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TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1858.

No. 41.

KENNY KILFOY; OR, MURDER WILL OUT.

A THRILLING TALE OF PEASANT LIFE.
(Concluded from our last.)

"An' is it you, Essy, avourneen," said Kilfoy, "an' are you here alone; an' sure I didn't see you, or, the Lord forgive me, it's not o' my prayers I'd be thinkin'."

"Oh, yes, Kenny, talk that way av you like," she replied, "but sure it's I that well knows who's nearest your heart. Didn't I see you the other Sunday whisperin' with Kitty Kinshela, ov the big house, when mass was over? Fair I did; an' a purty cugger you had ov id, Kenny, an' a nice purty girl she is, an' dressed like a lady; it's you that has the dacent notion, an' no blame to you."

Kenny's captious and suspicious temper trembled even under this simple reply. He thought that there was something of irony mingled with the latter part of it; and his already sore heart felt pained by Essy's harmless remarks.

"You may joke, Essy," he answered, "an' you may laugh, iv you like, at me; but iv you knew me—iv you knew my heart—iv you knew all—I won't say my misery—you wouldn't laugh at me."

"Indeed, Kenny," replied the unthinking girl, struck by his tone and manner, "I wouldn't laugh at you; sure I know you since I was a child, an' you're an honest father's an' mother's child; an' I wouldn't laugh at you; but, indeed, I thought you an' Kitty were hand-bound at least."

She added the latter remark in the hope that if it was not the case, that it might serve as a hint to Kenny on more accounts than one.

"I suppose you don't know that Kitty is my cousin, then," said Kilfoy, "an' that it'd be banting the rules to think ov her in the way of marriage; besides, you ought to know that it's a long time since I first told you how my love was fixed; an' you know I'm not one of your hair-brained kind of people, that has a fair word for every body, an' a laugh an' a soft word for every girl that I meet."

"I know you to be a solid, steady boy," replied Essy, evidently at a loss to get rid of a discourse that was growing painful; "but I never thought of any thing in the way of matrimony, nor never will until—"

Here she was interrupted by the village *moamus*, who had assumed, for the merriment of the company, the character of the parish priest, and was about uniting several candidates for the Hymeneal state, *volens volens*; that he might, as he said, "begin the divarshin ov the night."

"Come," said he, "none of your whisperin' behind backs, but come 'till I tie the knot for you at 'onst."

This was the noted Jack Mulryan, the laughing philosopher of the village. He ever set care at defiance—enjoyed his fun whenever he could make or meet with it—was the master of the ceremonies at every wake in the country—and was the constant leader in every merriment.—Jack, with the tail of his great coat pinned about his neck, and a straw hat on his head, tied the young couples as quick as they pleased; and he now summoned Essy and Kenny to have the yoke imposed upon them. Essy refused with much steadiness and reserve to undergo even the mock ceremony with Kenny, while he, feeling an unusual pleasure at the kindness which he imagined Essy had shown him that evening, pressed her to comply with the humor of Jack, and with the custom to which all usually conformed.

She refused; and all the entreaties of Kenny, and the jibes and jests of the mock clergyman could not prevail upon her.

"Come, Essy," said Kilfoy, "you know it can do you no harm; and see all the girls and boys are quite pleasant; do let Jack buckle us, an' don't be after makin' yourself odd, lest the people say you're gettin' proud."

"No, no," said Essy, "I cannot do it—I will not do it. It is useless for you to tease me, Mr. Mulryan; and you, Kenny Kilfoy, I am sure it doesn't become you to torment me this way, so it doesn't."

"Mr. Mulryan!" said Jack in his bantering strain; "ha, ha!—sure it's myself that's growin' the great man. Iv one ov yous calls me Jack to-night any more, after Miss Essy callin' me *Misther*, pershumin' to me but I'll clap you into the stocks. But," he added, turning to Kenny, "let the *colleen* alone; you're not the boy, *avick*, that's for her hand, joke or in earnest. Tom Molloy's the bit ov stuff in fair or market that hits Essy's fancy."

This pointed allusion to his rival, and the persevering coldness of Essy, together with the fresh rushing memory of his shame, contributed to rouse all the bad passions of his heart anew. Turning upon Jack, his sallow face working in varied contortions, and his small, deep sunken eyes flashing with the fire of inflamed rage, he seized him by the collar.

"You fool!—you laughin', rhymin', pennyles *omedhaun!*" said he, "how dare you mention

Molloy to me?" and he glared and grinned at the still laughing Jack. "But, you are a pair ov fools—get along with you," added he, shaking Mulryan from him.

At the beginning of the above sentence Tom Molloy had just entered the wake. Essy was in tears, and he took her hand and placed her quietly, without saying a word, beside an old woman; then turning full to Kenny, who in the madness of his passion had not before observed him, he said, with much excitement—

"You white-livered *budogh*, (churl) isn't it a shame for you to be kicking up such ructions in the honest woman's decent wake, and she your own flesh and blood? an' if you had the spark of a man 'thim you it's not makin' a wake woman cry you'd be, an' callin' a man names behind his back that you daren't before his face."

This was all that was wanting to excite the smouldering passion of Kilfoy into full blaze.—He made no reply; his face assumed an ashy paleness, the color fled from his lips, and he rushed to grasp Tom with concentrated fierceness; but Tom, with the eye of the lynx, met him, and merely pushing him backward over a long low form, he fell headlong against the table upon which the dead body of his relative was laid.—The table, which was rather crazy before, unable to stand the shock of such a weighty body, broke down, and with a crash covered the unfortunate Kilfoy with corpse, sheets, and all. The wreck was tremendous; the candles were tumbled about the floor, and put out—the snuff was scattered like a cloud, setting all within its reach into violent sneezing fits; and the heaps of new pipes were smashed into useless fragments. Then the shrieking of the women, and the darkness were truly frightful.

On light being procured, and silence and order somewhat restored, Kilfoy was released from the ruin, and the corpse and paraphernalia in some measure restored to its former appearance. The people rose up to prevent a recurrence of the quarrel, which, however, neither party seemed inclined to renew. Peace was in some measure restored, but there was a strange silence ensued, made doubly remarkable by the previous bustle and noise. Kenny stood with his face turned away from the people, and looking at the corpse. A superstitious feeling had taken possession of his mind; and a kind of horror, mixed with something still more terrible, was expressed in his dark contracted brow and fixed mouth. No person attempted to break the silence. The falling of a corpse was looked on as an unlucky omen, though of what, or to whom, no one could divine: and undefined fear and vague apprehension have ever a mysterious power on the mind.

At length an old woman who was seated nearly opposite to where Kilfoy was standing, and who was puffing with might and main from the stump of one of the broken pipes, into which she had crammed the contents of about half a dozen other demolished heads, drawing the pipe from her mouth, and puffing aside the blue smoke, addressed Kenny.

"You ought to pray to heaven," she said, solemnly and emphatically, "to turn aside any ill-luck that's over you—an' it's greatly afraid I am that there's a *crass* afore you, and that thubble and thribulation 'ill be your lot afore long."

"Keep your *pissheroques* an' your foretellins till you're axed for them," said he with a scowl, and pulling down his hat he walked out, without looking to the right or to the left, and without opening his lips.

He did not go home; but when he got to a distance from any house, and afar from the sounds of human voices, in a lone field, through which there was a short cut to the village, he threw himself at the foot of a clump of black-thorn and furze mingled, and gave way to every gloomy anticipation and reflection that crossed his mind. The events of that day passed in rapid review before him. The satire and the jest in which Essy and Tom, and her brother had joined on the bog—the wrestling match, and the circumstances of the wake. Was he now to be the laughing-stock, and the standing jest-mark of the country side? And then the gloomy apprehensions of fear and superstition about the overturned corpse filled his mind. His heart was a prey to the most conflicting passions. He wished himself dead at one time, and at another he vowed bitter vengeance on the object of his jealous hate. Time passed over quickly, and he recked not nor heeded, until at length the tread of approaching footsteps, and the light sound of voices reached his ear. He listened, and, as if pursued by his evil genii, he distinguished the accents of Tom Molloy and Essy, and her brother. They were returning from the wake, and as they drew near he could distinctly hear that he was the subject of their laughter and conversation.

"An' did you mind," said Tom, as they approached where he was, "did you mind when they dragged him out from under the corpse how white he was, an' how he panted, an' how his face twisted. You could swear he was the picther of the dead ould woman."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Essy at the comparison, "an' sure there's nothin' strange in that, when you know they're near relations."

"Sure enough," said the brother, "you must have given him the father ov a douce to dhrive him that day."

"Psha-at, no," said Tom in a light tone, "just a little push—thro it wouldn't take much to do it, seein' that he's as wake as"—

The rest of the sentence was lost to Kilfoy, but what he heard was sufficient to drive him mad.

The more he thought, the more his dark fancy and imagination wrought his brain to frenzy, and he started to his feet, and rushed along by another route towards his own house. Revenge was now the overwhelming and master passion in his soul, and a dark and dreadful revenge he determined to wreak.

His cabin lay nearly in a direct line between that of the Bucklys and the cottage of Molloy. He reached it without encountering any person. He rushed in and seized the *slane*, with which he had that day been at work, and hiding it beneath his great coat, he traversed the fields with rapid steps, until he hid himself in the shadow of a large ash tree, in a ditch beside the path where he knew his rival must pass upon his return from Buckley's to his own house.

Tom did not remain long with Essy and her brother; he hid them good-night, and turned to his own home, and commenced whistling "Speed the plough" in merry thoughtlessness. He never spent a thought upon his quarrel with Kilfoy;—his heart was full of joy and love. Essy had that night promised to be his; and her brother, by his friendly manner, seemed to countenance his addresses to his sister. They could afford, he knew, to give her some trifle that might help them exceedingly beginning the world, and tho' this was but a secondary consideration to him, still that, and the consciousness of being loved by her besides, rendered his waking dream of anticipated happiness doubly pleasant. With a heart glowing with all these joyous emotions, he entered upon the pathway where his enemy stood, like the tiger waiting by the stream side for the thirsty antelope. On he came, with his blithe whistle, startling the sleeping birds in the boughs above his head, which fitted with a short chirrup, and a whirring flutter, from one branch to another, as he passed beneath. He passed by the ash tree. Kilfoy leaped out, and aimed a dreadful blow at the back of his head. The sudden noise made Molloy jump a little aside, and he received the stroke full on the side of his head, but with the flat of the slane. He fell, but was in the act of gaining his feet again, when Kilfoy repeated the blow with all his might. The prostrate man raised his arm to defend his head, but the guard was feeble when compared to the force of the blow, and the weight of the weapon, and he again fell at his length on the path. Still he was not materially injured, but he felt how it would end, as he saw the demonic fury which flashed in Kilfoy's eyes, and his heart grew sick, either with apprehension or from the blows, and he cried out,

"Oh, Kenny Kilfoy, are you going to murder me?"

"Ha!" cried the infuriated wretch, "now do you mock me;—now who's the best man? Now tell Essy Buckley that I'm a cowardly, weak, mopin' fool. Now—" and another blow left the unfortunate Molloy silent for ever. The cocked part of the slane had penetrated the skull to the depth of several inches, and, as he drew up the weapon, the head of the good-hearted young man clung to it, until the weight of the body detached it. A short, gurgling, choking cry was all that was uttered; a quivering of the limbs succeeded, and all was still and motionless.

This deed was but the work of a few minutes. There stood the murderer and his victim; and, already, the consequences of his crime were felt in his heart, as he gazed at his rival weltering in his hot young blood. A rush of the breeze agitating the boughs into murmurs over his head, seemed to denounce him aloud, and the quivering moon-beams flitting to and fro over the bloody spot, as they streamed through the waving branches, seemed to his already horror-stricken fancy like a thousand dancing lights, flung by unseen hands, to show to the world the cursed deed. He grasped his stiffening hair on each side of his brow with both his hands, and seemed as if willing to tear the covering from his burning brain, that the chill night breeze might coolly fan it, so tight and hard did he gripe it.

"Now," said he, as the remembrance of the old woman's words rushed into his mind, "now the bad luck is on me! Now the thubble and the thribulation is my lot for ever!" and he gazed fearfully round him, and rushed from the spot.

Early next morning the body of the murdered Molloy was discovered, cold and lifeless, and the slane of Kenny Kilfoy lying beside it. The suspicions of all fell directly on him, and the country was traversed in all directions, but the slight

est trace of the murderer could not be discovered. He had not slept at home that night, nor had he been seen by any person from the moment he left the wake. An inquest was held on the body. The quarrels of the rivals were stated, and the identity of the slane sworn to; and the jury, without hesitation, pronounced a verdict of "wilful murder" against Kenny Kilfoy.

It is useless here to describe the anguish of Essy Buckley, the grief of Tom's little *bocagh* brother, and the sorrow of the whole neighborhood; for Tom's good-natured and pleasant disposition had endeared him to every one. He was waked according to the usual form, and there never was so numerously attended a wake, or so respectable a funeral seen in the village.

As Tom had but one relative, the little cripple above mentioned, who was unable to manage the farm, it was accordingly sold, with all the live stock and furniture, and with the sum thus produced the cripple commenced business as a pedlar. He was a cunning, saving, industrious little fellow, who soon improved, and in the course of a few years, his means enabled him to purchase a nag and cart, and to lay in a stock of goods, with which he traversed the country in all directions, and in time became a wealthy man.

Years rolled away, and still there never was a word heard about Kenny Kilfoy; and the deed and his name were nearly forgotten even in the village. Aby, Tom's brother, but seldom came near his native place. Once or twice a year would he be seen at the spot where his brother was murdered; but regularly, on the morning of the anniversary of the murder, would the villagers behold him, from dawn to sunrise, kneeling on the spot, and with his long beads depending from his fingers, in the attitude of prayer.

Nearly twenty years passed over in this manner, and still no tidings of Kilfoy could be procured, and it was supposed that he had made his escape to America. Aby Molloy traversed Ireland with his horse and cart, and about the summer of 1813 he attended the fair of Ballinasloe, where, having a great variety of goods for sale he pleased the country people so well, that he got most of them off his hands at large profits. He then formed the resolution of going down farther into the more distant and remote parts of the Province, in hopes to sell out his stock before his return to Dublin for new goods. He passed on from town to town and from village to village, and in the course of some weeks reached the secluded district in the county of Mayo in which is situated the little town of Crossmolina. It was late in the evening when he arrived, and he sought his humble inn for the night. Strange dreams came over him during the night. He thought at one time that he was at the spot where his brother was murdered, and that the earth around was covered with fresh gore. Another he dreamed that his brother came to him, as he beheld him the morning after his death, covered with his own cold and blackened blood, and, smiling in his face the ghastly smile which it might be supposed such a hideous face could give, took him by the hand and bade him arise. The terrifying sight would cause him to awake with affright; yet as soon as slumber again visited his wearied frame, the same appalling vision would crowd upon his dreaming fancy. He lay in bed that morning longer than he was wont; his mind was unusually affected, and a gloom was cast over it, which he in vain endeavored to shake off. On his rising he went to the door to see what appearance the little town had. He looked up and down the street. He looked at the door opposite, for he felt as one feels who has the eye of a stranger fixed on him (there is a kind of sympathy excited by the electricity of certain looks)—and what was his horror to behold the identical Kenny Kilfoy, almost unchanged by time, gazing on him with an intense and alarmed gaze. Aby trembled as he recognised the murderer of his brother. He opened his lips to speak—his tongue was tied in wonder—he hobbled a few steps into the street and extended his arms, but could not utter a word.—The murderer disappeared from the door, and Molly immediately recovered from his surprise, and seeing some military men lounging about a little barrack in the town, he hobbled up, and in hurried accents related the facts. The sergeant of the guard attended him; they entered the house and found the wretched Kilfoy extended, in a paroxysm of fear and remorse, upon his face on the bed, in a back room.

"There, there," exclaimed the cripple, "take him—the man that murdered my brother;—take him—take him, he's the murderer."

It may be necessary here to take a retrospective view of the life of Kenny Kilfoy from the night on which he committed the bloody deed. He had rushed from the scene of guilt, without noting the direction he took; he travelled at a running rate all that night, and at the break of day he was nearly twenty miles distant from the spot. He perceived some men at a distance going to field-work, and he dreaded to meet the eye of man. He left the road, and took shelter

in a screen of fir trees by the road side. Tired and fatigued as he was, he could not rest. The murdered Molloy was always before his eyes, and when the darkness fell he crept from his hiding place, and resumed his journey; and tho' fasting and fatigued, the anxiety of his mind served to bear up his body against the effects of over exertion. He reached Crossmolina in safety, and his mind becoming easier, he stopped there for some time working with a baker. He was generally abstracted in his manner, and sought active employment as a means of diverting his thoughts from the contemplation of his crime. His attention pleased his employer, and in the course of a few years he acquired a perfect knowledge of the business. His mind became gradually settled, and he felt a security and an ease growing round him. His employer had but one child, a girl, and Kilfoy having saved some money, and being of quiet, sober habits, he was induced to consent to the marriage of his daughter with Kenny. The old man died in a few years after, and at the time of his apprehension, Kilfoy was one of the most wealthy and respected men in the little town. Heaven had never blessed him with children, and this he now spoke of as his greatest happiness.

He confessed the murder on being taken by the soldiers, and confronted by Aby, and was then removed to the gaol of Philipstown, where, after undergoing the regular trial at the following assizes, he suffered the extreme penalty of the law, acknowledging his crime, the justness of his sentence, and dying truly repentant.

This tale has its foundation in fact, and is an example of the equity of Divine Providence, which, however long crime is allowed to go unpunished, is still sure to detect and punish the guilty.

REV. DR. CAHILL.

ON THE KILKENNY SOUPERS AND CAPTAIN HELSHAM AGAIN.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

I shall divide the article which I am now about to write into four parts. Firstly, I shall make extracts from the Protestant press of Kilkenny, from the magistrates' court of Kilkenny, and from the public testimony of the Protestants of Kilkenny (the clergy excepted), to show the new description of blasphemous fun which the Soupermission publishes every day at the doors of the citizens of Kilkenny. Secondly, I shall call the attention of the people of Ireland of all classes to the masterly letter of Captain Hesham, which appears this day in the columns of *The Telegraph*; and which is judiciously addressed to the Protestants of England. Thirdly, I shall contrast the law in England with the legal decisions in Ireland in reference to the Souper nuisance. And lastly, I shall make some extracts from the speech of the Bishop of Exeter, delivered in the House of Lords on last Thursday night, where the Bishop deprecates, but acknowledges, the almost total extinction of Protestantism in London, and in all the manufacturing towns in England. The present scenes daily enacted in the streets of Kilkenny are so stunningly disgraceful to the clerical abettors of Souperism that no enemy to Protestantism could desire any consummation more heartfully than the continuance of this Gospel pantomime in the city. But no generous Catholic can enjoy this degradation of local Protestantism: no religious Catholic can feel pleasure in the increasing contempt which this hired hypocrisy accumulates at the doors of the Protestant Cathedral of the city; and no learned Catholic can look on without regret at a system which gibes the whole Gospel, and which goes to remove the very landmarks of our common Christianity. From the commencement of this English money scheme of bribing the Irish into Protestantism, no man who had read the history of our country, or who knew the character of our faithful poor people, could have the least doubt of its rapid failure. We have been accustomed for centuries to this national English turpitude of preaching their Gospel. We are long familiar with their laws of national spoliation in the cause of their religion: we know well their bills of attainder: their fines of recusancy: their plans of forfeiture: their crimsoned penal statutes: their charter houses: their fondling houses: their persecutions through all ranks, from the Catholic Peer to the Catholic scullion: their exclusion of all Catholic trade, from the Catholic merchant down to the poor Catholic sempstress in the garret: down to the poor Catholic washerwoman in the cellar; and hence we were perfectly aware that the end of the street-lumbag would be marked with the same ignominy of all its predecessors: and therefore, we had no fear for our Irish children. We knew too that we preached from the same altar, beneath which our ancestors are buried: that we held in our hands the same Pastoral staff with which they protected their flocks: and we have been well trained in the victorious art of slaying the wolves that threaten the sleepless shepherds of the old Catholic fold.

No, no, we had no fear for our people, we knew that bribery, perjury, and malice, were the weapons of crime, and could never succeed against the armour of truth, conscience, and charity.

Firstly—The following extract is taken from the Kilkenny Moderator, a high Protestant Provincial Journal:—

People complain to us of the beating of old kettles and pots by mobs of urinals after the street preachers, as an intolerable annoyance—and a great public annoyance it is certainly; but, in candour, these persons must admit the annoyance on the other side of having men, ostensibly in the name of religion, ranting and bellowing through the thoroughfares at the top of their voice for hours together—it is hard to say that one is a more intolerable nuisance than the other.

Four months ago the Rev. J. L. Drapes, in a letter printed in our columns, stated (as we believe in deference to the Lord Bishop of Ossory) that he had given directions that street preaching should not take place on the part of the agents of the Society for Irish Church Missions in Kilkenny; but Mr. Mairs, their local lay superintendent, who seems to have considered his special mission here to be the bringing the society into as much odium as possible amongst the Protestant community.

The next extract is taken from the letter of Capt. Helsham, which appears in another column, viz:—

"In the Apostles' creed we (Protestants) declare, that we believe in God and in his holy Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary." This is the Protestant faith.

"The paid unordained Irish street missionaries take upon themselves to denounce this acknowledged truth to be a falsehood; and thus they belie our Protestant faith: and they apply epithets to the mother of man's Redeemer unfit for publication, and too horrible for the pen to trace. These shocking facts are of daily occurrence in the streets and outlets of our city."

The next extract is taken from the private letter of a gentleman from the County Kilkenny, a high Protestant, who states "that on coming into the city he stood to listen to one of these preachers, when to his horror he heard language applied to the Virgin Mary which surpassed in outrageous indecency anything he had ever conceived it possible for a Christian man to utter."

Hence the whole city, Catholic and Protestant, feel goaded to uncontrollable anger at the incredible conduct of these agents; and the public voice demands their removal, if necessary, by main force from the city: hence the Kilkenny Journal has the following short paragraph on the street fun which accompanies these apostles wherever they go:—

DRAWING THE SOUPERS.—The boys and girls of the city escort the "Missionaries" daily with various musical instruments such as gongs, tin cans, triangles, and drums, to the total discomfiture of this pious fraternity.

But it is not only the unmistakable blasphemy that they utter which covers their supporters with the cry of public shame; but it is in addition the civil strife, the civic contention which they call forth wherever they walk through the town. The reader cannot avoid being astonished at hearing that two policemen follow these men in their daily path of religious malignity, protecting them in their falsehood, and guarding them in their slander of our common faith.—This most strange guard of honour given to these men can, I dare say, be accounted for by the tax-payers, and by the grand jury of Kilkenny; but beyond doubt this sanctioned insult to Catholics, this military salute given to blasphemy is, perhaps, as outrageous in its way as the outrageous indecency complained of by the Protestant gentleman just quoted. But the reader will be further enlightened on this point when he learns that there are Souper policemen in Kilkenny; and policemen who are, moreover, so hardy in their knowledge of the power in their hands, given to them by their friends at their back, that they stand in open court with Souper defiance, and with uplifted forehead and loud voice of authority, snub a whole bench of Catholic magistrates!! The following extract from the Kilkenny Journal will establish very satisfactorily the truth of this singular police discipline:—

Mr. Hart—You suffered no injury whatever from Mr. Delany? Flynn—None; but I suppose— The Mayor—You are not to suppose anything; tell us what you know, and let us have none of your suppositions.

Mr. Hart—Was he justified in arresting the boy at first, when there was no charge against him, and when no complaint was made by the person alleged to have been assaulted?

Head Constable—It was never adopted before, except in cases where the name was not known.

Flynn—He did not tell me the name.

Mr. Smithwick—If I did not, you knew me.

Flynn—You excited the crowd worse than they were by your obstruction.

Mr. Smithwick—The crowd was there before I remonstrated; and as I was known to the police, and as they knew my feelings towards them during my mayoralty last year, in making their duty light whenever I could, I thought that not a single policeman would refuse me any reasonable favour that I would ask.

Head Constable—You certainly deserve the gratitude of the police for your kindness and courtesy towards them during your mayoralty; and I am sure that they are animated by the best feelings towards you.

Constable Doreilly also paid a high tribute to Mr. Smithwick, on the part of the police.

Mr. Smithwick—It is really too bad if things are allowed to go on in this way. This Souperism is a disgraceful nuisance, which keeps the city in a state of constant excitement.

Mr. Cullen put a question to Sub-Constable Cleland, when Flynn had the audacity to prompt him in a whispering manner in open court.

The Mayor—How dare you prompt the witness, Sir?

Mr. D. Smithwick—I would not have interfered at all, but that I expected he would at once acquiesce in my suggestion and let the prisoner go, in order to ally the excitement. I certainly thought no policeman would refuse me.

A Voice—Not one, except Flynn.

Sub-constable Armstrong was examined, but his evidence contained nothing new. He said White was not hurt, and that he made no complaint whatever.

Mr. Hart—The boy is dismissed as there is no charge against him—let Delany be summoned if there be a charge against him.

Flynn—I'll proceed, I want summonses for this man and Mr. Smithwick also.

The Mayor—I'll not sign them; go to Mr. Hort, R. M.

Flynn—I see you are all against me—you refuse to sign summonses.

Mr. Edmund Smithwick—Take care of what you say, sir; how dare you address a Bench of Magistrates in that way.

Head constable—Mr. Hort will sign them.

Mr. Potter, J.P., (who had not been present at the early stage of the proceeding) inquired what the boy had done in the first instance?

The Mayor—Flynn says that he threw an ass at the Soupers! (Great laughter and hisses.)

Mr. E. Smithwick—It is a great hardship on the police to be attending those fellows in their missionary perambulations; it is a fruitful employment.

Head Constable—The police feel it as much as any one else.

The Magistrate present, however, would not sign the summonses, unless Mr. Hort refused to do so, in which case they would sign them. The proceedings then terminated, and the crowd retired groaning for the Soupers.

The above extract speaks for itself, and will prove more cogently than any remarks from me the scandalous state of society, socially, politically, and religiously, which now prevails in Kilkenny, through the conduct of these wretched soupers and their clerical superiors. The case, as it stands now, is one which degrades the Protestant Church in Kilkenny, which is resisted by the most respectable class of Protestants in the city, which is viewed with contempt by the first men in the country, and which is the source of immeasurable fun and irrepressible frolic to all the poor Catholics of the diocese of Ossory.

Secondly—in reference to the police law of England, all who read newspapers must recollect the summary silence which the Lord Mayor of London put on the souper preachers of London, during the past year, by removing them from all the city thoroughfares, and by expelling them totally from the Park! And the extract which follows will show the discipline of the Liverpool police in their regard, enforced by Mr. Mansfield, the stipendiary magistrate there—a man not more remarkable for the impartiality of his official decisions than for his known liberality of sentiment, and for the acknowledged extent and variety of his literary attainments. I know Mr. Mansfield well, and I feel much pleasure in offering this small tribute of my respect to his official justice and to his distinguished learning:—

STREET PREACHING.—Thomas Crossley a rough looking young fellow, was brought up, charged by officer 537 with having disturbed a street preacher, on Sunday night. The officer stated that on Sunday evening, a street preacher was holding forth to a highly respectable congregation, in Islington Old Market, when the prisoner came up, and, after listening for some time, he cried out, "D—n your eyes, you're a b—d old liar." There were complaints made of this language, and the officer arrested him. Mr. Mansfield said the man had been improperly taken into custody. Street preachers were in a different position from the clergy preaching or officiating in the churches of established communities. If those choose to stand forth in the streets, and enunciate their own peculiar doctrines, others were at liberty to stand forth and contradict them. The prisoner must be discharged.—Liverpool Daily Post, April 13.

Thirdly—I must say, on referring to the letter of Captain Helsham, which is printed in THE TELEGRAPH of this day, that I have seldom which appears before me under such favourable and distinguished circumstances: conceived in the mind of a gentleman, published from the heart of a Christian, and written with the pen of a scholar, Captain Helsham has rescued the character of high Protestantism in Kilkenny from the dishonor of opprobrious Souperism; and he has added a fresh claim to the public respect which the laborious studies of his youth, and the accomplished career of his maturer years have earned and won from all those who have been familiar with his name, or have been honored by his acquaintance. Captain Helsham is clearly a firm Protestant; and hence because he demands respect for the religious convictions of his own creed, he extends with a generous and a congruous liberality, the same license to the conscientious feelings of others. The remonstrance to Dr.

O'Brien from the Protestants of Kilkenny, and from such a man as Captain Helsham, was a noble act: his kind compliment to the teaching of the Catholic priest is a graceful picture; and it is well executed: his observations on the religious training of the children of the poor are expressed with an honorable force and feeling; while his scathing enunciations of the vice and the ignorance of some parts of England will long preserve the name of the writer in cherished remembrance with his Catholic fellow-countrymen. He does, no doubt, respect his own faith; but when the conduct of its ministry clashes with truth, honor, and religion, he fearlessly exposes the culprit, be he who he may, perfectly indifferent about the consequences. I have reason to know that this letter to the Lord Lieutenant has already been attended with beneficial consequences: and that the remonstrance of that letter will be duly attended to. If I could, therefore, presume to offer one word of my own opinion to the accomplished Captain, it would be to give time to the Authorities to carry out his requests: and to wait therefore in silence for some time till the public consent, and the realization of his hopes, will show the justice of these my humble suggestions.

Fourthly—while a society in England gives £39,000 a year (see report) to demoralise the Irish by bribery and apostasy, hear the Bishop of Exeter, in the House of Lords, on Friday night, the 23rd of April, deploring the threatened extinction of Protestantism in London and all the manufacturing towns! From statistics which the Bishop held in his hand, and which he stated, namely—

"There was no place for the poor in the English churches!"

"The poor were never, therefore, seen in the Protestant church!"

"Amongst the rich wealthy Protestants, only ten persons in every hundred attended church in some churches: thirteen in other districts: and sixteen was the highest number, on the average, which attended Protestant worship, on Sundays, in the towns and cities of England!"

In a parish of a thousand souls, only one hundred people attend! according to the Bishop: but I beg leave to inform the Bishop, from official statistics before the British public, that fifty persons is the average congregation seen on Sundays in the churches in the City of London!—The Moderator has well expressed the Souper movement as suicidal to the interests of Protestantism: and the word is strictly correct, since it has provoked inquiry into the creed and practices of England, resulting in the public acknowledged fact that the churches are deserted, and that universal indifference, infidelity, and reckless immorality and crime have covered the entire face of the country. The bishop, in alluding to the conduct of the clergy, quoted Milton, as aptly expressing his own opinions, in that passage where the epic poet describes the descent of the fallen angels into hell. And I shall conclude, following a Bishop's example, with the Bishop's own quotation—namely—

"Mammon, the least erect spirit that fell
"From Heaven, for 'e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts
"Were always downward bent, admiring more
"The riches of Heaven's pavement trodden gold,
"Than sought divine or holy else enjoy'd
"In vision beatific."

D. W. C.
Thursday, April 29.

MR. S. O'BRIEN'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

PART V.

There being now before Parliament a Bill for the amendment of the Grand Jury laws, your attention is naturally directed to the defects which at present exist in our administration of local affairs and to the principles which ought to govern legislation with a view to remedy those defects. As the taxation levied by Grand Jury presentment amounts annually to about one million sterling, and as the functions of Grand Juries embrace many branches of local administration, the subject is one which well deserves your consideration.

Though of late years the proceedings of Grand Juries have been comparatively free from the abuses which existed in former times, this improvement is to be attributed rather to the increased control of public opinion than to the excellence of the system under which they act. If an organisation be radically defective, it is unjust to lay its imperfections to the charge of those who administer it. It has been customary to speak of the jobbing of Grand Juries as an evidence of a want of integrity on the part of the country gentlemen of Ireland, but I am convinced that there goes on within the precincts of the British Parliament, in the department of private bill legislation, more jobbing than is to be found in the Grand Juries, Corporations, Boards of Guardians and other bodies administering the local affairs of the whole Kingdom of Ireland. Indeed, considering how defective is the machinery under which Grand Juries are constituted, it is wonderful that there do not prevail more abuses and corruption than are actually found to exist. The whole Grand Jury system is at variance with the principles upon which bodies exercising fiscal functions ought to be constituted.—The High Sheriff, who is irresponsible for his selection, nominates according to his caprice a number of gentlemen, who are themselves irresponsible, to act as a Grand Jury. These gentlemen impose upon the people at large taxation from which they may themselves be wholly exempt. The Grand Juries nominate according to the caprice of individual Grand Jurors, cesspayers who are irresponsible to act at presentment sessions with magistrates who are also irresponsible to the ratepayers at large.—Thus from first to last the principle, now universally accepted, that taxation should be imposed only by persons who represent the Taxpayers, is violated.

The Bill introduced by Mr. Herbert contains some useful provisions, but it fails to correct the fundamental defect of the present system as it leaves to Grand Juries selected by sheriffs the power of regulating and controlling the county taxation of Ireland. It introduces, however, the principle of election in the constitution of the Baronial Presentment Sessions, as it proposes that cesspayers who act with the magistrates shall hereafter be chosen by the ratepayers not nominated by the Grand Juries; and if Parliament be disposed to substitute the principle of representation for that of nomination in the Baronial Sessions it cannot consistently refuse to extend this principle to the body which acts for the county at large. Many of you would object to give to magistrates, acting ex officio, a vote at the presentment sessions, and perhaps this objection is well founded, because it may be said that if a magistrate enjoy the confidence of his neighbors he will be elected as their representative at the Baronial Sessions, and if he does not possess their confidence, his presence is

injurious rather than beneficial. Looking, however, to the operation of the system upon which our Boards of Guardians are constituted, in which magistrates act ex officio concurrently with guardians elected by the ratepayers, you will probably agree with me in thinking that we ought to accept the proposed fusion of elected cesspayers with magistrates, as a considerable improvement upon the system at present in force. We have now to require that a permanent Fiscal Board, similar to the Town Council of a municipality, consisting of persons who shall represent the ratepayers, shall be substituted for the Grand Jury. This Board might be constituted either by direct election, or by collecting together two or more deputies from each Presentment Sessions.

Want of permanency is another defect incidental to the bodies which at present administer the fiscal affairs of our counties. A Grand Jury is compelled to perform all its complicated duties within the space of a couple of days. Consequently it is incapable of steadily pursuing any object that requires prolonged attention, and if an individual grand juror feel disposed to apply himself with earnestness to any particular subject which requires continuity of operation, he is disheartened by the reflection that it is quite uncertain whether he may be nominated as a member of the ensuing Grand Jury. By the proposed substitution of a permanent Fiscal Board for the Grand Jury this defect of the present system would be remedied.

I will not weary you by commenting to detail upon the various provisions of Mr. Herbert's Bill, but I feel it to be incumbent upon me to notice one other deficiency in this measure. It is, I believe, universally allowed that the enactment by which in the Irish Poor Law one half of the poor rate is thrown upon the landlord is an arrangement which is both equitable in its nature and advantageous to all classes. Now if such be your opinion you ought to insist that in all cases where the tenant holds at will or where a lease shall be made subsequent to the date of this act the tenant shall be entitled likewise to deduct from his rent one half of the amount paid by him as county cess. Such an arrangement would interfere with no existing contract, so there can be no reason to complain of injustice, whilst it would operate most advantageously by increasing the vigilance of landlords in regard to every proceeding which can affect the local taxation of the country. If such a principle had been in force of late years we should probably never have witnessed the painful spectacle which is now presented in a portion of the county of Donegal, and which has attracted the observation even of foreign countries. The inhabitants of the county of Donegal were formerly the most peaceful population in Ireland. It appears that some landlords, by ejecting their tenants and placing Scotchmen in their holdings, have created a spirit of uneasiness which did not before exist. To repress disturbance a large police force has been sent to the district in which these changes have taken place, and the expense of this force has been assessed upon the occupiers alone. Thus the distress and discontent occasioned by the acts of these landlords have been aggravated, until at last it has become necessary to make an appeal to the benevolence of the world at large in behalf of these Donegal peasants. Now, if the landlords of that district had felt that they would themselves participate in the suffering which they have occasioned, it is to be supposed that they would have hesitated before they adopted measures which have evidently tended to produce social disorganisation. The motive of self-interest might, perhaps, have been more cogent than the obligations of social duty.

If there were to exist in each county a body possessing fully the confidence of the population at large, many powers and functions, not at present enjoyed by Grand Juries, might be assigned to it. Thus it might hereafter be found advisable to authorise County Boards, with the concurrence of the Presentment Sessions of the Baronies which would be affected by the measure, to encourage the construction of Branch Railways by enabling them either to take shares in such Railways or to guarantee a dividend to Railway Companies. If the Fiscal Boards were enabled, with consent of the Baronial Sessions, to contract with Railway Companies for the construction of branch lines, it would not be necessary to seek the intervention of Parliament whenever a few additional miles of Railway may be required. The necessity which at present exists of expending several thousand pounds upon parliamentary costs, whenever a local improvement requires the enactment of a private bill, is an intolerable abuse. The appropriate remedy for this abuse is to construct in each locality an organisation which shall possess the full confidence of the country, and to provide through this agency for all the municipal requirements of the population. The Fiscal Board of each county would resemble very much the provincial councils of Belgium, which bodies contribute their funds and their labors in aid of every object that can promote the well being of the districts for which they act.

RAILWAYS.

TO MUNICIPAL BODIES, such as the Town Councils of corporate towns and the Fiscal Boards of counties naturally belongs the superintendence of a municipal police. As the expenses of the police of Ireland are for the most part defrayed by the State, it may be argued that local bodies have no claim to interfere in respect to the administration of this force. What ever may be our predilections in favour of a municipal force in preference to a gendarmerie maintained by the State and governed by central authority, it is scarcely to be expected that you should desire to take upon yourselves the expense of maintaining this force—more especially as it may be admitted that, upon the whole, the Irish Constabulary are a well conducted body of men. But it ought never to be forgotten that a force such as the Irish Constabulary may at any time become a most pernicious engine of misgovernment in the hands of a bad minister. It requires but a whisper from head-quarters to convert every policeman into a government spy and to paralyse altogether the executive power of the local authorities. At the last Limerick Election a police functionary was sent down by the authorities at Dublin Castle to act as an ally of the Government candidate, and he took upon himself to supersede the Mayor of the City, the resident stipendiary magistrate, and all the other local magistrates. I was not present myself at the election, so I cannot speak from ocular observation, but I was informed by several persons in whose truthfulness I place implicit confidence that if the Mayor and local authorities had not offered positive resistance to the proceedings of this functionary, the streets of Limerick would have been in the most wanton manner stained with blood through the indiscretion of this delegate of the Castle. In a constitutional point of view it is necessary that the utmost vigilance should be exercised to restrain within legitimate bounds the controlling action of the central police functionaries and to preserve to municipal magistrates their constitutional authority. In a financial point of view, too, it is right that their power of imposing taxation should be defined. At the last spring assizes the Grand Juries of the counties of Limerick and Tipperary disputed the legality of some demands made by the police authorities. In Limerick the police presentment was resisted by the Judge on grounds of informality. In Tipperary the Judge decides that the amount demanded must be levied; whether the charge were made in accordance with law or not. If the decision of this Judge be well founded, it is manifest that no redress can be procured from any illegal charge which may be made by the police authorities, except by the intervention of parliament. For this reason, if there were no other, an investigation ought to be demanded into the administration of the Constabulary force, and some bounds ought hereafter to be placed upon this tendency to usurp unlimited and irresponsible authority. You ought, therefore, to in-

struction committee to move without delay a resolution to inquire into the management of the Constabulary department.

FOUR LAWS.

Another branch of local administration which deserves your attention, with a view to its improvement, is that connected with the relief of the poor. Though I have advocated during a period of nearly thirty years the principle of a provision for the relief of the poor, I have always felt that there are many points connected with the Workhouse system which are extremely objectionable. The British Parliament, however, if not the Irish People, having decided upon adopting and maintaining this system, we have now only to consider how it can be rendered as perfect as possible. Few even of its warmest supporters will contend that it has as yet attained perfection; whilst its opponents must admit that, except in times of famine, it secures to every destitute person a refuge against actual starvation—that it provides an infirmary for the sick poor of every district, and that it brings into friendly co-operation a number of intelligent Guardians of the Poor, who would otherwise have few opportunities of deliberating together upon the interests of the localities with which they are connected. As I have, upon many occasions, set forth in print the principles upon which, in my opinion, an organisation for the relief of the poor ought to be constituted, I shall not repeat them here; but I wish to engage your support in favor of a proposal suggested by the discussions which have taken place respecting the establishment of Reformatory Schools.

No part of the Workhouse system is more liable to objection than that which relates to the education of destitute children. It is impossible in a workhouse to prevent children from forming associations of an injurious kind. Now as it is alleged that there is at present available a surplus of workhouses, it deserves to be considered whether some of the supernumerary workhouses might not, with advantage, be applied exclusively to the reception of destitute children.—One of the most interesting institutions that I have ever visited was an Ecole de Reforme near Bruges (Russeyde), in which 600 boys were receiving instruction and training, which appeared to me to be nearly perfect in suitability to the class for whom the institution was designed. At a short distance from Russeyde there was a similar institution, in which 300 girls were receiving, at the time of my visit, under the superintendence of Sisters of Charity, instruction and training which appeared to be equally advantageous. In all such cases it is desirable to proceed gradually, and by way of experiment. As the feeling of this country appears at present to be in favor of separate education, some of these workhouses might be applied to the reception of Protestant children—some to the reception of Catholics; some for male children—some for female. The State might fairly be expected to provide all the expenditure that would be connected with the original outlay, but in other respects these institutions would be self-supporting, as the Boards of Guardians ought to be called upon to pay for every child whom they might send into those national establishments a weekly amount equivalent to the sum which such children would cost if maintained in the workhouse of the district to which they originally belonged.

In advocating this proposal I have assumed that the statements of those who have petitioned for an amalgamation of unions are well founded; but, for my own part, I am by no means convinced that there is such a redundancy of workhouses in Ireland as is alleged to exist. If upon enquiry it be found that none of the existing workhouses could be spared for the purpose of being converted into Reformatories or Poor Schools, it would be necessary to erect new establishments for the especial purpose here contemplated, and the sites of such institutions ought to be chosen with a special regard to the object which is to be attained.

I have now to ask that I may be permitted to devote another Chapter of this Address to the local affairs of Ireland.

I remain your faithful friend,
WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—PROSECUTION OF FATHERS CONWAY AND RYAN.—Lord J. Browne rose to ask the Attorney General for Ireland whether it was his intention to take any further steps in the prosecution of Mr. Conway and Mr. Ryan. It would be remembered that the Attorney General had received the orders of the house to proceed against those gentlemen, and that he obtained a charge of venue from Mayo to Dublin. In February last Father Conway was accordingly tried in Dublin; but the jury could not agree in their verdict, and if trial were to be repeated twenty times over with the same evidence the result would be the same. (Hear, hear.) It would, however, bear an appearance of persecution were Father Conway to be tried once more. Ireland was at the present moment contented and happy, and was it wise to disturb that state of things by a revival of religious animosity, which would certainly ensue from a renewal of these prosecutions? He hoped the house would remember the language which had been made use of last night in reference to another case—namely, that the government thought it unjust when a man had once been acquitted on a question of facts to place him again at the bar on the same charge. Mr. Whiteside gave an evasive answer, but said that no proceedings would be taken before June.

REFORMATORY SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.—A Bill of Sergeant Deasy, M.P., and Mr. Bagwell, M.P., provides for the establishment of reformatory schools for the better training of juvenile offenders in Ireland. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, on application, may order an inspector to report on the condition and regulations of established reformatories, and to include them as reformatories within the meaning of the Act. Justices of counties and councils of towns may grant money in aid of such schools, subject to conditions. No money may be granted to reformatories unless certified by the Chief Secretary, acting on the Inspector's report. Juvenile delinquents under 16 years of age may, in addition to the sentence passed, be sent to these schools from a minimum of two and a maximum of five years, and they may be then wholly or partly maintained at the cost of the Treasury. The parents of the delinquents, if able, may be compelled to contribute five weeks to the maintenance of their children in the reformatories, and, in default of payment, may be committed to goal for three months. The Act is limited to Ireland.

MR. R. B. GREGOR.—Sir Duncan M'Gregor, Inspector General of Constabulary, has been pleased to award first class Sub Constable James Costelloe, James' street station, Tralee, one chevron and approbation, on the 23rd inst., for his cool and intrepid conduct in securing a dangerous lunatic armed with a large knife, with which he threatened death to himself and any person who approached him. Too much praise cannot be given to Sub Constable Costelloe for his courageous conduct on this occasion. The gentry of Tralee and the neighbouring magistracies warmly applauded this officer for saving divers persons in Tralee by stopping a runaway horse and cart, at the risk of his life. Sub Constable Costelloe is well known in the county of Limerick, where he performed several brave acts, amongst which was one on the night of the 26th of January, 1856. The police barrack in the town of Bruff was broken into with stones, and Sub Constable Costelloe rushed forward through a crowd of riotous civilians and succeeded in capturing the two ringleaders of the party, with their pockets filled with stones. Sub Constable Costelloe is a Catholic. He was removed from Limerick on the reduction of the constabulary force, in March, 1857, without ever a complaint being made against him.

Those who have attended to any of the questions between Catholics and Protestants will not be astonished to hear that in the opinion of Lord Derby's Irish supporters, represented by Mr. Grogan, poor John Byrne has been the oppressor, and Colonel Lewis the oppressed. Of course he was. The fundamental maxim of men like those who represent the Catholic City of Dublin, is that to give a Protestant education to a Catholic child is the highest work of charity; and that any severity to the parents necessary to induce to permit it, is only kindness in disguise. Colonel Lewis, after all, is doing no more in one case than Captain Fishbourne is doing whole-sale with this in his favour, that he is at least acting above-board; and that if he does what he will, it is with "his own" not with charity-money entrusted to him for another purpose. He is an open, not a treacherous oppressor—a Herod, rather than a Herod-Scapin.—Weekly Register.

The Maynooth Question continues to crop up through the recent strata and familiar deposits of modern legislation. Year by year that respectable old anti-Pope, Mr. Spooner, renews the battle, with unflinching vigour, generally with some trifling novelty of argument, and a success which varies according to the relation of political parties. One feels that the continuity of the British Legislature would be seriously interrupted, and its identity almost hazarded, if the names of Spooner and Newdegate did not annually appear, as they do to-day, in our columns. This time the exhibition, though brief, has more than usual incident. Mr. Spooner has a decidedly new budget of facts and ideas. He now produces, not Dons or Liguori, but the Acts and Creeds of the Provincial Council, passed in Dublin in June, 1853, the evidence of Professor O'Hanlon, the late unsuccessful prosecution of priests for interference in elections, and a book of Scavini on marriage. No doubt, this is only a very small and merciful selection from a large annual stock. Mr. Spooner is the general depository of Protestant information. He is the walking letter-box into which every one drops every fact, every rumour, every publication, every thought,—everything, in fact, which may serve to prove Papias more Papist than ever, and make Protestants more Protestant. A man who gives his whole mind and time to this one subject may easily collect the materials for volumes every year. Of course, Mr. Spooner does so. We have, then, to thank him and Mr. Newdegate for the very great moderation of their demands on the House last night. In two speeches they produced half-a-dozen facts. This was easy work for the Home Secretary, who had only to say that he could not undertake to preserve the peace of Ireland if the Maynooth Grant were withdrawn; and as a natural consequence, the motion for withdrawing that Grant was thrown out by a majority of 55. There is, then, one subject at least on which a Conservative Government can do more than a Whig one.—Times.

DEATH OF A TRAITOR.—On Tuesday, 20th April, at his residence, Ballycunn, King's County, aged eighty eight years, died John Warrendon Armstrong, infamous to all eternity as the betrayer of the brothers John and Henry Sheares. The name of his victims clung to the old wreck like a reproving ghost to the last, and he was best known, even in his own place, as "the Sheares's Armstrong." I am credibly informed he had written some sort of explanation or defence of his Iscariotism, which he left in the hands of his executors for publication.—What the cold-blooded villain could possibly say in self-defence I cannot conjecture. If he hoped to prove to the world that it was a commendable thing to profess friendship to a man, shake him by the hand, sit at his board and fondle his little child, while sapping his life away, and that for money;—if he fancied he could prove all this, he might have written; but as society has not become quite depraved, as the sentiment of honor is yet abroad, as the traitor and his blood-money are now, as they ever were, detested in Ireland, he had better have said nothing, but gone down to his dishonored grave in silence.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES.—PROTESTANT NICK-NAMES FOR CATHOLICS.—If there is anything on earth in which time seems to work no changes, it is the intolerable offensiveness of bigotry, and no where is bigotry so intolerably offensive as in what is, *par excellence*, termed the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Go where you will, in the senate, in the court of justice, in the pulpit, on the platform, in the public thoroughfares—in newspapers and in books, in public documents—in fine, everywhere bigotry either shocks your ears, offends your eyes, or jostles your person. It is a part and parcel of everything that is said and done by the members of every denomination of reformed Christians—of Christians who profess to regard liberty of conscience as one of the principal advantages which their form of belief possesses over that of the Catholic Church. As one of the innumerable instances, we have at hand in proof of this insufferable bigotry and insolence of expression, we quote the following passage from the abstract of the "Report of the Presidents of the Queen's Colleges at Belfast and Cork," just published. The abstract merely gives the relative numbers of matriculated and unmatriculated students of each religious denomination who have attended these Colleges in the year 1857-8. Every class of religionists is properly designated, the Catholic alone excepted. "Churchmen, Presbyterians, of all sorts, Wesleyans, Covenanters, Seceders, Independents, Baptists, and various"—all receive the appellation by which their followers designate themselves, the Catholic alone is *n*-named, being denominated in one place as "Papists," and in the other "Romanists." Now, we have quoted this instance of gratuitous offensiveness more particularly, inasmuch as the Queen's Colleges were ostensibly established for the purpose of doing away with invidious distinctions on the score of religion. Sir Robert Peel considered they would work wonders in this respect, and wonders they would effect if they could root out the hatred, malice, and uncharitableness which Protestantism, and Irish Protestantism above all, entertain against Pope and Popery. The thing appears to be altogether impossible. Protestantism, in fact, means nothing more nor less than abuse and hatred of "Romanism." Give a dog a bad name and he will keep it, is the Protestant's motto when he mentions Catholics, in order that every allusion to them may afford an opportunity of insulting them, and of speaking with contumely of their creed.—What else but mutual animosities and rancorous heart-burnings can result from such wanton violations of the conventional amenities which the forms of society impose? The evil is, however, to all appearance incurably; it has been ingrafted in the Protestant heart for the last three centuries; it is imbedded at the maternal breast in infancy; dinned into the ears of childhood; taught and preached to youth, and made, as it were, an article of faith in the Protestant creed.—Dublin Telegraph.

The Sompers are still setting our city in a blaze of excitement. On Monday evening a crowd of boys and girls paraded the streets, carrying a banner on which was inscribed 'Down with the Jumpers,' when some of the police interfered to prevent the display. A crowd gathered immediately, and one of the Jumpers availed himself of the excitement to walk backwards and forwards through the crowd, as if to excite them still more by his hated presence. When the popular feeling was at its height, instead of walking home even then, he marched to the police barrack in James's-street, followed by the crowd, and there he remained from seven to nine o'clock, till the Mayor, the Resident Magistrate, and several of the City Magistrates, with a large police force, escorted him to the Mission-house, in Wellington-square. It is thought by some that the object of some of the Sompers is to bring the police and people into collision; and certainly the conduct of the one-eyed missionary on last Monday evening, if not intended, was calculated, to produce the result. It would be well if all demonstration against the Sompers were laid aside.

pending the application of the magistracy to the Lord Lieutenant, to put down street-preaching in Kilkenny.—Kilkenny Journal.

The brutality of the English poor law officials and the barbarity of the law or the perversion of the law are again exhibited, in the death of an aged Irishman named Goodwin, who, as a letter found on his person shows, was after thirty-three years' residence in the parish of St. George's in the East, London, expelled from the workhouse because he wished to visit a Catholic house of worship, and because he was Irish. He was trampled on board a steamer, landed, doubtless, in Cork, and found dead by the roadside on his way to Bantay, killed by cold and hardship, and shrivelled by frost, the hour of which was the aged poor wanderer's only winding sheet. This was his fate, whilst foreign assassins are fostered in London, war risked on their account, and when the object of their murderous enmity asks for their expulsion, the ablest counsel feed to justify or defend them.—Munster News.

TO THE PROTESTANTS OF ENGLAND.

Fellow-Protestants.—The fruitless and abortive attempts, made by the Irish Church Missionary Society, to proselytise the Roman Catholics of this country, and the disgraceful manner in which this useless attempt is being carried on, as may be seen by the columns of the Kilkenny Journal, the liberal organ of this city, demand your serious and deliberate consideration.

The preservation of our Protestant Creed, and the land marks of our faith ought to be protected by, and entrusted into, hands more worthy than the unordained missionaries of the Irish Church Missions Society. The Christian Religion rests upon belief in the incarnation of our Redeemer, as its first and principal mystery.

In the Apostles' Creed we declare "That we believe in God, and in His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary. This is the Protestant faith. The Roman Catholics hold the same to be true, believing in the Incarnation of our Saviour, and that He was born of a pure Virgin.

The paid unordained Irish street missionaries take upon themselves to denounce this acknowledged truth to be a falsehood, and thus they belie our Protestant faith, and apply epithets to the Mother of Man's Redeemer unfit for publication, and too horrible for the pen to trace. These shocking facts are of daily occurrence in the streets and outlets of our City, and for the direct purpose of insulting our Christian Roman Catholic Brethren.

Against such outrages as these (trampling under foot both decency and Christianity) we appealed to our Protestant Bishop of Ossory, but in vain. We have now appealed to the representative of our Queen (the head of the Protestant Church), the Viceroy of Ireland, and we wait with anxiety the result.

If the Irish Church Missionary Society have succeeded for a while in bribing a few of the poor starving Irish Roman Catholics, it reminds me of Shakespeare's Apothecary, who filled his windows with empty boxes, to make up a miserable show. Had they fed and clothed these poor people, they would have done a praiseworthy act of charity, and saved them from demoralization in the first instance, and from unchristianity in the second.

England requires ordained missionaries more than we do. In your country there is a field, wide, long, and deep enough to give ample scope to your liberal donations. In your country, beneath the surface of the earth, down a hundred fathoms deep—miles from the shaft that gives ventilation to the mine—dwell in recesses scooped out of the seams and arteries of the coal pit, thousands of human beings shut out from the voice of God and religion, in a state of semi-nudity, male and female promiscuously huddled together. Within these pestiferous caverns, wherein is engendered the sthyx, or choke damp, the sound of Christ's holy name is never heard in prayer; an impious imprecation sometimes tells that such a word exists, and when used it is understood as a name to some large coal proprietor, the locality of whose coal pits are unknown.

Here we find man degraded to the level of the brute—crawling on his arms and knees, harnessed like a dog, dragging along the tramway, the ponderous train, packed to the very top with the miners' labor. Here sits hour after hour, in solitude and darkness, the fragile and decaying female; with no sound to break the awful stillness that surrounds her save the noise of the coming train, to warn her to open the trap of the driving brattice, to admit a fresh current to pass through her sulphuric dungeon, or to shut the withdrawing brattice, to give room to a new rush through the drivings.

No unordained missionary of the Irish Church Missionary Society, to soften the misery and desolation that reigns around, is to be found here; no Tabernacle is raised, or Bible read, amid the wretched hovels which contain the haggard and forlorn denizens of these regions; the paneless windows, the striven walls, the tileless roofs, proclaim the misery that holds its throne without; while the darkness of superstition, the absence of all spiritual instruction, and the total ignorance of a God, usurps within its iron grasp the eternal welfare of these unhappy creatures. This is a picture to be seen every day in your native land.

Now look on this—through the whole of Ireland, the children of the Roman Catholics, rich and poor, as soon as they are capable of speaking distinctly, are taught to reverence the name of God; they are taught the prayers, and learn the catechism of their Church previously to confirmation; they are also strictly examined by the clergy of their respective parishes as to their knowledge of the tenets and doctrines of their religion. The children of the poor, who are unable to send them to school, are orally instructed by their clergy; and this instruction is not left solely even to their parents. The Roman Catholic clergyman, fearful of entrusting into other hands the eternal salvation of his flock, performs this duty himself—thus following in the steps of his Divine Master.

And what are the results of all this care and instruction?—crime daily decreases—the calendars of our assizes vouch for this fact; the chastity of our women is proverbial and acknowledged all over the world; our men are loyal and true to their Queen and attached and obedient to their pastors.

This is a true picture of my country and pleasant to contemplate.—There is not a feature in the tableau that is not gilded with a Claude Lorraine sunniness of national perfection and exalted Christianity.

Do a people like this require the moral assistance and interference of the Irish Church street walking missionary? Are they paid to degrade the Protestant and insult the Roman Catholic? Are they employed to involve the basis of our Redeemer's revelation in a chaos of immorality, uncertainty, and unbelief?—Even in unhappy times, the Protestants of old were a race of simple, honest, and well minded men, charitable and just—they followed the example of their fathers, and revered and esteemed their Roman Catholic neighbors, and above all they permitted all men to worship their God in peace and tranquillity, according to the dictates of their consciences.

Fondler well, my fellow-English Protestants, on this my letter to you—weigh well its truths, give credence to its facts, and rescue us Irish Protestants, from the ruin which threatens our religion—and save us from the disgrace of wantonly insulting the unoffending Roman Catholic.

Withholding your subscriptions from such a class of men, who attempt to shed a pernicious influence over a Christian land, and leave us to live in peace and charity with our neighbors at home; do this and all the Irish people of every class, of every creed, and of every sex, will respect you.—I remain, dear Protestant Brethren, your very humble and sincere,

GEORGE BELSHAM,
High Sheriff for the County of the City of Kilkenny, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

April 23rd, 1858. A-Protestant of Old.

ANTI-MAYNOOTH DEMONSTRATION.

LONDON, APRIL 27.—A very numerous deputation of members of Parliament connected with the Orange Party in the House of Commons, ministers of the Established Church and of Dissenting congregations, waited upon the Premier this afternoon, at his official residence in Downing-street, to protest against the continuance of the Grant to the Royal College of Maynooth. Among the gentlemen attending were the following:—The Earl of Cavan, Mr. Newdegate, M.P.; Mr. Spooner, M.P.; Mr. Grogan, M.P.; Colonel Verner, M.P.; the Hon. H. Cole, M.P.; Mr. Close, M.P.; Captain Archdall, M.P.; Mr. Daulop, M.P.; Mr. Cowan, M.P.; Sir Brock Bridges, M.P.; the Hon. A. Kinnaid, M.P.; Mr. Kendall, M.P.; Admiral V. Harcourt, Sir Harry Verney, M.P.; the Rev. Thresham Gregg, &c.

The deputation was introduced by Mr. Spooner, who observed that the deputation represented communities in England, Ireland, and Scotland, who were earnestly desirous to see the long vexed question of the Maynooth endowment settled, as they felt that they could not give any public support to what they believed to be an idolatrous church.

Dr. Wylie, a gaunt, hungry-looking individual, who swung his arms after the manner of Solomon and Eagle, and who spoke in a strong Scotch accent opened the ball by declaring that ever since the dawn of the Reformation the Protestants of Ireland felt strongly on this subject. They believed with the great historian, Lord Macaulay, that the worship of a wafer was idolatry, and therefore, they regarded the Catholics as idolaters. Catholics could not be subjects of the Queen, because they owed allegiance to a foreign Prince, who was their temporal and Spiritual Sovereign. Holding those opinions they were persuaded that by maintaining and encouraging Popery the nation was permitting the Sovereignty of the Queen to slip from under them. The priests of the Catholic religion were not subjects of her Majesty, and therefore they ought not to share in any grants from the public treasury.

The Rev. Mr. Potter, the Vice President of the Dublin Protestant Association, said he represented the views of the Protestants of Ireland, who were as one to five of the population, and who represented the wealth and intelligence of the country. The general feeling of the Protestants of Ireland was not only that it was a national sin to subsidize error, but that the continuance of the grant to Maynooth must sooner or later end in civil war. It was with no feeling of bigotry that they protested against a system, by which the only disloyal body in Ireland was petted and stipendiarised by the State. When their beloved champion, Mr. Spooner (loud cheers), brought forward the question in the House of Commons, he was met with the cry of "civil and religious liberty" (hear, hear). Now, the Protestants were quite ready to tolerate the Catholics in all civil and religious matters; but they protested against civil and religious liberty being imported into the consideration of the question at all. All they wanted was a clear stage and no favour. The Catholics would be heartily glad to get rid of the trammels of their priests; and he believed if they could succeed in that respect, Ireland would be all Protestant in a very few years. The Protestants of Ireland did not wish to hamper the government of Lord Derby: on the contrary, they prayed for his political fortunes, and their earnest desire was that they might tread in the steps of the Great Philosopher, our Lord Jesus Christ, and be wise as serpents.

Dr. W. H. Rull, a little fat man with a very red face, said he represented the Wesleyan body, who had no second opinion on the subject of Maynooth. They felt it to be a grievance and oppression that a body utterly opposed to the truth of Jesus Christ—who were ever fighting against His empire, and by every fair and foul means insinuated themselves amongst those who were contending for the pure faith of Christ, should be fed and maintained against the remonstrance of the Protestants of the United Kingdom. He would not go into the question as to what compensation should be given to the Roman Catholics for the abolition of vested interests; but he was bound to say, that as the nation had committed a grievous offence, it was but right they should pay a fitting penalty.

Mr. Stapleton said the deputation did not wish to destroy the College of Maynooth from any ill feeling towards Catholics, but rather from a desire to serve that community, who would feel relieved of a great incubus if the College were abolished. Maynooth had been founded by the late Sir Robert Peel as a nursery for loyalty and peace; but it had turned out a hot bed of disaffection and rebellion (cheers). Half the ills of Ireland were occasioned by the conduct of the priests; and he believed if a different description of education were pursued in that establishment, so that the priests might become more enlightened, the greatest advantage would accrue to the country.

Mr. Peters, a thin ferret eyed man in seedy black, who said he came all the way from Devonshire, denounced the Catholic clergy of Ireland as "insidious conspirators against the Sovereignty of Queen Victoria." He suggested whether compensation might not be given to the professors of the College, so that Protestants might be relieved from supporting a Popish establishment. The fact was, the Catholics of Ireland were heartily sick of the intolerance of their priests; they were unable to read the Bible, and they were not free subjects of her Majesty. The Protestants of Ireland wished to offer every assistance to the present Premier in any attempt he might make to abolish Maynooth.

Mr. Lord, Secretary to the Protestant Association, followed on the same side.

Lord Derby said he had to thank the deputation for the very fair manner in which they had brought the subject under his notice, and for their very kind and friendly expressions with reference to himself and to the government of which he was the head.—Nothing would give him greater satisfaction than that they could arrive at an amicable and satisfactory settlement of a question which, for a long time, had engendered painful feelings, and which was greatly against the consciences of many of the most valued supporters—he would not say of the present government, but of the throne in the three kingdoms. He could not, however, go so far as to agree with the gentleman who held that Catholic priests were not to be looked upon as subjects of her Majesty, although he was prepared to admit the inconvenience of a divided allegiance. It was, in his opinion, very possible for persons to draw a fair, conscientious and honest distinction between the allegiance they owed to a spiritual and a temporal Sovereign. There could be no doubt of the inconvenience of that divided allegiance, and he could not but say that successive governments had reason to complain of the influence which the Catholic priests exercised in Ireland. But the question of Maynooth could not be looked upon as a simple matter of principle, or a simple matter of policy. It was complicated by various considerations. He must admit, however, that the expectations of Sir Robert Peel, as to the education of the priests, and the description of seminaries to be provided had not answered the expectations of that eminent statesman. They were bound, on the other hand, to remember that it was held out to the body of the Catholics in Ireland at a period when they were declining to avail themselves of the foreign education freely offered them by persons hostile to Great Britain. Since that time the grant had been continued, and a well founded expectation was entertained that it would not be hastily withdrawn, and that the people of Ireland might look forward to its continuance with reasonable confidence. In the year 1845, Sir Robert Peel, finding that the system of voting the grant annually, with the estimates gave rise to considerable irritation, was advised to introduce an act of parliament to grant a permanent annuity of a certain sum to the Catholics of Ireland: Whether that was or was not a wise proposition he

would not say; neither would he say that the act of 1845 was an absolute bar to rescinding that act. At the same time, he was bound to say that a very strong case must be brought forward to take away from any body of her Majesty's subjects an annuity which had been continued without interruption for many years, and which was based upon an act of the Imperial legislature. He confessed he would be glad to see any means by which any intervention by the State with the education, as intimated at Maynooth, could be withdrawn. (Hear, hear.)—No real practical superintendence could be exercised, and the existence of government inspectors only made the matter more distasteful to the Protestant community. He was bound to say, in fairness, that he was not prepared to consent to a motion for the unconditional withdrawal of the grant; and he would go further, and say that the justice of the case would not be met by merely satisfying those individuals who might be personally connected with the College, either as teachers or students. Nothing, on the other hand, would give him greater satisfaction than that the fairly vested interests of the Catholics should be bought up by the payment of a sum of money which would relieve the government from all further control in the affairs of the College. Such an arrangement, however, would have to be accepted by the entire body of Protestants, and by a very considerable proportion of Catholics—otherwise it could not be regarded as a satisfactory solution of the difficulty (hear) the deputation must not overlook the fact, that any such proposition would give a plausible handle to those who would cry out against endowments by the state of any religious body. The Church of Ireland had gone through many difficulties, and he himself had some hand in preserving it at a very critical period in its history; and he felt assured that any step that would raise a strong cry of injustice by any particular class in the community, would awaken the opposition of those who desired to put down all grants and endowments to religious establishments. He repeated, therefore, that he would be glad to see any proposition brought forward for affording fair and reasonable compensation, by which the College of Maynooth might be entirely separated from the State. He was bound, however, to say that until he saw some such prospect he could not break through a measure which, it should be remembered, was sanctioned by the great majority of the House of Commons.

Mr. Spooner—Not the great majority.

The Earl of Derby (laughing)—Well, you think not. I cannot, however, assent to a naked proposition, which would withdraw the great unconditional grant; although, at the same time, I repeat, I would be very glad to see any fair proposition for giving adequate compensation.

Mr. Spooner, who appeared terribly dejected at the lukewarm manner, in which the Premier had received the advances of the deputation, complained that the Catholics had told him that they did not lock upon the grant as a boon, but as a right, to which they were entitled (oh, oh, and ironical laughter). He had no objection to give compensation to Popery, to avoid the national sin of an annual recognition of idolatry (cheers). It was not a matter of money with Protestants (cries of no, no). It was a matter of principle.

A member of the deputation asked whether the noble lord could give them any idea as to the probable extent of the compensation to which the Government would assent if a measure of compromise were brought forward?

The Earl of Derby—That is a question upon which I cannot enter.

The deputation then withdrew. Mr. Spooner retired from the presence of the Premier in a very dejected and forlorn condition. The hon. gentleman wiped the perspiration in copious streams from his cheeks, and, drawing his arms between those of Mr. Newdegate and Sir Brooks Brydges, departed like a man who had sustained a great misfortune. The clergy, of whom some 50 or 60 were in attendance, rushed forward to shake the hands of Lord Derby, and assure him of their devoted loyalty to his person. The Premier, who looked shockingly bored, bowed them off, and beat a retreat into his private room.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Orders were yesterday received at Chatham Garrison, directing the volunteers from the three battalions of Infantry for the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment to be forwarded, with their families, to Chester, where the whole of the non-commissioned officers and men who have volunteered for that corps will be formed, previously to their embarkation for Canada. As soon as the volunteers from the several districts have arrived at Chester they will embark at Liverpool for their destination. Each man who has volunteered from a British regiment, will, on the completion of his term of service, be granted two acres of land by the Government of Canada.—Times, 25th April.

The Oaths Bill was discussed in the Lords on Monday. Nothing new remained to be said on either side. The House had at least the advantage of hearing the opposition to the Jews argued by the man who has for years been as much the leader on that side as Lord Lyndhurst has on the other. Lord Wicklow, alone, had the honesty to urge upon the House the glaring falsehood of the assertion which Lord John, proposes to retain, that the Pope has no authority, power, pre-eminence, or jurisdiction. It was not pointed out that in the sense which the Chancellor puts on these words, they might just as well be accepted by a Catholic as by a Protestant. A mere assertion of the fact that the English Courts will not enforce the authority of the Holy See upon those who refuse to admit it, might just as well be made, so far as it is true, by His Holiness himself, if he thought fit, as by Mr. Spooner. However, it satisfied the Peers; they retained the clause against Catholics, and struck out that in favour of Jews.—The Bill, therefore, now only relieves Protestants from the necessity of adjuring the (non-existent) descendants of James II. In this form, we presume, no party in the Commons will accept it. Thus they adopt the very course with which they lately unjustly charged us, and refuse to pass a Bill, which they admit to be good as far as it goes, because it does not do something else which they wish. Whether Sir R. Bethell will succeed in sending Baron Rothschild by resolutions remains to be seen, and also the result of the contest which such a course could hardly fail to occasion between the House and the Courts of Law.—Weekly Register.

From a Government explanation on Thursday, the Divorce question seems to be in a queer state. In England the Christian law of marriage has been repealed, and English Protestants take each other no longer for life, but "during good behaviour," a step intermediate to that to which Protestantism brought the matter everywhere else, where it is "during pleasure." Government now refuses to extend the same boon to Ireland, which is to remain in that matter subject to the law of God. Thus the United Church of England and Ireland is to have two opposite rules, on the two sides of the Channel. Its head and its members hold marriage dissoluble in England, indissoluble in Ireland. We heartily regret that Lord Derby, in refusing to pollute Ireland with the intrusion of this godless law, had not the courage to avow that he acted on moral and religious grounds. The amount of compensations which it would render necessary was the only reason he could think of for not flying in the face of his Creator and bringing upon his country another national sin.—Weekly Register.

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GENERAL WOLFE.—The William and Ann, the vessel which conveyed General Wolfe to Quebec, and which was lately lying at Newport, has been lost in the Mediterranean.

At a meeting of the Great Eastern Steam Navigation Company, on Saturday, it was stated that a further sum of £172,800 will be required to enable the Leviathan to proceed to sea. The total cost of the ship would amount to £804,562, or £24 (?) per ton. The first voyage would be made in the autumn; and, after several preliminary trips to America, she would proceed to Australia in the spring.

ENGLISH MORALITY.—Hope tells flattering tales about the good time coming, when a man may marry his grandmother or his deceased wife's sister, which is a more desirable conjugation of the verb to wed, in the opinion of the metaphysical member of Maidstone, who is most learned in all such matters; and, in treating of one favourite phase of the great social evil in his eyes consanguineous contamination in cottages, he discloses a condition of affairs among our peasantry, our country's pride, which the obscuration of recondite classical references only make the more hideous to all who can penetrate the verbal veil. He says—"The vice which these West-end hubbub is now raised) is that which results from the chance *melle* of strangers. Abominable as it may be in itself, it is almost a compromise for more abominable violations of the eternal law of purity. But what are the dangers to which the overcrowded cottage may lead? We only dare allude to them by saying that we should tremble to guess how many hamlets may contain their tattered canace and clay-grimed Macareus—if not their conscious Chyrras and brazen Myrrha. The best and most innocent minded girl of the labouring class knows far more at fifteen than the high-born damsel at twenty-five. The very term of classical derivation which alone, in all the languages of Western Europe, exists to designate the disregard of consanguinity, is an unknown word to millions of English folk. The clergyman might accordingly preach most forcibly against incest, and yet if, as he probably would, he fought shy of explaining what it was that he denounced he would leave those who had most need of his monition thoroughly ignorant of what offence it was they were warned to avoid." Sweet picture of rural simplicity, drawn by no cockney hand, be it remembered, but by a most accomplished and conscientious country gentleman and member of the legislature, who has made the condition of the cottager his speciality, and, unlike the majority of agitating philanthropists, has done much in purse to combat the wickedness he gibbets in speech. Yet the nation, with this ulcers enormity in its own bosom, instead of bending all its energies to eradicate the gangrene, is execrably sollicitous for the abatement of mahogany-faced gentleman's partiality for polygamy at the other end of the globe, and deems it monstrous that Gentoo don't resist rummy steak and oyster sauce like a London adorman, and that Mahomedans can't be prevailed upon to cultivate a taste for pork pies.—Correspondent of the Liverpool Advertiser.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS.—Our attention has lately been drawn to a subject which appears particularly worthy of consideration. We allude to the case of the Catholic chaplains of the army. It appears to us that there is no occasion to discuss the question in a religious or sectarian point of view, for private feelings and national prejudices will then always come into play; but there is a plain, straightforward, business like way of looking at the question which ought to satisfy everybody of the justice and impartiality of making so great a distinction as is made between the chaplains of the different denominations. England recognizes among her soldiers three separate creeds—Anglican, Catholic, and Presbyterian. The officer and soldiers of these denominations draw the same pay, perform the same duties, and are bound by the same laws one with another. Why should a difference be made in the treatment of their chaplains? The Catholic priest and the Protestant clergyman who administer to the spiritual wants of a garrison perform each similar duties for their flock, and a certificate is required previously to their drawing their salaries that these duties have been correctly and duly performed. Why, then, should the difference only begin when the salary (in no case a very ample one) is paid? Where the same duties are performed the same recompense should be awarded. This appears to us very plain. We will not expatiate on the injustice and the glaring impolicy of treating with indifference the religious feelings of a body of men so large that were it withdrawn from the English army that army could scarcely be said to exist. We could call up in reproachful evidence the host of graves that cover the surface of the globe from north to south and from east to west, where England's armies have fought and conquered, but where England's Catholic soldiers have died without the consolation of a religion dear to them as their hearts, and with the consciousness that they had served a country which has brought their bodies but cared but little for their souls. Englishmen are too just and too business like to allow this to continue. Let the government put all the chaplains on an equal footing, and then we shall have indeed a "United Service," and the poor sick soldier who never yet grudge his life for England will fight his battles side by side with his Protestant comrade without any ill-feeling at his heart.—United Service Gazette.

A PROTESTANT CLEROMAN COMMITTED TO PRISON FOR AN ASSAULT.—On Sunday last, the Rev. Mr. James, a graduate of Cambridge University, was committed by the Mayor of Oxford and another magistrate, for a month and a day, with hard labour, for disorderly conduct and assaulting the inspector of the University police. Mr. James, who had only left the workhouse that morning (where he has recently been an inmate, and of which he was one time chaplain), is well known in the counties of Oxford and Bucks.

SUNDAY TRADING.—Those who speak of preventing Sunday trading by legal or moral force speak with a vast interval of separation between themselves and those whom they sincerely desire to benefit. The upper and middle classes have all they want, weak days and Sundays alike—every comfort, every decency of life. The poor are differently situated. As long as the rich have Sunday luxuries which entail work upon a household, the poor will have their's which entail work upon a street. The real fact is, that the religion of Protestant England would keep a Jewish Sabbath with a change of day. Catholic France is wiser; and, with all its faults, a Parisian Sunday is preferable to a London Sunday. A larger proportion of the inhabitants have been to church. The shops are sooner shut; and its amusements, secular as they are unhappily, are in comparison morally innocent. Can as much be said for the Sabbath-breaking portion of the London community? As for Protestant Germany and Protestant Sweden, they have united amusements of Paris with the London neglect of public worship. For us the matter must end where it has begun, in meetings, and tracts, and sermons; and Sunday trading must be left to the consciences and the convenience of buyer and seller.—Union (Protestant).

THE RECENT TRIAL OF MADELINE SMITH.—At the annual meeting of the Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum, held on Monday, February 22, it was incidentally mentioned by the resident physician, that two patients had been received into the asylum, in the course of the year, who had become insane in consequence of the excitement at the perusal of the newspaper reports of the trial of Miss Madeline Smith.

NEW BRUNSWICK—SUDDEN DEATH OF TWO BROTHERS.—On Thursday, the 6th inst, John Johnson, Esq., Police Magistrate for the city of St. John, while holding his Court, fell down and expired in the act of perusing a document. His brother, Ohs Johnson, Esq., High Sheriff of St. John, arrived the next day from the United States to attend his brother's funeral, and on the following Tuesday was himself a corpse.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The mail by the *North American* brings important news from India, from which it would seem that the campaign in Oude has been barren of results. The hot weather was setting in, which would put a stop to active operations for some months; in the mean time, Sir Colin Campbell was preparing to advance upon Rohilcund. It was rumored that the British had experienced a reverse near Allahabad. On the whole, the news is not cheering.

In the House of Commons, Mr. D'Israeli has succeeded in carrying his second resolution declaring it expedient to confide the Government of India to a Secretary of State, by a vote of 351 to 100. Threats of a dissolution are held out by Lord Derby in case the Commons should prove restive. From France there is little new to report; only the tone of the *Univers* is more than ever hostile towards Great Britain. A note, demanding an indemnity of 100,000 francs for the imprisonment of the two English engineers, has been presented to the Neapolitan Government, and favorably received. From Russia we learn that great excitement prevails amongst the serfs, and that in several localities the services of the military have had to be put in requisition to restore order.

The *Niagara* from Liver pool Stb inst., arrived at Halifax on Wednesday. There is nothing positive from India, but it is said that Sir Colin Campbell, who is to be created a Peer, is urgent for reinforcements. European political news unimportant. Breadstuffs tending downwards.

THE ORANGE BILL.—Although defeated for this Session by a small majority in a full House, we must not suppose that the Orangemen are in the least disheartened, or that they have any intention of abandoning their policy of procuring from the Legislature the official recognition of their Society as a perfectly legal organization. On the contrary, their organs announce their intention to renew the battle; and with good reasons look upon the late proceedings in Parliament, as giving them assurance of ultimate success. Indeed, the Orangemen have partially succeeded in their main object. They have obtained a respectful hearing from the Legislature, and the active support of the Ministry, who, on the Orange question made "common cause" with George Brown and his "Clear Grit" allies; and have therefore succeeded in wringing from the Legislature, as they had previously succeeded in wringing from the head of the Executive, a formal recognition of their existence as a component part of the body politic; for this we have to thank those renegade Catholics, who, to save their places and salaries, voted for the first and second readings of the Orange Incorporation Bill.—We have therefore no reason to congratulate ourselves as if we had won a decided victory; we have as yet merely succeeded in postponing the evil day for a season; and it depends altogether upon our future conduct, whether this partial victory be not converted into a signal and irreparable defeat.

Not that under any circumstances, so long at least as Canada retains its connection with Great Britain, there is any actual danger of an Orange Incorporation Bill becoming part of the law of the land. Even were such a Bill to pass both Houses of our Colonial Legislature, and to receive the Governor's assent, we may be morally certain that no Ministry at home would dare to advise the Sovereign to sanction it. Of this, of course, the Orangemen themselves are well aware; for they are not such fools as to deceive themselves, or to allow others to deceive them, as to their true position. It is not then the Bill itself that we dread; but the moral effect of a formal recognition by our Canadian Government, of a "secret political society," organized for the sole purpose of perpetuating "Protestant Ascendancy;" and whose object is consequently the humiliation of Her Majesty's loyal Catholic subjects throughout the Empire. For, as the "Ascendancy" of any one religious denomination is incompatible with religious equality, so—upon the principle that if two men ride upon one horse, one must ride behind—that Protestant Ascendancy, which it is the express object of Orangeism to establish and perpetuate, would necessarily be destructive of religious equality, and therefore of religious liberty in Canada.

But we are told that Orangeism is not a political, but a "religious and charitable society;" therefore equally entitled with any other religious or charitable society to the countenance of the State. "Whereas"—says the preamble to the Orange Bill—"there has for many years existed in the Province of Canada a Religious and Charitable Association under the name of the Grand Lodge of the Loyal Orange Association of British North America—therefore," &c.—Now is this allegation true?—is the Orange Association primarily, either a religious or a charitable organization? This is a question of fact, which can be best settled by reference to the history of Orangeism, and the confessions of its own children.

And it must be remembered that in solving this question, we are much assisted by the positive assurance of Mr. Benjamin's own organ, that what Orangeism was sixty years ago, that it is to-day. If in its origin it was a political, rather than a religious society, if the objects of its founders were rather to uphold a particular form of Government in Church and State, than to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the houseless, provide attendance for the sick, and dry up the tears of the fatherless children and widows—then such it is now; and such in Canada in 1858, as in Ireland in 1798, are the chief objects of the society which now comes knocking at the door of the Legislature for an Act of Incorporation, upon the plea of being, not a political, but a "religious and charitable association." What then, we ask, was Orangeism in its origin?—what the objects of its founders?

"Orange Societies"—says Sir Jonah Barrington in his *Personal Sketches*—"Orange Societies, as they are termed, were first formed by the Protestants to oppose and counteract the turbulent demonstrations of the Catholics who formed the population of the South of Ireland. But at their commencement, the Orangemen certainly adopted a principle of interference which was not confined to religious points alone, but which went to put down all popular insurrections which might arise on any point. The term Protestant Ascendancy was coined by Mr. John Gifford, and became an epithet very fatal to the peace of Ireland"—p. 155.

This is the testimony, as to the origin and objects of Orangeism, of one who was himself an Irishman, a Protestant, and an Orangeman: of one therefore who is certainly fully qualified to give conclusive testimony as to the origin and objects of the Society of which he was a prominent member. Now Sir Jonah Barrington assures us that the primary object of the Orange institution was to oppose and counteract the Catholic population of the South of Ireland, and to assert "Protestant Ascendancy" as the principle upon which the Government of the country should be conducted. This was sixty years ago; but what the Orangemen were sixty years ago, that says Mr. Benjamin's mouthpiece—that are they to-day.

Or if we look to its annual celebrations, and examine the events thereon commemorated, we shall find equally conclusive evidence as to the essentially political and sectarian character of Orangeism. We have Catholic charitable societies, such as the society of St. Vincent de Paul and others; these too have their festivals, their special days, on which they commemorate some act intimately connected with the objects of their institution, or the memory of some one whom they propound to all their members as a model and exemplar to be imitated. The objects we say of such societies, and their true character, may always be concluded with infallible certainty from the deeds and person which and whom they commemorate on their annual festivals. For a charitable society will certainly not commemorate events connected with civil strife and warfare; nor will a religious association—if its principal festival, the anniversary of a bloody contest and the defeat of a gallant people fighting for their sovereign and their religion, their liberties and national independence. But the event *par excellence*, which the Orange Association commemorates, is the slaughter of Erin's best and bravest at the Boyne water, the conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Dutch under the invader William of Orange, and long years of "Protestant Ascendancy," and cruel persecution of Ireland's faithful Catholic children. If an association were formed in Canada to commemorate the defeat of the gallant Montcalm, and the triumph of British over French arms; and if not content with periodically insulting the people of Lower Canada, by annual processions, accompanied with offensive banners, and opprobrious war-cries, it were to appeal to the Legislature for an Act of Incorporation upon the plea of being a "charitable and religious society"—we should have a correct, though, but a feeble copy of the position of the Orange Societies of Canada; and yet we doubt not that, if such an anti-Canadian association were in existence, and were so to apply to the Legislature, we should find a few miserable lick-spittles like Cartier, Alley, and Loranger, voting the degradation of their own countrymen and co-religionists, and in abject humility prostrating themselves beneath the feet of their arrogant foes; whilst so-called French Canadian and Catholic journalists would not be wanting to apologise for the poltroons, and in long-winded sophisms, to offer excuses for the infamous treachery of their ministerial patrons.

Nor is it any reply to these arguments against the "charitable and religious" character of the Orange Association to assert that it does make provision for the necessities of its own members, and does provide the poorer amongst them with food, raiment, shelter, and medical attendance when sick. All these things may Orange societies do; but these are not the primary objects of the institution. There are amongst the thieves, pick-pockets, and prostitutes of London associations of an analogous character; which provide for their members in certain emergencies, and furnish them, sometimes with legal assistance when in the hands of the ministers of justice, or with drugs and medical attendance, when from foul disease they are no longer able to pursue their nefarious commerce. Now if to do these things be sufficient to entitle the doers to the epithet of "religious and charitable," then to say the least, the thieves, and prostitutes of London are as much entitled to ask an act of Incorporation from the Imperial Parliament, as are the Orangemen of Canada, to ask—on precisely the same grounds—for a similar act of formal recognition from our Provincial Legislature.

Yet were the former rash enough to make the attempt, they would undoubtedly be met with the reply that theft and fornication are things essentially evil; and that an association of thieves and prostitutes, in spite of its occasional charities towards its own suffering members, was not a legitimate object of legislative recognition.—Why then should Orangemen be treated differently? Are not all "secret political" societies essentially evil, and dangerous to society?—are not all associations of men, bound together by secret oaths, and in virtue of their secret organization, exercising a powerful political influence—the objects of every wise and virtuous statesman's abhorrence? A "secret politico-religious" society is *malum per se*—essentially evil, always and under all circumstances; and therefore as little entitled to a respectful hearing from the Legislature as would be a society of professed thieves or prostitutes. But by voting for the first stages of the Orange Bill, our precious Catholic ministers declared—in direct violation of the teachings of the Catholic Church—that there is nothing essentially and necessarily evil in a "secret politico-religious" society; for a Bill which evidently involves an evil principle, is never allowed to be read even a first time in the Imperial Parliament, and should therefore be in like manner rejected in our Legislative Assembly.—Our *Kaatholic* Ministers have therefore ratified a false principle, and inflicted an incalculable, and we fear, irreparable injury upon the cause of religion and morality in Canada. We should add that in the Toronto papers, M. Cartier is reported as having said that he "did not know that Orangeism was a secret society." This of course is an error of the reporters; for with all his faults, M. Cartier is too clever a man to have uttered such a manifest falsehood; and one which could have been refuted in an instant by the production of the "Blue Books" on Orangeism, which are to be found in the Library of the House, and with whose contents M. Cartier is of course well acquainted.

"The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time pleaser."—*Twelfth Night*.

Mister George Brown is an ill-used, and a most unjustly abused man. He is called a bigot, and a fanatic; and his diatribes against our clergy and religious sisterhoods, are most falsely attributed to his ardent zeal for the holy Protestant faith. This is unjust towards Mr. Brown; for "devil a bigot or fanatic is he, or anything else but a time server."

Mr. Brown is, in short, a clear sighted, cool-headed, and smart man of business; one of those shrewd, prudent, calculating and well ordered sort of persons, whose passions are always subordinate to their material and pecuniary interests; and who are altogether incapable of any hasty or passionate act, for the good reason that they are never susceptible of any honorable or generous emotion. These men are neither bigots nor fanatics; though of course if it suits their book, if it promises to advance their worldly interests, they will ape the language and manners of the Exeter Hall "swaddler," and outdo in extravagance the craziest "No-Popery" buffoon that ever ranted from a tub. A bigot or fanatic is one who is sincere even in error; who is unreasonably and obstinately, but conscientiously attached to a particular set of opinions; and who—if ready to persecute others—is willing to die at the stake, rather than abandon one iota of his principles. Now assuredly Mr. George Brown is not justly obnoxious to the reproach of sincerity, of conscientiousness, or fidelity to principle: and we protest therefore against the injustice of calling him, as do some of our cotemporaries, "a fanatic and a bigot." Never was there a man who had less of fanaticism or bigotry in his composition, than this same Mr. George Brown.

The simple truth is, that the "No-Popery" dodge is about the best possible, "dodge" for a public man to adopt in Upper Canada at the present moment, and Mr. G. Brown adopts it accordingly. In the same way in Lower Canada,

during election time, the "bons principes" dodge is the paying "dodge," and our Cartiers, our Lorangers, and Alleyns, adopt it accordingly—are loud in their professions of attachment and fidelity to the Catholic Church, fervent in their denunciations of "Rougeism" and most devout in their attendance at church, especially when they have a chance of being noticed. Yet who would dream of calling M. Cartier, Mr. Alley, or M. Loranger, a bigot, or a fanatical Catholic? These men have as little of the fanatic or bigot about them, as has Mr. George Brown.—They are not fanatics, "or anything constantly, but time-servers;" and the only warm attachment with which they can be justly taxed is, an ardent and undying attachment, through good report and evil report, to their places and Government salaries.

There is of course a good deal of bigotry in Upper Canada; a vast amount of unreasoning and irrational hatred of the Catholic Church, and her discipline—her doctrines, and her tyrannical restrictions upon the lusts of the flesh. Of this bigotry and fanaticism, Mr. George Brown, though no bigot or fanatic himself, cleverly avails himself; turning it to his personal advantage, and making use of it as an instrument or tool wherewith to build his political fortunes. To suppose that he in the slightest degree participates in that hatred, or is the victim of the prejudices under which his tools labor, would be to do great injustice to the honorable member for Toronto. He has taken up with the "No-Popery" line of business for the present, not from taste, but simply because he is keen-sighted enough to perceive that, in the present temper of the Upper Canadian rabble, the "No-Popery" business is likely to yield a very handsome return for the capital therein expended. Were a corresponding change to come over public sentiment, we should see him humbly going down on his knees in the mud, to crave a blessing from the hands of a Popish Bishop; or perhaps, after cheerfully submitting to the requisite surgical operations, we should hear him shouting with the most fervent professors of Islam—"There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." For in anything that does not touch his purse or his pocket, we do not believe that there is a more liberal man in Canada, than is Mr. Geo. Brown.

A sense of justice towards a political opponent, wrongfully taxed with "bigotry and fanaticism," compels us to put forward the above vindication of Mr. Brown's political career, and the motives of his hostility towards the Catholic clergy, and our Catholic charitable institutions. We are pained, we confess, at seeing the epithets "bigot and fanatic" applied by our cotemporaries to one who is so little deserving of them as is Mr. George Brown; and we feel it our duty to protest against imputing to that personage any qualities whatsoever, which imply in the slightest degree, sincerity, conscientiousness, or integrity of purpose. The man is a "time-server" and nothing more or less; he is a shrewd "canny" Scot; one—we may say, the type—of a class of Scotchmen who are sure to succeed in this world, because not overburdened with scruples of conscience, or fantastical notions of honor. Ready, either to bully the weak, or to crouch before the strong—adepts equally at blustering and at "boozing and scraping"—these men of whom our Canadian "No Popery" hero may be looked upon as the type, are sure to succeed, sure to rise to the surface in a community like ours in Canada, where such qualities are the surest passport to wealth and station. Let us then be just to the possessors of these valuable qualities, frankly acknowledge their merits, and pay due homage to their virtues. Sycophants, hypocrites, and "time-servers," they may be; but in the name of common sense, do not tax them with "bigotry or fanaticism."

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.—On the 12th inst., the first order of the day, for Mr. O'Farrell to attend in his place, was read; but that amiable gentleman was not present. Mr. Cartier then moved Mr. O'Farrell's expulsion from the House, which was seconded by Mr. Atty-General McDonald, and carried unanimously. Mr. Cartier then gave notice that the Government would issue no new writ until a Bill had been introduced for disfranchising the parishes in the County where the Lotbiniere election frauds had been committed. Mr. Drummond was of opinion that great caution should be exercised, as such a measure might lead to the disfranchisement of other places. On the same day, the House went into Committee on the Bill to authorize the Sisters of Charity of the General Hospital of Montreal to alienate certain portions of their property. Mr. Dorion insisted upon the advantages conferred upon society by the admirable institution in question; and pointed out that the Seigneurie of Chateauguy was purchased with funds furnished by a charitable lady in 1752. A desultory debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. McGee took Mr. Mackenzie to task for his impertinence towards the Ladies of Charity. The several clauses were then carried, with the understanding that, on the third reading, several amendments would be proposed.

On the 14th Mr. Alley moved the second reading of the Bill relating to emigrants, and designed to remedy various abuses in the present system, and to protect emigrants against the fraudulent machinations of the low boarding-house keepers, and runners who prey upon the unfortunates newly landed on our shores. Mr. McGee announced his intention of proposing some amendments in committee, and the Bill was read a second time. On the same day Mr. McDougall took his seat amidst the cheers of his friends, and laughter of the Ministerialists.—The House went into Committee and it was resolved that, after the first of January next, there should be imposed one uniform tax of five shillings upon all emigrants.

On the 17th, the Report of the Committee on the Lotbiniere election was presented; declaring that the election of Mr. O'Farrell was null and void, that the petition against him was neither frivolous nor vexatious, but that the defence of

the member, petitioned against, was frivolous and vexatious. This will impose the payment of costs upon Mr. Farrell's securities. M. Dorion moved the concurrence of the House with the report of the Committee on the Bill for enabling the Sisters of the General Hospital to dispose of certain landed property. Mr. Brown moved in amendment that the Bill be sent back to Committee, with instructions to amend the Bill by the insertion of a clause prohibiting the Sisters from investing the money obtained by the sale, in the purchase of real estate. On a division, Mr. Brown's amendment was negatived by a majority of 54 against 35. An amendment by Mr. Hartman, to prevent the Sisters from acquiring land in Upper Canada, was rejected by a similar majority, and ultimately the Bill passed in spite of the opposition of the "Liberals" of the Upper Province. On the 18th, Mr. Ferguson moved the second reading of his Bill for abolishing separate schools; after a weary debate, the House adjourned without a division. The speeches delivered on the occasion are scarce worth noticing, as on both sides of the House, members took good care to shirk the real merits of the question at issue—i.e., the right of the parent to educate the child, without let or hindrance from the State. We shall however give an analysis of the debate in our next, as a specimen of the anile twaddle that passes for argument amongst our Parliamentary Solons.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Toronto, May 10th, 1858.

The division on the Orange Incorporation Bill displays some peculiarities, to which you may feel it your duty to call public attention. There were, as you are aware, two distinct votes taken—first, whether the Bill should be read a first time; second, on "the six months' hoist," which was carried. When the Bill was declared on the first division, Mr. Speaker Smith voted in favor of the introduction of the Bill; but this I must observe is no proof of the Speaker's personal bearings in the case. The Parliamentary rule—as I understand it—is, that, unless in certain specific cases, the Speaker always so rules, as to enable the House to resume the discussion at a future stage. I mention this in justice to the Speaker, who is no Orangeman, though his grey horse does figure in the Kingston celebrations of the Battle of the Boyne.

In analysing the yeas and nays, it is a very agreeable duty to notice that Mr. Drummond, who has just arrived here, voted, and spoke against the introduction of the Bill, and voted for the six months' hoist. Of the Lower Canada Members, Mr. Dorion, of Montreal, was the most active and efficient opponent of the measure. He first stated the bold, broad ground of opposition to the measure, and at the close he had risen to move the six months' hoist, when Mr. Cauchon forestalled him by catching the Speaker's eye first. The zeal of the Hon. Member for Montmorenci did him honor; but as the senior Member for Montreal had led the discussion, and had received the greater number of blows from the advocates of Orangeism, it was perhaps due to him not to take the concluding motion out of his hands.—However, it was well and promptly done; and if Mr. Dorion had not been on his feet at the moment, our thanks to M. Cauchon would have been unqualified. The spirited conduct of Mr. Turcotte, an invariable Ministerial supporter, in voting both times against the measure, was also much to his honor.—He usually follows his leaders like a shadow; but on this occasion he showed himself for once a man of courage and substance. Major Campbell, Mr. Terrill, and Mr. Pope, stood firmly against the measure; and Mr. Galt made a few straightforward and emphatic remarks, heartily condemning all such societies, and scolding the very idea of entertaining the application. Mr. Dunkin also spoke heartily and well in the same vein; whilst Richard Scott, of Ottawa, though generally going with the Government, in a few manly and emphatic words, expressed his astonishment at Mr. Alley's line of remark, and his total dissent from the course taken by that gentleman. It gives me pleasure to bear testimony to this upright conduct of so many Protestant gentlemen from Lower Canada, and to call your notice to the contrast it furnishes, with the subserviency of "Brother" McDonald's quasi-Catholic colleagues—the Cartiers, the Alleyns, and the Lorangers. Or, what is still stranger, here were Biggar, Burwell, Christie, Foley, McKenzie, McCann, Nottman, and William Scott, Upper Canada Protestants—some of them with Orange constitutions—voting fearlessly against the Act of Incorporation; with Alley, Cartier, Loranger and Scitotte, with Bale, Simard, Lacoste, and Tett, voted on one or both divisions with the Orangemen! If these gentlemen are to escape uncensured, and unpunished, how can we hope to make, or have friends in public life, or in Parliament? Who will respect us, if we do not respect ourselves? The answer I leave to yourself.

From the reports of the Toronto papers, readers at a distance can have but a faint impression of the interest excited by this Orange debate. It commenced at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and ended at midnight. It was a day not ill spent; but the Bill ought to have been thrown out by a majority of, at least, 20. Had there been that number, the applicants would not have attempted it again. But now with only 8 of a majority to overcome, it is to be feared that the Order will be encouraged to make an electioneering test of their application, and will thus be able to diminish still further the number of their liberal representatives. Their wiser course would perhaps be to abstain from future attempts of this kind; but when did ever that wretched faction learn wisdom from experience?

Yours truly,

X

MIXED SCHOOLS.—As a proof—if proof were needed—of the demoralising effects of the school system of Upper Canada, and of the herding together of the sexes of the age of puberty in schools under the control of male teachers, we may be permitted to allude to a recent disgusting case tried before Judge Haggerty, and reported in the columns of the *Globe*. The particulars are too beastly for insertion in the TRUE WITNESS. Suffice it to say, that the plaintiff was the father of a young girl, who had been seduced and ruined by her school teacher, a young man under whose care she had been placed. In fact, the schools of Upper Canada can be nothing better than dens of vice, and hot beds of prostitution, so long as the present revolting system of allowing the sexes to mingle promiscuously together, under the charge of male teachers continues. For the sake of asserting their "ascendancy" over the Catholic minority, a tyrannical Protestant majority may uphold the present system for a few years. But as seduction cases like that just tried before Judge Haggerty become more numerous—as no doubt they will—even Protestants will find that the pleasure of robbing and persecuting Papists has its drawbacks; and that the present system, though admirably devised for the perversion of Papists, is at least equally fatal to the chastity of their own sons, and the purity of their daughters.

HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON.—On Wednesday Mr. Horan, the newly consecrated Bishop of Kingston, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Cazeau of Quebec, and several other clergymen of that Diocese, arrived in Montreal en route to Kingston, for which city they started yesterday. We sincerely congratulate the Catholics of Kingston upon the arrival amongst them of their worthy Bishop.

A MEETING AND A ROW.—Our readers conversant with Gulliver's adventures must remember the great controversy betwixt the "Big-Endians" and the "Little-Endians," that so fearfully distracted the Island of Lilliput; and they will of course recollect that the latter were those who persisted in the practise of breaking their eggs at the little end, whilst the former insisted upon breaking their's at the big end. Hence the feuds betwixt the "Big-Endians" and the "Little-Endians."

The feuds of Lilliput have been renewed in Montreal, betwixt two parties whom—for convenience sake—we may term the "West-Endians" and the "East-Endians." Of these parties, both agree that an extension of the harbor accommodation of Montreal is necessary, and should be made at public expense. The "East-Endians," however, having property in the Eastern section of the city, to which a great increase of value would be given if that end of the city were selected as the site of the new docks—are in favor of having those docks constructed towards the Quebec Suburbs; whilst, for analogous motives, the "West-Endians" are strongly in favor of making the proposed harbor in the vicinity of Griffintown. Hence the row which disturbed the peace of Montreal on Monday last.

Several preliminary meetings having been held during the previous week, a public meeting of all the citizens was called for Monday afternoon last, at the Bonsecours Market. At the appointed hour of 2 p.m., large bodies both of "West" and "East-Endians" had assembled in front of the City Market, and in the vicinity of Bonsecours Church. The Chair was taken by the Mayor, and the crowd was addressed by one or two of the gentlemen present. Soon, however, signs of mutual hostility betwixt the different "Endians" began to manifest themselves. Stones were thrown, mighty oaths were sworn, and a battle royal ensued, in the course of which the "East-Endians," who were the more numerous, and the better provided with missiles, seem to have had the advantage. The Police, however, who were on the spot, soon succeeded in quelling the disturbances, and the combatants were separated; and the Mayor under these circumstances adjourned the meeting sine die. A good many windows of the houses and stores in the immediate vicinity of the conflict betwixt the "West" and "East-Endians," were broken with stones. Some very serious injuries also were, we fear, inflicted upon the combatants of either party; but by four o'clock our streets had resumed their ordinary peaceful aspect.

ORANGE JUSTICE.—The trials at Toronto resulting out of the riot occasioned by the unprovoked attack of the Orangemen, upon the St. Patrick's procession on the 17th of March last, have at length terminated in the manner we anticipated. Every Orangeman concerned therein has been set free; and the Catholics, who were innocent of all crime, save that of defending themselves against a savage and unprovoked attack, have been found guilty. This does not we say surprise us, for what else can we expect so long as the Attorney-General, the Chief Law Officer of the Crown, is himself an Orangeman, and therefore interested in procuring immunity for his "dear brothers;" or so long as there are to be found in the Catholic ranks, fellows mean enough, for the sake of "government pay," to support an administration whose leader is an avowed member of the infamous Orange organization! In fact, so long as we continue to pursue the same truckling venal policy that has distinguished us of late, we shall most richly deserve to be kicked and spat upon by our enemies, and to be treated as "an inferior race." For the injustice perpetrated upon the Catholics of Toronto, we have nobody to blame but ourselves, or rather those vile "backs" of an unprincipled Orange administration, whom we allow to misrepresent us. "A bad Catholic," says St. Bernard, "is far worse than an avowed heretic;" and it is because we have been fools enough, and traitors enough, to entrust the defence of our dearest interests to "time-serving" Catholics of the worst description, that we are now exposed to the contempt of all honest men, and that our clamors for justice against our oppressors are treated with derision. When we learn to respect ourselves, and show ourselves superior to the allurements of "Jack-in-Office," then, but not before, may we expect to be respected by others. As it is—and though we cannot but feel a lively sympathy for the individual victims of Orange misrule at Toronto—we feel that we have no right to complain; because, by our own venality, and our sordid subservency to an Orange administration—which does not take the slightest pains even to conceal its contempt for our conduct—we have justly forfeited all claims to be treated with consideration, and have proclaimed to the world that "government advertisements" and "government situations" are far dearer to us, than our own honor, or the interests of our holy religion.

LEGITIMATE FRUITS OF STATE-SCHOOLISM.—We commend to the attention of the Montreal Witness the following from the New York Tribune, as conclusive as to the value of that "non-Sectarian" education, which our cotemporary recommends as a guarantee against murder and assassination. How then does he account for the fact that murders should be so frequent in the land which above all others, is the stronghold of that very system of education which he admires, and would fain thrust down the reluctant throats of the Catholics of Canada?

"The recent debate in Congress on the insecurity of life in Washington, arising from that city being made a high 'change for ruffians, is highly curious and suggestive. Amid the differing views of Members as to the causes of the legitimate terror which has come over the chivalry of the South equally with the 'greasy mechanics of the North' assembled there, it is certain that the national headquarters is now the most insecure city in the Union. We learn that since the first of March, with fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, there have been reported thirteen cases of deadly assault with slung-shot, pistols and bowie-knives, several deaths ensuing. Besides these, there are counted eleven highway robberies, seven incendiary fires, and nine riots. Our correspondent thinks that in this list not the half is told, as he knows of many other crimes not reported. In a word, Washington is a barbarous, brutal place, in which it is not safe to live, by the concession even of that friend of ruffians and of 'the devil incarnate,' heavy John Cochrane, who delivered a speech stating it could not be denied that in broad daylight men were stricken down in the avenue.

In recording these infamies, we wish to be understood as accompanying them with no marks of surprise. They are legitimate fruits of the prevailing system.

The Quebec Gazette is informed by a correspondent, that a clergyman of the Church of England, was refused admission into the Catholic Church by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, upon the grounds that he—the clergyman aforesaid—"was doing more in his present sphere to advance" the interests of Catholicity than he could possibly do if received into the Church. "What think you of this?" asks the writer in the Gazette; to which we reply that the Gazette's correspondent must be either a great fool or a great liar; and that the publication of such self-evident falsehoods says very little for the good taste and intellectual discernment of the Protestant readers of the Gazette. These stories belong to the order of "Flapdoodle," which, as is well known, is the stuff they feed fools on.

D'Arcy McGee, Esq., arrived in town on Saturday evening to assist at the "Harbor Extension" meeting of Monday last. Owing however to the disturbances by which that meeting was broken up, he took no very prominent part in the proceedings, and returned again to Toronto by the Monday evening train.

A correspondent writes to us from Arthur's Village, County of Wellington, complaining of the violence of the Orangemen of that district, and of the indignities by them inflicted with impunity, upon their Catholic neighbors. As a specimen of the manner in which the latter are treated, and of the fruits of an Orange Administration, he sends us the following particulars, for the truth of which he vouches:—

On the 16th of February last, about four or five hundred armed Orangemen marched into the village, and paraded the streets till about noon. As they met with no resistance from the Papists of the place, these brave Orangemen then commenced firing at the Catholic Church, in which, being merely a wooden building, no less than twenty-seven bullet holes were found the next day. It was then proposed by them to upset the Church, for as it was insured they declared that they would not burn it. They then attacked the house of the writer, firing several shots into it, and proceeded to treat the buildings of the other Catholics in the place, in a similar manner.—The writer and his two sons appeared, and deposed to these facts, before the Grand Jury at Guelph—a body composed of Orangemen. They succeeded in obtaining a True Bill against twenty of their Orange assailants; and the case is to be tried before the Guelph Fall Assizes, though as our informant says, so indifferent are Orange jurymen to the sanctity of an oath, and so strong their prejudices against Catholics, it is almost certain that the affair will end "in a bottle of smoke." We fear that the anticipations of our correspondent will be realized; for—with an Orangeman for Attorney General, and Orangemen for jurors—there is but little prospect of Catholics obtaining redress for injuries inflicted upon them by the Attorney General's "dear brother" scoundrels. Law, as at present administered by Orange officials, is, in so far as Catholics are concerned, an instrument not for their protection, but for their oppression, and for securing immunity to their Orange assailants. However, of this we have no right to complain, for we have no one but ourselves to blame. If Catholics will support an Orange administration, they must expect to be kicked and trampled on.

THE REVIVALS.—The fruits of this loudly vaunted work of the Holy Spirit are manifesting themselves in frequent cases of insanity brought on by nervous excitement, and terminating frequently in self-mutilation. To the Catholic, this simple fact must be conclusive as to the parentage of the "Revival Movement," and its relationship to Him Who is the author, not of confusion, but of peace.

The Revival humbug seems to have fairly died out in Canada; nor was it to be expected that it would survive the revival of business and the opposition of the spring trade. In Montreal, white "chokers" are at a discount; and from the Toronto correspondent of the Montreal Witness, writing under date 1st inst., we learn that in that city "the Union Prayer Meetings are gradually losing their interest, and becoming more thinly attended;" and that it is intended to close them at once.

Some excitement has been created amongst our republican neighbors by the proceedings of the British cruisers in the Gulf, in searching vessels under United States colors, supposed to be engaged in the slave trade. The Cabinet at Washington has determined to reinforce their naval armaments.

TOTAL NUMBER OF PATIENTS ADMITTED INTO SAINT PATRICK'S HOSPITAL, MONTREAL.

Table with columns: FROM 16TH AUG., 1852, TO 31ST DEC., 1857. Rows: Irish, Canadians, English, Scotch, Germans, United States, France, Belgium, Italians, Sweden, Denmark, Wales, West Indies, Nova Scotia, Unknown, Poland, Russia. Sub-totals for Males, Females, Total for 6 Years, Total Died, Montreal, 20th April, 1858.

RELIGION BY THE TON WEIGHT.—We learn from the Scottish Guardian, one of the leading evangelical organs of the British Empire, that "from Mr. Drummond's Tract Depot alone, there issue no less than Five Tons weight of his religious publications every month in the year."

We learn that M. Marchildon, formerly M.P.P. for the County of Champlain, was found drowned in his own well on Monday morning last.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Quebec, 18th May, 1858.

Sir—I send you herewith for publication a copy of a Report of the St. Bridget's Asylum Association; from which you will perceive that another of those charitable institutions, of which the Catholic Church is the fruitful parent, has been founded in this city. As it would occupy too much of your space to publish the balance sheet, to which the Report refers, I may mention that the total receipts since the commencement are, One thousand and fifty-eight pounds; and the disbursements Eight hundred and twenty-eight pounds. The number of admissions has been one hundred and twenty-seven. Ninety-nine left the Asylum, having had situations procured for them, or being otherwise provided for; only two deaths have occurred. There are at the present moment twenty-six inmates in the Asylum.

REPORT.

"The Committee of Management of the St. Bridget's Asylum Association have the honor to Report: That after considerable difficulty they have at length succeeded in acquiring a suitable property for the permanent location of the Asylum. This property comprises that large house and adjoining lot of ground forming the corner of Grand Allee and De Sallabury streets, in St. Louis Suburbs, belonging heretofore to the Fabrique of N. D. de Quebec, and purchased by your Committee on the 20th of January last, for the sum of One thousand pounds. Two hundred pounds of this have been paid at the time of sale, and the remainder will have to be liquidated in annual instalments of One hundred pounds each.

"The price and terms of payment are considered extremely favorable by persons who are competent to judge of the value of property in that locality. The position and extent of this property are very advantageous, in as much as its distance from the crowded parts of the city, afford the inmates the salubrity and repose of a country residence; and there is ample space for the erection of additional buildings, when such are required.

"Immediately after the purchase, your Committee caused the necessary repairs to be commenced; the attic flat has been converted into a dormitory capable of containing thirty beds; and a large room on the lower flat is now being fitted up for a Chapel, in which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up on every Sunday, and at other times during the week, thus giving the inmates an opportunity of performing all their religious duties on the premises.

"Your Committee have much pleasure in being able to state that, by an arrangement entered into with the Sisters of Charity, the interior management of the Institution will be conducted by these excellent ladies for the future; and as the lay management of this department will now necessarily terminate, your Committee have deemed this a fitting opportunity for drawing up a balance sheet, showing the receipts and disbursements of the Asylum from its commencement in December, 1856, to the present date; and also a return of the admissions into, and discharges therefrom during the same period.

"In conclusion your Committee beg leave to assure the Association, that the funds entrusted to their care, have been administered with the greatest possible economy; and that no pains have been spared on their part, to place the Institution in as favorable a position as possible, under the difficulties which surrounded its infancy. They now consider those difficulties surmounted, and its future prosperity they will receive from the congregation of St. Patrick's.

"The whole respectfully submitted. (Signed) B. M'GAURAN, Ptre., President, Quebec, May 6th, 1858."

THE ORANGE BILL.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir—Since the suspension of the New Era an onerous increase of duty has devolved on the True Witness—to battle alone and single-handed for the rights of the English speaking Catholics of Canada. It is true that there are other organs in the Province who arrogate to themselves a like mission; but alas! they are wolves in sheep's clothing;—their counsel is kept only in the violation, and is but a snare to decoy the unwary. There is no doubt but you will faithfully, fearlessly, and unhesitatingly labor for this end;—consequently you must mix yourself more with the secular affairs of the country than heretofore, and give your readers, particularly those confined to the reading of the True Witness, a synopsis of the doings of their public men on matters immediately connected with, or affecting them; otherwise the reformation you have so zealously struggled to bring about will remain unaccomplished.

GROWTH OF ORANGEISM.

The Beauty of Carlton, alias W. T. Powell, who a few months since was begging and praying the Catholics of Ottawa to intercede in his behalf with the Catholic voters of Carlton, making all kinds of verbal and written pledges of what he would not do for Catholics, and to the venality of whom he owes his seat

in the Legislature; who subsequently stood up in his place in Parliament, declaring that the petition of the Catholics of Toronto, which, however imprudently worded, was correct in its allegations, "should be kicked out with indignation"—insultingly boasted that "Orangeism was growing in strength and power in Canada." No wonder it should frantically luxuriate with a Governor giving it all the sanction and influence of his high official position—with an Orange Premier, who flagellates all the refractory backs of his Government into the traces of his Orange state coach,—with such brilliant statesmen as Cartier and Loranger to nourish and irrigate the noxious weed—with a liberal Alleen capable of soaring above the ferocious habits, violent passions, and degrading prejudices of the race with whom he claims lineage; with an Orange Speaker to defend it, and with two-thirds of the Militia, Magistrates, and public servants of Upper Canada sworn to cherish it. Indeed it would be a poor plant that would not thrive under such culture; and doubtless it will spring up with ten-fold luxuriance after the late Ministerial showers and sunshine. Are not those Catholics who travelled day and night, canvassing for Powell well repaid? They caused the honest farmers of Carlton to vote contrary to their desire and inclination; now let them pray that the just and fearful retribution of their crime may be averted.

Cayley, the Bible donor of Huron, and rejected of Bruce, on whose election depended the fate of the corrupt Ministry, on coming to Ottawa, first courted the Orangemen, but they cast him off with indignation. He next had to appeal to Catholics, and was not long obtaining whippers in to sound his "panegyric," not what he was, but what he should have been, through Renfrew; men who readily undertook to enjoin the honest Catholics of that country, who were ready to barter their influence over their too confiding countrymen for the smiles of a hostile Minister, and who procured his election by an overwhelming majority of Catholics. I am credibly informed that of the 1,000 votes cast for him, 850 were Catholics; and by voting for the Orange bill with his influence as a Minister, he shows his extreme gratitude and kindness. He thinks he is secure now, and therefore can laugh at our gullibility. I should like to know what Messrs Scott, French, O'Haulay, & Co., who so zealously worked for him through Renfrew, think of his conduct? Can the Catholics of Renfrew forget this outrage? Would it not be well if they hearkened to the wise admonition of their true friend, Mr. McGee? Will not some of the betrayed Catholics of Renfrew come forth and prove bribery and corruption, which, I am told, can easily be done, against the traitor, and depose him from the position he so dishonestly fills, and send him disgraced into oblivion? Eganville Irish Catholics, do your duty—if your honor is not tainted, and your moral consciousness contaminated by contact with the Ottawa friends of Cayley—you will come to the charge.

Alleen voted for the first reading; and in the second division, fearful of offending his master, and knowing he durst not vote the same way, again he sneaked off like a well trained cur with his tail stuck between his legs. What will the Catholics of Quebec now think of the protegee for whom they "fought, died, and bled?" Was Mr. McGee right when he suggested that that gentleman should undergo a strict examination of a certain kind before getting the support of Quebecers? Perhaps the leaders of the Quebecers are like those gentry who led the Renfrewites by the nose, intent only on their own aggrandizement, ready to betray and make tools of their too confiding countrymen. Irishmen of Canada, whether is it to your honor or disgrace that one of your race is in the Cabinet ready to endow your implacable and secret sworn enemy with corporate powers?

CARTIER, LORANGER, AND SCOTTES—"A TRIO."

Of the first two, it is sufficient to know them to despise them. A student of human nature would, studying Cartier's physiognomy, have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that he was intended by nature to chant "Lucy Neal," or some other cance song, for which I am informed he has an excellent appetite. As to Loranger he is too contemptible to deserve a passing remark which might give him a momentary importance.

SHERWOOD.

It fits across my memory like a dreaming recollection that I read in the True Witness last fall, that Sherwood obtained the Catholic vote of Brockville on condition that he would oppose Orange incorporation, and support Separate Schools. If this be correct, his promises seem to be made only to be broken. Catholics who so frequently have been "sold," I think should be very cautious before supporting a man of his strong Orange proclivities. An "old family compact" man should never be trusted. "An open foe is a curse, but a pretended friend is worse." It is true that a gentleman's word is as binding as his solemn oath. Can Mr. Sherman lay any claim to the quality? I need not remind the Catholics of Brockville to remember him.

FOADYISM.

Government toadies are already on the qui vive to palliate the crime of their masters, and exclaim "Oh, the Ministry would oppose it en masse, but they will know it would be thrown out by a large majority." What an unenviable position for the Queen's ministers to be in. It is in keeping with their secret written pledges and other dodges to retain a waning and fast escaping power.

MINISTERIALISTS AT THEIR DIRTY WORK.

I am credibly informed that strong efforts are being made by pseudo Catholics of the Alleen stamp, to induce the Catholics of North Leeds and Grenville, to vote for the notorious Ogle R. Gowan at the ensuing elections of that constituency, urging in his behalf that he is a supporter of a Ministry favourable to Catholics. Was ever known such barefaced falsehood? Surely after recent events, Catholic vision is sufficiently acute and distinct to discern friends from foes, and to detect the fallacy of such argument. They can now clearly and fully comprehend that Ministerialists must henceforth rank in the latter category. For my part I would much prefer supporting George Brown himself—the Ministerial bugbear—than any spawn or disciple of the present Ministry. Catholic voters of Leeds, and Grenville, do your duty, support the opposition candidate, and reject the traitor.

TWO QUERIES.

I should like to know how those gentlemen, calling themselves Irish, and Scotch Catholics, can justify their support of a Ministry avowedly Orange from groom to "shoe black?" Let them justify it if they can. Does the "Catholic Citizen" still doubt "if the Hon. John A. McDonald is an Orangeman," or that the Ministry "entertain no unfriendly feeling towards us?"

In conclusion Mr. Editor, I must crave your indulgence for trespassing at such unwarrantable length.

I remain yours, &c., AN IRISH CATHOLIC.

SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—Mr. Dorion has given notice that he will, at an early day, move the following Resolutions relative to the Seat of Government:—

To resolve— That a humble Address be presented to Her Majesty the Queen, to represent—

1st. That this House is truly grateful to Her Majesty for complying with the Address of Her Canadian Parliament, praying Her Majesty to select a Permanent Seat of Government; but that this House deeply regrets that the City which Her Majesty has been advised to select, is not acceptable to a large majority of the Canadian people.

2nd. That this House humbly prays Her Majesty to reconsider the selection she has been advised to make, and to name Montreal as the future Capital of Canada.

REMITANCES RECEIVED.

Per Rev. Mr. Paradia, West Frampton—J. Duff, Gs 3d; J. O'Brien, Gs 6d. Per J. Ford, Prescott—J. Mead, 12s 6d. Per Rev. Mr. Lalor, Picton—P. Mangham, 5s; D. O'Donnell, 10s. Per W. McFarlin, New Ireland—Self, 5s; N. Neagle, Gs 3d. Per J. Donegan, Tingwich—M. Gleeson, 10s. Per F. O'Neill, Packenham—Self, 12s 6d; M. O'Brien, 12s 6d. Per P. Doyle, Hawkesbury Mills—Self, Gs 3d; J. Carr, Gs 3d; P. Rodgers, 5s. Lochiel, D. McMillan, 10s; Finch, R. Murphy, 10s; Kingston, Very Rev. A. McDonald, 10s; S. Sullivan, 11s 3d; Gatham, A. Reaun, Gs 3d; J. Maguire, £1 5s; Rawdon, M. Rowan, 5s; J. Green, 5s; Carrillon, J. Kelly, 12s 6d; Vankleek Hill, W. McRae, £1; Templeton, T. Kennedy, £1 15s; Ottawa City, Mrs. E. Touhey, £1 5s; J. Wade 12s 6d; L. Whelan, 12s 6d; St. Andrews, A. McQueen, 10s; St. Raphaels, A. McRae, £1 5s; Beauharnois, J. McCall, 12s 6d; Arthur, E. Cavanagh, 10s; St. Sylvester, J. R. O'Sheridan, 10s; Sherrington, T. Whelan, 10s; Berthier, J. Morin, 12s 6d; Cornwall, R. T. Wilkinson, 15s; Valleyfield, O. O'Reilly, 10s; Stratford, C. A. Rankin, 10s; Guelph, M. Doyle, 10s; St. Raphaels, A. B. Macdonald, Gs 3d; L'Orignal, Rev. Mr. O'Malley, 12s 6d; Asphode; J. Ryan, 10s.

A pleasant travelling companion, and one that no traveller should be without is Perry Davis' Pain Killer. A sudden attack of diarrhoea, dysentery or cholera morbus can be effectually and instantaneously relieved by it.

BARBEROUS.—If you must shave—if you will shave—if you wished to be shaved—and oh! so nicely—just purchase a bottle of Bledgett's "Persian Balm." Four or five drops upon your brush makes a rich lather, and renders the beard soft. You cannot have a sore or chapped face, and use the "Persian Balm" for shaving.

A CHANGE COMING OVER THE SPIRIT, &c.—We (Ottawa Tribune) are pleased to give the following wise remarks from the last Bytown Gazette, on the evils of Orangeism, and secret societies in general being recognized by the executive powers of a country. There is no doubt but the good sense of the country will by and by tend to the eradication of these excretions of the body politic altogether, and the sooner the better:—

"The incorporation of, or giving legal privileges to, any secret society, we believe to be reprehensible in every point of view on abstract principle. The same rule holds equally when applied to societies professedly Protestant, as to those in connection with any other religion. The law should not, whenever it can be avoided, give power to that over which it cannot exercise complete control, or against the working of which it may hereafter have to array its full force. Whenever men are bound together for any purpose by secret oaths, if they are allowed to exist at all, being organized irrespective of the law, they should exist without the aid of its sanction. Incorporate the Orange Institution, and grant it legal power and privileges, and no one can say where the Legislature should stop."

Died.

On the 19th inst., of disease of the heart, after a short illness of three days, leaving a bereaved husband and four children to mourn her loss, Anne Corrigan, wife of Denis Murney, aged 37 years.—May her soul rest in peace.

Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend her funeral at 8 o'clock this morning (Friday), from her husband's residence, Colborne Avenue, to the place of interment, the Catholic burying ground.

At Ottawa City, on the 8th instant, in the 62nd year of his age, Daniel O'Connor, Esq. He arrived at the city of the present City of Ottawa on the 8th May, 1827, just 31 years ago. He was a native of the County of Tipperary, Ireland.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

Table with columns: Commodity, Price per unit, Date (May 18, 1858). Rows: Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Peas, Beans, Buckwheat, Indian Corn, Flax Seed, Potatoes, Pork per 100 lbs., Butter, Fresh, Salt, Eggs, Cheese, Turkeys, Geese, Poultry, Hay, Straw.

P. K.

Travelers are always liable to sudden attacks of Dysentery and Cholera Morbus, and these occurring when absent from home are very unpleasant. Perry Davis' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER may always be relied upon in such cases. As soon as you feel the symptoms, take one teaspoonful in a gill of new milk and molasses and a gill of hot water, stir well together and drink hot. Repeat the dose every hour until relieved. If the pains be severe, bathe the bowels and back with the medicine, clear.

In cases of Asthma and Phtisis, take a teaspoonful in a gill of hot water sweetened with molasses; also, bathe the throat and stomach faithfully with the medicine clear.

Dr. Sweet says it takes out the soreness in cases of bone-setting faster than anything he ever applied. Fishermen, so often exposed to hurts by having their skin pierced with hooks and fins of fish, can be much relieved by bathing with a little of the Pain Killer as soon as the accident occurs; in this way the anguish is soon abated; bathe as often as once in five minutes, say three or four times, and you will seldom have any trouble.

The bites and scratches of dogs or cats are cured by bathing with the Pain Killer, clear. Great success has been realized by applying this medicine as soon as the accident occurs.

Lyman, Savage, & Co., and Carter, Kerry, & Co., Montreal; Wholesale Agents.

A LUXURY FOR HOME.

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

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

Try this great "Home Luxury."

E. S. BLEDGETT & Co., Proprietor, Ogdensburg, N. Y. LAMPLAGH & CAMPELLO, (Wholesale Agents), Montreal.

* In Gentian Sermo LXXV.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

PARIS, APRIL 28, 1858.—It is stated by persons who occasionally have access to official quarters that a considerable relaxation in the present system of administration is not only probable, but certain.—Times Correspondent.

The Paris correspondent of the Weekly Register says that the acquittal of Bernard is still a sore subject, and, as I have before remarked, the greatest delicacy of management is needed to be exercised by the Emperor to calm his justly-irritated subjects—or, as I have before said, and as the Constitutionnel now says, "notwithstanding his good intentions; it would be difficult to prevent the consequences of public indignation." Let England remember this. At the same time, though the French Government is setting her maritime affairs in order, as it is setting everything else in order, the Monitor formally contradicts the report that a great increase is being made in the navy, attributing such reports only to persons who love to spread inquietude by inventing daily false news. The official journal adds, this report is completely inexact; nothing has been changed in the provisions of the budget fixed for 1858 and 1859. The division of France into five grand martial departments certainly will render the country ready for any emergency;—but there is, I believe, no doubt that its primary object is to stifle insurrectionary plots at home, and prevent their having influence on the people; secondly, as a secure protection of the frontiers; connected as France is with so many and so various-tempered other powers, surely this is only wise and prudent. That it had any reference to England when planned, I believe I may assure you was not intended, excepting as a very distant and general idea, not even necessary to provide against at the time. If England will have it so, of course France has a right to hold herself ready.

The Monitor publishes a decree founded on a report from the Minister of War, ordering that the 42,060 young soldiers still disposable of the contingent of the class of 1856 shall be called into active service. The cause of this course, as stated by the Minister, is that the successive reductions made in 1857 having brought down its effective strength below the complement fixed by the budget of 1858, particularly for the regiments of infantry, the necessities of the service require that it shall be increased to the budgetary strength of 392,400 men. These young soldiers are to join their respective regiments between the 10th and 20th of June.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW GUN.—The construction of a certain kind of gun under the personal surveillance of the Emperor has been much talked of amongst officers of the army. So important was the observance of secrecy considered by the Emperor, that double wages was given to those workmen employed in the construction of the gun as an inducement to submit to the hard condition of remaining within the walls of the foundry until it was entirely completed. On Monday the weapon was announced as ready for trial, and the Emperor convoked about forty officers of all ranks to the ceremony. The thickest and strongest specimen of stone defence amongst all those used at Vincennes for essaying the power of the guns was chosen by the Emperor to test the strength of this new invention. It succeeded perfectly. No sooner was the gun drawn forth—a small contrivance, dragged to the field by a single man—than the word to fire being given, the whole of the heavy wall, stone, bricks, cement, and all, disappeared from before the eye as by magic, and crumbled into dust in a moment. The delight expressed by his Majesty was, of course, re-echoed by the officers, and the more heartily, no doubt, were they conveyed when it became known that the invention is English, brought from England by an Englishman, and only offered to his Imperial Majesty after having been refused for two years by the government authorities in London. The covert allusions to a new element of strength lately acquired by the French in case of war, which is so often mentioned in the Paris papers of late, refer to this invention.—Court Journal.

The Univers publishes a second article of five columns of British India, signed "Louis Veullot." Its object is to demonstrate that Russia must, at no distant day, become mistress, not only of British India, but of the north of China. The article concludes thus:—

"But, although the ambition of Russia is incomparable more elevated than that of England, although she does not repudiate the Cross, but, on the contrary, nobly carries it as her standard, nevertheless that ambition is not less formidable to the world, and reserves for it no less catastrophes and no less degradation. England is a trader; Russia is despotic. As the former covets gold, the latter covets souls. Christ whom she adores is not the Christ who sacrificed himself for all mankind. It is her own Christ, of whom she is the pontiff, of whom her Emperor proclaims himself the only vicar, and the Cross before which she wishes the human race should bend, is but the handle of her sword. If Russia should snatch the universe from the trading Pope who sells poison enveloped in the leaves of a poisoned bible, she will impose her Pope on horseback, surrounded by armies more than barbarous; surrounded by spies, savants, and huggens; and on whose crown will hover, in place of the dove, the double-headed eagle, to devour everything, as the Cross has two arms to embrace all. The Englishman says to the rest of the world 'Live to enrich me,' the Russian will say 'Live to adore me,' and the pride of domination, implacable and ever insatiable as the thirst of gold, will equal it in iniquities. This is the reason why Russia, as well as England, will be disappointed in her expectations. Should she conquer to the extent of her wishes and swallow her entire prey, it will choke her. Interests will rise against England should she succeed, and conscience will rise against Russia. The Emperor of Russia will not be the universal Emperor because he will not be the Catholic Emperor. All his force will not prevent him from meeting hearts resolved to adore nobody but God."

ITALY. DOING AT ROME AS THEY DO AT ROME.—The Glasgow Free Press, (Glasgow), contains a letter from the Glasgow Correspondent, describing the use of the Holy Spirit. The letter, however, concludes with the following statement, which we give as we find it:—"It is relieving to know that at least everyone who comes here from England is not disorderly, overbearing, or arrogant. We have very often some of the best specimens of refinement and morality coming from England to this place, and it gives me the greatest pleasure that could be afforded to me in this way to be able to point to a bright example of this kind from your own door. His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, on his arrival here lately, went to kiss the Pope's foot. The Holy Father, on rising from his seat, found a gift of 12,000 scudi lying at his feet. His Grace attended at all the Holy offices performed at St. Peter's and the Sixtine Church during Holy week; and at the solemn mass and benediction of the blessed Sacrament of the mass on Easter Sunday.—I saw him afterwards mounted, along with General Goyon, at the head of the Roman army. He wore a red coat and tartan trousers."

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SWEDEN.

Sweden is taking another step in the Protestant direction; the Chambers, both of Clergy and Nobles, having rejected the King's proposal for a very slight and cautious relaxation of the present laws for the persecution of Catholics, by which every convert is subject to banishment and confiscation, the authorities are now pressing for sentence on a few noble-minded female converts, whose cause has been standing over to wait for the result. All this may show us how much we owe to the maintenance of the Faith in Ireland, and, perhaps, even more to the disorganization and division of English Protestantism against itself, which deprives it of the power to persecute here in the open manner it has never failed to adopt where it can.—Weekly Register.

INDIA.

On the 24th of March the bulk of the army before Lucknow was proceeding northward to Bareilly, commanded by Brigadier Walpole. A heavy column, under Sir E. Lugard, started on the 27th for Azimghur, and the remainder continued at Lucknow (? under) Sir Hope Grant. Sir Hugh Rose reached Jhansi on the 22d, and invested the place. The bombardment commenced on the 25th. On the 1st of April 25,000 rebels, with 18 guns, called the army of Pashawa, endeavored to raise the siege, and were defeated, with the slaughter of 1,500 men. On the 2d of April the town fortifications were captured.—On the 5th the garrison escaped from the fortress during the night, and, by last account, were being cut to pieces in their flight; about 3,000 having fallen. Six British officers killed. The Rajpootana field force, under General Roberts, reached Kontha on the 20th; the town and fortress were captured on the 30th, with very little loss on our side. Near Aginsar (?), on the south-east frontier of Oude, a detachment of the 37th, under Colonel Milman, had been compelled to retire with loss of baggage, and on the 24th of March was shut up at Azimghur. Strong detachments for its relief were on their way from Lucknow.

ALLAHABAD AND BENARES.—

The country opposite Benares, and to the north-eastward, continued much disturbed. The Northern Provinces being disarmed without resistance. Oude is to be pacified by means other than the bayonet. Maun Singh has surrendered himself, with several other Zemindars, thereby detaching at least 8,000 matchlockmen from the enemy. The proclamation I mentioned to you a month since is to appear a day or two after the fall of Lucknow, and is expected to produce the happiest results. It will, I am informed, announce honours and rewards for all the landholders who have stood faithful through all vicissitudes, confirmations of their titles, and, in many instances, considerable grants and gifts. It will also promise to all inhabitants who may submit before a certain date a full and free pardon and amnesty, and to all landowners, with named exceptions, their lives, and anything they may obtain from the clemency of Government. The mutinous soldiery are, however, entirely excepted from the benefit of the amnesty, which moreover is strictly confined to Oude. The order is published at the right time, after the fall of Lucknow, and must produce a tranquillizing effect. The people of Oude when they rose were scarcely our subjects, and thousands believed they were obeying the King. The amnesty saves them from despair, and may produce a sudden resolution to abandon the contest. It is, I think, a just and wise expedient, but fears are entertained upon one point. It is said the landholders, to whom the people look for guidance, are not promised their estates, and will not accept terms which may leave them beggars. I do not know that. Maun Singh has done so, and he was the boldest and ablest of them all. At all events, the time has arrived to try the experiment, and the importance of regaining all estates in Oude on our own terms as to tenure is not to be lightly estimated. The proclamation ought, as I am informed, to have appeared already at Allahabad.—Times Cor.

Sir Colin Campbell remains at Lucknow, but would probably move shortly on Sundola, and then into Rohilcund. The English garrison had been re-distributed, with the view to future operations in the field. Nana Sahib, reinforced by Bareilly Khan, purposed to attack the English. The British had experienced a reverse in the vicinity of Allahabad.

CHINA.

Canton continues tranquil. An Imperial edict was received on the 6th of March. Yeh's conduct is condemned. He is degraded, and a successor appointed. The latter is to settle disputes with the barbarians, who, excited to wrath by Yeh, had entered the city. Lord Elgin and his colleagues had left for the North, the former on the 3d of March. The inflexible, with Commissioner Yeh, had arrived at Calcutta.

AUSTRALIA.

MINING POPULATION OF VICTORIA.—The census of Victoria, which has just been completed, gives as the result a population of 264,334 males, and 146,432 females, making a total of 410,766 souls. The total population of the gold mines is estimated at 166,550, of whom 136,060 are males, and 30,490 females. This is equal to 37 per cent. of the entire population of Victoria. The Chinese number 24,273, all males; 23,623 are on the diggings, and 650 distributed over other parts of the country. The aborigines number only 1,768. Of the population, 69 per cent. only are lodged, 140,892 dwelling in tents and houses of a temporary construction; and out of the 166,550 distributed over the goldfields 124,891 are dwelling in tents, three-fourths of which consist of a single apartment. The increase of the general population within the three years of 1855, 1856, and 1857 has been 178,968, or 73 per cent.—Mining Journal of April 24.

DECREASED EXPORTS TO AUSTRALIA.—The returns from the Board of Trade for the three months ending March 31, 1858, shows a decrease of exports from the united kingdom to our Australian possessions. We find the declared value of 23 items gives a collective amount of £1,470,635; and as the total for the same period last year was £1,665,084, there is a decrease of £194,449, on the enumerated articles. The falling

of was chiefly in leather goods, beer and ale, and British spirits. The aggregate value of British exports to our Australian dependencies, for the first quarter of the present year, amounts to £2,305,985. Enumerated articles, £1,470,635; and unenumerated, £835,350.—Mining Journal of April 24.

CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW.

(From the London Times Correspondent.)

On the 10th of March the operations commenced by the force capturing Bank's House and the defences adjoining it. On the 11th Outram seized the iron bridge and swept the suburbs of the city, establishing himself strongly from the Badshahbagh. To that point, and in the evening of the same day the Highlanders and Sikhs carried the entrenched position around the Begum's Palace.

March 11, 1858.

Our guns and mortars, which were put in position yesterday, opened on the Begum's Palace and on the second line of the enemy's defences. This fire proved to be very destructive, and our heavy guns battered down stone walls and breached the brick and earth works of the enemy. It was understood that the Begum's Palace would be assaulted at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but the front was so well screened by out-houses, and by thick earthworks and parapets, that our artillery, powerful as it was, did not make sufficient impression on the place, to justify an attack till two hours later. I waited, in common with many other officers, for a long time, till the period arrived to return to camp, in order to witness the state visit of Jung Bahadour to his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. No one could say whether the assault was to come off or not, but, according to general orders, it was quite settled that the Maharajah would make his appearance in our camp at 4 o'clock. A canopy was prepared in front of the Commander-in-Chief's mess tent. A guard of honor of Highlanders, their band and pipers were drawn up near it, an escort of the 9th Lancers and a battery of field guns were in front and on the flanks, and all the ceremonials which could be devised under the circumstances were executed admirably well. Sir Colin, in full uniform, was punctual to the minute, and all his staff not on duty were also present in grand tenue. The chief, it was plain enough, would rather have been close to the Begum's palace. His eye and his ear were by turns directed towards that place, whence, as the time wore on, could be heard the increasing rattle of musketry. Still the Jung came not. Minute after minute passed by very slowly. It was plain that his Highness the Maharajah, if he knew of the Commander-in-Chief's arrangements, did not possess the "politeness of princes." It was 5 o'clock, and the musketry was rolling out in great volleys. Sir Colin was walking up and down, like a man who had waited quite long enough for his wife to get on her bonnet, and was about "to stand it no longer," when a great buzz amid the soldiers announced the arrival of the Jung Bahadour, "the Lord of Battle," and the band of the Highlanders and the thunder of the guns gave him welcome. Inside the canopy were Sir Archdale Wilson, Colonel Hogg, Colonel Young, Colonel Sterling, Sir Hope Grant, Major Bruce, Major Norman, Dr. Tice, &c. As the Maharajah approached the Commander-in-Chief and his aides-de-camp on duty stepped out to meet him. Who in London does not remember the Maharajah's diamonds and jewelled head dresses? In the light of the setting sun they even looked more brilliant than under the opera chandelier. Indeed, he was so very brilliant, that for a time one only looked at the casque and at the scarlet coat, crisp with jewels and gold, and not at the man who wore them. With white-kid gloved hand raised to his glittering crest, which nodded a plume of bird of Paradise feathers delicately loaded with emeralds and diamonds, Jung Bahadour advanced towards Sir Colin Campbell, took the outstretched hand of our chief, and introduced him to his two brothers, who, almost equally gaudy in attire and rich in decoration, accompanied him. Colonel McGregor, in his full uniform and orders, was on the right of the Maharajah, and after him came a long following of generals in rich dresses, most of them with faces of the Calmuck type, broad in the shoulders, short-necked, and thin-legged. They seated themselves on chairs, anything but easy for them, on the right of Sir Colin, whose Staff sat on his left, and then there was a long interchange of courteous speeches, but Sir Colin's mind seemed intent on the Begum's Palace, and his ears fixed on the rapid roll of musketry. Still the speeches and conversation went on, the Maharajah's quick eye glancing furtively from Staff to Highlander, and back again. In the midst of all this courtly ceremony a tall figure, covered with dust, broke through the crowd of spectators at the end of the line of Highlanders and strode up towards the chief, who rose from his seat and advanced to meet him. It was strange enough, amid all this glitter of gold lace and fine clothes, to see this apparition in loden gray tunic, turbaned cap, and trunk boots, with long sword clanking on the ground, and head and face and garments covered with dust, walking stiffly up the aisle of men. "I am desired by the Chief of the Staff, Sir, to tell you that we have taken the Begum's Palace, with little loss, and are now in possession of it and the adjoining buildings." And with a few pensive words from Sir Colin, the Deputy-Adjutant-General to the Chief of Staff, Hope Johnstone, marched out of the crowd again and vanished. Jung Bahadour perhaps imagined it was a well-executed coup de theatre; but it was a hard reality—as hard almost as the skirl of the bagpipes, which were played by six or five Highlanders as ever trod on leather, who walked twice in front of us to a heart-stirring pibroch, and then played a few morceaux, to the great delight of Bahadour.

March 12.

The camp was on the alert at an early hour this morning, for it was expected that Outram would receive permission to attack the iron bridge, or at least to secure the stone bridge at both ends. But Sir Colin, so reckless of his own life that his staff are in continual apprehension, is chary indeed of the life of any soldier under his command, and he would prefer using a thousand shells, dear though they be, to using up the rawest recruits. We have a powerful artillery. It is not till the whole force of that arm has been exerted that an assault on any position will be authorised by the Commander-in-Chief. However, there was plenty to be seen by early risers.—We were in the Begum Ka Mahul, and the rooms were thrown open to visitors, thanks to the bayonets of our soldiers. Off poured by ones and twos and threes the members of the Head Quarters Staff, riding through the park of the Martiniere, out of the rough open ground between its enclosures and the canal, along whose dry bed the deserted trenches of the enemy offered a larger obstacle to our progress. The Sikh sappers were busy, however, in clearing a path through the parapet, near the second bridge, below Bank's House, which was just practicable for man and horse, and, passing through a large enclosure, the trees of which were torn with shot, we came out on the main road, within a few hundred yards of our new possession. As we approached the Begum's Palace the enemy's bullets, varied by a round shot now and then, came hissing overhead, and announced that they were still fighting in the front. The road, which is lined by high walls on both sides, enclosing the residences of some wealthy people, now in ruins, above which rise continuous groves of trees and Eastern shrubs, leads from the broken canal bridge, and is met just in front of the Begum's Palace by another road of a similar kind, but a little more open, which passes by the bridge near Bank's House to the Dilkoosha. Externally, all we could see of the Begum's Palace were some glittering domes, the cupolas and minarets of a mosque on the left, and the ballustrades around the flat roofs of the numerous buildings inside. A high wall, forming the outer barrier, loop-holed at every inch, enclosed the building all round, but it bore fre-

quent marks of our cannon. In front of this wall there was a high parapet of earth with a steep scarp and ditch some 15 or 16 feet deep, and two small bastions with embrasures for two guns, which swept the approaches to the place, or were intended to do so. The embrasures, however, had been beaten into ragged holes, choked up with sand and timber by the fire of our guns. Just in front of us, within some 18 or 20 yards of the ditch, there was a large hole in the ground, caused by a mine which the Sepoys sprung when it was too late to do them any good or us any harm. In the ditch itself here lay a heap of the dead bodies of the enemy, which our men were dragging out of the Palace and flinging over the trench. The enemy had literally dug their own graves. As we crossed the narrow ramp of earth leading to the gateway, we could not but feel astonishment at the small loss by which we had gained such a position. Along the front of this wall, in addition to the guns, there were loopholes for at least two thousand muskets, and it seemed scarcely possible to effect an entrance at the point where one portion of the 93rd and of the Sikhs had rushed through, with bayonets at the charge, on the astounding foe. The gateway to which the ramp led was protected by loopholed turrets at the sides, and by a considerable fire from the walls of the place. The breach made by our guns was on our left of a gateway, but when our troops entered it was only to find themselves in front of a similar wall, directly under the fire of the enemy, who were concealed from them, at half-pistol shot. The only way of getting at the enemy was by a hole, mis-called a breach, and battering in the door by our guns, so narrow and low that not more than one man could enter at a time, and then only by bending his head. But to avail themselves even of this mode of entrance our men had to struggle through the outer breach or to clamber up the steep bank of the ditch, where, impeded by their numbers in the narrow space, they made for the inner breach; they were held in check under the enemy's fire till some of them forced their way in through the bricked-up windows, which led them into small dark rooms, filled with Sepoys. Held by such troops as those who assaulted the place, the Begum's Palace had been impregnable to infantry. Entering with difficulty through the suffocating breach, rank with hot air, gunpowder, and dead bodies, I passed into the first of the court-yards in which the fight took place. It was filled with exulting Highlanders, still flushed with the heat of victory—Sikhs burning gold and silver tissue and lace for the sake of the metals. General Lugard, seated in the midst of them, was busy giving orders to a group of officers, and first among those I came across was Leith Hay, leaning on the javelin of one of the Begum's state servants, and full of the incidents of the charge, in which he bore no small part, for he was, I believe, the second or third man who entered through the breach in the gateway of the column of the regiment confided to his care. Brigadier Adrian hoped an excellent and gallant officer, was also there, and he pointed out to me the narrow window through which he had leaped in upon the enemy. How a man could have escaped who entered in such a fashion is beyond my comprehension. But there were few slain outright, for the apparition of these brave soldiers alone unnerved the hands of their enemies. Many fled at once, and were pursued and shot down in the court-yards without offering resistance; others fired their muskets or matchlocks once, made a wild thrust with the bayonet, and ran also; others, surprised in holes and corners, fought with the ferocity of wild beasts.—One officer of the 93d killed with his own hand 11 Sepoys, whom he shot with his revolver or sabred in the court-yard. The Sepoys and matchlockmen fled from court to court towards the Imambarrah and the outworks of the Kaiserbagh. Onward went the torrent of Sikhs and Highlanders after them. The 42d, sweeping round by the left of the palace, came upon a field gun, which they captured. Pressing onwards they seized a serai, or garden enclosure of the Palace. Two companies of the 93d, under Stewart, went too far in pursuit, and came under a heavy fire from a loopholed wall. A company of the 42d, under Drysdale, were led to their succour, and had five men killed in a moment. When they came back they found, I am told, that the enemy had cut off the heads of their comrades. The attack, which had been fixed for 3 o'clock, did not take place till 4.30 p. m., and many thought that it would not take place at all last night in consequence of the lateness of the hour. At 5 the Begum's Palace was ours, and Sikhs and Highlanders were rioting amid the mirrored and many-lusted saloons, still filled with magnificent shawls and sear, and such valuable articles as the ladies of the palace were unable to carry off in their flight. These rooms, however, had been for the most part occupied by Sepoys, and, except those of the Zenana, they were all in a very filthy and disorderly state. Very soon every mirror was shattered to atoms, chairs of State were in fragments, and the glass of lustres dashed to the ground, so that the drops and crystals lay like a pavement on the floors.

Just turning to the left, we were about to enter a court-yard, when an officer said, "Mind what you are about! There are some fellows hid inside there, and one of them has just shot a sergeant of the 93rd and a man of the 90th." This is, as you will have observed, a mode in which our men frequently lose their lives in this odious warfare. Soon afterwards I saw one of these fanatics—a fine old Sepoy, with a grizzled moustache, lying dead in the court, a sword cut across his temple, a bayonet thrust through the neck, his thigh broken by a bullet, and his stomach slashed open, in a desperate attempt to escape.—There had been five or six of those fellows altogether, and they had either been surprised and unable to escape, or had shot themselves up in desperation in a small room, one of many looking out on the court. At first attempts were made to start them by throwing in live shells. The use of a bag of gunpowder was more successful, and out they charged, and, with the exception of one man, were shot and bayoneted on the spot. The man who got away did so by a desperate leap through a window, amid a shower of bullets and many bayonet thrusts. Such are the common incidents of this war. We went up to the top of the mosque, upon the left of the Palace, but the fire from the Kaiserbagh was too near and sharp for one to remain there without cover. From court to court of the huge pile of buildings we wandered through the scenes—dead Sepoys—blood-splashed gardens—groups of eager Highlanders, looking out for the enemy's loopholes—more eager groups of plunderers searching the dead, many of whom lay heaped on top of each other, amid the ruins of rooms brought down upon them by our cannon shot. Two of these were veritable chambers of horrors. It must be remembered that the Sepoys and matchlockmen wear cotton clothes, many at this time of year using thickly-quilted tunics; and in each room there were a number of resais, or quilted cotton coverlets, which serve as beds and quilts to the natives. The explosion of powder sets fire to this cotton very readily, and it may be easily conceived how horrible are the consequences where a number of these Sepoys and nujeks get into a place whence there is no escape, and where they fall in heaps by our shot. The matches of the men, the discharges of their guns, set fire to their cotton clothing; it is fed by the very fat of the dead bodies; the smell is pungent and overpowering, and nauseous to a degree. I looked in at two such rooms, where, through the dense smoke, I could see piles of bodies, and I was obliged to own that the horrors of the hospital at Sebastopol were far exceeded by what I witnessed. Upwards of 300 dead were found in the courts of the palace, and if we put the wounded carried off at 700, we may reckon that the capture of the place cost the enemy 1,000 men at least. Near one of the angles was drawn up a battery of field artillery, and a red-coated sentry stood on the shade of the angle tower to which we were advancing. It was the angle at which the breach was made, and where most of the stormers entered on that terrible day. We found a party of the 53rd Regiment, to

which these quarters were not now, posted inside the building. Their sentries were watching a battery of the enemy's and a number of their men in a village or suburb on our front, but there was no fire on either side. I never recollected encountering any other so disgusting and intolerable as that which assailed our nostrils on approaching the northern side of the enclosure. The ground was covered with grinning skulls and fragments of burst skeletons. It was a veritable Golgotha. In this spot two thousand Sepoys met with a terrible punishment for their crimes. The most callous of men in smell and sight must have been glad to leave the place, and the officers declared to us that they could not keep the men on that side of the square.—Retracing our steps, my friend and myself crossed the bridge of boats, and came out upon the camp of Douglas's Brigade of Outram's force. The day was exceedingly hot, and the unpleasantness of riding in the glare of a sun of 110 degrees was much increased by clouds of the finest hot dust from the sandy plains. As we went on the telegraph party and wires went with us; for, as soon as Outram had fixed his quarters near the Badshahbagh, a branch line was sent across to connect him with head-quarters. Sir James's guns were speaking loudly from the batteries near the Badshahbagh, and from the north side of the river, at the iron bridge; and high—far too high—in the air, our bombs from the south side were bursting over the gilded domes and turrets of the Kaiserbagh. The enemy were thus suffering from a severe cross-fire, direct and vertical. It was curious to watch the flight of these hissing globes of iron as they flew through smoke and fire, out into the calm air on their errand of destruction. There is a firing of tangents, and a squinting of eyes along a fixed monster, and a careful laying and getting and humoring of screws, and a coaxing up with handspikes, as if the coy beauty did not like advancing so boldly to the rugged embrasure. "Fire!"—Out bursts the thin smoke, and with a kind of joyous shriek the shell leaps out of its birth-cloud. Each man leaps aside to watch its flight. A pillar of powdered bricks and earth, and stone and wood, rises from the dome of the Mahal, and in a moment afterwards a burst of white smoke rises through the pillar, and up go more earth and bricks, and when all clears away there is a solution of continuity—a gaping hole, through which gleams the light of day in the battered palace. Pandy, after a while, runs out a gun, and his shell, a solitary one, bursts on the ground, 50 yards short of the battery, and then he throws a couple of round shot or so over it, but he is so much annoyed by riflemen of the Brigade and of the 23rd in the house in our front, that he does not lay his guns very coolly, and sometimes he is driven to give them a round shot, which from light guns at high elevation does no harm. Our replies are heavy, and all the time ten 10-inch mortars, ten 8-inch mortars, and nine 5½-inch mortars are throwing their shells into the city, and the heavy guns are knocking at the walls of the Imambarrah to say that the bayonet is coming.

The whole of this day we threw shell and shot into the Kaiserbagh, nor did we cease at night to do the same.

March 13. To-day was devoted to four matters, so far as I know, namely, a slow slap from the Begum's Palace and the Serai beyond it towards the Imambarrah, the preparation of batteries for guns and mortars to bear on that position and on the buildings near it, a demonstration by the Gorkhas on the enemy on our left, and a visit of ceremony paid by the Commander-in-Chief to Jung Bahadour.

As the progress of a snip is not very interesting, I was in no great hurry to return to our camp at the Martiniere, and gladly availed myself of the opportunity of reconnoitering the north side of the city from the iron bridge which Sir James Outram's morning ride afforded to us. If the old adage about early rising be correct that gallant officer must prove one of the healthiest, wealthiest, and wisest of mankind. It was scarcely gray dawn when he was up and stirring, and with the sun we were out on the road which leads towards the city and cantonments of Fyzabad. The road runs through a large suburb which consists of isolated houses in walled enclosures, thickly wooded and provided with pleasant gardens. But the odors which filled the air and overcame the rich perfume of the mango groves were not from flowers. As we passed onwards the bloated bodies of those who had fallen on our advance two days previously, now rapidly decomposing and covered with flies, made one often turn aside in disgust. There had not been time or men to bury them or save them from the dogs and vultures. Along the road-side were large villages deserted and in ruins, the windows and doors broken to pieces, and the furniture smashed into confused heaps of rage, cotton, leather, and sticks. At last we came out on a road at right angles to our route, and found ourselves close to the iron bridge.

In order to prevent any attack on our position from the north, two guns pointing towards the cantonments were placed so as to sweep the road, and one gun behind a trench bore on the bridge. We dismounted and left our horses under cover, and then led by Sir James ran the gauntlet along the side of the street up to a house close to the bridge from which a view could be had of the opposite side.—The enemy in the houses at the other side did not lose their chance, and their bullets went singing past us sharply. The houses on both sides of the street were occupied by our men, English and Sikh, who kept up a steady fire on every living object visible on the house tops and in the windows of the mansions and mosques along the other bank of the river, which is only thirty or forty yards across at this place. Looking through the balustrades on the top of the house, we could see the entrenchments in front of the Mohite Mahal, or "The Pearl," and the enemy's batteries commanding the bridge. There were five dead Sepoys on our side of the bridge, and a large number of living Sepoys on the enemy's side; their heads were for a moment visible now and then over the parapets of their works. Behind them spread out the vast extent of the Kaiserbagh, and its innumerable gilt cupolas, domes, and spires, its towers and fretted walls, its long lines of windowed enclosures, and spacious court-yards. It was evident that we were expected from the other side, for the works of the Kaiserbagh, and even those of the Mohite Mahal and Mess-house, were turned towards the streets leading from the Canal towards the Residency. Of the latter building all that remains is one ruined tower, and the houses in the neighborhood bear numerous traces of the fierceness of the cannonade which raged there during the grand defence. After a careful inspection Sir James descended to the street, and suddenly gave way to an uncontrollable desire to visit a battery on the bank of the river, which could only be done by crossing the street. We were ordered to remain under cover while Sir James sallied forth with Sir Hope Grant and Colonel Turner, and ambled across the street. It was odd enough, but here were Brigadier David Wood, Colonel Berkeley, chief of Sir James's Staff, two of the aides, Lieutenant Stewart, of the Bengal Engineers, and myself, looking at this little race, as if it was one of the best jokes in the world, and for the moment little thinking that an inch to the right or to the left, and down would drop any of three as gallant officers as His Majesty's service can boast of. However, they all got safe across, and having visited the battery down a cross lane, they came back again with a similar whistling accompaniment of matchlock and musket bullets around them, the enemy having previously favored us by a few just to show they knew where we were, and that they would be on the look out for us as we ran back to our horses. It is a most unpleasant sensation to feel that a score of dusky gentlemen are waiting, with their eyes to work-knobs, and with their index fingers crooked on the triggers of cocked firearms, just as a party at the end of a beat watch for some remarkably knowing old cock pheasant, to get a crack at you the

moment you break cover. But it was all over in a minute. Out came Sir James, brass sheathed sword, white cap, covered in blood, from General's spur and then in a twinkling, he glided—

March 14. All during the night our guns kept up a cannonade on the Imambarrah and on the Kaiserbagh, and they are now pouring shot and shell into the enclosures of these strongholds.

I had written so much of my letter before breakfast, when I turned out of my tent to ascertain from what point the enemy were annoying the Headquarters Camp, for it became evident that round shot were whistling among us and overhead.

UNITED STATES. We see it announced in the daily papers, that a number of ladies (?) in the western part of this State, are about petitioning the Governor for the pardon of Ira Stout, the incestuous murderer, convicted lately at Rochester.

Official Corruption.—Had Solomon lived in our day, he would not have declared that it was unwise to inquire whether the former days were better than the present. In the present, however, it has been found that the same vices which were common in former times, are now more prevalent than ever.

A WESTERN JUDGE CONGRATULATING A HOMICIDE.—A young man, named Hardesty, a year ago, in Boone County, Ky., killed one Grubb, who had seduced Hardesty's sister. The prisoner was tried and acquitted in Kentucky last week.

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