

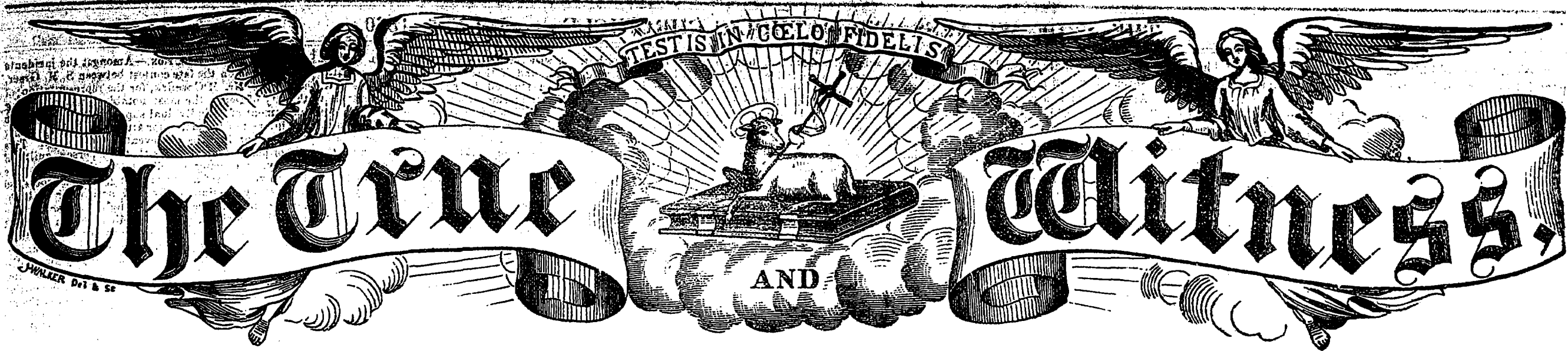
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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CAPTAIN PATRICK MALONY; OR, THE IRISHMAN IN ALABAMA.

CHAPTER III.—HOW PATRICK ENJOYS A DECK PASSAGE ON A NORTH RIVER STEAMBOAT.

The first thing Patrick did, on landing at New York, was to see Mary O'Sullivan safe off the ship, and to her friends. The big English mate had got well of his black eye, but he swore fierce oaths, and shook his fist viciously at Patrick and Mary as they left the ship together.

"Good bye, Mary," said Patrick, when he had found the brother who had sent for her. "Good bye, Patrick," said Mary, from her full heart. "May God reward you for taking the part of a poor lone girl, and may our Holy Mother protect ye. Sure, I'll say the rosary for ye, every night of my life, for what you did for me. Come and see us, Patrick; and now, good bye to ye." So they shook hands and parted.

Mary kept house for her brother, over the grocery, till she got married; and Patrick studied the maps diligently, till he could fix on the best way of getting to Mobile. "I'm off," said he. "This big place is eating up my money, penny by penny. And it's true what Tim said about the Patricks.—There's enough of them here, any how, and I'd be one too many. I'll be off to Mobile, across the country, to the great lakes, bigger than all Ireland, and down the great rivers, that could run round England and Ireland too, and water them into the bargain. And it's something fine I'll have to put into my letter. I'll just go to Niagara Falls, on my way to Cincinnati, and take a look at the great cataract. It'll cost no more, and won't Norah be plazed with my romantic description?"

So off, one morning, on the Hudson. The glorious scenery of West Point, the Highlands, and the misty Katskills, look as well from the forward deck, as from the after promenade.—Patrick travelled as fast as the most aristocratic cabin passenger on board, and saw as much of the scenery. He voyaged with his eyes wide open, and few things escaped his observation.

He had taken his dinner of a couple of crackers and a herring, washed down with a drink of water, when he saw a tall, pale, melancholy looking personage in black clothes and white neckcloth, eyeing him attentively, as he walked back and forward near him. Pretty soon he stopped and said:

"Fine scenery, up here, stranger?"

"It's noble scenery, sir," said Patrick, not willing to be outdone in courtesy.

"I guess you are from the cold country," said the stranger.

"I presume Ireland was made when the rest were," said Patrick, "and is about as old any of 'em."

The stranger smiled a grim, sad, dyspeptic smile, and continued—

"I conclude you are a Papist, then."

Patrick's first impulse was to treat the white chokered individual as he had the mate, but a look at his sallow visage and attenuated frame disarmed him; so he quietly asked—

"And what may that be, sir?"

"A Papist? why, a Romanist."

"But I just gave you a hint, hint's as good as a kick to a blind horse that I am an Irishman. I was never in Rome in my life."

"I mean that as you are an Irishman you are probably of the Roman Catholic persuasion.—That is what I meant. I hope no offence," said the poor man, meekly.

"Then permit me to suggest, with all the politeness in the world, and meaning no offence whatever, that you might as well have said so in the first place."

"Well, young man, the name don't signify.—It's all the same. You belong to that Church of anti-Christ, that synagogue of Satan, the idolatrous Church of Rome."

It was a hard trial for Patrick, and the first one of the kind he had ever endured. But he made a great effort, and smothered his indignation.

"Look here, my friend," said he, "you don't look like a man to go round insulting strangers, and I would advise you to keep a more civil tongue in your head, for the next Irishman you meet may not have my forbearance. But come, you have asked me some questions; suppose I ask you a few. What religion are you of?"

"I'm an unworthy preacher of the Methodist persuasion."

"And how came you to be a Methodist?"

"I went to a camp meeting, when I was a wild and sinful young man, about your age, and got religion."

"Oh, you got religion! And that made you a Methodist? Are all people who get religion in this country Methodists?"

"Oh, no; there are good brethren who are Baptists, and Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, and Campbellites, and so on."

"Well, yes; we think so." "But you're not sure." "I shouldn't like to say I was sure. We are all fallible creatures."

"Do you think St. Paul was a Methodist?"

"Well, yes; I expect he was."

"And St. Peter? He was a Presbyterian perhaps; and St. James was a Baptist? St. Thomas was a Campbellite, and St. Jude an Episcopalian? Is that it?"

"Well, I expect the Apostles all believed the same thing whatever that was."

"And taught different doctrines?"

"No; they all taught one doctrine—the doctrine that is in the Bible."

"Then, why don't you and your Presbyterian, and Baptist, and all the other brethren get together and try to find out what that doctrine was, that Christ taught his disciples, and his disciples preached to the world?"

"Because we are fallible creatures, as I said before, and can't understand the Scriptures alike. So every one must read and judge for himself."

"But suppose I read the Scriptures, and they teach me to be a Catholic?"

"Well, young man," said the preacher, looking round at the crowd that had now gathered about them, "that ain't a supposable case, for if you are a Catholic, you ain't allowed to read the Bible."

"No. How do you presume to stand there and tell such a falsehood?" said Patrick. "If you have read your Bible, you have seen a commandment which reads, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' Now, look here;" and Patrick took a New Testament out of his pocket: "Here it is, printed at Dublin, authorised by the Archbishop, recommended by His Holiness Pope Pius Sixth. What have you to say to that?"

"Well, yes—O yes! but that's a Catholic Bible."

"And don't you know that the Catholic Bible was the only Bible in the world for fifteen hundred years; and that your Protestant Bibles have been in existence only three hundred years, and that Luther, and Calvin, and Cranmer, took the Catholic Bible and changed and altered it to suit their purposes, and so manufactured Protestant Bibles?"

The crowd was now listening with great interest, and Patrick pursued his advantage. He had carried the war into Africa, and meant to keep it there.

"But come," said he, "how are we to know which of your sects is right? Which sect takes the teachings of Christ as the Apostles received them?"

"Why, we must search the Scriptures.—That's the way to find the true doctrine."

"Well, haven't the Presbyterians, and Baptists, and all the rest of you, been searching the Scriptures for three centuries? And ain't there more sects now than there ever were, and new ones coming up every day? You all search the Scriptures, and you are more and more divided. You must find some other way than that."

By this time the Methodist brother found out that he had waked up the wrong passenger, and was beating a retreat, but Patrick, with a spice of roguery, wanted just to give him a parting shot, so he said:

"Now, friend preacher, however you came to be one, for surely God Almighty never sent you, and the Devil got a hard bargain if he did, before you attack a poor Irish Papist again about his religion, just get a little better posted in your own, and so good evening to your riverence;" and, amid the laughter of the crowd, the person walked off, and the boat arrived at Albany.

CHAPTER IV.—PATRICK FINDS HIS WAY TO NEW ORLEANS.

The night trip in a second class car on the New York Railroad is not very exciting. When Patrick could keep awake, it seemed a long string of cities and villages. He was scarcely out of one before, with a shrill whistle, they dashed into another. After a long night, they arrived at Niagara; and Patrick stood on the brink of the world's grandest waterfall. He did not "put up" at the International Hotel, and have his dinner of sixteen courses served by a regiment of negro waiters to the music of a band playing waltzes and polkas; but he got a very good dinner, nevertheless, at a neat little eating-house, kept by a pleasant little countrywoman of his own, who talked with him of home.

Twenty miles to Buffalo on a little steamer up the Niagara; the roar of the great fall growing fainter and fainter, and fading in the distance.—At Buffalo he took a deck passage on a steamboat to Cleveland, and saw, with wonder, the expanse of blue, fresh water in Lake Erie. He tasted the water to see if it was really fresh.—The British sailors on the Lake, in the war of 1812, rowed in a boat nearly all one hot day, perishing with thirst, and never thought to try this little experiment; and their government, when it fitted out the fleet, conquered by Com-

odore Perry, sent over a full supply of water casks. What a fine practical bull that would have been had an Irishman done it. It was a much greater blunderer—one Mr. Routine.

Arrived at the beautiful city of Cleveland, Ohio, was whirled across the great State of Ohio, through thousand acre corn fields, where they gather roasting ears with ladders, and boys climb the weeds after birds' nests. Then came a city of smoke, and iron, and hogs; a beautiful river, and by its bank a long line of western steamboats. But the prettiest thing he saw was the tall spire of the Cathedral, with its glittering cross, in the centre of the Queen City, and many other cross-crowned spires clustered around it. He spent the Sunday in Cincinnati, went to Low Mass and High Mass, and, like a good boy, wrote to his mother.

On Monday morning, Patrick walked down to the river, to take a look at the steamboats, and particularly those up for New Orleans. Patrick was well up in his geography, and had lost no opportunity to study the maps and guide books scattered over our great routes of travel. So he knew very well where he was, and where he was going, and that is saying a good deal.

Going down the inclined plane of the levee, piled with arriving and departing freight, he saw a rough-whiskered man superintending the loading of a large New Orleans steamer, advertised to leave that evening.

"Do you want a hand aboard this boat?" asked Patrick.

The mate of the Reindeer looked at Patrick from head to foot, as if he took the measure of every muscle. He wanted hands; but Patrick was a green one.

"Can you work?" said he.

"Try me," said Patrick, with a modest self-possession, said to be national characteristic of his countrymen; and a very good one it is, for any fellow who has got to make his own way in the world.

"Well, get your traps, and report yourself here in a hurry."

"Excuse me, sir," said Patrick, touching his hat again, with the native politeness of a true Irishman—"but it takes two to make a bargain. You have forgotten the little matter of wages."

"Wages—twenty dollars a month for green-horns."

"But I am going to New Orleans. I don't care to come back again."

"Oh! you'd rather stay and die of yellow fever. We want our hands for the round trip."

"Perhaps you might find some body afraid of the yellow fever to take my place," said Patrick, quietly.

"Ha! ha! Bangs; the boy is right," said the captain, who came along just now. "Take him down for the down trip; there'll be plenty wanting to come up, and glad to work their passage."

So it was settled that Patrick was to have ten dollars for the trip to New Orleans, which was so much clear gain, and a pretty little reinforcement for a purse that had strong symptoms of consumption. In half an hour Patrick had got his well-stuffed carpet sack from Mrs. O'Grady's hotel, and was hard at work till late at night, rolling hogsheads of hams and tobacco, and barrels of whiskey, the three great staples of Cincinnati, into the hold of the Reindeer.

The furnaces were glowing, the steam hissing, at last the lines were hauled in, the bell rung for the twentieth time, and the Reindeer was spared off, and with the steam rushing from her escape pipes, went roaring down the river; and Patrick found supper, such as it was, and rest where he could get it.

"It is a hard berth you'll have here, my lad," said Long Mike, a countryman of Patrick's.—"Feather beds are scarce here." They were taking it comfortably on a row of tobacco casks.

"It's better than being sea-sick," said Patrick, determined to make the best of his position, which is a sensible thing to do.

"Just wait till we are routed to wood up;—then you'll see," said Mike. "You'll have to march to the Devil's quick-step; and if you don't get a billet of wood over your scone, you'll be in luck."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the signal to wood up was given: the boat rounded to the shore, torches were lighted, and the deck hands, Irishmen, Germans and negroes run over the gang plank and return back with loads of wood, while the impatient mate stood swearing to the guards, and hurrying up his forces till fifty cords had been taken from the river bank and piled around the boilers.

Patrick, after this pleasant little exercise, in which his hands were torn and blistered, was sinking into a delightful slumber on some frisks of lard, when the bell rung again, and all hands were called to land and take on freight.

"Niver mind bein' broken of your rest," said Mike; "for it's nothin' when you're used to it. You are good at cypherin', no doubt, so you can just add up all your half hours of slape, and they'll make a good night's rest for you."

Patrick said his prayers, thought of his mother, and Norah, and the children, and Father Murphy, and bravely composed his aching limbs to whatever fraction of the night's rest the chances of the voyage might afford him.

In the morning, after the passengers, and officers, and waiters had had their breakfasts the deck hands got what was left. The white men ate their portion on a wood pile, while the negroes took theirs' on a range of hogsheads on the other. In the midst of it they had to stop and put ashore some freight. The days passed like the nights; hard, rapid work, with such rest as men can get on the main deck of a western steamboat. I am afraid that before they were at the mouth of the Ohio, Patrick would have forfeited his wages for the trip for one good night's sleep in his own sweet bed at home.

Long Mike encouraged him in his own fashion.

"It's a nate voyage we'll be having," said he, "barrin' the snags, and the sawyers, and the boilers burstin'."

"And what is a snag, Mike?" said Patrick.

"It's a tall three, thin, with its roots fast in the bottom of the Mississippi, and its top just out of sight under wather. When the steamer comes jil tilt on top of it, it goes plump through its bottom, decks, cabins and tuxas, and spits her just like a sucking pig, ready to be roasted for a Sunday's dinner."

"And a sawyer, Mike," said Patrick, always ready to increase his stock of information, "what may that be?"

"Arrah! ye're a nice boy, an' I don't mind helping to finish your edification. A sawyer's like a snag, only it's not so well fastened at the bottom, and kapes bobbing its innocent head up and down, as much as to say, 'this way, Mr. Steamer, here's the boy'll give you an Irish hoist, two pegs lower;' and the first you know you have a hole in your bottom, and down you sink into the dirty wather, without time to bless yourself."

"But when the boiler burst," said Patrick, "that must be more sudden."

"Faith, an' you may say that same."

"Was you ever blown up, Mike?"

"Yes, a great many times—by the mate, the big whiskered blackguard that he is."

"And I suppose you deserved it, Mike; but I mean by the steam."

"An' if I had, do you think I'd be here to describe it till ye, with all the particulars, as you might read it in the newspapers? Is it a ghost you take me for?"

"Then you was never blown up."

"Only in the way just specified," said Mike.

"Vell, I vas," said a stolid looking German, who had been listening to the conversation.

"How was it, Hans? Tell us about it," said Mike, with a wink to Patrick.

"Vall, it vas on the Highflyer, number tree, as plow'd up on the Missouri. I vas filling the water puckets on the promenade teck, ant Capt. Kleinfelder vas stahndin' py to pilot house, ven she plow'd up."

"Then she was a highflyer and you too, I'm thinking," said Mike.

"Vell, yas, ve vas. Ze lasht I seen of to Captain, vas ven I vas goin' up, I met him on te smoke pipe comin' town, ant he says, 'Hans, give us a chaw tobacco.' He was in a hurry; ant so was I."

A signal to wood-up closed this interesting conversation.

The Reindeer arrived safely at New Orleans, without being snagged or sawyered, or blown up like the unfortunate Highflyer. Patrick had looked, day after day, at the grand but sad monotony of the scenery of the Mississippi, down which he had steamed a thousand miles of almost unbroken forest, with woodcutters at intervals along the banks, and a few scattering plantations. But, on the last day of the trip, a new scene broke on his vision, he beheld on each side of the river, broad, level plantations, the beautiful mansions of the planters, the white-washed cottages of the negroes, like little villages clustered near them, and lovely gardens with orange trees of glossy green filling the air with their rare fragrance, while the golden fruit still hung upon their branches. After winding a whole day through this beautiful scenery, he saw the domes and spires, the forests of shipping, and the long lines of steamboats, that make the striking features of that great Southern Emporium.

CHAPTER V. PATRICK FINDS COUSIN TIM.

Patrick helped to unload the Reindeer, and then walked up to the Captain's office and got his ten dollars: said "good bye" to Long Mike, Hans, the good natured Captain, and the rough, big whiskered mate; when he found the luxury of a good night's rest, of assisting at the early Mass in the noble St. Patrick's Church, and of writing another letter to his mother, and the dear ones at home, who were always nestling in heart of hearts.

Suppose we read his letter. It was quite ship-

shape and scholarly, and a credit to his education.

"City of New Orleans, United States of America.

"My DEAR MOTHER, AND NORAH, AND ALL! Here I am, Patrick Malony, by the blessing of God, safe and sound, five thousand miles away from you, at the city of New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, (just look in my Geography), among sugar, and cotton and negroes. As Cousin Tim said, it's a great country! I have not come to Mobile yet, but expect to be there, please God, day after to-morrow."

"My last letter was written at Cincinnati, that they call the Queen City, though I don't know what she is queen of, barrin' it's the pigs. Ever since, I have been living on a steamboat, I worked my passage, and got ten dollars, (that's two pounds) in the bargain, and rode sixteen hundred miles, just coming down a river, and that's only a part of it. It's a warm climate here, or they could not grow the cotton and sugar cane. The river, as wide as a small sea, and as deep, runs on the top of a hill, and you must walk up to get at it. It's just a valley, turned topsy turvey. I have been into the cemetery, where they bury the dead in ovens above ground; and the wells are dug right up into the air. You see them standing twenty or thirty feet high, all over the city."

"Half the people are French, and don't speak English, and wouldn't if they could. I asked a pretty girl my way, and all I could get from her, with my politest bow, was 'Zhuu say Pa: which I presume meant ask my daddy, so I said, 'with pleasure, Miss, where is your Pa?' But she said 'Zhuu say Pa: I could find out her Pa. I might have a word or two to say to the old chap, may-be—only I can't talk the lingo. I shall buy me a book and learn it as fast as ever I can."

"New Orleans is a Catholic city, thank God; that is one comfort. That is, the French, and Germans, and Irish mostly are Catholics. I can't say that they practice their religious any too well, except the women, who are pious and good every where, God bless them. The Americans have so many religions that it is hard to tell what they are. There is no lack of fine churches, and tall steeples, only in the churches there is a big pulpit in place of an altar, and instead of a cross on their beautiful steeples, they put a weathercock, to know which way the wind blows."

"Politics runs high. The newest party here is the natives, which means the Yankees that have just come here; and the foreigners are the old French Creoles, who have lived here for generations."

"The first negro I saw in New York scared me a little, but I've got used to them. They are funny fellows. Some belong to their masters, and some own themselves. A good sized negro sells for three hundred pounds, so I suppose that one that owns himself is rich to that amount, at least, even if the capital is not very productive."

"I am off to Mobile to-morrow. Write to me there. I hope to send you a little bit of paper that will be a comfort to you, in my next letter. Give my dear love to Father Murphy, and tell him I remember all his good advice to me, and shall try, with God's assistance, to practice it. God bless you all. Pray for your loving son.

PATRICK MALONY.

The trip from New Orleans to Mobile is a short and rapid one; and when Patrick landed quite early in the morning, at the foot of Magazine street, almost the first man he met on the dock was his cousin Tim.

"Oh! by the powers! an' is that you Pat?—And ain't I the boy that's glad to see you any how. Why, how you have grown! Har'nt they been putting guayno on ye, now? And how's aunt Bridget, and cousin Norah, and all the rest of 'em, God presarve 'em. Come now to the little saloon forainst here, and take a dhrop o' the crathur, jist for old times."

"Thank ye, Tim, I'd rather have some breakfast."

"Bother, now: won't a wee dhrop just give ye an elegant appetite; come along then, its I'll be thrathin' ye."

"You mean all right, Tim, but you must just excuse me about the whiskey."

"Och! murder this! ye havn't been taking the pledge?" exclaimed Tim, in consternation.

"Not exactly that, Tim, but Father Murphy gave me some good advice before I left the old home, and I promised to follow it; and one part of his advice was to let alone the whiskey, so it's all the same as a pledge; and when I saw what whiskey does for some of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen in New York, and Cincinnati and New Orleans, I made up my mind that it was good advice, Tim, and I shall just follow it to the letter."

So to Tim's great dissatisfaction, they went and got some breakfast together, and didn't get the whiskey.

"Not that it is a sin," said Patrick, "to drink a glass of whiskey, when you haven't promised not to; but because I don't need it at all, and mean to keep out of the way of temptation. If I got in the habit of it, I might spend my money instead of sending it home, and give a scandal to my religion, and to poor old Ireland in the bargain; and Ireland, at least, can't afford it. So, cousin Tim, you may just make up your mind that whiskey and Patrick Malony are strangers to each other, and don't mean to get acquainted; and it's no use for you to try to introduce us.—I am willing to be civil to any friend of yours, Tim, barrin' it's Mister Whiskey."

\* Our friend Patrick probably refers to the tall cisterns, which certainly have the appearance he describes.

† Patrick's French has been neglected, or he would have known that 'Je ne sais pas'—was French for 'I don't know!'



"Well, he's an old blackguard, Pat, and I expect I'd better cut his acquaintance," said Tim...

"Thirty-four thousand dollars!" said he, "that's almost seven thousand pounds. Why, it's a fortune. And here am I, a poor boy, with not twenty dollars in the world. And nobody knows me."

greatest excitement prevailed, but no accident occurred. The men were, indeed, all splendid looking fellows, the greater number measuring in height six feet or thereabouts. One of them is 6 feet 11 inches.

with it. A wise ruler would put both down with a strong hand, and if that were done the country would not be startled by such incidents as that to which Mr. Whiteside alluded.

CHIEF SECRETARY ELECTION.—Amongst the incidents attending upon the late contest between S. M. Greer, Esq., and Mr. McCormick, for the representation of the city of Derry, the most notable is the impending indictment of an individual supposed to be acting in the interest of the latter, for attempted bribery, under the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act, 1854.

CHAPTER VI.—PATRICK MEETS WITH AN ADVENTURE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

EMIGRANTS FOR ROME.—Waterford, June 8.—The ten o'clock train from Clonmel this morning brought eleven fine fellows from the districts surrounding the capital of Tipperary.

PAPER DEPORTATION.—At an inquest held a few days ago in the board-room of the Killarney Workhouse, on the body of a man named Daniel Shea, who had been deported from England to this country as an Irish pauper, and who died one day after his entrance into the Killarney Workhouse.

THE INISH LANGUAGE.—We, the Irish of to-day, no longer skilled in the soft speech of the Gael, speak the language of the Sassenach stranger.



The Cork Diocesan collection amounts to £4,142 17s 8d.

Sicily and Ireland.—The hypocrisy and inconsistency of English Governments is really astonishing. Here we have the noble lords at the helm of affairs evincing the keenest sense of popular rights in the case of the Sicilians—justifying in fact the forcible overthrow of their lawful Prince. Will they be satisfied to have this principle remembered by the Irish people? Twelve years ago a few earnest Irishmen hinted at the possibility of detaching this country from England, because the latter refused justice, nay, even the smallest concession, and what was the result? First, a special act of parliament was passed to procure the transportation of the men who dared to suggest what Crown Ministers now hold to be most commendable, and when this only partially succeeded, the Law of High Treason was put in operation, and six Irishmen were condemned to the scaffold. The sentence was not carried out for very good reasons, but the case was one in which the will might well be taken for the deed; and it certainly afforded throughout a fair sample of the way the British Government invariably respects the popular feeling in Ireland. It would appear, however, that a different spirit now pervades the Government, and that following up the opinions which they lately expressed in the House of Commons in favor of revolt in Sicily and elsewhere, should the events of '48 be re-enacted, the utmost encouragement and support might reasonably be expected from the ministry in a legitimate Sovereign.—Tuam Herald.

An Observer informs us that the Orangemen around Aughnacloy are lapsing into their usual state of July rapidity. It seems that one of them attacked a ballad singer who was intoning a song about "Erinn go Brath!" The Truagh men defending the poor wanderer, a scuffle ensued, when magistrates and police sallied out, scattered the Truagh men and made some of their prisoners. He further states that the authorities then allowed the Orange mob to parade the streets, and reflect upon the partiality of the J.P. As the case is yet to be tried, and the defence of the prisoners is confined to so eminent a solicitor as J. McCrossan, Esq., we refrain from publishing his letter, confident that if his statements be correct, they will soon receive full publicity.—Irishman.

ORANGEMEN IN LURGAN.—There is consternation in "Orangeland" since the Lurgan magistrates recently decided (on the 5th inst.) that drumming on the public thoroughfares and in the streets is illegal, and promptly punished by fine and imprisonment those rowdies who disturbed the peace of our town on the 17th ult. In every quarter we hear the savage howls of impotent rage and baffled malice, bitter execrations are vented on the magistrates who had the courage to do a simple act of justice. These ebullitions of spleen and hatred are ventilated through their little local organs with all the energy that stupid bigotry can give expression to, and in a strain of vituperation that could only be equalled in the police regions of Billingsgate. It is pleasant to hear the whining complaints of the faction that they cannot obtain justice at the Lurgan bench. This expression of their baffled malice proves their dogged perseverance in wrong-doing, and their disrespect of law, order, and the constituted authorities. Justice with them signifies the liberty of systematically annoying and insulting their fellow-citizens, and any attempt to check them in their headlong course of injury re-awakens all the bad passions by which they are distinguished. Had the Lurgan magistrates given them a triumph, by punishing the Catholics and setting their own rowdies free, they would have been extolled to the skies for their "just decision," and the drums would have been had out to celebrate the oration. The pretended loyalists have now been taught that the laws must not be violated with impunity, and that the peaceably-disposed must be protected from insult and annoyance. The Catholics were patient and bore with too great forbearance the annoyance to which they were subjected; but patience has its limits. They brought matters to a crisis, and the result has been most satisfactory. The Orange party, still thirsting for revenge, have, on their own account, caused summonses to be issued on some respectable Catholics, who were passing quietly along the street on the evening of the *metee* about their lawful business. As this new move of the Orangemen is clearly to give further annoyance, it is felt that they will be signally defeated in their concerted scheme of vengeance next bench day as they were on the last.—Cor. of the Irishman.

ORANGE VALOR AND ORANGE LOYALTY.—They were formidable to everybody but the enemy. Such were the words of one of England's greatest warriors—that soldier who distinguished himself so signally in Egypt, General Sir Ralph Abercrombie. To whom do these words, so cruel in their withering scorn, apply? To the "Anglo-Irish" soldiery, militia and yeomanry, with whose help England, in 1793, scourged and slaughtered the unfortunate peasantry of Ireland. Such scoundrels were they—such savage brutes—such shameless cowards—that this was the only language which the honest English soldier could find wherewithal to express his opinion of their infamy.

"Formidable to everybody but the enemy." Who was "everybody"? The unhappy peasantry of Ireland, whose fields they wasted, whose homes they rifled and burned, whose wives, daughters, and children they treated with every insult and outrage. Similar to the testimony of the great General Abercrombie was the evidence of that other British soldier, whom an Irish poet has immortalized, Sir John Moore. He had been in Ireland, too; and he likewise felt bound to record the atrocities of ruffianly Anglo-Irish landlords and their cowardly assistance to the unparalelled brutality he attributed to the revolt of the peasantry. "Formidable to everybody but the enemy." Who were the enemy? Some seven hundred ragged, half-starved French veterans, who, under Humbert, overran half of Ireland, and made thousands of these peasant-slaughterers, house-burners, highway-robbers soldiers and yeomanry, as a crowd of schoolboys would fly from the care of the parish priest. No wonder that General Abercrombie should describe these miserable as "formidable to everybody except the enemy."—Why do we refer to this to-day? To meet the insolent traditional slanders of an insolent anti-Irish newspaper published in London. An English periodical is before us now—the *Cornhill Magazine*—our contemporary, the *Morning Herald*, will admit it to be an important authority. The second number of that Magazine, from which we have already quoted, tells us how the gallant "Anglo-Irish" militiamen and Yeomanry—incendiaries and cut-throats—nailed as they were brutal—distinguished themselves in 1798. In that year the French attempted an invasion of Ireland—storms scattered their ships—and only eleven hundred men (as you would say, merely one regiment) landed under Humbert. To this small force were opposed several thousands of armed "Anglo-Irish warriors." How did they behave? Let the *Cornhill Magazine* tell us:—"The day after the landing, the French advanced towards Ballina. . . . The English garrison fled on their approach; and Humbert stationing there one hundred of his men, pushed on to Castlebar, where General Lowe was prepared to meet him. The latter had previously ascertained by means of a flag of truce, the exact number of the French, and had sent a message privately to the Bishop, telling him to be of good cheer, inasmuch as the great superiority of his own numbers would speedily enable him to give a good account of the invading force. What did occur, when the French and English met, is, perhaps, best told in the words of General Hutchinson, Lake's second in command during the affair. Contemporaneous authorities, however, prove that Hutchinson has very much underrated the numbers of the English force:—"On Monday morning, 27th August, about an hour before sunrise, a report was received from the out-

posts, distant about six miles, that the enemy was advancing. The troops were immediately assembled, having the night before received orders to be under arms two hours before day-break. The troops and cannon were then posted on a position previously taken, where they remained until seven o'clock. They were one thousand six hundred, or one thousand seven hundred cavalry and infantry, ten pieces of cannon and a howitzer. The ground was very strong by nature; the French were about seven hundred, having left 100 at Ballina and 200 at Killala. Nothing could exceed the misconduct of the troops. . . . When the troops fell into confusion, without the possibility of rallying them, there was scarcely any danger. . . . But they fired volleys without any orders at a few men before they were within musket-shot. It was impossible to stop them, and they abandoned their ground immediately afterwards." They ran away, in fact, from the handful of French soldiers, "and never halted till they reached Tuam, nearly forty English miles from the field of battle." "On the evening of the same day," says the writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "they renewed their flight, and retired still farther towards Athlone, where an officer of carabineers, with sixty of his men, arrived at one o'clock on Tuesday, the 29th August, having achieved a retreat of above seventy English miles in twenty-seven hours!" They could run fast, these "Anglo-Irish" warriors. General Humbert, with his seven hundred ragged veterans, marched 150 miles, and "put to rout," says Plowden, "a select army of six thousand men," and at last he only surrendered when he was surrounded by twenty-five thousand British soldiers! These warriors who ran so fast were the men of whom Lord Cornwallis, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland wrote—"they delight in murder"—the murder of the unarmed peasantry—the men whom Sir Ralph Abercrombie bitterly stigmatized as "formidable to everybody but the enemy." Brave fellows! Six thousand of them, British soldiers, "Anglo-Irish" yeoman and militia, who were so skillful in slaughtering the helpless peasants and burning their cabins, took to their heels at sight of seven hundred French veterans!—These were the "Anglo-Irish" heroes whom the amiable traditions of the *Morning Herald* favor.—Most true it is that of such quality are not the "Irish peasantry who now seek service with Lamoriciere."—Irishman.

GRIME IN IRELAND AND BRITAIN.—The *Times* of Tuesday publishes an abstract of a "Return showing that the number of persons committed throughout the United Kingdom continues to decline." According to these statistics the number of persons committed in England and Wales in 1848 was 30,349 and only 16,074 last year; the commitments in Scotland also declined from 4,909 in 1848 to 3,472 last year, and in Ireland from 38,522 in 1848 to 5,865 last year! This decrease is gratifying and is in part to be attributed, says the abstract, "to the operations of the Criminal Justice Act, which enables the magistrates to deal with offences summarily with the consent of the accused; but the diminution of crime in Ireland," continues the report, "is most remarkable and satisfactory." The statistics given in the abstract then furnishes the relative proportions of males and females committed at different periods, and with regard to Ireland the return says, that while crime unfortunately increased among the female sex in 1859, as compared with 1844, to the extent of 5 per cent in England and Wales, and 4 per cent in Scotland, there was happily a decrease of 7 per cent in the proportion of females committed in Ireland. So far so good, since, however reluctantly the Commissioners are compelled in these statistics to acknowledge the higher degree of morality in Irish females. But, scarcely a single public document, newspaper article, or platform address, can appear on the other side of the Channel without a calumny, an insult, or a philippic of some kind or other, more or less virulent against Ireland and the Irish. Consequently the report concludes with the following lying imputation against Irish juries:—"In Ireland the determination of juries to acquit prisoners arraigned before them—often, it is to be feared, to the frustration of justice—continues almost unabated, 57 1/2 per cent of the persons committed having been acquitted in 1844, 49 1/2 per cent in 1849, 40 per cent in 1854, and 53 per cent in 1859." Now, whilst this aspersion is cast upon Irish juries, various causes, none of them affecting the integrity of the judges or juries, are assigned for the diminution of commitments in England, Wales, and even Scotland. This partial view is taken and given to the world in these returns, although it is well known to those who have drawn them up, that for the last few years Irish Calendars have been so light, and the cases noticed for trial were, comparatively speaking, of so mild a character, that white gloves have far more frequently adorned the hands than black caps the heads of the judges in their respective courts. It is moreover notorious that Irish juries contain a vast proportion of the Orange and Conservative element, and no one in the slightest degree acquainted with the tendencies of these gentlemen will affirm that they are very strongly inclined to deal too leniently with the prisoners at the bar "especially when they happen to be Papists. But, being amongst the initiated in matters of this nature, our deduction from the statistics before us are totally at variance with those which have been arrived at by the evidently prejudiced officials by whom the report has been drawn up. Our belief is, that owing to the vast preponderance of Orange Magistrates in Ireland, numerous prisoners are committed for trial where a bench comprised of men of more liberal, unbiased, and enlightened character, would undoubtedly have acquitted them, and justly so. Here then we have not only a set off against the number of commitments, but also an unanswerable reason for the acquittals pronounced by Irish juries—a reason which, as none will venture to gainsay it who are acquainted with the constitution of the magistrical bench in this country—triumphantly meets, refuting the charge which in the words of the report imputes to Irish juries a determination to acquit prisoners arraigned before them—"often to the frustration of justice."—Attempts like these to Ireland, compared to England and Wales, are the reverse of glaring fact cannot be glossed over, that, according to their own statistics, the commitments in Ireland which amounted in 1844 to 80,42 are now reduced to 2,735, being less by three-fourths in the space of fifteen years, whilst in Scotland there has been no diminution at all, and in England and Wales, where we heard of no white gloves given to judges, there were 12,470 commitments last year against 2,735 in this country!

THE BLARNEY STONE.—The Anglo-Irish tradition connected with the origin of the word "Blarney," as applied to an insinuating and persuasive address, is that one of the chiefs of the district having visited the court of Queen Elizabeth for the purpose of making an appeal to her, urged his cause with so much tact and eloquence, that the Queen on hearing the interpretation of his speech, turned to one of her courtiers and asked—"What part of Ireland is this goodly chieftain from?" and having been answered, "from Blarney," she ever after used the word, which "from Blarney," she ever after used the word, which representation to win her favour with the stone is given by one, who has had it direct from the voice which were about upon the air, while he was reposing by the wooded shores of the waters near. Blarney was a place of note in the Druidical ages. A huge Cromlech, or Druid-altar stands there still, in a space of wonderful beauty, a little below the *Witch's Stairs*—on the margin of the *Co. An.* The Four Masters, at A. S. 3501, mention the *Carrac Blarney*, or Rock of Blarney. The stone usually appealed to now, by the touching of lips, is not the genuine stone. That has much farther down, built into the walls of the Oast; to kiss it, the neophyte must be lowered head down-

wards, by ropes. So the late parish priest of Blarney, Father Hogan, used to say, and he was a man of great traditional learning. Of course, at the period to which this tradition refers, though only 700 years since, the waters of the Lee, were far deeper than they are now and shells of great size and splendour were abundant on the shore.—Irishman.

GRAT BRITAIN.

We (*Weekly Register*) have great pleasure in announcing that a further offering to the Holy See of £2,000 from the Diocese of Westminster was forwarded on Thursday to His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. The Holy Father will have now received already upwards of £6,000 from the Metropolitan diocese—viz.,—Parochial Collections, £2,140; Presented by His Eminence from private donations, £3,290; Papal Fund, £2,000. The amount of the general collection for the Holy Father in the Diocese of Shrewsbury is £1,003. Several sums have, however, been sent by private channels from this diocese which would have made it about £1,500.

BANKRUPTCIES IN 1860.—The number of bankruptcies gazetted in the first five months of the present year was 418, being at the rate of 1,005 per annum. The average of the previous ten years was 1,090 per annum. In the London district 418 bankruptcies have been gazetted this year to the close of May; in the Liverpool, 18; in the Manchester, 22; in the Birmingham, 62; in the Leeds, 54; in the Bristol, 41; in the Exeter, 22; and in the Newcastle, 14.

NATIONAL DEFENCES.—The expense of the works recommended or already in progress, including purchase of land, is estimated at 2,800,000. For Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, 3,020,000; for Plymouth, 765,000; for Pembroke, 630,000; for Portland, 180,000; for the Thames, 450,000; for the Medway and Sheerness, 1,350,000; for Chatham, 700,000; for Woolwich, 335,000; for Dover, and 120,000 for Cork. The amount of these works they estimate at 500,000, and add 1,000,000 for floating defences. The total is 11,850,000; of which about a million and a-half has been already authorized, though not voted. It is the intention of Government to proceed promptly and vigorously on a great portion of the Report, but to abandon the attempt to defend Woolwich. The estimate for Woolwich is not so considerable as to affect the financial aspect of the question at this moment; but it is proposed to expend in all only about eight and a-half millions, instead of the eleven and three-quarter millions of the Report.—*Times*.

THE DIVORCE COURT.—This Court will not sit again before next November. During the present sittings their lordships have disposed of forty-six petitions, of which twenty-four were presented by husbands, and twenty-two by wives. In forty-two cases decrees have been granted, in one the petition has been dismissed, and in three judgment has not yet been pronounced.

THE CAPTURE OF LONDON.—If ever the invasion of England be attempted, the point to be aimed at by the invader will be the capture of London; and for the very simple reason that it alone will repay the costs and risks of an attack. If Portsmouth dockyard were destroyed, Devonport would remain; if both were lost, there would be Chatham; give all three to an enemy, and we have Pembroke; let them take all four, and England might still build ships in the Clyde and the Severn and the Mersey by private enterprise; better perchance, than in royal dockyards, the gunboat failures notwithstanding. An enemy would not be likely to place himself permanently on Portland Hill, or any other part of England to capitulate and make terms. What might happen if a conqueror were to get possession of the Bank of England, and appoint a General of Division Governor *pro tem*, who would make the bank parlor his headquarters, and bid his soldiers mount guard over the bullion vaults, it is difficult to say.—With London in a state of siege, a Protestant Marshal installed at the Mansion House, a park of Artillery on Tower Hill, the Royal Exchange and Guildhall converted into military posts, and foreign soldiers quartered upon the inhabitants, there would be no "Quotations" of Consols on the Stock Exchange, nor any of the usual telegraphs or leading articles in the newspapers. The Government would be powerless for anything but "making terms" with the invading foe; Parliament would be nowhere; martial law alone would prevail; our glorious constitution would be abrogated, and the monarchy itself might be in jeopardy. The day of England's disgrace and humiliation might inaugurate a saturnalia of brutal soldiery; crime and misery, such as the imagination recoils from conceiving, might desolate our hearths and homes; and destruction of property to the value of untold millions would involve paralysis of commerce, death of credit, stoppage of manufactures, ruin of trade and the dissolution of every bond of law and society; nay, even this frightful calamity might be heightened by the horrors of the sack of London.—*Cornhill Magazine* for June.

With advancing years our lively Premier seems more and more to lack wisdom. With the full knowledge that his government is in a decided minority in the Lords, and that his scarcely more than nominal majority in the Commons is composed of discordant and sometimes untractable elements, he seems bent upon alienating from his party many Members whose support any far-sighted Statesman, we should think, ought to consider worth some consideration. Instead, however, of exhibiting a spirit of conciliation he has this week endeavoured to rival Lord John Russell by a display of anti-Catholic spleen, and by giving his sanction to the most outrageous calumnies against the Papal Government. In making a statement on Tuesday night, relative to the Sicilian insurrection, Lord Palmerston positively distorted well known facts in describing the expulsion of some Tuscan and other revolutionary invaders of Perugia as "a sack and massacre." Those who read the detailed accounts of the affair as it appeared in our paper at the time, from well authenticated sources, must pity the noble Lord for assisting to propagate such deliberate falsehoods invented by the revolutionary faction without the shadow of a foundation. Nor was this all. After stating that application had been made from Naples to its foreign allies for assistance, he had the audacity to couple in his denunciations the Pontifical Government with that of Naples. "It is," said Lord Palmerston, "the fault and fortune of Governments like those of Rome and Naples, when, by the cruelties and atrocities committed under their authority, their subjects have been driven to desperation and have revolted, that they appeal to all friendly Powers for assistance to remove the men who are the authors and instigators of the revolution. Those Governments forget that they themselves are the real and original instigators of those revolutionary movements, and if their prayer were granted, and steps taken to accomplish the object they desired, unless, which is very unlikely, they were prepared to alter their own courses, the first, most effectual, and only necessary step would be their own removal." Now, in the first place, we protest against the Roman Government being for a moment classed with that of Naples. With regard to the system of government hitherto pursued by Naples, we believe that its evils have been grossly exaggerated, but we protest against its being for a moment supposed that there has now or at any time within the last ten years been any similarity between the acts of the two Governments. We defy the most bigoted Protestant to substantiate any real grievance under which the people of the Roman States suffer; and to denounce the Governments of Rome and Naples in one breath is to offer a deliberate insult to millions of Her Majesty's subjects, and to the Sovereign Pontiff, with whom—although ultra-Protestant may "no peace with Rome"—England is diplomatically at least supposed to be on terms of friendship. Lord Palmerston should remember that his position is by no means secure, and that his ill-considered

reiteration of the Shaftesbury calumnies is not calculated to strengthen his Government or lead to a prolonged tenure of office. He once himself overshoot the mark, and procured his own downfall, and nothing is more likely to produce the same result as a persistence in the style of language adopted by his Lordship on Tuesday last. This last escapade of his is well calculated to aid the growing impression, that the absence of himself, as well as that of Lord John Russell, would entail no loss upon a really Liberal Government.—*Weekly Register*.

A CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICER.—The money paid, with slight formality, by the general taxpayer to the collector, has to pass through very mysterious ceremonies on its arrival at the head-quarters of the "department." Sometimes an unhappy individual has occasion to make such a final payment—say for property tax—himself. On arriving at Somerset House, and hunting till he finds the proper portal, out of many opening into the double quadrangle, he stumbles through a badly-lighted labyrinth of corridors (on some of which the plaster is not yet dry), escaping as he can the pitfalls of steps, which open here and there beneath his feet, and are barely discernible in the gloom. Pursuing his inquiries, he gets sent up several wrong staircases, and is banded about from No. 69 to No. 96, and from "Mr. Jones's office" to "Mr. Jacob's office." It is a rule, that nobody knows anything about anybody else's business in Somerset House. At length he actually reaps the reward of perseverance, by discovering the right "office" where, of course, he proffers the money he has to pay to the elegant gentleman who sits at the table. Of course it is not received, but after being frowned into proper humility, and cross-questioned almost to an inch of his life, he is told to wait, whilst certain entries are made in a book, and some hieroglyphics scrawled on a printed "ticket." A bell is then struck (they don't ring bells in Somerset House) and an attendant summoned from the messengers' room, into whose charge he is consigned. For the ensuing twenty minutes he is enabled to obtain as lively an idea of being "taken into custody," as is ever likely to fall within the experience of any honest and solvent Briton, who keeps outside the Russian or Austrian frontiers. His liveried guardian watches him like a detective policeman. For a while he might be excused for believing that he was suspected of an intention of stealing money from the place instead of paying it in. He is led like a helpless victim (as he is) upstairs and down—from officer to officer—seeing more entries made—more hieroglyphics scrawled, and fresh "tickets" exchanged; until at length he is ushered into a sort of cage, where he stands behind a wire screen until some of the functionaries on the other side can find time to take his cash, and give him his acquittance. We be to him, even then, should he tender gold, and one of his sovereigns be light, even by a quarter of a grain! He is ignominiously dismissed with the sensation of being caught in an act of felony, and has all the work to do over again. One can hardly wonder, if next time he should save himself from a repetition of the troublesome process by sending his payment direct to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, under the title of "conscience-money." These formalities are, perhaps essential—some to prevent blunders, or malfeasance in the office—others, to enable the department to satisfy the morbid longing of the House of Commons for "accounts and papers." To the taxpayer, however, they occasion immense trouble and waste of time. Business-men, who are obliged to go through much of this sort of work in buying stamps, clearing cargoes, and the like, are obliged to keep a regular staff of clerks for this particular purpose.—*Universal Review*.

COMMERCIAL FRAUDS.—In a memorial recently addressed to the Board of Trade (and published in the *Money Market Review* of June 6), Mr. W. F. Spackman, jun., furnishes the following recapitulation of the losses—amounting to an aggregate of nearly four millions sterling—which have been sustained during the last three or four years through the inadequate system of audit of the accounts of public companies. The Royal British Bank.—Stopped payment in 1859. The failure was caused by making advances to directors and others on improper and insufficient securities. Capital, £200,000; deposits, £340,000; on which 15s in the pound has been retained; deficiency, 15s in the pound, £135,000; total £385,000. The Tipperary Bank.—Failure caused by the frauds of Sadler. Accounts were wilfully falsified. Capital, £500,000; deposits, £700,000; total, £1,200,000. I believe the whole has been lost. The London and Eastern Bank.—In this case the notorious Colonel Waugh appropriated to himself an amount equal to the whole paid-up capital of the bank, and has since absconded and set his creditors at defiance. The loss exceeds £250,000. The Western Bank of Scotland.—Capital paid up, £1,500,000; deposits, £5,000,000; total, 7,500,000. Every effort has been made to prevent a complete exposure of the affairs of this bank. I do not know if any return has been made to the depositors. At the lowest estimate, the entire paid-up capital has been lost—£1,500,000. The Crystal Palace Company. The frauds of Robson, committed by tampering with the transfer books, entailed a loss of £100,000. The Great Northern Railway Company.—Redpath's frauds, committed in a similar manner to Robson's. The auditors here were greatly at fault, as I understand that dividends were paid on a larger amount of stock than had been issued. Loss, £250,000. The Union Bank of London.—The frauds just discovered, committed by the head cashier, William George Pullinger, by means of a fictitious pass book, representing the account between the Union Bank and the Bank of England. The frauds are said to have extended over a period of five years, and with a proper check in the audit, ought to have been detected in the first half-year. Loss, £263,070. Total losses to the public, £3,888,070.

It is satisfactory to find in the columns of a contemporary such sensible observations as the following, with regard to enlistment in the service of the Pope. The *Guardian* says—"Irish Roman Catholics complain that the Irish Government or police—we know not which—issues notices menacing with penalties those who may enlist in the service of the Pope, while the subscription for Garibaldi is permitted to go unchecked. Mr. Cardwell replies that there is a difference between warning people against the infraction of a penal statute and volunteering by anticipation a decision of a doubtful point of unwritten law. This is not, however, the whole account of the matter; since it has not been usual to prosecute persons taking service, in time of peace, under friendly Governments, such as those of Austria, Russia, and France. And if the question be whether one man has not as good a right to help the Pope as another has to help Garibaldi, we do not see how it could be answered in the negative. The Government will do wisely not to raise that question, since it cannot do so without making itself a partisan."

A QUESTION ANSWERED.—The Italian Committee in London, who are advertising for subscriptions in aid of Garibaldi's expedition, have published a list of the names of those who have subscribed; and among many names which we are sorry to see linked with such an undertaking, we regret to perceive those of four Oxford Colleges—Christ Church, New College, Balliol, and Lincoln. We cannot for a moment imagine that the moneys represented as having been contributed by these colleges in their corporate capacity have been drawn from the college chests; but such is the only interpretation of which the form of the announcement admits. We beg to draw the attention of the authorities to this circumstance; and we would remind the individuals who have thus displayed their sympathies with revolution that they have not only compromised the character of their colleges, but have actually been guilty of an act which the Attorney General has reluctantly admitted to be quite illegal, and which involves heavy penalties. It is certainly not Oxford University

which should set the example of violating the law, for there are plenty of people who will be only too glad to make the most of such a precedent. Take, as an example, an advertisement which appeared in a Roman Catholic print last week. It runs thus:—"Repeat of the Union.—To the Nationalists of Ireland.—A petition to Her Majesty is now ready for signature, praying Her Majesty to authorise an universal suffrage by ballot (on the principle so strongly advocated by her Majesty's Ministers, with reference to the late affairs in Italy), to determine the opinions and desires of the Irish people, on the great question of Legislative Independence. Let the good and true men of every town and parish in Ireland take measures to make known the will of the people." It is easy enough to pour-pooch a move of this kind; but is it not a legitimate and rational sequence of the policy of our government in the Italian question? If universal suffrage is good for the people of Florence, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna—as Lord Palmerston and his Foreign Secretary say it is—it is not quite as good for the Irish, the Ionians, and the people of Oude? We asked the same question last week, and this advertisement is a very apt and pointed reply.—*Union*.

COCK AND BULL STORIES.—We have not given ourselves and our readers all this trouble without having another and a special object. We are constantly asked to notice and refute, if we can, the allegations of the *Times* and other papers, concerning the barbarities and tortures inflicted by the agents of the Neapolitan Government. We are told that we must either contradict them or submit to them, and that if they cannot be contradicted, it is monstrous to object to Garibaldi or anybody else who helps to abate such a nuisance. We answer that it is absurd to require us to contradict and refute statements which come before us upon such authority, and unsupported by any evidence. They bear upon them all the indicia of fraud. They furnish us with means by which their truth can be tested. If such things had ever happened it would be impossible that they should be brought before the world in the manner in which they are presented to us. Thus the *Times*, May 31 dishes up a banquet of horrors of which we will give a few samples. "The *Times* expresses its conviction that the following facts are essentially true." The details may be highly colored and a melodramatic air given to deeds which are only stupidly horrible, but the evidence from so many quarters is concurrent! and the names and dates are too fully particularized!! and the charges have been too long uncontradicted for us to have a doubt of their accuracy." This is the introduction; now for a sample of the facts: "Recently an old man and his daughter, far gone in pregnancy, perished under the lash." Observe—no date, no place, no name, no witness, no reference to any authority. Why, the usual No Popery calumnies are more precise than this. Mr. Thomas, with his story of the priest riding the jack-ass round his church, or introducing a real cow and a live donkey into Strand Chapel (we forget the details), at least committed himself to some details which made refutation possible. But what human being could refute the story that an old man and his daughter, far gone in pregnancy (name, time, and place, unknown), had recently perished under the lash. Another sample is the story of Giovanni Vignola, of Messina, caught carrying a child in his cypher, put into a boat, and then put into the water, kept there till he was "nearly a Bible," (the writer must have thought of Mr. Mitchell and his "most unpleasant body"). "He is supposed to have since died." We can say of Giovanni Vignola, of Messina, who, according to the *Times*, is supposed to have since died, except that, by the *Tablet*, he is supposed never to have existed. Then in 1854, "it is said," that the people making themselves masters of the police buildings, found some black boot-traces of the enormities there perpetrated. It is so said.—But why should any one believe it? Nay, what right has anybody to believe or to report without proof? We say the same of the wife and daughter of Casimir Arsimiano. We say the same of the gridiron chair of Pontillo—of Bona, who had her breasts between their legs, and of the seven, by turning which Manosca crushes his victims' limbs. But then there is the letter in the *Times* of last Saturday from Beachy Paragonage G. W. Bridges, Esq., who, on the 17th of February, 1854, rushed into "the disclosed region of death," and was the only Englishman who did.

"On removing one of the huge bookcases, some fresh plastered wall appeared concealed behind it; a passage was quickly broken through it, and the senses were almost overpowered by the steaming effluvia which issued from seven dark chambers communicating with each other, where upon clearing the loopholes, a secret scene of horror was before us, such as warrants the best testimony to be believed. There lay human bodies, and the mutilated remains of such, in every state of decay and decay—bundles of rotting rags mingled with bones, and limbs, and filth filled the corners of the smaller rooms; chains hung riveted to the walls above, whence some of these remains had dropped as they died—some still holding in their iron grasp the arms or necks of their finished victims. Skeletons, almost fleshless, were piled upon others, which were quite so, and placed on stone shelves which had served as their beds while living; naked bodies, black and polpy, were hidden beneath others more recently dead, yet alive with maggots; and, greater horror still, two human bodies in writhing attitudes were hanging crucified upon the wall of the largest chamber, the reeking, blood-stained stones of which held rusty spikes, corresponding to the outstretched hands and feet of others which had been so suspended, and still retaining the stringy remains of muscles torn to shreds, from which the heavier portions had dropped and lay in heaps of putridity beneath. Shrieks of indignant horror arose from the infuriated crowd, a portion of which rushed back to the prison where the captured *stirri* were secured, brought them out, and shot them down on the instant. Others remained raving and searching among the bones and bodies examining minutely the putrid remnants of those they fancied might have been their fathers, brothers, or kindred, who had long been missing, but whose fate they knew not."

"This indeed," says Mr. Bridges, "was a scene never to be forgotten—enough to sicken the thought that dwells on it, and to attest, were it needed, the usual and very accurate truthfulness of your assertions." "The usual, and very accurate truthfulness of your assertions," is a phrase which indicates some wag, who, having joyously tested the capacity of the "Times" swallow by a Munchausen narrative, ends by a wink to the public, to make them understand that it is a hoax. But whether the letter was written by a jester or a madman, whether from Beachy Paragonage or Bedlam, the *Times*, which was imposed upon by Mr. John Arrowsmith's adventures in the Georgia Railway train, has been imposed upon again. And as one fool makes many, and as many people believe everything they read in the *Times*, who boast that they are far too wise to believe half that they read in the Bible, this vision of a maniac's nightmare, with all its impossibilities, has been accepted as a fact, and we have been gravely asked what have we got to say to it. Our answer is that, in this article, we have given from the *Times*, so many instances of gross falsehoods—falsehoods all told on one side and for one purpose—falsehoods concerning matters actually passing before the eyes of the whole world—falsehoods which could not hope to live unrefuted for more than a few days—that neither we nor anybody can be called on to investigate any statement published by the *Times* against the Government of Naples—far less any statements which bear with them such open, glaring, and unmistakable evidences of their falsehood and absurdity.—*London Tablet*.

It is not always the most ragged man that is the most shabby fellow.



The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1860.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

This mail by the Anglo-Saxon contains some details of the long-talked of interview of Louis Napoleon with the Prince of Prussia at Baden, but of the real business transacted betwixt these august personages we have no reliable information. All the German princes were present, much to the disgust, it is hinted, of the Emperor, who had proposed to himself a quiet friendly talk with the Prince of Prussia, without the intervention of witnesses. We are told also, that just as the "Empire is peace," so this Baden interview is the prelude to a Continental millennium, when the sword shall be beaten out into a reaping hook, and nation shall no longer rise up in arms against nation. All however is mere speculation; nothing positive is known of what transpired betwixt the "Man of Destiny," and the mob of crowned heads who assembled to do him homage. Perhaps however we shall ere long have our German Question, just as we have had our Italian Question, and are apparently destined to have our Irish Question, or "La Question Irlandaise."

For this is the title of a new pamphlet announced for publication in Paris—whether with, or without the sanction of our illustrious ally who can tell? Its tone may be judged of from a passage from the Dedication, wherein the writer addresses himself to the Great Britain in the following significant terms:—

"My dear John Bull,—It is one of your oratorical habits to profess the warmest sympathy for suffering peoples. You willingly applaud revolts if they occur outside your territory; and the struggles of national independence, provided they do not attack British authority, produce eloquent admiration on your part. You subscribe at this moment for Garibaldi."

"What am I to think of these liberal manifestations? According to certain people, when you are affected by the misfortunes of a nationality and you cry 'Bravo!' to a revolution, it is less through goodness of heart and generosity of sentiment, than from calculation and an acute perception of your personal interests. I know, on the other hand, what you would reply to anybody who should speak to you of the Hindus you bound to the cannon's mouth, or of the Ionians, to whom you refuse annexation to Greece. With that baughty assurance which characterizes you, you would say, 'Inauze are the people who do not appreciate the blessings of British civilization.' Did not one of your Lords proclaim that Great Britain is the light of nations and the preservation of the world?"

"However that may be, I take you at your word. You admit that people ill governed have a right to require reforms, or to dispose of themselves as they please. I do not require more."

"This fact being established, I will speak to you in a friendly tone, of a people who have more right to your interest than Hungarians, Poles, Lombards, Romans, Sicilians, or Neapolitans."

"It is the Irish of whom I wish to speak. Do not exclaim. You will permit me, I hope, were it only for my own instruction, to study 'the blessings of English civilization' in Ireland. Where shines 'the light of the world' have I not a right, and even a duty, to enlighten myself?"

"And, moreover, if by chance there are some reforms to be accomplished—small or great—would you not be glad that I had attracted your attention to that neglected part of the United Kingdom? There are certain services which friends owe each other. Friendship obliges, and, as one of my classics says,— 'Un veritable ami toujours dur, inflexible, Sur nos fautes jamais ne nous laisse paisible.' I use to you consequently, my dear John Bull, that of right belongs the dedication of these pages."

"Your frank neighbour, JOHN OF PARIS."

This question of "oppressed nationalities" is certainly an embarrassing one, and one with which the "Great Britain" were he endowed with a very moderate amount of foresight would be loath to meddle. Sicily may have been sadly misgoverned by the Neapolitan Bourbons, and Sicilians may have many a sound grievance to urge against the Kingdom of Naples. But however oppressive may have been the latter towards its island neighbor, there is no wrong than can be urged against it, which has not its counterpart, aye and more than its counterpart, in the British Isles; there is no act of cruelty, no injustice of which Naples has been guilty towards Sicily, which has not been equalled, if not exceeded in cruelty and injustice, by British legislation towards Ireland; and assuredly in Sicily there is no such monster grievance, no such crying iniquity, as the Protestant Church as "By Law Established," nor are there betwixt the Sicilians and the Neapolitans those ineradicable differences of race, language, and religion which distinguish the Catholic Celt from the Protestant Anglo-Saxon who bears rule in Ireland. These are facts which "John of Paris" will no doubt bring out in strong relief; and from these facts as his premises the way perhaps—who can tell?—draw the inference that, if armed insurrection is a holy thing in Sicily, it would be no less holy

in Ireland; that if a Garibaldi has claims upon the sympathies of the friends of freedom and civilization throughout the world, the champion of Irish independence, who should raise the standard of Ireland's nationality, and who should do for Dublin, what the Sicilian filibuster has done for Palermo, would merit the thanks and applause of the civilized world. Should the Parisian pamphleteer adopt this line of argument, it is certain that his facts, or premises, could not be contradicted; and it is not easy to see with what arms the Great Britain, who shouts for Garibaldi, would attempt to refute his argument, or inferences, from these facts. It may be urged however that the "Great Britain" is specially privileged, and altogether superior to those moral laws by which ordinary mortals, and mere Papists are bound.

From Sicily itself we have little important to report. Garibaldi is apparently organising, and is certainly enforcing with great severity the law of the conscription upon his Sicilian subjects; it is also said that he is preparing to carry the war across the Straits to the mainland, and to advance through Calabria upon Naples.

The domestic news is of no interest. A warm discussion upon enlistment for the Pope in Ireland elicited from Mr. Cardwell the confession that Government was utterly powerless in the matter; that it had done all it could do to prevent the emigration to Italy, but that it had hitherto failed in bringing home an illegal act to either priest or layman.

The arrival of the Great Eastern at New York, after a voyage of 12 days from Southampton, forms an epoch in the history of navigation. Though the time occupied by her trip may at first be deemed discreditable to her powers, it must be remembered that she was out of trim, and that her bottom was very foul. But her powers of endurance were severely and satisfactorily tested during the voyage by a smart gale of wind she experienced on the 19th; and it may now be assumed that the question of her merits both as to speed and safety, has been conclusively settled. We regret to learn that she encountered an accident in port, whereby severe injury was inflicted upon the port paddlewheel, which will occasion an additional expenditure of some thousands of dollars. It is said to be in contemplation to bring her round to Portland, where the authorities have been at much trouble and expense in preparing a suitable berth for the monster ship. From New York we hear of the sad fate of a wretched apostate of the name of McNemany. The unhappy creature upset his lamp, and was burned to death, in consequence apparently of being in such a condition as to be unable to take care of himself.

The Prince of Wales may be expected in Montreal about the 24th of next month.

On Monday last, His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal commenced his Pastoral tour to the different parishes and missions of his Diocese.

AN "ENGLISH CATHOLIC."—Over this signature in the Kingston Daily News a very silly person naively makes confession of his ignorance, and asks the following question, which of itself affords conclusive proof of the truth of his previously made confession. He asks whether the Catholic Church considers the B. Virgin:—"an omniscient and omnipotent being, who can at all times, and at the same moment of time, listen to and attend to the prayers of so many millions of the faithful scattered over this mundane sphere" [a vile phrase that some "mundane sphere" why could the doctored creature not say "earth" at once like a Christian?—or, in other words, whether she is considered as possessing the attributes of God?]

These questions are easily answered; though after all it is doubtful whether it be not too great a condescension on the part of a Catholic—not an "English Catholic"—to notice such silly twaddle at all. We reply however thus:—

The Catholic Church—meaning thereby the Church in communion with the Apostolic and Roman See—does not consider the B. Virgin to be either "omniscient or omnipotent," or ought but a finite though highly exalted creature, who owes all she has to her Creator, the One Eternal Infinite God Whose name be blessed for ever; and in like manner the Catholic Church would account it rank blasphemy to attribute to that highly exalted but still finite, or limited creature, any one of the attributes of her infinite and unlimited Creator.

We may believe of the Saints reigning with Christ, and of His Blessed Mother in particular, that they are, that she is, no longer subject to, or limited by, the same conditions of time and space as those by which we of this "mundane sphere" are limited—without attributing to the Saints and the Blessed Virgin, any one of the attributes of God, of the Absolute and Unconditioned; we may believe them to be even as the angels, and as therefore possessed of faculties far transcending our limited faculties, without believing them to be either omniscient or omnipresent.—As we have before had occasion to remark when treating of this subject, the infinite is not a multiple of the finite, but its contradictory. Infinite knowledge, or omniscience, differs from finite knowledge—no matter to whatsoever extent the latter may be carried—not in degree, but in kind; and bearing in mind what a mere speck or

atom this "mundane sphere" is when compared with the rest of the visible creation, we might without any violation of these principles, attribute to the Saints a knowledge of all "mundane" transactions, without any approximation towards the absurd hypothesis of the "English Catholic," that we attribute to them "omniscience and omnipotence." It is possible—such are the degrading tendencies of heresy—it is possible that Protestants entertain such a low and erroneous idea of God as to assign to Him no higher attributes than those which Catholics predicate of His glorified creatures;—but, if so, this convicts, not Catholics, but Protestants, of idolatry and gross religious error; it is a convincing proof we say, not that Catholics think too highly of the Saints, but that Protestants think too meanly of God.

If an "English Catholic" merely betrays his ignorance of the true meaning of words when he assumes that a knowledge of what transpires in this finite "mundane sphere," is identical with omniscience, or infinite knowledge, in the concluding paragraph of his communication he approves himself to be not only an ignoramus, but scurrilous and blasphemous: as for instance when he associates the name of Venus with that of the Blessed Virgin Mother; of her who in her chaste womb held Him Whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain; of her from whose virgin teats the Word made flesh, the Incarnate God, imbibed nourishment. "A beautiful improvement upon the vulgar worship of Venus, which was invented in the olden times to gratify man's yearnings," is the sentence passed by this silly and scurrilous blasphemer upon the honor which the worshippers of an Incarnate God render to her of whom God took flesh; and we believe that it would be beneath us seriously to enter into controversy with such a one, and upon such a topic. It is indeed but in strictest harmony with the eternal fitness of things, that he who entertains such low grovelling ideas of God as to attribute to Him nothing more than what Catholics attribute to the Saints, His creatures, should also fall into most revolting error respecting the Incarnation, its due place in the Christian system, and her who was the fellow worker with God in that sublime mystery. Their opposition to the cultus of the Saints as taught and practised by the Catholic Church, betrays the false notions of God and His attributes entertained by Protestants; and in like manner their opposition to the cultus or religious honors rendered by the Catholic Church to the Blessed Mother of God, in particular, betrays their disbelief in the doctrine of the Incarnation, their incapacity to realize the fundamental truth that the "Word was made flesh." In fact, all heresies, or errors imply a misconception or denial of that sublime mystery, and are best refuted in terms of the Blessed Virgin—that is to say, by defining or assigning to her, her true place in the grand scheme of man's redemption; and no one who truly comprehends the doctrine of the Incarnation as taught by the Catholic Church and as underlying her entire system—even though he refuses his assent to that doctrine—can fail to admit the admirable harmony, the logical coherence betwixt it and the "Mariolatry," or "Saint Worship," which ignorant but conceited Protestants denounce as idolatry.

Instead therefore of disputing with our Anglican friend, we would content ourselves by earnestly recommending to his serious meditation the words of the Nicene Creed, as contained in his own Liturgy:—

"Who was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary."

ANGLICANISM AND DIVORCE.—In our discussions with our Protestant cotemporaries upon the Marriage Question, we have often insisted that, even by Anglicans, the indissolubility of the marriage tie was recognised; and that, in theory at least, the Anglican, as well as the Catholic Church, taught that the law of Christ relative to the sexual unions of all baptised persons was "one with one, and for ever." Always have we given credit to the Anglican Church for having, in spite of its Protestantism, retained certain fragments—highly valuable even though only fragments—of Catholic truth.

That in so doing, we have only done justice to Anglicanism, is manifest from the language held by the Protestant Bishop of Toronto at the late Synod of the Anglican clergy. According to the Echo—an Anglican journal—the reverend gentleman is reported as having thus delivered himself on the Marriage Question, and the Divorce law:—

"The law of the Church of England, which is the law of Christ, is that marriage is indissoluble, and on this foundation the law of marriage, which is the oldest, the greatest, and the most universal of all social institutions, has ever rested in England. It was thus settled at the Reformation, on the basis of Holy Scripture, and the just restraints by which it is guarded, appear to have been in harmony with the entire sense of the public almost to the present time."

We accept the reverend gentleman's declaration in so far as the law, or theory of the Church of England is concerned; but we must be permitted to express our respectful surprise at the other portions of his remarks. If the Reformation settled anything as to the marriage question in England, it was to declare it no longer indissoluble; and in practice, the law of the land on the same question has ever been opposed to that which the Protestant Prelate tells us "is the law of Christ." It was, as every schoolboy knows, impatience of the restraints imposed by Catholicity upon the Sovereign's headstrong passions that led to his rupture with Rome; and if in any one thing the spirit of the Reformation—whether as it developed itself in Germany or in England—and its essential opposition to Catholicity, be more prominent than in another, it is in its opposition to the ancient law of the Church—"One with one, and for ever." The fathers of the Reformation on the Continent expressly

taught that polygamy was lawful; and, in England, the sanction of a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury was never wanting to the amorous and lascivious Prince desirous of breaking the bonds which united him to a disagreeable partner.

But whatever may have been the case, it cannot be denied that in England of to-day, the law of the land expressly recognises the dissolubility of marriage, and must therefore be opposed to that other law which a Bishop of the Church of England affirms to be the law of Christ. Now the law of the land, and the law of the Church of England, being thus, upon a most important question, diametrically opposed to one another, it is of some interest to note to which of these laws so opposed—that of the land, or that of Christ—the dignitaries and Ministers of the Church of England yield allegiance. It is—as throwing strong light upon the claims of the latter to a divine origin, and to be a branch of Christ's Church upon earth—important to enquire whether in dealing with the matrimonial unions of its own professing members, the Church of England shapes its course according to that which it proclaims to be the "law of Christ," or according to "Acts of Parliament," directly opposed to that divine law. The theory of the Church of England is, we admit, that marriage is indissoluble—what, we ask, is its practice?

Were its practise in conformity with its theory upon the question of marriage; did its Bishops and Clergy who confess that, by the law of Christ, marriage is indissoluble, and that therefore the human law which sanctions divorce is essentially anti-Christian, make their acts to conform with their professions, the second marriages of divorced persons would not be celebrated in, or sanctioned by the Church of England. Its Ministers would boldly refuse to admit to the participation of its sacraments persons living in a state of legalised adultery; and the Bishops of the Church would issue positive injunctions to their clergy, never to sanction by their presence the second marriage of a person whose first partner was living, even though he or she might plead an Act of Parliament, or the sentence of a Court of Law annulling his or her previous marriage; for even a Protestant must admit that it is incompetent even for the Imperial Parliament to repeal, or set aside the "law of Christ." Thus at least would the Church of England act, were it conscious of its divine origin, were it truly a member of Christ's Church, or were it anything but the creature of the same authority which, in direct opposition to the law of Christ, enacts that marriage is not indissoluble.

But the Church of England does none of these things, but on the contrary tamely submits itself to what it knows to be the anti-Christian legislation of the land. Not only do its ministers refrain from hurling their anathemas at the heads of persons, its professed members, availing themselves of the legalisation of divorce to contract fresh sexual unions during the lifetime of their first partners, to whom, by Christ's law, they had been indissolubly united; but they, the bishops and clergy of the Church of England, take an active part in the violation of the Divine ordinance by assisting at, and giving the nuptial benediction to, impure and adulterous sexual unions, contracted in defiance of that law which the Anglican Bishop of Toronto assures us is "the law of the Church of England, which is the law of Christ." The Apostle bids his converts from amongst the Gentiles not to trouble themselves with scruples about meat and drinks, but for conscience sake to eat whatsoever is sold in the shambles, without asking questions. The bishops and clergy of the Church of England seem to give an extended application to the Apostle's precept, one to which indeed he never could have dreamt that it would be stretched.—In practise, the doctrines of the Church of England with respect to its divorced members coming before it to ask its sanction and its nuptial benediction to their new sexual unions is—"Marry every couple that present themselves before you, and ask no questions for conscience sake." It is thus that our Anglican friends seek to reconcile their Christian theories with their anti-Christian practices; and to keep on good terms both with the law of Christ and the law of the land, though the two are mutually contradictory, and irreconcilable with one another.

If on the one hand this monstrous inconsistency, this humiliating subjection to human law when opposed to Divine law—this glaring violation of the precept which teaches that it is better to obey God than man—pains and shocks us, yet it is not without its advantages to the cause of Catholicity; for it tends to drive conscientious and reflecting men into the bosom of that Church whose theory and whose practise are in strictest harmony; and which never hesitates, and never has hesitated, to brave the fiercest wrath of man, whenever man's law is, or was, opposed to Christ's law. Never—such men argue with themselves—never would the true Church of Christ, the true Catholic Church, lend her sanction, even in appearance, to an infraction of the law of Christ; never would she refrain from denouncing, and from thrusting back from her altars, should he have the temerity there to present himself, the disobedient son who, in defiance of the law of the Church, which is the law of Christ, should dare to avail himself of an Act of Parliament repugnant to the Christian law of marriage; never under any circumstances would a divinely instituted society or Church countenance, by the presence of its ministers, the violation of the fundamental law of Christian society, "one with one and for ever." And yet the Church of England as "by Law Established," does all these things; the conclusion is irresistible, that she cannot be the Church of Christ. The sum of the matter is this:—

The law of Christ asserts that marriage is indissoluble.

The law of England is the direct contradictory of the law of Christ, inasmuch as it asserts that marriage is not indissoluble.

The Church of England recognises, in theory, the law of Christ with respect to the marriage unions of its members, but in practise humbly conforms itself to the anti-Christian law of the land.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The July number of this admirable Catholic periodical, containing articles on the following subjects, has come to hand:—

- I. The Papal Power.
II. Dr. Arnold and Catholic Education.
III. The Tyranny of Progress.
IV. Politics at Home.
V. Literary Notices and Criticisms.

In his first article the Reviewer returns to a work published some years ago by M. Gosselin, the Rev. Director in the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, upon the origin of the temporal power of the Popes in the Middle Ages. The Rev. M. Gosselin, in his work, contends that that power formed part of the jus publicum of Christendom, and was conceded to the Popes by its several sovereigns. The Reviewer admits this; but contends that the Popes held their temporal power not merely jure humano, but jure divino as well; that that power flowed as a necessary consequence from the relative positions of the two orders, the spiritual and the temporal—of the first of which orders the Pope, as Vicar of Jesus Christ, was the visible head or representative upon earth, and of the second of which, the Emperor, as chief of the temporal order, was head. Though the Reviewer thus claims a divine origin for the temporal power of the Popes, he is careful to restrict the exercise of that power to spiritual objects, or to the advancement of the spiritual order itself; it is an authority over not in the temporal order that he asserts, and temporal authority only in so far as "every temporal act on some side touches, and must touch the spiritual."

In the second article—the "School Question" or education, is rather glanced at than discussed. The writer complains, and perhaps with truth—that the Catholic schools in the United States are, considered from an exclusively material or worldly point of view, inferior in several respects to the common or Non-Catholic State schools. This we say may be, most probably is, true; nor do we see how, considering the material advantages which State patronage confers upon the latter, or Non-Catholic common schools, it can well be otherwise. Put however the Catholic and the Non-Catholic school on an equal footing as before the State, and we doubt not from the zeal of our coreligionists in the United States, and the noble efforts of their Pastors, that the latter considered merely as an instrument for imparting material or secular information, would soon equal, if not outstrip, its hitherto more favored rival. It is indeed much to be regretted that the leading Catholic periodical in the United States, and we may say in North America, either maintains a strange silence upon the School Question—the most important politico-religious question of the day—or at best utters but a faint and uncertain sound thereupon. We do not question the Reviewer's perfect orthodoxy; but we do fear that he is too much afraid of "public opinion" to speak his mind fully and fearlessly upon a subject upon which his Non-Catholic fellow-subjects entertain such strong and deep rooted prejudices as the School Question; and that the fact that the "common schools" are an American "net" operates powerfully against his passing upon them a withering and justly deserved condemnation. The inevitable tendency however of democracy, such as obtains in the United States, is to squeeze all courage, all manhood, all independence of opinion, out of those who are subject to its baneful influences; and we should be thankful therefore that our Reviewer has left in him enough of moral courage to hint a dislike to the Godless and tyrannical system of State-Schoolism which prevails amongst our democratic neighbors. There is no tyranny so relentless, so inexorable, and to its victims, so degrading, as the tyranny of "public opinion;" and we cannot therefore be surprised to find that even the Catholic spirit of Brownson's Review is benumbed by its malign influences. In justice however to Dr. Brownson, we should state that the article on Education whose deficiencies, or sins of omission, we mention with regret, is not from his pen, but from a casual contributor.

The article on the "Tyranny of Progress" is a learned and powerful article, the general spirit of which is decidedly adverse to the spirit of the age. It does not thence follow however that the writer is in error, or the latter in the right. What is certain is, that even in the material order, the only effect of the much vaunted social progress of the day is, if it makes the rich richer, to leave the poor poorer, more wretched, and more abject in their wretchedness, than at any previous period of the world's history, of which we have any positive information. As the writer truly and forcibly observes of modern Protestant civilization: "There is more squalid misery, vice, and disease festering at this moment in any one of the great centres of civilization, than Dr. Livingston discovered in all Africa."

The fourth article on Politics at Home is our favorite, and from the contents of a note at page 360, we are warranted in attributing it to the pen of Dr. Brownson himself. At its commencement we find the following observation (which we cordially endorse) on the tyranny of "public opinion" in the United States:—

"The constitution and laws guarantee us the most perfect freedom of thought and speech, but public opinion, which in a Democracy, is supreme, and reigns as a despot, exercises here a more effectual restraint on both thought and speech than is, or can be exercised by the most arbitrary and despotic government in the Old World."—p. 261.

In like manner we heartily approve of the Reviewer's condemnation of an alliance betwixt the "Catholic cause," and "political parties;" his denunciation of the practice of appealing to the "Irish vote," to the "German vote," in American elections; his manly vigorous abuse of the place-hunting mania, as rife in the United States as in Canada; and his scathing exposure of the ignorance and political immorality of those brawlers, who make the bestowal of government situations the test of the respective merits of political parties. In all these things—though by the Reviewer immediately applied only to the United States—there is so much that is directly applicable to the social and political condition of Canada, that we cannot refrain from making



some extracts.

Having alluded to the tyranny of "public opinion" in democratically organised communities, the Reviewer continues:—

The Journal that undertakes to enlighten and correct the opinion of its own public has no lease of life, and it will be as speedily and as effectually suppressed with us, as by the police in France would be a journal that should dare question the wisdom or justice of the Imperial regime, or the Imperial policy. No periodical with us can live except on condition of pleasing the special public it addresses, and that public, be it what it will, is impatient of contradiction, and requires the journal it supports not simply to tell it what is true, right, and just, but to defend its opinions, prejudices, sympathies, and antipathies. It supports a journal only on condition that it is devoted to its cause, or its convictions and sentiments. A slight exception, no doubt, must be made in the case of the Catholic public, which has some conscience, but even the Catholic public would soon drop a journal that constantly contradicted its political convictions and sentiments, however conclusive the reasons it might give, or however unexceptionable in a religious point of view it might be, while its devotion to the Catholic cause would effectually prevent its circulation among non-Catholics, however acceptable it might be under the point of view of politics.

Moreover, we are opposed to the alliance of the Catholic cause with political parties. The Church is self-sufficing, and we wish her cause to be compromised by no real or apparent league with monarchies or republics, aristocracies or democracies,—the Republicans or the Democrats, the Americans or the Nationals. No one of these parties are Catholic and no good can come to religion by making the prosperity of the Catholic cause dependent on the success or defeat of any one of them. Catholics have the same political rights and duties with other citizens, but the interests of their Church do not require them to throw all their influence on the side of any one of these parties, not even in case it promises to elect now and then a nominal Catholic member of Congress or of a State Legislature, or give to a few brawling politicians, whose fathers were Catholics, a place in the Customs, or a clerkship in the public offices. With the strong anti-Catholic sentiment of the country, no Catholic known to be firmly devoted to his religion, and publicly associated with the defence of Catholic interests can be elected or appointed to any office of importance. To succeed politically, except in one or two localities, one must be an indifferent Catholic, and an indifferent Catholic in office is of less service to Catholic interests than the most bigoted non-Catholic. Nor is it a sufficient reason for opposing a party that it refuses to elect or appoint Catholics to office. To be elected or appointed to office is no man's natural right, and should never be regarded as the chief end of politics. No man has the right, prior to his election or appointment, to depend on office for a livelihood. Offices are created, are supposed to be created for the public good, not for the private benefit of individuals, and the man who cannot get his living without an office, has rarely the right to get it at all.

We have always considered it, under a Catholic point of view, a gross blunder on the part of those twenty-one Catholic members of the British parliament, who by their votes threw out the Derby ministry, and put in the Palmerston-Russell ministry.—The Derby ministry did not appoint Catholics to office, but they conceded more to Catholic interests than has ever been conceded by all the Whig ministries that have ever governed the United Kingdom. What they lost by displacing Lord Derby and installing Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell,—two of the worst enemies Catholicity has in Great Britain, and the very worst men for Catholic interests to be had at the head of the government in the present state of affairs on the Continent,—was poorly compensated by having four or five Catholics appointed to subordinate places in the ministry. If the Derby ministry had remained in power we should not have seen Central Italy annexed to Sardinia, or the Emilia wrested by an unprincipled revolution from the Holy Father. So far as Catholic interests are concerned we should have little to regret in our country were the so-called American party to rise to place and power. Its open and avowed hostility is less to be deprecated than the coquetry of the Democratic party, every whit as hostile, and coquets with us, not indeed because we are Catholics, but because the great body of us are naturalised citizens, and cast what is insultingly called "the foreign vote." They appeal to us as foreign voters, as Irishmen or as Germans, not as Catholics.

There should be no distinction made between naturalised and natural-born citizens. Their rights are equal, and there should be no more objection to the elevation of the one than the other to any office to which either is constitutionally eligible. The objection is not that a citizen of Irish or German birth or descent votes or is voted for, but that he votes or is voted for as an Irishman or as a German, that the appeal is made to him on the ground of his former, not of his present nationality. The evil is in the naturalised citizens being unduly treated as a class by themselves—in their acting or being induced or forced to act as a distinct class of citizens. No American can object to the election of a citizen of Irish or German birth; but every American ought to feel indignant at being called upon to select or to vote for a candidate because he is a German or an Irishman.

What the Reviewer asserts of United States politics, we have always asserted of politics in Canada. There is, there can be, in Canada, no Irish, no German, interest, no interest of any peculiar nationality, distinguishable from a general Canadian interest. In Canada, neither Irishmen nor Germans have any political duties, any political rights, or any political interests distinct, or distinguishable from the political duties, rights and interests of men of other national origins; and it is only the unprincipled demagogue, and place-hunter, who would ever seek to persuade any of them to the contrary. As Catholics, a peculiar course of policy on certain social questions is no doubt often incumbent upon the majority of our Irish population; but this duty devolves upon them in their capacity as Catholics, not as Irishmen; it is a requirement of their faith, not a necessity of their national origin.—The Irishman or German—if a Catholic—who is faithful to the spirit of the teachings of his holy mother, and who conforms both his private and public life to her precepts—who is sober, honest, and truth-loving—and he alone, is the "good Irishman," or the "good German;" he who neglects or violates these precepts, is, no matter what parade he may make of his nationality, or what amount of patriotic bunkum he may periodically expectorate—at best, but a disgrace to the land of his birth, as well as a cause of grief to the Church, and a scandal to the Catholic community. These are the truths brought out by the Reviewer, or deducible from his admirable article—an article which tells too many truths, and tells them too strongly to be a general favorite either in the United States or in Canada. With the usual Literary Notices and Criticisms is concluded one of the best numbers of Brownson's Review that has ever made its appearance, and which we strongly recommend to the careful study of a Catholic public.

**THE GOWAN CASE.**—We alluded in our last to the startling charges adduced against this notorious Orange leader, without, however, expressing any opinion as to his guilt or innocence. Since we last wrote, the case has again been discussed in the Police Office, when, strange to say, it was found that the principal witness—one of the girls—together with her father had been mysteriously spirited away—nobody can say whether, or by whom. It was proved that persons had waited upon the girls, offering them money to keep out of the way, or to withdraw the complaint, and unfortunately for the ends of justice the manoeuvre has proved only too successful.—In consequence, the case has been dismissed, and Mr. Gowan returns to his Lodge a free man. We offer no comments of our own upon this most strange and disreputable piece of business, contenting ourselves with laying before our readers the remarks of the Toronto Globe and Montreal Herald:—

"Mr. Gowan's Case.—We regret to be compelled to say that this case has not terminated in a satisfactory manner. The disappearance of one of the girls with her father, and the offer of money to the mother of the other girl to induce her to withdraw the complaint, are circumstances of too extraordinary a character to be passed over without further inquiry. Without going deeply into the case, we must say that either the girl Stocks and her mother have been guilty of perjury, or else they have not received justice at the hands of the Police Magistrate. It is not sufficient for him to say that the testimony is not adequate to convict, and to dismiss the case. It is for a jury to judge of the completeness of the evidence; if there is no case, but, on the contrary, proof of a conspiracy, he should commit the girl Stocks and her mother for trial. He has left the case in the worst position for all parties;—he has neither secured the acquittal of Mr. Gowan, nor cleared the complainants from the imputation of bringing a foul charge against an innocent man.—Toronto Globe.

The recent prosecution against Mr. Gowan appears to have ended very much as prosecutions which are directed against wealthy or powerful persons in the United States, are said almost always to end, that is to say in the accused party escaping from any inconvenience. The whole affair has too much of the appearance of a crime, hushed up among the persons implicated, the accusers and the public officers. We do not say which crime appears to have been thus disposed of; but there has evidently been one of a very grave nature, which will pass unexpunged by any punishment. Either Mr. Gowan did commit the scandalous offence with which he was charged by the two girls; or the girls have committed what if possible is a graver, and certainly as regards society, a more alarming offence against him. It is certain that one of the chief witnesses has been spirited away from the City, or at least has not appeared, and it seems also that the mother of one of them was tampered with by pecuniary offers, the primary source of which does not very plainly come out in the Police reports of the Toronto papers.

The effect of such an impotent conclusion of so serious a business is such as might be expected. An Upper Canadian contemporary, which is managed with a singular amount of judgment, has not hesitated to publish the statement of a correspondent, who having read the deposition of the girl Stocks, does not fear to say that the depositions which Mr. Garnett thought so contradictory, as to make it unsafe even to hold the accused to bail, are contradictory only on wholly immaterial points. The editor of the journal to which we refer—the Ottawa Citizen—remarks that it would be hardly matter of surprise if a girl ten years old, displayed confusion of manner or testimony under the badgering of a Police Court; but he adds that his informant "volunteers a copy of the entire testimony in proof of the fact that the little girl's testimony, on the material point, was straightforward and unvarying, whilst at least, one circumstance, elicited on cross-examination, rendered the appearance of the case worse for Mr. Gowan."—Montreal Herald.

Strikingly illustrative of the truth of what we advanced in our last, respecting the "two measures" of Protestantism,—its "two standards of right and wrong"—is an anecdote related by a correspondent of the Montreal Witness, together with the comments thereupon of the Upper Canadian Protestant press. Here is the anecdote as given by our Montreal cotemporary, for whose accuracy of course we do not pretend to vouch:—

**STRANGE SCENE IN A QUEBEC COURT.**—A scene of an unusual description occurred in the Court of Queen's Bench this morning in Quebec. Upon the Court meeting, an oil painting of Pius IX., in a large gold frame, was observed in the most conspicuous place in the Court Hall, and within a few feet of the judges. While one of the members of the Bar was addressing the Court—then composed of Messrs. Lafontaine, Duval, and Mondelet, three French and Roman Catholic Judges, and but one Judge of our old country extraction and a Protestant, Mr. Justice Aylwin,—the whole of the proceedings of the Court were abruptly terminated by Mr. Justice Aylwin,—who said: "By what authority has that picture been placed there?" Receiving no answer, he repeated the interrogatory in energetic language, and, receiving no answer again, he said that he would not sit there so long as the picture remained in that place. He accordingly left the bench, and there being no quorum the whole business of the Court was stopped for that day. It appears that the picture was introduced into the Court House with the permission of the three French Judges. So much for the exclusion of old country people from the Bench.—Correspondence of the Montreal Witness.

Hereupon we find the following comments in one of our Upper Canadian Protestant exchanges:—

We cannot record the above without at the same time expressing our hearty and unqualified approbation of the public spirit of Judge Aylwin. The Hall of Justice is no place for the portrait of the Pope, and the Judge was perfectly right in maintaining his Protestant principles in the energetic and uncompromising manner which he appears to have displayed on the occasion referred to. We wish we had a few more of such earnest and consistent Protestants holding public offices in this country.—Ed. Star.

Now without attempting to defend the propriety of placing in a public building of Canada the portrait of a European Sovereign with whom the British Government is, or professes to be, on terms of peace; admitting also for the sake of argument, that a Court House is not the place in which the portrait of the temporal head of the Catholic Church should be displayed—seeing that thereby offence may be given to our non-Catholic fellow citizens, and that all party, all political, all denominational insignia should be excluded from the temple of justice—admitting all this, we say, we would still ask how it happens that Protestants, who are so acutely sensitive upon all matters that concern themselves, are so obtuse as not to perceive the offense against justice and decency of which the Protestant au-

thorities were guilty who placed the County Court House at the disposal of the Grand Lodge of Orangemen—adjoining their own deliberations for that purpose in order to make room for the assembled Orange delegates? If—as our Upper Canadian cotemporary contends—"the Hall of Justice is no place for the portrait of the Pope"—assuredly it is as little fitted for the place of meeting for a secret politico-religious society; and was there alive in the bosoms of our cotemporaries a single spark of the sacred fire of justice; were they, however feebly, animated by the principles of "fair play," they would not applaud the earnest and consistent Protestantism of Judge Aylwin, and leave the conduct of the County of Carlton officials uncensured, uncondemned.

Heartily do we endorse the principle that, from the Public Buildings, to which men of all origins, of all creeds, are compelled by law to contribute, all party, all denominational emblems should be banished; and that above all, our Courts of Justice should be kept free from all such offensive displays. But—and here is the essential difference betwixt us and our Protestant cotemporaries, a difference again illustrative of the essential difference betwixt Catholicity and Protestantism—whilst we would apply that principle to all parts of the Province, and to Catholics and to Protestants alike—the latter, or our Protestant fellow-citizens, would limit its application to themselves, and in their own behalf; and whilst insisting to the uttermost farthing upon what is due to themselves, they claim for themselves also the right to despise, to set at naught, and to trample under foot, the feelings and the most cherished rights of their Catholic fellow-citizens. In a word, whilst the portrait of a Pope in a Lower Canadian Court House drives them into a state little short of frenzy, they insist, almost as upon a right, that the Court Houses of the Upper Section of the Province shall be placed, when needed, at the exclusive disposal of the Orange Societies!

**Messrs. Graham and Muir**—No. 19, Great St. James' Street, Montreal.—We have received from the above, the first number of Dunigan & Brother's splendid edition of Haydock's Family Bible, and of their Life of the Blessed Virgin, translated from the Italian of Monsignore Romualdo Gentilucci. Both these works are recommended to the public by the highest ecclesiastical authorities on this Continent, and are published in the Messrs. Dunigan's best style, illustrated with several handsome engravings.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt from Messrs. Graham & Muir of the "Aspirations of Nature," by J. T. Hecker, author of "Questions of the Soul." We should add that Messrs. Graham & Muir are agents in Canada for the well known Catholic publishing house of Dunigan & Brothers of New York; and that the Catholic visitor to Montreal, and the venerable members of our Canadian Clergy, would do well to give their handsome and extensive establishment in Great St. James' Street, a call—as therein they will find all the best and latest productions of the Catholic press, brought out in the highest style of art, and on most reasonable terms. In short we look upon the Book Establishment of Messrs. Graham & Muir, as a most valuable acquisition to the Catholics of Canada in general, and of Montreal in particular.

**ANNUAL PIC-NIC OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.**—This event will, we perceive, take place on the 18th instant, at Vaudreuil. In the meantime, the Committee of Management (whose qualifications for catering cannot be excelled) are indefatigable in their exertions to make it the principal fête of the season. Amongst the many games to be introduced will be one of Lacrosse, the members of the Erin Club having undertaken to encounter a number of Indians from the Lake of the Two Mountains; and as a purse, containing a sum of money, will be awarded to the victors, we think this set-to will prove an interesting part of the proceedings. The splendid Band of the St. Patrick's Society, Prescott, will be in attendance; and as the Grand Trunk Railway Company have signified their willingness to carry passengers from that locality at a moderate charge, it is probable the members of the National Society from Prescott and Ogdensburg will take part in the hilarities of the day. We believe our Irish Catholic citizens were the pioneers of Annual Pic-Nics on a monster scale; and in originating such we are well aware that they were solely actuated by a desire to procure funds to assist the good Pastor of the St. Patrick's Orphan House in supplying the many necessities requisite for the inmates of that praiseworthy asylum; as also to enable them to minister to the wants of many of their distressed countrymen. We need not observe how well they have succeeded in their good intentions. The members of the Society are now anxious to have a St. Patrick's Home, to enable them the more fully to carry out their charitable designs; and as the necessity of such a benevolent institution is universally felt, we consider this a most favorable opportunity for every true-hearted Irishman to help to carry out such an exemplary project.

A Texas journal, speaking of one of the Protestant clergymen of that part of the country—a Rev. Mr. R. P. Thompson—gives the following description of the progress he is making in general piety:—

"He is"—says the Texas writer—"breaking himself of the habit of swearing, and reads the Scriptures quite fluently."

Here is an example, an excellent example for our French Canadian Missionary Society to follow. Why should not its members begin to reform their own conduct? Why should they not disgorge some of their ill-gotten wealth, make atonement for some of their fraudulent bankruptcies, their innumerable swindlings, and robberies committed on the poor? That would be indeed a Reformation.

**CITY COUNCIL.**—At the Meeting held last night, the Rev. Mr. Prevost, and J. U. Beaudry and Henry Kavanagh, Esquires, were appointed Catholic School Commissioners; and the Rev. Messrs. Snodgrass and Kemp, and W. Lunn, Esquire, Protestant School Commissioners for the ensuing two years.

A cannon burst on Monday evening at Boucherville, grievously wounding five persons in its vicinity. One of the wounded a young man named Latour, one of whose legs the doctors have amputated, has declared that not knowing the consequences, he had placed an enormous quantity of powder and earth in the cannon.—Gazette.

**MINING FEVER.**—In many parts of the townships the mining fever rages, and has done for some time. The Waterloo Advertiser says:—In Roxton the excitement is intense, various mines of great reputed richness having been just discovered there. Milton has been the scene of operations more or less extensive for some weeks, and more lately still, the Township of Granby, near the Eastern Terminus of the Shefford Railway, has exhibited numerous traces of what the miners call "favourable indications." About four or five miles from the line of road, the Messrs. Hungerford have opened a pit, which is said to be yielding rich returns, and on the "old Mark Hall place," which the railway crosses, similar operations have also been commenced. Indications of copper have also been found in Ely and Stukely, and, though the fever has not become epidemic here, yet it would, we dare say, be hard to find a man without "his pockets full of rocks." We have been shown a specimen of black lead found in Shefford, so fine and soft that it may be cut with a knife like cheese, and which, should it be found in abundance, will prove of great value. Specimens of gold and silver have also been discovered, as well as coal of an excellent quality, and it has been no secret for years, that iron ore, more or less abundant, could be traced in various Townships. We have been careful, heretofore, not to contribute towards exciting the public mind in relation to the copper fever, and, as it is, we vouch for none of the fabulous tales which are told here. But the matter has gone so far that it may as well be investigated, and we are not sorry to learn that a number of public spirited gentlemen have provided the means of a thorough exploration of the country by practical geologists and miners, the result of whose investigations we may shortly be able to lay before the public. In the meantime we should advise people to keep cool. Copper or no copper, this excitement won't pay. There may be a few prizes; but there must be a great many blanks; and we believe, in most cases, that where three or four times the intrinsic value of a property is offered and refused, it may be regarded as a symptom of the fever, and at the same time, as a sign that two fools met. We notice that the Grand Trunk Railroad Company advertised a cheap trip from Montreal to the mines. The Shefford road would furnish a far more direct route for explorers who desire to visit other Townships besides Acton.

The Granby Gazette speaks in the same sense; and our own information for some time back has been to the same purport, with the addition that a gold fever may be expected to break out. That there is gold on the Caudiere and in other parts of the Townships there is not a doubt. Pains were necessary to keep down the fever years ago, when we commenced to make our railways.—Montreal Gazette.

To us Canadians the condition of the Catholics in the United States is a prolific matter for reflection. We can tender them our sympathy—the more so as there is a class of men in our midst busily engaged in attempts to reduce the Catholics of these Provinces to the same degraded situation. When our Legislature meets every year annual and Liberal grants are made to our Catholic charitable institutions. In sums of from eight hundred to a thousand dollars our hospitals and orphan asylums are recipients of the bounty of the State. And though the abolition of sectarian grants is a prominent plank in the platform of a political party, nevertheless we have been thus far saved from being deprived of the bounty. What would the Catholics of Canada say if, while thousands of dollars were being voted every year to the Protestant Orphans' Home, we could not obtain a dollar for our Catholic institutions? Yet this is about the condition of the Catholics of New York and Massachusetts; and it ought to make us rejoice more than ever that we do not live in a land where the liberty enjoyed is after such a fashion as that mentioned above. Look at the difference, also; between our Catholic members in Parliament and those of Massachusetts and New York. The Pilot says that not one Catholic member protests against the way things go in Boston. But what injury, owing to the vigilance of the Catholic members from Lower Canada, has George Brown been able to do to Catholics in the matter of grants to their religious institutions? None at all! Yet we can scarcely get some stiff-necked and stubborn persons to thank them for their services. Truly, we have reason to be proud of our country and its Parliament; and to point with pride to the difference between the manner in which charitable institutions are treated here and in New York and Massachusetts. We truly pity our co-religionists across the lines for the unfair mode in which they are treated by their State Legislatures; and we cannot, at the same time, help feeling proud at our own superior condition in Canada.—Toronto Mirror.

Sunday rioting seems to be as much the order of the day in Toronto, as it long has been in London, at St. George's-in-the-East. The following is from the Toronto Colonist:—

On Sunday afternoon a most disgraceful scene took place in the College Avenue just after the Williamsites had been endeavoring to twist the Scriptures to suit their own peculiar views. Two rather rustic looking individuals, had been listening to the arguments advanced by the disciples of W. Williams, when suddenly some six or seven rowdies came up, and one of them, without hesitation struck one of the aforesaid rustics a violent blow in the mouth, for some alleged offence he had committed towards a female acquaintance of one of the former some short time previously. The attacked parties endeavored to place themselves on the defensive, but they were soon overpowered by the others, who, in the most cowardly and ruffianly manner possible, fell upon one of the men in question, striking him several successive blows in the face, and when they had as they thought, sufficiently pommelled their victims, one of the party named Rooney, with the greatest coolness imaginable, gave the man a violent kick in the face as he was falling to the ground. If such scenes as this is to be tolerated in the College Avenue upon the Sabbath day, and if the Word of God is to be turned into ridicule and contempt, as has been the case for some Sundays past, then those beautiful pleasure grounds will become nothing but an arena for wickedness, and a terror to the peaceable citizen.

**THE CATTLE DISEASE.**—We again hear rumors of the ravages of the pleuro-pneumonia, but it is quite possible they were no more authentic than those previously published. It is confidently asserted that it has made its appearance in the State of New York. If so, it is travelling hitherward. We understand that the Board of Agriculture are taking some steps, at the instance of the Government to decide upon the best course to be pursued under the circumstances.—Montreal Gazette.

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

The weather has been cool at night, with bright sunshine through the day, but still there has been no rain in this vicinity worth speaking of. The pastures are so burned up that feed of all kind is wanted for cattle, and thrifty farmers are sowing such green crops as may yet prove valuable for fall and winter. In Toronto markets Wheat experienced a rise at the close of last week of from 5 to 10 cents, partly on account of diminished supplies, and partly on account of news from Europe. Fall Wheat was \$1.35 to \$1.41, and Spring \$1.10 to \$1.12. Wheat.—There are no transactions that we hear of. The quantity arriving is considerable, but it is all for shipment. Indeed it could not be sold in this

market except at a sacrifice. The deliveries in the interior are falling off.

**Coarse Grains.**—We hear of no transactions in Barley, Oats or Corn. The quantity of the latter in Chicago waiting shipment is still very large, and it must be moved shortly or spoil. It is difficult to say where it is all to find a market. Feas sell by the car-load at 70 to 71 cents for good per 60 lbs.

Flour is quite dull. Sales of Superfine have been made at \$5.50 and a shade under. No. 2 participates in the decline, and could not be sold wholesale at over \$5.30. The lower grades are not much in demand this year, the supply of Coarse Grain being abundant throughout the country. The higher grades are in moderate demand for consumption. A few parcels of Sour Flour have been offered, but we hear of no transactions. Bag Flour remains at \$3 to \$3.15 per 112 lbs.

Pork remains without alteration. Butter.—A sale of ordinary to fair Store-packed has been made at 12 1/2 c.

Potatoes have been sold at auction as low as 8d per minute, which does not nearly pay charges. Ashes are rather dull. Pots 28s 9d and Pearls 30s 6d.

**PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.**—Voluntarily, conscientiously, and with much pleasure, we recommend to our readers the above named medicine. We speak from our own observation and experience when we say that it removes pain as if by magic from all parts of the body, and is one of the best medicines in use for checking diarrhoea, and removing the premonitory symptoms of cholera.—Cin Nonpareil.

**Caution!**—In our changeable climate, coughs, colds, and lung diseases, will always prevail. Consumption will claim its victims. These diseases, if taken in time, can be arrested and cured. The remedy is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It is there's a vile counterfeit of this Balsam, therefore be sure and buy only that prepared by S. W. Fowler & Co., Boston, which has the written signature of I. BUTTS on the outside wrapper.

The Supreme Court of the State of New York have issued a perpetual injunction against Eaton and Jenkins for counterfeiting Ayer's Cathartic Pills, holding them responsible for the cruel imposition in what they have done and restraining them from further injury to the public. If any class of our people more than another needs the interposition of law to shield them from imposture, it is the sick and suffering who are unable to protect themselves. A remedy so universally employed as Ayer's Pills by all classes, both to cure and to prevent disease, should as it does have every security the law can afford it, from counterfeit and imitation.—Cabinet Semanctidy.

**Died.** In Montreal, suddenly, on the 28th ult., Mr. John Fraser, Printer, aged 49 years and 3 months, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland.

At his father's residence, on the 29th ult. Ferdinand Martin Guilbault, aged 21 years and 10 months. In this city, on the 4th July, Patrick McGeary, aged 21 years.

At Quebec, on the 2nd instant, Hamilton Robert Rieckaby, aged 33 years.

At Panama, on 31st May last, James S. McDonald, son of the late Dr. McDonald, of the Belle du Fleuve. Mr. McDonald had been employed by the Panama Railroad Company for several years, and is much regretted by his numerous friends, especially by the chief officers of the Railroad who, in him lose a servant whom they will find it difficult to replace. The flags of the different Consulates and vessels at Panama and Aspinwall were hoisted half-mast the day after his death, as a mark of respect to his memory. He was buried in the Catholic cemetery, and service was sung in the Church of San Felipe.—Communicated from Panama.

In the City of San Francisco, California, on the 27th May last, John E. Glackmeyer, aged 18 years and 6 months, eldest son of Mr. Edward Glackmeyer of London, C. W.

**TEACHERS WANTED,** FOR the Parish of St. CANUT, C.E., a FRENCH and an ENGLISH TEACHER, qualified to Teach the usual Branches taught in a Country School. Address, (post-paid) stating Terms and Qualifications, "THE COMMISSIONERS, St. Canut, C.E." July 5.

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**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. ANNUAL GRAND PIC-NIC.**

THE Officers of the Society have much pleasure in announcing that their ANNUAL PIC-NIC will take place at

**VAUDREUIL,**

On WEDNESDAY, the 18th of July; And in order to afford an opportunity to the Working Classes to participate in the festivities of the day, arrangements have been entered into with the Grand Trunk Rail Road Company, for the conveyance of visitors, at an extremely moderate charge. It is in contemplation to introduce a variety of Games of a novel and pleasing description, a synopsis of which will be advertised upon the completion of arrangements.

The strictest care will be exercised by the Employees of the Company; and it is almost superfluous to observe, that every attention will be directed by the Committee of Management to the entertainment of those who countenance the proceedings. The Cars will START from the Depot at POINT ST. CHARLES, at HALF-PAST SEVEN A.M., arriving at Vaudreuil about Nine; leaving there on the Evening at half-past Six o'clock. There will also be a TRAIN at THREE o'clock P.M., for the accommodation of parties unable to leave in the morning.

TICKETS, 2s 6d each; Children under 12 years half-price. WM. BOOTH, Rec. Sec.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The meeting of the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince of Prussia at Baden-Baden takes place to-day (10th June). With the Prince there comes to this Royal and Imperial interview a string of German Sovereigns—the King of Hanover, the Duke of Coburg, the King of Saxony, on the invitation of the Prince Regent, the King of Bavaria, and the King of Wurtemberg. It is not for nothing that these Potentates are about to lay their heads together in princely conference; nor will it be the least extraordinary feature connected with their meeting that so many German Sovereigns have been brought together at what appears to be almost the command of a ruler whom they avowedly regard with distrust and dislike. It will be interesting to hear what our own Government knows of this affair, because Prussia is one of their strong points; and, if the Prince Regent should yield to the fascination of the French, it is easy to see that this strong point will not profit us much in the event of our needing its aid. It must also be gratifying to the Whigs to reflect that the supremacy over Europe which Louis Napoleon is skilfully and effectively asserting is the fruit of their revolutionary spirit.—Tablet.

It is not certain whether the Emperor will be accompanied by any of his Ministers to Baden. They are, perhaps, regarded as an encumbrance in travelling—in fact, as impediments of no real use. The Emperor is his own Minister, and any secretary will do the business as well. Still, for the sake of appearance it may happen otherwise. The Prince of Prussia will, it appears, be attended by Count de Manteuffel, Chief of the Military Cabinet, General D'Alvensleben; Lieutenant-Colonel Schmetmann; Admiral, or Commodore, de Loh; Marshal Count Puckler; M. Hain, Councillor de Cabinet; and the private Secretary De Bork.

Private letters received in Paris from Naples state that the King, Francis II. has resolved to grant the people of the Two Sicilies a constitution on the model of that by which the Emperor Louis Napoleon governs the French. The basis of this constitution is to be universal suffrage. This news, however, has not been confirmed, nor is any faith attached to this tardy concession of the Neapolitan Government.—In French circles people will have it that Prince Alfred of England is to be King of Sicily!

The *Paris* announces that the Commander de Martino, sent to Paris on a diplomatic mission by the Neapolitan Government, left last evening for Fontainebleau.

The same paper announces by a telegraphic despatch that the Neapolitan squadron has captured, to the south of the island of Ustica, two ships, laden with volunteers, arms, and ammunition which were going to Sicily.

We (Tablet) learn from the Paris correspondence of the *Universel*, of Brussels, that the French Government has recently allowed the Pontifical loan to be negotiated in France; and has also permitted a committee formed in Paris to recruit for the Pontifical army. Several Deputies are members of that committee.

The latest reports from the French prefects dwell upon two subjects, as especially calling for the attention of Government—the probability of a bad harvest, and the really fearful stagnation of trade.

It is stated by the *Dublin News* that at this moment one of the ablest writers on the French Imperial press is engaged on a pamphlet on Ireland, destined to create a profound and startling sensation. Our contemporary says:—

"From the position of the distinguished writer, and the relations supposed to exist between the Imperial Government and the journal with which he is connected, we cannot at present say how far peculiar influences may affect the appearance of the work; but by an advertisement which will be found in another column, our readers will perceive that the French author has adopted the new and truly significant arrangement of publishing (should the pamphlet be permitted to appear) simultaneously in Paris and Dublin."

PROSECUTION OF M. PREVOST PARADOL.—We take the following from the *Times* Paris correspondent, Saturday, June 3:—

"The attention which is now almost entirely absorbed by Sicily may soon be divided by an incident of another kind. The Government has resolved to prosecute M. Prevost Paradol, the author of the pamphlet, *Les Anciens Paris*, from which I have already given some extracts, and the seizure of which I mentioned on Friday. The publisher is included in the proceedings. M. Prevost Paradol was summoned yesterday before the Judge d'Instruction, M. Rouault de Fleury, for examination. It took place in the judge's chamber, where, as usual, no one was admitted but the clerk, or *greffier*, who takes down in writing the declaration of the accused, to be set forth against him at the trial. The examination or interrogation lasted hardly 20 minutes. Indeed, there was nothing to declare, for the pamphlet speaks for itself. M. Paradol was informed that he was prosecuted for an attempt to excite to the hatred and contempt of the Government, and this was the only count in the indictment. He was also informed that the pamphlet altogether was objectionable, but that there were certain passages selected as affording special grounds for prosecution. M. Paradol gave a general denial to the charge of 'exciting to hatred and contempt,' &c., and asked what were the passages specially incriminated. The judge replied that they were the following:—

"And let us ask, from purely philosophical curiosity, which is here below the more ancient of all parties. It is the alliance, old as the world, of democracy and despotism; it is the iniquitous desire of unlimited power, making a pact with the blind instincts of equality; it is this party, ever the same in different scenes, which upheld the ancient tyrannies of the East; it is this which created the petty tyrannies of Greece; it is this which founded the vast tyranny of the Caesars amid the acclamations of the Roman populace, and its bands are still dyed with the blood of Cato. Such is the most ancient of parties, and the most formidable. It is in vain that Christianity and philosophy carry on warfare against this old enemy of the dignity of man; it reappears incessantly, and has not yet ceased to infect the earth. Allow me, then, to tell you that the most recent of all parties, and the most deserving of the sympathy of generous souls, is the party which resembles that the least.—(P. 17.)

"Despotism is the ally; the pure gold is liberty.—(P. 27.)

"When, for instance, the war of Italy was approaching us, when we felt it coming from all these signs, which the English poet so well calls the 'shadow of approaching events' ('Coming events cast their shadows before'—Campbell's 'Loebel's Warning'), the Liberal party could have but one opinion on this enterprise in itself. Some condemned it energetically; others regretted, on the contrary, not having themselves engaged France in it; but all felt, and all said, as loudly as then it could be said, that the nation ought to be called in due time to use its influence on this great affair, and that its blood ought not to flow without its opinion on the matter. All equally suffered at hearing the justice or the reasonableness of that war disputed in every place where a Parliament exists—in England in Piedmont, in Belgium, even in Prussia; everywhere, in fact, except in the Assembly of the Representatives of France. It is true that this assembly was in its turn informed of this formidable question, but it was only the day when our flag began to advance before the enemy—that is to say, the day when every good Frenchman had no alternative than to resign himself eagerly to make the last sacrifices. Up to that time neither the constitution nor the regulations permitted it to raise its voice; and what contrast more painful than this absolute silence in the midst of the great murmur which was heard from

one end of Europe to the other, and the profound emotion which agitated France! To witness the breaking of this silence, to see responsible Ministers obliged to explain and defend the policy of the Government before an Assembly really free, that is to say, invested with the power of judging that policy and of modifying it in time, what a Liberal desiring of that name would not have sacrificed even his attachment to peace or his inclination to war? We appeal to all those whom the detestable doctrine of the sovereignty of the object has not gained and with whom the seclusive ardour of personal opinions has not stifled all respect for the dignity of their country.

"There are Freetraders and Protectionists among the Liberal party; but there will not be found one partisan of the Treaty of Commerce. All unhesitatingly admit that the constitution gives to the Sovereign the power to conclude treaties of the kind, and alone to dispose of the fortune of the nation;—but all admit it with equal sorrow.—P. 32.

"Never until to-day has a great country been seen which is not menaced by foreigners, and that the whole world only desires to leave at rest, diverted so constantly from its own affairs and enveloped, right or wrong, in other people's affairs.—France breathed for a moment during the short interval which separated the Crimean war from the war in Italy, and it was already easy to perceive that the attention of the country thus brought back to itself caused it to take into consideration its internal situation, and might have restored its taste for liberty. But this repose endured for too short a time, and from the emancipation of the Moldo-Wallachians to the emancipation of the Italians there was but one step. We had scarcely given a constitution to the one when we were required to hasten to conquer the independence of the others; and after more than one treaty signed, more than one annexation accomplished, and more than one Congress missed, nobody will dare to say that we have arrived at the conclusion of this second adventure. Quite the contrary. The interlude is sufficiently filled with our differences with the Holy See, and by the concession which the Treaty of Commerce has just produced. We would willingly say that the three knocks have been heard, and that the curtain is rising for another act—that of the Sicilian insurrection. Something like this was enacted during the public festivities which were given to the people of Paris at the time of our infancy. Two theatres were erected in the Champs Elysees, and military parades succeeded each other through out the day. The two theatres gave their representations alternately. When the curtain was let down on one side with a triumphant discharge it was raised on the other, and the musket shots recommenced louder than ever. The crowd remained between the two theatres, open-mouthed, absorbed in this warlike contemplation, and forgot everything else. One may comprehend and smile at one day so passed, but are we here to live in such a manner, and is that the picture that ought to be drawn of the existence of a nation?—P. 40.

"Such are the passages denounced by the Government as calculated to excite to hatred and contempt, and as calling for the application of the penal law. M. Dufour and Berryer will defend M. Paradol, so that we are likely to have a recurrence of the Montaigne trial and that of the Bishop of Orleans.—P. 40.

ITALY.

The Sardinian Government, so far as I can make out—for, remember, I am not and do not wish to be in their confidence, lest my connexion with them should interfere with my office as an independent and impartial observer—this Government and their partisans are as sanguine as men may well be. They have full faith in the non-intervention of the Great Powers. Had it not been for the blundering *comisole* of that unucky, priest-slaying Zambiatichi, they have no doubt but the Emperor of the French would by this time have fulfilled his oft-repeated promise to remove the French garrison from Rome and all the Roman States. If, they just argue, Napoleon III. abandons the Pope to his fate, much more will he leave the Neapolitan Bourbon to his own devices.

Meanwhile, what say the men whose confidence does not so readily keep pace with their wishes?—Why, in their judgment, Napoleon's mind is an insurmountable gulf. He may be unable to carry out his original design, but he is not willing to relinquish it to the last. His object was and is, not the deliverance of Italy, but its objection, direct or indirect, to France. The primitive plan was an Italian Confederacy, with the Pope at its head—the Pope a mere passive tool in the hands of France, presiding over a Diet of Italian States, whose conflicting views and interests allowed France a supreme control over their discordant deliberations. Sardinia, enlarged in the east, but weakened in the west, was to exercise no power except in obedience to French ascendancy. With that view Austria, though crippled and effete, was allowed to keep up a menacing attitude in the heart of Lombardy. The spirited conduct of Central Italy compelled the Emperor so far to depart from his programme as to abandon the cause of Dukes and Grand Dukes, and gave rise to the notion of an Italian trinity—a division of the country into three States of the North, Centre, and South. Farini, Ricasoli, Cavour, and still more Bolognani and Florence, defected, even that scheme, and now we have been led to the new idea of an Italian unity, or of two great kingdoms, at Turin and Naples. Is Garibaldi to be allowed to baffle even this last project? Suppose Garibaldi can manage to push forward, with all Europe looking on *turnus abans*, behold Naples and Sicily made one with Piedmont, Lombardy, Tuscany, and the Emilia; behold Victor Emmanuel crowned on the emancipated Capitol, with the Pope either at Jerusalem, at Avignon, or even at the Vatican, but only as Bishop of Bishops; and behold the alternative offered to Austria, either of selling Venice against all the gold, the pictures, statues, and manuscripts with which gold may be made, or else challenged to a struggle in which all the youth of Italy will be brought to sit in arms for 10 years round the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, as before so many Troys; and the Italian race will be re-tempered and regenerated by a struggle renewing the exploits and sacrifices of the old wars of the Lombard League! Is this what Napoleon wants? Is it what he wanted when he proclaimed at Milan that the Italians must all be soldiers that they might all become free men, or when he declared that France had accomplished her task, and the rest must be left to the Italians themselves? Undoubtedly, the moment has come when Italy can *far da se*. A couple of charges with the bayonet by a handful of 'Filibusters' has completely turned the scale both against her home tyrants and against that colossal Power which was hitherto her only foreign oppressor. Let us, then, see the effect of two more such charges with the Garibaldian bayonets. Will Napoleon *laissez faire*? We hear of the Toulon fleet sailing to Naples. We hear of the Commander De Martino travelling post-haste to the Tuileries. We hear ominous news—that the non-intervention is limited to Sicily. It is an old trick of the French press to throw all the blame of an intervention upon England, as a pretext to justify the intervention of France. They trumped up the telegram announcing the occupation of Palermo by the English Admiral, whereas the cruel truth was that no man stepped forward, even in vindication of the common cause of humanity, to prevent the dastardly Royal troops from laying Palermo in ashes. Interference against the Bourbon no foreign Power attempts; will there equally be no meddling in his favour? The question lies now in a nutshell. Is Victor Emmanuel to be King of Italy, or is Napoleon to be Emperor of the French and protector of two great Italian kingdoms? Is Italy to be a nation, or is she to become the handmaiden of France?—*Cor. of Times*.

Paris, June 18.—I believe no telegram of a trustworthy description were received yesterday direct from Palermo. We feel the more disappointed as they would have put an end to the uncertainty which still prevails, in spite of the denials of the semi-official papers, about the alleged occupation by the English Admiral of the fort of Castellamare. I hear that at the French Foreign-Office it is positively affirmed that the occupation has taken place, but that it is not desirable it should be spoken of in the press. It is not now easy to understand how, with so many means of publicity, it is easy to conceal such a fact, if it be true. It appears that the Neapolitan Government has offered to grant a constitution to its people—a constitution resembling as closely as possible that which the Emperor of the French has given to his subjects; and that the offer made through M. Brenier, the French Minister at Naples, has been accepted at the Tuileries. If this prove correct, surely the Neapolitan people must be more advanced in sound political knowledge than is generally supposed. If it be safe to give them such a large measure of liberty as France enjoys, their political training must have been rapidly completed.—The Commander de Martino, who comes here from the King of Naples, is described as of a very conciliatory character. He is said to have unlimited powers to submit the whole question to the French Emperor, with a view to an arrangement. It is too late, however, to do anything with Sicily, except to recognize its separation from Naples; and it is much to be doubted whether the admitted ability of M. de Martino will prove so entirely successful as is desired.—*Cor. of Times*.

Garibaldi has assumed the dictatorship of Sicily, administering the Government in the name of the Piedmontese King. The Great Powers have been appealed to at present without effect on behalf of the King. According to a telegram from Surin, dated Saturday, General Garibaldi had formed his Government, consisting of Baron Pisano, Foreign Affairs; Celesia, Interior; Orsini, (a Sicilian) War; Abbe Coligni, Public Worship. It is positively stated that 24,000,000fr. were found in the Treasury and *cassiers de depot*. This seems probable, as Garibaldi, in a letter to Bertani authorising to contract a Sicilian loan, says, "We have immense means for paying every one." We learn from Naples that the Neapolitan troops in Sicily are about to be concentrated at Syracuse, Messina, and Agosta, all of which are still held by the Royalists.

SARDINIA AND SICILY.—The Paris correspondent of the *London Herald* quotes private letters from Turin which state that the Sardinian Government will have to support Garibaldi, and, therefore, go to war with Naples, or it will have to put down an insurrection at home, so excited is public opinion becoming in Piedmont. It was reported, as a kind of half measure, Cavour was about to send a Commissioner Extraordinary to Sicily. Orders had also been given to prepare for sea all the men-of-war at Genoa and Spezia.

The persecution of the Church by the Caravists still continues. The *Turin Gazette* states that twenty canons of the Cathedral of Piacenza have been arrested, and conducted to Turin, for declining the escort of the National Guard at the procession of Corpus Christi. The same paper announces that the Cardinal Bishop of Imola, in the Romagna is to be prosecuted, and his property seized by the Sardinian Government. Canon Ortolano, of Turin (as we learn from the *Armonia*) has been arrested, and the Rector of an Ecclesiastical College in that city has also been subjected to great indignity by the police. At Casinipusterlengo, in Lombardy, the inhabitants opposed by force the arrest of their parish priest.—*Weekly Register*.

AUSTRIA.

THE ARMY OF VENICE.—A Vienna letter of the 7th June says:—

"It was asserted to-day that, in anticipation of eventualities which may arise in Southern Italy, the Government has resolved to increase the effective of the second army in Venetia, commanded by General Degenfeld. What appears certain is that a corps of cavalry is to be collected in the Italian Tyrol, the part of the Austrian territory which is nearest to Lombardy. Already squadrons of light cavalry have been despatched from Vienna by railway, and two of the six regiments of cuirassiers stationed in Hungary since November 1859, are expected at Vienna, and will be sent to increase the reserves of the second army."

THE PONTIFICAL LOAN.—A Pastoral Letter from the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna was read on Whit-Monday from the pulpits of the diocese, to the effect that the revolution which had overspread the Legations was now preparing for a further advance, wherefore the Holy Father was under the necessity of increasing his military force, to which volunteers from all Catholic countries were flocking, that, under the banner of St. Peter, they might defend the freedom of the Apostolic See and the law of nations. In order to meet these expenses for military purposes, His Holiness has sanctioned the opening of a loan of £2,000,000 at five per cent. interest, making an annual sum of £100,000. The clergy and all who have at heart either religion, justice, or social order, are urgently implored to share themselves in the loan to the best of their means.

Other Bishops have also put forth similar circulars in their dioceses.

A letter from Vienna, dated the 10th June, in the *Deutsche Nord-Zeitung*, says:—

"Opinion is much divided respecting the interview between the Prince Regent and the Emperor of the French. Some feel satisfied, others annoyed, but all agree in believing that the Prince Regent has committed an error by accepting the interview, and that it is the commencement of the humiliation of Prussia. German patriots deplore this weakness of the Prussian Government. The Austrians *pur sang*, who regard the Prussians in the light of rivals, chuckle with delight."

AUSTRIAN CONCESSIONS TO VENETIA.—The Austrian Government, with a view of reorganising the representative system of the provinces, is about to extend the authority of the Central Congregation in Venetia. A deliberative vote will be granted to it. On a large number of administrative questions, decisions of this Congregation will become law, upon being signed by the President. It will in future decide on judicial affairs without further appeal.—The only reservation made in favor of the Central Administration is the approbation of proposed expenditure, and revision of provisional treasury accounts. In order to re-establish the national character of the municipal system in Venetia, all the franchises and immunities granted by patent of the 26th April, 1815 are to be confirmed.

Never has promise been more faithfully fulfilled than that which, under no immediate pressure, the Emperor of Austria made to his subjects at the conclusion of the Italian war. It has been more than fulfilled. The Reichsrath is a Parliament as free spoken as our own, having its discussions as freely published, and differing from ours only inasmuch as its members are limited, and its character, thus far, more patriotic and less selfish. The Budget is submitted to a committee of its appointment, and composed of its members; and the Emperor has refused to effect the re-establishment of the Ministry of Commerce and public works, though approved unanimously by the Council of Ministers, until this committee has finished its task, because the re-establishment of the Ministry will increase the public expenses and the Government desires to act in concert with the Council of the Empire. Then we are told that in order to satisfy the admissible wishes of the Hungarians, the Minister for the Interior has frequent conferences with the Hungarian Members of the Reichsrath. And the same telegram announces that, though the organic statutes of the Provincial Diets are ready for promulgation, they await the approval of competent persons of the different provinces to whom they have been communicated by the Government.—*Tablet*.

The Prince of Prussia was, by no means, willing to agree to the interview proposed on the part of the Emperor of the French, and it was only when the Prince was assured that the Emperor wished to make a special communication to him that he yielded.

RUSSIA.

A letter from St. Petersburg, dated the 5th of June says:—

"Anybody who wishes to be well received at the Court of St. Petersburg must not speak ill of the Emperor Napoleon or of his subjects. I cannot describe the joy felt among all classes when it was known the French Government was in accord with the Emperor Alexander on the Eastern question."

The *Prussian Gazette*, a semi-official Berlin journal, contains the following intelligence from St. Petersburg, which is important if authentic:—"Our friendship and alliance with China have come to an untimely end. Continual acts of hostility practised by the natives of Mandschuria against the Amoor trading company rendered it imperative on the part of the Russian vice-government to interfere with military proceedings. The newly-appointed Chinese viceroy of Mandschuria is doing all he can to harass the Russians. The latest accounts contain particulars of many hostilities perpetrated by the Chinese colonists destroyed and plundered, the inhabitants brutally ill-treated. Since the resignation of Count Muraiev, Russia appears to despair of realising the Amoor dream she once entertained of colonising the Amoor territory, and refuses to grant further subsidies to obtain that object; whilst private individuals naturally become faint-hearted and cautious, which of course checks all spirit of enterprise, so that it will not astonish the world to learn in a short time that the whole country has been abandoned by the Russians, and again reverted to the Chinese rule."

SWEDEN.

Much scandal, it may be remembered, was caused some time back by the banishment of six women from Sweden for becoming Catholics. Some amendment has since been made in the state of the law, but it is far from being perfectly tolerant. The question, however, seems to be making some progress, as lately in Norway two members of the Storting proposed to suppress Art. 92 of the Constitution, which provides that all public offices must be held by "Norwegian citizens who profess the Lutheran religion." On a division, sixty-seven voted for the suppression of the article, and 44 against it. But the majority of two-thirds is required. The motion was consequently rejected, notwithstanding the plurality of votes in its favor. The matter will, without doubt, be brought forward again, but as the Storting only meets once in three years, there will not be an opportunity until 1863.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE JUNE 6.—Sir Henry Dulwiler has firmly pointed out to the Porte the necessity of repressing abuses, and said that upon such repression would depend the support of England. The Sultan has received these representations favorably, and has sent his portrait to the Ambassador.

UNITED STATES.

PROTESTANT IMMIGRATION.—Eight hundred Mormon emigrants from Europe landed at New-York on Wednesday. Two hundred others preceded them by a few weeks. They all pass on to Utah.

YANKEE MORALS.—Are not elopements the order of the day? Are they not coming to be more prevalent than any others species of crime? Divorces by the dozen are of common occurrence, and society is continually nauseated with the tales of guilt brought to light by the newspapers and the courts. We are not sure there is any remedy for this state of things as long as parents persist in training up their daughters in idleness, and sons in luxury and effeminacy—utterly ignorant of the true aim and object of existence, with only a parlor education for the first and a "fast life" for the other,—having no greater care than to carefully fit their daughters in external appearance for the matrimonial market, and to establish their sons in "positions" among the corrupt surroundings of fashionable society, thus giving to both an outside show, which is entirely at war with the real business of life.—*N. Y. Express*.

A SECOND GRACE DARLING.—On the night of the 12th ult., Miss Moore, the daughter of the keeper of the lighthouse on Fairweather Island, just below Bridgeport, Connecticut, heard cries for help at a distance from the shore, and determined that an effort should be made to rescue whoever it might be. It was too dark to tell the direction or the distance, but summoning two young men to her aid, she launched the boat belonging to the lighthouse, and ordered them to pull out in the direction of the cries, she herself holding the tiller. About two miles out in the Sound, they found a sailboat capsized, and clinging to it, two men, who were nearly exhausted. One of them was entirely helpless, but both were finally rescued from death by the courage of this brave girl, and brought safely to shore. Mr. Moore, the keeper of the light, has been for some years afflicted with ill-health, and when unable to see to the details of his office, this daughter assumes the entire management, trimming the beacon with her own fair hands.

A DRYMAN SUN-STUCK.—A dryman, Patrick Donahue, who resides on Seventh-street, near Culvert, was sun struck, while driving on Broadway, between Sixth and Seventh, Wednesday afternoon. He was taken to his home and restoratives applied, and it is now believed that he will recover.—*Cincinnati Daily Press*.

Witchcraft in this country has been greatly exaggerated, and we are glad to notice that Mr. Hopkins, in a recent lecture before the New York Historical Society, has stated many interesting facts concerning the delusion, which should be placed before the public. The type of witchcraft in the American colonies was mild in comparison with the horrible cruelties and barbarities which characterized the foreign punishment of those supposed to be possessed by evil spirits. Altogether there were 460 accusations of witchcraft in the colonies, 32 executions, and 3 more who were condemned, but escaped. In contrast with this statement, it appears that in Geneva there were 500 witches consumed by the flames, within three months, and that 14 houses in England furnished 14 victims to the flames.—*Boston Transcript*.

SCIENCE AND JUSTICE.—The facts embodied in the following narration, in connection with a recent murder trial, show the value of scientific acquisitions and are of exceeding interest to a large class of our readers:—"A traveller was found dead in his bed, one morning, at a country tavern. His throat was cut at the side, the instrument having pierced the carotid artery; the victim had been for some time wasting away by disease. The landlord was one of the most influential and highly-esteemed persons in the neighborhood, was extensively and well connected, and had a large and interesting family. Having been seen very late at night passing through the hall into which the traveller's door opened, the suspicions of certain persons were aroused; and upon being taken into custody, a penknife was found in his pocket, with apparent blood stains on the large blade, and something similar on the very ivory handle. The knife was placed in the hands of an expert physiological chemist, for examination. The stain was found to be of blood and not of iron rust or taint, as it contained albumen and animal fiber. The blood on the ivory handle contained a large amount of iron, that on the blade comparatively little. As human blood contains ten times as much iron as that of animals, it seemed certain that the knife in question could not have entered a human body; still there was a doubt, because in slow diseases there is a great deficit of iron in the blood, which deficit is a not unfrequent cause of death.—But as the blood on the ivory handle had the full

amount of iron for a man in vigorous health, it seemed to show that there was two different kinds of blood, one human certainly, the other possibly so. Hence, another mode of inquiry was proposed. The blood of animals and men crystallizes, but in different forms—that of man represented by a perfect square lengthened cube, called 'prismatic'; that of animals, by the cube tetrahedral, or several-sided hexagonal. This analysis entirely removed the doubts connected with the proceeding; for it demonstrated that the blood on the blade was that of a lower animal, and that on the handle was certainly human. A third line of investigation was pursued. 'All the inner surfaces of the human body are covered with a glairy looking fluid called "mucus," which is differently constituted, according to the part of the body from which it is taken. As observed through a microscope, that which is found about the upper part of the throat presents the appearance of a pavement of bricks or square pieces, hence it is called "tessellated." The mucus from some other parts is "conical," looking like a pavement made of round pieces, flattened. A third kind, coming from the intestines, seems hairy, ciliated, waving as the tops of long grass under the influence of the wind. Examining the blood on the handle, which was now known to be that of a human being, it was found not to present the pavement-like appearance, but it did clearly show the wavy lines; it could not, therefore, have come from the throat, and as the traveller had no wound except that on the throat, and as the blood on the blade was clearly animal blood and not human, no part of the blood on the knife could have been that of the unfortunate traveller, and therefore the landlord was discharged, when he gave the following statement:—"Some days before, while out hunting, he killed several squirrels, and stooped to string his game; the knife slipped as he cut upwards, and it penetrated the abdomen. In his haste he wiped the knife clean with some leaves, closed the blade, and in attempting to put it into his pocket, it fell on the ground; he picked it up and directed his steps homeward. In a few minutes one of the squirrels slipped off; he pierced it through with his knife, strung it on the switch, and had not used the knife since. This was plausible; and he showed the wound, not yet entirely healed; but this could easily have been made to answer an object. The physiologist therefore proposed as a mere matter of curious interest, to examine the blood on the blade and also that on the handle. That on the handle was wavy, ciliary, with the largest amount of iron, showing that it must have been from a man of robust health, and the mucus from the abdomen is always ciliary and never tessellated. Again, the blood adhering to a knife penetrating a living body coagulates—that entering a body already dead never does. The blood on the blade, already shown to be that of a mere animal, was now found to be incongruous. Hence, that on the blade was shown to be the blood of a mere animal already dead; that on the handle was the blood of a man in vigorous health, and could not have come from the throat, and almost certainly came from the abdomen. When the knife fell on the ground, the handle touched some of the leaves with which it had just been wiped. Thus the chain of evidence for the landlord's innocence was unbroken and perfect. The real culprit was subsequently found, tried and executed, confessing his guilt. It is certain that, in the progressive march of science and art, the unchangeable laws of nature will be better understood—correcting the errors and fallacies of human judgment; and the testimony of Science will thus aid Justice in forming her opinions and enabling her to give her decisions with her eyes open!—*Scientific American*.

THE POOR MAN AND THE MISSIONER.—There was a poor man who had lived for twenty years in great poverty, but though he had often been nearly destitute, and seen his six children around him crying for food, still his trust in the Divine Providence remained unshaken; and he believed that in his own good time God would hear his prayers, and succour him in his distress. A celebrated preacher gave a Retreat during Lent that year, and crowds flocked to listen to him. His words created a great sensation among his hearers; and a gentleman personally unknown to him, came to the missioner at the conclusion of one of his discourses, and said: "Father, I wish to do a work of mercy, and would leave the execution of it to you. Here are a thousand crowns which I should be glad you would distribute among those who are really in want."

"You must excuse me," replied the preacher; "I cannot undertake the office. You must be better acquainted with the poor in this neighborhood than I can be; and besides, if it were known that I was able to give large sums, I should be so incessantly persecuted by beggars, that it would be a hindrance to my ministrations." But the gentleman was so urgent in his solicitations, that at length the good father was reluctant to refuse, and begged him to explain exactly in what way he would like the money to be spent.

"That is to me a matter of indifference," replied the gentleman; but to simplify the business, it will perhaps be as well to give it to the poor person who comes to you: we may then believe that Providence has directed the disposition of the money."

The next day the preacher took for his text this passage of Holy Scripture: "Never saw I the just forsaken nor their seed begging their bread." The poor man was present, and heard his sermon; and, as soon as it was over, he came to the priest and said: "Father, your sermons have been very instructive and I have derived great consolation from many of them; but I find a difficulty in believing all you have said to-day. In my own case certainly the words have not come true; for I have tried to serve God and live as a Christian for twenty years, and yet I am very poor, and almost destitute, and have nothing to leave to my six children but poverty and misery. I have trusted and prayed and hoped all this time fruitlessly; I cannot see what will become of us; even my faith at times is sorely tried."

"Well, my child," replied the priest, "then you yourself shall be a living proof of the truth of the Psalmist's words. Here are a thousand crowns, which were but just now placed in my hands, with a direction to bestow them on the first poor man who should apply to me for relief; you may therefore consider them as a gift sent to you by Almighty God."

In consequence of the opposition of Bishop Taft and others to the proceedings of the High Church party in the Establishment, the Union makes a proposal as follows:—"In order to carry out the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England which are sanctioned by English law, but which English law cannot prevent, we propose that oratories should be erected in different parts of London. These oratories



would be as secure as a man's own dwelling, which in these days is more protected than God's house.

GOOD NEWS.—A Protestant minister writing over the signature James Begg Cameron D. D. (we know not to what particular sect a Convener belongs, or how to classify him)—makes some very cheering admissions as to the progress of Catholicity in Scotland.

The need of such an Institute is every day becoming more apparent, for there never was a time since the Reformation when so loud a call was addressed to Protestants to be up and doing.

At the present rate of progress her complete triumph in Britain must be regarded as only a question of time, whilst the experience of every continental nation proves that she is as deadly an enemy as ever to the blessed Gospel, and to every form of human liberty and progress.

MAGNIFICENT EDITION OF HAYDOCK'S CATHOLIC BIBLE.

THE Subscribers are issuing in Numbers, price 25 cents each, HAYDOCK'S unabridged CATHOLIC FAMILY BIBLE. The Work will be completed in 38 Numbers, and will contain 25 splendid STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

THE LIFE OF THE B. VIRGIN MARY.

And of Her most Chaste Spouse Sr. JOSEPH, and Holy Parents St. JOACHIM and St. ANNE. NOW Publishing, and will be completed in 20 Numbers, the most beautiful Edition of the LIFE of the B. VIRGIN ever issued.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, Devotional and Historical Catholic Works, will be found at 19 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE.

Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.

A YOUNG LADY provided with a Diploma from the Catholic Board of Examiners in Montreal, and with warm recommendations from an English family in Upper Canada where, for three consecutive years, she instructed the children of the family, is again desirous of forming a similar engagement.

TO SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

WANTS SITUATION, by a Lady, to TEACH a SCHOOL, or to give instructions in a Private Family. She has a Diploma from the Catholic Board of Examiners for Montreal; and is qualified to impart a sound English Education.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF CATHERINE HUNT, native of Cloughen King's County, Ireland; she was in Kingston about 4 or 5 years ago. Any information as to her whereabouts will be thankfully received by her brother, PETER HUNT, West Farnham, O. E.

INFORMATION

IS anxiously solicited regarding two children, DAVID, and DENIS SHEEHAN, aged respectively 12 and 10 years, when they came out with their widowed mother, from Cork, in 1854, and were detained by sickness in the Quarantine and Marine Hospital.

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GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTING, MERCHANT TAILORING, And General Drapery Store, THE CLOTH HALL, 292 Notre Dame Street, (West).

Best West of England Black Cloth. Black Casimeres, Tweeds, Doeskins. Silk Velvet and Marseille Vestings. Ready Made Garments for all Seasons. Gentlemen's Gloves, in Silk, Kid, Lisle, &c. Gent's Half Hose Merino, Cotton, & Lamb's Wool. Gent's Ties, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Braces, &c. Gentlemen's Linen Collars in the various Styles. Gent's Fancy Regatta and Linen Fronted Shirts. Vests, Pants and Drawers in Merino and Cotton. Umbrellas, Portmanteaus, Travelling Scarfs, &c.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son.—Gents.—For more than a year I was afflicted with a troublesome cough, attended with a yellowish frothy expectoration, and great emaciation followed. Whether it was a liver or lung cough I knew not, but there was an incessant tickling sensation in my chest.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Nature, in her great laboratory, has stored some remedy adapted to every disease which "flesh is heir to." But it requires the investigation and research of the philosopher to discover and apply this remedy. Such research and investigation has succeeded in discovering a remedy for that most afflictive dispensation, the DYSPEPSIA!

With all its lesser and numerous evils; and it may be safely asserted that until the appearance of the Oxygenated Bitters a case of Dyspepsia cured was a rare experience in medical practice. Now under the influence of these Bitters the rule is to cure, the rare exception, failure to cure.

BURNETT'S COCAINE—There is probably no preparation for dressing the hair, that can compete successfully with the Cocaine, which is rapidly coming into general use everywhere; and when once used gives such satisfaction that no one will be without it.

A SITUATION as TEACHER in a Catholic School, by a person who can produce the highest Testimonials as to his qualifications as an elementary School Teacher, from the Catholic Board of Examiners, Quebec.

TREATISE ON ALGEBRA. First Part Just Ready.

THE WHOLE, when issued, will be found to be a complete and comprehensive Volume on the Science. For Sale at the Booksellers', and at the TRUE WITNESS Office.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

31 SANGUINET STREET, WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he will REMOVE ON THE FIRST OF MAY NEXT, to No. 8, St. Claude Street, Near the Bonsecours Market, where he intends to carry on his former business, with, besides, suitable accommodations for travellers and country people.

JOHN McCLOSKEY'S MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS, 38, Sanguinet Street, North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch—we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges.

We will DYE all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Grapes, Woollens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.

With respect to the change that has taken place in the above Establishment, it has been done only for the better management of the same; and I wish to inform the Public that I have not retired from the business, as has been circulated through the City in hand-bills. I am still the head Manager, until further notice.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

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

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX, DRY GOODS, No. 112, St. Paul Street.

HAS constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, &c., &c.

Mr. F. has made great improvements in his Establishment; and is receiving NEW GOODS every week from Europe, per steamer. He has also on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail.

DRY GOODS, St. Lawrence House, 93 McGill Street, Second Door from Notre Dame Street.

HAVE just OPENED one Case of LADIES' CHEMISE HAIR NETS, all colors. Montreal, Oct. 27, 1859.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

EASTERN TRAINS. ON and AFTER MONDAY, May 7th, Trains will leave POINT ST. CHARLES as follows: DAY EXPRESS, for Quebec, Portland and Boston, at 8.30 A.M. For Portland and Boston, stopping over night at Island Pond, at 5.00 P.M. Night Mail for Quebec, (Mixed Train from Richmond) at 5.00 P.M. On Friday Evenings Passengers for Quebec can leave Montreal at 7.45 P.M., by the Special Train, connecting with the Montreal Ocean Steamships, instead 5.00 P.M.

WESTERN TRAINS. Two Through Trains between Montreal and Detroit daily.

\*Day Mail, for Toronto, London, Sarنيا, and Detroit, at 9.00 A.M. Mixed Train, for Kingston and all Way Stations, at 4.30 P.M. \*Night Express Train, (with Sleeping Cars attached) for Toronto, Detroit, &c., at 9.00 P.M. \*These Trains connect at Detroit Junction with the Trains of the Michigan Central, Michigan Southern, and Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads for all points West.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY, BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)

WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVESTONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person waiting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the former prices.

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Ayer's Ague Cure.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND."

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," a rare Companion for the Winter Months. Every Pianist, Every Singer, Every Teacher, Every Pupil, Every Amateur, Should procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Piano Forte Music, costing but 10 CENTS a number, and pronounced by the entire Press of the Country, to be "The Best and Cheapest Work of the kind in the World."

Twelve full-sized Pages of Vocal and Piano Forte Music for TEN CENTS. Yearly, \$5; Half-yearly, \$2.50; Quarterly, \$1.25. Subscribe to "Our Musical Friend," or order it from the nearest Newsdealer, and you will have Music enough for your entire family at an insignificant cost; and if you want Music for the Flute, Violin, Cornet, Clarinet, Accordion, &c., subscribe to the

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

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

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS. Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged, and your feelings unrefreshed? These symptoms are often the prelude to various diseases. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by the timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and you will find the disordered business—purify the blood, and let it flow again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles some where in the body, and obstructs its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing colds, coughs, and other ailments. While in this condition, oppressed by the derangement of the natural health, and see how directly they restore the natural health of the system, and with it the highest feeling of mind and common comfort. It will take in many of the deep-seated and dangerous disorders. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly and many of them surely, cured by the same means. None who know the virtues of these Pills, will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure.

As a Family Physic. From Dr. E. W. Corbridge, New Orleans. Your Pills are the prince of purgatives. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

Headache, Sick Headache, Poul Stomach. From Dr. Edward Lloyd, Baltimore. DEAR BRO. AYER: I cannot answer you what complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say all that we cure from our purgative medicine. I have great dependance on an official cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believing as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints. From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City. Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of bilious complaints than any remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Relax, Worms. From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago. Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their salutary effect upon the Liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses for bilious dysentery and diarrhoea. Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood. From Rev. J. F. Hines, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston. DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. Their effects upon the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Etc., &c. From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada. Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of costiveness. If others of our fraternity have found them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although but enough in itself, is the precursor of others that are worse. I believe costiveness to originate in the Liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Boston. I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are excellent promotives of the natural secretion when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to cleanse the stomach and expel worms. They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From the Rev. Dr. Hanks, of the Methodist Epis. Church. PULASKI HOUSE, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1855. HONORABLE SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating neuralgia, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians the disease grew worse and worse, until by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well, and I believe costiveness to originate in the Liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

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P. F. WALSH, Practical and Scientific Watchmaker. HAS REMOVED TO 178 NOTRE DAME STREET. (Next door to O'Connor's Boot & Shoe Store.)

CALL and examine his NEW and SPLENDID assortment of Watches, Jewellery, and Plated Ware. P. F. Walsh has also on hand the BEST SELECTED and most varied assortment of FANCY GOODS, Toys, Perfumery, Chaplets, Rosaries, Decades, and other religious and symbolic articles. Buy your Fancy and other Stationery from P. F. WALSH, 178 Notre Dame Street, of which he has on hand the VERY BEST QUALITY. Special attention given to REPAIRING and TIMING all kinds of Watches, by competent workmen, under his personal superintendance. No Watches taken for Repairs that cannot be Warranted.

BUSINESS DEVICE: Quick Sales and Light Profit. Nov. 17, 1859.

FIREWOOD. 1000 CORDS of FIREWOOD.—Pine, Hemlock and Tamarack—at \$3 per Cord. P. B. McNAMEE.

FIRE BRICKS. 5000 FIRE BRICKS for Sale, Buckley Mountain, Ramsay's and Carr's manufacture. F. B. McNAMEE, St. Antoine Street.

WHITE PINE. 100,000 FEET of Square 20,000 feet of Flat and Round Roe Elm. 10,000 feet of Flat Red and White Pine 2,000 Superior Feet 3 inch Flooring 5000 do do 1 and 2 inch Flooring. Parties intending to build will find this the best seasoned timber in market. F. B. McNAMEE.

FOR SALE. 3 TONS of assorted HOOPIRON, 1, 1 1/2, 1 1/4, 1 1/8 50 barrels of Best American Cement 300 Empty Cement Barrels. F. B. McNAMEE.

THE Subscriber has two pair of BOB SLEIGHS for hire, capable of carrying 50 tons each. Parties having large boilers, heavy castings, or wooden houses to remove, should call and see them. January 28. F. B. McNAMEE.

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

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

THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry. The Course of instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR. Board and Tuition.....\$70 00 Use of Bed and Bedding..... 7 00 Washing..... 10 50 Drawing and Painting..... 7 00 Music Lessons—Piano..... 28 00 Payment is required Quarterly in advance. October 29.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C.W.; Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages. A large and well selected Library will be open to the Pupils.

TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half-yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July. July 21st, 1858.

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

WAIT FOR THE BARGAINS. E. J. NAGLE, Sewing Machine Manufacturer, 265 Notre Dame Street. Oct. 20, 1859.

COLLECT YOUR ACCOUNTS IN DUE SEASON. THE undersigned gives Solvent Security and respectable reference. P. TUCKER, Collector of Accounts, 53 Prince St.



