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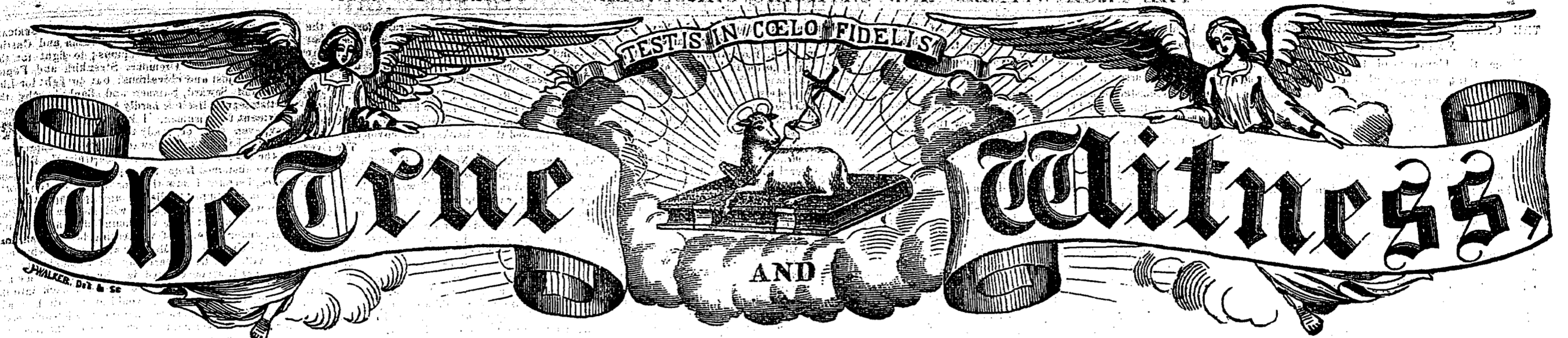
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TURLUGH O'BRIEN;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER XXX.—THE CELL AND THE RIVALS—THE BROKEN CANE AND A LAST CHANCE FOR LIFE.

The evening of the following day had consigned Sir Hugh to a chamber in the Birmingham tower, then the usual state prison, and one of the gloomiest in the old Castle of Dublin. A small apartment, of irregular shape, overspans by a dusky low arch of stone; a single narrow-grated window, scarcely large enough to admit a man's head, and close to the vaulted ceiling, grudgingly lighted the dismal apartment; two or three rude pieces of the commonest furniture thinly occupied the bare stone floor; a truckle-bed, little better than a mat, lay in the corner; a dark festoon of cobwebs waved in the sluggish air, and the low and narrow aperture which gave admission to the room, was occupied by a ponderous door of oak, so studded with nails and screws, and crossed and embedded with rusty bars that scarce an inch of the timber was anywhere apparent. Two figures occupied the room; they were those of the old knight and his fair daughter; he so broken, so furrowed with the lines of age and care, but withal, so majestic in his feebleness and humiliation—she so beautiful, yet so sad, that they might have meekly represented time and sorrow, in their sad companionship.

'This extremity,' continued the old man, pursuing the current of his melancholy discourse, 'would cost me, broken and humbled as I am, scarce a sigh, were it not—were not, I repeat—with an accent as though his heart were breaking, 'my pretty Grace, for thee; who will guard thee and guide thee through these terrible times, my gentle, loving child?'

A rude noise at the entrance interrupted him—the door swung open, and Miles Garrett entered. He had obviously not expected to see the girl there, for he looked surprised and disconcerted, and for a moment hesitated as if he would have retired; the dogged and forbidding aspect which he had at first worn, however, speedily returned, with, perhaps the more sinister darkness, by reason of the effort it cost him to master his strange agitation.

Sir Hugh turned haughtily from him, without rising or speaking a word, and drew his daughter still closer to his side. Miles Garrett took off his hat, then dashed it on again, and glanced with an uncertain look from one to the other; at last he spoke, but not until he had twice or thrice essayed in vain; and when, clearing his husky voice, he did succeed at length, it was with an appearance of something between shame and anger at his own weakness.

'Cousin Willoughby,' he said, gruffly, 'you see how it has gone. I told you so—you would not believe me; but who was right?'

'What do you seek here—what can you want with me?' asked Sir Hugh, without looking towards him, and speaking in a tone of subdued sadness.

'Look ye, cousin Hugh—I don't mean to make professions of friendship; you refused my offers, and I was vexed, spited—what you will, said he, growing more fluent as he proceeded.—'I have let matters take their course hitherto—I have not interposed my interest to protect you—I have stood neutral. Now, mark me, cousin Hugh—I speak advisedly, perhaps—perhaps, I say, it is not yet too late.'

'Words—words—words,' muttered the old knight, softly, as he looked down upon his irons with a bitter smile.

'Yes, words and deeds to match them,' said Garrett, with sudden sternness, 'that was my way from a boy, and that being so, my words are well worth weighing. You think it is too late for help; I say it is not, and the result will prove it.'

a look in which horror and astonishment were blended. 'God forbid—God in his mercy forbid,' he muttered, still drawing his child further back, as if he dreaded even the contagion of his looks. 'Enough!' cried Garrett, ferociously looking from the frightened girl to the indignant countenance of the old knight, and reading at a glance, the hopelessness of his proposal; 'you have had your last offer—your last chance; fortune shall run her own course with you now—you to the gibbet—and you to the streets.—You'll not be the first of your blood who that has come to shame.'

And with a brutal laugh of spite, he shook his hand at the affrighted girl, then turned on his heel, and strode out of the room, white and trembling with rage, which his affected carelessness in vain essayed to conceal.

The last words of the wretch smote like a death-blow upon the brain and heart of the old man. He stood speechless and stunned for a moment, and then a convulsive burst of sobs relieved him, and burying his face in his hands, he sank into his seat.

Meanwhile, along the footway leading from the Cork Tower toward the Birmingham Tower upon the broad platform of the castle wall, a dark-visaged handsome dragoon, his face pale, and his eyes bright with rage, was pacing swiftly.

'Traced home to him—the wretch!' muttered Torlogh O'Brien—for he was the soldier who thus strode along the castle wall—with bitter distinctness, muttering his suppressed imprecations through his set teeth; 'that I should be made the sport of his murderous craft, practised upon by fraud, and made unconsciously to lend myself to such an accursed conspiracy. I could have saved that fine old man; my testimony would have made it impossible to find him guilty; and now, I fear, he is indeed lost—irrecoverably lost! But ha! who's that—by heaven, the murderer!'

With a flushed and stormy countenance, Miles Garrett was just ascending the last step of the long stone flight which led up from the castle yard to the elevated pathway which Torlogh O'Brien trod. As he reached the same level, these two persons confronted one another, at an interval of less than half a dozen paces.

Torlogh O'Brien paused; light and firm he stood upon his graceful limbs—and scornfully shook back his glittering showers of black hair, from his still bronzed features, as he awaited the shambling approach of the ugly and repulsive personage who strode listlessly towards him.

'How comes this, Mr. Garrett?' exclaimed Torlogh, sternly, extending a letter towards the astonished magistrate, 'you undertook, sir, to forward this letter to me; you knew that in all probability a human life depended upon its reaching me in time; and knowing this, you deliberately held it back for two whole days, and let me have it at last too late; explain this, sir, if you can.'

'You've got your letter, young sir; early or late is no affair of mine,' rejoined Garrett sturdily; 'I've neither time nor temper for further questions; and don't imagine, for all your scartlet and gold, that I'll be hectoring here by you; move aside and let me pass.'

'Treacherous coward and ruffian,' retorted Torlogh, incensed at the tone of insolent superiority with which he attempted to carry off his villainy.

'Coward and ruffian in your teeth, you scartlet popinjay,' thundered Garrett, with a sudden burst of ungovernable fury; 'and liar and bully to the back of it. I owe you an old score, and afore God I'll clear it.'

Garrett raised his cane threateningly as he spoke, and strode forward. Perhaps the gesture was one merely of preparation or menace; be that as it may, it had the effect of precipitating the physical collision which it seemed to portend, for Torlogh O'Brien instantly grasped it, and a hot and furious struggle ensued. Three or four seconds, however, determined its issue; the young dragoon, decidedly the more active of the two, forced his antagonist against the lower parapet of the wall, and exerting his whole weight and strength, forced his body so far over it that he had lost his balance; and after a few ineffectual struggles to catch by the edge of the battlement, tumbled backward headlong into the fosse, which at that time was swamped by the river, and presented a broad mantling cesspool of mud and slush. Filthy, stunned, and thoroughly drenched in inky slime, without hat or wig, Miles Garrett ploughed and floundered to the other side, greeted all the way by the hootings and jeers of the idle spectators.

'You come down to us, did you,' said one. 'Why, then, the top of the morning to you,' exclaimed another. 'Your wig and your hat's coming afther you with the sarvants, I suppose,' suggested a third. 'Oh, but's himself that's butthered all over;'

ejaculated a fourth. 'He's the sign of the Black Swan all over, bedad.'

These, and a thousand other pleasantries, enlivened his efforts to mount the bank, which at last he did, half blind with his bath, and giddy with rage.

Meanwhile, having glanced after his discomfited antagonist, and flung his broken cane after him, without waiting to see the issue of the adventure, Torlogh O'Brien descended the steps which Garrett had so lately mounted, and readjusting the disorder of his dress as he proceeded, he made his way directly to the Birmingham tower, where, as we have said, Sir Hugh Willoughby was confined.

With little difficulty or delay, he gained admission to the tower. With feelings strangely agitated and conflicting, he silently ascended the steep dark stairs. The hoarse lock screamed—the bars groaned and clogged—the door rolled open, and Torlogh O'Brien stood before Sir Hugh Willoughby. When the brave young soldier looked upon the old man, whom, spite of the untoward circumstances which made their fortunes, as it seemed, irreconcilably opposed, he could not help liking and admiring when he beheld him thus rigorously a prisoner—when he saw the irons on his limbs, and indignation thrilled him; and a rush, almost of tenderness, on a sudden overpowered his softened heart.

For the first time in his life, he grasped the old man's hands, and wrung them again and again in the warm pressure of unrestrained and generous feeling.

'Sir Hugh—Sir Hugh,' he cried: I did not look to find you thus; you are wronged, you are greatly wronged. 'Fore heaven this must be righted; you shall not lose your life, you shall not perish; there shall be no cruelty, no sacrifice, no judicial murder. Great God this a crying sin, a shame, a burning shame; my heart swells at the sight of these irons.'

'My good friend,' said Sir Hugh, returning his grasp as warmly—for friend I may, and will call you—grieve not for this, it cannot be mended now; and when all is done, 'tis but a few years at most, taken from the end of an old, a very old life; although—'

He was going to have added somewhat, but he sighed bitterly, and became silent.

'No, no, no—it shall not be,' cried Torlogh, passionately; 'there has been foul play here; the king shall bear of it—you shall have justice—you shall not be wronged—you shall not be murdered; I will lose my life first. Let us think of all means—let us try everything; something must be done, one way or another. You shall be saved, cost what it may—you shall not die.'

He turned and looked upon the young lady with a gaze of undisguised pity and admiration; and was there not—or was it fancy—in its quenched and melancholy fires something of a deeper, and still tenderer passion? It seemed as though he was upon the very point of speaking, but some secret influence sealed his lips.

'My poor child has prayed me to suffer her to speak with the king for me,' said Sir Hugh, looking upon her with a faint smile of fondness and melancholy.

'It is wisely thought, Sir Hugh; she may succeed; at least, it is worth a trial,' said Torlogh, earnestly.

'You hear what he says, dear father,' said she with joyful confidence; 'let me go and speak with the king; and God may give me words and wisdom to prevail.'

So speaking she rose, with a bright eye, and a pale and solemn face.

'Nay,' said Sir Hugh, dejectedly, 'it were but a vain endeavor. The spirit in which I have been pursued has been that of uncompromising severity. I have no friends near the king; but, as I have too much reason to believe, many malignant, though, God knows, most unprovoked enemies. What chance, therefore, has this poor child of moving the king's purpose, and softening resolutions so stern and inflexible?'

'Let it be tried, however,' urged Torlogh O'Brien.

'It were but to show a cowardly love of life, ill befitting an old man and a brave one,' responded Sir Hugh; 'it were but adding needless humiliation and shame to misfortunes which have brought me low enough already.'

'Yet, suffer the young lady to make the attempt,' pursued Torlogh, 'I implore of you—I conjure you to permit her.'

The old man heaved a heavy sigh, and answered not.

'Suffer her to go, Sir Hugh; it may be that the wisdom and the mercy of Heaven have inspired this thought; oppose it not,' continued Torlogh; 'and if, in the prayer, be not too bold a one—I will entreat, in all humbleness, of the lady, to allow me to attend her steps, and render whatever service my poor ability can afford.—Command me to the uttermost. I shall be but too happy, too proud, to obey.'

The lady lowered her lustrous eyes, and a

faint tinge warmed her pale cheek. With a beautiful struggle of embarrassment and gratification she murmured her low, sweet thanks for his fervent proffers.

'This is about the hour,' continued Torlogh, 'when the king usually walks in the Castle garden. If it seems well to you, let the attempt be made now. I will endeavor to procure admission for you, and you will then see his majesty face to face, without fear of interruption, and free to listen to your supplication. Let us then, if it be your pleasure, go at once; and, in God's name, try whether you can now prevail with him.'

'You will meet but a cold hearing and a stern judge, my poor Grace, said her father, slowly shaking his head: 'nevertheless, as you desire it still, in God's name, as you say, so be it, go and try. Here,' he added, as he selected a paper from among several which lay upon the rube table beside him; 'here my poor child, is the paper; place it in the king's hand as you desire; but I warn you, be not sanguine; for, calmly viewed, the project is indeed but a hopeless one.'

With a countenance in which hope contended with awe, the pale girl calmly arose, and did on her simple cloak and hood in silence; then kissing her father fondly and sadly, with a lofty and serene, and mournful mien, she passed from the chamber, followed closely by Torlogh O'Brien. The official outside the door closed it with a heavy swing, and Grace was now fairly committed to her agitating enterprise.

CHAPTER XXXI.—KING JAMES IN THE CASTLE GARDEN.

Close upon the further curtain of the Castle, lay the formal garden, in which it was King James' wont, during his anxious sojourn in his Irish capital, to take air, for at least an hour every day.

Across the quadrangle of the old Castle, did Torlogh O'Brien, with his plumed hat in his hand, respectfully conduct the beautiful and silent lady. He led the way into the doorway of a small round tower, one of two which occupied the wall between the Birmingham and Wardrobe towers. A sour-looking bag of some seventy winters, seated upon a stool in a far recess, was at first scarcely visible in the imperfect light of the stone vaulted chamber, as she busily plied her distaff, and chanted, from time to time, a snatch of some old Milesian ballad. As the two youthful visitants entered this grim and darksome abode, the crone raised her shrivelled yellow arm, and with her smoke-dried fingers, swept back the straggling long white locks, peering at them with an expression which was anything but inviting.

'Is Nial in the tower, good dame?' asked Torlogh.

'Is Nial in the tower?' she repeated deliberately, to allow herself full time to reconnoitre; 'no, he isn't—sure he's never where he ought to be—the stork, and why 'ud he be here? Nial indeed!—aye—aye! if its Nial you want, you better go down the back lanes, an' hunt through the shebeen shops, for it's little his ould mother sees iv him.'

The latter part of this harangue was delivered in the way of a discontented soliloquy, and sunk into an inarticulate grumble at the close—and so she pursued her task, as though she had wholly forgotten their presence.

'Well, honest dame,' said Torlogh, endeavoring, by a gentle address, to conciliate the wayward hag—'though Nial is not at home, I dare say the keys are, and if so, you will do us a great kindness by allowing us to pass into the garden.'

'Into the garden, is it? Why then, an' id nothing else sarve you but into the garden itself,' she ejaculated, with all the arrogance of office, as she surveyed them both with a half contemptuous leer. 'Why, then, yez id look well, and the king himself, God bless him, there this minute; maybe it's to walk with himself yez want? well, but that's impudence, is airnest.'

'Nay, madam, we may desire to see the king, and even speak with him, and yet be guilty of no audacity,' said Torlogh, half amused, in spite of his anxiety, at the old woman's official insolence; 'and even such is the truth; this young lady has a message of life and death to deliver to his majesty. I pray you do so much kindness as to turn the key, and suffer us to enter. I will bear you harmless against all consequences—and,' he added, stooping over her, and placing a gold piece in her hand as he spoke, 'and reward you for your pains.'

'Well, well, acushla, stop a bit,' said she, in a softened tone, as she deposited the coin in her withered breast; 'ax me whatever you please, an' I'll not refuse you anything in raison, barrin' letting you into the garden, for that's a thing I wouldn't do for the holy St. Patrick; let alone a sinful young dragoon like yourself; take a pinch iv the snuffin, an' ax anything but that alone.'

her, and affected to partake of its contents.

'Well, then,' said he, 'if you will not allow us both to enter, at least admit this lady.'

'Nonsense!' cried she, 'isn't it all one? I said I wouldn't, an' I'm not going back iv my word. No—I know what it is to crass a proud gentleman like the king. My husband—God rest him, an' glory be his bed—went agin General Cromwell once. They called him bloody Cromwell, an' he had the look iv it—glory be to God—in his face, for I never seen him but my heart riz into my mouth. There was some powder in the store-house tower, over the way, and the general ordered how that no one should smoke a pipe iv tobacco within the two cannons that was outside iv it; an' my husband, the saints resave him, poor Connor—he was an aisy goin', good natured boy, he was so, an' inamin' no harm himself, never troubled his head with diramin' any one else ineant mischief neither; an' the dear man, sure enough, he was smokin' his pipe, quite an' aisy, serenadin' along, right between the two cannons, an' he feels a walking cane just laid on his shoulder: so when he looked round, who id be in it but the general himself, an' he was so bothered that he stood lookin' at him just like a fool, all as one; an' General Cromwell just puts out his hand this way an' he takes the pipe out iv his mouth, an', says he, 'Clap your thumb in the bowl iv it, friend, an' walk before me to the gate-house.' Them was his very words, and poor Connor dar'n't say boo, for there never was the thing yet, bario' the divil maybe, dar crass him—so he stuck his thumb in the pipe, and he was so freckened, he hardly felt it, though it burnt him almost to the bone, an' he walks before him to the guard-room at the drawbridge, and Cromwell gave him in charge iv the officer, and, says he, 'Bring out a file and shoot him at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, for there must be an end of smokin' near my powder,' an' as sure as you're standin' 'ere, he'd have shot him dead the next mornin', only for ould Sir Charles Coote that knew him, and begged his life; but he lost his place, an' for twelve years we wor out iv the Castle, an' a sore time we had iv it; an' it's that that makes me guarded ever since iv going against great men, even in trifles, do you mind.'

As she thus spoke, a key was turned in the door communicating with the garden; it opened, and a tall, striking-looking officer entered from the garden; it was Colonel Sarsfield.

'Ha, O'Brien!' said he, gaily glancing from him to the cloaked form of the girl, 'why, what a romantic tableau!—a youthful warrior, a deserted damsel, and something very like a self-enchantress in the background of this sombre tower. Pruthee, what part is reserved for me; giant or—?'

'Nay, deliverer,' said Torlogh, 'for unless you enact that part, I fear me the adventure must stand still for lack of it.'

And so saying, he drew him aside, and spoke earnestly with him for a few minutes, during which time Sarsfield's countenance grew grave, and he several times glanced with apparent interest at the form of the young lady.

'Certainly,' said he; 'but take my advice and let the lady go alone; his majesty's respect for the sex will ensure her a more courteous hearing, if not a more favorable one, than, perhaps, you or I could hope for.'

Grace thanked him, hurriedly, but earnestly, said she would follow his advice, and go alone; and passing through the narrow portal which he held open with one hand, while with the other he gracefully raised his military hat—she found herself within the tall close hedges and darksome alleys of the formal garden. She walked on slowly to recover her self-possession, and to prepare herself as well as she might, for the agitating interview which was now at hand. She thus passed through the length of the garden, without encountering any living thing, and in like manner through another alley, with its stately statues, showing in classic relief against the deep shadows of the straight yew hedge. As she drew near the corner of this, she felt convinced she should, on turning it, behold the object of her search—and the suspense of that moment so overwhelmed her, that she could scarce summon resolution to pass the angle of the closely shaded walk. She speedily mastered her agitation, however, and drawing a long, deep sigh, like one about to plunge into an unfathomed and perilous sea, she passed onward and entered the long walk. A single glance down its long perspective sufficed to assure her that her anticipations had not misled her. From the further extremity two figures were slowly advancing towards her.—One was that of the king, plainly dressed, and leaning upon a cane; the other was that of a younger man, attired in a suit of black cloth; they seemed to be communicating earnestly, for they often stopped and faced one another, and thus, pursuing their desultory ramble, they slowly approached the spot where she stood.

(To be Continued.)

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

From the Convents of the regular Clergy, and from the chapters of Cathedrals, sprung nearly all the ancient Universities of Europe, Bologna, Cambridge, Pavia, and Paris, both founded by Irishmen, Lyons, Oxford, Cordova, Cracow, Louvaine, and Salamanca, grew from Schools to Colleges, from Colleges to the rank of Universities. The student of Irish history can be at no loss to explain the phenomenon how Erin may justly lay claim to have been, for three hundred years, the School of the West; the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature, as described by Dr. Johnson, although, unlike the countries so taught, she herself never succeeded in establishing a National University. The Schools of Armagh and Lismore, Clonfert and Clonard, Mayo and Clonmacnoise, Bangor and Leiglin, Emyl and Roscarberry, had no superiors in Europe, whether as to the number and rank of their Students, or the fame and success of their Professors. In every, but the modern and legal sense, it is admitted that these were true Universities, or "Schools of Universal Learning"; and Ware, quoting some of the earliest ecclesiastical writers, calls them, "Studia Galliarum florentissima" the flourishing schools of the Gauls, or Gaels. With all the pretensions to antiquity, advanced on behalf of Oxford and Cambridge, neither one nor the other had attained the form or position of a University, nor indeed at the time of the Norman Conquest, had there been any educational establishment, in England, above the character of a School; the first authentic Charter of a College, in Cambridge, dating fully two centuries after the invasion of the Normans. From the end of the eighth, to the beginning of the eleventh century, the Danes, Norwegians, Scandinavians, and Northern Goths, threw themselves, in myriads, upon the shores of Ireland; nor did their incursions cease with their defeat at Clontarf, as they continued up to the Anglo-Norman invasion, which brought a more permanent and equally ruthless foe. During four centuries hordes of these Pagan pirates robbed and burned the Churches, sacked the Cities, destroyed the schools and the Libraries, slew the Teachers, and scattered their legions of Students. Armagh, Bangor, Clonfert, Clonmacnoise, Clonard, Ferns, Kildare, Lismore, in fact every seat of learning in the island, thus suffered, some of them repeatedly, from the plunder, the fire, and the sword of the savage Goths, the glory of whose warfare was cruelty. Weakened and wasted by these barbarians, but still more by intestine feuds and factions that placed the interests of chief or clan above that of the country—derivation to which the feudalism of the time rendered practically impossible—the Anglo-Normans easily effected a partial footing in Erin. While the Universities of Padua and Montpellier were being founded, the archers of the Strongbows, the De Lacys, and the De Courcys were measuring strength with the gallowglasses of Munster and Connaught. Naples, Vienna, the Sorbonne (Paris), and Salamanca called their Universities into existence, at the period when the Irish Kings and Chiefs first essayed to give united opposition to the Invaders. John Leech, an Englishman, who had been Almoner to Edward II., was raised to the Archbishopric of Dublin, and he applied for, and obtained from Pope Clement V., a Bull dated, 13th July, 1311, for the foundation of University in Dublin; the Archbishop dying, however, next month, the project fell to the ground. Archbishop De Bicknor, his successor, having renewed the foundation, and obtained from Pope John XXII., a confirmation of the Charter, issued Rules for the Government of the University, including the granting of Degrees, which Rules bear date 10th Feb. 1320. Degrees, both in Divinity and Canon Law, were actually conferred by the University, and a Divinity Lecture even founded, therein, by Edward III. The Records of the Irish Court of Chancery contain the statute for the foundation of another University in Drogheda, passed by a Parliament held there November 1365, from the terms of which statute we learn the total failure of that created in Dublin. This act endowed the new foundation with every privilege and faculty enjoyed by the University of Oxford, seven of whose twenty Colleges and one of whose five Halls were then in existence. No adequate provision was made for the maintenance of either the Dublin or the Drogheda University, but, even had it been otherwise, the intense hostility felt towards their Anglo-Norman projectors, one of whose avowed objects in founding those institutions was "to advance good," meaning their "Government and also prevent Riot, ill-meaning native Government and extortion in the Land," the complete isolation of the Pale, in relation to the whole Kingdom, and the concentration of the national energies, in a powerful effort to expel the Saxons, precluded the possibility of their success. Less than three years after the date of the Pope's Bull, founding the Dublin University, Edward Bruce, with a portion of the victors of Bannockburn, on the invitation of the Irish, landed at Carrickfergus, where they were joined by the O'Neils of Ulster, seconded by the O'Connors of Connaught to make a brave, but as it proved, unsuccessful attempt, to annihilate the Saxon power in Ireland, as had been so nobly done, by Robert Bruce, the year before, in Scotland. These wars, carried into the four Provinces, destroyed several schools; impaired the efficiency of others, and prevented the founding of new educational institutions. When Pope John XXII., acting on the misrepresentations of agents of Edward II., issued a sentence of excommunication against Edward Bruce and his Irish adherents, Donald O'Neil, King of Ulster, by a most spirited remonstrance, elicited from the Pope, a reclamation to the English Monarch against the cruelties practised towards the Irish Nation. The latter half of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century developed the power of the Saxon to persecute and of the natives to resist. The Statute of Kilkenny, prohibiting the Irish language, Irish apparel, and Irish customs, forbidding the presentation of mere Irishmen to ecclesiastical benefices, and their admission into religious houses, making penal the use of the Breton law, and even the entertainment of the na-

live bards and minstrels, was a declaration of perpetual war against the native population. The usage which threw down was accepted by the English, round whose standard the chiefs of Leinster, Ulster, and Kildare, and Athlone saw the heir of Henry IV. lying wounded and defeated, within sight of the Castle, saw the Pale circumscribed by the walls of Dublin, and Black Rent paid to King Art and his House, for tolerating his subjects, Saxon settlers, in Ireland. While our fathers were thus occupied, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, religion and literature, though greatly retarded, were far from being neglected. More than one hundred Abbeys, Priors, Convents, and Religious Houses were founded within this period. At home, the famous Florence M'Ellin, Archbishop of Tuam, lectured on Canon Law, in the School of the Dominicans, Athlone; the annals of Innisfallen, of Multifarnham, of Lecain, and of John Clyn, were written; and abroad, John De Sacro Bosco professed Mathematics in Paris, where, he wrote an admirable treatise on the Sphere, and another on the Calendar; Peter Ilbernicus filled the chair of Philosophy in Naples, to which he was invited by the Emperor Frederick II., St. Thomas Aquinas, father of the Thomist School, being amongst his pupils; Thomas Palmer was a fellow of the Sorbonne, and an author of the highest eminence; the Universities of Oxford and Treves alike gloried in the fame of David O'Buggy, the Carmelite, an excellent Philosopher, Orator, and Divine, so that, as Ware says, "he was esteemed, the Light, the Eye and Honor of the Irish Nation;" and John Duns Scotus, from Lecale, in Dublin, the father of the School of Scotists, lectured successively, in the Halls of Oxford, Paris, and Cologne, and dying at the age of 34, left behind him a reputation in philosophy second to none in Europe. In the last half of the fourteenth century, at the very period when the Statute of Kilkenny banned the use of our national language; under pain of forfeiture of lands, and of imprisonment Chaucer, Gower, Wickliffe, and Langland commenced to soften the asperities of the Anglo-Saxon, by an infusion of Normanisms; Petrarch was polishing the "Rustica Romana Lingua," which Dante, the father of modern poetry, had moulded into shape, and which Ariosto and Tasso were destined to enrich and complete; while during the protracted but successful war of Art. M'Murroch, several continental peoples, best with domestic peace, were founding Universities, amongst others, the Sapienza (Rome), Avignon, Cologne, Cracow, Geneva, Leipzig, Lisbon, Prague, and St. Andrew's (Scotland). The middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century, afforded no gleam of hope to light the dark night which fell on Ireland. The Statute of Trim, known as the Head Act, passed in 1465, empowered any of the English settlers, to take, kill, and cut the heads off any Irishmen found out of the company of some one in English apparel. The Portreeve of Trim was bound to place such heads upon stakes or spears at the Castle; and the bringer of each such head was at liberty to distrain, and levy, with his own hand, as his reward, two pence on every man having a ploughland in the Barony; one penny on every man having half a ploughland; the same on every man having a house and goods worth forty shillings; and a halfpenny on every cottier having a house and smoke. The support given to the pretensions of Simnel and Warbeck, the passing of Poyning's Act, and the defeat of the Irish, at the battle of Knocknought, all flung the country at the feet of the Invaders, and encouraged Henry VIII. to discard in 1541, the modest title of Lord, and, for the first time, assume that of King of Ireland. The suppression of the Religious Houses, the confiscation of Church property, out of which the literary institutions were supported, and the attempts, everywhere made, to introduce the new Reformation, soon obliterated the last vestige of the venerable, the ancient, the truly famous Schools of Erin. It is of deep importance that we should now consider the change which the introduction of the so-called Reformation produced, in relation to the educational institutions of Ireland. In 1556, a packed Parliament voted Henry VIII. Supreme Head of the Church, and suppressed the larger Abbeys and Priors, which were granted to the King. The following year, the Parish School Act was passed, which required every new Incumbent, by oath, and on pain of forfeiture of his benefice, "to keep, or cause to be kept, a School in his Parish, in order to learn himself, and introduce the English tongue, and cause the people to bid the beads in English." Thirty-seven years afterwards, Diocesan Free Schools—to be built in the shire towns, and presided over by English Masters—one-third of whose endowment was levied on the Bishop, and two-thirds on the Clergy, were founded, to secure "a due and humble obedience from the people to their Princes and Rulers, as commanded by the Holy Scriptures, whose ignorance of those high points touching their damnation, proceedeth only of lack of good bringing up of youth of this realm, either in public or private Schools." Here were two general schemes, one of Primary, the other of Collegiate Schools, and suitable provision made for their endowment, out of the ecclesiastical benefices wrested from Catholics; yet the avowed object of both schemes was to Protestantise and to Anglicise the youth of Ireland. On the dissolution of the Abbeys, Henry VIII. bestowed the Priory of All Hallows, in Hoggin Green, founded by Dermot M'Murroch, in 1166, with its valuable lands and Rectories, upon the Corporation of Dublin, which Monastery, then dilapidated, on the application of Archbishop Loftus, was presented by the Mayor and Council as a suitable site for a College. Queen Elizabeth, in 1590, issued a Royal License, or Letters Patent, for the new Foundation, but the Charter of the University bears date 1592, and the following year students were admitted. Besides the annual pension of £388 15s. paid out of the Exchequer, King James endowed the College with large tracts of the confiscated estates in Ulster. Primary Schools, Diocesan Colleges, and a University were, thus early, not only founded, but endowed, within fifty-seven years from the passing of the first Schismatical Act by the Parliament of the Pale. Complete as was this scheme of education, it had yet to be supplemented by two highly important auxiliaries, soon after brought to its aid. King James, in 1608, granted 100,000 of the 511,465 acres of Confiscated estates in Ulster, for Church, School, and Corporate purposes, in order, as he states, "To stir up and recall the province of Ulster from superstition, rebellion, calamity, and poverty, to the true religion of Christ; and to obedience, strength, and prosperity." One of the most prominent features in this Plan was the foundation and endowment of seven large Collegiate Establishments, or Royal Schools—Armagh, Bunsickill, Dungannon, Carrig, Raphoe, Carrystort, and

Whether the suddenness which would have exhibitions offered to them in the new University, Erasmus Smith, in 1661, bequeathed his estates, containing 72,958 acres, to found Primary, and also Grammar, or Intermediate Schools, for Protestants alone; from which estate special Professorships are endowed in Trinity College, as well as numerous exhibitions therein for the students in the Grammar Schools of this foundation. Besides all these, in the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, there were founded, out of confiscated, corporate, or private property, several Endowed Colleges, as Foyle (Londonderry), Kilkenny, and Midleton; and also Endowed Schools, as Lifford, Clonmel, Bandon Young, and Kinsale, connected with which Colleges and Schools there are numerous Free Scholarships, Bursarships, and Exhibitions. While the head of the venerable Earl of Desmond was impaled on London Bridge, and his 600,000 acres were being divided amongst the Palatines, the poet Spenser, Secretary to the Lord Deputy, and Laureate to Elizabeth, writing from Kilkenny, Co. Cork, thus describes the condition to which the unsuccessful followers of Desmond were reduced:—Out of every corner of the woods and glens, they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts, crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carcases, happy when they could find them; and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, these they sucked to, as to a feast, for a time. The victories of Hugh O'Neill, of Rory O'Moore, and of others of the Irish Chiefs, led, eventually, to somewhat similar results in Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught—slaughter, famine, pestilence, and confiscation. It was at this terrible juncture that the Diocesan Schools, Trinity College, and the Royal Schools were founded. The seventeenth century found Europe shaking off the yoke of feudalism, and stimulated by the Printing Press, literature and science were, every where, cultivated with marvellous success. "Bagnall," Stafford, Munro, Cromwell, Ireton, and William of Orange were, however, the chief and most active Teachers who ushered into Ireland. While, from their pulpits, Bossuet, Fenelon, and Massillon transfused France with sublime oratory, while Corneille, La Fontaine, Moliere, Boileau, Racine, plied the plastic, medieval Romance, moulding and bending it into all the varied and exquisite genres of Comedy, Satire, Tragedy, and Fable, while Montesquieu vindicated a humane Spirit in the Laws, Ireland was solely occupied in the feverish alternations of victory and defeat, on many a hard-fought field, from the Blackwater to Benbulbin. Some years before the author of "The Fairy Queen" was called to his last account, Hugh O'Neill's victorious sword glided over the corpse of Marshal Bagnall; and while Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden were perfecting the English language, and investing it with immortality, the Confederate Catholics were making their last gallant stand for Faith and Fatherland, at Kilkenny, Benbulbin, Drogheda, the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick. Proscribed by Statute, its use made treasonable, the loved Gaelic of Erin appears to have rendered its closing national service at the very time when this galaxy of genius was perfecting the tongues of France and England, Brother Michael O'Gleary and his associates having completed the Annals of the Four Masters, in the Franciscan Convent of Donegal, just before the Pope and by Spain, had issued its national Great Seal—Pro Deo, Rege, et Patria, Hiberni Unanimis. It is not necessary to detail, with minuteness, the Penal Laws of Charles, William, Anne, and the first Georges. Catholics were excluded from Parliament, from Grand Juries, from voting, from Corporate offices, from Parish Vestries, from the Army and Navy, from the use of arms, from being fowlers, or gamekeepers to Protestants, from being makers, or apprentices to makers of fire-arms, from the medical and legal professions, from leasehold property beyond a term of 31 years, from disposing of estates by will, from lending money, on landed security, from possession of a horse exceeding £5 in value, from being Guardians of minors, from keeping Schools, from procuring the education of their children at home, and from sending their children abroad for education. Fined for being absent from Church, fined for attending Mass, fined for not working on Catholic holidays, fined for attending Holy Wells, or Pilgrimages thereto, his property confiscated if any portion of it be left for superstitious uses, liable to be disinherited by a conforming son, thus living, the Catholic could obtain education by felony only, and dying, it was penal even to bury him in any other than a Protestant churchyard. The American War of Independence, the Volunteers of '82, and the French Revolution caused the recognition of the existence of the Catholics of Ireland, and a slight abrogation of this infamous code, one of the concessions being the admission of Catholics to Trinity College, in 1793, with a consideration of which privilege we shall open our notice of the Catholic University of Ireland, to which this article is an essential preliminary.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, a Catholic clergyman, has published in the Morning News a correspondence between him and the Chief Secretary, in which he makes strong complaints about the alleged ill-treatment of young female paupers in the South Dublin Union,—young leads to insubordination among the inmates. He alleges that religious bigotry among the guardians has something to do with their harsh treatment, and that "the opposition to these poor fatherless children became actually envenomed because their claim was taken up and urged by Catholic clergymen." Dr. Spratt wishes that—"A system of industrial training should be introduced into the rearing of youthful females—a system based on kindness, and calculated to impress upon their youthful minds the desire of being tendered fit to earn their bread—a system which if carried fairly and properly, without any niggardliness, would render the workhouse girl a household treasure, instead of, as under the present false and cruel system, a byword of reproach, and would, whatever her lot was—domestic service or emigration—make her fully self reliant and well fitted to meet the duties of her position. I would wish that this industrial training would go hand in hand with religious and moral instruction, which would teach her to subdue her passions and fortify herself against temptation, and thus preserve herself in the paths of virtue. I would desire that officials would be divested of all extraordinary power, the capriciousness of which leads to such scandal, such hatred, and such controversy. That there should be no black-holes or loathsome cells; but that a reasonable system of rewards—of advancement in some way for merit, and of degradation for the reverse—should be established, such as has been found to work so well in the reformatory system." Sir Robert Peel replies that he has read the statement interest, and concern, particularly as during his brief residence in this city he has not remained in ignorance of the philanthropy and charity which have distinguished Dr. Spratt's exertions on behalf of this unfortunate class of our population. He adds:—"I cannot, however, at once be expected to suggest a remedy for the defects you point out, but I wish to express my acknowledgements to you for bringing this subject under my notice. I shall not lose sight of it, and I shall rejoice in the opportunity of being enabled, to some extent, to give practical working to the recommendations which your experience suggests as a means of protecting young females against temptation, of preserving them in the paths of virtue, and of training them to the duties and responsibilities of their position." As the ladies of the Social Science Association, as well as the Sisters of Charity, have liberty to bring

their influence to bear for the moral reform of the female population of this workhouse, it is hoped that the scandalous conduct between the inmates and the authorities, which have long given it notoriety, will soon cease. Times Cor. Flooding of Rivers in County Antrim.—From the immense quantity of rain which fell on Friday night, last several of the rivers in County Antrim have overflowed their banks, and covered a great deal of the country in the neighborhood. The river Main, over which the Northern Counties Railway passes near Bellaghy, rose very high on Friday night from the great rain, and overflowed its banks, the strong current carrying with it, corn, hay, or any other crop which had been cut and was lying in the fields near. On Saturday and Sunday, men and women were busily engaged in trying to save, by means of large-nets, as much as possible of their crop, which had in this manner become almost totally lost. Potatoes and turnips were altogether buried by the water. In some cases where the flood came near to a dwelling-house the inhabitants had to resort to boats. On Friday night the River Bann was also flooded by the heavy rains, and the river near Olerain was reported to have risen higher than it had done for eleven years, previously. A great deal of grain was likewise lost in that neighborhood. One farmer is said to have had upwards of 100 stooks of corn swept away. The loss of the farmers, at both places, will no doubt, be very heavy. Cor. of Waig. THE HARVEST AND THE CROPS.—The gathering of the grain crops in the north-western counties may be said to be now almost completed, except in some high districts, and the produce has been fairly tested in the thrashing of portions of the crop. The return of oats, our staple cereal, is about an average, certainly not more, and the bulk in straw a full average. Wheat, being only very sparingly cultivated here, is not of much amount in the statistical economy of farm produce; but the autumn-sown portion, notwithstanding the wetness of the summer will give a fair produce. Potatoes are bad in the extreme. Their growth was cut off before they had realised bulk, except in the case of the early varieties; and they are now diseased to the extent of a full half. There will certainly be less food from the potato crop for the population of the north of Ireland this year than has been in any season for the last six or seven. Derry Journal. The Poor Law Commissioners have addressed circulars to the Unions of Ireland, requesting returns respecting the quantity and quality of the potato crop. These returns will give a tolerably correct idea of the extent of the failure. Some Unions have already given returns, announcing that one-half, or even two-thirds, of the crop are destroyed. Reports to nearly the same effect are contained in the newspapers from various parts of the country. But it is difficult to reconcile this fact with the high price of potatoes, 10d a stone, in Dublin. If the disease prevailed to the extent alleged the crops would be buried into the market, and a great reduction of price would be the natural consequence. Even if exports to England and Scotland were unusually large there must still be a considerable reduction in prices from the gutting of the home-market by persons eager to get rid of the crop before the progress of the disease made it utterly worthless. It appears from the tables published annually by the Registrar-General that the yield of the potato crop last year was smaller than in any year since the famine, though, with the exception of 1859, the quantity of land devoted to the crop was the greatest of all. In 1847, it was, in round numbers, 28,000 acres; in 1860 it was 117,000. Yet, strange to say, the produce was nearly as great in the former year as in the latter, it being per statute acre 57 barrels in 1847, and only 18 barrels in 1860. This shows that the impression that the potato was gradually recovering its former healthy condition is a mistaken one; in fact, it has been rather degenerating since 1847, the year after the general failure. This does not prove that the crop cannot be restored; it only proves that the means employed to restore it while the panic lasted have been unaccountably neglected. Potatoes get into a state of decay from causes that produce the decay of any other crop, and these causes are preventable. The farmers reverted to the use of worn-out degenerate seed, which they committed to worn-out soil. A proper selection of foreign seed and of fresh ground for the crop, due care in draining, cultivation, and weeding, all of which were anxiously attended to with the best results in 1847, would have produced similar results ever since, had not the farmers relapsed into their old lazy feeling of security, for which they are now again likely to be severely punished. In the linen trade business has been dull, shipments to America rare, but orders for the French markets pretty large. The finer branches of the damask trade are kept in full operation. Manufacturers are generally bare of stocks. There has been little change in the flax-market for the last eight days. The Northern Mill in its commercial epitome for the week observes:—"The Irish banks continue in a very favorable position. In the circulation of notes there is some decrease, owing chiefly to the small amount of business doing in the country and the lessened activity of enterprise in nearly all branches of manufacture. Harvest operations still lag behind; the wet weather is much against the finish of cutting down and carrying home, but much of the grain still lying out might have been safely housed had more exertion been used to take full advantage of the occasional periods of dry weather. In several of the mountainous districts of Down, Antrim, Tyrone, and Derry there is a good deal of grain yet on the foot. Should the weather be favorable, all the late crops will have been cut down by the end of next week. More activity prevails in the different departments of local commerce." THE TIMES AGRICULTURAL CORRESPONDENT IN KERRY.—We have seldom seen more ignorance with regard to our country than has been displayed in the random letter of the Times Correspondent. With regard to labour, he must have been reading of the state of things which prevailed some twenty years ago; for, though the condition of the labourer, between the landlord and tenant, is far from being what it ought to be, the scale of 6d. a day, or a day's diet for a day's work, is with the things of the past. Killarney, too, is not "Kerry," and the county at large is very little influenced by the philanthropic operations to which the Correspondent refers as peculiar to the district of the Lakes. Travels Correspondent. A GOOD LANDLORD.—The poor people of Inagh have experienced great liberality at the hands of Mr. Kenny, since he became a proprietor. He has already subscribed the magnificent sum of fifteen pounds towards the erection of the new Catholic church at Inagh, and now comes forward with a further proof of his liberality in giving a donation of two rods of land to be appropriated for a school and play ground for the use and benefit of the children of the people of this hitherto much-neglected district. And not only has he given the land for this laudable object, but he engages to "pay the amount for which his tenants may be liable."—Clare Journal. HARD TIMES FOR CLERKS.—No stronger proofs of the number of clerks either wholly or very poorly employed in Belfast at present, owing to the general dullness of trade, can be supplied than that furnished by the fact, that for the situation of assistant clerk in the borough accountant's office, at a very moderate salary, there are some fifty candidates. Mr. Preston, of Tilbury-place, in this city, has again this year tried the experiment of cutting the stalks of the potato while in a green state, both in his ground in the country and in his garden in town. He, however, this year left a portion of the potato stalks in each place uncut, to test the experiment properly, and the result is that the tubers of those which had the stalks cut have entirely escaped the blight, and those the stalks of which were left uncut have been very generally affected with the disease. Kilkenny Moderator.

THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.—It may be noted that upon this occasion (the session of 1814), Mr. Grattan applauded Mr. Peel's moderation and temper under the provocations he had received, and even admitted the wisdom and justice of his protective measure of police, which has kept for the constables up to this day, what it afterwards gained for them in England, the cognomen of "Peelers." The Irish police of the days of Peel's secretaryship then, however, only gave the clue and initiative to what England, Ireland, and Scotland have since adopted as their system of social protection. Besides touching firmly on the evils of absenteeism, he advocated practical improvements in Ireland. In his speech on Sir John Newport's motion, in 1816, he also paid a very true, and, at the same time a graceful tribute to the moral character of Irish people discriminating between the comparatively few evil-doers and the many who suffered from their faults. The following extract from the speech alluded to will show the feeling he entertained towards them. "I am far from meaning to say, that the dreadful offences common in Ireland arise from the generally malignant or depraved character of the lower orders. In different counties, different characters are presented. I have myself been in some; and it is impossible to find anywhere men more tractable, more obedient to the laws, or more disposed to pay all deference to their superiors. I am ready to declare, that it is impossible to see them without admiring many of their qualities. I believe indeed, that the character of the Irish people has been variously misrepresented in general,—not from any deliberate design, but because, in fact, they were presented under different aspects. From my observation of them, I believe they possess great fidelity; in their dealings with each other, great honesty; in their early marriages they are in general very chaste; and, be it told to their honour, that certain crimes which disgrace and degrade more civilized countries, are utterly unknown to them. I am even told that the Irish language does not possess a name by which they can be designated."—Life of Sir Robert Peel. ROBERT EMMET AND SARAH CURRAN.—A monstrous falsehood appears in the new edition of "The Universal Biography," now in course of publication in Paris, which is thus noticed by the Paris Correspondent of the Globe:—"Standard works are not always reliable. The new volume of Biographie Universelle ('improved edition'), at article Robert Emmet, states 'he was denounced to the Government by one Curran whose daughter he had seduced.' This is the heroine of Tom Moore's melody—"She is far from the home where her young hero sleeps," &c. And the slur on her memory, as well as her father's, John Philpot, is the more unpardonable, as in a previous volume, article Curran, full justice is done both. It is difficult to account for a misrepresentation so flagrant and so utterly and notoriously contrary to the truth. The ignorant and reckless writer of the article on Robert Emmet imputes to John Philpot Curran—"one Curran," as he flippantly designates the brilliant Irish orator—the baseness of having betrayed Robert Emmet to the government; and, with heartless indifference to truth and charity, he speaks of the pure-minded and devoted Sarah Curran as if she had been the victim of seduction! Of such materials is modern history made up by rash and ignorant pretenders, even for such a work as "Biographie Universelle." This notice of the cruel calumnies that have been allowed to disgrace that work, to the detriment of the publishers, will, we doubt not, commend their observation; and we trust that care will be taken for the prompt correction of errors so gross, and in reference to matters which, it appears, had been truly described in a previous edition.—Evening Post. A Correspondent writing to the Irish Times reveals a serious state of things by a complaint against the Protestant Curate of St. Andrew's parish in this city. In the ornamentation of their church-buildings as well as of the books, desks, &c., used by our Protestant friends in worship, it seems that a certain style of ornamentation is commonly enough used. We are given to understand, have generally a Pagan meaning, and are, therefore, allowable. But on last Sunday the engraving of St. Andrew was shocked at perceiving an ornament on a prayer-book, used by the officiating minister, which, horrible to relate, was neither a unicorn nor a griffin, and did not refer to a Queen, King, or Duke of Great Britain—in fact, it was entirely Christian and perfectly symbolical of Christ's atonement on Calvary! At this sight, says the Irish Times correspondent, "I was surprised, and my spirit was stirred within me." "In his (the minister's) hand he held a small Church of England prayer-book, on the cover of which was impressed the figure of a gilt crucifix." Manifestly Calphas himself could not have had his "spirit stirred within him," more fearfully at seeing the figure of the ignominious gibbet on a prayer-book in the Synagogue! The thing was outrageous! Nero himself would embrace the Irish Times correspondent, could those worthies but meet, and exclaim "Brother, brother, we hate the same thing; our spirits are equally stirred within us at sight of that thing of odium to all but those infatuated followers of Jesus of Nazareth!" Mahomet, too, if at hand, would give the bewailing Dublin "Protestant" a fraternal salutation—"Brother, you are worthy of Islamism. You are shocked at what these Christians (dogs and sons of dogs) actually glory in. One of their apostates boasts that he is not ashamed of it; but all children of the Prophet know the gallow's tree of Calvary is a sign of shame. But something more, quite as bad, remains to be told of the guilty Protestant Minister of St. Andrew's by the complaining correspondent of the Irish Times. "I observed," he says, "that on repeating the Apostles' and Nicene Creed (sic) the minister always bowed reverentially at the name of Jesus whenever it was pronounced by him; during the celebration of the morning and evening service." Palliation of this crime, we take it, is absolutely out of the ques-

tion. The minister has not yet replied, but we do not see what he can plead, if it be really true that he was guilty of "reverencing" the name of Jesus, instead of "denying our Divine Redeemer" just as he would name some trader or green grocer of the city. It would be observed, is not the charge made that the Irish Minister's correspondent, Captions, indignantly, for calling it simply blasphemous; but we judge that the voice of the congregation of St. Andrew's will support the doctrine of the correspondent, since he says: "Many of them on leaving said they would not attend on his (the reverencing clergyman's) ministrations," so long as he continued such practices; "novelties," we are told, "not to be found in the Word of God," nor, I am "not to be found in the other churches in this city," thankful to say, in the Curate of St. Andrew's. Altogether, we suppose the Curate of St. Andrew's is in trouble. He will be severely taught that a Protestant minister in these days cannot be guilty of exhibiting a Christian sign, or reverencing the name of Jesus with impunity.—Dublin News.

STRONG LANGUAGE.—The Weekly Register copies from a London Protestant paper some remarks indulged in by the latter upon "Irish Volunteer Companies," and pertinently asks if Englishmen have any right to complain of the occasional violent and anti-English tone of the Irish press.—Subjoined is the article from the English Protestant paper alluded to:—

"In the sister island patriots have contracted a habit of spitting fire; they act Sinbad to certain obnoxious Old Men of the Mountain; their blunderbusses hold an ugly countenance of going off behind hedges. It is the Roman element that poisons the Irish system. The men who ask to be trusted with the deadliest instruments of war, to be brigaded in battalions, to be honoured as the 'cheap defence' of the United Kingdom, to be the body-guard of the Throne and the Constitution, are liable to the dictatorship of rebels, of forgers, of spies, schemers, and traders in disreputable intrigue. They belong to the Pope no less than the bandits of the Marches. They are of the same brood as the miscreants that infest the mountains of Calabria. They are the swine of the Roman Catholic Church; and who can wonder that English Administration hesitates to put in their hands the opportunity of a civil war? They comprehend the arts of making sugar from beet-root, and of distilling whiskey from peat; but do they never drink the Pope's health before the Queen's at a public banquet? We are not going, as they may rest assured, to enlist legions for St. Jarlet's (sic) or St. Particles (sic), for Tuam, All-Hallows, or Drumcondra, with their treacherable doctrines, and their atrocious congregations. When these conspirators are disbanded, it will be time to enrol riflemen in Ireland. There is no general imputation against the Irish people; neither is there against the Hindus; yet we might not be justified in entrusting a hundred thousand disbanded Sepoys with parks of Armstrong artillery. There is a moral army of occupation in that island, an army devoted to the Popedom, an army of spoliators and impostors, an army that has for hundreds of years ravaged and rifled the Irish nation. If the British Government is obdurate in its refusal to sanction Irish Volunteer Corps, it is because Ireland has not hitherto declared herself with sufficient emphasis against either agrarian outrage or political conspiracy. We have no wish to ventilate mischievous follies like this which deserve to be forgotten: so be it. But when the English papers tell us of any violent language which may chance to drop from a speaker at an Irish meeting, let them remember these monstrous insults upon a great nation so closely united to ourselves; and that, somehow or other, it pays to write and print them in London.

The Lion of the Fold of Judah has placed before the Irish public his views as to the policy we should pursue in the present emergency, and we cannot see how the most obstructive caviller can refuse to admit the perfect truth of every principle he propounds and the force of every point he urges. The plain duty, then, of every honest Irishman is clearly to prepare sincerely to adopt his propositions, and give practical effect to his advice. We perceive some Whig journals, particularly a morning metropolitan contemporary, whose Whig predilections have long been manifest, seek to persuade the public that his Grace is on their side, because he does not praise the Tories; but any one who reads his Grace's clear and masterly letter, which appears in our columns to-day, will see that while—like ourselves—he has no undue confidence in the Tories, he holds, as the first great political necessity, now certain and proximate downfall of the present ministry. It is really surprising how much the Whigs have been able to effect by a few paltry bribes, in this country, and the holding out of the hope of an unlimited number. Every one who expected one for himself, or for a brother, a son, or a nephew, or for any other interest he valued above his country, at once became a Whig political agent, and brought all his weight to bear on such journals as he could influence. The results have been lamentably manifest in the false pretences and special pleading with which the public judgment is wrapped, and the public integrity mystified. Bad as the Tories are, they at once offered a magnificent state provision to meet the famine, while the Whigs deliberately doled out a sham relief, devised with diabolical cunning, to defeat its object; glomting, meanwhile, over the ravages of the destroyer they affected to arrest, and the pestilence and crowbar operations that followed in its train. Yes, bad as the Tories are, they would not have planned and assisted in the plunder of the Pope, and been "bottle-holders" for the infidel revolutionists of Europe. It is surprising how much the unfortunate ignorance of Irish history amongst Irishmen is turned to account by those who have an interest in misleading public opinion in this country. Great pains are taken to identify the Orangemen with the Tories, and lead people to think that the Whigs are protecting us from them, while the real facts are, that the Orangemen are only the janissaries of the Whigs, who were themselves the first Orangemen, and who brought William of Orange over from Holland, while the Tories, Catholic Protestant, fought in defence of their rightful Sovereign. This true, the Orange janissaries, who are very straightforward in their views, do not well understand humbug, and occasionally express their disapprobation when they think it is carried too far by their rulers, but your modern Whigs, who can quote not only political economy and expediency, but even Scripture for their purpose, always manage to restore their good humor. Who was it gave the muskets and ammunition from the government stores to arm these Orange janissaries in 1848? Was it not the Whigs. Who feel it convenient to use the Orangemen to attack the Catholics, now and then, just that they may make a great fuss about coming to the rescue after the harm is done? Is it not the Whigs. If any one requires proof of this just let him run back over the last twenty years of Irish history, and see whether it was under Whigs or Tories the greatest number of outrages occurred. Let him extend historical researches for a longer period; and see by which of the two parties the greater amount of benefit was conferred, and of injury inflicted. The investigation will, we promise him, considerably open the eyes of his understanding. Tories have done bad things, particularly since the rise of Whiggery; but it was mainly in proportion as they approximated to the Whigs. One thing is certain—although we don't expect the placableness or their organs to admit they agree with us—that of the two evils, the Tories would be incomparably the Tories would be incomparably the lesser, and while nothing but humbug, insult, or oppression, except the few bribes, can be got from the Whigs without the aid of the Tories in opposition we might extort something from the Tories. One great boon we are satisfied we would get, if ourselves should not prevent it by some such course as recently dis-

appointed the hopes of the country—the comparatively excellent Tenant Right Bill which they formerly offered us. Better of course than either Whig or Tory would be a just and honorable administration, having nothing in view but the good of the country. However, as the advent of such a millennium throws as yet no shadow before us, we must be content with either one or other of the possibilities with which we have particularly to deal, and use our constitutional influence to extort as great a modicum of justice from it as possible. This can only be done by Independent Opposition, on which subject we refer our readers to the letter of the patriot Archbishop of Tuam. And we don't believe, after his exposition of his views on this subject, it will be any longer prudent for certain of our contemporaries to affect to sneer at this great political agency.—Wexford People.

THE GLENVEAGH OUTRAGE.—COMMITTEE OF MR ADAM'S STEWARD.—The magistrates assembled at Church Hill Petty Sessions, county of Donegal, on the 19th inst., to investigate the circumstances of the attack on the Connaghans, when Adam Grierson, Mr. Adam's steward, was fully committed to Lifford Jail, to abide his trial at the next assizes. The magistrates refused to take bail for his appearance.—Post.

GREAT BRITAIN. THE GREAT EASTERN—IS SHE A FAILURE?—Never in the history of navigation was a ship more severely and completely tested, and from the experience of this voyage very definite conclusions may be arrived at as to the qualities and powers of the Great Eastern. In the first place, her steadiness is a myth. Never did a vessel roll more frightfully. But this was probably mainly due to the insufficiency of her ballast. In this respect, it is probable that any other steamer would have been worse if sent to sea so light. We have known most of the Collins's line of steamers particularly—and their models are considered the most perfect afloat—roll nearly as badly in a light cross sea, without wind, occurring in the last few days of their passages, as the Great Eastern in this frightful gale; but their furniture, fittings, &c., being properly fastened, their rolling signified comparatively little. It is evident, however, that the Great Eastern is not exempt from the rules of other ships in respect to rolling. It can only be avoided by ballasting her sufficiently. It is different, however, as regards her pitching. Of that we have had positively none; and as her rolling was slow and dignified, there was hardly any sea sickness on board. We have seen more in crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne on a calm day, than among our 400 passengers for the week we have been to sea. In this respect, then, we consider the principle of the ship a great success.—Any one who would be sick on board of her would suffer the same way crossing the Mersey on a windy day. Secondly, as to the strength and safety of her hull. In this respect she is all that her advocates have ever represented. It is difficult to conceive of any circumstances short of a hurricane on a rocky lee shore which could seriously affect her hull. We feel that the public may dismiss her thoughts the possibility of its wreck in the open sea. The machinery, too, is magnificent. The ponderous paddle engines worked with the steadiness and patience of a London dray horse, and seemed to be under a perfect control. And while the whole labour was thrown upon the screw engine it never failed. With it alone we were propelled at the rate of eight to nine knots, without, I presume, working up to a high pressure, which would have been considered unwise under the circumstances. The deficiencies of the ship then, glaring as they have proved, were not in primary essentials, but rather in the accessories. It is evident that the strength of the paddles was not in proportion to the size of the ship, while to make them safe they would probably be a more than proportion, for while the recoil of an ordinary ship from the blow of a wave saves her outworks in some degree from the violence of the concussion, the Great Eastern receives the blow almost with the unflinching firmness of a rock. Attach a wheel to the cliffs of Achill or Rathlin, and of what strength would it require to be to stand a western gale? The paddles of the Great Eastern are not much better placed. The same remarks apply to the rudder, and indeed to all the outworks of the ship to which the waves have access. But there is another requisite to the safety and success of the Great Eastern not less important, and upon this subject we must, as a public duty, be candid, and "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice." She needs the proprietorship or management of men who understand the business they have undertaken.—Economist.

The Great Eastern is announced to sail for New York, from Liverpool, on Tuesday, October 29th. This would imply that the directors are sanguine of having all the damage she sustained in the late gale repaired by that time. The internal fittings of the saloons and berths are found not to be damaged to one half the extent represented, and the rigging has not materially suffered. The Board of Trade will institute an official inquiry into all the circumstances connected with the disaster. While the vessel was beating up for Cork harbour, on Tuesday week, one of the quartermasters was killed by one of the handles which worked the temporary rudder gear, striking him on the head during a violent jerk, arising from the ship's motion.—Worcestershire Chronicle.

The commercial treaty does not seem, after all, to promote the increase of friendly feeling between England and France. There has been a controversy on the subject between M. Chevalier, the great advocate of free trade in France, and M. Dupin, the great lawyer. Chevalier a man (like Cobden) of one idea—took exception to a speech of Dupin's in which the latter severely criticised the treaty; and the free trader (who is one of the benevolists who profess to believe in the coming of universal peace) declares that the treaty must promote the kindest relations between France and England—if, he adds, Lord Palmerston will only refrain from using irritating language. Old Dupin sensibly replies, that he does not believe in all this talk about universal peace—that he does believe in the rivalry of England and France—that Lord Palmerston's irritating talk will go on—that the treaty will disappoint everybody, increase the bitter feeling prevalent in France against England, and hasten the inevitable war. In spite of this treaty, the old lawyer says, there is no real friendship between the two countries. On both sides, the press is more bitter than ever. Each country complains of the increasing armaments of the other. And between them there is nothing but suspicion and distrust. If, he adds, the French funds the commercial treaty to produce results disadvantageous to them, they will seek revenge in war with England. All which is very pleasant and consoling indeed.—Irishman.

LIGHTNING CALLIGRAPHY.—One of the most modern and most remarkable achievements of electricity is thus referred to by a writer in Once a Week:—Another great element of our present civilisation is beginning to make signs of its existence in the South Kensington Museum. We allude to the electric telegraph. Baskwell's copying machine is one of the most interesting of this class, as it is employed to write with a pen thousands of miles in length. If the Atlantic cable were in working order, for instance, a man through its instrumentality could sit down to write a letter in London, and feel certain that a facsimile of his handwriting was at the same moment coming out of the telegraph office at New York. The manner in which this astounding machine works is as follows: The message is already written on a conducting material, such as tin foil, with resin or some non-conducting ink. Over the face of this letter, which is placed on a cylinder, a point of metal revolves—this point is in connection with the conducting wire; at New York say a piece of chemically prepared paper is placed on a like cylinder to receive to receive the message; both cylinders are made

to move round by clock-work. As the point at this end of the wire passes over the non-conducting resin writing, no current passes, hence the point, which moves synonymously with it at New York does not change the colour of the paper; but all the other surface of the writing table, being a conductor, the currents pass and deepen its colour by chemical action on the far-distant recording tablet. The receiver thus obtains a perfect fac-simile of his correspondent's handwriting done in white upon a blue ground. Specimens of this electrical handwriting are placed beside the telegraph machine in the Museum of Kensington, and afford an example of the calligraphy of the lightning pen.

The London Times indulges in comments, scarcely respectful to the Government Bishops of the Protestant Church, and contrasts the position of the clergy of the latter with that of the dissenting ministers. "This strange discrepancy between the means and the end, between the labors of our Bishops and the ridiculous mas we too often hear in our churches, is all the stranger, inasmuch as a measure of success is actually attained when the matter happens to be in voluntary hands. When a congregation has the appointment of its own minister it generally takes care to choose a man with a good voice, manner, and utterance. Indeed, the congregations that happen to possess this power are invariably the objects of much clerical satire for their bad taste in preferring a man whom they can hear and understand. Again, when a body of trustees have an interest in filling a pulpit well, or when it is a great object to the incumbent himself that the sittings should be taken, the nominee, whether incumbent or curate, is generally found to be a man with power of eloquence or grace of elocution. The incumbent of a good London church or a fashionable chapel is generally beset with stout healthy gentlemen from the country, whose life-ambition it has been to astonish a well bred audience with the majesty or sweetness of their tones. His practised ear detects the vulgar or the ridiculous in the provincial Boanerges, and the result is that if the delivery in our West-end churches is often feeble or monotonous, it seldom shocks by extravagance of its errors. So elocution is made an object here, and downright vulgarity, at least, is excluded. On all occasions, indeed, where there is a power of choice, the voice and tone are among the first things considered. An ordinary congregation will tolerate almost anything in the clergyman; the one thing they cannot bear is a dull, droning, stupid heartless style, indicating that the reader does not himself feel what he reads, or heartily believe what he teaches. A clergyman, may have been a toper, a gowrdan, a dirt, a liar, a sportsman, a dancer of the most forbidden dances, or interperate in his language—almost anything that society may public opinion reprobate; but if he has a good voice and a graceful elocution, he will be elected over an utterly respectable grinder of prayers and sermons, and he will fill the church which the other would empty. The rural clergy console themselves for the empty pews by telling terrible stories of their dissenting rivals, and terrible stories they can tell.—We could fill a volume with schismatical biographies of a peculiar character. Certainly it is not possible for a learned Oxford divine, a first-class man, an essayist, perhaps a tutor and a professor, to be beaten out of the field by a drunkard, a rogue, a polygamist, or a downright impostor. But granting the truth of all these scandals on the side of Dissent, they have a fearful recoil on the Establishment. How is it that good Mr. Mumble, the exemplary Dr. Drone, and even the sanctimonious and scrupulous Mr. Snarl, are vanquished in their own legal domains by such ignominious opponents? The answer is simple enough. The drunkard, the rogue, the polygamist, and the impostor talk as if, for the time at least, they felt what they said, and talk so well that the hearers forget all they know about them. They rise above themselves when they preach and pray.—The reactor sinks as much below himself."

THE MANNERS OF THE AGE.—Perhaps the most prominent defect in our social system that strikes a foreigner on his arrival in England is the almost total absence of courtesy in the ordinary intercourse between man and man. On the Continent a man takes off his hat if he mounts an omnibus, enters a cafe, crosses his neighbor on the staircase, or asks to be directed by a shopkeeper or a policeman. His aspect and manners alike denote a man anxious to please. In England life's interchanges are often very blunt, and the amount of gratuitous incivility shown by one man to another is often quite unaccountable. How many streets are there in our large towns through which no clergyman, or well dressed woman, or respectable school-boy can pass without hearing some insolent taunt or vulgar joke. Those who are accustomed to these violations of good breeding quietly pass on in the assurance that barking dogs do not bite, and with the conviction, moreover, that to remonstrate would only aggravate the nuisance. Still even such feel that the bark of the dog grates most distastefully upon the ear, and that the nuisance, because for the moment irremediable, is none the less a nuisance. The clergyman feels that he ought to be able to walk the streets peacefully without listening to some low jest upon his coat or his cravat; the lady and the school-boy think it hard indeed that they cannot go abroad without hearing from some ribald band of street-riders remarks about their gait or their head-gear. And it is hard and sad that street manners should be as such an utter discount—that coarse feelings are suffered to exhibit themselves in words so rude and in looks so brazen. If we ascend higher in the social grade, we find the same evil. Conductors of omnibuses, officials at railway stations, waiters at hotels, have in a measure the same jeering look and independent tone. In all our public offices, at Doctors' Commons, at Somerset House, and in Parliament-street, the incivility of public functionaries is as scandalous as it is unquestionable. Country lawyers who come to town to pass a residuary account, or respectable widows who wish to search for the will of some relative, stand aghast at the patronizing airs, the frivolous delays, and the bullying tones they must submit to in the course of their work from clerks who, secure in their position, delight to play these "fantastic tricks" whenever they can do them with impunity. Why should not kind feeling and courteousness of demeanour run through every department of English as well as French social life? Why should we not have politeness from boys the most ragged, and men whose toil is the very coarsest, from hotel servants in livery, and from Government officials out of livery? Would it not be as cheap to have a gracious tongue and a bland aspect for all men and for all circumstances as to be everlastingly jeering at half the world, and scowling at the other half?—From the Record.

HOW TO TRAP A RUNAWAY DEBTOR.—Strange stratagems are often resorted to by creditors in pursuit of runaway debtors. At a meeting in Leeds of a society for the protection of trade one of the speakers related an instance in point. A poor fellow arrived in Liverpool from the West Riding, in pursuit of a fugitive who had carried away £300 of his money. He applied to an attorney, to the magistrates, and to the chief of the police in vain. Turning sorrowfully away, a police officer offered him a bit of advice. "Go you to the ship's side to-morrow at 10 o'clock—the vessel sails at 12—and ask your debtor ashore, civility. Will he come, do you think?" "Oh! yes, he'll come, for he says I cannot touch him." "Well; that's all right. Ask him to come to you on the quay. As soon as he comes, knock him down. He'll be close at hand, and take you both into custody for a breach of the peace. You will go to the police office just as the magistrates are gone. The next day is Sunday, and he'll have to stop till Monday. You'll have time, then, to force him to give up your money." The man took the policeman's advice, knocked the runaway rogue down, both were taken to the station-house, and the fellow in the end was glad to disgorge the £300.—Newport Gazette.

THE BENEVOLENT MARKET.—Simony, observes the Herald, though forbidden alike by the law ecclesiastical as well as the civil law of England, still appears to flourish. Among many such advertisements in the public prints we need notice but one, which tells us that the advowson of the rectory of Hurstmonceux Sussex, will be sold by public auction on the 25th of September, the present clear value being £1,200 per annum and the incumbent in his seventieth year. This seems, at least, a profitable investment—is it safe?

According to its own showing, the Evangelical Alliance has now been in existence upwards of 30 years, and yet at the end of that long period it stands before the world insolent, after having extracted from its deluded supporters immense sums of money for carrying on its world-wide system of perversion. Hear M. Elcas Vernier, one of its deputies, who has just issued a missive supplicating the Evangelical or gullible portion of the world to replenish the empty coffers of the Alliance. M. Vernier thus describes the machinery which the Society employs to carry out its objects, real and pretended:—"For more than thirty years that society, with such men as Dr. Merle D'Aubigne and Dr. Gausen, at its head, has been working, with the blessing of God, to revive the true spirit of Christianity among the poor old Protestant Churches in Geneva and in France, and also to promote the cause of Christ among many thousand Papists. To carry on its work the society has, First—A Theological College, in which 250 young men have been trained for the ministry, and are now, the most part of them, still labouring in churches of different lands. Secondly—A Committee for Evangelization, which has sent out in the name of the Lord, many ministers, missionaries and teachers. Thirdly—A Committee for Colportage, which, by its agents, circulated 22,000 copies of the Bible, 210,000 New Testaments, and 1,515,000 religious tracts. Last year the society had under its direction 44 students—21 French, 8 Swiss, 6 Belgian, 4 Canadian, 2 Waldensian, and 1 Irish; and 12 ministers, 8 evangelists, 14 male teachers, 3 female teachers, and 30 colporteurs labouring in 32 different stations in 11 different departments of France, including Savoy and Algiers. The evangelical deputy after giving this sketch of the extent of the Evangelical staff, proceeds to state its cost, and then bursts out into a lament on the consequent deficiency of means for carrying on the operations on the same scale as heretofore:—The general expenditure, which has been increasing every year, is now about £6,000. But after these statistical details we must come to the distressing part of the subject. An actual debt of nearly £2,000 not only hinders the society from occupying some new ground in the wide open field in France, but also compels it to retrench some of its stations. The financial situation of our society for some years has compelled us to some reductions, and we have suppressed one station in each of our groups. That is to say, that many poor benighted souls who were happy to hear the glad tidings of the Gospel are now being deprived also of their minister or missionary. They will soon be like sheep without a shepherd, exposed to the encroachments of the priests of Rome. Some in other stations, will be deprived also of teachers, and will be obliged to send their children again to Popish schools. And what is the cause of such an evil? Is it the want of success? No; many souls, the conversion of which would be very interesting to relate, are gathered into the fold of Jesus Christ every year. This 'appeal' which is signed on behalf of the Evangelical Society of Geneva, and is addressed to the 'heart and conscience of its Christian brethren in Great Britain,' is proof as clear as Holy Writ that, as we said at the outset, the Evangelical Alliance, whatever its professions may be, is neither more nor less than an organised association engaged solely and exclusively, in every portion of the civilised globe, in the perversion of Catholics by any and every means, however corrupt, unscrupulous and unwarrantable.—Dublin Telegraph.

ANGLO-SAXON MORALITY.—The morality of England is fast developing itself. There have been only six murders this past week, with a few stabbings and other minor atrocities. Seriously, there is something indescribably horrible in that evidence of the social condition of a country which boasts that it is the most moral, the most civilised, the most religious—and, of course, the richest—in the world. Six atrocious murders following so fast, the one upon the other, that the newspapers have hardly had time to record them! The world has no parallel for it.—Nevertheless, this is the country in which raging fanatics hold crowded meetings to denounce Popery, and waste sums of money subscribed to tempt the starving peasants of Ireland to apostatise from the faith of their fathers. There was one of these meetings held at Bristol the other day, at which a Mr. Ellis, calling himself vicar of Galway, did not hesitate to make statements so utterly unfounded in fact as the following:—"The rev. speaker gave some details of Protestantism in Connamara, especially of the confirmation by the Bishop of Tuam, and of the schools which had been established there. In them they did not take Protestant children, they left them to be provided for otherwise; they took only Catholics. A gentleman went into one of the schools, and examined a class of 42 young girls. After doing so, he asked how many of them had embraced the Protestant religion, but there was no answer to that.—He then asked how many did not believe in the Roman Catholic Religion. Thirty of them answered him then that they did not. Still not satisfied, from the answer they had given to his questions in the examination, that so many of them were not Catholics, he asked how many had given up the Roman religion, and eight then answered. Of the four that were left it was found that one did not believe in transubstantiation, another in purgatory, and so on, until it was ascertained that not one of those 42 could properly be called Catholics. That was very encouraging.—On another occasion, when 14 of the boys in their schools enlisted, 13 of them refused to be entered as anything but Protestants—the other one had only been two months in the schools. After some other remarks the speaker observed that at the evening meeting he would have an opportunity of telling them more of the practical work which was going on, and appealed to them to help the missions to the utmost of their power." Ellis's fanatical hearers, no doubt, believed these astounding fables; and no one of them ever dreamed of asking him where are all these converts, or what has become of them.—Stories of this kind have been circulated, year after year, and day after day, by the Ellises and their like; and where they have sent round the hat their hearers have poured in their money fast enough. If in these lying stories there were even one-tenth part truth, the population of Ireland should be three-fourths Protestant by this time. Yet what are the facts which the Census reveals? That the Protestant population is not one-tenth, and that it is diminishing in numbers every day. The fanatics who give their money to enable the Plunketts and Ellises to worry the poor priests and penantry of Connamara, will not regard the simple truths revealed by the Census: they prefer to be humbugged to the last.—Irishman.

The submarine cable manufactured by Glens, Elliot & Co., has been successfully laid from Malta to Alexandria, a distance of 1,400 miles. By the end of October the line will be open to the public, when communication with India will be expedited by thirteen days.

UNITED STATES. WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—Intelligence has just been received that a fight is going on opposite Leesburg between the force under the command of Gen. Stone, and a large body of the rebels. Gen. Baker is killed. It is reported that the rebels have an immense force in the rear of Leesburg. Farmers from the vicinity of Centerville say that the rebels have been

moving in the direction of Leesburg since Friday last. It is reported also that they are supplied with batteries of great strength. Strong reinforcements will be sent forward to Gen. Stone during the night. The remains of Col. Baker were removed to Poolsville.

DIRECT TAXATION.—It is now authoritatively announced that the receipts of the customs for the present year will not amount to more than twenty million dollars, ten millions less than even Secretary Chase's estimate. When the Morrill tariff was first enacted it was claimed that the receipts under it would reach sixty millions, but the circumstances of the country have so changed since then that the estimates of that period are valueless now. It is evident from this state of things that we are about entering upon a new era in a financial history of the country. Hereafter direct taxation is inevitable as customs duties will be entirely inadequate to the support of the government and the payment of the enormous debts we are contracting. The foreign trade of the country will, in any event, be much less for several years to come than it has been in the past, and the deficit in our revenues in consequence must be provided for in some way. This matter will assume great importance before the sitting of Congress, and upon that body will be thrown the delicate and responsible duty of originating a new system of ways and means to furnish the government with money to meet its current expenses and pay its debts.—N. Y. World.

The Cork Examiner says:—"One of the saddest features to our mind in the whole war is the fact that so many Irishmen are to be found in the hostile ranks. We sympathised heartily in the honours with which the courage and devotedness of the 69th covered their behaviour in the dismal battle of Maunassau. But we confess it is with deep regret we learn that a still more numerous body of Irishmen is to be brigaded to replace that regiment since its disembodiment. The feeling of loyalty to an adopted country would call upon them imperatively to defend the United States against the attack of a foreign enemy, but it does not demand that they should mingle in the heat of civil conflict."

YANKEE TRICKS TO CATCH THE IRISH.—The business of recruiting for the grand army goes on quite slowly in Massachusetts—we have already sent 17,000 men to the seat of war, and are pretty well exhausted now. It is somewhat amusing to read the stirring appeals that the recruiting officers are constantly making through the newspapers, and especially when they desire to entrap our Irish citizens, on whom the Yankees mainly rely to do the heavy and dangerous part of the business. Not content with plain prose, the wily Yankee recruiting officers have recourse to poetry, and such specimens as the following appear on their hand-bills, and in their newspaper advertisements:—

"Acushla Macchree, our hearts beat for thee,
Erin, mavourneen, our hearts beat for thee!
Pat is fond of fun
And was never known to run,
From cannon, sword or gun,
Says the Shan Van Vough!
"You know that in the land of your adoption the wanderer is welcome with Cushla ma-chree!"
"Fight for the honor of Erin, alanna!"
"To the battle, men of Erin,
To the front of battle go!
Every breast the shumrock wearing
Burns to meet his country's foe!
Erin, when the swords are glancing,
In the dark fight loves to see
Foremost still, her plumage dancing
To the trumpet's jubilee!"

Fight for the Green Isle Astore! For Libertia Aroon!
Now all this is sheer humbug and "blarney," or as the Yankees call it, "soft soap"—a mere trick to entrap Irishmen to fight the battles of men, who, up to the present time, have constantly sought to deprive them of every right and privilege which the constitution guarantees to naturalized citizens, and who, but a few years ago, forbade them to appear as independent military companies in this State. But the song is changed now—the Yankees have learned that the Irish can fight their battles for them, and hence comes all this blarney, and I regret to say, that thousands of Irishmen are fools enough to be taken in by it. When will Irishmen learn to profit by the bitter experiences of the past?—Boston correspondent of Quebec Chronicle.

IRRELIGION IN NEW YORK.—A writer in the last number of the New York Methodist, in speaking of the necessity which at present exists for humiliation and repentance among all classes in the States very truthfully remarks as follows:—"Our national irreligion is a deep, deplorable reason for humiliation and repentance. This, though it might be well treated last as the climax of our national sins, I mention first because it is the source of most if not all our other public vices. A large portion of our population acknowledge no religion whatever. This fact is an anomaly in the history of humanity. I know of no parallel example among any other people ancient or modern. All others have had some form of religion, individually observed. Probably one-third or more of our population practically ignore any and every religion. They know no Sabbath, except as a holiday, they enter no sanctuary, they have no form of devotion, however slight or merely ceremonial, in the households. So far as any recognition of the supreme being or the moral government of the world is concerned, they live and die like the brutes that perish.—Hellenism itself is at least a manifestation of the religious instinct of humanity—there is some degree of 'moral earnestness' in it, however perverted; as such we spontaneously respect it more than practical atheism. But here is the fullest light of Christian civilisation, here for the first time in the history of the human race, millions of an intelligent population practically abjure all religious forms, acts, tokens whatever! In millions the religious sentiment, the very instinct, if such it be, seems inert if not extinct. Our population is 31,000,000; our 'accommodations' for church sittings are not 14,000,000. If on this solemn day of our national peril and mourning the whole people will to turn to the temples of God to seek his help, not one half of them could find room there.

TIMING EACH OTHER.—They have a story in Chicago about a drunken captain who met a private of his company in the same condition. The captain ordered him to "halt," and endeavored in vain to assume a firm position on his feet and to talk with dignified severity, exclaimed:—"Private Smith, I'll give you 't' (hic) four o'clock to gissoler in." "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you'r' (hic) —sight drunkerian I'll give you 't' five o'clock to gissoler in."

A WIFE CHOP.—A Missouri paper informs its readers that the wife of a Gasconade county in 1860 was 25,000 gals. The next paper corrected the error by putting "wise" in the place of wife.

A Western editor, announcing the death of a lady of his acquaintance, thus touchingly adds:—"In her decease the sick lost an invaluable friend. Long will she be seen to stand at their bedside, as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand, and a cup of shubarub in the other!"

VERY LIKELY.—The East Haddam (Conn.) Journal speaking of the finding of a skull on a well curb in the door yard of one of the citizens of that town, remarks that "the person whom the skull originally belonged to is dead."

The following is a verbatim copy of the certificate attached to the return of a post-master in Shawnee county, Missouri. It would hardly be proper to give the name of the office. This may be some disciple of Artemus Ward; if so, the pupil has beaten the master. Artemus might as well shut up shop: "I bear by certiff that the four 'gold' A. Counts is as near Rite as I no, how to make it if, there is any mistake it is not Dun a Purpers."

The True Witness... CATHOLIC CHRONICLE... PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR... GEORGE E. OLERY... At No. 225, Notre Dame Street...

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 25, 1861.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

To Canadians the most important announcement we have to make is that of the arrival of our new Governor, Lord Monck, per steamer Great Britain on the 22nd inst.

Of European news we have little of consequence. It is reported that the Piedmontese had captured, and murdered in cold blood, the Neapolitan General Borges. In spite, however, of the atrocious cruelty of the invaders, the spirit of the Neapolitans would seem to be still untamed, and the conquest of the Kingdom of Naples is still postponed.

There has been another battle in the United States, resulting in the defeat of the Northerners, and the death of Colonel Baker. Of the real nature of these desperate conflicts betwixt bodies of ten thousand men, in the course of which, after some six or seven hours hard fighting, some four or five are killed, and a dozen or two wounded, we can learn but little from the meagre details sent to us by electric telegraph.

We copy from the Boston Pilot:— "We would not care a thraven if all the papers in Canada were in favour of the secessionists. It will be all the better by and bye, when our victorious army returns from the war."

Many of our contemporaries on the other side of the Lines express their surprise and regret at the little sympathy which the Northerners receive from Canadians and British subjects. May not the cause of this general want of sympathy—for the fact itself is unquestionable—be found in the tone and language of the Northern press, of which the above extract from the Boston Pilot is a sample, and indeed a very moderate sample.

As British subjects, it is our duty to abstain most carefully from giving any the slightest aid or encouragement to either of the belligerents in the war now devastating this Continent. As Catholics, we must necessarily shudder at the thoughts even of any assimilation of our political and social institutions to those of the United States; and must therefore repulse with loathing every course of policy which may appear likely to conduce directly or indirectly to such an end. How then must we feel towards those who, without one single act of aggression or interference on our part, to complain of, menace us with their active hostility, threaten us with their detested *regime*, and openly avow their design, in flagrant violation of the rights of nations, and in open contempt of all the laws and usages of civilised communities, to attack our frontiers, to disturb our peace, to visit us with all the horrors of war, and to impose upon us their odious institutions, so soon as the cessation of their own domestic troubles shall leave them at liberty to turn their arms against Canada!—Must not such threats excite in us feelings of the utmost aversion and contempt for those who indulge in them? Must they not inevitably dispose us to look upon their defeats with joy, and to receive the tidings of their humiliation with thanksgiving?

But it is when these absurd threats are used by Catholics, that they are the most disgusting, and the least excusable. We can understand why Protestants should look complacently on the prospect which the successful invasion of Canada by the filibusters of the United States would present to them. We know that in Upper Canada, the "Clear-Grits" and "Protestant Reformers," are "looking to Washington," and place all their hopes of establishing their throne "accursed Ascendancy" over Catholic Lower Canada, in the spread and triumph of Yankee principles, and in Yankee annexation. We know that our Catholic Schools and places of education, that our Catholic convents and institutions of charity, that the independence of our hierarchy, the influence of our Clergy, and in a word—that all our civil and religious liberties

are looked upon with hostile eyes by the Liberal and Reform party, in both sections of the Province; and we know that a successful attack upon Canada by their friends, and fellow Protestants of the United States, would be immediately followed by the pillage, robbery, suppression and destruction of those institutions which they so hate—by the extinction of those civil and religious liberties which, in Canada, we enjoy to a degree unequalled in any country in the world; and for the preservation of which we are indebted—under God—entirely to our Imperial connection with Great Britain, and to our partly Monarchical Constitution, which keeps the foul monster of democracy in check, and puts a curb upon its vicious propensities. Canada, and Lower Canada especially, is the stronghold of Catholicity on this Continent; and it is so because, and only because, it is a British Province, and in so far, and in so far only, as it differs socially and politically from its great Republican neighbor. Reduced or degraded to the condition of an integral part of the Union, Canada would soon present a very different aspect. Its civil and religious liberties would be trampled beneath the hoofs of a swinish democracy; its morals would be corrupted; its religion persecuted; the education of its Catholic children subjected to the demoralising influences of Yankee State-Schoolism; and we ourselves brought down to the abject condition of our co-religionists and brethren in the faith, who have the misfortune to be citizens of the free and enlightened Republic, which burns nunneries, tars and feathers Catholic priests, and annually consigns the souls of innumerable Catholic little ones to hell, through the instrumentality of its common schools. We can understand, therefore, why Protestants, whether in Canada or in the United States, should look forward with exultation to the prospect of a contest which might result in the severance of that Imperial tie to which the Catholics of Canada are indebted for all the civil and political blessings which they still enjoy, and of which it is the object of Yankee Protestants, and of Canadian "Liberals" or "Protestant Reformers," to deprive them; but we cannot understand how any Catholic can entertain the same views, or harbor in his bosom those sentiments of animosity towards Canada which find their natural expression in the No-Popery riots of the United States, and in the traitorous "looking to Washington" of our Upper Canadian Liberals, and Reformers of the George Brown and Globe complexion.

If the Catholics of the United States would but look at the matter from a Catholic standpoint; if they would but divest themselves of that paltry vanity which they mistake for patriotism, and which distorts every object within their field of vision—they would see that their highest and dearest interests were vitally concerned in the maintenance of the political and national independence of Catholic Lower Canada; in the integrity of its great educational institutions, and Seminaries, which are the best, almost the only establishments on this Continent for training up and providing a constant supply of priests, and furnishing recruits to the hard-worked and constantly thinned ranks of the Catholic clergy in the United States; and without the necessity for any discursive process, they would conclude, intuitively and infallibly, that a change which is greedily sought for, and would be rapturously hailed, by the anti-Catholic or Liberal party in Upper Canada, must be one which every true son of the Church should day and night implore heaven to avert.

A war with the United States, having for its object the annexation of Lower Canada, would inevitably assume the aspect and proportions of a religious war. It would be a desperate conflict betwixt Catholics and Protestants; a struggle, on the one hand to impose, on the other to ward off, the curse of "Protestant Ascendancy." All our Provincial politics, even under our actual regime, are more or less leavened with this polemical principle; and the only sharp distinction betwixt the contending parties that can be drawn, must be expressed by a religious formula. We have a Catholic party, whose principles are naturally Conservative; and an anti-Catholic, Protestant Reform, or Democratic party which seeks for organic changes, not as an end, but as a means towards the suppression of Popery. Cunning statesmen, and unprincipled political adventurers, intent only upon their own selfish ends, avail themselves of this; and alternately, as it suits their purposes, fawn upon Papists, or help to raise the cry against Romanism and the Catholic Church. The more outspoken of our enemies, and the more advanced or impatient section of the Liberal camp, make no secret of their designs; but casting their longing looks towards Washington, invoke the aid of that "victorious army" with which the Boston Pilot—one of the oldest as well as ablest defenders of the Catholic cause in America—now menaces us. Is there not in this simple fact enough to induce our respected contemporary to reconsider his position? Has he not become acquainted with strange bed-fellows in the persons of George Brown and his Protestant Reform colleagues? and should he not, for his own

sake, and that of his readers, cut the connection as speedily as possible? A war against Lower Canada would, on the part of the United States, be a war against Popery—a war in which every successful blow would be a blow dealt to our Holy Mother Church. Will the Boston Pilot allow himself to be so far carried away by national jealousies, or national vanity, as to provoke such an unholy war? And yet this is the very course that he is pursuing. The power or influence of the press in the United States is unfortunately inversely as that of the Government, whose influence for good or evil is scarce worth noticing. If the press raises a war-cry, in vain shall the constituted authorities, the heads of departments, and official men generally, protest against it. Intemperate appeals to anti-British prejudices will be responded to with alacrity by all that class—unfortunately only too numerous in the United States—who prefer "filibustering" to honest pursuits; and thus the irresponsible editor in his closet may be the means of kindling a flame which all the resources of diplomacy shall not be competent to extinguish. These considerations should be allowed to have their weight with the Catholic journalist; and must, we think, if impartially tested, be found to counterbalance any hasty or intemperate expressions into which journalists on this side of the Lines, treating of the Civil War now raging, may have been betrayed. With the issue of the war betwixt North and South we have no direct concern; but the prospect, however remote, of hostilities betwixt Canada and the United States stirs our inmost hearts; as such a war would be not only a war of nationalities, but a war of religion—a war which, to the people of Canada, would be not only a patriotic, but a holy war. From such a scourge, "Good Lord deliver us!"

virtue of those religious opinions or observances which are the basis of the Faith, and the protest against Popery; and so, of course, no religious opinion which comes within the scope of the doctrine, can be a Protestant doctrine, or an article of the Protestant Faith. These simple considerations—rather self-evident propositions—are too often forgotten, or purposely kept of sight by Protestant controversialists; and it is for this reason that all discussions betwixt Catholics and Protestants, upon religious topics, are, and by the very nature of the case must be, so very unsatisfactory, or rather interminable. Protestants will declaim to any extent against Popery; but the moment that you call upon one of them for sharp definitions of the terms he employs, and for a concise statement of the thesis which he proposes to maintain, he is embarrassed, and tries to evade, or shuffle out of the dilemma. For this reason, the Catholic, whom the Protestant seeks to draw into a controversy upon the comparative merits of their respective systems, should invariably, and as the essential preliminary to any such contest, call upon his opponent or challenger for a concise statement of the thesis, which the latter proposes to assert; and should insist upon sharp, exhaustive definitions of all the terms in which that thesis is couched. By taking these simple precautions, much foolish wordy warfare, much unprofitable expenditure of breath, would be avoided. The sole legitimate and profitable object of controversy is to elicit truth; but he who cannot, or who will not, state his thesis, and define its terms, must be either a knave or a fool; and from either knaves or fools it is impossible to elicit truth. The utmost you can expect is, to expose their error, to lay bare their ignorance and fallacies, or to make patent their dishonesty and bad faith.

Who is a Protestant?—In all controversy, especially in religious controversy, we must have definitions, clear, well defined, and exhaustive. It is manifestly absurd to attempt even to discuss the comparative merits of the Catholic Faith, and of the Protestant Faith, until such time as the champions of the latter shall have given a clear, sharp and exhaustive definition of the "Protestant Faith," or "Protestant Religion."

The only definition, or approach even to a definition, that we know of, is that which defines the "Protestant Faith" as the *tout ensemble* of all the religious opinions, or opinions upon religious subjects, which obtain amongst Protestants in virtue of their protest against Popery. But this definition is worthless until we have a clear definition of the term Protestant therein employed. "Who is a Protestant?" is, therefore, a question that must be settled, before we can form any idea, however vague, of the meaning of the hacknied expressions "Protestant Faith," and "Protestant Religion."

This question has lately come up in a Court of Law, and with reference to the celebrated Yelverton case. The point raised is—"Was Major Yelverton a Protestant at the time he entered into a marriage contract with the present Mrs. Yelverton?"—and this of course raised the question—"Who is a Protestant?" or in what does Protestantism essentially consist? An answer, and a very concise, although perhaps too comprehensive answer, was given by Arch-Deacon Knox, who defined a Protestant as "every person who Protested against Popery."

We do not altogether approve of this definition, though it seems to have been accepted without a remark by the Court. We think that it requires a limitation in the form of the words "baptised persons;" for, as it stands, it includes Jews, Mahometans, and all idolaters, whom it would be inexact and unjust to term Protestants, although they do "Protest against Popery." A better, because a more exact and limited definition of the term in dispute, is, we think, that which we have on several previous occasions suggested, as expressing the sense in which alone we use the word "Protestant." According to this definition, a Protestant is simply "any baptised person who protests against Popery;" or, in other words, who is not a Catholic, or who does not believe what the Roman Catholic Church believes and teaches; and in accordance with the terms of this definition, the "Protestant Faith" or "Protestant Religion" means simply the entire mass of religious practices, and religious opinions, or opinions concerning God, the government of the universe, and a future state, which obtain amongst persons who are not Catholics, and which practices and opinions differ from the practices, doctrines or teachings upon these points, of the Popish or Roman Catholic Church. Of course an opinion accidentally held by any Protestant sect, or by any individual Protestant, upon religious matters, in accordance with the doctrines of Popery, is not an article of the "Protestant Faith;" for an article of that faith must be something held by all Protestants without exception—as a necessary or logical consequence of their Protestantism, or protest against Popery—and which is at the same time incompatible with the doctrines or teachings of the latter. No man is, or can be, a Protestant in

Highly as we respect the New York Metropolitan Record for the soundness of its principles, and the dialectic skill with which those principles are defended in its columns, we must confess that it appears to us that our able and respected contemporary sometimes allows his feelings to get the better of his reason, and delivers himself of sentiments inspired rather by his prejudices than his sound judgment. Of this the following is an instance.

Speaking of the condition of the operatives in England, who depend for their daily bread upon the cotton supply, the N. Y. Metropolitan Record indulges in the following remarks on the probable effects of the civil war upon the "black slaves" of the United States, and the "white slaves" of England:—

"Both countries are likely to be avenged by the cotton famine. The four millions of toilers in Lancashire are the white slaves of Europe, and the cessation of our cotton supply will afford them the means of freeing themselves from feudal oppression and royal enthrallment by means of a revolution. This must almost inevitably ensue; and the enfranchisement of the Saxon will, it is to be hoped, be the signal for a grand and glorious reality of the abolition of slavery as it exists in the three islands of Britain. Is there not here a strange confusion of ideas, unworthy of one generally so exact and lucid as is our New York contemporary? Granted, that the material condition of the "cotton" operatives of Lancashire is often deplorable; that the "white slaves" in the mills are as hard tasked, are worse lodged, and worse fed, than the "black slaves" in the Southern States—is it not absurd to represent the former as the victims of 'feudal oppression,' and 'royal enthrallment?' Is it

not also inconsistent with the principles which the N. Y. Metropolitan Record so ably advocates, to look forward with glee to a 'revolution,' which should have for its object the amelioration of the condition of the 'white slaves'—as he calls them—of England?—and, if it is the result, not of legislation, but of circumstances which no legislation could possibly avert, or even ameliorate. The evils—and they are many and great—under which the operatives of England labor are social, not political; and cannot therefore in any wise be affected by political action. They are, the result, not of the working of the 'feudal' principle in English society, but of the absolute supremacy of the antagonistic or directly opposite principle—viz. the commercial principle. They flow, not from the Statute Book, not from the violation of any known law of political economy, but from the rigid adherence to that law, and from fidelity to the maxim, that the State has no right to interfere in, or to impose the terms of, contracts or bargains entered into betwixt the buyer and the seller, but that its duty is simply to enforce them. 'Free Trade' principles, not 'feudal,' govern the labor market in England, and control all the modern relations betwixt master and servant, landlord and tenant. And if there be truth in history, or any valuable lesson to be drawn from the teachings of the past, it is this—That neither to the monarchical, nor yet to the feudal or aristocratic element in society, is the world indebted for the diffusion, progress and triumph of the Free Trade or commercial principle, but to the triumph of the anti-monarchical, and anti-feudal or democratic element. To make use of a vulgar but expressive phrase, we would beg the N. Y. Metropolitan Record to 'put the saddle on the right horse.' Monarchy and feudalism have quite sins enough of their own to answer for, without being burdened with those bequeathed to us by the political economists.

The grievances of the operatives of England are, we repeat, social, not political; and proceed, not from any act of the Legislature, but from that policy of non-interference betwixt master and servant, betwixt laborer and employer of labor, which is the policy both of Great Britain and of the Northern States. If there be any difference in favor of the working classes in the latter, it is owing solely to their physical or material condition, and to the fact that on this Continent the labor market is not so heavily stocked as it is in the Old World; and that in consequence, the pressure upon the means of subsistence is not so severe here as in Europe. In both, however, wages are regulated by the same great laws of "supply and demand," over which Acts of Parliament have no legitimate control; and with which they cannot interfere without ultimately inflicting ruin upon the very class whom they seek to benefit.

From these considerations—whose truth the Metropolitan Record will not, we think, impugn—we deduce another. As the grievances under which the "white slaves" of England labor are social, not political, so they could be affected only by a social and not by a political revolution. Through the latter a nation may pass unscathed; though even a political revolution is a very trying process, as the people of the United States are now practically experiencing. But a social revolution is the greatest curse with which God in His wrath can visit any people, and can only, indeed, result in Caesarism or military despotism. To such a catastrophe then no honest man, and above all no sincere Catholic should look forward with feelings of complacency. He may regret the decay of the old feudal principle with all its anomalies, and its capricious meddlings with the labor market. He may regret the substitution in lieu thereof of the purely mercantile or commercial principle, which in strict conformity with the doctrines of political economy now regulates, or presides over, all the existing relations betwixt rich and poor, master and servant, landlord and tenant; but if he be wise, he will accept this change as the inevitable—as one against which it is in vain for him to kick; and if he be consistent, if he be not prepared to adopt the extreme principles of "Socialism," and to pronounce all "property a theft," he will look, not to revolution, but to the diffusion of the principles of Christian charity, as the sole remedy or antidote against the social evils which a rigid adherence to the laws of political economy necessarily engenders.

Finally we would point out this essential difference betwixt the condition of the "white slaves" of England, and that of the "black slaves" of America. The one is the result of circumstances over which man has no control; the other is the result of positive legislation, and of direct interference with the normal condition of the labor market.

For your comfortable, easy-going, velvet-cushioned religion, commend us to your Church of England. Of all the modern ways of going to Heaven (and since Luther's first patent was signed, the world has certainly been blessed with a thousand of them) it certainly is the easiest and the most comfortable, as entailing upon the inward man the least possible amount of annoyance and trouble. Methodism may be a shorter route, since the convert has only to make himself "feel happy," and he finds himself all at once at the end of his journey; but even that under certain circumstances, is somewhat difficult, and the modern experience in railway travelling proves that the quickest is not always the easiest route. But for ease of journeying there is nothing like your Church of England coach. Its leather springs—its cushioned and roomy seats, never over-crowded—its remarkably civil drivers—its very moderate charges, except in the Irish branch, must commend it to all the lovers of cheap and comfortable travelling, especially to your stout gentlemen and nervous old maids. Your Methodism may be your railway to heaven; but your Church of England, is your mail-coach with easy stages.

Of this dressing-gown and slippers religion, we have lately had an amusing instance in the Provincial Synod held by the Clero and Lay Delegates of the Canadian Libero-Anglican Church in Montreal. The Rev. Mr. Bleasdale had the courage (and we commend him for it) to appeal to the assembly to express its convictions regarding the pernicious principles set forth in the Essays and Reviews of Anglican notoriety. Of course this was declared out of order; and justly so too; for what the whole bench of English Bishops, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head could not do, of course Mr. Bleasdale and his reverend and lay coadjutors would have been presumptuous in attempting. But it is a sample of the slipshod kind of divinity that constitutes the stock in trade of the Church of England, and of the remarkable easiness of its disposition, when a volume of practical infidelity is allowed to emanate unrebuked, from its approved teachers. It may be a matter of no moment to the Synod of Montreal, whether the Prophets of the Old Testament were inspired, or were the mere narrators of historical events—but to practical minds that must ever appear a loose kind of Synodical action, whether under the Metropolitan of Canada, or the Metropolitan of all England, that has not power to expel from its fold the wolves in sheep's clothing, that have entered therein to devour the lambs of the flock. This is liberty of conscience with a vengeance! Religious belief is not surely a nonentity, or rather a ragman's bag, to hold all manner of waifs and stragglers from the tattered hose to the coarsest sack. It is not surely an *Aeolus* cave containing as many different winds as there are points of the compass. Truly we shall have Buddhism and Paganism knocking at the wide portals of the English Church, when they find that their foster-brother infidelity, has gained admittance and been favored with a cushioned pulpit from which to enunciate his impieties. A William IV. would make a good "Jupiter tonans" for her new mythology.

It is true that in this, Anglicanism but acts consistently; for if according to the magna charta of its existence, every man has a right to his own opinion in matters of faith, surely the authors of the Essays and Reviews have a right to theirs. But let it carry out its consistency still further, and if Buddhism and Joss-house-ism have to be admitted within its spiritual pale, let them be admitted also to an equal enjoyment of its temporalities. Let the abbey lands of old England and those immense revenues stolen from Catholicity, be equally divided between the Anglican clergy, the Buddhist Priests and the Pagan auruspices, as they have been already shared with the preachers of infidelity.

As a Catholic we have always been led to believe that a Church to be a Church must have a certain and well defined code of doctrines, and must uphold them *coute qui coute*—That if she would preserve her identity she must preserve those doctrines intact; and that when she changes those doctrines, or tolerates in her fold opposite and repugnant doctrines, that moment her identity ceases, and she is no longer the same Church. Now surely it is one doctrine to teach that the Prophets were Prophets, that is to say—the inspired foretellers of future events—and it is quite another and contrary doctrine, to teach that these same Prophets are no Prophets at all, but only the ordinary narrators of ordinary historical events; that Isaiah foretells, not Christ, the Messiah, but speaks only of Jeremiah and contemporaneous events. Now Mr. Bleasdale it would appear from his motion at the Provincial Synod, is old fashioned enough to believe (and we commend him for it) in the first or Catholic doctrine, that the Prophets are Prophets; but in this he differs from other equally learned Anglican clergymen, who prefer the contrary doctrine of historical interpretation.

Of course it is no business of ours to meddle with either party any further than as they furnish us a good example of the Anglican coach, with its roomy seats, civil drivers, and plenty of room for all kinds of luggage in the boot. It has become very much the fashion of late for Protestants to assume the term Catholic. After this affair of the Essays and Reviews it will be easily seen to what kind of Catholicity they can lay claim; an objective Catholicity rather than a subjective one—the Catholicity of the raganian's bag admitting all kinds of creeds and opinions, from infidelity to a quasi revelation, rather than the geographical, and numerical and eternal Catholicity of the True Church.

SEND ROUND THE HAT.—The "Swaddlers" seem to be "hard-up" for cash, as the classic saying is, and piteous are the appeals which in consequence they address to an unsympathising public through the columns of the Montreal Witness. In a late issue of that journal—the 20th ult.—we find over the signature of Louis Roussy, a melancholy report of the financial condition, and future prospects, of the Grand Ligne Mission, which assures us that the Church in Canada has but little to dread from the efforts of the French Canadian Missionary Society to disseminate error. "Point d'argent, point de Suisse," which may be freely rendered, "No cash, no convert," is a proverb strictly applicable to the "Swaddlers" of Lower Canada;

and as the same and the credit of the latter are pretty well exhausted, we may expect that, as the natural consequence, the process of conversion will for some time at least, be attended with considerable difficulty. Money is in short the great spiritual eye-opener, the lens through which the visual organs of an empty belly—the "eyes of faith," as the Saints term them—are enabled to behold in all their deformity, the errors of Romanism.

The Grand Ligne Mission appears indeed, by the showing of its friends to be in a very bad way. Its Committee, at its last sitting, has ascertained a deficiency of \$2,000 for the current expenses of the "Swaddlers" during the last five months, or of about \$4,800 per annum. Besides this annual deficit, there is an old outstanding debt of \$1,000; and it is feared that "on account of the sore difficulties of our American brethren, who have hitherto so generously supported our labors," the debt and deficit "cannot but increase during the present year." All this we are informed has "wrung the hearts" of the "Swaddlers," and has led them "to look more earnestly to Him, &c.," which being interpreted and purged of cant, means, has prompted them again to "Send round the hat."

That either of these operations will eventuate in financial success, we can hardly expect. "Looking earnestly" cannot do much towards replenishing the exhausted exchequer, or restoring the credit of the "Swaddlers;" and the indifference of the public towards these gentry and their schemes is evident from a very simple fact stated by their agent, the M. Louis Roussy aforementioned. From his Report it appears that the expenses of the Grand Ligne Mission amount to about "\$1,400 per quarter," or "\$5,600 per annum," when all the missionaries are actively engaged; but the Society has lately curtailed its expenditure by "discharging some of its laborers." Now the actual deficit of the Mission is "\$2,000 for the last five months, or at the rate of \$4,800 per annum; but the difference betwixt the annual expenditure and the annual deficit is the annual income; so that, if M. Louis Roussy's Report is accurate, the sum of \$800 is the total amount of annual revenue which the "Swaddlers" are able to extort from the credulity of their dupes, and the fanaticism of their patrons. Taking the figures furnished to us by M. Louis Roussy as our premises, we deduce therefrom the conclusion that the public are very apathetic indeed about the Grand Ligne Mission, and take but little interest in the cause of "Soupersism."

And this is the more extraordinary, and the more to be regretted, because the "Mission," which is now in danger of suspension, was just about going to do something really great. "Never," we are assured, "has this Institution been more blessed, nor its influence better and wider." Another very remarkable circumstance connected with this Institution is that it professes to have possession—not of the "keys" merely—but of "the very gate of heaven"—(though how such an article of furniture found its way to Grand Ligne, and came into the possession of M. Louis Roussy and his friends, we confess ourselves at a loss to conceive. Yet so it is, if the words of the writer of the Report may be believed—for he tells us that:—

"A good number of young men, both Catholics and Protestants, have found within its walls the house of God . . . and the very gate of heaven."

Of which "gate" we suppose M. Louis Roussy is the self-constituted porter, or Suisse.

THE TWO SETS OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—Herein lie two insuperable obstacles to any conclusion of a controversy upon religious, or politico-religious subjects betwixt Catholics and Protestants. That in the first place there is no standard of truth in the religious or supernatural order common to both, no common judge or test to which both can appeal, and by which both agree to be bound. And in the second place, that even in the natural order, Protestants have no fixed principles even amongst themselves; that they keep constantly on hand two sets of weights and measures—with one of which they buy, and with the other of which they sell; and that in dealing with Catholics they will not give to their opponents the benefit of the very principles which they loudly assert for themselves. The law which the Protestant lays down for his adversary, he will not admit as binding upon himself or allow the Catholic to appeal to: the code which he insists upon applying to Papists, he rejects as an intolerable grievance, if any instance applied to himself. Of this the reader will find a striking and amusing instance in the extract which we lay before him, from our evangelical cotemporary the Montreal Witness, and which purports to be a portion of a discourse delivered by the well-known evangelical buffoon, Spurgeon, and reported by the Northern Ensign. We need scarcely add that, from the manner in which the Witness reproduces the article in question, we conclude that it fully approves of the principles therein laid down:—

Mr. S. preached in the New Tabernacle, seated for 6000, and capable, when crowded (as it continually is), of containing 8000 persons. This noble edifice, perhaps the greatest in the world ever devoted to the pure Scriptural worship of God, was opened formally on the 25th of March. Mr. S. took for his text the 42d verse of the fifth chapter of the Acts—"They ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." In reference to the Headship of Christ, the preacher said:—

"But I fear there are times when the minister will not be true to his duty unless he goes further, and preaches Christ as the sole King of the Church. There has been a disposition on the part of the State, especially with regard to the Free Church of Scotland, to exercise power and judgment over Church affairs. No king, no queen, that ever lived, or can live, has any authority whatever over the Church of Christ. The Church has sons to govern and rule over her but her Lord and her King. The Church can suffer, but she cannot yield; you may break her confessions and upon the wheel, but she, in her uprightness, will neither bend nor bow. From the sentence of our Church there is no appeal whatever on earth. To the Court of Heaven a man may appeal if the sentence of the Church be wrong, but to Caesar never. Neither the best nor the worst of kings or queens may ever dare to put their finger upon the prerogative of Christ as the Head of the Church. Up, Church of God! If once there be any laws of man passed to govern thee, up, dash them in pieces!

Let us each catch up the war, and uplift the lion standard of the tribe of Judah; let us challenge the kings of the earth and say, who shall rouse him up? The Church is queen above all queens, and Christ our only King. None have jurisdiction or power in the Church of Christ save Jesus Christ himself. If any of our acts violate the civil laws, we are men and citizens, and we acknowledge the right of a State to govern us as individuals. None of us wish to be less subjects of the realm because we are kings and priests unto God. But as members of Christian Churches, we maintain that the excommunication of a Christian Church can never be reversed by the civil power, or by any State-act, nor are its censures to be examined, much less to be removed, mitigated, or even judged. We must have, as Christ's Church, a full recognition of his imperial rights; and the day will come when the State will not only tolerate us as a mere society, but admit that, as we profess to be the Church of Christ, we have a right by that very fact to be self-governing, and never to be interfered with in any sense whatever, so far as our ecclesiastical affairs are concerned.

Christ must be preached then, and exalted in all these respects, or else we have not preached a full Christ; but I go one step further. We have not yet learned to the full height of our ministry, unless we mourn to preach Christ as the King of kings. He has an absolute right to the entire dominion of this world. The Christian minister, as ordained of God to preach, has a perfect right in God's name to preach upon any subject touching the Lord's kingdom, and to rebuke and exhort even the greatest of men. Sometimes I have heard it said, when we have canvassed the acts of an emperor or senator, "These are politics;" but Christ is king of politics as well as of theology. "Oh but," say they, "what have you to do with what the State does?" Why, just this, that Christ is the Head of all States, and while the State has no authority over the Church, yet Christ himself is King of kings, and Lord of lords. Oh that the Church would put her diadem upon her head, and take her right position! We are not slaves. The Church of God is not a grovelling corporation, bound for ever to sit upon a dunghill. Never queen was so fair as she, and never robe so rich as the purple which she wears. Arise, O Church! arise—the earth is thine; claim it. Send out thy missionary, not as a petitioner to creep at the feet of princes, but as an ambassador for God, to make peace between God and man. Send him out to claim the possession which belongs to thee, and which God has given to thee to be thine for ever and ever, by a right which kings may dispute, but which one day every one of them shall acknowledge."

Now let us suppose the above words put in the mouth, not of a dissenting preacher in England, but in that of a Catholic Bishop in Canada—would not the entire Protestant press come out against the extravagant pretensions of the Church of Rome? Would not the entire Protestant community be up in arms against such an outbreak of Episcopal arrogance? And yet never did a Hildebrand claim for the Universal Church more than Spurgeon challenges as the right of the obscure band of fanatics and ignorant old women over whose conventicle he presides.

Or again, had any Catholic sovereign, as prominent for his attachment, as Victor Emmanuel is notorious for his hostility, to the Pope, dealt with a Protestant sovereign, and a small Protestant State, as the King of Sardinia, has dealt with the King and people of Naples—had a Catholic Prince without the pretense of protection, without any previous declaration of hostilities, invaded the State of a weak Protestant Prince, attacked his armies and fortified places, driven him from his throne, and treated his people as the Neapolitans are at the present moment treated by the foreign mercenaries of Piedmont—there is no epithet in their vocabulary of abuse, copious though the latter be, which Protestants would have deemed too harsh to hurl at the head of the unprincipled invader and usurper. And yet when a sovereign who has the honor, in Protestant eyes, to be excommunicated, does these very things; when he shoots down, by hundreds and thousands, the people of his unjustly acquired dominions who will not submit to his iniquitous sway; when, by his hiring soldiery, he burns their towns, consigns their bodies to the flames, and their women to outrages worse than death; when he perpetrates in the face of Europe horrors which, in their wildest excesses, the Turks durst not attempt against their Christian slaves, and which in atrocity and the number of victims far exceed the world-famous "massacre of Scio"—Protestantism looks on, and not only complacently, but approvingly; and the monarch by whose orders, and in whose name, these cruelties are committed, is lauded to the skies by the Protestant press as the model of a liberal Prince, as *par excellence* the gentleman King, the "re galantissimo!"

We copy from the Kingston Herald and Advertiser of the 18th inst.:

JESSE PATTERSON COMING TO KINGSTON.—This atrocious criminal has had his sentence finally committed to imprisonment for life in the Provincial Penitentiary. The Montreal Pilot expresses a hope that this will be a warning to parties in the Townships of Lower Canada, said to be habitually in the commission of crimes like that for which Patterson has been condemned. Horrible state of morality in these digniss if true.

We have good reason for believing that the Pilot's words are but too true; and we would remind our Kingston cotemporary—1st that the particular crime therein alluded to is far more rife in Upper than it is in Lower Canada, as may be tested by a reference to the advertising columns of the Upper Canadian Protestant press; and 2nd that in Lower Canada it is there most rife where the Protestant and Yankee element predominates. In the exclusively Catholic and French Canadian districts, the crime is unknown; and for its too great prevalence we are indebted entirely to the efforts of the "superior race," by whom it is very extensively practised. Indeed we may mention that the columns of the Kingston Advertiser are by no means free from beastly and immoral advertisements; and that they therefore are to a certain extent responsible for the "horrible state of morality" which, with genuine pharisaical candor, the editor pretends to deplore.

Mrs. Tache, Bishop of St. Boniface, Mgr. Gignies, Bishop of Ottawa, and the Rev. Pere. Hubert, Superior of the Oblats of Montreal, have embarked this morning for Europe. They are on their way to a general assembly of their Order which is to name a successor to Mgr. de Nivode, their old Superior-General. Mgr. Tache has also as an object the gathering of aid for his sadly afflicted diocese.—Journal de Quebec, 19th inst.

"G. C." St. Eugene, will be attended to.

A CARD OF THANKS.

The ladies who conducted the St. Patrick's Bazaar have the honor of announcing that the net proceeds of the Bazaar amount to the magnificent sum of \$3,500—a result far exceeding their expectations in the present depressed state of business. They are sensible, however, that it is not to their exertions that such a result is owing, but to Him Who giveth the increase. Much praise is also due to those who contributed so generously to the success of the Bazaar. The efforts of the ladies would be of little avail, were they not sustained by the prompt and ready assistance of the people. To the Irish Catholic congregations of the city, their best thanks are due for their cordial and unanimous efforts on behalf of the Orphans. The ladies also desire to offer their particular thanks to the many gentlemen of other religious persuasions who received them politely when they called, and gave their contributions in a truly kind and generous spirit, without any bigoted or offensive allusions to the particular object of the charity. These are the good Samaritans who pause not to inquire as to who or what is the indigent or suffering fellow-creature for whom their charity is requested. To all who contributed in any way, or in any degree, to the success which has crowned their efforts—to the rich who of their abundance gave freely—to the poor who, having but little to give, gave that little cheerfully—the ladies return their heartfelt thanks, hoping that the Father of the fatherless will reward them with his choicest blessings, both here and hereafter.

At the Annual Meeting of the Ladies of Charity of the St. Patrick's congregation, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved,—"That the best thanks of the Society are due, and hereby tendered to Madame Vallieres de St. Real, for her long and valuable services rendered to the poor in connection with the Society, established in part under her auspices. During the several years that Madame Vallieres has acted as President of the Society, her exertions to promote its interests were devoted and unceasing; and this tribute of thanks is but a faint acknowledgment of what is due to her from the poor of Montreal, and all who take an interest in the cause of Charity. The Ladies of the Society cannot witness, without deep and unfeigned regret, Madame Vallieres' departure from Montreal; and they beg to assure her on this, to them, sorrowful occasion, that their prayers and their best wishes shall attend her wherever Providence may fix her place of abode."

THE ORPHANS' ADDRESS TO MRS. VALLIERES.

DEAR MADAM VALLIERES,—Allow us to offer you our sincere thanks for your unceasing kindness in behalf of the inmates of this Asylum. The good deeds of several years stand as memorials which point out to the Orphans the interest you bore them. Neither labor nor fatigue hindered you from performing the devoted task you undertook and for which you labored so strenuously. Now that (to us) untoward circumstances call you away from the heretofore scene of your good works, that which is your just due will not only be now given, but will follow whithersoever you go—the Orphans' grateful thanks and love.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR,—In reading over the columns of your invaluable journal, I do not find any account of the proceedings of our Bazaar, which came off here with great eclat on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th inst.—I suppose you have not yet been requested to give them publicity. This seeming negligence is mainly attributable to the fact that the full particulars were not known; until now all the money had not been sent in. As far as I can learn, the sum realized amounts to the princely sum of \$1,200, which, for its extent, reflects great credit on all concerned—on the kind-hearted and truly Christian ladies who got up the affair, as well as on the good people, Protestant and Catholic, who came forward and generously contributed their mite. When we take into consideration the hardness of the times, and the lull in the business pursuits of the country, occasioned, I fancy, by the civil commotions now raging amongst our neighbors, the Bazaar has been a decided success.—Indeed it has come up to the sanguine expectations of our devoted Pastor—Rev. H. Burns—who, since his advent amongst us, has been unremitting in his endeavors to complete the noble edifice commenced by his predecessors.

Our Church, I presume you are aware, is one of the finest in Upper Canada. It was a truly wonderful undertaking for the Catholics of Brockville, many of whom are not blest with a goodly share of this world's goods; but such a structure redounds to their glory all the more on that account. It is certainly the pride of our Shepherd and his flock. Were it only completed, could the original designs be fully carried out, generations yet unborn might gaze on it with pride and pleasure; they will point to it and justly say,—"There stands a stately monument of the piety and zeal of our forefathers." And how consoling it is for those who are now engaged aiding on the good work, to think that every Sunday morning, amid the solemn swelling of sacred music, and through clouds of perfumed incense, the pious prayers of the future Catholics of Brockville will ascend to the Throne of the Most High in their behalf.

The Ladies of the Committee have every reason to thank in an especial manner our separated brethren, for their very liberal patronage during the Bazaar. They likewise thank their distant friends, and all those who aided in augmenting the funds, and who lent their assistance on the occasion. The Prescott Brass Band was in attendance on the 1st and 3rd evenings, and contributed not a little to the hilarity of the proceedings; they acquitted themselves very creditably indeed, and would not even think of taking remuneration. The Brockville String Band tendered their services gratuitously on the 2nd and 4th evenings. Their kindness has been appreciated, I assure you. S. P. H. Esq., gave the large and commodious Metropolitan Hall free of charge; it was very usefully decorated for the occasion, and was much admired. You now have the particulars.

Before concluding, I feel it due to the Ladies—who spared neither time nor pains in making preparations suitable to the occasion—to say, that too much praise cannot be awarded them; though I feel certain they have not labored so energetically, so unceasingly, and with such enthusiasm for the plaintiffs that this world usually affords; a higher and a holier motive prompted their exertions, and success has crowned their endeavors.

By giving excuse for this lengthy communication, I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c., A BROCKVILLEAN Brockville, Oct. 21, 1861.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Monday morning, about half-past seven o'clock a melancholy and fatal accident occurred to Mr. Lafleur, one of the contractors for the Nun's Buildings in St. Paul Street, now in course of erection. He was on the top of one of the warehouses, examining some masonry, when, owing to the frost on the ground, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the back yard from the fourth story. His head is still to have been literally split in twain, and death was instantaneous. He is a young man in the prime of life, and had been but about eighteen months married, and was held in much respect.—Pilot.

TROOPS UNDER ORDERS FOR CANADA, &c.—According to the last advices from England, the 4th Brigade of Artillery (Head Quarters at present at Aldershot, are under orders for Canada. The 36th Regiment, to which the Prince of Wales, a few weeks ago, presented a new stand of colors at the Curragh Camp, has also received orders to hold itself in readiness for immediate embarkation. This Regiment is quite a celebrated one, and formed portion of the brigade, with the guards, at the Curragh Camp to which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was attached during his stay there. It has also, according to the London Times, been decided to forward a large number of Armstrong 140 guns to the North American and West India fleet, under Admiral Milne.

His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief has been pleased to dispense with the services in the Militia of the Province of Colonel Arthur Rankin, commanding the 9th Military District in Upper Canada, and of Lieut. Alister M. Clark, of the 2nd Troop Volunteer Cavalry of York.

VOLUNTEER RIFLE MATCH.—We are informed (says the Transcript) that it is the intention of the officers of the Volunteer Brigade, to organize a Volunteer Rifle Match at the close of the course of target practice, which the various companies of the force have been regularly going through once a week, on St. Helen's Island, for the past six weeks, under the guidance of Lieut. Rooney, musketry instructor. The match, is likely to come off in about a fortnight, when the last companies will have finished their firing. The prizes offered for competition will be purses for first, second, and third shots. A handsome silver cup given by Major Lyman. A Brigade Medal, silver, to be competed for by officers and men of the force, who have made a certain number of points during the recent practice. The commandant's gold medal to be shot for by the winners of the other prizes—to be won and worn by the *creme de la creme* of marksmen only. The commanding officers of the different corps of the different corps have been appointed a Committee to perfect the scheme, and to make all necessary arrangements for the match, of which due notice will be given hereafter. It is possible that there may be other prizes, and that the shooting will occupy two days. The "crack" shots of the force will, no doubt, be on the alert, when there are both honors and money to be won, and the competition is expected to be keen and spirited.

THE RAILWAY TERMINUS.—We congratulate our fellow citizens on the fact that this long vexed question is at last apparently settled. It seems moreover to have been settled to the satisfaction of all parties, who have been contending about it. We believe it will be difficult to over-estimate the advantage which this improvement will confer on our citizens.—Herald.

FORN ENLISTMENT.—"We hear," says the Sherbrooke Leader, "but cannot vouch for the truth of the report, that secret agents are striving to enlist recruits for the American Government, in this district, along the frontier."

ALMOST A BLOW UP.—On Saturday about noon the inhabitants at Fort Henry were alarmed by the cry of "fire!" and the whole garrison was thrown into confusion. The idea of fire where there was so much powder was certainly something startling. The following are the particulars:—A carpenter, named Valentine, in the pay of the Ordnance Department, was engaged in repairing the floor of a room near the magazine, which formerly was used as a depository of gun-powder, and lately as a room for manufacturing cartridges. He was in the act of striking a nail with a hammer, when the concussion caused a spark, and the gunpowder, lying in chinks around, at once exploded, driving up part of the flooring, and burning the unfortunate man's face so that he had afterwards to be sent to the hospital. The alarm, of course, was at once given, and the soldiers turned out in order to extinguish the fire which had caught the flooring. They soon did so with water, but the danger was imminent, as there was only a wooden partition between the room where the fire originated and the magazine, which was full of powder. There is apparently no blame to be attached to Valentine, but it is said an investigation will be made to-day.—Quebec Gazette.

Died, In this city, on the 23rd instant, Mary McCall, the beloved wife of John McDonald, aged 72 years, a native of the County Carlow, Ireland. Friends are invited to attend her funeral at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, from her late residence 25 Water Street, to the French Cathedral, and from thence to the Catholic burying ground, as no cards will be issued.

In this city, on the 21st instant after a short illness which he bore with Christian fortitude, Horace Bloomfield, Printer, aged 23.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Flour.—Fine \$4 to \$4.30; Super. No. 2, \$5 to \$5.25 Superfine No. 1, \$5.50 to \$5.60; Fancy \$5.65 to \$5.75; Extra \$5.75 to \$5.90; Superior Extra \$6 to \$6.25. Bag-Flour per 112 lbs.—Common Spring Wheat Flour \$2.70 to \$2.80; Fyfe Wheat, or Black Sea Wheat Flour \$2.80 to \$2.90. Flour is about five cents higher on account of favorable news from Britain. Sales at \$5.50. Oatmeal per bbl. of 200 lbs.—\$4. Wheat.—U. O. Spring ex cars, \$1.07 to \$1.10 per 60 lbs.; afloat \$1.13½ to \$1.15; White, \$1.25 to \$1.30. Barley.—55c. to 60c. per 50 lbs. Corn per 56 lbs.—54c. to 55c. Oatmeal \$3.50 per bbl. of 196 lbs. Oats.—No wholesale transactions. Peas per 66 lbs.—75c to 80c.; the latter prices afloat. Ashes.—Per 112 lbs. Pots, \$5 to \$6; Inferiors 5c. more. Pearls, \$6 to \$8. There is no freight open for Ashes by steamer till 12th Nov., and the market for Pots is 60s. This high freight, together with high insurance have brought down the price of Ashes to our quotations. Best.—Prime Mess, new, \$10 to \$11 per bbl. Pork.—Mess \$15.75 to \$16. The other grades are in small supply, and nominal. Butter.—Grense, nominally 8 cents, but unsaleable. Ordinary to good 9c. to 12c.; higher grades only being saleable. Dairy 12c. to 13c. in active demand. Cheese.—7 to 7½ for good.—Montreal Witness.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, Druggist and Pharmacist, 94, ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, MONTREAL.

Retail Dealer in pure Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Trusses and Perfumery. Garden and Flower Seeds, warranted fresh. Ointment and Burning Fluid of the finest quality. N. B.—Physicians Prescriptions accurately prepared, Medicine chests filled up, &c.

EVENING SCHOOL.

A. KEGAN'S EVENING SCHOOL for Young Men is now OPEN in the Male School attached to the St. Ann's Church, Griffintown. Terms moderate. Hours of attendance, from SEVEN to NINE o'clock. A few boys, between the ages of ten and sixteen years, can be accommodated with board. Montreal, October 17.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

Paris, Sept. 27.—The scanty harvest and its possible consequences begin to occupy the public mind considerably, especially as the abolition of the sliding scale comes this year for the first time into action.

All opinions agree that as regards quantity, the wheat harvest is considerably below the average; indeed, that it has been the scantiest known for the last 25 years, and will fall short even of 1846 and 1856. An additional disadvantage seems to be that, contrary to other years, very little remains of the growth of last year, the softness of the wheat of 1860 having obliged speculators to hasten its sale. As for the quality, it is thought decidedly above the average, which may, up to a certain point, make up for the quantity. But, in spite of this, it is calculated that the deficit will approach one-fourth, or even one-third, below the average.

As for the other cereal crops with the exception of Indian corn, which forms, as in Italy, the chief food of the southern population of France, they have been tolerably successful,—a circumstance which is likewise calculated to compensate in part for the failure of wheat.

No wonder that there is a great outcry among the working classes. Bread forms a much larger portion in their subsistence than with English workmen, and one laborer in France will consume almost as much bread as a whole family in England. And this is only the beginning of autumn. Unless some measure be taken no one can tell how high bread will rise.

France is just now passing through one of those transitory phases of difficulties which a change in the economical system is always liable to produce. It seems as if an envious fairy had done all in her power to surround the first steps of France on the road to free trade with difficulties, to alarm the timid and encourage the partisans of the old system.

On the first of October the commercial treaty with England has become a reality, and, as an introduction to it, during the fortnight preceding it the bullion stock of the Bank of France has been drained by one-seventh, and the rate of discount had to be raised in consequence, most of the funds have resented the measure by a proportionate fall; lastly, come the returns of imports and exports in the *Moniteur* for the first eight months of the current year, showing a considerable increase in importation and a falling off in many of the exports. There is, as you see, plenty of matter for raising a cry of distress, and, no doubt, advantage will be taken of so many concurring circumstances to make out a case against the new commercial policy of the empire. It will be made the scapegoat, although it had only so far to do with the matter that it mitigated the effect of some of the unfavorable circumstances.

You know by telegram that the official *Gazette* of Prussia announces at last a fact which has attracted so much attention here, and which has given and is still giving rise to so many comments. According to the wording of the announcement, the visit is merely a return of civility for the visit paid by the Emperor, and it is Count Portales, the Prussian Minister, at the Court of the Tuilleries, and not the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is to accompany the King.

Neither of these circumstances is calculated to lessen the expectation which the coming Royal visit at Compiègne is looked for with. Exchange of civilities are the diplomatic formula for Royal visits, and the substitution of the Prussian representative at Paris is rather in favor of an understanding between the two Courts.

Whatever the view taken on this subject may be at Berlin, it is certain that an attempt will be made to induce the King to inaugurate his reign by abandoning the traditional policy of nullity which has almost effected Prussia since 1848 from the number of great Powers, and to join the policy of the future, as politicians here are pleased to call the policy of nationalities, of which the Emperor has become the champion.

About the success or non-success of the attempt, opinions may be divided, but the conviction is pretty general that the time is not distant when no Power can remain neutral, but must choose a side in the struggle.

Prussia's attitude of uncertainty and vacillation has done a great deal to check and retard the decision of many questions, and has brought on struggles which otherwise might have been altogether prevented—as for example the Eastern and Italian questions. If in the first Prussia had joined the Western Powers there would have been no war at all, and if in the second she had done the same the Italian question would be settled now. Of course, she might have joined the other side, but even then the state of affairs would have been at least clear, and every one would have known on whom to reckon.

Both sides feel that the time has come when Prussia must choose between the Liberal and reactionary camp; and both bid for Prussia.

The Emperor, who is expected to-morrow at St. Cloud, will proceed almost immediately to Compiègne, and Messrs. Benedetti and Lavalette are to remain in France until the interview between the Emperor and the King of Prussia is over. From this you may judge of the importance attributed to this interview in France.

On the other hand, it is positively stated that the Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg are to assist at the interview between the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, which is to take place after the conclusion. Thus the King of Prussia will have an opportunity of hearing both sides of the question.

The *Phare de la Loire*, a paper published at Nantes announces in its number of Monday last the following act of summary justice:—

"The Prefect of La Vendée has by a decree, dated September 23, commanded the closing of the inn at Marseilles, commune of Champagne les Murais, of which the proprietress, Madame Funandean, made use of language offensive to the Emperor."

A figure.—A misunderstanding, already of long date, has become so serious between Marshal M'Mahon and Marshal Randon, that the retirement of this latter from the ministry is probable. He would be replaced by Marshal Niel, who is sure to quarrel with Canrobert.—*Times* Cor.

Paris, Oct. 1, 1861.—I have a sad piece of news to confirm. Father Lacordaire is sick unto death. He knows it, and is preparing for the last sacrifice with heartfelt piety. The only earthly wish he has expressed has been to see his old and faithful friend, Count de Montalembert, who has hastened to his bedside.

The political dead season seems to be coming to a close. It is reported that the Emperor is to hold to-morrow (the 2nd) a council, at which Messrs. Benedetti and Lavalette are to assist, and in which the Roman question is to be finally settled. Riccio's project of granting to the Pope the Basilica of St. Peter, and the Vatican, is to be admitted. If the latter will "obstinately" continue to refuse the "pro-

vision" of the King of Italy, the French troops would retire on Civita Vecchia. The *Stella* assures this! Meanwhile the French troops pursue the Bourbonists like wild beasts, as the *Ami de la Religion* very truly says. Here rumor is daily more and more in favor of war. The banker Selliers, who owns a cloth factory at Beauvais, has received an immense order for military stores. At Versailles, the Carbiniers had been in garrison for the last fifteen years. They have lately been sent to Lunerville. Their Colonel, the Duc Lesparges, having been to see the Emperor to beg that the order might be rescinded, received the following answer: "It is not worth while, for you will begin the campaign probably before spring." Three Vice-Admirals and six Rear-Admirals have just been appointed, not for the *Trireme* merely. No newspaper has dared to publish that a credit of seventy millions of francs for the war department, and one of eighty millions for the naval department, have been added to the "Bulletin des Lois."—*Cor. Weekly Register*.

ITALY

Things in Italy are still going on pretty much the same as they have been since the raid of the robber King and his satellites upon that devoted land. The accounts received from various sources are perfectly heart-rending. Priests are flogged, imprisoned, reviled, and abused daily. Bishops are ignominiously driven from their sees; men, women, and children are incarcerated, ill-used, or shot down, as if they were brutes or malefactors. Towns and villages are fired, and their inhabitants, when attempting to escape, are thrust back at the point of the bayonet into the flames, there to perish. A letter from the Roman correspondent of the *Monde* states that a Cure, after having been hanged by the miscreants who do the bidding of the Piedmontese tyrant was shot at by them, to show how little compunction they felt at murdering a priest of the living God. The same correspondent states that a bishop narrowly escaped a similar fate, having been tried by a court martial, consisting of eleven persons, when six of the number voted for his exile, and the other five gave their votes for his execution. The bishop's secretary was shot, and a number of priests imprisoned and maltreated. Any and every effort to restrain or interfere with these monsters in their acts of barbarity is visited with certain death. Neither the faithful followers of the legitimate rulers, nor their friends can venture to come to their rescue.—*Dublin Telegraph*.

The *Opinion* gives a denial to the report circulated by some Belgian papers relative to an ultimatum for the settlement of the Roman question which they asserted had been sent by Baron Ricasoli to the Pope. The *Opinion* also denies that conferences had taken place between M. de Nigra and M. Thouvenot on the subject.

The *Triester Zeitung* has a letter from Milan on the 21st instant, which strongly insists on the progress and preparatory making by the "party of action," by which it is to be understood the Mazzinians. The writer most positively asserts that in Milan alone that party has depots containing 30,000 of the best muskets, received from England, Belgium, and France, and a superabundance of ammunition, and that a friend of Mazzini declared they were in a position to arm and equip 50,000 volunteers in Lombardy alone. The Government, it is added, is anxious, and narrowly watches the movements of the Mazzinian chiefs, 20 of whom it recently arrested in Milan and Brescia, and by so doing prevented a *coup de main* it was intended to attempt against Rome, and in which it was generally believed that part of the second army corps was to take share. Into this alleged complicity of the troops La Marmora had ordered a strict inquiry to be made. All this intelligence, although so positively given, appears to me of the most exaggerated, not to say apocryphal, description, and I have no doubt your Turin correspondent will be able to contradict the greater part of it, should he think it worth while.

MARKS OF OUR ITALIAN LIBERAL.—The correspondent of the *Dublin Telegraph* gives the following signs whereby to recognise a Liberal:—"In the country towns and villages, if you find men, young and old, indifferent to their religious duties inclined to gambling, brawling, drinking, and all kinds of immoral conduct, you may be quite sure to which side they are attached—a bitter sarcasm upon the so-called 'regeneration of Italy.' The Protestant author of 'Roman Candles,' whose book was noticed in your pages many weeks ago, sufficiently exposes the real character and quality of our boasted 'regenerators.' Several of the clerical correspondents of the *Anglican Union* have also published the results of their experience in Italy, and you have probably noticed to which side they are favorable.

Rome, Saturday, Sept. 23, 1861.—The Holy Father is perfectly recovered from the slight illness which I mentioned to you in my last letter. Last Tuesday I myself received an audience from him, and found him looking very well and in excellent spirits. It is a great consolation to see the Pope, especially in these times; for his calm, heroic and more than human confidence reassures and soothes the most hesitating. In his acts, in his countenance you may, as it were, read those words: "Modice fidei, dubitasti?" (Thou of little faith, why hast thou doubted?) Yes, to see the Pope is ever a great consolation, and especially so on that occasion, because with my own eyes I could assure myself of his recovery, which took place so soon this time after his illness that the revolutionary press had scarcely time to notice it.

While, however, all good Catholics, and especially the Clergy, ought to vie with each other to relieve the anxiety of the Holy Father by devotion and affection, it is truly painful to see some of them, and of those most benefited by him, come forward to afflict him with their defection. The Rev. Professor Charles Passaglia, late of the Society of Jesus, a theologian no doubt of great merit, but in politics a mere babe, has exposed his weak side to the enemies of the Papacy—ambition! He has allowed himself to be won over to their cause, and now fights under the banner of Liverani. He has printed at Florence a Latin pamphlet under the title "Pro Causa Italica. Ad omnes Episcopos. Actores (sic) Presbytero Catholicos." (For the Italian cause. To all Bishops. A Catholic priest advocate.) The *Nazione*, a Florence journal, has taken upon itself the care of raising the veil from the anonymous author's name, and of giving an Italian translation of it, stating that the pamphlet is by Father Passaglia. This title, *father*, being a record of the Society to which he formerly belonged, is not, I believe, very palatable to Passaglia. For, having known him as a Jesuit *father* formerly, I once met him again in the dress of a secular priest, and, without thinking, I greeted him, as I was accustomed, with the title of "Father Passaglia." But I was immediately, though amiably, checked by him. What will the Professor now say of the same title which the *Nazione* now gives him? Perhaps he expected that his pamphlet would make people forget what he was. Unfortunately the result is the opposite. He has a plan, the result of which, if it has any, can be only temporary, for whoever adopts Revolution as his mother must be resigned to the fate of all its children; and that is to be devoured by it. Be that as it may Passaglia's plan is as follows:—After having published this pamphlet, the authorship of which is thus made known, he has come to show himself in Rome. In Rome naturally he may be expected to receive a reproof, and may end by being expelled from the city. Then, with all the glory of such an expulsion, he will go to Florence, and publish there a journal, the title of which is to be *Mediatore*, the programme of which will be to conciliate the cause of the Church with that of Italy, or rather, "the kingdom of Italy." His colleagues are to be a certain De Negri, a Barnabite, and Liverani! For a man who has been so favoured by the Pope, to whose generosity he owes his professorship in the Roman University, and two pensions (the one on the funds of the Apostolic Palace; the other on those of the Propaganda), it certainly will be a step most ap-

proved, on the part of, the Revolution, which has made, so much of, Liborio Romano. This desertion of Passaglia's will certainly be a great grief for Pius IX.

The Roman Correspondent of the *Monde* says:—"M. Passaglia has returned from Florence, and is showing himself a good deal in Rome in a manner which provokes a considerable degree of impudence, if he is really the advocate of the Italian cause. This very evening he was in the public walk on the Pincio, in company with the English lady who has followed him everywhere since he left the Company of Jesus. The crowd showed something more than astonishment on seeing this Priest in a berline and on the right hand of the lady."—*Cor. of Weekly Register*.

NAPLES.—Naples continues in the same disturbed state as before. After announcing over and over again the complete suppression of what is called brigandage, the telegrams on Thursday admit that reactionary risings are taking place in various directions. Some idea of the state of the country may be gathered from the letter of a correspondent of the *Osservatore Romano*, who, writing from Naples on the 25th ult., says:—

You see how our journals marvellously agree in relating news from Calabria to the effect that everything there is over, and that the Spaniards who have landed, are dispersed, fled and surrounded. The rumors float in the city are very different; they relate to broken telegraphic lines, all communication between Catanzaro and Reggio interrupted, and the capitulation of several Piedmontese corps. What is certain is, that on the mountains near us, at Nola, Monteforte, Avella, Lauro, Montevergine, and Sonnina, the legitimists have reappeared in great numbers. On Monday (the 23rd) a fight took place at Avella, between the Piedmontese and part of Cipriani's band. The encounter lasted two hours with doubtful result. Besides this, within the last few days, Ciavone's band entered again into Castelluccio di Stabia, and disarmed the national guard. Other news of new encounters, in the Gargano and on the mountains of Arienzo, have reached us from the provinces. It is even stated that another landing has taken place in the Puglie, on the shores of Manfredonia.

From the Abruzzi, September the 24th, we hear that the band of Piccione came down on Teramo, and having joined the vandaleers who have escaped the massacre made in those parts in Cerignola and about Verde, they destroyed the Piedmontese hordes and have kept many hostages. It is to be noted that the national guard, which, before the massacre of the 9th inst., was so zealous, has joined after such an event the royalists, and facilitate the operations against the Piedmontese.

From the same source we learn that a Piedmontese Major, of the name of Rossi, had shot, without any sort of trial, a hundred and thirty persons in Calabria on the mere denunciations of the local revolutionists, for which he had applied, a letter from Sepino, in the *Stampa Meridionale* of Naples, announces the total destruction of the towns of Campochiaro and Guardigliera, by the Piedmontese, on the 23rd ult. Another letter from Naples, appearing in the *Osservatore Romano*, says that after putting down a reactionary rising in the important town of Avellino, the Piedmontese shot in cold blood and without trial seventy-two prisoners. Only one of the seventy-two asked for pardon, the others died crying "Long live Francis II!"

In Sicily anarchy prevails, and committees of public safety are being formed by the citizens of Palermo.

As a specimen of the spirit by which the "reactionists" of Naples are actuated, we copy from the *Times* the following letter from General Borges, who styles himself "General Commanding-in-Chief of His Majesty Francis II"—to the Piedmontese General. We leave it to the impartial reader to judge whether the term "brigand" is more properly applicable to the Piedmontese mercenaries under Cialdini, or the Neapolitan loyalists under General Borges.—

The following is the substance of the latter's address, as given by the London *Times* correspondent:—

"The Legitimist journals publish three documents emanating from General Borges, chief of the Royalist band which disembarked on the night of the 13th near Bruzzano, in Calabria. The first is a proclamation to the Calabrians; the second, a circular to the syndics of towns and villages, charging them to transmit to the soldiers of the late Royal army the order to rejoin their regiments; and the third, a letter to the Piedmontese General who commands in the province, adjuring him to 'make war as becomes a soldier and a civilized man.' The first two are dated from the 'General Headquarters of the Army of Independence,' the 17th and 19th. The third has no date, probably from an error of the person copying it. In all three, Borges takes the title of 'General Commanding-in-Chief the three provinces of Calabria for His Majesty King Francis II.' After having proposed in his letter to the Piedmontese General the conditions of a regular and loyal war,—for example, to accord quarter to soldiers taken prisoners, to treat with every respect the bearers of flags of truce, and to prevent the soldiers from disquieting peaceable persons or injuring their property,—he declares that, after a delay of six days, he will, whether he receives a reply or not, regulate his conduct by that of the enemy 'and, consequently,' he adds, 'if you shoot the soldiers of national independence and of the King, I will shoot your men taken prisoners, and I will cast on you the responsibility of the blood which, to my great regret, you will force me to shed.'

According to letters from Italy, there seems little doubt of the intention of abolishing the Lieutenantcy at Naples. The kingdom is to be divided into 15 provinces, as it is now, which are to be placed on the same footing as the other provinces of the kingdom. This would indicate that Cialdini's work has been successfully accomplished. There were rumours afloat of a misunderstanding between Cialdini and the Central Government. If they have existed they are smoothed over, and have had nothing to do with this purely administrative measure.

Nevertheless, some uneasiness is felt about the possible results of this measure, whether everything is ripe for it.

On this subject the same writer remarks as follows:—

One word for the Lieutenantcy. The report daily acquires strength that it is to be abolished, and Naples to be more closely united—to what? To an Italy not yet constituted, to a kingdom without a capital; for to call Turin the capital, the issue of life and energy to this lengthened peninsula, would be an abuse of terms. This hurried anticipation of the future is doing, and will do yet greater, harm, for I hold it that the concentration of power at a geographical spot far North, while it will render prompt and speedy action an impossibility at the extreme ends of the country, will wound the *amour propre* of all the inhabitants of the South. It is useless to say that such a sentiment is irrational and unparliamentary, and that men should be prepared to make any sacrifices for their fatherland; there are many things that should be, men should be angels, but, as practical men, we have to consider what is, and act accordingly. In what I am saying I am repeating much that I have said already, but I consider the gravity of the situation to be such as to justify my again advertising to the subject. The truth is that Italian statesmen have for some time been administering this country on the assumption that every district of the Peninsula was in their power, and that the Eternal City had opened wide its gates to receive the various members of this hitherto disunited family. Thus, one after another of the peculiar institutions of the South have been broken up or removed to an ideal capital; laws have been changed not in all cases for the better, to accomplish a Pro-

crustean uniformity, and the Neapolitans, mortified by finding themselves deprived of power and governed at the other end of the long road, not by their own King, Queen, or Prince, the Queen of Naples has received from the hands of Count de Briancourt, the splendid testimonial of admiration offered to her Majesty by the Legitimist ladies of France, in the form of a diadem of brilliants enclosed in an elaborately chased silver casket, valued altogether at 600,000fr.

A Milan paper publishes the following address from Mazzini to the operatives of Naples:—

"My ill state of health has prevented me from replying sooner to your affectionate greeting, but my heart responded to it. I am grateful for your address of the 16th of June. A son of the people, convinced by my ancient faith and by my recent observations that the salvation of Italy resides in the people; in their national instincts, in the power of their disinterested sacrifices, in the spontaneity by which thought and action are united in their person; in fine, in their irresistible force when a uniform organization places them in a position to manifest it, I find in every fraternal greeting which comes from the people full satisfaction for the shabby attacks of mistrust and calumny made on me by men to whom we have yielded for the last two years, and still yield, through love of our country and of concord, the fruits of our labour.

"But I experience a very different joy—a joy which is not personal, but purely Italian—in reading your address, in which I perceive that you comprehend the grandeur of the mission of men of labor and that you do not fall into the error of other corporations of Italian operatives, who separate the national political object from their purely economical interests.

"We have all a great duty to fulfil towards the operative classes in Italy. The national revolution which is in course of accomplishment will introduce important ameliorations in their material condition, or it will fail in its mission. But these improvements cannot be produced except by the entire nation, secured against every foreign attack, constituted in the unity of its territory, and united by its representatives in its own metropolis at Rome, to study there with tranquillity and liberty the requirements of the country, and to dictate the new national pact which will give full satisfaction to all. Venice and Rome—there is the future—there is the emancipation of the people. Completely free between our Alps and our seas, we may devote, and we will devote, the entire life of our soul and of our heart to resolve questions of interior liberty and of social organization implied by the acknowledgment of your right to continuous labour better paid than it is at present, and independent of the speculation of a few men and the will of capital which is not in your hands. Association developed on a vast scale and aided by the credit of the nation, will heal your wounds.

"But in order that that may be accomplished the nation must be constituted. And in order that the operative classes may have a right to the assistance of the nation it is necessary that they show themselves ready to accomplish their duty towards it.—He who does not perform his duty possesses no rights. May all your brothers comprehend this truth as you yourselves prove that you do. Unite by your letters with the delegates of all the operative corporations throughout Italy who have hitherto participated in your belief. Instruct one another by your example. Endeavour constantly to improve yourselves, morally, intellectually, and economically.

"Operatives, show yourselves to be Italian citizens! Let each of you give his signature for Rome—his franc or centime for Venice. Let each of you insist on all doing as much. Venice and Rome must be conquered by the people. When you shall have proved that you are conscious of what is Italian, right, and of the firm will to obtain it—chiefs, and the first of all the men whose name you pronounce with so much affection, and who is waiting in his solitude in Caprea, will not fail you.

"Adieu! Love your brother.

"G. MAZZINI."

SPAIN

The *Correspondencia* of Madrid announces that the negotiations relating to the affairs of Mexico have been interrupted, and details some of the measures which it states have been adopted by the Spanish Government. It says:—

"Spain, whose interest in Mexico is greater than that of any other European Power, has not been able to come to an understanding with France and England as to the means to be employed to obtain satisfaction for the injuries of which it has to complain, and to extend to its subjects, who are murdered every day, effective protection. Spain, consequently intends to act alone in Mexico, as its interests and dignity require, without regard to what to English or French journals may say."

Letters from Madrid, coming from reliable source speak of the continued opposition of O'Donnell to a common action with France and England in the affairs of Mexico. The gallant General, intoxicated with his African triumphs, thinks it would be derogatory to the dignity not to act alone. Who knows? Perhaps he still remembers that Mexico has been once a Spanish colony, and that there may be chances for another Cortez. He is supported in his opposition by the King, who, yielding to the influences about him, is averse to co-operate with heretics and doubtful supporters of the Holy See.

The opposition is, however, by no means shared by the rest of the Cabinet; on the contrary, several among the most prominent see the necessity of uniting the efforts of Spain to those of others. The effects of the expedition to Morocco are still sufficiently felt to moderate the desire for costly military triumphs. Indeed, there is a strong tendency to abate even in the demands against Morocco and listen to moderate counsels, Spain having been sobered down by reality, and feeling neither strength nor will to repeat the experience of 1859-60.

AUSTRIA

The various reports recently current with respect to attempts at reconciliation between Vienna and Hungary appear, I regret to say, to have no solid foundation. In the first place, we hear nothing more of the proposed journey of the Archduke Rainer.—With respect to the Prince Primate, I am positively informed from Pesth that he has no authority whatever to make propositions to the Austrian Government, or to enter into any arrangement with it. It appears that, in cases of difference between the Hungarian nation and the Sovereign, it has been long customary for the Primate to intervene and endeavor to remove difficulties and restore a good understanding; but the propositions there made were never binding on either party until subsequently sanctioned.

The *Sentinelle* of Brescia says:—"On the 3d of October Austria will set at liberty the Modenese political prisoners who have been incarcerated in the dungeons of Mantua since 1859."

Three months ago it was rumored that the Municipality of Pesth was about to be dissolved by the Emperor, as a punishment for the support which it had given to the Diet. The report was discredited, because it seemed to indicate a more fatal breach between Austria and Hungary than at that time existed. It is now realised in a somewhat different form, and with a startling addition. Instead of being suppressed by Imperial mandate, the public functionaries of Pesth, from the Palatine down to the lowest employe, had tendered their resignations, and armed force had been employed to prevent the Assembly of the *Comitat* from meeting again. Such is the difference between the aspect of Hungarian affairs at the end of June and at the beginning of October. This "question," tedious and complex as it is, is indeed advancing towards its solution. It would be too much to say that the act, which leaves Pesth without a civil administration, and too easily paves the way for the erection of some more stringent and summary authority, must prove the beginning of a civil war. Yet it is difficult to doubt that the time is come when a single step forward on

either side may be the signal for a contest! The same telegram informs us that the Minister of the Interior, has ordered the collection of taxes by military execution in those districts in which it had been suspended during the harvest, and has declared that no more forbearance shall be shown. Our last letters from Vienna give us some idea of the way in which these orders are likely to be carried out, and of the resolute attitude of the population in various parts of the country. The members of the advanced party in the Diet are being received with enthusiasm by their constituents, and "the spirit of the people is as undaunted as ever." When we remember how slight were the immediate occasions of the Sicilian Vespers or Wat Tyler's insurrection, and how little delicacy Austrian officers or soldiers would probably use towards refractory peasants, we may well watch with some apprehension the effect of these measures in the capital and the province, even on a people so patient and self-restrained as the Hungarians.—*Times*.

The corn harvest has been most abundant this year in Hungary, and enormous quantities are in consequence being sent off by railway to the countries of Western Europe. The advantage which Hungary will derive from these exports are exceedingly great. According to a statistical return, drawn up by the Minister of Agriculture, the value of corn exported from Hungary since the beginning of the month of August is nearly 18,000,000fr., being only about a third of what can be sold. The abundant harvest has been important in a political point of view; it has had the effect of making the rural population better disposed to pay the taxes to the Austrian Government.

PRUSSIA

The *Times* has a long editorial on the policy of Prussia, and the dangers of an alliance betwixt that Power and France. We make some extracts:—

"Were interest to be the only guide, nothing could be more cordial than the understanding between England and Prussia. We are unable to point to any subject on which their interests are not absolutely identical. The Prussian Monarchy is a hundred and sixty years old, and twice during that period—during the Seven Years' War and the wars of Napoleon—Prussia has stood side by side with England in a contest for life and death against France, and on both occasions England and Prussia have been successful. So much for history. They are both Protestant Powers, and have so much agreement in matters of religion that they actually joined in the establishment of a bishopric at Jerusalem. It is the interest of England that Germany should be united, and united as a counterpoise to France; and united under the leading Protestant rather than under the leading Roman Catholic State, and rather under a State which has no Hungary and no Venice to distract its attention and dissipate its powers.—The professions, though not, certainly, the actions, of Prussia lead us to believe that she also considers this to be her interest.

The reason why the statesmen of both countries have always considered an alliance between them exceedingly desirable has been the common danger which they both incur from the ambitious and aggressive policy of France. Should Prussia be attacked—as we confess appears to us every day more probable—the fleet and armies of England might render her the most inestimable services; while, if a war were to break out with England, the army of Prussia, occupying a long and straggling territory could do but little against a well-defended frontier, and nothing whatever to arrest, like the Dutch in 1567, the dangers of a maritime invasion of England.

An alliance with France may throw the Prussian Government off its guard, but cannot give the slightest security in case the Emperor should judge that the time has arrived to give his army fresh occupation, and select Germany for his field of action. What protection would an alliance be under such circumstances? France, once emancipated from the control of its treaties, and taught to look for a title to territories under the dominion of other Sovereigns,—to the conquests of the Republic, and the Empire,—may just as well reclaim the boundary of the Rhine from a Prussian as the Western slopes of the Alps from a Sardinian ally. The name by which the Power the territory of which is wanted is called makes no manner of difference. It is just as easy to despoil an ally as a friend, and a friend as an acquaintance.

POLAND

CRACOW, Sept. 30.—According to news from Warsaw, the Polish Bishops had addressed a memorandum to the Governor of Poland, demanding the re-establishment of the former rights of the Catholic Church in that country.

The Governor, however, refused to accept it. The Bishop then met, and were addressed by the Archbishop, who, in his speech, said, "Let us always stand by the people and defend the cause of the Fatherland, and not forget that we are Poles." Bills have been posted up and are privately circulated in Warsaw containing an address to the Poles, Lithuanians, and Roumanians, calling upon them to send deputations from all the towns and places of the former kingdom of Poland, as constituted in the year 1772, to a solemn meeting to be held on the 10th Oct. next, at Haradia, near Lublin.

RUSSIA

In the number of the *Revue Contemporaine* just published, M. Horn has the following attack on Russia:—

"The Emperor of Russia need not envy his great Macedonian namesake; he also has a Gordian knot by the sword. For the last week or so the honest Parisian bourgeoisie, on perusing his paper at breakfast, had been perplexed by an important question brought forward by two great journals of Paris—viz., whether Lithuania is a Polish province or not. The *Debut* declared itself for the affirmative, and the *Constitutionnel* took the other side with equal boldness. Which of the two was to be believed? The Government of St. Petersburg has stepped in at the right time to put an end to the debate; for General Mazimov, Governor of Lithuania, has just issued a proclamation declaring Wilno, Grodno, and other important towns and districts of Lithuania in a state of siege, their crime consisting in the songs of women, the processions of old men, and the prayers of children. Who would, after, such a proof, deny that Lithuania belongs to Poland?"

PRICE OF JUSTICE IN RUSSIA.—It was some time before we were so far righted as to be able to go on, and then, when we were making up lost time and overtook our friends with their sledges, numbering probably a hundred, in a long line on the one solitary track, it became necessary to pass them if we would not be kept at a snail's pace for many hours. But the passing was not easy. The whole line must draw close to one side, and in some cases into the soft snow, and this the men for a long time refused to do. It was a difficult job, involving risks to some and the road was theirs as well as ours. The Russian baron, who was one of us, at length lost all temper, and began to swear as only a Russian can. Being cold and hungry, exhausted and much shaken, he was anxious to get some shelter, especially as night was now closing. Oaths having no effect, he lost the last glimmer of polish, and came out the born Tartar that he was. Dragging the cudgel from my hand, he began belabouring with all his might the men and horses, dealing blows right and left, and compelling the men to draw up on one side as fast as we came up. For an hour this lasted, before we had passed all the sledges. "There, you canaille!" he cried as he struck. "Take that! Give the road, you lazy vermin! Make room, you pigs! I am a baron; don't you see? A friend of the governor's! Sons of dogs! Defilement of the earth! Your mothers are beasts!" and so forth. This was his gentlemanly style, while the blows fell in a shower. Forty or fifty men submitted to all this; grumbled, but bowed; they took the blows and insults of this one man as dogs take their masters' kicks; they were

perfs; he was a baron. After he had recovered his seat and his breath, and had wiped the perspiration from his forehead, he turned to me and asked, with an air of national pride, "What do you say to that, me lord?" "I say that had you struck the poorest of my countrymen in that manner, they would either have boxed you into a jelly, or they would have tied you to a sled, until they reached the first town, and then given you up to a magistrate for an assault."

EVANGELICAL SERMONS.—I heard some startling sermons in my time. Think of a man with cropped hair, grovelling look, no manners, the action of a wood-sawyer, and the tone of a bull, getting up, pulling off his coat, loosening his cravat, and then "going in" after this fashion:—"Brethren, and sisters, I'm all the way from Indiana—ah, where I left my wife's six children—ah, to come over here and preach to you the Gospel—ah! I ain't got no larnin', an' I don't want any. I'm proud to be as ignorant as my lord, and master—ah, an' his disciples an' apostles—ah! If God wanted me to have larnin'—ah, he'd a-gin me larnin'." And so on for an hour.

A very learned and compassionate Judge in Texas on passing sentence on John Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks as follows:—"The fact is, Jones, that the court did not intend to order you to be executed before next spring but the weather is very cold, or your jail, unfortunately is in a very bad condition; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartments comfortable; besides owing to the great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; to sleep sound and comfortably, therefore, will be out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of its humanity and compassion, here, by orders you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the sheriff and agreeable to you."

HOW TO QUARREL WITH YOUR WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up the remark by saying you never knew but one who had any common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! you never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her then? You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" The climax is reached for this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

THE POWER OF THE 'ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.'—The following anecdote was once related by Wendell Phillips:—"A dark colored man once went to Portland, Maine, and attended church. He went into a good pew, when the next neighbor to the man who owned it said: 'What do you put a nigger into your pew for?' 'Nigger, he's no nigger; he's a Haytian.' 'Can't help that, he's as black as the ace of clubs.' 'Why, sir, he's a correspondent of mine.' 'Can't help that, I tell you, he's black.' But he's worth a million of dollars.' Is he though—introduce me!"

Every household has its own pet names. Mr. Jones enchants his helpmate by calling her "his idol." Jones, however, privately spells it i-d-l-e. Mrs. Jones is a nice woman—an affectionate woman—but she has a constitutional aversion to working.

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W. DORAN, Principal. Montreal, August 8th, 1861.

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There is a Classical and a Commercial Course.—The Classical Course comprises the English, French, German, Latin and Greek languages, together with the other branches of literature which are usually taught in all great Colleges.

TERMS, (invariably in advance): Board and Tuition, for quarter of 30 days, \$25 00 Washing, mending, and the use of Library, ditto, 3 00 Instrumental Music, ditto, 3 00 Spending vacation at the College, 20 00 No extra charge for Vocal Music.

FATHER OSWALD, O. S. B., President. Assumption College, Sandwich, C. W. Sept. 14, 1861.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES,

DIRECTED BY THE RELIGIOUS OF ST. ANN'S CONVENT, LACHINE, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. The opening of the Classes will take place on the 2nd of September next.

THIS Institution contains in its plan of Education, every thing required to form Young Girls to virtue, and the sciences becoming their condition. The diet is wholesome and abundant. In sickness as in health, their wants will be diligently supplied, and vigilant care will be taken of them at all time and in all places.

COURSE OF EDUCATION. The Course of Instruction contains the study of Religion, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, House Economy, Sewing Embroidery, Music, &c.

CONDITIONS, For the Scholar year, payable at the beginning of each Quarter. Boarding entire, with Table Service, 18 10 0 Half-Boarding, 9 5 0 Washing, 2 0 0 Music Lessons (ordinary) per month, 0 10 0 Drawing, per month, 0 2 6

GOSTUME. The Pupils wear every day a Blue Dress with a Cape of the same colour, they should also have a White Dress.

OBSERVATIONS. 1st.—The Pupils generally receive no visits, except on Thursday. 2d.—Every year, there is vacation of six weeks; the Pupils who desire to do so can pass this time at the Convent.

COMMERCIAL ACADEMY,

Under the control of the Catholic Commissioners of Montreal, No. 19, Cote Street, No. 19. THE RE-OPENING of the Classes of this Institution is fixed for the SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.

U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal. N. B.—Pupils living at a distance can have board at the Academy on reasonable terms.

ST. LAWRENCE ACADEMY

THIS INSTITUTION, conducted by the Priests and Brothers of the Holy Cross, is agreeably situated in the beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence River, about five miles north of the City of Montreal.

The Course includes Reading, Writing, Grammar, Composition, general Literature, Mental and Practical Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Ancient and Modern History, Geography, Book Keeping, Linear Drawing and Astronomy.

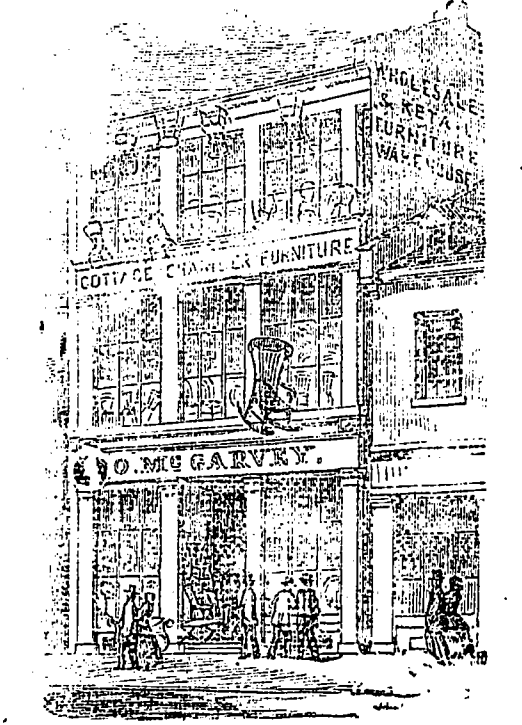
Board and Tuition, in Primary and Commercial Course, \$60 00 (The house furnishes for the above a bedstead and straw mattress, and also takes charge of boots and shoes, of which each pupil must have two pairs.)

REMARKS: Every month already commenced must be paid in full without any deduction. Each Quarter must be paid in advance, either in cash, or in notes of from thirty to sixty days.

"THE LAMP,"

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, of Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, &c.: devoted to the Instruction and Amusement of all classes. Containing Sixteen pages in double columns Weekly.

J. A. GRAHAM, 19 Great St. James Street, Montreal, Agent for Canada.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal support extended to him during the past twelve years, would announce to them that he has just completed a most extensive and varied Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE,—the largest ever on view in this city.

OWEN McGARVEY, Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, 244 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. April 19, 1861.

HORSE-SHOEING,

JAMES MALONEY, No. 21 Craig Street, adjoining Gavin's Carriage Factory.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION,

NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA. THIS Institution, placed under the benevolent patronage of His Lordship the Right Rev. Catholic Bishop of Montreal, and of the Provincial Government, is intrusted to the direction of the Clerics de St. Viateur.

The Deaf and Dumb, already advanced in years, or of a dull intellect, shall receive religious instruction only through the oral language, and this in a few weeks.

Parents, or Wardens, wishing to place their children in this Institution may receive all the information they may desire, by addressing themselves to the Institution.

T. RIDDELL,

(LATE FROM MR. E. PICKUP.) HAVING commenced Business on his own account in the Store lately occupied by Mr. Constant, No. 2, Great St. James Street, (Opposite B. Dawson & Son.)

The following remedies are offered to the public as the best, most perfect, which medical science can afford. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS have been prepared with the utmost skill which the medical profession of this age possesses, and their effects show they have virtues which surpass any combination of medicines hitherto known.

Give them to some patient who has been prostrated with bilious complaint: see his bent-up, tottering form straighten with strength again; see his long-lost appetite return; see his clammy features blossom into health.

Give her these PILLS to stimulate the vital principle into renewed vigor, to cast out the obstructions, and infuse a new vitality into the blood. Now look again—the roses blossom on her cheek, and where lately sorrow sat joy bursts from every feature.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal support extended to him during the past twelve years, would announce to them that he has just completed a most extensive and varied Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE,—the largest ever on view in this city.

Through a trial of many years and through every nation of civilized men, AYER'S CATHARTIC PILL has been found to afford more relief and to cure more cases of pulmonary disease than any other remedy known to mankind.

W. SHANLEY, General Manager. Montreal, 6th June, 1861.

BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

THE ORIGINAL MEDICINE ESTABLISHED IN 1737, and first article of the kind ever introduced under the name of "PULMONIC WAFERS," in this or any other country; all other Pulmonic Wafers are counterfeits.

Relieve Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Relieve Asthma, Bronchitis, Difficult Breathing. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Relieve Spitting of Blood, Pains in the Chest. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Relieve Incipient Consumption, Lung Diseases. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Relieve Irritation of the Uterus and Testis. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Relieve the above Complaints in Ten Minutes. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Are adapted for Vocalists and Public Speakers. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Are in simple form and pleasant to the taste. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Not only relieve, but effect rapid and lasting Cures. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Are warranted to give satisfaction to every one.

Price 25 cents per box. For sale in Montreal, by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Olney & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

PRIVATE TUITION.

J. M. ANDERSON, Professor of Classics, Mathematics, and Commercial Science. BEGS to notify the Faculty of Montreal and vicinity that he is prepared to qualify at his Classrooms, No. 50, St. Joseph Street.

MRS. O'KEEFE'S ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLASSES,

No. 15 Constant Street, WILL be RE-OPENED on MONDAY, 2nd SEPT. The appropriation which this institution has met with from School Commissioners, and the parents and guardians of the children attending the Courses of instruction, encourages the hope of a continuation of the usual liberal patronage granted it.

SHORT HAND.

PHONOGRAPHY can be LEARNED in THREE easy LESSONS from a person now in this City, formerly a Reporter to the Press. This method of writing enables us to write as fast as speech by a little practice.

GUILBAULT'S BOTANIC & ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

114 Sherbrooke Street, IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC, WHERE the largest collection of LIVING WILD ANIMALS, RARE BIRDS and MUSEUM CURIOUSITIES, can be seen; and all sorts of amusement is attached to the Establishment. Among the novelties, a

SPLENDID BABY LION,

Can be seen; also VENUS. With the three CUBS, whelped this winter in the Establishment. They are the first raised in confinement in America. Those who have seen them say it is worth a five dollar note to witness this beautiful group, wrestling and playing with the mother.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

ALTERATION OF TRAINS. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. ON and after MONDAY, the 10th of JUNE, Trains will leave Pointe St. Charles Station as follows:—

EASTERN TRAINS. Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Island Pond and all Intermediate Stations at 9.30 A.M. Express Train to Quebec, (arriving at Quebec at 10 P.M.) at 4.00 P.M. Mail Train for Portland and Boston (stopping over night at Island Pond) at 6.00 P.M. Mixed Train for Island Pond and Way Stations, at 8.00 P.M. A Special Train, conveying the Mails, and connecting with the Montreal Ocean Steamers at Quebec, will leave the Point St. Charles Station every Friday Evening, at 10.30 P.M.

WESTERN TRAINS.

Day Mail Train for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit and the West, at 8.45 A.M. Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Brockville and Intermediate Stations at 5.30 P.M. Night Express, with Sleeping Car attached, for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, at 11.30 P.M. This Train connect at Detroit Junction with the Trains of the Michigan Central, Michigan Southern, and Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads, for all points West.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS
 Alexandria—Rev. J. J. O'Connell.
 Adelaide—N. A. Ooster.
 Albany—J. Doyle.
 Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron.
 Archa—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
 Brockville—O. F. Fraser.
 Belleville—M. Mahon.
 Barrie—Rev. J. R. Lee.
 Brantford—W. M. Manamy.
 Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brant—Thos. Maginn.
 Chambly—J. Hackett.
 Cobourg—P. Maguire.
 Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
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 Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry.
 Huntingdon—O. M'Faul.
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 Lindsay—J. Kennedy.
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 Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley.
 London—Rev. B. Bayard.
 Lochiel—O. Quigley.
 Lohborough—T. Daley.
 Lacolle—W. Harty.
 Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleher.
 Merrickville—M. Kelly.
 New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
 Ottawa City—J. Rowland.
 Oshawa—Richard Supple.
 Prescott—J. Ford.
 Perth—J. Doran.
 Peterboro—E. M'Ormick.
 Pictou—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
 Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
 Quebec—M. O'Leary.
 Rawdon—James Carroll.
 Russelltown—J. Oampion.
 Richmond Hill—M. Teefy.
 Sherbrooke—T. Griffith.
 Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton.
 South Gloucester—J. Daley.
 Summerstown—D. M'Donald.
 St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
 St. Athanas—T. Dunn.
 St. Ann de la Pocatiere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
 St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey.
 St. Catherine, C. E.—J. Oughlin.
 St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald.
 St. Romuald & Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
 Starnesboro—C. M'Gill.
 Snydenham—M. Hayden.
 Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh.
 Thorold—John Heenan.
 Thorpuille—J. Greene.
 Tingswick—T. Donegan.
 Toronto—P. F. J. Mullen, 23 Shuter Street.
 Templeton—J. Engan.
 West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy.
 West Port—James Kehoe.
 Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy.
 Wallaceburg—Thomas Jermy.

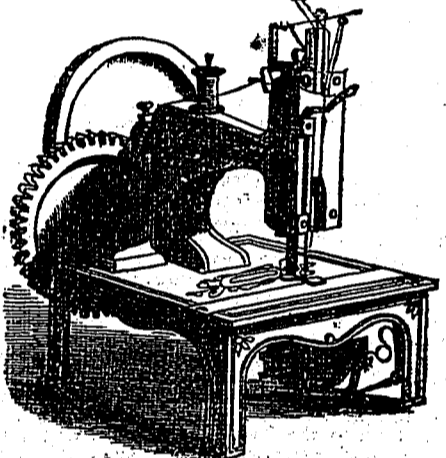
O. J. DEVLIN,
 NOTARY PUBLIC.
 OFFICE:
 32 Little St. James Street,
 MONTREAL.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX,
 IMPORTER OF
DRY GOODS,
 No. 112, St. Paul Street,
 HAS constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, &c., &c.
 P. F. has also on hand a choice selection of Dry Goods and READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he will sell, at very low prices, Wholesale and Retail.
 Also, on hand, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, to be sold WHOLESALE only.
 Mr. F. has made great improvements in his Establishment and is receiving NEW GOODS every week from Europe, per steamer. He has also on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail.
 April 6, 1860. 12ms.

No. 19,
 Great St. James Street.
 THE Subscriber has received an assortment of Prayer Books, from London, in various elegant styles of Bindings, with Clasps, Rims, &c., bound in velvet, Morocco, and other handsome materials, at prices much below the usual cost of such elegant Bindings.
 A supply of Missals and Vesper Books.
 No. 19, Great St. James Street.
 J. ANDREW GRAHAM.
 Montreal, Aug. 22.

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

SEWING MACHINES.



E. J. NAGLE'S
 CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
 25 PER CENT.
 UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!!
 These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarria.
THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS
 have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:—
 Montreal, April, 1860.
 We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind.
BROWN & CHILDS.
 Montreal, April, 1860.
 We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use.
CHILDS, SCHOLLES & AMES.
 Toronto, April 21st, 1860.

E. G. NAGLE, Esq.
 Dear Sir,
 The three Machines you sent us some short time ago we have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of I. M. Singer & Co.'s that we have used. Our Mr. Robinson will be in Montreal, on Thursday next, and we would be much obliged if you would have three of your No. 2 Machines ready for shipment on that day as we shall require them immediately.
 Yours, respectfully,
GILLGATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

NAGLE'S SEWING MACHINES
 Are capable of doing any kind of work. They can stitch a Shirt Bosom and a Harness Trace equally well.
PRICES:
 No. 1 Machine.....\$75 00
 No. 2 ".....85 00
 No. 3 " with extra large shuttle. 95 00
 Needles 80c per dozen.
EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED.
 All communications intended for me must be prepaid, as none other will be received.
E. J. NAGLE,
 Canadian Sewing Machine Depot,
 265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
 Factory over Barley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

P. C. DEBORIMIER,
 Advocate,
 31 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET,
 MONTREAL.
 Will attend Circuits at Beauharnois Huntingdon and Soulanges.

W. F. MONAGAN, M.D.
 Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur,
 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
 No. 71, WELLINGTON STREET,
 Being No. 8 Raglan Terrace,
 MONTREAL, C.E.

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

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

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

M. F. COLOVIN,
 ADVOCATE, &c.,
 No. 30, Little St. James Street,
 MONTREAL.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co.,
 MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS,
 Successors to the late John M'Clokey,
 38, Sanguinet Street,
 North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch—we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges.
 We will DYE all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Grapes, Woollens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentleman's Clothes Cleaned and Re-cvated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.
DEVLIN, MURPHY & CO.

No. 19,
 Great St. James Street.

THE CHEAPEST MUSIC.

THE Subscriber feels pleasure in announcing that he is Agent in Canada for the
CHEAPEST MUSIC PUBLISHED.
 This Music, published in London, is distinguished for correctness, beauty of Engraving, and superiority in every respect, while it is sold for only about ONE THIRD the price of other Music, viz: TEN CENTS, (6d.), and larger pieces in proportion.
 Among others, the compositions of Ascher, Baumbach, Beyer, Beethoven, Cramer, Chopin, Grobe, Herz, Hunte, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Oesten, Plachy, Schalhoff, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c.; besides, the popular and lighter compositions of the day.
 The Stock embraces Music of all kinds—English, French, German and Italian, Songs and Ballads, Dance Music, Piano-Forte arrangements, Duets, Solos, &c. Music for Beginners, and Instruction Books. Music for the Violin, Accordion, Concertina, Guitar, &c., &c.—all distinguished for elegance of appearance, correctness, and WONDERFUL CHEAPNESS.
 Catalogues can be had on application at
 No. 19,
 Great Saint James Street, Montreal.

A liberal reduction to Schools, Colleges, Professors, the Trade, or others buying in quantities.
STATIONERY of all kinds, BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c., Wholesale or Retail, at Lowest Prices.
J. ANDREW GRAHAM.

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

THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry.
 The Course of Instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.
SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
TERMS:
 Board and Tuition.....\$70 00
 Use of Bed and Bedding.....7 00
 Washing.....10 50
 Drawing and Painting.....7 00
 Music Lessons—Piano.....28 00
 Payment is required Quarterly in advance.
 October 29.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C. W.

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

NEW CLOTHING STORE
 BERGIN AND CLARKE,
 (Lately in the employment of Donnelly & O'Brien.)
 Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters,
 No. 48, M'GILL STREET,
 (Nearly Opposite Saint Ann's Market),
 MONTREAL.
 HAVING commenced BUSINESS on their own account, beg leave to inform their numerous friends, and the Public in general, that they intend to carry on the CLOTHING Business in all its branches.

READY-MADE CLOTHING
 CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
 All Orders punctually attended to.
 May 16, 1861.



MARBLE FACTORY,
 BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)

WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the former prices.
 N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada has so much Marble on hand.
 June 9, 1860.

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

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

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

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

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

BILL-HEADS!
 The newest style of Bill-Heads supplied at a very low figure.
 Country Merchants supplied with SHOW-BILLS of the most STRIKING STYLES.

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS
 OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY.
Jobs ordered by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post.
 A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.
M. LONGMOORE & CO.
 MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDINGS,
 36 Great St. James Street.

PLUMBING,
GAS AND STEAM FITTING
 ESTABLISHMENT
THOMAS M'KENNA
 WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has
 E. M. O'NEILL
 his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment
 to the
 Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street,
 BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS,
 (Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.)

where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices:
 Baths, Hydrants, Water Cisterns, Beer Pumps, Pores and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipes, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.
 The Trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms.
 Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has already fitted up in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction.
 Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12ms.

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

THE GREATEST
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
OF THE AGE.

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

EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.
 From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
 One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
 Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
 Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
 One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
 Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
 One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
 Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
 Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

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

For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
 For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
 For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
 For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
 For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
 For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
 This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box.
 Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
 For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.
 Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1856.
 Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children; of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.
ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB,
 Superioress of St. Vincent's Asylum.
 ANOTHER.
 Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphan in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary; we feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.
 SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
 Hamilton, C. W.