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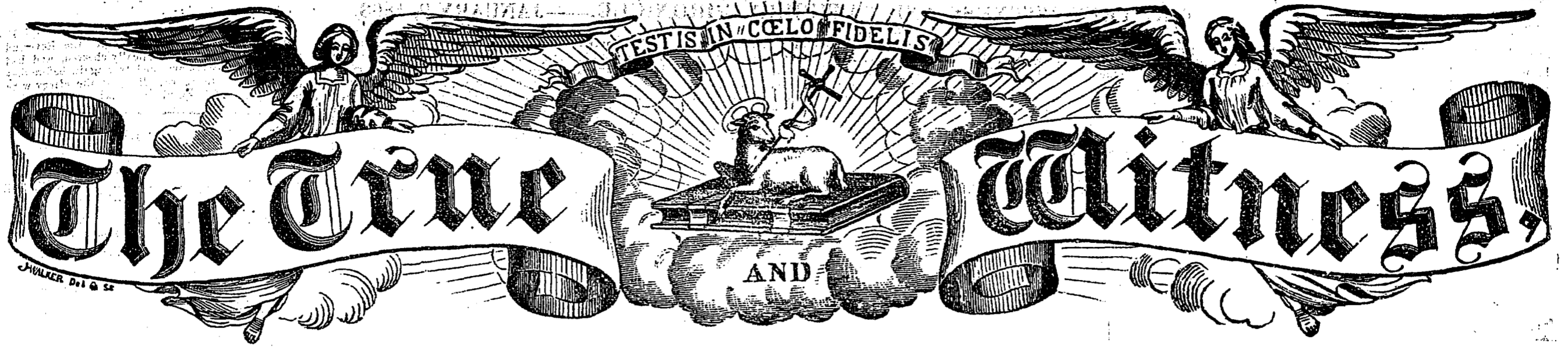
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THE DAUGHTER OF TYRCONNELL. A TALE OF THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.

BY MRS. J. SADLER.

It was evening—the rich, mellow evening of an Autumnal day, and the golden sun had just flung his parting beam on the earth—it was an hour of soft, harmonious repose, when even nature seemed hushed into silence, and when even the human heart, that busy restless thing, might have borrowed tranquillity from the general stillness. Alas! it is not so—small power have the beauties—the hush of earth or sky over the heart of man weighed down by sorrow. So it was that this beautiful eve brought enduring grief to the heart of Mary, for it saw her made an orphan in very deed and truth.

Let us then enter the apartment where Eileen lay in a feverish slumber. The chamber was of lofty height and spacious proportions, yet its furniture was rather comfortable than luxurious, denoting the moderate fortune of its owner. The yellow moon shone into the apartment through the thin silken curtains, and within the room there was no sound save from time to time the low moaning of the sufferer. Besides the bed knelt the tear-stricken child, watching with steadfast eye the rapid changing features where the impress of death was already legible. The conviction of her mother's danger had slowly broken in upon her mind, and the dread reality had stilled the very pulses of her young heart and transfixed her every limb. Not a tinge of color gave light to the cheek—her lips were almost as pale and closely compressed—her eyes were fixed and rayless as they rested on the face of her mother, and her long, dark hair escaping from under a small round cap, hung down in careless profusion over her shoulders. Yet how very beautiful she was, as she knelt with clasped hands and bowed head beside her mother's pillow. She might well have passed for a sorrowing angel, had not the agonized expression of her whole features betrayed the human heart within.

A small silver night lamp shed its flickering light through the room, and in the fireplace at one end burned a log or two of wood, laid longitudinally over a brace of brazen dogs on the hearth.

Once an elderly female protruded her head within the apartment, but quickly withdrew in obedience to a gesture of the youthful watcher. Just then the sleeper awoke with a sudden start, and turning her languid eyes upon her daughter, a sweet smile stole over her wan but still lovely features.

'My child,' she fondly murmured, 'how early do you enter upon the apprenticeship of sorrow. Yours is a weary task, and a sad one, my sweet daughter, and oh, how unmeet for the sunny time of youth! Have I been long delirious, Mary?'

'Three days, mother, three long days, and I thought you would never have known me again—oh, mother, my own dear, dear mother, how wretched I have been!—alone, all alone—for you could not speak to me with your own sweet voice of love, nor look at me as though you knew me, and then I was indeed alone. Oh, how glad—how very glad I am that you are again my own tender mother.'

'Alas! my daughter,' said her mother in a faint voice, 'you have but small cause for gladness. For your sake I would fain live, were it God's will, but I know that the grasp of death is upon me. Now, then, is the time to exert your fortitude. Arm yourself, my child, with the strong arms of faith and resignation, for your trial is even now at hand. The loneliness of the last few days was but the type of that greater loneliness which awaits you—the years of your life shall be henceforward unguided by parental care or affection. But weep not, sweetest, for that God who thus bereaves you will Himself be your guide and your protector. I would remind you, too, that you have yet a brother who may one day afford you safe and secure protection.—Brought up, as I trust he has been, at the court of some Catholic prince, he will, we may reasonably hope, have learned to fulfill his duties as a Christian.—Here she was interrupted by her daughter who could no longer be silent.

'Oh mother—mother! talk not to me of a time when I shall not have you to love me!—who—who—on all this wide earth will supply your place?—none—none—I neither ask nor hope for comfort when you go hence—my only prayer shall then be that I may soon rejoin you. Oh! that I might go with you from this miserable world!'

'Child,' said her mother with solemn earnestness, 'the wish is as sinful as it is vain—reflect for a moment on the life-long suffering of Our Divine Model and your own conscience will condemn you. Had He—the sinless—the Holy One, a life of ease? Was He surrounded by tender friends? For shame, Mary! you profess to be a disciple of the 'man of sorrows' and yet resist the will of God when for the first time

He afflicts you. No—no—I see the cloud has passed away and my daughter is herself again.—For you, my child, a firm and unwavering faith is doubly necessary—were your life to glide away, as it has hitherto done in this quiet valley, shut in from the seducing glitter of the world, then would your heavenly path be one of comparative ease and safety—as it is, your lot is cast in the Protestant court of Britain—your self-constituted guardian is the weak, unprincipled King of England—the heretic son of a pious Catholic mother. A strange fate is yours, my Mary, to be adopted as a child by him who pursued your father to destruction—the declared enemy of your race—the unrelenting persecutor of your faith. But that faith, my child, she resumed, after a pause, which her extreme weakness rendered necessary,—that faith—the sole inheritance which I have to leave you—that sublime—that time-borrowed faith, for which your father endured all—lost all—that faith which has for so many ages formed the brightest crown of your princely ancestors—that faith which I, in anticipation of the coming trials, have endeavored to form and foster within your soul, that faith will be assailed, I well know, by all the arts of seduction. Flattery—threats—abusements of every kind—all these you will have to encounter—but all these you must strongly resist, under pain of eternal ruin, remembering always that it will avail you nothing to gain the whole world and lose your own soul. You will be called by the royal name of Mary Stuart, for so the king had ordained at your birth—imitate well the lively and persevering faith of the martyred princess who last bore that name, but avoid the weakness which proved so fatal to her. Remember, above all, that by whatever name you are known in the world, you are still the daughter of Roderick O'Donnell—and be your chief pride that of repelling the odious advances of heresy. You will one day, I trust, meet your brother, the young Earl of Tyrconnell—should that happy moment arrive give him my last, best blessing, and tell him to love and cherish his orphan sister for the sake of the mother whom he has never known. And now, my child, I would see Father Kinsheila!—She sank back exhausted on her pillow, and Mary hastened to seek the priest.

During the delirium of the countess Father Kinsheila had rarely quitted the house, anxiously awaiting a lucid interval in order to administer the last sacred rites. Mary withdrew to the ante-room while her mother proved herself by confession preparatory to receiving the Blessed Sacrament. But few minutes had passed however, when the little household was summoned to the chamber of death where the Viaticum was about to be administered. This last and greatest duty performed, the windows were thrown open at the request of the dying lady, that the cool night breeze might once more fan her burning brow. The moon was sailing in cloudless splendor athwart the deep azure firmament—not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness of the early night—and within the chamber all was calm as the world without. The assistants were bowed in fervent, though silent prayer—the countess herself lay motionless, hovering, as it were, between life and death—no sound was heard to escape her lips, yet they moved as though essaying to articulate the prayer which arose from her heart. At one side knelt the aged priest, his long grey hair falling back from off his high bald forehead—his eyes immovably fixed on the face of the dying, the others answering with heartfelt devotion. The priest had well nigh reached the end—he had raised before the eyes of the countess a small ebony crucifix which had been lying on her bosom.—A serene smile shone for a moment on her face as her glazed and heavy eye rested on the consoling symbol. Another moment and Father Kinsheila gently replaced it on her bosom—the eye which had so lately looked upon it with love and hope was even now closed in death, and the soul had taken wing to the judgment seat. Instantly the prayers for the dying were changed for those for the dead, and until they were concluded not one sound of mourning was heard, so perfectly did Mary succeed in obeying the injunctions of her mother.

When the prayers were at length ended she buried her face in the coverlet and wept aloud; the good priest making a sign to the servants that she must not be disturbed. When nature had somewhat exhausted herself, in this unrestrained burst of grief, the young orphan raised her head and gazed around with a bewildered air as though she half forgot the cause of sorrow—one glance, however, at the face of her mother—the dead, motionless face—recalled the whole sad truth, and she was again breaking forth into loud lamentation when the priest took her tenderly by the hand, and led her from the room. Having spent some time endeavoring to calm her mind, he left her to the care of her mother's faithful attendant, and returned to the death chamber. He it was that closed the eyes

and lips of the countess, and doing so he could not but notice the benign smile that rested on the faded features.

'Yes! woman of the sorrowful heart,' he slowly ejaculated, 'your woes are, I trust, even now ended—that placid smile assures me that your first glance through the opening portals of eternity imparted celestial joy to your soul.—Sure am I, oh patient and long-suffering soul! that the ears of your body were scarce closed when you were greeted from above as the good and faithful servant who had well done the will of her heavenly Master. Sleep, daughter, be your rest a happy one!'

In compliance with the last instructions of the countess, Father Kinsheila had written to the Countess of Kildare, who chiefly resided at the English court, acquainting her with the late melancholy event, and requesting to know her wishes with regard to her orphan grandchild.—While awaiting her reply he assiduously applied himself to the better preparation of his young pupil for the serious trials she was, in all probability, so soon to undergo. Under his pious direction she made a solemn protestation that, as far as in her lay, she would be assiduous and persevering in the service of God, according to the rules prescribed by His holy Church, and that the great business of her life should be the salvation of her own soul. Could the venerable guardian have looked even a few years into the future, assuredly his heart would have been rejoiced by the noble and exact fulfilment of that promise. As it was, he could only leave the issue to God.

PART II.

'And this is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith.'—1. John v. 4.

It was fortunate for Mary that, on her arrival in London, she found her dreaded relative the occupant of a sick bed. Worn down by a tedious illness, but little of her natural sternness remained, and the haughtiness of manner, for which she had all her life been remarkable, was chastened by long suffering into something like mildness. Alone, too, in the solitary grandeur of her stately dwelling, she had lain, day after day, on her bed of pain, receiving from the hands of hired menials those services which, but for herself, as she sadly felt, might have been rendered by a tender and loving child. While surrounded by the gaieties of the court she had seldom thought of her daughter, or thought of her but as of one who had blighted her dearest and most cherished schemes of ambition. She then missed her not. Her strong, and active, and self-relying mind found sufficient employment in the various and complicated political intrigues of the court, nor thought that a day might come when all these would lose their value, and when that heart, now so hard and proud, would pine for the soft voice, and the soothing attentions of one now so little cared for. Now, that time had come. The strong mind was shaken and bent—the stern will had become more pliant, and the heart more susceptible of pity and regret. Even bigotry last for the time much of its harshness, and the lonely old woman yearned for the presence of her only child—nay, she felt as though, to purchase the comfort of her affectionate care, she could almost forgive her being a Catholic.—Such was her frame of mind when the news of her daughter's death arrived, and then came remorse—bitter, enduring remorse, 'empoisoning with its deadly venom the tenderness of a mother's sorrow, until, in the keen anguish of her mental sufferings, she felt that death itself would be a priceless boon—yes, even that death which she had so dreaded. During her illness she had often taken pleasure in imagining the exquisite joy with which her daughter would receive her pardon, and be again restored to the long-estranged heart of her mother. Many a time had that repentant mother thought of the long, long years of mourning and bereavement which had darkened the young life of her own, her only child—she recalled with bitterness of heart the callous indifference, the cold neglect with which she had treated her—thus adding gall and wormwood to her already so bitter cup. Yet such moments as these were no utterly void of consolation, for their deepest gloom had been cheered by the hope of making ample compensation for the wrongs of the past. But now—now—all these airy visions were at once dissipated, and the fabric of hope crushed as by a thunderbolt. She had no longer a daughter, and the debt of 'late repentant love' could never be paid.

Truly might the countess, in the anguish of her heart, exclaim in the beautiful and touching language placed by Felicia Hemans in the mouth of Cœur de Lion, when addressing the lifeless body of his ill-used father:—
'Oh father! is it vain—this late remorse and deep? Speak to me, father, once again—I weep, behold I weep! Alas! my guilty pride and ire, were but this work undone, I would give England's crown, my sire, to hear thee bless thy son!'

Even so would the remorseful mother have willingly bartered the earldom of rich Kildare, for 'even one moment of the past' that would have enabled her to pronounce her child's forgiveness, and thereby soothe her departing hours. But hope and wish were alike vain—the dread portals of eternity had fallen on her daughter and remorse was all that remained for her. In the overwhelming shock of the announcement with which Father Kinsheila had opened his letter, Lady Kildare had entirely overlooked the paragraph relating to her granddaughter; when, on referring again to the fatal letter, she discovered that her protection was claimed for the orphan child of her lost Eileen, a tide of sudden joy rushed in upon her soul.

'Now, Heaven be praised!' she cried aloud, 'I have still some one to love and care for.—The Lord Most High, yea, even the God who hath special care over His elect, hath surely catered for the loneliness of mine old age. What is there, Ramsay, or whosoever may be waiting, send hither anon Master Jenkins and Mistress Mallet. Lo! this is, indeed, glad tidings.'

The persons summoned were not slow in appearing. They were a grave pair of reverend and staid demeanor, besetting their respective avocations, the gentleman being the usher of the household, and the lady, the favorite gentlewoman of the countess. These sedate personages were charged with the honorable office of conducting the young Princess of Tyrconnell to the abode of her noble relative, receiving her ladyship's particular injunction to use all possible dispatch in the fulfilment of their mission.

Such being, then, her grandmother's dispositions as regarded her, it is needless to say that Mary's reception was at once consoling to her affectionate heart, and gratifying to her childish pride. Immediately on her arrival she was introduced to the presence of the countess, by whom she was welcomed with every mark of even tender affection. Raising herself on her pillow, Lady Kildare ordered the curtains of a window near her bed to be drawn back that she might see more clearly the face of her newly-found grandchild. A momentary survey was enough, for Mary's natural loveliness was rendered yet more touching by the sombre dress she wore, and by the wondrous sadness impressed on every feature.

'Come to mine arms, fair child of mine own Eileen,' cried the countess, in a voice tremulous and broken, 'come, for those eyes, those soft azure eyes, looking out through their long silken fringe, give you yet another claim on mine affection. Such, alas! were once those now closed in the sleep of death. Come hither, child, why dost thou shrink back?'

Seeing that the little girl still hesitated, and stood gazing on her with a look half-doubt, half-fear, she added:

'Why so timorous, little one—art afraid of me? This was said a little peevishly, and served, therefore, but to increase Mary's reserve.

'I am not afraid, madam—' she began.
'Call me grandmother, girl! and thou wilt. Knowest thou not who I am?' broke in the countess querulously.

'Yes, grandmother, I know—I know very well—and I am not afraid of you—that is, I mean I would wish to love you if you will only permit me, because you are—' she suddenly stopped, and cast down her eyes.

'Go on, child—because I am what?—speak out, and dismiss these silly fears!'

'Because you are the mother of my dear dead mother, and you loved her very much once—a long time ago—so she often told me. I am only afraid, then, that you would be angry with me because I am her child, and because you hated her so much.'

These childish words were uttered in a tone of artless deprecation (without one tincture of reproach) that went straight to the heart of the listener, and made her tears flow abundantly.—Mary looked up, and the unexpected sight of her grandmother—her proud, cold grandmother—in tears, instantly thawed away the ice of distrust from around her naturally warm heart, so that when the countess again, but silently, extended her arms, she no longer hesitated, but threw herself into her grandmother's embrace, and they mingled their tears together. From that moment, Mary became the dearest thing on earth to the long-aching heart of Lady Kildare, and it would have been no easy task to make her believe that passion or prejudice could again steel that softened heart, or rend asunder the endearing bond of affection thus gladly, even joyously formed.

Mary was, next day, self-installed as her grandmother's chief nurse. The experience so dearly purchased by the death-bed of her own beloved mother was now made available, and her arduous task performed with an attention that never flagged, and a judicious care worthy of more advanced years. True she had much to try the patience of one so young, instead of the

unvarying meekness with which her mother had borne her sufferings, she had here to encounter a natural ascerbity of temper, heightened by sickness, and the querulousness common to old age. Yet all this did Mary endure with a firmness and self-control very unusual to her age, and none might behold on her placid features even a shade of discontent. If she wept or mourned it was when alone with God and her own heart in the solitude of her chamber.

Lady Kildare was however far from being blind either to her own captiousness and irascibility, or to the contrasting sweetness and patience of her young relative, and one day she suddenly asked her how, at so tender an age, she could command so high a degree of patience and resignation.

'Why, grandmother,' replied Mary in a tone of surprise as though wondering how any one could possibly be ignorant on such a subject,— 'why, grandmother, the reason is plain enough. If, at any time, I feel inclined to murmur, I do but recall to mind the sufferings which Our Lord endured for us, and I ask myself how I can complain for a matter so trifling. And then I pray to His blessed Mother that she may obtain of Him for me an humble and patient spirit, and she always hears my prayer, for she is my mother also, and loves me very much.'

The countess said no more, but a frown gathered on her brow, and she said within herself: 'So, so, this must be seen to. Truly I had forgotten that this sweet child had been brought up and nurtured in the superstitions of Popery.—She prays to the Virgin Mary—how my soul loathes these idolatrous practices—I will even leave her alone till my health hath been restored and then I will, in God's name, endeavor to reclaim this soul from the ways of error and corruption. Methinks, notwithstanding, it were well to try milder measures first. Assuredly, we must have her a good orthodox Protestant before presenting her to the king's highness. Marry, but she shall be drawn from the dominion of Satan!'

During this pious soliloquy of the countess Mary went quietly on with some little office appertaining to the sick room, never dreaming that her last words had been in any degree reprehensible. Still less could she have suspected that they had become the foundation of a system of trial and persecution that was to embitter years and years of her future life.

It was sufficiently evident that Lady Kildare derived mental consolation as well as bodily comfort from Mary's gentle presence. The tedious hours of convalescence were beguiled by her fond reminiscences of her departed mother, and though these touching recitals were productive of pain to the silent listener yet did their repetition produce a contrary effect, and become at length a source of great though melancholy pleasure. Mary had scarcely been a month in attendance on her grandmother when the old lady was so far restored to her usual health as to decide on appearing again at court.

'Not,' said she to Mary, 'that I have any longing after the fleshpots of Egypt—the vain amusements of the court have, I trust, but little charm for me, for now that I have been face to face with death, my mind hath undergone a serious change. For your sake, nevertheless, I must go. The king hath doubtless forgotten his promises in your behalf, and it becomes my duty to jog his memory thereupon.

In vain would Mary, in her childish dread of majesty, have persuaded her grandmother to let the matter rest as it was. 'Hush, thee, child hush thee!' exclaimed the countess, 'you understand not this thing, but I do, and, therefore, you go to court with me to day.'

She then gave particular orders to her trev-women concerning Mary's costume, and, having ascertained that all was as it should be, she set out in her heavy state-carriage, accompanied by her granddaughter.

Arrived at the palace, the countess sent her page to inquire whether it were possible to obtain an audience of the king. A groom of the chambers came in person to the door of the carriage to inform her ladyship that his majesty was just then engaged with the Spanish Ambassador, but that, as the interview had been already of considerable length, it would probably soon terminate. Hearing this Lady Kildare determined to wait, and was conducted with her young companion to an apartment adjoining that where the king then was.

The countess made use of the intervening time to give Mary a few hints touching her replies to the king's inquiries, and on those points of court etiquette, bearing on the approaching interview. Mary listened in respectful silence, but her heart trembled with a vague feeling of awe amounting almost to terror. She was about making some allusion to her unconquerable fears, when the door was thrown open, and James entered alone. Nearly thirteen years had passed since we last saw him, and those years had not failed to leave their trace on the inert features

of the first Stuart. Though no whit wiser than he was then, yet James was no longer the boon companion of Buckingham—that gay favorite had passed away, and his lively presence was forgotten in the increasing gloom of advancing age. The dull gray eye of the king was considerably more sunken, and the numerous lines intersecting his face had deepened into wrinkles. His short thick hair, too, was grizzled to a grayish hue, but in other respects his person was little changed. True, the green velvet jacket of other days so admirably becoming, had given place to a snuff-colored garment which hung loosely around the bulky form of the wearer; it might be, too, that his step was even heavier and more uncertain than before, yet James was at heart the same—vain, and pedantic, and mean, and hypocritical as he had ever been.

He had evidently not been apprised of Lady Kildare's visit, for he was passing on to an opposite door, when, on seeing her he stopt short. "Why, God be mercy, my Lady Kildare!" he abruptly exclaimed, "do we behold thy veritable self, or merely a ghostly apparition? Assuredly we did hear it opined that our poor court was never again to be graced by the presence of Kildare's noble countess. Death of man! my lady, but we are overjoyed to see you here again, were it but to falsify these rash predictions."

(To be continued.)

DR. CAHILL'S FAREWELL LECTURE.

(From the Montreal Gazette.)

As announced, the Rev. Dr. Cahill, at the request of the St. Patrick's congregation, delivered a farewell lecture in the Bonaventure Hall Tuesday evening, 30th ult. He was greeted with loud and repeated cheers, on making his appearance, by a crowded and highly influential audience, and, without any preface, proceeded to speak as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am highly complimented by this repeated mark of your kindness; and an acquaintance with your cheers since the first week of last October has enabled me to set the highest value on the friendship of your city. At the close of my Religious Lecture at St. Patrick's, I believe it to be appropriate to present to you a view of the nature and condition of Religion amongst mankind, and to mark the destiny, if I may so speak, of true faith upon earth.

I am surrounded by so many old friends, as such I may call them, I am thus reminded that this is my farewell lecture, in which we can bid each other a mutual adieu till our next happy meeting. I am sure I have delivered a lecture in Ireland on nearly the same subject; but, like old wine, perhaps it is improved by age and the agitation of my sea-voyage across the Atlantic. My subject is a large one, and must be presented in the strict order of time and circumstances.

In order to understand the case of Religion, it is necessary to go back far into the past history of nations, and study its laws through the past records of the race of men. There is a Magna-Charta published from Heaven by the Supreme Ruler of the world, which is not written on parchment nor published from the judicial seat of earthly majesty, but an imperial law, which may be read in mouldering tombs, crumbled thrones, ruins of cities, withered dynasties, forgotten tongues, and which is promulgated in the silent but eloquent voice of passing generations and the ruling majesty of time. This is the legislation of religion. From its nature it imposes a legal restraint on the passions of men. Natural feelings since the fall of Adam, are opposed to the laws of grace, and are even at variance with the clearest maxims of reason. Humanly speaking, then, religion becomes a difficult profession, since the natural bent must be first overcome, and the strongest emotions of nature resisted and changed in their direction. From this admitted description it is evident that the professors of religion must be men who will adopt the will of God in opposition to nature, and who will be prepared to mortify, to silence, and to pluck out from the heart, any rebellious tendencies, refusing submission to spiritual law. On general principles, therefore, one might expect that individuals, moving in the humble walks of life, subject to trial, accustomed to obedience, and content with many wants, would be the most likely persons chosen by Heaven to take a lead in a position which enforces an entire submission of will and a total subjugation of natural inclinations. Accordingly, we read in the oldest book in the world, that seven such men were selected from the fall of Adam down to the time of Moses; and that these seven patriarchs (as such they are called) have been placed on Earth at stated intervals along the path of time; that, like the revolving stars of the firmament at night they shone over the succeeding races of men in brilliant succession; that when one of these luminaries descended in circling years, and set in the western horizon of time, another luminary appeared in the east of life and rose in the skies, the burning beacon to direct succeeding generations; and thus we have a record, published in the lives of seven men, and spread over twenty-five centuries, demonstrating that humility not pride, obedience not opposition, endurance not gratification, simplicity of life and station, not elevation of rank, not power of position are the main primary elements which the Lord of the Universe, the Almighty Maker of men, selects for the regeneration of his fallen children, and for the restoration of the soul to its glorious and eternal destiny. And when the patriarchs had died, and a new discipline was introduced by the law and the prophets, we see nation after nation rise against the chosen race of Israel. This was a race taken from the humblest rank of despised shepherds, from the persecuted bondsmen of Egypt, and led by the all ruling Providence through fifteen hundred years of trials, victories, worldly happiness, disasters, freedom, slavery, but still unbroken in kindred, country, and faith, in the midst of scenes of historic vicissitude, which were unknown in any other nation, or age, or people. The wisdom of their Solomon, the piety of their David, had no parallel in the world; while the treasures of their kingdom, and the religion of their temple, surpassed the destiny of the rest of mankind. Yet again the treachery of their leaders, the ingratitude of the people, the apostasy of whole tribes, and the crimes of the entire nation were such as to rise Heaven in vengeance: so that between the killing of the prophets, the idolatry of the wicked, the combination of hostile peoples, ending in the captivity of their race, there is presented to the reader such a varied, yet unperishable destiny, that no one can read the whole record without being convinced that it is a deep lesson of instruction carved by Almighty wisdom on fifteen generations of men, in order to show that the chosen people of Heaven are in this world born in trial, nursed in affliction, matured in persecution, and finishing in their declining years in shedding their blood or in lingering captivity. And when he himself came, in the fullness of ages, to teach the last lesson to men, he selected the deserted cave as the royal couch of his nativity; was rocked in the ox's crib as the couch of the young King of Judea; he took the coarse garments; coat, as the royal robe of the Son of David; he clothed the heights of Heaven with the raiment of this world; and in the God-like triumph which he won upon Calvary, he wears the crown of thorns as the mark of his royalty, and as the imperial sign, to be carried for ever through this world by his faithful and lion-hearted followers. And while the law has published with a loud voice from the crimson throne of Calvary has been, and is, and ever shall be, imperishable as the tongue that proclaimed it, yet

we behold men and nations rising and sinking, we see kingdoms and tongues withering and advancing, and, like the furrowed realms of the deep, swelling and depressing.

We are obliged to form new maps of the Christian world, in order to mark the decline or recovery of this law, as it is conveyed through revolving centuries. When we examine the first sacred spot of the Earth on which the footprints of the Messiah were made, we are astounded to learn that in place of walking here over the flowers of Paradise, we are started to meet the emblems of infidelity; and instead of joining the worshippers of a crucified Saviour, we behold throughout all Judea the exact copies of the men who mocked him in the hall of Pilate, flogged him at the pillar, and plunged the spear in his side at the hill of Calvary. The seven churches of Asia Minor are only remembered as facts of past history; Bethlehem is like a small rock above the surface of an ocean of Mahomedanism; Thabor is an elevated mound venerated by the Christian pilgrim in the midst of a desert of infidelity; and the hill of Calvary, which eighteen hundred years ago beheld the mouldering dead of past ages rise from the tomb, which saw the Temple rent, which heard the rocks split, which felt the Earth reel, which saw Hell melt and Heaven weep, and which was covered with darkness for three hours, as God the Father covered his face while the Saviour died—even that hill, which should burn like a sun for ever on Earth, is shadowed round by the darkness of Mahomedanism, and the mystic remembrance of Calvary only tolerated in the sight of the Heaven which he propitiated, the kingdom he gained, the victories he won, and the nations and the ages he redeemed. And when we travel in the ships which carried the epistles of St. Paul to Corinth, to Thessalonica, to Philippi, and when we stray through the streets of Ephesus, we are astonished to discover few traces of the cross which Paul preached, and to hear the little children pray in a strange worship, and be ignorant of the message which ten thousand times one hundred thousand angels published, on outstretched wings, over Bethlehem, when at twelve o'clock at night they rent the blue vault of the imperial skies, with one loud acclaiming voice, that he had come. The antiquary in religion, as well as the scholars in history, are equally astounded in passing through the streets of Athens, to learn that the venerable faith of the Apostles, as well as the spotless genius of an ancient liberty, have both disappeared from this land of patriotism and gospel inspiration. Thermopylae is a rude cleft in a hill-pass, and speaks not one word of the three hundred brave who poured out their honoured blood in defence of their country. Marathon is a barren field, and dare not bear witness, under its new masters, to the free born bravery of the heroes that raised the Grecian shields, like a wall of polished steel, before the enemy, and who crimsoned that eternal field with the blood of the invincible Greek, born and bred to conquer or die in defence of the liberties of his country. The public games of the ancient Macedonians are forgotten, the consecrated rivers deserted, the groves abandoned, and public cry for popular liberty unheard: the breathing stone, the speaking canvass, are not seen in the soil, the cradle, the palace of the arts; while the soul of Homer and the tongue of Demosthenes seem to have fled from a territory where eloquence was enchained, where liberty had no home, and where true religion could not find one consecrated spot on which to raise the cross of Christ. Even the ancient Byzantium, the modern Constantinople, what a lesson does she teach, as the burnished crescent rises into the clear blue sky which once saw the cross of Chrysostome lifted so high as to be observed from the Christian turrets of the second Carthage! From Asia, a hurricane has torn its disastrous course across the famed straits of Leandre and swept in its devastating passage a great portion of Southern Europe and all Northern Africa: and church where the Scriptures were stamped with integral sanctity at Carthage, and the city where the cradle of St. Augustine was preserved, have withered and disappeared before the crumbling rage of the infidel tempest which overturned Christianity after the fall of the Roman Empire, and which substituted the elder-born countries of the Gospel, the profligate imposture of the Mahomedan Koran. And when we approach our own shores, and descending along the rapid current of time, draw near the age we live, we behold a new lesson in Christianity set in several countries which surround us. In these kingdoms of Barbary or Asia Minor; but fatal changes have been made, and novelties introduced which have rent his seamless garment into a thousand pieces, and which present the one language and the one Gospel of the Apostles as the contradictory jargon of Babel and the opposition rancour of Pandemonium. We see Switzerland, the old country of the famed Helvetians, once a bright gem in the crown of Peter, take the field in steelled armour against the head of the Church, while the followers of Zuinglius, with their leader at their head, died by the side of their apostate captain, fighting against God and the Church. All Germany, that once led the front rank of the army of God against the crescent, has been split up into a thousand fragments of faith; they have by an ingenuity of material philosophy; set up the slender taper of reason against the meridian luminary of faith; and in renegeance for this human folly, Heaven has permitted them to stray from the old brilliant path of their fathers, and a creed worse than pagan polytheism, an absurd faith more degrading than Egyptian idolatry, has blighted the entire German mind, and has precipitated this federal nation into a sensual infidelity and a logic nothingness. I may class into one people the three territories of Sweden, Norway, and Holland, where our Irish saints once preached the Gospel of Saint Patrick, where they founded churches, dedicated them to St. Martin and St. Bridget, and planted the seed in the good soil, which for many a year produced the rich crop of one hundred fold. But the advance of time, and the progress of human licentious opinion, have robbed these nations of the old inheritance; and at present the blackest form of fatal Arianism has discoloured the intellect and steeled the hearts of these once faithful children of the Church, and covered the north of Europe with a cloud of error, which, like a swarm of locusts, has spread wide infection, and devoured the entire living crop of gospel perfection. Alas there is one country still on the map of Europe, which has sunk beneath the shock of the infidelity of the sixteenth century; and that country is—commercial, scientific, invincible England. I need say but little on this painful part of my subject: the ruined abbey, the crumbled churches, the despoiled colleges, the forfeited lands, and the uprooted asylums for the widow and the orphan,—all forcibly, though silently, proclaim what your fathers once were; while the new communion tables, the gilded parliamentary steeples, the strange ministers, and the novel liturgy of the present incumbent, demonstrate that a new rubric, a false altar, strange prayers, a wholesale plunder of the poor, have been substituted for the ancient unity and the faith of Augustine. I have thus, ladies and gentlemen, given a rapid sketch of the ruffled surface of Christian society since the great epoch of Christianity. Many a bitter and painful reflection is presented to the ecclesiastical historian as he glances from age to age, from country to country, along the mysterious path of time; and the deepest carved lesson which is read in this imperishable record, is, the wondrous Providence which reconverts and restores fallen peoples—upon which still this maintains the old inheritance without spot or blemish, and in the midst of change is not even reduced in its universal dimensions; like the boundless empire of the ocean, it is in one place lashed into fury by the unchained hurricane, and rises into accumulated anger as it struggles to the very skies with the Sovereign tempest; in other places, whole kingdoms of its waters sleep in placid silence, not even lifting a murmuring ripple on its glassy bosom to disturb the whispering zephyr and the glancing sunbeams that play in sportive

union on its liquid breast. But whether it be agitated by storm or reposing in calm, its dimensions are the same; it has been dug into the earth by the Master-Architect of nature, to last for ever; and it shall bid defiance till the end of creation to the changes of time, the revolutions of empires, and the combined terrors of nature. In the midst of these changing scenes of the great Christian belief, we are arrested in our historic observations by the mysterious fact, that our territory, placed in the very heart of the earth, professes the old creed in its entirety which was first promulgated from the Mount Rome which was once the mistress of the world in political power, is now the seat of the boundless empire of Catholicity; the crown of Tiberius had been changed into the tiara, and the successor of the Fisherman sits on the throne of Caesar. Three hundred thousand martyrs are buried at the Colosseum; fifteen millions of martyred hearts lie round the walls of the sacred city; the soil on which Nero ruled, and Caligula sported with human life, is crimsoned deep and wide with the blood of the early saints; and a mighty army of these spirits keep the watch day and night before the gates of this holy city, to guard the bones of the accumulated slain, to protect the altar of St. Peter, to garrison, the central towers of the Church, and to send reinforcements and aid to the distant provinces of Christianity, and to strike to the ground the enemies of God. All nations have put on changes round about this inimitable city; but Rome never! Babylon is a deserted marsh; Nineveh a heap of rubbish; Palmyra presents some shattered columns; Carthage, a small green mound to mark the grave of the departed cities. There has a few broken sphinxes, Memphis some ruined arches to tell the Egyptian greatness of times past. All nations round about St. Peter's chair have grown old, and withered, and died, and their very tombs are scarcely discernible; while Rome flourishes in eternal youth, her armies vigorous, her weapons polished, her strategy invincible, her resources abundant; while the monarch who rules, and the throne on which he sits, are protected by an irresistible law, sovereign as the imperial flow of the tides, and resistless as the revolution of the earth. The present Pope is therefore a link in the long chain of trial and persecution which have ever been the lot of the children of true religion. It is so since the beginning of the world, and it will be the same to the end. It is a peculiar arrangement. It is the conflict between virtue and vice, between faith and infidelity, and in this great battle, the wicked in the end are worsted and lost, while the good win the hard victory and are saved. This has ever been the case from Babylon to Calvary, from Judas to Gavour.

The Pope holds the citadel of the Catholic Church—he has been appointed to the place of supreme command, and in every age, vice, the world and the devil have assailed him. He has more than once fled from the enemy, sought refuge for a while in distant places of security; but he has always carried the keys of Peter in his possession. These were never captured. Nor has the Pastoral staff been ever wrenched from his Shepherd hand. He follows in the immediate footsteps of his Master. Of course his path must be along the rugged walks of life, and the diadem which he wears in hereditary majesty must be the Crown of thorns, bequeathed to him from the hall of Pilate. "The son of man hath not whereon to lay his head" is a truth imperishable, as the sorrowing tongue that uttered it, and hence a Pope amidst the joys and friendships of the world is a Christian impossibility. The bitter draft from the cup of his master must be ever his ancestral privilege of persecution; his lips can never taste the drop of honey of worldly society. His life must be spent in the garden of olives; this is the sacred spot where his tears and prayers must be ever poured out in living sorrows. His life, must, as near as can be, be a rehearsal of the whole life of his master. What a mistake it is to represent, the idea of a happy Pope! that he is the cross bound in a wreath of roses! Peter loved by the world is as much an incongruity, an absurdity, as to see Christ, on the Jewish Bench washing Pilate's hands, to clear him from the charge of hypocrisy and Deicide: the same as the Saviour making a compact with Barrabas for protection from the Jewish mob or begging relief from the Executioners who plunged the spear in his side. No! Pius the Ninth knows his place well. On a late occasion when a foreign Ambassador urged on Pius the necessity or the expediency of accepting an annual pension and ending his troubles: the Pope replied, "What! ending my troubles! When can my troubles end? how little those persons, who utter these sentiments know what is a Pope!" Most just remark of the successor of Peter, appointed to share the royalty of the ox's crib, the world's deceit, the martyr's crown. Old Europe would seem to be go blind; and Kings seem to forget the charter of their royalty. As Old Napoleon once said, "Something like a Universal Republic seems to be the end of monarchical tyranny, intrigue and deceit." Crowns are now-a-days going a begging, looking for heads to wear them. And between iron-clad fleets, rifled cannon, patent gunpowder, million armies and universal beggary, it is surprising mankind can endure much longer these Royal whims, cruelty, taxes and deceit.

If Princes rob and expel the oldest King in Europe, what crown can present a legal claim against the plunderer or the assassin. If rapine, violence, sacrilege and expulsion, are now legitimate results of legal Constitutions, what defence can be made by the old Kings against the popular usurpation of all existing dynasties? If the crown of Tiberius, worn by the Fisherman, is to be sold at auction, in the forum, and if a tall chandler from Capra must sit in the Capitol, and if a Cataline be named to rule in the Senate House, the sooner all Kings save their fortunes and their necks from banded extermination the better for old royalty.

There can be no doubt Napoleon III., has gone too far; he has built too high—a little higher and his castle must fall. In order to make friends for his little son, he has made enemies of all Catholic Europe—priests, armies and peoples. In order to add to Sardinia the two crowns of Naples and Rome, he will perhaps never see his one only child reign in the palace of the Louis; and the monarch robber of old Savoy may soon be trampled out by modern license under the burning revenge and sworn hosts of Austria.

I firmly believe that the modern attack on the Pope by kingly rebels, with all their concomitant circumstances, have done more to revolutionize Europe, to banish kings from their ancient rights and thrones, and to deluge nations with infidelity, than all the past conspiracies that subjects and peoples have ever devised or executed against European monarchy. When kings become the models of hypocrisy and plunder, subjects can and will infallibly follow their example. The death of any legitimate crowned head in Europe would perhaps cause a small excitement in his own family or in the neighboring nations; but the death of Napoleon the Third, or of his little son, would break the spell of the Bonapartes in one hour, and restore France and the South of Europe to the *status quo* under Louis Philippe, and the protection of Austria. The peace of Europe thus hangs on a single contingency. An ordinary occurrence, and one which must soon happen, namely, the death of the father or the son, must reduce Sardinia within its former limits, and raise Austria to her ancient pre-eminence. An oak tree cannot grow to perfection in one year, and a new empire cannot assume permanent consolidation within the age of a Revolution carried on in plunder, banishment and sacrilege. This violence might succeed for a longer time, if the army, the Church, the people, and legitimate aspirants were silent or indifferent; but with active watchful descendants of the old dynasty, with a good Catholic clergy, with a learned, zealous hierarchy, with a clergy smarting under wrong, burning with something like revenge, and with an army faithfully professing the creed of St. Louis and Bossuet, the expulsion of Sardinia from the gates of Rome is only a matter of a narrow space of time. The present darkness in the skies

over Mount-Aventine, beginning to brighten, it is passing away like the cloud of the morning; and the angels came to minister to Christ; after he conquered the temptation of the devil, Pius will soon receive the homage of all the virtuous peoples of Europe, while from the old Capitol of his own St. Peter's he will again lift his triumphant staff over the old faithful million flock, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. Napoleon has made a bad move, if he throws the present game out of hands. His only hope was the Catholic people and the Catholic army. An association with England, the old enemy of France, and his identity of policy with the friends of Voltaire and Cavour, is the same as to appoint Blucher as his Commander-in-Chief over his invincible Zouaves, and to march the brave Gauls to battle under the English colors of Waterloo. If Napoleon ever takes Wellington into his camp, or bows his head to Albion, he has decidedly lost his game and his battle, and he would do well to reverse his fortune, and again beg his lodging and his protection, as he did heretofore, at the gates of London. His true game is the protection of the Pope, to maintain at Rome the central balance of European power, to be the friend of persecuted religion and of oppressed justice; and his dynasty would live longer than the blasphemy of Capra and the Ecclesiastical plunder of Savoy. Napoleon should never forget the lines of Lord Byron on his uncle after the battle of Waterloo:—

But yesterday a king,
And armed with kings to strive;
To-day a nameless thing,
So abject, get alive.

Yet I have always been under the impression that Napoleon is at heart a sincere Catholic; and although appearances and facts have of late told much against him, his policy is sincerely in favor of the Pope; and moreover I believe that he would be glad to fight Waterloo over again, sooner than be compelled to surrender Rome, or abandon Pius the Ninth.

Poor Ireland has ever clung to Peter's central living point of faith. The same blood that flowed through the heart of Peter circulated in the veins of Patrick and his offspring; and there she is on the other side of the Irish channel, next door neighbor of England, with her face to America, the faithful daughter of Rome, the invincible professor of the ancient creed, without a stain upon her name, without treachery in her hierarchy, or dishonor in her priesthood, and having a congregation of Irish followers that, during centuries of national woe, have spurned the bribe of the apostate, despised the terrors of banishment, and met the steel of the tyrant, with a shout of mocking defiance.

Yes, Ireland stands alone on the map of the world for pre-eminently natural virtue and for undying national fidelity. There is no record of any other people which can even bear a remote comparison with the history of Ireland, for her amount of national suffering, for her unbroken resistance through centuries of religious persecution, and for the incredible and successful courage with which she has maintained the liberty of her children and the purity of her creed. The children of Ireland have been ever faithful to their creed and their country. The more Ireland was in distress, the more she wept, the more her fond children sat by her side and consoled her. When obliged to quit her soil, it was with a breaking heart they leave her shores. No nation in ancient or modern history has suffered so much persecution during the past centuries, and yet no people on earth feel so acutely the sad woe of banishment from home. The generous Irish—the noble poor man sends his last penny to his parents, and his aged mother receives every year the fond remittance from their faithful children. The love of their creed, their parents and their country; and when fate places them beyond the Mississippi; and when the sad voice of death reminds them of their final departure, they look upon the day-star, that rises over the green island and their last word is spoken for the liberties of their country, their last sigh for the purity of her Altars. No foreign people can have any just idea of our national condition. Our persecutions and our mis legislation have no parallel in European policy.

Our ancestors were deprived of everything; we had not possessed as much of the soil of our fathers as the space on which our feet could stand. We had no claim on one foot of Irish land, except the graves in which our fathers lay buried in their crimson graves. Seventy thousand men spilled their blood for liberty of conscience. Education was proscribed; it was felony to learn to read; our only books were the tombstones of our kindred; and these were read at night by stealth, in the light of the waning setting moon. Our religion was death by the law; and we met the faithful priest in the deserted glen, in the fastnesses of the mountain; and the lion-hearted flock heard Mass, as the sun rose over the lowering Irish horizon. It was in those caves and at these meetings of terror, with our tried friends, and fellow-sufferers by our sides, that with our hands and our hearts joined, we pledged our lives to be faithful to each other; and to die one thousand deaths sooner than forswear our faith, or betray our liberties. Many a century we bore this bleeding lash—we were weak at home and we had no friend abroad. You have in the country of Canada, two monuments of Irish woes which stand in fatal, racking remembrance of our country's destiny—one is the deep wide grave of forty thousand Irish immigrants at Gross Island, where, in the year 1847, they fell in thousands from the over-crowded berths of bad ships, and the culpably poisoned air of imperfect or no ventilation. They dropped dead in hundreds, the moment they took the first mouthful of pure air. It was a terrible sight—five thousand are buried in one pit. In this sad scene which the stoutest heart could not behold, without a thrill of agony, the Priests were day and night among the dying. Amidst all the scolding and scolding of this crushing disaster, there were found alive amongst the dying brothers, six hundred children. About two hundred little toddling fellows were clasped to the hearts of the dead mothers. The Very Reverend Mr. Gazeau, a Canadian Priest, now the adored Vicar-General of Quebec, took these six hundred children under his God-like care. Many of the little toddling fellows died; they were too young. But he succeeded in nursing and rearing four hundred by his incredible zeal and superhuman labor. Other priests worked in this charitable effort to the very death; but I put forward the name of Mr. Gazeau, as a name for the admiration and veneration of Ireland—and Dr. Cahill, their fond countryman, calls upon the people of his nation to offer a fervent prayer to God for the happiness, the long life, and the holy death of the distinguished Canadian Priest, the Vicar-General of Quebec.

When I was at Quebec, I could take a last melancholy view of this red pit of death at Gross Island. It was the first week of December. The St. Lawrence was much swollen; and my being sick, I could not venture down the river. The second monument of Irish woes is here, in your own city of Montreal. Six thousand immigrants are buried in about half an acre of land. I paid a melancholy visit to this death-pit on last week. It was in the same year, 1847,—and the deaths arose from the same cause.—These two monuments are really the imperishable evidences of English cruelty and mis legislation; and before the God of Justice, on the last accounting day, these and similar crimes against the extermination, the banishment and death of the Irish Catholic race, will meet the just penalty due by the retributive sentence of the Almighty father of the oppressed.

Ladies and gentlemen,—Poor Ireland seems to realize the destiny of the people of God since the beginning—trial, persecution, and an eternal reward. But woe be to the persecutor of this religion, this opponent of the designs of God. I leave you with much gratitude, and shall preserve to my death the happy remembrance of some acts of distinguished kindness from your city.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the Reverend Doctor was again enthusiastically cheered, and had to thank his hearers over and over again before they permitted him to retire. Many of the clergy were present, and a fair sprinkling of ladies.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PASTORAL LETTER BY THE MOST REV. THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

JOSEPH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, AND FAVOUR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP, &c.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Armagh.

Dear beloved Brethren,—From the time when we had the happiness to make known to you the erection in this Diocese of the Confraternity of the St. Peter's Pence, we anxiously looked forward to the day when it would be permitted to us to inform you also, that our Holy Father had vouchsafed to extend to our Confraternity the indulgences and favours previously granted to the Arch-Confraternity in Rome. We rejoice in being able to make this announcement to you; and we declare that in virtue of the gracious concession of the Holy See, the following indulgences may be gained by the members of the Confraternity of the St. Peter's Pence of this Diocese, on the conditions hereafter explained:—1. A plenary indulgence on the day of the admission of any one into the Confraternity, on the condition of devoutly confessing and communicating. 2. A plenary indulgence every year on each of the three festivals; 1. of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, the 18th of January; 2. of SS. Peter and Paul, the 29th of June; 3. of Saint Peter in Chains, the first of August; provided that on these days the members of the Confraternity having confessed and communicated, shall visit devoutly some public church at any time from the first vespers on the day before the festival until sunset of the day of the festival; and shall pray there devoutly for some time, according to the intentions of his Holiness—that is, for concord among Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, and the exaltation of Holy Church. 3. The prayers that are to be said by members of the Confraternity every day, are: the 'Our Father,' the 'Hail Mary,' 'Glory be to the Father,' &c., and Apostles' Creed; and for saying these prayers once a day, the members will gain each day an indulgence of seven years, and as many times forty days; provided they recite them devoutly and with a contrite heart. 4. For every good work done with the intention for which the Sodality is instituted the Holy Father grants three hundred days of indulgence. 5. All these indulgences are applicable by way of suffrage to the faithful departed. 6. To obtain these indulgences one must be admitted into the Confraternity by some one of the Priests of the diocese, after testifying by some outward sign his or her wish to be received into the said Confraternity; and one must also perform the works which the members are expected to perform—these are: 1. The daily recital of the 'Our Father,' 'Hail Mary,' 'Glory be to the Father,' &c., and Apostles' Creed. 2. Any good work which the faithful may perform for the purpose of assisting the Holy See in its present difficulties. The words 'good work' are used by His Holiness to signify: 1. A contribution to the St. Peter's Pence, of any amount which the contributors may please to give, and at any interval, weekly, monthly, or yearly. 2. For the poor who are not able to give money, good work will include any other pious work penitential or otherwise, performed with the intention for which the Sodality is instituted. 7. None of the works of the Confraternity or Sodality of the St. Peter's Pence bind under sin. 8. The Sunday within the Octave of SS. Peter and Paul is already a fixed day for receiving the offerings of those who will find it most convenient to give their contributions yearly. 9. The Vincentian Fathers residing in Armagh, have kindly consented to act as general treasurers for the St. Peter's Pence Fund, in the diocese. They will publish, every year, in the local newspapers, the amount contributed in each parish, and forward the money in due time to Rome. Already the contributions to this fund in the diocese, exceed six hundred pounds; which have been remitted to the Holy Father. His Holiness has condescended to signify to us his gratitude for this new proof of regard for his sacred person on the part of his Irish children to whom he sends from his inmost heart, his Apostolic benediction.

As we know that all will love to enter a Confraternity which has for its object the support of our beloved Father Pius IX., in opposition to all his enemies, and which procures for its members, on such easy conditions, an abundance of spiritual treasures; it only remains for us, dearly beloved brethren, to exhort you not to grow weary in the exercise of those pious works, such as the members of this Sodality are expected to perform. Your liberality in contributing to every good work, according to your means, is so well known, that it is unnecessary for us to speak of it here. May God bless you and return you a hundred-fold for this untiring generosity! Cease not, at the same time, to pray for the intentions of our Holy Father, and to pray fervently, knowing the efficacy of fervent prayer. Let it encourage you to see that the prayers of his faithful children have already done wonders in his defence. His civil power has not yet fallen. Nay, his adversaries are just now informed that the tide of their good fortune, as they would call it, has begun to ebb. No further robbery of the Pope is to be attempted. The prohibition has gone forth from him, before whom the enemies of the Holy See in a neighbouring country, and abroad quail with fear. The sensations produced in those enemies of the Holy Father in the sister island and on the continent by the late manifestation of the will of the monarch to whom we refer, may—if it is allowable to pronounce on analogies in such cases—be compared to the sensations of the tiger on seeing snatched from his jaws, the prey, over which he had already opened his mouth. Let us hope now, that, as the injustice is to proceed no further, the days of restitution also are at hand; and that those States will be given back to the Holy Father, of which he was plundered in a manner unsurpassed for its infamy in the annals of crime. That ruler of a mighty empire, from whom this reparation is expected, is well aware, that by permitting his name to be invoked, and his power unhappily to be used, in inflicting this injury, he has not thereby conciliated the friendship of one man upon earth, whose friendship is worth having, nor mitigated in the slightest degree the hostility towards himself of even one of those enemies of society, by all of whom his name is held in deadliest hatred. Let us hope that he now sees fully the errors of the past, and that having allowed his name to be invoked for the doing of the wrong, he may use the terror of that name to enforce its reparation. Our trust, however, is not in the princes of the world, but in the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, in the great ruler of the universe, who can so easily overrule the designs of men, as to make those very designs which are most hostile to his Church, contribute in the end to its greater good. To him be honour and praise and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

JOSEPH DIXON, Archbishop of Armagh. Armagh, 1st Dec., 1862.

SYNOD IN THURSDAY.—A Synod of the Prelates of the Province was held in Thurles last week, under the presidency of the Metropolitan of the Province, the Lord Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, to discuss matters of importance.—Limerick Reporter, December 2.

It is with feelings of an ordinary regret that we have to record the death of the Reverend John Green of Armagh.

There is no truth whatever in the report circulated in the Irish Times that James McO'Connell, Esq., is about to retire from the representation of Drogheda.—Dublin Evening Post.

THE LONDON 'TIMES' ON THE EMILY MISSION.—There is reason to believe that the "strange feud" between the Three-Year-Olds and the Four-Year-Olds of Emly and its neighborhood has been brought to an end by the humane exertions of the Roman Catholic Archbishop and Clergy. It was the Archbishop's Pastoral which first told the world that in a part of Ireland where the people are almost all of the same religion and politics a dreadful tradition of blood had been kept up for we know not how many years, seemingly to gratify the mere instinct of fighting. It was no war of Protestant and Papist, as in some part of the North; it was not the hatred of vicarious peasants against those who had enforced the law with harshness; nor was it even a quarrel of families arising from some cruel act for which the relatives of the sufferer were resolved to take vengeance. It was a feud resembling those which the clans of Celtic chieftains carried on in old times in Scotland, the only difference being that the combatants at Emly did not fight for a tribe they were born in, but for a self-chosen faction and an imaginary cause. Whatever may have been the original quarrel, it had been quite forgotten, and though, no doubt, the factions were in some measure hereditary, yet, from the extent of country over which hostilities prevailed and the number of partisans, we must suppose that young men were continually attacking themselves to one side or the other in order to prove their spirit and manhood. No one can tell how long the feud would have lasted if the Roman Catholic Archbishop of the Province had not interfered. There is, in fact, reason to think that it would have spread until it had transformed half Tipperary of and Limerick into savages, for though the quarrel is said to have begun between only two men at a fair, yet we find that at present at least 2,000 warriors are known to the priests. However, the factions are now reconciled. The Archbishop, with a courage and sincerity which do him much honor, denounced the savage conduct of the two parties. He did not endeavor to hide the sin from the world, or think that the scandal of exposing it to Protestant and English notice was a greater evil than its continuance. He not only sent a mission to preach against the feud, but to seek out and exhort the leaders in private, and by publishing their barbarity to all Ireland and to the world, he took the best means of shaming them into better behaviour. It was a legitimate and praiseworthy use of the great power which the British faith gives to a priesthood among a wild and impulsive, but yet religious people, like the Irish. The mission appears to have been quite successful. Such a scene as was witnessed last Sunday in the Catholic church at Emly is rather like the descriptions which travellers and romance writers give of Corsican manners half a century ago than anything which civilized Europe has presented in our time. The priests employed on the mission have been at work for some weeks past, and on Sunday last the final reconciliation of the Three-Year-Olds and the Four-Year-Olds took place. "On rows of pews in the body of the church," says a local paper, "at either side of the altar, were the leading members of those factions whose existence was a upas, blighting everything good, poisoning the life-spring of society, and converting men into demons." One of the Fathers gave an account of the mission: "A fortnight that day 2,000 of the unmarried young men of these parishes assembled here, and they raised their hands on high, one and all; and one and all solemnly promised that never more would they have to do with those factions—never more would they utter the cry of 'Three-Year-Old' or 'Four-Year-Old.' The priest then asked them to renew the pledge, and the congregation willingly obeyed. They shook hands two and two before the Archbishop and the war came to an end. It is impossible to speak too highly of the conduct of the Catholic Clergy in this affair. They have delivered a whole district from a scourge worse than famine or disease. Although we may not give our assent to all the spiritual machinery by which the clergy wrought upon the minds of their flock, yet we have not to criticise it, as it has produced the desired effect where a colder and less dramatic preaching might have failed. The Tipperary peasants have been addressed in a manner which has affected the minds and consciences of thousands, and induced a multitude of savage men to live in peace henceforth. All that we have now to ask of the clergy is that they will not neglect the converts to humanity they have made. Such impressions as they have produced may put an end to a particular tradition of enmity, but where the instinct exists there is always danger that a reason for bloodshed will be found or made. It is plain that the Irish peasant is violent and often barbarous, but we know from this little history that he is not ungenerous where his religious guides are really in earnest. Let the clergy, then, labor to keep up the influence they have gained, and to dissuade the Tipperary people not only from renewing the old quarrel, but from founding others, either with the landlord or the agent, or with each other.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.—The near approach of Christmas prompts us to suggest that something should be done for our suffering poor. Their wretched condition in the miserable hovels they inhabit has not the advantage of portrayal by the artist's pencil in pictorial broadsheets, nor has it the advocacy of a foreign press, but it is nevertheless worthy of and entitled to our sympathy and charity. Poverty and destitution exist in our midst to an extent almost incredible. If you doubt it visit the dwellings of the poor in the lanes and back streets of the town; there you will see sights to appal you, there you will find among the rest hundreds whom you once knew in the enjoyment of happiness and comfort, and who helped to build up the prosperity of your native town, in a state of absolute want and destitution, their only bed a few loose straws strewn on the bare floor, their only covering at night the rags which serve in the day time to cover their wasted and emaciated forms, and protect them from the inclemency of the weather, and the peiting of the pitiless storm when they venture abroad in quest of sustenance to support nature. Fuel is cheaper than it was last winter, but the destitute poor have not the means to procure, and where then is the advantage of cheap fuel to them? Besides fuel is not their chief want but food, hundreds, nay thousands of them would consider one good meal in the day, or in three days, an absolute luxury. Let us not then forget our own poor; if we do, we need not say we neglect our duty to God and His poor. Far be it from us to check the flow of charity or sympathy towards our Lancashire brethren; we would assist the Englishmen or the Hindoo in want, and thank God for giving us the means to do so, but we say our own poor have a first charge or claim on our charity or generosity—let us put our own house in order first—charity begins at home; out of the sufficiency and the abundance with which the Almighty has vouchsafed to bless us, let us then cheer and gladden the hearts of our poor at the approaching holy season. Those who can afford it can also contribute to the relief of the distress in Lancashire, but charity begins at home.—*Kerry Star.*

PROSPERITY.—The commercial report of the Freeman, well known for its accuracy, gives the following deplorable picture of the state of trade and business in Dublin:—"Everything flat again this week. Stocks, shares, corn produce—all drooping. There has not been in our recollection so dull and depressing a Christmas. Trade is bad, the weather is bad; there is wide-spread sickness, and not infrequent insolvency. It is only a wonder, in the state of trade, that there are so few of the latter, and of these that do occur many are kept quiet, and settled peacefully. At present, no prospect of improvement is visible, but folks look forward to the turn of the year, hoping with Mr. Micawber that 'something' will 'turn up.' Those who, at the end of the year, find their health and wealth undiminished will have deep cause for thankfulness."

How THE BAILEFF GOES A-HEAD.—The Cork Constitution, a Conservative journal, publishes the following truthful sketch:—

Sir—The bailiff, or under-agent, is not content to depend upon his salary or casual supplies. He must strike his own roots into the soil; so he takes to himself a farm. But, in the case of a man of so much consequence, a small farm would be too insignificant a thing, and, to give him room to extend, the lands of several small tenants are absorbed to constitute a farm of magnitude for the under-agent. It is a respectable thing to be a country gentleman. Besides, agriculture in the case of a sub-agent has many advantages. When there is any press of business on the farm the tenants are warned, by special messenger, to be there in the morning with a pair of horses and a plough, or harrow, or carts, as the case may be; and the crouching serfs know what would be the result of a refusal. Their own labor may indeed be pressing, but what of that when the under-agent has sent for them. Truly, if agriculture can be made a profitable speculation, it must be so in the hands of the under-agent. And, indeed, it is so, as every tenant in his immediate vicinity feels his tenure most uncertain, as the under-agent loses no opportunity of adding to his farm. But, though the under-agent is a large farmer, yet neither his sagacity nor his ambition would sanction his confining himself to agriculture and employing his varied talents in mere rural pursuits. The world was made for Caesar; but the tenantry were certainly made for the special advantage of the under-agent. Deeply conscious of this, he is always planning how he may turn them to the best account. There are certain commodities which have come much into use on farms of late, so the under-agent becomes a man of business in town. All the serfs, of course, come to his store to buy; and whether the landlord's rent be paid or not, the store account must be settled. The trade is extensive, profits large, and money sure, and thus the bailiff goes with increasing rapidity a-head. With his augmented wealth there is a corresponding increase in the pomp and circumstance of the under-agent and his family. It is not enough to be a bailiff and extensive agriculturist; he must grasp the trade of the tenantry, in three or four of the principal articles purchased by farmers for their farms and families, to the manifest loss and damage of a number of the traders of the town, who are depending upon their business alone for the support of their families. Whilst these honest traders are injured or ruined by the grasping conduct of the under-agent, the agent and the landlord look on with indifference, or perhaps approval. Surely, the proprietor of so large an estate can afford to remunerate his aspiring bailiff for his services, and should not allow him to aggrandise himself to the injury of the struggling traders of the town, or take the labor of the tenantry and their horses as a matter of right. Rent, taxes, and labor of recent years have been sufficiently burdensome to tenants without their being transformed into packhorses to bear the frequent burdens of the under-agent.—*I am, &c.,* Agmoola.

Sir Robert Peel appears to be either ambitious of making himself conspicuous as the antithesis of his illustrious father in every respect, or he is most unfortunate in being placed in such a position by the revilers of the man who made his name historical. We have already expressed our opinion as to the motive of Lord Palmerston for making so extraordinary a choice of an Irish Secretary as the present. The antecedents of Sir Robert in Spain and in Switzerland, and the speeches he delivered in Parliament against the Holy See, and indeed against Catholic States and principles generally, ought to have presented an impassable barrier to his appointment as Chief Secretary to the Viceroy of Ireland, by an Administration that professes to be Liberal, and that has very largely availed itself of Irish Catholic support since its formation; and his selection for the office under such circumstances produced upon our own mind the impression that Lord Palmerston had made up his mind to break altogether with his Catholic supporters, when he found that they would not acquiesce in his Italian policy, which is based upon the broadest principles of hostility to the Holy See and to the Sovereign Pontiff, and to throw himself upon the Evangelical Alliance party in this country, and upon the Orange faction in Ireland, as the future props of his power. That first impression was soon confirmed into a conviction by Sir Robert's conduct immediately after his arrival in Dublin. No one has ever given him credit for much judgment, though he undoubtedly possesses a fair share of shrewd talents; but rash and indiscreet though he has been since he emerged from boyhood, yet there has been a recklessness of words and consequences, an utter abandonment of discretion in his acts and harangues as Chief Secretary, which, wild and 'harum-scarum' as he has been, never could have been displayed by a person in his position if he had not been sent to Ireland expressly to court Orange support for his patron, as the opponent of the Catholics. If this were not so, the speeches at Londonderry and Belfast, with the Cromwellian ring in them, which won the approval and evoked the enthusiastic shouts of the Orangemen of Ulster, by vilifying the Catholic Hierarchy, would have led to his instant recall. So far, however, from producing such a result, these rude and insolent outpourings of the Chief Secretary's anti-Catholic sentiments and policy confirmed him in the favor of the Prime Minister, and made him virtually 'master of the situation.' He is trying to undo all that his great father did for the peace and social improvement of Ireland, and in this evil work he has evidently the support of the Head of the Government. He is the bond of the new Union between the English Whigs and the Irish Orangemen, as Lord Shaftesbury is the connecting link between our so-called Liberal Government and the fanatics of Exeter Hall. Whether the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Gladstone and the other members of the Peel party, whom Orangemen and Exeter Hall have over and over again devoted to the infernal Gods, sanction this confederacy, or whether it meets the approbation of the members of the old Grey party, or of the Liberal party represented by Mr. Milner Gibson in the Cabinet, remains to be seen; but that the Irish portion of the combination is completed, can no longer be a matter of doubt on speculation.—*Weekly Register.*

DRAKFUL SHIPWRECK.—A Cork paper gives the following additional particulars respecting the loss of the ship Eliza:—"On Sunday last the Eliza, a barque of 860 tons, Captain Smith, left Liverpool for Monte Video, laden with machinery and coals. Her crew, inclusive of the officers, consisted of 26 men. After passing Holyhead the breeze freshened, and it began to blow strong from the south-east. About two o'clock next morning the wind grew so strong that sail was shortened, and at nine o'clock the three top-gallant masts were carried away. With the loss of these spars one man was carried overboard, another had his leg broken, and the third, a man named Montgomery, had his arm dislocated at the shoulder. In an hour after the ship sprang a leak, and before long she had seven feet of water in the hold. The ship was then about midchannel. All hands were employed at the pumps, but the leak continued to gain at the rate of an inch and a half every two hours. The mate, an American named Burns, urged the captain to bear up for Queenstown, but the captain refused. For twenty-four hours they continued in this position, when the captain at last consented. The wind, however, continued in full force, and the ship labored heavily. All at once her three topmasts went by the board, and shortly after the sea began to make a breach over her. One sea swept her fore and aft, carrying away two boats, and twelve men, not one of whom was ever seen again. At three o'clock she was sinking. The two seamen who have been saved, Wm. Lyons, a native of Liverpool, and John Montgomery, got into the lifeboat and cut away the tackle. The boat was driven clear off the ship, and she had scarcely parted with it when the vessel went down bodily, with every soul on board, these two men alone escaping."

THE IRISH FISHERIES.—The great meeting of Galway reminds us of a duty we owe to the country.

The neglected state of the Irish fisheries stares us in the face. We know of no other immediate and present tangible source of material improvement with which the people and their representatives might successfully deal, as that of fisheries. Mines of wealth lie in the depths of our bays, and a very little assistance from the State would enable our hardy fishermen to bring the riches of the sea into the market. The Earl of Carlisle and the Irish members who have influence with him, would do more to improve the aspect of our country by turning their attention to, and aid in the development of, the coast fisheries, than were his Excellency to be making fine orations—eloquent after-dinner speeches about bullocks and sheep-feeding and turnip sowing to the end of time. The theory of pasture and cattle-feeding has signally failed. If, then, the Earl of Carlisle does not wish to be set down as an idle talker, he will turn his mind to the fisheries question, endeavor to advance a cause which is of so much importance to the interests of the people, especially at this time, when famine and extermination are steadily draining the life-blood from the hearts of our oppressed country. God knows that at this time our prospects are most disheartening—a people suffering—a population wasting away, and a most fertile country being transformed into a wilderness. Such is the condition of Ireland at this time. Now, as Ireland is compelled to take her chance in an alien parliament, it is no duty of her representatives to press for measures which would be calculated to assist her people in any manner whatsoever? The fisheries of Ireland have been totally overlooked, and no steps taken that would give the same privileges to Irishmen as English and Scotchmen enjoy in that most beneficial employment. Yet, we have patriotic members representing us, but unfortunately they cannot point out a single instance of any measure being carried out to be of service to the country. There is a remedy, and that is the Press—the National Press, whose teachings are the expression of the millions. If, therefore, the press take this matter up, and call upon the members of Parliament who profess to support Irish interests, to urge the measure, there will be a chance of success; but if they are allowed to remain in their old course, they will still fetter the country and mock the destruction of the thousands whose necessities compel them to seek amongst strangers what they are denied at home. We call on members to be alive to the importance of this vital question. We are happy to find that the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick have been agitating this practical measure, and thus falsifying the charge that they have had no particular practical policy.—Here is a policy that does the Brotherhood credit.—We publish an article on this intensely interesting subject from the *Irishman*.—*Connacht Patriot.*

THE RENTS MUST BE LOWERED.—We do not write in an unfriendly spirit toward the landlords, amongst whom are as humane men as in other classes of the community. We speak a few words of reasonable remonstrance. Men have been often blinded by selfishness against the influence of which these, who are apt, as members of a nation, to suffer from the effects of an overrated notion of hereditary or acquired rights, must warn the probable victims. Now, though the landlords alone were likely to be the only persons injured by a want of due consideration of the badness of the times, still would we look on it as a part of our duty to take them to task for doing any act tending in that direction. They are as much our neighbours as the cultivators of the soil. Their welfare or ruin affects the condition of the whole country. As books on the shelf become loosened by taking out one, so an injury to any member of society is *pro tanto* an injury to others. For instance, if a landlord is reduced to poverty, all who depend on him suffer; and again, the tradesman or shopkeeper with whom his dependants deal, are affected by the landlord's fall. So hangs society together. It is therefore, amongst the first duties of an editor to warn landlords at such a crisis to imitate the example of the landlord referred to in the *Impartial Reporter*, from which we, in another place, quote. It is with landlords as with commercial creditors. One harsh man, who, deaf to reason, "must have his pound of flesh," instead of accepting as much as the debtor can afford, strikes a docket of bankruptcy against him. The man, had he got time, as we have repeatedly seen, might be able to pay all. Whereas, an undue pressure beggars him—the creditors get nothing, and the entire property is wasted in law costs. In any crisis moderation is the safest course. Let landlords, on that account, see what tenants can afford to pay them after leaving with them as much of the crops as will be equal to the value of their labour and seed—"Live and let live" is a sound maxim. The tenants have not a day to lose. They should, like men disposed to act honestly and fairly, go in bodies to their landlords, offer whatever they can afford. They should, at the same time, ask long leases at fair rents; and promise them that if such were conceded they would improve the soil; so that there would be a better and a greater yield. It cannot be expected that the cultivators of the soil will take such an interest in their farms as will render them sufficiently productive, not knowing what moment they may receive "The notice to quit." Let landlords of their own accord, without any legal enactment, remove the insecurity of tenure, and they may rest assured that, as a rule, their tenants will be an improving class, and their rents easily collected. But if they persist in exacting rackrents, the country will go headlong to ruin. The lands which were let in 1814 during the Peninsular war, when the produce of the soil was high, at 7s 6d, 10s or 20s an acre, fetch now in the market 30s, 40s, 50s, 60s. The people are not able to pay and to live. They are starving, and each succeeding year the landlords are taxed to support paupers made so by the landlord's folly. Better any day is the policy of keeping a man independent than reducing him to misery. The treatment of the tenantry has filled our workhouses, our penitentiaries with felons, our convict ships with criminals, the jails with prisoners, and the streets with prostitutes.—*Connacht Patriot.*

A SAD STORY.—The following correspondence has been published in the *Irish Times*:—

Record Tower, Dublin Castle, Dec. 6, 1862.
Sir,—A few days since the enclosed letter reached me giving a very harrowing description of the actual state of one of the genuine descendants of the great house of O'Neill. There is no doubt of his being the son of Sir Francis O'Neill, the sixth baronet of his family, and no doubt of his being at this moment on a bed of sickness, perhaps of death, in a desolate garret. On receipt of my benevolent correspondent's communication I sent to Cook-street and ascertained that the misery described was not exaggerated. A few charitable contributions remitted to your care would be at this moment of inestimable value to this suffering family.—*I am, sir, your obedient servant,*
J. BERNARD BURKE, Ulster.

"Villa Park, Royal Canal, Phibsborough, Dublin, Dec. 2, 1862.

"Sir—On reading your very valuable work, entitled 'An Essay on the Vicissitudes of Families' I find that there is one of those persecuted sufferers still living named Bryan O'Neill, of 75, Cook-street, in this city, whom you describe as the lineal descendant of a hundred kings, and the cousin of a duke and three peers of the realm. My sympathetic curiosity determined me to pay him a visit, and, having done so yesterday in company with a friend, I found him lying on his death-bed, laboring under an attack of paralysis, speechless, and deprived of the use of his limbs. I asked his son, who stood at that miserable and pitiful bedside, with the tear of sorrow on his cheek, how long his father had been in that state. He told me nearly four months. How to smother my grief I was at a loss, when I believe the man who should be in a state of splendor (a prince of royal blood), with no person to care him but his daughter-in-law, the mother of six beautiful young children, with no earthly means of support but their grand-

father's pension of 2s 2d per day, their father's business having all but failed him. I thought of offering something to procure a few sick comforts for him (the old gentleman), but delicacy overpowered me when I considered to whom I was about to offer it, and the thought at once struck me to enclose it to you. Now, under such distressing circumstances, I trust you will pardon the liberty I take in enclosing £1, which, when received by this poor family through you (small as the sum is) will turn sorrow into joy. Oh! but for the moment, I know I am intruding myself too far on your invaluable time and patience; still I rest satisfied you will pardon me, as I am influenced to do so through charity. I would respectfully suggest that you send one of your servants with the enclosed, so that the bearer can vouch for the statements contained in this letter. If a subscription be entered into, either a private or a public one, I will add my name for another £1; and I fervently trust that something will be done to relieve this poor family in their dire distress. Their half-year's rent and taxes being over due, it is not impossible that the street will be their doom.—*I am, sir, your very obedient servant,*
WILLIAM PARNWORTH.
Sir Bernard Burke, &c. &c.

GREAT BRITAIN.

There seems already to be a pretty general agreement on the nature of the reform required in our Penal System. Judges and Grand Jurors have spoken out with extraordinary freedom, public opinion has been decisively expressed, and if any theorists still retain a predilection for the existing prison codes they have, at any rate, reserved their sentiments. Penal servitude, in short, as now administered, is confessed to be a mockery. Our system of penal servitude at home is a complete failure. It may possibly have turned out some really reformed characters, but in effecting this moderate amount of good it has given a virtual impunity to crime. The sentence of a Judge is deprived of its terrors. Even if carried out, it brings no worse suffering with it than mere tedium; and it is by no means certain that it will be carried out, even to half of its nominal extent. Thieves and rogues, we are told, shake their liberty against our property, and 'go in' for a good booty or a certain period of very endurable confinement. Let us make this game a little fairer. Let us try to render the penalty for the offence as unpleasant as the offence itself. If every ruffian had as much dislike to the consequences of garrotting as honest citizens have to being garrotted, it would put society on a fairer footing with its enemies. We believe that Transportation will enable us to establish this desirable equilibrium, and we trust, therefore, to see the system once more in use.—*London Times.*

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN LONDON.—Piecifully after midnight is nearly as unsafe as Hounslow Heath was a hundred years ago. It might till lately have been thought to be one of the tendencies of the age to substitute fraud for force in the acquisition of other persons' property; but really London seems now to unite within it the south roguesy of civilization, and all the bloody violence of barbarism. A few winters ago, burglaries occurred almost nightly. This winter has commenced with a series of outrages to the person so atrocious that it is difficult to believe they can have occurred in the most frequented streets of a vast city. The notion of a lonely place being suitable for robbery is quite exploded. The highwaymen have quitted the wild and storm-swept moors where travellers were few, and the task of robbing them involved tedious watching and disagreeable exposure to the weather, have betaken themselves to the centres of population where victims may be found without delay or trouble, and the robber may speedily make himself comfortable under friendly shelter after his night's work is done. Instead of riding many miles, he merely runs up a court turning out of the next street; and even the old-fashioned ceremony of "stand and deliver" is omitted by these modern highwaymen, who first throttle you, knock you down, and kick you, and then wrench your watch gird, and turn your pockets inside out. There is only one healthy feature about these atrocities, which is, that the ruffians who perpetrate them are greatly afraid of the police who are usually active. This being so, instead of lamenting that our moral sewage no longer finds a free outlet into the colonies, or arguing about the limits of punishment and the possibility of reformation, suppose we were to try what can be done to make the streets of London safer, by placing in them rather a large garrison. The police know, or can know, most of the lawless characters of the metropolis. If they see them lurking about the streets suspiciously, they can move them on; if they suspect that they are lying in wait to make a sally from some dark court, they can beat up their quarters and disperse them. The infliction of some prompt and sharp punishment would also have an excellent effect; and if humanity would permit, we should like to see a little flogging tried as well as a few more policemen.—*Saturday Review.*

If such a state of things as obtains in London existed in any city under the rule of the Pope, we may guess the arguments which would thereupon be elaborated by the press of England. If such things were reported of Paris, Madrid, or Vienna, we know how the virtuous British press would decant upon them. But they happen in London, and that being so, they prove nothing but that England is the freest, happiest, most peaceful, and most pious nation in the world.—*Nation.*

THE REIGN OF THE GAROTTERS.—The garotters still seem to carry on their peculiar operations with considerable effectiveness in London; and the authorities still manifest the same helplessness, and the timid population the same wild unreasonable terror. We extract the following from the London correspondence of a morning contemporary:—"On Friday evening, about half-past five, an old gentleman was attacked by two ruffians in Regent street, which was crowded with foot passengers at the time, and robbed of his watch and purse, besides receiving some severe injuries to his head and throat, having one of his fingers nearly bitten through in the struggle.—On the following day, a clerk to a well-known city firm met with a similar fate at one o'clock in the day, while passing through St. Swithin's lane, a bustling city thoroughfare, connecting King William street and Cannon street. No less than four cases of garotting were heard before the metropolitan police magistrates in the course of a single day last week; but I might fill a column recapitulating instances of this kind. The shop windows bristle with fearfully nondescript-looking implements, ticketed 'anti-garotters,' bowie-knives, sword-canes, life-preservers, 'knuckle-dusters'—an importation from Yankeland—and sundry hybrid monstrosities. I was amused the other day by witnessing a pushing salesman in a cutler's shop in the act of disposing of one of these ugly weapons to a hectic-looking youth, with the cheerful remark, 'You'll find this a very serviceable article, sir.' The consequence of things is that there is nearly as much danger to be apprehended in the street from the terrors of these walking armories, as from the assaults of the garotter. It's not a pleasant thing to tap your friend Smith—who is slightly nervous—on the back, as he is going into his club, and to reply to the salutation to find a six-barrelled revolver, or something between a carpenter's saw and a hundred-bladed knife, thrust into your face." Not a very pleasant state of things assuredly.—*Irishman.*

A correspondent informs us that Mr. Theodore Howard Galton, of Hadoor, whose conversion to the Catholic Faith has recently been reported, is the son of the late Mr. John Howard Galton who was called after the celebrated philanthropist. Our correspondent doubts whether he was ever in the 'Society of Friends.' His elder brother, Terminus, was baptised as an adult. The grandfather had been a Quaker, but was read out of the society for engaging in the manufacture of muskets during the early part of the war with France.—*Weekly Register.*

There is nothing which modern liberals in religion dread so much as free education. They cannot produce men who will rival the Religious Orders in zeal and self-devotion. Therefore, if Christian Brothers, Jesuits, &c., are allowed to open schools, they can not prevent their attracting pupils. It is much easier to pass laws forbidding men to keep schools, than to compete with those schools when they are set up; much easier, again, to require all persons to send their children to the State schools, than to attract them there by superior merits. This is what Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell would now do in Ireland, if they could. It is because, thank God, they have not the power to do it—not because they want the will—that they are compelled to content themselves with bribing the youth of Ireland into godless colleges by lavish endowments and State degrees; while they refuse the power of giving degrees which will carry civil consequences to the University which the people of Ireland have founded for themselves, and which holds its own in spite of their opposition.—*Weekly Register.*

MURDERS IN ENGLAND.—The London journals are again characterized by an abundance of reports of cold-blooded murders. From their issues of Thursday we derive the following particulars:—A most atrocious murder has been committed in the Bleadthwaite Valley, in Wales. A young servant woman was a few days since found lying across a footpath in the neighbourhood of her master's house, with her throat cut from ear to ear. A razor, covered with blood was found near her body, which was subsequently ascertained to be the property of a fellow servant, who was apprehended in an attempt to abscond. At Oldbury, a man named O'gold has been found guilty by a coroner's jury of the murder of his wife, an old woman aged seventy-three years, under circumstances of great atrocity. In the town of Richester near Blackburn, a woman named Walse, upwards of eighty years of age, was found murdered in her bed. The *Times* thus describes the finding of the body of the murdered woman:—"Mrs. Walse lay on her back, her legs naked, the bedclothes thrown over her head, the bolster thrown on the lower part of her body, and her arms fastened tightly with hard-knives to the bedposts. On uncovering her face, a woollen kerchief was found in her mouth, and her face much discoloured. Her nose was completely crushed across the bridge, blackening her right eye, and swelling the left to a most unsightly proportion. Her skull had also been fractured by a fatal blow on the head, above the right ear, and from this and another wound on the right temple, blood was flowing. The lips, breast, and other parts of the deceased were discoloured, testifying that the old woman had been suffocated, and the whole presented a most horridly revolting spectacle, and evincing the struggle of death had been violent. Then a Mr. Cort, one of the directors of the Crystal Palace Gas Company, has died from the effects of a garrotting he received a few days since in Whitechapel. And finally, a solicitor in London, a most respectable man, is at large on bail, charged with the commission of an offence almost too base to be mentioned.—*Morning News.*

THE GAROTTER IN LONDON.—At an Anti Garrote Association meeting, held at Whitecourt on Friday night, the following communication was read:—"To the Anti-Garrotting Club. Taking warning from a persecuted dove, and drop this ere, 'soberly,' far blow me if we don't choke some of yer if yer don't let us alone. We have spotted the secretary, and by all that's his him we will give his gullet a twist before long. We know him, and there are six of us now to do it, so look out. (Signed) William Atley." Another letter stated that the writer had seen attempts made to garrote him, and that he owed his safety to having worn a steel collar with spikes in it, but having unfortunately left his collar at home on Sunday week he was attacked, and was now laid up. Mr. Buckland describes a pair of gloves designed as a protection against the garrotte:—"They look like ordinary dog skin gloves; but on the last joint of the middle finger and thumb is placed a sharp pair of curved steel hooks, about the size and shape of a parrot's claw, the inner edges of these are sharpened and cut like a knife. When the garrotter attacks his victim the first effort of the strangulating man is to release his throat, he seizes hold of his antagonist's arm with these curved gloves, produces therewith such wounds as would excite the garrotter to speedily relax his hold from actual pain."

A ridiculous story, *Appropos* of garotters, is now being told in London. A very timid man, resident in the suburbs, always carries a loaded stick, and is constantly on the look-out. The other night, as he was walking home, near his house a man pushed rudely against him. The timid gentleman with great presence of mind, immediately struck him a severe blow with the loaded stick, and the man ran off, leaving his hat behind him. The timid man picked up the hat, and read on the lining the name of one of this intimate friends. Dreadfully shocked, he at once hastened to his friend's house to 'explain matters.' He was received at the door by his friend's wife, who, in a voice inarticulate with sobb, said, "Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Poor Edward! he's been garrotted!"

The Central Committee have published a very precise statement of the present extent of Lancashire distress. The distressed unions contain 2,000,000, of whom 572,210 are operatives, chiefly in cotton. Of this number 236,379 were out of employment, 159,074 on short time, 77,086 in full work. This, however, does not show the full extent of the distress. Each worker supports one more, so that there are 472,768 persons with nothing to live on, and 318,148 reduced to half their ordinary income. Out of these 442,500 are supported by the guardians and the committees, and the weekly amount required is £55,000. Of this sum the rates will furnish £20,000, and the rest must be made up by subscription, towards which, however, there is a sum of £500,000 in hand. This will supply food till April, but fuel and clothes are still required.

THE COTTON FAMINE.—From a report furnished by the reporter of the *Times* it appears that of nearly half-a-million of cotton workers in the north of England, there are 236,379 wholly out of employment, and 159,074 on short time. The weekly loss of wages is about £163,000 or at the rate of £8,500,000. The total number on the books of the Committee of relief is 330,276, of whom 170,000 are wholly dependent upon charitable relief. The rates support about 107,000. The amount expended in relief last week was £39,000, of which £18,500 was obtained from the rates. A very interesting circumstance connected with this painful subject has just occurred. A subscription in aid of the Lancashire cotton workers, has been set on foot at Lyons, the great capital of the French Silk Manufacture, as a recognition of the advertisement of the aid which England under similar circumstances gave to French operatives and a *Souvenir* of the grateful recollection of the Lyonsese, of the friendly reception they met with in England when they came to see the Exhibition.

At the November session of the Central Criminal Court twenty-seven persons have been indicted and twenty-four convicted of savage outrages in the streets of the metropolis. Baron Bramwell's sentences are much approved. As nothing more than penal servitude for life could be awarded to the worst of those villains, it was right that the rest should be somewhat shorter terms. Nothing less than ten years, however, is adequate retribution for participation in a garrotte robbery.

The Federal corvette *Onward*, Captain Nickels, put into Falmouth on Saturday last from Faya, to repair some slight damage and to re-victual. She is of about 900 tons, has nine guns and 114 hands, and is one of the ships on the look-out for the Alabama. Her crew appear to be in a very unsatisfactory state of discipline, as her officers cannot come on shore in their ships' boats for fear of the men deserting.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 9, 1863.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PUBLIC rumor, which is indeed generally esteemed a common liar, but which has also been sometimes known to speak the truth, is again very busy. It is said that France is again about to offer her mediation to the belligerents in America; and that this time she will be aided by the joint action of Russia and Great Britain. There may be truth in this; it is credited by the *World*—a well informed, and moderate Federal organ; and the tidings of the great Confederate victory at Fredericksburg must have the effect of showing the people of Europe how hopeless is the task which the North has undertaken, of subduing the Southern States by force of arms. The next *Cunard* steamer will probably bring us decisive, and very important information upon this point. The long pending and famous Yelverton marriage case has been decided in the lady's favor; the Judges in the Scotch Court having, by a majority of two to one, given a verdict establishing the validity of the marriage celebrated in Scotland.

On the Continent little of interest has occurred during the past week. Much distress prevails in France in the cotton districts. The great question which fully occupies the attention of the Italian Parliament is that of brigandage in Naples. No less than 93,000 regular Piedmontese troops are actually engaged in forcing the rule of King "honest-man" upon the Neapolitans, who, if we are to believe the Liberal press, are almost unanimous in his favor; and by last accounts it seems that large reinforcements are on their march to help the sorely distressed foreign mercenaries under General Marmona. The intrusive Government is however determined, according to latest telegrams, "to make every effort to suppress brigandage," and to crush the national and loyal spirit of the Neapolitans; and for this laudable and truly liberal purpose it is prepared according to the London *Times* correspondent, to "invade them"—the Neapolitan Provinces—"with the whole Italian army." Such an invasion would be an admirable commentary upon the liberal principle of the "right of peoples to elect their own rulers," and if carried into execution will be highly applauded no doubt by the Liberals of Europe. In the meantime, the Muratists are putting forward their claims, and a letter—whose genuineness is however contested—appears in the *Gazette de France* over the signature of Prince Lucien Murat, in which the latter is represented as indulging in the most sanguine anticipations. There are thus three competitors for the throne of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the field. Of whom one bases his claims upon hereditary right, law, international treaties, and the affections of the people; the other upon the bayonets of 93,000 mercenary troops; and the third apparently, upon the mere shadow of a name, but perhaps upon the expected, if not promised co-operation of Louis Napoleon.

President Lincoln has at last issued his great Proclamation emancipating the slaves in all those States where his authority is not recognized; but retaining them in bondage there where the Federal Government is acknowledged. In Europe this will be accepted as an incendiary proclamation, and as an incitement to servile war; and as such, by all honest and Christian men it will be denounced as an act unauthorized by the laws of civilized warfare, and as an outrage against humanity. The conduct of the British Government during the War of Independence, in arming the red men against the revolted colonists, was justly condemned by the leading statesmen of the day, as brutal and barbarous; but this attempt on the part of the Federals to rouse the passions of the savage Africans against their masters, exceeds in atrocity anything recorded in modern history. It inflicts an indelible blot upon the Yankee escutcheon, and must determine the sympathies of all civilized persons in favor of the gallant Southerners. Less important, but equally illegal, equally tyrannical, equally opposed to the spirit of that Union which Abe Lincoln tells the world it is his object to restore, is his consent to the erection of the Western section of the State

of Virginia into a separate State. There has been desperate fighting betwixt the Confederates under General Bragg, and the Federals under General Rosecranz, near Murfreesboro'. The struggle lasted several days with varied fortunes; and though from the confused and conflicting telegrams, it is impossible, as yet, to sift the truth, it would appear that the Yankees were very roughly handled by the Southerners, and that the latter retreated in good order. The famous *Monitor*—the triumph of nautical skill, and before which the iron-sides of France and Great Britain were to flee in terror—has come to grief, having foundered in a heavy gale with several of her officers and crew on board. As sea-boats, this new description of vessels of which the *Monitor* was the type, seems to be worthless.

PURITAN MORALITY.—Macaulay has fully, and in a few words, made us acquainted with the essence of Puritanism. It, so he tells us, put down bear-baiting in England; not because baiting caused pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators; and still the Puritan community extols, and requires of us to extol, the humanity and morality of its spiritual progenitors.

In the very same spirit has poor Abe Lincoln's Abolition Proclamation been conceived, and received by the Puritans of this Continent. It is by the latter hailed as a Godlike act; as one entitling its originators to the admiration of the present generation, and the gratitude of all posterity; and yet even Abe Lincoln is himself far too honest to pretend that, in proclaiming the liberation of the negroes in those portions of the North American Continent where his proclamation can have no effect, he has been actuated by any motives of humanity, of abstract justice, or regard for the well-being of the blacks. He has proclaimed the abolition of slavery there, where the rule of the Northern States does not extend, upon precisely the same principles as those upon which, according to Macaulay, the Puritans suppressed bear-baiting; not because it (slavery) is unjust or prejudicial to the blacks—but because it is profitable to the whites. Nay! he has on more than one occasion had the honesty to declare that, if he could bring the war to a successful issue—and restore the ancient Union in its integrity, by riveting their fetters on the blacks—he would keep them slaves for ever. And yet our modern Puritans have the impudence to challenge our sympathies with the North, on the ground that it is fighting for the cause of freedom, and the emancipation of the enslaved negroes of the South!

It would be premature to speculate on the effect of this Proclamation upon the fortunes of the war; beyond this—that it is certain that it will still more exasperate the South against the North, since, no matter the terms in which the document may be couched, it is to all intents and purposes an exhortation to servile war; an incendiary proclamation inviting the blacks to the massacre of their white masters, and to outrage upon the female relatives of the latter. It is no doubt true that, with an unctious which savors strongly of the conventicle, Abe Lincoln enjoins upon the negroes "to abstain from all violence unless in necessary self-defence;" but this injunction is too much in the style of—"Is there a pump in the back yard? Yes, your honor. Then don't duck him!"—to deceive any one as to the real intent and sanguine expectations of the authors of the Proclamation in question. It is only because they hope, and expect that its effect will be to cause the negroes of the South to rise in arms against the whites, that they anticipate from it any decided results as a "war measure," or measure calculated to cripple the military resources of the South.

Yet, when we take into consideration that, at any time during the past two years, the black population of the Seceded States have had it in their power to do all that Abe Lincoln's last proclamation now incites them to do—and that they have failed for the most part to avail themselves of that opportunity, we may be permitted to doubt whether the appearance of the document in question will cause a very great or general change in their policy. In spite of what white-choked ministers in Yankee pulpits, and sensation novelists have told us to the contrary, it is clear that the black population of the Southern States are not, and do not believe themselves to be, an oppressed and suffering race. In theory, of course, slavery cannot well be defended; but in actual practice, it is now evident from the attitude assumed by the negro population since the outbreak of the civil war, that the slaves have few real grievances to complain of: that they are not the hard-worked, ill-led and well-flogged race of beings that Yankee Abolitionists would fain have us believe them to be. Indeed it is not too much to say that the physical conditions of the Southern slaves are vastly superior to those of the great majority of the working classes in Europe; that they are better fed, better clothed, better lodged, and less worked; and that both morally and physically they are far better off than are the free negroes in the Northern States, or in Upper Canada. There are, we ad-

mit, gross evils in slavery—not however as regards the slave, but as regards the slave owner. With respect to the former, the chief evils to which he is exposed are an abnormal condition of the labor market, in that he is unable to sell his labor to the highest bidder, and is compelled to accept the terms offered him by his white master—which however are sufficiently liberal to enable him to procure all the necessaries of life, both for himself and children; and 2nd—in that in Protestant countries there is the want of sufficient protection to the Family, since the law does not prohibit the forcible separation of its members, as is the case in Catholic societies where the institution exists. With regard to the slave owner, the evils are many and great.—Slave labor is of all kinds of labor the costliest, and the least remunerative; and the moral effects of the system—upon which for obvious reasons we cannot dilate—are tenfold more prejudicial to the owner of human chattels than to the chattels. If therefore we do not make common cause with the Abolitionists, it is not because we are insensible to the evils of slavery, but because we know that it is not love for the black, but merely hatred of the white, that prompts the outcry against the system. If any one doubts this, let him but look at the spirit in which the blacks are treated in the Northern States, and by our own Canadian philanthropists and humanitarians. In theory, amongst the latter, the negro is "a man and a brother;" how far the "man and brother" theory is reduced to practice, the expulsion of black children from Upper Canadian common schools abundantly testifies.

Southern negroes have some inkling of the true state of the case. They tear the Yankees *ex dona ferentes*, even when the latter draw nigh with Proclamations of Emancipation in their hands, and greetings of "man and brother" on their lips. It is of course possible that the slaves may be excited to take up arms against the Southern whites; but if they do so, it will be "on their own hook," as the Yankees say, and for their own benefit; and not for the sake of the Northerners, by whom they are far more despised, and ill-treated, than by their present masters. If they rise, it will be for national independence, as well as for personal freedom, that they will strike; if they drive out the white cotton grower and sugar planter, it will be in order to possess themselves of the abandoned property, and not in order to clear the way for the dealer in wooden nutmegs, and for New England pedlars; and if they make the South too hot for their masters, they will make it also a precious sight too hot for any other white men to dwell in. Either then, Abe Lincoln's Proclamation will prove itself inoperative, a mere *brutum fulmen*; or, if it have any consequences, it will result in provoking a servile war, which will lead, not to the restoration of Yankee rule in the Seceded States, but to the establishment of a Black Republic of the San Domingo pattern in the blood-stained and devastated South. It may raise the black devil indeed; but not all the charms of all the exorcists in Congress and at Washington will be able to lay him again when he shall have performed the execrable services expected at his hands. By the aid of the revolted States, the North may no doubt succeed in conquering the South, and in exterminating the Southern rebels; but surely the Yankees cannot be such fools as to think that the allies by whose aid this glorious triumph shall have been achieved, will allow them to reap the profits!

When the Toronto *Globe* and kindred journals fall foul of the Irish and call them hard names, we are neither surprised nor pained; because to be vilified by such journals as the above indicated is the highest compliment which Irish Catholics can receive, and is indeed the only one that the latter would condescend to receive at such hands.

But we are both surprised and pained when we find journalists from whom we had a right to expect better things; who, from their antecedents, have earned a reputation for honesty and love of fair play, indulging in similar bad habits; giving currency to insolent slanders against the Irish, and reproaching them with those external circumstances which long years of Protestant misrule have caused, and which, if rightly considered must entitle those subject to them to the respect of every well constituted mind. It is always base to reproach a man with his poverty or the consequences of his poverty; but the offence is tenfold greater when the reproach proceeds from the lips of a Protestant, and is directed against the Irish Catholic, whom—not sloth, not vice, not criminal indulgence—but simply a conscientious adherence to what he believes to be truth, has reduced to want. The Irishman has no cause to be ashamed of his poverty, and the Protestant, if he were wise, would be the last man to reproach him with it; and yet to our sorrow and surprise we find that the Montreal *Transcript*—a journal hitherto not only ably, but liberally conducted, and as such extensively patronised by the Irish population of this city—can so far forget its honorable antecedents as to go out of its way to inflict wanton and most unmerited insult upon the Irish race, and to scold

at the cruel sufferings inflicted upon them by the horrors of the famine of '47. Any stick, the proverb says, will serve to beat a dog with; and the weapon of which in this case the *Transcript* avails itself, is Dr. Cahill's last lecture, of which a report, copied from the Montreal *Gazette*, will be found on our second page. Our contemporaries have of course the right to criticise the literary merits of that discourse, to controvert and dispute its allegations, and to refute its conclusions, if these appear to them to be contrary to truth, and the legitimate deductions of sound logic. Dr. Cahill is big enough and strong enough to take his own part, without our puny aid; and it is not therefore his defence, or his apology that we are engaged in; but our sole object is to protest, in the name of truth and decency, and of the unjustly maligned sufferers by the terrible famine of '47, against the false, scurrilous and groundless insinuations of the Montreal *Transcript* of the 1st inst.

In the course of his lecture Dr. Cahill took occasion to allude to the victims of ship fever in 1847. The hideous tragedy of that epoch the lecturer attributed to the misgovernment of Ireland by Great Britain, and to the vicious legislation of the latter as towards the sister island.—Dr. Cahill's opinions offered of course legitimate subject of comment to the critic of the *Transcript*; but we contend that the latter far transcended the limits of fair criticism, when, not content with rejecting the lecturer's hypothesis as to the cause of the mortality amongst the Irish emigrants, he went out of his way to insult them in the following strain of unmanly and un-Christian invective:—

"How would he" (Dr. Cahill)—"like us to retort that personal uncleanness, and whiskey, and a predisposition to disease before leaving Ireland, was the first cause of the fever, which once breaking out, became epidemic, and could not be stayed—*Transcript*, 1st inst.

Dr. Cahill, if thus retorted upon, would probably reply, that it was unmanly and cowardly to reproach his countrymen with the want of cleanliness which the poverty to which the famine had reduced them, and the packing together of hundreds of emigrants in the dirty, ill-ventilated hold of the crowded emigrant ship, had made unavoidable. He would also probably reply that the poverty of the great mass of the Irish people in the nineteenth century, was the direct and inevitable consequence of Protestant penal laws in the eighteenth; and that the dense crowding together of the unfortunate emigrants, whom bitter poverty had expatriated, was the result of the cupidity and dishonesty of British ship-owners; and of the neglect of the British authorities to enforce the provisions of the law with regard to the ratio to be observed betwixt a ship's registered tonnage, and the number of passengers whom she was entitled to carry.

With respect to the accusation of the *Transcript*, to the effect that the fearful mortality of the Irish immigrants in Canada in '47, was the result of the drunken habits of the latter—"bad whiskey," as our contemporary insinuates—Dr. Cahill would probably reply by a direct negative; and by appealing to the well known fact that that mortality was the result, not of excess, but of a deficiency both in quantity and quality of stimulating aliment. Under somewhat analogous conditions, malignant typhoid fever is, we are sorry to say, declaring itself amongst the distressed operatives of the North of England; and though a failure of the cotton supplies is producing effects upon the health of the cotton-spinners of Lancashire, very similar to those produced by the failure of the potato crop upon the health of the Irish peasantry—no Irishman, no Catholic, no honest man of any race or of any creed would dream of taunting the former with their dirt, and with the uncleanly habits which poverty and physical suffering necessarily engender; or with their drunken or dissipated habits of living, of which there is not the slightest evidence. Such courtesies, such amenities proceed only from so-called liberal and enlightened Protestants, and Irishmen alone are the subjects of them.

With respect to the third and last count in the Irish emigrants of '47—to wit: That they had "a predisposition to disease before leaving Ireland," Dr. Cahill would no doubt plead guilty; but would retort that that "predisposition to disease" was the effect of poverty, and of loss of vital force, consequent upon the want of a sufficiency of nutritious food; the latter again being consequent upon the failure of the potato crop, which again was the visitation of God, and not the fault of those upon whom that visitation fell with the greatest severity.

And this of course raises the question—how far British and Protestant Penal Laws of the eighteenth century are responsible for the fearful consequences of the potato rot in Ireland in the nineteenth? With Dr. Cahill we hold that, though the failure of the potato crop was the work of God, the famine which followed that failure was the work of man, or rather of the devil. We do not indeed attribute malice, or ill will towards the Irish, to the Queen, to the Duke of Wellington or to Lord Palmerston, to Lord John Russell, to Sir Robert Peel, or indeed to any of the statesmen of the day; but nevertheless we say that the famine which follow-

ed, the potato failure was the inevitable result of the cruel Protestant Penal code of the eighteenth century; since the latter had generated the peculiar social and industrial conditions of the great mass of the Irish people; and since these peculiar conditions were such, that a failure of a particular crop upon which the bulk of the rural population depended for subsistence, necessarily engendered actual famine amongst the Irish; although a similar failure of a single crop would have entailed but trifling inconvenience upon a people existing under different conditions, social and industrial.

It is indeed argued that the Penal Laws could have had no influence in producing the famine, since those Laws had all been repealed before the catastrophe occurred. This is about as rational as it would be to argue that a shot fired from a gun must stop in its flight, the moment that, having left the muzzle of the piece, the gas generated by the ignited charge no longer acted directly upon it; or that a man, having been exposed to the flames and severely burnt, should cease to suffer pain the moment that the fire was extinguished. Such logic, though commonly resorted to by Protestants when treating of Ireland, scarce deserves a serious refutation. It is an axiom in the physical order that force is only convertible, not destructible; and certainly this axiom is as true in the moral and political orders, as in the material. In the former, force is indeed apparently indestructible; and the consequences, whether for good, or whether for evil, of every act of the human legislator, make themselves felt in the most remote posterity. The evil that men do lives after them; the mischief which their wicked laws produce attests its presence long ages after those laws have been repealed, and consigned to general execration; and, as in the physical order everything that exists stands in some determinate relation to everything else—so that the present geographical position of every boulder on the surface of the earth is the result of a glacier action now only discernible by its effects—so the actual social, political and industrial condition of every civilised community—is, to a certain extent, and due allowance being made for the action of the supernatural factor known as Christianity, the product of all its social, political, and industrial antecedents; and if Buckle and others of that school etc in their theories of an unintelligent, irresistible natural law, it is because they do not recognise the supernatural factor in the phenomenon of civilisation, ever working in the history of the human race; controlling and modifying its destinies, and thus confounding the calculations of the mere fatalist, and necessitarian. Thus Guizot will tell us that, the peculiar social, political and industrial conditions of our remote Teutonic ancestors, as depicted by Tacitus, are still discernible in, and have determined, the actual conditions of their descendants in England and in America; and if this be true, which no doubt to a certain extent it is, with what face can it be argued that the unhappy social, political, and industrial conditions imposed by Protestant Penal Laws upon the Catholic Irish of the eighteenth century, can have been reversed by the mere repeal of those laws, and in the course of a couple of generations?

God forbid that we should hold, or seem to hold the present generation of Englishmen and Protestants personally responsible for the wickedness of their fathers! We believe that the Penal Laws have few apologists at the present day, except amongst the most extreme fanatics of Exeter Hall; and we cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge the many excellencies of the Constitution under which we live, the product in its main features of the "Ages of Faith;" and under which Catholics enjoy a far greater amount of civil and religious liberty, than is the lot of any country in the world—no exception made in favor of those whose Governments call themselves Catholic. We have no sympathy whatever with those who act and speak as if wholesale and indiscriminate abuse of Great Britain, and of the British Government, were the first duty of the Papist. As we have learnt our religion from the lips of its duly authorised expounders, we have never been able to detect any antagonism betwixt that allegiance which we owe to the Church and to the Sovereign Pontiff, and that which we owe, and which if good practical Catholics we will cheerfully render, to our country and to our Queen. But though loyal, and contented subjects of Victoria, we need feel no delicacy in asserting that the rule of many of her predecessors of the House of Brunswick, was most cruel and most iniquitous towards their Catholic subjects in general, and towards the Catholics of Ireland in particular; and assuredly we need not fear refutation when we assert that the consequences of those cruel and iniquitous, though now repealed laws are still felt, and will long be felt, for many and many a generation, by the children of those who, for their religion, and for the love of God, were made subject to them. To these brutal laws then, which are Britain's shame, and whose memory should call a blush on the cheek of every honest Protestant, and not as the *Transcript* pretends, to Irish sloth or Irish drunkenness, but rather to Irish constancy to the faith, must we attribute the horrors of '47, so well depicted by Dr. Cahill.

The AYWARDS.—The case of this unfortunate couple, lately burglar at Belleville, in Upper Canada, on a charge of murder, has provoked many comments in all parts of the country, and is the subject of lively discussion in Montreal. We do not pretend, as yet, to be in full possession of all the facts of the case, and cannot therefore presume to hazard an opinion thereupon; but we hope, before our next issue, to have received those facts, and we shall then lay them before our readers, with such comments of our own as they may seem to require.

How far the statements, very widely circulated, are true, to the effect that the petitions of the friends of the condemned, for a reprieve until such time as they should have been enabled to adduce some fresh and important evidence, were treated by the Executive with contempt, and were unceremoniously rejected, we cannot of course at present pretend to say. There is much, no doubt, connected with this melancholy business which requires a thorough scrutiny, and which we trust it will receive. Not in a party spirit, however—not however with the design of inculcating or of exonerating the Ministry, in whose hands the fate of the wretched criminals really lay; but solely with the view of eliciting the truth, and of rescuing the administration of justice in Canada from the obloquy, or rather suspicions, which the late executions in Upper Canada have brought upon it. That the Aywards were sacrificed, because Catholics, and as a concession to the bitter No-Popery and Orange fanaticism of Upper Canada, is indeed a most serious imputation against our Government, but one which we hope investigation will serve to refute.

We learn with deep regret from our esteemed contemporary the *Courier du Canada* that the Province has lost one of its best and most estimable citizens in the person of Dr. Fremont, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine of the Laval University. The deceased had been on a voyage to Europe, for the restoration of his health, and died on board of the steamer *Bokeman* on his return to Canada. The late Dr. Fremont enjoyed a high reputation not only in his own profession, but as a gentleman of general science, and as an accomplished scholar; and in token of appreciation of his worth he had received the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. The University of Laval will have many reasons to regret his loss.

At the last Regular Monthly Meeting of the St. Patrick's Society of this City, the offensive article in the *Transcript* of the 1st instant, and which we have elsewhere alluded to, was brought under the notice of the Society, and the following Resolutions were proposed and unanimously carried:

Resolved, that we, the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, do hereby most solemnly and forcibly denounce and condemn as false, unjustifiable, unfounded and malignant the insinuations cast upon the memory of our departed countrymen and on our race by the editor of said journal.

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We have been requested to state that the St. Patrick's Society are already making preparations for their Annual Promenade Concert, which will take place in the City Concert Hall on or about the 22nd instant.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW: B. Dawson & Son Montreal.—The organ of the evangelical section of the Protestant community is, for a marvel, silent upon Dr. Colenso's now celebrated attack upon the historical credibility of the Pentateuch, and other portions of the Old Testament; and devotes, what to the generality of its readers will seem an unnecessary space to the discussion of some obscure notabilities of the continent, whose very names are unknown to the majority of the public. No doubt Mr. James, and the eminent provision merchant Mr. Samuel Budgett—who studying his Bible as diligently as his ledger, grew in grace and wealth until he had realised an odor of sanctity, and a sum of nearly three quarters of a million—were bright and distinguished lights of their several meeting houses, but we fear that the public at large knows and cares but little about them. A better article is that on 'Popular Prophetic Li-

terature, wherein the extreme silliness of all recent attempts to interpret the mystic member of the 'Brest,' to penetrate into the mysteries of the 'great horn' and the 'little horn,' or to identify Pius IX., with the 'Man of Sin' are well exposed, and judiciously castigated. The best thing however in the current member of the *British* is its now inevitable, notice of 'The American Conflict.' The writer insists strongly upon the incapacity and dishonesty of the men to whose hands the fate of the North has been committed during that 'Conflict'; and he rightly attributes those defects to the democratic system itself, which is so cunningly adjusted amongst our republican neighbors, as effectually to exclude talent and honesty from public life, and the national council board. He only who is destitute of all honest pride, and the feelings of a gentleman, can submit to the indignity of a popular election in the United States, or descend so low as to fawn upon, and cringe before, the least educated, the least refined, and the least morally respectable, portion of the community; and yet such a one only has any chance of success in the struggle incessantly going on amongst our neighbors for government situations, and eminence in political life. Hence it is, that the very worst men, the meanest, the most unprincipled and the most unscrupulous political adventurers, are one descended into the arena, where the prize of victory is invariably adjudged to the vilest and to the most unworthy. This is a defect inherent in democracies, in which of course, the most unsavory, and the most corrupt, inevitably rise, or float up to the surface. 'We condemn the institutions,' says the *Reviewer*: 'Americans usually condemn themselves.'

The reprints of all the *Reviews* are to be had at the Messrs. Dawson's Great St. James Street.

A Concert will be given in the Village of Alexandria, County of Glengarry, on the 14th instant, to aid in paying off the debts of the Catholic Church, at that place. Vocalists of well known capacity, from various localities, have volunteered their services, and it is expected that the entertainment will be interesting. The selections are made from the most popular music of the day. Admission 25 cents, to commence at 8 o'clock.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR—Knowing that you take a deep interest in everything that pertains to the spiritual and temporal welfare of your Catholic brethren, I am sure you will gladly give place in the columns of your esteemed journal to the following brief account of a Temperance Meeting which took place last Sunday evening, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society.

This meeting, which will be long remembered by those who had the happiness of participating in it, was held in St. Bridget's Church, east end of Dorchester street.

The Church itself was beautifully decorated, and evidenced in a high degree the untiring zeal and energy of the good Father Toupin, under whose charge it is placed. At six o'clock the Reverend Mr. O'Farrell ascended the pulpit, the sacred edifice being then filled to its utmost capacity. Need I say that the Rev. Gentleman spoke eloquently, or that his lecture upon temperance was listened to with marked attention. As to myself I have often heard sermons and lectures upon the advantages of Teetotalism; but I confess I do not remember having ever heard the subject more ably or more skillfully treated than it was upon that evening by Father O'Farrell. His facts, his reasoning, and his arguments were all admirably calculated to inspire in the breast of every one who heard him, as in truth I think they did, a holy hatred of drunkenness, and a deep abiding love for its opposite—the manly and ennobling virtue of temperance. At the close of the Rev. Gentleman's lecture, about three hundred persons, old and young, advanced to the railing in front of the altar, and, kneeling down, received the pledge from the indefatigable President of the Society. These interesting proceedings soon closed by the solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

But after all, Mr. Editor, is it not wonderful that such a necessity should exist? that man should require so much preaching, so much coaxing, to withdraw him from a habit which he knows well, if he persists in, must inevitably bring in its long train of untold miseries death to his body—death to his immortal soul?

Is it not, I repeat, strange that with the daily examples of the degrading effects of drunkenness which stare us in the face, that we can still be so indifferent to our own fate, so stupidly, perversely, so willfully blind to our dearest and most precious interests, as despite of every moving example to follow in that same course which we know as a fact has proved utterly destructive to our unfortunate predecessors? Really, Mr. Editor, to your correspondent it seems the most extraordinary thing in the world, that men can take such extreme delight in poisoning themselves: for I assert as a fact, beyond all contradiction, that the liquors sold in Montreal under the names of brandy, gin, whiskey, beer, &c. &c. contain a very large quantity of deadly poison—and right well the tipplers know it. But yet so deluded and so enslaved are these poor dupes that with the full knowledge of this lamentable and alarming fact, we still find them congregating in the gin palaces, hugging the fatal glass as it rises to their lips, all the while in utter disregard of its dishonoring and deadly effects.

Yours, &c.,

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Brockville, 29th Dec. 1863.

SIR—On last Tuesday morning I attended the R. C. Separate School examination, in this town, on the special invitation of Mr. P. J. Maher, the gentlemanly Teacher, and I must say, that a more interesting one; or one more worthy to rank under the heading of excellent, I never witnessed. At nine o'clock a. m., the hour appointed for this examination to commence, I repaired to the Separate School room, and found quite a large number of the Children's Parents in attendance, together with the following gentlemen:—W. Fitzsimmons, Esq., Mayor of Brockville; Rev. J. R. Smith, Local Superintendent of Education; Rev. W. H. Byrne, P. P.; and D. Wylie, Esq., Editor of the *Brockville Recorder*; Doctors Edmondson and Gordon; and J. J. Dunlop, Principal of the Grammar School. A good deal of time was occupied with the junior classes, which were thoroughly, and searchingly put through all the minor branches by the examiners, the result of which, was to prove themselves well instructed. The reading and spell-

ing especially, were pronounced to be the best that had been heard at any examination which took place this year. They certainly acquitted themselves admirably, and gained the merited applause of all who had the pleasure of hearing them. The more advanced classes underwent pretty severe handling in Mathematics, Grammar, Geography, Algebra, &c., at the hands of the Superintendent Dr. Gordon, and J. J. Dunlop, Esq. These gentlemen after devoting considerable time in proving the knowledge of these classes, in the several branches enumerated, became satisfied that they had received superior, and skilled training; that great care had been taken in their drill to produce such fruit; that a well qualified mind had guided them in their studies; and that their information was sound and substantial. This was the impression their examination left on the minds of the gentlemen who examined them, and also upon those who were merely interested observers. It must be borne in mind that the gentlemen who examined Mr. Maher's scholars were Protestants, possessing Protestant principles and prejudices in reference to Separate School education; and that so far as partiality was concerned, none could be expected. Under these circumstances to secure the verdict pronounced by these gentlemen required proof positive; and the securing of it, reflects great credit on all concerned. The average attendance at this school for the last year, has been, I understand, 150; and this large number have been managed, taught, and worked up to such an efficient state, by Mr. Maher and an assistant, that their examination elicits the admiration of Protestant examiners. We have a Common School in this town the average attendance at which is about 275; and whose tuition is under seven Teachers, two Masters and five Mistresses, whose salaries range from \$175 to \$700 per year; and yet the Separate School with more than half the attendance, and only two Teachers, at a cost of \$500 per year, has an examination the equal of any that have taken place in the former during this year of grace. What do you think of this acknowledgment from the lips of the very men who took part in the Common School examinations, Mr. Editor? Will gentlemen and fault-finders kindly take a note of this, and show up anything in the educational line which surpasses it if they can? But I have digressed somewhat from the object of this communication, which is to give you, Mr. Editor, and your readers, so account of the Separate School examination: to return. At the close of the exercises, special prizes were awarded by Dr. Gordon and the Rev. Mr. Byrne, to several of the children whose names I cannot recollect. Three prizes were also promised by Dr. Edmondson to the three scholars who shall have made the best general progress at next examination. The Mayor addressed the children briefly and affectionately, complimenting them on the fine display they had made, and congratulating them on the possession of so talented a Teacher as Mr. Maher, who had done them so much apparent justice. The Separate School supporters, he said, had every right to feel proud of their School, the children of their Tutor, and the Trustees of the selection they had made when choosing a Teacher. Complimentary addresses were also delivered by Dr. Edmondson and J. J. Dunlop, Esq., expressive of the gratification they experienced throughout the entire examination. The Rev. J. A. Smith said he came there that morning prepared to witness considerable proficiency in all the branches which constitute an English education, as he had seen sufficient of Mr. Maher's ability as a Teacher on a previous occasion, to inspire him with confidence in his mode of imparting instruction—but he was not a little surprised to find the examination had surpassed his most sanguine expectations.—He said it did not come within his province, as "Social Superintendent," to draw invidious comparisons; but he could not help saying that the examination now brought to a close, was equal to any which had taken place in the Common School, where the attendance only exceeded that of the Separate School by about 125; and where there were five more Teachers to do the work. The reading and spelling of Mr. Maher's pupils, he said, were ahead of any he had heard in the Common School. He said he was happy to observe the beautiful maps hanging around him; and trusted the Trustees would continue their good work, and procure other necessary apparatus for the School. He concluded by dismissing the children till the 7th January 1863. Mr. Maher returned thanks for the very flattering manner in which his name had been mentioned. The Rev. Mr. Byrne thanked Mr. Smith and the other gentlemen for their kindness and valuable services. And this, Mr. Editor, terminated one of the most pleasing and satisfactory examinations, that your humble correspondent ever attended.—Yours,

SPECTATOR.

ST. BRIDGET'S ASYLUM, QUEBEC.

The sixth annual meeting of the chartered association in connection with this excellent and highly flourishing institution, took place on Monday evening, at the Hall of the St. Patrick's Institute, Quebec. Owing to severe indisposition the Rev. President was unable to be in attendance, and the chair was taken by the Vice President, John Lane, junr., Esq. The following reports were read:—

Report of the Committee of the St. Bridget's Asylum for the year ending 30th December, 1862. Sixth Annual Report.

In the discharge of their duty as a Committee appointed for the purpose, it belongs to them to render account of the condition and management of the Institution, which, happily they are enabled to do with most satisfactory results during their tenure of service, now terminating with the year.

On assuming office, 1st of January last, your committee found, as balance, in Treasurer's hands \$241.62—a trifling sum indeed, considering the heavy current expenses to be discharged;—but an additional sum, from various sources amounting to \$306.08 has since been received, which with the above have been found adequate to meet all demands, and admit of a surplus besides of \$150, up to the time of holding the bazaar.

Your Committee have to acknowledge most thankfully, through Rev. Mr. Clarke, \$100, as request from Mrs. —, and \$75 from La Caisse d'Economie de Notre Dame de Quebec.

Important donations, from several persons, amounting to \$307.48 have been received, and it is pleasing to state that many of these have been contributed to the Institution since its commencement. A bazaar for the benefit of the Institution, has been held in October, with unexpected success, through the patronising influence of the Rev. Pastor of St. Patrick's by whom it was initiated, the irrepressible energy of the ladies under whose auspices it was conducted as well as the benevolent co-operation of the community at large, and the magnificent sum of \$3,772 60, realised thereby.

Extensive improvements have been made, and expenses incurred, by the erection of new fences—much of the material of which, being the gift of a member—along the entire length of grounds, on both streets, the renovation of the parapets, to the same extent, the purchasing of hose &c., for the use of the garden a large amount of bedding and clothing, and by sundry repairs to the building itself.

Much attention has been given to the improvement of the garden, and an increase in products has been the result; the care and cultivation of flowers and vegetables, in front and around the premises, afford pleasure and recreation to those who wish for such enjoyment.

According to Treasurer's Report, hereto appended, it appears \$583.71 have been expended for a permanent nature, and another sum of \$1,186 for the maintenance of the Asylum, which, taking the average number of inmates at 34, gives accordingly 9 cents as the daily cost of each.

There are now in the establishment 45 persons, viz: 36 adults and 10 children.

There have been admitted, during the year 28 of these 4 children have been adopted by respectable parties, one has been procured a situation, one died, and twelve have been discharged.

Your Committee would beg to state that they have diligently performed the services of them required, as may be seen, by referring to the records of the proceedings, simply but lucidly kept by the Secretary, in which are also registered the weekly visitors minutes, and these bear ample testimony to the neatness and order, which always prevail, imparting to everything about the place the appearance of a well regulated private family.

They would bring under particular notice, their obligations to the accomplished lady to whom is chiefly attributable, such harmonious arrangement, and who has from charitable motives alone, gratuitously devoted her rare talents to the management of the Institution.

They would be deficient in their acknowledgments, did they not gratefully refer to the Ladies of the Sewing Society, who have at considerable inconvenience, sacrificed much valuable time, in accomplishing substantial benefits accruing from their self imposed obligations.

As to the regard of the general interest, your Committee would, before closing, beg the continuance of the weekly visits, perseverance in unremitting zeal on the part of the Association, and the accustomed benevolence from a generous public, which, under the protection of Divine Providence here, within a short period, raised up a splendid Establishment that affords hospitable refuge to the destitute, and renders most honorably to its philanthropic founders.

All which is most respectfully submitted.

Rev. B. MCGRAW, President.

GEO. NEILAN, Secretary.

The Treasurer to account with the St. Bridget's Asylum Association.

Table with financial entries: To Balance from last year, \$241 62; Amount received from Life Members, 40 00; Subscriptions of Members, 77 00; Donations in cash from sundry persons, 51 25; Request per Rev. Mr. Clarke, 100 00; Grant from Legislature, 400 00; Donation to purchase firewood, 85 00; Donation from Caisse d'Economie de Quebec, 75 00; Amount received from Ladies of Bazaar, 3772 64; Interest on deposits, 7 08; Received for board of inmates in Asylum, 33 00; Total, \$4882 59.

By Baker's account, \$192 48; Butcher's, 136 60; Grocer's, 200 38; Vegetables, 48 08; Insurance on property, 10 00; Repairing Asylum and fencing garden, 143 75; Clothing and Blankets, &c., &c., 93 10; Servants and Laborer's wages, 60 00; Hay and Straw, 27 11; Carting, 30 10; Amount paid to Deaf and Dumb Asylum Montreal for Mary McCabe, 40 00; Butter, 54 41; Interest on property, 24 00; Amount paid for firewood, 101 48; Fish, 9 88; Clearing Snow from Asylum, 10 00; Boots and shoes for inmates, 14 00; Stores, 40 38; Bazaar expenses, 277 49; Oatmeal, 28 82; John Pye's account for Horse, 29 05; Amount invested in St. Patrick's Church, 2400 00; Sundries, 44 50; Balance on hand, 854 38; Total, \$4882 59.

It was then moved by Mr. Daniel Carey, seconded by Mr. A. McDonnell, and unanimously adopted:—That the reports of the Secretary and the Treasurer for the past year be received and adopted, and that they be published in the city papers and in the Montreal True Witness.

The ballot for office-bearers resulted as follows:—

- H. O'Connor—1st Vice-President.
P. Lawlor—2nd do do
G. Neilan—Secretary.
J. O'Reilly—Asst.-Sec.
J. Lilly—Treasurer
Committee of Management.—Messrs. T. McGreevy, John Flanagan, Wm Quinn, J. O'Leary, J. Lane, jr., E. O'Doherty, M. Connolly, M. O'Leary, M. O'Brien, and M. J. O'Doherty, Daniel Carey, M. Earght, D. Ryan.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

South Douro, Dec. 13th 1862.

The quarterly examination of the pupils of Mr. Edwin P. Ford's school, South Douro, took place on the 11th inst. Several of the pupils' parents were present, and took great interest in the examination. The several classes read well, and answered correctly the words given in spelling and derivation.

The answering in Arithmetic was excellent: the expertness with which the children answered the questions proposed, and likewise explained the rules by which the questions were worked, deserved particular notice.

The examination in English Grammar was long and searching; the parsing was gone through with ease, and many examples of false syntax were corrected with much cleverness. The answering of the classes in Geography gave general satisfaction.

The advancement of the pupils of this school since Mr. Ford took charge of it, reflects much credit on him as an accomplished and efficient Teacher.

MONAK WALSIE, Superintendent of Schools, Douro.

John Leahy and Michael Mahony Trustees.

SEPARATE SCHOOL, TRENTON.

Trenton, C.W., 23 d Dec., 1862.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Dear Sir,—The Examination of the pupils of the Trenton Catholic Separate School took place on the 19th inst., and I am happy to say it came off with much credit to the teacher. The pupils were examined in the various branches which they pursued during the year, viz:—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography and other branches usually taught in our School, and by the manner in which they answered the questions given them by their teacher and others present showed that they understood what they were taught and also the nature of the subjects. They not only answered questions correctly, but also gave the reasons and cases for their answers. What was taught the pupils, appear-

ed to have been taught well; the foundation well laid, and nothing done without assigning a reason for it. Although the pupils are quite young, I doubt not but they could vie with pupils of maturer age of many other schools, I am convinced, as far as the moral training and discipline are concerned, the pupils of this school cannot easily be surpassed. The conduct of the pupils reflects the greatest credit to their Teacher, Mr. McFaul, and merits him the esteem of those parents sending children to his school. Hoping that I have not taken up too much space in the columns of your valuable journal,

I remain yours respectfully,

Hartsville, Co. Northumberland, O.W. December 23rd, 1862.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I announce the Examination of the pupils of School Section No. 11, Township of Murray, Co. Northumberland. Their teacher, Mr. Wealock, subjected them to a most rigid examination in all the branches usually taught in Common Schools, and, by the manner in which they answered, they appeared as if they could not easily be puzzled in the branches they had studied during the past year. What surprised me most was to see children of the age of eight and then years answering questions and transposing poetical sentences with considerable ease, showing that they understood the science of grammar very well. There were many of the boys who solved questions in simple and quadratic equations that were very difficult and required much mathematical reasoning. Their skill in answering these questions plainly proved their knowledge of algebra. The examination was well attended by the parents of the children, and all expressed themselves highly pleased with the progress their children had made during the year. Mr. Wealock came here a year ago a stranger, and the Trustees engaged him on the strength of recommendations he had from Trustees of other sections in which he taught, and I am happy to say, since he came here he has won for himself the esteem and respect of every parent sending children to his school, by strict attention to his business and careful watch over his pupils. Hoping that you will give place for the above to your valuable journal,

I remain yours truly,

ALFHA.

SINGULAR DISAPPEARANCE.—We have had occasion of late to allude to several cases where persons have disappeared in a very mysterious manner; and have now to notice two others of a similar nature.

A respectable young emigrant girl entered into the employ of a farmer near Montreal, and after two months service she came into this city for the purpose, as she stated, of seeking the emigrant agent to write a letter for her. She left her money and clothing with her mistress, and has not been heard of since.

Another girl in Montreal, left the house where she was employed, for the purpose of going to Conference, and never returned. She also left her money and clothing behind her.—Montreal Herald.

CONFLAGRATION IN LONDON, C.W.—Last Sunday evening the store of Mr. T. Baxter, Dry Goods and Grocery, London, C.W., was burned. The grocery store next to it kept by Messrs. Forbes & Co., met with the same fate, as did the hardware store of Messrs. Spaw and Vennor. The loss sustained by the several parties is heavy. The value of property destroyed is supposed to be between \$50,000 and \$60,000. At the instance of Mr. Baxter, of whom injurious reports in connection with the fire were in circulation, the Coroner will hold an inquest to enquire into the cause of the fire.

Winter wheat in many parts of the West is reported as having been injured by an insect in consequence of the open season.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Montreal, January 7th, 1863.

Flour—Pollards, \$2 25 to \$2 50; Middlings, \$2 65 to \$2 80; Fine, \$3 50 to \$4; Superior, No 2, \$4 25 to \$4 35; Superior, \$4 50 to \$4 55; Superior Extra, \$5 15 to \$5 30. Small demand, and very little offering.

Oatmeal per bbl of 200 lbs, about \$4 50.

Wheat—Canada Spring, 93c to 94c ex-cars; U.S. White Winter, nominal, \$1 02 to \$1 03.

Pork per 66 lbs, 70c to 72c. Nominal.

Ashea per 112 lbs.—Pots, \$5 35 to \$6 44; Inferiors, \$6 40 to \$6 50; Penins, \$6 50 to \$6 36.

Butter—Not much doing; prices remain the same, viz, inferior, 10c to 10 1/2c; medium, 11c to 12c; fine, 12 1/2c to 14c; choice, 14 1/2c to 17c.

Lard per lb, dull 7 1/2c to 8 1/2c.

Tallow per lb, quiet at 8c to 8 1/2c.

Hams per lb, dull and nominal; smoked, 6c to 8c; cannered, 8c to 10c.

Pork per bbl, Mess \$10 00 to \$10 50; Thin Mess, \$9 00 to \$9 50; Prime Mess, \$8; Prime, \$8. No transactions; quotations nominal.

Beef per bbl, Prime Mess, \$8 to \$50. Nominal.

Dressed Hogs in good demand, and sell at \$4 to \$4 25; choice, \$4 50.

Seeds—Clover 8c to 8 1/2c per lb; Timothy, \$3 to \$2 50 per 45 lbs.—Montreal Witness.

A BAD CUSTOMER!—These sudden changes of weather are bad customers for health. In cases of colds, hoarseness, sore throats, and difficulty of breathing, use a few Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers; 25 cents a box.

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

Births.

In this City, on Monday, the 29th ult., the wife of Mr. John Breen, of a daughter.

On the 31st of December, at 55 St. Alexander Street, Mrs. Thos. B. Cosedine, of a son.

In this city, on the 5th inst., at Simps'n Street, off Sherbrooke Street, the wife of Frederick Eastace Bertram, of a daughter.

In Quebec, on the 28th ult., the wife of Mr. Thos. D. Tins, of a daughter.

Died.

In Dublin, on the 15th of December, in her 99th year, Mary, widow of the late Thomas Ryan, Esq., of Ballinacilly, County of Kildare, Ireland.

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Jan. 17, 1863.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Dec. 9.—The ceremony of opening the Boulevard du Prince Eugene passed off, we have seen, in unbroken tranquillity. The crowds that filled the streets both leading to and in the immediate neighborhood of the Place du Trone were orderly and well-conducted, as Parisian crowds ever are on such occasions; and I have heard of no incident which would justify the apprehensions of those who anticipated boisterous "manifestations," if not worse.

Some people, however, will have it that the day originally fixed for the solemnity was the 15th of last month, and that the postponement to the 7th of December was caused by the discovery of a plot, of Italian origin, against the Emperor. On the other hand, it was denied, on official authority (whatever that may be worth), that the 15th was ever contemplated, as the works were not sufficiently advanced at that date (which is a fact), and that if the public thought of the 15th it was because it happened to be the fête of St. Eugenia, the Emperor's patron, as well as of the Prince after whom the new boulevard is named. Moreover, on the 15th the festivities of Compiègne were at their height, and it was announced that the Court would return to Paris on the 6th of December.

The question is whether a conspiracy of a kind to require the putting off of so important a proceeding as the opening of this boulevard ever really existed. It is certain that a person long conversant with the Secret Police Department scouted the notion, and I may add that few are more competent to detect the difference between a real and a fictitious plot. No allusion has been made to a conspiracy in the *Moniteur*—perhaps because a denial in a journal which possesses in a high degree one of the qualities attributed by President Lincoln to Gen. Pope would rather corroborate the impression than remove it from the mind of the public. I mentioned the rumour about three weeks ago, as well as the arrests said to have followed. The particulars I did not further allude to, as some were most contradictory, and others could not be traced to any source entitled to much credit. Moreover, on every occasion that the Emperor goes to Compiègne we are sure to have abundance of rumours of the same kind. Sometimes it is a soldier who is found to play the leading part, and who is quietly and summarily disposed of; sometimes it is a couple of suspicious persons, armed to the teeth, who are found lurking in the precincts or in the cellars; and lately two persons pretending to be police agents were said to be discovered as they were preparing to effect their guilty purpose. In the present instance it was an infernal machine, in the French style, which was to have been tried on some spot close to the Place du Trone, at which the new boulevard terminates, or at the Boulevard du Temple, where it begins. Finally, the rumour dwindled down to a "manifestation" by some people of the faubourgs in favour of Italian unity. I may observe that similar rumours were rife when the Emperor opened the Boulevard Sebastopol, and were more faintly repeated when he did the same office for the Boulevard Malesherbes last year.

It is remarked as curious that the reports in the present instance nearly coincide in point of date with the agitation for the revision of the electoral lists. The press discussed the subject several days, and published the opinions of some of the most eminent jurists on the unconstitutional manner in which the lists are framed. The movement extended to the departments; the judgment deliberately expressed by the first lawyers of the capital was likely to be strengthened and adhered to by those of the provinces; and it was hoped that the result would be some addition to the knot of independent members of the Legislative Chamber. That persistence in those discussions, with the chance of an increased minority in the new Legislature, caused much uneasiness in official quarters is evident from the summary manner in which the Minister of the Interior imposed silence on an *avertissement*. The best means of securing the return of candidates patronized by the Administration would be to make the peasant population believe that the eternal enemies of order, whether foreign or domestic, had contemplated the commission of a great crime. Be it true or false, this last version has been current, and it is credited by persons far from ignorant of what passed in official regions.

It is, nevertheless, certain that several arrests have been made; and not later than Friday night last, some persons were taken into custody at a late hour of the night, in the Rue de la Victoire—whether on a charge of conspiracy or not I cannot say. Be this as it may, the opening of the boulevard passed off on Sunday without any criminal attempt, or any manifestation, except a manifestation which must have greatly gratified the Emperor.

A letter from Paris, dated Dec. 4th, states:—"That England is not alone to suffer from the cotton crisis caused by the American war, but no country except England could give the world so noble an example as that afforded by the Lancashire county meeting on Tuesday. A subscription has been set on foot in Paris for the relief of the cotton spinners reduced to starvation in Rouen: the *Temps* makes a warm appeal on behalf of the destitute operatives, and gracefully alludes to the splendid munificence of Lord Derby and the other Lancashire magnates, and holds them up as men of whom their country has indeed reason to be proud. It urges on France to make an effort, and calls upon those who live in ease and luxury at least to subscribe as many francs as England subscribes pounds sterling. The appeal does not appear to be warmly responded to. Few of the papers think it worth while to take it up, and in the subscription lists the name of one local magnate, whose estates come down to the gates of Rouen, and would be considered large even in England, is sought for in vain. The reason for this is that in France the Government is expected to do everything, and private benevolence and individual initiative is looked upon as quite unable to produce any

great result. The sums subscribed up to this time hardly amount to £600?"

The same correspondent adds:—"Rumours of the retirement of Lord John Russell from the Cabinet are again very prevalent in Paris." He gives the following reason as the origin of the reports:—"It is a matter of notoriety that when the French Government proffered their invitation to England to join France in a humane attempt to put an end to the atrocious warfare on the other side of the Atlantic, they had good reason to believe that the invitation would be accepted, and were much surprised at its curt rejection. If report be correct, Lord Russell was at the bottom of the mystification which had been practised on the French Government. The noble Earl had accompanied Her Majesty on her trip to Germany, and had spent a few days at the Belgian Court. What his Lordship may have said or done during his sojourn there is, of course, a secret; but it is not singular that soon after the venerable and sagacious monarch should have been impressed with a belief that the British Government was prepared, nay anxious, for an opportunity to intervene in America? And being so impressed, what would be more natural than that King Leopold, whose no official communications to the various European states have so frequently been attended with beneficial results, should take an early occasion to communicate his impressions to the French Court, and would not sustain intimations, received from such a source, lead to France making overtures which she could not suppose would be so peremptorily rejected?"

A contemporary publishes the following as the substance of a circular on the Greek question, which M. Drouyn de Lhays has just sent to each of the Representatives of the French Government:—

"After having acknowledged the moderation which the Greek nation has exhibited in the presence of the grave circumstances arising out of recent events, the Minister declares the Government of his Imperial Majesty has not remained an indifferent spectator of what has passed, but did not think it right to offer any opposition."

"Two considerations presented themselves; on the one side the treaties that established Greece, to which France was a party; on the other the unanimous movement of a people desirous of modifying its Government. Between these two opposite facts France had but one line to follow—to leave the Greek people free to elect the assembly representing the nation, and to adhere, in accord with the co-protecting Powers, to the engagements jointly signed by them. This is the line the Emperor has faithfully followed."

"The note adds, that, requested to point out a candidate for the throne of Greece, the Government of his Majesty the Emperor of the French did not feel itself at liberty to comply, convinced that in acting thus it would be causing a moral pressure, restricting the full liberty of the Greek, and violating treaties. The crown of Greece could not, in fact, be considered vacant by France any more than by England or Russia, until the Hellenic nation had designated a new sovereign, and the three protecting powers had agreed to recognize him. Up to that time the existing engagements would preserve all their force."

"M. Drouyn de Lhays then goes on to state with regret that whilst the Government of his Imperial Majesty followed in perfect good faith the line it had traced for itself the name of a prince belonging to one of the three Powers was brought forward, and that this candidature was supported rather than discouraged in Greece. Whilst rendering full justice to the eminent qualities of Prince Alfred, and appreciation the lively sympathies of which he is the object in Greece, the French Government is not disposed to admit that his elevation to the throne will assure the security and happiness of the country.—Would not Europe accept with reluctance the increase of influence which would result therefrom to England? Would not the two other Powers see in it a violation of treaties? Finally, would not the overthrow of the balance of power in the East and the Mediterranean bring about inevitable complications?"

"M. Drouyn de Lhays thinks that, under these circumstances, the Government of Great Britain has perhaps occupied itself too much with a candidature which it believed it had reason to fear, and has been desirous of obtaining guarantees which were not necessary. He trusts that the uneasiness to which the circumstances have given rise will soon be terminated."

"Relying on the wisdom of the British Government, and informed by its representative at Paris that England is ready to disavow the candidature of Prince Alfred if Russia on her side will consent to the exclusion of any Prince belonging to the Imperial family of Russia; convinced, moreover, that the latter power is ready to make this declaration, the French Minister sees no further obstacle to an understanding between the three Powers; and concludes with the expression of a hope that the three Powers will agree to point out for the choice of Greece a Prince who will be able to ensure her prosperity without compromising that of Europe."

The *Opinion Nationale* has received a second warning for the publication of an article entitled "Martyrdom of the Clerical Party." The motives of the warning are stated to be, that the *Opinion Nationale*, "notwithstanding that it has received several semi-official warnings, has continued to falsely attribute all the acts of the Government to what it terms 'clerical influences,' and to misrepresent the liberal intentions of the Government of the Emperor."

The following is the substance of the treaty concluded between the French and Swiss Governments, settling the question of the Valley of Dappes. Switzerland undertakes to cede to France that portion of Dappes situated on the northern side of the Fanvelle Road, while France cedes to Switzerland a territory of equal extent, situated on the right side of the Valley of Dappes. The treaty also expressly states that neither of the contracting parties are allowed to construct military works on the territories mutually ceded.

ITALY.

The newspapers most faithfully attached to the Rattazzi interests dare not breathe a syllable of opposition to the new Cabinet, the character of whose members cannot be easily impeached. They only throw out ominous hints about Fracchi's health and express their opinion that between Pezzani and Minghetti, the man at the head of the two most important branches of the Administration, viz. Interior and Finance, there may be no very warm political sympathy, or good understanding. So far, however, from any "dualism" existing between these two distinguished statesmen, they are, perhaps, too well agreed on a point which may at some distant period place them in opposition to many of the members of the present Parliament. Both Pezzani and Minghetti no less than Farini, are at heart "Regionalists"—that is, partial to a system of administration which would tend to decentralize the Government, not only by giving the greatest possible development to each province, but also by reconstituting such clusters of provinces as represent the old States and the natural divisions of the country, such as Lombardy, the Emilia, Tuscany, &c. You are aware that the question of the Regions gave rise to very warm debates in the offices and committees of the Chamber soon after the annexation, and that Minghetti, then Minister for Home Affairs, perceiving his inability to force his own views upon a reluctant Assembly, was compelled to withdraw from the Ricasoli Cabinet to which he belonged, especially as Ricasoli himself was known as a strict anti-Regionalist. The question which was at that time smothered then resolved, is not unlikely to be directly or indirectly revived, seeing that, as I said, Farini, Minghetti, and Pezzani are all inclined to think that no Home-office can take upon itself the management of all the great and small business of 59 provinces, and that the present system of centralization broke innumerable hands of Rattazzi, and of the very men who, like him, put the greatest faith in it, compelling them to re-establish a *de facto* Royal lieutenancy in Naples and Sicily, which was tantamount to going back to the Regional system, so far, at least, as those two ex-kingdoms were concerned.

THE NEW ITALIAN MINISTRY.—The following short biography of the new Italian Ministry is given by the *Temps*:—"M. Farini, the President of the Council, is a Roman; he was an eminent physician and a leader of the Liberal party when he was appointed Director-General of the Hospitals and Prisons of Rome under the Ministry of Count Rossi. In 1848, when the Republic was proclaimed in Rome, he emigrated to Tuscany; thence he removed to Piedmont. M. Farini was for some time Minister of Public Instruction in 1859, and subsequently he was Minister of the Interior in the Cavour Cabinet. He was Dictator of Emilia and Lieutenant-General of the King at Naples after Garibaldi's departure. M. Farini was the principal negotiator of the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. He was born on the 22d of October, 1822. M. Peruzzi, the new Minister of the Interior, is a Tuscan. He was a leader of the Liberal party in 1848, and in 1859 was at the head of the movement which transferred Tuscany to Piedmont. He was Minister of Public Works in Ricasoli's Cabinet. He is a man of energy and undoubted liberalism. It has been said by mistake that he is an enemy of the French alliance. M. Minghetti was, in 1848, Minister of Commerce to Pius IX.; he has twice been Victor Emmanuel's Minister of the Interior—once under Cavour and once under Ricasoli. He is a distinguished political economist; as Finance Minister he will now have an opportunity of showing his talent. M. Pasolini, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, is also a Roman. He was for a long time Mayor of Ravenna. In 1847 he was a colleague of Rossi, under whom he held the office of Minister of Public Works. A refugee in 1849, he went into Piedmont. In 1859 he was appointed Governor of Milan, which post he held till M. Rattazzi came into power, when he resigned. Shortly afterwards, at the personal request of the King, he accepted the appointment of Governor of Turin. M. Manca, the Minister of Commerce, is a Neapolitan. He was a director-general of customs under the Bourbons, and in 1860 was sent by Francis II. to Turin, to negotiate an alliance with Piedmont. M. Menabrea, Minister of Public Works, is a General of Piedmontese Engineers. He was secretary-general to Azeglio in 1850, and Minister of Marine in the Ricasoli Cabinet. M. Amari, Minister of Public Instruction, is a Sicilian; one of the most eminent savants in Italy, and an Orientalist of European reputation. He long resided in Paris as a refugee, and is a corresponding member of the Institute. M. Della Rovere, Minister at War, held that portfolio under Ricasoli; he has been Lieutenant-General of the King in Sicily. M. Ricci, Minister of Marine, is a Genoese, and has the reputation of being a capable naval officer."

There is a rumor flying about the German Courts that the King of Portugal has granted to Victor Emmanuel a piece of country on the African coast, to serve as a penal settlement for the Neapolitan prisoners.

The following is the text of M. de Saragat's address to King Victor Emmanuel on presenting his credentials as ambassador to the Court of Turin:—"Sire,—The Emperor having honored me with the mission of representing his Government at your Majesty's Court, I am happy, as my first duty, to be able to communicate to your Majesty the assurance directly given me by my august Sovereign of his sincere and unwavering feelings of affection and sympathy towards your Majesty and Italy. I shall fulfil his intentions by endeavoring to maintain and consolidate the good understanding existing between Italy and France, a task which will be rendered easy by my desire to be agreeable to your Majesty, and by your high benevolence, which I solicit beforehand. I have the honor to present to your Majesty the credentials with which his Majesty the Emperor of the French accredits me to your august person as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. The King replied that he was highly gratified to hear, by the Emperor's direct commands, the assurances of the sincere and constant sentiments of affection for his person and sympathy for Italy, the destinies of which is intimately connected with that of France. He added that the qualities which distinguished the representative of his august ally was a pledge in his eyes that the relations between the two Governments would preserve the character of mutual confidence which exists between the two dynasties and the two nations."

ROME.—The *Correspondence de Rome* mentions that a Catholic gentleman had left a legacy of 100,000 francs to one of the Papal Zouaves. The soldier was not his relation, friend, or even countryman. The *Correspondence* thinks that the object of the legacy was simply intended to mark the testator's esteem for the brave defenders of the Holy Father's temporal government.

The Italian Catholic papers are filled with details of the incessant and malignant persecutions inflicted on the clergy by the Piedmontese Government; Priests fined and imprisoned, churches violated, convents and monasteries robbed and harassed with every species of vexatious intrusion are things of daily occurrence. A letter written in the *Correspondence de Rome*, (Dec. 6.) sends from Pallanza an affecting account of his visit to the prison of Mousignor Cauzi, Vicar Capitular of Bologna, and the Rev. the Curé of San Procola in the same diocese. Those faithful priests are suffering for their refusal to conform burial rights of the Church on an excommunicated person. The account says:—"Their resignation and serenity of soul affected me more than I can describe. There are feelings which no words can express, and I own myself incapable of finding any terms adequate to characterize the unworthy treatment which those victims of Cavourian policy are undergoing. 'A Free Church' the hideous mockery of the phrase is not fully realised until you behold as I did two holy priests immured in a noisome cell, through the window of which the pestilential effluvia of an open sewer are always pouring. The

had air they are breathing has already injured their health, and if their sentence is carried out, and they remain during the winter, it is impossible they can escape with life." The editor of the *Correspondence* adds to the above that he feels no anger against the Piedmontese Government, who are laboring without knowing it, for the greater glory of the Church. He adds, however, all Catholic journalists to copy the above facts, as their publicity may be of service to the two patiently suffering confessors.

The Feast of St. Francis Xavier was celebrated in the Church of the Gesù at Rome, with all the solemnity which the Jesuit Fathers so well know how to carry out. A devout Catholic, a man of superior education and talent, repaired thither in the afternoon in company with an artist friend. The latter, observing a magnificent reliquary displayed upon the altar, asked: "What is there in that beautifully-wrought receptacle of gold and crystal?" It is the right arm of St. Francis Xavier, his friend replied. "An arm! Surely it is unworthy of rational man to exhibit the arm of a dead person as an object of respect and veneration?" "I tell you (replied the Catholic) that this dead person as you call him, is alive for ever in glory. He was the Apostle of the Indies, and with this arm of his he baptised thousands of converts. My friend, the power of God was in this arm. The dead were raised by this arm." Having said these words the Catholic gentleman went and knelt before the altar and remained in prayer; when he arose he saw his friend kneeling too, behind him with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in a deep reverie. "Do you understand me now," whispered the Catholic in his ear, that this arm is the arm of a saint?" "I do," he replied, and I am deeply moved by it: "I feel as I never felt before." "Well," replied his friend: "Did I not tell you that the power of God was in that arm? It is so still!"

THE PEZZANI'S PRICES IN ITALY.—We fear that, as each one thinks his own noise the loudest, we think too little of the struggle which the Catholics of other nations, and especially those of Italy, are keeping up in behalf of the rights of God's Church in the matter of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy Father. Nothing can be more interesting to the sincere Catholic than the weekly proofs of paying enthusiasm contained in the *Armonia* of Turin, on the part of Italian Catholics, as opposed to that paid enthusiasm which the revolutionary party simulate to meet the demand of the foreign (and especially the British) market, as if it were the genuine outpouring of that very indefinite personification, the People. Week after week we find a supplement appended to the *Armonia* of Turin, containing lists of contributions to the St. Peter's Pence, headed also as usual by a classically playful Latin dedication (from the erudite pen of Professor Vallauri, we believe) conveying a refined satire upon the distracted Parliament of Turin, now sitting. The inscription runs thus:—

Oratoribus a populo delectis legibus ferendis et annis rectigibus decernendis de Roma postmodum nunc maxime dispartibus et aperte ipsis pateat quae sint Italorum vota quae spes vove civium srorum volutate quae externorum imperio maluit potestifici vrbis abstinere haec dona Pio IX. P. M. data Italia talis dedicantur.

(Translation.)

"To the Orators chosen by the people to pass laws and vote annual taxation; now discussing chiefly about the taking possession of Rome, that it may be clear to them what are the wishes and hopes of the Italians, and that they may be induced to abstain from seeking after the Pontifical city, rather from deference to the wishes of their fellow-citizens than from the dictation of foreigners, we dedicate these lists of the gifts offered by Italians to the Italian Pius IX., Sovereign Pontiff." Commenting on this charming dedication, the *Armonia* of the 28th ult., says:—"To you, honorable Deputies, who by your abuse, tumult, and reciprocal recriminations, so well defend the cause of Pius IX., and show how much reason he had to oppose your aspirations, to you we dedicate today a supplement of St. Peter's Pence, which is distributed with the present number. It is headed by a stupendous Latin inscription which invites you, honorable gentlemen, to take into consideration the wishes and true hopes of the Italians in the obligations they make to the Pontiff King, and which begs of you to respect some rather *civium voluntate quam externorum imperio*. One of your colleagues honorable gentlemen, the Deputy Cairoli, said on the 25th of November, 'We affront the non possimote of the Pope; we ought not to yield to the "I will not" of diplomacy' (Official Acts p. 3539). Fiddlestick! honorable gentlemen! You have always respected the "I will not" of diplomacy: was it not to respect it that your Government went to the extent of damaging Garibaldi's leg? But this respect for force is not very glorious, and looks much more like fear than anything else. Instead of that we invite you to respect the wishes of your fellow-citizens, and to say no more. 'We do not go to Rome because Napoleon III. will not allow it.' But say rather, 'We do not go to Rome, because it belongs to the Pope, and we cannot take it from him without offending against right and justice, without afflicting the immense majority of our fellow citizens, and without drawing down upon ourselves and Italy the terrible judgments of the Almighty God.' Oh, honorable gentlemen, how much more honorable it is to fear the Lord and do justice, than to fear the vengeance of the Emperor of the French!"

Then follows, first, a list of offerings in kind from Piedmont, Lombardy, Parma, and Piacenza, Modena, and Tuscany; and then a long list of three pages and a-half of offerings in money; the latter coming from Piedmont (2 columns), Lombardy (2 columns), Parma and Piacenza (1 column), Modena (1 column), the Romagna, Marches and Umbria (2 columns), Tuscany (1 column), Naples and Sicily (1 column). Most of the offerings are anonymous, and accompanied by short sentences. Some accompany their offerings to the Holy Father with offerings for the assistance of the recently converted Bulgarians and Greeks, and others in the same manner send offerings towards raising a church at the spot where has been found the miraculous picture of our Blessed Lady Help of Christians, near Spoleto, in the very centre of the Italian peninsula. Among the many ejaculations which are appended to the statement of amount of most offerings, we readily select the following as good specimens to show our readers, if only to show them how forcible Italian imagination and generous love, the prosaic thing, which a list of subscribers generally is with us, becomes quite an interesting page. We turn to the first column of Lombardy offerings for instance, and read, 'Oh, women of Milan, who speak so impulsively as to compare Garibaldi to Jesus Christ, does Garibaldi possess the deep humility, the inexhaustible charity, the invincible patience of Our Saviour. Garibaldi has reduced Italy to a state so piteous that it makes one shudder. Religion travestied, youth corrupted, women deprived of common sense to the extent of comparing Garibaldi to Jesus Christ, two francs 50 centimes; Maria Costardi, with a companion of hers; Further down, in the same column, we find, 'To the honor of all the saints, chiefly of our patron Saint Charles, and by way of suffrage for the departed, especially for my dearest father, I offer to Pius IX., 100 francs.' St. Charles, deliver us from the Passaglia plague. Further down again, in the same column, a worthy Lombard says, 'To protest against the imprecations buried against the most invincible of Pontiffs in the English meetings, (sic) I send, as my mite, 60 francs. Oh, Blessed contemplators of paradise, obtain by your prayers the signal triumph of our beloved Holy Father, Pius IX., Pope and King. Dign to bless me and my family 50 francs.' The list for Parma and Piacenza begins with the following catcomb-like epitaph, 'Don Faustina Yeata, cause of the cathedral of Piacenza, and professor of philosophy, before peacefully giving up his soul to God, whom he had served with sweet and fervent piety every day of his life, commissioned his mother to send to the Holy Father, Pius IX. a golden coin. His last will has been fully

fulfilled by the offering of 120 francs, and blessing of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, descend propitiously on the pious soul of the deceased priest, on his surviving mother, and all his relations."

The list for Modena begins as follows:—"An Italian, anxious to see effected as soon as possible, by the Divine mercy, the undoing of so many, and of the blind who still persist in, despising light, offers to the Holy Father 1,000 francs, in expiation for himself and for them a special blessing, that they may at once become sensible and recognize the justice which guides Pius IX." But it is especially in the sentences contained in the contribution list from the usurped Pontifical provinces that we find the expression of the wretched social state of Italy under the Piedmontists, who seem to exert themselves with redoubled diabolical efforts in corrupting the morals of the Pontifical subjects. Thus an inhabitant of Umbria says, "N. M. Accept, oh Holy Father, the small second offering of 5 francs 30 centimes, and bless me with my son who until now forms my consolation. And, further, 'Anna widow Pivi, from Mercato Saracena, who has suffered many vexations for having a son liable to conscription and fugitive, has had seven soldiers quartered in her house at her expense, and now afflicted with a still more serious evil, recommends herself to your prayers, oh most Blessed Father; and with all her heart offers you the small sum of 5 francs 58 centimes.' We could go on with quotations from many other parts of the *Armonia's* supplement, did not our space limit us to the above, which we hope will convey to our readers the consolation and edification which we have enjoyed in perusing it."

The *Belgian Monitor* of Thursday, is announcing the death of the mother of His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, published from some of the Piedmontese journals come of the basest calumnies and insinuations against the illustrious parent of His Holiness's Secretary of State. This outrage upon the memory of the virtuous and venerable deceased lady was so flagrant, so utterly devoid of truth, that the Government themselves have been obliged to disavow the malignant statement they had so recklessly caused to be inserted in the columns of their official organ, which already avours too much of Garibaldi and his friend the excommunicated robber king.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Dec 10.—In to-day's sitting of the Senate General Prim read some confidential letters addressed to him by Admiral Lagravere, containing strange details in reference to the expedition to Mexico.

According to these letters, Almonte had declared that he was authorized by the Emperor Napoleon to put forward the candidature of the latter, and that the French troops would guarantee the throne of Mexico to the Archduke.

General Prim then read letters written by Marshal O'Donnell and Senor Colanates, recommending the strict execution of the Treaty of London. He said that the Representative of England made similar declarations to him, and under the circumstances, he deemed it wise to re-embark for Spain.

In conclusion, he expressed his opinion that the French expedition would not have the desired result.

RUSSIA.

The *Nord* gives the following as the substance of a communication made on the 3rd inst., by Lord Napier, the British Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, to Prince Gortschakoff:—"The English Government, in agreement with the two other Powers who signed the treaties relating to Greece, intends to conform to the stipulations which forbid the Hellenic throne to the members of the reigning families of the three guaranteeing Courts. However, it does not believe it to be a right or a duty to maintain that clause which imposes orthodoxy upon the Sovereign of Greece in the event of the Greek people wishing to rid themselves of it, and deeming it fit to choose a king of another religion. This clause the English Government regards as binding only upon the legitimate heirs of King Otho. Now, as there is a change of dynasty, this clause is *de facto* annulled, and Greece is perfectly free to modify the article of the constitution which imposes it."

The *Journal of St. Petersburg* says:—"The Emperor has received at Moscow many chiefs of the peasantry. In replying to the chiefs his Majesty asked them to be obedient to the authorities, to pay the taxes punctually, and to effect their redemption from their position as serfs as speedily as possible. The peasants promised obedience on all points. The Emperor said, in conclusion, that the peasantry must not expect more liberties than had been already granted them."

UNITED STATES.

ALBANY, Jan. 2.—The ceremony of inauguration of Gov. Seymour took place yesterday in presence of a large concourse of citizens and strangers. After the oath of office had been administered, Gov. Morgan said:—"Who are now aroused by imaginary wrongs to fierce passions, cannot at once return to reason; their resentment must have time to cool, and the delusion under which they are acting to be dissipated. The day must surely come when the people of the South will again own the same Sovereignty, honor the same laws, and fight under the same flag. At present we must use the sword. It cannot be sheathed until more who are now in rebellion shall lay down their arms, and the Constitution and the laws have uniform sway. At the conclusion of Gov. Morgan's address, which was warmly applauded, Gov. Seymour delivered his inaugural address. Gov. Seymour thanked Gov. Morgan for the kind expression of his good wishes, and congratulated him on the able close of administration. He had sworn to support the Constitution of the U.S., with all its grants, restrictions and guarantees, and "I shall support it! I have also sworn to support the Constitution of N. Y., with all its powers and rights and I shall uphold it. I have sworn to perform the duties of the office of Governor of the State and with your aid they shall be faithfully performed. The Constitution and laws are meant for the guidance of official conduct and for your protection and welfare. The first law I find recorded for my observance is that declaring it shall be the duty of the Government to maintain and defend the Sovereignty and jurisdiction of the State. The most marked injunction of the Constitution is, that he shall take care that the laws are faithfully executed. So help him God he would. He would not dwell at present on the position of our national affairs. His views on the subject would be laid before the Legislature. While knowing that his position gave him but little control in national affairs, he yet ventured to trust that before the end of his term of service the country would be again great, glorious, and united as it once was."

The following letter was written by the Hon. L. W. Coe, one of the committee to investigate into the conduct of the war, and the causes which led to the repulse at Fredericksburg. He says:—"You have no idea of the depression there is in the army at the result of this third attempt to go to Richmond. That is a complete failure no one can deny. The causes of it may be an open question, but one thing is certain: that there will have to be different management, or we shall not be a nation much longer, and shall have Jeff. Davis to rule over us. I dare not write what I think to you from what I can gather in the limited time I have had for observation and thought, but this is certain:—that the President has got to stop acting as commander-in-chief, a part of his cabinet be removed, and another man be placed at the head of the army; politicians in and out of Congress silenced; and, more than all, the people take hold of the interests of the country, stop carrying on the war for selfish ends, and also all keep quiet and let the army alone. I have found but one opinion in the army about the merits of generals. The army, almost to a man, are for McClellan, and if you expect the army to conquer a peace, you have

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCO STREET, KINGSTON. An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS OARS FOR SALE

NOTICE. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that at the NEXT SESSION of the PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE, APPLICATION will be made by the SAINT PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY of MONTREAL for an ACT OF INCORPORATION. JAMES O'PARRELL, Secretary. Montreal, Nov. 23th, 1862.

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. P. O'NEARA, Recording Secretary of St. Patrick's Society. Montreal, Oct. 10, 1862.



THE peculiar taint or infection which we call SCROFULA lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. The scrofulous contamination is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unwholesome food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vice, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children upon the third and fourth generation; indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The diseases which it originates take various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These all having the same origin, require the same remedy, viz. purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous distempers leave you. With feeble, foul, or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

TO THE TEACHERS. A MALE and FEMALE TRACHER, holding First Class Certificates, are wanted in the Roman Catholic Separate School, PRESIDENT GOTT, to whom a competent Salary will be paid. The School will be opened on the FIFTH of JANUARY, 1863. PATRICK DONLON, JOHN MURPHY, HUGH GALAGHER, Trustees.

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. Omnibus in waiting on the arrival of Steamboats and Trains. The Table is always well furnished. Prices extremely moderate. SERAF. VSO GERALDI, 5m.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF CHARLES KILLEHER, otherwise CHARLES CAMP, Tinsmith. He is about twenty-three years of age, five feet eight inches in height, fair complexion, a little when walking, and exhibits a lion, stoops a little when received in one of his arms, said to have been received in the British army. Best of distinguished service in the British army. Any information of the above-named person will be thankfully received by the Peterboro, St. Patrick's Society. Peterboro, Nov. 24th, 1862.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ASSUMPTION COLLEGE SANDWICH, CANADA WEST.

Under the Patronage of their Lordships the Right Rev. the Bishop of Sandwich, and the Right Rev. the Bishop of Detroit, U. S. THIS COLLEGE is under the direction of the Rev. Fathers of the Order of St. Benedict, whose Mother-house is at St. Vincent, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, U. S. It is situated in the south-western part of Canada, in the Town of Sandwich, only two miles from the City of Detroit, and can be most easily reached by land and water from every part of Canada and the United States.

There is a Classical and a Commercial Course. The Classical Course comprises the English, French, German, Latin, and Greek languages, together with the other branches of literature which are usually taught in all great Colleges. The Commercial Course comprises the English, French, and German languages, Mathematics, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Geometry and Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, etc., according to the capacity of the pupils. Vocal and Instrumental Music will also be taught, if desired. There is also a Philosophical and Theological department, in which are taught Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, Dogmatic and Moral Theology. Religion is the basis on which the whole plan of education will rest, and propriety of manners and correctness of deportment will be strictly enforced. The Scholastic Year commences on the first Monday of September, and ends on the first of July. The Discipline is strict, but mild and parental. All letters, except letters from parents, must be submitted to the inspection of the President. The use of tobacco is prohibited. No student is permitted to leave the College unless accompanied by his parents or guardians, and this will be allowed only on the first Monday of the month, or some other convenient day. TERMS, (INVARIABLELY IN ADVANCE.) Board and Tuition, for quarter of 80 days \$25-00 Washing, mending, and the use of Library, ditto 3 00 Instrumental Music, ditto 3 00 Spending Vacation at the College 20 00 No extra charge for Vocal Music. School Books and Stationery will be furnished by the College at the usual prices. No advancement in money will be made by the College to the students. It is therefore desirable that each student should deposit \$10 at least, for unforeseen expenses. The second Quarter commences on the 15th instant.

OAMILLUS MACKAY, O. S. B., President. Assumption College, Sandwich, Nov., 1862. Nov. 13. 3t. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, The World's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease. This has been so long used and so universally known, that we need no more than assure the public that its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do all it has ever done. Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists everywhere. Lyman, Clark & Co., Montreal.

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"We take pleasure in recommending this Series of Readers to the patronage of our Catholic Colleges, Schools, and Academies." - Extract from Bishop Spalding's Introduction. "Chicago, December 9, 1859. "Dear Madam--Your Series of Readers will, I am convinced, supply a want long felt and acknowledged in our Catholic Schools. I cordially approve of your publications, and recommend them to the Schools of this Diocese. "JAMES, Bishop of Chicago. "We can conscientiously recommend the Series for introduction into all our Catholic Schools, both as to style and sentiment." - Brownson's Review.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS. 1. The Spanish Cavaliers. A Tale of the Moorish Wars in Spain. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadler. 16mo., cloth, 0 50

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STEAM HEATING PRIVATE RESIDENCES FOR THOMAS M'KENNA, PLUMBER, GAS & STEAM FITTER, Is now prepared to execute Orders for his New and Economical System of Steam Heating for Private and Public Buildings.

He would specially invite Gentlemen, thinking of Heating their Houses by Steam, to call and see his system in working order, at his Premises, Nos. 36 and 38 St. Henry Street. "GOLDS," or any other system fitted up, if required. PLUMBING and GASFITTING done by good workmen. THOMAS M'KENNA, 36 and 38 Henry Street. 3m.

JOHN PATTERSON, PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT, AND GROCERY BROKER; OFFICE,--33 HOSPITAL STREET; STORES--COMMISSIONER STREET, MONTREAL. July 3.

MASSON COLLEGE, ST. TERREBONNE, NEAR MONTREAL. THE object of this splendid Institution, is to give to the youth of this country a practical Education in both languages--French and English. The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, namely:--Writing, Reading, English and French Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Practical Geometry, Arithmetic, Agriculture, Drawing, Music, &c. &c.

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

COLLEGE OF ST. LAURENT, NEAR MONTREAL. I. This Institution is conducted by Religious priests and Brothers, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

II. It comprises two kinds of teaching: 1st. Primary and Commercial, in a course of four years. This includes reading, writing, grammar and composition, arithmetic, the elements of history, ancient and modern, geography, book-keeping, linear drawing, algebra, geometry, mensuration, the elements of astronomy and of general literature; in a word, every branch of knowledge necessary to fit persons for occupations that do not require a classical education. The French and English languages are taught with equal care. 2nd. Classical studies, such as are usually made in the principal colleges of the country. This course comprises seven years, but pupils who are very assiduous, or endowed with extraordinary ability, may go through it in six or even five years. Nevertheless before a pupil can be promoted to a superior class, he must prove by an oral examination and a written composition, that he is sufficiently acquainted with the various branches taught in the inferior class.

III. No pupil can be admitted to a course exclusively commercial, unless he has first acquired a correct knowledge of those branches usually taught in Primary Education. IV. No one can commence the Latin course until he writes a good hand, and is able to give a grammatical analysis of the parts of speech of his mother tongue. V. Every pupil coming from another house of education must present a certificate of good conduct, signed by the Superior of that Institution. VI. There will be a course of religious instruction suited to the age and intelligence of the pupils. VII. In conformity with the rules of the Institution great care will be taken that the classical instruction is governed by the Catholic spirit, and a careful selection will be made of those authors best adapted to develop that spirit.

VIII. CLASSICAL COURSE 1st Year--Rudiments of Latin, French Grammar, English Grammar, Sacred History, Geography, Writing, Arithmetic. 2nd Year--Latin Syntax, French Grammar, English Grammar, History of Canada, Geography, Arithmetic, Calligraphy. 3rd Year--Method, Greek Grammar, English and French Exercises, Ancient History, Ecclesiastical History, Geography, Arithmetic, Calligraphy. 4th Year--Latin Versification, Greek, French, and English Exercises, Roman History, Natural History, Algebra. 5th Year--Latin, Greek, French, and English Belles-Lettres, Medieval History, Natural History, Geometry. 6th Year--Rhetoric, Elocution, Greek, Latin, French and English Exercises, Modern History, Geometry, Astronomy. 7th Year--Philosophy, Physics, and Chemistry.

IX. TERMS FOR BOARDERS. 1st. The scholastic year is ten months and a half. 2nd. The terms for board are \$75. The house furnishes a bedstead and straw mattress, and also takes charge of the shoes or boots, provided there be at least two pairs for each pupil. 3rd. By paying a fixed sum of \$24, the House will undertake to furnish all the school necessaries, books included. 4th. By paying a fixed sum of \$20 the House will furnish the complete bed and bedding, and also take charge of the washing. 5th. The terms for half-board are \$2 per month. Half boarders sleep in the House, and are furnished with a bedstead and palliass. 6th. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire without any deduction. 7th. Doctors' Fees and Medicines are of course extra charges. 8th. Lessons in any of the Fine Arts are also extra charges. Instrumental Music \$1.50 per month. 9th. The cleanliness of the younger pupils will be attended to by the Sisters who have charge of the Infirmary. 10th. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit in the hands of the Treasurer a sum proportionate to what clothing is required. 11th. The parents shall receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, a bulletin of the health, conduct, assiduity, and improvement of their children. 12th. Each quarter must be paid in advance, in bankable money. JOS. REZE, President.

SAUVAGEAU & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 165 St. Paul Street. HENRY THOMAS, Esq., Hon. LOUIS RENAUD VICTOR HUDON, Esq., JOSEPH TIFFIN, Esq. Montreal, June 26, 1862.

M. BERGIN, TAILOR, No. 79, McGill Street, (opposite Dr. Bowman's). AMALGAM BELLS. AT prices within the reach of every Church, School-House, Factory, Cemetery, or Farm in the land. Their use all over the United States for the past 3 years has proven them to combine more valuable qualities than any other, among which tone, strength, durability, vibrations and sonorous qualities are unequalled by any other manufacturer. Sizes 50 to 5000 lbs., costing less than half other metal, or 12 cents per pound, at which price we warrant them 12 months. Send for Circular. PRATT, ROBINSON & Co., Late M. C. GHADWICK & Co., No. 190 William Street New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. VALOIS & LABELLE. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. NOTICE is hereby given that Messrs. Valois & Labelle have OPENED, at Nos. 18 and 20 Jacques-Cartier Place, in the Store recently occupied by Messrs. Labelle & Lapierre, a LEATHER and BOOT and SHOE STORE. They will also always have on hand an assortment of Shoemakers' Furnishings and Tools. NARCISSÉ VALOIS, SEVERE LABELLE. 6m. May 28.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. DRAWING AND WATER COLOUR PAINTING. J. F. NASH, (LATE OF LONDON, ENGLAND.) HAVING taken the Rooms lately occupied by Mr. Wood in the Bible House, 83 Great St. James Street, is prepared to give instruction in DRAWING and PAINTING in WATER COLOURS. Classes will be formed in the Morning, Afternoon and Evening to suit the convenience of all. Full information respecting Terms for instruction will be given at the Rooms (up one flight) Bible House, 83, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal: May 15, 6m.

ACADEMY OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS, St. Laurent, near Montreal. The Course of Study comprises: Religious Instruction, Reading, Writing, Grammar and Composition, Arithmetic, History, ancient and modern, Geography, Book-keeping, the Elements of Astronomy, the Use of the Globes, Mapping, Domestic Economy, Music, vocal and instrumental, Painting and Drawing, &c. &c. Besides the above, young ladies will be taught plain and fancy needlework, embroidery, all kinds of crochet work, netting, artificial flowers, &c. &c. The French and English languages are taught with equal care. COSTUME. For Summer--Dark blue dress, with cape of the same material; a straw hat, trimmed with dark blue ribbon; a white dress, with large cape. For Winter--A black or dark blue mantilla; a black bonnet, trimmed the same as in summer. TERMS FOR BOARDERS. 1st. The scholastic year is ten months and a half. 2nd. The terms for board are, per month, \$5.50. The House furnishes a bedstead, and also takes charge of the shoes, provided there be at least two pairs for each pupil. 3rd. The price of the washing, when taken charge of by the House, is 80 cents per month. 4th. By paying \$1.50 per month, the House will furnish the complete bed and bedding, and also take charge of the washing. 5th. The terms for half-board are \$2.00 per month. 6th. Doctor's fees and medicines are, of course, extra charges. 7th. Lessons in any of the Fine Arts are also extra charges. Instrumental Music, \$1.50 per month; use of Piano, \$1.50 per annum. Drawing lessons, 60 cents per month. Flowers, per lesson, 20 cents. 8th. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit in the hands of the Lady Superior a sum proportionate to what clothing is required. 9th. The parents shall receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, a bulletin of the health, conduct, assiduity, and improvement of their children. 10th. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire, without any deduction. 11th. Each quarter must be paid in advance. 12th. Parents can see their children on Sundays and Thursdays, except during the offices of the Church. 13th. Each pupil will require to bring, besides their wardrobe, a stand, basin and ewer, a tumbler, a knife, fork and spoon, table napkins. By paying 50 cents per annum, the House will furnish a stand. N.B.--Our former Pupils will be admitted on the same conditions as they have been for the preceding years. Aug. 28.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY ALTERATION OF TRAINS. ON and after MONDAY, November 24, Trains will run as follows:-- EASTERN TRAINS. FROM POINT ST. CHARLES STATION. Mail Train for Quebec, at 8.00 A.M. Mail Train for Portland and Boston, (stopping over Night at Island Pond) 4.00 P.M. at... Mixed Train for Island Pond and all Intermediate Station, at 6.30 P.M. WESTERN TRAINS. FROM BONAVENTURE STREET STATION. Day Express for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, London, Detroit and the West, at 8.15 A.M. Mixed Train for Kingston and all Intermediate Stations, at 10.05 A.M. Mixed Train for Brockville and Way Station, at 4.00 P.M. C. J. BRIDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, Nov. 21.

A TEACHER WANTED FOR an Elementary Catholic School to Teach FRENCH and ENGLISH. Apply by letter to JOHN HANNA, St. Canute, County of Two Mountains, C.E. October 30.

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Ayer's Cathartic Pills. MYERS & CONNER, 67 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK. CHANDELIERS AND GAS-FIXTURES. Of every description; also, CHURCH AND ALTAR ORNAMENTS, COMPRISING Chandeliers, Altar Candelsticks, Ornaments, Procession Crosses, Gilt Missal Stands, Sanctuary Lamps, Gilt Flower Vases, &c., &c., all of which are executed by the most skilful artisans in Gothic and other styles, and can be furnished at all prices.

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

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CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, MONTREAL, No. 19 Cole Street. THE RE-OPENING of the Classes will take place on FIRST SEPTEMBER next: The Programme of Studies will, as hitherto comprise a Commercial and Industrial Course in both the French and English languages.

W. F. MONAGAN M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, Physician to St. Patrick's Society, &c. OFFICE: No. 55 WELLINGTON STREET, Near Corner of George Street.

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



JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBER, 120 DOZ. MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER! 100 DOZ. BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA.

R. J. DEVINS, CHEMIST, EVENING SCHOOL. A. KEEGAN'S EVENING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN is now open in the Male School attached to the ST. ANNS CHURCH, Griffintown.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL, No. 2 St. Constant Street. THE duties of this SCHOOL will be resumed on THURSDAY, the 14th instant, at NINE o'clock A.M.

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 globe; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight into Chemistry and Philosophy, Astronomy, Botany, Geology, Cosmology, 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 polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry. The Course of instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR TERMS: Board and Tuition \$70 00 Use of Bed and Bedding 7 00 Washing 10 50 Drawing and Painting 7 00 Music Lessons—Piano 28 00 Payment is required Quarterly in advance. October 23.

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

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

600,000 MALE or FEMALE AGENTS TO SELL LLOYD'S NEW STEEL PLATE COLORED MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND NEW BRUNSWICK. FROM recent surveys, completed Aug. 10, 1862; cost \$20,000 to engrave it and one year's time. Superior to any \$10 map ever made by Oolton or Mitchell, and sells at the low price of fifty cents; 370,000 names are engraved on this map. It is not only a County Map, but it is also a COUNTY AND RAILROAD MAP of the United States and Canada combined in one giving EVERY RAILROAD STATION and distances between. Guarantee any woman or man \$3 to \$5 per day, and will take back all maps that cannot be sold and refund the money. Send for \$3 worth to try. Printed instructions how to canvass well, furnished all our agents. Wanted—Wholesale Agents for our Maps in every State, California, Canada, England, France and Cuba. A fortune to be made with a few hundred dollars capital. No Competition. J. T. LLOYD, No. 164 Broadway, New York.

LLOYD'S TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF KENTUCKY, OHIO, INDIANA, and ILLINOIS; is the only authority for Gen. Buell and the War Department. Money refunded to any one finding an error in it. Price 60 cents. (From the Tribune, Aug. 2.) "Lloyd's Map of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.—This Map is very large; its cost is but 25 cents, and it is the best which can be purchased." LLOYD'S GREAT MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—From actual Surveys by Capt. Bart and Wm. Bowen, Mississippi River Pilots, of St. Louis, Mo., shows every man's plantation and owner's name from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico—1,350 miles—every sand-bar, island, town, landing, and all places 20 miles back from the river—coloured in counties and States. Price, \$1 in sheets. \$3, pocket-form, and \$2.50 on linen with rollers. Ready Sept. 20. Navy Department, Washington, Sept. 17, 1862. J. T. LLOYD—Sir—Send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as required for use of that squadron. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

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

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PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM-FITTING ESTABLISHMENT. THOMAS KENNEDY WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has REMOVED his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment to the Premises, 36 and 38, Henry Street, BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS, all Orders in and out of town, at most reasonable prices. Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron &c., constantly on hand, and fitted in a workmanlike manner. The trade supplied with all kinds of iron Tubing on most reasonable terms. Thomas Kennedy is also prepared to heat churches, and private buildings which he has attended in the City, and on Montreal, May 2, 1861.

J. McDONALD & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 36 M'GILL STREET, CONTINUE TO SELL PRODUCE at the Lowest Rates of Commission. October 3.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. MR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, has discovered in one of the common pastures a cure for SCROFULA OF THE HUMOR. From the worst Scrofula he has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in a few cases (both under his own supervision and two hundred certificates of its cure). Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing infant. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three or four bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula. DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. It can be applicable to all constitutions, to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For inflammation and Humor of the Eye, this gives relief; you will apply it on a linen rag, wet with water, and apply it to the eye. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the scalp, and apply the Ointment freely, and you will get the cure in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Scales on an inflamed surface, you will rub little of our 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, acid fluid rising through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; soon 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. It is hair 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:—

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

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB, Superiress of St. Vincent's Asylum, ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphan in your charge, from your valuable discovery. One is particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.

SUBSERS OF ST. JOSEPH, Hamilton, O. W.