then must she be a divinely commissioned, and therefore infallible witness in that supernatural order: if she be not, if she be fallible and liable to error, then is her testimony to any fact beyond the reach of our natural faculties worthless and there is no longer any, the slightest reason for believing that the book called the Bible is more the "Word of God" than is any other book written upon religious subjects, by enthusiastic and well meaning men.

The basis of the Catholic's faith is this—that Christ who was a Divine teacher, before He left this earth, and with the view of transmitting the contents of His religion to all peoples, throughout all time, divinely commissioned a body of teachers—the Church—to whom He assured His continual presence and assistance; in order that they might be preserved from all error, and strengthened to do the work assigned to them. To the Church therefore, alone, and not to any book written or printed, does the Catholic turn for instruction in the supernatural order; and if you convince him that the Church or body of teachers by Christ appointed to teach all nations to the end of time, has actually lapsed into error, and that in consequence the entire world as the



Anglican Homilies pretend, lapsed into gross idolatry—you convince him that Christ was incompetent to the task which He assumed; that He was an impostor or a well meaning but weak enthusiast who made promises which he was unable to redeem and Whose work, in consequence, speedily and completely fell to the ground. If what all Protestants assert of Popery be true, in whole or in part, then was Mahomet a far better religious reformer than Christ and the claims of the latter to be a duly accredited teacher from God cannot stand a moment's fair comparison with those of the prophet of Islam.

To one therefore who has been a Catholic there is no middle ground betwixt Popery and the total rejection of Christianity, we do not say logically tenable, but even intellectually conceivable. All history approves this to be the case; and though Catholic countries like France in the last century, and Italy in the present, may throw off their Catholicity, they invariably do, and indeed must, throw off their "Christianity too."

And yet with these facts staring them in the face, asserted day by day by Catholic writers and fully admitted by Protestants—so that as the *Edinburgh Review* says "on this point Protestant and Catholic testimony is agreed," the saints of Exeter Hall, and the evangelical world generally are in ecstasies at the great work of reformation going on in Italy—though that work consists in the entire rejection of "Christianity too" as well as of Popery; and though "no inclination towards Protestantism has manifested, or seems likely to manifest itself in Italy." By this simple fact we may judge of the extent and sincerity of the Christianity of the would be proselytisers of Papists, whether they carry on their operations in Italy or in Spain, amongst the Catholics of Ireland, or the Papists of Lower Canada. They know—Lord Macaulay tells them, that no Catholic community since the Reformation has ever lost its Catholicity without losing its Christianity too;" and with this knowledge they still exert themselves to deprive Catholic Ireland, and Catholic Lower Canada of their Catholicity—and *pro pudor!* they call themselves Christians. Out on ye hypocrites!

YANKEE WARFARE—A NEW WEAPON.

It is popularly supposed that the Yankee is well known. Books innumerable have been written about him. Literary celebrities of every civilized nation, have visited his haunts, and described his habits. From father to son, has the universal Yankee nation been handed down as a fertile mine, to be successfully worked when other literary leads give out. Mrs. Trollope did the Yankee in her day, and her son has done him in our own; and between the epochs, innumerable Englishmen and Englishwomen have gratified the appetite of their countrymen for the grotesque, the filthy and the horrible, by plunging bodily into Yankeedom, and liberally besprinkling civilisation on their return home, in their energetic efforts to sbate themselves dry. When the Gorilla appeared, the public interest in the Yankee temporarily declined; but the Gorilla, being merely a beast after all, was soon exhausted; there was, in him, no variety of horror; at first view, he was more strikingly hideous; but, after inspection, he began to pall, and men naturally fell back upon the Yahoo.

But in spite of the interest which the Yankee excites, and which can only be accounted for by referring it to that fascination which at times attracts individuals in spite of themselves to their cherished aversion, which tempts the coward to dip his feet in the awful torrent where it seems to pause for an instant before plunging into the abyss at Niagara, which has often caused men to whom life is full of charms, to feel the keen edge of a razor, and whispered them to serer their windpipes in a second, and be done with it; which rivets the eye of the lover of the beautiful upon physical deformity; which leads the uninitiated to visit collected specimens of morbid anatomy, and gives its popularity to Mayhew's shocking pictures of the vices and miseries that fester in the sinks and slums of London—we maintain that the Yankee is not known. He has been seen in some of his phases—he has been sounded to a certain depth; but no plummet has yet touched bottom in that slough; his highest note is not known; the top of his compass has not yet been reached; the Proteus of Yankeedom has not been bound, and cannot be thoroughly analysed; nor has any pencil yet succeeded in transferring to canvas the changing colors emitted from his corruption.

Of his hypocrisy and inconsistency, we have some faint idea; of his starchy exterior and the rank corruption which, mining all beneath, infects unseen, we have a vague conception. We know that the Yankee is, *par excellence*, the enemy of negro slavery and the friend of the negro slave; and we know also that, in no part of the civilized world, except in Yankeedom, is the negro regarded with absolute abhorrence, denied all fellowship, and driven, we say not from all sweet intercourse of brotherhood and friendship, but systematically avoided and loathed, as though his very contact was pollution; we know drunkenness is the peculiar vice of sections of New England in which prohibitory liquor laws have full force; in which no drink room is to be seen; where to take a social drink is a social disgrace and a crime punishable with fine and imprisonment, and where the sick traveller cannot get a drop of brandy,

except on the prescription of a physician, backed by his own oath, to the effect, that liquor is taken purely as a medicine. We know that the land of religious liberty is the theatre of the exploits of Convent Investigation Committees, and is periodically illuminated by the blaze of burning Nunneries; we know that the religionists who deny the Divinity of Christ at home, are the noisiest in their calls for funds to preach the gospel abroad. We know that the Yankees scatter bibles broadcast over the land, under the plea of giving currency to the word of God; that not a hotel is to be found in Yankeedom without its bible in every room, which invariably opens of itself at those passages that the careful parent would sedulously keep from the eye of youth, and whose pages are generally disfigured by blasphemous comments and obscene jests at which a devil might shudder. We know that the people whose national existence commenced in rebellion, and which has constantly been the friend and the backer of resistance to lawful authority, which makes Garibaldi a hero, and whose wise men worshipped Kossuth, and made a parallel between him and Christ—is now in ecstasies of horror at the moral turpitude of resistance to attempted usurpation, and gives the Southerner the epithet of "Rebel" as that containing in itself the sum of human enormity. We have heard of Yankee courtesy to women, and we have also heard of General B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, and his treatment of the women of New Orleans. That Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, has been the very motto of this people who are now ruining themselves in a mad attempt to force their hated yoke upon independent States, by whom Yankee rule and Yankee domination is detested with a vehemence proportioned to their knowledge of the Yankee character. These things we know—these inconsistencies we see; they stare us in the face; but the Yankee we do not, and cannot know. When we think we have conceived him as he is, he startles us by a new revelation; and, in his lowest depth, a lower still, still threatening to engulf us, opens wide.

In the model Republic, and amongst a people who are constantly asserting with Burns, that "a man's a man for a' that," it might have been supposed that honest poverty would be respectable; it is well known, however, that poverty is amongst the Yankees the one unpardonable sin. To be a clumsy criminal, and get found out, is bad with them; detection is reprehensible, and a man who gets caught too often will become an object of contempt with our neighbors at last, unless indeed the magnitude of the unsuccessful attempt raise him to the quality of a hero, or the consequences of his crime be such as to enrich him. But it would hardly have been believed that the sufferings of a brave people, voluntarily accepted and nobly endured from a love of freedom, and in a struggle for independence, would be singled out by the Yankee as the favorite subject of his sneers and jokes. Yet amongst the exhibitions of new phases of Yankee character brought out by the present civil war, this is not the least remarkable. The Southerner half started, out at elbows, and with his toes protruding from his boots, this is now the favorite subject for the Yankee caricaturist, and the dearest mark for the jester. That a man, or a people, should allow themselves to suffer for a principle, this strikes the Yankee as funny. That poverty is ridiculous to the Yankee, is not surprising. It is Christianity that has ennobled poverty; the Pagan has never regarded it with respect, seldom with compassion. *Rudiculus homines fecit*, says Terence; and he justly adds, that that is its most cruel sting. But to the old Pagan the poverty of Cincinnatus was not contemptible;—the poverty of men or of nations, who might have avoided poverty, but who chose it because other things, such as conscience, honor, liberty, were dearer to them than wealth; such penury was, and in all time will be, the darling theme of the painter and the poet. With the Yankee, it is not so; with him, to be poor is to be contemptible,—to be the legitimate butt of sarcasm,—to be the cause of wit in men not otherwise witty; but to choose poverty, when it might be avoided; not to grasp at wealth, when within one's reach; to hold that there is anything to be preferred before gain—this is to the Yankee the most exquisite absurdity; in the ordinary Yankee it excites inextinguishable laughter; in the graver and more intellectual sort, the very monstrosity, the sublime wickedness of the idea, may perhaps make it pass beyond the limits of a jest.

We have all heard of wooden nutmegs, of Yankee pedlars, of Mr. Scudder and Eden, of "the retired clergyman whose sands of life have well nigh run out;" and we very well understand that the Yankee is rather proud of a swindle, if any degree of ingenuity be required to perpetrate it. We also know that the Yankee methods of warfare—their stone-fleets, wholesale confiscation of the property of non-combatants, tariff upon disloyalty in their midst, so as to derive a revenue from suspected disaffection in their own ranks—are in keeping with the character of "the land of steady habits." But perhaps our readers are not aware that wholesale forgery and the passing of counterfeit money, is now a recognised trade at the North, and practised as a very favorite means of weakening the rebels and impairing the resources of the foe. Counterfeit notes of the Confederate States are openly exposed for sale in the leading bookstores of all the large cities of the Northern States. There is hardly a periodical dealer in Washington city who has not these forged notes exposed in his shop windows. The northern soldiers when advancing into Southern territory, are very careful to be provided with counterfeit notes with which to trade. The business is carried on openly, and openly advertised. The following advertisement we clip from the *St. Louis (Missouri) Democrat*, one of

the leading Republican newspapers in the United States:—

REBEL NOTES.—We will send, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of fifty cents, money or stamps, a \$100, \$50, \$20, \$10, \$5, \$2, and \$1 bills; also, a \$100, 150, 250, and 500 bills, as specimens, finely executed on bank note paper, and so perfect that they cannot be detected from the genuine. Address, R. JONES & CO., Box 1261, St. Louis P. O.

It is unnecessary to comment further. Why gild refined gold, or paint the lily, or add a perfume to the violet. We will be guilty of no such wasteful and ridiculous excess; the fact speaks for itself. The Yankees are proud of their national character; and whatever we may think of forgery, we may be sure that they are not ashamed.

In our last appeared an article "*Communicated*," of which a passage has, we are sorry to say, been strangely, and most grossly interpreted. The writer, a zealous Catholic, and as such naturally indignant with the barbarous treatment to which Irish Catholic emigrants in the Northern States have been constantly subjected by the men who welcomed and applauded the demagogues of Continental Europe, and the infamous followers of Kossuth, Garibaldi, Massini and Co., spoke of the latter as the "Cut-throats and scapegraces of Europe's '48." It has been pointed out to us that as "*Europe*" includes Ireland and the British Islands, as well as France, Germany, Italy &c., the above expression might seem to convey a slur upon the great Catholic immigration from Ireland which took place about the epoch alluded to. We hasten therefore to correct the error. By "*Europe*" the writer intended to designate Continental Europe; and the terms "Cut-throats and scapegraces" were of course by him intended only to apply to the foes of all social order, and of the Catholic Church in particular, who some fourteen years ago found it necessary to leave their country for their country's good. These men, who should have graced the gallows, were received with open arms by the Yankees, who as a general rule curse the Pope and bless his enemies with as much unctio as does the rabid Orangeman from the "black north."

Of the Irish Catholic emigration and its moral effects upon the Northern States it is impossible to speak too highly. If to-day the latter are in sense Christian, they owe it to the poor despised Paddies, who flocked across the Atlantic to escape the horrors of famine at home. Wealthy Yankees—their pockets well lined with dishonestly acquired gold, spurned and persecuted these humble but faithful followers of Him who when on earth was a man of sorrows; but He who judges, not by outward appearance, but by the heart, knew that these poor Irish emigrants, the victims of British misrule, were rich abundantly in those things which alone are worthy of the respect of Christians.

INTERESTING CEREMONY.—We learn with pleasure that the Rev. Nicholas Dufresne will celebrate, on Thursday next, 24th October, at the Parish Church, the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood. Some of our readers may recollect that a similar celebration was had, some years since, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Rev. Mr. Rocque. We make the announcement, in order to give to the friends of the venerable ecclesiastic above named, the opportunity of assisting at this very interesting ceremony.

LECTURE OF REV. DR. CAHILL.—By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that the Rev. Dr. Cahill, the eminent Irish scholar and divine, will lecture on Friday evening, 17th instant, at the City Concert Hall, on the "*Equilibrium of the Solar System*."

Dr. Cahill is well known by reputation wherever the English language is spoken, and it is entirely unnecessary for us to add anything to this announcement. The name of Dr. Cahill and his fame as a publicist will suffice to fill the Hall. His merits as a Lecturer are well known; few have more thoroughly mastered the science of astronomy, and his lectures on this subject, in London and the other large cities of Europe and America, have always been delivered to crowded and attentive audiences. The citizens of Montreal will doubtless feel that they are under obligations to the St. Patrick's Literary Association for giving them the opportunity at once of seeing a gentleman so well known to fame, and enjoying a rich intellectual treat.

USE YOUR DICTIONARY.—If the *Montreal Witness* would avail himself of our recommendation, he would not so often make himself ridiculous by the use, or rather misuse, of the word "party," which he employs to an extent which would be intolerable in the case of an illiterate "bagman;" neither would he as in the following instance when alluding to the Catholic Church in Canada, speak of the property of the Sulpicians as "an endowment":—

"She has also very rich endowments—the Signory of Montreal, for instance, which would be very nice picking for hungry denominations."—*Witness*, 8th instant.

The word Endowment is—and we appeal to Worcester's Dictionary—the synonyme of "Gift."

"Property or pecuniary means bestowed as a permanent fund."

Now the Signory of Montreal was not acquired by the Sulpicians as a gift, but it was purchased by them with their own hard cash; and is therefore no more "an endowment" than is the meeting house wherever that may be, in which the "bagman" editor of the *Montreal Witness* does his hebdomadal worship. If the latter be private property, which we of course recognise it to be—because acquired by purchase and paid for out of private funds—so also is the other, because acquired in a similar manner. Property given by the State, or by individuals, to a church, or corporate body, is "an endowment;" but it is a misapprehension of the term to apply it to property acquired by purchase, and paid for out of funds belonging neither in whole nor in part to the State.

The Rev. Mr. Sears has kindly consented to act as Agent for the *True Witness* for Fort Mulgrave, N. S., and neighborhood.

ADDRESS TO THE REV. DR. O'SHEA, CALEDONIA, C. W.

Reverend and Dear Father—We, the undersigned, on behalf of the people of these Missions, take this opportunity to express the great joy and happiness we feel at your long wished for return, and in welcoming you here with all the fervor and warmth of devoted hearts, we cannot but feel grateful to our beloved and Reverend Pastor, for securing your services. Indeed, we regret that we can never by words express our gratitude to you and him as much as our hearts desire.

We are not insensible to the sacrifice you have made in leaving the metropolis of England, nor to the dangers to which you were exposed in crossing the Atlantic; we vividly call to mind the feelings you must have experienced in parting with the beautiful but unfortunate land of your and our nativity; and when we bear all this in remembrance, we behold in you a most zealous and gifted Priest devoted to your sublime duties, animated by the holy spirit of your vocation, and going around like our Blessed Lord doing good, reclaiming the sinner from the paths of vice, and pouring the balm of heavenly consolation into the crushed and broken heart.

While regarding the labors you have undergone in order to minister to our spiritual wants, we cannot but appreciate your virtuous example and those happy and impressive exhortations which have produced so much fruit in this mission heretofore, and will we hope again with the blessing of the Almighty.

As God in his mercy has decreed to send you in our midst again, with heartfelt gratitude to our Blessed Saviour for granting our desire in this respect, we now humbly recommend ourselves to your pious prayers, trusting through their efficacy to be enabled to practice the lessons of piety and devotion which we hope to acquire under your Ministry.

May your unbounded zeal be crowned with all the success which you anticipate, may we have the happiness of being blessed with your presence amongst us for many long years to come, and never again as before experience the sorrow of parting with you,—is the most fervent prayer of your devoted children in Christ.

- Caledonia, Oct. 5th, 1862
- |                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Thomas Connors,    | Alexander Lamond,   |
| M. Sweeney,        | John Murray,        |
| Peter Murphy,      | Thomas Hogan,       |
| John Cunningham,   | William Hayes,      |
| Thomas Mangan,     | Lewis Bell,         |
| James Kelly,       | William Downey,     |
| Cormick O'Connell, | John Mannix,        |
| Adam O'Brien,      | John Meir,          |
| Martin Higgins,    | Thomas A. Evey,     |
| Michael Murphy,    | Patrick Mannix, Jr, |
| James Dalton,      | Nicholas Evey,      |
| Edward Kelly,      | James Harris,       |
| John Dangleterly,  | Edward Shea,        |
| M. Delaney,        | Morris Higgins,     |
| Patrick Farrell,   | Martin McGill,      |
| Patrick Walsh,     | Michael Murphy,     |
| John Sullivan,     | Donald Kennedy,     |
| Nicholas Carroll,  | W. O. Phillips,     |
| Thomas Keating,    | John Murray,        |
| Rodger McGill,     | Michael Keating,    |
| Sullivan Brown,    | Daniel Duffy,       |
| John Duffy, Junr,  | John Doyle,         |
| William Hurly,     | John McDonald,      |
| Thomas Hannan,     | John Sheehan,       |
| Thomas Smith,      | Nicholas Murray,    |
| Martin Murphy,     | John Duffy, Senr,   |
| John O'Riley,      | Patrick Murphy,     |
| Timothy Ryan,      | John McCarty,       |
| John Ryan,         | John Lennon,        |
| Patrick Hurley,    | James Shea,         |
| M. Donnelly,       | John Madigan,       |
| Thomas Collins,    | John Brennan,       |
| James Madigan,     | Patrick Mannix,     |
- With many others.

ROSNY Sunday.  
Caledonia, Grand River, 5th Oct 1862.

Beloved Brethren in Christ. This renewed sentiment of your respect is indeed grateful to me, not on personal grounds, but as an evidence of your attachment to religion and your becoming joy that another laborer hath been given to the vineyard, for "What is Apollo and what is Paul? The Members of Him whom you have believed"—1 Corinth III Chap.

If I cannot recognize in myself the perfection of character which your address describes, I can at least discover therein, what I should be, and what I sincerely desire to be. And in laboring for such an end, I greatly rely on the encouragement which the correspondence of such a people must necessarily afford, for with such an appreciation of the Priestly character, I expect much edification from your practice and example.

Absence from country and European comforts, with long and dangerous voyages, are indeed elements of bitterness. And much though we experienced the perils of the ocean, some of our land encounters afflicted us considerably more; but twice the amount of suffering and annoyance could not move us from our purpose, bound to it by the charity of Christ which pre-sets us, and mindful of the words and example of St Paul "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? But in all these things we overcome, because of him that hath loved us"—Romans VIII. Chap.

Your pious greeting, Brethren, is a balm for all past sorrows, and its being akin to the tender sympathies which other people have expressed, renders it by association and remembrance more full of consolation. Of the uninterrupted zeal and pastoral care and solicitude of my Rev. Brother, Father McNulty, who constantly urged upon me the necessities of the Canadian Missions, I need say nothing, for by his works you may know him works with which his revered name will be connected as long as the Catholic religion remains rooted in your soil.

I thank you sincerely for your kind and affectionate address; I commend myself to your prayers, that I may strive to acquire the virtues which in your goodness you attribute to me.

And remain, yours,  
Very affectionately in Christ  
M. M. O'Shea.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN DUNDAS.—We learn from the correspondence of the *Canadian Freeman* that St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, was burnt to the ground on the 24th September, at noon. The origin of the fire is not stated. The church (which was one of the oldest in the Upper Province, having been built 40 years since) was insured for one thousand dollars, and the organ for four hundred. Next day, at a full meeting of the Catholics of the neighborhood, it was resolved to commence at once the erection of a new church, and a very liberal subscription for that purpose was taken up. Reverend Father O'Rielly, the respected pastor of St. Augustine's, celebrated the Divine Mysteries in the School house, on the following Sunday.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN THE SAGUENAY DISTRICT.—Mr. C. Girou has written to the *Journal de Quebec*, stating that pyrites of copper and iron mingled with quartz, felspar, mica and hornblende, have been discovered on lands in the parish of St. Irene. He also says that the specimens were examined by Mr. Thomas McFulane, a practical miner connected with the Acton Mines. It is believed that there are rich deposits of copper and other ores in the parish of St. Irene. Indications of their existence have been discovered on the lands owned by Louis Gauthier, On. Gauthier, T. Gauthier, An. Gauthier, Yvan Gauthier, Demais Gauthier, and Elize Boivin. The proprietors, however, are not possessed of sufficient capital to follow up the investigations, and Mr. Girou concludes his letter by expressing a hope that the announcement of these discoveries may direct the attention of capitalists towards a locality which appears to offer so many inducements.

CIVILIZED WARFARE.—It is boasted by the St. Louis correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* that the Federal officers have within the last three months shot in cold blood, no less than six hundred prisoners. Can it wondered at if such atrocities provoke reprisals from the Confederates?

COINTEGRANTS.—The *Quebec Chronicle* says:—Canadian notes are at a premium just now, on the other side of the lines, and the circumstance appears to have been turned to account by the numerous class of persons now living on their wits, judging by the following telegraph which appears in the New York papers of Thursday morning:—

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 1, 1862.—Peterson's Detector sends the following description of a new and dangerous counterfeit on the City Bank of Montreal, Canada, of the denomination of "Fours." The vignette is as follows:—Vulcan with an anvil, and a train of cars, &c., in the distance; the coat of arms of Canada, and an Indian woman on the right end; Cupid, striding a lion, and "4" on the left. As Canada money is at a premium they may be largely shored.

We noticed some time since the expedition of three priests to the River Manwin in search of lands for French colonization. Their effort is promptly followed by success; for we learn from *L'Ordre* that week sixteen young men, as pioneers, passed through industry village on their way to the new district. They carry with them provisions for several months, and will clear the land during winter. A hundred young men are preparing to follow them as soon as they hear of their safe arrival, and of the place selected.

The exodus from the United States to Canada has recommenced on account of the immediate prospect of a draft. Nearly every State is largely in arrear of its quota, on the two calls. Connecticut has to furnish 20,000 by conscription; New York, 50,000 and other States in proportion. The calls of July 2nd and August 4th, for 600,000 men, have actually furnished less than 300,000 while the losses since the first date have consumed half the number.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, October 15, 1862.

Flour—Pollards, \$2 to \$2.50; Middlings, \$2.50; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.70; Super, No. 2, \$4.15 to \$4.25; Superior, \$4.40 to \$4.45; Fancy, \$4.50 to \$4.55; Extra, \$4.80 to 4.85; Superior Extra, \$5.10 to \$5.20; Bag Flour, per 112 lbs, Spring Wheat, \$2.40 to \$2.50; South, \$2.50 to \$2.55. The market is firm and buoyant to-day with more buyers than sellers, at rates quoted. We hear of an offer of \$4.70 for a brand of Super which always brings an outside price. Oatmeal per burl of 200 lbs, nominal, at \$4.25. Wheat.—Canada Spring, 90c, to 92c, ex-cars; about 93c, to 94c.; Canada White Winter, about \$2 ex-cars; \$1.02 to \$1.03, afloat. Michigan Red Winter, \$1.02 afloat. Corn per 56 lbs., nominal at 45c. Barley and Oats—No transactions. Ashes, per 112 lbs. Pots, \$6.60 to \$6.65; Inferior, 5c, more; Pearls \$6.60 to \$6.65; Superior Pearls, \$6.40. Butter—The market still continues brisk and quotations are fully maintained: the finer grades are much sought after, and outside figures are obtained inferior, 10c, to 10 1/2c.; medium, 11c, to 12c.; Fat, 12 1/2c, to 13 1/2c.; choice 14c, to 15c. Eggs 9c, to 9 1/2c. Lard 8c, to 8 1/2c. Tallow 8 1/2c, to 9c. Hams 9c, to 11c. Pork—Mess \$10.60 to \$11.00; Thin Mess, \$9.60 to \$9.50; Prime Mess, \$8 to \$8.50; Prime \$8 to \$8.50. Pork is dull, as stocks are large and demand light.—*Montreal Witness*.

Died.

In this city, Oct. 8th, after a painful illness of three weeks, Julie Felicite Brien DesRochers, the beloved wife of Doctor W. F. Mangan, of this city. In this city, on Tuesday, the 7th instant, Mary Ellen, daughter of Mr. Timothy Fogarty, aged 1 year and 8 months. In this city, on the 11th inst, Mary Doran, wife of Patrick Brennan, aged 44 years. At Quebec, on the 8th inst, Mr. Michael Lane, aged 18 years, son of Mr Thomas Lane, Timber Tower.

ANYTHING OVER? said an old borrower to friend. 'Yes' was the reply. 'Just enough to buy a box of Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers to cure my children's coughs, and keep peace at home.' Only 25 cents a box.

Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman's, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

THE ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.  
Has the honor to announce  
**A LECTURE**  
BY  
**DR. CAHILL,**  
THE EMINENT SCHOLAR AND DIVINE,  
TO TAKE PLACE ON  
**FRIDAY EVENING NEXT, 17th instant,**  
IN THE  
**CITY CONCERT HALL,**  
SUBJECT:  
**THE EQUILIBRIUM OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.**  
Illustrated by a highly finished and beautiful  
PHILOSOPHICAL APPARATUS.  
Tickets 50 cents each, to be procured at the door on the Evening of Lecture.  
Doors open at Seven; Lecture to commence at Eight o'clock.  
By order,  
T. RONAYNE,  
Rec. Sec.  
October 14, 1862.

**EVENING SCHOOL.**  
A. KEEGAN'S EVENING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN is now open in the Male School attached to the ST. ANN'S CHURCH, Griffintown.  
Terms moderate. Hours of attendance, from SEVEN to NINE o'clock.  
A few boys, between the ages of ten and sixteen years, can be accommodated with board in the school.  
Montreal, October 14, 1862.  
Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashionable Books, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal, Jan. 17, 1862.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

We read in the Monde.—The situation of Italy is deplorable. We speak not of the attacks upon religion, of the perversion of men's understandings, and of the corruption of their morals; these are evils readily tolerated by modern progress, though greater than all the rest. There are others more frightful still, in our season of sensuality and abasement, the violation of property, the disturbance of material order, the encanglement of life itself; these are more striking still, and yet they are those which Italy is actually suffering, thanks to the doctrines the profession of which is permitted, and the encouragement given to the spirit of disorder. At Milan a package filled with stilettoes has been seized, yet this has not hindered the pious from there playing its part; at Genoa, individuals have been arrested armed with daggers; at Monza the prefect of public safety has been assassinated; at Valenza, peasants have risen for the purpose of rescuing malefactors from the action of the law; at Turin, where order had till now been preserved, four persons have in two days become victims to assassination. They are falling back to the savage state; at Naples and in Sicily men perish by volleys from guns, at Milan by the dagger, at Monza and Turin by the knife; the lives of foreign representatives are threatened, and even that of the King.

These are incontestable facts. The revolutionary journals, unable to deny them, endeavor to turn them into an argument against the temporal power of the Pope. "All this evil comes," they say, "of not giving up Rome to Italy." A wretched argument indeed, which will but inspire honest men with disgust. France will not yield up the Pope to the assassins any more than she can deliver him to a Government which presents so melancholy an idea of its authority. If Piedmont can only establish order in Italy on condition of being free to consummate the work of spoliation, what idea can be entertained of Italy and of itself? Let them show us what relation can exist between a people that aspires to liberty and independence and men who resort to the poniard!

But what does the Government of Italy in the face of a situation which would dishonor Italy, if Italy were truly with the secret societies and with the bands of assassins which everywhere appear? What does it at the moment when "Rome or death" was the mot d'ordre every where amongst all these bandits? It cries with them "Rome or death;" it says that the Garibaldian volunteers did no more than satisfy an "imperious want;" it says that to refuse it Rome, is to expose it to the most terrible extremities. In a word, it justifies the use of the dagger, while refusing to employ it, and encourages the hideous projects which it makes an argument for going to Rome? When Garibaldi marched for the overthrow of the Pope, and boasted that he would drive the French from Rome, he marched at least in the light of day, and nevertheless the honor as well as interest of France bade us stay at Rome; now, could we withdraw before the dagger and the assassin?

The revolutionary journals record with vast satisfaction the meetings which continue to be held in England in favor of Garibaldi and of Italy. What passes at these meetings is well known. When crime is not actually preached it is declared, as at Birmingham, that "the Queen's Government ought to take action with the view to decide France upon withdrawing her troops from Rome." If we retreat not, then, before the dagger, it seems we must needs retreat before England; that is to say, as matters now stand, before Mazzini, the accomplice of Garibaldi, and his chief. One of Mazzini's principal agents wrote thus, in fact, to Garibaldi, "Mazzini has always desired to act in accord with you for a common end, and he has been warmly affected by your last letter, which he receives as the pledge of a perfect understanding between the efforts and the end in view."

A letter from Paris (Sept. 19) says:—There is some probability of a change of Ministers shortly taking place. M. Thouvenel and Count de Persigny do not agree with their other colleagues on the Roman question. A repetition of the disagreements between the Marquis de Lavallette and General Goyon is going on between the members of the French Cabinet.—The Minister of the Interior is greatly opposed to the course taken at the Tuileries, which is expressed in the columns of La France. He appreciates the character of Garibaldi and disapproves of any harsh treatment which other members of the French Government may be inclined to recommend as a cure for the moral disorder from which they suppose the ex-Dictator and all his partisans in Italy to be suffering. The meetings lately held in England, for the purpose of discussing the Roman question, have led to a strong expression of divergent views among the members of the Imperial Government. Some of them are for putting a stop to the irritation which the armed intervention of France in Italy gives rise to by recalling the troops from Rome. Others would accomplish that desirable end by simply dividing Italy, and then try what a few general measures for public safety would effect. They do not see how order can exist unless a Government declares war, and actively resists the anarchic tendency of the populace.

The Paris Monteur publishes an authorized article, in which it is announced that last May the Emperor through M. Thouvenel proposed to Cardinal Antonelli a settlement of the Roman question on the following basis—viz., the re-establishment of municipal government in the principal cities and towns still subject to the Holy See, the guarantee of the security of the Pope's possession of Rome and the Patrimonio by Sardinia, and the transfer of the Roman debt to the Piedmontese Budget, for which consideration the Pontifical Government should recognize "accomplished facts." To this proposal the Minister of the Holy Father gave a determined negative, even though it was accompanied with the old but that France might at last feel her position in Rome to be untenable. There can be no doubt that the Emperor would be glad of

some quiet solution of the Roman difficulty, but the Monteur announces officially that France never gave the Turin Cabinet or the Sardinian King the least reason to suppose that it would consent to see Rome wrested from the Pope and made the Capital of the new Italian Kingdom.—Weekly Register.

The Patrie's Spezia correspondent continues to entertain us with accounts of the wonderful things that occur at Varignano. This time, however, he sends his intelligence only as a rumour, and the Patrie publishes it under "the most express reserves." It is to the effect that, on the night of the 19th instant, Victor Emmanuel arrived in a steamer at Varignano, had a long conference with Garibaldi, and was off again before morning. The correspondent adds that two steamers did arrive on that evening, and that they had disappeared the next day; and he adds that the same fact had been observed a few days previously. The Spezia correspondent is a perfect treasure to the Patrie. The France says that many reports are in circulation in London with respect to Mr. Partridge's visit to Garibaldi, and that the most widely spread is that the surgical mission was only a pretext and the surgeon merely a political agent. Considering the enormous staff—enough one would think for half a dozen such newspapers—which is attributed to the France, and which incidentally when that paper first appeared, a fine topic for the Figaro and the Charivari; it is surprising it does not take the trouble to fabricate its own canards, instead of borrowing twin stalks from the Patrie.—Times Correspondent.

Cases have lately been very frequently cited in the French papers of persons becoming exceedingly ill, and even dying, in consequence of the stings of venomous flies, the said venomous quality being contracted by the insect from putrid substances on which it has settled. Near Sion, a shepherd lately died in four days in consequence of one of these bites or stings. He took no heed of the first inflammatory symptoms, and when he applied to a doctor it was too late. Two other persons in the same neighborhood were similarly attacked, the symptoms being great swelling and inflammation, but fatal results were not anticipated. Some of the French provincial papers have published strong recommendations to all persons who may be stung by suspicious flies or insects to resort at once to a medical man, who alone is able to judge how far the apparently trifling injury may be serious. The propriety of burying all carrion and putrid substances is also strongly urged as the surest means of obviating such dangers.

The editor of the Courier de Marseilles states that he has received the first two numbers of a newspaper published clandestinely at Naples under the title of "Rome or Death." The newspaper is of the full size, with double columns; it is printed on fine paper, of bluish colour. It advocates republican principles, and recommends an armed rebellion. It announces that a secret association exists at Palermo, having for its motto "United Italy—Rome its capital; the plebiscite realized."

ITALY.

The Independence Bclge says:—"Nothing more fully characterises the present aspect of the Italian question and the absolute uncertainty which for the moment surrounds it, than certain details which have reached us respecting a ceremony which recently occurred at Rome. While at Turin Victor Emmanuel promises the deputation from Forli that before the end of the year he will be at the Capitol, and while letters from Turin begin again to state that the Ministry has received favourable assurances from Paris, Francis II. convokes his faithful followers at the Quirinal, and after thanking them for the loyalty with which they have served the principle of legitimacy, adds that he hopes to be able before long to repeat these words of satisfaction and confidence in Naples itself. It was on the 5th instant, we are assured, that the King of the Two Sicilies held this language to his little court, adding that he would remain true to his former promise to observe the constitution of 1848, which he had re-established, and to fulfil all the engagements entered into at Gaeta, with some exceptions imperiously commanded by circumstances."

Turin, Sept. 29.—Intelligence received here from Varignano states that Garibaldi is progressing satisfactorily. A consultation has taken place between the medical gentlemen in attendance. Dr. Zamotti, from Florence, fully concurred with Professor Partridge and the other Doctors. Bandages had been applied to Garibaldi's wounded neck in order to hold the foot in its proper position.

Nothing has yet been decided as to the court before which the trial of Garibaldi shall take place; but the Milan Court of Cassation will this day receive instructions from the Ministry of Justice to make the choice. The delay in this matter has been caused by a divergence of opinions between M. Confalonieri, Minister of Justice, and his colleagues. More than a fortnight elapsed before they could come to an understanding.

The publication of Garibaldi's letter upon the affair at Aspromonte has brought a severe penalty upon the editor of the Dittio of Turin—viz., 2,000 francs and eighteen months imprisonment. This does not, however, deter the liberal journal from publishing the letter of the Garibaldian officers to M. Rattazzi, which has already appeared in this journal, and which has excited much indignation against the Government.

Rome.—The Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars has lately communicated the Sovereign Pontiff's reply to inquiries made of him as to the applicability of the Bull of St. Pius V. to the followers of Passaglia, the "Actor pro Causa Italica." The following are the precise words, as given in the Armonia:— "The Holy Father has declared that the subscribers to the address in which the Holy Father is urged to renounce the Temporal Power, have incurred the excommunication threatened in the Bull of St. Pius V. commencing Admonet nos. But he grants to your Lordship the faculty of being able to absolve, even by means of a sub-delegate, the Parish Priests, N. N. N., whenever they detect the fault committed and repair this scandal. But while they persist in their obstinacy your Lordship shall admonish them to take care of their conscience, and, as they are not excommunicati vitandi, so, to avoid greater evils, you may tolerate that they exercise their functions."

Advices from Rome state that Francis II. has decided on quitting Italy and joining his family at the Chateau of Bludenstein, in Bavaria. NAPLES.—A letter from Naples, published in the Monde, gives the following account of the funeral of the unhappy Bishop Caputo, of Ariano, whose death we chronicled last week. A placard on the walls announced that the obsequies would be attended by the four Orders of Mendicant Friars, by the Royal clergy, by the cathedral clergy, &c. All this was false. There was a great display of military force, grenadiers, national guards, &c. The clergy were represented by the society called Clerical-Liberal Association. The figures of many, and their apparel was one of the most extraordinary description: Some walked lame; it was the effect of the steel ancles worn in years of penal servitude in the baggalo, for

they were liberated convicts. They had been prisoners; and just for political crimes? They whole thing was regarded by the citizens as a burlesque and an outrage on religion. Aulio, who non deprecia alter, The Monde gives the sad information that another Neapolitan prelate, the Bishop of Conversano, had published his adhesion to the Clerical-Liberal Society.

The Great Liberal party with regard to Naples and Sicily, is in something like the predicament of the English Protestant Establishment. Just as the Anglican Church relies on the right of private judgment against Catholics, and on its Canon of Scripture against free-thinkers, and on its 39 Articles against Dissenters, so that an Anglican arguing in self-defence in the presence of a Catholic, a free-thinker, or a Dissenter cannot speak without invoking a fatal admission in favor of at least one of his adversaries; the great Liberal Party, which defends the unification of Italy under Victor Emmanuel, is compelled to avail itself of contradictory arguments, according as it is pressed by the champions of European law, or by the champions of popular sovereignty. When a Catholic or a Conservative complains of the treatment of the King of Naples, of the Neapolitan Church and nobility, and of the Neapolitan people, by the Piedmontese, he is told that the free vote of the population of the Two Sicilies has decided the question, as it had a right to decide it, in favor of Victor Emmanuel, that all previous rights have been annulled by that decision, and that to dispute Victor Emmanuel's title is to dispute the sacred principle that every people has a right to choose for itself the Government it considers best for its own happiness and prosperity.

If you oppose the Piedmontese rule in Naples, they tell you, you oppose the exercise of the Neapolitan people's unquestioned right to decide on their own destinies. They have freely chosen a Piedmontese King in place of their native Sovereign.

But when some honest or consistent Revolutionary, and a single-minded believer in the theory of popular Sovereignty, objects that the Two Sicilies are in a state of slavery, that all liberty is at an end, that the country is held in military occupation, that the Piedmontese are used, and that Victor Emmanuel's rule is only maintained by Piedmontese bayonets at the cost of innumerable Neapolitan lives, the Great Liberal party has its answer ready.—Have we not told you from the first, that as far as the Two Sicilies are concerned, the unity of Italy could only be achieved by the sheer conquest of those two kingdoms? For that glorious deed of Italian Unity, under the King-Gaunt Uomo, involving as it does the regeneration of the Italian race, you must not shrink from having recourse to the necessary means. The end justifies the means, and the only means is sheer conquest. Tablet.

The correspondents of all the foreign journals are being expelled from Naples, and that measure, with the suppression of all non-official journalism, one would suppose to be sufficient precaution as to the leaking out of inconvenient facts. It has been a very sore subject for some time back with the Sardinian Government, the many revelations that have been made by the English Tory Press of the state of prisons in Naples, and they are about to put in force a code of miles so entirely inhuman that the Abbaye and Temple in '93, would scarcely have attempted, with a view of entirely preventing any unpleasant circumstances becoming known to the public. Prisoners not condemned even, but detained, will on the adoption of a new code be sent up in solitary cells, no communication between them will be allowed, and all visits from their friends and families will be limited to half an hour four times a year! Was Spielberg worse than this? and will not Englishmen enter a protest against a measure so cruel and unjust that nothing so bad would be inflicted in a civilized country on the worst criminals. Anything in the shape of ill-treatment will be possible, and no complaint will be suffered to reach the outer world. On the 9th of September the Times correspondent, with two English gentlemen, and escorted by a delegate of police, went up to St. Maria Apparente with the view of contradicting the facts advanced in the Herald and Tablet. They would not go into the interior of the prison, where there are two hundred Bourbonists, almost all of whom have suffered personal ill-treatment, and many torture, but sent for Captain De Blasio to the Salle d'Andreani, and there, in the presence of the police, who did all they could to intimidate him, received ample confirmation of the cruelty with which he was flogged, till impossible to extort a confession as to the composition and members of the Bourbonist Committee. This gentleman has been nine months in prison without trial, is of noble family in the Calabria, and was with Francis the Second at Gaeta, after which he retired from public life and was arrested in Naples—he did not even know on what charge till the other day! If any person would go armed with the authority of the English Government, knowing what and whom to ask for, they would see the real state of matters, but it is impossible that commissions sent with the express purpose of the suppression of truth can do any good.

The 8th of September, the anniversary of the Plebiscite, passed off very quietly. The Garibaldians seem for the moment completely cowed, and attempted no sort of demonstration, whereas the pilgrimage of Piedigrotta was crowded and amounted to a Bourbonist demonstration, the fetes having been instituted by the late dynasty on their restoration. The people had an idea last week that their beloved Archbishop Cardinal Ruffini should be on board the French fleet with Francis the Second, and actually went in crowds to the shore to await their disembarkation and give them welcome; the assembly was so formidable it had to be dispersed by the police.

The reaction shows no signs of relaxing.—Cor of Tablet. The Times correspondent says:— It is of no use to deny it; in many and extensive districts of this southern province neither property nor life is safe, and despite the unwearied and gallant exertions of the regular troops, there is less security in many of the country districts now than there was at this same season last year. This is a very large assertion, but it is only necessary to examine from day to day the telegrams and well authenticated reports which are published, and nothing is now published without permission, to be fully assured of its truth.

In the province of Terra di Lavoro alone it is said there are four bands of mounted brigands, and that which cut up the Bersaglieri last week amounted to 200 men. A journal lying before me reports disasters for this day's entertainment from the provinces of Avellino, Salerno, Terra di Lavoro, Capitanata, Basilicata, the Abruzzi, and Ombrie, and an official letter from Bari which saw this week stated that the public spirit there is much depressed (abatuito) by reason of the events at Aspromonte, and of the brigandage. You will call me an alarmist, but it is not so; the dangers I speak of stare us in the face, and unless put down many places will be abandoned and the population will lose confidence in a Government which cannot protect them.

Poor Garibaldi! he is another victim in this same policy, for no one doubts but that he was sold by Rattazzi and the Emperor. It is reported here on authority that after all this great man and his followers are to be tried in the ordinary Courts, not in Reggio, where, according to the strict letter of law, the trial should take place, but farther north. But if there is any part of Italy which has been quieter than another and has shown less disposition to support the enterprise of Garibaldi it is just the extreme provinces of the peninsula. There must be some concealed political motive, therefore, for removing the trial to so great a distance. Perhaps the Court of Assize of Milan may fix on Alessandria or some other town where the Imperial Minister may have some personal influence. There is, doubtless, an apprehension of awkward disclosures, and Rattazzi, while affecting to court inquiry, may

like to have it under his own direction. Several parties of Garibaldi's followers have arrived here this week under arrest, and I have met them as they were being taken to the forts. They were composed of peasantry and soldiers of the Italian army.

JACQUES DE MARS. — The following letter has appeared in the Herald:—

Sir,—The trial of Mr. Bishop has added another leaf to the roll of political iniquities in Naples. De-nounced by his servant (a person who has been since Mr. Bishop's arrest imprisoned for an attempted burglary at the house of M. Angoult) an English subject, and in defiance of all precedent on the part of the Foreign Office, has been condemned by a Neapolitan judge and jury to ten years of travaux forces in Turin. The question is now coming home to Englishmen, and it may be well to review one or two of the details of the proceedings. A very few will suffice, for they are too glaring to admit of much discussion. By the laws of all civilised nations conspiracy is defined as a crime which requires two or more persons to be in consent and act, engaged in it. I pointed out this definition in the case of Francisco de Angelis the other day; and we have a second and equally flagrant instance of it here. Mr. Bishop has one supposed fellow-conspirator, a poor old doctor of eighty years of age, who was arrested five months since on account of the police having a pique against him. The doctor is openly exasperated by M. Ciani, the Procurator General of Naples, as participant, and the sum of legal subtraction being thus performed, the unit, Mr. Bishop, remains to answer for a crime which his very position of a unit precludes the possibility of his having committed.—Bar, the advocate, protested most energetically against it, code in hand. Mr. Bishop greatly disturbed the mind of the president and procurator by a rather strong denunciation of the flagrant character of the proceedings, and told the high officers of justice a few unpalatable truths it would be well if they took to heart. What did it all avail? Law and justice, the rights of British subjects, the presence of the vice consul, the code itself. Who cares for codes, or legal viceties, or the common-sense basis of law in Naples? Not a Neapolitan jury. So the verdict of guilty was spoken, and Andrea, quietly putting on his black cap, pronounced the doom of a felon on an English gentleman, quite as justly, and certainly as unaccountably, as he did on a French officer and nobleman and three Neapolitan gentlemen (one a Prelate) and two poor men whose only crime was having been true to the King of their fathers. The Times correspondent has recently been in Naples, so I trust a full report of the English press of the proceedings is at hand. I hope he will draw attention to the fact of the consul general's having, on the arrest of Mr. Bishop, refused to witness the ex-amination of the papers, which leaves us in doubt whether they are not all forgeries, as in the letter which convicted Orazio Colicci was notoriously on the Frisco trial, and as a stigmatized—I trust he will state that the president attempted to prevent Mr. Bishop's speaking to his own vice-consul in English, and required that the communication should be in Italian. I trust he will also bear witness to the facts of which he was the recipient a few days since at Santa Maria Apparente, when he had an interview with Captain De Blasio as to the treatment he received on his arrest last year at Viccarìa. It would have been far more satisfactory to the ends of public inquiry if this gentleman had not taken with him an escort of the police, the very surest way to stifle inconvenient revelations, and also if he had insisted on seeing the prison itself, Giuseppe Fucile, two Sabaletanis, Armino, De Angelis, are all there, have all been tortured by flogging, and can all depose to the use of that means to obtain confession. Whom the English admiral, who visited De Blasio, and the result of whose inquiry was communicated to your journal, was in Santa Maria, there were in cell No. 7 four men then bleeding from the wound received at the Polizza di San Giuseppe, the 27th of May, 1862. This was all kept back from the human inquirers, and unless a person has relations with the prisoners themselves and knows who and what to ask for all inquiry is frustrated. De Blasio did, however, tell his dreadful story, regardless of the consequences. An old and brave artillery officer, and a gentleman by birth and breeding, he was subjected to the most infamous cruelty to discover a pretended plot, and he stated the whole circumstance the other day fearlessly and openly, as he had done twice before. The trial ought to have come off long since; but these revelations might be made, and it is the interest of the Government to keep them in the dark. The cases are too numerous to mention; but the careless way that inquiry is made renders it impossible for an ordinary journalist to expose. The Times correspondent went with the police—knew nothing beforehand, except the statements in your journal; went to refute them, and as advocate of the Piedmontese Government. How can truth be got at in such a fashion? Is it not the interest of all men of ordinary humanity to protest against such a system. The police are so alive to the necessity of preventing any inquiry that they are about to issue a new code of internal regulations, which will reduce the Neapolitan prisons to places of solitary confinement. Visits to the prisoners are to be limited to half an hour once in three months, even for near relations. All communication between prisoners is to be prevented, and the gaolers and officials are to be entirely Piedmontese. The prisons are so full they will hold no more. St. Elmo is now pressed into the service, and the arrests are hourly increasing. I shall return to this subject again, for it is one which cannot be too much ventilated. It was the Whig hobby in the days of Ferdinand. Has their influence in Southern Italy suffered for the remedy of the abuses they never ceased denouncing.—Yours faithfully, Nap'es, Sept. 12.

ANGLICO.

The following is the account of the treatment of Captain de Blasio alluded to above:—

On the 8th of September two Englishmen, accompanied by the delegate of police, presented themselves towards midday at the prison of Santa Maria Apparente, and asked for the apartment of Captain de Blasio, and begged of him to state upon his honor what had happened in the prison of the Viccarìa with respect to his first arrest in July, 1831. Captain de Blasio replied, that on the 6th of July, the police after having arbitrarily arrested him in his own house, shut him up in the Casel del Ovo, and from thence he was transferred to the Viccarìa, or Castel Capuano. He had scarcely arrived at the latter prison, and been placed in a small chamber with other prisoners, when there appeared before him two keepers, named Bore and Martuscelli, accompanied by two unknown persons. The gaoler Bore insisted upon knowing who composed the Bourbonist committee, and upon the denial of such knowledge by M. de Blasio, who protested his innocence the gaoler compelled him to leave the chamber which he occupied, and thrust him into a dungeon. Half an hour afterwards the gaoler, Martuscelli, accompanied by three police guards, entered the dungeon. Two of these guards, Uro in Padura and Luigi li Grattato, were armed with long straps, and with these they began to beat the captain, while the gaoler, Martuscelli, stood in the doorway tranquilly looking on. M. de Blasio endeavored to get possession of Luigi li Grattato's strap, but the latter drew a long poniard and threatened to kill him during these proceedings the others continued to cuff him with blows. Captain de Blasio cried out for help, but no one came to his aid; and his assailants did not leave him until they had seen him fall down in an insensible state. Some time afterwards M. de Blasio, having recovered his senses, dragged himself by a painful effort to the door, and called loudly for some one to come. Four or five other gaolers then presented themselves and pretended to be astonished at what had happened, saying that they had heard nothing about it.

AUSTRIA.

The Wanderer of Vienna publishes the following

correspondence between Garibaldi and the United States' Minister at Vienna:—

TO GENERAL GARIBALDI.

Vienna, Sept. 1, 1862. "General,—As you have for the moment failed in accomplishing the great patriotic work which you have undertaken in the interest of your beloved country, I take the liberty of asking you if it suits you to offer us your valiant arm in the struggle which we are maintaining for the liberty and unity of our great Republic."

"The combat we are waging does not interest us alone; it concerns the whole civilized world."

"The delight and enthusiasm with which you would be received in our country, where you have spent a portion of your life, would be immense, and your mission, which would be to lead our brave soldiers to fight for the same principle to which you have nobly devoted your whole life would be fully conformable to our intentions."

"I should be happy, General, to have a reply from you."

"I have the honor to be, &c.,"

THEODORE CAMISUS, Consul of the United States of America."

"TO M. THEODORE CAMISUS, CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES AT VIENNA."

"Varignano, Sept. 14, 1862."

"Sir,—I am a prisoner and dangerously wounded; it is, consequently, impossible for me to dispose of myself. However, as soon as I am restored to liberty, and my wounds healed, I shall take the first favourable opportunity to satisfy my desire to serve the great American Republic, of which I am a citizen, and which is now fighting for universal liberty."

"I have the honour to remain, &c.,"

"GARIBALDI."

POLAND.

The following is the official explanation of the arrest of Count Zamoycki, the news of which arrived a few days ago by telegraph:—

"A few days ago a certain number of proprietors, called together in an illegal manner, met at Warszawa, and at the conclusion of the meeting, held at the house of Count Andrew Zamoycki, drew up an invitation, addressed to the Count, embodying, as they said, the wishes of the nation. The Government of His Majesty will not allow an assembly of private persons to assume the significance of a constituted body, nor one of the subjects of the Emperor and King to set himself up as the director and organ of such an assembly. For such conduct, contrary to the existing order of things, Count Zamoycki will have to justify himself before the Emperor. For this purpose he has been sent to St. Petersburg."

PORTUGAL.

The Portuguese and French Catholic Press have published a brief of His Holiness, Pope Pius IX. to the Patriarch of Lisbon, and the Archbishops and Bishops of Portugal, dated July 3rd, 1862. We give a translation of this remarkable and almost unprecedented document elsewhere. The Sovereign Pontiff tells the Portuguese Hierarchy of his profound grief at the deplorable state of religion and of the Church in Portugal, while at the same time there has not appeared any public proof of their having shown in the discharge of their Episcopal duties that vigilance and energy, which at all times are necessary, and are now especially and imperiously demanded. The Holy Father then recounts all the duties of a Hierarchy, and urges the energetic and exemplary discharge of them; and says, that he cannot dissemble how great was his grief at not even witnessing one of the Bishops of Portugal at the Canonisation, and says, "There might, indeed, have existed some difficulties hindering your coming into Our presence; this, however, is certain, no one would have hindered you in sending Us letters, by which you might have given Us such testimony as was in your power of your fidelity, and of your love and respect for Our person, and for this Chair of Peter, the centre of Catholic unity.—Tablet."

UNITED STATES.

If the North should be conquered by the South, how long would it allow its defeat to be a profit to the victor? Would it not be continually chafing under the foot of the conqueror? Would it not be incessantly planning a new revolution by which to avenge all its injuries? It would. And this will be the case with the South when forced to submission. Forced submissions are the surest springs of tumult, violence and rebellion. Ireland is in a compelled state of quiet; but its heart is burning with the fires of revolt, and it will not rest until it throws off the yoke of the conqueror. English statesmen, themselves, admit that Irish dissatisfaction is the most dangerous fact connected with the British empire. The pages of history teach nothing so frequently as this, that the belligerents who are driven to lay down their arms, never give up the active hope of retaliation. It is, therefore, legitimate to dread that between the two sections of this country there will be nothing but constant warlike hostility if the rebellion be forced to a termination. The North cannot subdue the spirit of the South; nor could the South, if it were in the ascendant, subdue the spirit of the North; and in the annals of nations a complete subjugation of spirit cannot be found. Is there no man of potential character in the North to present this principle—the invincible fact to the people? The real perpetuity of the Union depends upon it. What description of union shall we have from the bayoneting, and sabreing, and devastating by the North of the South into peace? A union bursting with all the elements of disunion. Therefore, for the sake of the Union, let us have an armistice.—Boston Pilot.

The following is a letter addressed to the editor of a Chicago paper. The General referred to is Mitchell who was removed a few months ago but subsequently re-appointed.—"It is rumored here that a certain General, who recently had a command down the river, has made a million of dollars speculating in cotton, and that an Illinois Colonel has made fifty thousand dollars in a short time by trafficking in the same material. The cotton speculation absorbs the attention of too many of our officers, and the attention of the Government should be called to the use which is made of the army for this purpose. I will send you 'facts and figures' hereafter."

THOSE GIANTS.—How is this? We hear from Washington that a draft is probable. What a draft, now that we have the emancipation proclamation? It cannot be possible. Did not the Governor of Illinois tell the President that if he would issue the proclamation he could "stamp armies out of the earth" who would "leap like flaming giants into the fight"? Did not the Governor of Massachusetts tell him that if he would issue it "the roads would swarm with multitudes, if need be, whom New England would pour out to obey his call"? And did not Abolitionism all over the land echo and re-echo these assurances? And now a draft? Is the performance so much less than the promise? Is the conclusion indeed so lame and impotent? Own the President raised out of the ground no armies by the stamp of his foot? Do the roads of New England not swarm with multitudes, crusaders of this proclamation? Is the earliest product of the proclamation a draft? Democrats are ready for the draft. They have understood all the while that it would come. Let it come. They will obey it, as they would at all times have done, with an alacrity that would shame Abolitionism if it were capable of that emotion. But the Abolitionists—are there really no flaming giants among them?—Chicago Times.

A NEW USE FOR THE BIBLE.—A negro having been brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering, the magistrate began to reprimand: "Do you know how to read? Yes; mass; little." "Well, don't you ever make use of the bible? Yes, strap him round on him sometimes."



GREAT BRITAIN. CAUTION TO YOUNG LADY TRAVELLERS.—One of the cheap excursions returned from London to Bristol on Saturday, and among the passengers in one of the carriages was a young lady, residing in Bristol, and an affable middle-aged woman with a child about six or eight months old in her arms.

It is in the matter of subscriptions that this country has a grand pre-eminence: it is like its mines, inexhaustible. The last form of this may be seen in the Garibaldi Fund—for a purpose utterly useless, and in some measure, even offensive.

Dr. M., an eminent Church of Scotland divine, lately visited the International Exhibition. Shortly after his arrival in the metropolis an Irishman came running to him in the street, crying, "Och, blessings on ye, Dr. M., how are ye?"

SENTIMENTAL YOUTH.—My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?—Practical Girl: How many acres is your lot for life?—Practical Girl: How many acres is your lot for life?

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PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that during the NEXT SESSION of the PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE, application will be made by the SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY of MONTREAL for AN ACT OF INCORPORATION.

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DR. SHERIDAN, OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN, HAS arrived in Montreal and intends devoting his attention to professional duties.

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INFORMATION WANTED: OF WILLIAM DONNOLLY, late of Borissokane, County Tipperary, Ireland, who landed in New York in June last, and is supposed to be now in Canada.

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INFORMATION WANTED: OF ANN FLYNN, daughter of Richard Flynn Carrickmacross, Co. Monaghan, Ireland. When last heard from, five years ago, she was in Waterloo.

W. WILSON AGAN, D. M. A. M. S. P. L. S. S. SOCIETY. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, Physician to St. Patrick's Society, &c. OFFICE: No. 55 WELLINGTON STREET, Near Corner of George Street, MONTREAL.

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

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

P. J. KELLY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, No. 38, Little St. James Street, Montreal, June 12.

ST. LEON SPRINGS MINERAL WATER. THE undersigned begs leave most respectfully to intimate to his friends and the public, that he has established a MINERAL WATER DEPOT at 233 Notre Dame Street, (West opposite Shelton's.)

MRS. WENTWORTH STEVENSON BEGS to inform the Public of Montreal and its vicinity, that, at the request of her patrons and friends, she will open an ACADEMY OF MUSIC, (VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL), On the 1st of SEPTEMBER next, at No. 145 NOTRE DAME STREET,

being the private and commodious apartments on the first floor over PRINCE'S MUSIC STORE. TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS will be devoted to the Vocal Instruction of a CHOIR CLASS, (for Ladies and Chorister Boys only) when the art of SINGING AT FIRST SIGHT will be included in the instructions given.

CONVENT, ESTABLISHED IN HUNTINGDON, C. E., Under the direction of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame

THIS Institution will be opened for Boarders and Classes on the 2nd of September 1862. The course of Instruction will embrace the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, and the use of the globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight into Chemistry and Philosophy, Astronomy, Botany, Geology, Conchology, Music, Drawing and Painting. Every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-work will also be taught to the pupils.

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

THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a pious Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR. TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$70 00; Use of Bed and Bedding, 7 00; Washing, 10 50; Drawing and Painting, 7 00; Music Lessons—Piano, 28 00

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.

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY. Jobs executed by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post.

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

THE undersigned EMIGRATION COMMITTEE of the Society will meet in their New Hall, BONAVENTURE BUILDING, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, from SIX till EIGHT o'clock P.M., to give ADVICE and ASSISTANCE to EMIGRANTS in need, and endeavor to procure employment for those of them who wish to remain among us.

PARTICULARS: Parties, in town or country, who may be in want of Servants, male or female, or who can, in any way, give employment to the Emigrants now arriving on our shores, are earnestly requested to communicate with this Committee.

PATRICK WOODS, BERNARD TANSEY, W P McGUIRE, PATRICK JORDAN, DANIEL LYONS, JOHN MURPHY.

REMEMBER THAT GUILBAULT'S BOTANICAL & ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN HAS BEEN REMOVED TO HIS SPLENDID NEW GROUNDS, Entrance by Upper St. Lawrence Main Street, or St. Urban Street, near the Nunnery.

CANADA HOTEL, 15 & 17 St. Gabriel Street. THE Undersigned informs his Friends and the Public in general that he has made GREAT IMPROVEMENTS in the above-named Hotel.

MR. CUSACK, PROFESSOR OF FRENCH, 71 German Street. FRENCH TAUGHT by the easiest and most rapid methods, on moderate terms, at Pupils' or Professor's residence.

The Montreal Gazette BOOK AND JOB STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, 36 Great St. James Street, SUPPLIES EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING WITH NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH.

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

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

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

CARDS Of all sizes and styles, can be supplied at all prices, from \$1 per thousand to \$1 for each copy.

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

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

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY. Jobs executed by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post.

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

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM-FITTING ESTABLISHMENT. THOMAS M'KENNA WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has REMOVED his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishments, TO THE Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street,

BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS, where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices.

Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.

THE trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms. Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has already fitted up in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction.

TEACHER. WANTED, by a young man, who has lately arrived from Ireland, a situation as TEACHER of an elementary English School; he can teach the higher order of subjects, viz., Algebra, Geometry, Philosophy, &c., with the ordinary course of literature.

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

From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humors.)

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 bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.

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

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

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

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

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

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.

For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.

For Scabies on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such relief that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

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

This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass. For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces. Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—