

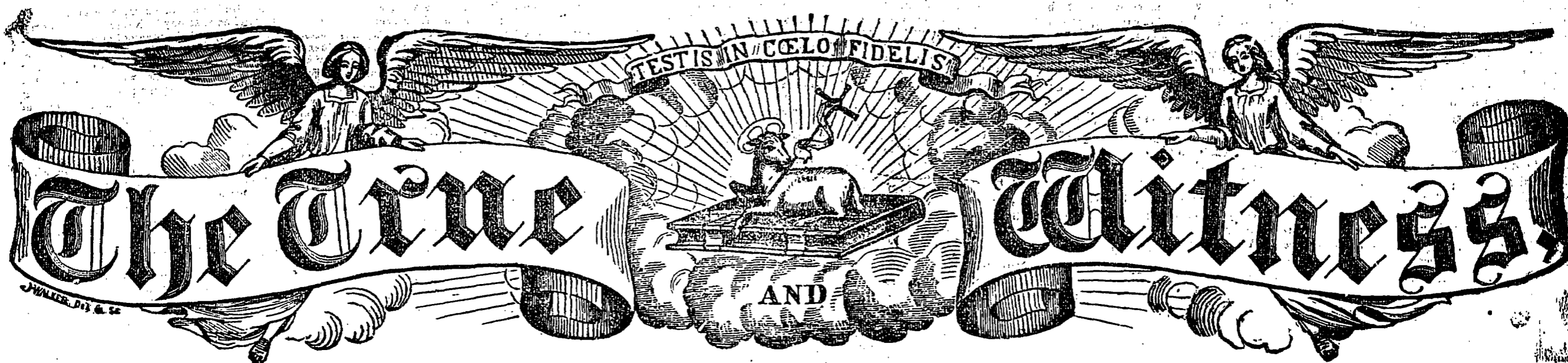
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ANGELA; AN HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER I.—THE IMPROVISATRICE'S ROMANCE.

"I wander round sweet music's cell, And in my heart of hearts would hear What to her own she deigns to tell."

Christian Year.

It was Christmas-day. The cannon from the Castle of St. Elmo on one side was answering the reverberating echoes of the Castle of St. Michael on the other. The streets of the city of Valetta were thronged with people, for the procession was just going forth from the great church of St. John. Near one of the windows looking out upon the street where it was to pass sat Angela di Mendoza, and near her, still reclining on a couch, lay her brother. The color of health had begun to return to his cheek; but still weak from the effect of the wounds, he had not been able to leave the house. Eagerly the maiden bent out of the open balcony to view the gorgeous sight beneath the windows, as glittering in their gayest habiliments, the Knights, with the Grand Master himself at their head, moved reverentially after the procession. To describe all the pomp and pageant that bore along the image of the new-born God, were but an oft-told tale; suffice it that the cheek of Angela flushed with joy and devotion, and the young knight, reverentially rising and kneeling near the window, watched with a sigh his companions in arms and religion defile before him, while he was still detained idle within doors.

Lay thee down, Ferdinand," said the maiden, as the last knight passed the door, and nothing was to be seen but the devout and thronging multitude; "kneel not so long."

"Nay, Angela," said the knight; "poor homage is this small token of respect to a God-made man on this day." But he suffered her to make him rise, and arrange again the pillows that still supported him. "Sad illness is this for a Knight of the Cross."

"Nay, grieve not, Ferdinand," she said, almost reproachfully, "or I shall think my company no longer pleases thee as it was wont to do."

"Sing to me, dearest," said the knight; "sing what I love to hear on such a day."

Angela drew near her harp, and rang a few melancholy chords on the sweet instrument; then sang, one after another, those hymns for Christmas-tide which a southern population so abounds in; while her brother seemed to be able to listen on untired for ever. She paused a moment, then began playing a wild melancholy air, but mingled with a thrilling pathos that brought tears to the eyes, and touched the very heart-strings, as the inspiration came over her, and she sang "The Dirge of the brave Bridier; or, the Martyrs of St. Elmo."

I.

Deep rolled the thunder Of infidel host Round the fort of St. Elmo, To Christendom lost. But a Knight of St. John Lay low on the ground; His life-blood was ebbing Fast from his wound.

II.

"Nay, tarry not, brother," Said he, with a sigh; "For the faith they are fighting, And I can but die. Haste to the battlements, Crumbling and riven; Dear brother in arms, We meet—but in Heaven!"

III.

"Fair fame of Auvergne" His brave comrade replied, "In safety I leave thee, Or die at thy side." So he bore him, all wounds, To a sheltered nook. And tearfully gave him One farewell look.

IV.

That night, in the pause Of the carnage and din, They sought the brave Bridier Without and within. At last by the form Of the warrior they stood, For the chapel-steps bore The track of his blood.

V.

The sanctuary lamp Gleaned calm o'er the spot, On his hands clasped in prayer, But wakened him not. Still decked in his armor, With breastplate and sword, He had crawled to expire At the feet of his Lord.

VI.

All fell on the ramparts— But nailed to the rood, The evening tide bore them Where La Valetta stood. He kissed the gashed breast (Whence the hearts had been born And fired by the foe Mid their brethren that morn.)

VII. And weeping, the father Gazed long on the dead; "For St. Elmo grieve not! To his brave knights he said. Thank God for their glory! Grieve not for our loss; Such death is most life For the Knight of the Cross!"

VIII.

Ah! true unto death This life they laid down; And their Master hath given them A heavenly crown. And still o'er St. Elmo The white cross doth wave; But her martyrs are sleeping; In a glorious grave.

"Thank you, dearest!" said the knight, as the musical swell of her voice died away in the full chords of a half-triumphant symphony. "Your notes were enough to inspire strength into this languid body of mine. In another week or two, please God and our Lady, I shall be up and in quarters again."

"Say you so, Ferdinand?" said the voice of Sir Diego, as he stepped across the threshold. "Time it were for a brave young knight like thee to return to our hard fare, and the command of this galley, and not be listening to maiden's songs, and lying on soft pillows till the Grand Master himself asked me this day when my fair nephew would be at his post again."

"No fear of Angela enervating my knightly valor, uncle," replied the young knight. "I heard you the song? It was the Dirge of Bridier;—and only stir her up, and she will sing of the brave Bragadino, till your own blood even, uncle I warrant you, will be the better for her strain; and even your bronzed cheek will see the tear standing on it for very loyal chivalric emotion."

"Say you so?" said the knight, seating himself. "A fair challenge; and we will e'en hear it.—Your lady-mother shall sit as judge; for, by my troth," he added, surveying his sister's noble figure, who, habited in all the graceful pomp of the matrons of that day, had now entered the room from the church of St. John's, "she is still fair enough to sit for a queen of love and beauty."

Emilia di Mendoza smiled; the circle was formed, and Angela, still fresh from the inspiration with which she had sung the Dirge of the Martyr of St. Elmo, swept over the rich chords of her beautiful harp, and looked, as she bent over the graceful instrument, a very Sappho of Christian song, telling the tale, not of a poor unrequited earthly love, but of a triumphant heavenly one. The air and metre was the same;—she only varied the subject and manner as she sang on.

"I have won it," said the young knight, as he smiled into the countenance of his uncle, in whose eyes unconsciously glistened a tear, which now fairly made its way down his bronzed cheek.

"You have," returned the old man kindly. "Why, girl, thou canst sing of the feats of arms that graced my youthful days as if thou wert a very troubadour, and hadst been invisible on the fair walls of Farmagosta beside us."

"Us, uncle?" interrupted the maiden, rising, and standing before him, with eyes flashing still from the inspiration of her song: "were you too at the siege of Farmagosta? Did you escape from that terrible slaughter to see the martyrdom of the brave Bragadino?"

"Yes, Angela," he replied; "I was an unbearded youth then; these gray locks were bright and fair as thine own; and the noble Bragadino was not the less the star of my existence than his lady-love is to the wandering knight-errant.—Else thou hadst not forced a tear down old Sir Diego's rugged cheek. But I guess who taught thee to love him. It was thy saintly friend, Martino Carga. Ah, well I remember the holy youth, when, escaped by a miracle from the carnage of Cyprus, I had returned once more to beautiful Venice, and he was studying among the Dominicans at St. Giovanni e Paolo!"

The old man paused, quite touched by the reminiscences of his youth; then went on: "Heard you the news that you galley from Rome brought the other day—of the successor to the Bishopric of Syria being appointed?"

"No, indeed, uncle," returned Angela; "tell me who it is?"

"A Monsignore Marengo," replied Sir Diego. "He was educated in Rome; and it seems the Holy Father has thought well to send him back to his native country, to feed the flock there which has been so long shepherdless. They further said that he is coming to treat with the infidel for full powers to pay every honor to the martyr, and translate his relics to the cathedral-church."

A glance full of meaning passed between Angela and her mother.

"When will he arrive?" asked Emilia.

"He is expected every day," returned the knight; "and will proceed from here in a Venetian vessel, not to excite the Turk's indignation"

by an escort of the galleys of the Knights of Malta, else he bring new vexations upon that unhappy land. But, by my troth," he exclaimed suddenly, as a slight bustle met his ears, and he started to the window; "here is the Grand Master himself. Up with thee, Ferdinand; he is come to greet thee, and congratulate thy mother on thy recovery."

It was true; and in a few moments more Ferdinand had knelt, and then been raised and clasped warmly to the breast of his Superior, Alphonse de Vignacourt, 56th Grand Master of the Knights of St. John.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE TRANSLATION OF THE MARTYRS.

"Now you misty mountains fall As the breezes give us speed; Oh, my spirit, with our sail: There's a brighter land ahead!"

How Ainslie.

It was a beautiful May evening in the year A.D. 1618, and our readers must come back with us awhile to the fair isles of Greece that "stud the Aegean sea," and seem, as the sylvan-like caiques dance upon the bright blue waters that lave their coasts, and murmur soft music on their radiant shores, verily and indeed the embodying of the poet's dream of "the bright Elysian rest." A very fleet of light boats seemed skimming their way between the fair islets, waving their snowy sails like the seabirds' pinions on the horizon, or gradually drawing nearer, till they all seemed approaching one point and making for one harbor. And there lay again that fair point, one day to be ploughed up by innumerable smoking and hissing monsters of the deep, sparkling in its sunlit beauty, calmly reposing mid the many-colored shadows of the hills that circled it round in their embrace. And the white-walled town rested peacefully as ever above it. The little lone chapel stood calmly on the hill-top to the right, pointed out as Mary the Star of the Sea. Far away in the distance gleamed the two or three small clumps of green orange-trees that graced the naturally barren island, which scarcely, however, appeared so just then, while decked in the budding beauty of its fields of corn, and the dark-green foliage of its fig-trees scattered over the landscape. Now mount on hill and turn about to the port, and mark, first, bearing down to the right from behind the island of Paros, a small bark. How beautifully it sways from side to side, in the undulating motion of the sunny waves. Greek rowers man it, and on one side of the deck stands a venerable old man, his snowy hair and beard scarcely whiter than the serge habit in which his aged form is wrapped, and marks him as a son of the great St. Dominic. That is Father Angelo Colepus, once the heroic succor of the dying and wounded at the fearful siege of Nicosia, and a confessor of the faith; once, too, a slave for the name of Christ; then devoted to the task of strengthening his fellow Christians among the galley slaves; now for many years Bishop of Santorin. See how you gay galley jaunts merrily before the wind, followed by two or three other smaller boats in its train, from the fair island of Naxos, right opposite to us. It contains the Archbishop of the once-rich island of Bacchus, with a number of attendant priests; and those other boats are filled with men and women, part of his flock, all following in his train. Now look to the left, where another galley, bearing the Venetian flag, is making its way round the point of the harbor, leaving its fair wake visible in the deep azure of the sea as far as the island of Tinos, which is still beneath the Venetian rule. There may be seen our old acquaintance Monsignore de Rigo, coming again to revisit the scene of his own temporary captivity and his brother Bishop's martyrdom.

How merrily they all glide in and furl their swelling sails, and one by one new stragglers may be seen arriving, as if in breathless haste to catch up with its fellows in the race they have been running. You might fancy it was a sailing match, and that bright sea some beautiful river, but for the breaks every now and then in its many-hued horizon. But what are they all hurrying in the port for, and dotting its blue waters here and there with dark spots and slender lines crossed by the one long yard-arm which in an Eastern boat carries the great sail? And why are the people clustering on the sands, and hurrying down to the beach in their holiday attire, seemingly so joyful at the arrival of the strangers? And what mean those bonfires that are breaking out on every hill-top, and every church-yard round by the beach, and up by the mountain glen, till the whole island seems ringing with glad acclamations of delight, and the inhabitants of the opposite islands stand gazing in amazement at the unusual illumination. See;—just as the evening draws in, another boat is following the wake made by Monsignore de Rigo's bark in its course from the island of Tinos, and we will silently make our way on board, and hear what the passengers are saying.

They are not many. One is a tall, majestic matron, and near her stands the light and grace-

ful figure of a maiden, evidently her daughter. Beside her leans thoughtfully on the parapet the slight but muscular form of a youth clothed in a pilgrim's habit, the same as that worn by his elder companion, who stands a little aloof.—There is one more passenger in that boat; it is a young woman, shrouded carefully in a penitent's garb. She has begged, for the love of God, a passage on board, and it has not been denied her by the munificent and noble travellers who chartered it the day before, after arriving in a beautiful galley, which bore the banner of the Cross displayed at its mast, from the Western seas.

Our readers will have made out long ago that they are in the company of their old friends, come to fulfil their vows, and accompanied by the two knights in pilgrim's garb, and that all this gathering of the islanders, and the symptoms of joy on all sides, are to hail the eve of the day which is to see the translation of the body of Monsignore Carga to its resting place in the cathedral of St. George. All are thoughtful, all calmly joyous, except that poor weeping figure, who, crouched in a corner of the deck seems unable to lift her head from her knees to her utter prostration of mingled shame and woe. Her face is carefully concealed in the folds of a large veil: her thin hands alone are to be seen, clasped round her knees, and sometimes they quiver, as if in agony, when they catch the low musical tones of Angela's voice; but this is the only sign of consciousness she gives.

"See the bonfires, Angela," said the young knight; "and only look at the illuminations that are spreading like wildfire through every window of the town. We are in time; for Monsignore Rigo's bark was not an hour before us, and they told us the ceremony would not take place till to-morrow morning. What, weeping, sweetest!" he added, as the tears made their way, one by one, irresistibly down his sister's cheek;—"thou art little of a heroine, pretty one, though thou triest hard to be so sometimes."

Angela turned away; she sank down on her knees beside her mother, buried her face in that mother's lap, and wept without restraint. Emilia checked, with a smile of half-sadness, the eager movements of the young knight, who would have raised and soothed her, and passing her hands over the glossy hair, said softly and calmly, "My child, hast thou reason to weep thus?"

"O sweetest mother!" she exclaimed, "I cannot be a heroine if to look unmoved on the spot where I saw him basely murdered be necessary."

There was a low musical laugh, which reminded Angela of the moonlit night before the church of St. John; only there was more sadness in it, as her brother leaned over her, and said:—

"Angela, wouldst thou have bent over his death wounds like her on whose lap thou art pillowing thy head, and whispered the names Jesus and Mary in his fainting ear, till the spirit had sped to a better world, and then rose and gone about thy work in this weary world as though nothing had damped thy heart's first affections or robbed it of its only earthly love, hadst thou been in her place?"

Angela raised her head and gazed into the calm loving depths of that mother's tranquil eyes and then fixed them for a moment on the heightened color and bright look of her brother bent upon her.

"Nay, Ferdinand, but you are hard upon her," put in old Sir Diego. "Did she not do that very thing for thee, when thou wert borne into her arms with very nearly a death-wound on board the gay galley which dances now so blithely yonder in the port of St. Nicholas? Be not hard upon her, for she is but a child."

"Oh, no, uncle," said Angela; "Ferdinand is right; he wants me to be quite like our own sweet mother. There, we are passing the rock cave, Ferdinand," she said, rising at once.—"Look mother mine; it was there when your silly Angela stood braving the storm, till she fell unconscious for hours, on the sandy floor, and only waked up to find the ghostly St. George was her own brother, dreaming, like a very knight errant, of some fair maiden in his sleep, and little thinking of defending his hapless sister from the clutches of Francesco Commenos, who had hunted her thither from the chapel yonder on the hill. By the way, Ferdinand, what became of that villain after you knocked him down, and had him carried off prisoner to the galley?—Surely you did not have him hung up to the yard-arm? I never saw him since, and never thought till now of asking?"

"Did I not spare his life at thy request?" returned the knight; "but when the Turkish galleys attacked us, I suppose he escaped, or was thrown overboard in the conflict; for nothing has been seen or heard of him since."

A low moan from the veiled figure attracted their attention at this moment; but she did not raise her head; only a convulsive clenching of

the hands was seen, and then she was motionless as before.

"That is a strange woman," said Angela;—"and somehow her form seems familiar to me. But see, mother mine; we have cleared the point. Ah, Ferdinand, how different the scene we last saw here a few months ago. That star-light night; the supernatural glow, that lighted up the very faces of the cruel Turks below, who were gazing up in awe; and then those balmy odors, wafted even to our passing galley; that gaze, so beautiful in its supernatural loveliness!"

She seemed determined to proceed, but paused at this point.

"And you can weep for such a death!" said the sweet voice of her mother. "Ah, Angela, we must put aside this veil of earth, and learn to live in the unseen."

The small bustle of furling the sail and letting out a rope here occurred; then the sailors made for the shore, and slowly drawing the boat nearer to the beach made it fast to a rock.

"Shall we land to-night?" said Angela.

"I think not," replied Emilia. "It is late, and it would only create a sensation. To-morrow will be time enough. The boat is our own; the night as mild and as hushed as a sleeping babe; and we can spread our coverings here on the deck."

The night had closed in, and this advice seemed the most feasible; so, resting on the cushions and coverlets that were scattered profusely around, they ate their evening meal; and the soft murmured notes of their night prayer were borne over the still waters, which had echoed to so far different sounds on the last night of Angela's sojourn in the island.—They looked around for their veiled companions, but she had disappeared; and the sailors said they had seen her take her solitary way along the beach.

The morning dawned, and with it rose the sun, as calm and as brilliant as when he ushered in the bridal day of the martyred Bishop. Early the stream of population began to defile towards the seashore, and soon covered it with their gay attire. Men, women, and children, youths and maidens, mingled together in picturesque groups, as they stood curiously eyeing the new arrivals, or watching for the procession of Bishops and clergy to descend the hill. Among them might be seen, strange to say, the Turkish governor and all his followers, slowly arriving from the town, just before the procession appeared in sight. Even the schismatic Greeks stood mingled with the Catholics, showing a true feeling of sympathy in the honor about to be paid to the remains of the venerable Carga.

Just as the Bishops, with their cross-bearers, and the whole train of priests, in their richest sacerdotal attire, turned the corner of the last house on the hill, the strangers prepared to leave their boat, and slowly making their way along the shore, stood silent beside the little chapel of St. Mark. Many were the glances cast upon Angela; but too much absorbed in the thoughts that crowded on their mind, and disguised, too, by the rich habiliments in which she was now dressed, according to her new rank in life, though words of suspicion and astonishment were interchanged by some of the by-standers, yet it was not till the ceremony was over that she was thoroughly recognised. The procession wound its way silently across the fields, and entered the chapel, where few of the people could be admitted, on account of its very small size.

The earth was gradually removed, and Angela's heart beat fast at every fall of the pickaxe or the noise of the spade as the work proceeded. They were standing close by the door, the forms of the knights and attendants forming a barrier against the people, who, however, stood instinctively aside to allow the noble strangers room. A surprised and stifled cry of devotion and admiration was heard at this moment in the chapel. The boards that covered the body had been removed. A sensible fragrance began slowly to diffuse itself through the air, filling every sense with unspeakable delight and consolation. Again the miraculous odor was clearly felt, testifying the sanctity of the servant of God. Months had he lain in the cold damp earth; the winter rain had found an easy entrance between the crevices of the roof, and forced its way through the thin layer of wood and earth, till the garments of the Bishop lay mouldering around; but the body itself was as fair and as white as on the day of its burial; and after seven long months they looked again on their Pastor and their Father. There was the silver beard, in its waving beauty; the eyes closed, as in sleep; the crossed white hands; the ineffable look of holiness and recollection, just as they had left it; and throwing themselves on their knees, that whole band of Bishops and priests wept tears of love and devotion.

It was at this moment that the young Ferdinand stepped forward to proffer the rich gifts brought by his mother to clothe the sacred remains; and in doing so, the crowd separated,

and Angela could distinguish distinctly the loved features of her father and protector. The relics had been reverentially lifted on a bier, and his successor himself, Monsignore Marengo, aided by the Bishop of Tinos, Monsignore de Rigo, supported the venerable head. The aged Bishop of Santorin knelt beside, his clasped hands and falling tears expressing the emotion that welled up in his heart on seeing once more the child of its love, whose glowing fervor in the Novitiate of St. Giovanni e Paolo his own words had served to inflame. On the other side stood the Archbishop of Naxos, contemplating in silence the scene.

Who has brought these gifts? asked Monsignore Marengo, turning his eyes on the now reverentially kneeling figure of the young knight, stooping to kiss the sacred remains.

My mother, my lord, he replied—the Lady Emilia di Mendoza, in gratitude, first, for the care taken of her daughter Angela by this holy Prelate, and then in performance of a vow made for my recovery, when suffering under wounds received in defence of the Cross.

Thou art, then, a Knight of St. John, replied the Prelate; and thy sister was the adopted daughter of the venerable Bishop.

Eren so, my lord, replied the knight; and they crave permission to kiss the sacred relics, ere they be borne to their resting-place in the cathedral.

It is but right, said the Prelate. Close the doors, and admit none but the two noble ladies without; for the crowd in their devotion, were pressing round the chapel.

He was obeyed; and, leaning on the arm of her brother, Angela di Mendoza approached the relics of her father. Her mother herself made a way for the prior right of the poor maiden. In vain were it to attempt to describe the mingled feelings of love and sorrow with which she knelt once more by his side, and kissed the hands she had pressed to her lips with such passionate sorrow the last time of their meeting in the churchyard of St. George.

Oh, my Father, my Father, murmured she, once more bless thy child.

She saw not the looks of recognition cast upon her by all around, nor the whispered information given to the Bishops by one of the attendant priests, who knew her well. Unconscious of everything, she gazed on the face of the dead, till a smile seemed gathering o'er the sweet, calm features, and she seemed to hear whispered once more, Weep not that thy poor Father is thought worthy of the martyr's palm. Be joyful, my daughter; we will meet again in Paradise.

Little cared she for the work of clothing the sacred relics in the costly vestments they had brought, or the pall of priceless embroidery wherewith the bier was covered. She was thinking over his last words, and renewing again her vow of entire dedication to God; and the holy exultation that filled her heart seemed the blessing she had asked breathed from the throne of bliss he was occupying in heaven.

There was one who observed her as she knelt on, withdrawn a little aside, where she could just see the features of the martyr,—and it was the venerable Father Angelo. Old Sir Diego's eyes were fixed upon him, for well he remembered the aged features of the confessor of Christ, though many a long year had elapsed since they had met at Venice.

But the moment was come; and the bier, borne by six priests, who would allow no one else to share the honor with them, was lifted from the ground; and, beneath a canopy of crimson and gold, the two front supporters on which were the brave knights of Mendoza and Santa Croce, it was borne forth to meet the gaze of the excited crowd without.

To describe the scene that followed were impossible—it was a triumphal procession, not a funeral march. Involuntarily Monsignore Marengo and his clergy simultaneously intoned the Te Deum, which was instantly re-echoed by the assembled multitude. Some ran in front, and spread their garments in the path; others strewed flowers and boughs from the trees; women threw off their veils, and cast them down where the relics were to pass; and mid tears of devotion and astonishment, and the jubilee of exultation, slowly it wound up the hill, and lost itself among the narrow streets. Close behind walked the forms of the noble stranger ladies, foremost in that long procession of Turks and schismatics and Catholics, all intent on one object—honoring the outraged and murdered Bishop of Syra.

When the bier was within the cathedral-gates, the last ranks of the crowd had not yet entered the town; and the silver cross glittered on the steps ere they reached the first house on the hill.

But the wonders of that day were not yet over.

CHAPTER XV.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Poor sufferer! is not comfort near, Thy tortures to remove? There is to whom my soul is dear, But I have scorned His love." John Henry Newman.

The procession had reached the cathedral; the bier had been laid down before the altar; Monsignore Marengo had taken his place on the Episcopal throne, and most of the multitude had made their way into the church or churchyard, while those who could not find room mounted the parapet or the neighboring house tops.—The chant of thanksgiving was still echoing through the sacred building, when a slight stir in the crowd attracted the attention of all around. A woman's form, clothed in the deepest and coarsest mourning, barefoot, sprinkled with ashes and a cord tied hastily round her neck, advanced suddenly forward, and threw herself down on her knees before the Bishop. Every limb quivered with emotion, and her face was hid in her spread hands; but she spoke not.

What wilt thou, my child? said the astonished Bishop, startled at this unusual proceeding.

The woman threw back her veil, lifted her face for a moment, and exclaimed, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee,

and am now no more worthy to be called thy child. Yes, she continued, the color rushing into her faded cheeks, and wildly tearing her hair, I have denied my faith—I have scorned the martyr of Christ—I have bartered myself to the infidel—I am an apostate, an excommunicated wretch!

Peace, peace, my child, said the Bishop; great may be your sins, but greater is the mercy of God. Come to me when the ceremony is over, and—

Nay, she exclaimed, let all see and know me. Publicly have I disowned Him; publicly let me make amends. I am Annetta Comenens!

Vainly had the Bishop attempted to prevent her speaking, and now sobbing violently she threw herself prostrate on the steps of the throne. A faint cry was heard from the corner of the church, a suppressed murmur arose; for Annetta's sad story was too well known not to create a great sensation. Confusion prevailed; some hurried the half-fainting Giovannetta out of the church, while others attempted to remove the prostrate daughter; and amid it all could be distinguished the mother's half-smothered exclamation, My God, I thank Thee! my prayers have been heard! O Annetta, my child!

They raised the prostrate girl, but she lay lifeless in their arms, for she had fainted on hearing her mother's voice. Hurrying her out of the church, they hastily bore her to a neighboring house, and the service proceeded, amid the tears and excitement this new incident had occasioned.

When Annetta opened her eyes, the first thing that she saw was her mother's face hanging over her; and on the other side stood Angela with looks of wonder and pity. She looked vacantly from one to the other, and then said, I have been dreaming; but suddenly recollecting herself, she flung herself off the couch on her knees before she could be prevented.

Mother, mother! forgive me, forgive me! I have been so wretched; I have suffered so much.

I believe thee, my child, my child! murmured the poor woman, clasping her close, and raising her. Thank God, our holy Bishop has heard my prayers, and brought thee back to me.

It is indeed he, my mother! returned the poor wanderer; don't let them come in! don't let them come in! I am polluted, degraded.—I have denied my faith! Jesus is no longer mine. I said that I denied Him; but I did not do it with my heart—it was my false tongue; and then they took me to Constantinople, and I was in the harem of the murderer. Lost, degraded, polluted Annetta!—and she would have thrown herself again at her mother's feet, from off the bed where they were striving in vain to keep her.

Annetta, Annetta! said the soft tones of Angela's voice, for the mother could not speak for the sobs that choked her, did you not say now the words of the prodigal child? and do you not remember how the father received that lost son? Even so is Jesus looking down now upon your sorrow, and has given you grace to return to Him, and make up for it by such a public acknowledgment of guilt as He did not even require of you.

O Angela! returned the poor penitent, do you not scorn me? Touch me not. I began by uniting myself to the enemy of God and His Church; and then fell into professing the faith of the impostor Mahomet! Away, Angela! my touch pollutes the sister of a Knight of the Cross—one who saved the life of her betrayer and would-be murderer, and confessed the name of Christ before the uplifted sword of the Saracen, when I basely yielded without a struggle. Touch me not; touch me not! she added, shuddering, as Angela, more tenderly than ever, threw her arms round her, and the tears of the innocent and heroic girl mingled with those of the poor fallen but repentant Annetta.

Annetta, Annetta! she murmured, Jesus and His immaculate Mother scorned not the touch of the Magdalene; and what am I, that you should speak to me thus! Remember that we are united in the love of your kind aunt Francesca, if nothing else.

There it is, there it is! returned the poor half-frantic girl. I killed her, I killed her; I am the cause of it all. If I had done as you did Angela, Francesco would never have dared to come near me. Had I not listened to the deceiver, he would not have been so stung by the Bishop's refusal; he would have learnt to respect the faith he afterwards hated and scorned on account of my sinful vanity in having captured, as I thought, the heart of one who had for a time preferred you and your beauty. Had I not told him in my burst of passionate anger, when he spurned me at his feet, that he might go and seek you on the hill-top, he would most likely never have known it, and he would not thus brutally have murdered my poor aunt.

Murdered her! returned Angela, growing very pale. Did he, then, murder her, after I escaped from the chapel? She gave up, then, her life to save me!

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON "TIMES" ON CANADA.

The negotiations between the Government of the United Kingdom and Canada seem to open a new and untried page in our Colonial history. Hitherto the position of a Colony with regard to the Mother Country has been, in theory at least, so purely municipal that the idea of negotiation has hardly occurred. Orders were issued from home and complied with abroad, and though on one signal occasion this plan of doing business without consulting both parties led to the most calamitous results, it has not on that account up to the present day been discontinued. It has always been the complaint of Colonial statesmen that while every other action was received with distinction in London, the inhabitants of the foreign dominions of the Crown were passed over on their periodical visits to this country without any other recognition than a hurried interview with the Secretary of State for the Colonies, or perhaps a dinner at his residence. Canada at any rate, has no such complaint to make. She sent Envoys, solemnly appointed, and very faithfully representing the different phases of opinion in the Colony, to England. They were received and recognized as her representatives, and a Committee of the Cabinet was appointed to

confer with them. Not only so; they were received in London with unusual distinction; they were, in fact, feted in a most remarkable manner. And that is the more noteworthy, as there was no question of conciliating a disaffected community; but rather of granting a favor to a Province believing itself to be in no little jeopardy. These things seem to announce a radical change in the relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies—a change from subjection and dependency into something much more closely resembling alliance and equality. We think the change a salutary one. We have never since our own American War sought to treat the inhabitants of our Colonies as citizens bound to contribute to the general defence and support of the Empire; we have even relieved them from all obligation to defend themselves. This one-sided method of treatment could not possibly last, and we have done well to substitute for it something more nearly approximating to the better understood and more equal form of alliance. Still our relations with our Colonies differ from the relations between allies in this—that we are bound not to consider our interests only, but theirs also. We have to make a contract to both sides of which we are in some degree parties, and we are quite sure that if we were to succeed in overreaching our allies, we should be inevitably overreaching ourselves.

We wish to consider the arrangement detailed some weeks ago in Mr. Gardwell's Despatch from this point of view. According to that arrangement, we are about to undertake obligations sufficiently onerous to this country, and for an object the attainment of which is exceedingly uncertain, since, whatever may be the case with the Canadian Delegates, no paper has yet been produced to the people of this country which offers any satisfactory answer to the grave objections urged against the possibility of defending Canada against an invasion from America. We are to enter into guarantees of the most various and burdensome nature, to guarantee a loan to purchase the Hudson's Bay Territory, a loan to make the Intercolonial Railway, a loan to fortify Montreal, and for any other works that Canada may undertake. We are, besides, to find the whole armament for the fortifications, and to undertake the defence of every portion of Canada with all the resources of the Empire, a pledge which seems to imply that in the case of an invasion of Canada we are to cast aside all considerations of strategy or policy, and rush to her aid, even at the risk of leaving more vital points undefended. No one can deny that these are very heavy obligations, but it is absolutely certain that before they are entered into on behalf of this country they will be carefully examined, and the fullest explanations will be asked and given as to the objects sought to be attained, and the precise degree of burden that we undertake. Our correspondent pointed out the other day, what is undoubtedly true of all new countries, that a profuse expenditure of public money in the country is always popular with the masses, be the object for which the money is asked what it may. Canada is at present suffering under a load of debt, incurred by guarantees for municipal purposes by its Government, and which it is now called upon to discharge. These guarantees were popular at the time, but have been guaranteed to Canada a heavy burden of debt and embarrassment. Are we quite sure that in the present condition of affairs we are doing what is most for her interest in affording her an enormous facility of borrowing and spending money. We will not repeat the controversy as to the possibility of defending her, after all that can be done; but are we not asking of her a sacrifice which is unwise in her to make, and unreasonable in us to demand.

The experience of Canada herself may well point out the inconveniences that wait upon the kind of security which we offer her. Should we be called upon, as it is almost certain we should be, to redeem our promise, and pay the interest on the loans which it is now proposed to contract, we cannot escape the most irritating and inquisitorial discussion. We shall require proof that the revenue we are expected to supplement has been economically expended, and that the most unpleasant controversies must arise, which will embarrass our relations so long as they continue, and which may very probably outlast those relations, and cling to Canada when she has become an independent State. At this moment Canada has the strongest reason to regret that she has suffered herself to be drawn into debt at all. Any sacrifice would have been light to have avoided it. The United States are obliged to impose on their inhabitants an enormous weight of taxation. The great attraction they have hitherto exercised for poor and laborious men is about to disappear. All their boundless territory, all their cheap land, all their Democratic institutions, will not compensate for taxes which, in nine cases out of ten, will be heavier than those which were paid by the emigrant in his native country. They have, besides, just at the moment when it is most important for them to raise a large revenue by the least oppressive means, aggravated their former system of protective duties to such a degree that it amounts to something very little short of total exclusion. Now is the opportunity for Canada, if she were only prepared to use it. The best protection, as the Delegates truly say, is in the increase of her population, and that increase would be certain if she could only continue to offer the inducement of cheapness and freedom from inquisition. She is already heavily encumbered, but her debt, heavy as it is, is not one-fifth part her head of the population of that of the United States, nor one-fifth part of its total amount. Even with this burden Canada might compete successfully with the United States for fugitive emigrants. She might do more. With a policy of light import duties she might easily make herself the emporium of North America. Wealth and population to fill her vast territory, and to overflow into the still vaster territories which lie beyond it, are at her command, if she can only keep her debt within its present limits, and dispense with high duties, which can only serve to raise up feeble and premature manufactures within herself, and to deter the coming flood of population from her shores.

If she must contract a loan, it would be far better to make it for the purpose of facilitating a reform of her tariff, than for defensive works to save her from a danger which is by no means imminent, and which an increase of her people, such as is clearly within her power, would prevent altogether. In order to make a semblance of putting Canada in a position of defence we are urging her to deprive herself of the only means by which she can become really defensible. An opportunity offers such as never could have been expected, and the use we make of it is to stipulate for concessions which effectually prevent the very end we have in view. A Colony is a growing, not a stationary community, and its interests are to be found in its future increase rather than in its present condition.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE REV. FATHER MAHER ON FENIANISM.—The subjoined letter addressed by the patriotic and able pastor of Grague to the Men of the Queen's County, has been forwarded to us (*Freeman's Journal*) for publication. In presenting it to our readers we offer no comment.

Men of the Queen's County—I fully understand your character, and I sincerely admire your numerous and many virtues. I know the failings and excesses of my countrymen, too, and I have, through a long life to the best of my ability, sought their correction. I now write to you because I have been exceedingly pained to see your simplicity, your good nature, your love of country and of religion imposed upon, and greatly abused at the last election by the foolish vaporing and intolerable vanity of the defeated candidate. Do we, my friends, understand each other? or may I presume to offer advice: What

is our present position. It can be stated, without much detail or any exaggeration or false coloring, in a few words. The population of our country has been diminished by several millions within the last 20 years. This is an astounding and sad fact. Who can fully estimate the misery, the heart burnings, the disruption of family ties, the tears, the deaths, occasioned by this uprooting and dispersion, of so vast a population?—far greater than that of many European kingdoms. Yet it has all happened in our own day. Do I exaggerate. The remnant of the people after the dispersion is still the worst fed, the worst clad—in a word, the poorest in Europe, in one of its fairest and most fertile countries. This, too, is an astounding and palpable fact, known to the whole world, but not yet fully recognized by the gentry or Government of the country. We are entrusted with the franchise, the conscientious exercise of which, under British laws, brings not unfrequently swift ruin on our families. Will after generations believe it. Oh! there is nothing like it under the sun. The Irishman, of the laboring or farming class, without a lease has not one spot at his side of the grave or this side of the Atlantic whereon to rest the sole of his foot in security. They are left entirely in this free country, to the mercy of the landlord—and it is too often a scant mercy—and to the landlord's church, which has always been hostile to our interests, our race, and our name. This being our condition, do I ask you to sit with folded arms, and suffer the waves of time to pass over your heads without indulging the hope of seeing better days? Far from it. It is right, and just, and holy, that we should seek relief, that we should unite, one and all, under proper guidance to obtain it. So far, I suppose, we are quite agreed, and understand each other. The desire of bettering our condition is a praiseworthy sentiment; the love of liberty implanted in the human breast, when directed by sound reason, and regulated by religious instinct, is the fruitful and unfailing source of the most exalted virtues; whilst on the other hand, the genius of serfdom, still amongst us, is hostile to virtue and the parent of crime. Making slaves of one class, and tyrants of the other, it degrades and demoralises both, destroying temporary happiness in this life, and imperilling eternal salvation in the next. Every good and virtuous man, therefore, and the priest in a high degree within his proper sphere, is bound to labor for the public welfare, to elevate his country, not to unbounded wealth which corrupts, but to that point where the social, moral, and religious virtues are most easily and securely practised. But the struggle in this noble cause, my friends, be it ever kept in mind, must be carried on by means which reason, religion, and experience sanction, and which the laws of the country permit.

The candidate who came before you the other day, brimful of patriotism, played upon your credulity when he assured you there were 100,000 Fenian warriors in America and 100 iron-clad ships prepared to convey them to our shores, and that their landing amongst us would set all things to right—Marvellous reveries of this kind, fairy phantoms of the excited brain, have certain attractions for the uninformed mind, and so long as they are confined to the few they do very little harm; they become the subject of laughter, of pity, or of contempt, according to the mood one is in when he hears or reads of them; but when they spread either through the agency of the press or by travelling orators, and are taken up by the people, they do infinite mischief. They rivet our chains, they justify coercion, they turn men from their proper business, they sow dissensions in society, they bring down upon us the contempt of mankind, they set class against class, and they render it impossible as long as the delusion lasts to make any rational effort to improve our condition. The project of iron-clad ships or any other scheme of Fenianism is not a whit more ridiculous than if the defeated candidate had announced the approach from New York of a fleet of monster sea gulls, carrying on their backs 100,000 warriors, each with a revolver in his hand and powder and ball and provision for a month in his pocket, to take possession of this green isle of ours; and if they were coming, don't you admire the prudence of the gallant captain in publishing it at the hustings, in order that England's fleet might be in readiness to assist at their landing. How long, my friends, are we to be abused, caajoled, and exposed to the contempt and sneers of the world, by yielding, even for a season, to foolery of this kind? When men think and talk in this fashion and, what is worse, when freeholders listen patiently, there is nothing left for us but to submit to any amount of oppression which a powerful and irritated nation—irritated by our folly and unmeaning threats, chooses to inflict upon us. Is it, I beg to ask, very much to be wondered at if, whilst we are seeking aid from America or France, from the unknown land of the Fenians, or from any foreign country, that all redress shall be refused at home. Ask what is reasonable; what is justly due, and what England ought to grant, namely, security for agricultural industry, which would give employment and a habitation to the people; encouragement for trade and manufacture; a liberal and just administration of the poor law; education in harmony with the nation's creed, and relief from the burden of the English institution, which the *Times* designates 'the great scandal of the age,' and which, having failed to convert the Irish from the religion of their forefathers, sought their extinction by a cruel and barbarous code of penal legislation. Ask for those measures without vain threatening; show by calm reasoning the justice of our claim, that their concession would increase the strength, the security, and add to the glory of the British empire. Ask as an united people, and therefore not to be despised—united as one man under the guidance and control of the prudence, wisdom, and piety of the nation; and we may reasonably hope at no very distant day to obtain justice. United in days past we asked for Catholic Emancipation, and in the face of almost insuperable obstacles obtained it. We achieved also perfect liberty of conscience. The priest cannot now, as in the days of our fathers, be persecuted as a felon for saying mass, or the people for hearing it. We have obtained many invaluable rights; but since the rise of Young Irelandism or Fenianism, dissolving the union of the people and the priests, we have been left without resource, almost without hope of further progress.

I know full well the difficulty of obtaining redress from a British Parliament, and that difficulty is indefinitely increased by seeking it from any other quarter. Why are not Priests, and bishops, and the laity to the last man, standing now, shoulder to shoulder, as in the days of O'Connell, with a grand organization to express public opinion, and a national association well sustained. Simply because the wisdom of Young Ireland is waiting for the iron-clad ships, and the Fenian cohorts from beyond the seas. The order has come not to trouble ourselves with parliamentary petitions, with the educational question, or tenant right, or the disendowment of the State Church, or matters of the kind. The word has gone forth that Ireland must be regenerated by the sword. We are told not to spend money upon chapels, or colleges, or convents, every penny of it will, it is said, be wanted for powder and ball, and for the equipment of the fleet. In truth, my friends, a small contemptible faction has arisen amongst us, without name, or character, or standing, distinguished principally by the extravagance of their views, the wildness of their aspirations, and a feeling of hostility to the Catholic Church, which they well know can never sanction their criminal folly. Their predecessors amongst whom there were some men of honor and sincerity, raised the green flag with a flourish of trumpets in '48, in the kitchen garden of the Widow Cormac to emancipate Ireland and shake off the British yoke, and I need not tell you that the bailiffs of the district were not required to defeat the projects and overthrow the strength of those gallant youths. A dozen or two of old women, with brooms in hand, would sweep them quite clean

off the earth. Oh! what an example was made of dear old Ireland on that day! Never was a country before so disgraced, and the men of bravery and prudence who counselled that disastrous movement, some of whom have not yet recognised the enormity of their offence, of those who sympathised with them are still at work dividing, distracting the people, and abusing their credulity. They have a press and a staff of anonymous writers, whose principal business is to malign the clergy and the Catholic Church. Every act of theirs is criticised in a hostile spirit. If they vote at elections, they are denounced; if they abstain from voting, they are denounced. Do what they may they are assailed. Every effort which a vicious ingenuity can suggest is employed; calumnie the most atrocious are invented to induce the poor people to withdraw their confidence from them and bestow it upon the memorable heroes of Ballinagarry and the Fenians beyond the Atlantic, Men of the Queen's County, if you knew, as I know, by reading their journals, the bitterness of their hostility to our ancient and long-persecuted church, their ill-concealed hatred of everything religious, you would trust them as little as you would the Orangemen of the North. I am, as you know, an old man—very old—and have, therefore, nothing to hope, nothing to fear, from this world. My account with it is nearly closed. Its praise or censure can in no wise affect me. I therefore speak freely and without reserve.

The leading principle of that peaceful agitation by which Ireland gained a large instalment of her rights was thus expressed by O'Connell, 'liberty was too dearly bought by the shedding of human blood, and that whoever committed crime or violated the law was an enemy to his country.' These principles, slow but sure in their operation, were unfortunately abandoned before the grand work of national regeneration was completed. Dissensions, in consequence, set in the right direction ever since. Are you, men of the Queen's County, prepared to purchase freedom, or tenant right, or any change in the law, or in the ruling power, by the sword, by the shedding of blood, or in other words, by the slaughter of 100,000 of your nearest relations, your fathers, brothers, husbands, and cousins? Do you wish to see our villages and towns burned to ashes, women and children massacred in the streets, and property destroyed beyond calculation? These are the terms proposed by the Fenians. One of them, the other day, at the great meeting in New York, called on his companions to try in the cause of Ireland what virtue is in rifles—in powder and ball instead of Parliamentary protests. 'We now appeal,' he said, 'to the sword. Blood must wash out what blood and crime have stained; and if we fall with honor in a noble fight, we shall try it again and again.' This is the pagan view of man and society, with the pagan ignorance of the great end for which man has been created. What has been gained in America by the horrible butchery these last four years of more than a million of her bravest sons? What in Naples and Sicily? What in Paris by the slaughter of 40,000 men in the memorable days of July. Playing at soldiers in civil war is always a losing game on both sides. The vanquished are trampled out of life, contemned and defamed, whilst the conquerors retire decimated and sorely damaged; laws and rigor, and breathing revenge, are enacted and remorselessly enforced; and the bloody tragedy generally ends in the establishment of an iron despotism. This is the state, with all its horrors, which the heroes of the ironclad ships are preparing for us. How long, my friends, how long, will even the smallest fraction of our people listen to such men in their madness—the apostles of sedition and slaughter.

JAMES MAHER, P.P., Grague, Queen's County.

It is stated that in consequence of the spread of Fenianism, the number of regiments in the south of Ireland is to be increased.

AN ENGLISH JOURNAL AND THE FENIANS.—The following is from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—Surely the Government are carrying the *laissez faire* system a little too far in the matter of the Fenian Brotherhood. It is well to laugh at the follies of a few hundreds of hot-headed young men practising an illegal drill in out-of-the-way places in the county Cork; but with the laughter it is high time that the follies should be put an end to. The mischief to which these proceedings may lead is not to be measured by the character or number of the misguided fanatics themselves. The more serious mischief lies in the impression produced abroad. English people generally have little idea of the ignorance that prevails on the Continent and in America respecting the position of Ireland and our treatment of her. These seditious manifestations seem far more important to foreigners than they do to ourselves, and tend to keep up the notion that we are not the strong and united people we give ourselves out to be; while, in the event of a European conflict they would be fruitful in danger to our interests. Considering, too, the long-standing irritation in the United States against this country, it is worse than thoughtless to suffer anything approaching to sedition to come to a head among the Irish. The millions of Irish emigrants who are there settled may retain little of their love for the old country, at least so far as to wish to return to it. But whatever they lose in the way of love for Ireland, it is certain they lose nothing in the way of hatred for England.

The attention of many of the Irish newspapers, if not all, has been directed to the increase of Fenianism in the country. It is now admitted on all sides that such an organization pervades almost every corner of Ireland. The *Northern Whig* admits its existence in the North and suggests the extinction of Orangeism as a cure for it.

TOO LATE.—Telegrams were received on Friday week by the Lord Mayor from J. McKenna, Esq., M.P., and by E. Purdon, Esq., from F. W. Russell, Esq., M.P., announcing that the government had telegraphed to the Lord Lieutenant on Friday evening authorising him to issue an order prohibiting the importation of cattle into Ireland from any port in Great Britain. This will be most satisfactory, provided we are yet safe, and by issuing this order the government has sought to escape a tremendous responsibility. We believe that England will have to depend upon Ireland for a renewal of her stock, and that the order would be of even more benefit to England hereafter than now to Ireland. The prohibition of importation may appear to violate the theories of Free Trade, but exceptional cases require exceptional enactments. We used above the expression, 'provided we are yet safe,' because, together with the telegrams, there reached us an announcement that the closing of the ports had been conceded too late. On the most indubitable authority we learn that a nobleman in Westmeath communicated to Professor Ferguson yesterday evening a detailed account of symptoms, which ended in the death of the animal attacked, and which correspond exactly to those of the plague. The only reason for doubting the authenticity of the account is its exact and complete correspondence to the description given of the plague—more exact and minute than could be naturally expected from one who was not a veterinary surgeon. The report may have been communicated to the nobleman alluded to, but if it be true we have ascertained that the introduction of the disease is traceable, beyond all doubt, to calves imported from England a few days since. Should the terrible truth be that the disease is really in Ireland, imported from England, subsequent to the refusal on the part of the government to close the ports, fearful indeed is the responsibility incurred by those who ignored the request of the Lord Lieutenant and the unanimous entreaty of all Irishmen.—*Irish Times*.

Belast is in the midst of a water famine. The hot summer has lowered the wells; the town has built no reservoirs, and the people have nothing to drink except water brought in barrels, carried on donkeys, from the environs.

WHAT IRELAND WANTS:—The Times, in the course of an article more friendly in tone than many discourses in the same columns on Irish texts, describes what Ireland wants thus:—

England is rich and Ireland poor because England has fifty industries, and Ireland, Ulster excepted, only one. Lord Woodhouse spoke with natural alarm of the possible extension of the cattle plague to Ireland, observing that the destruction of Irish cattle would be the destruction of Ireland's staple. Yes, but cotton was England's great staple, and yet we could bear to have our great staple ruined with scarcely a change to the general prosperity of the nation. When that door shut, others opened. Dependence on a single industry for profit is like dependence on a single root for subsistence. Irishmen can turn their hands to anything when they get to America. There it does not seem that their craving for land possesses them. They do not settle down to farming even so much as Englishmen or Scotchmen, but seem rather to distribute themselves among a variety of callings. If they would do the same at home, we should soon hear of Ireland's progress. But for this capital is wanted. No doubt, and capital would be forthcoming, though not simply in the shape of 'public money.' No Chancellor of the Exchequer could ever offer to Ireland such sums as would be forthcoming for private enterprise. The true Treasury for these disbursements lies in the pockets of English capitalists. Show us the securities of a peaceful country, and of a willing and steadily labouring population, and the requisite investments would soon be made.

Incidentally our contemporary admits the supreme folly of endangering our great and only industry. Ruin that, and we are undone. There are here no other doors to open. English policy did a good deal to shut every door to us except that of cattle-rearing, and English responsibility, now that our single dependence threatens to betray us, is commensurately grave. But this is not the exact point we wish to touch in quoting the passage from the Times. It is allowed that English capital, expended in private enterprises, would provide us with other industries, if only Englishmen could be sure of finding here a peaceful country and a laboring population. Now, if that be all that stands between us and the investment of a sufficient amount of English capital on our soil to provide us with some of the fifty industries that make England independent of a cattle plague or a cotton-famine, the Times itself is not without blame for our impoverished condition. What journal has fostered the belief among Englishmen that Ireland is a barbarous country, where life is unsafe and the people incurably idle? What journal's representations of Ireland are most frequently challenged by Irishmen—not by fanatics, but by practical and sensible men—as extravagant, sometimes waspish caricatures? We willingly acknowledge slight signs of improvement, but it will take a great deal to atone for former injustice. Might not the Times go farther, and tell English capitalists honestly that Ireland is a peaceful country, whose criminal records contrast favourably with those of England, and whose political strifes in no district of the island interfere in the slightest degree with the success of such manufacturing operations as are conducted there. Might not the Times also confess frankly that Irishmen who labour intelligently and effectively in Lancashire would do just the same at home if circumstances were such that they received the same encouragement? In fact, if English capitalists are waiting to come over here until Ireland shall be more peaceable, more free from crime, and less distracted by political agitation, they will have to wait for something very like the peace of Arcadia. What can the Times and its friends be afraid of? Or, is the cry about the turbulence and laziness of the Irish population an intentional deterrent? If the Fenians are the bugbear by which English capital is scared away, we can assure the writer in the Times that he has quiet a monopoly of the nervous feeling which the designs of the Brotherhood have caused in him—their existence has no more effect upon business in Ireland than if they were so many Ojibbeways.—Dublin Evening Mail.

A fracas of rather a disagreeable nature occurred the other day in the Dublin International Exhibition between the superintendent and the Canadian Commissioner; but, as statements and counter-statements were being circulated as to the particulars, I abstained from noticing it: until, as has been announced, it should come before the magistrates for investigation. A summons was issued, and, accordingly, at the head police office to-day, before Mr. Allen, Capt. Cuffe, Canadian Commissioner, appeared on a summons, charged with having assaulted Mr. J. F. Iselin, Superintendent of the Exhibition, in that building on the 22d of August. Mr. Sidney, Q. C., instructed by Mr. C. Fitzgerald, appeared for the complainant; and Messrs. Curran and Beyerly, instructed by Mr. Macnamara, for the defendant. The following evidence was given:—

John Frederick Iselin examined.—I am the general superintendent of the Exhibition, and as such all those who have business connected with the details must come to me. On the 22d of August the defendant came to my office about a quarter to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Wilde, the secretary of the jury, who is also my clerk, was present. He came to me to ask for a pass for an extra attendant in the evening. I directed Mr. Wilde to write the pass. After this he spoke of the Exhibition being open in the evening, and of the expense he was put to in consequence. He added that he had counsel's opinion that he would have an action against the committee. I told him that that was a matter which I should bring before the committee, as it might affect them hereafter. Up to this time of the conversation was quiet, but suddenly he got into a passion and accused me of spying after his department, and of making inquisitorial visits to his attendant respecting his losses. I denied this. He repeated it, and when I told him that he must leave the office he refused, and said he would not do so. I said to him again, 'I must ask you to leave my office.' He said he would not. I answered that he should. I repeated again that he must leave, and he answered, 'I dare you to put me out.' I then rose from my chair and went across the room. As I did so I passed him, and was about to open the door and look if there was an attendant or a policeman in the neighbourhood. Before I got to the door Capt. Cuffe got in front of me, raised the stick which he held in his hand, and struck me several times with it on the head, neck, shoulder, and back. As soon as I could think a little for myself I rushed over and caught him by the arm, and a gentleman who was in the room, but whom I did not know, seized him from behind to prevent him from further assaulting me. A policeman came up and said, 'Do you give him in charge?' I said, 'I do.' In a few moments I went to an adjoining room to get my hat and umbrella, as I was going to the country, and on coming out into the corridor I saw Captain Cuffe with the policeman. The latter told me that it would be necessary for me to go to Lad-lane station to prefer the charge. I was not then prepared to do that, and accordingly I said I would proceed by summons. The policeman, released Captain Cuffe, who followed me, and said, 'You are a coward, Sir, and I shall drink your blood.' He then went out by one turnstile, and I went by another, and that is all I saw of him.

Mr. Curran.—You do not exhibit symptoms of having sustained much injury. (No answer.) It was a very slight case that Captain Cuffe carried? (No answer.) Why, Mr. Iselin, you look like one of the statues in the Exhibition. (A laugh.)

Witness.—If you ask me a question I will answer it. Mr. Curran.—I have done so. Mr. Sidney.—No you gave an opinion. Mr. Curran.—We shall know the gentleman's character by his demeanour on this occasion. Did you give Captain Cuffe the lie? Witness.—I did not. He said he would not per-

mit an attendant who was working there all day to work at night.

'Did you ever make any overtures to a woman there?'

Witness.—I am not bound to answer the question.

'Mr. Curran.—You may shelter yourself by silence if you will.

'Mr. Sidney.—I will accept no shelter in silence.

Witness.—Then, I will answer the question. I did not make any such overtures to any woman in the Exhibition. I told my clerk, Mr. Wilde, to write the pass when Captain Cuffe asked for it. He complained of the Exhibition being open until a late hour at night. I did not tell him that that was a lie, nor make use of the word, 'liar.' There was one case of profligacy reported by the police. I never was in company with people of loose character in the Exhibition. I did not say to Captain Cuffe that the letter he had written to the committee about his losses showed what sort of a fellow he was.

The cross-examination of the witness was directed at great length to alleged acts of incivility on his part to Willie Pape, pianist; Messrs. Allison and Co., of London; Mr. Strahan, of Henry-street and Clare street, Dublin, and other persons. He denied the allegations made against him in each instance.

'Mr. John James Wilde gave corroborate testimony.

'Police-constable 87 B, examined by Mr. Sidney, Q. C.—

I was on duty in the east corridor of the Exhibition on the afternoon of the 23d ult. On that occasion I heard a sound, as if a blow, and on looking round I saw Captain Cuffe strike Mr. Iselin with a cane which he held in his hand. I at once went up, got between them, and arrested Capt. Cuffe. He said to me on two or three occasions, 'Sure, you didn't see me strike him.' I did see him strike Mr. Iselin. After arresting Captain Cuffe I asked Mr. Iselin if he would charge the captain, and he said he would. After some time Mr. Iselin said I might let him go, and that he would summon him. After letting him go, Captain Cuffe turned round, and raising the cane, called him a coward.'

The witness was not cross-examined. The case was sent for trial, bail being taken for Captain Cuffe.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has again written to the French Admiral inviting him to bring his fleet to Dublin Bay, and the Kingstown Commissioners have resolved to second his lordship's efforts to entertain the French officers if they arrive here. A visit of both the British and French iron-clad fleets would be received with the greatest possible satisfaction.—Times Dublin Cor.

The meeting of the Royal Irish Agricultural Society at Clonmel gave the Lord-Lieutenant an opportunity of speaking on topics which Irishmen always expect to be discussed. The condition of Ireland is naturally the subject always uppermost in the minds of its inhabitants, and it assumes a far more comprehensive scope than similar questions in this country. It was not enough for Lord Woodhouse to say that the cattle exhibited, though exclusively of Irish breed, were inferior to those that Irish sheep were improving 'very considerably,' and that the pigs shown were as admirable specimens of their kind as had ever been seen on like occasions. This was satisfactory, no doubt; but it was not sufficient. There was a great deal more behind. What was the state of Ireland? where were its 'rights' what was becoming of its people? Well, on these topics also the Lord-Lieutenant had something to say. He said the produce of a stock was increasing largely, that the field of flax, though not so large as in 1864, was still larger than in 1863; that pauperism generally was distinctly diminishing; that crime was diminishing also; and that Tipperary, for instance, once so lawless, had now become an example of peace and obedience to the law. This was really something, and yet not enough, for it would still be asked why Irishmen were running away from their own country to foreign shores, and what England would do to keep them at home. That, in fact, is the shape now taken by the 'Irish question.' It is held that there must be something wrong in a land when its men run away from it, and that for the existence, or, at any rate the continuance, of this wrong the Government is responsible. On this doctrine, always implied at Irish meetings and generally proclaimed, Lord Woodhouse made the pertinent remark that England was now at least always ready to discuss and entertain the question. 'Englishmen listen to all that is addressed to them with calm attention, and with an anxiety to do what is right.' We are never tired of hearing Irishmen explain their views if they will but state them definitely. The improvement of Ireland concerns the whole Empire, and we are all willing to take a hand in it but then we must see our way.

We cannot admit, to begin with, that the argument from emigration is conclusive. Irishmen migrate from Ireland to America because America offers more attractions than Ireland; but the difference expresses rather the extraordinary barrenness of one country than the extraordinary barrenness of the other. No conceivable legislation could render land as cheap or labour as dear in Ireland as in America, and yet dear labour and cheap land are the things which tempt emigrants to cross the Atlantic. Such advantages will always attract population. Englishmen emigrate as freely as Irishmen, though not in such large numbers; but the Scots have been regular emigrants for generations past without thinking that the fact cast the least reflection on their country. A Scot was intensely proud of his home, but the first thing he did was to leave it. He went abroad to better himself, and thought the proceeding the most natural in the world. Nor do we believe that at this moment an Irishman finds Ireland less habitable than it used to be. It is more a matter of attraction than repulsion. Irishmen migrate in crowds, not because Ireland gets worse in their eyes, but because America gets better and better, while all the collateral considerations have been largely modified in favour of change. In times past the journey to America represented a dreary voyage and a precarious destiny; now-a-days it is a pleasant trip and a certain speculation. The emigrant is carried smooth across the ocean in ten days or a fortnight, and at the end of that time he finds himself again among countrymen, and almost as much at home as before. Under such circumstances the old ties of native land count for comparatively little, and a very moderate advantage in the shape of prospective wages would turn the scale against home. Nobody, said Lord Woodhouse, 'supposes that people would leave the country if satisfied with their condition in it.' No; but ought they even to be satisfied, so long as they can see a country promising them so much more? Within limits emigration might be as little hurtful to Ireland as it has been to Scotland.—Times.

THE HARVEST IN IRELAND.—We have reports from correspondents in the midland and other counties all of which, with very few exceptions, are favourable as regards the crops. The rain of last week had retarded hay sowing and reaping, but all agree that a few weeks of fine weather will ensure the completion of a fair average harvest. We had no moon shortly before seven o'clock yesterday morning, and a decided change for the better has taken place. From the statements of our correspondents, we learn that there is a scarcity of farm laborers—a fact which cannot surprise any one who has paid attention to the emigration statistics for the past year. This want of harvestmen is also noticed.—Dublin Evening Post.

THE CONVICT LAURENCE KING.—The Attorney-General having refused to sanction the application made for a writ of error on the part of Laurence King, convicted for the murder of Lieutenant Clutterbuck, sentence of death, it is stated, will be carried out on the 6th September.

UTILISATION OF IRISH BOGS.—It may not be known that since the various companies that have been started for the purpose of utilising the peat which makes up the mass of the bogs of Ireland has failed, other attempts have been made which are likely to prove successful. About 350 acres of bog in Derrylea, on the borders of King's County and Kildare, have been leased to a firm who are now engaged in working a new patent for the manufacture of compressed peat. As an evidence of the success of this particular undertaking we may state that the promoters have been able to produce the peat at the rate of eighty-four tons per week, which they hope soon to raise, by an increase in their land, to 400 tons per week, which would reduce the cost of production from 6s 4d, the present amount, to 3s 11d, per ton, exclusive of royalty. Peat is, we believe, sold in Dublin at 10s, per ton; and as coal is priced at 16s so the former article is naturally sought after.—Building News.

Two proclamations of the Lord Lieutenant have been issued in the county Donegal. One of them revokes five proclamations which were made in 1849, 1850, and 1853, applying the crime and outrage act to a great many specified electoral divisions and townlands in the county Donegal. The other makes the peace preservation act apply to the barony of Kilmacrennan alone.—Daily Journal.

A CHILD EATEN BY A PIG.—Two families named Kavanagh and Baker live in the same house or cabin in the High street of the town of Graigueamanoagh, and both men work together in Mr. Kelly's starch yard. On Monday last Baker's wife went a short distance from her home, leaving her child, 16 months old, in the cradle, Kavanagh's wife being in the house; the latter, however, had occasion to go down the town for about a quarter of an hour, and when doing so shut, from the inside, the front door of the cabin, and passed out by the back door, and through the yard, in which her pig was. During her short absence the pig got into the apartment where the child lay asleep in the cradle, and on Mrs. Kavanagh's return, to her horror, she beheld the voracious brute mauling the poor little innocent, having already eaten off the ears as well as the hand, and part of the other. The poor little sufferer lived until next day and was then relieved from pain by death.—Kilkenny Moderator.

EXECUTION IN IRELAND.—At 25 minutes past 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning Thomas Hayes was hanged at Tallmore, for the murder of his wife, Anne Hayes, on the 22nd of May last. The culprit was an old man, who lived at Galros Bog, in the King's County, with his victim, whom he was in the habit of ill-treating. At last his wife disappeared, and no one knew what became of her for some time, Hayes himself stating that she had gone to America with her cousin and brother, who had taken her away on a car on the morning of the bloody deed. Suspicion, however, being excited he was lodged in gaol, and there he confessed that he had murdered her; packed the body, and all else belonging to his late wife into a sack and a bedtick, and had carried them to a part of the bog a considerable distance off, and buried them so cleverly that if he had not been brought to the spot it is doubtful whether they would ever have been found. The murder had evidently been committed with a smothering-iron, but Hayes gave a somewhat more extenuating account of the transaction. He appeared to have lived a wretchedly immoral life, if all said of him be true. At the trial it was attempted to be set up as a defence that he was insane, but it failed, and the murderer has expiated his crime on the gallows. He was attended by three Roman Catholic priests, appeared penitent, and delivered a short address, which could not be heard. There were only about 300 persons present, and these were most orderly in their conduct.—Saunders's Newsletter.

LOVE AND POETRY IN TIPPERARY.—Tipperary sometimes produce other sensational incidents than murder, for which it possesses an ugly notoriety, and it is less offensive now and then to record such as the following in the place of an assassination: 'Kitty Doherty is a Tipperary girl, and by no means a bad physical specimen of the inhabitants of that county; accordingly, Kitty did not want lovers, for she had a core or two of brave Tipperary boys, ready to break each other's heads, of course out of pure affection, not only for her, but for each other. It should be remarked that Kitty's father holds a large and valuable tract of land east of the Shannon, and the old gentleman having been industrious, had laid up treasure to a considerable amount. Amongst the 'boys' who worshipped at the shrine of Kitty Doherty was one Patsy Nagle, who, by his modesty and worth, won the heart of charming Kitty, and but for the ruthless grasp of a Liverpool policeman, might have added her hand to the heart. It was well known in the locality of Kitty's habitation that she was entitled to a considerable fortune, and in case of the death of an only brother she would become heiress to all her father's goods and chattels, land, and appurtenances thereto belonging. Of course, Master Nagle never thought of such mercenary things, as his object appeared to be the sweet companionship of the bewitching girl; and altho' was poor in the eyes of the world, he was rich in education (as indeed all the Tipperary boys are), and he possessed a gift that could not be purchased with gold or silver, nor conferred on the owner of broad lands, and that was the gift of poetry; so he sent Kitty an epistle, which amongst other hints, contained the following invitation:—

'Come, fly with me, love,  
To some bright sunny isle,  
Far away from the world that I despise,  
And I'll deem myself happy,  
When cheered by thy smile,  
And bleat by the light of thine eyes.'

Kitty could not—what young lady could?—resist this. Happy would it have been for the pair if they could have found out the 'bright sunny isle' so beautifully alluded to; but it was a proof of the original innocence of this loving pair that they selected Liverpool as the Eden where they might be happy, and so they left Tipperary. Although Kitty's flight was rather of a hasty description, yet she was not forgetful that a trifle of the sinews of war might be useful. Accordingly she visited her father's strong box. Love laughs at locksmiths; and so when the box was explored, and after the departure of Kitty, her father and brother found that 180l had left its resting place. These shocking things called electric wires were in motion; and on the landing of the pair in one of the docks in Liverpool it may be easily imagined what their feelings must have been in finding that they had not arrived in the 'bright sunny isle' but were actually in charge of a tall gentleman dressed in blue, with cabalistic figures on an embroidered collar, in fact, a policeman. Soon afterwards Kitty's only brother came to see her, and having recovered the missing gold except a few pounds she was handed over to him, and he escorted her back to her parents' house. As to the loving swain Patsy, he was set at liberty, there being no charge against him. This is the last Tipperary romance.—Liverpool Correspondent of the North British Daily Mail.

The Emigration from the port of Cork alone of persons whose destination is the United States has been ascertained to be at present fully 1,000 per week.

GREAT BRITAIN.  
THE PASSIONISTS IN SCOTLAND  
To the Editor of the Ulster Observer.

Dear Sir—I feel great pleasure in being able to inform you that the Passionists have established themselves in this city, and that the parish of St. Mungo, has been committed to their spiritual care. The Catholics of Glasgow, and of Scotland generally, have been already well acquainted with the fathers of this order, whose missions here as elsewhere have, under God, wrought the conversion of innumerable souls.—The body, in various parts of this kingdom, have fre-

quently manifested an earnest desire of obtaining the permanent settlement of those zealous missionaries in the midst of them, and invitations have been forwarded from different parts of the country to the superiors of the order, requesting that they would establish a community in one of the many houses that were pressed on their acceptance. Owing to certain insurmountable obstacles which presented themselves, at the time, these invitations had to be declined.

But almighty God in His own good time provided an opening for them in this city, in the ancient parish of St. Mungo, and, as it happens, in the very neighbourhood that has been so recently sanctified by the last apostolic labors and heroic death of the saintly passionist, Father Ignatius Spencer. It is a most significant circumstance, and one that is fraught with hope of the ultimate restoration of this revolted province to the dominion of the Church of God, that the great apostle of Britain's conversion poured out his hearts blood in the midst of his missionary labors, on its soil, as a sacrifice for the final success of his mission. May we not hail the presence amongst us to-day of that order which represents the conversion of this land, as a blessed indication of God's acceptance of His servant's oblation!

On the invitation of His lordship, the Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch, the Passionate Fathers took possession of the church in the parish of St. Mungo on Saturday, the 5th of August.

The members forming the new community were contributed from the different Retreats of the Province as follows:

From St. Joseph's, Highgate, the Very Rev. F. Eugene Martonelli, P. O. (superior); Rev. F. Anselmi, Lomas, and Bro. John; from St. Saviour's Bradbury, Rev. F. Columban, O'Grady, and Bro. Matthew.

Their entrance on their duties on the Sunday, was inaugurated by a solemn High Mass. The late pastor of St. Mungo's, the Rev. Archibald Chisholm, introduced the fathers to the congregation, and read a letter from the bishop, congratulating the parish on the advent among them of those zealous and exemplary religious, and exhorting them to profit by their labors and example. After the gospel, the Very Rev. F. Paoli provincial of the order, ascended the pulpit and preached a most interesting sermon, in the course of which he expressed for himself and companions, the great consolation and delight which it afforded them to find themselves established amongst them on that day. Their mission, he said, as indeed, that of all pastors of souls, was the same as that of the Supreme Pastor, Jesus Christ, who was the master and model of every Catholic priest.—It was a mission of compassion, disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice; and, he declared, the Passionists would endeavour, to the utmost of their power, to perform their duties in accordance with this divine example.

Besides the members of the new community there were present the Very Rev. P. Provincial, who preached the opening sermon, and the Very Rev. P. Bernard.

I remain dear Sir, your truly,  
A GLASGOW CATHOLIC.

\* Father Ignatius died of disease of the heart. A monumental cross has been erected by Robert Monteith, Esq., at Carstairs, on the spot where this holy man breathed his last, and the place continues to be visited by a great many pilgrims.

APPALLING MURDERS IN ENGLAND.—A most cruel murder has been committed in a coffee-house in Red Lion street, Holborn, London. On Monday evening a man took three children to the coffee-house, and asked if they could have a bed. He said they were going to Australia, and wanted accommodation for a night or two. A bed was found for the children, who next morning were down stairs by six o'clock. At eight o'clock the man returned and breakfasted with them. At one o'clock he gave them dinner, and in the evening they had tea. He then offered to put them to bed himself, and that night they went to sleep, the younger children in one room and the eldest in another. About 9 o'clock in the evening the man returned and asked for a candle, as he wished to go up and see the children. A candle was then handed to him, and he proceeded up stairs, where he remained for a short time, and then came down and went away. On Wednesday morning, as the children did not come down stairs, a chambermaid went to their rooms, and found them dead.—They had evidently been suffocated. On inquiries being made, their father was found. He and his wife are separated, and it is supposed that the murderer is the man with whom his wife has been living. The murderer, after committing the deed above related, proceeded to Ramsgate, and there killed his wife and daughter, from whom he had been parted for several years. On being questioned as to his motive, the murderer replied: 'I can tell you this, Mr. Ellis, she (his wife) is relieved from all trouble and care. I have done an act of charity.'—Mr. Ellis remarked, 'What! after committing a double murder?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and I can tell you that she has less to bear now, for I shall be under sentence of death when I get back to London.' William Forward, the monster accused of these terrible crimes, has for some years made his living as a billiard sharper, under the name of Southey. He had been separated from his wife for some time, and had been leading a disreputable life, maintaining all the time an illicit intercourse with a married woman named White. They were her three children he took to the Holborn coffee-house and poisoned, and it is said that he himself was the father of them.

PROTESTANT CLERICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.—High Church and Low Church have, of course, their especial advertising organs and their especial advertising phraseology. The Record is copious in scriptural language, the Guardian savours distantly of the rubric; but the moral of both is the same. High Church and Low Church are to be recognised in their advertisements, as in their sermons or their dress. When you hear a long discourse in the tone and with the illustrations of the lecture room, or a psychological study of one of the patriarchs, you know that the preacher is evangelical. And when you see no sign of linen but a Roman collar, and its wearer walking in an attitude like that of a Gothic statue, you are equally certain of the presence of the most developed Tractarianism. True, there are more shades of High than Low, and it is a far cry of Brother Ignatius from the moderate man who accepts the Prayer Book as his guide. The Low seem more consistent with themselves. The children of light are in their generation wiser than the children of this world. They know how to make themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, while protesting the most loudly against any connection with that other establishment. But though this may be the lesson we learn from the hard bargains that are often driven by them, there are luckily many tokens of real charity and benevolence among them. It is all very well to laugh at a summons to the 'men and women of Israel' to help in building a church, but we may be sure the help is given by those who come up to St. Paul's definition of a Jew. And though the phrase of 'poor pious clergymen' would hardly commend itself to a lover of style, yet there are many clergymen who unite those characteristics, and will be glad of the annuities promised. The two phrases we have just quoted of course come from the Record. We know of men who invest in that paper as a comic speculation, and look out for samples of big-try or ignorance as regularly as they turn to Punch for Tennyel's picture. Strangely enough, they generally overlook the advertising columns, though with very little trouble these columns might yield far greater amusement than the editor's intolerance or the bigotry of his correspondents. But the advertisements of any class if men are always instructive. They are the means by which member addresses member, to recommend him something, or to spare him something, or to relieve him of something; and he uses the language of membership. When he speaks to the outer world

he puts on some disguise, and softens some of his dearest prejudices, for he is speaking to strangers.—But the class newspaper is his family circle. Every thing he points there will be read in the same spirit as that in which it was written. Not only does this put a man at his ease, but it saves him so many words, which is an important thing in advertising. For instance, a man wants a lodging. He advertises in the Record for 'a part of a house unfurnished,' within a walking distance of a church where the Gospel is preached. London preferred.' Could anything be simpler? Yet how many lines would be needed to convey the same in the Times.—The readers of that worldly paper might have many opinions on the subject of the Gospel. High Churchmen, Broad Churchmen, no churchmen, readers of Colenso, writers in 'Essays and Reviews,' atheists, pantheists, anthropologists, many have houses to let; and what do they know about the Gospel? Even if the advertiser was safe from these, he might fall into the hands of the hordes of the gospel of 'S. G. O.' or that of 'Habibans in Sicco.'—By the course he takes he escapes all these dangers. At the same time there is danger even in this favored city of the pseudo-gospel being introduced. So, at least, we gather from another advertisement, addressed to 'clergymen acquainted with the Roman controversy,' which holds out hopes of the place of clerical superintendent and missionary in the South-West Protestant Institute. And that there may be no doubt of the fervor of those who are entrusted with the care of precious flocks, a demand for a curate is significantly coupled with a statement that 'the names of evangelical referees are preferred to testimonials.' Nor is the work of educating, or the true spirit in which education must be conducted, in danger of neglect. In the same columns a clergyman who has been engaged for many years in preparing youths for the universities, professions, or public schools, and whose labors have been greatly blessed to the good of those committed to him, offers his tutorial services. His experience enables him to guarantee a well-laid foundation, without which there can be no solid scholarship in the future. The course of study embraces, not only classics and mathematics, but the general literature, and those accomplishments which are consistent with Christian character. No doubt the readers of the Record know what these accomplishments are. We are quite in ignorance of their limitations. Dancing of course is excluded from the list, though David danced, and the daughter of Herodias; and both of them if not Christians, were scriptural characters. But we confess that we should not like to have an evangelical clergyman giving instructions to a dancing class of future curates and their wives, or declaring that his labors had been greatly blessed by more than one 'solid' engagement during the Lenters. Perhaps music is a Christian accomplishment so far as regards hymn tune, but drawing is doubtful.—Might it not lead to paintings in churches, to Polish images and adoration? These are serious inquiries.

THE QUAKER AND THE JUDGE.—Upon the jury entering the box at the Liverpool assizes on Monday morning one of the number, who gave his name as Josiah Oarson, and was a member of the Society of Friends, kept on his hat. Mr. Baron Bramwell, observing it requested him to uncover. The jurymen.—'Conscience compels me to keep it on.' The Judge.—'Conscience no more compels you to keep your hat on than it does your shoes. You must have respect for others. I will fine you 10l. if you don't take off your hat.' The jurymen.—'It is a reverence for the Almighty which compels me to keep it on.' The Judge.—'Don't be nonsensical.—Your reason is discreditable to common sense.' The jurymen still refusing to uncover, the Judge said,—'I warn you that I will fine you 10l. if you do not take off your hat.' The jurymen.—'I cannot do so.' The Judge.—'Then I fine you 10l., and leave the box. Any person with such nonsense in his head is not fit to sit upon a jury.' The jurymen having left the court, the Judge said.—'I shall call upon him again to-morrow, and if he still persists in his nonsense I shall fine him again.'—Express.

The directors of the Atlantic Telegraph have unanimously accepted the offer of the Telegraph Construction Company; to manufacture and lay down a new cable and complete the present one so as to have perfect cables between Ireland and Newfoundland next summer. The manufacture of the new cable has commenced and the work is being done with the utmost care. Capt. Jas. Anderson received an offer from the Telegraph Construction Company for the Great Eastern for five years in laying cables and accepted of it.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.—It is understood that the directors of the North British Railway, with which the Edinburgh and Glasgow Company has just been amalgamated, have resolved to run Sunday trains on the line between the two principal cities of Scotland, between which all Railway communication on the first day of the week has hitherto been debarred. There will be a fast train in connexion with the night express trains between Edinburgh and London, in addition to one Parliamentary train each way morning and evening. In the old Edinburgh and Glasgow Company the great bulk of the shares were held by the Sabbatarian party, but through the amalgamation the balance turns completely the other way, and the inhabitants of the district will now possess the open communication on Sunday which has been so long desired by many of them.

The report that Mr. Bright is to visit America on official invitation, is pronounced to be without foundation.

THE HARVEST.—The Mark Lane Express says:—The new samples of wheat that have hitherto appeared do not favor the impression that we have either a good yield or quality. Quotations to-day ranged from 37s to 48s. Foreign accounts too much agreed with our own as to defective and injured crops to give much expectation of a return of very low prices. France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, some parts of Russia and Southern Europe all say the same, and prices have generally risen.

The master and fellows of Balliol College Oxford, have decided on the admission of Catholic undergraduates who will be exempted from attending service in the college chapel and other religious exercises required in case of Protestant students.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The fête at Portsmouth, in honour of the French fleet, progressed in the most splendid manner, and concluded on the 23d inst. The weather throughout was excellent. Banquets, reviews, balls and illuminations followed one after the other, and all were alike brilliant and successful. The reception accorded to the French officers by the English people was exceedingly warm and enthusiastic.

UNITED STATES.

A recent visitor to Lloyd's hotel at Surrattsville said he 'beporal' while a timber stood, the house would be the memorial of the martyr of America.' He did not refer to President Lincoln, but to Mrs. Surratt. WHAT 'LIBERTY' IS DOING FOR THE NEGRO.—The negroes who congregated in such hot haste in Salma immediately after Wilson's raid, and who for a short time were so jubilant over their freedom, are now dying like sheep with the rot, inasmuch that scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of several that have shuffled off this mortal coil. We know not how to account for this fearful mortality except it be referable to their irregular habits, bad lodgings, unwholesome food, and want of medical attendance. What is to become of this unfortunate race is a perplexing problem, an insoluble mystery. They are without guardians, and their inability to take care of themselves involves their probable extinction ere the lapse of a century.—Selma (Ala.) Mirror, Aug. 13th.

A telegram from San Francisco announces that the telegraph is now completed 370 miles northward from New Westminster, British Columbia.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.  
 PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY  
 2 No. 369, Notre Dame Street, by  
 J. GILLIES.  
 G. E. OLBERK, Editor.

**TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:**  
 To all country subscribers, Two Dollars. If the subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year, a case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a-half.  
 To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a-half, in advance; and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the subscription shall be Three Dollars.  
 The True Witness can be had at the News Depots. Single copy 3d.  
 We beg to remind our Correspondents that no letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless pre-paid.  
 The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "JOHN JONES, August '63," shows that he has paid up to August '63, and owes his Subscription FROM THAT DATE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

**ECOLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.**  
 SEPTEMBER—1865.  
 Friday, 22—EMERSON DAY. St. Th. de Villanova, R. O.  
 Saturday, 23—EMERSON DAY. St. Linus, P. M.  
 Sunday, 24—Sixteenth after Pentecost. Our Lady of Mercy.  
 Monday, 25—Stigmata of St. Francis.  
 Tuesday, 26—St. Cyprian and Justin, M. M.  
 Wednesday, 27—St. Osmo and Damien, M. M.  
 Thursday, 28—St. Wenceslas, M.  
 The "Forty Hours" Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament will commence as follows:—  
 Friday, 22—St. John of Matha.  
 Sunday, 24—St. Mary's College, Montreal.  
 Tuesday, 26—St. Eustache.  
 Thursday, 28—St. Lin.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The progress of cholera on the Continent, and of the cattle disease in Great Britain forms the most important topic of discussion in our English papers. The former is not spreading, and seems indeed to be deviating from the usual route of epidemics. The latter still rages in England; but we are glad to see that steps have been taken to protect the Irish grazier against its ravages, the Ministry having by an Order in Council prohibited the exportation of cattle from England to Ireland. Prevention is better than cure, and hitherto no curative agent has been discovered for the disease. We read indeed, that whiskey has been administered in large doses with success; but this, it is explained, was in the case of a Scotch cow, and may be accounted for by her national idiosyncrasy. The English harvest will be very deficient in quality, if not in quantity.

It seems as if the attention of the British Government were being drawn to the spread of Fenianism in Ireland and the nightly drillings which are taking place in many parts of the country. Hitherto that organisation has received little or no disturbance from the authorities; indeed the latter may be suspected of having looked upon it with a rather favorable eye, since it has done good service to the Protestant cause, and has effected what neither persecution nor cajolery, neither Penal Laws, nor "Soupers" could accomplish. It has—we regret to say it—caused a schism betwixt the Catholic Church and the people, betwixt the Clergy and the Irish laity, to the intense delight of the "Apostate Priests Protection Society," the Orangemen—and all the enemies of Romanism. For virulent indecent abuse of priests and bishops indeed, the National Press as it impudently styles itself—that scion of it at least which puts itself forward as the champion of Fenianism—surpasses the most furious organs of ultra-Protestantism; and we have no doubt that when its true history shall have been given to the world, it will be found that the ruling spirits of this association were, if not Protestants in the vulgar acceptance of the term, men imbued with sentiments towards the Church and her Ministers identical with those which inspired the leaders of the French Revolution of '89. Fenianism should adopt as its motto "Ecrasez l'infame," and for its Chaplain—Gavazzi.

But Fenianism is not only an anti-Catholic organisation, it is also anti-British. If on the one side it is the legitimate child of the Revolution, and stands therefore in close relationship with Garibaldi and Mazzini, &c., &c., so on the other side it is of Yankee descent, and the inheritor of Yankee hatred of England. It is thus which has deceived so many simple but well intentioned Irishmen. They confound hatred of England with love of Ireland, and jump to the absurd conclusion that where the one passion is to be found, there also must exist the other.—That this is false, utterly unfounded in fact, the treatment which the Irish Catholic experiences at the hands of England-hating Yankee Puritans in the U. States should suffice to show. The latter love Irish Catholics as they love the "niggers," that is to say that, except in so far as it suits their ends to make tools of them, they detest both, and would fain be rid of them. As against the South the Yankee Puritan will pretend sympathy with the "nigger;" to wreak his vengeance on England for imaginary wrongs he will in like manner not disdain to avail himself of

the services of the Irishman; although as his history shows, the latter is the object of his particular aversion, and the black man is no where so vilely treated as in the headquarters of Abolitionism, and of wooden nutmegs.

And if the brave Irish peasantry who have been by a few designing men, seduced into this Fenian movement really believe that they will receive effective material aid from America against England, most bitterly will they rue their folly: they will discover to their cost what tools they have been made of, and that like tools, when their services are no more needed, they will be cast aside. The British Government knows this well, and is taking its measures accordingly.—Additional troops are, it is said, to be sent over to Ireland; and the fancied secret of the Fenians, their numbers, their organisation, their plans are all fully known, through the agency of its spies, to the Palmerston Ministry. The "informers" is an animal not yet extinct in Ireland, and indeed he is so common that, as the Times tells us, "it has frequently happened that a fellow has made known his readiness to tell every thing, that was going on, and has found that the police knew quite as much as he did excepting, perhaps, the single fact that he was a traitor too;" for as the same journal explains the mystery, the moment there is a bit of information in the market really worth having, or for which the government is willing to pay—there are always several informers, "including probably," so tells us the Times, "the captain himself competing for the exclusive privilege of treachery." What the upshot will be is pretty plain. A few clever informers having by a show of patriotism wormed themselves into the secrets of the Society and obtained possession of information that the Castle authorities will pay for, will reap a rich harvest: the honest men, the dupes, will be handed over to the gallows and the convict hulk. This is one reason why the Irish clergy, the priests and Bishops, ever the best friends of Ireland, ever her true patriots, and her only reliable regenerators, are so earnest in their warnings to their flocks against a Society which is the offspring of European infidelity, and Yankee Puritanism.

From Rome we have the most cheering accounts of the state of the Pope's health. It is now confidently asserted that at the approaching Consistory the Holy Father will issue an Encyclical inviting the Catholic clergy and faithful throughout the world, to visit Rome next June to assist at the celebration of the eighteenth centenary anniversary of the martyrdom of the Prince of the Apostles. It is out of this that some blockheads have concocted the story of an approaching ecumenical Council.

The troubles of the Kingdom of Italy multiply fast, and we hope they may never be less; there is a break up in the Ministry, and a strong ill will betwixt the military and the civilians is springing up. The religious condition of Italy may be judged of from the Italian correspondence of the Times wherein the writer is describing the effect which would be produced upon a stranger by the moral attitude of the people.

"That, however, which makes as strong an impression on my companion as anything he witnesses is the obvious indifference, or even contempt, with which all that has hitherto been considered by the Italians to be 'religion' is treated. There is no respect for the priesthood, no faith, no regard for the ceremonies of the Church, comparatively speaking; the great checks and restraints upon man are gradually giving way, and, loosened from their moorings, the nation stands a chance of being driven about on a sea of doubt and unbelief."

This is what Protestantism and its agents with their tracts, their "open bible" and their mendacious attacks upon the clergy have done for Italy; thus furnishing us with another illustration of the truth, obvious indeed to every one not the victim of prejudice, that the Catholic may abjure his religion, but can never exchange it for another. He must either remain as he is, or become an infidel.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

QUEBEC, Sept. 18.  
 This day, at three o'clock, His Excellency the Governor General proceeded in State to the Chamber of the Legislative Council in the Parliament Buildings. The Members of the Legislative Council being present, His Excellency was pleased to command the attendance of the Legislative Assembly.

After assenting to Bills passed during the Session, The Hon. the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly addressed His Excellency as follows:

May it please your Excellency:  
 In reviewing the measures which have engaged the attention of Parliament during the past Session, the chief place must be assigned to the Bill respecting the Civil Code of Lower Canada. This enactment reflects the highest credit upon the skill and learning of the Codifiers, and will assuredly obtain for the Jurisprudence of Lower Canada the distinguished approbation of the learned profession abroad.

Other Bills for the improvement of the Law in Upper Canada, in relation to the quieting of titles, the law of property and trusts, and the registration of instruments relating to lands, which have received the sanction of the Legislature, are calculated to prove highly beneficial in their operation to the landed interest in that section of the Province.

Contrasted with the amount of public legislation, the number and variety of Private Bills which have been entertained by Parliament on this occasion is very remarkable.

The promotion of agricultural and commercial enterprise; the encouragement of manufacturing industry; and the development of the mineral wealth which lies hidden beneath our soil: in every direction, are all matters of vital importance to the community at large.

The increasing frequency with which petitions for Private Bills have been submitted to Parliament of

late years, is undoubtedly a striking indication of the growing prosperity of the country, its enlarged resources and progress in industrial pursuits; and affords a hopeful prospect of continued improvement for the time to come.

The important Despatches which have been presented to Parliament by Your Excellency's command, concerning the Confederation of the British North American Provinces, will doubtless contribute to enlighten and instruct the public mind of this country upon the momentous topics to which they relate. Although the time has not arrived for further legislative action upon the subject, it may nevertheless be confidently anticipated that the discussions which have taken place in Parliament during the present Session, will help forward the accomplishment of this great object, upon the success of which the future career of British North America most wholly depends.

I have now the honor to present for Your Excellency's acceptance a Bill intitled: "An Act for granting to Her Majesty certain expenses of the Civil Government for the financial year ending 30th June, 1866, and for other purposes connected with the public service."

To this Bill the Royal assent was signified in the following words:

In Her Majesty's name, His Excellency the Governor General thanks Her loyal subjects; accepts their benevolence, and assents to this Bill.

After with His Excellency the Governor General was pleased to close the Fourth Session of the Eighth Provincial Parliament with the following Speech:

Hon. Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I am happy to be able to release you from further attendance on your duties in Parliament.

The Act which you have passed for the Codification and Consolidation of the Civil Law of Lower Canada cannot fail to be attended with beneficial results to those who are to live under the provisions of that Law.

The Acts which you have passed for the abolition of death in certain cases, and for the improvement of the registration system, and for the Grammar School Law of Upper Canada, will also, I doubt not, contribute to the prosperity and good Government of the people of this Province.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I thank you for the provision you have made for the public service of the Province; and I assure you that it will be the earnest desire of my advisers to administer it with economy.

Hon. Gentlemen and Gentlemen:

I congratulate you on the abundant harvest with which it has pleased a beneficent Providence to bless our country. And I trust that on your return to your homes you will use your influence amongst the people you represent so as to cause them to evince their gratitude to the Almighty, by a conscientious discharge of their social obligations, on which, no less than on the performance of your political duties, the general well-being of the community depends.

We see it hinted or insinuated in some of our contemporaries that the British Government has addressed remonstrances to Washington with respect to the quasi-countenance given by the American authorities to Fenianism. We know not how far this may be the case; but if the British Government has indeed taken the action imputed to it, it has laid itself open to the retort not courteous.

For in the first place, it might be hinted to England, that the encouragement given by it and its servants to Garibaldi, and the filibusters under his command, when the latter invaded Sicily and stirred up rebellion amongst the subjects of the King of Naples with whom they professed to be at peace, have for ever debarred it from pleading in its own favor the laws of civilized nations, or remonstrating against the stirring up of rebellion amongst its own subjects by a Power professing to be on friendly terms with it. But for the assistance—so Garibaldi himself has often told the world—but for the assistance given to him by the British Admiral and the squadron under his command, acting, it must be supposed, according to orders from, at all events with the connivance of, the British Government, he, Garibaldi, would never have been able to accomplish the invasion of the Kingdom of Naples from Sicily. Now certainly the American Government would be no more guilty of treachery were it, whilst keeping up its professions of amity and good will to the British Government, to give the assistance of its Navy to a Fenian expedition from New York to the coast of Ireland, than was the British Government when it allowed, even if it did not positively command, its squadron in the Mediterranean to cover the landing of Garibaldi and his filibusters upon the territories of the King of Naples. The American Government has precedent, unfortunately British precedent too, for sanctioning and abetting this or any other dishonorable policy which, at the present juncture, it may see fit to adopt towards Great Britain.

The latter, under Liberal rule, has encouraged treason and rebellion in Italy amongst the subjects of Princes with whom it professed to be at peace, and with whom it had no legitimate cause of quarrel. It has, by the mouths of its Liberal rulers, proclaimed the right of insurrection, and hallowed the principle that subjects may rise in arms against and depose their legitimate sovereigns. If this principle be true as applied to Catholic communities, it is applicable to Protestant Great Britain, for it is but a poor rule that will not work both ways. The Fenians, we say, have just as much right to take up arms against Queen Victoria as had the subjects of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Papal States, and of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies to revolt against their legitimate rulers; and the "Revolution," if a good and holy thing in Italy, loses none of its good qualities by being transferred to Ireland.

For Protestant England, the savior of the Revolution in Italy, to complain of the conduct of the United States in the matter of the Fenians would be as intolerable as a complaint against sedition from the Gracchi. The country whose legislators give ovations to the filibuster Garibaldi;

whose public servants are accomplices of the assassin Mazzini; will find it no easy matter to make out a decent case against the United States for their sympathy with the Fenians, even should that sympathy assume the form of material assistance, such as the British squadron extended to Garibaldi in his Neapolitan expedition; and were the authorities at Washington, whilst still professing towards the British Government the most friendly intentions, to furnish the "Head-centre" with arms, ships, and money for an invasion of Ireland, vile and treacherous though such conduct would be, wherein would it be worse, viler, or more treacherous than the conduct of Victor Emmanuel—whom the Great Britain worships as "King honest man"—towards Garibaldi, and the King of Naples?

The possibility of a retort such as we have indicated above is so obvious, the retort itself would be so unanswerable, that we can hardly credit that the British Ministers will so silly as to expose themselves to it. As they have meted out to others, to the Pope, to the King of Naples, and to the other Italian Princes, so may they naturally expect that it will be meted out to them; and as they have never scrupled to foster rebellion amongst the subjects of Catholic Sovereigns, as they have approved themselves the patrons of the Revolution in Europe, the accomplices of filibusters, cut-throats, and assassins, so have they forfeited all right to complain if other countries follow their bad example, and stir up rebellion and revolution in Ireland. We have certainly no sympathy with the Fenians; but little as we respect them, or their leaders, we cannot but recognise that they are quite as honest, quite as deserving of success, and fully as worthy of the title of heroes and patriots, as were the filibusters of Italy, and their leader.—Why should not Ireland have its Garibaldi as well as Naples?

"Victor Emmanuel seems to be pursuing a mild and conciliatory policy which admirably suits the occasion."—Globe, Sept. 13.

Naturally we turn to the Italian papers as the exponents of that policy as towards the Church and her Pastors, which the Toronto Globe, the mouthpiece of Mr. George Brown, terms "mild and conciliatory," and eulogises as "admirably suited to the occasion." In what does this policy consist?

In the oppression of the Church, in the sacrilegious spoliation of the Religious Orders, and in the unrelenting persecution of those Bishops who refuse to lay perjury upon their souls, by recognising the righteousness of his appropriations of his neighbor's property. Victor Emmanuel's policy is the policy of the Liberal party; and what that policy is, how far it merits the epithets "mild and conciliatory" that the Globe applies to it, we may gather from what the Italian Liberal journals themselves represent it to be.—Here is a striking instance:—

Lately a young man committed suicide, whereupon the ecclesiastical authorities refused permission for his burial in the consecrated portion of the cemetery. A great outcry was raised by the entire Italian Liberal press, and the latter took the opportunity of expounding their intentions and future policy with regard to refractory priests:—

"Yet a short time, and the Clergy will be salaried, and the Priest, having thus become a State functionary will be liable to be compelled, not only to allow the burial of suicides in consecrated ground, but to take part himself in the ceremony."

It is thus, says the Correspondance de Rome, quoting the Liberal journals—it is thus that the Cavourian formula of "A Free Church in a Free State" is understood; and it is thus, too, we may add, that by our American Liberals, by those who march beneath the standard of Mr. George Brown in Canada, and who form the strength of the Liberal Party in the United States, are understood and interpreted the much abused words "civil and religious liberty."—The one idea of this party is to reduce or degrade the Catholic priest to the level of a functionary of the State, who shall hold his authority from the civil magistrate, executing his functions at the bidding, and in conformity with the will of the latter. This is no new idea, for it is the idea which dictated the ecclesiastical policy of 1789 as towards the Church. "Mild and conciliatory" the Globe calls it; and, no doubt, had it the power, it is the policy which the Globe would enforce in Canada, even as the triumphant democracy of the United States are now attempting to enforce it in Missouri. On the lips of cis-Atlantic Liberals the words "civil and religious liberty" mean neither more nor less than what is meant by Italian Liberals, when they clamor for "a Free Church in a Free State"—that is to say, a Church subject to the State, and whose Ministers shall be mere State functionaries.

At first sight this may seem inconsistent with the principle embodied in our Canadian Statute Book, by the combined action of Protestant and Catholic Liberals, to the effect that it is desirable to abolish all semblance even of connection betwixt Church and State; but it must be remembered that the proposition as propounded by the Liberal party, means this—that it is desirable to put an end to all assistance given by the State

to the Church considered as an independent and self-governing body; whilst it is by no means intended thereby to renounce the claims of the State to oppress, to control, and spoil the Church. This is why we always find that Liberal Protestant journals, such as the Globe or the Montreal Witness, are at one and the same time ardent admirers both of the extreme "Voluntary Principle" in religion, and of the "principles of '89," which proposed to make of the minister of religion the "salaried functionary of the State."

As applied to themselves indeed, we will readily admit that our Protestant contemporaries are sincere in their advocacy of the "Voluntary Principle," in its integrity: and that whilst repudiating all material assistance from the State, so also, as the logical consequence, they refuse to the latter all right of control or inspection over their religious affairs. To the Catholic Church, however, they apply a different rule.—They will, when she is concerned, insist no doubt upon the "Voluntary Principle" in so far as the latter implies the confiscation of her endowments; but they have no design of coupling the withdrawal of all aid from the State to the Church, with the negation of the right of the State to exercise control over the Church. They would, if possible, give the Catholic Church all the disadvantages of the "Voluntary Principle" without extending to her the compensating advantages of independence. Nay! rather than accord her this advantage, they loudly approve of giving State salaries to the Catholic Clergy, as thereby the latter become the functionaries of the State, pledged to do its bidding, and impotent for good.

We remember some time ago to have seen in the Witness this principle unblushingly avowed, in spite of that journal's well-known advocacy of Voluntaryism. The matter under discussion was the position of ecclesiastical affairs in Mexico, and the writer thus expressed himself:—

"The ingratitude and blindness of the Archbishop have gone so far as to lead him to oppose the confirmation of the titles of those who have purchased Church lands under previous sequestration, whereas it is well known that one of the main principles of '89 is that the Clergy are to be paid and kept in order by the State, and not to be tempted into license and independence by the pestilential system of endowments."

The fundamental principle of the Revolution of '89 with respect to matters ecclesiastical, is fully and fairly stated in the above paragraph; but at the same time it must be remembered that both the Globe and the Witness are enthusiastic admirers of that Revolution, and reproach our Catholic Clergy and the Sovereign Pontiff for their hostility thereto. This shows then what these journals, what the party of which they are the exponents mean, by "a Free Church in a Free State;" what they understand by the words ever on their lips "civil and religious liberty;" and how far they are honest and consistent in their advocacy of the "Voluntary Principle" in religion.

The gentlemen of the Anglican denomination are holding what they call a Synod in Montreal, passing resolutions for the government of their own religious community—a matter with which we have no right to interfere—and voting addresses suited to the occasion. Amongst other things, they have agreed to an Address to the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, condoling with them, in that one section has been divided from the rest by the operation of the civil war; and trusting now that peace is restored, they may again be united into one body. Such an address naturally suggests some very important reflections.

First: How is it, that though Catholics, were just as much subjected to the disintegrating operation of the civil war as were Protestants; that though amongst the former some were to be found warmly espousing the cause of the North, others as warmly espousing the cause of the South—these purely secular conditions or accidents had no effect whatsoever on the unity of their Church; that no one section thereof separated or divided itself from the other because of the violent political divisions of its members; and that throughout the civil war it remained "one" even as it was "one" before the outbreak of civil discord, and as it will remain till time shall be no more.

Secondly the question suggests itself:—What kind of body, or society must that be which is liable to be broken up by mere civil or secular accidents; which is subject to disruption from the same causes as those which lead to the disruption of States; and is united or divided according to the fortunes of war, and the fluctuations of the battle-field? Can such a body be indeed the Holy Catholic Church?

DEPOPULATION OF THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO.—His Lordship the Bishop, on the Feast of the Nativity of the B. V. M. in explaining his well grounded reasons for not rebuilding St. Patrick's Church at present, proceeded to detail to the people in the Cathedral the great loss of population which his diocese has experienced. He said the young men are leaving the country in every direction. His clergy at the last retreat had given him a census of their parishes. At the last government census, in 1861, the Catholics of the diocese of Toronto numbered 42,000 souls. By that given him on the occasion referred to, it was found to contain only 30,000. In Toronto city alone, Catholics had gone away to the States to obtain employment, to the number of 4,000. We have therefore but 8,000 left. In Lower Canada it was much the same. The people were leaving in tens of thousands. Mirror.



PAGE

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PAGE

MISSING



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Will Cure every Case of Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a disordered Stomach.

Observe the following Symptoms: Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Eruptions, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing

Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of the Head, Burning in the Flesh,

Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

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Washington, Jan. 1st, 1864. Gentlemen—Having stated it verbally to you, I have no hesitation in writing the fact...

From the Rev Thos. Winter, D D, Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir: I feel it due to your excellent preparation, Hoofland's German Bitters, to add my testimony to the deserved reputation it has obtained.

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375 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. July 20, 1865. 5w.

AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION FOR 1865,

Open to Competitors from all Canada, WILL BE HELD AT THE CITY OF MONTREAL,

ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY,

The 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of September next IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS,

ST. CATHERINE STREET, And upon the grounds known as the 'Priests' Farm,' Fronting on Guy and St. Catherine Streets.

PRIZES OFFERED—\$12,000.

The Prize List and Rules of the Agricultural Department, and Blank Forms of Entries, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, No. 615 Craig Street, Montreal, or of the Secretaries of County Agricultural Societies.

The Prize List, &c., and Forms of Entries of the Industrial Department, may be obtained of the Secretary of the Board of Arts and Manufactures, 'Mechanic' Hall, Grand St. James Street Montreal.

Entries of Stock, &c., must be made on or before SATURDAY the 2nd September, at the Office of the Secretary, No. 615 Craig Street, Montreal.

Entries of other Agricultural Products and Implements must be made at the same place on or before SATURDAY the 17th September.

Entries in the Industrial Department may be made on or before the 15th day of September, at the Office of the Board of Arts and Manufactures.

A fee of Five Shillings (entitling the holder to free entrance during the Exhibition) will be required from each Exhibitor.

Arrangements have been made with the principal lines of Railways and Steamers to return to their destination unsold goods from the Exhibition free of charge.

Foreign Exhibitors in the Industrial Department will be allowed space, so far as practicable, to display their Products, but cannot compete for Prizes.

For further information, application should be made to the undersigned joint Secretaries of the Lower Canada Agricultural Association.

G. LEOLERO, Secy Board of Agriculture. A. MURRAY, Secy Board of Arts, &c.

Montreal, July 20 1865.

L. DEVANY, AUCTIONEER,

(Late of Hamilton, Canada West.) THE SUBSCRIBER, having leased for a term of years a large and commodious three-story out-stone building—fire-proof roof, plate-glass front, with three flats and cellar, each 100 feet—No. 159 Notre Dame Street, Cathedral Block, and in the most central and fashionable part of the city, purposes to carry on the GENERAL AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS.

Having been an Auctioneer for the last twelve years, and having sold in every city and town in Lower and Upper Canada, of any importance, he flatters himself that he knows how to treat consignees and purchasers, and, therefore, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

I will hold THREE SALES weekly, On Tuesday and Saturday Mornings, FOR GENERAL HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, PIANO-FORTES, &c. &c.

AND THURSDAYS FOR DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, &c., &c., &c.

Cash at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar will be advanced on all goods sent in for prompt sale. Returns will be made immediately after each sale and proceeds handed over. The charges for selling will be one-half what has been usually charged by other auctioneers in this city—five per cent. commission on all goods sold either by auction or private sale. Will be glad to attend out-door sales in any part of the city where required. Cash advanced on Gold and Silver Watches, Jewellery, Plated Ware, Diamond or other precious stones.

L. DEVANY, Auctioneer. March 27 1864.

CHEAP AND GOOD GROCERIES, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform his Customers and the Public that he has just received, a CHOICE LOT of TEAS, consisting in part of—

YOUNG HYSON, GUNPOWDER, Colored and Uncolored JAPANS, OOLONG & SOUCHONG.

With a WELL-ASSORTED STOCK of PROVISIONS, FLOUR, HAMS, PORK, SALT FISH, &c., &c.

Country Merchants would do well to give him call at 128 Commissioner Street. N. SHANNON. 12m.

Montreal, May 26, 1865.

MR. F. TYRRELL, JUN., Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,

CONVEYANCER, &c., MORRISBURG, C. W. Nov. 29, 1864.

MATT. JANNARD'S NEW CANADIAN COFFIN STORE,

Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, MONTREAL.

M. J. respectfully begs the public to call at his establishment where he will constantly have on hand COFFINS of every description, either in Wood or Metal, at very Moderate Prices.

April 1, 1864.

BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA IN LARGE BOTTLES.

The Great Purifier of the Blood! Is particularly recommended for use during SPRING AND SUMMER,

when the blood is thick, the circulation clogged and the humors of the body rendered unhealthy by the heavy and greasy secretions of the winter months. This safe, though powerful, detergent cleanses every portion of the system, and should be used daily as A DIET DRINK,

by all who are sick, or who wish to prevent sickness. It is the only genuine and original preparation for THE PERMANENT CURE

OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND CONFIRMED CASES OF Scrofula or s Old Sores, Boils, Tumors, Abscesses, Ulcers,

And every kind of Scrofulous and Scabious eruptions. It is also a sure remedy for SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, TETTER, SCALD HEAD, SOURVY,

It is guaranteed to be the PUREST and most powerful Preparation of GENUINE HONDURAS SARSAPARILLA, and is the only true and reliable CURE for SYPHILIS, even in its worst forms.

It is the very best medicine for the cure of all diseases arising from a vitiated or impure state of the blood, and particularly so when used in connection with

BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

THE GREAT CURE For all the Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels,

Put up in Glass Phials, and warranted to KEEP IN ANY CLIMATE.

These Pills are prepared expressly to operate in harmony with the greatest of blood purifiers, BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA, in all cases arising from depraved humors or impure blood. The most hopeless sufferers need not despair. Under the influence of these two GREAT REMEDIES, maladies, that have heretofore been considered utterly incurable, disappear quickly and permanently. In the following diseases these Pills are the safest and quickest, and the best remedy ever prepared, and should be at once resorted to.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, DROPSY, and PILES.

Only 25 Cts. per Phial. FOR SALE BY

J. F. Henry & Co. 303 St. Paul Street, Montreal, General agents for Canada. Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Davidson & Co. Picault & Son, H. E. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. La, tham, and all Dealers in Medicine.

12m.