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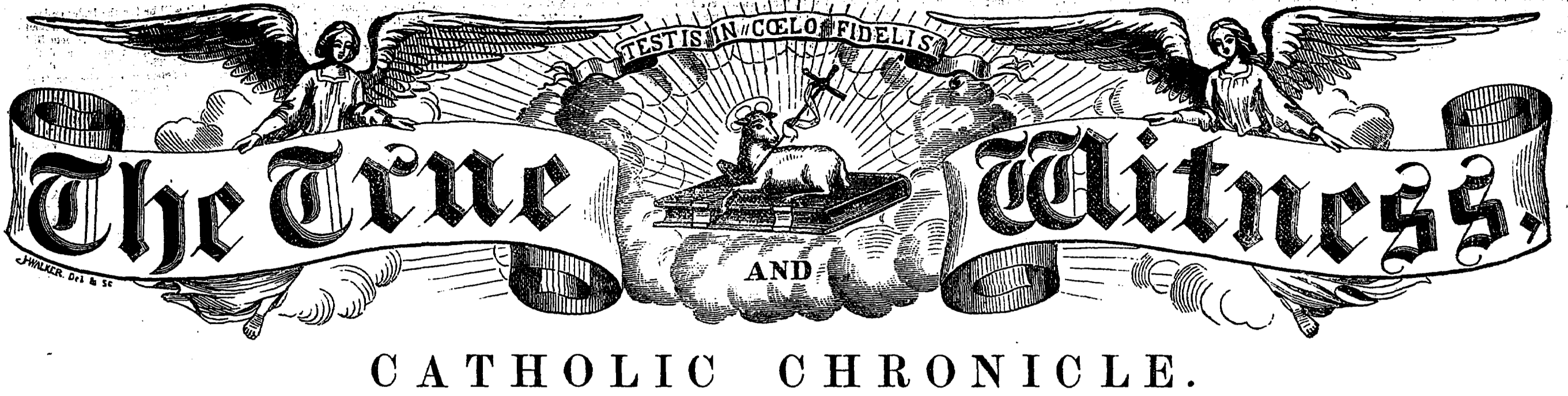
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 40.

KENNY KILFOY, OR, MURDER WILL OUT.

A THRILLING TALE OF PEASANT LIFE.

It is a custom in several parts of Ireland for the young men of one village to join and perform certain descriptions of work for each other in conjunction. For instance, from a dozen to fifteen young men will assemble, with their spades and facks, and completely sow all the potatoes for one family before they stop. They will then proceed to another farm and perform the same task, and so on until all the potatoes belonging to the confederacy are planted. Turf-cutting and reaping are usually performed in this manner. This is generally considered a very good method of performing labor, as it ensures expedition and promotes good feeling in the neighborhood among the young, besides rendering them better workmen, as there usually exists an emulative pride among them for the best and cleanest work, and the leadership of the field. These meetings are always scenes of feasting and merriment, besides, as the farmer, considering his work done without an outlay in money, is anxious to give his friends and neighbors the best entertainment. The rude jest, ever bring the ready and boisterous laugh, and the loud song are heard over the field the live-long day.

In the beginning of the summer of 1796, a parcel of young men assembled early in the morning on a portion of the bog of Allen, adjoining the King's County, to cut the turf of a young farmer named Buckley. They amounted in number to about fifteen, all fine, well-limbed and healthy young men, with their slanes and wheelbarrows, ready to cut with sinewy arms the black soft soil. The morning was extremely fine, and the young men worked with spirit and activity until about one o'clock in the afternoon, when Buckley's sister and a servant girl were seen approaching the bog, loaded with "the dinner" for the men, and followed by a gosssoon, carrying two large vessels of milk. The young men ceased working as they approached, and arranged themselves on the heath-covered bank.

Among the young men working for her brother the handsome Essy Buckley had two admirers, who eagerly contended with each other for the honor of her hand at the dance, at fair, or patron, and who wooed her smiles with the most constant assiduity. She, of course, felt her heart inclined to one, much to the mortification and jealousy of the other. They were both youth men, and lived in the same village; their farms were nearly equal in profit, and subject to the same rent; and both, with regard to worldly substance, were nearly equal; that is, both were comfortable in the sense in which an Irish peasant understands the word. Each had a cow giving milk, a few sheep, poultry and pigs; their corn and potatoes were regularly sowed, and their rent punctually called for by the agent, and generally forthcoming. But still they were not equal in the eye of Essy Buckley. Her favorite, Tom Molloy, in her mind was infinitely superior to his rival, Kenny Kilfoy, for the equality which existed between them in other things, did not go with Essy as a criterion of their merits otherwise. She loved Tom Molloy. He was a dark-eyed, ruddy-faced, black-haired, pleasant young fellow; ever with a smile on his lips, and pleasantry in his look; always the lightest foot in the dance and the merriest at labor. His rival had the advantage of him in stature, but was not so compactly made or handsomely formed, with light hair and a sallow, colorless face; his disposition, too, was sombre; and he was generally taciturn and reserved. For his own sake he always joined the co-operative laborers; and though, as his neighbors expressed it, there was ever "the coatha cover" about his mouth, and the complaint of one thing or another on his tongue; and though he was always penurious and grudging (niggardly) in doing a decent thing, yet he never thrived better than another." Such were the lovers of Essy Buckley; and we cannot blame her in her choice of a sweetheart; for what young girl would prefer a silent, melancholy lover, without spirit or spiritfulness, like Kenny Kilfoy, to a good-humored, good-hearted, and pleasant, handsome young fellow, like Tom Molloy.

The bacon and cabbage was served round on the white wooden platters, then so commonly in use, by Jack Buckley, the elder brother of Essy; and the thick milk poured out into the equally white wooden noggins—still the vessel generally used among the Irish peasantry—and the scene was one of happiness and peace: "Rustic labor, toil embrowned;"—a group of smiling faces, seated on a high bank richly covered with yellow moss, purple heather, and the long green branches of the bog-sallow.

"Come, move over there, Kenny," said Tom, who was sitting next his rival, "an' make room for Essy to sit beside me."

"Do you want to shove me into the hole?" grumbled the stiletless Kenny.

"Don't stir, Kenny," interrupted the lively Essy. "I'll just sit down here furinst you 'till I see which o' youz can eat the purtiest."

"Och, thin, iv that's the case," said Tom, "I must turn my back to you."

"Why so, Tom?" asked Essy; "I thought you'd give up in nothin' to him."

Kenny smiled grimly, whether through satisfaction or otherwise none could interpret.

"And do you give it up, Tom?" said Jack Buckley, placing another slice of the bacon upon his platter.

"Oh, faix," said Tom, "he has the best tools; see what a fine sharp set o' teeth he has, and a beautiful big mouth; the sorra purtier eather or cleaverer thrinner-man on the bog ov Allen this day than you are, Kenny Kilfoy," he added, addressing himself to his rival, with good-humored comicality.

"Well, sorra take you, Tom," said another, "but the dickens can't bate you at jibing."

"Och, I don't mind what cracked people sez," grinned Kenny bitterly.

"An' you're right, Kenny," said Essy, mischievously; "an' the never a better he is with his romashes—never lets a sober body alone."

"Och, thin, never heed him you, Essy," smilingly answered Tom, for he saw the cholera of his rival rising, and he wished to provoke him to draw him out; "never heed him—he's vexed enough 'thout you goin' to vex him more with your sly jokes."

"It's not the likes o' you that could vex me at any rate," muttered Kenny, getting more vexed at having his testy humor taken notice of before all his compeers, and her before whom he wished to appear particularly amiable; "it's not you that could vex me," he added, "barin' you were saucy or impudent, and forced me to make you know which was the better man."

This hint was too much for even Tom's good humor, especially when given before Essy; and the boys, who felt it in its proper sense, looked to see how such an intimation would be taken.—Tom's eyes kindled with a brighter light as he replied, still in his good-humored way.

"Bar there, Kenny," said he, "I acknowledge you are an oulder man than me, and that you were a man when I was a gosssoon; but I will never say, that now we are both men, that you were ever a taste a better man, or as good. With regard to what you said afore, about cracked people, all I have to say is, that thank God I'm not a moping omedhaun, like somebody that I could put my hand upon."

"You may thank that I wouldn't like to spoil the day's work on Jack Buckley," said Kenny; "and that the decent girl that I have a regard for is to the fore, or I'd soon let you know the differ."

"It's easy settlin' that," said Tom; "I'll wrestle you this evening, when the decent girl that you have a regard for (mimicking Kenny's drawing tone), an' that cares little about you, I'm thinking, won't be present, and let the best two out of three show who's the man that has a right to brag."

"Aye, that's the fair way," interposed some of the men, who saw a quarrel likely to ensue, and wished to prevent it, by what they considered a harmless trial of strength and dexterity.

The men resumed their work with increased good humor and renovated glee, all except Kenny Kilfoy, who nursed his angry feelings and passions in silence within his own bosom. Their work was soon done, and many a dry or elevated patch in that quarter showed black that evening, being thickly covered with the square sods cut from the deep hole which they left behind them. The sun was not set; it was yet early as they left the bog.

"Well, boys," began Tom Molloy, "many hands make the work light; we're done brave and early, and it's as purty a day's work as you need look on."

"We'll have full time," said one, "to thry the three falls here above in the meadow, and be home afther afore the supper time."

"Auch!" said another, "sure it's only jokin' Kenny was."

"How's that?" said another; "sure it's not maning that it's afraid he is you'd be."

"I never joke 'thout laughin', boys," said Kilfoy, "an' I'm not in the grinnin' humor much at this present minute."

As soon as they reached the meadow, Tom, who was jogging on before Kenny with another group, tossed off his coat, and addressing Kilfoy, who was crossing the stile, said:

"Now, Kenny, let there never be a boast about the best man afther this bout, an' we needn't be the worse friends afther. Come, Pether, lend us your jacket, and throw my thristry here over your showlders."

He was soon arrayed in the frieze jacket, and kicking off his weighty brogues, he stood in his stocking vamps inside the little circle formed by his companions. He was joined by his rival,

whose dark and lowering brow still plainly told of ire unquenched, and passion fierce and burning; and as they stood before each other, Tom stretched forth his hand in frank and manly manner.

"Come, Kenny," said he, "give us the fist before we begin, to show there's neither spite or anger in regard o' the few words."

"Let every madman and fool shake his own hand," said Kilfoy bitterly, withholding his hand, and looking on the extended one of his rival with a sneer.

"Well, the sorra may care for your good or bad humor," replied Tom, moving towards his opponent, "come on, an' every man do his best."

They grappled, and after a few preliminary movements, the contest became interesting to all parties.

Perhaps there is no exercise so animating and healthy as wrestling, as it is practised in most parts of Ireland, and at the same time so beneficial and conducive to health when conducted fairly. All the agility and strength of the frame are put into requisition; every muscle in the body is strung, and the steadiness of foot—the quickness of eye and limb, and the pliancy necessary to excel, give vigor and elasticity in a surprising degree.

Kilfoy was the stronger man, but he evidently did not possess the action or dexterity of Molloy, who exhibited at every turn that wavy motion of the body, so observable in the tiger and leopard kind, and which gives the plainest indication of strength and agility combined, and which shows the body more like a moving mass of muscle than a composition of flesh and bone.—Often did Kenny attempt to toss his opponent, and as often was he foiled by the superior tact and quickness of his adversary, and the spectators, by their looks, gestures, and exclamations, gave vent to their feelings or their admiration.

"By my conscience that was a mighty purty offer of Tom's to draw him off."

"Faix he was near getting the sleeshoge on him that time."

"Look at the hump Kenny has on his shoulders, watching like a badger in a barrel."

"Faix Tom has as purty a stan' as ever I saw with a boy; as straight an' as light as Sharp-foot the dancin' masher."

"Wow!—he was near bringing Tom with that strong cross-thrip," said one amateur, starting from a recumbent posture to one knee, as his favorite stumbled from a sudden forcible manœuvre of his opponent.

"A haughnashun ugly thrip that cross-thrip is," remarked another.

"Ha! he's at it agin—not to so well as before though," said another.

"Look at Tom how he smiles; watch his eye; he's throwing himself in the way ov that ugly curl agin," said a young one. "Never!" said another, in a lower voice; "if he thrives that cross-thrip agin, he's done as sure as his name's Kenny Kilfoy."

Kenny did try the cross-trip again, and as quick as thought his rival drew back; his foot missed the object, and, in endeavoring to recover his position, his foot was caught, and Kenny Kilfoy measured his length on the green grass.

A loud hurroo declared the triumph of the victor. Kenny rose from the ground more furious than before. He was more enraged than ever, for shame added to his anger. He had been certain of victory, and disappointment lent three-fold stings to his former ranking. His friends came round him:

"I was thinking," said one, "that cross-thrip id disappoint you."

"You should have got in on him," said another.

"Close him, Kenny," said a third, "when you go in agin; he's too active for you, and you'll have a better chance, for you're the strongest."

"Standers by are always good wrastlers," said Kenny churlishly, shaking off his Job-like advisers, and walking forth again to meet his antagonist. They grappled again; Kenny went more incautiously to work than before. He "tripped" furiously, and swung his lighter antagonist about in rather an awkward way. Molloy went from side to side with him as he pulled, and escaped his efforts to throw him, until his violent exertions had pretty well fatigued him; he then commenced annoying, and with a well managed feint he drew his comrade off his guard, and tossed up his heels in a most dexterous manner.

"You're the best man be odds," said Jack Buckley, "an' Kenny must acknowledge that himself for a good thruth; but he won't refuse to shake hands I know now, as I won't be easy 'till I see you friends again."

"Never!" muttered Kenny, with furious emphasis from between his set teeth, and he turned from the group.

"When I offered him my hand," said Tom, "before we began, I did it like a man; now I wouldn't give him my hand for all he's worth in the world."

Kenny stalked away completely crest-fallen,

yet with a refreshed and a new burning hate in his bosom. He felt that Tom was beloved by Essy; and he thought that harmless jest which Tom uttered in the bog was with a design to render him ridiculous before his mistress. He retorted in a way in which he imagined himself sure of drawing his rival into disgrace, and in this, too, he was foiled. Thus jealousy and shame were heaped upon him, and worked within his moody soul. Yet another trial awaited him, in which he suffered more, but which brought on the most tragic results.

Not far from the village there was a wake on this very night. An old woman, the mother of a neighboring farmer, and a distant relation of Kilfoy's, had "departed" that morning. He would have avoided going, for he knew that the Buckley and Molloy, and all the witnesses of his defeat would be assembled there, and that the story would be told to many, and that he would be the subject of all tongues, and the marked of every eye. Yet she was his own blood relation that was waking, and could he stay away when strangers would be there? besides, his absence would be marked, and attributed to a fear of his rival; and this thought at least he could not bear. His supper was taken in silence, and in a short time after he set out for the wake. He went by the most unfrequented bye-paths, and reached the house just as the darkness was closing around.

To many an Irish wake is a familiar sight; to many more a short description of it, such as it is, in its full costume, as seen in almost every part of Ireland, may not be unacceptable, and we will take this one as for all. Nearly opposite the door the corpse of the old woman was extended on a large table, which being too short another smaller was placed at the end, and supported by sods of turf to bring both on a level. Under the head was placed a "phangle," or sheaf of straw, but smoothly covered over with a white sheet. The corpse was also covered with white sheets, and on the breast was laid a platter with snuff, which was taken off and handed round the house occasionally. Below the snuff plate was a bundle of new pipes, filled with cut tobacco. Then a large canopy was formed over the body, with white sheets also, from which others depended, covering the wall, and protecting the corpse from view at head and foot, but leaving it entirely visible in front. Two painted prints were hung over the head: one representing "the Nativity," and the other "the Crucifixion," while opposite, against the wall, was fastened a large cross, made of two stripes of black velvet placed crosswise. Then here and there within the alcove were pinned up large bunches of flowers. Such is the usual method of "laying out a corpse" in the country places nearly through Ireland. All the stools, forms, &c., in the neighborhood were borrowed, and the house was thronged with the young and old of both sexes, laughing, chatting, and smoking quite at their ease; but the women invariably decked out in their best muslins and calicoes.

As Kilfoy entered he took off his hat, and kneeling down within the threshold, he crossed himself, and repeated a few prayers within his breath, and then rose up, without looking at any person, and threw himself carelessly into a seat, and pulled his hat down low upon his brow.

"Ah, then, Kenny Kilfoy, but it's gettin' mighty polite and genteel you are," said the light tones of a loved and familiar voice at his side, which made his heart-strings thrill, "an' you sit down without sayin' be your leave, or lookin' at who's beside you."

It was Essy Buckley. She saw him sunk and cast down—she knew all that passed—and felt that quick perception, so marked in woman, felt that he was suffering, and that she was the occasion of it; and she thought she had a right to speak cheerfully to him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REV. DR. CAHILL ON THE POLITICAL ASPECT OF EUROPE.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The student in politics can never form a just opinion of the progress, the civilization, or the feelings of his own country without taking a view of the parallel condition of the neighboring states. It is by the comparison we make between ourselves and others that we can learn the proper estimate which (in the age we live in) ought to be attached to our own civil, political, and religious institutions. And, perhaps, the most powerful sentiment which can combine the united action of a nation is, the universal belief that their laws are the wisest, their religious institutions the most liberal, and their people the most learned, the bravest of all the surrounding kingdoms. It was the practical development of this sentiment that gave to the ancient Persians their former predominance: that raised old Greece to unrivalled sway; and had made the very name of "Roman" be heard with terror in these his-

toric times, when the throne of the Casars governed the world. The scholar who reads these ancient records of hoary centuries, long, long past and gone, owns the justice and the power of the sentiment referred to: and on a close examination of the premises he cannot, therefore, be surprised at the moral force which, through the ages under consideration, raised weak peoples and moderate beginnings to conquest, empire, and greatness. Whatever progress these nations made, the historian recorded in glowing panegyric; the talent of the citizen, the eloquence of the senator, the skill of the general, the courage of the soldier, were all painted in the brilliant coloring of unrivalled perfection; and the result was that the national character practically fulfilled the measure of the universal expectation: and men lived, and spoke, and fought, and died realizing the picture which the national painters had drawn of the national superiority.

All this discipline was great national teaching: producing high national sentiment; and really and *bono fide* raising the national mind to the lofty standard held up to the public imitation.—But what will the scholar in modern history think of the modern people and of the modern writers who attempt to give moral power to their country by belying all other states; by ridiculing foreign institutions, while their own are topping on their foundations; by decrying virtue abroad, while vice has tainted the heart of the nation at home; by publishing a false statement of their internal as well as of their foreign policy, at once insulting to other peoples' and deceitful to their own; and by propagating a gospel of indifference where Faith is a mere gratuitous popular opinion; and where their Decalogue teaches social hatred, sectarian rancor, and, I had almost said, national persecution. By this system of falsehood England so mis-teaches her rising generations that the masses neither understand foreign legislation for domestic justice: nor have they a correct idea of other people's religion or their own varying creed. Their newspapers, in reference to the subjects here stated, are records of convicted misrepresentations; editors, otherwise honorable men, do not hesitate to fill the public mind with a studied, a learned forgery; and frequently they write articles, dissertations, and essays, with scarcely one element of fact; without even a pretext for their astounding falsehood. Their historians, their novelists, their missionaries, all struggle for the mastery to see who can most belie Rome, most ridicule Naples: to try who can most expose Madrid to contempt, Austria to hatred: to rival each other in the malignant effort, who can most revolutionize all Italy, or most misrepresent, persecute, and crush Catholicism all over the world.

The incredible practice of lying in history, in literature, and in journalism, has pervaded all classes, and all the dependencies of England: it is in Toronto and Calcutta: in Belfast and at the Cape: in Dundee and the Port of Spain. It is in the army and the navy, where scarcely one word is ever heard of the valor of a Catholic soldier or sailor. Although Catholic Ireland supplies more than one-third of the British army while living; and, of course, the one-third of the slain when dead: yet these fallen husbands and fathers have no asylum in England for their bereaved widows and orphan children—except in a perjured conscience, and dishonored apostasy. This system has its throne, its centralization, its very source in the English pulpit, from which its unholily ordinances are issued every Sabbath day.—Listen to the sermon which sets forth before attentive hearers, that France, Spain, Portugal, the Sicilies, all Italy, Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Ireland, together with their Kings, their queens, their bishops, their senators, their judges, historians, painters, sculptors, dead in the past centuries; together with their present living populations, to the number of upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of souls are and have been all idolaters, all Pope-ridden, Priest-troudden fools; and that, consequently, according to Lord John Russel, they cannot have either an independent mind, or an extended intellect. From whence it also may be deduced that Angelo could not be equal in talent to an English house painter: that the contemporaries of Canova were far inferior in mind to British stone-masons; that Pascal was unfit to teach a National school in Kent; and that General Simpson lying (as he himself asserts) with his head covered in the trenches at the Redan, has evinced a higher military genius, than the Popish assassins who triumphantly scaled the embattled towers of the Malakoff, against a forest of crimsoned steel, and in the midst of a storm of fire! This English lying is as universal as the British flag: it has de-ranked the popular mind, has tainted the national heart, and has weakened the whole frame of the empire. I am prepared, indeed, to admit—I am anxious to say, that the natural character of the English people is generous, honest, honorable, just; but where *race and religion are concern-*

* Words expressive of that draw which a miserable and poor spirit is supposed to give to the expression of the mouth.

ed, their early teaching is totally diseased, and has in these two particulars imprinted on the young national feeling...

"The missionaries, if they wish to gain the ear and confidence of the natives, will have to do what the Reformers did for the Christian Italy. The people in the 16th century, no doubt, believed that the worship of the Virgin and saints, auricular confession, indulgences, all rested on the authority of the Bible.

Here is Mr Muir publishing in all the schools of India the lies of Exeter Hall, to which is added the veracious English statement "that a friar was ordained without having seen a Bible."

On the same principle of deceit by which they decry all foreign institutions, they, with a fraudulent misrepresentation for another purpose, publish the wisdom, the power, and the wealth of their own country as immeasurably raised beyond all past or present comparison.

The next most astounding fraud advocated by English writers is the Church Establishment. The sum of eight millions and a half pounds sterling, paid annually to a clergy for teaching men to read the Bible, is an instance of the folly of a nation which has no parallel in the history of the world.

Strange as it may appear, it is this principle of falsehood in England which has laid the foundation of almost all her differences with the neighboring states. And although circumstances may appear to change the complexion of her relations with these states, there still lurks beneath this surface an under current which at any moment may rise to the top and disturb the public tranquility.

observer of the passing events can see that in every movement where England happens even to touch the European Continent, Naples, Austria, Spain, Italy, all seem to take a simultaneous warning and movement in closer ties their national combination against the intrigues of the great European disturber.

Her history can be told in very few words: she adopted her new creed in the face of the known truth, changing the old faith; and effacing the severity of the ancient moral discipline of the Church. Hence she could only maintain her new position by falsehood and by granting to her followers an unbounded license of human passion.

April 15. D. W. C.

REV. DR. CAHILL ON SPOONER'S MOTION AGAINST THE ENDOWMENT OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

There has been no period in the modern history of England in which the opposition of party in Parliament has been carried to a more factious extent than at the present moment. In the past struggles of the House of Commons, heretofore, the contest lay so during the Corn Law League and the Free Trade discussions: it was the same in all the debates on foreign policy; and even in the passing of the bill, by Lord Stanley, for the suppression of the Irish Protestant Bishops, this rule and feeling were distinctly observable.

During the last eleven years there has been an unceasing contest carried on between Lord Derby and Lord John Russell: diversified somewhat by the occasional substitution of Lord Palmerston for the Durham leader. Concomitantly, however, with these personal competitions the British and Irish constituencies have had their attention differently excited by unusual bitter party and sectarian discussions: in which bishops, priests, nuns, creeds were unsparringly reprobated; and in which the Blessed Virgin, as a principal Popish culprit, always came in for a superabundant share of Parliamentary abuse, and of Exeter Hall slander.

Who, on reading the English press, is not shocked by the daily crimes of infanticide, matricide, patricide, and fratricide committed in every part of England: who, without horror, can listen to the account of fathers, mothers, grandfathers, and grandmothers, cruelly murdered, ferociously butchered by the hands of their own children.

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ing wife convulse him with rage, and nerve him to the awful crime, but in England the crime is committed for the sordid gain of a shilling, in cold blood. Alas! the atrocity is there, but for one pound, placing English crimes in the quality of atrocity and of motive far more heinous than any black deed in either modern India or in ancient Rome.

While the Parliament House is thus agitated with party contentions, and while murders, suicides, and scandals rend the public feeling outside, Mr. Spooner is determined to add his portion of religious rancour to this confused heap of moral and political ruin; and hence he, as the exponent of one of the poles of religious rancour towards Ireland, will soon bring on his motion for the disendowment of the Maynooth College.

Mr. Spooner represents the Earth, having two motions: one, his diurnal motion at Exeter-Hall; the other, his annual motion in the House of Commons. Besides representing the Earth under the circumstances referred to, he has the peculiar philosophical character of representing Jupiter: since he has four moons revolving round him, namely, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Culling Eardley, Mr. Drummond, and Lord Roden.

It is no wonder that foreign nations say that the English people is the most incongruous race at present on this our terrestrial globe. They are the most enterprising and successful in commerce: they are the fondest of money of all mankind; they pursue gain in the thrilling snows, in the burning sands on land, and amidst tempestuous and frozen seas on the deep boundless oceans.

These considerations have reference more to the future of England than to present time: but as certain as the tide advances and rises by insensible accumulating waves, the National debt will yet cover and submerge the universal institutions of England.

Thursday, April 22.

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

PART IV.

I resume my enumeration of the measures which may with advantage engage the attention of an Irish Independent Party.

INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.

There are several questions affecting the relations between Great Britain and Ireland, as constituent parts of the United Kingdom, which ought to be constantly borne in mind, even though we may not hope that they will be settled in a manner consistent with the claims of international justice.

attention to which Great Britain is now liable does not amount to £3,000,000 per annum. English politicians endeavor to evade this liability by a financial jugglery, and by a fictitious arrangement of the public accounts to prove that Ireland is largely indebted to Great Britain; but their reasoning is so clearly at variance with every principle of equity, that this question may be said to depend upon the relative strength of the two nations, and as we happen at present to be the weaker nation we have no alternative except submission to this injustice.

In regard, for instance, to the expenditure that is connected with the public departments, it will be found that Ireland does not participate in fair proportion with England. Though many of the Ports of Ireland—and especially the port of Cork—are singularly adapted for the purposes of a naval dockyard, all the expenditure resulting from the maintenance of dockyards is reserved for England.

In like manner, metropolitan improvements have been carried on in London continuously by the aid of the land revenue of the Crown, and of special Parliamentary grants, whilst Dublin has been utterly neglected, though a large sum is annually remitted from Ireland to England as land revenue.

Among the international questions that remain outstanding for discussion between Great Britain and Ireland, as component portions of one United Kingdom, the most important, perhaps, is our claim for the allotment to Ireland of its due share of Parliamentary representatives.

I shall perhaps startle some of my readers when I avow that after long consideration, it is my deliberate opinion that the interests of Ireland are damaged rather than promoted by its representation in the British Parliament, and that it would conduce to the national interests as well as to the national dignity of Ireland to be wholly unrepresented in the Imperial Parliaments.

If Ireland were wholly unrepresented, Irish opinion would find some mode of making itself unmistakably understood in reference to every question which really affects the interests of the nation at large; whereas, on the contrary, at present, the few and divided representatives sent by Ireland to London are induced either by corruption or cajolery to give an apparent sanction to the part of the Irish nation to measures framed with a view to promote English interests, and to gratify English feeling alone.

An amusing instance of the power of Irish opinion, when unanimously expressed, to override English legislation recently presented itself to our observation. On the day of my arrival in Dublin, after an exile of seven years, I took up a Dublin newspaper, and found one whole side of the sheet occupied with a requisition. Upon examining it I discovered the names of all the leading inhabitants of Dublin, of every class, sect, and party.

But although such is my estimate of the value of our representation in the British Parliament, I am not disposed to waive any national claim which we can fairly urge; and, if we are to send any members to the British Parliament, we ought to send enough to secure to Ireland its proportionate weight in the councils of the empire.

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Assuming that this is a question which affects the interest of Ireland, it will be for the Independent Party to consider what course ought to be pursued with respect to the Reform Bill which has been introduced into the House of Commons.

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IRISH FERRAGE.

International wrongs have been inflicted by Great Britain upon all classes in this country—from the Peer to the Peasant. Probably there are few among you who are much about the dignity of the Irish peerage. The Irish nobility (I say it with the deepest regret) have identified themselves so little with the feelings and interests of the Irish nation, that the people have grown utterly careless about the feelings and interests of the Irish aristocracy.

REMOVAL OF THE IRISH POOR FROM ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

Let us now turn to a more grievous international wrong, which affects every industrious laborer or mechanic who goes to reside in England or Scotland. In all that I have ever read respecting the habits of the most uncivilized and most inhospitable barbarians, I have never found any practice that can vie in regard of cold-blooded inhumanity with the custom which prevails among our magnanimous neighbors in regard to the removal of Irish poor who became "changeable" in England.

If in a single year, through the inadvertence of the legislature, a few of such social outrages as those had taken place, they would be disgraceful to the British nation; but we find that this practice has been continued, year after year, notwithstanding that the attention of Parliament has been repeatedly called to it; and it has been brought into action against many thousand individuals under every possible form of cruelty.

I should be led into too much detail if I were to suggest for your consideration many other circumstances and contingencies connected with the international relations that at present subsist between Great Britain and Ireland.

I propose, in a future publication, to call your attention to some matters which belong to the administration of the internal affairs of Ireland.

I remain your faithful friend, WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN. Cahirmoyle, April 12, 1858.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT.—We are delighted to be in a position to state that the monument to O'Connell in Dublin is now an accomplished fact. The 30th of May, a day very memorable in connexion with the name of O'Connell, has been fixed on for the parochial collections throughout the country.

We much regret to announce the demise of Joseph Malcomson, Esq., of Portlaw, one of the very eminent firm of the Messrs. Malcomson, who have for years occupied so prominent a place in the commercial interests of this country.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Catholic Bishop of Derry, had lately a interview with the Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, the venerable Bishop of Raphoe, respecting the reported destitution and oppression of the inhabitants of Cloughaneely and Gweedore. His Lordship of Raphoe, whose active and zealous discharge of his Episcopal duties for the last thirty-eight years enables him to be acquainted with the condition of his people through all his diocese, strongly confirms the statement made by his ten zealous and respectable clergymen, and asserts that their appeal to the Christian world, in behalf of those poor and oppressed Celts, can bear the strictest investigation. Dr. Kelly handed to the Right Rev. Bishop of Raphoe his contribution of two pounds, to be transmitted to the secretary of the Cloughaneely and Gweedore Fund Committee, hoping his example may induce others to "go and do likewise."—*London Telegraph*.

The Emperor of the French has forwarded the sum of £26 towards the relief of the families of the poor men who lost their lives in their attempt at rescue of life in the last wreck at Tramore—£18 to be divided between the two widows, one of whom has a large family receiving £12, the other £6, and £2 to each of the other fishermen who were on board the yawl at the time. His Imperial Majesty has also forwarded a sum of £38 to Mr. Ardagh to be divided among the crew of the schooner, Spankaway, of Dungarvan, who rescued the crew of the French vessel *La Gigustire*.—*Waterford News*.

BALLINROBE UNION.—On Thursday, the 8th inst., Geoffrey Marty, Esq., Curraghmore House, was unanimously re-elected Chairman of the Ballinrobe Board. He was proposed by Colonel Knox, and seconded by C. E. I. Lewsons, Esq., J.P., Claghans. There was no contest for any electoral division of the Ballinrobe Union, with one exception—namely, the Portroyal electoral division, in the parish of Partrick, which was represented for years by Mr. J. Griffin, the attorney, who became a witness for Mr. Ouseley Higgins against Father Conway. The voters and people of Partrick have treated him as the voters and people of Mayo have treated his protegee, Ouseley. Despite of every effort that was made to force him upon them, they have expelled him from their representation, and they have done so upon the principle "that a good Protestant is better than a bad Catholic." They have elected Henry Blake Lynch, of Partrick House, as their representative for the ensuing year. —*Mayo Telegraph*.

STREET PREACHING IN BELFAST.—A crowd of persons, numbering 500 or 600, assembled on Sunday afternoon at Pinkerton's-row and in North Queen-street, for the purpose, it was supposed, of preventing Mr. Mateer from preaching there, should he attempt to do so. It appeared he had preached near Pinkerton's-row on the previous Sunday, and it was believed he would again return to the place, but, fortunately for himself and the peace of the town, he prudently kept away. The Rev. George Vance preached in the open air in Agnes-street, and the Rev. John Graham in Corporation-square, to large audiences on Sunday. —*Belfast Mercury*.

PERSECUTION FOR CONSCIENCE'S SAKE.—John Byrne, the Monaghan tenant who had stood up so bravely for the right to protect his children from any attempt to tamper with their religion, has, "in due course of law," been evicted from his little holding. But, by the timely exertion of the friends of religious liberty, some steps have already been taken to protect his large and helpless family, and thus render his case a standing memorial of popular vindication of the right of conscience. The following account is given by a correspondent of the *Dublin Evening Post*:

"**INNISKEEN.**—Saturday, April 17th.—The closing scene has just come off at Inniskeen, on the little farm recently held by John Byrne. The sheriff has made his long-memoed visit, and consummated the paltry triumph of that law which good men of all political denominations denounce as at once the fertile source of pauperism and crime—that law which the late Chief-Justice Pennefather, a landlord and Conservative, described as one-sided in its operation, and exclusively directed against the interests of the tenant. About ten o'clock yesterday morning the neighbourhood was aroused from its ordinary quiet by the appearance of the brigade, accompanied by a large force of constabulary. It appears that orders had been despatched from head-quarters to the different police stations, and accordingly strong detachments from different directions might be seen about the hour specified advancing towards the doomed cottage of John Byrne. The sub-sheriff of the county of Monaghan, Mr. Wright, accompanied by Colonel Lewis's agent, Mr. Downey, arrived at Inniskeen by the early train. They were met there by the bailiff, and then proceeded escorted by the Inniskeen constabulary, in 'quick march,' to discharge the dire duty of the day. Near the 'scene of action' they were joined by the Drumont and Coolaville detachments of police, and shortly after Captain Barry, the district inspector, arrived and placed himself at their head. One portion was commanded to keep the cross roads, not far distant from the fated cottage, while the other detachment, accompanied by the sheriff, agent, bailiffs, &c., proceeded to the 'scene of action,' where they found Byrne, his wife, and family in what was once their cherished home. Byrne once more offered all rents and costs due, and asked to be left in possession of his farm. But there was no mercy for him. In a word, because he would not surrender his children to the secular and religious instructions of a fanatical Scripture Reader, himself, his wife, and nine children—most of whom are unconscious of the difference between their father and their landlord—were yesterday turned out of house and home. The most pitiable object in the scene was the poor mother, surrounded by her trembling and weeping children. She was too deeply stricken with anguish to find relief in tears. In her desperation and distraction she exclaimed that she would not leave. The sheriff's man then seized her, and in resigning herself to her fate, exclaimed, 'Thanks be to God, we are not driven out on the world for not paying our rent, or for any other crime, but because we would not deny our religion and send our souls to perdition. If we have to beg the world, no child of ours shall ever enter your filthy school.' The poor woman would still cling to the cherished hearth, but through the interference of her husband and others she reluctantly submitted to the law, which humane judges administer with regret, and, which, instead of being a shield and protection to honest industry, is regarded by the tenantry of Ireland as an instrument of torture and oppression. The looks and bearing of the constabulary satisfied the witnesses of the painful scene that they were unwilling instruments on the occasion. During the process of eviction there was a large assemblage of people from the county of Armagh and surrounding districts, and on every countenance indignation was strongly depicted. I visited the scene of desolation at seven o'clock yesterday evening, and hardened indeed must be the heart which such a scene would not have affected. The poor mother was there, still sitting on the rock opposite the house where all her children were born. In speechless agony she gazed alternately at the old familiar house and at the children weeping around her as the night approached. Remnants of furniture were scattered about; the fire on that hearth, around which the children so often warmed themselves, was extinguished for ever; and, to prevent a return, or one last look more at the favourite retreat, the door was built up with stones. Poor Byrne himself, from whose lips one offensive or incautious word never dropped during the whole trying scene, is still the same resolute man—brave without bravadoism, and ready to encounter any fate rather than betray his conscience or make barter of his creed. A temporary shelter for the night was provided by the charitable neighbours for the poor mother and her children, and the trustees and committee, who, to the last, had hoped that Colonel Lewis would have relented, and would not proceed to extremities, will now, of course, do all in their power to provide a permanent home for Byrne and his family.

A meeting of the Irish Bishops has this week been held in Dublin, to consider the late disturbance in the Irish College at Paris. The final decision of their Lordships is, we are informed, reserved. In the meantime, it is stated that the College is to be temporarily broken up, to allow a definite arrangement of the dispute before its reassembling. —*Weekly Register*.

The good monks of St. Bernard are at present in Limerick soliciting subscriptions, and we are happy to say, successful.

MURDER OF THE "IRISH POOR."—In our paper of this morning will be found the particulars of an inquest held at Dunmanway on the body of an aged man—a stranger—on whose person was found a document which leaves no doubt that he was forced out of an English workhouse, dragged in a dying state on board a steamer, and transported to Cork, to find his way, as best he could, to Bantry, which was perhaps his native place. And this after a residence of 33 years in England, and after being two years in the workhouse of St. George's in the East! "It is on account of wanting to attend to my place of worship," writes the poor man, "that they want to send me to Ireland." This matter is too grave for premature discussion, but it should be made at once the subject of a parliamentary inquiry. Presuming that some further information could be had about the poor man's case at the Cork Bridewell, where he was detained "Irish paupers" are generally compelled to seek shelter when "discharged" on the quays of Cork, we caused inquiry to be made, and found, sure enough, that a man named Laurence Goodwin was brought to the Bridewell, about half-past nine o'clock on the night of the 5th inst., by policeman 50; that he was brought up the next morning (6th) before the magistrates at the police office; that Mr. Rice, governor of the Bridewell, informed the magistrates he was committed to the care of a man named Fitzgerald in King street (or Devonshire street), who had got 8s to forward him to Bantry; and that the magistrates thereupon led him in the hands of Fitzgerald. The next thing we hear of him is that he perished by the roadside near Dunmanway. It is no wonder that the humane "jurors" who have sent us the particulars of the inquest, should recline against a cruel law which has produced in this and in other instances—and perhaps in many never heard of at all—consequences so tragical. The 5th inst. was Monday week, so that he had been thrown on the streets out of the London steamer on the previous Sunday, after a four days' voyage from London, in inclement and stormy weather. But if committed to the charge of Fitzgerald, how came it that he was compelled to take refuge in the Bridewell?—*Cork Reporter*.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR.—KILLARNEY, 15th APRIL.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and suite arrived here today from Glengariff, at six o'clock p.m., and having stopped at the entrance gate to the Earl of Kenmare's mansion, proceeded on foot through the pleasure grounds and demesne to Pinn's Royal Victoria Lake Hotel immediately adjoining. His Royal Highness's visit took the people of this ilk entirely by surprise, the more particularly as he travelled perfectly incog. on a "low-backed car." Lord Kenmare's caretakers who showed him through the grounds, were in total ignorance who the illustrious visitor was.

April 16th.—At ten o'clock a.m. his Royal Highness accompanied by the Hon. Captain De Roos, Dr. Minto and T. W. Gibbs, Esq., proceeded in a carriage belonging to the Right Hon. H. A. Herbert, M.P., through the demesne adjoining the estate of the Earl of Kenmare to Ross Castle Island and demesne, thence to Muckross Abbey, Torc, Waterfall, Muckross demesne and house. At the latter place the royal party partook of luncheon, and embarked in Mr. Herbert's fine barge to view the various islands and objects of attraction at the base of the mountains, and the three lakes. His Royal Highness and suite expressed themselves highly pleased and gratified with all they saw.

Kenmare, April 17th.—On Thursday, the 15th inst., at the hour of twelve o'clock, the Prince of Wales and suite arrived at the Lansdowne Arms Hotel. As a fair was being held in the town, there was a large assemblage of the gentry and peasantry of the surrounding district. Though the arrival of the Prince was quite unexpected yet ere ten minutes had elapsed the hotel was surrounded with a dense mass of persons of every rank anxiously and impatiently awaiting to see the heir apparent of that mighty kingdom on which the sun never sets. The staircase and all of the hotel were quickly crowded with the elite and fashion of the locality. Having lunched at the hotel, and after a delay of about two hours his Royal Highness appeared at the Hotel door, and was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers and shouts of acclamation. The Prince seemed much pleased, and frequently raised his hat off his head in acknowledgment of these hearty demonstrations of love and respect; he then stepped on an "outside car" and drove on to Killarney. —*Cork Examiner*.

A lively letter from a lady in the *Cork Constitution* gives the following account of the Prince on his way to Glengariff:—"Two great events have happened since Sunday—the arrival of a dead whale in this harbour, and of a live Prince in our western metropolis. The papers had informed us of his Royal Highness's arrival in Cork, but we hardly believed that he would have had the good taste to visit that very celebrated and interesting locality, Skib., which must have appeared to particular advantage in a down-pour such as we had all day on Thursday. However, he did not much seem to mind, though the people remarked he was 'very badly clothed,' and he was driven by the gingle-boy to Mrs. Doyle's hotel, where he went in and asked for a tumbler of Bass's ale, which he took standing at the counter. He then asked if she had any real potheen, and, being answered in the affirmative, he ordered a glass, which he tasted, and then mixed with the Bass, which his suite all shared. Mrs. Doyle took the party for people come about Mr. Maddar's promised steamer, and, on the Prince remarking that 'Skibereen seemed a rising place,' she said, 'It would be if there was any one there who had interest to have the river deepened from the quay at Old Court, to allow the steamers to come up to the town.' Shortly after a crowd began to collect, as a rumor spread of a Prince—an actual live Prince—being to be seen; so he speedily mounted the gingle and set off for Bantry. The gingle-driver, who will, of course be immortalised as 'the boy who drove the Prince,' is now an object only secondary, and he is full of all the Prince said and did—how he told him to get him some of the sods of turf as they drove along, with which he amused himself pelting, or, as the boy said, 'crusting,' everything as they passed. I think some of the magistrates were disappointed that the Prince did not commit some breach of the peace, and, like a second Prince Hal, get himself brought before the worthy bench. Mrs. Doyle is, of course, in ecstasies, and Mrs. Hegarty in proportionate despair at the celebrity of her rival, who is going to get a case for the highly-honoured tumbler, though she remarks, with no little mortification, that 'it was, unfortunately, the most discoloured glass in the shop, and had a bit out of it.' Everybody was running to look at the glass yesterday, and to hear all about it, and the happy Mrs. Doyle is going, of course, to call her hotel 'the Prince of Wales'; in fact, she seems to consider that she has now some private property in the Prince, and she called the gingle-boy an 'impudent ruffian to dare compare himself to a Prince, because he said he was about his height, as if he was like such a fellow any way.' I fully expect that the highly-honoured gingle will, like Nelson's ships, the Victory and the Royal George, be cut up into fragments, and converted into all sorts of knick-knacks, no doubt the stuffing of the cushions—if, indeed, they were not stuffed with stones, as one I last travelled on certainly was—will be sold for putting into rings, &c. If you wish for any memento you ought to apply for it in time, for the fever of royalty is now at its height."

TEANANT RIGHT.—Mr. Greer gave notice in the house of Commons on Thursday, on the 29th inst., he would move for a committee to inquire into the question of tenant right in Ireland.

Lord John Browne intended last night to ask the Attorney-General for Ireland whether it is his intention to take any further steps in the prosecution of the Rev. Mr. Conway and Mr. Ryan.

REPRESENTATION OF LIMERICK.—There was a general meeting of Mr. Ball's committee on Tuesday, at the office of Mr. Murphy, Thomas-street, which was unanimously attended, when measures were taken for securing Mr. Ball's return, in the event of a vacancy in the representation of the city of Limerick. Mr. James Spaight is making a canvass of the electors.

THE GALWAY FREEMEN.—The Bill for the disfranchisement of the Galway Freemen came before the House of Commons on Tuesday. The measure, it was observed, was surrounded with difficulties. In the first place the bill was objected to because it condemned the whole body of the Freemen for the crime of the minority; then, because while punishing the receivers of bribes and a number of innocent persons it did not touch the corruptors; and again, because it was a violation of the promise of indemnity given by the Parliamentary Commission to the parties who criminated themselves by their evidence on the inquiry. Each of these objections had certainly great force. Colonel French moved that the bill be read that day six months, but the house was resolved to do the virtuous thing and should have disfranchisement on how or other. Mr. Walpole met the difficulty to a certain extent by moving an "instruction" to the committee to the following effect:—"That they, the committee, have power to make provision for the disfranchisement of the voters who were guilty of corrupt practices by giving money or other valuable consideration, to purchase, or for the purpose of purchasing, votes." This motion was opposed by Mr. Olive and Lord Palmerston, and supported by Mr. Roebuck; it was carried by 152 votes against 121. This is so far well. The gentlemen on one side of the "pigeon hole" were evidently as guilty as those at the other. The proceedings of the committee have not yet commenced.—*Nation*.

The state of Gweedore and Cloughaneely, concerning which such totally opposite and irreconcilable statements have publicly been made, is at length about to become the subject of inquiry before a committee of the House of Commons. Mr. Bagwell's motion on the subject having been carried on Thursday evening by a majority of 147 to 111. The motion appears not to have been formally resisted by the Government, though their Irish Coryphaeus, Mr. Whiteside, "reprobated an inquiry made under false pretences," and "warned the House against the precedent of allowing an inquiry into the mode in which landlords disposed of their estates." The Irish Secretary, however, consented to the committee, and the new Tory member for Trinity College, Mr. Lefroy, supported the motion for inquiry.—We are glad that this important step towards a full investigation of the facts of Donagel destitution and landlordism has been successfully taken, and we trust the case on behalf of the tenants will be supported by an ample disclosure of irrefragable facts. We may be quite sure there will be no lack of zeal or industry on the part of the landlords in making out and sustaining their case.—*Tablet*.

MAYNOOTH.—A Protestant journal (the *Belfast Mercury*), not very remarkable for its love of Romanism has some bitter remarks in reference to the postponement for a fortnight of the annual Maynooth craze of the hon. member for Warwickshire.—"We now have (says the *Mercury*) what is called a 'Conservative Government,' and we shall see how this question is dwelt with. When a Liberal Ministry is in office we always have a vast deal of trash talked about Maynooth, and a variety of other out questions; we are then told that there were Tory Ministers in office all such outrageous scandals on the British constitution would be removed immediately. Well, now we have Lord Derby in office, and pray, what is he doing? Where is the endowment for the Church Education Society? Where is the withdrawal of the Maynooth grant? Where are the evidence of the great Tory policy that is to reform all the evil ways of the world, and give heart and triumph to a good old Tory ascendancy? Why, the whole affair is a sham. Lord Derby is not a whit more Tory than Lord Palmerston was. Whatever his secret inclinations may be, he will profess Toryism, but act Liberalism. He will not voluntarily build up a wall for the sheer pleasure of butting his head against it. He will take things as he finds them, and endeavour to make the most out of them. Spoonerism will be whistled down the wind with a great expenditure of plausible graces. He will be quietly told to bottle up the Maynooth question until the Tories are again in opposition—then he may uncock it and let it effervesce. At present the question is a troublesome one. It is rather awkward as a test of consistency; it is altogether out of place, inasmuch as it asks the Tory Ministry to redeem the delusive pledges given so frequently to the country. Certainly the pleasure of being cheated and deluded must be very great when the Orange-men imagine Lord Derby is going to patronize them, when the ultra-Protestants think he is going to extinguish Maynooth, when the Church Educationists cherish the fond conceit that he is going to endow them, and insidiously undermine the national system. We may pity such deplorable hallucinations, but it would be a hopeless and a thankless task to attempt to correct them."

A CONVERT.—at one of the Dublin Police-courts on Monday, John Kearney, a young man who had joined the Scriptural classes at Biblical Institution, Mill-street, was brought before the magistrates charged with having, on Sunday, conducted himself in a manner calculated to produce a breach of the peace in the public streets, by shouting out, "H—l with the Pope." The religious enthusiast was not what is called a "clean likely boy," although his clothes were of a finer description than those generally worn by persons in his sphere in life; but they were dirty, and seemed to have been subject to close contact with unctuous substances, which may be accounted for by his having given a hand to the chef in the kitchen when the soap for the neophytes was being prepared. The policeman proved the charge against Mr. Kearney, and stated that it was in the neighbourhood of the evangelical institution, in Mill-street, that the prisoner used the offensive expressions above stated. He was fined a half-crown or in default of payment to be imprisoned 48 hours.

ARREST FOR MURDER.—Timothy Coony, a native of Nenagh, was this week arrested at Castlecomer, county Kilkenny, on a warrant charging him with the murder of T. Dwyer, at Tyone near this town, in the month of August, 1856. Our readers will recollect the circumstances attending Dwyer's death. He and Coony with others, were employed in Mr. William Dillon's stack-yard, making up hay. The prisoner was placed on the ladder to convey the hay from Dwyer, who stood on the ground, to men on the top of the hay stack. During the day there was some competing among the men, as to the amount of work each was capable of doing. This led to an angry feeling, it is said, between Coony and Dwyer. Towards evening, Coony, after discharging one of the fork loads, let the implement drop, and Dwyer being immediately underneath, one of the prongs entered the crown of his head, and inflicting so dreadful a punctured wound, that medical skill could render no assistance, and the unfortunate young man died in the course of a week or so, in great agony. A coroner's jury brought in a verdict against Coony, charging him with the death of Dwyer, and bills were, we understand, found against him by the grand jury. Having been arrested on suspicion, at Castlecomer, Constables Arthur, of Nenagh station, was sent over to identify Coony, and having found "his man," he conveyed him to this town on Thursday last, when he was committed to abide his trial, to the offence of which he stands charged.—*Nenagh Guardian*.

THE BELFAST TEA-FRAUDS.—It is stated in the annual report of the Commissioners of Customs that it was the opinion of the law officers of the crown that the proof against Moore was not technically of a character to warrant a demand of his extradition from the United States, whether he is known to have fled. His sureties, however, have paid £3,000; and, as some property has been seized, and proceedings for the recovery of duty are in progress against parties who made purchase of tea from him without due care, it is thought the crown will eventually lose little.

GREAT BRITAIN.
The Lords have read the Oaths Bill a second time, with the consent of the Government. It is the first time that the Tory party has voted for the principle of a Bill admitting Jews into Parliament. It is an additional proof of the observation that office produces exactly opposite effects upon Whigs and Tories. It indefinitely improves the Tories, and completely spoils the Whigs. The Prime Minister himself will only say that if in committee any one should move to omit the clause enabling Jews to sit he would support it. Mr. Disraeli has supported the Bill, and the Cabinet of course considers it an open question; but the end may be, that the bill may pass without the one redeeming feature which procured it favour in the eyes of some Catholics, and with all the provisions to which they objected. If the oaths be amended for Protestants by the bill, and the Jews be admitted by a resolution of the House of Commons, the Catholics will be the only parties who get nothing.—*Tablet*.

The law officers of the Crown are of opinion that the detention and imprisonment of Messrs. Park and Watt were illegal, and the Government has demanded compensation for them from the King of Naples. It does not appear as yet that this magnanimous resolve has procured them much political capital. How much money capital they may extort from the King of Naples is another question. It appears to us that the King of Naples, by capturing the vessel, which had just landed a band of incendiaries on his shores, and putting all on board to stand their trial, did exactly what every one in his circumstances would very properly have done. However, if the law is against him, he must pay damages; but we trust the fear of this unpleasant consequence will never deter him from acting in the same way on every future occasion.—*Tablet*.

ACQUITTAL OF M. BERNARD.—The acquittal of M. Bernard of the murder of the Duke of St. Louis is the event of the week, an event heartily to be regretted and blamed, but from which we should expect no lasting evil, if it were possible that Frenchmen should really understand English and English institutions. There can be no moral question as to the substantial guilt of the prisoner. We cannot bring ourselves to doubt that every one of the jury who acquitted him feels that as strongly as ourselves or the French nation. There were links in the chain of evidence less stronger than others, and a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Still, even the weakest was strong enough to bear the weight of a conviction; and had it been a common case of murder, the verdict would have been against the prisoner. A contemporary sums up the evidence:

It may be taken as proved that Bernard has been the means of conveying from London to Brussels, and again from Brussels to Paris, the shells procured by Alsop at Birmingham and exploded in the Rue Lepelletier. The identity of the shells cannot seriously be doubted, notwithstanding the slight discrepancy in the description of them by the witness, Giorgi, whose evidence it was attempted altogether to discredit. It is proved also that Bernard, himself a skilful chemist, procured the materials for the formulating powder with which the shells were charged; that he forwarded three revolvers to Paris, nominally for sale, which, by a series of subterfuges, were made to come into the hands of Orsini; that he sought out Rudio and despatched him to Paris to join Orsini; providing for his wife and child in his absence, and promising that he would shortly return; that he assisted Alsop to raise a large sum of money, and immediately afterwards Orsini, who is shown to have been previously in needy circumstances, is found possessed of a number of Bank of England notes, of which some were traced through Bernard's hands shortly afterwards. It was proved, moreover, that Bernard was in habits of daily intimacy with Orsini, and, in his absence, used his house in London as his own, and opened and answered his letters. It appears, therefore, highly improbable that Orsini had any important secrets from Bernard, and yet the defence on which the accused relied, and which the jury believed, is, that he was wholly ignorant of Orsini's intention, and that the various preparations in which he was mixed up were made for an entirely different purpose, in furtherance of a plan for the liberation of Italy.

But the jury was taken from a class in which education is not high, and Englishmen generally are not logicians. There can hardly be a doubt that they felt themselves called upon, not so much to weigh the evidence, as to vote Aye or No to the question of "knocking under to France." Again, there were grave doubts whether the crime charged against Bernard (however clearly proved) was, by the law of England, murder. Our own impression is, that it was at least doubtful enough to make his execution, even if convicted, difficult, if not impossible. This was no question for the jury. Their business was to decide, not whether the facts charged were by law a capital crime, but whether they were proved by the evidence. But that was a subtlety which they might very honestly refuse to understand. Many an honest John Bull would say, "Talk as you please, it cannot be my duty to convict him if he is not guilty," and thus the legal doubt assisted to bring about an acquittal. On the whole, the thing was wrong and unfortunate; but if its effects were confined to our own island, we should shrug our shoulders and forget M. Bernard. Its effects in France are more important. How is it that they should make the sort of allowances to which we are accustomed, knowing, by long experience, that the remarkable part of our institutions, that they put difficulties almost insuperable in the way of convicting any man, in order, we presume, to secure the safety of the innocent? Then, again, the disgraceful cheers which greeted the verdict. No doubt there must be in a population of near two millions, fools and scamps enough of English birth to make more noise than that; and wherever there was a fool or scamp, he was pretty certain, if he could, to be at the trial. However, in common justice to the Scampdom of England, it should be said that those who made it, we said, by those who saw and heard them, to have been of the most unshaven and unwashed of Leicester-square—a crowd of refugees who may be excused for greeting the escape of one like themselves. The complaint of the French papers, that the prisoner was baited, is mere ignorance. No Judge could have refused bail to a man acquitted of felony, and retained merely on a charge of misdemeanour.

Mr. James's speech, again, is part of our institutions. Clever coarse men are never wanting at the bar, to say the most offensive things, in the most offensive manner, if they think it tends to their gaining their verdict; and, indecent as his speech was, it was one no Judge could have stopped. That the Emperor sincerely desires to maintain peace, is proved (if it had been doubtful) by his having prevented the circulation of this speech. We regret to see that the trial of Bernard for misdemeanour, on the charge of conspiracy, is given up, on the principle that a conviction is hopeless. It will be well if the English people will remember their remarks when Irish juries have refused to convict. Mr. Father Conroy or even Mr. Gavan Duffy were at least better than M. Bernard, and the evidence against them less clear. Whoever else is baffled, the conviction is a blow to the Derby Ministers. How much this is felt, is clear from the marked manner in which Sir George Grey on Thursday night disclaimed all res-

ponsibility for the prosecution for murder. Lord Palmerston is justified in proposing to reform the law without waiting for the result of a trial. Had a conviction been obtained, the decision of the Judges upon it would have settled what the existing law is, and where it needs amendment. The acquittal precludes this, and leaves us where we were; and Government must either leave the law as it is, or, like Lord Palmerston himself, be content to change it, subject to the doubt whether it needs change. In this respect, were there no other, it is much to be regretted that the jury failed of their duty. Come what may in the whole course of events, the fall of the Palmerston Ministry, the prosecution and the acquittal, will do anything but recommend to foreign nations either Parliamentary Government, or English Criminal Law and Trial by Jury.—*Weekly Register*.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECREASED WIFE'S SISTER.—A length Sir John Stuart has delivered judgement in the great case of "Brook v Brook." It has been generally allowed that a man could not marry his deceased wife's sister within the realm; but still it was believed that he might do so by going to Denmark, or to some other country where such marriages are lawful, and having the marriage ceremony performed there. Accordingly this plan has been pursued to a considerable extent, and at the present moment the legitimacy or illegitimacy of many families depends upon the validity or invalidity of marriages thus contracted. The question was argued so long ago as last December before the Vice-Chancellor Sir John Stuart and Mr. Justice Crosswell, the latter of whom was specially summoned to give his assistance. The argument was conducted by some of the most eminent counsel at the bar; and, though the common law judge delivered his opinion within a fortnight after the conclusion of the argument, the equity judge has spent nearly four months in considering the legal problem. The time for deliberation has been most ample, and the result is that, according to the opinion of these two lawyers, the marriage of an Englishman domiciled in a foreign country with his deceased wife's sister is unlawful, wherever it may be celebrated.—*Daily News*.

A correspondent writes:—"How astonished and disgusted would be the high-minded Dignitaries who filled the important offices in the Church Establishment a century, or even twenty years ago, to see one of their number so far forgetting the sacred character of his position as to descend to the tricks and clap-net devices of the tub orator, or ranting street-preacher! But now that the Broad daylight has been let in, and the truth of God is made manifest, the Establishment has lost its power: its chief rulers, instead of depending upon the force of truth (and the sacred character of the mission they were supposed to hold as Priests of God, but which they now repudiate), are (that they may have listeners of some sort) descending to the tactics of the showman or auctioneer. Thus, an advertisement appears in a Birmingham paper announcing a sermon to be preached by the Rev. Dr. Miller (a gentleman, but remember, who, besides being Director of one of the largest and most important parishes in England, holds a Canonry of Worcester, is Rural Dean, &c., &c.), the subject being—'what do our readers think?' The words of a popular melody, which has been made the medium by the common stage-lawyers for the dissemination of the grossest licentiousness. 'There's a good time coming, boys.' *O tempo! O tempo!* what may sorer and honest matter of fact John Bull expect, and what can be thought of such vagaries by the old English gentlemen and the magistracy of the country? We shall soon, perhaps, hear of the Rev. Canon introducing the music of these popular songs into his church, as was lately done at a great religious revival meeting in one of our public buildings. On the occasion of the preacher being late, the Chairman, to still the impatient and impatient crowd, proposed that a hymn be sung; but, alas! for such an audience what tune could be selected that they knew? The ready Chairman was not long at a loss: 'There is one tune, gentlemen, you all know, so let us try that; it is the Butcher's Daughter.'"

BLESSED EFFECTS OF THE REFORMATION.—The dissolution of the monasteries, the alienation of their estates, and the destruction or desecration of some thousand churches, many of them magnificent as our second-class cathedrals, proved a discouragement to church building, church enlarging, church improving, church restoring, and even church maintaining, which England did not get over till the beginning of this century. For nearly three hundred years our sacred edifices depended on Church-rates. It may be thought idle to speculate on the probable fate of those edifices, or on the prospects of what is called "church extension," supposing there had been no such legal provision. Some may think every church would have fallen to the ground, others that the necessity of an appeal to voluntary collections would have hastened the revival of church architecture. There remains the fact that under a compulsory rate for those three hundred years the Church of England did less for its fabrics than any other Church in the world. No churches were built or rebuilt, or much enlarged, except a few by Act of Parliament, or by the foreign zeal and pious gratitude of some Royalists returning to their estates after the Restoration. For those three centuries the neglected condition of our churches, and the utter absence of any power to meet the wants of the age, were the most conspicuous, if not the gravest, scandal of the Establishment.—Everywhere large districts were covered with houses without a church; towers, chancels, and aisles were pulled down, or walled off, or rebuilt in the worst possible taste. The area of parish churches supported by these public rates, and liable by law to a yearly reappropriation to meet fresh claims, was monopolized by huge square pews, and year by year the poorer classes were positively turned out to take refuge in the meeting-house. We need not expatiate further on a state of things which only twenty years ago was still so bad as to create an extensive school of ecclesiastical satirists, whose novels and declamations about parish churches, "churchwardens' Gothic," pews, galleries, combs, and whitewash, cumber the shelves of many a country parsonage. Such was the state of our ecclesiastical edifices under the Church-rate.—*London Times*.

A curious claim, it is understood, in the course of preliminary investigation into an arduous created half a century earlier than the Shrewsbury title.—Sir Wm. Scroppe, eldest son of the first Lord Scroppe of Bolton, was created by Richard II., in 1397, Earl of Wiltshire, with remainder to "his heirs male for ever"—a limitation which, according to the decision in the Devon case, carries the title to collateral male relatives. Of this nobleman Shakespeare says,—"The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm." His heirs may probably not succeed in recovering his farm, but it is said there is some idea of claiming his earldom. He was bequeathed without form of trial, with other adherents of Richard II., at Bristol, in 1399; and he appears never to have been regularly appointed by Act of Parliament. His next brother became the second Lord Scroppe of Bolton, and the right to the earldom remained unclaimed by any of the succeeding Lords Scroppe—a title which became extinct or has remained in abeyance since the death of Sir Emanuel Scroppe, eleventh Lord Scroppe, who was created Earl of Sunderland, and died s.p., 1630, when all the male descendants of the seventh Lord Scroppe became extinct, and the right of the Earldom of Wiltshire reverted to the male heirs of John Scroppe, of Spohnthorpe, in the county of York, brother to the seventh Lord Scroppe, whose eldest son, Henry Scroppe, married Margaret Conyers, eldest daughter of Danby—'a man' which has remained with his descendants to this day; indeed, part of the manor of Spennithorne was only sold, in the memory of persons still living, by the father of the present Mr. Scroppe, of Danby, whose son is the present male representative of the Earl of Wiltshire.—*Post*.

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The *Persia*, with dates of the 1st, arrived at New York on Tuesday. The European news is void of interest. From India we learn that Jhansi had been captured by the British, after a severe struggle, and with great loss to the mutineers. The British loss was also heavy.

THE ORANGEMEN AND THE MINISTRY.

This is the heading of an editorial of the *Patrie* of Saturday last, criticising severely the conduct of the Ministry generally, and of the Lower Canadian, and Catholic portion of it in particular, for their conduct on the debate upon the Bill for the Incorporation of the Orange Societies of Canada. Of this most interesting and instructive debate, the full details will be found on our fifth page: the editorial of the *Patrie* we give below.

The *Patrie* has always been hitherto inclined to support the present Administration; nor is it possible, even in its well deserved, and strongly pronounced, condemnation of the Ministry, to find grounds for suspecting it of the slightest leaning towards democratic principles, or of any sympathy with the demagogues of the Lower Province, or Clear Grits of the Upper. The article therefore which we translate from our French cotemporary is doubly valuable; valuable as showing the scorn and contempt in which those time-serving "hacks," who, to save their places and salaries, voted for the incorporation of the sworn enemies of their race and creed, are held by all honest French Catholics: valuable as showing that it is possible to be a staunch Conservative, and the uncompromising enemy of modern democracy in all its phases, without being a "Government hack." This premised, we hasten to lay before our readers the article in question:—

(From *La Patrie*, May 8th.)

"Governments as well as individuals are liable to momentary attacks of vertigo, which drive them from their course, and force them to abandon the noble mission of protecting in this world the interests of society, against the assaults of the enemy, the fury of parties, and the machination of traitors. Of this we have to-day, a sad and terrible example. So long as guided by sentiments of justice and moderation, the Ministry had respect for those principles which make a people strong and moral; so long as guided by an instinct of conservatism it knew how to resist the fury of a disorderly opposition, and to preserve itself on a level with its true position, we have always given it the aid of our influence, always have raised our voice to encourage it, so that by equitable measures it might be able to lead the people of Canada onwards towards their proper destiny, and dispel the gloom of the future which looms before us. But the very reasons which have prompted us to support the Ministry when guided by justice, when it invoked truth, and called as witnesses of its acts the wants of our young country—these same motives oblige us to withdraw from it our support, when, breaking with the past, trampling under foot history and the experience of all nations, it descends into the shade, and allies itself, heart and soul, with the mournful array of crimes and iniquities engendered by the Orangemen. We are not like those blind men who, ah! for destruction, and hungering after power, raise rash hands against, and rejoice in the fall of, all Governments. But if we can join with a just and equitable government, with one knowing its duties, we know how also to raise our hands, to seize the avenging scourge, and how to apply the lash to those who for the sake of maintaining a shadow of popularity, and the remains of power, fear not to sacrifice these principles which remain, when all else crumbles away, and which as God is, are eternal."

After this *exordium*, the *Patrie* gives his countrymen a slight sketch of Orangism, than which it truly says, there does not exist a society more completely given over to "cruel fanaticism and bloody prejudices;" and it is for incorporating this infamous blood-begrimed Society that the Ministry voted! Hereupon the *Patrie* exclaims:—

"In fact, the more we reflect upon the conduct of the Ministry on this most unfortunate occasion, the more are we at a loss to discover the motives which could have urged them to perpetrate such an unparalleled act of iniquity; the more are we astonished, and the more inexplicable appears their conduct.—Did the Ministry fear then, that in voting against the incorporation of the Orangemen, they would lose the alliance of the members for Upper Canada?—or did they hope to win the esteem and confidence of a few fanatics? But M. Loranger has long hated fanaticism under whatsoever garb it presents itself; and has himself taken the trouble to publish the fact to the entire community. But M. Cartier, the fiery champion of universal toleration, who has solemnly pledged himself to watch over the interests of his constituents, has he not often repeated that his principles would always be in harmony with the interests of the people! But M. Sicotte and Mr. Rose, know as well as we do that Orangists are as odious in the eyes of Protestants as of Catholics; and should in consequence have no legal existence in a country like ours, where the faith of the latter, and the opinions of the former, are called to march in concert. Did the Ministry fear, in voting against the Incorporation of the Orangemen, to lose their influence, and to be compelled to abandon their places? But better to fall with honor on the field of battle, than to escape victorious through the gates of infamy."

"Besides, a firm Government, relying upon the principles of justice, needs not they clamor around it; boldly it pursues its course. But when doubts, hesitation, puerile fears, and groundless apprehensions, deeds of reckless daring, and profless apostasy, are the sole guides of a Ministry, the gulf yawns, wherein the social edifice, strained in all its joints, will eternally be swallowed up."

"If it be argued that there is no more injustice in incorporating the Orangemen, than in incorporating any other secret society, Catholic or Protestant, we answer that this is a great error, and betrays a very slight acquaintance with the history of Orangism. It is a fact, well known to all the world, that from that terrible society nothing useful, nothing honorable, can proceed; that it is hateful alike in its ends,

* The *Patrie* need hardly be reminded that there is not, and that there never can be, any "Catholic secret society;" all secret societies being condemned by the Church, and held in abhorrence by all her children.

and in the means by which it seeks to attain them! So soon as it obtains footing in a country, the empire of discord is set up. These are living facts, and these should, as it seems to us, have forced themselves upon the minds of M. M. Loranger, Cartier, Sicotte, and their colleagues. But when iniquity is at its height, darkness possesses the heart of man, and spite of the feelings of the people who murmur and revolt, he finishes his work and dies!"

"Then it remains for those who defend, only to protest, and to espouse the interests of discarded justice."

"For the rest, it is consoling to see that all our friends who usually support the Government separated themselves from it upon the occasion of this Bill, and that Mr. Brown and his partisans went with the Ministry. It is as well that these great crises should occur sometimes; for then the camps divide, and each party learns to know its own soldiers."

With these remarks of the *Patrie*—which are merely what might have been expected from a Catholic, and a French Canadian journalist—we entirely concur, with one exception. We do not in the least participate in his surprise at the conduct of the Ministry; because from their antecedents, we well knew what manner of men we had to deal with. The Upper Canadian section of the Ministry is composed mainly of Orangemen, pledged to do the bidding of the infamous Society, of which they are members—to promote its interests, and to procure for it a recognition from the State. The Lower Canadian section, on the other hand, is made up chiefly of Catholics, who have already shown that they are ready to sacrifice honor, and the interests of their Church and religion, to the exigencies of party, and the emoluments of office; and who to secure the latter, have, on more than one occasion, been guilty of conduct fully as vile and mercenary as that which the *Patrie* so justly, and so forcibly condemns to-day. What regard to truth, honor, or decency—can be expected from men who voted for the "reprobate" "Religious Incorporation Bill?"

The excuses urged by the *Minerve* in behalf of the Ministry, or rather in behalf of the Lower Canadian, and *soi-disant* Catholic portion thereof—to the effect that it would have been discourteous to vote against the first stages of the Orange Bill—and that it is "not customary to reject a Bill on the first reading, unless it be evidently repugnant to good morals"—are but miserable subterfuges; worthless for those whom they are designed to exonerate, and very dishonoring to the heart and to the intelligence of those who have the meanness to urge them. True; it is not "customary" to vote against the first reading of any Bill; but it is the invariable custom of Parliaments to reject sternly and at once, all Bills that are evidently repugnant to good morals, and the welfare of the community. Now we contend that it must be evident to the meanest understanding, that it is repugnant to morality and to the welfare of the community, to give the shadow even of legal sanction to a society which has been proved to be productive of strife and bloodshed. But Orangism has been arraigned, tried, and condemned as dangerous, before the bar of the highest tribunal of the British Empire. That condemnation is officially on record; and no statesman, or legislator, can be permitted to plead ignorance of its existence; and therefore, if there were no other reasons than those afforded by the "Report of the House of Commons," and the official despatches from British Secretaries of State to our Colonial Governors still preserved amongst our archives—the conduct of those who voted for the first reading of the Orange Bill, would be perfectly inexcusable. But we have another reason to assign in condemnation of the vote for which the *Minerve* apologises.

Orangism is a "secret politico-religious society;" and as such societies are condemned by the Church, no Catholic is justified under any pretence whatsoever, in giving to them any encouragement, or in helping to obtain for them a legal existence. We are not of those who recognise "two persons" in one Catholic member of Parliament; of whom one may be damned and the other saved; of whom one is bound to walk by the laws of the Church, and the other is at liberty to follow after the traditions of the world. We contend that, in public, as in private life, in the Senate, as in the bosom of his family, the Catholic is always bound to take the Church as his supreme guide; we contend in fact, that there is no difference betwixt public and private morals; and that that which is immoral on the part of the private individual, is equally immoral and therefore unjustifiable, on the part of the statesman. Now if our premises be true—and if it would be immoral on the part of the Catholic in private life, to foster or in anywise countenance any "secret politico-religious" society, whose members are bound by oaths, and known to one another by signs and pass-words—then we maintain that the same conduct on the part of the Catholic statesman is equally wrong, equally unjustifiable. Nor, as we said above, can the *Minerve* urge the plea of ignorance of the nature, and merits or demerits, of Orangism in behalf of the Ministry. If true, that plea would not be valid, for the statesman cannot be allowed to plead ignorance of official records. But it is not true, for there is not a man amongst them who was ignorant of the condemnation of Orangism by the House of Commons, and by the leading statesmen of all parties in Great Britain in their despatches to the Colonial authorities; or who was not aware

that Orangism has been in Canada, and within the last few years—as it has always been in Ireland—the source of crime, strife and brutal murders. Why! the blood of Tierney, O'Farrell, and Sheedy, the victims of Orange brutality, still cries to Heaven for vengeance on the very Society to which M. M. Cartier, Loranger, and Alleyne proposed to give a legal existence, and Parliamentary sanction.

Neither can it be pleaded that, as the Ministry were in ignorance of the details of the Bill until it was before the House, so they could not be bound to vote against its introduction. It is not to the details of the Bill that we chiefly object—though it does commence with a solemn lie, and a hypocritical pretence which will impose upon no one, that the Orangemen—the heroes of Rathcormac, of Dolly's Brae, the blood stained murderers of the widow and the orphan—are a "charitable" association forsooth; wholly given up to labors of love, with hearts full of charity and good will. It is not, we say, to the details of the Act of Incorporation that we object, but to the Act itself, because such Act implies the recognition by the Legislature of Orangism, and the giving to a "secret politico-religious" society a legal existence. It is against the principle of such an Act, rather than its details, that the true Catholic statesman should direct his attack. Our Ministry, on the contrary, sanctioned the principle of the Bill, reserving to themselves, we admit, the right to oppose it in detail; and by so doing they have done their best to carry out the views of the worst enemies of their race and creed. To a certain extent, the Orangemen, by, for an instant, obtaining a hearing from the Legislature for their Bill—which should have been ignominiously kicked out the moment it was presented—have succeeded in obtaining their object; in another session they will succeed entirely.

That object simply is to obtain for their detestable society a formal recognition from the State. This is what they have been aiming at these many years; and this, through the gross misconduct of our present Governor-General, and the venality of Catholic "place-holders" in Parliament, they have nearly succeeded in obtaining. What do Orangemen care about having power "to sue and be sued?"—or what, save the desire to exert a more direct and powerful influence upon the political and social destinies of this country, would have prompted them to come before the Legislature for an Act of Incorporation? To be able to insult their Popish fellow-citizens with impunity, or rather with the sanction of the State—to reduce us to the condition of an "inferior race," by establishing Protestant Ascendancy in Canada, on the firm basis of law and Act of Parliament—these are their objects; and to these objects, so eminently anti-Catholic, so essentially anti-Canadian, did men like Cartier, Loranger, and Alleyne lend themselves, when, to save their Government situations, and curry favor with their foes, they like recreants, voted for incorporating the Orangemen of Canada.

The *Toronto Citizen* complains of the *True Witness* for saying that he (the *Citizen*) "called for an armed organisation on the part of Catholics against Orangemen." This is not strictly the case; but after a careful perusal of our article alluded to, we admit that it is susceptible of an interpretation which would in some manner justify the *Citizen's* complaint, and we therefore avail ourselves of the first opportunity of doing him justice. He never did, to our knowledge, call for an armed organisation against Orangemen; and our remarks about such organisations were applicable to the *Mirror* of Toronto alone.

At the same time, from the fact that the *Citizen* gave no signs of approving of constitutional petitioning against the recognition of secret politico-religious societies by the Legislature—and that he did exhort his readers in most inflammatory language, "to stand in the deadly breach—the Orangeman who insults you, let it be in peril, the Orangeman who assaults you let it be for death!"—we naturally concluded that he did approve of physical and armed resistance to Orangism, in preference to the mode advocated by the *True Witness*; and putting this natural interpretation upon his words, we did not see much, if any, important difference betwixt him and the *Mirror*, with whose policy, in all other respects, the *Citizen* so entirely coincides. The *Mirror* boldly avowed designs which, as it seemed to us, the other more cautiously insinuated; but as the *Citizen* disclaims all intentions of inciting to "armed organisations," by his somewhat bombastic allusions to the "deadly breach," to "peril" and "death," we hasten to give him the full benefit of that disclaimer, and to acknowledge our entire ignorance of his real meaning.

Having done justice to the *Citizen*, we would ask him when and where the *True Witness* has ever made "common cause," or attempted to persuade others to make "common cause," with the Brownites, Clear Grits, or with "the revilers of our clergy?" On the contrary, if we have ever spoken of "opposition" to a Ministry,

composed partly of rabid Orangemen, and partly of turn-coat Catholics, we have always spoken of an "independent opposition"—i.e., an opposition unconnected with any party in the State; and one refusing therefore to make common cause with any set of men, either in or out of office. What we have done our best to advocate, has been the formation amongst Catholics, of an independent Catholic party—of a party indifferent to all questions of "Ins" or "Outs;" of a party whose opposition would be, not factious, but "constitutional," and which would therefore vote upon every question that presented itself, on its intrinsic merits, and without the slightest regard to the effects of that vote, either upon the "Ins" or upon the "Outs." Such an independent and constitutional opposition—judging of the merits of every question from an exclusively Catholic stand-point—seeking no favors, no appointments of any kind from any party in the State, and scorning to accept them if offered—would, if true to its principles, even though but small in numbers, soon make its influence felt on our Legislature; would render the continuance in power of any administration hostile to our just demands, impossible; and would enforce a settlement of those, to Catholics, vitally important problems, which we may be sure will never be settled favorably for us, if we trust either to the liberality of a Protestant majority, or the honesty of "place-hunting" and "place-accepting" Catholics. Such only is the opposition that we have advocated, for with none other would we ally ourselves; and the only valid objection that can be urged against our policy is this—that it requires a greater amount of disinterestedness, of zeal and honesty than is to be found in Canada. There is force in this objection we admit; for our policy presupposes amongst Catholics, a total abnegation of self, a formal renunciation of all the emoluments of "Government situations," and the abandonment, now and for ever, of all jobbing and "place-begging."

Tastes differ; "what is one man's meat, is another man's poison," says the proverb; and we are not such fools as to provoke a dispute with the *Montreal Witness* about his likings, or dislikings. But we contend that he should abstain from all attempts to force his tastes upon us.

He don't like monks; he thinks them "of most repulsive aspect; who from their appearance one would judge to be capable of any crime." Two Franciscan Fathers, who during a short visit to Montreal have attracted our cotemporary's notice by appearing in the streets in the peculiar garb of their Order, are in particular held up to public odium, as two "as coarse and repulsive looking men as can well be;" and having delivered himself of his gentlemanly and charitable mission, our cotemporary, who no doubt piques himself upon his chaste, refined and attractive appearance, fancies that he has dealt a severe blow to Popery, and done something towards establishing and exalting the Holy Protestant Faith.

Now suppose we were to tell our saintly cotemporary, that the two Franciscans of whom he, knowing nothing, speaks in the above insulting manner, are, in spite of their quaint garb and voluntary poverty, gentlemen every way his superiors in birth, education, and manners; and that to compare them even, in any one point, with one of those sleek demure looking gentry who arrogate to themselves the title of evangelical ministers, would be to do the reverend Fathers a foul wrong,—we should be merely uttering the simple truth. But if we were further to add that in our opinion there were amongst the evangelical Ministers of Montreal—yea, amongst the elect of the French Canadian Missionary Society, and amongst those whom our cotemporary doth chiefly delight to honor—men as coarse, sensual and repulsive looking, as men can well be: if we—substituting the words "Protestant preachers" for "monks"—were to express our sentiments about—"those lazy, dirty, sensual looking creatures—men of the most repulsive looking aspect, who from their appearance one would judge to be capable of any crime, and who, yet, by virtue of their ecclesiastical character find entrance into any society?"—we might perhaps be still confining ourselves to the literal truth; though we should most deservedly lay ourselves open to the reproach of being wanting in common courtesy, and in Christian charity. Now—and this is the point we are aiming at—why should it be lawful on the part of Protestants, to employ language when speaking of Catholic "monks," which every one would pronounce, and justly pronounce, highly reprehensible if applied by a Catholic to Protestant clergymen? There may be "coarse" looking men amongst monks and priests; but may not the same be said, and with equal truth, of evangelical ministers? Is every one who "breaks the bread of life" in Our Zion a model of grace and elegance? are there no greasy, thick-lipped, sensual looking men of God to be found in the sanctuary of the Little Bethel?—Nay, is the editor of the *Montreal Witness* himself, such a very Adonis, that he has a right

to cast injurious reflections upon the personal appearance of others not so happily endowed by nature? Without meaning anything disrespectful to his good looks, to that brow of his whereon grace is seated, to that front of Jove, to that eye like Mars', to those Hyperion's curls, to that nose, like—what the mischief is it like? or, to be brief, to any part whatsoever of the outward man of our cotemporary, surely we may be permitted to take as much pleasure in the appearance of a Franciscan Monk, as in that of the elegant and attractive editor of the *Montreal Witness*; and if the objects which strike him most unfavorably in Italy are, the "dirty, lazy, sensual looking Monks," he surely has no right to find fault with us, if our disgust is excited by the swarm of Exeter Hall emissaries, who with a corrupt bible in one hand, and a dagger in the other, are ever striving to excite the people of the Italian Peninsula, and Continental Europe generally, to cut the throats of their legitimate Sovereigns. Tastes differ, and we will not dispute about them.

As to the Franciscan Fathers themselves, whose appearance in our streets has so much disturbed the peace of mind of poor old Mrs. Harris of the *Montreal Witness* office, we have little to say. Aesthetically, their garb may be indefensible, but morally its appearance in our public places has its uses, or the Church would not sanction it. It is for instance a startling reproach to the grovelling materialism of the day, which teaches man to look for happiness in the gratification of his senses, and the indulgence of his animal appetites. It is as the voice of one clothed in a garment of camel's hair, and with a leathern girdle about his loins, crying in the wilderness, to prepare the way of the Lord, and to make straight His paths; it is a reproof of the effeminacy and luxury of the children of this age, who are clad in purple and fine linen; and, to take lower ground, it is a proof that even in this dollar hunting land, there are still some who hang not their heads for honest poverty, and who, in spite of the sneers of wealthy and respectable people, still dare be poor. The soldier is proud of his medals, his decorations, his Victoria Cross; why then should the soldier of Christ be ashamed publicly to wear the uniform of his Master, and to appear abroad bearing the insignia of his more glorious profession?

A GOOD JOKE.—The *Christian Guardian* of the 5th inst. contains an amusing correspondence betwixt a Mr. Davidson, and Dr. Barker, the editor of the *British Whig*, of Kingston.—It would appear that the former has been attending some of the recent "revival meetings" in Upper Canada; and that—more lucky than a friend of ours, who, in reply to the question, whether he had "got religion?" answered us with a groan, "No; I've got nothing but rheumatism!"—the said Mr. Davidson got happy, and went through the regular course of the "new birth." Being a remarkably fine "babe of grace," he thought it incumbent on him to make the whole world acquainted with the fact; and so, in his own words, "sent his religious experiences—(paying postage as usual)—to the *Daily British Whig*"—the well known Dr. Barker. Now this gentleman is what is vulgarly called a "hard case;" one who would have been better pleased at receiving, freight paid, a box of good cigars, than Mr. Davidson's post paid "religious experiences." So that gentleman's "astonishment and vexation," Dr. Barker returned Mr. Davidson's "religious experiences," accompanied with the following curt epistle—evidently the production of an "unregenerate vessel," and doomed to perdition:—

"Sir—I return your letter to me of to-day. I look upon it as a gratuitous piece of impertinence for a man of your character to address me at all, particularly in the offensive manner you have done. Attend to your situation: keep yourself sober, and show by the humility of your life that you have truly repented of your misdeeds.—I am yours, &c.,
Ed. JOHN BARKER."

From the above well deserved rebuff to poor Mr. Davidson, we fancy that not many will be tempted in future to trouble the editor of the *British Whig* with their "religious experiences."

"One of the dogmas of Romanism"—writes the *Christian Guardian* of the 28th ult.—"is, that 'no faith is to be kept with heretics.'" We deny the fact, and we call upon our cotemporary for proof.

"If by 'Romanism' the *Christian Guardian* means, as we have no doubt he does, the Roman Catholic Church, nothing can be easier for him than to prove his assertion. The dogmas of that Church are not hidden in a corner, but are embodied in the decrees of her Councils, and the authoritative decisions of the Holy See. Tell us then, we say to the *Christian Guardian*, where, and in what terms is couched the doctrine that "no faith is to be kept with heretics." As our cotemporary places these words betwixt inverted commas, it is evident that his object is to make his readers believe that they are a quotation; and of course a quotation from some work recognised by "Romanists" as an authoritative exposition of their doctrines. Now from what "Romanist" work has our cotemporary quoted the sentence—"no faith is to be kept with heretics?"

We deny that such is the doctrine of the Ro-

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

M. Picard, one of the Opposition candidates, has issued his address to the electors. He says: "Liberty should be the first of our dogmas; and nothing but liberty can secure the public revenue, the safety of individuals, the interest of the laborer, and permanent material prospects."

General Perrott avows himself the government candidate. He says:—"The support given to any candidate by the government only increases confidence in the success of it. We all desire the glory and happiness of France, and that is the object of the Emperor's solicitude."

The Bishop of Bayeux and Lisieux has addressed a circular to the Clergy of his diocese on the education question, in which all the French Bishops take the deepest interest.

Canards.—A Paris correspondent in the Independence Belge asserts very positively that the Queen of England is going to visit the Emperor at Cherbourg this summer on the occasion of the opening of the railway there. The Duke of Malakoff, it is said, is charged to present the invitation, and Lord Cowley's conge has been taken in order that he may be in England to make the necessary suggestions and arrangements.

The Patrie has an article headed "Of the Acquittal of Bernard." It begins by saying that the verdict of the English jury in the case of Bernard has produced in France an emotion too legitimate for anybody to think it necessary to justify it. This emotion, it adds, proves the morality of public opinion in France, and the devotion of the country to the Sovereign who restored to it order and glory.

Vienna, April 12.—It is generally said here that Her Majesty's Government has requested this Cabinet to act as mediator between England and Naples; but the report cannot possibly be correct. Austria has a very strong bias in favor of Naples, and consequently she is not qualified to act either as mediator or arbiter between that kingdom and England.

Accounts from Naples, in the Univers, state that serious preparations are being made for defending the territory against Sardinia. Count d'Aquila, brother of the King, will command the squadrons.—2,000 troops of the line are engaged in levelling a portion of the height which commands the citadel of Gaeta.

The following telegram has been received:—"MADRID, APRIL 12.—The journals announce the approaching presentation of a law, restoring to the secular clergy the church property not sold."

INDIA.

Benegal Fusiliers, Hudson of Hudson's Horse, Hudson the captain of the King of Dalhi, and the princes of his house.—Few of the many losses that have occurred during the operations consequent upon the mutiny have caused such regret throughout India as the death of this excellent officer, and among those in England who have read of and admired his exploits, not only his comrades of the Sikh battle-fields, but many an old friend at Rugby or at Trinity will mourn that his career has been thus early closed.

It was on the 13th, apparently, that the Imambarah and Kaiserbagh were taken by Brigadier Franks, and on the 15th that the two bodies of cavalry were sent out to the north-west after the numerous fugitives. Of the success of the pursuers we have heard little or nothing at present. On the 16th, General Outram occupied the stone bridge over the river, from the north side to intercept flight in that direction, but not till many of the enemy had effected their escape.

According to returns lately prepared at the Ministry of Marine, by order of the Emperor, France will possess in the year 1859 an effective force of 150 war paddle and screw steamers of great speed, independently of the sailing ships of war fitted with screws. These 150 war steamers will be composed of ships-of-the-line, frigates, corvettes, and cutters. Neither gunboats, steam transports, floating batteries, nor fireships are included in the number of 150.

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THE FOLLOWING LETTER OF THE TIMES' BOMBAY CORRESPONDENT ADDS THE CONTENTS OF THE MANY TELEGRAMS WHICH HAD REACHED HIM:—"BOMBAY, MARCH 24.—Our news by telegraph from the Commander-in-Chief's camp comes down only to the 19th—five days ago—when the last position of the enemy in or around Lucknow was captured, and the rebel city was entirely in our possession, after a struggle, counting from Sir Colin's march from the Alumbagh, of 16 days. At the Begum's palace the defences were found after the capture of the place so much stronger than could be observed or had been believed that the General in command writes that had he known what lay before the assaulting column he should have hesitated to give the order for the advance. They went at it with a rush, however.—the 93rd and 4th Punjab Rifles, old comrades at the Secunderbagh,—and carried it with slight loss, two officers of the 93rd falling, Macdonald and Sergison, whose name in the early telegrams was corrupted into Sergeant-Major Hudson; or rather, perhaps, the mistake arose from confounding his name with that of Hudson, for at this point fell mortally wounded Hudson of the 1st

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Right Rev. Josiah Young, Bishop of Erie; the Right Rev. John Barry, Bishop of Savannah; the Right Rev. N. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston; the Right Rev. Adolphus Verot, Vicar Apostolic of Florida; and the Very Rev. David Whelan, who will represent the diocese of Wheeling, in place of his brother, the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, absent in Europe. The Right Rev. Dr. Vincent, the Right Rev. Boniface Wimmer also assisted at the Council, with all the Superiors of the religious orders and congregations of the province, and the theologians who are invited by the prelates to attend their deliberations. —Catholic Herald.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ORGANS OF ASSASSINATION.—Several American journals published in this city and elsewhere continue to defend the late atrocious attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French. Sentiments which the most violent republicans of Europe shrink from uttering are boldly expressed, in one shape or other, in such journals as the New York Day Book, Tribune, and Daily News. They preach assassination as a gospel.—N. Y. Herald.

THE NEW YORK BOY.—We have a new prodigy in this city, in the person of a boy preacher. He is about fifteen years of age. His name is Granmond Kennedy. He is a Baptist, and belongs to the church of the Rev. Mr. Adams, on Christopher street. He is a convert in the late revival, has already been licensed to preach by that church, and is just now attracting large crowds to hear him. His style is vehement, his sermons have in them much method; he speaks wholly extemporaneously, and his system of theology seems to be mature and after the school of the sounder and more conservative schools of the day. He preaches and speaks nearly every night. His houses are crowded to overflowing; and for a season he will be the great attraction of our city. —N. Y. Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

A DEAD BODY DISINTERRED AND THE HEART TAKEN OUT TO CURE A MAN OF CONSUMPTION.—A libel and disgrace upon the intelligence of this community was perpetrated last week at the small settlement of Goodspeedville, some mile or two more from this village. It appears that a man by the name of Adams, living in Goodspeedville, died and was buried seventeen months ago—leaving a wife to mourn his loss. The widow removed to the West and remained there until a short time since, when she returned to this town. Upon her return she found her deceased husband's brother dying with consumption, and declared that he could be cured only in the following manner, which she said was practised where she had been living: The body of her husband should be taken up, the heart dissected, and if any blood was found in the heart, it should be burned, and the sick man would recover! This monstrous proposition was immediately acted upon—the dead body disinterred—a physician (?) called, who took out the heart and lungs, but not enough blood having been found to answer the purpose—the body having lain too long—the further prosecution of the infamous project was abandoned. And this occurred in a country that boasts of its superior attainments in religion and morality—of its free churches, free schools and untrammelled press—under the blazing light of the "progressive" nineteenth century! Comment is unnecessary. The poor deluded fanatics who were participants in this unheard of outrage upon the sanctity of the grave are to be pitied more than condemned, and immediate steps should be taken to place them out of harm's way in an Asylum. The Protestant pulpits orators and journalists of this country when in want of a subject, or when wishing to administer to the ignorance or vanity of their audiences, are perpetually in the habit of drawing a parallel between the intelligence of the masses here and in Europe, but more especially those portions where Catholicity prevails. The result of such comparisons invariably amounts to this, that Protestantism possesses all the attributes which can adorn and dignify man, while Catholicity is deprived of them in a corresponding degree. We hope those flippant theologians who make "Romanism Superstition" a continual theme will look to this matter in Goodspeedville. Where are the Revivalists?—Glen's Falls (N. Y.) Republican.

A MODEL LEGISLATURE.—An editor writing from Frankfort, Kentucky, says that the Legislature of that State is composed of fine looking, well-dressed and well-behaved men, and that among the whole number there are but five drunkards, and only some eight or ten fools—a smaller number than was ever counted in any previous General Assembly.

THE CONVERSION OF THE IRISH.—This is emphatically the age of "revival," especially in the religious line, which we see greatly affected by all the blackguards, shoulder-hitters, rascals, jumpers, pickpockets and vagabonds generally, of the day. In the present state of things, any scoundrel wishing to try his hand at sanctimonious swindling, may become "converted," and so earn an easy livelihood, cared and petted by all the old women in breeches, so abundant all over the world, and so easily humbugged by skilful knaves who understand well how to play upon the foibles of their victims, by humoring them "to the top of their bent." It is not at all uncommon lately to hear of a man whose antecedents far surpass those of Bill Potts in iniquity, preaching the Gospel to a host of admirers in one of our most fashionable churches; neither is it an unusual occurrence to see announced in one of the morning papers, the departure of one of those "modern converts" on a mission to Africa, Ireland, or some other benighted country, for the purpose of converting the "natives." These things have become so common that they no longer attract any more than momentary attention.

Hence we are not at all surprised when we hear that the Rev. Mr. Scott, one of the modern revivalists, is about to have a grand dinner at Niblo's Saloon, previous to his sailing for Ireland, for the purpose of converting Pat from "the abominable errors of Romanism." But it has occurred to us that a timely word of advice might not be lost upon the rev. gentleman. In reading over a late Dublin paper, we find the following choice morsel, which we commend to the digestive organs of the reverend gentleman previous to his strating:

Rev. Mr. Gratian Guinness, at the annual meeting of the Irish Congregated Home Mission, at Dublin, said:—"Now, do not be surprised when I say that the great bulk of Protestants in Ireland are unconverted. They are few enough I am sorry to think; but the great bulk of Protestants are in a state of darkness, not being brought to the knowledge and love of Christ. Now, through the North I have taken care to learn what I could of the state of the people, and I find that the great bulk of Protestants are unconverted, not even making a profession of Christianity; and there are some districts where few or none make any profession of Christ. I have gone through part of the South and part of the West of Ireland, and I say that there, where the Protestants are among the higher classes, great numbers of them are literally dead in trespasses and sin. That confirms this statement—the great bulk of Protestants in this country are unconverted." Of the qualifications of the Rev. Mr. Guinness, there is no need to say. There is another sorrowful thing that this leads us to. I fear that a great number of those laboring to bring unconverted Roman Catholics to the knowledge of God, are themselves in darkness. I would not exclude Sabbath school teachers, Scripture readers, or even the ministers of the Gospel of Christ. I believe there are numbers anxious to put down and trample under their feet Romanism, who are themselves in darkness."

Now, Rev. Mr. Scott, considering that the above language is not the production of a "Romish idolator," but the veritable utterance of one of your own clique, would it not be well to take the matter into serious consideration? May there not be plenty nearer home in much greater need of your services than poor old Ireland, where there is at present such

UNITED STATES.

THE NINTH PROVINCIAL COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE.—On Sunday, May 2nd, the ninth Provincial Council of Baltimore was opened in the Metropolitan Church of Baltimore. At ten o'clock, A. M., the Most Rev. Archbishop Kendrick celebrated a solemn Pontifical Mass. The Right Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond, preached the opening sermon. The other prelates who attended the Council are: the Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburgh; the Right Rev. John N. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia; the

a horde of soupers and biblical humbugs, whose labors are not at all appreciated by an utterly intractable people? We do not intend to argue the point, only wishing modestly to submit its propriety. Would it not be a capital subject for discussion at the "grand dinner" Think of it, and let the world have the result. — N. Y. Freeman.

THE CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

(From the Buffalo Catholic Sentinel.) "Hush! I cannot bear to see thee stretch thy hands in vain; I have got no bread, to give thee, nothing, child, to ease thy pain. When God sent thee first to bless me, Proud, and thankful too, was I; Now, my darling, I, thy mother, Almost long to see thee die. Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary. "I have watched thy beauty fading, And thy strength sink day by day; Soon, I know, will want and fever Take thy little life away. Famine makes thy father reckless, Hope has left both him and me; We could suffer all, my baby, Had we but a crust for thee. Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary. "Better thou shouldst perish early, Starve so soon, my darling one, Than live to want, to sin, to struggle, Vainly still, as I have done. Better that thy angel spirit With my joy, my peace were flown, Ere thy heart grew cold and careless, Reckless, hopeless, like my own. Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary. "I am wasted dear, with hunger, And my brain is all oppressed; I have scarcely strength to press thee, Wan and feeble, to my breast. Patience, baby, God will help us, Death will come to thee and me, He will take us to His Heaven, Where no want or pain can be. Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary. Such the plaint, that late and early, Did we listen, we might hear Close beside us,—but the thunder Of a city dulle our ear. Every heart, like God's bright Angel, Can bid one such sorrow cease; God has glory when his children Brings his poor ones joy and peace! Listen—nearer while she sings Sounds the fluttering of wings!

MONTREAL CATHOLIC MODEL SCHOOL, No. 19 & 21 Cole Street.

OWING to the great number of young men who have gone to business this Spring, from the above Establishment there are vacancies for more pupils. Great care is taken to select efficient and well qualified Teachers as assistants in this institution. The French department is conducted by Professor Garnot, a gentleman of long experience in Montreal, and of surpassing abilities. The terms, which are very low, compared to the instruction imparted, vary from one dollar to three per month, in proportion to the pupils' advancement. Superior facilities are afforded to children desirous of learning French or English, or both, as nearly all the pupils speak both languages. For further particulars apply to the principal, at the School; the best time is between four and five o'clock, P. M. W. DORAN, Principal.

NOTHING ELSE DOES ME ANY GOOD.

LANCASTER C. H., S. C., May 1856. Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philada. Dear Sir,—I have been afflicted with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and until three years since I could find nothing which would afford me relief. Fortunately for me, I heard of "Dr. Hooiland's German Bitters," and thought I would try them, not however, with much faith that I should be benefited by their use. To my surprise I found that on taking a few doses I was relieved of the pain in my side and chest, my appetite became good, I gained strength, and in fact felt stronger and in better health than I had for a long time. I do not allow myself to be out of the Bitters if I can obtain them, for nothing else does me any good. I am willing at all times and ready to state my case to any one who may wish to know the full particulars, and shall with pleasure recommend them to all who may be afflicted with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, for I believe if anything will give them relief they will be relieved by Hooiland's German Bitters. Many persons in this district have used the Bitters with beneficial results, and I have no doubt you could get a number of certificates were you to ask them, for to my certain knowledge quite a number have been very much benefited by the use of your medicine. I almost forgot to mention that my daughter, about six years of age, was cured of Jaundice by Hooiland's German Bitters. I think best to mention this, as I have never known them used in any other case of the kind. Respectfully yours, A. HALLS.

Witness, J. D. Glenn. Silversmith. These Bitters are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. and are sold at 75 cents per bottle, by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canada and South America. For sale by all Druggists, in Montreal.

REMOVAL. JOHN PHELAN, GROCER, HAS REMOVED to 43 NOTRE DAME STREET, the Store lately occupied by Mr. Bertholot, and opposite to Dr. Picault, where he will keep a Stock of the best Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Wines, Brandy, &c., and all other articles [required] at the lowest prices. JOHN PHELAN.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE, COTEAU SAINT LOUIS, MONTREAL.

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