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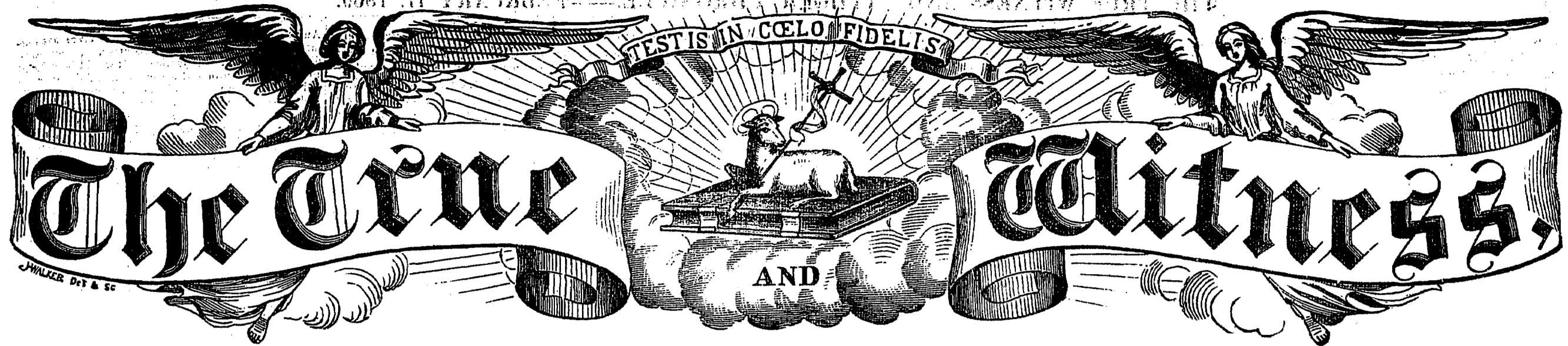
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE LAST IRISHMAN.

(Translated from the French of Elie Berthet, by C. M. O'Keefe, for the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER XX.

The events which we are now about to relate occurred shortly after those described in the last chapter.

Towards the end of a fine summer's day, two men, having the appearance of linen-hawkers from the county Antrim, stopped to rest themselves near a village in the county Wicklow, not far distant from one of the grand entrances of which is Powerscourt House; they were gazing with an air of profound interest at the scenes of the principal events in our preceding narrative. Very few changes had taken place in the valley. The village was as poor as ever, and St. Patrick's Chapel seemed waiting in expectation of the next high wind to tumble down to the bottom of the slope, on which it was perched.

To make amends for this, the landscape presented a laughing and delicious aspect in the direction of Powerscourt House. The tall trees of the park, covered with foliage, intermingled with flowering shrubs, filled the air with perfumes. Through the iron bars of the gilded gates you might catch a glimpse of its elegantly kept walks—its verdant groves—its snow-white statues, and the classic vases which decorated its *parterres*. What was most remarkable was the new habitation which had succeeded the dwelling of the ancient lords. Instead of the Italian villa, a Gothic castle raised its sculptured front—a masterpiece of imitative architecture; turrets, and towers, and chiselled windows, and grotesque carvings, rendering it a graceful miniature of the grim edifices built for warlike purposes by the stern barons of the middle ages.—Even the means of defence employed in former times were imitated in this castle; it was surrounded by a fosse, and protected by a drawbridge, and was thus secured from a sudden attack like that which proved fatal to the former edifice. Notwithstanding these indications of secret suspicion, the new edifice was filled apparently with joy, festivity, noise, and pleasure.—On the fine evening which we alluded to, the greatest animation enlivened the park and the castle; elegant vehicles and prancing amazons might be seen glancing through the alleys in every direction. Handsome gondolas, laden with brilliant cavaliers and fashionably dressed ladies, glided over the artificial lake: the warm breeze wafted the sound of the harp, and the voices of some distant concert occasionally through the woods and over the waters. It was easy to perceive that Powerscourt House was tenanted by rich and hospitable proprietors who loved the pleasures which opulence can procure.

For a moment the two pedlars from the north silently contemplated those striking contrasts.

They wore the customary dress of their profession. One of them was a man of middle height; notwithstanding the hardships of his wandering life, good humor and vivacity were painted on his ugly countenance. Supported on a yard which answered him as a walking-stick, he whistled a tune while his companion was absorbed in melancholy reflections. The latter, who was a tall robust man, preserved a kind of dignity under his vulgar habiliments. His thick black hair fell down upon his face, which was saddened by melancholy reflections. Judging of the respect with which the other pedlar treated him, this man was master.

The smaller of the two men appeared at last to grow weary of this long halt. "Master," said he in a low tone, "it is full time to think of procuring a bed for the night: if people see us staring at Powerscourt House, just as if we were going to buy it, we may excite their suspicions; and the peelers are very inquisitive in these parts."

His comrade turned his pensive eyes on the speaker, as if he did not well understand him; but he began, nevertheless, to move up the rocky street of the town. A few peasants, who were hanging about the doors with their backs to the wall, gazed on them as they passed. But with the exception of a few old women who impertinently turned them for halfpence to buy tobacco, the pedlars appeared to attract very little attention in the town. Thus lagging on, they finally reached the tavern or hotel of the village kept by Widow Flanagan. No external sign indicated the public house; but the pedlars did not mistake its nature or pass it by, and Mrs. Flanagan, the landlady, lest they should do so, appeared upon the threshold and invited them to enter.—She was much the same as formerly; but her face somewhat redder, and her nose somewhat enlarged. On seeing the well-dressed pedlars, she made them a respectful curtsy, and, quickly removing the little pipe from her black teeth, said in a caressing tone—"May St. Kevin be with ye, my handsome gentlemen—ye are welcome to the country."

"Well, my good woman, said the smaller of the pedlars, "can you give us accommodation for

the night? You were well acquainted with my master's predecessor who used to travel this road, Mr. Davidson of Belfast."

"You may say that. Faix, I knew him well, yer honor. Many a good tumbler of punch he emptied under my roof. Oh, it's well I knew him—many's the handsome ribbon he made me a present of. But where is he now, sir? It's many a long day since I seen honest Sam."

"He is dead, my good woman," replied the pedlar in a deliberate tone, "and my master, Mr. Frank Foster, from the county Antrim, whom you see beside me here, has succeeded him in his business. My name is James Kennedy, and I am principal foreman to Mr. Frank Foster; we intend to lodge with you now and then, as Sam Davidson used to do; and if you'll treat us well, you'll be nothing the worse of it, so far as a yard of ribbon or the making of a gown may go."

The eyes of the old hostess glittered with delight; but she seemed to feel some scruples of conscience. "Come in, come in, Mr. Kennedy," said she; "never fear, I'll thrate ye as well as I can; but there is so little travelling in these parts that the *Public* is not as good as it used to be, nor so well furnished as I could wish."

"Oh, if that's all that ails you, Mrs. Flanagan," said the pedlar, "you'll find it not very hard to please myself and my master."

"Good luck to yer honors. Come in, gentlemen! You can put yer packs in the inside room, where there is a good feather bed; and I'll have rashers an' eggs for yer supper."

They entered the house where they found several persons seated—a few men and elderly women, who got up hastily to make room for the new guests, while Kennedy continued as talkative as ever, and his master as silent as rich Ulstermen usually are.

"Well, Mrs. Flanagan," said Kennedy in a careless tone, "they say right good potteen is made in the glens of Wicklow in spite of the devil and the guager, at least Sam Davidson often said as much; and Sam was not a man to tell lies."

"Oh, Sam was right, an' he was wrong," said the widow; "time was, an' we used to make potteen; but that's years an' years ago, yer honor. Last year we got a new priest—a Capuchin friar called Father Mathew. He preaches night, noon, and morning that neither man nor mortal should touch brandy, wine, nor whiskey. The short and the long of it is that Father Mathew has nearly ruined poor widow Flanagan."

"The never a publican we meet," said Kennedy, "but hates Father Mathew. Nevertheless," he added, "glancing down the room, 'the parishioners can't be all tee-totalers. Them worthy old women who are setting there beyond must need a toothful of whiskey to fasten the life in them now and then. And surely a working man, like them honest fellows there below, want a drop of the native to keep out the cold afther their hard days work. There's no use in talking, people can't do without the stingo, let Father Mathew say what he likes, and if he was talking for ever."

A murmur of assent rose among the guests; they all cordially approved of the pedlar's philosophy. Jenny undertook to reply.

"Your honor is very right, Mr. Kennedy;—there was never any luck in the country since the tee-totalism came in vogue. But how can the likes of us drink the whiskey when we have not a penny piece to keep the devil out of our pocket."

Mr. Foster, the master pedlar, inclined his head to his assistant's ear, and uttered some words in an under tone. Kennedy nodded his head in token of approbation.

"Mrs. Flanagan, I'm sure your whiskey is good, for the longer it's kept the better it grows. Now, here is my master, who wants to pay his footing in this village, and desires me to order a glass a piece for every one present."

The company exhausted their eloquence in thanks and blessings. Mrs. Flanagan lost no time in complying with the commands of the generous Ulstermen, and every one present was quickly discussing the "mountain dew," the delicious beverage of which they had been long deprived.

Jenny was unusually eloquent in praising the generosity of the strangers. "I hope your honors will have luck in selling your goods; but there's great poverty in the village. Except Mr. Bruce, the parson, and the Rev. Mr. Quigley, the new parish priest, sorrow bit of me knows any one that's likely to buy a yard of your linen, or a silk handkerchief, or anything."

"Then the tenants, I suppose, are as poor as ever on Lord Powerscourt's estate," said Foster, speaking for the first time.

"Oh, you may say that," answered Jenny, desirous of paying for the whiskey she had consumed by supplying the information which Foster required. "The distress of the people is increasing every day. If they could go to Ame-

rica, not one of them would stay in Ireland."

"And what can be the cause of this frightful distress?" asked Foster.

"Well, sure there's the potato rot, sure, that of itself is enough to distress the poor, and then his lordship is twice as hard to the tenants since the last rebellion. Besides they have entirely changed in the manner of managing the land.—A poor man long ago could have a ridge of potatoes for con-acre—now they wont let a poor man have a bit of land at all. He must live on his wages, and it is not every day he can get them. Then, there's no security for the farmers if they make any improvements, and they wont employ the people in making improvements for fear his lordship should come down on them some fine day and confiscate all they have made."

"I never thought old lord Powerscourt was so bad," said Foster.

"Neither was he, but sure, your honor, the old lord is dead these two years. He died two months after his daughter's marriage."

The pedlar bounded from his seat.

"Lord Powerscourt dead, and his daughter married!" he exclaimed, in an altered voice, in evident astonishment.

"Oh, that's an old story, your honor. Lady Ellen married Sir George, her own cousin, who, after the old man's death, became Lord Powerscourt."

Foster fell back as if he were struck with epilepsy. His comrade touched his shoulder and compelled him to swallow a glass of whiskey.—During this conversation the people gradually left the tavern, prompted by that natural politeness which is so remarkable a trait in the Irish character. No one remained in the hall except the widow Flanagan and her two female friends, who, in the increasing darkness, had not noticed the singular distress of the pedlar.

CHAPTER XXI.

"People in our business," said Kennedy, with a careless air, "would fain know everybody—especially the rich, for they make the best customers. We must be always ferreting customers out. It is no ways surprising pedlars should inquire about rich young ladies."

"There's many a thing it's dangerous to speak about, Mr. Kennedy," said the old woman. "But between ourselves, the whole country was talking when Lady Ellen married Sir George. They say she can't bear the sight of him."

"Sure they say she was run away with before she was married," said Jenny's companion.

"You have a very bad tongue," said the widow Flanagan, who, while turning her griddle-bread, did not lose a word of the conversation.

"A lord's daughter may do what she likes. If Lady Ellen never married Sir George, who would inherit the title and estates of Powerscourt? Sir George would have to pay fifty thousand pounds sterling as a dowry with lady Ellen if he did not marry her, and they say he hadn't a penny, and the building of the new castle cost a power of money. The old lord could see no other means of keeping the estates in the family than the young people to marry one another. He succeeded at last, but his difficulty was great, but they lead a very pleasant life for all that."

"Oh, yes, but the people say they're never so happy as when they're far asunder; and when my lord is running horses at the English races courses my lady is spending her time with a house full of company—young men and rich ladies, for ever laughing and dancing, and enjoying themselves with concerts, and balls, and boating, and hunting. Their heaven is in this world, I don't know what it will be hereafter.—My lady sets the example, and that's not the way she'd go on, sure, if she was very sorry for her husband's absence."

"There's no use in talking," said the other old woman, "but there never was a lord's castle yet but there was some queer story or other hanging about it. They say there's some handsome Frenchman up in the castle, and she's never out of his company. But why should I be sinning my soul talking about them?"

"Is not lady Ellen very good to the poor," asked Foster.

"She used to be kind to the tenants. Now that she has the estates in her own hands she ought to be better than ever."

"When she was young she was good," observed Jenny, "but now that she is married she's not what she was. Besides she has always such a lot of titled people and liveried servants about her there is no getting near her. She's the pleasant lady, God bless her; she never thinks of anything but laughing and singing, and amusing herself. She spends oceans of money in carriages and horses, and dresses, and Lord knows what, and has no money to spare for the poor. There was poor Dick Mahoney, the farmer that hanged himself, when he went to her and explained his distress, it's what she offered her half a crown. 'Your story will make me melancholy all day, Mahoney,' says she, 'I don't like to

hear stories of misery,' says she, and away she goes with the Frenchman to walk in the garden, and next day poor Mahoney hanged himself."

Foster clapped his hand on his forehead as if he had got a blow on his head. To hinder the women from observing his master's emotion, Kennedy exclaimed—

"We were thinking of going up to the castle with our packs; but from what you say I suppose it's no use."

"Oh, true for you, Mr. Kennedy, the never a use. The servants would only slam the doors in your face. Besides, my lady does not need your merchandize. She buys her dresses in Paris and London, and scorns to wear anything made in Ireland. Believe me, it's better for you to pass the castle by."

During a few seconds, silence prevailed in the cottage. Kennedy turned to his master as if he were consulting him with his looks.

"No, no," said Foster, making an effort, "after coming so far for the purpose of seeing her, I'll never consent to go back until I have realized my object."

"Ah, you ought to follow this woman's advice, your honor," said Kennedy in a tone of regret. "But since you insist upon it—do you mind, good woman, my master doesn't wish to lose his time in coming to this country. Sure if we sell nothing to the lady we might sell something to the lady's maid, or some other members of the household. Could not some of you find the means of introducing us into the castle? You must be acquainted with some influential servant or other. My master would willingly give the makings of a gown to any one who would introduce him into Powerscourt House."

The covetousness of the three old women was excited to the utmost degree by this promise.—Clothed as they were in second hand rags, a new dress had unspeakable attractions for them. Unfortunately this splendid object was quite unattainable to two of the number.

"Wirra sthrew," exclaimed Jenny, "it is not a poor hag like me that will get the fine dress. All the servants in the castle hate poor Jenny. The other day, when I was waiting near the gate to see the ladies and gentlemen coming out to beg a half penny for tobacco, Mr. Cleary, the old valet, who is now major domo, threatened me with his cane if he ever saw me again at the gate. He's the biggest villain on the face of the earth, the tame Cleary. He assisted the rebels in burning the house, and then persuaded my lord it's defending it he was all the time."

"And that rascal, Tyler, that's now the steward, is worse than Cleary," said Betty. "Every one knows how he acted to Count O'Byrne—he was cap in hand to him when he was leading the rebels, now he's the greatest loyalist in the whole country. When Tyler saw me the other day gathering a bit of brussa inside the gate he threatened to send me to jail if he ever caught me again upon the grounds."

"Come, come, if you can't get the gentleman into the castle you should not be bothering him with your *ramanish*. Who knows but what I'll be able to do something for him myself. I know Mrs. Jones, the lady's maid. She's a good sort of body—without the least pride in the world.—I'll ask her if she can't give us some little help in this business."

"Oh! faix you'll surely get the gown," said Jenny, with jealousy in the tone of her voice, "you're always in luck."

"Yes, yes," said Betty, "Mrs. Flanagan always makes a poor mouth, but if any luck is stirring, she is sure to get her share of it."

"Come, come, neighbors," said Mrs. Flanagan, "let us have no bad words in the gentlemen's presence—decent gentlemen like them.—Their supper is ready and they'd like to eat it in peace. Good evening, neighbors. I have not got the new dress yet, and never will maybe, but I'm quite sure when I do get it I'll deserve it better nor you. I defy man or mortal to say 'ill you did it' against widdy Flanagan. Envy and detraction is what she was never guilty of—not all as one as other people."

So saying she conducted the two harpys with scant ceremony to the door. They stambled their way through the street growling at Mrs. Flanagan, who gave them a push. They gratified the malice of their cankered hearts when they found themselves alone, by indulging in calumny at the expense of the hostess.

The pedlars meantime at their supper in silence by the dim light of a "dip candle," which Mrs. Flanagan placed on their table. Kennedy did ample justice to Mrs. Flanagan's cookery, but Foster trifled with his knife and fork, he did not appreciate the culinary skill of his hostess.—When the meal was concluded they entered the neighboring chamber in which they intended to pass the night, and the widow, after supping on the remnants of their meal, retired likewise to her humble pallet.

The pedlars commenced an earnest conversation in an under-tone, which was kept up during

two or three hours. Then one of them left the house, and when he came back it was near day.

The object of the pedlar in leaving the house at such an unseasonable hour was very mysterious. It was whispered that a laboring man who had been up all night in search of a doctor to attend his wife, had seen a black shadow gliding from the church yard, and then loitering down, like himself, to the village. The poor man who gazed on this apparition, trembled in every limb and was anxious to fly for his life, but his weary feet refused to obey his mental purpose. In spite of his fatigue and hurry he followed the apparition noiselessly, and even managed to draw very near the phantom. It had the appearance of a human being—you would fancy it was a tall man, wrapped in a mantle and wearing a broad brimmed hat. From time to time it stop and uttered sobs and cries as if it were a *banshee*.—The phantom paused a long time before the principal entrance to Powerscourt demesne. From the spot it proceeded up the main street of the village until it reached the Priest's house.—There it knelt upon the threshold, and cried just like a *banshee*. Rising slowly, it moved to the Catholic chapel and finally vanished in the graveyard. The peasant returned to his cabin, firmly persuaded that he had seen the spectre of one of the old Irish kings permitted by Divine Providence to revisit the scenes of his sufferings and wars.

Let this be as it will—the day was rather advanced when the pedlars issued from their apartment. Kennedy was as cheerful as ever, but Foster seemed sadly fatigued—his eyes were red and his cheeks pale. They found Mrs. Hanigan in a very best dress—just returned to all appearance from a morning excursion.

"Good morning, gentlemen! Go and look for the dress you promised me. By dad I have been working for you this morning. Faix I had great luck. You're to see my lady!"

"How?" exclaimed Foster, "have you got permission for us to enter the castle?"

"Well, then, not exactly the castle, but sure it's just the same. I went this morning to visit Mrs. Jones. I told her that you had a bale of the finest soft goods ever human eyes beheld, and that you wanted to show them to my lady. At first Mrs. Jones said it was impossible—for that my lady had given express orders that no strangers should be admitted on any account, no matter who they were or where they came from. But I coaxed her and wheedled her and at last she consented. My dear Mrs. Flanagan, I am loathe to refuse you anything says she. My lady gave me orders last night to get ready the breakfast this morning in the pavilion of ruins. She is to take one friend with her—I suppose one of the ladies. I'll leave the wicket open, and your pedlars, Mrs. Flanagan, says Mrs. Jones, can come in. They can come to the pavilion and unroll their merchandize, for I really want a few trifles myself, and when my lady sees them unrolled, I have hopes she'll be tempted by the sight of them. You see, Mrs. Flanagan, says she, I'm running a great risk, says she, but you were very kind to me and to my mistress too, says she, when we were living in Parson Bruce's, says she, and so, says she, I'll let you in, come what may, says she. I thanked Mrs. Jones as you may well believe, and I'm quite out of breath running to tell you the news. But there's no time to be lost. Make up a nice bale of your best goods and I will guide you myself to the little wicket in the park."

"I know it well," said Foster, "it's a fatal place and calls up unpleasant recollections."

"You know it?" exclaimed Mrs. Flanagan, in surprise.

"Men like us must know everything," said Kennedy. "Pedlars could never get on if they did not know more than that. But come with me, Mrs. Flanagan, I'll give you a beautiful dress, and I'll give you a shawl along with it—to fasten the life in you during the cold weather."

"A shawl!" screamed the landlady transported with joy, "I'll be grand as a horse. I'll be the envy of the whole parish next Sunday at Mass. Ah, then, let us see it," &c. The old woman literary jumped with joy.

A few moments afterwards the two pedlars were moving towards Powerscourt House, while Mrs. Flanagan was running breathless to her neighbors delirious with pleasure to show them the present she had received. Kennedy carried the pack and Foster went before him wrapt in thought. They had found the wicket open as the landlady had stated and entered the park without difficulty.

They first took the handsome green alley which Richard O'Byrne penetrated one night at the beginning of our story when dogging his brother and sister. The season of the year was nearly the same, and everything seemed unaltered in this place of pleasure. The same romantic landscape smiled with the same aspect—the same walks opened through the same acacias, and the

same warblings were poured by apparently the same birds. Having arrived at the place where Richard encountered his sister after his discovery of the letter addressed to Sir George, the pedlar gazed with an attack of agitation—a nervous convulsion. His eyes overflowed with tears, and his companion heard him murmur,—"Julia! poor Julia!"

He began speedily to quicken his pace; but it was only to stop anew at the point where Richard killed the antlered stag which was about to gore Lady Ellen. The freshness of the verdure—the youth of the shrubs—substituted for those which the furious stag had destroyed—rendered this spot easily recognisable. At this place the emotions of the mysterious pedlar assumed a different character. His brow contracted into a frown and his lips were clenched—but he never uttered a word, and he quitted the spot with a rapid step on receiving a slight hint from his comrade.

In this way they reached the wide avenue which led from the castle to the pavilion of ruins. They scarcely turned into it when they met two gentlemen dressed in black, who were sauntering carelessly along, leaning on gold-headed canes. It was easy to perceive from the affected ease of their demeanor, and the arrogance of their swagger, that they belonged to the highest rank of upper servants. They were Mr. Tyler and Mr. Cleary, the steward and major-domo of Powerscourt House.

These two eminent persons seemed struck with indignation and astonishment on beholding the costume and equipment of the pedlars, whose travel-soiled appearance was characteristic of their strolling profession.

"Who gave you leave to come in here, you blackguards?" cried Mr. Cleary, apostrophising them with arrogance. "It's something new for strolling pedlars to thrust themselves into the grounds of a peer of the realm, as if they were tramping into a potato garden."

"What unparalleled assurance!" cried Mr. Tyler in his turn. "It is easy to perceive that the spirit of rebellion which O'Connell called up is not yet extinguished. Who are you? what are your names? how have you dared to get into these grounds?"

"You certainly were not admitted by any of the gate-keepers. I should expel the man immediately who admitted you," said Cleary.

Irritated by the insolence of these questions, Foster was contemplating an angry and energetic reply. His eyes under his broad-brimmed hat were glittering with pride and menace. The prudent Kennedy hastened to interpose by observing:—"Please, yer honor, we come here because we were sent for. We didn't enter the park by climbing the walls, like thieves—we came in by the door, like loyal subjects of the Queen, following our lawful calling under the protection of the laws. The person who sent for us is Mrs. Jones, Lady Powerscourt's maid, and she is there below waiting for us in the pavilion of ruins, where we hope her ladyship herself will honor us with her custom."

This natural and modest answer seemed to mitigate the insolence of the questioners.—Nevertheless, Tyler resumed:—"I don't see why the established orders of Powerscourt House should be contravened in this manner. In his lordship's absence I represent his magisterial authority, and no one but myself has a right—"

"Easy, easy, Mr. Tyler," said Cleary, "let us not meddle with this matter. Mrs. Jones is my lady's favorite, let us not embroil ourselves with her, I beg of you. It is not at all impossible but my lady herself is in the pavilion of ruins for I heard that she was to breakfast there this morning."

"Well, well, my good people," said Cleary, turning to the pedlars, "since you have been sent for, you may continue your journey." And he waited them away with a majestic flourish of the hand.

Foster seemed inclined to reply, but his companion took him by the arm, while muttering some words which Cleary mistook for an expression of gratitude. Tyler and Cleary gazed after the pedlars. "I don't half like the looks of them fellows," said Cleary, at last. "The little fellow has a hypocritical air which inspires no confidence, while the big fellow would frighten one, if I was at all accessible to fear."

"Yes, yes," replied Tyler, "their appearance is very suspicious; I was struck with it at once; and if you are not so anxious to manage Mrs. Jones—Really the eyes of that big fellow remind me of a person that neither you nor I would like to meet just now."

"What do you mean, Mr. Tyler?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing—I was dreaming," said Tyler. "But, by the bye we ought to keep an eye on them fellows, so as to be certain that they told us the truth."

"Willingly, Tyler," said Cleary, as they left the sanded walk, and plunged into the shrubbery. Meantime the pedlars advanced rapidly towards the Pavilion, without appearing to think of those whom they left behind. Nevertheless, Kennedy managed to cast a look behind his back, and discovered the change of direction which had been taken by the functionaries of Powerscourt House.

"They suspect something," said Kennedy ironically.

"I do not fear them," said Foster carelessly.

The next moment the pedlars reached the Ruins, where the fancy of the late Lord Powerscourt had established a structure in the fashion of the middle ages. At the time of the configuration of the dwelling and the devastation of the park, the Ruins were left untouched, owing to the popular respect for the family of O'Byrne. It was now absolutely as we have already described it, except that creeping plants mantled it with their luxuriant foliage. Silence and sadness, and the wild air of abandonment, formed an agreeable contrast with the real destination of the place to purposes of pleasure and frivolity.—Mrs. Jones, who was doubtless watching for the pedlars, issued from the tower, and presented herself before them. "This way, this way, gentlemen," said she, "you are the persons, I suppose, that Mrs. Flanagan was speaking of. I

was wrong in thinking you had come, and my lady's fear will scold me. You may enter, nevertheless, and I'll try to arrange matters for the satisfaction of all parties."

The pedlars saluted her politely, and entered the Pavilion. Mrs. Jones was a simple sort of woman, whose manner and appearance were somewhat methodical, as was easily seen by her black dress and formal cut of her clothing. Nevertheless she was a daughter of Eve's after all, and was eagerly desirous of seeing the contents of the pedlars' packs. At the first desire expressed by her, Kennedy hastened to open his sack, and drew out a crowd of objects, which he boasted of with the volubility and impudence habitual to pedlars. The chairs and tables were quickly covered with silks and cambrics, linens and table-cloths, and other articles for the toilet of ladies. The pedlar constantly drew articles from his pack without diminishing its bulk, so that it seemed inexhaustible. Absorbed in the agreeable occupation of contemplating these beautiful articles, Mrs. Jones forgot her fears and her mistress, and was eagerly discussing the price of her selections. Mr. Foster continued quite indifferent to the mercantile debate of his comrade with the governess. Standing near the door he contemplated the room with profound interest. Breakfast was prepared on a table with lion's feet, precisely as on the day when Lady Ellen was waiting for the unfortunate Julia, who was destined never again to answer her invitations.

Two cups of old Sevres china stood at either side of a fountain of silver, in which the boiling water was simmering with a monotonous murmur that had a melancholy sound. Foster suddenly shuddered; a light noise struck his ear, which quite escaped the attention of Kennedy and Mrs. Jones. He cast an earnest glance towards the half-open door, and could see two persons ascending the winding path which led to the tower. A young man of extraordinary elegance and a young lady radiant with beauty, grace, and fashion. She was leaning on the arm of her cavalier, who was speaking to her in a low tone with great vivacity; her eyes were cast upon the earth, and her lips were silent; but it was easy to perceive, from her blush and her smile, that love was the subject of discourse.—This was Lady Ellen, attended by the young Frenchman, whose assiduous attentions afforded matter for caustic comment to the village gossips the night before. Occupied by their confidential conversation, they had reached the Pavilion before they were aware of their proximity. But the cavalier uttered, as he entered, an expression of ill-humor and surprise. "Ah, milady," cried he, "*vous m'avez dit que nous déjeunerions seuls.*"

Lady Ellen did not apprehend at first the cause of his dissatisfaction. Then darting a piercing glance into the interior of the Pavilion, she perceived two strangers in the room. A deep purple covered her face and suffused her very forehead; her nostrils expanded, while her brow contracted into a frown.

"What is all this?" said she, with an air of authority. "Who permitted persons to enter this place contrary to my orders? What do you mean, Mrs. John?"

The poor woman trembled, and she answered in a voice of fear, "My Lady, I beg you to forgive me—these men are pedlars from Antrim, whom I have taken the liberty to introduce to your ladyship."

"And what right has Mrs. Jones to permit this parade of frippery in the room where I intend to breakfast?"

"My lady," stammered the poor woman, who had never before been addressed in this manner by her mistress, "I hoped that you yourself might find it agreeable to choose some article—"

"I never purchase anything from such people—they may retire. Mrs. Jones will be good enough to remember for the future that I have never authorised anybody to take these insolent liberties!"

Mrs. Jones burst into tears, and her utterance was interrupted by sobs.

"Alas!" said the cavalier, with a tone of levity, "no harm done—we shall be quickly rid of these *espres-la*. "Well comrades," he added, turning to the pedlars, "you have heard what my lady says, *decamppez*, be off—*testement*, or I shall call the servants, who will drive you out very soon."

Meantime, Kennedy was making all the haste he could, rammung his merchandize pell-mell into his sack.

Foster remained unmoved: he approached Lady Ellen, and addressed her in a tone in which irony was mingled with humility. "Will your ladyship pardon me if I venture to raise my voice in your presence? Since the weakest worm of the earth turns on the foot that crushes it. I am only a strolling pedlar from Antrim, going from door to door. I ought to be accustomed to repulse, and familiarised to insult; but is it just or reasonable that Lady Powerscourt should pour her anger upon a woman who has served her during twenty-five years, and who is guilty of nothing but an impulse of benevolence towards poor strolling merchants from Antrim?"

The lady seemed affected at the first sound of his voice; she, nevertheless, shot a glance of cold disdain at the person who spoke to her.—"Mrs. Jones will gain nothing by your intervention," said she; "you are one of those mock orators who have become so numerous in Ireland.—Reserve your eloquence for your Popish chapels, or your open air meetings." Then throwing herself into a seat with an air of weariness, "A *Vicente!*" said she speaking to the Frenchman, "*par pitié* relieve me from these importunities; they become intolerable!"

"Yes, yes, milady," answered the Viscount; "come out of this, ye blackguards, or I shall debase myself by throwing ye out of the window!"

He was apparently about to lay hands on Kennedy, who happened to be near him; but Kennedy had just filled his pack, and was throwing it adroitly over his shoulder; he then flourished his yard in a formidable manner, and the Viscount immediately considered it an unnecessary to proceed any farther in his menacing demonstrations.—

Mr. Jones placed herself between them, and implored the pedlar to depart. Foster, meantime, had approached Lady Ellen, and resumed his strident voice.—

"I comprehend the impatience this gentleman feels to find himself *tele-a-tete* with your ladyship; it is such a happiness that the universe might envy him for; but however eager you may both be to get rid of troublesome witnesses, Lady Powerscourt must hear what I have to say to her.—Oh, Ellen! what has become of you?"

The last words were uttered in a tone of sadness approaching despair. The lady endeavored to distinguish the features of the unknown. "You are not a pedlar?" said she; "who are you?"

"A phantom of the past, perhaps,—a recollection—a remorse, who appears to you in the midst of your actual existence to remind you of the differences between Lady Ellen and Lady Powerscourt. What! young woman! have pride, ambition, and passion for pleasure forever extinguished the pure sentiments and noble aspirations of your youth? Have you forgotten Richard O'Byrne, and his hapless sister, Julia, and the solitudes of Conemaara,—your sufferings and your vows?"

Lady Powerscourt uttered a cry of horror, and precipitately pushed back her chair.

"I am frightening you?" said Foster, whose voice became more and more melancholy, "that is not my intention: I do not mean to utter reproaches which might embitter your heart and irritate your pride,—Ellen Wingfield, you were formerly benevolent and overflowing with compassion for the misfortunes that multiply around you! In the terrible struggles which have raged between our two nations, if you did not hate the conquerors, at least you loved the vanquished!—Why are you no longer the same now when you are gifted with power and wealth? Why do you cause tears to flow, instead of wiping them from the cheek of poverty? I implore you, Lady Ellen! take pity on the Irish poor—deserve blessings under those straw roofs, where Julia diffused consolatory words and substantial benefits. The vanquished have no longer any resource, save in the pity of the conquerors! Have mercy on the unfortunate remnant of the clan of O'Byrne. This is all I had to say to your ladyship," continued Foster, in a firmer tone. "As to other recollections which I might call up, I leave it to your conscience to suggest them to your memory!" Lady Powerscourt appeared to be thunderstruck—her head was stooped—her face pale—her eyes half closed, she seemed to experience inexpressible anguish. Suddenly starting to her feet, she exclaimed, "Who are you, sir? Only one person in the world—I cannot believe—Who are you?"

"I have no reason to conceal myself from you, my lady," resumed the mysterious pedlar. "My task is nearly finished—I shall soon be gone forever! Look at me and see who I am. It is the only vengeance I shall take for the injuries you inflicted on me!" He took off his hat, put aside his long hair, and showed those noble and handsome features, which, once seen, could never be forgotten.

"It is he!" she exclaimed; "it is himself!" So saying she fell senseless.

Mrs. Jones and the Viscount hastened to her assistance. Foster had put on his hat, but he did yet go away: he silently contemplated the young lady lying insensible.

"Infamous vagabond!" cried the Viscount, "you ought to be content with your work. Go out, go out, or I shall not answer for the consequences."

In spite of this threat, Foster remained calm. Yielding, however, to the earnestness of Kennedy, who implored him to go, in a low tone of voice, he was about to depart, when Tyler and Cleary suddenly appeared at the door. On seeing this reinforcement, the confidence of the Viscount returned. "Arrest those men!" cried he, "they are malefactors. See the state to which they have reduced your mistress! These are the vile rascals who once made a prisoner of your noble lady!"

"I thought so," resumed Tyler; "help me, Mr. Cleary, and we shall—"

But Mr. Cleary was in no hurry to obey the requirements of the law agent. Mrs. Jones, leaving her mistress for a moment, came and placed herself before the pedlars. "Let them go," said she, warily; let the men depart—I insist upon it in the name of my mistress. I am sure she will not gainsay me!"

Meantime Kennedy assumed his defence and brandished his yard. "Lay a hand upon us, if you dare. Come on if you're men. We are Antrim boys; we know how to handle our arms!"

Foster, meantime, remained silent, but he drew a pair of pistols from his pocket, which were more eloquent than words. The Frenchman and his two supporters did not know what to do. Between the commands of Mrs. Jones and the threatening conduct of the pedlars, they were perplexed. Kennedy profited by their irresolution; he took his master by the arm, and dragged him out of the pavilion, without the slightest interference on the part of the spectators. Nevertheless, before they had reached the base of the eminence, Foster turned round several times, as if to brave his enemies by his calm proud look he speedily disappeared with his comrade among the shrubbery of the park.

"You are great poltroons!" said the Viscount addressing the two functionaries of Powerscourt House.

"No harm done," said Mr. Cleary; "it is easy to get before them by following the park wall. We can have them arrested in a moment by the prelers, and lodged in the neighboring station house."

"Let nobody meddle with them, cried Mrs. Jones; "let them depart; and for the sake of my lady, I hope they will never return. If two raging lions were let loose upon her, they would terrify her less than those two pedlars." She then proceeded to lavish attentions on Lady Powerscourt, while the men slunk away without venturing to oppose her commands, or asking her to explain her motives.

The day was far advanced when Mrs. Flanagan returned to her cottage. The pedlars were gone, but she found half a crown upon the table to discharge the expenses they had incurred. To her great astonishment, on entering the inner room, she found their packs lying on the floor, with a written paper pinned to them. Not knowing how to read, she was obliged to have recourse to the superior enlightenment of an educated neighbor, who succeeded in deciphering the following words written with a pencil:—"To Mrs. Flanagan to be distributed to the poor of this parish." Every soul in the village got some article or other from the packs; and the poor families who were once the objects of Father O'Byrne's care, offered up their fervent prayers for benefactors with whose names they were unacquainted.

THE END.

THE FRENCH PAMPHLET, "THE POPE AND THE CONGRESS."

The following letter, addressed by Mr. Bowyer, M. P., to the Editor of the *Times*, appeared in the leading journal on Friday the thirteenth January:—

To the Editor of the *Times*.

Sir,—Time, place, and supposed origin give to this pamphlet importance which demands an answer, undeserved by its views, arguments, and morality. Commencing by laying down the undeniable principle that the temporal power of the Pope is necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power, the writer proceeds to propose the destruction of everything that is indispensable for the very existence of that temporal power. There is scarcely a paragraph in the whole work that is not refuted by some part of the remainder. And with professions of attachment to the Church and to the Holy See, he directly or indirectly sanctions every calumny that has been levelled against it, and by the most specious pretences supports all the hopes and plans of its enemies. Whether the policy of England ought to encourage or sanction those schemes of supremacy over Europe which are plainly visible in the whole scope and spirit of this insidious publication, I will not now stop to inquire, though it is a matter of the greatest importance. I will address myself only to the questions proposed and discussed by the writer.

In the second paragraph he lays it down and argues that the Pope must, for religious purposes, be a temporal power of the Pope is necessary for his spiritual power. And this, he truly says, is essential not only for France and Austria, but also for England, Russia, and Prussia.

He then proposes the question, How can the Pope be at the same time Pontiff and King? It seems to him that justice which punishes the guilty is destructive of the mercy of the Gospel, and that the Head of the Church who condemns false religion cannot tolerate dogmatic error. Has he never heard that it is God Himself who has given the sword to human Governments to punish evil-doers? And will he deny the mercy of God because God not only permits, but commands that the guilty shall suffer punishment? Can God who is the author of the Gospel, command anything inconsistent with its precepts? Where, then, is the conflict between the Pontiff who teaches the Gospel, and the Prince who administers justice tempered with mercy? In both characters he exercises power derived from the same Divine authority, and justice is no more inconsistent in God's minister than it is in God Himself. And why should it be impossible for the Head of the Church to tolerate error while he endeavours to combat and dispel it by means in accordance with the Christian religion? The writer cannot expect the Pope to encourage religious error nor to sanction its diffusion among his subjects. But the Government of the Holy See persecutes no one, and protects all in the enjoyment of their civil rights. The problem, then, which this specious writer proposes for solution does not exist. Nothing in the character of a good King is inconsistent with that of the Head of the Catholic Church. It would, indeed be impossible to describe the ideal of a Christian Prince otherwise than as a person exercising his regal power in the practice of every Christian virtue, and according to the precepts and spirit of the Gospel. Where, then, is the difficulty of the supposed problem? The writer, instead of dealing in vague generalities about "human interests and social wants," ought to have clearly pointed out some essential duty incumbent on a King which the Sovereign Pontiff is precluded by his religious character and office from performing. He has certainly pointed out no such disqualification.

But, having asserted the existence of the problem, he proceeds to solve it in his own fashion, and to serve his own purpose. "The power of the Pope," he says, "can only be a paternal power; it must resemble rather a family than a State. Thus not only is it not necessary that his territory should be very extensive, but we believe it is essential that that territory should be very small. The smaller the territory is, the greater the Sovereign will be." The *raison* of this passage is truly amusing. Can any one fail to see its true spirit? Machiavelli says that a certain class of persons, who shall be nameless, fall into the error of supposing that the rest of mankind are fools. And the concluding sentence reminds one of the well-known lines—

"My wound is great because it is so small,
Then it were greater were it none at all."

The writer goes on to say that a large State implies certain exigencies which it is impossible for the Pope to satisfy. He enumerates them in phrases which may mean a great deal or very little, but to which it is extremely difficult to attach any definite signification. They are "political life," "the bringing institutions to perfection," "participation in the general movement of ideas," "to benefit by transformations of the times the conquests of science, and the progress of the human mind." How far the present Government of France satisfies these exigencies, taken in the full sense of the words, might be a curious subject of inquiry. But the writer asserts that these things could not exist under the Government of the Pope, because the laws of the country would be chained by dogmas, and its activity paralysed by traditions. What does this mean? The dogmas of the Church are, no doubt, opposed to a restless desire for change, inordinate pride, ambition, and covetousness. But they are not opposed to the progress of science, industry, civilisation, and social improvement. On the contrary, the Christian religion and the Catholic Church have greatly favoured and encouraged them. It is difficult to grapple with vague common-places and platitudes, such as "the movement of ideas," "the transformation of the times and the progress of the human mind," &c.; but undoubtedly there is nothing in these things, rightly understood, inconsistent with the doctrines and traditions of the Church, and they might all exist under the Government of the Sovereign Pontiff. But, assuming that these inconveniences would arise if the Pope were the Sovereign of a great State, what effect would that proposition have on the matter in hand? Are the dominions of the Holy See, including the Legations a great State? Undoubtedly one of the smallest States of Europe. But the author of the pamphlet, after assuming that the Pope's little kingdom is subject to the supposed exigencies of a large State, concludes that, as the Pope cannot satisfy them, foreign occupation becomes inevitable. To this last point I may on some future occasion return. I will only say here that, if foreign occupation be necessary, it is certainly not because the Roman State is a great State.

The writer then proceeds to sum up his argument:—"Ainsi donc, le pouvoir temporel du Pape est nécessaire et légitime, mais il est incompatible avec un état de quelque étendue." These last words are remarkable. The Pope must be a sovereign, but his State must not be of some extent. He clearly means that the Pope's State should be of no extent at all.

And this is the substance of the whole. The *droit* vivre sans armes, sans territoire, sans légation, &c., pour ainsi dire, n'est qu'un jeu de mots. It would be difficult to state such a proposal seriously, if it did not excite indignation as a most audacious attempt to mystify and dupe the public. The proposal is that whereas the Pope should be Sovereign (p. 7), and "the temporal power of the Pope is necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power" (p. 6), he is restored to be restricted to a State which is not to be of some extent (*de quelque étendue*), and which is not to have any one of those attributes which are absolutely and essentially necessary to constitute a Sovereign State. The intended State is to have no one of the three branches of the Sovereign power—no executive, and no judicial power. To call the Pope a Sovereign under such conditions would be a most impudent mockery. His Holiness would be reduced to the condition of one of the native deposed princes in India. And, to complete this monstrous spoliation and usurpation, the pamphlet proposed that he should be "protected by a federal army." No one can doubt that in such an army the Piedmontese and revolutionary element would greatly preponderate. The Supreme Head of the Catholic Church would be a prisoner in the Vatican. And all this is brought forward and proposed with the most specious and hypocritical professions of veneration for the sacred office and person of the Holy Father. This proposal if carried into effect, would, no doubt, give a preponderating power to France. Would it be for the interest of England? If England sanctions or fails to oppose it, what will be the effect in Ireland, where the violation of the rights of the Holy See will be looked upon with the bitterest and most burning indignation? This pamphlet is, indeed, an outrage and an injury to every Roman Catholic in the United Kingdom. It proposes to place the Head of the Catholic Church in the hands of France and her humble ally, Sardinia, depriving him of all those things which it acknowledges to be necessary for the due performance of the august and sacred duties.

The financial part of this monstrous scheme is worthy of the rest. It is proposed that the Holy See shall be maintained by an annuity from the Catholic Sovereigns of Europe. What would be the consequence? If at any time the Holy Father did not occur in the wishes of one of those Sovereigns, or in any way give him umbrage, the Holy See would be deprived of a part of the means of subsistence. The Head of the Church would not have so much independence as an ordinary Bishop who is not a pensioner, but a proprietor subsisting on his own property. The Supreme Pontiff might, indeed, enjoy the independence of the country person, who at least lives on his own freehold under the security of the laws of property.

I come now to the part of the pamphlet which regards the Legations. Stripped of all verbiage and common-places, it means this.—That whereas France by invading Tuscany has revolutionised the Duchies already prepared by the ambitious intrigues of her ally Sardinia, and the revolution has extended to the Legations; and whereas the revolutionary faction in the Legations has for a few months maintained its power and kept down the mass of the people, who are not rebels against their Sovereign, therefore, the Pope is to be robbed of the best part of his dominions, to which he is lawfully entitled under the most solemn treaties and by most ancient possession. If this proposal were carried into execution, the public law of Europe would be subverted and every throne shaken to its foundation. I say advisedly that the pretended Government in Romagna exists contrary to the wishes of the population and by means of the most arbitrary measures; the people are not allowed to read, to write, to speak anything contrary to the wishes of the faction and secret societies. The pretended Parliament of Romagna does not represent more than 1-60th of the population. The number of voters is only 1,800, and not even one-third of that number could be induced by force, fear, and corruption, to concur in the elections. The taxes are anticipated and the treasury plundered. If the Pontifical forces marched on Bologna, there would be an immediate return of the Legations to their allegiance. But the revolutionary army, commanded by Piedmontese officers and supported by France, prevents the Pope from relieving his subjects from the despotism under which they suffer. Notwithstanding the rigorous measures of the Provisional Government to intercept communications, frequent and repeated appeals for protection are brought to the feet of the Holy Father. But His Holiness has not an army sufficient to keep the revolutionary forces in the Duchies in check and at the same time to protect his faithful subjects in Romagna, and thus enable them to recover their freedom of action. And yet, in the face of this state of things, the pamphlet asserts that the separation of the Romagna from the Papal Crown is an accomplished fact. If this be so, if on such grounds as these the Pope is to be robbed of his provinces, contrary to every principle of public law and faith of the most solemn treaties, then all lawful government is utterly insecure and the rights of Sovereign Power must depend on the mere temporary and precarious fluctuations of revolutionary changes, the machinations of secret societies, the will of demagogues and their tools, and the intrigues of ambitious and unprincipled politicians. I will not now say anything of the means by which the revolutions in Central Italy were brought about, except that they involved doctrines subversive of all the principles by which human society is kept together; but I assert, without fear of contradiction, that if the existence for a few months of a Provisional Government in a revolted province be held to be a sufficient ground to despoil the lawful Sovereign of his rights, then the laws on which kingdoms and republics and all other politics are founded must be shattered and subverted. Among the flimsy pretences for the unprincipled proposals to rob the Pope of his territories, the writer of the pamphlet brings forward the difficulty of the question—how is the Pontifical authority to be restored in the Romagna? But he answers the question himself by referring to a European Congress. (Sect. xi.) That is the proper tribunal to assert, not, indeed, the lawfulness of usurpation and robbery, but the sacredness of treaties, and the maintenance of those laws on which the existence of sovereign rights and the peace of mankind are founded and without which political society cannot exist and the European community of nations must fall into confusion and constant bloodshed. Let the Congress assert and enforce the undoubted rights of the Holy See. When this is done the Government of the Holy Father will no doubt resume its authority with that mildness and clemency which belong both to the Holy See and to the reigning Pontiff, and make every effort for the good government and the happiness of the people. There is, indeed, no unwillingness at Rome to adopt improvements, and much has been done, and is being done, to improve the public administration. But internal measures must proceed from the wisdom of the Holy Father, and not from the dictation of foreign Powers; otherwise the sovereignty of the Pope would be compromised, and the dignity necessary for every Government could not be maintained. There is another point, still more essential in my opinion. It is this—the Pope cannot renounce none of his temporal rights; they are the inalienable inheritance of the Roman Catholic Church, and in them every Roman Catholic in the world has a vested interest. Here, at least, is one point, on which the Holy Father might adopt the words of the pamphlet:—"On sait bien que rien n'oblige un Pape a ceder, et c'est devant la force la plus redoutable que sa faiblesse est surtout invincible, quand elle a pour elle l'épée du bon droit." The Holy Father has indeed for protection theegis of right. Relying on Divine Power, which has never for aken the See of Peter, he can appeal fearlessly to Catholic Europe against spoliation and injustice; and he can appeal to Protestant as well as to Catholic Princes and Governments, for all are virtually interested in maintaining the sovereignty of the Papa-

which is necessary for its independence; and to all it is equally necessary to repudiate doctrines and proposals subversive of the rights and security of all Sovereigns and their dominions.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
GEOBGE BOWYER.
Palace of the Order of Malta, Rome, Jan. 5.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE.—LETTER FROM THE PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND.

TO THE CATHOLICS OF DROGHEDA.

Dear Beloved Friends.—On the late occasion of our meeting to express sympathy with the Holy Father, I considered it my duty to make such observations on the conduct pursued by the French Emperor since the commencement of the war in Italy as were not calculated, I freely admit, to create an impression favorable to his Imperial Majesty, and that those observations were not disagreeable to you may be learned from the remarkable fact—peculiar, I should suppose, to our meeting in Drogheda, among all the meetings lately held in Ireland—that the only name received with hisses at that meeting was the name of Napoleon III.

I avail myself now of the public press to call your attention to the full confirmation which the events of the last few days have given to the justice of the sentiments which then found favor with you.

Some, even among our Catholic brethren in this country, were disposed to censure us as exceeding in severity towards his Majesty on the occasion to which I refer. All such persons are now, I should hope, undeceived. The Emperor has thrown off the mask. By means of the letter which he addressed to Rome on the 31st December, and which he has published in the *Moniteur*, he stands revealed to the world as the imitator of his uncle in his treatment of the Holy See. The wretched plausibilities with which that letter is interspersed can impose on none.

To find a parallel for the infamous address which he makes to the Holy Father, let us imagine a well-armed captain of a gang of robbers, who, placing his hand on the throat of some unfortunate and defenceless traveller whom he has seized, says to him:—

“You have, indeed, my dear friend, an incontestable right to your money; but consider this: I cannot permit any foreign or external aid to come to your defence; you may yourself, if you please, defend your purse; but I advise you not to mind doing so; the easiest solution of the difficulty in which you find yourself is, to give up your money quietly to me; and, in return for this amiable condescension on your part, I shall guarantee to you the secure possession of your clothes and your life. You may range with safety for many years through these mountain passes; and you will place me and the banditti, who acknowledge my authority, under a debt of gratitude, which we shall ever cheerfully acknowledge.”

It is such an address as this which the Eldest Son of the Church has made to the Father of the Faithful. Oh! how all good Catholics over the world must be horror-struck on reading that letter in the *Moniteur*! You will admit with me, that the appropriate residence for its author would be the prison of Ham, rather than the Palace of the Tuilleries.—How I pity the chivalrous French nation lying prostrate under the feet of such a ruler.

But let us hope that a voice will yet reach him, which by the awe that it shall inspire, will have the effect of paralysing the hand stretched out against the Holy Father—mean the voice of indignant Catholic Christendom, which, rising above the jubilation of the enemies of the Church over the world, will fall on his ear in some such words as these:—

“Robber, take your hand from the throat of the Vicar of Christ.”

I am, dearly beloved friends, your ever faithful servant,
JOSEPH DIXON, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland
Drogheda, 14th Jan., 1860.

Mr. John Francis Maguire, M.P., has received a letter from a gentleman of high position in Rome, of which the following is an extract. It bears date the 14th of January:—“It is most consoling to see with what magnanimity the Holy Father bears his present trials. On New Year's-day he had occasion to address the French General and officers, who came to wish him a happy New Year; and in the most emphatic manner he condemned the principles enunciated in the pamphlet entitled *‘Le Pape et le Congrès.’* A rupture seems imminent with the Emperor of the French, but, nevertheless, the Pope has so great a confidence in God and the justice of his cause, that every one who sees him, as I have already remarked, is astonished to see the magnanimity with which he awaits the contest. The reports of the meetings in Ireland, which are all read to him, continue to give him the greatest consolation. The pastoral addresses, and letters which he is daily receiving from all parts of the world fill many volumes. There never was a moment in the history of the Church when the whole Catholic world was so unanimous on the expediency of maintaining the temporal power of the Pope. Pius IX. was never greater than he is at this moment. The Pope is never so great as when he suffers, especially if he bear his suffering with the sublime calmness, patience, resignation, equanimity, and I may say Christian fortitude, with which Pius IX. bears his.”

The *Tuam Herald* says:—“How completely the Catholic laity have satisfied the imputation upon the sincerity of their attachment to Rome is proved by the millions of voices which, during the last four weeks, have recorded their undying devotion to the interests of the Holy See, and their fixed resolve to defend them to the utmost, within the limits of what the English press terms ‘our free constitution.’ The first libel having exploded, another was quickly advanced. It was said that the Irish laity, in their statements on the Papal question, manifested gross ignorance; and that, in their resolutions, they uttered common sense, and showed themselves unworthy of the liberty accorded to them. But this comprehensive libel upon Ireland met a signal refutation, almost as soon as it was published. The noble Declaration of the English Catholic laity—in support of the rights of the Holy See—came forth. Its importance could not be overlooked, even by the most unscrupulous enemies of His Holiness. The document was signed by the representatives of the nobles and most ancient houses in England, as well as by an immense number of the Catholic gentry; and it puts forth, in terse and dignified language, the case of His Holiness, and the reasons for promulgating the Declaration. The case and the reasons agree perfectly with those of Ireland. The English and Irish Catholic laity, jointly hold the following:—That the title of the Pope is the most ancient and legitimate in the world. That Pius IX. is a wise, liberal, and beneficent ruler; that he has been, and is now, the victim of revolutionary schemes; that the revolt in the Romagna is unjustifiable; and that the detachment of that or any other province from the Papal territory, by act of Congress, would be simply an act of robbery. And finally, that the representative of England, at the Congress, should not use his influence adversely to the Pope. A third lie of the British press is, that the sympathy demonstrations throughout the country are disloyal; nay, treasonable. This scandalous calumny is sufficiently refuted by a perusal of the proceedings at the meetings. The Catholics of Ireland have ever been loyal to the throne, with little cause to be steadfast in their allegiance. They were loyal, when trodden down as an accused and despised section, by an intolerant Protestant faction, whose ascendancy domination was likely to be more dangerous to the throne than a foreign invasion.—Irish Catholics owe allegiance to the Queen; they pay it, heartily and sincerely; and at every one of

monster meetings that have been held lately; they fling back, with just indignation, the aspersion sought to be fixed upon their loyalty. But they owe no allegiance to Her Majesty's Ministers, and will give none, unless it is deserved. All other questions become insignificant in the estimation of Catholics before this—of the honor and independence of the Holy See. The Catholics of England and Ireland are in complete accord upon the question, and it is pretty certain, from the tone of the faithful, in both countries, that the Ministry, ignoring justice, and participating in the spoliation of the Pope's dominions, will meet that constitutional overthrow which it so eminently deserves.”

SPIRIT OF THE IRISH PRESS.—The *Connaught Patriot* of January 14th has a leading article headed “The Pope and the Emperor.” The *Patriot* says:—“A letter appears in the Metropolitan papers to the effect that the French Emperor has signified to the Holy Father, that for the sake of the general peace, the Legations should be ceded by the Pope. *Sanctus celo et no timor* is the *Connaught Patriot's* motto. The *Meath People* takes a very decided tone:—“The murder is out at length, and the man of mystery, the Third Napoleon stands confessed, in all his intentions towards the Holy See. A notion prevailed in Ireland—and this not so very long ago—that a most desirable event would be that of a visit to us by the French Emperor. We never were of the number who hugged to our bosom any such child of romantic patriotism; but we must confess to the entertaining a wish now to see his Imperial Highness standing upon our shores. He might rest assured of a warm reception—one so hot that he would fly from it with even greater precipitancy than from his first, silly and supremely ridiculous attempt on France. Louis Napoleon is the child of destiny; a short sojourn in Ireland now would accomplish that destiny.”

The *Monster News* devotes a long leader to an unsparring denunciation of the French Emperor. The *Freeman's Journal* and the *Wexford People* are clear and outspoken in their condemnation of the Emperor. The *Dundalk Democrat* has been hitherto, if we mistake not, an admirer of the French Emperor, as the enemy of England, but it gives him up now. The *Democrat* says:—“The Emperor's letter will be received with consternation by the Catholic world.—There are two powers in Italy which are antagonistic. One is that of the Pope, who is the representative of Christ upon earth, and who spends his days in diffusing good throughout the world. The other is that of the Sarlatian King, who is ambitious to get the entire of Italy in his grasp, and who is urged on by wicked men and evil passions in his avaricious designs, and secretly counselled by bigotted England. The Emperor can look at this wicked man making his inroads on the States of the Church, and remain with folded arms gazing on the deed of plunder.—A dozen words addressed to the sacrilegious monster or an order to the French army in Italy to stop this sacrilege, would at once bring the robbers to a stand. But strange to say, Napoleon will not utter a sentence to restrain the plunderers, or save the property of the Church from their wicked hands. The Emperor has the power to prevent wrong, and he won't do it. He seems to dread that if the Romagna were restored to the Papal rule by foreign soldiers, it would continue to disturb Italy for generations to come. But if the intruders who are in that province, and who are almost the only disturbers there, are not put down by force, they will by-and-by attempt to expel His Holiness from the rest of his dominions. Under all the circumstances, we think the time has come for striking a blow against these public robbers, and if France declines to bring them to a sense of their duty, we are of opinion that Spain, Austria, Naples, and Ireland should unite, and perform what the Eldest Son of the Church declines to accomplish. If the Pope were attacked in the Vatican by a robber, he would be justified in defending himself; and when a plundering king and a band of robbers are going to rob the Church of her property, the Pope would be justified in calling on his spiritual children to aid him in striking them down.—If faithful soldiers are required in the States of the Church; if men are wanted to guard the Holy Father from insult, and to preserve the patrimony of the Holy See from the hand of sacrilegious robbers who are anxious to plunder it of its wealth, where could any army more zealous or faithful be found than among the Catholics of Ireland, whose hearts as well as their arms are devoted to the Holy See? We know no field in which the chivalry of our people could be more properly displayed than in the cause of a Power which insalts their faith, and tramples on the rights of their country. They perform the most abominable acts in obedience to the orders of that power in India, where a plundered and persecuted race have been subjected to the greatest indignities; and thus our people are made to participate in the most odious acts of tyranny. His Holiness the Pope may be regarded as grateful for the sympathy of his Irish children, but we cannot help thinking that the Holy Father often asks himself, ‘Is this all I am to receive from Ireland? Will the Irish be content to send me nothing but words, while I am in need of more substantial assistance?’

The *Tuam Herald* also throws the Emperor overboard, and says:—“It is clear that he relies on the army, and that he has thrown over the clergy and people of France. And in the publishing of his treachery to Pius IX., he insults the Holy man by still affecting devotion to his interests. Bitter, indeed must be the disappointment of the persecuted Pontiff, but not less unwavering his resolve to brave the dangers that threaten round him. The fact that the Emperor recognises the principle of depriving the Pope of the Romagna, makes it pretty clear that it was his original intention to carry out, if possible, the scheme of Guernoniere's pamphlet, and leave His Holiness nothing but a residence in the city of Rome.

IRISHMEN ON THE LONDON PRESS.—The *Times* is still largely availing itself of Irish talent. Its correspondent at Paris, is an Irishman; at Berlin there is another Irishman; in Morocco another; and at New York a fourth, while the writer of a magnificent description of the efforts of the Agememnon to lay the Atlantic cable, and the *Great Eastern* in the storm off Holyhead, likewise owes his inspiration to the ‘Gem of the Western World.’ Indeed, the only other correspondent of any note at present on the staff of the ‘Thunderer’ is Signor Gallenga, a Genoese by birth. He speaks and writes English like a native, and some time since he married an Irish lady with an income of £600 a year. He is known as the author of a book called ‘Country Life in Piedmont,’ which he wrote when occupied in London, as professor of Italian at the King's College University. It should not be forgotten that W. H. Russell, Esq., who has achieved for himself an undying reputation by his inimitable descriptions of the campaigns in the Crimea and India, is another Irishman. Of course every one knows that the *Globe* correspondent in Paris is a Corkman, no other than the author of the famous ‘Prout Papers.’ Another celebrity of the press, the correspondent of the *Liverpool Advertiser*, and the writer of the clever original, and whimsical, ‘Metropolitan Gossip’ is an Irishman. The principal editors of the *Globe*, *Sun*, *Mark Lane Express*, and many other leading London journals, are all Irish. We could enumerate many other writers of note on the press of London who we can claim as ‘Sons of the Sod’ and as Irish Reporters, they are so numerous as to have given rise to an adage, that ‘all the porters and reporters in London are Irish.’

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.—The *Cork Examiner* says:—“The diocese of Ross will, on Tuesday next, pronounce in support of the Pastoral. The good and patriotic Bishop will preside on the occasion, and thus lend the sanction of his name and character to the demand which is soon to be made in Parliament, in the name and on behalf of the Catholics

of Ireland: The Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea is no vain enthusiast, no idle dreamer; he is, on the contrary, a man ripe in judgment, moderate in his views of most subjects, and prudent while firm in his policy. As a simple clergyman, he had at all times exhibited unbounded zeal for the education of the children of the poorer classes, and his parish could in this important respect—one so dear to the feelings and even the pride of the Catholic Priest—contrast favorably with the best managed parishes of his brethren in the Ministry. Nor has the Bishop lost a iota of the zeal for education which pre-eminently distinguished the Parish Priest. A wider sphere of action has only afforded him increased means of doing good, by the diffusion of the blessings of enlightenment to his more extended flock. This good Bishop, then, demands a change in the mode of administering the education of the people. Change in the system there can be very little; for the mixed system never was tried, and never can be tried, in the diocese of Ross, and for this simple reason—that the mass of the population is entirely Catholic. So far as the diocese of Ross—and it is only one of many equally circumstanced—is concerned, the ‘mixed system’ is, was, and always will be, a sham and a delusion; for it never has existed, and it never will exist in it. There are, practically, no materials for its existence. Therefore, Dr. O'Hea and his priests and people will not go through the farce of demanding a change of system for their diocese—separate for mixed, inasmuch as it is possible to make a change in that respect; but they will unite with other dioceses in insisting that the education for a Catholic people shall be Catholic in letter and in spirit—leaving Protestants and Dissenters to make the same fair terms for themselves. This is one of the principle objects for which the diocese of Ross is to assemble on Tuesday next. “Were there no parochial, no diocesan meetings, those who are on the watch would shout with triumph; but when such meetings are universally held, no ground is left to the interested enemy. We therefore rejoice to see the example of Cloyne followed by Ross, and we trust to see it soon imitated by the no less important, no less Catholic diocese of Cork.”

Mr. BUIRY.—It is stated that Mr. Bright, M.P., has received an invitation from friends of Parliamentary reform in Dublin, to visit that city, and to address a meeting on the reform question before the meeting of Parliament, but Mr. Bright's engagements, and the near approach of the session, will prevent his complying with the request of the reformers of Dublin.

The Bishop landlord of Partry, the right reverend Lord Plunket, has done another friendly act to Irish tenants seeking Legislative protection. He has unwillingly helped on the cause of the latter. Just as Parliament is about to meet, he dies that which marks more clearly than mere argument could do, the nature of the irresponsible power of Irish landlords, and the reckless manner in which it is put in force. To-day in Partry there are some sixty downy families, who only live on the farms which they may have filled in youth and in manhood, until the legal interval after ‘notice’ has gone by who necessarily precedes the crowbar and the posse comitatus of the sheriff. What have they done? Are their rents unpaid? Have they failed to perform any contract into which they had entered with their landlord? It seems not. So says their only friend, the priest, Father Lavelle. But though they have not failed in their engagements, they have set at naught, rash men! the wish of their Lord and Master on one point—they have refused to let their children be rifled in the proselyting schools of Bishop Plunket of the sacred pearl of the Faith—therefore, in a little while they will be houseless beggars!—*Weekly Register*.

The *Mayo Telegraph* says:—“The member for Wexford, Patrick MacMahon, stood foremost among the first in the ranks of the Independent Oppositionists. He now takes his place behind the minister and pockets such emoluments as a Junior Counsel for the Woods and Forests is entitled to. Public scandal of the darkest hue shrouds this breach of faith. It casts the mantle of distrust around the remaining few of his *quantum* colleagues, and, worse still, engenders in the public mind a suspicion that no lawyer, however connected, should be returned to Parliament by an Irish constituency. We have assisted at the obsequies of several politicians of the renegade stamp; but assuredly, MacMahon's is the worst case that has yet come under our observation. The frailty of human nature does not allow us to expect that we shall not, while life remains, occasionally witness the political demise of many a patriot of the modern school. We would venture to assert, however, that in the wide range of Sulleristic baseness no instance of value, cool, political depravity extends in duplicity the MacMahon sale of himself and his constituents.”

“TURN HIM OUT.”—Under this heading, a writer in the *Morning News* forebushes the policy that the Irish Catholic members must pursue in the coming session if they mean to present themselves to their several constituencies at the next general election:—“The occasion has risen for applying to the Bishop of Kerry's test ‘They must give up Palmerston, or we must give up them.’ The process is simple.—Parliament meets on Tuesday week. After that we have only to watch the Division Lists. When Palmerston's name appears among ‘Ayes’ or ‘Noes,’ as the case may be, we shall expect to find the names of those Irish members who are returned by Catholic constituencies in the opposite list. It is their first and only duty to put the Government in a minority. If not, let them mark the consequences.”

THE IRISH ARMS ACT.—John Mitchell has been writing to the *Frisman* on the subject of the Irish Arms Act, which of course he denounces. The absurdity of this measure is demonstrated by the *Tipperary Advocate*, which says:—“At the last Quarter Sessions of Tipperary, a horse-doctor was brought up, charged with the dreadful crime of having twenty grains of unregistered shot in his possession. The ruffian, it appears, habitually employed these contraband pellets, with the coolest audacity, for rinsing bottles, and drawing issues! The shot was duly forfeited, the offender solemnly admonished, and the majesty of the law most gloriously vindicated.”

MR. HUGH MASSY O'GRADY.—The mystery respecting the fate of this unfortunate gentleman is at length cleared up so far as the finding of the body; but how he actually met his untimely death is not very clear, but that it was the result of an accident there appears to be little or no doubt. The *Limerick Reporter* of yesterday gives the following particulars of the discovery of the remains:—“The body of Mr. Hugh Massy O'Grady was this day discovered, about half-past 11, a.m., floating in what is called the ‘Dead River,’ which flows near New Pallas station, and was at once recognized and brought on shore. The unfortunate gentleman, it is thought, accidentally fell into the river, the night being dark on which he left the train at the New Pallas station. The river had been frequently dragged, but without avail, and all was mystery until the discovery was made this day as above stated. Mr. John Massy, of Olongar, uncle of the deceased gentleman, was immediately on the spot, and had the body removed to Castlegarde, where it now awaits the coroner's inquest, which, we believe, will be held to-morrow. There are no marks whatever on the body, except that it has suffered somewhat from decomposition, consequent on the length of time it has been in the water—just one month. Mrs. H. Massy O'Grady, widow of the deceased gentleman, who had been in Dublin for some time, was returning home to Castlegarde by the midday train, and was met at the Limerick Junction by Mr. John Massy, who imparted the sad intelligence to her.—She appeared to be deeply affected. Mrs. H. M. O'Grady was accompanied by her son, a fine boy aged about two years. It was thought by very many that Mr. H. M. O'Grady was alive—but the fact is now unhappily known.”

Another account says:—“A glass which Mr.

O'Grady was in the habit of wearing (so it was stated) was firmly fixed in his eye. The deceased gentleman was son of the late Walter O'Grady, Q.C., and grandson of the first Lord Guillemer. Mr. O'Grady was returned on the roll of high sheriffs for the county of Limerick for the present year, and was extremely and deservedly respected by all his acquaintance, whether of the better or blunderer classes. An inquest on the body will take place to-morrow, when it is hoped some light will be thrown upon the melancholy transaction, which has for so long a time engaged the public attention.”

The following is an extract, from the trade report of the *Belfast Mercury* of Saturday. The great measure of 1846 was to have shaken the agricultural interest of Great Britain to its base, but in Ireland—the grabbing farm of John Bull—it was to have been shattered to atoms. It will be seen, however, that, as far as this country is concerned, farmers are still enabled to do a pretty safe business in the midst of the general ruin of their class.—“The gloomy predictions of Protectionists in Parliament and in the press as to the ruinously low rate of agricultural prices, should the great measure of free trade become the law, contrast very strikingly with what those prices actually are, and have been for some years steadily advancing to. How confidently used it to be insisted upon that, to abolish the beloved sliding scale, or even to meddle with any of its fanciful gradations, would certainly cause all the arable land of the united kingdom to go out of cultivation, as it would be impossible for our farmers to compete in the growth of grain with the more fortunate cultivators of Continental steppes and American prairies. And then, as to pasturage, matters would not be much better; there, again, foreign importations would drive us out of our own markets and the best beef, mutton, and pork would be only worth in London or Liverpool some 2d. or 3d. per lb., while about 6d. per lb. would be the extreme value of the primest butter. How all this has been falsified by the event everybody, and especially those on set incomes, know full well, and will, perhaps, become more apparent to our readers, as it has to ourselves, when we give the results of two or three recent sales which have come within our knowledge. The first was by an extensive grazier, who received for forty heifers £1,040—only thirty of which sold at above £20; but they averaged that sum. It may be stated that they were bought only last July for fattening, and have left a very large profit to the feeder. The other cases are where one small farmer sold a lot of pigs at over 50s. per cwt., and another some firkins of butter at considerably above 1s. per lb., both stating that they made up their year's rent with little more than half the quantity of produce which would have been often required during the palmiest days of Protection.—And this is the ruin which free trade was surely to have inflicted on the agricultural interest.”

THE ‘REVIVALS.’—An occasional visitor to Belfast has sent us (the *Telegraph*) the following from that city:—“I was in hopes of seeing a few ‘revivals’ while here; but I find they are all over. This, however, is not to be wondered at; the funds of the evangelical gentlemen engaged in promoting them, were getting somewhat low, and it could not be expected that the ‘stricken ones’ could go through the immense physical exertion expected of them, for anything under a reasonable remuneration. It is said that the ‘profane blacksmiths’ and the dissolute ‘tradesmen’ who were such pious examples, consented to take so little as ten shillings a head, but after that they struck into a body, and the revivals in consequence have declined. It is rather a sad thing to see the declension of such a fine national pastime, and such a flourishing trade, but the gods have willed it, and it cannot be helped.”—*Cork Examiner*.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Sir John Broadbent, Bart. to be a magistrate for the county of Dublin. Sir John is the President of the Dublin Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The time is come when Catholics of every nation must choose their part. Will they stand by the Catholic Church, or will they join the league for ridding the Church, first, of the Romagns, and afterwards, and at leisure, of all that belongs to her? It is a question which every man must settle with his own conscience, by the light of the reason and religion with which God has gifted him. We may try to shut our eyes, and shrink it and go round about it, and try to creep past on the other side, and make believe we do not see it. We may put cases and cheat our own convictions, and put off the decision, thinking that things will last our time, and that if the Church loses the Romagna, she will have Rome left, and consoling ourselves with the reflection that it is not yet come to wearing the pallium from the Pope's neck, or the tiara from his brow, and that we shall be long in the grave when posterity is called upon to share in the decisive struggle. But we must not forget that before our bodies are laid in their quiet graves, we shall have to answer in the spirit for the deeds done in the flesh, and that it is as certain that we shall be asked whether we took part for or against the Church of Christ, menaced in the person of Christ's Vicar, as it is certain that we shall be asked whether, in the battle of life, we fought as soldiers of Christ around the standard of the Cross, or became legionaries of the Devil, and marched beneath his flag. It is in the nature of great questions to come crashing upon us like an avalanche. We may creep under the rocks, and call upon them to hide us. We cannot hide ourselves from our own consciences, and the knowledge that we are called upon to choose our side. Now let us look the question in the face, and see what we are doing. The whole Church is in these days engaged in prayer, in daily and incessant prayer for the Holy Father in his trials and his tribulations. We are taking our Lord from behind the veil of that tabernacle where He submits Himself to our necessities; we set Him upon His throne that we may speak to Him face to face, and beg Him more earnestly and more openly to help His Church and to sustain the Pope against Her enemies. From thousands of altars, from hundreds of thousands of Churches, this is the prayer daily offered up to God. We are hypocrites before Him.—Even while we how we are making our excuses. We have our fears and our interests, our views of history, our political sympathies, our theories, the fine-spun cobweb of our brains, with which we stand dallying in the hearing of the earthquake, to measure the past, the present, and future, by some notion of our own. What proportion has there been between the prayers and the acts of the Catholic millions? When Montalembert some years ago, in one of his magnificent articles, uttered the glorious words, which, in his mouth, and at the time, was no safe or empty boast:—“We are the Sons of the Crusaders, and will never blench before the children of Voltaire,” many a heart bent and many a cheek flushed at the thought that if the enemies of the Church were once more in our days to resume the enterprises of the sixteenth century's Reformation, or the eighteenth century's Revolution, they would be encountered in the spirit and with the determination that impelled the Red Cross Knight, against the infidels, that defended Rhodes and Malta against the might of the Ottoman, that drove the Moors from Spain, that routed the Turks before Vienna, and that saved Christendom at Lepanto. But what fulfillment is there of these hopes? One miserable man, a professed Catholic and a practised hypocrite, a revolutionary tyrant, who, in all probability, has made his bargain with the secret societies that in return for a guarantee of his life against the assassin's knife or bullet he would let loose the revolution upon Italy and against the Pope, sets himself up against the Church, and calls upon the consecrated successor of St. Peter to violate his oath and renounce the

patrimony which he has sworn to transmit to his successors. And thirty millions of Catholic Frenchmen obey him.—*Tablet*.

Coming shadows last week truly and not dimly forebode the events of this. The price of England's co-operation in, or connivance at, the foreign policy of France, has been offered her in the shape of an internal commercial reform, which is expected to be accepted by us as likely to redound to the advantage of England. The economical changes heralded in the Emperor's letter to M. Pould, published in last Saturday's *Moniteur*, are not quite, as some of our daily cotemporaries (judging from the share Mr. Cobden appears to have had in French counsels of late) represent it, an adhesion to the principles of free trade. The present measure has been for some time known to be inevitable, and is probably intended as introductory to another more distinctly recognising the principles of free trade; but, as present, in so far as it concerns us, it is an abandonment, not of protection, but of prohibition. Foreign iron and coal are now to be admitted into France; whereas, hitherto, they have been practically excluded, except for Government use. We are unwilling to utter an unguarded word, but it cannot escape notice that those articles are quite as necessary for the warlike as for the peaceful development of a country's strength. Their importation into France can for the former purpose, will now be greatly facilitated; at any rate it will command less attention and excite less alarm than it would have done under the prohibitive system. England is expected to be grateful for the increased facilities afforded her for the importation of her raw material, the elements of her own wealth; a species of commerce which, if political economy teach truly, does not tend to the prosperity, but to the impoverishment of a country. In her gratitude, England is expected to sign a new commercial treaty, giving reciprocal advantages to revise her tariff, and to admit, duty free, French wines and French manufactures; and, in the present temper of the country, this is likely enough to be done. She is expected also to assist from her national defensive preparations, and to put a stop to the volunteer rifle movement. We suspect that this is what will not be done. As a make-weight, the Palmerston organ promises British co-operation; if necessary, with France against Austria. It is easy to see on which side the balance of advantage would rest if all the considerations which Louis Napoleon offers were commercial only. But when the letter to the Pope of the 10th inst., is taken into account, the equilibrium of mutual advantage is restored.—An anti-Papal policy on the part of France will be shepherded purchased by us by the abandonment of any amount of commercial and defensive advantages.—The game is a deep one, evidently, and the stake cannot be inconsiderable. The empire risks much by these two measures. They are uniting all the anti-imperial elements in and out of France against it.—Thus M. Villermain, the eminent Liberal, and anything but ‘ultramontane,’ has boldly attacked and denounced, in an eloquent pamphlet, the idea of France's complicity with, or tolerance of, Papal spoliation. Monsieur About, in the *Opinion Nationale*, confesses with grief that free-thinkers and republicans are ready to co-operate with ‘Ultramontanes’ on these questions. The fact is, that attachment to Catholicism is, at least, as much a national tradition with Frenchmen as Protestantism is with Englishmen, and even those devoid of practical religion are by no means prepared to accept any mere shopkeepers' considerations as an equivalent for a departure from those traditions, so ancient and so glorious.—*Weekly Register*.

The Emperor of the French stands now before Europe the confessed imitator of the policy of the Hunnards, the implacable enemy of the Holy See, trampling all justice under his feet. He has avowed his purpose, which is neither more nor less than to rob the Church; it requires no sagacity to see that the end of all is to bring the Supreme Pontiff within the power of France, and to make him, relatively to the Emperor, what the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury is to the Crown of England. The scheme is most promising; and whether the States of Europe or America will accept it, is a question we need not discuss, because it never can be accomplished. The first Buonaparte failed in an age of less faith, and the second is not more sure of success. Whatever the horrors of the battle may be, we are sure of the end, we can bow defeat without discouragement, because we know the final issue.—Pius VII. was in prison, but he died in Rome; while his piteous jailer fumed and stormed in the chains with which Europe had bound him, without dignity and unresigned.—*Tablet*.

A telegram from Paris informs us that some delay will arise in signing the Treaty of Commerce between England and France, which may be modified to suit the views of the French Protectionists, and we take this opportunity to consider on principle the nature of the engagement on which we are about to enter. We may remind our readers that we do not as yet know what the stipulations of the Treaty are, but, be they what they may, it appears that they are to take place in England immediately, whereas their execution in France is deferred for a period of eighteen months.—Till July, 1861, the French Emperor is bound by promises to the manufacturing interest, which his honor will not permit him to break; while England, whose policy has been to keep clear of such engagements, is to perform her portion of the agreement immediately. When we thus pay ready money and receive in exchange a bill at eighteen months, which bears no interest, we ought, in all conscience, to receive a prospective benefit much greater than that we confer.—We very much doubt, however, whether this is the case. The duties we impose on French produce are laid on merely for the purpose of revenue, and will create a loss, which must be made up probably by a tax on the necessities of life or upon income, while the French gain doubly by the removal of their prohibitions—first a source of revenue, and then in abundance and cheapness of the liberated article.—But, besides this consideration, there remains the consideration whether it is wise and consistent with sound policy to enter into any commercial treaty at all.—*Times*.

The religious, or more properly the irregular disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East continue with unabated force. On Tuesday, a person named Walker was brought before Mr. Yardley, charged with using language calculated to produce a breach of the peace. He was fined fifty shillings; and the magistrate, in the first instance, seemed disposed to send him to prison.

A very curious trial for polygamy is likely to attract the attention of the gentlemen of the long robe at the next Lent Assizes for Sussex. A man of no small consideration at Brighton contracted marriage with five different women, three of whom are sisters, and with all of whom he has continued to cohabit for nearly eight years in town. A disagreement on some points of precedence brought the disgraceful affair to light.—*Express*.

As great public interest has been expressed respecting the continuation of Lord Maccanley's ‘History of England’ and some misstatements have gone forth, we feel it desirable to announce, on the best authority, that some progress had been made by Lord Maccanley towards the completion of another volume, and that a portion of the MS. is fully prepared for publication. Circumstances, however, will probably delay for some time the appearance of any further portion of the history.—*Times*.

BUSINESS-LIKE CHRISTIANITY.—The blue cover of one of the periodical publications advertises for the following combination of talents: “Wanted, a person who understands the different branches of husbandry and dairy (a partner), who can lodge in the business sum of three or five hundred pounds, strictly religious character—if a Calvinist, most agreeable. If he has abilities for a preacher the better.”

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 17, 1860.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

By the Bohemian we are put in possession of European intelligence to the 1st inst.

Though apparently but a slight matter, though but one of many instances of the exercise of arbitrary power, the news of the suppression of L'Univers will, we expect, excite considerable sensation in the Catholic world; and will go far, we think, to convince the most sceptical, of the anti-Catholic tendencies of the policy to which in a fatal hour for himself, for his dynasty, and for the fair land of France over which he has been placed as ruler, Louis Napoleon now stands fully committed.

The immediate cause that led to the suppression of L'Univers was its uncompromising advocacy of the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff; and in particular, its publication of a letter from the Pope to the Bishops and Archbishops of France, wherein his reasons were set forth for refusing to alienate, at the bidding of Louis Napoleon, any portion of the territories of the Holy See.

Whilst thus provoking the enmity of the Catholic community, from whom hitherto he has received a generous support, and by whom the most favorable interpretation possible has been put upon his most questionable actions, Louis Napoleon is careful to ingratiate himself with the Protestant world; and like the unjust steward spoken of in the Gospel, is striving to make unto himself friends of the Mammon of iniquity—de Mammona iniquitatis.

The Montreal Gazette is unjust in attributing to us the doctrine of the "divine right" of Kings. We hold, it is true, that all power is from God. "Non est enim potestas nisi a Deo; que autem sunt, a Deo ordinatae sunt." Rom. xiii. This is the teaching of the Church; and in so far we assert the "moral obligation" of the subject to obey. But the doctrine of the "divine right" of kings is essentially a Protestant doctrine, whose chief supporters are to be found amongst the Anglican controversialists of the XVII century; whilst its most prominent opponents were the Jesuits, who by their opposition drew down upon themselves the wrath of the leaders of the Protestant party in England.

Rumors are again rife of the existence of negotiations by which Savoy is to be ceded to France. The Congress is postponed sine die. Austria has her hands full of the troubles in Hungary, and can scarce be expected to interfere in behalf either of the Pope, or of the exiled Grand Dukes. From Italy there is nothing new. The domestic political news is of little interest. The disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East were attracting much attention from the press and Parliament. On the evening of the 29th ult., an evangelical mob crowded the church during the services, which they violently interrupted, threatening to destroy the altar—as the Puseyites delight to call the table whereon they enact a parody of the Catholic sacrifice. Much

property was destroyed; and it is probable that Government will interfere to put down those Popish practices in the Establishment, with which the evangelical party are disgusted, and which are constantly provoking to riots of a most serious and scandalous complexion.

MEETING FOR THE POPE.—In consequence of the very limited area of St. Patrick's Church, it is feared that it could not furnish sufficient accommodation for the numbers, who from both sections of our Catholic community would naturally assist at the meeting announced for 4 p.m. on Sunday next. It has therefore, though with regret, been thought advisable to restrict the assembly of Sunday to the English speaking portion of the Catholic population of Montreal; leaving it to our French Canadian brethren to hold their demonstration of sympathy with the illustrious Pontiff, Pius IX, at such time and place as shall best suit their convenience.

The Montreal Gazette is "quite ready to admit that obedience to government is a 'moral obligation' up to a certain point;" but it holds "that the people alone who are governed have a right to judge as to what abuses justify revolt." This, though the Gazette may not perceive it, is tantamount to denying the "moral obligation" of obedience, and is but the assertion of the "right of insurrection," in another set of words. For to make him who is bound by a "moral obligation," the sole judge of when that obligation ceases to be incumbent upon him, is, virtually to release him from the obligation altogether.

It is an axiom in law, approved of by the common sense of mankind, that he who is an interested party cannot be a disinterested or impartial judge; and that therefore no man, no set of men, is or are qualified to sit in judgment upon a case wherein he or they are directly interested. This rule is of universal application, and admits of no conceivable exception; and though the rule laid down by the Gazette has been often acted upon, though in practice our rule has been often violated, no argument can thence be drawn in favor of the former, or against the latter.

But the Gazette does not urge, and cannot so much as pretend, any oppression on the part of the Pope towards his revolted subjects. The latter, if they have suffered wrong, have suffered from the Austrians and not from the Court of Rome; and the fact of the "revolt" which the Gazette cites as proof of misgovernment and oppression is not conclusive, because it is also a fact that the revolt was not primarily the work of the subjects of the Pope, but of the soldiers, and emissaries of Sardinia.

We congratulate our cotemporary upon his progress in political science. He has abandoned his position that subjects "have the right to overturn a government which is distasteful to them;" because he now recognises that obedience is a "moral obligation," and therefore an obligation imposed by God Himself. By dint of reflection and meditation upon the axioms that "an interested party cannot be a disinterested judge"—and that, above all other qualifications, perfect disinterestedness or impartiality is indispensable on the part of the judge,—he will in time we trust arrive at the conclusion that neither prince nor subject can be competent to sit in judgment upon questions wherein their own interests are involved. There must be, or at all events there should be, some third party, morally distinguishable from subject on the one hand, and from prince on the other, to whom all such questions should be referred. This third party, and competent, because disinterested or impartial judge, the Catholic has no difficulty in finding; and perhaps when our cotemporary shall have carefully studied its origin, and mode of application, he will understand how and in what sense Catholic writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries asserted the "deposing power" of the Pope; and will perceive how, by the assertion of that power, the Catholic consistently reconciles the "moral obligation" of the subject to obey, with the "moral obligation" of the prince to govern justly.

The Montreal Gazette is unjust in attributing to us the doctrine of the "divine right" of Kings. We hold, it is true, that all power is from God. "Non est enim potestas nisi a Deo; que autem sunt, a Deo ordinatae sunt." Rom. xiii. This is the teaching of the Church; and in so far we assert the "moral obligation" of the subject to obey. But the doctrine of the "divine right" of kings is essentially a Protestant doctrine, whose chief supporters are to be found amongst the Anglican controversialists of the XVII century; whilst its most prominent opponents were the Jesuits, who by their opposition drew down upon themselves the wrath of the leaders of the Protestant party in England. It is really to bad that Catholics should be charged with Protestant errors.

Our cotemporary is guilty also of gross misrepresentation in speaking of the Austrian government as "most abject in its slavery to the Holy See;" whilst the truth is that, until the accession to the present Emperor, the hostility, or constant opposition of the Austrian Government to the Holy See, was a matter of notoriety of which it is impossible that any one acquainted with the history of modern Europe could have been ignorant. With as much of truth might the Gazette speak of the present government of Sardinia as "most abject in its slavery to Rome."

of the people in the revolted Central Italian States are themselves the victims of a cruel tyranny; and that they neither participate in, nor approve of, the acts of the leaders of the revolutionary party. The disgraceful acts to which we alluded—the spoliation and persecution of the Religious Orders—the arbitrary interference with the press and the pulpit—and the other measures resorted to by the Liberals of Italy to establish their power—are facts which cannot be called in question; for they have been all duly chronicled in the columns of the Protestant press. That the people generally, sanction these atrocities is denied by high Protestant authority; but destitute of organisation, and kept in awe by the menace of Sardinian armed interference, it is no wonder that the dispersed rural populations of Central Italy are unable, at present, to cope with, or successfully to contend against, the concentrated, highly organised, but thoroughly demoralised urban populations, amongst whom the revolution has hitherto found its most strenuous, we may say its sole, supporters.

And the Gazette should remember that the changes in their government sought after by the latter, or Italian Revolutionary party, are organic changes; and not, as were the changes for which the chiefs of the Canadian Liberal party long and nobly contended, mere functional changes, or changes in the method of administration.—In asking for "self-government" and the control over their local taxation and expenditure, the Canadians asked only for an extension, or application to themselves, of the fundamental principles of the British Constitution, and were therefore seeking to develop and preserve, not to overthrow or destroy their political organism. The Italian revolutionists on the contrary aim essentially at organic changes; and, there is no fact better established than this.—That in the moral, as in the physical, order such changes are impossible, and that any attempt to introduce them must result in a "cultus generalis." So the revolutionists of France in '92, not content with reforming, or rather restoring and developing their ancient constitution, and laboring under the extraordinary hallucination that "constitutions might be made"—(they might as rationally have attempted to make a tree)—plunged headlong into an abyss, from which it is to be feared that they will never be able to recover themselves; but which the people of England, who constantly in all their revolutions have sought after functional or administrative changes merely, have hitherto had the good fortune to escape. We attribute therefore the disorders which now undoubtedly prevail in the revolted Italian States, neither to the "unfitness of the Latin race for self-government," nor to the fact that "the government of the Popes has been such as to unfit men for self-government"—but to the designs of the leaders of the Italian revolutionary party, whose object is, not reform, but organic change; a process which it is as impossible to apply with safety to social or political organisms, as to animal or vegetable organisms.

We do not blame the British Government because it does not apply to its subjects in India the same principles as those which it applies to its subjects at home; because it has not conferred upon the dwellers by the banks of the Ganges the same political powers or privileges as are enjoyed by the dwellers on the banks of the Thames. Reform Bills, Household Suffrage, and Vote by Ballot, may be excellent things in their way in the opinion of certain politicians of England; but we doubt much if the latter would seriously propose to confer them upon the citizens of Delhi, or to initiate the people of Central India into the mysteries of a contested election. For the same reasons, we can readily conceive that political institutions well-suited to the citizens of Montreal and Toronto might be altogether out of place in Florence, Ancona, or Rome; and thus, without attributing any moral superiority to the people of Canada, over the people of Central Italy, we may recognise the fact, that a form of government under which the former thrive, might be very prejudicial to the moral and material interests of the other. In short, either the law that all people are entitled to certain political privileges—to a representative form of government with a responsible Ministry, is of universal application, or it is not. If it is—why are those political privileges, why is that form of Government withheld from the millions of British subjects in India? If it is not—then the argument in behalf of the Italian Liberals drawn by the Gazette from the political aspect of Canada, crumbles to dust.

Stripped, however, of the plumes beneath which the Gazette seeks to disguise the more hideous features of the Italian revolutionary movement now in progress, these facts remain patent and incontestable. That in so far as the Papal States are concerned that movement is not the work of the people; that the so-called revolt of the Romagna, was the work of foreigners; who, taking advantage of the late war, the weakness in a military point of view of the Papal Government, the assurance of active assistance from Sardinia, and it is now but too clear, relying on the more secret, but well-known assurances of help from Louis Napoleon—by force wrested from the Sovereign Pontiff a portion of his dominions, and imposed upon his subjects their odious and impious tyranny. It is for the speedy overthrow of this tyranny, for the restoration of the Pope to his independent authority, and of his faithful subjects to liberty, that we, Catholics, pray—but certainly not "against the right of the people of the Romagna to have a voice in their own taxation and government." Nay! we believe, from his antecedents, that were the Pope restored to the plenitude of his political authority, and unhampered by foreign interference, he himself would be the first to propose, and the most active in carrying into execution, those political and financial reforms which circumstances require, and which would promote the happiness of all his subjects.

This is what we pray for: that the Pope may be left free and independent to pursue his designs of reform which were checked by the storm that burst over Europe in '48—this the extent of our interference. At its worst, it is, as the Gazette must admit, a less offensive form of interference than that in which the King of

Sardinia permits himself to indulge at the expense of his neighbors; and surely if the latter may invoke the demon of revolution against the legitimate temporal authority of the Pope, there can be no reason why we, Christians, should not be allowed to invoke the assistance of the Lord of Hosts in behalf of him, in whose person the rights of the Sovereign, and the dignity of the Pontiff are alike outraged and insulted by the disciples of Mazzini, and by Garibaldi's hired cut-throats.

Speaking of Protestant notions of prayer, and its effects, the Montreal Witness complains that:—

"practically the religious (i.e. the Protestant) world had to a great extent fallen into that most pernicious and illogical doctrine of the Unitarians, that prayer in no way affects the purposes of God, but only the minds of the persons who offer it—a doctrine which if believed, completely annihilates prayer, and as a consequence the benefit derived from it by the individual praying, or rather pretending to pray."

That the Witness correctly represents the belief of the vast majority of the Protestant or Non-Catholic world as to the effects of prayer there can be no doubt; but why our cotemporary calls that belief "illogical," seeing that it is the direct conclusion of human reason from the premise that God is impassible, unchangeable, and that in Him there can be neither change nor shadow of turning, we cannot understand. On the contrary, the "pernicious doctrine of the Unitarians," is the logical and necessary consequence of protesting principles; and of those very principles in particular which the Witness itself appeals to in its controversies with Catholics, and which it urges against the invocation of the prayers of the Saints. How it is that we are assisted by their prayers, how they hear us, and why God should grant to them and their prayers, what He withholds from us and our supplications, are mysteries which human reason cannot fully fathom; but neither can it explain how the purposes of God, Who, by His essence, is unchangeable, can be affected by our prayers. The charge of bad logic therefore comes with bad grace from the Montreal Witness, seeing that it employs the same weapons against the Catholic belief, that the majority of the Protestant world employ against that other section of the same world who still assert the objective value of prayer, that is who do not limit its influences to its effects upon the minds of the persons praying. As the Witness itself admits, "human philosophy" cannot reconcile its doctrine as to the efficacy of prayer, with what it professes to believe concerning the Divine attributes; this should teach it then to be more guarded in its attacks, whether upon Catholics or the members of other Protestant sects; who, more consistently, believe nothing which "human philosophy" cannot account for: and should serve as a lesson to convince him of the truth of what we have often endeavored to impress upon his somewhat dull intelligence—that there is no argument which the Protestant can urge against Catholicity, that the infidel cannot urge with as good effect against Christianity.

A MARE'S NEST.—The Montreal Witness congratulating its readers upon the hostility of Louis Napoleon to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, makes the startling announcement that that Society "is a branch or auxiliary of the tremendous Society of Jesus!" What the silly creature means we know not; but it is satisfactory to see that there are Protestants who, as the following letter addressed to the Montreal Gazette by a Protestant gentleman formerly of the City Council proves—cheerfully do justice to the members of the St. Vincent de Paul, and acknowledge their services to society:—

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

(To the Editor of the Montreal Gazette.) Sir,—In your notice of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul the other day, you call it "A Society which only relieves the Catholic Poor." This is an error into which, I presume, you have been innocently drawn, for I know your liberal spirit too well in matters of religion to suppose you would have intentionally lent yourself to misrepresenting this commendable institution.

Whilst in the City Council I had occasion to investigate deeply into its practices, and found that the exemplary almoners of the poor were indiscriminate in the exercise of their charities. In a word, that Protestants as well as Catholics were the recipients of their bounties, and I have reason to know that they still make no distinction of creed in the bestowment of their liberalities. My attention having been directed to this error in your inestimable journal, I have felt it my duty, although not of the same faith as our friends of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, to render them this justice, upon the principle that neither you nor I would, I am sure, desire to restrict our charities to any religious sect; and because, from my knowledge of the excellent and judicious management of this Society, in the distribution of the means at their disposal, I feel that we might, with much benefit, imitate their example. Yours truly, D.

February 8th, 1860.

"There must be some hidden cause acting on the American people and producing in them a certain savageness of temper, which, increasing year by year, threatens to become the most marked feature of their character. Their forefathers in the first days of the Republic do not seem to have possessed it, nor had it a few years ago risen to the height which it has now attained. Ferocious duels and assassinations at home, and deeds of still more revolting violence on helpless subordinates at sea, are ever being recounted of Americans who seem to be taken as a fair specimen of their countrymen; and, however accounted for, there seems, happily, little doubt of the fact that a people sprung mainly from the same stock as ourselves are becoming singularly addicted to violence and cruelty."—Times.

The "hidden cause" of the moral depravity of the United States is the practical heathenism, or ultra-Protestantism of the people. They have ceased to be Christian; and as the consequence of their Protestantism are fast relapsing into heathenism or barbarism. The "cause" is by no means "hidden," but plain as the sun at noon day.

The Provincial Parliament of Canada is summoned to meet for the dispatch of business on Tuesday, the 28th inst.

"HORRE INANES," OR THE "OMNIUM GATHERUM."

(COMMUNICATED.) A Dialogue "de omnibus rebus" between Preceptor and Discipulus.

(Continued.)

Discipulus.—They have indeed a most sublime teaching. But prithes most venerable Preceptor, does not Holy Church use burning tapers during the celebration of the Mass in order to give additional solemnity to that tremendous and august sacrifice?

Preceptor.—Undoubtedly, most worthy disciple, she does. The Christian Emperor Constantine, on the night preceding Easter Sunday, in order to express his appreciation of that great festival, besides illuminating the Churches, caused the streets and squares of the Imperial city to be illuminated with so great a number of torches and lamps, that he is said to have rendered the night more resplendent than the day. And in like manner acts our Holy Church. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, she knows full well, is an act not surpassed even by the Creation of the world; and she feels, therefore, that she needs must summon all things to her aid to do honor to it. Thus what Constantine did in honor of the Feast of Easter, she would do for the High Priest and Victim of that Feast; she would, in fact, by adding the light of torches to the light of the Sun, endeavor to emulate the brightness of the celestial Halls. Nor is that the only intention of Holy Church. She has yet another and even a far higher teaching. Her burning candles with their shining light are emblems (humble ones it is true) of God the Son Himself—emblems of that great light that came into the world to illumine the darkness—emblems of the very whom the Evangelist says "The Light shineth in darkness and the darkness did not comprehend it."—What wonder then, if the darkness did not comprehend the Light of God Himself, that ignorant men should not understand that which is the emblem only of Him?

Dis.—But have not some, most worthy master, endeavored to explain this custom of burning candles in open day, as a continuation merely in after ages, of a practice which was absolutely necessary to the Church of the catacombs?

Pre.—They have; but with more of plausibility, than solid argument. And here most sapient disciple I would warn the against the errors of the Schoolmen, for I must warn thee that on either hand thou wilt find an error. On the one, that of the Materialist, or those who seek for the origin of all our religious ceremonies and practices in some material use or necessity; and on the other that of the Mystic, or those who seek for their origin in some mystic meaning, without regard to any outward necessity. Each is a dangerous error. Amongst so many and divers ceremonies, it needs must be that some have had their origin in necessity; others on account of their evident spiritual significance; whilst not a few have had their origin in both. Hence to seek an explanation for each and every ceremony with Claude de Vert and the Materialists in the material sense alone—were greatly to err. And I would warn thee the more, most youthful Discipulus, because from thy youth and inexperience, as well as the rashness peculiar to thy age, thou art especially liable to be led astray by these specious theories, which will not stand the test of calm and dispassionate investigation. How inadequate any one of these theories is of itself, to explain the origin of all our religious ceremonies, will be apparent to thee by one example. Claude de Vert in his anxiety to explain the use of incense from some material or physical necessity, would wish to make it appear that it had arisen from the necessity of correcting unpleasant odors in a crowded church. Now it surely does not require profound study to discover the falsity of these pretended physical reasons; a moment's attention will show their absurdity. For, as he pretends, incense was burnt to correct bad odors, this would surely have been done in small braziers dispersed throughout the Church—not by one of God's ministers. It is a duty belonging surely to the attendants of the church to purify the atmosphere, not to the officiating Bishop or Priest. But enough of this. Forewarned is forearmed. Let us now return to the resolution of thy difficulty. It is very evident, most erudite disciple, that long before lights were used by Holy Church in broad day, they had been used and honored by her numbers as expressions of joy. For St. Luke tells us, that in a place where St. Paul had made a long discourse "there was a great number of lamps;" now it is evident from this expression, that the lamps were there, for some other end than that of illumination, else would the Saint not have called them "a great number." They were great only from their superabundance. But why this superabundance, if not for some mystic meaning? Again, as we have said, the Emperor Constantine used them as emblems of joy in his Paschal illumination of the Imperial city. And that this custom of using lights in full day was not a continuation merely of a custom arising from necessity—the necessity of the Catacombs—is further evident from the fact, that for sometime after the necessity was removed, candles were not used at the solemn offices. About the time of St. Cyprian, Mass was said publicly and in broad day light, and that undoubtedly without candles. Nor as late as the year 400, had they yet become general, as is evident from the words of St. Jerome, against Vigilantius who had had the boldness to reproach as superstitious, certain pious persons who had placed lights in full day around the tombs of the holy martyrs. "We do not," says the Saint, addressing Vigilantius, "burn candles in broad day, as you falsely assert. We burn them only that we may mingle joy with the darkness of the night, and may watch until day break, lest we should sleep like you in blindness and darkness." Now no one, most worthy disciple, had better means of knowing the custom of the different churches than this saintly Doctor, who had visited the whole of Gaul, and passed over the whole Western as well as the Eastern Church. Hence it is evident that the custom of burning candles was not a mere continuation of a practice that was of necessity in the Catacombs.

(To be continued.)

A DECIDED CASE OF SOUPERISM.—The Presbyterian confirms the statement that Chiniquy has joined the Presbyterian sect for the present. Our cotemporary attributes this resolution on the part of M. Chiniquy and his followers to the fact that, whilst other sects sent them books, Bibles and Tracts only, the Presbyterians "abstained from all such work, and contented themselves with making prompt and generous contributions for their relief." That is to say, knowing that the belly is the tender point of converts from Romanism, the Presbyterians wisely appealed to the bellies of Chiniquy's crew; and thus, oatmeal and pork did what the Bibles and Tracts failed to accomplish. We never yet met with a more unblushing avowal of the means by which the sects of Protestantism beat up for recruits.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—By the Thames Police Court, it has been ruled that it is not lawful for one person to apply the term "Puseyite" to another; and the Court has sentenced a Mr. Daniel Stoken, an evangelical Oil and Colourman, to a fine of forty shillings for applying the offensive epithet to the Rev. Mr. Bryan King, one of the ministers of St. George's-in-the-East.

Mr. H. F. Brownson, son of the Dr. Brownson, has gone to France to enter the novitiate of the Jesuits at Anger.

St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society.—At the Annual Meeting of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, held in St. Patrick's House on the 22nd ult., the following gentlemen were elected Office-Bearers for the ensuing year, and were proclaimed as such at the Regular Monthly Meeting of the Society, held last Sunday. We may add that we are well pleased to learn from the Annual Report of the Committee that the Society is progressing in the good work of Temperance—364 new members having joined its ranks during the past year; making in all to this date, 2,543:—

President and Director—Rev. Mr. O'Farrell. Assistant Presidents—The Clergy of St. Patrick's Church. Dennis Downey—First Vice-President. Edward Byrnes—Second Do. P. J. Durack—Treasurer. Edward Murphy—Secretary. Executive Committee—Christopher M'Cormack, Patrick Lynch, Martin Price, Michael Morley, Daniel Lyons, Thomas M'Keena, William Kiernan, Patrick Cusack, Michael Burke, Edw. Mahony, John Kelly, Frederick Hitchins.

St. Patrick's Catholic and Literary Institute of Quebec.—SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. The seventh Annual General Meeting of the members of the St. Patrick's Catholic and Literary Institute took place in the Hall of the Institute, on Tuesday evening, 10th January, at half-past seven o'clock. The President, Mr. J. C. Nolan, occupying the Chair, and the undersigned acting as Secretary. The following Report was submitted on behalf of the retiring Council.

REPORT. The term of office of the Council having drawn to a close, they beg leave, respectfully, to submit to the members, the following detailed Report of the affairs of the Institute, for the year just expired:—

LECTURES. During the year 1859, five lectures were delivered in the Institute, viz.—Rev. Thomas Quinn, of Meridan, Conn., U.S., two—"Catholicity and the Republic," and the "Catholic Woman"; Mr. James M. O'Leary, one, on "the life and times of John Philpott Curran"; Mr. J. E. Fitzpatrick, one, on "Love of Curran"; Mr. J. F. McDonnell, one, on "Irish Literature in the Nineteenth Century." The use of the Hall was also granted to Mr. P. V. Black of Montreal, for the purpose of delivering a lecture on "Irish Nationality." The attendance at the lectures was, in some cases, large; but in all, of a highly appreciative character. A number of gentlemen of this city have been invited to lecture during the present season, several of whom have already signified their acceptance. It is with pleasure that your Council view the probability of securing the services of the distinguished Dr. Cahill, who has been communicated with, and who is expected to visit Canada about the month of April next. Dr. L. S. Ives, a distinguished Catholic theologian, well known to the American public, had accepted the invitation of your Council, and will deliver a course of lectures in the month of February next. Before taking leave of this section of the Report, your Council would take the liberty of impressing upon the members and subscribers, the necessity of using every effort for the purpose of securing a good attendance at the lectures, as well for the purpose of encouraging the lecturers in their praiseworthy exertions, as for enabling the Council to defray the expenses thereby incurred, and to secure for the members and subscribers every legitimate means of instruction and improvement.

LIBRARY AND READING ROOM. Your Council regret that the state of the finances during the past year was not such as to permit any additions to be made to the Library; at the same time, they feel much pleasure in being able to state that the books in the possession of the Institute command an excellent circulation; and that, through the exertions of the Library and Reading Room Committee, the former has been placed in much better order than heretofore; full details of the same, having been from time to time laid before Council in the shape of Catalogues and Reports.

The following newspapers and periodicals are subscribed for, and placed on the tables of the Reading Room for the use of members and subscribers, viz.—

EUROPEAN—The Dublin Nation, Illustrated London News, London Standard, Tablet, and Rambler. AMERICAN—New York Tablet, Freeman's Journal, Boston Pilot, Irish Pictorial, Ballou's Pictorial, Newbury Catholic Library Magazine, and Metropolitan. CANADIAN—Quebec Morning Chronicle, Vicinitor, Gazette, Courier du Canada, the Montreal True Witness, Canadian Freeman, and Canada Gazette. The Dublin Irishman, a leading and popular journal, has been ordered, and will be procured. The attendance in the Reading Room has been steady throughout the year; but your Council would recommend, as one of the surest means of increasing the general patronage of the Institute, the propriety of procuring as many Irish and American Catholic journals and periodicals as possible. This, however, can only be done when a proportionate increase in the number of members enables the Council to meet the additional outlay which would be thus incurred.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1859. The National festival of last year was celebrated in the usual manner, by a Soiree in the Music Hall, the attendance at which was even greater than on previous occasions. The members and subscribers of the Institute have reason to congratulate themselves upon the unprecedented success which has hitherto attended this method of celebrating Saint Patrick's Day.

TREASURER'S REPORT. Your Council would refer to the Treasurer's Report for all necessary information on the income and outlay of the past year; and also for all details of the manner in which the affairs of the Institute have been conducted by your Council.

In conclusion, your Council feel that although the Institute may not have progressed during the past year as well as could have been desired; yet that this is rather owing to the extraordinary depression of the times, than to any lack of good will or patriotism on the part of the members and subscribers. A large amount is due to the Institute for subscriptions for the past two or three years, and the measure your Council have taken for the collection of such monies has been attended with the most satisfactory results. A Literary Institution should however progress, instead of remaining stationary at any point however flourishing; and this desirable end can only be attained by the united and spirited action of those whose means permit them to become members. Promptness and good will on the part of those who are in arrears is another necessary element of success; and it is to these facts that your Council would draw the attention of all friends of the Institute. Your Council beg leave, therefore, to resign their trust, of which they have acquitted themselves to the best of their intelligence and ability, into the hands

of their successors in office. The whole, nevertheless, respectfully submitted.

J. C. NOLAN, President. J. F. McDONNELL, Rec. Secretary.

The Treasurer then read the following Report:—The Treasurer in account with the S. P. S. Institute.

Table with columns for Receipts and Expenses. Receipts: To Balance for last year, \$77 50; Proceeds of Lectures, 108 00; Subscriptions, 195 16; Sale of newspapers, 28 40; Proceeds of St. Patrick's Soiree, 438 40. Total Receipts: \$847 46. Expenses: By Newspapers and periodicals, \$50 69; Printing, 19 47; Postage and advertising, 21 93; Guardian's salary, 140 00; Band at lectures, 21 00; Fuel and Gas, 73 25; Rent, 80 00; Carpet, 28 75; Lectures, 60 00; St. Patrick's Soiree, 231 81; Sundries, 21 10; Balance on hand, 99 46. Total Expenses: \$847 47.

J. LANE, Jr., Treasurer.

Scrutineers having been appointed, the members present proceeded to ballot for a Council with the following result:—

Messrs. T. J. Murphy, William M'Kay, George Neilan, John Lane, J. F. McDonnell, R. C. McDonagh, J. Lilly, T. J. Walsh, J. C. Nolan, James M. O'Leary, P. Heuchey, J. Kelly, T. M. Greever, M. J. O'Doherty, L. H. Coughlin, John O'Leary, John Burns and M. O'Leary, to constitute the Council for 1860. The meeting then adjourned; and the Council met on Wednesday, 11th January, for the election of officers, when the following gentlemen were elected: President—Mr. John Lane, Jr. 1st Vice President—Mr. William M'Kay. 2nd Vice President—Mr. P. Heuchey. Treasurer—Mr. John O'Leary. Recording Secretary—Mr. J. F. McDonnell. Assistant Secretary—Mr. James M. O'Leary. Corresponding Secretary—Mr. J. Kelly. Assistant—Mr. M. J. O'Doherty.

J. F. McDONNELL, Rec. Sec.

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF THE PEOPLE OF OSHAWA AND DUFFINS CREEK TO THEIR VENERATED PASTOR, REV. J. B. PROULX.

REV. AND VERY DEAR FATHER—This is a sad and gloomy day for us, by reason of the bereavement it brings upon us. We have learned with surprise and extreme regret your intention to leave us, and to retire from the active duties of the Ministry. We know that your wearied mind needs repose, and your feeble, shattered health wants quiet and rest; and therefore we do not come on this occasion to oppose your resolution, however much we regret it. But we are assembled to evince our appreciation of the many virtues that adorned your life, and reflected honor on your Ministry. We are come to pay the poor tribute of our affection and gratitude to a Father whom we dearly loved, and a Priest whom we sincerely revered; and to give expression, however inadequate, to the sorrow that rends our hearts at parting with one whose stay amongst us has been fruitful of innumerable blessings to ourselves and our families.

Yes, your labors here have been blessed by God, and have drawn down upon this mission the benediction of heaven. The splendid school that has been erected, and the churches that dot the mission, will remain monuments of your zeal and untiring energy. During your eleven years sojourn amongst us, you have presented the spectacle of a Priest devoted to his sublime duties, animated by the holy spirit of his vocation, and going around like his Blessed Lord doing good;—reclaiming the sinner from the path of vice;—wiping the tear of sorrow from the eye of misery;—binding up the wounded spirit, and pouring the balm of heavenly consolation into the crushed and broken heart.

And now you leave us; but as a fond mother cherishes the memory of her only begotten, so shall we cherish the remembrance of your many virtues, of your meekness, your charity, your inexhaustible goodness of heart. You go; but the echo of your voice shall remain, reminding us of the good advice, the salutary instructions, the consoling words you have so unceasingly addressed us. You go; but you leave your remembrance in families reconciled with each other; in children recovered for their parents; in husbands reclaimed from drunkenness; in hearts whose wounds you have cured; in souls that owe to your ministry light and peace; in friends whom you have won by your goodness of heart and charmed by your society.

From the repose and calm of your retirement, you can joyfully look back on a long career nobly and usefully spent in the ministry. You erected the altar of God in the wilds of the mountains, and the Red men stocked around it, listened to the glad tidings from your lips, and were regenerated in the waters of baptism. Hostile chiefs buried the murderous tomahawk, and smoked together the calumet of peace; and psalms and canticles of praise were heard there, where the war-whoops and the wild cry for vengeance had waked the echoes. The remembrance of eleven hundred Indians, baptised by your hand, will cheer and console you in your retirement.

When, in 1847 and '48, the burning fever made havoc amongst our countrymen, and swept them by hundreds to the tomb, you spent your days and nights in the fever sheds of Toronto, and in the fever-stricken cabins of Newmarket, cooling the parched tongue—wiping the cold sweat from the pallid brow—breathing words of consolation into the ears of the stricken ones, and sending the weary soul to its eternal rest. These and other benefits conferred by your ministry on your fellow-men shall be the consolation of your old age, and angels of comfort at your death-bed.

In conclusion, Rev. and dear Father, be pleased to accept the accompanying purse, enclosing the sum of \$400 as a small token of the gratitude and esteem we entertain towards you. We hope you will remember us in your prayers, and at the altar; and we, in return, will ever beseech the Father of Mercies to have you in His holy keeping.

Signed in behalf of the Congregation, Edward Dunn, Daniel Leonard, sen. Patrick Wall, Robert Brennan, John M'Mahon, Christopher Walsh, Dennis Dulles, Daniel D. Santry, Malachy Quigley, Dennis O'Connor, John Redding.

DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS—In reply to your beautiful Address, and in regard of the expression of noble sentiment contained therein, I return you my most sincere thanks. I have not lived amongst the good people of Oshawa for the long space of eleven years, without knowing their generous disposition, their upright character, and their sterling worth;—and therefore I receive to-day your complimentary Address with the deepest feeling and sense of gratitude; not so much on account of the excellent language in which it is written, as because it is the index to your hearts, and the vehicle of your thoughts. I receive it as a lasting memorial of the attachment of a truly devoted people to their Pastor, and a new

proof (now that I am about to take my leave of you) of the high degree in which you always appreciated my feeble efforts in the discharge of the sacred Ministry amongst you.

My ecclesiastical superiors, having learned the state of my declining health, and consequently my inability to endure the fatigue and labor of the missionary life, as was my custom, have concluded that I should retire from active service, in order that I may take, during the remainder of my days, a peaceful repose under their indulgent care, and let others enter the busy battle field of Pastoral duties, to bear the heat of the day and the toil as I have done. And as I have always viewed the will of my superiors as the will of God Himself, and regarded their authority as emanating from Him, I not only bow my head in submission, but I consider this call the choicest boon; because it gives me the occasion of saying what our Blessed Lord taught us—"Thy will be done on earth as it is heaven."

You give me credit for monuments of zeal erected by me amongst you, for the building of churches, and establishing of schools; but I, on my part, transfer the credit of these works to yourselves, to whom it is mainly due, or at least I call you my co-operators in them, because without your aid and assistance, I could effect little. The Priest without the co-operation of his people is almost a nonentity;—but when the Priest and the people go hand in hand in the cause of religion, they can surmount all difficulties for the good of the Church, because the blessing of Heaven grows their efforts. And such has been the case in the mission of Oshawa. For I am convinced that no people could be more attached to their Pastor than you have been to me; and I can only say for myself, that no Priest could be more attached to his people than I was; and hence it is that, although I may truly call this day a day of joy, since the circumstances of it convey to me your sincere feelings of gratitude and devotedness, and also since it releases me from the obligations of the Ministry imposed, and from the continuation of the hardships I have undergone during the last twenty-five years of my Priesthood—yet I must, at the same time, call it a day of grief, when I reflect that on this day I am about to take a long farewell of a people most dear to my heart.

You seem to bring before the eyes of your mind all the work and the duties that any good Priest should perform; and you attribute them all to me, as if I were the only individual capable of performing such, although I have done nothing but what duty called upon me to do; therefore, if I discharged the office intrusted to me, to the best of my power, I merely fulfilled my obligations before heaven. If I attended the sick and the dying, I must say that nothing could give me greater consolation than to prepare souls for a happy eternity. If I gave good counsel, I was more than compensated by its happy results. If I enjoyed the extraordinary happiness of administering the holy Sacrament of Baptism, without which no one can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, and of washing in the sacred waters of regeneration eleven hundred Indians of the forest, could I aspire to anything more noble, or more laudable, than to open the door of the Church that she might receive into her embraces so many who sat in darkness and in the valley of death, although their souls were stamped with the likeness of God, and purchased by the most precious blood of their Saviour? And finally, if I have merited the encomiums you have to-day bestowed upon me, but to which I pretend not claim, I return the glory to God, Who is the Author of all gifts, Who is the Judge of our actions, and Who will reward us accordingly.

And now as I am about to take my leave of you, I must say that I have come to that conclusion with sorrow and deep affliction. But wherever it may be the will of God to call me—whether it may be to the East or to the West, to the North or to the South—I shall always remember, with respect and with gratitude, my dear people of Oshawa. And sooner shall the morning star begin to arise in the West, than I can efface from my memory the happy recollections of you, and the unfading impressions you have made on my heart.

I accept your kind favor of this beautiful purse; not so much on account of the treasure it contains, as of the nobleness of soul with which it is given. I accept it as a last token of a generous and a faithful people. Finally, I return you all my heart-felt thanks for your extraordinary favors to me on all occasions, but particularly on the present; and as a compensation, I promise that so long as a living soul animates me, I shall cherish with the fondest love the remembrance of my dear people of Oshawa.—Farewell!

J. B. PROULX.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.—On Monday last took place the nomination of candidates for the Mayoralty of Montreal, and other Municipal offices. Everything, we are happy to say, passed off quietly.

For the Mayoralty, M. M. Rodier and Holmes were the two candidates named; and the former by Dr. Globensky, seconded by Peter McMahon, Esq.; the other by Victor Hudon, Esq., seconded by David Torrance, Esq. The polling was appointed to take place betwixt the 23d and the 29th of the present month. We extract from the Montreal Herald the following further particulars:—

ELECTION OF COUNCILLORS. EAST WARD. Councillor Bernard presided. Victor Hudon, Esq., proposed, seconded by J. Labine Esq., the name of Jacques Grenier Esq., for member. There being no other proposition, he was declared duly elected.

CENTRE WARD. Councillor Lyman presided. Jean Bruneau, Esq., proposed, seconded by Edward Himes, Esq., the name of Edward Thomson Esq., for member. There being no other proposition he was declared duly elected.

WEST WARD. Councillor Bellemare presided. George Prowse, Esq., proposed, seconded by L. Chaput, Esq., the name of Frederick Penn, Esq., for member. There being no other proposition he was declared duly elected.

ST. ANNE WARD. Alderman Bulmer presided. Peter Donovan, Esq., proposed, seconded by George Weaver, Esq., the name of William Rodden, Esq., as member.

DONIS DOODY Esq., proposed, seconded by Francois Payette, Esq., the name of Patrick Lynch, Esq., as member.

ST. ANTOINE WARD. Alderman M'Cambridge presided. Olivier Frochet, Esq., proposed, seconded by Ira Gould, Esq., the name of Narcisse Valois, Esq., as member.

John Torrance, Esq., proposed, seconded by Andre Lapierre, Esq., the name of Thomas M'Creedy, Esq., as member.

ST. LAWRENCE WARD. Alderman Leclair presided. J. Bte. St. Louis, Esq., proposed, second by Peter Cooper, Esq., the name of Gabriel Rolland, Esq., as member.

Jedediah H. Dorwin, Esq., proposed, seconded by Peter Moir, Esq., the name of John Short, Esq., as member.

Robert Godfrey, Esq., M. D., proposed, seconded by Henry Harkin, Esq., the name of Galbraith Ward, Esq., as member.

Edward Murphy, Esq., the name of Jean Baptiste Rolland, Esq., as a member.

ST. JAMES WARD. Councillor Duhamel presiding. David Beauchamp, Esq., proposed, seconded by Michael Martin, Esq., the name of Francois Cusson, Esq., for member.

Thomas O'Brien, Esq., proposed, seconded by Remi Lambert, Esq., the name of J. H. C. Lacroix, Esq., for member.

ST. MARY WARD. Councillor Smith presiding. James Logan, Esq., proposed, seconded by Calixte Duprat, the name of Jean Baptiste Brousseau, Esq., as member.

Ashley Hibbard, Esq., proposed, seconded by Ovide Laliberte, Esq., the name of Pierre Doure, Esq., as member.

James Lamb, Esq., proposed, seconded by John Wilkinson, Esq., the name of John Greaves, Esq., as member.

We would take this opportunity of returning our best thanks to the Reverend Mr. Byrne of Brockville, C.W., for his kind reception of Mr. Gillies, of this office, and for the kind interest he was pleased to manifest in the prosperity of the TRUE WITNESS.

We would, at the same time, acknowledge most thankfully the kind services of Mr. James Mulreany, and the assistance given by him in the collection of accounts due to this office. Mr. Patrick Murray has kindly consented to act as agent for the TRUE WITNESS in Brockville and its vicinity; and to him also our thanks are due, and are hereby respectfully tendered.

To our friends at Prescott, especially to our indefatigable agent, Mr. J. Ford, we would also desire to acknowledge our many and great obligations, particularly for their kind reception of Mr. Gillies during his recent visit to their fair town.

ROBBERY AND A SLEIGH CHASE.—Yesterday morning two Canadians, named Leon Beaudry, late a servant in the Seminary, and Jean Bedard, a brass-fisher, were arrested after a long and exciting chase through the principal streets of the city, by Detectives O'Leary and Neagle. They are charged with stealing £521 in gold pieces from a vault in the Seminary, and when arrested all the money was found in their possession. Bedard was easily 'bagged' by Detective Neagle; but Beaudry, who, seeing O'Leary following him, jumped into a sleigh in St Paul Street, and drove off towards Dalhousie Square. O'Leary took another sleigh and followed, but seeing that the horse he had taken was not so sound in wind as Beaudry's he took another in Dalhousie Square, and after a long chase caught up to Beaudry's sleigh and jumped out to lay hold of him, but instead of doing so missed his mark, and caught hold of the sleigh.—Beaudry then made a blow at O'Leary with a skull-cracker, which he evaded, and returned by knocking the fugitive out of the sleigh. Beaudry, however, soon got on his legs again, and again took to the sleigh. O'Leary followed, and after an exciting chase once more caught up to him, when he threw himself on his knees, and imploring for mercy confessed to having the money, and gave himself up. After the arrest, which does great credit to the Detectives, Beaudry's trunks were seized, and in them found a great number of false keys, blanks, and other implements used by "cracksmen," in their interesting search of valuables under difficulties.—Gazette.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Brockville—P Bolger, £1 3s 9d; J M'Gregor, £1; S Lacey, 10s; T Brainin, 15s; J Brennan, £1; Miss Walker, £1; W Dwyer, 18s 9d; J Campbell, £1 5s; P Brown, £1; A Reilly, 15s; J Pennell, 12s 6d; W Laughrin, 5s; Miss E Harland, 5s; P Clancy, 5s; J Lynch, 10s.

Prescott—B White, 10s; T Buckley, 10s; J O'Sullivan, 10s; P Carberry, 6s 3d; C Farley, 12s 6d; E M'Keen, £1 5s; D Conway, 6s 3d; A M'Paul, £1; J Kelly, £1 17s 6d; D Horan, 12s 6d.

Chatham, M Forlan, 10s; South Douro, D Quinn, 5s; Camden, J Mison, 5s; Malone, N. Y. U. S. Rev A Theres, 5s; Plattsburgh, Rev A M Gavo, 5s; Boston, Rt Rev Dr Fitzpatrick, £1 5s; Tyendinago, D Hanley, 10s; St Hyacinthe, J Nelson, £1 5s; W Regan, 15s; J Nolan, 10s; Brock, J M'Ginn, £1 10s; Lindsay, Rev J Farrelly, 15s; St Hillier, J Vincent, 10s; Madison, Wis. U. S., Miss J M'Mahon, 15s; Buckingham, P Cosgrove, £1; Escott, H Lynch, 10s;—Rev P J Garry, £2 10s; Gloucester City, N.Y. U.S., Rev J Daly, £1; Lonsdale, M Sweeney, 10s; S. Sylvester, E Donaboe, 10s; South Finch, D R M'Millan, £1 5s; Blenheim, P Maguire, 10s; Halifax, M M'Cauffrey, 10s; Morrisburg, T Dardis, £1 5s; Lochiel, D M'Millan, 10s; Brinsville, Rev B J Higgins, 10s; Rustico, P E J., Rev G A Bellecourt, 15s; Lancaster, D M'Donald, 10s; Merrickville, J Breslau, 10s; Rawdon, J Carroll, 10s; Drumbo, P M'Carthy, 5s; Norton Creek, P Maher, £1 10s; Cote des Neiges, J Sexton, 3s 9d.

Per M M'Namara, Kingston—Rev Mr Wyman, 5s; T Leahy, 10s; M Dolan, £1; M Quinn, 10s; E M'Cahey, 10s; T Collins, 12s 6d; P Kennedy, 12s 6d; M Hinch, 12s 6d; Glenburney, P Daly, 12s 6d; Fredericksburgh, J Hendry, 5s.

Per M O'Leary, Quebec—T Burns, 15s; J Connolly 15s; M Fitzgibbon, 7s 6d; W Dineen, 15s; J Enright, 15s; M Rigney, 15s; St Rochs Cath Inst, 15s; J Rockett, £1 2s 6d; T M'Laughlin, 15s; J Noonan, 6s 3d; J Short, 6s 3d; T Roche, 12s 6d; Valcartier, R Kelly, 10s; W Carignan, £1 5s; Point Lewis, F Fortier, 10s.

Per P Dowd, South Douro—Rev Mr M'Donough, 10s; J Welsh, 5s; P M'Keever, 5s; W Maher, 5s; E Riordan, 5s; M Welsh, Jun., 5s; T Hickey, 5s; J Conway, 5s; J Cranley, 5s; J Boyd, 5s; J Lynch, 5s; J Sheehan, 5s; Warsaw, D Dwyer, 5s; Westwood, J Boland, 5s.

Per Rev J Rossiter, Gananogue—A Milne, 5s. Per W M Harty, Lacolle—Self, 10s; H Barker, 10s; J Gaul, 10s; W Colgan, 5s.

Per H M'Gill, St. Remi—Rev Mr. Gravel, 5s. Per C Laberge, Watertown—E Benoit, 5s; Black River, A Lafleur, 5s.

Per J Foley, Norwood—D Healy, £1. Per W Chisholm, Dalhousie Mills—F M'Clend 10s.

Per J Kehoe, Westport—C Cutting, 6s 3d; M M'Caun, 6s 3d; P M'Donald, 6s 3d; Fermoy, P Casey, 6s 3d; Newboro W Garney, 5s.

Per Rev Mr. Quinn, Rawdon—Self, 10s; P Coffey, 10s; L Daley 10s; T Lane, 12s 6d.

Per T Donegan, Tigwiock—J Gorman, 10s; J Sheridan, 10s; M Johnson, Sr, 10s; J O'Hara, 6s 3d; J Tuohy 6s 3d.

Per Rev J R Lee, Brock—Self, 5s; M O'Neal, £1 10s.

Per D M'Evilla, Hemmingford—Self, 10s; Johnsons Corners, T P Clancy, 10s; Riceville, J Paxton 15s; N Lancaster, A M'Donnell, 10s.

The following Commercial Review has been taken from the Montreal Witness of Wednesday last.

The weather has continued mild, and we cannot hope for winter roads much longer. The ice on the river continues good, and farmers are hurrying in what of their produce still remains unsold.

Flour.—The recent start in the New York market was caused by speculative purchases on Western account. Chicago and other Western merchants are apparently convinced that there is no overstock in the country. The market here continues without any improvement. There has been rather more inquiry from the local trade, and several parcels have changed hands at \$5 to \$5.05, and \$5.10 has been paid for choice brands of Spring Wheat Flour. Middlings and Pollards have also been inquired for, to a small extent, at \$4 to \$4.45, but the transactions are limited to the actual retail wants of the trade.

Wheat.—We are entirely without transactions, and are unable to give quotations. Pease continue without alteration; 78 cents is paid for good samples.

Butter.—The market is without the slightest animation. The trade only buying what they required from day to day, prices continue unchanged.

Pork.—There is now little doubt that the Corn crop of '59 has been far short of that of the preceding year, and as a consequence, Pork is firm and tending upward all over this Continent. In New York the following were the prices on the 6th inst., viz: Prime, \$14.25; Prime Mess, (this is the English standard, we believe) \$15.50 to \$16.25; Mess, \$18.25. These prices are fully higher than the Montreal quotations, although our standard of Mess is better than the American. The market here is steady, with light receipts; \$7 has been paid for a fine parcel of dressed Hogs averaging 300 lbs. Light weights remain firm at late quotations. For Canned—the tendency is upwards in Chicago and Cincinnati—\$18.50 has been paid here for a parcel of Mess, and \$15 is asked by the dealers. Prime Mess is held at \$13.50 to \$14, and Prime \$11 to \$11.50, without much demand.

Askes are active at 30s 3d to 30s 9d for both Pots and pearls. The quantity arriving is small. Sugar and Molasses.—Slight increase in activity, but with no advance in prices.

Fish and Oil remain the same. Coal dull. Leather.—Market not so firm; prices the same. Furs.—Muskrats are in demand and the prices tending upwards. Mink dull, and little inquired for.

Birth. In this city, on the 4th inst., Mrs William M'Nally, of a son.

Died. At Brockville, O.W., on the 21st Jan., 1860, Henry Jones, Esq., in the 70th year of his age.

The memory of the late Mr. Jones claims something more than an ordinary notice. He belonged to a generation now rapidly passing away, whose places will, we fear, be but imperfectly supplied by their immediate successors. A native of Massachusetts, Mr. Jones came to Canada at an early age, and settled at Brockville about the year 1805. Closely engaged in mercantile pursuits the greater portion of his life, he was invariably distinguished for the soundness of judgment and strict integrity in all his dealings. Upright and honorable in every relation, he fulfilled the duties of Postmaster of Brockville for many years with great ability, and was elected to the Upper Canadian Parliament in 1830, as first representative of that town. Increasing infirmity caused his retirement from public employments; and his last ten years were spent in quiet preparation for the momentous change which awaits us all. In private life, Mr. Jones was a warm and sincere friend, whose many social virtues justly endeared him to a large circle of relatives and acquaintance. Charitable without ostentation, his memory will be gratefully cherished by hundreds, relieved from pressing want, or assisted in their lawful avocations by his ever-ready purse and valuable counsel, never solicited in vain. Fortified by the Sacraments and other aids provided by the Church he peacefully departed at midnight on the eve of the conversion of St. Paul, the Apostle, to whose intercession it is not improbable he owed his own conversion to the Catholic Faith. The solemn funeral service, most impressively performed by His Lordship, Bishop Horan, of Kingston, was very numerously attended; and many a fervent prayer for his eternal repose, breathed by the poor and those whom, during life, he had aided in their various necessities. While his mortal remains rest on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, near the spot which he loved so well, his numerous connections, both in this country and scattered abroad through distant lands, will, we are sure, join in the devout aspiration, that his soul may likewise repose in peace, and find mercy from the Lord in the latter day.—Com.

MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE.

IN this splendid free stone building, one of the most beautiful of the country, there is given an education entirely destined to prepare young persons for commercial business, by teaching them particularly Arithmetic and the English and French languages. A crowd of English and French pupils from the cities and counties are now studying without distinction of origin or religion. The boarding is at a very low price.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Provincial Legislature, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate "The St. Patrick's Literary Association," of the City of Montreal.

By Order, JOHN P. KELLY, Rec. Secretary.



AN ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place in the St. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING the 20th February, at EIGHT o'clock.

N.B.—As business of great importance will be brought before the meeting, and as the President will deliver an Address, it is expected that every member will be present.

By Order, EDWARD WOODS, Rec. Sec.

TO LET, SEVERAL COTTAGES & HOUSES, situated on Wellington Street, West.

Apply to FRANCIS MULLINS, Point St. Charles.

AN excellent BUSINESS STAND, suitable for a Hotel and Boarding House, and Two Houses for Business in course of erection.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The subjoined appreciation of Louis Napoleon's Italian policy is from the London Times, which has become an ardent admirer of the French ruler.

On every side we find proofs that the reactionary policy which had been pursued by France and imposed on Sardinia since the agreement of Villafranca is given place to one bolder and more liberal.

Count Cavour returns to power at a moment when France and England are united to recognize the Central Italian State, and when the Pope shows that he has lost all hope of cajoling the French ruler by the manner in which he invigils against his almost acknowledged acts.

On the first hatching of that idea for the sake of which France resolved upon going to war last spring, no design was, perhaps, more clearly or more firmly settled in the Emperor Napoleon's mind than the manner in which he meant to deal with the Pope and the Papacy.

Public Frenzy in France.—In France it has been found necessary to prevent by vigilant police surveillance and severe threats the signature of addresses to the Pope.

The Bishop of Poitiers has denounced the pamphlet "The Pope and the Congress" in a Pastoral which concludes with these words:—

For these reasons, the Holy name of God being involved, we have decreed, and we decree what follows:—

Article 1. We reject, condemn, and reprobate the doctrines set forth in several recent books, and particularly in the pamphlet entitled "Le Pape et le Congrès."

The author of the anonymous pamphlet has thought proper to conceal his name. He has done well, as his production shows him to be without frankness of sentiment, without elevation of character, without value in doctrine, and even without pretence in literature.

Towards the conclusion are these words:—"If the humiliation to which the author of the pamphlet has given the support of independent Catholicism and his revolting sophisms be accomplished, frightful catastrophes will take place in the world. But, sooner or later, this eclipse will have its term, and while in the other life God, whose judgments are terrible, will demand of the author an account of the evil that he has committed, and the throne of the Vatican will again be raised—that throne which for so many centuries has covered with its glory the ancient capital."

M. Veuillot.—When the Pope's new year's speech arrived in Paris, the usual ministerial messenger was sent round to the newspaper offices with a note containing an emasculated version of the speech, and intimating that if any other version than that which was published the act of disobedience would be followed by a warning and prosecution.

Parsecution of Catholic Journalists in France.—A letter from Paris, dated January 12th, says,—"There reigns at this moment in France a real terror over the religious press."

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cle which is only a violent threat against all Catholic Associations, and especially against the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

This letter, written from the very scene, where the intrigues of the enemies of the Church are at work, give us a good idea of the feelings of the Catholics of France, at the present critical moment.

An order has been issued by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Paris, and meant to extend to all France, that henceforth mass shall be celebrated every Sunday in the barracks by the regimental chaplains, and that the troops are expected to attend.

It is asserted that the signing of the Treaty of Commerce between France and England has been adjourned, in order to introduce into the original project some modifications designed to remove the fears of the French manufacturers.

As soon as the Treaty of Commerce between France and England has been signed, negotiations with other Powers for the conclusion of similar treaties will be commenced.

Things get daily worse in Italy, and an outbreak of violence on the part of the anarchists becomes daily more probable.

ITALY.—The Tuscan Government has taken upon itself to prescribe to the Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa what prayers he is to use at Mass;—and to forbid prayers for the Grand Duke and his family!

A correspondent of the Union says that a recent law of Furlini, of Modena, condemns to three years' imprisonment, and 2,000 francs fine, any priest who speaks against the existing institutions.

Letters from Florence state that on the night of the 15th a number of persons, some of them of high social position, were arrested on the charge of being concerned in a reactionary conspiracy.

ROM.—The Times correspondent writes:—"The finances had so far improved under the management of the late Minister that I am told by people who ought to be well-informed the Government have no uneasiness about their ability to carry on business for the present half-year, notwithstanding the loss of the revenue from the Trans-alpine provinces of the Legations, and the tremendous expenditure occurring for the very inefficient armament."

The enlistments abroad for the Papal army have no other object than to bring its effective force, which numbers 18,000, up to 20,000 men.

The Roman correspondent of the Ami de la Religion, writing on the 8th inst., says the Emperor of Austria has sent to the Holy Father a New Year's gift, consisting of an order for £9,000.

As if to give a swift refutation to the ignoble fallacy broached in the Imperial Letter to the Pope, that a surrender of the Legations would bring peace and secure the tranquil possession of Rome, we learn this week of treasonable correspondence by the would-be rebels in Rome with the actual rebels in Florence, and with their design of an immediate attack on the Papal States.

The news that Count Cavour has been ordered to form a Ministry has so greatly enraged the Austrians that they indulge in language which is anything but becoming.

The Sardinian statesman is compared to Cartouche and Schinderhannes, and the French and English are declared to be his accomplices.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna has issued a pastoral letter, which is as remarkable for its violence as it is for the boldness of its assertions.

A great Power has not only bid defiance to the Roman Catholic Church, but has imperilled its temporal possessions (weltlichen besitz).

the Revolutionary Government. His Holiness would find it easy to obtain "effective" assistance if he had the free use of his "sovereign" rights.

The following letter has been received from Warsaw, dated the 14th inst:—"The deputies from the nobility who were summoned to St. Petersburg to discuss the question of the emancipation of the peasants have received orders to quit the capital, where their presence was considered dangerous, and to retire to their respective governments."

The nobility of the governments of Tver and Riazan have addressed protests to their respective governments. The other governments of Great Russia will follow their example.

The correspondent of the Herald in Paris says there is reason to believe that a rapprochement has taken place between Austria and Russia, in opposition to the views of France.

STRENGTH AND RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.—The Almanach de Gotha states that the superficial extent of the Russian empire in Europe is 30,411 geographical miles.

By the arrival of the Bombay mail we have received files of papers from Bombay to the 27th of December.

We take the following summary from the Bombay Times:—"The Ghoorka campaign against the rebels on the Nepalese frontier has begun and ended."

The Ghoorka campaign against the rebels on the Nepalese frontier has begun and ended. Towards the end of November Jung Bahadour marched his forces into the Terai, and in one week he had killed, taken or dispersed the forces of the mutineers, and was preparing to return in triumph to Katmandoo.

The fate of one or two of the leading personages in the rebel camp is somewhat obscure; but about the main fact, that the bands of desperate men who have so long successfully evaded our pursuit are now finally rooted out, there is happily no dispute.

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Stettin, 63,103; Dusseldorf, 46,849; Bremen, 44,081; and Posen, 51,256. The receipts in 1859 (according to the official budget) amounted to 131,637,858 dollars, and the expenditure to 123,625,414 dols., exclusive of extraordinary charges.

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leaders; Daboo and Gunga Sing, with most of the prisoners, have been sent in to the British camp, while also were on their way at the date of our latest advices from Oude, Ummer Sing, a brother of Koer Sing, Balleo Sing, and Mummoo Khan, who had come in separately with small bodies of followers.

The Chinese are reported to be making great efforts to be ready for warlike operations in spring, and we hear that troops have been ordered up to Pekin from the Canton province.

UNITED STATES. HOW THE IRISH CATHOLICS ARE TREATED IN THE UNITED STATES.—They labor under a sad hallucination who imagine that the extermination of the aboriginal savage has put an end to savagery in this land.

How the Irish Catholics are treated in the United States.—They labor under a sad hallucination who imagine that the extermination of the aboriginal savage has put an end to savagery in this land.

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CAST STEEL CHURCH BELLS.



THE Subscribers having been appointed AGENTS for CANADA, for the sale of CAST STEEL CHURCH and FACTORY BELLS, are now prepared to execute Orders for them to any extent that may be required.

These Bells are made by Messrs. NAYLOR, VICKERS & CO., of Sheffield, England. They have a pure, melodious sound, peculiar to steel, owing to the elasticity of the metal the sound penetrates to a great distance.

Cast Steel Bells are much lighter than those made of ordinary bell-metal of the same size, and are consequently more easily rung; and owing to the density and also to the well-known strength of the material, it is almost impossible to break them with ordinary usage.

These bells have been successfully introduced in some of the largest cities and towns in the United States and Canada, for Fire Alarms, Churches, Factories, &c., and being sold much cheaper than Composition Bells, this fact in connection with their lightness, strength and sweetness of tone, cannot fail to commend them to public favor.

Cast Steel Bells combine, therefore an improvement in quality and power of tone, with greater facility for placing and ringing them, from their diminished weight and a very material saving in price.

CHIMES CAST TO ORDER WITH GREAT ACCURACY. Every Bell is warranted for one year, with proper usage, in any climate.

Printed Circulars, with descriptions, recommendations, prices, &c., will be furnished on application to FROTHINGHAM & WORKMAN, Montreal, Agents for Canada.

January 7.

WANTED,

A SITUATION as TEACHER of a R. C. School, by a person of long experience, who holds certificates of recommendation of the most unexceptionable character for competence and morals.

A letter addressed "To Teacher," in care of Taux Witness, will meet with prompt attention.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL, No. 2, St. Constant Street.

A THOROUGH English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education is imparted in this Institution, on moderate terms. As the strictest attention is paid to the Moral and Literary Training of the pupils attending this School, there are none whose conduct and application are not satisfactory allowed to remain.

For particulars, apply to the Principal at the School.

Jan. 6, 1860.

W. DORAN, Principal.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

(Established in 1826.)

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

INFORMATION WANTED of MARIA MOORE, a native of the county Westmeath, Ireland, who left Montreal about 4 years ago, by her Brother, William Moore. Address to this office.

FIREWOOD.

1000 CORDS of FIREWOOD.—Pine, Hemlock, and Tamarack—at \$3 per Cord. F. B. M'NAMEE.

FIRE BRICKS.

5000 FIRE BRICKS for Sale, Buckley Mountain, Raman's and Carr's manufacture. F. B. M'NAMEE, St. Antoine Street.

WHITE PINE.

100,000 FEET of Square 20,000 Feet of Flat and Round Rock Elm. 10,000 Feet of Flat Red and White Pine. 2,000 Superficial Feet 3 inch Flooring. 5000 do do 1 and 2 inch Flooring. Parties intending to build will find this the best seasoned timber in market. F. B. M'NAMEE.

FOR SALE.

3 TONS of assorted HOOP IRON, 1 1/2, 1 1/4, 1 1/8 50 barrels of Best American Cement 300 Empty Cement Barrels. F. B. M'NAMEE.

THE Subscriber has two pair of BOB SLEIGHS for hire, capable of carrying 50 tons each. Parties having large boilers, heavy castings, or wooden houses to remove, should call and see them. F. B. M'NAMEE.

January 26.

CHEAP WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX, IMPORTER,

INFORMS the Public that he will receive, per each Steamer, a well selected assortment of NEW GOODS, bought in the European Markets, for CASH. He will OPEN, in the beginning of September, a Store, near the New Market.

No. 112, St. Paul Street,

next door to Thomas Tiffin, Esq., where he will have constantly on hand a large assortment of French and English DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, &c., at very low Prices.

Also, on hand, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, to be Sold WHOLESALE only.

ONLY ONE PRICE.

P.S.—Mr. OBER ALLARD'S friends will be glad to learn that he is with Mr. Fauteux, both so well known to the trade. Sept. 23

The Quebec Mercury of December 17 says:—Of the many preparations that are thrown into our Canadian Market for Lung diseases, we believe none can be found to equal that staunch old remedy, Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Contrary to the general rule, with preparations of this kind, this remedy maintains everywhere its primitive popularity, and every season brings fresh witnesses of its remarkable efficacy in curing coughs and colds, whilst even cases of what has appeared to be confirmed Consumption, have yielded to its magic influence. We can, with an uncommon degree of confidence, recommend it.

A CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.

St. HYACINTHE, CANADA E., Aug. 21, 1856.

Messrs. SETH W. FOWLE & Co. Gentlemen:—Several months since a little daughter of mine, ten years of age, was taken with Whooping Cough in a very aggravated form, and nothing we could do for her seemed in any way to relieve her suffering. We at length decided to try a bottle of your Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

In three hours after she had commenced using it, she was greatly relieved, and in less than three days was entirely cured, and is now well. I have since recommended the Balsam to many of my neighbors, who have used it, and in no case have I known it fail of effecting a speedy cure.

You are at liberty to make any use of the above you think proper. If it shall induce any body to use your Balsam I shall be glad, for I have great confidence in it.

Yours, P. GUITTE, Proprietor of the Courrier de St. Hyacinthe. CERTIFICATE FROM L. J. RACINE, ESQ., OF MINERVA.

MONTREAL, L. C., Oct. 20, 1858. S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston.

Gentlemen:—Having experienced the most gratifying results from the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, I am induced to express the great confidence which I have in its efficacy. For nine months I was most cruelly afflicted with a severe and obstinate cough, accompanied with acute pain in the side, which did not leave me, summer or winter. In October the symptoms increased alarmingly, and so reduced was I that I could walk but a few steps without resting to recover from the pain and fatigue which so slight an exertion occasioned. At this juncture I commenced taking the Balsam, from which I found immediate relief, and after having used four bottles I was completely restored to health. I have also used the Balsam in my family and administered it to my children with the happiest results. I am sure that such Canadians as use the Balsam can but speak in its favor. It is a preparation which has only to be tried to be acknowledged as the remedy par excellence.

Your obedient servant, L. J. RACINE. Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston; and for sale at Wholesale, by Lyman, Savage, & Co.; Carter, Kerry, & Co.; S. J. Lyman, and by Druggists generally.

M. TEEFY,

WINDMILL HILL POST OFFICE, C.W., COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, &c., AND GENERAL AGENT.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, NO. 19 COTE STREET.

PROGRAMME OF INSTRUCTION IN THE COMMERCIAL ACADEMY OF

CATHOLIC COMMISSIONERS, MONTREAL; UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. U. E. AICHAMBEAULT, Principal. MR. P. GARNOT, Professor of French. MR. J. M. ANDERSON, Professor of English.

The Course of Education will embrace a Period of Five Years' Study. FIRST YEAR: TERMS—ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH.

Preparatory Class: Religion; English and French Reading; Calligraphy; Mental Calculation; Exercises in the French and English Languages; Object Lessons in French and English; Vocal Music.

SECOND YEAR: TERMS—ONE DOLLAR 50 CTS. PER MONTH. Religion; French and English Reading; Etymology; Calligraphy; The Elements of French and English Grammar; The Elements of Arithmetic; The Elements of Geography explained on Maps; Sacred History; Object Lessons in French and English; Vocal Music.

THIRD YEAR: TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER MONTH. Religion; French and English Reading with explanations; Etymology; Calligraphy; Arithmetic; Grammar; History of Canada, under the Dominion of the French; the Elements of Algebra and Geometry; Natural History, ancient and modern History; Object Lessons in French and English; Book-Keeping (simple entry); Vocal Music.

FOURTH YEAR: TERMS—TWO DOLLARS 50 CTS. PER MONTH. Religion; French and English Reading, with reasonings; Etymology; Calligraphy; General Grammar (French and English); all the Rules of Arithmetic; Geography; History of Canada, under the Dominion of the French; the Elements of Algebra and Geometry; Natural History, ancient and modern History; Object Lessons in French and English; Book-Keeping (simple entry); Vocal Music.

FIFTH YEAR: TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER MONTH. Religion; Elocution, English and French; French and English Literature; Calligraphy; Book-Keeping, by Double Entry; Commercial Economy; Geography; History of Canada under the rule of the English; Natural History; Ancient and Modern History; Geometry; Algebra; Notions of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; Vocal Music.

N.B.—As the most important lessons are the first of the morning exercises, parents are respectfully requested to send their children early to the school, so as not to deprive them the benefit of any of their lessons.

Parents will be furnished with a monthly bulletin, stating the conduct, application and progress of their children.

The Religious instruction will be under the direction of a Gentleman from the Seminary, who will give lessons twice a-week in French and English.

Should the number of pupils require his services, an additional Professor of English will be procured. The duties of the School will be resumed at Nine A.M., on MONDAY next, 23d current. For particulars, apply to the Principal, at the School, U. E. ARCHAMBEAULT, Principal.

WHERE IS PATRICK LYONS?

INFORMATION WANTED OF PATRICK LYONS, who left Montreal for New York about nine years ago, and has not since been heard of. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his sister, Eliza Lyons, at this office.

United States papers will confer a favor by copying the above.

P. F. WALSH,

Practical and Scientific Watchmaker, HAS REMOVED TO

178 NOTRE DAME STREET, (Next door to O'Connell's Boot & Shoe Store.)

OAL and examine his NEW and SPLENDID assortment of Watches, Jewellery, and Plated Ware. P. F. Walsh has also on hand the BEST SELECTED and most varied assortment of FANCY GOODS, Toys, Perfumery, Chaplets, Rosaries, Decades, and other religious and symbolic articles.

Buy your Fancy and other Stationery from P. F. WALSH, 178 Notre Dame Street, of which he has on hand the VERY BEST QUALITY.

Special attention given to REPAIRING and TIMING all kinds of Watches, by competent workmen, under his personal superintendance. No Watches taken for Repairs that cannot be Warranted.

BUSINESS DEVICE:

Quick Sales and Light Profit. Nov. 17, 1859.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medicinal skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERYSIPELIS and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSI, or BRYZEPHILA, PUPULES, PUSTULES, BRUISES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TERTIAR and QUARTAN FEVERS, SORE THROAT, RINGWORM, RINGWORMS, SPITTING BLOOD, and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED or IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC, are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely be sustained or cured. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Costiveness, Headache, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pains in the Bowels, Stomach, Jaundice, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness, and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never be forgotten, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

Lyman, Savage, & Co., at Wholesale and Retail; and by all the Druggists in Montreal, and throughout Upper and Lower Canada.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND."

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," a rare Companion for the Winter Months.

Every Pianist, Every Singer, Every Teacher, Every Pupil, Every Amateur, Should procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Piano Forte Music, costing but 10 CENTS a number, and pronounced

By the entire Press of the Country, to be

"The Best and Cheapest Work of the kind in the World."

Twelve full-sized Pages of Vocal and Piano Forte Music for TEN CENTS.

Yearly, \$3; Half-yearly, \$2.50; Quarterly, \$1.25

Subscribe to "Our Musical Friend," or order it from the nearest Newdealer, and you will have Music enough for your entire family at an insignificant cost; and if you want Music for the Flute, Violin, Cornet, Clarinet, Accordion, &c., subscribe to the

"SOLO MELODIST,"

Containing 12 pages, costing only 10 Cents a number; Yearly, \$2.50; Half-yearly, \$1.25. All the Back Numbers at 10 Cents, and Bound Volumes, containing 17 Numbers, at \$2.50 each, constantly on hand.

G. H. SEYMOUR & CO., 107 Nassau Street, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED,

In a neat and attractive volume,

PRICE ONLY 30 CENTS—BY POST, 40 CENTS.

THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC And Litany's Directory, for the United States, With an Appendix, containing the Canadian Directory, &c., for 1860.

Recommendation of the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Baltimore:

Messrs. MURPHY & CO. having undertaken the publication of the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac, at the instance of the late Provincial Council at Baltimore, I recommend the undertaking to the favor of the Prelates of the United States and of the Clergy and Faithful, that the necessary information may be furnished them in due time, and that the work may meet with patronage.

FRANCIS PATRICK, Archbishop of Baltimore

Baltimore, July 15, 1859.

The Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Litany's Directory, is an authorized Catholic Annual, and as such is recommended to the Faithful of the United States. It contains reliable information concerning the state of Religion and its progress in our country, together with the most ample details of the Ecclesiastical affairs of the several Dioceses of the United States, Canada, and the British Provinces, prepared and furnished for this work by the respective Prelates. The General Information is as full as is consistent with its character, rendering it a valuable book of reference for every Catholic family. The Ordo has been prepared with the greatest care, and will be found so complete as to present to the Clergy not only the various Offices, but also the principal dates of the Martyrology.

Early orders from Booksellers and others, respectfully solicited. JOHN MURPHY & Co., Publishers, 182 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. For Sale, at Publishers' Prices, Wholesale and Retail, by D. & J. Sandler & Co., Montreal, who are our Agents for Canada.

LAND FOR SALE.

TWELVE HUNDRED ACRES, in the County of HASTINGS, Canada West, with Water privileges, and in the midst of good Roads and Settlements, will be SOLD in SMALL or LARGE LOTS, to suit the Buyer. For particulars, apply to 292 Notre Dame Street.

CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT.

THE subscribers has in course of construction a number of FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, the same as Wheeler & Wilson's patent, which he intends to sell cheaper than any that have been sold heretofore in Canada. All who intend to supply themselves with a good cheap Machine, will find it to their advantage to defer their purchases for a few weeks until these Machines are completed. In price and quality they will have no parallel, as the subscriber intends to be governed by quick sales and light profits.

WAIT FOR THE BARGAINS.

E. J. NAGLE, Sewing Machine Manufacturer, 285 Notre Dame Street. Oct. 20, 1859.

ACADEMY

OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON, O. 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 00 Drawing and Painting..... 7 00 Music Lessons—Piano..... 28 00 Payment is required Quarterly in advance. October 29.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, O.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 1c 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, 1858.

branches of a wide-spreading sycamore; and they told us they had travelled for the past two weeks, and they were refused a night's lodging at every place they stopped; and that too, by their own countrymen. Put that and that together! Already there is a movement in Ireland, among the small tenant farmers, consequent upon the statements of Dr. Cahill. They are beginning to sell out their little substance to cross the Atlantic in search of that El Dorado mentioned in these letters. Alas! ye know not the misfortunes and privations you will encounter here. We would say to our fellow countrymen in Ireland, heed not these statements. Hold on to the little you have, and do not, by any means, expose yourself and your poor family to ruin, indigence and exile. Follow Smith O'Brien's advice. If you can live at home in peace and comfort, stay in the old land. Yes, stay; for your country needs you.—Most urgently do we ask our Irish exchanges to warn their all for nothing. Warn them to take no notice of Dr. Cahill's accounts, for he will have his eyes opened ere long, and we are positive he will retract those statements when it will be, we fear, too late."

THE DEFAULTING STATE TREASURER OF MAINE.—It now seems that B. D. Peck, the State Treasurer of Maine, was lately one of the "irrepressible conflict" preachers in Portland. He was pastor of the Casco street Church in that city until he abandoned the cause of his Heavenly Master, and engaged in the negro and old John Brown cause; and as a reward for his apostasy received from his abolition friends his election as the keeper, and, as it turns out, the holder of the "thirty pieces of silver," or rather, as the disclosures are made to appear, the stealer of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars! While preaching gospel in the pulpit, he also preached Maine-Lawism, as editor of the Temperance Journal. For this and that, old Neal Dow, the inventor of the Maine Law, and the head of the whisky crusade, had him nominated for Treasurer, the Abolitionists elected him. Neal Dow went soon his bond, and now Rev. Mr. P. pays them all off by pocketing the State funds. Characteristic all over.

"NORTHERN LIGHTS" OF THE NO-POBRY FIRMAMENT.—Of the persons who figured at the North in the Know-Nothing and Abolitionist excitements, already some dozen or more have attained notoriety by bigamy, adultery, seduction, embezzlement, peculation and other such handsome titles to fame. But the end is not yet. Here is another, the latest so far, but not to be the last case.—U. S. Cat. Mts.—

A DRUNKARD'S BRAIN.—The startling doctrine taught in "Youman's Basis of Prohibition," is fully corroborated by the following passage from the Boston Medical Journal:—"Hyrri, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted, from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft, pulpy substance, it then becomes comparatively hard; but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul—while its delicate and gossamer tissues still throb with the pulse of heaven-born light. Strange infatuation, thus to desecrate the god-like! Terrible enchantment, that dries up all the fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only the brain of lead, and a heart of stone!

A NOT SURPRISING RESULT.—The correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger referring to the late attempt to get up a religious daily paper in this city, says:—"The project has exploded, mainly through the impossibility of reconciling conflicting opinions as to what should be the denominational bias of the proposed daily. The Roman Catholics were to be excluded from a share in its management entirely, and only a few Episcopalians, of the low-church type, could be persuaded to have anything to do with it, and there wasn't unity enough among the rest to put the machine in motion."

A QUEER ORDER to an EXPRESSMAN.—The following is a copy of an order to an expressman, received in Boston a day or two since:—"Send me 10 gallons of your best gin for \$10. I want it for my mother's wake and funeral. She is on her last breath. Sometimes she knows us, and sometimes she don't. Send it this evening precisely."

THE LATEST NOVELTY in NEWSPAPERS.—In addition to "Births, Marriages and Deaths," the Liverpool Mercury now adds the "Divorces."

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pinners cannot take hold to draw it out—it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

It costs a deal of money to be rich, and it is a question if so much be worth so little.—After all, its wealth worth the cost—first, in acquiring it; next, in supporting it; and lastly, in bearing up under it when you have lost it.

A man who undertakes to reach a high position by making speeches, is like a parrot that climbs with its beak.

A year of plagues passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain. Those are the best instructors whose lives speak for themselves.

A fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in another's. A merry companion on the road is as good as a nag.

BORNETT'S TOILET PREPARATIONS.—Of the many preparations that are thrown into the market for toilet purposes, few can be found to excel those of the well-known chemist, Messrs. Joseph Borrett & Co., of Boston. One result of their excellence is that those who use them once, are always sure to give them the preference as standard articles for the toilet. The Cocaine and Kallistone and, in fact, all the articles in constant demand in this city and are giving perfect satisfaction.—New Bedford Mercury.

Wholesale & Retail, by Lyman, Savage & Co.; S. J. Lyman; Lumphough & Campbell, and by Druggists generally.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

THE undersigned DIRECTORS, beg to inform the Inhabitants of Montreal, that the said Company is NOW IN OPERATION, and ready to insure DWELLING HOUSES and their DEPENDENCIES. They invite those who have such properties to insure; to apply forthwith at the Company's Office, No. 1, Saint Sacrament Street, where every necessary information shall be given.

The rates are from one to four dollars per hundred pound for three years. BENJ. COMPT, President. J. Bie Homier, Galbraith Ward, G. L. Rolland, Eugene Lamoureux, P. L. LE TOURNEUX, Secretary. Montreal, Nov. 17, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Ohlsholm. Adjala—N. A. Coste. Aylmer—J. Doyle. Amherstburgh—J. Roberts. Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron. Arichat—Rev. Mr. Girroir. Belleville—M. O'Dampsey. Brock—Rev. J. R. Les. Brantford—W. M' Mansamy. Casanville—J. Knowlson. Chambly—J. Hackett. Cobourg—P. Maguire. Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor. Coonapton—Mr. W. Daly. Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy. Dalhousie Mills—Wm. Ghisholm. Deschambault—J. M'Iver. Dundas—J. M'Gerrald. Egansville—J. Bonfield. East Hantsburgh—Rev. J. J. Collins. Eastern Townships—P. Hackett. Erinsville—P. Gafney. Emily—M. Hennessy. Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis. Farmersville—J. Flood. Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter. Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry. Huntingdon—C. M'Faul. Keapville—M. Hooply. Kingston—M. M'Namara. London—Rev. E. Bayard. Lockiel—O. Quigley. Lohoroug—T. Daley. Lindsay—Rev. J. Farrelly. Lacolle—W. Harty. Merrickville—M. Kelly. New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy. Ottawa City—J. Rowland. Oshawa—Rev. Mr. Proulx. Orillia—Rev. J. Spanott. Prescott—J. Ford. Perth—J. Doran. Peterboro—E. M'Gormick. Picton—Rev. Mr. Lalor. Port Hope—J. Birmingham. Quebec—M. O'Leary. Rawdon—Rev. J. Quinn. Renfrew—Rev. M. Byrne. Russelltown—J. Campion. Richmondhill—M. Teefy. Richmond—A. Donnelly. Sherbrooke—T. Griffith. Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton. South Gloucester—J. Daley. Summerstown—D. M'Donald. St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay. St. Athanes—T. Dunn. St. Ann de la Pocatiere—Rev. Mr. Bourreitt. St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Fulvay. St. Raphael—A. M'Donald. St. Romuald d' Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax. Thorold—John Heenan. Tinguic—T. Donegan. Toronto—P. Doyle. Templeton—J. Hagan. West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy. West Port—James Kehoe. York Grand River—A. Lamond.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE RISKS taken for this Old Established Office, on terms equally as favorable as other First-Class Companies. M. H. GAULT, Agent. October 13.

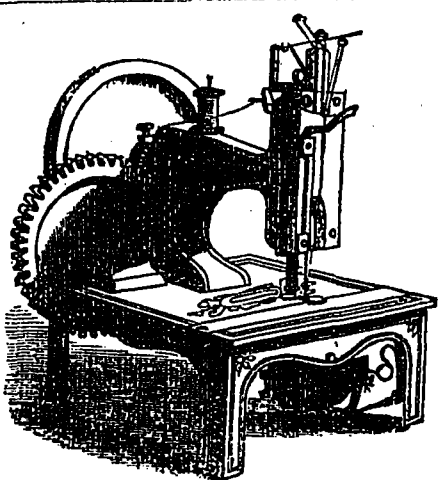
DRY GOODS, St. Lawrence House, 93 McGill Street, Second Door from Notre Dame Street. JOHN PAPE & CO. HAVE just OPENED one Case of LADIES' CHEMISE HAIR NETS, all colors. Montreal, Oct. 27, 1859.

THE CLOTH HALL, 292 Notre Dame Street, (West). YOU will find a most Fashionable Assortment of Woollens to select from. A perfect Fit guaranteed. The charges are exceedingly moderate, and the system is strictly one Price. J. IVERS, Proprietor.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, (Corner of King and William Streets,) MONTREAL, IS NOW OPEN. And under the MANAGEMENT of JOHN RYAN. Mr. Ryan would say to the Friends of this very popular House, that it has been NEWLY FURNISHED not only in part, but throughout; and that he intends to conduct it as a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL; yet prices for transient guests, as well as regular Boarders, will be unchanged. Parties requiring Board, with Rooms, would find it to their advantage to try the Franklin.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA, IRRITATION, SORENESS or any affection of the THROAT CURED, the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, CATARRH, RELIEVED, by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or COUGH LOZENGES. A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, &c. Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston. "Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS." Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. "I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS." Rev. E. H. CHAMIN, New York. "Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS." Prof. M. STACY JOHNSON, LaGrange, Ga., Teacher of Music, Southern Female College. "Two or three times I have been attacked by BRONCHITIS so as to make me fear that I should be compelled to desist from ministerial labor, through disorder of the Throat. But from a moderate use of the 'Troches' I now find myself able to preach nightly, for weeks together, without the slightest inconvenience." Rev. E. B. RYCKMAN, A.B., Montreal. Wesleyan Minister. Sold by all Druggists in Canada, at 25 cents per box.

ROBERT PATTON, 229 Notre Dame Street. BEGS to return his sincere thanks to his numerous Customers, and the Public in general, for the very liberal patronage he has received for the last three years; and hopes, by strict attention to business, to receive a continuance of the same. R. P. having a large and neat assortment of Boots and Shoes, solicits an inspection of the same, which he will sell at a moderate price.



ONLY \$75 FOR ONE OF SINGER'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, WARRANTED TO BE THE SAME, In every respect, as those sold by I. M. Singer & Co. in the States for \$110.

THIS PRICE INCLUDES AN IRON STAND such as Singer sells for \$10. I have made an improvement on Singer's large sized Machine, by which patent leather can be stitched without oil. Shoemakers had a great objection to use these Machines before, owing to the oil continually working of the leather on the lastings and cloths of ladies gaiters. The necessity of applying oil to patent leather is entirely obviated by this new improvement. CALL AND EXAMINE! All intending purchasers are invited to call and examine the BEST and CHEAPEST SEWING MACHINES ever offered for sale in Canada. PRICES: No. 1 Machine.....\$75 00 No. 2 ".....85 00 No. 3 " large and improved.....95 00 I have received numerous testimonials from Boot and Shoe manufacturers, Tailors, Dress-makers, Seamstresses, and others, who are using my Machines—all unite in recommending them for general use. READ THE FOLLOWING CERTIFICATES WRITTEN BY THE TWO LARGEST AND MOST EXTENSIVE BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURERS IN CANADA:—

Montreal, July 23, 1859. We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had two in use for the last two months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind. BROWN & CHILDS.

Montreal, 23rd July, 1859. We have used E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machine in our Factory for the past three 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 & ANES. Montreal, 26th July, 1859. The subscribers having used the Sewing Machines of Mr. E. J. Nagle, since the spring are well satisfied with the work done by them; and we certify that these machines go quicker than any we have used up to the present time. A. LAPIERRE & SON.

If you want a Machine, making a Stitch which cannot be either ravelled or pulled out, call at E. J. NAGLE'S Sewing Machine Establishment, No. 265 NOTRE DAME STREET, 265.

It is the only place in Canada where you can buy a Machine able to Stitch anything, from a Shirt Bosom to a Horse Collar. All Machines bought of me are warranted for Twelve months. E. J. NAGLE, OFFICE AND SALE ROOM, 265 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. FACTORY, Over Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin. N.B.—Needles 80 cent per dozen. November 16, 1859.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS. MRS. WILLIAMSON'S REGISTRY OFFICE for SERVANTS, No. 24 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Sign of the large Spinning Top. September 22.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S 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, 1859.



DR. ANGUS MACDONELL, 18 1/2 Notre Dame Street. (Nearly opposite the Donegana Hotel.) B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 30, Little St. James Street. RYAN & VALLIERES DE ST. REAL, ADVOCATES, No. 59 Little St. James Street. PIERCE RYAN. HENRY VALLIERES DE ST. REAL. WM. PRICE, ADVOCATE, No. 2, Corner of Little St. James and Gabriel Streets. M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal. COLLECT YOUR ACCOUNTS IN DUE SEASON. THE undersigned gives Solvent Security and respectable reference. P. TUCKER, collector of Accounts, 53, Prince Street.

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

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.

WAR IS DECLARED! AND TO OPEN ON MONDAY, THE 29th AUGUST, ON M'GARVEY'S SPLENDID STOCK OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, AND NO TERMS OF PEACE, Until the present Stock is Disposed of.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public, for the very liberal support extended to him during the past nine years, wishes to inform them that his Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE now on hand, consists, not only of every style and quality, but in such quantities as has never before been exhibited in this city, and got up exclusively for cash will be sold, at least 10 per cent lower than ever before offered. Every article warranted to be what it is represented, if not, it may be returned one month after being delivered, and the money refunded. His Stock amounts to \$18,000 worth, all of which must be cleared off before the 1st of January, in consequence of extensive changes in his business, and as after that he will keep a larger Stock of First Class FURNITURE. His trade in that line is so rapidly increasing that he cannot longer accommodate his customers by both his Wholesale and Retail business. He will open a Wholesale Chair Warehouse, exclusive of his Retail Trade. His present Stock will be open on MONDAY, 29th August, all marked in plain figures at Reduced Prices, and will consist of every article of House Furnishing Goods, among which will be found a large quantity of Case and Wood-seated Chairs, from 40 cents to \$3; Bedsteads, from \$3 to \$50; Sofas and Couches, from \$8 to \$50; Mahogany, Blackwalnut, Chestnut and Enamelled Chamber Sets, from \$16 to \$150; Mahogany and B W Dining Tables, from \$10 to \$45, with a large Stock of Hair, Moss, Corn, Husk, Sea Grass, and Palm Leaf Mattresses, from \$4 to \$25; Feather Beds, Bolsters and Pillows, 30 to 75c per lb; Mahogany, B W Side and Corner What-Nots, Ladies' Work Tables and Chairs, Toy Chairs and Bureaus. A fresh supply of Shirley's Polish on hand. Solid Mahogany and Blackwalnut and Mahogany Veneers, Curled Hair, Varnish, and other Goods suitable for the Trade, constantly on hand. All goods delivered on board the Cars or Boats, or at the Residence of parties who reside inside the Toll gate, free of Charge, and with extra care. OWEN M'GARVEY Wholesale and Retail, No. 244 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. August 28.

NEW YORK INSURANCE COMPANIES. COMMONWEALTH FIRE AND INLAND MARINE, Office—6 Wall Street, N. Y. CASH CAPITAL.....\$250,000 SURPLUS, OVER.....40,000 MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Office, 65 Wall Street, N. Y. CASH CAPITAL.....\$200,000 SURPLUS, OVER.....50,000 HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Office, 43 Wall Street, N. Y. CASH CAPITAL.....\$300,000 SURPLUS, OVER.....40,000 HOPE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Office, 33 Wall Street, N. Y. CASH CAPITAL.....\$150,000 NETT SURPLUS.....32,587

REFERENCES: Wm. Workman, Esq. B H Lemoine, Esq. Wm. Sacks, Esq. Edwin Atwater, Esq. Henry Lyman, Esq. Ira Gould, Esq. H Joseph, Esq. Messrs. Forrester, Moir & Co.; Messrs. Harrington & Brewster; Messrs. J & H Mathewson. E Hudon, Esq. T Doucet, N P, Esq. Canfield Dorwin, Esq. N S Whitney, Esq. D P Jones, Esq. John Sinclair, Esq. Messrs. Leslie & Co.

THE Undersigned, Agent for the above First Class INSURANCE COMPANIES, is prepared to INSURE all class of Buildings, Merchandize, Steamers, Vessels and Cargoes, on Lakes and River St. Lawrence, at LOW RATES. First-Class Risks taken at very Reduced Rates. All losses promptly and liberally paid. OFFICE—38 St. PETER STREET, Lyman's New Buildings. AUSTIN OUVILLIER, General Agent. Sept. 22, 1859.

PATTON & BROTHER, NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. 42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL. Every description of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel constantly on hand, or made to order on the shortest notice, at reasonable rates. Montreal, Nov. 1859.

GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, No. 87 McGill and No. 21 Reollet Streets, MONTREAL. The undersigned, CLOTHIERS and OUTFITTERS, respectfully beg leave to inform the Public that they have now completed their Fall and Winter Importations, and are prepared to offer for Sale a very large and well assorted Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, OUTFITTING, &c. Also, English, French and German Cloths, Dressings, Cassimeres and Vestings, of every style and quality. They have also on hand a large assortment of Scotch Tweeds and Irish Freizes, very suitable for this season. DONNELLY & O'BRIEN. Nov. 17.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, & C., FOR SALE, At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. TEAS (GREEN) GUNPOWDER, very fine. YOUNG HYSON, best quality. IMPERIAL. TWANKEY, extra fine. BLACK TEAS. SOUGHONG (Breakfast) fine Flavor. CONGOU. OOLONG. SUGARS. LOAF. DRY CRUSHED. MUSCOVADA Sugar, very light. COFFEE, &c. FLOUR, very fine. RICE. OATMEAL, pure. B. W FLOUR. DRIED APPLES. CHEESE, American (equal to English.) WINES—Port, Sherry, and Madeira. BRANDY—Plantain Pale, in casks, very fine; Martel, in hhd's. and cases. PORTER—Dublin and London Porter; Montreal Porter and Ale, in bottles. PICKLES, &c.—Pickles, Sauces, Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Shelled Almonds, Honey Soap, B.W. Soap, Castile Soap, and English do.; Corn Brooms, Corn Dusters; Bed Cord, Cloth Lines, Shoe Thread, Garden Lines, Candles, Lemon Peel, Orange and Citron do.; Sweet Oil, in quarts and pints. STAROH—Glenfield, Rice and Satined, fair. BRUSHES—Scrubbers and Stove Brushes; Cloth and Shoe Brushes. SPICES, &c.—Figs, Prunes; Spices, whole and ground; Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, White Pepper, Black Pepper, Allspice, Cayenne Pepper, Macaroni, Vermicelli, Indigo, Button Blue, Segoe, Arrowroot, Sperm Candles, Tallow do.; fine Table Salt; fine Salt in Bag; Coarse do.; Salt Petre; Sardines, in Tins; Table Cod Fish, Dry; do., do., Wet; Cream Tartar; Baking Soda; do., in Packages; Alum, Coppers, Sulphur, Brimstone. Bat Bricks, Whiting, Chalk, &c., &c. The articles are of the best quality, and will be Sold at the lowest prices. J. PHELAN. March 3, 1859.

THOMAS M'KENNA, PRACTICAL PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER, No. 52, SAINT PETER STREET, (Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets,) MONTREAL. BATH TUBS, HYDRANTS, WATER CLOSETS, FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS, &c., Constantly on hand, and fitted up in the best manner. Jobbing Punctually attended to. September 15, 1859. MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS JOHN M'CLOSKEY. Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer, 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years, and now solicits a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment, to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality. He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted. F.N.B. Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer. Montreal, June 21, 1853.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered a new 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, ten spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula. KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such relief that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs; these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in. For Sore Legs; this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease fresh 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, Superiorior of St. Vincent's Asylum. ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans 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.