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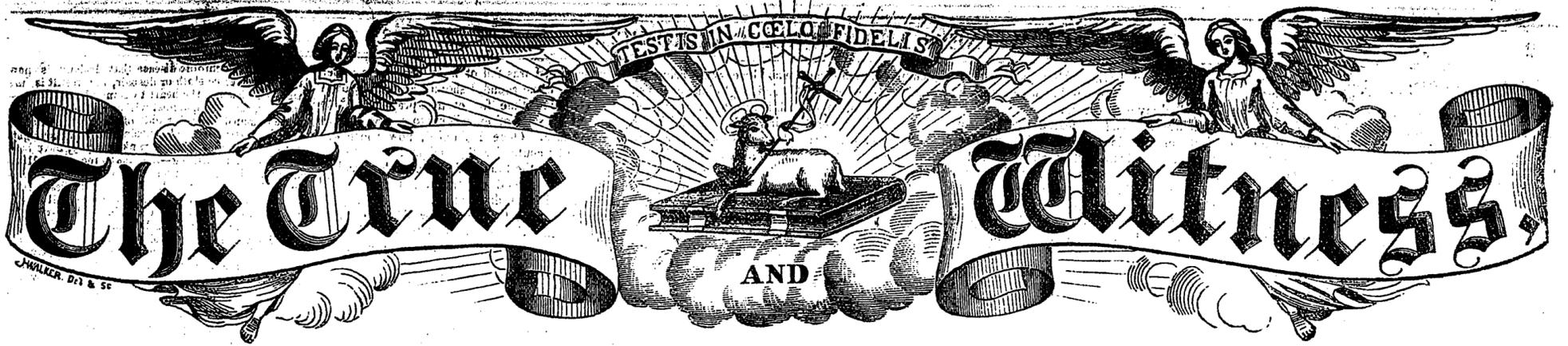
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1858.

No. 50.

We to-day conclude the very interesting letters on Belgium and France, written by a friend of ours who lately visited those countries; and we hope that our correspondent may, on some future occasion, favor us with another series of letters on his travels in the other parts of the old world.

Beaune, 31st March, 1858.

"Immediately after mailing my last letter, dated 25th inst., I left Paris by rail for Dijon, of which place I shall now give you a short description. Dijon was formerly the capital of the Duchy of Burgundy, and is now the Chief lieu of the Department de la Cote d'Or; it is just, we may say, at the entrance to the most famous vineyards in France, situated between the rivers Duchie and Suzon, on the canal du Bourgogne, and the railway from Paris to Lyons. It does a large wine, wool, corn and dry goods trade: so you see its importance. From a neighboring hill, it presents a noble view; the immense churches and palaces of the Dukes of Burgundy, looming up here and there, stand out boldly from the other houses. It is completely surrounded by a road, which is beautifully planted with trees, forming a drive or walk, which made me think what we might do with our Montreal mountain, if we had any taste. It has only a population of 29,000; yet I know of no city in Great Britain or America which could compare with it in Fountains, Parks, Squares, Boulevards, and Promenades; and as to cleanliness and neatness, nothing can excel it, except Paris. There are several little spouts, or streams, of water in every street, running from ornamental stands about two feet high, and falling over the kerb stones, trickle along the gutter, and keep everything nice and clean.

"I must refer to my journal, and say a word about the churches; for I know that will interest you. Let me see; I arrived in the afternoon at half-past five, dined at six, and at seven strolled out. I soon discovered St. Benigne; although night had just fallen, the church was open; I went in: a solitary lamp burned at the altar: a few women were kneeling around it, others were creeping in and out along the old aisles: the moon was just stealing in through the Clerestory windows, casting the shadows of the great columns on the opposite side. The scene was impressive, and came on me in full force: after having travelled all day, nearly, in a railway carriage. You have no idea how these things affect me, never having seen anything of the kind till now; I sometimes think they affect me too much; and yet it is better thus, than to be callous, cold, and unimpressive; such people lose a world of pleasures they know not of. I visited the other churches next day. St. Benigne is of the 13th century. (In the nave I saw the tomb of Udislaus, King of Poland, 1388). It has a wooden spire of great celebrity, 375 feet high, and so constructed that it appears as if it was just going to fall. Notre Dame (1229) is also a fine Gothic building. On one corner of the facade is a clock brought by Philippe le Harde, in 1382, from Courtrai; the hours are struck by figures; it must have been well made, as it still keeps time as well as ever; St. Michael's (1529) Renaissance, with a superb portal of three arches, covered with statues; St. Jean, once a grand building, but now a mere shell, and used as a market (shame!) having been desecrated, as well as many others, by the cursed Vandalism of the Revolution. In it Bossuet was baptized; the house in which he was born stands close by, and is now a shop; I went in, and asked permission to see it, which was kindly granted. I may here add that Buffon, Crebillon, Daubenton, and some other eminent men first saw light here, and the great St. Bernard was born at Fontaine, about 4 kilometres from the town; of whom more anon; Buffon afterwards lived at Montbard; and coming down in the train, we passed close to his garden; an old tower still stands, in which he used to work. I little thought that I should ever see the scene of his birth and labors. This puts me in mind of another place of note I saw en route from Paris. We remained just long enough at Sens to enable me to run up to the Cathedral, which is celebrated as being that in which Thomas a Becket officiated. You may remember that he fled to Sens from England in 1164. His girdle, stole, and some other relics are still preserved. Here also St. Bernard condemned the doctrine of Abelard. This is what my guide book says: "The Cathedral is one of the finest of its style, early Gothic, or Transition-Norman, resembling Canterbury, which was built by William of Sens. The Tracery is the perfection of the flamboyant detail, and the stained glass deserves particular attention." I do not like copying descriptions from my guide book, and for this reason, that I always make local inquiries for myself, which I note down; at Sens I had not time. I like to have my own ideas and pickings up better than "Murray's," who, I may add, is generally good as regards most coun-

tries; but to France he is not always favorable, and frequently unjust.

"Now to return to Dijon: I must leave the churches; I cannot even stop to take you into the interiors: I dare not trust myself, for I know I should wander off into six pages at least. I went to the theatre one night; a building with a colonnade of Corinthian columns, like our Montreal Bank. Externally it is far superior to any theatre in New York or London. The interior is plain and neat; the play was good; I counted in the orchestra 42 performers, and blushed to think how often I have seen the people of Montreal, who have good taste in music, content to listen to the scrapings of five or six fiddlers, and some of them even not much good. Here is a city with only one-third the population can have 42! and this too for one franc in the parterre, or 50 centimes in the gallery! We fancy in America that we are "a long way ahead" of the rest of the world; but I assure you that, not only in this but in many respects, France is immeasurably before us. The old Palace of the Dukes, now the Hotel de Ville, is a great and venerable pile, retaining many of its original features. It now contains the civic offices, a Protestant chapel, and a museum; in the latter are many objects of interest: the crozier of St. Robert, (1098), first abbot of the Cistercian Order; the wooden cup of St. Bernard; a purse of Isabella, Queen of Philippe le Bon; the tomb of Philippe le Harde, (1400) and of his son Jean Sanspeur, (1419). These tombs were destroyed with others in the Chartreuse in 1793, but have been carefully restored and placed here. They are splendid: a model of La Sainte Chapelle, which was destroyed at the Revolution, and in which the Chapters of the Order of the Golden Fleece were held fifteen centuries. There is a good collection of paintings. Dijon is also very interesting in numerous old feudal chateaux, scattered through the town. It has a fine large park, some good squares, among which is the Place d'Armes, of horse-shoe shape; and the streets, for an old town, are very regular, broad, well paved, and, as I told you in the beginning, neat and clean. Now you will hear how well St. Bernard rewarded me for making a pilgrimage Fontaine. When I arrived, I found the Chapel locked up; so I found out the Cure's house, and was handed in by an old woman. Monsieur le Cure received me most warmly, and armed with a bunch of ponderous keys, accompanied me to the Chapel, through which he conducted me, pointing out everything of interest: busts and paintings of St. Bernard; the font in which he was baptized, &c. The Chapel was built by St. Bernard's mother; the family was noble and wealthy, and lived in the chateau which is close by, and in which I saw the room he was born, which was subsequently converted into a Chapel by Louis XIV., when he visited the place. This gem was plundered and turned into a stable in '93, but was since restored by the Cure's predecessor. This chateau stands on a hill, whence I had a grand view of the country which as far as the eye can reach, is covered with vines; it is well named the "Cote d'Or." Descending to the village, I had to go in and taste the "Vin de Fontaine; tasting means opening a bottle and finishing it; I was tired and enjoyed it well. Before parting me, the Cure invited me to breakfast with him next morning; you may be sure I was surprised at this kind of thing; as he had, of course, never seen me before: I had not even a line to him; I consented, and next morning was in attendance. I went up at 11, and we breakfasted at noon—a plain, nice repast it was: omelette, fish, bread and wine. This is not perhaps right; but it is to show you how simply they live in France.—The wine was very good, and grown at his own door; and you can fancy how mild it is, when each of us drank a champagne bottle full, large size. We next adjourned to a summer house in the garden, where we had almonds, walnuts, grapes, and preserved apricots; all grown on the trees by which we were surrounded, and which were planted by the Cure himself; he is about 50 years of age; he took as much pride in these trees and their productions, as you do in your little ones. I had to eat of everything, and pronounce on their merits. We had a long conversation about Canada: its climate, soil, produce, people, Indians, rivers, lakes, falls, &c. I was surprised at his information; he had read Chateaubriand, and some other works, and was well posted in such matters. He is a musician, and an amateur in church architecture, on both of which subjects I was able to converse pretty well. He walked back to Dijon, and came to the museum with me, of which I spoke before.

"I almost forgot to mention that there is a little lake near the place, in which the Cure told me St. Bernard plunged in the middle of winter, to purge himself of an unholy passion which some lady had excited in him.

"I must hurry on, though I leave the subject with regret; for I spent two of the happiest days of my life with the good man. At parting he

gave me a little "souvenir de voyage," which I shall ever cherish for his sake; and hereafter when I look back through a line of years, the happy moments spent at Fontaine will stand out clear and bright on memory's tablet, as stars in the vault of Heaven. Adieu! then, Monsieur l'Abbe Merle, de Fontaine; you opened your house to a stranger, and made his heart glad, and awakened in him feelings of love for his fellow-man, which he knew not before; and may God Almighty bless you for it, and may He spare you to your little flock for many years in health and happiness.

"I arrived in Beaune last night at seven, and dined; the moon being at the full, I went out to see the Cathedral by its light. I found great numbers going in, and, on inquiry, found that a Dominican Friar of celebrity was going to preach. I entered; four or five men were chaunting with double bass trombone voices: in a few minutes the Friar entered the pulpit; I selected a seat in one of the chapels just opposite to him, where I could hear well. His subject was the observance of the Sabbath; he dwelt forcibly on the necessity of it. I was glad I heard this sermon, (or part of it rather, as you shall learn) as it confirmed what my good friends at Issy told me, that the Church did not countenance the desecration of the Sunday, which is, unfortunately, so general in France. It is one of the results of the infidelity of the Revolution; but, I am glad to say, the custom is wearing out. Well, to return. I was listening very attentively on a good dinner, when I suddenly ceased to hear; and the next thing I remember was a tap on the shoulder, and some person saying, "Monsieur!" looking up I saw the Bedeau with a lamp, standing by me. I had fallen asleep; for I was very tired and after dinner; the crowd had gone, and he had, by accident, discovered me when going his round previous to locking up. It was my hat he saw: I had laid it on the step in front of me; and had it not been for this he would have passed me, and I, like "goody two shoes," would have waked up about midnight with no very pleasant feelings. I told the old man I was a stranger, and, travelling all day, had made me tired. We walked out together, and he insisted as we passed his door, that I should go in and taste his wine, which I did, and spent a pleasant hour there with his wife, daughter, and a "young man," who looked very tender at me; their whole desire was to hear about Paris, and I amused them by describing its wonders to them. There now you see was another adventure; perhaps you may think I have too many; but you will not, I am sure, accuse me of "coining;" far from it; in fact, I do not tell you half what I fall in with; even were I inclined to do so, I could not find time; I never even exaggerate—I have made that a principle from the beginning. I know I meet more adventures than most travellers; but it is easily accounted for.—I do not rush through places following a guide-book a l'Anglais. How many would have walked out to Fontaine, and hunted up the Cure, just to see a little chapel and an old chateau, when there were so many better ones in the town; yet see what a delightful result. How few again would have gone last night, tired and wearied out as I was, to see a church by moon light; and if they had, how many would have gone in? Yet see again the result: I saw a poor humble family at home in their own house, just where I want to see them; for it is not in hotels that we learn anything of a people. Dijon is the mart for the wines of Upper Burgundy, and Beaune for those of the Cote d'Or: it does a large business, and exports generally 30 to 40,000 butts per annum. Beaune is a pretty town, containing a population of 10,000 inhabitants. On the Bouzoise a limpid stream about 30 or 40 feet wide, which they have made to run round the city, outside the ancient fortification walls, on the top of which there is a lovely promenade, the little river below, and next that again a boulevard runs all round, forming a beautiful drive or walk. I went round this morning before breakfast. The streets are very clean, and the pavements are scrubbed every morning; little fountains as at Dijon, and everything nice, sweet and clean. There is a magnificent hospital here, over 400 years old, as a stone over the door indicates—"Hospice-Dieu, 1443." I was shown through the hospital by a Nun; there is a fine Gothic hall, and a painting of some note—"The Last Judgment." Flemish school. The church is large, but not imposing outside: the interior is better, and constructed in a singular style: the arches are much like the Moorish; but enough.

"I leave to-morrow morning by diligence for Chalons-sur-Saone; I prefer this mode of conveyance to Rail, as I will see the country better, and get information from passengers; stop a day or two there; thence to Macon, where I intend to remain a day or two more, and then to Lyons; at the latter place I will have my letters. The weather here is warm: everything is budding, and some trees are in flower. Adieu for the present.

Lyons, 4th April, 1858.

"In my last from Beaune I told you I was going to Chalons, by diligence. Now, have you any idea what a French diligence is like? I think I hear you saying 'No?' therefore I will tell you. It is a large machine, strongly built, well hung, lofty and capacious; something resembling three stage coaches nailed together, and mounted on four wheels. It is divided into five separate compartments to suit the pockets of travellers—viz., Coupe, Berline, Interieur, Rotonde and the Imperiale. The Coupe is in front, holds three, and is most expensive; the Berline comes next, and holds three more; the Interieur holds six persons—third class; Rotonde is behind like a footman's seat, catches all the dust, holds three, who are seely individuals; and the Imperiale is on the top behind the driver, protected from the sun and rain by a hood, like a gig, with a leather apron: the latter I always had a longing for, as you see the country better, and are sure to meet a jolly fellow or two with pipes and flacons up there. You can imagine now what a French diligence is like. We had five horses: three abreast 'wheelers,' and two 'leaders.' Now for the road. Between Beaune and Chalons there is a continuous line of villages: out of one into another. The hills which form the famous Cote d'Or stretch along on one side, facing the south; forming a perfect wall clad with vines: vines, vines, everywhere: nothing else for miles. The principal vineyards are between Dijon and Chagny—viz., Clos-Vougeot, Nuits, Beaune, Pomard, Volnay, Richebourg, Chambertin, Romanee, Sarigny, and Meursault. These are all celebrated brands, the produce of certain favored spots: 'Clos-Vougeot,' the finest, is a vineyard about 20 acres in extent; yet I suppose there is more of it sold than would grow in 2,000. It is only a few miles from Dijon; 'Chambertin' is also quite close. These wines are worth from 500 to 1200 francs la piece; but very fair ordinary wines can be bought for 70 to 100f.—(the piece contains between 50 and 60 gallons.) Some of the ordinaires are just as good as any one could wish to drink.—Now we have arrived at Chalons-sur-Saone; it has a population of 15,000 inhabitants; a very ancient place; and has many Roman remains. There is a very fine hospital here, and there are two old churches. It does a good business, being built on the canal which connects the Mediterranean and Atlantic on the Railway and the Saone. From this point the river becomes navigable, and I had intended coming to Lyons by steamer; but as I am pressed for time, and their hours not exactly suiting me, I had to take rail. I remained there one day and night, and the same at Macon. This town, with a population of 12,000 inhabitants, which is also situated on the Saone, is the centre of a large business in the neighboring wines, paper hangings, castings, &c. There is not much of interest in it; and nothing is left of its former churches but two old towers: religious fanaticism, and the Revolution, destroyed all; causing a remarkable event to take place in France—the building of a new church. The women there wear the funniest hats I ever saw, and I have seen a good many.

"I arrived here on Friday evening. I noticed, after leaving the Cote d'Or, that trees and hedges became more frequent (there are but few of either in the Cote d'Or); the fields are divided by an odd stone, so that every foot is cultivated) and pasture lands and green crops, just coming up, were now and then seen through the vine fields; this makes a far more picturesque country, although the former is of course by far the richest. The best soil for vines is of a reddish hue, mixed with the debris of the rock, on which it rests; the vines last for 20, 30, and even 50 years; the old ones give the best wine; they are not dug up, but the clay is loosened around them 2 or three times a year. Of Lyons I am not going to give you any description; it is a large place—over 200,000 inhabitants; but I must tell you what I did today. It is Easter Sunday, and I went to Grand Mass at the Cathedral—a fine old building, of the 12th century. It has four towers, and its stained glass excels all I have yet seen. As a great favor, I got up into the triforium (the church was crammed) whence I had a grand view. The Bishop (a Cardinal) said Mass, and everything was done up in sumptuous style, becoming the occasion. When the procession took place, the Coup-deuil from my position was splendid. The choir, consisting of at least 100 persons, was stationed behind the altar, the organ being there also; the performance was very fine. They sung the 'Kyrie Elieson' in a way which pleased me very much; when the trebles were saying 'Kyrie,' the tenor and bass portion struck in 'Elieson,' and so on vice-versa. You have no idea what a powerful choir this was, and how admirably they sung; this is a thing we do not understand at all in America: a great volume of sound without loss of perfect harmony. As soon as we get one, we sacrifice the other.—

Now as to this afternoon's work. On the right bank of the Saone the land, a short distance from the river, runs up nearly perpendicularly to a great height. On the level at the bottom, along the side, and on the top of this hill, the Romans built their city; I have to tell you this much, so that you will understand me better hereafter. On the very summit, 600 feet above the river, a church now stands on the site of the Roman Forum Vetus, built by Trajan—Notre Dame de Fourvieres. It has a steeple too, and my ambition looked up to that steeple; so I went to examine it. About half way up the hill there is a large hospital, where once stood the Roman Palace, wherein Claudius and Caligula were born. However I reached the church; the walls are covered with paintings, offerings, &c., to the Virgin for intercession; others again stating some prayer that had been granted. An old man, whom I questioned about it, told me that many miracles had been wrought in the church. After another climb I got to the top of the steeple; there I had a good view. Lyons unrolled like a map, away down, down nearly out of sight, the Rhone and the Saone like two glittering ribands twisting in and out among the houses, and just below. The Alps are on one side, the mountains of the Chartreuse on the other, and off, in space shoots up Mont-Blanc, as distant as the crow flies, nearly 100 miles; he looks so like a white cloud that even after a gentleman pointed him out to me: it was some time before I caught it. At some distance behind this church, there is another 'St. Irene,' built upon a vault where the early Christians met for prayer, and where they were afterwards murdered by Septimius Severus, A.D. 202. It overflowed with the blood of 19,000 martyrs! Their bones are still in a large recess. There are many interesting remains of the Romans here: a road cut by Agrippa thro' a rock: some arches of the aqueduct, constructed by the soldiers of Marc Anthony, to supply the town with water: remains of Agrippa's four roads; the amphitheatre in the Jardin des Plantes, &c., and a host of other antiquities in the museum; I must mention one: a bronze tablet, on which is carved the speech of Claudius in the Roman Senate, in favor of Lyons, A.D. 48.—The letters are just as sharp and clear as if but finished yesterday.

"Now for something laughable; at least I found it so. Yesterday morning I went out early for a walk, and chance led me into the celebrated suburb of Croix-Rousse, principally inhabited by the silk weavers, a volcanic kind of animal, who explodes at every revolution. This quarter was a perfect hot-bed in '93, and turned out a mob which held the town for several days.—Well, I was poking through a narrow street, lined on either side with tall houses, when my eye caught a sign, so original and Gil-Blas-like, that I could not avoid laughing as I read it: and taking out my memorandum book, transferred a copy of it at once:—Beaumars, Coiffeur, Saigneur, Dentiste, et Pedicure, Arretes Messieurs les passants s'ils vous plait! Si vous avez la barbe longue, je la coupe; les dents avarees, je les arrache, les cors genants, je les extirpe, le tout pour le bien de l'humanite, et la modeste somme de trente centimes; which, being literally translated, reads thus:—Beaumars, Hairdresser, Phlebotomist, Dentist, and Corn-cutter. Stop, gentlemen passers-by, if you please. If you have long beard, I will shave it; bad teeth, I will extract them; troublesome corns, and I will extirpate them: all for humanity's sake, and the modest sum of three pence." I was so much amused that I resolved to go in and get my chin scraped, just to see the gentleman possessing such a combination of talent. I crept in through a low door, over which hung an immense razor of wood, with a yellow handle, and a slate-colored blade. As I entered, a little man about 50 years of age was reading a paper; he had good features, and wore a moustache and beard, a la Napoleon. He immediately jumped on his feet, and greeted me in a loud key: 'Monsieur, je vous salue, que desirez vous?' at the same time making a low bow, which I attempted to return, and told him I wished to be shaved. 'Monsieur,' said he, as he flourished me into a chair, 'you cannot address yourself better, as in me you see Beaumars, formerly of Paris, but now Hairdresser-in-Chief to the suburb of Croix-Rousse Lyons.' While he was at work I saw staring me in the face a label, on which was printed in large letters—'Friction d'Afrique a l'eau de Quinquilla, Vingt centimes.' As soon as he had smoothed off the beard of my face, I told him I wanted some 'Friction d'Afrique.' With a smile, he motioned me into another chair which had a higher back and a place for the head, saying 'pour etre completement heureuse, asseyez vous, Monsieur, dans cette chaise, et dans une seconde je suis sur votre tete.' While he was preparing the Quinquilla, I could not but laugh at my position, and thought what you would say if you saw me wrapped up in a sheet in this little hole of a shop, in the very lowest and most

turbulent part of Lyons. He 'frictioned' me for about 15 minutes, a *l'Afrique*, which is an operation resembling our shampooing, except that instead of the fingers, two fearfully stiff brushes are used, which I thought would tear the scalp off me; however, like the boiling I got in the Turkish bath at Cairo, I determined to stand it, for the sake of the romance. I cannot now recollect one-half what he said, but he talked in the same bombastic style the whole time, and gave me quite a lecture on the best treatment for preserving the hair; and wound up by strongly recommending a preparation of his own make, which he had sold to three crowned heads—L'Empereur Napoleon, the King of Belgium, and the King of Prussia. This famous wash, he assured me, would dye all my grey hair (!) black, and prevent the disease from spreading. I declined, and paying him 75 centimes (75d) came away, heartily pleased with the hour I had spent with him.

"—"

THE DENTIST'S STORY.

BY THE WINTER FIRESIDE.

It is of no use to ask me for a ghost-story; for, though I have stayed in nearly every town in England of any size, I have met with none.—Railways have put haunted chambers out of fashion. Fancy a ghost being bold enough to venture into one of our vast hotels! There is not a single white-robed customer that would have the impudence to do it. Ghosts lived in the old coaching days, and dwelt in the quaint wayside inns; and I never was lucky enough to have my bed-curtains disturbed by invisible hands; but I am not ashamed to own that I once got a terrible fright.

In my early days, I, like many of my profession, travelled from place to place, just remaining in each long enough to pocket all the spare cash the inhabitants were willing to expend in dental ornaments. Sometimes I made a large town the centre of my operations, and remained in it for months, visiting the lesser ones in the neighborhood on stated days. It was in one of our largest manufacturing towns in the west of England that I met with the adventure I am going to give you.

I had been uncommonly successful, and had made a long stay in the place on that account—indeed, I had spent some months there when it happened. I had excellent lodgings, and occupied three apartments—a sitting room and sort of a reception room for patients, on the ground floor, and a first-floor bed-room, all facing the street. I always worked in the last-named apartment, and had the necessary tools and materials on a little bench near the window. Here I generally took my station, and spent the time, from six or seven in the evening till midnight, as I was then less liable to interruption.

My apartments were all furnished with gas-burners, and before winter set in, I added a gas-stove to my bed-room, that my working there might cause no needless trouble or expense to my landlady. One evening, being very busy, I sat later than usual, and when at length my task was done, I drew my chair close to the stove, and sat half an hour reading before extinguishing my light. You are aware that we make use of gold plates and wire, and, in consequence of my numerous orders, I had been particularly well supplied with the precious metal in this form, ever since I came to the town. Moreover, I was by no means deficient in those pieces which bear a likeness of our most gracious Sovereign. Being particularly weary, and intending to recommence my labors early in the morning, I did not trouble myself to put away my materials. But I was careful to examine the fastenings of my door; and this duty done, I extinguished stove and light, and got into bed.

I fell asleep almost instantly, and had a somewhat ludicrous dream. I fancied myself a keeper in the Zoological Gardens, which I had visited a few days before, and that whilst handing some food to my especial charges, (the bears,) I overbalanced, and was just tumbling into the pit among the grisly brutes, when the shock awoke me.

Again I dozed off, but only to get amongst the bears once more. I thought a tremendous specimen, a perfect Ursa Major, had just been purchased, and that to me was entrusted the task of taming the monster.

No pleasant thing even in a dream, particularly at that moment, and in the incomprehensible manner only to be accomplished in sleep; the scene shifted to my bed-room, and I found myself standing, *en chemise*, without any means of defence, against the precious creature advancing open-mouthed.

I thought I leaped to my bench, seized the blind roller, and as he advanced, dealt a tremendous blow at him. But, alas! he eluded it with the dexterity of an accomplished fencer, and I, losing my balance, toppled head first to the ground. The brute sprang upon me. He tugged—and so did I—with might and main. I was getting the worst of it, when suddenly recollecting that any sort of attack is lawful, and that any one may be permitted to wave ceremony with a bear, I seized the creature's ear between my teeth, and bit the piece completely out. He dropped me like a hot potato. The ludicrously pitiful bowl, and the way in which he applied the paw, just taken from my waist, to his wounded ear was too much.

I burst into a perfect roar of laughter, and so much noise did I make, that it awoke me.

I was still laughing at this whimsical vision and wondering if it had any reference to an apprentice who was to come under my care on the morrow, and who was an uncouth a looking cub as any gentleman need have to lick into shape, when I heard, not a ghost—they make no noise—but a sort of uneasy grunt, then a yawn, such as a person emits when disturbed from a sound sleep. I listened attentively, lying perfectly still, and in a moment, distinctly heard something move below the bed. I knew no one could have entered after I had laid down, as I am a light sleeper, and the door was too well secured to be opened without noise. I therefore felt sure they had been under the bed before I commenced

working, and having fallen asleep, been awakened by the boisterous laughter which had also dispelled my own dream.

What was I to do? I feared the moment I set foot on the floor I should be seized, and what could I—a little fellow, almost naked and unarmed—do against one, or perhaps more, doubtless prepared for a struggle?

Oddly enough, the remembrance of my dream gave me courage. I had loaded pistols in the room, and once out of bed should be able to seize them in a moment. I resolved to leap out, and secure the weapons before lighting the gas, since I being, as I presumed, better acquainted with the arrangement of the furniture, might manage in the dark to allude my antagonist. These thoughts occupied but a few seconds. In as many more the pistols were in my hand and the gas lighted. The intruder did not venture to appear—and the delay gave me courage. I boldly commanded that individual to advance and take the chance of a bullet. Something immediately began to move, and I soon saw the cause of my alarm. What was it think you? You cannot guess. I will tell you; it was a woman! I see you are all beginning to laugh; and I suppose you think there is some long story in the case; and that a damsel, beautiful as a *Hourie*, or a heroine—which is all the same—whom I had wooed only to betray had concealed herself there to reproach me with my broken vows, &c. &c.

All wrong. The deuce a bit of romance is there in the whole affair. Had you seen the coarse, sullen, ill-favored wench who stood before me, wrapped in a dingy plaid shawl, you would not suspect such a thing; especially as you have seen a specimen of my taste in the shape of the lady who bears my name.

After all, the scene was dull enough.—There stood I in my night habiliments, pistol in hand, ready to interrogate my visitor. She looked carving-knives in return; but not seeming in the least shocked at my scanty garments, but evidently desirous of turning her back both on them and the wearer. On looking I thought her face seemed familiar, and I recollected that she had lived as servant in the house; but my landlady, suspecting her of dishonesty, discharged her about a week after my arrival.

I was about to question her, but thinking it advisable to have a witness, I commanded her to remain where she was, and insured her obedience by locking the door. I roused the family, and as I was returning to my prisoner, I heard my bed-room window hastily closed. "Ah!" thought I, "you are all right for staying where you are; for the window is strongly barred." On being interrogated, she said my landlady, Mrs. Wingate, had forbidden her coming to the house; but being friendly with the other servant, she ventured to visit her secretly.

Whilst talking in the kitchen, she heard the mistress approaching, and fearing discovery, stole up stairs, crept into my room, and hid herself below the bed, intending to leave the house when all was quiet. My early entrance cut off her escape, and she had supposed she had fallen asleep, as she remembered nothing more till aroused by a loud fit of laughter. This seemed plausible enough, and, but for the sequel, would have passed off very well. But as we were about to dismiss her, with a caution not to repeat her visit, the door bell rang and we found a policeman waiting for admittance. He stated that passing a short time before, he observed one of the front windows hastily opened. Something was thrown out, and then it was as quickly shut. After a short search he found a very large Spanish knife, which, he presumed, was the article thrown from the window. He also observed two fellows of suspicious appearance loitering about the place, and discovered them to be father and son—men of bad character who got a good living—nobody knew how. He had warned them away, and returned to see if anything were amiss in the house.

On being informed of my visitor, and her tale he expressed a wish to see her, and at once recognised her as the daughter of the elder and sister to the younger man he had dismissed.

Instead of liberating the women, as we thought of doing; we now deemed it prudent to give her into custody. No one present entertained the slightest doubt that, during the short time she was in Mrs. Wingate's, after I became an inmate of it, she had remarked the materials I used, and that a regular plan had been organised to rob and, perhaps, murder me.

The other servant also deposed, on oath, that her hiding in my room was needless, as she had abundant time to leave the house unperceived, had she chosen; and that the visit to her was paid against her will; she having no desire to continue any acquaintance with a person more than suspected of dishonesty.—Still, we could charge her with nothing but the concealment, and after being cautioned against placing herself again in such a situation, she was discharged.

The story was much talked about, and I got well quizzed by many ladies of my acquaintance, but, after all, the thing might have proven no joke to me. I remained some months lodger in the place, and before I left I heard many accounts of threats which the woman's male relatives had uttered against me, for casting suspicion on innocent (?) people. I had probably injured their business; for I fancy, after what had occurred, few parties would have been willing to employ my nocturnal visitor in their houses.

Three years elapsed from the date of my adventure, and I had almost forgotten it, when business again called me to the same town.—At first I only thought of remaining a few days; but finding I should be detained longer, I sought out my former landlady, as—that one night excepted—I had been particularly comfortable under her roof. Finding my old apartments vacant, I gladly took possession of them a second time.

During my former stay, I made many agreeable acquaintances, and now—it being near Christmas—I received many invitations to supper parties, &c., which I fancy were not the less numerous because I was still a bachelor. On Christmas Eve I accepted one, to spend it with a friend at his father's house, where there was a very large and charming family of sons and daughters. The father was a fine, jovial old fellow, and the mother just the cheerful, but even

tempered, gentle soul, who alone could bring up such girls as hers. We had a glorious evening.

All sorts of joyous Christmas fun was carried on, and I kissed pretty girls under the mistletoe, until either with that pleasant exercise, or with quenching the thirst it excited, I became slightly elevated. I was to dine there next day, and my friends would have persuaded me to stay all night, but I was determined to return to my lodgings, as I knew Mrs. Wingate would sit up for me. It was past midnight when I bade my kind entertainers good night, and with a hasty, but not too steady step, set out on my homeward journey.

I was soon at home and in bed. Mrs. Wingate had more than once laughed about the odd figure I cut on the occasion of my old adventure. She had also informed me that the two men who had played the street-part, had been since detected while attempting to commit a burglary, and imprisoned for twelve months; but were now at liberty. The good lady manifested no small uneasiness on my account, and cautioned me to be very careful not to give them any opportunity of executing their threats of vengeance against me.

Her evident timidity and anxiety only excited my mirth, but I was nevertheless, careful to examine the fastenings of my door, and always both locked and bolted it.

When I reached my lodgings on Christmas Eve I was as I said, a little elevated, and contrary to my usual custom, on getting into bed I could not sleep.

I began thinking over the amusements of the evening, criticising the fair faces I had been so close to, wishing I had such a cheerful home; speculating as to my chance of success in the event of my asking one of the said fair damsels to part with her name for mine, and thanking my stars that, at any rate I should be a guest at the same place on the morrow. The clock struck two, and found my thoughts still busy; but a sudden check was given to the current of my ideas. I heard a grating sound, and then felt certain some one was moving stealthily up the kitchen stairs. At first I was a little alarmed, imagining thieves were in the house, and then—pshaw! I thought I, Mrs. Wingate has been sitting up later than usual, to finish her Christmas pudding. It is rather singular that my former adventure did not then enter my mind, though it had occurred in that very spot. I listened again. The footsteps were certainly audible, close to my room door—a hand was on the lock—it turned—they were stealing along the floor of my apartment—I became sensible of the presence of two persons—and now I felt all the horror of my situation.—Every iota of what had happened there, the menaces of the two fellows who had then doubtless been disappointed of their prey, and the thought of my own powerlessness, nearly drove me mad.

Fool, idiot, that I was—I had in my tipsy folly rushed upon my fate.

I had refused the cordial invitation which would have secured me from all danger, and had even neglected the precaution of securing the door of my room, almost for the first time within my recollection. I became aware of a dim light; and partially opening my eyes, I perceived two rascals fumbling about a lantern. I am not ashamed to own that I was perfectly paralyzed with terror, and utterly incapable of doing anything—indeed, what could I do? I saw them remove the candle from the lantern and convert my instand into a candlestick. One proposed lighting the gas, but the other objected, that if disturbed he might be hurried, and turn it the wrong way. They then, with a singular quickness and dexterity, ransacked my desk and cases, which they opened by means of skeleton keys. This done and the plunder tied in a handkerchief, the younger of the two suggested, with an oath, that they should finish him.

He approached my bed, drew aside the curtains, and, though I durst not look, I felt he was gazing in my face. Again he turned aside, and tumbled in his pocket in search of something.

I had all along hoped that by feigning sleep I might escape, for I knew, should a struggle ensue, I could not escape, since they were powerful men, and I quite unarmed. While he was feeling in his pocket, I could not help stealing my hand up to my throat, thinking at the same time how little chance there was that it would again be used as a vehicle for Christmas cheer. Guess my horror, if you can, when the elder scoundrel bade his son "make haste, if he meant to do it, and not keep him waiting there all night."

The young man tumbled over the article that had been displaced in their search for plunder, and, not finding what he sought, inquired with another oath, what his father had done with the knife. At first, the latter seemed puzzled, and then informed his son, with an equally elegant expletive, that he had left it on the pantry shelf down below.

The younger bitterly cursing him for a greedy fool, who must begin to eat, before the work was done, bade him fetch it.

"Well Bill," replied the parent, "that ham was stunning, and you know you could't stand these 'ere cheese-cakes; but won't this do for him!"—handing up one of my pistols.

"Yes, a pretty thing, fire, kick up a row, and be scragged for it—that would pay nicely. Fetch the knife, and have no more jaw; or we shall awake the chap, instead of sending him up quietly to spend his Christmas in heaven, without an invitation." He chuckled, and the old fellow seemed equally delighted at his son's wit, then taking up the candle, went off to fetch the knife.

All their motions had been so noiselessly performed, and the conversation carried on in a tone so wonderfully clear, though low, that I was astonished at the perfection they had attained in their horrid craft. During the father's absence, the son was not idle. He actually loosed the collar of my shirt, and then stood quietly awaiting the other's return.

You could never imagine, unless placed in similar circumstances, what a multitude of thoughts passed through my mind in a few brief minutes. I verily believe that at every Christmas, with its accompaniments of fun and feasting at which I had assisted since I was the height of the table, was reviewed in turn. Then I thought of the morrow, and the fair girls I had left, and how, an

hour before, I was full of hope, that ere another Christmas came round, I should call on my own. Still I found time for earnest prayer, and to think of all sorts of expedients to escape my impending fate. Once I fancied, now there was only one to contend with, I might do something; but just then the touch of the muscular hand on my throat reminded me that a movement would cause my instant destruction. Indeed I have often wondered that the fellow did not strangle me in his impatience. How bitterly did I reproach myself for not raising an alarm when the footsteps first became audible.

At length, the fellow fairly grasped his teeth with rage, and uttering a smothered exclamation of "hang the tipping beast, he's at that wine again," he also left the apartment to recall his truant parent, and fetch the implement of murder.

Now was my time, and you may believe I lost none. The instant he left the room, I was on my feet; noiselessly I approached the door, dashed it to, turned the key, shot the bolt, lighted the gas, and once more I stood, my heart ready to jump into my throat with joy and thankfulness, with my trusty pistols in my hand.

There was no chance of their re-entering, for their skeleton keys lay on my bench, and every article of plunder was there also; for intending to return, they had not conveyed from the room.

I made noise enough from the window; my hostess and her damsel, now aroused, joined in the chorus, and soon at the head of a host of alarmed neighbors and a couple of policemen, we searched the house from top to bottom. One of the men I knew had left the premises, as I heard him dash over the area railings, and down the street; but the elder ruffian was discovered, stupidly drunk, in the cellar, the danger of his position not having sufficed to prevent his indulging his favourite propensity, when temptation was so strong.

We found they had gained admittance by cutting away the zinc from the pantry window, their skeleton keys having made the rest easy.

Bill, the younger ruffian, was too well known to escape detection. He was captured in a few hours, and both he and his father eventually obtained a free passage to a distant land in a vessel provided for that purpose by Her Most Gracious Majesty.

The affair made a prodigious sensation, and I became the lion of all the Christmas parties that year; and the extraordinary sympathy manifested by a certain fair individual at the recital of my story, brought about a most satisfactory explanation. My next Christmas dinner was eaten in my own home, with her as its mistress.

I have often blessed my stars that good Mrs. Wingate was not a member of the Total Abstinence Society; for had it not been for the liberal plenshing her cellar, underwent a few days before Christmas, in readiness for the sons and daughters who were to gather round her, and celebrate in her house that true home festival, my throat would have been in no condition to perform its functions when that adventure.

Thus have I told the only adventure of any consequence in which I ever played a part, and let me add, that whereas rich and poor alike welcome Christmas as a season for joy and thankfulness, I doubt whether any felt more keen emotions of the kind than I do, since it recalls to mind an additional mercy vouchsafed at that period.

(From the Tablet.)

There is no nation over the wide world which suffers so much wrong towards its religion as the Irish, except, perhaps, the Christians of Asiatic Turkey.—There is, too, this curious similarity in the two cases, viz., that the union between Church and State is very much of the same description. In each the supreme Ecclesiastical authority resides in the person of the Sovereign, who is at once Cæsar and Pontiff. In the case of Ireland this state of things is theoretically modified by those concessions which have placed Catholics and Protestants on an equal footing in the eye of the law, just as the more galling wrongs of the Asiatic Christians have been rubbed over with the tanzimat. In each case, though in different degrees, the modification is more theoretical than real, for in each case the execution of the salutary spirit of the laws is in great part nullified by the circumstance that their application is in the hands of the dominant party. In Asiatic Turkey this dominant party is an overwhelming majority of the population, in Ireland it is a numerically pitiful faction, backed by the sword of England, which has of late only stumbled in its scabbard because the Irish bear their chains meekly, if they do not hug them with affection. But though there is a similarity between the two cases of the Catholics of Ireland and of Asiatic Turkey, there is also a great difference. The Turks have respected the property of the Church, and directed their violence against the persons of its members. The English have confiscated the property of the Church and transferred its revenues and endowments to the Protestant minority—of late they have not attacked the persons of its members.

It has always been a rule with all conquerors, except the English, to respect the religion of the conquered. England has herself, for nearly the whole of the hundred years since Clive's great victory, not only followed this rule in India, but she has gone further—she has basely and servilely bowed the knee to Juggernaut. More lately she has departed from the policy of not interfering in the least with the religious prejudices of the Sepoy, or it has been believed in India that she has, and the Sepoy has shown himself less tolerant of the insult than the Irishman. The Hindoo has risen in arms, and the Irishman has only found tongue, here and there, to wish him success, and to scold his oppressor.

Whatever may be the result of the campaign or war in India, the Hindoo will, as the result, have conquered the proselytising tendency of the Protestant propaganda, directed by the English Government. But if Ireland do not bestir herself she will remain subject to the same system as that which the Hindoo rose up against, and will have overthrown.

The Hindoo soldier objected to greased cartridges, or to what he believed were greased cartridges, because by the use of them he ceased to be a Hindoo. It was an act of proselytism that he rose against; he had the same objection to greased cartridges which a Catholic ought to have against mixed education; he only loses one, just so the Catholic child acquires no religion by the system of mixed education; he only loses one. Mixed education is a system of proselytism, but not to any form of religion, only to infidelity.

This monstrous, unnatural, and Godless system flourishes uncontrolled in the army. England requires of Irishmen not only their blood, but the faith of their children for her money, and Irishmen are found in abundance to sell the bargain—to ram down and fire the greased cartridges—to accept the price of the children's souls.

Whether the chronic disease that Ireland is now laboring under be sloth or despair, the result is the same—she has not the heart to demand her rights.—And this, too, when, almost without her concurrence in the demand, the full rights of Catholic soldiers to spiritual instruction and consolation; and the rights of their Chaplains to equal rank and pay; have been conceded for the asking—and that, too, with all apparent willingness, and on the ground of the intrinsic justice of the demand. Here are the first fruits of the promises of the Tablet on the downfall of the Whigs. But our fate is that of Cassandra—we prophesy truly, and are not believed.

And whilst Ireland is doing nothing—whilst one man has bought some oxen, and another a piece of land, and another has got married; or else, when all are plunged in the slough of despair, how are Bishops, Priests, peers, and members of Parliament about to improve the current opportunity, and to follow up the advantages which have been gained? Have they yet found that it lies within the province of their duties, or are urged by religious or political zeal, to represent to Government that a third of her Majesty's subjects are Catholics, that they contribute their rateable proportion to the taxation, and more than their rateable proportion to the defence of the country; that Catholics and Protestants are equal in the eye of the law; that mixed education is against the faith of Catholics, and that if the money of the State is applied to the purpose of education, Catholics have a right to Catholic education, and that they accordingly demand of Government that the Catholic children of Catholic soldiers shall be educated apart from Protestants, under a Catholic schoolmaster, and under the direct control and superintendence of their Pastors?

But we should be sorry to appear to desire that amongst all the wrongs which require redress this particular wrong should be the one to take up now in preference to others when there is such a choice of wrongs. Let the children of Catholic soldiers, then, for a time, be proselytised to infidelity, but let us at least be either doing, or trying to do, something on some one point or another. There is abundant choice.

1st. There is no provision whatever for the spiritual instruction of Catholic sailors, when afloat—if they die, they must die without the Sacraments. When in port they are allowed to attend the services of their Church on Sundays; but no provision is made for Priest, or church, or service, except that one or two old hulls, in some one or two of our ports, have been given as floating chapels. The Protestants in the navy, on the contrary, have well-paid Chaplains, and their spiritual wants fully supplied, whether afloat or in port.

2nd. There is no provision whatever made for the spiritual instruction of Catholic prisoners, although abundant provision is made for the spiritual instruction of Protestant prisoners. But not only is there no provision made for the spiritual instruction of Catholic prisoners, but their Pastors are not allowed access to them unless a prisoner expressly asks for the attendance of a Priest. The more hardened and impenitent, then (as has been well pointed out by Canon Oakeley) have no religious instruction whatever except what they may derive from attending the Protestant services, or receiving the visits of the Protestant Chaplain. That is, they are not only deprived of Catholic instruction, but subject to a system of proselytism.

3rd. The Catholic poor in the workhouses have no spiritual instruction supplied to them. They may go out to church on Sundays, but religious instruction is not provided for or supplied. There are paid Protestant Chaplains to workhouses, but no paid Catholic Chaplains—we speak here of England only. There is, in fact, a strict analogy between their treatment as respects religious instruction, and that of prisoners in gaols, except that they have the benefit of going out on Sundays to church, if there be a church in their neighborhood.

Now, the remedy of all these wrongs involves no question of the rights and privileges of the Established Church. There is no question of its revenues, or endowments, or of the Protestant succession.—The whole question is, not one of touching the titles or benefices of the Protestant Clergy, but of the fair expenditure of taxes raised from Protestants and Catholics alike, and which are at the free disposal of Parliament or the local authorities for national or local purposes.

These questions are of easy settlement, and the necessary remedies can be asked for on principles which have already been conceded and partially acted on.

The case, we admit, is very different with respect to any attack on the Established Church in Ireland. We will only now observe with respect to this "monster iniquity," that the Irish people need hardly fear to offend their landlords in requiring its abolition.—The Catholic landlords, an increasing body, will go with them on principle, and the Protestant landlords will hardly make a very hard fight to maintain the rent charge they now pay their Clergy.

THE VANCOUVER ISLAND GOLD FIELDS.

From the Times.

If the Spanish and English adventurers of the 16th century could see the present state of the world they would regard with a mixture of envy and satisfaction the realization by a remote posterity of their own most gorgeous dreams. El Dorado is not, indeed, a city shining with roofs of gold, but in the West and the South there are vast regions where the precious metal is to be found in inexhaustible quantities, and the wants of modern commerce provide an unending market for the produce of the miner's industry. In Vancouver's Island, if the accounts of enthusiastic visitors may be believed, the old discoverers might almost have recognized another constant object of their search in an earthly Paradise, which is at the same time a storehouse of treasure. The climate is said to be like that of the South of France, the roots of grass are as big as onions, sheep and cattle thrive in the pastures throughout the year, the seas swarm with the finest fish, and the woods are of the most valuable timber.—Above all, there are at present no taxes of any kind to vex the soul of the settler. According to the admiring historian of this teeming wilderness, there is no street-tax, no house-tax, no land-tax, no school-tax, no church-tax, no poll-tax but only a licence-tax for selling liquors. It may be conjectured that the luxuries thus free to all are not at present very common in the island; but if there are no streets there must be some houses, occupied by the consumers of taxed beverages, and the churches and schools, where such institutions exist, are maintained by the sale of public lands. The local Government has hitherto imposed no duty of any description on goods, which have probably, in the absence of returns, not been copiously imported from abroad, and, on the whole, it seems that for those who are indifferent to the customary appliances of civilization Vancouver's Island is without exception, the most desirable portion of the surface of the earth. Experience shows however, that this combination of wealth with cheapness can only last for a very short period. Within a year or two from the discovery of their respective "diggings" California and Melbourne became greatly dearer than London or New York, and up to the present time the same causes produce in a modified degree a similar result. Miners who are suddenly enriched require luxuries of all kinds, the country demands roads and railways and forts, and the necessities of life are with difficulty obtained when all agricultural labour is diverted to the engrossing search for gold. The climate, the fertility of the soil, and the happy insular position will remain, and it may be hoped that the regular administration which has sufficed for a few scattered settlers will be developed into the government of a populous and orderly community.—Vancouver's Island will in the first instance profit by the experience which has been earned in the earlier discovered goldfields, and it is probable that

a large proportion of the first immigrants will be familiar both with the most-effective mode of working, and with the special difficulties which have been experienced in similar districts.

The first Californian adventures were naturally not selected from the steadiest and most respectable portions of society, and although the proceedings of the Vigilance Committees indicate the presence of an intermittent public conscience at San Francisco, a long time must elapse before the city or the State can hope to emerge from a condition in which life and property are exceptionally insecure.

The American character is not conspicuously moderate or conciliatory, and the native Mexicans, Indians, and halfbreeds have found themselves treated either as enemies or as an inferior and conquered race, while the ruling class, too much occupied with business to attend to politics, have generally allowed the management of public affairs to fall into the hands of gamblers, ruffians, and cheats. There can be little doubt that the mixture will in time work itself clear, for the Americans have an instinctive faculty of checking abuses when they become utterly intolerable; but, in the meantime, it is not desirable that a similar state of affairs should introduce itself into an English settlement, and it would seem that for the present Vancouver's Island is likely to suffer by the social anarchy which prevails in California.

The account of the gold discoveries will probably revive in different parts of the Union the habitual jealousy of English influence, which easily combines itself with the national love of annexation, and indignant journalists will have no hesitation in declaring that the Ashburton Treaty and the Oregon boundary are unjustifiable and invalid attempts to interfere with manifest destiny. There is, fortunately, however, no reason to apprehend for the present the form of encroachment which might on other frontiers of the States have been found most dangerous. Although the possession of additional gold-producing colonies is comparatively unimportant to England, it is not desirable that the national honour should be engaged in any territorial dispute, and it is a matter of congratulation that the majority of the first body of adventurers consists of subjects of the Crown, not the less loyal for their temporary experience of American institutions. It is said that a large body of Cornish miners, the most valuable class of colonists, has already left San Francisco for the Vancouver gold-fields, and it seems not improbable that the oppressed population of the different coloured races will gradually seek in the same region a safe retreat from their un congenial neighbours in California. The Indian tribes of the island, like all the native dependents of the Hudson's Bay Company, though warlike, are friendly to the English, and there is happily no conquered and half-civilized population to conciliate or to keep down. There is abundant room for American enterprise to spread through the interior and down the coasts of the Pacific, and it is highly desirable that two distinct experiments in colonization should be tried side by side. As long as the settlers are English or other than American any attempt at conquest is out of the question. There is no surplus population in California to form an invading army, and a detachment from the Pacific squadron will always be able to give the island any protection which may be required. It will be strange if new relations of friendship or hostility hereafter arise between Russia and England from the contact of their possessions on the opposite side of the globe. It is premature, however, to speculate on the fortunes of a colony which must become practically independent as soon as it acquires wealth and population; and in the meantime the gold of Vancouver's Island will follow the same direction, whatever may be the political condition of the Pacific coasts, as long as London continues to be the mart of the world.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The clergy and nuns of Clifden acknowledge the receipt of £53 from his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, for the industrial school and new House of Mercy to be immediately erected for destitute females.

A new cemetery, contiguous to the handsome and picturesque chapel of Woodford was solemnly consecrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Derry on the 17th ult. The site was given by Sir Thomas J. Burke.

Henry Sinnott, of Dungarvan, has performed a very good piece of work near the town, by keeping out the tide from some land held by the Christian Brothers, and which was a means of their support.

Nicholas Dunscombe, Esq., has been appointed a magistrate for the city of Cork.

John Esmonde, Esq., M.P., has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county Waterford.

Alexander Dickinson, Esq., has been appointed a magistrate of the County Galway.

John Ellard, Esq., solicitor, has been appointed Town Clerk of Limerick by the corporation. He was proposed by Alderman Watson, seconded by R. McMahon, Esq., J.P. This appointment will save the Corporation £100 a year.

James Freely, Esq., J.P., has been unanimously re-elected chairman of the Rathkeale Town Commissioners.

Mr. S. Gordon, manager of the Provincial Bank at Parsonstown, has been promoted Inspector of branches.

John Quinn, Esq., has been promoted from the Limerick branch of the Provincial Bank to the management of that bank in Monkstown.

The proprietors of the National Bank have subscribed £1,000 towards building the new Agricultural Hall of the Royal Dublin Society.

Mr. S. A. Onasck has been appointed one of the Assistant Surgeons to Steven's Hospital, Dublin, in the room of Dr. Harrison, deceased.

At the half yearly meeting of the proprietors of the Stock Bank of Ireland, a dividend of five per cent (free of income tax) was declared.

The new Juries Bill will relieve jurors from constant attendance during the entire of the assizes, as the days must be defined, and the panel evenly set out.

Bloody Bridge, in Dublin, is about to be thrown down and a new structure erected upon its ruins.

It is stated that Colonel Roche, cousin of Lord Fermoy, will contest the borough of Youghal at the next general election. His conducting agent is Mr. Barry.

On the 13th ult., the first stone of a new quay, below the steam packet company's office, Drogheda, was laid by Alderman Patrick Boylan, in the presence of a vast number of respectable persons, amongst whom were several of the Boyne Commissioners. It is to be called Boylan's Quay.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Galway Bay Navigation Company, held on the 22nd ult., the beautiful steamboat *Vesper* was purchased by the new company, and the ownership transferred by John Orrell Lever, Esq., to them. The *Vesper* (the first steamer hailing from Galway), will ply regularly between that port, Kinvarra, New Quay, and Ballyvaughan. She is under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Butler, manager of the Galway Gas Company.

The Inspector General of Prisons has recommended in his official report the abolition of all the bridewells in the county Cork, and the substitution of "lock ups" at the various police stations. The application for £1,000 to erect a bridewell at Mill st., was refused at the present sessions.

The Commissioners of Public Works have granted £57,000 towards the completion of the Tralee and Killarney Railway.

The Tuam and Athenry railway bill has been approved by parliament; also the Dublin and Meath line, from Dublin to Navan direct.

The Limerick and Castleconnell Railway Bill, for extension to Killaloe, has received the sanction of the House of Commons. It will run from the rear of the Tontine Buildings at Castleconnell to Balina, opposite Killaloe. Already 28,000 shares have been subscribed for, viz., 10,000 by the Castleconnell Company, 10,000 by the Midland Company, and 8,000 by Mr. Greene. The railway was to be opened on the 14th inst., and the Limerick and Ennis line on the 15th.

At a meeting of the Newcastle board of guardians, on the 17th ult., Edward Curling, Esq., J.P., in the chair, the following resolution, proposed by Michael Leamy, Esq., and seconded by Major Locke, was carried:—"That it is the opinion of this board that a branch line of railway from Newcastle to Rathkeale would materially serve this union, raise the value of property, and increase the price of agricultural produce. That we think it would be desirable to give the baronial guarantee of 5 per cent., for the capital required for the contribution of said line."

A large majority of the grand jurors, at Rathkeale quarter sessions, lately adopted a memorial to the county grand jury, requesting that they would not consent to give a guarantee on the rates of the baronies of Upper and Lower Connelloe for the interest of any money advanced for the construction of a line of railway from Rathkeale to Newcastle.

In the matter of the estate of Monsell Worrall, assignee of Edward Glover and John P. Glover, owners (*partie Anna de Burgh, petitioner*), the Commissioners have sold one undivided moiety of the townlands of Carraghobue, situate in the barony of Orrery and Kilmore, Co. Cork, containing 212a. and over, and producing a net profit rent of £116 16s. 1d., to Mr. N. Walsh, for £2,300.

In the matter of the estate of George Alleyne Rogers (owner and petitioner), the Commissioners have sold the following premises in the city of Cork, held in fee simple:—Lot 1—The premises known as the Theatre, producing a yearly rent of £30. Mr. Young bought for £400. Lot 2—The premises 30 and 31 George's street, producing a yearly rent of £22 15s. 1d. Mr. Johnson purchased at £455.

In the matter of the estate of John Lane, owner (Thomas Eyre and others, petitioners), the Commissioners have sold the following property, held in fee simple, and situate in the barony of Sliedavagh:—Lot 1—Lanespark, containing 991a. and over, statute measure; net rent, £725 18s. 4d.; valuation, £724 11s. 2d. Sold to Mr. J. Brogden for £13,400.—Lot 2—Gilleens (part of), 149a. and over, statute measure; net rent, £176 15s. 9d.; valuation, £150 16s. 8d. The sale was adjourned, the bidding not being considered adequate. Lot 3—Killeens (part of), 116a. and over, statute measure; net rent, £396 13s. 2d.; valuation, £448 14s. 9d. Bought by Mr. J. Brogden for £8,000. Lot 4—Cooline, 302a. and over, statute measure; net rent, £215 12s. 11d.; valuation, £226 16s. 6d. Same purchaser for £6,700.—Tipperary Free Press.

In consequence of the amount of business likely to come before the new court for the transfer of land in Ireland, the government have decided to retain in those courts the three judges now sitting in the Incorporated Estates Court instead of two as originally proposed.

Several place hunters from Ireland are now in London seeking situations, in anticipation of the supposed new arrangements to be made in the Dublin law courts. The two Messrs. Robinson, cousins of the Chancellors, are noted for valuable ports, and Mr. Miller and Mr. George, are reported for the offices of Attorney and Solicitor General.

It is reported in military circles that the cavalry brigade at the Curragh is to be discontinued.

The Carlow Rifles have received an intimation to hold themselves in readiness for embodiment early this month for training; and it is very probable this, and many other corps will be permanently employed.

The Queen's County Militia will be called out for training this month.

Great preparations are making in Ennis for the reception of the Russian gun given by the Government to that town, as a "trophy" of the Crimean war. It has been resolved that the Town Commissioners and inhabitants shall meet it outside the environs, and that the local Pensioners, under Major Cruise, the staff and band of the Clare militia, Constabulary force, &c., be invited to join in the procession, which will escort the gun to the court-house, where it is to remain until a site is selected for its being mounted.

The grand jury of Dublin have found true bills against William Thomas Pickering, George Fennell, G. E. Campbell, J. F. Goodman, J. B. Hamilton, M. Campbell, C. J. Hamilton, Thos. Martin, J. R. Herbert, T. B. Gorges, J. B. Smith and P. T. Lyster, all students, for being concerned in the late riots at Trinity College.

On the 17th ult., an attempt was made to shoot Mr. Mather, a Scotch gentleman, who recently became owner of some of the St. George property, Co. Galway. Whilst riding over his property near Ballinacloe, he was fired at by a man who lay behind a ditch, the contents, bullets and slugs, entering his back. At last accounts he was going on favorably. A man named Colahan has been arrested on suspicion of having fired the shot.

The Government are to institute a commission to investigate the Municipal affairs of Belfast.

The amount of duty paid at the Belfast Customhouse, for the week ending June 19, was £6,907 5s. 9d., against £7,834 11s. 9. the previous week, and £5,462 9s. 5d. corresponding period of last year.

The painters of Belfast are upon "strike" for an increase of wages to 25s a week.

The Drogheda *Argus* says:—"We have seen a specimen of flax, grown on the land of Mr. J. P. Kelly, Dunleer. The stalk is over four and a half feet long, and of excellent quality. Such a crop is a remarkable one at this period of the season."

On the 16th ult., a large sturgeon, "the Royal Fish" was taken in the Shannon, near Coonagh, by an Abbey fisherman named Patrick Clanchy. The fish, which weighed over 11 cwt., was sent by the fisherman as a present to the Lord Lieutenant.

On Sunday evening (June 20th), considerable excitement was caused by a scene enacted at the Waterford Railway Station, when two "ladies fayre" flying on the wings of steam to those they loved, found themselves in the custody of an unromantic Head Constable of police. They had left their father's home in the county Kildare that morning, taking with them a hundred guineas in gold, and proceeded to meet their lovers—a Sergeant Major and Color Sergeant of the 14th Regiment, at present stationed in Waterford. The sons of Mars were in waiting, but the telegraph had informed the police of the damsels' flight, and when the train reached the platform, greatly to the surprise of both sergeants, Head Constable Connolly took the former into custody, and marched them to the police station. They were two very handsome girls, elegantly dressed, and of respectable family. Their father arrived in Waterford the following day, where, of course, a scene took place, but whether he proved stern or relenting has not transpired. One of the soldier lovers was an Irishman, the other a native of England.

On the 16th ult., a farmer named John O'Brien, residing at Ballyshanny, near Kiltenera, was shot accidentally by a man named Patrick Oaher, a mason, who was employed in building a house for the deceased.

About two months ago a poor woman named Susan McOinney, residing at Tattycor, in the parish of Dro-more, was bitten on the finger by a cat. Very little was thought of the matter at the time, the wound being very slight; but on the 11th ult., was suddenly taken ill, and after enduring all the agonies of hydrophobia died in the lunatic asylum in Omagh.

The Board of Guardians, on the 22nd ult., there were two other cases of gross and heartless cruelty on the part of English parochial authorities discussed. One of the cases was that of a widow, who, after residing for a very lengthened period in England, and having been reduced to destitution, received relief, and was at once forcibly deported to Ireland. The other case was that of two orphans, who lived in England, for seven years. Their uncle supported them, but owing to the pressure of temporary calamity, he was compelled to send them to the workhouse. After they had remained there three months, their uncle having recovered, and being in more prosperous employment, reclaimed the orphans, and offered to take them back again. With a refined cruelty, really fiendish, and perfectly unintelligible, if the statement be correct, they refused the poor man's humane request, and shipped the orphans for Cork. They were brought before the magistrates in the police court, and a small subscription made, in order to enable them to reach the place of their birth.

A swarm of bees alighted on the shop of Mr. Wright, hatter, Patrick street, Cork, on the 16th ult., and were soon "hived" by the proprietor.

Another "horse tamer" has appeared in Ireland in the person of Mr. Byrne, who has been lately exhibiting his power over the animal at the Plough Hotel, Belfast.

The Downpatrick Recorder says:—"As some laborers were cutting turf in a bog near Ballinacloch, on the 15th inst., they came upon the skeleton of a man who had been buried in his clothes. The garments had all rotted away, but round his neck was a green silk handkerchief, in a perfect state of preservation, after having been there for sixty years; for it is known that the body is that of one of a party of five or six who were cut down by the troops while attempting to escape from the battle of Ballynahinch. The hair still remained on the head. Some sugarloaf and flat buttons were found beside the skeleton.

At Nenagh petty sessions, Dr. Cashel was bound over in a sum of £200 to keep the peace to Mr. Harden.

A man named Thomas Haley was killed in Belfast, on the 21st ult., by a piece of timber falling on him.

The Tyrone Constitution says:—"We regret to have to report a case of murder in our county, perpetrated under unaccountable circumstances. On the evening of the 5th inst., a trifling dispute took place between a young man named James McKinney, of Legnucush, and another young man, in the parish of Kildress, about throwing a clod at a dog. George Browne, of Knockaleary, interfered to make peace, when McKinney instantly pulled out a pistol and shot the unfortunate peace-maker dead on the spot. McKinney ran off, but was arrested a short time after by the police. He had the fatal pistol in his possession, and will be tried at our approaching assizes.

Late on the night of Saturday, the 19th ult., or early on the following morning, the Presbyterian Meeting-house of the Rev. Dr. Steel and the Rev. Mr. McAuley were wrecked and the windows smashed. There can be no reasonable cause assigned for this outrage, as the people of the neighborhood of every religious persuasion have been living on the most amicable terms with each other. After the 12 o'clock Mass on Sunday, the Rev. Daniel Coyle, P.P., Stranolar, Co. Donegal, announced the circumstance to his congregation, and expressed his conviction that none of his people would be connected with so disgraceful an outrage. He dwelt on the kind services which had been rendered to them by the Presbyterians of the neighborhood in assisting them in the new Catholic Church in course of erection at Stranolar. The congregation resolved into a meeting, and the sum of £40 was subscribed as a reward for the discovery of the guilty perpetrators of the outrage. Amongst the principal contributors were the Rev. Daniel Coyle, Mr. Patrick Gibbons, and Danl. Martin, Esq., who subscribed £5 each. The police of Ballyshogy are said to have received such information as will enable them to trace the offenders.

NATIONAL GALLERY FOR IRELAND.—DEPUTATION TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—On Tuesday a deputation of noblemen and gentlemen waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at his official residence in Downing street, for the purpose of bringing under the notice of the Government the establishment of a National Gallery of Art in connection with the 'Dargan Fund.' The business of the deputation was introduced by Lord Talbot de Malahide, who read the following memorial to the Government:—"It was from the Irish Institute, subscribers to the Dargan Fund, and others interested in the progress of the fine arts in Ireland, and it went on to say:—"That the undersigned members of the Irish Institute for the establishment of a National Gallery and subscribers to the Dargan Fund, and others interested in the progress of the fine arts, desire to draw the attention of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to the importance of including in the approaching estimates a sufficient sum—not less than £12,000—in aid of the erection of a National Gallery of Paintings and Sculpture and a public library in Dublin. That the erection of such a gallery is an object to which all classes in Ireland attach much importance is shown by the fact that the Dargan Fund, one popularly raised and collected all over Ireland, have allocated to it the sum of five thousand pounds, as evincing that, in their opinion, the erection of such a picture gallery library is at present the national object they most wish to obtain. That the humble classes would be interested as well as benefited by such an institution is evinced by the circumstance that, during the past two years in an inconvenient building, out of the reach of the mass of the population, and from want of funds, only open for a part of the year, several thousands of all classes have visited the exhibition of the institution at a graduated scale of payment. That the establishment of a National Gallery in Dublin would be further of general importance, not only in reference to the cultivation of public taste, in affording to all classes a source of refined enjoyment, but more immediately also, in regard to the aid it would give to the existing institutions for the education of artists, as well as those classes in the community for whom so many merely elementary schools of art have been of late years established. That this object has been sanctioned by acts of parliament (17 and 18 Vic, cap 97, and 18 and 19 Vic, cap 44) and by a small parliamentary vote, unfortunately inadequate, owing to circumstances connected with the proposed bill, which must be adhered to as the condition on which the £5,000 are claimable, but which, whilst it secures a central position, involves an extensive design and some architectural ornament to harmonise with the other parts of Leinster House, of which it is to form one wing. This, however, is an important advantage. The whole range of buildings will be devoted to science art, and literature, and in the most unrestricted manner devoted to the public without payment. Your memorialists, therefore, trust that this important subject may not be lost sight of in the preparation of the estimates, and that the government may thus place Dublin in a position analogous to that of London and Edinburgh. And your memorialists will ever pray, &c."

Mr. Secretary Hamilton said that he understood a somewhat smaller sum would be sufficient for the present.

Lord Talbot de Malahide said that they could get on very well for the present with £5,000.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who listened to the statement with great interest, in reply, said:—"Lord Talbot de Malahide and gentlemen, it affords me very great pleasure to receive a deputation from Ireland on a subject so agreeable to one's feelings as the present. There has been a very great and a very gratifying change in the nature of the Irish deputations of late years. You used to come to complain of troubles in your country, but now you have happily become more prosperous. Next you come on the subject of the promotion of your national industry, to which you were then devoting considerable

attention; and now you have advanced another point, and have directed your attention to the promotion of the fine arts. I shall be very happy to do what I can to advance the object of your mission to-day. I am sorry Sir Richard Griffith is not here, but I will communicate with him on the subject. At present I will only say that I shall be very happy if I can make such arrangements as will enable you to carry out the objects you have in view. It is undoubtedly for the interests of Ireland that there should be such an institution as that which you propose to found in Dublin, which may be taken as a model for similar institutions throughout the country. On the understanding that the sum required this year will not exceed £5,000, and subject to a conversation with Sir Richard Griffith as to details, I will be disposed to recommend the government to accede to your request. In my opinion, this is one of these objects which it is the duty of the government to support; and as I have been obliged to call upon Ireland to assist me in putting the finances of the country in order, I feel disposed to do what I can to serve you in turn.

Lord Talbot de Malahide and the other members of the deputation then thanked the right hon. gentleman for his kind reception, and assured him how gratified the Irish people would be to see him if he would pay them a visit, and see how the new Irish National Gallery was getting on.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said it would afford him much pleasure to accept the invitation when possible, and he hoped to see the new institution progressing to their satisfaction.

The deputation then retired.

THE DONEGAL INQUIRY.—On the first sitting of the Donegal Committee and before one title of evidence had been given in the matter, the Chairman requested that the press would refrain from comment on the proceedings until the case had concluded. In deference to this just and reasonable request the journalists which were most prominent in advocating the claims of the poor of Donegal on public charity remained silent or merely directed attention to the evidence given before the committee. Not so did the landlord organs. Two of the Orange journals of Belfast hung decency aside at an early stage of the proceedings and declared that the case of those who would prove the existence of distress in Donegal had utterly failed. One of them was so logical and consistent as to say in one sentence—"We refrain from any comment at present, in obedience to the desire of the committee, but" now mark what follows; the writer is going to refrain from comment—"but, if no witnesses on the other side were examined, the committee might report at once that the 'appeal' has not been maintained, even in a single paragraph." This is a pretty specimen of the ability and honesty of an Orangeman's head and heart. The Belfast brilliants are, however, quite thrown into the shade by the *Daily Express* of Dublin, which, on Wednesday, published a lengthy, coarse and cold-blooded article on the subject. One extract will suffice to show its character:—

"The vindication (of the landlords) was commenced on Monday, and though we have as yet but the evidence of one witness, it is enough. It utterly demolishes the case of the priests, and lays bare, to the amazement and indignation of the public, one of the greatest impostures on record. We firmly believe that, if the parties engaged in it were not priests, they would be prosecuted for raising money under false pretences."

This production being published while the case is under investigation, and ere the committee have come to a decision on the evidence is unfair and improper. It is evidently intended to affect the minds of certain members of the committee and influence the report. But we can assure the *Express* and the landlord organs which are making such a hurly to have "their say" on this subject that the "case of the priests," as they very improperly call it, is not demolished, and that it cannot be demolished by anything that may be said by the landlords of the district, and their obedient drivers and bailiffs. The statements of five or six Catholic clergymen who must know the circumstances of the people impleaded, sustained by the testimony of such unimpeachable witnesses as Mr. Sharman Crawford, Mr. Underwood, and Mr. Holland will not be affected in the estimation of the public by the contradictions of interested, ignorant and unscrupulous parties, the exterminators and their hired servants.—*Nation*.

RATIONAL TORIISM.—There can now be no doubt as to what Lord John Manners meant when, upon the hustings in North Leicestershire, he declared his political creed to be "Rational Toryism." A Toryism which upholds the Maynooth Grant, which abolishes the Property Qualification for Members of Parliament, and which commits itself to the introduction of a Reform Bill, is decidedly rational. So far the amiable representative of *ci-devant* Young England goes with alacrity, and some of his colleagues in the Cabinet go even farther. The cause of Jew Emancipation has found its best friends in three members of the Derby Government, and this leaving of the Conservative mass has produced a result unexpected at the commencement of the present Session of Parliament—the proximate repeal of the Jewish disabilities. Then that most rational of all the Tories, Lord Stanley, has supported the abolition of Church Rates, and ostentatiously abstained from voting against the Ballot. We are indebted to the present Government, as a body, for the spirit of justice in which they have entertained and met the claims of the Catholic soldier, and of the Irish poor in England; for the encouragement they have afforded to the project for establishing an American packet station on our Western coast; for the humanity of their Indian policy, and the equity and good sense with which they have conducted the foreign relations of the empire. But, to tell the plain truth, were they ever so bad, they would still possess what is in our eyes their crowning merit, and that is, that they are the antagonists of the Whigs—of that *malis in stasis*, that detested faction, which has done more in a few years of its corrupting and debasing rule, to degrade and ruin our native land, than ages of oppression had succeeded in accomplishing. An open foe is at all times better than a false friend; and there is no honest Catholic in the United Kingdom who will not say, with Charles Waterton, "I would rather meet the sword of the Tory, than run through the back by the muck-fork of the Whig."

"The sword of a Tory," we admit, has made its mark on us in certain legislative scars, which are not pleasant to look at. But as far as the most respectable traditions of the party go, there is no essential or necessary connection between Toryism and intolerance. It is curious to observe that the original nickname of "Tory" implied a sympathy between the party on which it was conferred and the outlawed Papists of Ireland. In the early part of the last century, the Jacobite or Tory cause had many Catholic adherents, both in England and in this country. And he remembered that the first influential remonstrance against the iniquity of the Penal Laws, the first disinterested expression of pity for the oppressed Catholics of Ireland came, not from any English Whig or Irish Parliamentary "Patriot" but (as Macaulay candidly remarks) from Samuel Johnson; who, as every body knows, held a very decided and amusing opinion respecting the remote and infernal origin of Whiggery. Coming down to later time, we know that the policy of Pitt was anything but anti-Catholic. It is true that the Whigs, used up as a party, and dreadfully in want of a policy, fell back upon Catholic Emancipation as *pis-aller*, but they had little or nothing to do with really carrying the measure, and their advocacy of it was ultimately the worst thing in the world for us. Our thoughtless and profligate gratitude cast us years of wasted political exertion; cast us millions of valuable lives; cast us in the end the sacrifice of our self-respect, and (as far as some few egregious knaves could effect), even of our national honour. Yes; surely we have felt the "muck-fork of the Whig;" but having got its filthy prongs out of our

backs at last, we shall take good care not to expose ourselves another time to its treacherous assaults.—Rational Toryism has made some progress in Ireland. Mr. Spaight, of Limerick, creditably represents that phase of opinion; and we may add to him such gentlemen as Mr. Tottenham, of New Ross, Captain Palmer, of Mayo; Mr. Hassard, of Waterford, and Major M'Clintock, of Louth. All these members are called (and are) Conservatives, but we are at loss to know in what respect their Conservatism differs from the Liberalism of our Herberbs, and Whites, and Ellises. The majority, however, of Lord Derby's Irish supporters belong to a shade of Toryism which is undoubtedly and violently irrational; and they are sure, sooner or later, to sink the Government ship, if they are not themselves thrown overboard. It is time for Lord Derby to make up his mind, once for all, as to what is to be done with the Orangemen.—That issue will be very distinctly raised by Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald's motion, and it must be met one way or the other. Strictly speaking, Orangeism is a plant of Whig growth, and its conversion, in later times, with old Toryism, is an unnatural superfection. We are free to acknowledge, for ourselves, that William the Third was a great man, and a very able ruler; and we are so much of that opinion that it strikes us as extremely probable, if his Majesty's Statute in College Green were, by some Pygmalionic process, to become a living form, and were now to reassume the government of these islands, his first act would be to send every Orangeman, from Belfast to Handon, off to Bermuda or the banks of Swan River. Be this as it may, we know that the people of England, who have given up commemorating their comparatively recent victory over a foreign foe at Waterloo, are incapable of understanding the sense or propriety of perpetually celebrating, with the accompaniments of drunkenness and bloodshed, an incident of civil war which took place nearly two hundred years ago.—The "Boyne Water" has, at this moment, as offensive an odour in their nostrils as the water of the Thames. We have little doubt that, in discussing Mr. Fitzgerald's resolution, most English Members will mark unmistakably the extreme fineness of their sympathy with an institution which, in our times, has proved its loyalty by a conspiracy to disturb the succession to the Throne, and every day evinces its love of "law and order" by reducing street rows to a system. If Lord Derby likes such a state of things, let him say so, and take the consequences. If not, let him say and his Government at once and for ever repudiate and disavow all sympathy with an organization which, in its present working, is a *non en permanence*, and in its relation to the past, a silly unachronism.—*Nation*.

SCOTCH MORALITY.

(From the Scotsman.)

Another very heavy and also unexpected blow has, we fear, been given to the idea which we Scotch have cherished of ourselves, and have pretty well persuaded the world at large to accept on our assurance—that we are an eminently moral as well as a zealously religious people. Figures play sad havoc with sentiments and traditions—we have of late years suffered a great deal from the intrusion of that stubborn element into regions previously given up to poets and orators, and we are now called on to endure a sharper pang than ever before. When Joe Thome's Returns showed that we were more in the habit of getting drunk than our neighbors who are less in the habit of lauding their own virtues, we only learned authentically and arithmetically a fact of which there was before a pretty general though vague suspicion; but there is greater surprise as well as pain in being now told by Dr. Stark's Register of Births, that in another and worse vice, although we have been in the habit of bidding Continental nations stand aside, we had no right to do so as being holier than them. The Registers Returns for the first quarter of the current year (which we published last week) show, for the first time, the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births, and show that Scotland is in this department more immoral than any other European country, with two or at the utmost three exceptions. The announcement is astounding—but the fact is recorded in the books of the parish registers, apparently beyond question and certainly beyond concealment.

The subject is so very painful that we would fain have passed it over without mention; but this being the first occasion on which it has been possible to obtain the information, there is too much novelty as well as importance in the results to allow them to pass unnoted. Almost all, however, that we shall do at present is to recapitulate the leading facts.—Supposing that the returns for the first quarter of 1858 to be an average, and to contain no vitiating error, the number of illegitimate children born in Scotland annually is nearly 10,000, or 9 per cent of the total births. In other words, of every eleven Scotch children, one is a bastard. The statement shocks not only the moral feelings but the powers of belief—but how shall we disbelieve the local registers in a case where concealment or misrepresentation, if practicable at all, would be practised to the lessening of the result by which we are astounded? Compared with neighboring countries, our 9 per cent shows blackly beside France and Prussia, which we have always been accustomed to regard as in this respect lost and shameless, with only 7.1 per cent, to say nothing of England and Belgium, with only 6.7 per cent. Denmark and Hanover are only fractionally worse than we are, and Austria alone (11.3 per cent) is noticeably higher on the bad eminence. Comparing one district with another among ourselves, the main result is, that the figures show the worse state of matters to exist in the rural as distinguished from the urban districts. While almost all the counties containing any considerable proportion of town population are below the national average of 9 per cent, almost all the agricultural counties (with the very marked exception of those north of the Moray Firth) are above it. The three worst counties are contiguous to each other—Aberdeen, Banff, and Nairn, showing respectively 16.2, 17.1, and 16.5 per cent; but at the opposite extremity of the country Dumfriesshire and the Stewartry are not far behind. We are quite aware, of course, that there is a way of partly explaining the apparently greater immorality of the country districts, and that illegitimate births do not form in town and country alike an equal measure of this vice; but there is at least one fact on the face of Dr. Stark's Returns, and another known to every person who has ever inquired or observed in the matter, which warn us not to make too much allowance for the difference of system or circumstances hinted at. In the first place, the proportion of total births to population is greater in the towns than in the country—in the former case, 1 to every 27 persons annually, in the latter, 1 to every 32; which indicates that the causes alluded to are not so operative as is generally assumed. In the next place, it is quite notorious that a very large number of the births in the rural districts entered as legitimate, are legitimate only by a sort of legal fiction—children born in wedlock indeed, but escaping only by a few weeks or days the misfortune of being born before it. In many districts, such cases, of course, as to the first child in each family, are not the exception but the rule. Every country clergyman from the Ness to the Tweed knows it, and knows in how many cases his attendance at the marriage will be followed, in an indecorously short period, by an invitation to attend on an occasion of another kind. "The marriage baked meats do coldly furnish forth the christening tables." In this way, the proportion of illegitimate births is, in the country as well as in the towns, though from a different cause, an imperfect measure of the amount of vice. But there is little ground for town boasting itself against country, nor vice versa—in the whole of these unwholesome and distressing statistics there is matter for nothing but shame and confusion of face, and for another great lowering of our pretensions to purity among the nations.

THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
 PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY J. GILLIES
 FOR GEORGE B. CLERK, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
 At the Office, No. 4, Place d'Armes.
 TERMS:
 Town Subscribers.....\$ 3 per annum.
 Country do 24
 Payable Half-Yearly in Advance.
 Single Copies, 3d.
 All communications to be addressed to the Editor
 of the TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, post
 paid.

The True Witness.
 MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Trans-Atlantic Telegraph is over for this year apparently; for we learn by the *North Star*, that the *Niagara* and *Gorgon* had arrived at Queenstown on the 5th instant, with the news that the cable had parted on the evening of the 29th ult., on board the *Agamemnon*, when about 150 miles had been paid out. The *Niagara* was, at the time, about 1,000 miles from the coast of Ireland, and bore up at once for Queenstown.

The European news is of little interest. The weather had been favorable for the coming harvest, but, notwithstanding, an advance on all kinds of Breadstuffs was reported. From India there is nothing new.

In London the great topic of conversation is the filthy state of the Thames, the stench from which is fast becoming so abominable as to menace a pestilence, and to put a stop to business in Parliament, and the Courts of Law. The river is, in fact, a little better, or perhaps, a good deal worse, than an uncovered sewer of the worst description, into which all the filth of a population of between two and three millions is daily discharged, and is kept in a continual state of agitation by the action of the tides. It is estimated that the amount of sewerage daily discharged into the Thames, is about ninety millions of gallons; whilst the quantity of pure water which falls daily over the Teddington locks, does not exceed four hundred millions of gallons. It thus appears that, of the contents of the Thames a breast of London, one-fifth is supplied from the cess-pools, and other nameless sources of abomination. One case of Asiatic cholera had already occurred, and had terminated fatally; and serious apprehensions were entertained for the sanitary condition of the city during the months of August and September. In short a renewal of the Great Plague is by no means impossible, if active measures to correct the nuisance are not finally adopted.

EVANGELICAL FALSHOODS.

The second instance adduced by the *Christian Guardian* in support of his thesis, that it is a dogma of the Roman Catholic Church, "that no faith is to be kept with heretics," is thus stated by our cotemporary:—

"We proceed now to the Fourth, or great Lateran Council, which absolved from their Oath of Allegiance, the subjects of heretical princes." The third Canon, which absolves Popish subjects from their Oath of Allegiance to heretical princes—or in other words which commands them to keep no faith with Protestant or heretical princes—is as follows:—

The *Christian Guardian* here quotes the III. Canon, wherein the duty of princes to purge their dominions of the "heretical filth" with which the South of Europe was, owing to the rapid spread of Manichean principles sadly infected about the commencement of the thirteenth century, is asserted; and the vassals of Princes failing therein, after due admonition, are pronounced released from their duty of obedience. How far this was an ecclesiastical declaration of the duty of breaking faith with heretics, we will now proceed to show.

No one we think will deny that the Sovereign Princes of Europe had the right, either by their own mouths, or through their respective ambassadors, to declare their own vassals and feudatories absolved from their allegiance, if they—the Princes aforesaid—were to be guilty of certain specified acts. If A. contracts with B.—B. has certainly the right, if he pleases, to release A. from the obligation of observing his contract.

Now the Fourth Council of Lateran was not merely an ecclesiastical Synod, or Council of the Church, but it was also a Congress of the Great Powers of Europe; at which were present, besides the Fathers of the Church, the representatives of the chief Sovereigns of Christendom. After enumerating the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops who were present, the Acts of the Council inform us that there were in attendance, the Legates of the King of Sicily, Emperor Elect, of the Emperor of Constantinople, of the Kings of France, England, Hungary, Jerusalem, Cyprus, Arragon—*necon et aliorum Principum, et Magnatum, Civitatum, aliorumque locorum ingens fuit multitudo.* The latter of course had, in their character of Legates of secular Princes, no voice in matters doctrinal. These were decided by ecclesiastical authorities alone, the Church reserving to herself the sole right to decide betwixt the true, and the false, in disputed articles of faith;

but here the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Power ceased.

At this juncture the Secular Power interfered: and speaking by the mouth of its legates, pledged itself to give effect to the doctrinal decisions of the Church, by superadding to the spiritual thunders of the latter, its own material weapons. Amongst other things, it was agreed by the Secular Sovereigns of Europe that, if any of them failed of purging their dominions of the "heretical filth"—the *Bulgars*—they should thereby forfeit the allegiance of their vassals; who were to be released from their Oaths of Allegiance in case of their Liege Lords failing to redeem the pledges by them entered into with the Church at the Council of Lateran.

Thus the Canons of that Council have a twofold character. Whilst some are purely ecclesiastical, the Third is partly ecclesiastical, and partly secular; and was the product of the Two Powers—the Council and the Congress. It commences with a purely spiritual condemnation of heresy; this was the act of the Council; it concludes with an injunction to the different secular authorities—"Secularibus Potestatibus Presentibus, aut eorum Ballivis"—to give effect to the spiritual censures of the Council, by purging their respective territories of the "heretical filth;" this was the act of the Congress. And these two distinct acts being embodied in one document, it is by superficial readers of history, somewhat hastily concluded, that the Council alone, or ecclesiastical authority, undertook of itself to declare the vassals of heretical Princes absolved from their Oath of Allegiance. We are not now called upon to vindicate the resolutions of the Congress which met at Rome in the XIII century; or to justify the agreement into which the Catholic Princes of Europe theret entered, to purge their dominions of the "heretical filth," though it would not be difficult to show that they had far better grounds for employing force against the Albigenses, than has the Protestant Government of the United States at the present day, to employ similar weapons against the Mormons. This, however, is not at present our object; which is to show that the Canon absolving subjects from allegiance to heretical princes, was the act of the Sovereigns of Europe themselves; and therefore, gives no countenance to the assertion of the *Christian Guardian* that the Church laid down as a dogma, or article of faith, in the Fourth Council of Lateran "that no faith is to be kept with heretics." We will now pass on to the third instance adduced by our cotemporary, of this being a "Romish dogma."

"Next in order," says the *Christian Guardian*, "we take up the Council of Constance." We call attention to this Council, as that which expressly decreed that no faith was to be kept with heretics—and that which carried to practise that damnable doctrine, and ratified it in the blood of the celebrated John Huss. John Huss refused on a former occasion to appear before the Court of Rome. He, however, was induced to attend the Council of Constance through the persuasion of the Emperor Sigismund within whose dominions the Council was held. The Emperor having granted him a safe-conduct, Huss at once resolved to defend the articles of his faith. The safe conduct lies before us on our table, but it is rather long to be inserted here, and besides it is unnecessary as there is no possibility of denying the guilt of Sigismund, but especially of the treacherous Council of Constance. And besides it would appear as if the Council had pledged itself to a safe-conduct of some description or another, since Dubraus, another writer of the Bohemian history of that period says "that Huss repaired to Constance, relying on the public assurance given him by the Council—*de publica Conditio accepta.*" From all which it is evident that the Council deceived Huss, and that Sigismund was the unconscious instrument of the deception; and that, therefore, the attempt to explain away the perfidy of the Council, or the persecuting principles by which it was governed, is perfectly futile." The italics are our own.

"Liars," says the proverb, "should have good memories;" but unfortunately for the Holy Protestant Faith, of which he is the champion, the *Christian Guardian* has a very poor memory indeed. Thus, having assured us that "there is no possibility of denying the guilt of Sigismund," he himself, and in the same paragraph, does that which is impossible; and declares that "it is evident that Sigismund was the unconscious instrument of the deception," to which John Huss fell a victim. But if the "unconscious instrument," then clear of guilt; and if it be impossible to "deny his guilt," then not "the unconscious instrument." The *Christian Guardian* may take which horn of this dilemma he pleases: but on one or the other he must inevitably be impaled. Said we not rightly then that "liars should have good memories;" but that the *Christian Guardian* has a very poor memory indeed? But let us get back to our muttons.

Did the Council of Constance give John Huss a safe-conduct, or any assurance of any kind, that no bodily harm should befall him at Constance? Did John Huss on the strength of this safe-conduct, or this assurance, come to Constance? And did the Council, having him within its grasp, violate the pledge of safety that it had previously held out to him? These are the questions that we have to consider, in order that we may test the accuracy of the *Christian Guardian's* bold assertion that the Council of Constance "expressly decreed that no faith was to be kept with heretics"—and carried this damnable doctrine into practice. Now to these questions we reply as follows:—

1. The Council of Constance, never gave,

either directly or indirectly, any safe-conduct, or assurance of any kind to John Huss, to induce him to come to Constance.

2. John Huss came to the Council well aware that he had no pledge, or promise of any kind from the Council, that no bodily harm should befall him.

3. The Council having given no promise, and held out no inducements of any kind to John Huss in order to allure him to Constance, could not, no matter what its treatment of that individual, have been guilty of breaking faith with him; and, therefore, could not, by its conduct towards John Huss, have "expressly decreed that no faith was to be kept with heretics"—or have reduced that "damnable doctrine" as the *Christian Guardian* well calls it, "to practice."

The plain truth of the matter is—that John Huss actually arrived in Constance, before the Council of Constance had met; and as it was impossible that the Council could do any act, or contract any engagement, whilst it was not as yet even in existence, so it is impossible that John Huss, who arrived in the city of Constance before the Council assembled, or was constituted, could have been induced to come to Constance by any act or promise, direct or indirect, of the Council. This shall be clear from a consideration of the following dates:—

1. According to L'Enfant, the Protestant historian of the Council of Constance, Huss arrived in Constance on Saturday, 3d of November, 1414, having left Prague with the intention of going to Constance on or about the 11th of October.

2. But the Council of Constance was only opened upon Monday, 5th November, 1414, and its first Session was held on Friday, 16th of the same month.

3. Now, as the Council could perform no Act of any kind before it was opened on the 5th of November—and as John Huss actually arrived in Constance before the opening of the Council—it is certain that he was not induced to come to Constance by any Act of, or promise from, the Council: and consequently, having never given him any promise, or held out any inducements to him to come to Constance, the Council cannot have been guilty of any breach of faith towards John Huss; for the simple reason that it never, directly, or indirectly, entered into any kind of contract or agreement with him.

That John Huss had no safe-conduct from the Council, is evident also from this—that no such document was ever cited, or asserted to be in existence, either by his friends, the Bohemian Lords, or by the early Protestant historians of the Council. The former pleaded that Huss had a passport, or safe-conduct, from the Emperor, Sigismund, but never insinuated that the Council itself had issued any such document; and even Hallam, in his "Middle Ages," acknowledges—that "Huss came to Constance with a safe-conduct of the Emperor, very loosely worded, and not directed to any individual"—and that this safe-conduct, such as it was—"was not binding on the Council, who possessed no temporal power, but had a right to decide upon the question of heresy."—*Cap. VII. note.*

Our object is not to vindicate the conduct of the Emperor; though it would be easy to show that, since Huss left Prague for Constance about the 11th of October, and the pretended safe-conduct was dated the 18th of the same month, it was not upon the strength of that document that Huss was induced to undertake the journey which terminated to him so fatally; and that the document itself was but an ordinary travelling passport, to protect the bearer from molestation on the road, either coming or going. Thus Hallam admits that he "cannot determine how far the Imperial safe-conduct was a legal protection within the city of Constance."—*Cap. VII. note.* We have, however, we think, clearly shown from well established dates, and the admissions of Protestant historians—that no safe-conduct was granted to Huss by the Council—and that it is, therefore, absurd to tax that body with having broken faith with this particular heretic. In our next we shall examine how far the Council is justly obnoxious to the reproach of having laid down the doctrine, that "no faith is to be kept with heretics," generally.

SPECIAL REPORT ON THE SEPARATE SCHOOLS OF UPPER CANADA. By the Chief Superintendent of Education.

With the Rev. Mr. Ryerson's vindication of his pecuniary transactions for furnishing the schools of the Upper Province with books, maps, globes, &c., and the Municipalities with libraries, we do not purpose to weary our readers. The Reverend man is, as has been already shown, a "smart business" man, and well knows on which side his bread is buttered. We will pass at once to his reply to the charge that "State-Schoolism" is an outrage upon the individual parent, to whom alone, and not to the State, belongs the right of educating the child. "This assertion," rejoins the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, "can only be regarded as a libel upon the Legislature and School system of Upper Canada."—p. 49. The following is the argument which the Rev. gentleman, whose moral sense is not very acute, adduces in defence of his beloved "State-Schoolism":—

"There might be some truth in such an assertion in regard to the School system of the country"—(that it is an outrage upon the rights of the individual

parent, by compelling him to pay for the support of a school to which he has conscientious objections)—"where the Sovereign is a despot, and by his own absolute authority provides a revenue, establishes a school system, appoints teachers, prescribes the instruction to be given in the schools, disallows private schools, and requires all children of ages to be taught in the royal or imperial schools; but it is without a shadow of truth in respect to the Legislature, or School system of Upper Canada. Our Legislature imposes no school-tax, as do the Legislatures of New York, and other American States, but simply empowers the local Municipalities, to do so if they please, and encourages, to a certain amount, those who are disposed to help themselves in establishing and maintaining schools for the education of their children; but which schools the local parties themselves determine upon the manner of supporting, appoint and remove the teachers, each parent determining what his own children shall be taught in the public school, and there being no restriction whatever in the establishment of private schools. No, the 'sacred right and still more sacred duty, of educating his children in his own way,' is taken from the parent by those who impose upon him the punishment of 'mortal sin,' if he does not send his children to a certain kind of schools, or if he presumes to send them to the public schools."—p. 49.

In the above paragraph it is hard to say whether the author sins more against truth, or common sense. The complaint of the Catholic minority is, that they, being in a minority, are taxed against their consent by the Protestant majority, for the support of schools to which they are conscientiously opposed, and to which they cannot, and in the exercise of their sacred and inalienable rights as parents do not see fit to, send their children; and that, by being thus taxed, or rather robbed, for the support of schools of which they do not see fit to make use, their means for establishing and maintaining schools of which they do approve, and to which they would wish to send their children, are seriously diminished. This is the complaint of the Catholic minority; and if it be true that it is unjust to force any man to support a system of religion, or a system of education—a Church or a School—to which he is conscientiously opposed, then is their complaint most just, and most reasonable. How then does the Rev. Mr. Ryerson meet it?

He concedes that, for a despotic government—and we know of no despotism more oppressive, more degrading to those who are its victims, than the despotism of majorities—to tax its subjects, or to impose upon them a school system contrary to their wishes, would be an act of tyranny, an invasion of the sacred rights of the parent. He concedes too, that, for the Legislature to impose a school tax directly, as in New York, and other parts of the States, would be an act of oppression; but with strange inconsistency, or shall we say impudence, he argues that, for the Legislature to delegate to other State organizations that power which it possesses not itself, and which it could not assume without a tyrannical aggression upon the right of the individuals, is perfectly legitimate, and affords no reasonable grounds for complaint. This is indeed a strange doctrine, and would surprise us even in the mouth of a Methodist preacher, if, after the revelations as to the Rev. Mr. Ryerson's peculiar notions of honesty, anything could surprise us, coming from such a quarter.

Let us apply the Superintendent's reasoning to the "Church Question," which is in every particular the counterpart of the School Question, and see how his logic will bear the test. A tax imposed by the Imperial Government or the Provincial Legislature, for the support of any particular Church system, would, according to the Rev. Mr. Ryerson's principles, be a gross outrage upon the rights of individual Christians; but if the Legislature were merely to empower the local Municipalities to impose such a tax if they pleased, and were to enact laws to enforce compliance with the decrees of the said Municipalities, there would be no outrage, no violation of individual rights! A Presbyterian compelled to pay for the support of an Episcopal Church, in a Municipality where Episcopalians were in an overwhelming majority, would, under such circumstances, consider himself to be most justly dealt with, because the Church-tax had been imposed on him, not by the general Legislature, but by the local Municipality! and Protestants taxed for the support of a "Romish Mass-house" in a Municipality where Romanism was in the ascendant, would be perfectly content with the arrangement, so long as it was the Municipality, and neither the Imperial Government nor the Provincial Parliament, that imposed the tax; though, to be sure, if they hesitated about paying it, the whole machinery of the laws would be put in motion to enforce compliance with the decrees of the Municipality!

Such would be the result, if the Rev. Mr. Ryerson's theory as to the essential difference betwixt a tax imposed by the Legislature or central authority, and one imposed by the Municipality or local authority, be correct. But it is not correct, for the Legislature cannot delegate powers which it does not itself rightfully possess; nor can it, without making itself *particeps criminis*, authorise its creatures, bodies of its own creation, to do that which it could not itself do without perpetrating an injustice. But the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, by implication, admits that the Legislature or central authority would have no right to establish either a "common" School or a "common" Church system; it can have, therefore, no right to delegate that power to other bodies or State organizations, because that which it is wrong or unjust to do directly, it is

equally wrong to do by the intervention of an agent.

It is unjust, we contend, to compel any man, under any circumstances, to pay for the support either of a Church or of a School to which he is conscientiously opposed. Hence our opposition, not to the details or accidents of State-Churchism and State-Schoolism, but to "State-Churchism" and "State-Schoolism" *in limine*. We will not waste time by entering into any examination of the materials whereof the system is composed; but we take exception to the system itself, as an outrage upon conscience and the sacred rights of the parent. What matters it to the Catholic whether his money be taken from him by Act of the Legislature, or Act of the Municipality, so long as it is taken from him, and for a purpose to which he has strong conscientious objections? What matters it to him whether he be robbed by a single despot, or by a many headed despot, called a majority? the most cruel, the most vile of despots. The question, how, by whom, and in whose company, his children shall be educated, is a question which appertains to the parent alone; and in which no one, no body of men, whether Parliaments or Municipalities has, or have any right, to interfere. To give, therefore, to a majority in the Municipality the power of overruling the decision of the individual parent is, to all intents and purposes, to rob him of his most "sacred right;" a right which he holds not from man, but directly from God; not as a citizen, or member of any political organization, but as a parent responsible with his soul, for the soul of his child. What monstrous tyranny, therefore, on the part of "Jack-in-Office," to interfere with the parent in the exercise of that "sacred right!" but what infernal impudence, on the part of "Jack," to assert that that interference is no tyranny.

All that we contend for—and with less we will never rest satisfied—is that no one be compelled to pay for the support either of a School or Church to which he is opposed. It is not to the compulsory feature of the present system that we object; for we are perfectly willing to pay our *quota* for the support of education and religion, provided only—and this is a *sine qua non*—provided that we be left perfectly free, each one for himself, to decide how that *quota* be applied. In this we will brook no interference from any one—from the Legislature or from the Municipality—for it is a question upon which each individual has alone the right to decide.

The Rev. Mr. Ryerson's assertion that under the present system of management "each parent" has the power or the recognised right of "determining what his own children shall be taught in the public schools," is a deliberate falsehood. A Catholic parent, compelled by the present tyrannical system to pay for the public schools, would not be allowed to determine the books his child should read therein, or what course of studies it should follow. These would be decided, not by the parent, who *alone* ought to have a voice in the matter, but by the majority in the Municipality: and in Upper Canada, the great majority of these bodies are Protestant, and violently anti-Catholic.

Neither is it true that there "is no restriction whatever in the establishment of private schools." *Totidem verbis* indeed there is no such restriction; but in practise, unless the Catholic parent is rich enough to support two schools—one for his Protestant neighbors, and to which he does not send his children—and another school for his own use—he is restricted from the enjoyment of a private school, by the iniquitous law which enables the Municipality to tax him for the support of a school of which he cannot in conscience avail himself.

The fundamental error of the Rev. Mr. Ryerson consists in this, that he will persist in confounding together things essentially distinct—as for instance, Municipalities and parents. The former have no parental responsibilities, and have therefore neither parental rights nor parental duties; they have no children to educate, and have therefore no right whatever to interfere in the question of education. And again, when he speaks of the School Law as giving the people the right and privilege to educate "their children in their own way," he talks arrant nonsense, for that right and privilege would exist in its integrity if all School Laws were abolished to-morrow.—What the law really gives is, the power to a majority to impose upon the minority an educational system to which the latter may be, and often are adverse; and therefore to the same extent it robs a portion of the people of their natural, and God-derived right, "to educate their children in their own way" without regard to the wishes or opinions of the majority.

"State-Schoolism," disguise it as you will, is but the American phase of Socialism. In Europe, and speaking by the mouth of a Prudhomme, its last word is, "*La propriete c'est le vol*;" in America, and finding utterance through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Ryerson, it proclaims that the child belongs to the State rather than to the Parent—to the Municipality rather than to the "Family." In opposing "State-Schoolism" therefore, we are but opposing Socialism under one of its most loathsome and repulsive aspects.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

On the 17th inst., on the motion in the Legislative Assembly for going into Committee of Supply, M. Dorion's amendment to the effect that the House did not approve of the selection of the City of Ottawa as the future seat of Government, was negatived by a majority of 63 to 45. On the 19th inst., in the Legislative Council, Mr. De Blaquiere gave notice of a motion for the adoption of measures for a meeting of delegates of the British North American Provinces, with a view of enquiring into the feasibility of a Federal Union. The other House was occupied with private Bills, and Railroad business.

On Monday, the Double-Majority question was again discussed in the Legislative Assembly, during the debate on M. Thibaudeau's motion, and M. Cauchon's amendment thereunto. The latter was rejected by a majority of 71 to 27; and the former, by 55 to 33. The House then went into Committee of Supply.

CONVENT OF THE CONGREGATION OF OUR LADY, MONTREAL.

We were present at the annual distribution of prizes in this institution on Thursday, the 8th inst., and were much pleased with the admirable proficiency of many of the pupils in vocal and instrumental music, recitation, and elocution, as also in English and French composition. These were the branches which came immediately under our observation; together with drawing, painting, and needlework, both plain and ornamental. Many of the young ladies distinguished themselves in the various exercises of the day, and more still by the number of prizes they obtained. The gold medal—the prize of excellence—was conferred on Miss Kate Brin. Amongst the others who were most distinguished for assiduity and success, we noticed Miss Susan Quinn, Miss Ward, Miss C. Brock, and Madlle. Perrin, all of Montreal. In music, we particularly noticed Madlle. H. Pacaud, Three Rivers; Miss Harwood, Vaudreuil; Miss Ward and Miss Benjamin, Montreal. In vocal music, Madlles. Renaud and Boyer, who sung, and represented in operatic style a very beautiful piece, entitled—"The Mother of the Maccabees;" also Miss Brin, Miss Pacaud, Madlle. Dubois, and others whose names we do not remember. A large and very beautiful Scriptural piece, partly needlework done in imitation of the old tapestry, with the faces, necks, and arms of the figures in painting, was exhibited as the work of Miss Bartley, of Montreal, a young lady not more than fourteen years of age. It is not yet quite finished; but even in its present state it is highly creditable both to the young artiste, and her teachers.

Some very fine pieces of music were performed—such as the splendid overtures to "Fra Diavolo," and the "Barber of Seville," each by 22 hands; also some grand military marches with a very brilliant Rondio.

His Lordship Bishop LaRocque and a large number of the Clergy were present, and the remaining space was crowded with the parents of the pupils, and other friends of the institution.

At the conclusion, an address was read by Miss Brin; after which His Lordship complimented the young ladies and their teachers on the progress they had made in their various studies during the year.

REGIOPOLIS COLLEGE.—By reference to an advertisement which will be found in another column, our Catholic readers will see that this most valuable seat of learning will commence its sessions in September next. To the Catholic parents in the vicinity of Kingston, this is a fact of no small importance; and thankful should they be to God, and to the good Bishop whom Providence has placed over them, for this noble addition to the educational institutions of their Diocese. Under the immediate supervision of His Lordship Mgr. Horan, their children will be early indoctrinated, not only in all branches of secular learning, but in that higher wisdom—the wisdom of the Saints—which alone profiteth to everlasting life.

But if the educational advantages which Catholic parents in Canada enjoy are great, so also are their responsibilities. The means of obtaining a sound Catholic education for his children, are here within almost every man's reach. How then will he answer it to Almighty God—as one day answer it he must—if he neglects to avail himself of the advantages which he enjoys?—We sometimes feel inclined to fear that we do not sufficiently appreciate the many blessings with which we are surrounded; and that for our indifference to them, and our neglect to profit by them, there is a punishment in store for us. God forbid that such should be the case with respect to those new educational establishments which the pious zeal of our Bishops, our Clergy, and Religious Communities are every day opening up for us! for there is no excuse for the Catholic parent in this country, who allows his children to grow up in ignorance, or who, for the sake of any worldly advantages, exposes them to the dangers, and almost inevitable contamination of a "Godless" or "Mixed" education. We have our schools and colleges in abundance, and of first-rate excellence. Shame then upon the Catholic parent who, for any consideration whatever, permits his children to attend Protestant, or Non-Catholic schools!

THE "CANADIAN FREEMAN."—We have received the first number of this new independent Catholic paper, to which we beg leave to offer our hearty congratulations, and our best wishes for its long and prosperous existence.

The *Freeman* is of the same size and form as the late Toronto *Catholic Citizen*, to whom it succeeds, but in whose paths it will not, we are well assured, walk. In its first issue it marks out for itself the political course which it intends to pursue, and to which it will, we hope, ever faithfully adhere.

We are persuaded, for our part,—and in this spirit we enter on our labors,—that nothing can be more foolish than to put implicit faith in any party. Parties and party leaders there must be; but why should we wear their livery or run their errands? It is, we consider, as bad policy to be voluntarily servile, as it is bad faith to be servile for pay. No public man can expect servility, and no class or individual can ever enjoy due weight in the community, unless that weight is stamped with self-respect. If a public man, or a number of public men, in or out of office, ward off some great evil, or effect some great good, we will not fail in generous appreciation of their good conduct; but pained by the hand that traces these lines, and forever cold by the heart that feels their truth, before we shall ever stoop to join the pack of one set of partisans, to assist in bounding down the members of any other.

At the two poles of humanity stand the servile man and the man of spirit. You may know them at any distance, by the appearance they make. The servile man looks furtively about him; speaks in whispers; is versed in the mysterious meanings of nods and winks; his whole countenance changes at the approach of some petty official patron—the man of spirit looks you in the face; his voice is self-possessed, and passably loud; he neither uses signs himself nor seems to understand them when employed by others; his carriage is the same in every company,—or if he throws a deeper deference into his manner, it is only on the approach of the other sex. In authority, the servile man becomes insolent and domineering to the unhappy creatures who are placed under him,—he bullies, torments, and tyrannizes; but the man of spirit, ever the same, respects the humble, is considerate for their feelings, and not over-exacting of homage for himself. Now, which of these types of character should the Catholic journalist represent in his own person? Which of them should we desire to see prevail, as the type of his co-religionists? Every reader will answer for himself.

On the "School" and "Orange" questions, our new cotemporary expresses himself equally honorably and consistently:—

Naturally following on the subject of the subsistence of the people comes the equally vital one of the education of their children. Our prospectus is clear and explicit on this head. There can be among Catholics no two opinions, as to the indispensability of combining religious with secular instruction. Not that we value less highly than others the inestimable advantages of secular education. Not, surely, that we can desire to see our children occupy inferior positions to those of our neighbors. So unnatural an idea will not be attributed to us, even by our most violent assailants. No! we desire to see our children the equals, in all sound learning and in all acquirements, of the children of other classes. But to attain even this most desirable end, we can never consent that religion should be set on one side, or left at home on week days, to be done for a purpose on Sundays. Our opposition, therefore, to mixed schools is conscientious and unalterable, and we have a right to claim for it the respect of all parties in the State.

One great and growing evil in the Upper Province is the prevalence of Orangism not only in business life, but in the law courts and the jury-box, poisoning the very sources of justice and equity. But its worst example ends not even there. It is higher up it is to be found in the Cabinet Council, and on the Executive chair. When the Prime Minister declared himself openly in Parliament, a member of this secret politico-religious society, a new duty arose for every lover of the peace of Canada. From that hour every honest man was secretly bound to have that minister removed, or to compel him publicly to renounce the bond of the Orange brotherhood. If Irish Catholics could possibly submit to such an outrage, to what will they not submit next? Never shall it be said they so submitted in shameful silence; and right glad are we to-day, to declare our voice against submission to any Government, of which either the head or the members will avow themselves to belong to the Orange fraternity.

All honor to the independent politics of the *Canadian Freeman*.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW. JULY 1858.

We have so often expressed our high opinion of this periodical, of its value to the Catholic cause, and of the duty of all Catholics, according to their means, to encourage its circulation, that we need do no more upon the present occasion than call the attention of our readers to the annexed Table of contents:—

1. Revivals and Retreats.
2. Rome and its Rulers.
3. Conversations of Our Club.
4. Necessity of Divine Revelation.
5. Dr. Clapp's Antobiographical Sketches and Recollections.

MACKAY'S MONTREAL DIRECTORY—1858-59.—This valuable work, which is continued by the widow of the late Mr. Mackay, well sustains its original reputation, and will prove itself an invaluable companion to the man of business. Several important additions have been made to the present volume, which is handsomely printed and commodiously arranged; and which is in every respect fully entitled to the support of the Montreal public.

MESSRS. MENZELY AND SONS.—We would call attention to the Messrs. Menzely's advertisement which will be found elsewhere. Their bells are admitted to be without a superior on this Continent, and have given universal satisfaction.

COMMON SCHOOLS.—The Ottawa correspondent of the *Montreal Herald* makes some extraordinary revelations as to the efficiency of the common schools in the Ottawa district. "It appears," he says, "that in one of the most popular schools the art of writing had been totally neglected." Of this the parents of children attending said school naturally complained; and in consequence of their remonstrance it has been resolved by the Board of School Trustees that writing be included amongst the other elegant accomplishments imparted to the pupils of the Ottawa common schools. This is progress with a vengeance.

The members of the Executive Committee of the Temperance Society are requested to meet in St. Patrick's House immediately after Vespers next Sunday, on business of importance.

Mr. Ferguson's Farewell Concert on the Irish Pipes on Monday evening, was, we are happy to say, well attended. Mr. Ferguson is, we understand, about to visit Quebec, where we would bespeak for him a warm reception, and numerous audiences, from all lovers of music, and of Irish or Scotch music especially. Without having heard Mr. Ferguson, it is impossible to form any idea of the marvellous effects of which the Irish Pipes are capable in a master's hands.

The evening's entertainments were agreeably diversified by several Scotch songs, executed in first rate style by Mr. Muir, whose talents as a vocalist are well known to the public of Montreal, and whose kindness in volunteering his services upon the occasion was well appreciated by the audience who had the pleasure of listening to him.

TROYE'S PAINTINGS OF THE HOLY LAND.—This exhibition is still open, and well merits a visit. Some of the views, especially that of the Dead Sea from the North, are exceedingly beautiful.

We are requested to state that the nett proceeds of the St. Patrick's Pic-Nic were \$591,92, instead of \$523,30, as previously reported.

PROTESTANT BEHAVIOUR IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Montreal, July 20, 1858.

Sir—On last Saturday afternoon, I went for a pleasure trip down the river, on board the "Iron Duke." Arrived at Varennes, we were told by the Captain that half an hour would be allowed us to visit the village; almost every one on board availed himself of the opportunity, a great number going in to see the church; and I must say, Mr. Editor, that the conduct of the majority of those who entered the church was indeed in the extreme, and most insulting towards Catholics who were in the place at the time: the men behaving as if they were in a bar-room, more than in a church; some even not deigning to take their hats off. The young girls too, who, I suppose, pretend to be, and assume the name of ladies, were talking and laughing as if they were in a theatre; I even saw a boy of 12 or 13 years of age getting on horseback on the altar; and although his parents were quite near at the time, they did nothing to prevent him from doing so. Is it not shameful?—is it not scandalous? Why Mahomedans or Pagans would show more respect than these Protestants did, were they to enter a Christian church.

How long, Mr. Editor, are our churches to be thus desecrated?—and this in the broad day light too.—How long are we thus to suffer at the hands of Protestants, who incessantly, and without cause, insult us in what we most cherish, what we hold most sacred?—how long, I say, are these things to continue?

Suppose for one moment that we, Catholics, were to crowd in a Protestant church, and act in such an offensive manner—that an outcry would be raised against us by these same Protestants, who entered the Varennes church. Would we not be held up by them to public scorn? With how many columns would the editor of the *Montreal Witness* favor us? conferring, no doubt, upon us a whole vocabulary of odious epithets. Suppose again the case to be in that "Mixed-School" country—Upper Canada—and that Catholics should dare enter a Protestant church, and act as these Protestants did in Varennes—I question very much if violence would not be used to put them out.

How is it then that Protestants disregard entirely the great precept—"Do unto others as thou wouldst have others do unto thee." Are they not aware (although of a different faith) that these churches are places of public worship?—that there the Almighty is worshipped not only on Sundays, but every day of the year; and being aware of it, how shameful, how unworthy of the name of Christian which they bear, to act in the manner they do when in our churches.

In order that such shameful conduct as this may not be repeated, I hope the authorities in Varennes will in future close the doors of their church on Saturdays in the afternoon, while these pleasure trips of the "Iron Duke" continue.

I remain, Sir, yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

As the writer of the above gives us his name as a guarantee for the truth of his assertions, we have no hesitation in inserting it; with the full assurance that the conduct therein complained of will be reprobated by all respectable members of the Protestant community. Our columns are open to any who may deem themselves alluded to by "A Subscriber."

DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Toronto, July 19, 1858.

DEAR SIR—The last week has witnessed in Toronto the glorious triumph achieved by Catholic education. The public examination of several of our educational institutions, with their usual display of literary entertainments, distributions of prizes, &c., have been such as to convince every friend of free and religious education that this sacred cause has made unprecedented strides in Upper Canada, despite Rycersonism and "State-Schoolism." Last week it was my good fortune to witness the annual examinations of St. Michael's College, Loretto and St. Joseph's Academies. The brilliant performances on the occasion, evinced marked progress over preceding years. Owing to hard times, the number of pupils had been, perhaps, less than expected; but the unsurpassed and truly extraordinary successes of the happy inmates of these institutions, more than compensated for any deficiency in number. In the course of the present week, the public examination of the children under the charge of the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of St. Joseph will take place in their respective school-rooms. Over twelve hundred children receive the blessings of a free and religious education at the hands of these zealous and devoted instructors of youth. To the untiring exertions of the chief Pastor of the Diocese of Toronto, are due, under God, the invaluable advantages now enjoyed by the rising generation of this section of the Province. The promptness and earnestness with which Catholic parents have hitherto responded to the appeals of their spiritual guides, ought to convince the blind and fanatic votaries of Rycersonism and "State-Schoolism," of the utter impossibility of ever succeeding in coercing the friends of free and religious education to place their neck under the tyrannical yoke of "State-Schoolism." I am happy to inform you, Dear Sir, that Catholics are not alone opposed to the oppressive system of Rycerson's infidel education. A large proportion of our dissenting brethren are now fully awake to its deleterious results, and call loudly upon their rulers to alter the obnoxious "Common School System," and to allow the parent to educate his child, according to the dictates of his conscience.

Amidst the passing conflicts of contending sects in Upper Canada, the Old Church still continues its steady and unerring progress. Yesterday, His Lordship Bishop De Charbonnel dedicated to the service of God, a new church in the thriving village of Streetsville. The building is 63 feet long, by 32 feet wide. I am informed that a large assemblage had congregated to witness the interesting ceremony.—An affecting sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Rooney, of St. Michael's College;

His Lordship afterwards made some excellent remarks. A large collection, I am told, was taken up. The number of Catholics in Streetsville is yet small; but the zealous exertions of the Rev. Mr. McNulty, Pastor of the place, ably seconded by a generous and devoted flock, have conquered all difficulties, and bid fair to liquidate the debt in a very short time.

Thus you see, Dear Sir, that despite bigotry, ignorance, fanaticism, Rycersonism, the Devil—the tottering Church of Rome has not yet fallen; nay, the very incessant attacks of the power of darkness against the Rock of Ages, have caused many an upright and honest mind to inquire into the mysterious existence of a Church which has weathered the storms of eighteen centuries, and witnessed the rise and downfall of empires and nations; whilst she herself still pursues her steady and onward course. As an illustration of what I advance, I may be permitted to say, that looking over one day the Baptismal Register of St. Michael's Cathedral, I counted the names of eighty-five adult persons received into the Church within a few years. Mark, Dear Sir, the above are the fruits reaped by Catholicity in one out of four Catholic churches which Toronto possesses. For this happy result, we are indebted, under God, in a great measure, to the atrocious lies of the *Globe*, the *Christian Guardian*, and competers. Should not the heads of the Church in Canada vote an annuity to these worthies? For my part, I think they deserve it richly.—I remain, Dear Sir, yours,
TORONTO.

HER MAJESTY'S POSTMASTER-GENERAL IN STRANGE COMPANY.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Cobourg, C.W., July 17, 1858.

DEAR SIR—On the 12th inst., the renowned Postmaster-General of U. Canada came down from Toronto to this place for the laudable purpose of celebrating the "glorious, pious, and immortal memory" of that Dutchman, who emancipated us from the horrors of "Popish tyranny, brass money, and wooden shoes," who first introduced gin into England, and who originated the national debt of Eight hundred million pounds, in order to satisfy the cravings of his hungry followers from the swampy regions of Holland.

About 10 A.M., the honorable gentleman might be seen, clothed in a penitentiary garb, accompanied by a group of seedy looking gents, waddling through the mud towards a place of worship. After paying their tribute to St. (I) William of the Boyne, and performing the proper devotions of the day, they came out with the view of recommencing their holy "bobbin" rounds; but in consequence of the ardent spirit of devotion being brought into contact with that of gin drunk in the morning, those of the benevolent confraternity who were not as yet in a complete state of "sanctification," were scarcely outside of the church door when they commenced fighting! Notwithstanding these stray breezes of Orange piety, it was pleasant to behold; indeed, Mr. Editor, had you been present on the occasion you would have been moved to tears to see that true Christian meekness, charity, and good will to all men, deeply depicted upon the unruined and smiling features of the Postmaster-General, which Orangism alone can practise to a great perfection. In the mean time the Gods of Olympus continued to send down showers of rain, and the perambulating heroes were compelled at last to take refuge in their murky and fly-ridden wigwam. Here, it is reported by some wags, the lion-hearted champion from Toronto, finding himself sheltered and shrouded in convenient darkness in an obscure corner of the Lodge, stood up and displayed his dashing courage by pronouncing a sort of a whang-doodle address on Mr. M'Goe, M.P.P.

I hope this pious pilgrimage of Mr. "Thidney Smith" will be remembered by the Catholic voters in this constituency at the next election, and his descending kindness repaid by them accordingly.—By-the-by, rumor has it that he boasts that he can buy every Irish Catholic vote in West Northumberland for a glass of whiskey.
I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,
X.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Cobourg, July 13th, 1858.

DEAR SIR—As the columns of your invaluable journal are ever devoted to obtain and defend the rights, and to expose the injuries and wrongs of Irishmen indiscriminately, I beg respectfully, that through them, I may be permitted to address a few lines to Irishmen, in behalf of their persecuted and wronged countrymen, in that never-to-be-forgotten valley of Gweedore; and to beg not only of them, but of all men holding pretensions to Christianity, to come to the rescue of those starving thousands, whose pitiable condition in any country but Ireland, would command the sympathy of the Legislature.

The intention, and indifference, with which this alarmingly important subject has been treated by all classes of Irishmen in Canada, particularly those in higher and more influential positions, is shameful in the extreme; it has stirred up alike, the surprise and indignation of our friends at home; has rendered the already oppressive condition of those sorrowful victims of Landlord persecution and intolerance, truly insupportable, and furnished them with additional means to despair; has riveted a gloomy impression on the once noble character of the Irish, "A charitable, and a generous people;" and is, I may add, foreign to that spirit of charity and friendship, for which, the Irish were ever remarkable. Will Irishmen now redouble their ancient character? Will they respond, or allow to pass unnoticed, the cries for help, from the perishing infants, the crying orphans, and the murdered widows, while God in His goodness has given them in abundance the means wherewith to relieve the poor? Or is there not in the present Legislature one honorable gentleman who would deem the question one worthy of his notice in the House?

There are now no further evidences of the existence of the destitution necessary to convince ourselves of the fact; too many, and too true, were the descriptions we read, and to our shame be it said, permitted to escape unnoticed; and we are told too, that the best attempts at description convey only beggarly ideas of the reality. So, in the name of God, and in our country's name, let us ask, what has prevented immediate steps being taken to discharge this duty that we owe to God and to our country? If I might not be considered presumptuous in offering a suggestion to so enlightened citizens as those of Toronto, I would recommend that a Central Depot for a Relief Fund be established there; and I would presume to say that Irishmen, regardless of their religious convictions, and throwing off that foul scum of party prejudice, which has always kept them separated, would all come forward with their contributions in a manner worthy of them; and if that very talented and distinguished Irishman, Thomas Darcy M'Gee, Esq., M.P.P., would condescend to deliver a lecture in the City Hall for the benefit of the poor in Gweedore, a meritorious object indeed would be achieved, much to the gratification of the distressed at home, and to the honour of our countrymen in Canada.

I am, Mr. Editor, truly yours,
A GREEN HORN.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Kingston, C.W., July 13, 1858.

DEAR SIR—Knowing the interest you take in every thing pertaining to the progress of our holy religion, and being fully confident that nothing better than a truly Christian education tends to the advancement of virtue amongst us—I claim your kind attention for the insertion in your valuable paper of a few remarks relating to the close of the scholastic year, and the distribution of prizes at the Congregational Nunnery of this city.

On Wednesday last, the 14th inst., at an early hour, the young ladies of the boarding school were assembled in St. Joseph's, which is in connection with the

Convent, and which had been previously fitted up for their public examination. Much good taste, and regard for the convenience of the guests, were shown in the arrangements made for their reception. A large platform was erected, which was occupied by the pupils, and which was tastefully decorated with red and white drapery and ornamented with flowers and evergreens. Directly in front, and facing the young ladies, was placed a chair for our worthy Bishop; from whose hands at the conclusion they had the pleasure of receiving the rewards assigned them. Several Priests of the Diocese occupied seats upon the right and left of His Lordship, amongst whom I noticed the Grand Vicars, M'Donnell and Dollard; there were also a great many of our most respectable citizens and a goodly number of our dissenting brethren present. The young ladies were all dressed in white, wearing blue sashes, making a very pleasing appearance.

The exercises of the morning consisted in examining them upon the many branches taught in this truly estimable institution. In the afternoon the entertainment consisted of various pieces of music and a drama, the parts of which were distributed between seven young ladies. The scene was a Convent and some of its pupils, as well as the Directress, and a distinguished visitor who was about placing a young princess under the care of the worthy Sisters. Each of the young ladies sustained her position admirably; indeed the exercises of the whole day were not only very creditable to the intelligence and application of the pupils, but were conducted with modest ease and lady-like self-possession. The music was performed with remarkable precision and effect; the compositions read, were written with much purity and elegance of style; but I was particularly struck by the distinct enunciation and natural intonation of voice displayed by the scholars—qualities so very essential, and without which the best compositions become uninteresting. The embroidery on muslin, as well as the other work exhibited, elicited the admiration of all who examined them. Before the distribution, a compliment was addressed to the Bishop; after which it was encoed by the singing of six of the smallest of the pupils, which was truly pleasing. His Lordship then encouraged the young ladies by a few remarks; after which the prizes were given, the merits of many entitling them to receive several.—Gratefully acknowledging the pleasure received at their exhibition, I cannot but congratulate the Sisters of the Congregational Nunnery upon the evident success of their system of instruction manifested upon this occasion; for happy are they to whom God has given the grace, courage, and talents to dedicate their youth, and the prime of life, to the best cause of humanity. It is in those hallowed spots that the love of God, filial piety, and those necessary adornments to the female mind are truly cultivated.

I am, Dear Sir, yours respectfully,
AN OBSERVER.

Births.

In this city, on the 19th instant, the wife of Mr. Peter Pegan, of a son.

At Point Claire, on the 14th instant, Mrs. P. Kearney, of a son.

Parties writing to this Office on their own affairs must invariably pay the postage of their letters.

✂ No change in the market prices this week.

P. K.

The call for Perry Davis' Pain Killer is increasing so very rapidly that I fear I shall soon be unable to keep pace with it. My object in writing now is to beg that on receipt of this you will kindly despatch another shipment, as ordered in my letter of June last.

J. L. CARRAU, Calcutta, E. I.
Mr. Perry Davis—Sir: I have used, in my family, your medicine called "Pain Killer," for many purposes, and have found it a very useful and valuable article. I therefore very cheerfully recommend it to the public regards.

Rev. HENRY CLARK,
Sometime in December last, my children were taken down with scarlet fever, or canker rash—my only medicine was Davis' Pain Killer and Castor Oil, the Pain Killer operating to a charm in cutting the canker, and throwing out the rash, so that in about five weeks my family were entirely recovered.

CORNELIUS G. VANDENBURG,
Saratoga Springs.
Having used Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer in my family during the winter past, I would urge its general use for the purposes for which the inventor has recommended it. I think it invaluable, and would not like to be deprived of its advantages.
E. G. POMEROY, St. Louis.
Lyman, Savage, & Co.; and Carter, Kerry, & Co., Montreal; Wholesale Agents.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C.W.

Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. B. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

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

A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils.

TERMS:
Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half-yearly in Advance).
Use of Library during stay, 5c.
The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July.
July 21st, 1858.

WANTED.

A TEACHER who has had four years' experience under the Board of Education, in Ireland, is desirous of obtaining a situation in the above capacity.
Address "G." TRUE WITNESS.

LOST.

IN this city, on the 9th inst., in the neighborhood of St. Antoine Street, a SURGEON'S CASE of Pocket Instruments. Whoever will bring the same to DR. GODFREY, Craig St., corner of Alexander St., will be handsomely rewarded.
July 14, 1858.

A LUXURY FOR HOME.

IF our readers would have a positive Luxury for the Toilet, purchase a Bottle of the "Persian Balm" for Cleansing the Teeth, Shaving, Chamooing, Bathing; Removing Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sun-marks, and all disagreeable appearances of the skin. It is unequalled.

No Traveller should be without this beautiful preparation; as it soothes the Burning sensation of the Skin while Travelling, and renders it soft. No person can have Sore or Chapped Hands, or Face, and use the "Persian Balm" at their Toilet.
Try this great "Home Luxury."

S. S. BLODGETT & Co., Proprietors,
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
LAMPLAGE & CAMPBELL
(Wholesale Agents),
Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Parisian Gossett, Sir Charles Napier, who makes such a fuss about the 70,000 seamen that France has "on her books," might read with some profit a sensible article in the Charivari. The French themselves perfectly understand the amount of able-bodied sailors the country can rely on, and the jolly tars on paper are a standing joke among the initiated. When it is known that three-fourths of the men on the list never squared a yardarm or climbed rigging at all, the gallant Admiral will take his grog in quiet. Every cook and waiter on the river steamboats, every clerk at the waterside, every fisherman who casts a net or even drags a fish-pond, every bathing-house man at Dieppe or Boulogne, he who gathers lobsters, or rakes for oysters, or grubs for seaweed on the cliffs, "Gathers sapphire, dreadful trade!"

is at once "booked" as an A. B. mariner. Charivari describes a Paris Cockney engaged in angling for gudgeon, whose calm sport is interrupted by a government official, who, register in hand, insists on "booking" him as a fisherman, and consequently liable to serve on a man-of-war.—Globe.

Several districts in France were suffering severely from a great want of water.

ITALY.

The Tribunal of Appeals, at Naples, has declared the liberated steamer Cagliari a good and lawful prize.

Sanguinary conflicts, of almost daily occurrence, have taken place between the French and Roman soldiers.

RUSSIA.

It was said that 126,000 soldiers would be assembled in camp, at Povanople (?) at the end of August, for inspection by the Czar.

Cholera had made its appearance at St. Petersburg.

A fire had almost destroyed all the shipping at Helsingford.

The Patrie says that a Russian frigate had joined the French squadron in the Adriatic, and was placed under the orders of the French Admiral. This news had created great sensation at Vienna.

TURKEY.

The Turkish Government had made ample satisfaction for the attack on the British Consul at Belgrade.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says, that, owing to the affairs of Montenegro and the ticklish state of Diplomatic relations between France, Turkey, and Austria, it has been intimated to Turkey, that, if a satisfactory answer should not be returned at once, more ships of war were to be sent to the Adriatic.

SPAIN.

A Madrid despatch says that General Concha has complained to his Government of the insults of the English, in reference to the slave question. The Madrid journals say that the Government intends to call on England for an explanation of the gratuitous insults to which Spain has been exposed in the debates in the House of Lords, by the Earl of Malmesbury and others.

INDIA.

The insurrection has assumed a new phase, which, if less dangerous to the empire, is most embarrassing to newspaper correspondents. There is no longer a war in the European sense of the word, no central point on which the mind can rest as the one from which results, and consequently intelligence are to be expected. Instead of one great campaign there are six little campaigns all going on at once, each attended with small successes and petty reverses, and each tending in some infinitesimal degree to the main object, the pacification of the country. The best mode, perhaps, of recording our progress is to sketch briefly the operations and position of the flying columns now in motion through the country. The most important of these, the column under General Walpole, has been wending its way towards Bareilly. Shortly after the mishap at Roowah it was joined by the Commander-in-Chief, who entered Shahjehanpore without a battle, the enemy evacuating the town. Leaving a wing of Her Majesty's 82d and half De Kantzow's Horse to garrison the place, his Excellency pressed on towards Bareilly.—The enemy, whose information is usually speedy, and from their ramified social connexions must always be accurate, heard that Shahjehanpore was but indifferently guarded. The force at Mahamede, therefore, reported officially as 12,000 strong, with 12 guns, by a rapid march surprised De Kantzow's Horse, cut up an outlying picket, drove the Europeans into the gaol—the only fortified building at hand—and seized the town. There they proceeded to harass, and, according to one account, to execute such of the townspeople as they conceived or fancied had submitted willingly, varying the excitement by an attack on the gaol, which was repulsed with loss. Meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief on the 6th drove the enemy posted outside the town into the city. The fighting is said to have been sharp, but we have few particulars, and your special correspondent, if he has recovered from his accident will supply all details. Next day the city itself was carried, and by the 8th the Mahomedans had fled, and the city, and with it the control of Rohilcund, was in our hands. The Commander-in-Chief, moreover, in accordance with arrangements long since made and carried out with the steady precision which he has contrived to impress upon his subordinates, received considerable reinforcements. Column No. 2, under Brigadier Jones, who when I last wrote was at Moradabad, reached Bareilly just in time to assist in its reduction. Two days previous column No. 3, under Brigadier Penny, had reached him from Budana.—Unfortunately that officer, with the quiet recklessness which is as peculiar to the British officer as his contempt for tactics, rode with his staff at the head of his advanced guard. They were marching as usual before daybreak, near Kuchrowlee, a little place in the Hudson district, when a shower of grape checked the advance. Brigadier Penny was killed on the spot, and the Carabineers, who formed the advanced guard, charged the gun. Behind it was a ditch filled with Ghazees, Mussulman fanatics; and Captains Foster, Eckford, and Davies were severely wounded. The ditch cleared, the column proceeded, and, as I said, arrived in time, but Brigadier Penny is a sad loss. It is believed that the majority of the fugitives have made for Bareilly, the north-eastern corner of Oude, and still exclusively in the hands of rebels. The Nana, however, with his cavalry, has disappeared, and is supposed to have succeeded in making his way into Bhowah where a large body of cavalry is just now worrying Mr. Hume.

In Bareilly, Fyzabad, and Oulnee, there are still armies in the field. In 14 districts our authority is bounded by the range of our cannon, and the districts are harassed and the stations threatened by great bodies of Pindarees, varying in strength from 3,000 to 8,000. They must all be put down, and the

work harassing at all times, is in this weather almost impossible. There are not a few in India who consider it impossible at any time, who see no end to the inscription, and look upon any body as an established institution for the next 10 years. They argue that these Pindarees can be crushed only by a combined movement, for which over vast a territory we can never have the means. There must always be a hole to step out of. These opinions are the natural effect of the extreme excitement of the year, an excitement quite as great as that of the Keign of Terror, but they are hardly sustained by facts. The first moment of breathing time will enable us to organize an armed police, and it is hard if we cannot put down dacoity, on however vast a scale. The only real danger are of such a decline in the number of the Europeans as would expose us to a succession of defeats, or of a new rising of the soldiery.

The Chief Commissioner of the Panjab reports the discovery of a conspiracy among the wing of the 4th Native Infantry at Hoosheypore. It was discovered, six of the conspirators hanged, four transported, and the remainder ordered to Jullunder pending further inquiry.—Cor. of Times.

WHERE IS FRASER'S RIVER.—The recent discoveries of gold on Fraser's River will lead many to examine their maps in vain for the purpose of finding the precise locality of this important stream.

Fraser's River empties into the Gulf of Georgia, a branch of Puget's Sound, a few miles north of the 49th parallel, which is the boundary between our territory and the British possessions. Its head-waters interlock with those of the Columbia and the Athabasca. For the first half of its course it runs in a southerly direction, when it turns westward. At the distance of 160 miles from its mouth it is joined by Thompson's River, a considerable stream flowing from the eastward. The Cascade range of mountains, which may be regarded as a continuation of the Sierra Nevada, ceases here. At the junction of the two rivers, and in the immediate vicinity, like the diggings which are causing so much excitement on the Pacific Coast. They have been worked more or less since last summer, but their real importance was not ascertained until lately.

Fort Langley, the lowest post of the Hudson's Bay Company on Fraser's River, is situated on the left bank, about 25 miles from its mouth. Thus far the stream is navigable for vessels of considerable burden. The next post is Fort Hope, at the mouth of Que-que-alla River, 69 miles above Fort Langley. To the "Falls" is 12 miles further, and thence to Thompson's River Forks is 55 miles. Thus the whole distance from the mouth of Fraser's River to the gold diggings at Thompson's River is 160 miles, or thereabouts.

Above Fort Langley the river is practicable for bateaux of three tons burden—a slow and tedious navigation—but after passing the "Falls" canoes only can be used. But the journey must really be made on foot from the falls, and is exceedingly laborious and rugged. There are no horses or mules to be procured in all that region.

It is by the route above indicated that most of the gold-seekers will find their way to the new placers. There is, however, another route, via the Columbia River and the Dalles; but the distance is four or five hundred miles.

The latitude of the Thompson's River Forks is about 50° 30', or nearly 300 miles further north than Quebec. But it must be remembered, that the climate on the Pacific coast is mild in comparison with that of similar latitudes east of the Rocky Mountains.

On the Banks of the Fraser River, in the Hudson Bay country, gold has been found in the greatest quantities. Though we are informed the auriferous fields extend to the American side, it is certain the best lie on English soil. The region extends from the vicinity of Fort Colville, in Washington Territory, where successful mining operations have been carried on for years, in a north-westerly direction to Fort Thompson, in the British possessions, and is principally east of the Cascade range of mountains, and between Fraser river and the western base of the Rocky Mountains. The diggings are located between 48° and 51° north, and 117° and 127° west longitude, covering a space about 140 miles square.

Several Steamships, loaded with miners and others, have left the American cities for the gold fields. It seems that the Hudson's Bay Company, whose lease of British Oregon does not expire until May 1859, impose a tax of five dollars a month on every American for the privilege of digging for the precious metal. Of course the Americans grumble loudly at the imposition, and not a few anathemas are occasionally hurled at the heads of the Administration who, under the Ashburton treaty, surrendered the territory on which those gold fields are situated to Great Britain. The New York Times mournfully remarks that "if 54-40" had been insisted upon, the whole of this auriferous region would have belonged to the United States.

THE EXCITEMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO.—No one, says the Bulletin, outside the city, can form an adequate idea of the extent to which the Fraser River fever is now raging. This city, being the natural outlet for all persons bound thither, whether from the mines or from our interior towns, presents a scene, or rather a continuation of scenes, not to be found elsewhere. The mania is by no means limited to miners but seems to have operated with inflaming powers on all classes alike. Even newspaper men, the most invertebrate and pertinacious of all, are about leaving in considerable numbers. A lively business has been doing within the last few days in the hardware and clothing lines, as well as by the vendors of groceries and provisions. Almost all from the interior require a new fit-out, in whole or in part. Revolvers, rifles, shot-guns and knives, pick-axes, shovels and hoes, rocker iron, drills and rifle boxes, flannel shirts, thick coats and pants, water-boots, oil cloths and waterproof clothes-bags—and a thousand other articles "too numerous to mention," have been in demand.—So great is the rush that although numerous sailing vessels are up for Fraser River, among them the clipper ship Chariot of Fame, which, excepting the Great Republic and the Ocean Monarch, is the largest merchantman that ever entered our port, yet hundreds will be unable to obtain immediate passage, and we learn that hundreds more are waiting at Sacramento and Stockton for conveyance to this city. Scarcely one of the emigrants leaves San Francisco without disbursing more or less money, and it will not be too high an estimate to assert that ere the lapse of another week, one million of dollars will be added to our daily circulation since the epidemic commenced to rage. For the present, at least, emigrants will obtain all their supplies from California, and thus we have seen no good reason to believe that such will not continue to be the case for many months yet to come—provided always the Fraser River mines are as rich as they have been reported. The following vessels are up for Vancouver's Island and ports in the Sound: Steamer Panama, steamer Cortes, bark Adelaide, bark Live Yankee, bark D. M. Hall, bark Madonna, brig Merchantman, brig Franklin Adams, schooner Kossuth, ship William, ship Georgiano, and ship Chariot of Fame. All the vessels will undoubtedly go full of passengers and freight, which we cannot help regarding as the commencement of a large and most important commerce between San Francisco and the new gold region.

THE REPORT OF TWO EMIGRANTS.—On Sunday we received a visit from Messrs. Edward Campbell and Joseph Blanch, both boatmen, well known in this city, who have just returned from the mines on Fraser River. The narrative of these gentlemen exactly agrees with that of Mr. Henry Etling, published in the Herald of yesterday. Six of them joined in

company viz.—the two first mentioned, and Messrs. Timothy Sweeney, Alexander Young, Patrick Cosgrave, and James Duncan, all of them boatmen in San Francisco. They left this city on the steamer Commodore, and took a whale boat with them, in which they performed the remainder of the trip, from Victoria to Hill's Bar, 150 miles above the mouth of Fraser River, and two miles below Fort Yale. They mined for ten days in the Bar, until compelled to desist, from the rise in the river, in which time they took out \$1,340. They used but one rocker, and have no doubt but they could have done much better with proper appliances. There were from sixty to seventy white men at work on Hill's Bar, and from four hundred to five hundred Indians, men, women and children. The Indians are divided in opinion with regard to Americans; the more numerous party, headed by Pollock, a chief, are disposed to receive them favorably, because they obtain more money for their labor from the "Bostons" than from "King George's men," as they style the English. They have learned the full value of their labor, and instead of \$1 a day, or an old shirt, for guiding and helping to work a boat up river, they now charge from \$5 to \$8 per day. Another portion of the Indians are in favor of driving off the "Bostons," being fearful of having their country overrun by them. Provisions were exceedingly dear and scarce—flour selling at \$80 the barrel, bacon at 75 cents a pound, and butter at \$1 a pound. They reached Hill's Bar in 21 days from San Francisco, and recommend the Victoria route as the most favorable. Parties going by that route would do well to purchase a whale boat in this city, and obtain a clearance from the Custom house at Victoria, without which they will not be allowed to enter the river. The British steamer Satellite is stationed off the mouth of the river, and she has a launch manned by 20 men, stationed at Fort Langley, to search boats going up. They also advise learning the Chinook language, which is very easy of acquisition, and will prove exceedingly useful.—The winters are represented as being very severe, the river being frozen solid and the snow very deep. The present high stage of water is expected to abate about the middle or latter part of July, till when mining cannot be carried on to advantage. A party of twenty miners had started to prospect for dry diggings in the interior. They were accompanied with Indian guides, who said that there was *hi you* (plenty) gold to be found. Salmon was very abundant, the season having just commenced. No game had been observed about the mouth of the river, but they learned from some half breeds that there were many bears in the hills. One species is described as being of a green color, not very large, but exceedingly fierce, active, and dangerous to hunt. The gold on Fraser River was first discovered by a man named Charles Adams, who was afterwards shot and killed by his partner, Charles McDonald, during a controversy relative to some gold. McDonald is now at Whatcom. It is necessary to hire an Indian guide or pilot in ascending the river. Our informants are of opinion that gold is most abundant all through that country, and they intend returning in about two weeks.

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.—Among the mass of narrations, says a Francisco paper, with which we have been favored, relative to the Fraser River mines, since the arrival of the Panama, we select the subjoined account from Mr. Henry Etling, a young gentleman of this city, who has been for some time mining on that river, at Hill's Bar, one hundred and sixty miles above the mouth, and the same place known by some persons here as Kennison's Bar.—There were about seventy American miners on the Bar, and previous to the late rise in the river, they were averaging one ounce a day to the land; but, since the freshet, they have not made more than two dollars and a half to the hand daily. Mr. Etling and his partner had never mined before, and were, consequently, green at the business; nevertheless, they realized together, six ounces in five days. Being unprovided with a rocker, they cut down a tree, made a rough substitute for a rocker, and perforated the holes with an iron spoon. The sluices on the river appeared to be well satisfied with their operations. Fraser River undergoes two falls each year—the first occurring in June, and the second in August. The freshet between June and August is caused by the melting of the snow on the Rocky Mountains, and pouring down through Thompson River. Provisions were not to be purchased at the mines, except from those who were about leaving for California to obtain supplies, and they disposed of their flour at the rate of \$50 a barrel. Mr. Etling represents the Indians as quite peaceable, but exceedingly troublesome. As soon as a miner lays down his pick, an Indian stands by to make use of it for himself, and when he lays down the shovel he takes the Indian takes the shovel and relinquishes the other implement. They are all engaged in mining—even to children four and five years of age, and are as well posted on the value of gold as the whites. Mr. Etling saw one Indian who had \$250 in a buckskin purse, dug out by himself in one week.

THE COLLEGE OF SPIRITS—ABSURD AND BLASPHEMOUS SCHEME.

(From the New York Tribune.)

We learn from a Parisian journal, from whose columns we translate the subjoined statements, that Mr. D. D. Hume, the famous spirit-rapper, is to marry, on the 19th of this month, at St. Petersburg, Mlle. Kroll, sister-in-law of the rich and magnificent Count of Kouchelef-Besborodko, who will give his sister-in-law a dowry worthy the magnificence of a Potemkin. They speak of a million of roubles, and of lots of peasants endowed with extraordinary quantities of spirituality. Count Kouchelef, Hume and Alexander Dumas, who accompanies them and who will be Hume's witness, have left Paris for Russia. They are to embark at Stettin; thence they go to St. Petersburg.—There Dumas will leave Hume and go to Moscow; he will visit in succession Tiflis and Schamyl, Sebastopol, Odessa, Constantinople and Tyrol. Then he is to return to Paris, to embark at Havre for Greece in the sail and screw yacht which M. Mazoline is at present building for him.

While Alexander Dumas is thus going round the world, Hume will return to Paris with his wife and the dowry, and they say that after the examples of Mesmer and Cagliostro, he is going to found at Paris a grand establishment of supernatural communications—a sort of Spiritualistic Exchange.

To this establishment there will be joined a school of Fluidism, where the rich will be initiated in that great mystery—requiring a sacrifice proportioned to their wealth. This school will be divided into three classes. The first will be a sort of gymnasium, purely mechanical, where will be shown the methods of disengaging the fluid by exercises at once physical and intellectual. Everybody possesses the spiritual fluid, and if some appear to be without it, it is because they do not know how to produce its disengagement. Hume said as much to us not long ago; and to made himself understood he added the following explanation:—

"Here is a cake of resin. This cake contains a great quantity of electricity. But this electricity does not manifest itself—it produces no phenomena—it sleeps. To awaken it I take this catkin and strike the cake of resin, and the electricity manifests its presence in a lively manner."

The first class of the school of fluids will be that in which they will operate on the natures possessing latent fluid, as they operate upon the resin with the catkin; accordingly we will call this the Caktin Class.

In the second class, the fluid being developed, awakened and active, they will show how to direct it by faith and by will. It is not sufficient to have the fluid, it must also be known how to use it. The mode of using it is, then, what they will teach in the second class. In leaving this class the adepts will know how to turn tables, to summon spirits,

to question them, to receive answers, and, in fact, to place themselves in communication with the other world. This is the class of Reception. But, when this is known, all is not yet done. This is only to be in communication with the spiritual world—it remains yet to learn how to profit by these communications. They must not be regarded as useless play; as a series of curious, but unfruitful experiments. We must learn all that the spirits know more, than we do; we must use them to elevate ourselves, to make us better, richer, and more powerful.

That is what will be learned in the third class. Well-informed persons pretend that, before returning to Paris, Hume will pass through Holstein, where he will visit, in the cave whether he has retired, the celebrated Count of Saint Germain, from whom he expects to obtain—for the spirits have promised it him—twenty-seven of the fourteen thousand seven hundred secrets which the immortal Count carries in his bosom.

These twenty-seven secrets—the most important of the ancient Egyptian Cabala, and which are to restore to us the mysteries of Isis and Anubis—these twenty-seven secrets, together with the four that Hume already knows, are to form a total of superhuman knowledge which will make the happy initiated equal in power, beauty, longevity, health, happiness and knowledge with the inhabitants of the third order. The earth, as it is well known, is only a poor planet of the forty-four order.

The third class will be called the class of Results. We are informed that while M. Hume will open his School of Fluidism for men, and will make the living talk with the dead, Madame Hume, on her side, will direct a similar school for females.

The number of pupils can never exceed sixty on the part of the males, and sixty on the part of the females. Each class will be composed of thirty persons.

It is pretended that a company, composed of some very wealthy Russians and some Frenchmen, is formed for the establishment of these institutions, and that they are now negotiating for the purchase of the lands of the Hotel d'Osmond in Paris.

When these two schools are finally opened, Paris will be really the capital of the world. The plans are already in preparation. Two temples are spoken of, of the Egyptian order, connected by a gallery, in the centre of which, beneath a circular pavilion, surmounted by a cupola, will be placed a large circular table, around eighty-two persons of both sexes, in alternate order, can be seated. These eighty-two persons will be Mr. and Madame Hume, forty male pupils and forty female pupils. The scholars of the first class cannot assist in turning the sacred table.

The table being set in motion, the spirits evoked, and the mysteries prepared, the twenty men and the twenty women of the second class will retire, and it is only for the initiated of the third class that the miracles will take place, and the eyes of the mind be opened.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.—Another terrible destruction of human life and limb occurred on Thursday night on the Erie Railroad, near Port Jervis. The 5 p.m. express train from Dunkirk, when six miles east of Port Jervis and about three minutes' walk from Shin Hollow Watering Station, encountered a broken rail on the track. The engine, tender, baggage car and three passenger cars, passed over the gap in safety; but the two last passenger cars swung off the track, and after running off the track about twenty-five rods, the coupling parted, and they were hurled down a declivity thirty feet deep to a meadow below. Before reaching the bottom the cars turned over twice; the first time the sides were burst open, and subsequently they were split up into minute pieces, and their human contents strewn about the greensward, wounded, dying and dead. As soon as it could be done the train was checked and backed, and the horri-stricken inmates of the other car hurried to the rescue of the injured. Both of the overturned cars were full of passengers, and the consequences of the disaster were most appalling. Five persons were instantly killed. The ruins of the cars were all blood-stained, and seemed to be instinct with life, as scores of people, suffering from every conceivable form of mutilation, crawled from under their fragments. As soon as it could be accomplished, the victims of the disaster were borne to the cars, where their wound were temporarily dressed up, and the train set off for Port Jervis. On arriving there, they were immediately carried to the hotels, and all the medical skill that the neighborhood afforded, was brought into requisition. Thus far there have been six deaths, and it is feared that others will die. Those who were in the cars at the time state that they were overwhelmed in an instant, without the slightest warning, and hurled from their seats in every direction, with terrific violence. The seat backs flew over wounding and maiming many, and the splinters did the rest.

The subjoined communication to the editors of the New York Express, will show the estimation in which "State-Schoolism" is at present held by a large and influential body of Protestants in the U. States. It will be seen that every statement of the True Witness respecting the mischievous tendencies of the system, is fully corroborated, and that by un-exceptionable, because by Protestant, testimony:—

"To the Editors of the New York Express.

"You evidently do not understand the practical workings of the free school system of this State, or you would not characterize the common sense views of the Churchman as being 'on stilts.' You must allow one who has taken your paper for eight years, and who coincides with all your conservative principles, to disagree with you on this important subject—important because the mass of the people is in error in relation to it, and because millions of money are annually thrown away upon it. Free schools are a contagion which we have caught from Puritanical (infidel) New England—a contagion which leaves the body politic in a worse state than it found it.

"The writer of this has been intimately connected with the schools in this State for many years—he has given the question a good deal of careful attention and study—and he long since came to the conclusion that the common school system is a miserable failure. If Archbishop Hughes and the Churchman agree upon this one point, it does not all affect the soundness of their position—just as their common belief in the Trinity of the Godhead does not prove their faith to be incorrect.

"The State would, undoubtedly, be better off and the people would be more moral and religious without Free Schools than with them. They make the youth of the country impertinent and dissolute.—They engender vanity and self-conceit, so that no sort of advice is acceptable or palatable to them.—They furnish a hobby for politicians to ride into office upon and a means for demagogues to instil abolitionism into the minds of the rising generation.—As they are conducted in the County, they are the precious root of almost every evil.

"The extracts which you have quoted from the Annual Report of the City Superintendent, are full of fallacious arguments, and narrow, one-sided views. Free Schools have flourished and increased, and spread over the land, and vice and crime, and sin have followed them. They have repressed inquiry nowhere; they have augmented it in every place; your City Superintendent to the contrary notwithstanding. It has pleased the undersigned to vote with you on all State and National principles for years, but if a party could be got up to wage war upon this 'godless' popular humbug, I fear we would have to separate. For the sake of Heaven, please do not make Free Schools a plank in your platform; it will gain votes, but it will do so at the expense of truth and right.

PITY AND PRAYER MEETINGS.—The Great Revival of '58 has spent itself, and the halls, which were thronged but a few weeks ago by anxious and sick-stricken faces, are now vacant or occupied as before, in the busy scenes of mercantile pursuits. The leaders in the mighty movement have slunk away, some behind their counters, others to mature the influence reaped from the Revival against the scramble for office in a few months; in another year, thousands having made the discovery, that prayer meetings don't pay will be more hardened than ever in their iniquities, while others will be in the enjoyment of lucrative positions, secured by no more honorable means than religious cant. In the meantime, what has been gained by the religious furor, in which bankers and brokers, merchants and mechanics, rogues and rowdies took part? Does crime appear to have diminished anything; even when the Revival was most felt? Are blasphemy, drunkenness, murder, and arson of less frequent occurrence now than hitberts? Has our own community, which distinguished itself as much as any other for promoting the great religious awakening, improved its moral tone? On the contrary, does not every one here feel that crimes of the highest grade are perpetrated with a frequency and a daring at least equal to anything in our past history. Our jails are as crowded, our criminal courts as busy, our police as much on the move as ever; and scarcely a day passes that does not bring to light some fearful tragedy to prove that the Devil is as active as ever, and that the Revival, if it has accomplished anything, has only extended the sphere of his operations. There were, no doubt, here and there, well-meaning men, who gladly caught at the movement as a means of doing good and softening many an obdurate heart, but they were few and vastly outnumbered by those who profess religion as they attach themselves to a political party, only as long as it serves their purpose. With those who really constituted the great bulk of the groaners and seekers, the Revival was a monster sham—a sham in its origin, a sham in its progress, and a sham in its conclusion. When next you attempt anything of the kind, gentlemen, give us something real—something, which will make men honest, and just, and sober and virtuous.—Pittsburgh Catholic.

A BOSTON VERDICT.—A man named Gorman went into the water to bathe on Sunday last, at Boston, and, not being a good swimmer, was drowned;—whereupon a Coroner's Jury "sat" upon his body, and returned the following verdict:—"That he came to his death by having, in violation of the city ordinances, gone into the water about 2 o'clock, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 27th ult."

A REVEREND IN TROUBLE.—We learn from the Portsmouth (N. H.) Ballot that on Friday last Rev. George B. Beebe, Missionary to the Isles of Shoals, and local preacher at Gasport, entered the school at that place kept by Miss Gunnison, and with a heavy ruler severely beat a little daughter of Mr. John B. Downs, whose back was so badly lacerated by the blows inflicted that the father felt it necessary to make a trip to Rye and take out Dr. Warren Parsons to relieve her sufferings. The wife of Mr. Beebe had previously visited the school and rebuked the child for inattention to her studies; and the girl deeming it none of her business, told her so, and hence the assault. Mr. Downs came to Portsmouth and procured a warrant for Beebe for assault and battery. A hearing was had in the Police Court at Portsmouth, and Beebe was required to give bonds in one hundred dollars for trial.—Buffalo Catholic Sentinel.

PEACEFUL TERMINATION OF THE MORMON REBELLION.—We learn, by official documents published in the New York papers of Friday, that the Mormon problem has, for the time at least, been solved. The conditions agreed upon are, that the troops shall enter Salt Lake City without opposition; the civil officers are to be allowed to perform their duties without interruption; and an unconditional obedience is to be rendered to the laws on the part of the resident population. On the other hand all the past offences of the Mormons are to be forgotten, as stated in the President's proclamation; and all houses are to be closed against strangers, except the ones occupied by the Governor and his assistants. These conditions indicate points of extreme sensitiveness on the part of the Mormons. How long this state of things may last, it is difficult to foresee; for it is evident the Mormons, although nominally in obedience to the United States Government, are determined to maintain Brigham Young's theocratic supremacy, as well as their patriarchal institution of polygamy; both of which are, it appears to us, in direct contravention of the fundamental laws of the national confederation, whose territory they occupy and whose subjects, until admitted as a State, they must continue to be. We suspect then, that the "good behavior" of the Utah fanatics will be entirely dependent upon the military occupation of their country.—Montreal Herald.

UNION OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.—On every wind, from every quarter, says the Halifax Star, come rumors of a union of the Colonies. Like the rumors which precede great battles or great disasters, nobody can exactly tell whence they come or how much of airy nothing or solid substance is in them. Yet "the cry is still they come,"—the atmosphere is heavy with them.

Mr. Labouchere's opinion, as expressed to the delegates, was, that he doubted whether the union of Canada and the Lower Provinces might not embrace too wide a circle for convenience and efficiency. He believed that the union of the Lower Provinces would be highly beneficial and tend greatly to improve their position and assist their progress.

This may turn out to be a sound opinion. The Lower Colonies include 86,000 square miles of territory. "They are," said Mr. Howe, in his speech in 1854, "half as large again as England and Scotland together. New Brunswick alone is as large as the kingdom of Sardinia, and even Nova Scotia is larger than Switzerland."

There is land enough then to found an empire upon, and such a seaboard as these four Provinces include is scarcely to be surpassed for commercial purposes in the world. Their population cannot now be far short of a million of people. How interesting are the relations of these people now—how much more would they be interested in each other if politically united. How each man in the whole four Provinces would prize his own and everybody else's estimation, from the moment that a union was consummated, and the maritime Provinces of North America, a nation to all intents and purposes, and a nation in perpetual amity with Great Britain, assumed a position before the world.

How isolated are they now. How miserable a spectacle do they present with their four small Parliaments, frittering away the fourth part of every year with Grand Jury business, and small personal contentions.

By all means, then, let there be a union. Canada is a nation already, and may be large enough by herself. Beyond Canada lies another country, about which there will be more by and by, and which is every day becoming more interesting.

STATISTICS IN LONDON.—In London there are above 100,000 drunkards, 100,000 persons living in open profligacy, 20,000 professed beggars, 10,000 gamblers and 3,000 receivers of stolen goods, besides 20,000 children who are living in open destitution and sin.

COOL.—The Cleveland Plain Dealer has the following slap at somebody:—"A man in Buffalo an entire stranger to us—sends us a quarto column puff of his business, with the cool request that we 'copy as editorial and oblige.' If he does not eventually subside into a highway robber, it won't be for lack of the necessary impudence.

"AN AMERICAN."

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Executive Committee: M. J. O'BRIEN, JOHN McGEE, J. O'DONOHUE.

Or to the Undersigned, JAMES J. MALLON, Publisher, JAMES G. MOYLAN, Editor, Toronto, 23rd June, 1858.

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The Subscribers have on hand some beautiful Statutes of ST. PATRICK, the BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. JOSEPH, CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN, &c., &c., which will be sold at reduced prices.

—ALSO—

A large Oil Painting of the CRUCIFIXION. D. & J. SADLIER & Co., Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Sts. Montreal, Sept. 16.

DR. MORSE'S

INDIAN ROOT PILLS.

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

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

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

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

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

A. J. WHITE, & Co., Sole Proprietors, 50 Leonard Street, New York.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all dealers in Medicines.

Agents wanted in every town, village, and hamlet in the land. Parties desiring the agency will address as above for terms.

Price 25 cents per box, five boxes will be sent on receipt of \$1, postage paid.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

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

From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.

One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

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

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.

One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.

Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.

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

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.

Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.

Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE, Superioress of St. Vincent's Asylum.

S. T. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the Thirtieth of June.

TERMS: The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150

For Students not learning Greek or Latin, Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15

French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20

Music, per annum, 40

Use of Piano, per annum, 4

Books, Stationery, Cloths, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.,

Rev. P. REILLY, President.

EDUCATION.

MR. ANDERSON begs to inform the citizens of Montreal, that his AFTERNOON CLASSES are now open for the reception of Medical, Law, and Commercial Students. A special hour is set apart for the instruction of young gentlemen desirous of entering the Army.

In testimony of his zeal and abilities as a Classical, Commercial, and Mathematical Teacher, Mr. A. is permitted to refer to Rev. Canon Leach, McGill College; Rev. Mr. Rogers, Chaplain to the Forces; Col. Pritchard; Captain Galway; the Rev. the Clergy, St. Patrick's Church; the Hon. John Molson; Dr. Hingston, and Rector Howe, High School.

Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Class room, No. 95, St. Lawrence Street.

N. B.—Mr. A.'s NIGHT SCHOOL will be re-opened First Week in September next.

August 13.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.

Brimfield, Mass., 20th Dec., 1856. Dr. J. C. Ayer: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your CHERRY PECTORAL. Its constant use in my practice and my family for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints. EDWIN KNIGHT, M. D.

A. B. MORELEY, Esq., of Uxbridge, N. Y., writes: "I have used your PECTORAL myself and in my family ever since you invented it, and believe it the best medicine for its purpose ever put out. With a bad cold I should sooner pay twenty-five dollars for a bottle than do without it, or take any other remedy."

Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza. BRIMFIELD, Mass., Feb. 7, 1856. BROTHER AYER: I will cheerfully certify your PECTORAL is the best remedy we possess for the cure of Whooping Cough, Croup, and the chest diseases of children. We of your fraternity in the South appreciate your skill, and commend your medicine to our people. HIRSH CONKLIN, M. D.

AMOS LEE, Esq., of Montreal, La., writes, 8d Jan., 1856: "I had a tedious influenza, which continued me in doors six weeks; took many medicines without relief; finally tried your PECTORAL by the advice of our clergyman. The first dose relieved the soreness in my throat and lungs; less than one half the bottle made me completely well. Your medicine is the cheapest as well as the best we can buy, and we esteem you, Doctor, and your remedies, as the poor man's friend."

Asthma or Phthisis, and Bronchitis. WEST MASSACHUSETTS, Pa., Feb. 4, 1856. Sir: Your CHERRY PECTORAL is performing marvellous cures in this section. It has relieved several from alarming symptoms of consumption, and is now curing a man who has labored under an affection of the lungs for forty years. HENRY PARKS, Merchant.

A. A. RANSBY, M. D., ALBION, MONROE CO., IOWA, writes, Sept. 6, 1855: "During my practice of many years, I have known nothing equal to your CHERRY PECTORAL for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable."

We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing proof of the virtues of this remedy is found in its effects upon Consumption.

Probably no one remedy has ever been known which cured so many and such dangerous cases as this. Some no human aid can reach; but even to those the CHERRY PECTORAL affords relief and comfort.

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY, March 5, 1856. DOCTOR AYER, LOWELL: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption, from which she could not procure any other relief. She was steadily gaining, until Dr. Strong of this city, where we have come for advice, recommended a trial of your medicine. We bless his kindness, as we do your skill, for she has recovered from her illness. She is not yet as strong as she used to be, but is free from her cough, and calls herself well. Yours, with gratitude and regard, ORLANDO SHELBY, of SHELBYVILLE.

Consumptive, do not despair till you have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is made by one of the best medical chemists in the world, and its cures all round us bespeak the high merits of its virtues.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

THE science of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed their utmost to produce this best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these PILLS have virtues which surpass in excellence the ordinary medicines, and that they are so safe and so agreeable to the system of all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful in cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distempers, stimulate sluggish or diseased organs into their natural action, and impart healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief, where they not only eliminated by means of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent me the assurance of their conviction that my Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Bibles, containing directions for their use, and certificates of their cures of the following complaints:—

Constipation, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a foul Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, and Pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all the various and Dangerous Diseases which require an Emetic, Medicine, Scrofula or Elixir of Scilla. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Nourishment and Nervous Irritability, Dermatitis of the Liver and Kidney, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make more profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and take nothing else. No other they can give you compares with this in its intrinsic value as a true purgative. The sick want the best; and there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. Price, 25 Cts. per Box. Five Boxes for \$1.

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

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY,

BLURRY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)

WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above-mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition.

N.B.—W.C. manufactures the Montreal stone, if any person prefers them.

A great assortment of White and Colored MARBLE just arrived for Mr. Cunningham, Marble Manufacturer, Blurry Street, near Hanover Terrace.

June 25.

Will be ready on the 20th of March, (NEW AND REVISED EDITION.)

THE LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY, by the Count de Montalembert. The Life, translated by Mary Hackett, and the Introduction, by Mrs. Sadlier. 12 mo., of 427 pages, with a fine steel engraving. Cloth, 5s; cloth gilt, 7s 6d.

The first edition of Three Thousand having all been sold, and there being many calls for the work, we have put to press a New Edition. The translation has been read over with the French copy and carefully corrected.

O the merits of the work, we can safely say, that no biography ever issued from the American Press equals it—in its interest as a romance.

The Press have been unanimous in praise of the first edition. We give extracts from a few of them: "The book is one of the most interesting, instructive, and edifying that have been produced in our times, and every Catholic will read it with devout thankfulness to the Almighty God, that he has been pleased to raise up, in this faithless age, a layman who can write so edifying a work. It is marked by rare learning, fine artistic skill, and correct taste; and breathes the firmest faith and the most tender piety. His work is as refreshing as springs of water in a sandy desert. Let every one who can read purchase and read this beautiful Life of one of the most lovely and most favored Saints that have ever been vouchsafed to hallow our earthly pilgrimage."—Brownson's Review.

"The whole introduction shows the hand of a master, and it loses nothing in Mrs. Sadlier's racy and elegant English. It enhances the merit of the work, which, in the Dublin edition, was published without this essential preface. Of the Life itself, we cannot speak too highly. The exquisite character of 'the dear St. Elizabeth,' (as the good Germans have at all times styled her), is brought out with a clearness, a tenderness, and a vigor, which bring tears from the heart. We do not think there is any book of the kind in English, at all to be compared to this 'Life of Saint Elizabeth.'"—American Celt.

"We might say much in praise of the narrative and Life of St. Elizabeth, attending which, from the beginning to the end, is a charm which cannot fail to attract and secure the attention of the reader, did not the well known abilities of this distinguished author render it unnecessary. We cheerfully recommend the work to our readers."—Pittsburg Catholic.

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

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