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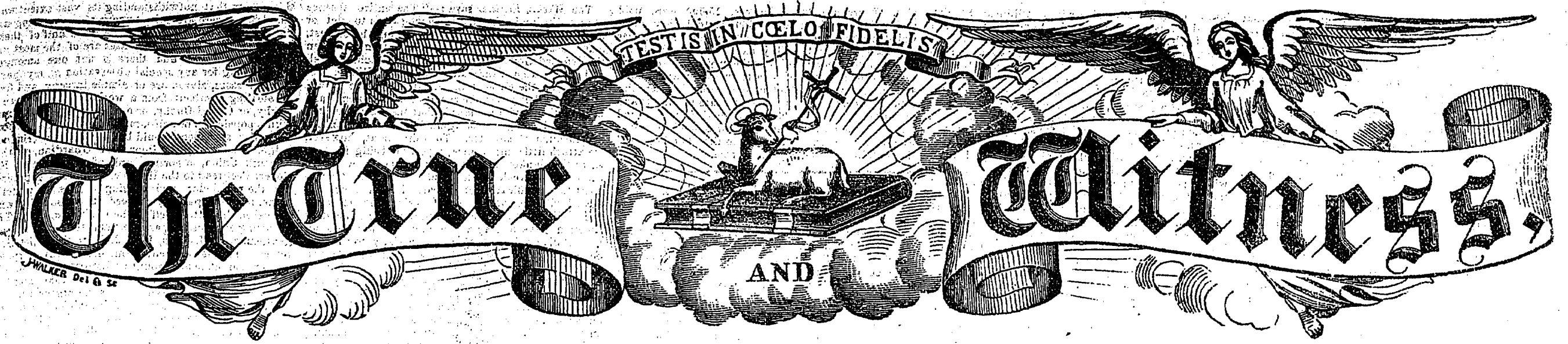
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE PROPHET OF THE RUINED ABBEY.

By the Author of "The Cross and Shamrock."

CHAPTER III.

Terry O'Mara returned to his house, and the captain now approached Fairy-hill Cottage, the residence of his ancestors from time immemorial, and now that of his brother the representative of his family. This cottage was situated on a picturesque hill, about two miles west of the market-town of Cloughmore. The public high road bounded the O'Donnell farm on the east; on the south, a tributary of the Blackwater of 'Avonduv,' divided it from the common at the foot of Knockmellow.

On the west it was bordered by the demesne of Lord Barterborough, and on the north by the woodland of the same Saxon lord. The elevated position of the house enabled the inmates to spy the approach of any visitor, at a distance of at least half a mile from the cottage, and it was with no small anxiety, that the horseman, and in full gallop, was observed by one of the domestics making for the cottage.

'Miss Mary, I'd know what gentleman on horseback is that racin' up the meadow? He looks like an officer of dragoons,' said Peggy Melehan, the kitchenmaid, rushing into the parlor where the former sat reading.

'Where, Peggy, where? Oh, I see. My dear, who can it be? A gentleman with mustashoes, too, but very like my Uncle Charles. It is he! Run and call the master.'

Ere the slow Peggy was half way to the stable where Thomas O'Donnell was giving some instructions to his man Ned Moran, previously to his paying his last visit, as he expected, in company with his wife and children, to the cell of his reverend brother, the captain had cleared the lawn quick-fence, and in a moment was by the side of 'Miss Mary,' with both her hands pressed between his own. Tears choked the fair creature's utterance as she attempted to give her relative an account of what they were now preparing for—to pay the last visit to her reverend uncle.

'Hush, my dear child,' said the captain of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, endeavoring to curb his own rebellious emotions, 'is this all you can do for your uncle? Have you no plan, or can you devise no means of procuring poor Father Senan's escape?'

'Escape!' she exclaimed with surprise, 'how can he escape, and his prison guarded by at least two thousand troops? What plan can I devise, if they would not rest satisfied to take me as a hostage or substitute for him; and I would, God is my witness, willingly suffer death to save the life of a good priest.'

'Hostage, indeed! Yes, by my sword, if the king saw you, Miss Mary, he might take you as a hostage; but we must try some other and less expensive way of wresting his victim from the tyrant. We can't afford to risk the fair Miss Mary, on such a game of hazard,' said he, looking at her with pride and complacency. 'But has it come to this,' he continued, 'that the O'Donnells have no friends now left? Where are the Gows and the Poleens, the Caravats and Shanavests, the Defenders and the Rocks, and the other factions that so frequently professed friendship for our family?'

'Where are they, did you ask?' said the afflicted girl, recovering from her overwhelming tears. 'I really do not know, for father never allowed me to learn anything of such factions, and I am sure the priest himself would rather die than owe his rescue to such people as you spoke of. He was ever consistently opposed to factions, and all illegal combinations against the Government.'

'Aye, and so by the way of thanks the Government, for his pains on behalf of their system, will make a martyr of him, and thus secure his salvation! Are not they kind? Where is your father, Mary? Run, call him. At what hour did you say he was to have the interview with the priest?'

'At six o'clock precisely, as the pass he has procured from the commanding officer, Colonel Clive, specifies, and none can be admitted but father and mother, with me and little Charley and Hugh.'

'Six o'clock! and it is now near four,' said he, looking at his timepiece. 'Haste, Mary, haste, you fairy, and call your father.'

Thomas entered as he spoke, and the brothers on meeting grasped each other's hands like men, giving expression rather by looks than words to the poignant grief which rent their warty bosoms.

'Ah, Charles,' said the senior brother, 'what brought you here at such a time? Or, are you not satisfied that poor Senan should be sacrificed without exposing your own life by coming back to such a wretched country? Are you not aware that your being in the French service contributed in no small degree to bring about this murderous result?'

'Yes, Tom, I could conjecture if I had not

heard as much; but on that very account, was I not bound to do something to save him whom the fact of his having a brother abroad, exposed to the hemp of cursed England? If I am the occasion of his unjust conviction, am I not bound to try and save him from the consequences of that iniquitous sentence?'

'That would be very noble and very generous, if there was any chance or probability of your succeeding. The proposal has been submitted to me by that brave fellow O'Mara, and others;—but seeing no probable chances of success, I declined the proffered aid.'

'Why, man, let us make a probability. Let us set about creating chances of success, and we will, we cannot but succeed. Are you not preparing to visit Senan this evening?'

'Yes, in about two hours or less.'

'Well, then, leave me to make that visit in your stead, and see if I cannot release the victim from his blood-hounds.'

'Ah, my dear Charles, you can have no idea of the vigilance of—'

'Nonsense, Tom. For God's sake let me alone; I can't put up with these lamentations.—I am captain of a regiment of Chasseurs de Vincennes, and I must be obeyed. Come, Miss Mary, have you all things ready as I instructed you?'

'Yes, sir, I await your commands like an obedient aid-de-camp.'

The officer now returned from a bedroom off the parlor, with the whiskers of his brother carefully deposited in a sheet of paper, which he laid on the work-table of Mary and her younger sister Bridget, who, under the instructions of the captain, commenced stitching the beard to two flesh-colored pieces of satin cloth.

Within an hour Miss Mary and her nimble-fingered assistant, Bridget, had succeeded in stitching the grave whiskers of their father on the pieces of satin cut out for them by the captain, who, in a few moments after, had succeeded by aid of the starch of Peggy in adjusting them to his own cheeks. His foreign lip-beard or mustachios had next to be disposed of, after falling beneath the edge of the merciless razor, and the foreign dress of the elegant French gentleman had to be exchanged for the native frieze, blue broadcloth, and cashmere shorts of the Irish farmer.

Thus equipped, the captain, accompanied by his brother's wife, the Miss O'Donnell, and two of the younger children, at about half-past five o'clock set out, in the family vehicle or side-car, to pay the last visit of condolence to their relative in his prison cell, at the town of Cloughmore.

The party were met at the prison gate by the chief jailer, an Englishman named Bremner, who, during the confinement of the clergyman, was sent over to supersede an Irishman who held the post from time immemorial, but whose fidelity in the present instance was suspected on account of some little courtesies of his to the prisoner.—Their names were called for, and their passports seized by this important official, and upon his finding them 'all right,' the party were ushered by an under functionary into the cell of the doomed priest. They found the venerable martyr on his knees before the crucifix by the side of his iron bedstead, with his mind so absorbed in prayer as to seem to his visitors to be in a perfect trance. Accustomed to the abrupt visits of officials, and annoyed by those who came to offer humiliating terms of pardon, the pious confessor paid no attention to the entrance of his relatives, and his fervent acts of piety were not in the least distracted till the loud sobs and cries of the female portion of the visitors recalled his senses from their ecstatic communings with the world of spirits. It was some time before he could recognize his brother Charles, disguised as he was, and it was not without a good deal of argument that he was prevailed on to embrace the chance which was offered him of making his escape.

'I hope I am now prepared for death,' he said, 'and if it be the will of God that I should come to this end, I am satisfied. I am guilty of no crime; I have not even violated the letter of an iniquitous law, for the parties I married were both Catholics. Let me, Charles, let me die.'

'But, my dear sir, you are a priest of God as well as an innocent man, and it would be sacrilege to allow your murderers to shed your consecrated blood. Besides, it would discourage the poor people more than any thing that has happened for three hundred years. It would actually throw them into utter despair, and give a triumph to their enemies, the effect of which would be felt for many a long day to come.'

'No, Charles, I cannot forfeit the crown which I am persuaded will be mine in suffering for the faith, and forming one in that succession of glorious martyrs which has adorned the Church of St. Patrick for the last three hundred years.—Besides, how could I, in conscience, agree to have you, a brother, sacrificed to preserve the few remaining years of my useless life? No, it cannot be—it must not be, Charles.'

'But, my dear brother, you mistake; I will not be sacrificed. A hair of my head won't suffer while I hold the rank I do in the service of the French monarch. They dare not execute me. Exchange clothes with me, and embrace the chance which Providence has put in your power. Listen to reason, my dear brother.'

'For God's sake! Charles, do not rob me of the crown that is within my reach. I shall ascend the gallows' steps with the joy of a bridegroom. I am in peace with the world and with my Lord, I hope; and the people will be edified rather than scandalized at my sufferings.'

'Oh, brother of my soul, why will you not yield to reason and humanity? What a catastrophe you will bring about by this obstinacy.—Know then, if I must tell you, that the peasantry have armed to the number of several hundred men, sworn to rescue you or die in the attempt. Oh, what havoc you will have to witness at the hour of your death.'

'What, Charles, what do you say? Surely you deceive me?'

'No, sir, no. I declare to you on my word, and solemn oath, if you ask me, that if you do not now embrace my proposition, not only yourself, I, and our brother Thomas, but most of your people, will be cut down by the cruel soldiery of this town.'

The female portion of this party, who, during this conversation, carried on in a low tone of voice and in French, kept up a loud crying and sobbing in order to prevent the guard at the door from hearing, now joined theirs with the entreaties of the brother, begging of the priest, for 'God's sake, and as he regarded their feelings,' to consent to escape from the hands of his executioners.

These things staggered his resolution, but especially when he heard that there was to be a rescue. As he lived for the salvation of his people, next to the glory of God, and as, like St. Paul, he wished to become anathema, if necessary, for the flock committed to him by his Lord, so his desire even of the crown of martyrdom yielded to his desire to save the flock of Christ. He consulted his Redeemer again a few minutes in prayer, and raising himself up, he exclaimed, 'Now I am ready, Charles. It seems my hour is not yet come. If it be the providence of God to conduct me by His angel from this dungeon, and from the power of the Philistines, why, I must not resist His will.'

One hour was all the time that the visit was to last, and now the guard at the door cried out that the third quarter of an hour was past.

'Prepare,' he said, 'and be ready to leave at seven o'clock precisely.'

'Oh, dear sir, won't you allow me to remain another hour with my dear uncle, whom I shall never again see in this world?' said Mary, who now went to the cell-door, in order to divert the attention of the officious guard from what was going on in the cell.

The captain was soon stripped of his whiskers and other external disguises, in which the priest soon became so enveloped as to deceive the sharpest scrutiny. As they left the prison precincts, they raised the famous mournful Irish 'ullulu!' in which they were joined by a number of women at the jail-gate, and subsequently by all the townspeople, from whom it spread through the country in all directions, so that the mountains and valleys of Waterford, Kilkenny, and Tipperary, re-echoed for hours the wailing and lamentation that ascended to heaven in testimony of the innocence of the victim of the cruel government of perjured England. The poor priest himself was overpowered with grief, and mingled his tears with those of the affectionate but helpless people who lamented his fate. There were several 'keepers,' or female chanters of extemporary dirges also present to add pathos to these lamentations. This species of poetry was composed and sung at the same moment, and often kept up for several hours, and even days, over the dead bodies of the great in ancient times. Those who were skilled in this sort of composition were called 'Phlelehs,' who sometimes discharged this sad duty for pay; but more frequently, as in the present instance, it was performed from affection or out of respect to the virtues of the deceased. Although the proper place for poetical lamentations was over the corpse or at the 'wake' of the deceased chief, patriot, warrior, or other benefactor of his race or country, yet in cases where death was certain, as in the instance of Father O'Donnell, or where the victim was a distinguished one, the 'keening' commenced on the eve of his death. And besides, it was understood that the body of the pastor of Cloughmore was not to be restored to the relatives, but quartered, and hung in conspicuous places for the terror of the peasantry; and this was an additional reason for this commencement of the 'keen' to mourn his death while he was yet living.

While the wild cry was borne on the gently careering breeze, and reverberated along the mountains, hills, and plains, Terence O'Mara was

anxiously awaiting the promised messenger on the hill-pass on Knockmellow. The appointed hour having elapsed, and no messenger having made his appearance, the shrewd peasant at once concluded that the stratagem of the captain had been successful, and he regarded the 'ullulu of keepers' which reached his ears, as probably a ruse on the part of the people to put the keepers of Father O'Donnell off their guard.

'Tis hard to resist taking up this mournful chorus, brought hither on the wings of the evening wind,' said he to himself; 'but yet I won't join in this melancholy ditty till I see for what I won't weep for my beloved pastor till I see him dead first.' And so saying, he came out from under the shelving rock where lay concealed; and hiding his rifle and ammunition in a crevice of the rock, he advanced cautiously on the public road towards the town.

CHAPTER IV.

The side-car on which our party of mourning visitors rode, now returned to Fairy-hill, and a few minutes for refreshments, exchanging of greetings, and prayerful congratulations, were all that the necessity of the case allowed, ere the departure of the escaped prisoner. After a few minutes spent in fervent prayer, the reverend gentleman returned from a small oratory which was situated at the east end of the building, and the entire family having placed themselves on their knees, he imparted to them, severally, his blessing and the blessing of Heaven. He next presented each with some little memento, such as a ring, a prayer-book, a cross, a string of beads, a little medal, a picture, or other such memorial; and having again hid them another 'God be with you,' and 'God bless you,' he bade them a last farewell, and parted for ever from the hereditary threshold of his ancestors. The horse on which the captain had arrived stood saddled at the hall door, the rein held by Thomas O'Donnell, who had already mounted his favorite gray mare 'Seagull,' and without arms or ammunition, the brothers set out together for the port of Dangarran, viz. Knockmellow.

They moved along rapidly and silently for a time, both becoming saddened in mind, at the probable fate that was to await their generous and heroic brother Charles; at length, their steeds having slackened their pace a little as they advanced towards the mountain, the priest, who was as yet in darkness regarding the manner of the captain's arrival as he was regarding his own destination, after they reached the seaport, asked his brother Thomas how in the world did Charles come to know his fate, or how did he penetrate so far into the country unobserved by the English.

'Your fate, brother,' answered the former, 'was well known in France, and created a great deal of sympathy at the court of his most Christian majesty, who first attempted to save you by sending instructions to his ambassador at London, to intercede with the king of England for you; and having failed to save you by negotiation, afterwards, at the request of Charles, whom God save, his majesty allowed the royal yacht, the Joan d'Arc, to convey him to the Irish coast, and you to France, in case Charles succeeded in rescuing you.'

'Ah, what a kind-hearted and magnanimous prince. I shall never forget his majesty's goodness of heart since the time that I, being a student at the Sorbonne, and getting my degree, his majesty then the Dauphin of France, presented me with the gold medal, in preference to many others who were candidates, and superior candidates to me, in the contest for the honor. Alas! that treasure is now with the rest of my means, I fear, irrevocably lost to me by the plunder of my effects by the English soldiery! But you did not tell me, Thomas, how Charles heard of my being in durance; all communication with him you know, being long since prohibited by our cruel governors.'

'He heard all about it from Kilpatrick and his lady, who, on hearing of your arrest in Scotland (which they set out for on the day of their marriage accompanied by Ossory, as you are aware) soon after went to France, with the double view of avoiding any danger to which the cruelty of the government might expose them, as well as, if possible, to save you through the French court's intervention.'

'Ah, that was how poor Charles got word of my trouble, was it?'

'Yes, and it was well that he did. For much as we love him, and great as our grief would be for his loss, should he fall a sacrifice to his generous affection in your behalf, we would count his fate as nothing, when you are safe.'

'I am not sure but your idea of these things is entirely a mistaken one. He may be of some use to King or country, but I, what use can I be to anything or anybody?'

'I know, brother, as regards personal merits, youth, prospects of advancement, and all that, Charles may be regarded as the greater loss to the O'Donnell name; but when we regard you as consecrated to religion, and as a representative

of the Church, which a hostile government wished to degrade in your person, then the balance is entirely in your favor. Thank God! the O'Donnell's can afford a martyr to their country or liberty's cause, as the annals of the last five centuries can show.'

They had now gained considerably on the mountain, engaged in such dialogue as the foregoing, when suddenly a blazing fire burned on the left peak of Knockmellow, and as it spread its glare on the bald summit of the neighboring heights, it clothed them in the light of a ghastly and unnatural illumination.

Gradually the 'ullulu' or lamentations of the peasantry died away, as their attention was attracted by the 'bonfire' on the 'Knock,' and those who were in the secret drew conclusions favorable to the fate of their pastor, from the fact that the fire was on the 'left head' of the mountain, instead of the right as they expected. Many a fond wife and loving mother were rejoiced, and prayed to God in thanksgiving when they went to the door and beheld that to-night, at least, there was no need for their sons or husbands to attend to the dangerous service of the 'enchanted warrior,' as Terry O'Mara was generally called.

Our fugitives were now within a short distance of the 'gap,' or highest elevation of the road, when a stentorian voice of one whose head alone appeared above a rock, cried out to them in rapid utterance—

'Who goes there? qui va la? che ha chi?' 'Dinne mintera, 'friendly folks,' answered Father O'Donnell, in that grave, mellow voice which belonged to him, and which was well understood by his interrogator, the 'enchanted warrior.'

'O Lord be praised, Father Senan,' cried O'Mara, sinking on his knees. 'God is stronger than Satan. Give me your blessing, sir.'

'God bless you, Terry,' said the priest, 'and may He give you grace to mend your ways, and renounce your present life of danger and sin.'

'Sin?' said the peasant, by way of remonstrance; 'I do not think it is a sin to shoot and eat the game that is fed by the produce of my own farm for which I pay; nor do I think it a sin to save your reverence from the Saxon gibbet, when I know you were innocent of any crime, and only sacrificed in hatred of religion.'

'Excuse me, Terry,' said the priest, 'I only meant that you exposed yourself and family by disregarding the game-laws, and that your having anything to do with unlawful societies would in the end lead you and others into trouble and sin.'

'There it is again, reverend sir, preaching in favor of British laws, and your head not yet well free from the gallows, to which those laws condemned you unjustly. But what is become of Captain O'Donnell?'

'The captain, Terry, is in the same danger that I was in. In fact, he took my place in the prison cell.'

'Then he won't be long there. O, murder, murder! why did I kindle the left fire on yonder peak? I must be off at once and quench it, and set fire to the right turf-stack, and, perhaps, a part of the men may then come.'

'Wait, wait; you need not stir,' said the farmer, Thomas O'Donnell, recalling O'Mara, who was just going; 'the captain is safe, having in his pocket his commission as officer in the Chasseurs de Vincennes, together with the French monarch's autograph. He is safe, Terry. He sent you word by me to keep quiet. They dare not touch a hair of his head.'

'But what if ye are pursued?' interrogated the cunning peasant.

'Oh, there is not much danger of that till we are far out of their reach. Farewell, Terry,' said both, as they put spurs to their steeds and departed.

'Farewell, and a safe journey,' answered Terry. 'Be cautious; the road is somewhat rough from the late rains, and steep in some places.'

Terry remained where he was for a few minutes, deliberating with himself what to do, when, to his astonishment, his ear caught the violent breathing and smothered cough of some one coming towards where he stood. His figure was that of a man in his shirt-sleeves, without a coat and without a hat. Upon being asked who was that, the panting and jaded messenger cried, in a voice half smothered by his heavy breathing,—

'Bloodhounds! Madera ultha, 'fly, fly, pursue; dragons—dragons on chase!'

Terry found that this was no other than Darby Anglin, the fool of Lord Barterborough, who no sooner heard it whispered at the Great House that the flight of the priest was discovered, than he ran off to acquaint the 'enchanted warrior' that the pursuit was on foot. Poor, faithful, and loyal creature, the express had nearly cost him his life, as shall be shown hereafter. It appeared that the prisoner was gone no more than an hour when, about eight o'clock, the captain of the prison, by way, I suppose of sharpening his ap-

petite force grand-supper, to which he was that night invited by the Lord Barterborough, came into the cell to see if he could not convert the convicted Popish priest from the errors of Rome, as he called them, to those of Church of England Protestantism.

"If you only want to convert me from one set of errors to another," said the captain, catching at the chaplain's blunder, "I would as lief keep to the errors I have, as exchange them for a newer, and, perhaps, not a better, suit of errors."

"Oh, sir, I only meant from the errors of Rome to the pure doctrines of our church by law established."

The captain, personating as well as he could the character of the priest, again declined the services of the hired chaplain. But the zealous functionary of the establishment would attend to no protests, nor regard any remonstrances from him whom he wished to convert, whether he was willing or not; whereupon the captain's patience failed him, and getting up from his iron bed, on which he reclined, he pushed the chaplain out of the door. The cries of the poor church official in distress brought the head jailer to the spot, who, upon closer examination, found to his consternation that, instead of the priest, he held a captain. He burst forth into a pitiful cry that alarmed the soldiers on guard, who rushed to the spot to see what was the matter, and who, on arriving at the cell door, picked up the governor, as he was called, lifeless apparently, from the floor. The first impression of the by-standers was that he was poned by the prisoner; but, after the application of some restoratives and remedies, he recovered himself, and they found that he had lost his senses at the prospect of losing his situation on account of allowing his victim to escape.

The chief military officer, a Colonel Clive, was apprised of the disaster of the priest's escape, and a council of war being called, the captain, heavily ironed, was ushered into their presence under a strong military escort. He at once acknowledged his part in the stratagem for the release of his brother, asked liberty to exhibit his military commission in the Chasseurs de Vincennes, in the service of the French monarch, and, upon receiving permission by having the shackles taken from his hands, he produced the paper, which the commanding officer read, and holding up his hands again to his guards, he said—

"You may bind me in as many irons as you please, but, as a French officer, I protest against being treated as a criminal." His spirited manner and the candour of his confession, as well as his devotion to a beloved brother, gained the respect, if not the admiration, of the English commander; and, though he was ordered back to his prison, the rigours of his captivity were greatly mitigated by order of the colonel. The next thing that engaged the attention of these officials was the recapture of the prisoner escaped, and upon a muster being called and the drum beaten, three hundred out of the five hundred of the dragons of the town were despatched, in parties of from twenty-five to sixty, in pursuit of the fugitive.

(To be Continued.)

NAPLES.

An "esteemed correspondent" of the Standard writes the following from Naples:—
"Sir—Your kind insertion of a few remarks I venture to forward to you from Naples regarding the state of matters prevailing there emboldens me to trespass a second time on your space and the attention of your readers. The youngest amongst us have watched the rise, the growth, the maturity, and the decay of many developments of human credulity. We have had the Peace Congress and the Sadler's friends, Napoleon worship, and table-turning, spirit-rapping, and the railway mania. "We have watched them in their cradle and believed their hearse with tears," as Gratian said of the Irish Parliament; but of all the moral obsequies we may ever be called on to attend there is none, I think, we shall more readily follow to its place than a certain funeral car, hung with tri-colored draperies, now on its slow but certain way to the already over-crowded cemeteries of confessed failures. Not inconspicuously shall we part with the vanished delusion, and the *hic jacet* the future will inscribe over the corpse of Italian unity will scarcely be belittled out by the tears of sorrowing millions, and certainly not by Neapolitan millions. It is, besides, consoling to know that the deceased will be interred with all military honors that the victors of Pontelandolfo and Casaldino have in their power to bestow, that possibly fresh hecatombs of murdered peasants may be offered to the vexed manes, and that we, the survivors, may even enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the soldiers of France join in rendering affectionate homage to the dismembered remains, and piously gathering up some spare handfuls of the ashes in that war which has already done such a wondrous work of resurrection in Italy, and may be as easily and effectually appealed to by the grandson of Joachim Murat as by the son of Charles Albert. *Requiescat!* Who dare add "in pace," who sees the hatred and revolt the past year has sown deep in the heart of Naples?—Hopes had still lingered of a better order of things; of fusions of interests between Northern and Southern Italy; of an improved administration of justice; of a more humane prison system; of a greater security and confidence in the public finance; of liberty of the local press—that sweet sign of a popular government which, feeling itself established in the best interests of the people, fears no discussion of its acts; of a more tolerant and kindly spirit towards the supporters of the old monarchy, which won at least on the bastions of Gaeta the respect all generous minds concede to gallant defeat, and to woman's heroism and misfortune nobly borne; of abstention from calumny the vilest and most baseless against the private lives of the exiled dynasty, and that sovereign who has so steadfastly refused to deprive Rome of her old right of sanctuary in their regard; of a stricter code of public morality, and of a considerable diminution in the number of political prisoners by trial or discharge. I found none of these things on my return here, after some space of absence. It is a reign of military despotism that now reigns triumphant in Naples, and the Royalist party are simply treated as persons out of the pale of the law. Under the old French Directory you had only to accuse your mortal enemy—say, for example, the bore of your social circle—of the crime of "incivisme," which might mean anything from untrusting a pig-stick to singing "Ca ira" on the anniversary of a popular disaster, to ensure his looking out on a "liberal world" through the national window; and if you substitute "reaction" for the former mysterious offence, and a fusillade, if in the rural districts, for the guillotine, there is a strong family likeness between the two revolutions; and though the junior is far from full-grown, she is, on the whole, a worthy scion of her ancestor. The comparison was suggested by Riccio's in his official circular, when he signified the insurgent passions of the Abruzzi as Chouans or brigands; and though no man need

blush to stand side by side with Cattilinean, Stofflet, and the Royalist chiefs of La Vendee, I think few will be tempted to follow Baron Nettino's parallel, and claim for himself or his friends a comparison with Carrier, Lebon, and Fouché, and the generals of the Directory, who ravaged Anjou, Brittany, &c., with fire and sword. Claimed or not, the position is a just one, and can scarcely be refused by men who allow deeds to be done in their name and sanction proclamations which for savage ferocity are unsurpassed by the soldiers of the First Republic. I send you one verbatim, which will scarcely, I think, be credited as possible in a Christian country, and which is one of many that have been issued within the last month in the southern provinces.

[After quoting the general order, which has already appeared in our pages, the writer proceeds:]—

We were told long since by the Turin press, and it is easily asserted in the Chambers, that brigandage was suppressed, but what are we to think of the state of things that necessitate the proclamation of such orders as these? Is Colonel Fantoni the representative of the apostolate of liberty that has gone forth from Turin on a mission of love and peace to Italy, and does his work look like that of a friendly occupation of an army of deliverers? That it is going merrily on is proved by every Italian journal published, and I think no better evidence than this precious manifesto is needed to show the means by which the reaction is kept down. Fifteen villages sacked and burned to the ground attest it, and thousands of starving peasantry, deprived of the common necessities of life by the system of devastation carrying out in Capitanata at this moment, are living witnesses to an oppression that cannot be borne much longer. If you will look at the places indicated in the above order you will see that they cover an area of great extent, and to an entirely pastoral and agricultural population the results are, I need not say, utter ruin. At Avellino, where the reaction was strongest in the autumn, the prisons are swarming with suspected persons—all treated as the worst criminals might be after conviction, lying on stone floors and fed only on a little bread and a miserable mess of beans. Priests, lawyers, honest tradesmen, torn from their homes and thrown into prison on the most frivolous charges, and kept without trial or prospect of trial for months. It is the same thing in the superior prisons in Naples, and that you may not accuse me of speaking without data, I give you the names of several of the persons lately and some now confined in Santa Maria Apparente, the state prison of Naples.

1. The Duke of Cajanello and a number of other persons were accused of reaction, and only liberated after eight months' imprisonment, without any legal examination or trial, at the request of the Emperor of the French.

2. M. Trotta and another batch of political prisoners were imprisoned for thirteen months, and then set free as innocent persons.

3. Signor Domenico Magetta, a notary of Cervinara, is still in prison, having been there more than a year without examination, or even knowing what he is accused of. He has sent numbers of memorials to the proper authorities, but without any result; and though he was never a soldier in his life, this gentleman was arrested in the street as a Bourbonist officer.

4. The Capitano de Blasio, who was arrested as a suspected person, and who, in order to make him confess himself guilty, was beaten nearly to death. The Piedmontese police pushed their cruelty so far as to insert pieces of wood under his nails, which they drove into the flesh of his fingers. After six months in prison, he was liberated (without trial) as innocent.

5. Lieutenant Testa, arrested also as a Bourbonist officer, was subjected to the same torture, and for twenty-four hours had frozen water thrown over him every five minutes. He was also liberated as innocent after seven months' detention.

6. M. de Angelis, who was arrested fifteen months since, and has not been able to obtain the commencement of any proceedings in his favor.

7. Three ex-soldiers, tried at Salerno as reactionaries, and acquitted, were sent to Naples to the commandant of the fortress. They were escorted by the gendarmes to the Vicaria Prison, where they were forgotten for eight months, and have only been released through the good offices of the Delegate de Simora.

In this one prison of Santa Maria Apparente there are no less than three hundred prisoners, the most recently committed having been there more than four months. Among the most remarkable is the Comte Theodule de Christen, who so gallantly distinguished himself at the siege of Gaeta, and at the subsequent battles of Arioli and Banco, and who was arrested in my presence on the 7th of September last, entirely on suspicion and because he was known as a Legitimist officer. No sort of compromising document was found in his luggage or on his person, and yet he has been kept *in secret*—that is, in rigorous solitary confinement—for the last five months, without trial or even knowing what he was accused of. He was only allowed to see his advocate last Friday for the first time, though the *process verbal* has been prepared for two months, and even yet his counsel has been unable to procure a copy of it for the necessary purpose of preparing his defence, as it is only a few days before the actual trial the counsel of political prisoners are allowed access to their clients, and there is no trial by jury in Naples, though the Code Napoleon is nominally in force in Piedmont.—These are all facts for which I can fully answer, and I might add numberless others; but these I think suffice to show the working of the revolution where it has full sway and is unchecked by the public opinion of other nations. It is the interest, too, of the Liberal English press to indulge largely in that species of lying which consists in giving nothing but what tells for its own party. What will Mr. Gladstone and others who have written on Neapolitan prison cruelties under Ferdinand say to these and hundreds of similar instances, which every one in Naples knows to be too true, but which would be highly inconvenient to the Italian theories of the *Times* correspondent? Let him deny them if he can; and let him reconcile them, if possible, with the reign of truth, and justice, and mercy—of constitutional government that the election of Victor Emmanuel was to inaugurate. We have heard much of the prisons of Nisidee, where M. Poerio and his fellow-conspirators were incarcerated there; but will their advocates be consistent and enter an indignant protest, in the name of good faith and humanity, in favor of the Royalist soldiers taken at Campobasso, who are still the occupants of those miserable cells, half-starved, and deprived of every comfort due to honorable foes and prisoners of war? Their treatment is a crying disgrace to their conquerors, and there is nothing more remarkable in the Piedmontese soldier than the utter want of common feeling for fellow-soldiers that they have crucified to the brave men whom the fortune of war has thrown into their power, and who have in every instance been treated as criminals. It is all part of a system of injustice which refuses to give even the credit of loyalty and honorable motives to men who carry their lives in their hand for a cause as desperate as it is devotedly served; which stigmatises as brigandage a peasantry prisoned to free themselves from grinding tyranny; which treats all difference of opinion as crime; and which inflicts bodily torture when it has a purpose to serve, while no severity of its adversaries has escaped its virulent denunciation. I pass over for the present minor points to which I may call your attention at a future period; but I fear I have already occupied too much of your valuable space, and it is only the crying nature of the facts and their strict adherence to bare truth that has induced me to trespass so long on the time and patience of your readers.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., ANGLICUS. Naples, Feb. 22nd. P.S.—I forgot to mention that the Five per Cent. Fundholders' dividends became due last week in Na-

ple. There are 82,000 holders, 25,000 were paid their interest, the other 57,000 are told they must wait till April at soonest, thus reducing their 5 per cent. to 3 1/2 per cent. They have also required the whole of the young ladies at the "Miracoli" convent to sign a declaration of loyalty to Victor Emmanuel, and all, down to a child of ten, refused, after the commissioners had spent several hours in threats and promises. At length he broke up their school and put all the pupils, who are girls of noble birth, into carriages and sent them back to their families, and the building is to be made a barrack.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSION AND RECEPTION IN THE CONVENT OF MEROY, ENNISKILLEN.—On Sunday, the 2nd March, the Most Rev. Dr. McNally presided at a profession and reception in the Convent at Enniskillen. Miss Doyle, county Cork—in religion, Sister Mary Charles Borromeo—made her solemn vows of profession. Miss Kennedy, county Clare, and Miss Moyrahan, county Kerry—in religion, Sister Mary and Sister Anne—were received. The ceremonies commenced at seven o'clock, a.m. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. T. B. McElroy, Monaghan. The other clergymen present were—The Very Rev. Archdeacon McMeel, P.P., Enniskillen; the Rev. Mr. Doyle, Professor in the Glengoe Diocesan College, Fermoy, and brother to the lady who made her profession; the Rev. Daniel Smyth, C.C.; Rev. Thomas Snollen, O.C.; and the Rev. P. J. McCulloch, C.C., Enniskillen. The Bishop returned to his residence at Monaghan early on Monday. His lordship has announced the following appointments:—He has appointed Archdeacon McMeel to be Vicar-General of Clogher; and the Pope, at the recommendation of his lordship, has conferred the dignity of Dean of the Chapter of Clogher on the Very Rev. James Joseph McMahon, D.D. and P.P., Carrickmacross.—*Cor. of the Dublin Nation.*

CONVERSION FROM SOUPERISM.—On Sunday, the 23rd inst. in the Catholic chapel of Errismore (Connemara), I had the pleasing satisfaction of witnessing the solemn reception into the Catholic Church of Anne Hodgson, a poor woman who, with her two children, have during the last seven or eight years, been a prey to Souperism. Some few weeks previous she had her poor little innocent ones—Tom and Esther—the former about four and the latter about two years of age—baptized in our holy faith by the Rev. Mr. Platley, the zealous and indefatigable pastor of this district.

LONGFORD ELECTION.—This staunch old Tory journal and strenuous repudiator of Orange Bigotry has the following remarks on the Longford Election and the Longford Conservatives—"In electing Col. White, we believe, the Irish national party of popular Liberals went hand-in-hand with the Conservatives of the territorial interest. It was one of those elections full of cheering hope for Ireland, in which, as in the case of Colonel Vandeleur in Clontarf, and Mr. Leader in Cork, and others, the Priests and the people were in thorough accord with the gentry and clergy, and sections of the population so long estranged from each other, found a common ground of Irish patriotism. As regards the Priests and the people, their line of conduct has been vigorously taken. They have found them a champion after their own heart in Major O'Reilly. But, we are now told that the Longford Conservatives will not vote for Major O'Reilly, because he is exclusively devoted to the Roman Catholic interest, and because he commanded the Irish legion which went out to Italy to take service under Lamoriciere. We would scorn to believe that the bulk of the Conservative electors, either in Longford or anywhere else, would be induced by even the widest discrepancy of mere opinion between themselves and the independent candidate, to submit to the insult which is designed for them. The Whigs, of course, will support their new proselyte. Some peace-seeking Conservatives, too, no doubt, will think this sort of traffic in office a very convenient arrangement, and will hold it more cruelly in Major O'Reilly to interrupt a course of dealing which they themselves may find very desirable at a future time. But the main body of Longford Conservatives, who must have some regard for their own honor and that of their constituency, will never, we are persuaded, brook the singularity of degradation with which the Ministry seeks to brand them. True, Major O'Reilly is not a man of their principles, nor of ours. But we can fight that battle out another day. For the present, the question is simple enough:—The Treasury officials have found that there is one constituency in Ireland which will submit to be trucked like a bale of goods, and that the county of Longford is that constituency; then comes the question: Will the electors of Longford confirm that finding? In dealing with this matter they must recollect that the Romanist candidate is not personally a man whose choice will be discreditable to them. The Irish Brigade, though it was not successful, did not disgrace us as those people did who went out from hence to take the pay of Garibaldi. They fought bravely at Castelfidardo, and they did not steal each other's kits, nor rob the old women's benches in the Neapolitan villages. But, at all events, the Longford Conservatives will not forget that the greater the points of difference between themselves and Major O'Reilly, the more emphatic and the more defiant will be their protest in answer to the Downing-street contumely, if they elect that gentleman in preference to Lord Palmerston's deserter. We shall own ourselves very much mistaken in them if they do otherwise."—*John Bull.*

LONGFORD ELECTION.—REJOICINGS IN LOUTH.—The news of the triumphant return of Major O'Reilly was received throughout the county with the greatest enthusiasm. On Thursday last, as soon as the final result of the contest became known, bonfires were kindled in and around Dundalk, and the hearty peals of cheering which were heard on every side, told how widespread was the sympathy entertained in Louth for the man and the cause. On Saturday last it became known that Major O'Reilly would reach his residence at Knockabbey, on that evening. This was the signal for the renewal of the rejoicings; and, from Dundalk to Knockabbey, far as the eye could reach on every side, the hills seemed literally a blaze of light. Crowds of people thronged the roads, and every little village had its illuminations. I have just learned that similar displays were made in the adjoining counties of Monaghan and Cavan, thus stamping the victory in Longford with a character of national importance.—*Morning News.*

The *Evening Mail*, no friend, we need scarcely say, of Major O'Reilly, or of the principles he represents, tells us:—"There is no doubt that the triumph which Major O'Reilly has obtained is of the most transitory kind. Colonel White, we presume, will certainly petition against the return, and if he does it will be declared void—not as some of our contemporaries allege, on the ground of violence and intimidation, of which there does not appear to have been more than is usual in such conflicts, but because, through the blunder of the High Sheriff, the provisions of the statute were disregarded in the fixture of the polling days. Notwithstanding the talk of bludgeon-men and intimidation, we have reason to believe that no elector was prevented by physical violence from tendering his vote." This we presume effectually settles the question of violence and intimidation, if it were not further placed beyond all doubt by the fact, that out of 2,800 voters on the registry lists, no less than 2,300 voted, a proportion almost unprecedented in Irish county elections. Had Colonel White been able to record on his side the votes of every man on the list who did not appear at the hustings, they would not have been sufficient to balance the majority of Major O'Reilly. That amounted to 574, while there were unpolled but 430 electors. In the face of that fact, we should like to see the allegations in a petition on the ground of intimidation.—*Cork Examiner.*

The *Weekly Register* says:—"The entire absence of any allusion in the Dublin newspapers to riot or disorder at the Longford Election during the contest, made people open their eyes in astonishment when the defeated Government through Sir Robert Peel, and the beaten candidate, Mr. Luke White, declared after the close of the election, that the return of Major O'Reilly was the result of mob violence and intimidation, and announced that the battle for the seat must be fought over again before a Parliamentary Election Committee. To this threat, however, we attach little importance, a petition being in such cases the blanket usually placed beneath a beaten candidate to break his fall and mitigate for the moment the mortification of defeat. Few men are endowed with the philosophy of resignation in unexpected discomfiture and humiliation. The Longford Election gave a staggering blow to Ministers for their Italian policy, and more especially to the Irish Secretary for his insolent attacks upon the Archbishop of Dublin, and for the 'Cromwellian ring' of his harangues to the 'Prentice-Boys' of Derry and the Orangemen of Belfast. We can easily comprehend their soreness, and even make some allowance for Sir R. Peel's rash explosion the other night, when answering Mr. Lefroy's question, while smarting under the wound which he has been himself in a great measure the cause of inflicting upon the Government of which he is a member. But Sir Robert, like all men afflicted with a rash temper, overshoot the mark. He proved too much, and therefore foiled himself. He indulged in violent language when describing the alleged outrages of the popular party against freedom of election, and promised that the violators of the law should be prosecuted. But as he also stated that the county swarmed with infantry, cavalry, and police (in Ireland a regular military corps), directed by no less than three stipendiary magistrates, common sense asks why were not the persons guilty of the imputed crimes seized in flagrant, brought before the Government Magistrates, and committed on the spot, either summarily or for trial at the Quarter Sessions or the Assizes? Is it not extraordinary that with all this parade of military and civil force, enough to subdue the whole county if in open revolt, not one person was taken up for an infringement of the law or a breach of the peace? If there really were such scenes of riot and disorder as Sir Robert Peel described, what were the stipendiaries about? Where were the police? What became of the High Sheriff and the military? Were they all buried in such profound sleep that even the fury of the population of a whole county engaged in savage deeds of violence could not wake them? or were they passive spectators of the 'fun'? Some people might be disposed to describe the proceedings of 'the Castle' as an attempt to overawe the electors into a tacit consent to the re-election of the Government candidate. At all events, it is quite clear that the conduct of the Sheriff, the stipendiary magistrates, the military, and the police whom the Government had despatched to Longford before the election to protect the friends of the new Lord of the Treasury against any possible attempt at violence or intimidation, is utterly inconsistent with Sir Robert Peel's tale of anarchy, unless we assume that Sheriff, magistrates, military, and police were leagued with the mob in violating the law and breaking the peace.—This of course will not be pretended, and the inevitable conclusion is that the Chief Secretary drew upon his heated imagination for his facts—a conclusion which is sustained by the following letter of the High Sheriff:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY EXPRESS.

Longford, 5th March, 1862. Sir—My attention having been called to the account of the Longford election contained in your paper of this morning, I beg to say that, although I attended the polling at the town of Longford in my official capacity, I did not either see or hear of the violence mentioned in your leading article, nor was the intervention of the military rendered necessary at any period from the conduct of the mob. Trusting you will publish this letter, I am, Sir, your obedient servant, WALTER NUGENT, High Sheriff.

DUBLIN.—The Longford election proves what all observing persons must long since have been convinced of, namely, that Tories and Whigs are ready to condescend against Catholics, whenever we make a stand for the plenitude of our Religious and civil rights. Although the Orange and the Conservative, no less than the Whig journals, are quite convinced that Major O'Reilly entertains no extreme opinions on national politics, and that his return for Longford would secure an able and influential opponent of Lord Palmerston's Government, yet because he is the adopted champion of Catholic feeling, they, one and all, rally round the Whig Lord of the Treasury, and call on all loyal Protestants and independent-meaning placemen or expectant—Catholics to come forward and defeat the Ultramontane candidate. The *Packet* and its kindred organs appear to be unconscious of insolvency, while extending their shield to protect Catholic laymen from alleged clerical tyranny and foreign domination. The nomination took place on Friday, although the Court and the town were crowded with people, the proceedings passed off without more than the usual banterings and popular interpellations common to the hustings. During the three days following, the funds of both candidates dispersed themselves over the country, and never was canvass more actively conducted. The Government regard the struggle as of so much importance that every official and every expectant having property or influence in Longford received instructions to use it in supporting Colonel White. It is further stated that Lord Palmerston himself has written to some of the landlords, urging the importance of that issue, and praying their influence. The popular enthusiasm never before reached so high a pitch as during the election. During the polling on Tuesday, the streets of Longford were almost impassable, what, between dragons, police, and people, yet no riot or disturbance occurred. The High Sheriff, Captain Walter Nugent, son to Sir Percy Nugent, and son-in-law to the Right Hon. More O'Ferrall, is a Catholic. There were three polling places—Longford, Grannard, and Ballymahon, and in one only had White a majority on the first day's poll. Upon 1,876 votes polled, the first day, O'Reilly had 1,085; White, 791; majority for the Catholic candidate, 294. At 11.30, yesterday, O'Reilly's majority in Longford was 285, and in Grannard, 331; at 12.30, in Ballymahon, White had a majority of 184, and although the official declaration at the close of the poll has not, as I write, reached Dublin, no doubt is entertained of O'Reilly's return, and by a majority of close upon 500. (It is actually 576) This is, beyond doubt, the greatest blow yet struck against the Palmerston-Russell-Peel Government in Ireland, and a blow which will soon exhibit its full results.

The assizes will have closed in nearly all Ireland this week. So little understood, by most persons at the other side of the water is the actual condition of this country, whether as to poverty or crime, that I deem it useful to glean a few official facts, which cannot fail to impress themselves upon those who may take the trouble to consider them in connection with recent discussions in the House of Commons. That there is severe distress in many of, and pressure in all parts of Ireland is now too evident, and, tested by the calendars, and by the charges of the Judges, let us inquire, have the suffering poor shown a spirit of turbulence, has property been pillaged, life been endangered or taken, or the general stability of social order been disturbed, during the past six months, privation? The county Cork contains 537,496 souls, or a population exceeding that in each of the twenty-seven of the Sovereign States of Europe. Severe distress prevails, and not alone in the Western districts—Skull, Skibbereen, and Bantry—but also in Bandon, Kanturk, and other towns in the most favored localities in the county. Respecting the county Cork, Mr. Justice Keogh, addressing the Grand Jury, said:—"Sir George Colthurst and gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the county of Cork, it is very creditable to

this county, that notwithstanding its vast extent and population, there are only twenty-nine cases appearing upon the calendar, and more than half of these are for larceny. The other cases are of the most ordinary description, and there is not one amongst them calling for any special observation on my part. Of these cases, eleven are of simple larceny, and five for stealing straw from a workhouse. Is there a Duchy, or Grand Duchy, or a Principality in Europe, with a population of half-a-million of people, of whom a similar statement could be made by a criminal judge? The *ex-Officio*, Poor Law Guardian, of this Kanturk Union, a portion only of whose letter Sir Robert Peel read to the House of Commons, suppressing the remainder, and refusing to give the writer's name, has now publicly avowed its authorship, and published the letter itself in the *Cork Examiner*. The following suppressed passage from the letter of this gentleman, G. B. Egan, Esq., J. P., to the Chief Secretary, contains sufficient admission for my purpose. "That an unusual amount of distress unfortunately exists here is also too true, but not of that extent as to warrant its being used as a famine argument."

Under the acute suffering of insufficient food and fuel, a suffering so general that Sir Robert Peel's volunteer witness just hesitates to call it a *famine*, here is the extent of imputed non-convicted crime, in a population exceeded in each of only half the States of Europe, and scattered over a country 110 miles long by 70 broad. One committal for every 15,814 of the population, and the convictions in Ireland average only one-third of the committals! And of the 29 committals, 16 are simple larcenies, 5 of them for the horrible offence of paupers irregularly removing their ration of their straitwad, from off the workhouse premises! Turning from the county to the city calendar, and remembering in connection with the severity of popular distress, the extent of the population, the exposed state of a vast amount of property, in a large sea-port, the influx of foreign sailors, and the adverse influence of a garrison, the facts stated in the charge of Baron Hughes must be deemed eminently gratifying:—

His Lordship said—"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the county of the city of Cork, your assize exhibits but six cases for trial at the present assize—that is, there are but six persons to be arraigned in respect to offences committed and returned to this assize for the last six months; and of these six cases three are old offenders, having been convicted on more than one occasion, at former periods. Gentlemen, I am aware that the calendar does not represent the actual state of crime for the period of six months, but I have been furnished with materials showing the proper return in respect of that period, and I have ascertained that the entire convictions before your learned Recorder for that period of six months amounted only to 97 cases. Gentlemen, I give credit for that state of facts, not only to the magistracy and to the gentlemen resident within your borough, but also to the people themselves, as exhibiting a disposition to refrain from crime. But there is another element which satisfies me as much as any one of those I have referred to, that the absence of crime is also to be referred to the mode pursued of administering the laws in this city. Gentlemen, I have no doubt, whatever, and I believe it is the experience of every jurist, that punishment following immediately on crime tends to check and lessen offences, and when I find that criminals within the borough tried and sentenced within a few days, and at most within a fortnight, from the commission of the offence, it satisfies my mind that the course of administration does, in effect, check the commission of crime within the city. I believe your city contains 80,000 inhabitants, and to find that the criminals do not exceed something over 100 is certainly very creditable to every person concerned. In this city, with so vast a population, there has not been a capital execution for the last forty years.

The Protestant constitution of the Grand Juries at the present Assizes, as adverted to in my letter of last week, continues to engage public attention. Cork County has 64 Catholic magistrates, yet there are only three Catholics on the grand panel, although some thousands of Catholics in the county possess a leasehold profit rent of £100 a year, or are £50 freeholders, the qualifications required for a Grand Jury. The High Sheriff, Mr. Harding, is blamed for this anomalous state of things. He, himself, is a Catholic, one of the few in Ireland who subscribed to the Peel Scholarship Fund, shortly after which he was selected for the office of High Sheriff. In Clare, as already stated, there was but one Catholic Grand Jury; and in Roscommon, even Capt. Balfe, the late High Sheriff, was excluded, contrary to all precedent, from the panel.

The Assizes of Armagh suggest matters for reflection not quite so agreeable as those to which I have adverted in the case of Cork. There, while the general peace of the country, as indicated by the absence of any ordinary crime, is satisfactory, the conflict of religious strife crowds the Jock with whole batches of men whose hands have wielded deadly instruments against the lives of each other. The Dermacash riots of the 12th of July, 1860, have only now yielded their last victims. The Orange aggressors who insulted and assailed the unoffending inhabitants of that Catholic locality, some of whom they murdered, were tried on two former occasions in Armagh, but complaint having been made that the Catholics, who, in self-defence, had repelling their assaults and injured many of the Orange party, had not been prosecuted by the Crown, a large batch of Catholics was now brought to trial by the Attorney-General. In the charge of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, his Lordship deprecated in the strongest terms the offensive and illegal Orange processions, and that sectarian strife which have led to such lamentable results in Ulster. Thirteen of the Catholic traversers pleaded guilty to the indictment for riot and assault, and, as well as four or five others who had suffered from dangerous gun-shot wounds, submitted, unconditionally, to the Court. The Attorney-General (Mr. O'Hagan), in the course of an admirable address, recommending the prisoners to the favorable consideration of the Court, said:—

"I hope most earnestly that what has been done may tend to the maintenance of peace and order, and may bring the people into more harmonious relationship with each other. I trust and hope, my lord, on the one side, that those who have heretofore engaged in the foolish and wicked party processions, which have had the effect of insulting many of the Queen's subjects in this district, and of outraging the statute of the realm, have been taught the folly and wickedness of that course, and that they will hereafter be obedient to the law. Upon the other hand, my lord, I hope and trust that what has been done in these cases will teach every one that, even though these processions should continue, and should sometimes occur, illegality is not to be answered with illegality, and that outrage is not to be answered with outrage—that the law is equal to its own vindication, and that no man, whatever may be his feeling—whatever may be his view of the conduct of others in transactions of this description, is justified or will be permitted to resort to violence—that every man and every party must appeal to the tribunals of the country which are ample for their protection. Upon the whole, my lord, I trust that the result of these proceedings will be to prevent disorder, and, so far as may be under the circumstances of this country, put an end to that sectarian strife which has marred the prosperity and destroyed the happiness, for so long a time, of this very noble province."

We have heard so much of the ideal blessings of a system of mixed education, whether in Primary schools or in Colleges; but when we come with vulgar eyes and human tests, to examine this Utopia of Sir R. Peel and the National Board, the delusion vanishes, and the social Paradise is found to be no other than a Pandemonium. In the National Schools in the county Cork, there were, in the quarter ending 31st December, 1860, only 857 Protestant and 54,002 Catholic pupils; nor were these few Protestants uniformly scattered through the schools, a large portion of them being in 17 Workhouse, 2 Jail, some Model,

and a few schools, the scholars in which are almost exclusively Protestant. In Armagh, on the contrary, the National Schools are largely mixed as to attendance, the pupils in them, for the quarter stated, consisting of 9,623 Catholics and 6,012 Protestants of all creeds. The National system has, thus, worked for thirty years as a denominational, or separate system, in Armagh and Ulster, and as a mixed system in Armagh and Ulster, and behold the results. There is a large Protestant element in Cork, in Brandon, and in many of the cities of Munster; yet we have no Orange processions; no Belfast, or Derry riots; no Darrymacash, no special commissions, no applications of the Party Emblems Act, nor the civil liberty of any city restricted under the operation of the Crime and Outrage Act. It is not asserted that it is the mixed system of education which causes the sectarian strife and social disorder in Ulster; but it demonstrated as clearly as any known truth, and can no longer be controverted, that both are concomitant in Ireland; and that the mixed system, which, a priori, is known to be inadequate to soften down sectarian asperities, has, after thirty years working, wholly failed to effect the main end which statesmen professed to have had in view when proposing it for legislative sanction. The Attorney-General himself, a commissioner of the National Board of Education, must doubtless set due importance upon the weight of his official testimony, which we have quoted to prove this failure; and on the other hand, the report of the Cork Assizes establishes the fact that the universal prevalence of denominational schools does not, at least, prevent, if it do not promote social harmony and the allaying of sectarian strife. All the Lenten Pastorals of the Irish Prelates refer to the dangers of the mixed system of education, but none at such length as that to His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

THE CLOSING ASSIZES.—The now unquestioned evidence of acute distress, the depressed state of trade, the scarcity of employment, for the artisan as well as the labouring classes, and the general commercial condition of the country low and unsatisfactory, all tend to poverty, destitution, and crime. The assizes are the social gauge usually adopted with which to measure the extent and the degree of crime; and as they have almost all closed this week, we shall take a brief view of the picture which they present of public morality. In some counties, as Donegal, the assizes lasted only part of two days, and were chiefly confined to the usual routine of fiscal business. The judges, in some few counties, while admitting the very satisfactory state of the calendars, complained that the list of crime, as supplied by the police officers, indicated an amount of undetected criminals, neither creditable to the vigilance of the constabulary—nor an opinion which many will dispute—nor in accordance with the gratifying reputation drawn from the few prisoners on trial. With these trifling exceptions throughout all the circuits there has been nothing heard from the judicial bench but congratulations on the peaceful condition of the country. In Louth, in Antrim, Derry, and several of the counties, the language of the judges was commendatory and eulogistic, in the highest degree, of the good order and excellent conduct of the people, the remnant of the religious feuds and factions, arising from the Orange system in Armagh, being the chief social stain upon the reputation of the peasantry. In Cork county, with a population of upwards of half a million of souls, and severe distress existing throughout a county which is 110 miles long by 70 miles broad, the Judge stated that of the 29 cases for trial, more than half of them were of larceny. In fact, 11 of them were cases of simple larceny, and five for stealing straw from a Workhouse! The charge of the Judge at the Assizes for the City of Cork was equally congratulatory, as to the absence of crime. There were many cases of deep interest tried in different counties, but our object now is merely to notice the general absence of serious crime, the disappearance, from the Calendar, of Secret Societies, the paucity of agrarian outrages, and the restriction of the convictions for assaults, arising from the heat of blood, and personal altercations, larcenies, and those offences which we can never hope to wholly suppress in so large a population. Reviewing the result of the Assizes, especially in connection with the lamentable privations of large masses of the destitute and suffering poor, and even of classes much above them in the social scale, the security of property, the protection of life, and the sacredness of the higher relations of society are equalled in few and surpassed in no other country in the world.—Dublin Telegraph.

At the Lifford Assizes, county Donegal, 14 persons were arraigned for Ribbandism. The Crown asked for a postponement of the trial till next assizes, bail being accepted for the prisoners.

THE STATE OF DONEGAL.—We have to record the gratifying fact that the Assizes for the county of Donegal, which opened at three o'clock on Saturday, terminated on four o'clock on Monday—a fact which may be taken, notwithstanding the stories of the prevalence of Ribbandism, as a fair indication of the peaceful state of the county.

At the Antrim Assizes held in Belfast, the Right Hon. Justice Fitzgerald spoke very favourably of the state of the county, and of Belfast, the centre of manufacturing and commercial activity of which they were all proud. Crime had been steadily decreasing for the last four years. Out of a population of about 400,000, there were in the well-governed gaol only 198 prisoners for all offences, including drunkenness on the 7th inst.—Times Cor.

THE PROGRESS OF FAMINE.—As the year rolls on, the misery of the poor increases. In South and West there is suffering unequalled since the horrors of 1847; and the towns, in narrow lanes and crowded streets, begin to share in the sore trials of the rural districts. The wet winter destroyed the fuel of the people. Their crops had already been scant; and the potato especially, the only portion of the food he raises which the Irish peasant is allowed to eat, had signally failed. In the West and in the South, the poor have been spending whatever small sums of money they had, in purchasing meal; and now, whilst work is scarce and the money is all gone, the horrors of famine really threaten to set in. The coast districts of Cork and Kerry suffered most terribly from the famine fourteen years ago. This year they threaten to rival the wilds of Oonaghra. From the painfully famous localities of Skibbereen, Bli-more, and Skull, accounts begin to come which are sufficiently alarming. How the fanatics tried to avail themselves of the miseries of these places before, a Southern contemporary briefly relates:—"We need hardly suggest that Cape Clear is a wild, stormy, and barren locality, yet it holds about seven hundred inhabitants; Sherkin is perhaps not quite so poor in natural advantages. Baltimore, near the sea coast, is probably poorer than either. In the great famine these places were the pet subjects for the efforts of the proselytisers, and at Clear island alone the numbers at one time won by meal and money to the Protestant Church were between three and four hundred. Since then, all who survive that dreadful time have returned to their ancient faith, and the pretty church of Cape Clear, built at an expense of £2,000, by the Irish Church Missions Society, is as bare of a congregation as if its incumbent were in receipt of the fattest tithes in Ireland." Probably another effort will be made, by these apostles of irreligion to traffic in the miseries of the poor. For new trials and afflictions are at hand. "Sherkin," says the Cork Examiner, "has been visited by a peculiar misfortune. The great storm of January raged with extreme violence in that locality. Even Baltimore harbour did not escape its fury. Fish were driven by the waves into the fields, and the cliffs forty feet high. In this tempest sixteen of the Sherkin fishing boats were wrecked, nine of them being totally destroyed. The parish priest, the Rev. Henry Leader, had application made to the Fishery Commissioners by Captain Duane, the inspecting commander of coast-guards, for some assistance to replacing those boats; but the Commissioners had no

funds for such a purpose. Upon Clear island the privations are often of the worst kind, as in bad weather communication is cut off for a fortnight together from the main land; and to a people who live on purchased grain, it can be easily understood how severe a source of misery this is. Some small drainage works were entered upon by the landlord, Sir Henry Becher, but they amounted to only £50, and the relief afforded by that sum in a district so large, and to a population so numerous, was, of course, merely infinitesimal. With such a state of things under his eyes, the Rev. Mr. Leader has felt himself compelled to ask for public aid for his poor flock."—Dublin Irishman.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.—TULLAMORE, MARCH TRU.—On the 4th instant William A. Going, Esq., coroner, held an inquest on the body of a child named Maria Duffy, who died from hunger and cold on the roadside. It appeared from the statement of the mother that her husband deserted her, and returning home from the county Westmeath, where she went in search of him, the child died from the above causes. The jury returned a verdict "died from cold and hunger."

William Smith O'Brien, in his letter to Sir Robert Peel, written and posted on the day the report of his words was published in the papers, informed that person that he was a bully and a coward, and told him that if he felt aggrieved by this description he could have "satisfaction" in any part of Europe he might choose to name. Of course Sir Robert pocketed the insult and kept quiet.

"We learn that £600 of the money collected in Montreal, for the relief of the destitution in Ireland, has already been transmitted to its destination."—Quebec Chronicle.

This prompt action of the Irishmen of the City of Montreal is a gratifying proof that their hearts warm towards their native land with as much fervour as if they still tread its soil, and that neither distance nor prosperity has in any wise lessened their sympathy for their less fortunate and suffering brethren at home. Indeed the ready and timely response of our generous countrymen in Canada to the cry of distress here—so warmly taken up and promptly acted upon by the Irish Canadians all over that fine province, and in which patriotic movement the Bishops and Clergy, as well as the leading Irish laymen, were conspicuous—makes us almost imagine that we are speaking of people still among us. It is true they are 3,000 miles away; but steam communication, in which the Canadians are not behind their neighbors, has bridged the distance, and they are practically not more remote from us than some counties in Ireland were from others in the beginning of the present century. In this particular instance our Canadian brethren have proved themselves to be even closer to their distressed fellow-countrymen in the West than this the capital city of Ireland; for, before the Massion House Committee has fairly got under weigh, the first of the expected contributions to this really patriotic fund from Canada is available, and is already gladdening the hearts and relieving the suffering of their famished and starving countrymen in the West.—Dublin Evening News.

Never in the history of the world, has any one race been more evidently and visibly made the instrument of any great work than the Irish race has been made the especial and favoured instrument of leaving with Catholic truth every land in which the Saxon race has set up its dominion had planted its free civil institutions. But what makes this more remarkable is that if we once more return, in thought, to the period at which British colonisation began, and ask what appearance there was then that the influence of Anglicanism triumphant in the Saxon race was to be more than counteracted all over the world by the Catholic influence of the Irish Celt; the question would have appeared to any man of worldly wisdom simply ridiculous. The war of extermination by which Ireland was subdued to Elizabeth and James I. was carried on with barbarity so unparalytic, that the state of the land can be described only in the well known line—"He makes a solitude, and calls it peace." The Irish race was believed to be exterminated. Here and there a Celtic fugitive, who had taken refuge in the woods, is described as being driven out of them by famine to throw himself upon the mercy of the conquerors, which it is to be feared he often failed to obtain. To all appearance the religion, and even the race of the Irish people were likely in two or three generations to be unknown even in Ireland itself. How wild an anticipation it would then have appeared had any man ventured to predict, that after passing twice more at least through sufferings and bloodshed, on the same scale as before the Irish race was to increase and multiply under the most cruel oppressions, that it was firmly to retain the ancient faith in spite of violence and in spite of cunning, that even its sufferings and calamities were to be the means of spreading it, and, by it, its faith over the whole world, and especially that it was by this instrumentally that all the desires and efforts of England to secure the Protestantism of the new nation she was about to found, were ultimately to be foiled. Man would have thought this impossible beforehand—we see with our own eyes that God has brought it to pass. Neither is there anything here to astonish the faithful man, who knows that God is ever pleased to do mighty works by instruments which man despises, and has "chosen the mean things of the world, and the things that are contemptible, and the things that are not; that He might destroy the things that are. That no flesh should glory in His sight."—Weekly Register.

A piece of wood was lately found by Mr. Stephens, Coastguard Officer, at Lambay, on which were written in pencil the following words:—"Jan. 12, 1862. —Ship Ellen, of Bristol, sinking. God have mercy on our souls."—The fragment of wood, supposed to have floated from a wreck to the island, has been left at the Daily Express office in Dublin.

SOCIAL POSITION.—It is now more than thirty years since Catholic Emancipation removed the legal stamp of degradation which had been placed upon the great mass of the Irish population. The social distinctions which the existence of the laws then repealed could not, however, be quite effaced by an Act of Parliament. It had been the fashion to look down upon the Catholics as a proscribed race; and it was natural—however much we may regret it, too many of the Catholics became accustomed to think that there was something inherently respectable and, as it were aristocratic, about Protestantism. The lapse of a generation has, of course, greatly modified this state of things, yet the old ideas are not altogether banished. There are still some Catholics to be found who believe that there is socially something superior in Protestantism to their own faith, and who will go beyond what Protestants themselves would demand in a word recognition of their better rank. Whether this be the cause to which we are to ascribe the startling preponderance of Protestants over Catholics in the constitution of the present Grand Jury, we cannot pretend positively to say. But it has struck us as particularly remarkable that it should be under a Catholic High Sheriff a Grand Jury was summoned almost unprecedented for the smallness of the Catholic element in its composition. We are told of the qualification required, and that station is an essential particular to be considered in the selection of gentlemen to serve on the County Grand Jury. But legal qualification for the office of a Grand Juror is that no man be a £50 free-holder, or that he must have a leasehold of £100 a year. Are Catholic gentlemen possessed of this much means so rare in the County of Cork that a zealous Catholic High Sheriff cannot find more than three? Oh, but station? Well, how is station to be determined? We should think the magistracy of the county ought offer a pretty fair list of those entitled to rank as gentlemen, and to meet or mix with any society whatever. In this rank, there are in the County of Cork no less than sixty-four Catholics. And out of these sixty-four, but three could be found by a Catholic High Sheriff of sufficient respectability to mix with those twenty of

the gentlemanly faith whom he had selected. The office of High Sheriff, was, once held by a Catholic gentleman of rank and property, who did not experience the same nice scruples about the low and ungentlemanly nature of the Catholic religion as seem to affect some of his successors. Mr. Alexander MacCarthy found no difficulty in discovering Catholic gentlemen of property and position in the largest county of Ireland. Upon one Grand Jury selected by him in his year of office there were nine of his own faith. The unfairness of proscribing men of a particular form of faith has been a constant source of complaint in this and in every other county of Ireland. The Morning News has had to find fault with the constitution of the Grand Jury of the County of Clare during the present assizes. The Dublin Evening Post has the following in reference to that of Roscommon:—"The construction of the Grand Jury Panel is a subject of indignant remark amongst the Liberals of this county. Gentlemen of Liberal opinions, Protestants and Catholics, were treated with great discourtesy; and the late High Sheriff, Captain Balle, was altogether excluded from the Panel, contrary to all precedent!" But there is this annoying difference, that while Catholic gentry, in the other counties we have named, have to complain of unfair treatment from persons of a different religion, and because of that difference, in the County of Cork the brand of social inferiority is placed upon them by one of their faith.—Cork Examiner.

GREAT BRITAIN. MAJOR O'REILLY IN LIVERPOOL.—On Tuesday last, the gallant representative for Longford arrived in town by the Dundalk steamer. Information of the distinguished passenger being on board having been obtained by the loyal and warm-hearted Irishmen about the Collingwood Dock, Pierhead, &c., shouts of "Welcome, Major O'Reilly—hurrah for Longford and its gallant member and people!" arose from the crowds awaiting the arrival of the steambot, and were repeated with the greatest enthusiasm until his departure. We believe the gallant major proceeded at once by rail to London to enter on his parliamentary duties.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—SARDINIAN ATROCITIES IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—Mr. D'Israeli—I wish to ask a question of Her Majesty's Government respecting certain proclamations which have been issued by the officers of the kingdom of Italy in the southern parts of that country. Very recently public feeling was much excited in this country by a proclamation signed by Colonel Fantoni, which commanded the shooting of women, and other enormities so incredible, that I believe a minister of authority, one of the advisers of the Crown, felt himself justified, in his place in Parliament, in denying the authenticity of the document. Unfortunately it proved to be authentic, but public feeling was relieved by the highest authority in another place informing the country that he had received a communication from the Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Italy, declaring that the moment after the proclamation of Colonel Fantoni was issued, it was by a superior order recalled. I have in my hand another proclamation that appears to have been issued several days after the proclamation of Colonel Fantoni, which we were assured had been immediately cancelled. The House will perhaps allow me to state the principal features in that proclamation, in order that they may comprehend more clearly the object of my question, and also in order that Her Majesty's Government may recognise it, if they have it in their possession. This proclamation is signed by one Major Furnel, who was the chief of the district of Calabria Ulteriore Secunda, which I believe is one of very considerable extent. Colonel Furnel, under date Giro, Feb. 12, says:—"The undersigned, charged with the destruction of the brigandage, declares that whoever gives shelter, or any kind of subsistence or aid to brigands, or seeing them and knowing their place of refuge, does not immediately give information to armed forces, or to the civil and military authorities, shall be immediately shot. All cabins must be burned. Towers and farm-houses which are not inhabited or defended by armed forces, must be dismantled within three days, or the doors and windows built up. After that time they will be burnt; and likewise all cattle found without the necessary protection will be killed. It is also prohibited to carry bread or food of any kind out of the inhabited parts of the commune; and whoever acts in contradiction of this order will be considered as an accomplice of the brigands and shot." Now the question I wish to put to Her Majesty's Government is, whether Her Majesty's Minister at Turin, who appears not until late in the inquiry to have furnished Her Majesty's Government with any of these documents, has placed the proclamation to which I have referred within the cognisance of Her Majesty's Government; and whether Her Majesty's Government have given the subject of the proclamation their attention; and I may even say, their anxious attention? (Loud cheers.)—Viscount Palmerston.—The right hon. gentleman has had the goodness this morning to give me notice of the question which he meant to ask of me, and I therefore made inquiry at the Foreign-office to ascertain whether any communication had been received there with regard to this proclamation of Giro. The answer which I got was, that no information upon the point had been received either from Her Majesty's Minister at Turin, or from Her Majesty's Consul at Naples. A telegraph inquiry was immediately made for the purpose of ascertaining how the fact stood. It is needless, I am sure, to say with regard to proclamations of this kind, that Her Majesty's Government must partake of the disgust (loud cheers) which every one must feel at such proceedings.

A rather ticklish question is to be put by Mr. Griffith to the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs—namely, whether Earl Russell will take steps to learn if the law Italian ministry have in contemplation to discuss any question relative to the cession to France of any portion of the territory at present forming part of the Italian Kingdom? Mr. Griffith will likewise ask for the copy of any communication which may have been made to the Italian government in reference to such a question? What with Lord Normanby, Earl Derby, Mr. Griffith, and several other members of the Legislature, the Italian policy of the government to all appearance is likely to undergo a searching inquiry during the present session, and it is generally suspected that the revelations will be made about the doings of Il Re Gennaro and his myrmidons that will considerably lower the tone of approval with which the part taken by the British Premier and his colleagues in the "unification" of Italy.

A Protestant missionary is a costly instrument. The instruments of that instrument, viz., the Bibles which he distributes, or rather throws about him, are also costly. On the other hand, the instruments of the Catholic apostolate are cheap. A Catholic missionary has but himself to keep, and he is content with very little. A mere trifle, say twenty pounds a year in China, will support him; the Protestant missionary requires or obtains hundreds. The Catholic uses no mechanical means to save himself trouble. He does not depend upon the circulation of books which nobody reads. He preaches, and still more, he teaches by his example, he prays, he offers the Unbloody Sacrifice. These instruments are indeed beyond price, if you look at them from the Divine point of view. Regarded from the earth, they are easily and cheaply obtained by faith. The Protestant has a continual tendency to settle himself in worldly comfort, to make himself a home, to "exploit" the natives (to use an expressive French word), to leave the line of missionary exertion, and to avail himself of his opportunities to make money by his knowledge of the natives, to become consul, purveyor, land purchaser, farmer. To the Catholic these are no temptations. He has no home on the earth. He follows in the track, and we can hardly say of him, "haur passibus agnus" since he, too, ends in martyrdom—of St. Paul and of St. Francis Xavier. The Catholic missionary announces but one

doctrine; the Protestant bewilders the barbarians with a variety of sects. The former teaches by the living voice, the latter presents books and tracts. The former has no "silver or gold" to offer; the latter, where he cannot himself profit by his converts, offers them material bribes. The former raises the heathen to a higher life, of which purity is an essential characteristic, the latter has even permitted polygamy. And the results are what might have been anticipated from the antecedents. "A fructuosum eorum cognoscetis eos," to use the famous text which Mr. Marshall places on his title-page: The Pagan convert looks up with respect to the comfortable Protestant missionary, who differs from other gentlemen principally in the white neck-cloth. He feels that the Catholic missionary is a being of an inferior order. The Hindu pays no mark of deference to the meeting-house or the Anglican church; he makes his salaam in passing the Catholic chapel, where is a Presence before which even the Devils tremble. The great prevailing feature of Protestant missions is sterility. Their history is the record of men who have spent their lives (so far as conversions go) in bending the air. The heathens accept their books or listen to their divided utterances with utter indifference. They are not converted, neither do they pay that opposite homage to their teaching which consists in persecution. The Catholic effects conversions by thousands, and side by side with these conversions is the unfading mark of persecutions and martyrdoms. In Cochinchina and Tonquin is repeated to this day the history of Japan in the sixteenth century, of Lyons and Vienna in the second. The Protestant work, such as it is, is transitory, fading away under the eyes of its workers. The Catholic builds on durable foundations, and the spirits of Xavier and Lavez still behold with joy the permanence and growth of the seed they sowed. When Protestantism has effected a semblance of conversions, as in New Zealand or Tahiti, there is this mark about it, that the ill-fated race subjected to its yoke dies away under it, and disappears before the eyes of its conquerors. Whereas Catholicism has been visibly able to do that which Protestantism has never done, both to reclaim savage nations to the dominion of Christ, and keep them in existence whilst in the presence of European races. The entire population of the whole of Tasmania has melted away, save perhaps half-a-dozen. The Society Islands have dwindled to a few thousands; the Maori, the noblest race of savages, are gradually decaying. The Indians of Anglo-Saxon North America will ere long have disappeared. But Catholicism may point to the Indians of Mexico and Peru, and Paraguay, still increasing, after centuries of contact with Catholic Christians. So that we see that even in what is the proudest boast of Protestantism, its supposed superiority in civilization, Catholicism has really the advantage.—Tribune.

THE WORKHOUSE SYSTEM IN ENGLAND.—We make the following extracts from a letter forwarded to us by a Correspondent in Rhyly. The letter appeared originally in the London Standard, an extreme Protestant journal. The writer says:—

Within the walls of this prison we are confined, without classification, like felons, the very windows of which are blocked that we may not see into the street. We are allowed to go out a few hours once a month, but compelled to wear the parish garb—that badge of poverty and degradation—and our relatives are permitted to see us sometimes, for two hours, once a month. We are huddled together—the respectable with the most depraved, the honest with the dishonest, the dirty with the clean, the sane with the insane, the lame, the halt, the blind, and the sick, and dying. In fact those whose position has been the most elevated without are the most ill-treated within, being subjected to the most filthy re-villings, the most obscene language, and the most tremendous oaths, and our food is not what it ought in charity to be, since the sum raised for the maintenance of the poor is amply sufficient to give a proper quantity of that which is wholesome and good. But is it so? I answer no.

Then, sir, there are the officials, ignorant and tyrannical, who are extravagantly paid to protect those whom they ill-treat, and who give themselves airs and graces that would not be tolerated for a moment anywhere else.

I remain, sir, your humble servant,
JAMES HENRY WHITE,
Inmate of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Workhouse.

SCALE OF DIET FOR A WEEK.
(Extract from Illustrated Magazine.)

MODEL PRISON, PENTONVILLE.
Meat, 1½ lb.; bread, 6 lb 4oz; potatoes, 7 lb; soup, with meat, 31 pints; cocoa in the morning, 1 pint; gruel in the evening, 1 pint.
Number of hours of labour—8 per day. Method of employment—various.

(Extract from Illustrated Magazine.)
ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS WORKHOUSE.
Meat, 1 lb 2oz; bread, 4 lb 14oz; potatoes, 1½ lb; soup, no meat, 3 pints; gruel in the morning, 1 pint; water in the evening; suet pudding, 14oz; rice, 14oz; cheese, ½ lb; butter, 3oz.

Number of hours of labour—10 per day.
Methods of employment—Stone breaking, 12 bushels; oakum picking, 4 lb being 1 lb more than the House of Correction.
List of salaries of the officials of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Workhouse, £1,901.

NUMBER OF PAPERS RECEIVING RELIEF.
In the house, 336; out do., 247; in the asylums and schools, 153.

PROTESTANT SUPERSTITION.—Although the future historian who writes about us 200 hence will scarcely characterize this age as an age remarkable for credulity, it is pretty generally known that among the fancies of the fashionable world there is none more prevalent than the desire to hold intercourse with the spirits of the departed. A "medium" is a good repute, who, for a certain fee, will enable us to discourse with our deceased grandfathers, may be regarded as a member of a profession at once lucrative and distinguished. No connexion is there between him and the obscure prophetess who extracts knowledge from a dirty pack of cards, with the fear of the police before her eyes, and is only approachable through the narrowest of alleys. The "medium" has his well-furnished apartments in a broad west-end thoroughfare, his visitors rattle up to his door in their carriages, and, far from concealing the fact of their consultation, enrich their discourse at dinner with anecdotes of the wonderful magician. A dozen years ago an honest country gentleman who firmly believed that he had seen a ghost was forced to keep his belief to himself, if he would not be laughed down by his enlightened friends. Quite another view is now prevalent. A thorough disbelief in ghosts has become rather vulgar than otherwise. Just now the leading "medium" is Mr. Forster, of Bryanston-street Portman-square. He gives sittings (scarcely the word) at the rate of one guinea a head, and is so fully occupied with his spiritual business that, without an appointment on the previous day, there is no chance of an interview. When you are lucky enough to get your hour, you certainly have your guinea's worth. Mr. Forster gives you the right of search into the ghostly bosoms of all your deceased relatives and friends, and if you question them about this little debt, that little legacy, and other little mortgage they will answer you with a straightforwardness that perhaps was by no means characteristic of their earthly career. Many an old curmudgeon who would have told his next of kin "not to bother" if he had asked him a hundredth part of the questions propounded in Mr. Forster's room now overflows with information, and, distressfully rapping, hovers about his relative's chair, fearful that he may not be asked enough. "There is a spirit wants to speak with you," is one of Mr. Forster's most frequent remarks. Do not let it be supposed that these spirits are sprites in winding-sheets, and that when addressed they poke their heads out of a caldron, like the spirits in Macbeth. In a civilized age, when the knowledge

of reading and writing, is supposed to be universal, the spirits prefer the epistolary form of correspondence. You take your seat comfortably at a little round table, with Mr. Forster, himself, and perhaps two or three other amateurs of recondite wisdom, and if the table suddenly pitches into your lap, you need not be in the least alarmed, as this is only a sign that the spirits—in toastmasters' phraseology—bid you heartily welcome. Then you write the names of half a dozen departed friends on little morsels of paper, double them up, fling them into an indiscriminate heap, and touching the spirits one by one, seek to discover which of the spirits is desirous of holding converse. These raps on the table signify that you have touched the most willing communicant, and Mr. Forster will surprise you by putting a piece of blank note paper under the table, and in an instant bringing it back, with the Christian name of your readiest friend written thereon in pencil. Or he may vary the experiment, and, touching up his shirt-sleeve, show you the name inscribed on his own arm in red letters. While this is going on you are occasionally diverted by renewed raps against your knees. This, you are informed, is the touch of a spirit; but you need not be alarmed, the spirit is not half so dangerous as one of those pet pooxies that sometimes take similar liberties. After several experiments of the kind described, the sir seems to become impregnated with spiritual influences.—The lurches of the table increase, rappings go on at short intervals, and you are told that the spirits wish to speak with you. This is your time to put in your business-like questions, to ask whether Smith will honor his acceptance without being stimulated by your solicitor, or whether Brown really died intestate. Sometimes Mr. Forster—possessed, of course, by the spirit—will himself answer these interrogations in writing, scribbling on the paper with preternatural rapidity, as if unable to control his movements. But generally a rap on the table is the response (one rap denoting 'No,' two raps 'Doubtful,' and three raps 'Yes'); and the questioner may be advised to use such a form of inquiry as may be answered by a simple affirmative or negative, and to avoid the disjunctive form of interrogation. The spirits, though communicative, are disposed to be laconic, and we need not remark that the seeker for advice who asks whether in a certain case he ought to proceed by common law or equity, and is answered by plain 'Yes' or 'No,' scarcely obtains the guidance he requires. To avoid disappointment, let him therefore ask, 'Shall I issue a writ?' or, 'Shall I file a bill?' (one or the other, not both together), and ten to one but he will find that the raps proceed from the most unquestionable worldly wisdom.—Even for those gross natures who, not satisfied with seeing spiritual handwriting, hearing raps, feeling their knees tickled, and bearing the weight of lurching tables, would like to have something like the armed head thrust out of the witches' pot—even for these gross natures a bonne bouche is provided. One of the party asks 'Shall we have a hand?' in an calm tone as if about of what or cribbage was proposed, but means no such levity. If Mr. Forster thinks that the opportunity is favorable to the introduction of the 'hand,' you move to another part of the table, and whereas the previous experiments (if made in the morning) were performed in broad daylight, the stutters are now closed, and you look anxiously towards the table's opposite edge. Now you have really a right to feel a little nervous. An indistinct something rises to your view, and growing more definite, is plainly a hand, with two fingers in rapid motion. About this hand there is no mistake, nor there a doubt about its inclination to clutch a bit of paper in its vicinity. That this is a most extraordinary exhibition no one can deny who watches it fairly through. Granted any amount of confederacy or collusion, it is still difficult to explain how the name written by the questioner on paper can be imitated in a moment by an unseen scribe under the table, and how the arm of Mr. Forster, who never quits your sight, is inscribed with a word of your own choice. Let us add that, if you write your own name and many others on scraps of paper, and, throwing them in a heap together, touch them in succession, the affirmative raps will only be given when the right paper is touched. At these sittings nothing is done with the view of inspiring terror.—Mr. Forster is no lean, haggard seer, but a young gentleman of a frank and even jovial aspect, remarkably gentlemanlike and urbane in his manner, and not at all indisposed to laugh and joke in the midst of his spiritual manifestations. Now and then he appears pained and exhausted through the work of "mediation" but mostly, if the party consists of gentlemen only, he smokes his cigar amid a volley of wrappings, as a veteran might write his despatches with shells lying in at his windows. Confining ourselves to the report of phenomena, we do not pretend to determine when the spirit leaves off and the flesh begins. Mr. Forster offers his patrons a very agreeable hour; his acromancy is of the most genial kind, and, if people are frightened rather than pleased, it is 'no' his fault, but theirs. As for that strange hand, with the twiddling fingers, why should any dull, mechanical rapping attempt to destroy our amusement at watching it by some dreary exposition of physical causes? The hand does no harm, and shares with hard words the property of breaking no bones. Whatever the spirits may be, they are not malignant.—London Times.

UNITED STATES

A minister, appointed chaplain in an Ohio regiment, lately wrote the following note to a brother preacher:—"Dear brother—if you can get a com-mibus as chaplain, it will pay you \$874 a month and a living beside. The cause of Christ kneads you in his army."

SUNDAY SENSATIONISM.—Vanity Fair learns from the New York Daily Times that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the celebrated "Star" Divine, twice brought down the house by his performances on Sunday evening the 9th inst. In a general way there is no harm in bringing down the house. In fact it is rather a good thing to do. But this was the House of God. Mr. B. took his "cue" from the 62nd Chapter of Isaiah, and judging from the sensation he produced, must have "topped his part." The Times says:—"The conduct of Russia was contrasted with that of England, France, and Spain, so as to draw forth a loud outburst of applause; and when he spoke of the probability of an American blocking of the European game in Mexico, there was a second round of enthusiastic concurrence." The substitution of cheering, clapping of hands, and stamping in other words, of "loud outbursts of applause," and "enthusiastic concurrence"—for the usual monotonous quiet which prevails in places of worship during divine service—must have had a jolly effect. "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him" seems to be considered a scriptural Old Fogysm by the lively Apostle of Plymouth Church and his worshipful merry-men. It might be appropriately parodied for that Unprosperous Institution after this fashion:—"The Star Preacher is on his clerical Stage, let all his claqueurs claque before him." Shades of the Pilgrims! What would the stern religionists who built the first Plymouth Church have said to such clap-trap? Verily the man who "keeps his eyes and ears open" would soon have had his mouth shut in their day. To use a clerical expression borrowed from the black-leg vocabulary, his "game would have been blocked." If this sort of thing is continued at Plymouth Church, the Brooklyn Academy of Music may as well be closed. It cannot stand the Sunday competition of its unlicensed rival. What is 'I Puritan' to a dramatic performance by a "descendant of the Puritans"? or the "Avail Chorus" on the stage of the stamping of two thousand feet, and the clapping of two thousand hands in the auditorium of a meeting house? Motley in the pulpit on Sunday interferes with the week-day interests of a humorous publica-

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Also at Mr. Alexander's Bookstore, opposite the Post-Office, Quebec.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1862.

To DELINQUENTS.—Mr. Gillies, of the TRUE WITNESS, is about to visit Kemptville and the Ottawa district, to present and collect outstanding accounts. We hope that he may be well received, and that in consequence more rigorous proceedings against defaulters may be dispensed with.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

NOTHING doing in the political world. Speeches of honorable members in the House of Commons are quoted "dull," and little in demand. There is indeed more activity in the French Corps Legislatif than in the British Parliament. The only noticeable event that we can find in our files, is the mention of Major O'Reilly's first appearance in the House. The allegations of violence and intimidation at his election have been fully disposed of by the formal declarations of the High Sheriff of the County; and if the election is contested at all, it will be on different grounds, and on the pretext of some trifling irregularities—such as counting a Sunday intervening betwixt the nomination and the polling, as a legal day. Still the return of Major O'Reilly is a great fact, and strikingly indicative of the direction in which the current of public opinion in Ireland is setting. The Catholics have given a fair trial to, and are now fairly sick of the "Liberals" or Palmerstonian Whigs; and seem inclined to transfer their allegiance to Lord Derby and the Conservatives—whose foreign policy, it is hoped, will be very different from that of the present possessors of office. In England also a great change of political sentiment is taking place in favor of Conservatism, and the fall of the Palmerston-Russell Cabinet seems to be at hand.

The Protestant press has been gloating in anticipation over the expected death of Pius IX., but seems again doomed to disappointment. The last accounts of the health of the Holy Father are encouraging. The policy of the Rattazzi Ministry has not been fully developed; but every day brings with it fresh signs of an approaching contest betwixt the Mazzinians with Garibaldi as their leader, and the party which still swears by Cavour. The Mazzinian party are determined to assert themselves, and suspect Rattazzi of being a Frenchman rather than an Italian. In a religious point of view, the progress of the revolution must be very encouraging to Protestants, and to all who hate the Church; for there can be no doubt that Garavazzi and his hordes of apostate priests are very active, and that Protestant literature is widely disseminated throughout the whole of Italy, not only in the shape of spurious Bibles, and hawkish Tracts, but in the more effective guise of obscene and immoral tales, — all however preaching revolt against the Pope and the Church, as the tyrants and oppressors of the human race. Of the quality of this anti-Catholic literature, and of the direction in which the Reformation is progressing in Protestantised Italy, a judgment may be formed from the following extract from a letter read, and vouched for, by Lord Malinesbury in the House of Lords. The writer is describing the consequences of the Italian Reformation of which one of the most striking features is:—

"The public sale and exposure of the most abominable prints, photographs, and books, expressly invented, I should say, to corrupt the youth of both sexes. No shop in London would escape the seizure of its stock if such infamies as I see here were allowed. The atheist press too is doing a fine trade, and even the life of our Lord Jesus Christ is turned into a venalious novel, under the title of 'The Carpenter of Nazareth.' Libels of the most disgusting kind on the Royal Family, on the Pope, on the Ministers of religion, and even the poor Sisters of Charity, swarm on every book-stall; and I scarcely could have believed the indecency of them if I had not gone to see them myself."

So far, Protestantism has made some progress in Italy against Popery—and the tidings will no doubt be gladly hailed in Exeter Hall, where Garavazzi and Achilli, the apostates of the obscene evangel, are held in honor. But as one great object of our Protestant Biblical Societies is to find a profitable market for their Bibles, Tracts, and Testaments; and inasmuch as the taste of Italian Protestantism is strongly in favor of more highly spiced works than "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," or even evangelical "Memoirs of Maria Monk"—the wares of the aforesaid proselytising societies are at a discount

in Naples; and, as a commercial speculation, the conversion of Italy "to the truth as it is in Heaven," has turned out rather a failure. It was expected, in short, that the Italian revolution would open a fine market for evangelical Tracts, and create a great demand for Protestant Testaments; and in this expectation the gospel speculators laid in large stocks, and went freely into the Bible business. The result has not however corresponded with their sanguine expectations. Sales cannot be effected; Tracts hang heavy on hand; Testaments are a drug in the market, and many of the Saints, we fear, have burnt their fingers.

The telegrams from the U. States—which it must be borne in mind have all been carefully manipulated or cooked by the Federal authorities—do not shew that any great progress has been made during the past week, towards the subjugation of the South. Island No. 10 still holds out; but there have been some petty skirmishes and a great Union victory is reported in which, as usual, fearful destruction of men and materiel was inflicted upon the routed Southerners, whilst "our loss" is set down as "One man killed from an explosion in burning a tent." We cease to laugh at these puerilities now, for we have become accustomed to them; but it is certainly not worth while wasting good ink, and paper by reproducing the telegrams in which they occur.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

No important business has been transacted in either House since our last. In the Legislative Assembly the discussions have for the most part turned upon the Address, and the amendments proposed by the several sections of the Opposition; and after long and animated debates, the Ministry have carried the day by large majorities.

The question of Representation—whether that of Upper Canada shall be so increased by reason of its more numerous population as to give to the Western section of the Province political ascendancy over the Eastern section—is of course the great question of the day, and one on which irreconcilable antagonism as betwixt the two sections prevails. Upper Canada is arrayed on this question against Lower Canada, and Lower Canada in like manner is arrayed against the Upper Province—and thus utterly irrespective of party ties. The question is national and religious; involving on the part of the French Canadians the question of their continued national existence, and on the part of all Catholics the question of "Protestant Ascendancy." It is therefore necessarily, but most unfortunately, left and treated as an "open question" by both parties, by the Ins as well as the Outs. In the Ministerial ranks there is division on this vital question, the question par excellence of the day. In the ranks of the Opposition, the same phenomenon repeats itself; and on both sides we find the Upper Canadians in favor of, and the Lower Canadians opposed to, the principle at issue. This is a necessity of our position, and of the ill-assorted Union; but it is one in every way to be deplored, for there is nothing so ruinous to political morality as leaving questions on great and essential principles "open." On matters of detail, differences must be expected, and may be tolerated, amongst the members of one Cabinet; but to leave questions of paramount importance, and affecting the very essence of our constitutional life, "open questions," is destructive of all political honesty and consistency. And yet to this, as the inherent defect not of our men, but of our system, we must be content to submit, so long as the Union endures; for, no matter what the consequences, never, we hope, will the people of Lower Canada yield one iota to the demands of their enemies of Upper Canada on the Representation question.

But above all do we expect our Catholic representatives to be firm and unanimous on this question. "Equality of Representation," or "Repeal of the Union," *par et simple*, are the only alternatives which they should condescend even to entertain. To concede the demands of Upper Canada on the Representation question would be fatal to our religious liberties; it would leave our Catholic institutions in the Lower Province at the mercy of men, who when Catholic interests were at stake, have never shown either mercy or honesty; it would expose the Catholic Separate Schools of Upper Canada to certain destruction, and rob the minority of that section of the Province of their sole chance of bequeathing to their children the blessings of Freedom of Education. He therefore, who encourages, or does not do his utmost to resist, the demands of Upper Canada, is our enemy, and the enemy of our Schools in particular—no matter what he may profess with his lips. We can not indeed conceive, even, of a more contemptible hypocrite, than the fellow who on the hustings speaks in favor of Separate Schools for Upper Canada, and who in Parliament favors a measure which would render those Schools impossible.

A NEW DAILY PAPER.—We have received the Prospectus of a new commercial paper about to be published daily at Quebec by Messrs. Donaghe and Kelly, under the caption of the Quebec Daily News. Terms, Four dollars per annum, payable in advance.

SR. PETER'S PENCE.—His Lordship, the Bishop of Tloa, has addressed a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of Quebec, enjoining the collection of St. Peter's Pence, in aid of the necessities of the Holy Father. We make some extracts from this important document:—

MANDEMENT.

CHARLES FRANCOIS BAILLARGON, By the Grace of God, and favor of the Holy See, Bishop of Tloa, Administrator of the Archdiocese of Quebec, &c., &c.,

"To Our Beloved Brethren, the Curates, Missionaries, Vicars, and other Ecclesiastics, and to all the Faithful—Health and Benediction in Our Lord:—

"You remember, doubtless, N.T.C.F. that, by Our Mandement of the 16th March, 1860, after having made known to you the urgent straits to which Our Holy Father, the Pope, was reduced through the revolt of a portion of his dominions, and by the necessity of maintaining an army to protect the remainder against the enemies of the temporal sovereignty, We invited you to assist him in his necessities; and that for this purpose We ordered a general collection to be taken up in all the parishes of this Diocese.

"This appeal to your charity in favor of the Common Father of all the faithful, found a ready echo in your hearts, as Christians, and as devoted children of the Church. Never can We forget the generous promptitude with which you replied to Our invitation; and the memory of that religious outburst of filial love, which urged you to make your offerings with such liberality to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, upon this memorable occasion, will ever remain one of the sweetest consolations of Our life.

"But since that period, N.T.C.F. sad events have taken place; and again We have the grief to be obliged to inform you that the wants of the Holy Father have increased, together with his misfortunes, and his sufferings. The Italian revolutionists have at last carried out those foul plots of destruction and pillage which they have long meditated, and which in the shade they have prepared against the Holy See. Trampling under foot all laws, human and divine, and in spite of the protestations of the Christian world, Piedmont has dared to raise sacrilegious hands against the Patrimony of the Church, and to seize upon the States of the Sovereign Pontiff.

"You are not ignorant that the sworn members of secret societies, the factors of heresy, schism and infidelity throughout Europe, to whom for a time God seems to have yielded the dominion over this world, and who are bound by oath to hatred towards Christ, and the destruction of His Church, have been the accomplices, the allies, and the auxiliaries of Piedmont in these abominable acts of brigandage, and sacrilegious rapine. Their arms have been the arms of hell; unblushing falsehood, calumny, blasphemy, corruption, violence, murder, treachery, and all the villainies of Satan.

"These N.T.C.F. are the men who compass the overthrow of the temporal sovereignty of the Chief of the Church; who with infernal spite wage war against the Vicar of Jesus Christ; these are the weapons which they employ against him in their bellish hatred, they have said—Let us destroy his temporal kingdom, and his spiritual empire will fall; let us upset the throne, and the Apostolic Chair will be broken; let us strike the shepherd, and the sheep will be scattered, and the reign of Christ will be at an end. Fools!—They have fancied that at last the gates of hell were about to prevail against the Church of God; and they have thrown themselves upon the domains of the Sovereign Pontiff—they have assassinated his defenders—they have outraged him, they have despoiled him, and have spared no efforts to rob him of his title of King.

"And the Princes of this world who hold their power from God, have looked on, and held their peace—Yes! and amongst them, there was one bold enough to endeavor to persuade the Holy Father, thus robbed and abandoned, to renounce his rights, which are the rights of the entire Church, and to surrender himself and those rights into the hands of his enemies. As if the Pontiff of the Lord, as if the Vicar of Jesus Christ, could ever consent to betray the interests of God's Church, sacrifice his rights, enter into a pact with crime and injustice, ratify theft and brigandage, and give his sanction to sacrilege!

"But God holds in derision the prudence of the wise of this age, and laughs to scorn the fury of hell and of the world. Whilst thus for a time abandoning the Chief of His Church to the persecutions of the wicked, whilst He allows them to force upon him the bitter chalice of affliction, and to strip him of all his possessions, He yet tenders to him striking signs of His protection and of His help; He comforts him with the assurances of faith, love, and devotion, which, from all parts of the universe, the faithful hastened to tender to him; and He inspires him with a confidence, a strength, and a courage, which disconcert his enemies, and which form the joy and the admiration of all the children of God.

"Never have rights so sacred, so inviolable, been assailed, outraged, and violated by such infamous usurpations, and such infamous treacheries; never have greater hatred, rage, and fury, been witnessed than in the camp of the enemies of the Supreme Pastor of the Church; and never has the Successor of St. Peter been more the object of the tender love, the filial care, and the universal sympathy of Christendom, than he is at the present moment.

"You know, N.T.C.F., what sacrifices have from all quarters borne witness to these noble and pious sentiments for the Holy Father. To the fervor of prayer has been added the generosity of gifts; and the privations which so many humble Christians have cheerfully imposed upon themselves, in order to send their mite to the Pope, are proofs of a profound religion, which are as precious in the sight of heaven, as is the blood of the martyrs shed at Castelfidardo.

"Thanks be to God, your share in this tribute of love, in this sacrifice of benedictions, is also glorious; and it is with joy that We can proclaim that this share is not among the least.

"It is thus, N.T.C.F., that the God of all consolation has been careful to assist in a striking manner the Chief of His Church when reduced to poverty; and that He has given to him to find in the love and devotion of his children those succors of which he stood in need. By means of their pious offerings, the common Father of our souls has indeed been able to maintain himself up to this day; and—which astonishes those who are ignorant of the tender care of Jesus Christ for his Vicar—the Sovereign Pontiff, through his enemies have stripped him of all, has continued to support the immense charges imposed upon him by the care of all the Churches of the world.

"This new trial, which will not be counted among the least formidable or the least cruel to which the successors of St. Peter have, in the course of ages, been exposed, should prove once more to the incredulous and impious,—this truth so consoling to the servants of God—a truth attested by the history of all ages since the birth of Christianity.—That God knows how to turn the malice of men to the profit of His Church; and that their persecutions serve only to augment her virtue, and to multiply her victories. For this daughter of Heaven, issuing from the side of Him who, dying on the cross overcame death and hell, and being destined to share in time and in eternity, the immortal fate of her immortal Spouse, it is necessary that, like Him, she should pass through the gates of tribulation to arrive at glory; and that by Him, and with Him she should emerge victorious from all her combats, and finally should triumph over all her enemies.

powerful enemies who have sworn his destruction; but still putting his trust in Him who has said—'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' St. Matt. x. vi. 18. he remains calm, and full of confidence. He knows that the desire of sinners shall perish; that God only permits their triumph for a season; that as against the rock on which he is seated, the waves of their fury must dash only to be exhausted; and strong in this confidence, fearlessly he pursues his divine mission—confirms his brethren in the faith—bears witness to the truth before the Nations and the Kings of the earth—protests with energy against the errors, the impieties, and the innumerable iniquities of a faithless age—reminds kings and people of the eternal laws of justice and morality from which they have gone astray—waits patiently the day of the Lord which he beholds from afar, that great day which the Saints and which we all in our prayers, invoke—that day of the justice and of the mercy of the Lord which cannot tarry—that day when the City of God, the holy Church, shall yet again triumph over all her enemies, and shall see her Chief re-established in the fullness of his rights as a temporal sovereign, and in the perfect enjoyment of all the domains of the Church.

"Such N.T.C.F. are the hopes of the Sovereign Pontiff, and such should be ours. But whilst looking forward to this great day of deliverance and peace, we have a great duty to perform towards the Holy Father. We are bound to assist him both by our alms and by our prayers.

"On earth none is so great as he, none so exalted; and in consequence on no one are there imposed so many obligations, and so many sacrifices as upon the Sovereign Pontiff.

"He is the supreme Pastor of the Church, the father of all Christians; on him devolves the care of the salvation of the entire world. That charity with which his heart overflows as Pastor and as Father, must flow like a beneficent river to all who implore his help. On him is the charge of so many basilicas and great monuments of which he is the guardian; on him the burden of entertaining so many Congregations, and assistants of all ranks for the examination and expedition of the business of the entire Catholic community; to him it belongs to keep up official communication in the interests of religion with all secular sovereigns; on him devolves the task of sending missionaries to the infidels.

"But to enable him to support all these burdens which press upon him, to meet all these obligations, and so many others which we have not time to enumerate—what are the resources of the Holy Father?

"To-day, N.T.C.F., and so long as he shall remain in the condition to which his enemies have reduced him, the Holy Father has no resources but those which he expects, and has a right to expect, from the piety of his children.

"From this it follows that it is an obligation upon all the faithful to come to his succor, and to assist him, each one according to his means. God Himself has imposed this obligation, in permitting the Pope to be pillaged of his all, and to be thus cast upon the charity of the faithful. God Himself has made it obligatory on the faithful to support their Pastors, as upon all children to take care of their parents, and to give them succor in their necessities."

His Lordship then insists upon the other motives which in the present emergency should prompt all Catholics to come forward, promptly, boldly, and generously, in aid of the robbed and persecuted Pontiff, of the suffering Pastor and father of us all. He points out the antiquity of the St. Peter's Pence collection, its fitness to the present crisis, and he determines how and when it shall henceforward be collected throughout the several parishes of the Archdiocese of Quebec. The document from which we have above quoted closes in these terms:—

"For these reasons, having invoked the Holy Name of God, by the advice of Our Council, We have ruled, appointed, and ordained, and do rule, appoint, and ordain, as follows:—

"1st. The Association of the St. Peter's Pence is established in the Archdiocese of Quebec.

"2nd. For its collection, a subscription shall be taken up in the Month of October of every year, in all the parishes of the City; and in all the rural parishes, and missions there shall be two collections made; One on the Festival of St. Peter, and during High Mass in the Church or Chapel of the said parish or mission; the second at domicile, in the same time as the collection of 'L'Enfant Jesus'

"3rd. All persons charged with these collections in the City shall remit the proceeds directly to the Archbishopric; M. M. the Cures, and others in rural parishes and missions, shall take care in like manner to remit to the Archbishopric the amount of the several collections taken up in their several parishes or missions.

"This present mandement shall be read, &c. &c. Given at the Archbishopric of Quebec under Our hand, the Seal of the Archbishopric, and the counter-signature of Our Secretary this 19th of March, 1862. C. F., Bishop of Tloa, Administrator. (By His Lordship.) Ed LANGRIN, Print. Secretary."

WHAT DO PROTESTANTS MEAN BY "LIBERTY AND PROGRESS?"—We may well ask this question, when we find in the Protestant press such astounding propositions as these:—

"It is, however, upon the whole considered a good omen for Europe that the Napoleon family more and more identifies itself with the principles of liberty and progress."—Montreal Witness, March 18.

Plon-Plon identifies himself for his part with the principles of the "revolution;" with those principles which logically carried out in the religious order, gave to the world the hideous spectacle of a great nation bowing down in worship before a naked prostitute; and aptly concluding its obscene rites with the massacre of the helpless grey-headed priests who erst offered sacrifice to the living God, upon the same altar as that from which the harlot divinity of the revolution displayed her marketable charms to the blood-stained deotrees. In the political or secular order, Plon-Plon identifies himself with the Marats and the Lebons; and ostentatiously proclaiming himself to the world as an Imperial Sans culotte, he flaunts in the face of an astounded Senate the east off mantle of Philippe Egalite—another Jacobin prince of the blood—which has been bequeathed to him as the natural heir of that rite of a vile race; and as the fitting representative of one who, stained with every vice which can degrade man, and destitute of one redeeming quality, was in his day, as Plon-Plon is in his, the butt or jest of the salons of Paris for his notorious cowardice. A poltroon and a revolutionist, Plon-Plon may be accepted as a kind of diabolical incarnation, or avatar, of his lamented predecessor Philippe Egalite; but we fail to recognize in him any of those features of an apostle, either

of Christian liberty or of Christian progress, which our contemporary, the Witness, who sees things through another, and powerfully refracting medium, is able to discover in all the members of the Napoleonic family.

Louis Napoleon is more guarded in his language than is his cousin; and whilst scorning lip professions of devotion to the principles of revolution, carries them out as surely and effectively as the heart of Plon-Plon, or even that of our evangelical contemporary can desire. From Louis Napoleon's acts, as well as from the words of Plon-Plon, we can discover wherein, according to the evangelical definition, "liberty and progress" consist. We will restrict ourselves to the French Emperor's more recent acts.

Louis Napoleon has, without form of trial, without giving the accused the opportunity of being heard, without the shadow even of a charge made good against them, suppressed the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; a charitable society, never directly or indirectly interfering with politics, or secular affairs of any kind; an open society, all of whose proceedings were exposed to the full light of day, and to which all oaths, and signs, and passwords—the indispensable accessories of all secret societies—were an abomination; and moreover a voluntary society, supported exclusively by voluntary, charitable contributions, receiving nothing from, and therefore owing in like manner nothing to, the State. The Napoleon family, in the person of its chief, has suppressed this Society; and according to the Montreal Witness, by so doing—

"the Napoleon family more and more identifies itself with the principles of liberty and progress"—(as understood by Protestants.)

Again; The Pope in his spiritual capacity has invited the Bishops of the Catholic Church to meet at Rome, there to discuss matters purely ecclesiastical. The Napoleon family, by its chief, prohibits the Bishops of France—who enjoying no peculiar civil privileges in virtue of their episcopal character, cannot be justly subjected to any peculiar civil liabilities—from availing themselves of that invitation; and thus deprives them of their personal liberty or right to leave the country at pleasure, although no offence whatsoever has been imputed to them. Thus again does

"the Napoleon family more and more identify itself with the principles of liberty and progress."

And if in France the Catholic journalist should presume to question the right of the Emperor to suppress, without a trial, a voluntary charitable society, and to imprison the Bishops of France within the limits of the Empire—the liberty of the press, and freedom of discussion are nobly and promptly vindicated by an *avertissement*, from Jack-in-Office, by the confiscation of the property of the offending journalist, and by fines and incarceration. This is the revolutionary and Napoleonic regime as towards the press, which obtains in France under the reigning family, which, according to the Montreal Witness—

"more and more identifies itself with the principles of liberty and progress."

It is the backened reproach against the Catholic Church and all her faithful children, that she, that they, are the enemies of "liberty and progress;" and certainly, in so far as that "liberty and progress" with which "the Napoleon family more and more identifies itself" are concerned, the charge is strictly true, and one of which we should always be proud to proclaim ourselves guilty. We seek not to disguise or palliate our hatred of that "liberty and progress" which revolution generated, and which the Napoleonic dynasty has confirmed in France; for that which the revolution has generated, that with which "the Napoleon family more and more identifies itself," and which the infidel *Siecle* and the evangelical *Witness* unite in applauding, is, according to old and time-honored phraseology, not "liberty;" but slavery; and that which is paraded before our eyes as "progress," is, if examined by the light of history, but a relapse into Czarism, and that heathen despotism from whence Christianity set men free.

The Witness may blame us for our hostility to that which he so much admires—but we crave for one moment his charitable consideration. Were the Government under which we both live, to insist, under pain of suppression, upon an essential modification of the fundamental Bye-laws of some private Protestant charitable association in Montreal—say the Protestant Orphan Asylum—and to enforce this decree without allowing its victims to be heard in their own behalf before the Courts; were the same Government to prohibit the Ministers of some Protestant congregation—say of "our Zion"—from leaving Canada in time of peace, to attend a meeting or synod of Protestant ministers at Boston or Albany; were it to confiscate the property, and imprison the person of some Protestant editor—say of the Montreal Witness—for criticising and calling in question, but in perfectly temperate language, the justice of such acts; and were these things done in the name of "liberty and progress"—would our contemporary find himself deeply enamored of such "liberty" and of such "progress?" We put the question to him in all good faith, but we confess that we do not believe in his willingness to reply to us in a similar spirit. He, like all his brethren, has two sets of weights and measures; and according to evangelical ethics, it is just to do to Catholics that which it would be monstrous injustice to do to Protestants.

By religious liberty we, Papists, mean the right of our clergy to exercise all their spiritual functions without let, hindrance or interference of any kind from the civil magistrate. To the latter, we deny all rightful jurisdiction in things spiritual or ecclesiastical; and we claim for our Bishops and priests the right to meet when they like, and where they like, and the same liberty to travel abroad, when and where they please, as that which the editor of the Witness claims for himself. Any interference with, or encroachment upon this right, we call tyranny; and any politi-

cal order which tends to throw obstacles in the way of free intercourse betwixt the several members of our Church and its Head, we always will oppose, as a despotism. For this reason we insist upon the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, in order that he and we may be spiritually independent; and in order that we his spiritual subjects, may have free access to him when and how we please. But were Rome in the hands of the King of Sardinia, and were the Pope his subject, the former would have the power and legal right to interdict the entry of his capital to foreigners—just as Louis Napoleon refuses to the Bishops of France permission to go to Rome. Herein then lies the secret of our determination to uphold the "temporal sovereignty," it is for the sake of the spiritual independence of the Pope that we value it, and in order that he may be free to receive at his pleasure the visits of the Prelates of the Catholic Church.

EVANGELICAL CHURLISHNESS.—There be some who are churls by nature, and there be some who, by a vicious and defective education, have churlishness thrust, as it were, upon them. Whether the churlishness of our evangelical neighbors and fellow-citizens be natural or acquired, we will not attempt to determine; but the fact of their churlishness, of their total want of charity, courtesy, good manners, and gratitude must we think be admitted by all who peruse the columns of the pre-eminently evangelical Montreal Witness.

The case in point, that to which we more particularly allude, is furnished by an editorial article in the Witness of the 26th ult., under the caption "QUEBEC CITY MISSIONS." After describing in the usual unctuous style of the conventicle, the blessed results of their missionary labors in the jail, the Witness goes on to tell of their labors in the City Hospitals of Quebec. In the following terms he speaks of the amiable, and by his own showing, truly liberal Ladies of the Hotel Dieu:—

"The Hotel Dieu, which in this city is open to clergymen of all creeds, formed another interesting department of labor. The ladies who have the management of this institution had generally treated him with great politeness, although his visits were evidently exceedingly distasteful to them, and they at times used misrepresentations to hinder his visiting the Protestants in the house, the discovery of which had troubled the lady directresses. An extraordinary attempt at conversion is well worthy of mention, as showing that even Canada is not yet exempt from the 'lying wonders' of Popery. The following is from the Missionary's Report:—

"This was an inviolable soldier from the 100th or Prince of Wales Canadian Regiment. After hearing me reading and praying with two colored men, he informed me of the efforts they were making to induce him to become a convert. He was promised a bottle of holy water that could never diminish, and a bit of a holy stone the history of which is this:—The Virgin Mary visited France last year, made certain revelations to a shepherd boy, part of which revelation is, that the Prince of Wales is to become a Romanist and as soon as he is made king is to restore the old religion. This stone upon which the Virgin sat has of course been endowed with some special virtues, and as they have luckily secured a pretty good slice of—was to get a piece, provided he fell in with their views. But this was prevented by the hated missionary and his eternal old black Bible." Soon after, through the kindness of one of the commissioners, he was admitted into the Marine Hospital, where, minus the bottle and stone, he remained either as a sick patient or an attendant, until his death, which occurred a few weeks since."

Any man, not an evangelical missionary, would shrink from wantonly and mendaciously insulting and libelling those from whose hands he had received only kindness and courtesy; who had freely extended to him and his coreligionists their charity and hospitality; and generously received him and them within their walls. Only a churl slanders, or ridicules his benefactor; and the return which the City Missionary makes to the charitable Ladies of the Hotel Dieu for their courtesy towards him, and their tender care of the indigent sick, will we think in the opinion of every impartial person, fully entitle him to the designation of a "churl."

"The Hotel Dieu in this City (Quebec) is open to clergymen of all creeds."

Now the Hotel Dieu is a private institution, to which no Protestant can of right claim admission. It is not like the Montreal General Hospital in Dorchester Street, a public institution, to which every one has a right to claim admittance; and yet mark the difference! In the latter, Catholic clergymen when visiting their sick, and administering the last sacraments to the dying, have been habitually and wantonly insulted; whilst the Romish institution "is open to clergymen of all creeds;" and even the malice of the City Missionary dare not suggest that insult, or indignity of any kind, is offered to the Protestant minister, that any obstructions are placed in the way of his exercise of what he believes to be his sacred functions, or conceal the fact that the ladies who have the management of the institution "treated him—the City Missionary—with great politeness, although his visits were evidently exceedingly distasteful to them." This latter fact we can readily believe; for so coarse, so boorish, so repulsive, and intentionally insulting is the demeanor of evangelical missionaries when admitted within the precincts of a Romish institution, that their visits must be distasteful to all ladies, to all persons of refinement, and accustomed to the observances of Christian courtesy. As a skunk is "distasteful" in a drawing-room, so the evangelical City Missionary must be strongly or rankly "distasteful" to the Ladies of a Catholic charitable institution; and such being the case, it would be well if those very offensive gentry would take the hint, and abstain from obtruding their "distasteful" visits upon persons whose natural

politeness compels them to restrain, or dissemble the disgust with which those visits inspire them.

The insolent tone in which these evangelical visitors speak of the Ladies to whose liberality and politeness they are personally so much indebted, and who by their indiscriminate charity to the sufferers of all creeds and of all origins, confer services, so great, so irremunerable, upon society in general [e.g., "the lying wonders of Popery;"] and the cool impudence of their slanders upon the Ladies of the Hotel Dieu, do indeed raise in our minds strong doubts as to the propriety of tolerating any longer the presence of these evangelical churls within our religious institutions. If they were gentlemen, and if they could behave themselves like gentlemen, their theological errors might perhaps be overlooked, and their religious deficiencies would be only a subject for our deep commiseration. But when, as is the case with the Quebec City Missionaries; they insult those by whom they are "treated with great politeness;" when, availing themselves of the hospitality of the Ladies of the Hotel Dieu towards ministers of all sects, they take advantage of the liberality with which they have been treated—a liberality which he it said *en passant* the Catholic priest looks for in vain from the hands of Protestants—to malign and slander their truly liberal hosts—then indeed it is time seriously to consider whether their visits should not at once, and for ever, be put a stop to. We are not speaking of Protestant clergymen generally; for we well know that amongst these, amongst our Anglican friends especially, are to be found numbers of as high-minded gentlemen as there are in the world; men who are able to appreciate the politeness, the liberality, and the never failing charity of the Ladies of our Convents and religious institutions. But these City Missionaries belong to another class of society altogether. They are for the most part taken from the very lowest section; they are ill-bred, illiterate clowns, as destitute of good manners as of education, and persons with whom no Protestant gentleman would willingly associate, whom no Protestant lady would admit into her drawing-room; and who both intellectually and socially, are immeasurably beneath the level of Protestant clergymen of the Church of England. With few exceptions, the latter know how to behave themselves as gentlemen, and their demeanor towards our Religious is generally unexceptionable; but as for our evangelical City Missionaries, they are by birth, breeding, education, and all their surroundings, churls, unmitigated churls; and we see not by what right such fellows, because they wear a rusty black coat and tie a frouzy white cravat round their necks, should claim admission into Catholic Hospitals, or should be allowed to impose their "distasteful" visits upon the Ladies of the Hotel Dieu.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.—We had the pleasure of assisting on Tuesday the 26th ult., at an examination of the School in the Quebec Suburbs, under the direction of Brother Arnold, and were both pleased and surprised with what we there saw and heard. The proficiency of the pupils was highly creditable to themselves and to their devoted teachers, and a striking proof of the importance of the great work which, silently and unostentatiously, the good Brothers are carrying on in our midst.

On the Schools attached to the St. Bridget's Chapel in the Quebec Suburbs there attend nearly 800 pupils of various ages; but the examination to which we more immediately refer, was confined to the Class under Brother Arnold, and appropriated to pupils speaking the English language. Geography, History, Arithmetic, Mathematics and Book-keeping were the chief subjects upon which the several pupils were called upon to display their proficiency; and the exercises were agreeably diversified by music, and recitations which elicited marked applause from the very numerous audience. In their Arithmetic examination especially, the pupils manifested in a most striking manner the excellence of the method, adopted by their teachers, and the pains taken by the latter to accustom the youthful mind to reason, and to develop its highest faculties. All acquitted themselves well; but we may be permitted to make especial and honorable mention of Masters King, Orsaly, and McCormack, in Arithmetic; of Master J. B. Renaud in Mathematics, and of Master Carroll in Declamation. Amongst the youthful musicians, Master Kelly occupied the first place; and in the pieces entrusted to his execution he acquitted himself not only creditably, but in a manner of which far older performers might well be proud.

Montreal has many noble and useful institutions; every good work has its allotted place amongst us, and brings forth fruit abundantly.—But, for the benefits which it confers upon society, we know of none more worthy of our love and respect than the work done by the Christian Brothers. Obedient to Him whose servants they are, their good deeds are done in secret and in obscurity; they seek not the applause of men, and their reward is not in this world. Little indeed do the great mass know or heed of the sacrifices which these good and truly heroic Brothers daily

make, or of the incessant toils which they cheerfully endure for the sake of Christ. Yet well may they rejoice and be exceeding glad, for the word of the Lord is sure, and shall not fail. For them there is a rich recompense in store, and for their all labors unrequited, scorned though they often be in this world; and that reward shall be theirs on that great day when the Lord of Heaven and of earth shall appear in judgment; and from His lips shall be heard the final sentence, "Well done thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We learn from the *Courrier du Canada* that His Lordship the Bishop of Tloa, Administrator of the Archdiocese of Quebec purposes to start for Rome about the end of this month, in compliance with the invitation of the Holy Father.—His Lordship will be accompanied by the Rev. M. Taschereau, Rector of the Laval University.

Canada will thus enjoy the honor of being represented at Rome during the great events about to be transacted in that City, by no less than four Bishops; by the Bishop of Tloa, and by their Lordships, the Bishops of Montreal, St. Hyacinthe, and Hamilton, who sailed for Europe on the 22nd ult. May God direct their counsels to the honor of His name, and the good of His Church, and bring them back in safety to their several flocks!

The following letter from His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, in acknowledgment of monies on account of the Irish Famine Relief Fund, has been received by the Rev. Mr. McGauran, the Pastor of St. Patrick's Church at Quebec:—

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, March 3, 1862.
Rev. Dear Sir.—Your welcome letter, with the magnificent aid of £270 15s 7d etc., reached me this morning, for which I beg to return, on my own part and that of the people, the expression of our deep gratitude. That they are impressed with the sense of the obligations which they owe to their benefactors and particularly to the Hierarchy and people of Canada, you will perceive by glancing at the pastoral, of which I send you a copy and which was read yesterday in all the churches of this diocese. The sum which you have forwarded by this day's post will add considerably to the amount of the charitable remittances of your people on the one hand, as it will to the amount of relief and thankfulness of ours on the other.

Among several letters applying for some share of relief, received this morning, I beg to transcribe a passage from that of the clergyman of Clare Island:—"The destitution of the islanders generally is really serious, but there are 40 families who have neither money, means, nor credit. Neither can they go to the rich for relief, (since there are no rich there). If your Grace could do anything more for them, it would be the means of prolonging their miserable existence, for at present I can call it nothing else. Nor are there any in your Grace's diocese who want it more or deserve it better."

Nor is this destitution confined to the islands, for the parish priest of Louisburg, on the coast just opposite Clare Island, thus writes by the same post arriving this morning. "As to the condition of the people it is indeed very melancholy. The vast bulk of the people are now without a potato. Five out of every ten are already dying, and what is worse, the seed potatoes have rotted away generally through the parish."

But I will not quote any further extracts, confining myself to the remark, that the feeling description of the eloquent Mayor of Quebec, by which your meeting was so much affected, could be realized in hundreds of Irish cottages along the tract where the clergyman bearing the relief sent by our distant brethren is the welcome messenger, seasonably come to soothe the mother's agony in contemplating the sufferings of her famishing children.

On this very day the country is covered with deep snow, reminding us of your description of a Canadian winter, by which the privations of the people from want of fuel are considerably aggravated. It is however a fortunate coincidence, that on the same morning that threatens the reappearance of winter, we are enabled to send several remittances to the destitute districts to mitigate its rigors—remittances forwarded to us by those who, though familiar with winter snows, experience only so much of their severity as to excite their sympathy for the less fortunate people of Ireland.

I cannot conclude this rather long letter without expressing my acknowledgments to the good Protestants who have so generously joined in this work of mercy; and to assure them, (to a Catholic it would be unnecessary,) that in the disposal of these funds the destitute Protestant will as freely share as the Catholic, without the slightest interference with his religion.

I have the honor to be, Rev. Dear Sir, Your faithful and obliged servant,
JOHN MACHALE, Archbishop of Tuam.
Rev. B. McGauran, P. P.,
St. Patrick's, Quebec.

The following is from a Grand River paper, the *Schenck*, we believe.
We take much pleasure in inserting the following letter from His Lordship the Archbishop of Tuam, to Rev. Father McNulty, of this village:—
"Tuam, February 26, 1862.
Rev. Dear Sir—It is a pleasing duty to acknowledge such a generous contribution as yours for the relief of the poor, now bereft of the only food on which they had, hitherto, to rely. It is not the first nor the second time we experienced your reasonable aid. May the Almighty reward you. And now, as you talk of coming to Ireland next summer, I request you will give me the opportunity of thanking you here, in person. In the meantime, believe me,
Rev. dear Sir,
Your faithful servant,
JOHN MACHALE

PROTESTANT DIVORCE LAWS.—In the debate in the House of Commons which ended in the rejection of the Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, Mr. Monsell energetically protested against the continual tampering with the marriage laws which Protestant legislatures especially delight in; and as a proof of the dangers of this constant tinkering, and of the demoralising tendencies of modern legislation upon the subject of marriage, he instanced a case which lately occurred in Prussia, where "a gentleman sat down to play a game at whist with his wife, and two ladies from both of whom he had been divorced."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT ST. SOPHIA.

MR. EDITOR.—Knowing the readiness with which you accede to any request relating to our Holy Religion, I beg a small space in your widely circulated journal, to shew you how we have celebrated St. Patrick's Day at St. Sophia this year. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and the bad state of the roads, the Church, from early morning, was densely crowded; our French Canadian brethren participating in the celebration of our National Festival as if they had been born and reared in the Emerald Isle. Too much praise cannot be given to our beloved Pastor, the Rev. A. Payette, for the truly Christian zeal which he has manifested on all occasions, both for the spiritual and temporal prosperity of this infant Parish since he has been appointed to take charge of it, but more especially on the present occasion; he has far surpassed our most sanguine expectations. He had the Altar tastefully decorated with beautiful flowers and evergreens, interspersed with lighted tapers, and two splendid banners floating on each side of the Altar—one representing St. Patrick with his staff in hand gathering our fierce ancestors into the true fold, the other representing St. John the Baptist exhorting the people to do penance for their sins. Truly, Mr. Editor, it was grand to look upon; and as for the Patri Benji, decorated as it was with national emblems, I have seldom seen any to equal it. At the conclusion of Grand Mass, our worthy Pastor, in his usual eloquent style, delivered a most impressive sermon which will not soon be forgotten. He took his text from Ecclesiasticus, chap. 39, ver. 13: "The memory of him shall not depart away; and his name shall be in request from generation to generation." He dwelt long on the many eminent virtues of our illustrious Patron St. Patrick, and on the firm attachment of the Irish people to the faith of their fathers, scattered as they are all over the world. After Vespers he gave the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, after which the people returned to their respective homes, highly delighted with the festivities of the Day.

A PARISHIONER.

At the Committee meeting of St. Patrick's Society, held in the St. Patrick's Hall, on Monday, the 24th March, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Moved by Mr. R. McShane, seconded by Mr. J. J. Curran—
"That in consideration of the very valuable and efficient services rendered by Mrs. L. H. Stevenson, Messrs. Labelle, Lavioie, Guenet and Lefebvre, at the Society's Grand Promenade Concert, given in the City Concert Hall on the evening of last St. Patrick's day, the St. Patrick's Society desire to, and do hereby tender their thanks for the same, to the above named distinguished artists."

Moved by Mr. J. J. Curran, seconded by Mr. P. O'Meara—
"That the thanks of the St. Patrick's Society are due and are hereby tendered to the gentlemen of the 'Tom Moore Club' for their kindness in performing at the Concert of this Society on the 17th instant; with the further assurance, that the Society will be most happy—should the occasion present itself—to assist the 'Tom Moore Club' in any good and patriotic undertaking which they may deem proper to arrange."

Moved by Mr. William Booth, seconded by Mr. Daniel Crowley—
"That the thanks of the Society be tendered to Messrs. Shaw & Brother and Mr. Simms, for their kindness in lending material for decorating and fixing the Concert Hall for the occasion of the Society's Grand Promenade Concert on the evening of the Festival of St. Patrick."

ITALIAN PROTESTANTS.—The gentleman who, by the Queen's permission, calls himself Bishop of Gibraltar, has it seems, been on a visit to Italy; and at a lecture given by him on his return he related with much unctious his experience of the progress being made by the Italians towards the Holy Protestant Faith. "Every where," said the speaker, "he had found a strong spirit of enquiry among the inhabitants;" and in "one town he found no less than EIGHT different sects of those who had quitted the Church of Rome." So writes the correspondent of the *Daily News*.

This is surely most convincing, and most gratifying intelligence. When people manifest a "strong spirit of enquiry" on religious subjects, it is clear that on those subjects they have no settled faith, and are therefore, infidels; when in one town are to be found "eight different sects of those who have quitted" the Catholic Church, we may feel convinced that the old disintegrating leaven of Protestantism is actively at work. Evidently the plains of Italy are white for the harvest, and offer a most abundant and remunerative field for the Protestant missionary.

PROTESTANT LOGIC.—A negro Baptist of the South, said to his Methodist master:—
"You've read no Bible, I suppose?"
"Yes."
"Well, you've read in it of one John de Baptist, haven't you?"
"Yes."
"Well, you never saw nothin' about John de Baptist, did you?"
"No."
"Well, den, you see den's Baptist in de Bible, but dere ain't no Methodist, and de Bible's on my side, Massa."

The negro's logic may not have been very good, but, at its worst, it is as good as Protestant logic against Popery at its best. If Protestants claim the Bible on their side, it is upon no better grounds than those upon which the negro Baptist claimed the Bible as on his side in his controversy with the Methodist.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.—It gives us pleasure to see that Mr. Scott, the member for this city, has already introduced his bill to amend the Separate School Law. Introduced thus early in the Session, there is a certainty of deciding its fate during the present Session of the House. The present Law is so objectionable, that we can hardly doubt that the proposed amendments will meet with almost general approval. We shall endeavour to place our readers in possession of the particulars of the Bill now proposed. We congratulate our representative upon the bold stand he has taken, and we look with confidence for perseverance in procuring for the Catholics of Western Canada, the benefits the necessary changes will unquestionably confer upon them. *Ottawa Tribune.*

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Odesa, J. McConell, \$4; South Doro, E P Ford, \$3; St. Dida, N M Padden, \$2; St. Thomas, D M Milau, \$1; Farmersville, A. Fox, \$4; Lindsay, M Duane, \$2; Berlin, W Meagher, \$2; St. Alphonse, T Kelly, \$4; St. Onate, J Murphy, \$3; Rawdon, P Mason, \$4.50; Sherrington, T Whalen, \$2; St. Remi, Rev Mr Gravel, \$2; Plattsburgh, U.S. Rev Mr Garin, \$4; Lachine, C Orawley, \$1; Norton Creek, A M Colburn, \$1; Henryville, Rev Mr St Aubin, \$5; Oatreville, P Curran, \$2; Kingston, M Swift, \$2; P'Kington, T Kelly, \$1.
Per D McDonald, Alexandria—E Jubart, \$2.
Per Rev Mr Seary, Port Mulgrave, N.S.—J Stapleton, \$2.
Per Rev Mr Paradis, West Frampton—J O'Brien, \$2.50; J Duff, \$1.25; J Butler, \$5.50.
Per J F Rowland, Ottawa City—M O Chambers, \$5; Mrs. Tuche, \$4.50; P O'Meara, \$2.50; J F Caldwell, \$2.
Per J Goughlin, Jr., St. Catharines—P Maher, \$3.
Per P Maguire, Cobourg—F Carroll, \$2.50; on the 17th Jan last, T Wiseman, \$2; Baltimore, S O'Brien, \$1.
Per P Purcell, Kingston—J Shaw, \$2; W Brophy, \$2.50; H Saada, \$3.75; C Farrell, \$2.50; P Curtis, \$2.50; P Henry, \$2.50; T Lovitt, \$2.50; B Blute, \$1; J Nowlan, \$3; M O'Gorman, 1.25; P Whelan, \$1; T Dougherty, \$2.50; Waterloo, A Granger, \$6; Barriefield, J M'Collum, \$2; Portsmouth, J Beauprie, \$1.
Per J Lindsay, Kurr—J O'Connor, \$2.
Per P F J Mullin, Toronto—T Curran, \$2; Cocks-ville, C Dougherty, \$2.
Per J Doyle—Chelsea, Rev. Mr. M Goey, \$5.
Per J Gillies—Lancaster, D Campbell, \$5; J A M'Donald, \$3; J A M'Gillis, \$2; St. Raphael's, J B M'Donnell, \$2.50; H J M'Donald, \$1.25; A Bain, \$1.
Per Rev. Mr. M'Carthy, Williamstown—J M'Crean, \$2; Martintown, D Chisholm, \$2.50.
Per Rev. Mr. Chisholm, Alexandria—A Williams, \$1.
Per R Cuthbert, Streetsville—Sch, \$2; L Mitchell, \$1.
Per J Ford, Prescott—F Cuthane, \$1.
Per P P Lynch, Belleville—D Bradford, \$2.

Reader, if you want a mild purgative for children, or one powerful for adults, take Ayer's Pills. They are sugar-coated and pleasant to use and are well enough known to be good, without our recommendation.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

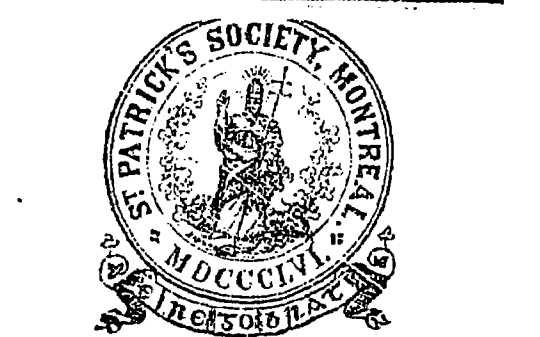
April 2nd, 1862
Everything is very quiet and dull.
Flour—Super, \$1 to \$1.30; Super No. 2, \$1.40 to \$1.60; Fine, \$1.75 to \$1.80; Family, \$1.50 to \$1.75; Extra, \$1.40 to \$1.50; Superior Extra, \$1.50 to \$1.60; Bag Flour, \$1.25 to \$1.35; per 112 lbs.
Flour has been slightly declining for a week; but the finer tone in New York gives a rather better feeling here to-day.
Oatmeal per brl. of 200 lbs., \$2.50 to \$3.
Wheat—\$1.03 to \$1.04 extra.
Peas and Corn Groins—No sales.
Ashes, per 112 lbs.—Pot., \$6.60; Inferiors 5c better. Potash has advanced, and we quote \$5.60 to \$6.70.
Butter—store-packed, 10c. to 12c.; choice Dairy, in demand at 14c. to 15c.
Cheese is very dull; sales to dealers at 5c to 7c.
Lard—Mess, \$13 to \$13.50; Prime Mess, \$16.50 to \$17.50; Prime \$9.50 to \$10. All grades are dull and nominal.
There are no wholesale transactions in Hams or other Cut Meats.
Lard 7c. to 7c.
Tallow—8c to 9c.
Sardines—Olive Seed, \$1.25 to \$1.50; Timothy, \$1.60 to \$2.—*Montreal Witness.*

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto, March, 29.
Fall Wheat \$1 to \$1.05 for common to prime. Spring Wheat 85c to 87c. Barley 55c to 57c. Oats, 38c to 40c. Peas 48c to 50c. Sales of superfine Flour are made at \$5.25 to \$5.30. Hay \$12 to \$16 per ton. Straw \$8 to \$9 per ton. Potatoes 70c to 80c per bush. Tub butter 16c to 20c per lb. Eggs 12c to 16c per dozen.

Dead.

In this city, on the 1st inst., Mr. Francis Campion, a native of the County Tipperary, Ireland.
Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend his funeral, to-day, (Friday, 4th inst.) at eight o'clock a.m., from his late residence, No. 400 Lagachetiere Street, near Bleury, without further notice, as no cards will be issued.
At Ottawa, on the 29th ult., of disease of the liver, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, John Rowland, sen., formerly of Rowntown, county Dublin, Ireland, aged 56 years.
At Quebec, on the 31st March, Mr. Joseph Primrose.



THE ANNUAL MEETING of the St. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place at the St. PATRICK'S HALL on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, the 7th inst., for the transaction of General business and ELECTION of Officers and Committee for the ensuing year.

Parties in Arrears, desirous of qualifying themselves to Vote are requested to attend to the payment of their dues.
N.B.—The Report of the Committee appointed to report on the efficiency of the Constitution and Bye-laws of the Society, will be submitted at this Meeting.
The Chair will be taken at Eight o'clock precisely. A large attendance is solicited.
P. O'MEARA,
Assistant Rec. Sec.

PRIME MACKEREL.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Barrels and Halves.
RYAN, BROTHERS & CO.,
St. Peter Street.
Montreal, Feb. 27, 1862.

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75 BARRELS, and HALF-BARRELS for Sale by
J. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner of McGill and St. Paul Streets.
Montreal, March 13, 1862.
3c.

NOTICE.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Directories and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal.
Jan 17, 1862.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

PARIS, March 12.—Some of the French Bishops seem resolved to proceed to Rome for the canonization of the martyrs of Japan...

M. Brenier cites the conduct of the Turin Cabinet towards Naples to show— "How easily it can break off its political relations, and even its family ties."

M. Brenier does not believe that unity is suited to the moral and political condition of Italy, any more than to the general interests of French policy.

The correspondent of the Weekly Register says:— "I am much inclined to believe with the correspondent of the Independence Belge..."

The Archbishop of Rennes has issued an address to the clergy of his diocese, containing a very warm defence of the Pope's temporal power.

Baron Brenier has published a pamphlet of 32 pages on the "Roman question." The Baron is not an ordinary pamphleteer; and, whether right or wrong in the point of view from which he examines this important subject...

"I have studied this question," he says, "long and attentively, and I have come to the conclusion that the truth—that is to say, justice, reason, the reality of things, and good faith—have all been disregarded, and that this contempt for truth has been followed by faults, by calamities, and by punishment."

M. Brenier contends that it does not necessarily follow that, because France has done so much for Italy, Italy will be always the ally of France. The real cause of the annexation of Savoy was the security of the French frontier...

The ill-will of Piedmont has been already shown, for hardly had the Emperor projected the plain of confederation when she took up unification, "in spite of us, and against our protests."

Chambers show that the Emperor repeatedly disapproved the acts of Piedmont, and particularly the invasion of Umbria and the Marches...

These dangers M. Brenier does not believe to be imaginary; on the contrary, he looks upon them as very grave.

M. Brenier cites the conduct of the Turin Cabinet towards Naples to show—

"How easily it can break off its political relations, and even its family ties. In July, 1860, the conditions of a good understanding with Naples on the most liberal basis, inasmuch as they comprised an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria, were still in course of negotiation at Turin."

M. Brenier does not believe that unity is suited to the moral and political condition of Italy, any more than to the general interests of French policy.

The correspondent of the Weekly Register says:—

"I am much inclined to believe with the correspondent of the Independence Belge (who ought to be well-informed, since he writes from the bureau of the Minister of the Interior), that we shall shortly see proof of the fact that Prince Napoleon has not greatly exceeded the truth, in affirming his words to be a reflection of the Imperial mind. He has but passed over one phase viz:—Its policy towards the Court of Rome."

There are certain symptoms of the downfall of despotism; but no one is keenly anxious to profit thereby. The legitimists obstinately exclude the Action party from the Gazette de France.

"I have studied this question," he says, "long and attentively, and I have come to the conclusion that the truth—that is to say, justice, reason, the reality of things, and good faith—have all been disregarded, and that this contempt for truth has been followed by faults, by calamities, and by punishment."

up to Prince Napoleon Jerome as their chief—a doctrine which, if he were not so cowardly, in deed as he is brave in words, would not doubt be simply warranted by his infidel principles and his anarchical language.

Pro-Proudhon.—It is not unlikely, we understand, that this turbulent Prince of the Mountain will be induced shortly to leave his country for his country's good, on a tour or voyage of scientific discovery.

ITALY

SECRET HISTORY OF BARON RICCIOLI'S DOWNFALL.—The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian furnishes an explanation of the recent change of ministry at Turin which is likely enough to be true, though the recollection of an equal circumstantial story, the scene of which was laid in the same quarter of the world, and which subsequently proved to be wholly without foundation, forbids us to place too implicit a reliance upon it.

"In the stagnation of domestic politics a very eager interest is awakened in the startling news from Turin. The impression made by that news here, among the friends of the Italian cause, is profound and painful. Riccioli has, beyond doubt, fallen a victim to a palace intrigue—a 'camavilla' of the most disreputable kind. It would be absurd to affect a squeamish reticence on matters of perfect notoriety both in Italy and here, among persons in communication with the centres of Italian politics, from the moment that these matters exercise a most important bearing on the constitutional prospects of Italy."

"As in such cases, this mistress—now ennobled, but often spoken of in Italy as 'Rosina' than by her title of Countess di Fiori—has her own creatures, who pay her court, and turn her great and easily understood influence to their own purposes. Bessa, the King's private secretary, is described as one of the Countess's relatives, and as maintaining his place and power by means even more unworthy than paying court to the royal mistress. The King had been over-persuaded into asking the order of San Maurizio for this man. Riccioli, as Prime Minister, was requested to put the royal wish in proper train for accomplishment."

"It is feared by all the well-informed persons whom I have heard discuss the present state of affairs at Turin that this palace plot has been complicated by French intrigues, which have been diligently employed ever since Rattazzi's visit to Paris, about the work now accomplished, of substituting the man who is reported to be the mere docile agent of imperial projects in Italy for the unbending Tuscan, who has stood so resolutely aloof from both the temptations and the menaces of the Tuilleries."

In Turin, Rattazzi's Government already shows its true nature. It is commencing action against Garibaldi's committees, by a warning that they must take care what they are about, or they will be summarily broken up. What this means admits of no doubt. But it receives a commentary from a speech of M. Billaut, which vastly excites the wrath of our contemporaries, the Star, who says:—"In the debate of the Paris Corps Legislatif on Wednesday, M. Billaut, the French Minister, replying to Jules Favre's magnificent oration of the previous day, volunteered some advice to Italy which has an unpleasant appearance of having been previously communicated to the Italian Minister. This is the language of counsel in which the French officials exhort the Italian Government:—'Secure to yourselves the conditions of a great and strong government; secure public order against revolutionary and subterranean practices. Do you not see at many points of your territory tumultuous assemblies, agitations, excited influences operating upon the masses? You are not yet masters in your own house. Begin by being so.'"

A letter from Turin dated 2nd March to L'Ami de la Religion, says:—"There has been much astonishment here at the noise which the proclamation of Col. Fantoni made in London. That proclamation is very stringent, but alas, latterly, there are still more cruel ones. Do you not recollect that of General Ciaffini, dated Jeramo, 2nd November, 1860, to the Governor of Molise, a proclamation given at full length in the excellent work on the present condition of the Kingdom of Naples, published by General Pierre Uloa. If the English Parliament directed its consuls to transmit to it a list of the assassinations alone committed within the last fifteen months in the Neapolitan provinces, people would be terrified at the number of victims put to death without judgment. An Englishman who was lately at Turin related to all who would listen to him the manner in which the unfortunate prisoners at Naples are treated. Exasperated by the pains and sufferings they endured, they assembled lately in one of the courts and loudly demanded justice. In order to calm them ignited grenades were thrown among them, which severely wounded a large number. The details of this act have been transmitted to England. We will see what the Times and other journals say of such an act. The Italian feeling at Trieste runs extremely high at the present moment. The Austrian officers are altogether excluded from the houses of the townspeople. There is a German party there, but it is described as terrorized by the much more numerous Italian one. The most curious feature of the situation is that even the members of the Italian party are said to admit that a separation from Austria would be very detrimental to the commercial prosperity of the city; but, nevertheless, in politics they are all for a union with Italy. How they propose to reconcile their interests and their sympathies is a riddle probably even to themselves."

General Ciaffini has refused to enter the Rattazzi Cabinet; fortunately, we should think, for the Minister, for the prestige of the sanguinary butcher of Naples could give no moral strength, at all events, to his administration. Garibaldi has assumed the presidency of a revolutionary committee at Genoa, and to this society the Sardinian government have found it necessary to address a warning and a threat. It has informed them that unless their proceedings be characterized by a greater degree of calmness and moderation, the society will be suppressed. The government is beginning to fear the revolution; the revolution is becoming disaffected with the government, and troubles from all quarters are looming on 'the King of Italy.' Genoa, March 3.—A meeting of 300 popular delegates was held here to-day in the Paganini Theatre. A great crowd assembled. Garibaldi, who had accepted the presidency of the meeting, was much cheered on entering the hall. In his speech he said:—"I am happy to preside at this meeting of the representatives of the great Italian family. I deplore the absence of the representatives of those provinces still excluded from our union."

Garibaldi took an oath to deliver those provinces, and exhorted the people to concord, and the union of the forces of the nation in the same manner as the fates are bound together. "Then," he continued, "we shall vanquish all tyranny, and extend freedom beyond the Peninsula to every enslaved people!" The committees of the provvidimento held a meeting to-day, at which the Vice-President said:—"The presence of Garibaldi among us will testify to Europe the concord of Italian democracy, the programme of which is the execution of the plebiscite of the 20th October. We are with the Government as long as it wishes, like us, the unity of our fatherland, which we will strive to obtain by legal means, with Rome for our capital." Loud applause followed this speech. The report of the preceding sitting was then read. The passage relating to the petition for the recall of Mazzini was received with cries of "Evviva Mazzini!"

agent of the King Francis, has remained ever since a close prisoner.

He has never been tried, never has been confronted with an accuser, and he guesses only the cause of his detention. Last week he was allowed to see a friend—one who was with him at the time of his arrest; up to that time his only companions had been the turnkeys: when he was arrested there was not a single thing found upon him of a compromising kind. It is true that the Hebrews, who control a good deal of the press, and the telegrams also, said that there were many letters, &c.; &c. found upon him; but it is quite false. Now, this man has been languishing in a dungeon for five months or so, without having been brought to trial; he has sent for a lawyer, but has not been allowed to see him. Our Gladstone had much compassion for Peorio; has he capacity to feel any for De' Christian?—Tablet.

NAPLES, March 4.—The intelligence of the resignation of the Riccioli Ministry has been received here without much surprise, it having been a fact speculated upon for several weeks. It is, however, regarded with considerable anxiety by all classes and parties, for notwithstanding the general mal ancore which existed against the late Ministry, and especially against two or three of its elements, the name of Riccioli forces respect from even his political opponents. Whatever combination is, therefore, made at present is being regarded here as being simply transitory, and in any permanent Ministry it is felt by the Neapolitans that the name of Riccioli must appear. They have great fault to find with him, but there is one fact which in Southern estimation covers all his sins, and that is his determined resistance, real or supposed, to undue French influence, and his truly Italian policy. Should a dissolution be the consequence of this Ministerial crisis, which it is to be hoped will be averted, it will require no prophet to predict that very many of the Deputes of this province will lose their seats.

A very strong feeling exists against the majority of them on the ground of incapacity and indifference to Neapolitan interests. Should, therefore, a dissolution take place at present, the Neapolitan section in the new Parliament would, I think, be much more independent and less unitarian than the last. I have at times been inclined to believe that the anti-Piedmontese feeling was diminishing in force, but unfortunately I find it cropping up in quarters where it might least have been expected, among soi-disant Liberals, who affect to take a lead in affairs, and impeding the progress of social and charitable institutions. Can any good come out of Nazareth? is the spirit, if not the cry, of the Neapolitans; but does it ever occur to them to ask what good has come out of Naples during the last quarter of a century? However painful may be the acknowledgment, taking all things into consideration, this province must be regarded as conquered, not united, and in all great crises you will find this fact declaring itself in a variety of ways.—Times Cor.

This is the last day of our unusually long Carnival, and now that its social excesses have ceased people will this year be rushing not so much into the penitences of Lent as the excitement of politics. Last night Madame La Marmora gave her third great ball for the season, and it was a most brilliant success. All sections of the Liberal party, almost all classes of society, were represented. Though we have had no Court here, and though very few strangers have visited Naples during the winter, yet the Carnival has been far gayter than any we have had for several years, and so far it may be said to have proved a state of greater contentment; still, there have been one of those great popular demonstrations of festivity which come from the hearts of the people—perhaps for the reason that they may be changed; a sad fate may have made them serious and thoughtful.

NAPLES, March 8.—At Naples, and in the provinces the opposite parties are making ready for a struggle of extermination. Agricultural labors, industry, trade and public works, are suspended, and the silence of terror is everywhere. Silence rules everywhere without control in the streets, the theatres, and even the University. Persons have even to be cautious about going to church, and woe to the priest who dares to speak of morality and the truths of religion, and especially if he reproves the scandals which affect us. Nevertheless, some courageous voices are still heard in the midst of the orgies of social anarchy. The V. car-General, who administers the Diocese of Naples in the absence of the holy Archbishop, Cardinal Riario Sforza, now exiled in Rome, said to the people gathered in the Cathedral—"My brethren, the cry now is 'Long live the Pope, not King!' but as soon as the venerated head of the Church shall be no longer a sovereign, he will be driven from Rome, as your own pastor has been from the midst of us, like a malefactor. Religion will be exiled with him, and as in all infidel countries, Christians will have to hide, or abjure the Faith." After these words, which were heard with deep emotion by all present in the immense Basilica, the courageous priest was threatened with assassination in the street, as he was returning home.

Meanwhile convents are being broken into, and forcibly taken possession of by the authorities, and their furniture is estimated at a low price, to favour companies of Jews, who have an understanding with the men in power. On the other hand, the reaction is becoming unanimous, more terrible and threatening than ever. A strong column of two thousand men occupies La Murgia, and the hills of Mignano in Puglia. The Piedmontese forces, sent against it, have been obliged to retire, not being sufficiently numerous. This column entered into Foggia a few days ago. Foggia, chief town of the Capitanata, is close to Lucera, where the now notorious Fantoni is in command. According to a letter from a Piedmontese officer, 102 reactionists were shot at Foggia during the three weeks following the 20th of January last.

The Capitanata and all the Puglies are occupied by Bourbonist columns, in spite of the horrible proclamations of Colonel Fantoni, which, in spite of the energetic indignation of Lord Russell, and the promises of the Turin Cabinet, has been vigorously applied; for, it is unfortunately, but too true that eleven men and five women, who had been found with a little bread about them, have been shot without mercy, in spite, in fine, of a new proclamation of Major Fumel, which is not less barbarous and cruel than that of Fantoni.

The Correspondent of the 7th says:—"Trani is barricaded as if to stand a siege. Foggia has been suddenly invaded within the last few days, and it seems too certain that risings have taken place in Calabria, and require the presence of additional troops in those provinces."

Sir ROBERT PEEL AND HIS PATRON.—The Court Journal, referring to the recent quarrel between the O'Donoghue and Sir Robert Peel, says:—"The only person not quite delighted at the result must have been Sir Robert Peel himself; but, at any rate, he, too, has some consolation in reflecting that, whenever he gets himself into an awkward little mess, there is always a kind, patronising old gentleman at his side to take him by the hand, and to lift him clean out of the dirt on to the safe side of the way. Whether the naughty little boy will not soon drag the benevolent old gentleman along with himself into the mud, we could not undertake to affirm; but it looks very much as if he would. The result of all this showy bravado on the part of Sir Robert towards the Irish members will be that about thirty or more of that estimable and useful body will henceforth march into the lobby which is not that in which the Lord Palmerston tells art to be found, and will show Lord Palmerston that it would be better to have retained the steady, if not brilliant, services of Mr. Cardwell as Irish Secretary, than to have essayed the bold, go-ahead management or mismanagement, perhaps, of Sir Robert Peel, for the sake of winning the votes of two or three many-sided gentlemen who are styled, or style themselves, Liberal-Conservatives."

NAPLES.—More horrors from Naples. At the recent funeral obsequies of the Archbishop of Amalfi in the Cathedral, a body of Revolutionists rushed into the church, while the Clergy were praying round the catafalque, and with their daggers stabbed the lifeless remains of the Archbishop. The body of Ferdinand II reposes in the Church of St. Chiara, and the Government having information of a plot to profane the tomb and drag the Royal remains to the Camp de Mars, in the spot where Agrestina Milano attempted regicide, succeeded in preventing the execution of this fell design. M de Christen, who was arrested nearly five months ago at Naples, on suspicion of being an

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Religion is the basis on which the whole plan of education will rest, and propriety of manners and correctness of deportment will be strictly enforced.

The Scholastic year commences on the first Monday of September, and ends about the middle of July.

The discipline is strict, but mild and parental. All letters must be submitted to the inspection of the President.

The use of tobacco is prohibited. No student is permitted to leave the College, unless accompanied by his parents or guardians, and this will be allowed only on the first Monday of the month.

TERMS, (invariably in advance):

Board and Tuition, for quarter of 80 days, \$25 00

Washing, mending, and the use of Library, \$3 00

Instrumental Music, ditto, \$3 00

Spending vacation at the College, \$20 00

No extra charge for Vocal Music.

School Books and Stationery will be furnished by the College at the usual prices.

No advancement in money will be made by the College to the students; it is therefore desirable that each student should deposit \$10 at least, for unforeseen expenses.

Every student must be provided 1st, with three suits of clothes; 2d, six shirts and two flannel shirts; 3d, two long night gowns; 4th, eight pair of stockings; 5th, three pair of shoes; 6th, a white counterpane, two blankets and pillows; 7th, two cotton clothes bags; 8th, four napkins and four towels; 9th, three pair of sheets; 10th, all articles necessary for toilet; 11th, knife, fork, tea and table spoons, and a metal cup.

The College opens this year on the first Monday of October.

FATHER OSWALD, O. S. B., President.

Assumption College, Sandwich, C. W. Sept. 14, 1861

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal support extended to him during the past twelve years, would announce to them that he has just completed a most extensive and varied Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE—the largest ever on view in this city. It comprises every article in the Furniture line. He would call special attention to his stock of first class Furniture, such as Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, Oak, Chessnut, and enamelled Chamber Sets, varying in price from \$20 to \$225. Also to his Mahogany, Walnut and Oak Parlor, Dining, Library and Hall Furniture, of various styles and prices, together with 2000 Case and 3000 Wood Seat Chairs, of thirty-five different patterns, and varying from 40c. to \$18 each. The whole have been manufactured for cash during the winter, and in such large quantities as to insure a saving of 10 per cent to purchasers. Goods packed for shipping and delivered on board the Boat or Car, or at the residences of buyers residing within the city limits, free of charge.

Also, on hand a large assortment of the following Goods:—Solid Mahogany and Veneers, Varnish, Turpentine, Glue, Sand Paper, Mahogany and other Nobs, Curled Hair, Hair Cloth, Moss, Excelsior and all other Goods in the Upholstery line, all of which will be sold low for Cash, or exchanged.

All Goods warranted to be as represented, or will be taken back and the money returned within one month.

All sales under \$100 strictly cash; from \$100 to \$1000, three or six months, with satisfactory endorsed notes if required. A discount of 12 1/2 per cent to trade, but no deduction from the marked price of retail goods, the motto of the house being large sales and small profits.

The above list is but an outline of the Stock on hand, and the proprietor respectfully solicits a visit which is all that is necessary to establish the fact that this is the largest, best assorted and cheapest Stock of Goods in this city.

OWEN MCGARVEY,

Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse,

244 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

April 19, 1861.

AMALGAM BELLS,

AT prices within the reach of every Church, School-House, Factory, Cemetery, or Farm in the land. Their use all over the United States for the past 3 years has proven them to combine more valuable qualities than any other, among which tone, strength, durability, vibrations and sonorous qualities are unequalled by any other manufacturer. Sizes 50 to 3000 lbs., costing less than half either metal, or 12 1/2 cents per pound, at which price we warrant them 12 months. Send for Circular.

PRATT, ROBINSON & Co.,

Late M. C. CHADWICK & CO.,

No. 190 William Street New York.

MAYORS OF THE GREAT CITIES.

We, the undersigned Mayors, hereby certify that the Druggists, Apothecaries, and Physicians of our several cities have signed a document of assurance to us that the remedies of DR. J. C. AYER & CO., of Lowell, (Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Pills, Ague Cure, and Cherry Pectoral), have been found to be medicines of great excellence, and worthy the confidence of the community.

HON. JAMES COOK, Mayor of LOWELL, MASS.

HON. ALBIN BEARD, Mayor of NASHUA, N. H.

HON. E. W. HARRINGTON, Mayor of MANCHESTER, N. H.

HON. JOHN ABBOTT, Mayor of CONCORD, N. H.

HON. A. H. BULLOCK, Mayor of WORCESTER, MASS.

HON. NATH'L SILSBEE, Mayor of SALEM, MASS.

HON. F. W. LINCOLN, Mayor of BOSTON, MASS.

HON. WM. M. RODMAN, Mayor of PROVIDENCE, R. I.

HON. AMOS W. PRENTICE, Mayor of NORWICH, CONN.

HON. J. N. HARRIS, Mayor of NEW LONDON, CONN.

HON. CHAS. S. RODIER, Mayor of MONTREAL, C. E.

HON. D. F. TIEMANN, Mayor of NEW YORK CITY.

HON. H. M. KINSTREY, Mayor of HAMILTON, C. W.

HON. ADAM WILSON, Mayor of TORONTO, C. W.

HON. R. M. BISHOP, Mayor of CINCINNATI, OHIO.

HON. I. H. CRAWFORD, Mayor of LOUISVILLE, KY.

HON. JOHN SLOAN, Mayor of LYONS, IOWA.

HON. JAMES McFEETERS, Mayor of BOWMANVILLE, C. W.

HON. JAMES W. NORTH, Mayor of AUGUSTA, ME.

HON. HENRY COOPER, JR., Mayor of FALLOWELL, ME.

HON. JAMES S. BEEK, Mayor of FREDERICTON, N. B.

HON. WILLARD NYE, Mayor of NEW BRITAIN, MASS.

HON. J. BLAISDELL, Mayor of FALL RIVER, MASS.

HON. W. H. CRANSTON, Mayor of NEWPORT, R. I.

HON. FRED STAHL, Mayor of GALENA, ILL.

HON. JOHN HOGDEN, Mayor of DUBUQUE, IOWA.

HON. THOMAS CRUTCHFIELD, Mayor of CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

HON. ROBERT BLAIR, Mayor of TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

HON. R. D. BAUGH, Mayor of MEMPHIS, TENN.

HON. GERARD STITH, Mayor of NEW ORLEANS, LA.

HON. H. D. SCRANTON, Mayor of ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HON. DE WITT C. GROVE, Mayor of UTRICA, N. Y.

HON. GEO. WILSON, Mayor of PITTSBURG, PA.

HON. C. H. BUHL, Mayor of DETROIT, MICH.

Certify that the resident Druggists have assured them,

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

ANNUALS, ALBUMS,

