

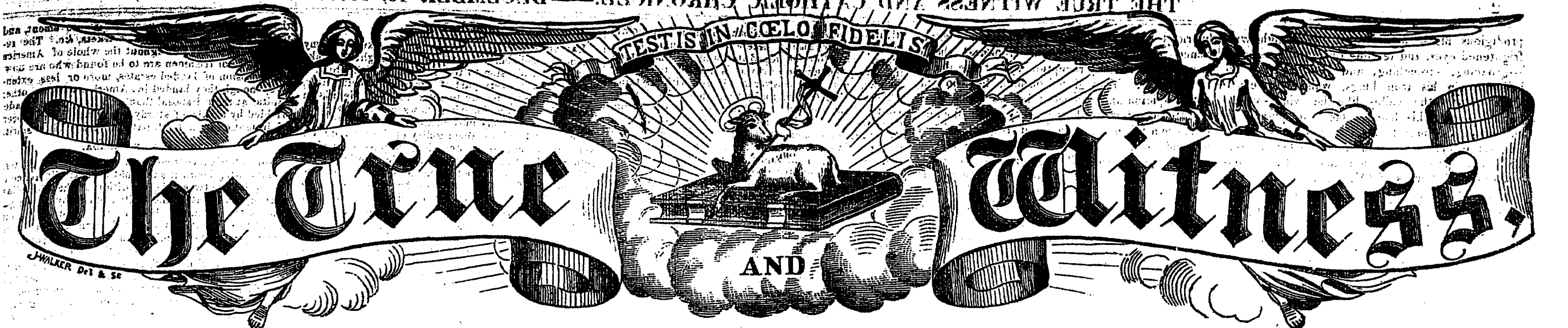
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. X. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1859. No. 18.

THE LAST IRISHMAN.

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

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

Julia rose with difficulty. "Is this the only consolation," she asked, "in which you can offer me in my frightful fall? Should the fatal secret get abroad I should not have sufficient energy to sustain the hatred and contempt of the world. Could I conceal my shame from my family, and brothers, and all who are dear to me—I could not hide it from my own conscience? Already I feel a horror of myself. In my family a dishonored daughter is not allowed to live. My family pride has told me this, and a terrible voice has lately repeated the decree. But, Sir George, I consider myself too young to die. My religion tells me that Divine justice is inexorable to those who anticipate the hour appointed by Providence.—Sir George! I ask you, for the salvation of my soul, to give me a father for my infant?"

The unfortunate girl dragged herself to the feet of Sir George, and concealed her face, inundated with tears, against the ground. Sir George divided his attention with nice equality between the lady and the fluster of his line, with which a mischievous fish appeared at that moment to be playing.

"Come, come, Miss O'Byrne, get up," said Sir George, in a dry tone. "This really ridiculous. Your lamentations will not change the past. I do not—so to say—belong to myself—come, stop crying—I blush to see you in that attitude. I must really leave the place, from a feeling of respect for you. This place, indeed, is not worth remaining in; your agitation and noise have frightened away the fish, and I must try my fortune in some other locality."

He drew his line from the water, and was preparing to depart, when Julia clutched his dress with a convulsive grasp. "Sir George, stay, Sir George; take pity on me; I have much more to say—listen to me."

"No, no; not at this moment," replied Sir George; "this evening, or to-morrow, when you are less disturbed, we shall resume our conversation; but allow me—I desire it—let me go then—!" He loosened himself by a sudden wrench, and repulsed the girl in a brutal manner.

She raised her hands to Heaven and exclaimed in heart-rending accents, "Oh, my God, will you not assist a poor female who has not merited this contempt and degradation?"

"He has sent you an avenger, Julia O'Byrne," cried a loud voice behind her. Sir George stood aghast. Julia turned her head, and Richard appeared at a few paces from them.

Richard's costume was that he wore the previous evening, with the exception of the mantle, which on the present occasion, might embarrass his devouring activity. Though this costume was simple, in the countenance and features of O'Byrne, there was so much nobility and dignity that it was impossible not to recognise the gentleman. At the present moment his brow was corded with anger; his eyes gleamed like coals of fire; he held a loaded pistol in each hand. To do justice to Sir George, the threatening apparition of O'Byrne appeared in no way to affect his phlegmatic insolence. He looked at Richard, whom he was unacquainted with, then at Miss O'Byrne, to whom he said in a loud voice, "What carrion is this—what brings him here? Ah! Miss O'Byrne, in spite of appearances, I will not suppose you have laid a trap for me."

"No, no; Sir George, do not suppose so," cried the poor girl, in a state of distraction. "I swear that I was ignorant—. In the name of mercy," she cried, placing herself before Richard, "no violence, I beseech it."

Richard put her aside by the motion of his arm. "Allow me," he said in a firm tone;—"your part is ended, mine begins." Then turning towards the Englishman, who, leaning on his rod, listened, and looked more surprised than terrified, "You have not fallen into a trap, Sir George," he resumed; "you need fear no violence, if you act with frankness. Take this weapon, sir." Richard O'Byrne presented Sir George with one of his pistols.

"What am I to do with it?"

"I am desirous," said O'Byrne, "that we should stand on a footing of perfect equality, while discussing interests which are extremely serious."

Sir George shrugged his shoulders. "You are wasting your time," said he with an air of contempt. "A man of my rank can never be placed on a footing of equality with a highwayman."

you intend to marry this poor girl whom you have so foully dishonored."

Sir George only answered by a disdainful smile. "That is sufficient," resumed Richard: "I was certain of it.—" "Well, take this pistol, place yourself at the distance that you consider requisite, and defend your life."

"Why really this is a duel," said Sir George ironically, pushing away the pistol: "a duel without witnesses—a duel without seconds in the corner of a wood, with an utter stranger. But to induce me to accept this proposal you should at least tell me your name, and what right you have to interfere in this matter."

"My name!" resumed Richard, "I have not sufficient confidence in your honor to confide it to you. That name was long illustrious before an obscure adventurer concealed his ignominy with the title of Powerscourt; and I have held rank in the army superior to that of a lieutenant. As to the right to defend the cause of Miss O'Byrne, it will suffice if Miss O'Byrne acknowledge me as her champion."

"Oh, with all my soul!" cried the young girl; "I cannot find a braver or more generous defender. Nevertheless—"

"Enough," interrupted Richard. "Come, sir, you hear the lady—are you ready?"

Sir George shook his head: "No," said he, at last, "I cannot accept a duel under such conditions."

"Why, sir?"

"Because I do not like to be entrapped—I am not willing to fight with a man who probably wishes to cover the weakness of his mistress with my honorable name."

Richard's eyes became as red as blood; he uttered a hoarse dull cry like that of a wild beast still master of himself, he succeeded in subduing the ebullition of his anger. "Sir," said he, "if you are unwilling to fight without witnesses, you can call your servant."

"It does not become a man of my rank," said Sir George, "to fight a stranger, in the presence of a servant, you can assassinate me, but I shall not defend myself."

"Sir George," cried O'Byrne, striking the ground with his foot, "you are desirous that I should tell the world you are a coward."

"Say what you please," replied the young Englishman, "no one who is known to be a gentleman will repeat that insult with impunity in my presence."

"Sir George," cried Richard, "are you only courageous when defenceless women are the object of your attack—you are a coward, a base coward—do you hear! You will now fight, I hope."

"No, I will not," replied Sir George.

"Insolent villain and abominable seducer, you shall not escape," cried Richard. He struck the Englishman furiously with the pistol he held in his hand, while Sir George endeavored in vain to parry his blows. Notwithstanding his skill as a pugilist, the slender scion of nobility could not resist the vigor of O'Byrne. The butt of the pistol fell upon his head and face; blood spouted from his wounds.

Richard in all probability would have killed him if a noise behind (for he had turned his back upon the lake) had not now attracted his attention. He could not see his sister; Julia had disappeared; but the violent agitation of the waves, which rolling to the shore, accounted for her disappearance.

"Good God!" exclaimed Richard, "the unfortunate girl—!" Rapid as lightning he plunged into the lake. At this moment Julia reappeared upon the surface, buoyed up by her clothing, her hair streaming with the fluid. Her brother grasped her, in spite of her efforts to elude his clutch, while she murmured, "Let me alone—I must die."

Richard, without heeding her expostulations, swam manfully towards the shore. When he reached the rock that jutted into the lake, two strong hands relieved him of his burthen, and laid the lady with tenderness on the dry grass.—It was Jack Gunn, who stood upon the bank as suddenly as if he had dropped from the sky, just when his master needed his assistance. Owing to the exertions of Gunn, Richard and Julia, after a few moments, stood upon the bank in perfect safety.

This drama was enacted in perfect silence;—not a sound calculated to attract the attention of the vicinity escaped from the actors; indeed, vulgar observation was excluded by the configuration of the shore and the adjacent country. Jack Gunn, nevertheless, began to reconnoitre the neighborhood the moment the brother and sister were out of danger. Sir George might be seen, hurrying with precipitous steps in the direction of the ditch where he had ordered his servant to await him. His hat and rod lay upon the spot where he had encountered O'Byrne; his dress was in disorder, his countenance discomposed, his face disfigured with wounds, and as he hurried along, he spat up from time to time gobbets and mouthfuls of blood.

Jack felt a strong inclination to pursue him, not knowing if his master should feel satisfied at the escape of an individual for whom he had recently manifested so much antipathy. But all idea of Sir George appeared to have escaped from the memory of Richard O'Byrne. The condition of poor Julia occupied all his attention, who, with her eyes half shut, shivering in her wet clothes, murmured in a broken voice, "Why should you hinder me from executing justice on an unworthy creature who has brought ignominy on your name? Did you not yourself pronounce my sentence?"

"My darling sister! my beloved Julia, you must forget the insane words, which in a moment of distraction, escaped my thoughtless lips. To consider you accountable for that monstrous attempt would be horribly unjust. In the eyes of your brother you are still as holy and pure as before; I require and command you to live."

"What is the value of an existence which must be a burden to others as well as to myself?"

"Julia, you are a Christian; in order to suffer you must live."

"Since you desire it, I shall obey; but I hope that God in His infinite mercy will abridge the period of my sufferings."

Richard O'Byrne embraced, kissed and pardoned his sister, while Jack Gunn, clambering a lofty bank, looked out over the whole country. Having ascertained that all was solitude, he gave a signal to O'Byrne, who took Julia in his arms.

"Where are you carrying me, Richard?" she asked.

"To Daly's, in the ruins of Lady's Church, where you shall be perfectly safe. There you can dry your clothes, and return home without attracting attention."

CHAPTER VIII.

A few hours after the setting sun, an assembly of conspirators met in the secluded residence of the blind man. The outer room, in which Daly generally lived, was occupied by about twenty men—undistinguishable from the peasantry of the surrounding districts, except by their warm and substantial clothing—evinced that they belonged to the better class of small farmers. Every man present was draped in a large great coat. Blocks of stone, topped and cushioned with mats of woven straw or twisted rushes, formed their seats. An old door, which had been taken from its hinges and laid on its side, appeared in its centre, propped on four rocks, and serving as a table. The damp of the room was counteracted in some degree by a dull fire composed of heather and *car-runs*. The faces of the conspirators, when from time to time the fire light flashed upon them, looked shadowy, sinister, gloomy, savage, and forbidding. Few words passed between them, and these few were whispers. There was a certain constraint or undefinable uneasiness pervading the assembly, which proved that some important matter was brooding in their minds which chained their tongues, and imposed reserve and caution on their expressions. The inner chamber, separated from this by a closed door, was evidently better lighted, as streaks of pure light came out clearly from the cracks, or crevices, or the door. In this room Richard was seated on a large log of bog oak, covered with the skin of a kid, before a crazy deal table, on which maps and papers were spread in vast profusion. An Indian dirk and a case of pistols served as paper-weights. A lamp burned before him, and he appeared to peruse with interest the numerous documents which covered the table.

As the night was pretty far advanced, Daly arose and stepped softly into the room occupied by Richard O'Byrne. He remained standing in the presence of his chief for several minutes before his appearance was observed by O'Byrne. "Oh, Daly," he cried, at last perceiving him, "is this you? It is, I suppose, full time to depart, for certainly much remains to be done."

"It is past twelve o'clock," said Daly.

"Have all the delegates arrived, Daly?" asked O'Byrne, keenly perusing the blind man.

"Yes, my lord, all—barring one from Glendalough; but I can easily account for his absence. He was thrust out of his cabin, and robbed of his little property this morning by Lord Powerscourt."

"I trust, Daly, we shall avenge him in a few days. I trust we shall punish the brutal, bloated aristocracy of Ireland—foul with vice, and horrible with crime—by hanging the titled miscreants in the lawns of their own castles, from the boughs of their own trees." Then, after a pause, "Can Kavanagh be depended on, Daly?" asked O'Byrne, in a calmer tone. "May he not have turned informer with the view of being restored to his farm?"

"No, my lord, Kavanagh is a faithful man.—I'll answer for poor Tom Kavanagh."

"Your guarantee is the best evidence of his honesty," said O'Byrne, "you at least have been always faithful."

The face of the blind man was lighted up by a flush of manly pride. "I hope my lord there's good news in the letters, the delegates of distant counties are ready I hope, and the young Irishlanders true to their word?"

"Well, they are and they are not. The working classes are as ready as present circumstances will admit of—quite willing to strike a blow for the liberation of their country. Here are letters from the suffering sons of the north from Farney—from Louth—Meath, Cork and Galway, and several other counties. The men of Wexford in particular pledge themselves to be ready without any reservation at an hour's notice. But I am sorry to find the higher classes shamefully hanging back. According to them the time has not yet arrived—it is madness to attack the British army—forty thousand strong—backed as it is by the ferocious Orangemen of Ulster. I am myself convinced that we should first begin with the Orangemen. Until they are disposed of, nothing can be done. This is my private opinion; but I am overruled by Mitchel, Meagher and Duffy. The linen of Ulster should be burned by the exiles in America. Unless we speak to their pockets it's useless to speak to their hearts. The fire which burns their linen will cool their loyalty or even convert them into patriots. This is my private opinion. But I cannot prevail upon Duffy or Mitchel to adopt it. They foolishly imagine that the Orangemen of Ulster can be propitiated by leading articles. But this is insanity. Ulster must be beggared into patriotism and none but the American exiles can beggar the Irish Orangemen. In addition to the Orangemen and the army, we have to encounter timid and time-serving Catholics, men who have acquired a little property and are reluctant to risk it. These men are afraid to offend their aristocratic acquaintances, whose influence hangs—in war as in peace—like a millstone round the necks of such underlings. Were the green flag of victory once floating broadly from the towers of Dublin Castle—as it yet will be—these time-serving wretches would come flocking round our standard in reptile swarms. As it is we must calculate on their hostility."

"Nobody ever expected the like of them to join us, my lord, at the first brush. We must have success first."

Richard O'Byrne opened a printed sheet displaying the royal arms of England. "Here is a proclamation which has been or is about to be published by that shallow charlatan, Lord C., making it treason and felony to call an assembly of Irishmen or address them on political affairs. It commands the arrest of the principal leaders of the movement. The principal chiefs have meantime dispersed over the country to organize the insurrection. We strike a hurried blow in a premature manner. Smith O'Brien is to hoist the standard of rebellion on the hills of Tipperary, Maurice Leyne will issue by night from Dublin with four hundred covered cars, each containing four riflemen. He will rip up the rails of 'the Great Southern,' and prevent the transit of the troops which are to be sent on the part of the government to suppress the rebellion headed by Smith O'Brien. Meantime, I trust I shall strike a blow in my native Wicklow which will resound through Ireland. Something must be immediately done, or all is lost."

"My Lord, the night is far advanced—it is time to be moving. The way to Rath Laoghair is both tedious and difficult."

Richard O'Byrne placed his Indian poignard in its sheath, secured his pistols in his belt, flung his mantle over his shoulders, and passed into the room where the delegates sat waiting his commands. Murmurs of joy and suppressed cheers welcomed his appearance, while on his part friendly nods and words of recognition reciprocated the greeting of his friends.

The party issued from the cabin and proceeded by the winding road that skirted the lake.—From this lake they diverged into a ravine lined with sheets of perpendicular rock, capped and dotted here and there with bive-shaped furze and skirted with briars and brambles.

A stranger could never find a passage through a gorge so encumbered: but it was perfectly familiar to their guides. Now they clambered steep accents, supporting themselves by tufts of heath or protruding masses of stone which cropped up through the thin soil; and again they passed along a narrow ledge of rock which resembled a shelf skirting a precipice. The blind man displayed more courage than any individual in the band. He advanced when the guides hesitated—he struck the earth with his staff, and determined by its sound the nature of their footing. At length the party reached a plateau of some extent, where they could rest, near the summit of the mountain. Meantime the moon became visible—rising lurid and red—as if it were a ball of fire brooding over the lips of a crater. The red light of the portentous moon—enveloped from time to time in a dark cloud, which buried the lurid disk in its murky bosom—gave the conspirators mysterious, but magnificent, glimpses of

the shadowy lake and the gleaming waters—occasionally ruffled by the fitful passage of the breeze of night. The opaque shadow of the overhanging mountains seemed to assume strange and grisly forms—calculated to impress the superstitious with feelings akin to terror. The party paused on the plateau to recover breath and contemplate the scene.

They were not long here when they saw with no little wonder a column of fire issue from the earth, and shoot up towards the sky, which it lighted and licked with streaks of purple. The breathless gazers were lost in astonishment.—"What can it be?" "Whose house is a-fire?" "A huddle of conjectures followed these interrogatories. "That's Tom Kavanagh's house," said one of the guides. "He was turned out of it to-day, and the boys are burning it to-night, to punish the landlord. That's Tom Kavanagh's house." "Oh! that's it."

"My lord," whispered the blind man, "this accounts for poor Kavanagh's absence. I told you he was true."

The conspirators hastened to quit the circle of light which the conflagration threw around them. But they had little need to bury themselves in the shadow, as the dangerous way they had chosen was rarely traversed at such an hour. The conflagration was speedily lost to the conspirators by an intervening panel of the rock.—After they had proceeded for a considerable way in night and silence, Daly whispered to Richard, "Your honor is doubtless aware that we are about to enter the haunted ravine, and that we shall meet at the end of it a band of desperate characters."

"I am aware of everything which a man in my dangerous position ought to be acquainted with," said O'Byrne. "I hope to give them an opportunity to expiate the misdeeds and crimes of the past, by their patriotic devotion to their country in future."

"You are right, my lord," said Daly, "the cold selfishness and wolfish cruelty of the Irish aristocracy and the English government have made them what they are, rather than their own instincts. They have been goaded by oppression into licentiousness."

While conversing in this manner they reached the mouth of the haunted valley. 'Twas a long, deep, dark trench—a *scalp*, as the native Irish term it—a yawning chasm cleaving a massive mountain, which at some distant period of geologic time composed a single hill. This black mass was never penetrated by the rays of the gentle moon, which, trembling on the forked fringe, fringed its horrid apices with silver. It was rough with boulders and tangled with bushes and briars. The strange, mysterious and discordant sounds which wafted from its dark breast, assumed, as they approached it, louder and more terrible proportions. At times the pale listeners heard, or fancied they heard, the clamors of a pack of hounds, intermingled with the hideous howlings of some prodigious prey—some distressed monster of primeval ages, which gigantic dogs had hunted down, and which howled out its brutish life under the fangs of its furious assailants—some megatherium, or dragon, or monster that rent the mountain with its roar. These horrible sounds were explained by men of science, on incomprehensible principles, which were perfectly scientific. The explanations of the terrified peasants, though less philosophical, were unquestionably more intelligible. The howlings of the damned who were tortured in hell, became audible—were roared out in this black gulf, which had the reputation to be one of the mouths or orifices opening to the infernal regions. This was the popular explanation.

CHAPTER IX.

The most superficial observer might soon perceive that a thrill of superhuman apprehension seized, silenced, and paralyzed the followers of O'Byrne, or at least was fast creeping over their hearts, and freezing their courage. Whispers were perpetually passing among them—their pace was growing slower and slower, and finally degenerated into a halt. It was in vain that O'Byrne exclaimed, from time to time—"Come on, my lads"—as he was accustomed to do in the army—their sluggishness grew more and more apparent.

"What is the matter, boys," he suddenly exclaimed, "why don't you come on?"

"O Lord, sir! don't you hear them," gaped one of the party in sheer terror.

"Hear what?" demanded O'Byrne, in indignant astonishment.

"Why, the horse of the white messenger, my lord. Don't you hear the cry of the hounds, and the yelling of Old Proby? Listen! there—O Lord!—isn't it frightful? Nobody dare stand in his way barring a priest in his stole. O Lord! O Lord!" he continued, as he listened—"isn't it frightful entirely?"

To explain this exclamation of Charley Healy—for such was the name of the speaker—we must observe the peasantry believed that, from a cavernous opening which gaped in the valley, a

prodigious black... frightened eyes, and terrible... groaning, screaming, and... through the valley like the wind...

"I certainly hear the tramp of a horse at full gallop in the distance," exclaimed O'Byrne, "but what of that?"

O'Byrne consented, and Daly proceeded as follows:—"You must know, my lord, as every one knows, that the reign of the Red Hag, (Cath-leach Ragh) as we Irish term the blood-stained Jezabel—Elizabeth—was a period of sorrow as well as glory to the gallant clans of O'Byrne and O'Kavanagh. Many a terrific battle your heroic ancestor, Feah MacHugh, fought against the hiring soldiers of Elizabeth. Many a time he fed the eagles with their flesh. But to make a long story short, after a long career of victory, he fell a victim to the treachery of the agents of the English Queen. Among the monsters of treachery who plundered the O'Byrne, and made his estates their own, Old Proby, the ancestor of the Earl of Carysfort, was perhaps the most treacherous. When the last remnant of the clansmen of the heroic MacHugh retreated into the most lonely valleys and caverns of their native mountains, Old Proby was accustomed to hunt them with blood-hounds. He followed them with his ferocious dogs and a fierce band of savage *cearn mhara* into the thickets, bogs and briary glens, which he often dyed with the blood of his screaming victims. These poor outlaws were supplied with food by a trusty messenger named Kevin Dathy. He was called Dathy on account of his nimbleness. Kevin used to lurk in secret places, and keep watch and ward on the movements of Old Proby, and fly with the news to the persecuted people who were in danger of falling into Proby's hands. These poor fugitives met one night at the very Rath which we are now approaching. They were heartless, and hopeless, and breathless, and silent; their object in meeting was to deliberate as to what course they should adopt under present circumstances. Proby was out that very night, scouring the woods with his blood-hounds and his Kerns. He learned from his spies that the outlaws were at the Rath. He and his crew immediately came sweeping along the ravine to capture or kill the poor fellows. They resisted, and were butchered like sheep in and about the Rath. Every night, since Old Proby died—and it's the very next night, they say, he died—he comes running out of the cavern of the ravine, in the shape of a prodigious black pig, with frightful eyes blazing like fire, and great tusks as white as snow, and he groaning, and screaming, and running, as if his entrails were on fire, and the horseman, the good messenger, Kevin Dathy—who was burned alive by Old Proby—comes sweeping on his black steed like the wind, in full pursuit of the big black pig, and accompanied by all the Kerns, yelling in the shape of blood-hounds, a-hunting their former master, Old Proby. And that's to be his doom until the day of judgment."

"Oh! Lord, sir, don't you hear them?" exclaimed one of the party; "don't you hear the horrid clamor, and the clatter of a horse's hoofs?"

"Here he comes," exclaimed another; "here he comes. Cross of Christ between us and all harm."

"Here's the horseman, by the laws, sure enough. Here's Kevin Dathy. Here's the white Messenger."

Richard O'Byrne remained perfectly silent, as he observed a man mounted on a wild black horse, flying as swift as a hawk down the gully, waving a letter above his head. As the stranger neared the party he seemed to cheer his gallant steed. The delegates cleared the way with wild terrified, and hasty expedition, while O'Byrne, holding a pistol in each hand, calmly waited to see the result of it. He had scarcely made this arrangement when the horseman passed him with the impetuosity of a whirlwind. As he swept along he flung at O'Byrne's feet the large letter which he had been previously waving over his head—then continued his course without uttering a word of explanation, and was soon lost to sight in the turn of the valley.

The effect which this mysterious apparition produced upon the people may be easily comprehended. They remained motionless, breathless, silent, awe struck and paralyzed.

"Lord save us, its the white spectre," cried one. "Oh! he came to convince the scoffers," said another, alluding to Jack Gunn who had derided the legend of the 'Good messenger' as an old woman's fable. This explanation met the unfeigned approbation of all present—even Jack Gunn himself who lent a sanction to it by his attitude of undisguised terror. Richard, meantime took up the letter which lay at his feet, and which the wind turned over and threatened to blow away. He turned it again and again, looked at all its sides and all its extremities as if to assure himself that it was really a letter and not a figment of his own brain. He vainly tried to read the address—the feeble light of the clouded moon did not admit of this. But he could easily see to his no small astonishment that it was sealed with the royal arms.

CHAPTER X. While our friends—ruminating over the recent event—were proceeding in the direction of the Rath, a man armed with a rifle, suddenly hopped up from a clump of furze (behind which he had been evidently crouching) and cried, "Who goes there?" Richard advanced, and uttered the pass-word. The sentinel dropped his rifle, and the party proceeded without interruption. When he approached the Rath, Richard O'Byrne felt an indefinable apprehension and unwillingness to enter this community. Yet it was quite certain that his fervent patriotism—his il-

lustrious... friendly reception from these... They glared on him, but thought with suspicion and curiosity; but no sooner had he uttered a few words than they came flocking round him full of attention and respect. They listened with eagerness to his persuasive discourse which had all the success he could expect. Marks of sympathy perpetually revealed themselves as he developed his plans for the delivery of his country. The apparition of the white spectre—which speedily passed from lip to lip, and which assumed as they told it all the proportions of an inexplicable miracle, contributed not a little to ensure him a friendly reception. It was believed or suspected that the "White Spectre" had brought O'Byrne orders from the other world with relation to Ireland. This splendid prodigy ensured success to the rebels. Daly who was generally regarded as an oracle seemed to propagate this rumor. He caused himself to be led from group to group, and those who listened to Daly, did not fail to greet O'Byrne with rapturous applause. O'Byrne was in short regarded as an ambassador from France, and an envoy from on High. When confidence was thus established, the measures were discussed which were necessary to ensure success to the plans of the association. We shall merely glance at the resolutions which were arrived at in this assembly. It is enough to say that Richard who had received an exact account of the character of the men he had to deal with managed to make them amenable to his will without irritating their self-esteem. The chief were selected with sagacity and appointed with judgment. Everything was arranged, and the insurrection was to break out the following day in the great fair of...

The eastern region of the sky began to brighten, and the light of the stars to wane pale, ere all these matters were arranged. After repeating his instructions to each of his new friends, O'Byrne bade them good-night. Some were to hasten to their homes and kindle rebellion in their respective neighborhoods, while others should proceed to the fair-town, and wait there ready to obey Richard's commands. Then the meeting dissolved, and Richard was about to depart—accompanied by Gunn and Daly—when he heard a timid voice call him by name.

"Who are you? What do you want?" asked O'Byrne, with some impatience.

"Did your honor read the big letter I threw a while ago?" asked a white figure emerging from the bushes, "there's great news entirely in that letter. Did your honor read it at all?"

O'Byrne recollected the letter received in so extraordinary a manner, and which his preoccupation of mind prevented his opening. He hastily drew it from his pocket, and approaching the fire, from which some light still radiated, gazed on it with his soul in his eyes. He found it, with astonishment, directed to Lord Powerscourt. He tore it open—it contained a proclamation issued by Lord Clarendon. It also contained a warrant for the apprehension of Richard O'Byrne, late captain in the native Indian army—now reputed leader of the insurgents of Wicklow, Wexford, and the adjoining counties, and said to be lurking in or about the Seven Churches. The warrant directed his lordship, as lord lieutenant of Wicklow, to order all deputy lieutenants, magistrates, chiefs of police, and all good and loyal subjects in general, to seize, and cause to be seized, and arrested, the body of the aforesaid Richard O'Byrne, for which a reward of one thousand pounds should be paid to him who should make the arrest, and lodge the said Richard O'Byrne in any of her majesty's jails or prisons in the United Kingdom.

This document agitated the mind of Richard with indescribable feelings. He read it and re-read it, until nothing more could be learned from it, then he turned to the man who gave it to him.

"How did you get this document? Who are you?"

"Is it me? Isn't it Tom Kavanagh I am?" "Karanagh?" asked Richard with serenity. "Was it not you that set fire to the house in the village?"

"Then, your honor knows that? Faix, I believe you're a witch. Oh! sorra one else. I set it on fire with my own hands." (To be continued.)

LECTURE ON AMERICA BY WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN. (From the Dublin Freeman.) On Tuesday night Mr. William Smith O'Brien delivered the first of the Lectures on America which, at the solicitation of the Board of Directors of the Mechanic's Institute, he has undertaken to deliver in Dublin. The large Hall of the Institute, which has recently been newly fitted up and handsomely decorated, presented a most animated sight, having become nearly filled long before the hour appointed for the lecture. The platform was thronged to its utmost extent of accommodation; a number of Mr. O'Brien's political friends being present who have not appeared in public life on any other occasion since 1848. Amongst those whom we recognised were John B. Dillon, Esq.; John Martin, Esq.; Kevin Tied O'Dogherty, Esq.; Richard O'Gorman, Esq., Esq.; &c., &c.; the Board of Directors and Honorary Secretaries, as well as a large number of the Honorary Members of the Institute, whose names, as well as a large number of influential citizens present were unable to obtain owing to the crowded state of the platform. Some Catholic Clergymen and several ladies were present within the reserved seats, and joined warmly in the demonstrations of welcome to Mr. O'Brien. After the hearty, enthusiastic, and long-continued applause which greeted Mr. O'Brien on his first appearance had subsided, he thanked them briefly but with much earnestness, for the reception they had given him on his first public appearance in Dublin, after so long a time, and after so many vicissitudes (an allusion which again drew the most rapturous applause from the whole audience) and expressed the satisfaction he felt at this proof that he still retained their confidence (loud cheers). Mr. O'Brien then stated that as his lecture would be read in America as well as in Ireland, he was anxious that there should be perfect accuracy both as to the delivery and the reporting of it, and he had therefore committed what he had to say to paper instead of delivering an extempore discourse, which would have been more agreeable both to his audience and to himself. He felt the importance of avoiding, at an institution like that of polemical character, but he need not tell them that it would be utterly impossible for him to discuss the political in-

AMERICA AND ENGLISH TOURISTS. It was supposed by many that he intended to write an account of his travels in America, but he had not done so for two reasons—firstly, he could not ponder to English feeling by satirising a people who had treated him with so much kindness and hospitality. He desired to abstain from the style of criticism adopted by certain English writers, who flattered with fulsome adulation those who treated them kindly as long as they were amongst them; but who, when they came to write a book on America, only brought forward such points of national character as were calculated to excite ridicule or detestation [cheers]. In the next place, he did not remain long enough in the country to enable him to speak fully on those various topics which they would naturally expect to find treated of in a book.

THE LECTURER'S ROUTE. Although he travelled 7,000 miles throughout America, he only spent three months in doing so, and he had not time to write down notes of his impressions. However, although not prepared to write an elaborate work on America, there did not exist any objection to his giving in one or two lectures the ideas which he had formed of America and its institutions. He had many favorable opportunities for observation, as from the moment of his arrival in New York up to the time of his departure, he was surrounded by men of all classes, creeds and parties, whose chief desire seemed to be, that he should heartily enjoy his visit to America, and have every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the institutions of the country. Mr. O'Brien then proceeded to give an account of his voyage to America and of the route which he took in travelling through that country.

THE IRISH IN NEWFOUNDLAND. Starting from Galway on the 5th of February, the most inclement season of the year, after a voyage of twenty days he reached Newfoundland, where he became the guest of Dr. Mullock, the Catholic Bishop of that district. This was the only dependency of the British Crown where Catholics and Irishmen enjoyed an ascendancy, and the administration of affairs in that island tended to prove that Irish Catholics might be safely entrusted with the duties of self-government [loud applause]. The people were not only independent in character and exceedingly enterprising, but he was informed by the bishop that they were highly distinguished by the morality of their conduct. Mr. O'Brien then proceeded southward to Washington, and from thence to Richmond, Charleston, Augusta, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Huntsville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Saint Louis, Nanvoo, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Niagara.

SELF-GOVERNMENT. From the Falls he proceeded to Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, where he had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of some of the leading politicians of that country. Mr. O'Brien took the present opportunity of thanking those gentlemen for the politeness with which they had received him, and for the efforts they had made to procure his restoration from exile. It was natural that the people of Canada should sympathise with the Irish people in their desire for self-government; for Canada had suffered scarcely less than Ireland had done from the intervention of the imperial government in its local affairs [applause]. Many Canadian politicians complained occasionally of the mis-government of the country by the party to which they did not belong; but he doubted if a single individual would wish to return to the system of government under which their local affairs were regulated by orders from Downing street [loud applause].

THE FRENCH IN CANADA. Mr. O'Brien then touched briefly on his visit to Montreal, Ottawa, and other Canadian towns. He alluded to a visit which he paid to a gentleman who was possessed of one of the old French seigneuries. His tenants were all descended from the French, and spoke the French language. They occupied farms varying from 50 to 100 acres in extent, and as they held at a quit rent of one halfpenny an acre, and had a perpetuity of tenure, they were in fact proprietors. Though it was the habit of English writers to represent the French Canadians as inactive and unenterprising, he could say that in no part of the world had he seen any people who enjoyed a greater amount of social comfort and peaceful independence. Mr. O'Brien afterwards proceeded to Quebec, where he spent a few days and was received with the greatest kindness and enthusiasm.

A MILITARY COLLEGE. He next proceeded down the St. Lawrence, and visited Richmond, Portland, Boston, and New York. Situated on the Hudson—the most beautiful in America—between Albany and New York is the military establishment of West Point, to which he paid a brief visit. He believed that some American writers advocated the reduction of this establishment; but he thought this would be a serious mistake. The army of the United States being so much smaller in proportion to its population than that of any other state in the world, it was important that an establishment should be kept up which would always supply a body of the most highly instructed officers. He was introduced by his friend, Mr. Thomas Meagher (hear, and loud cheers) to the officers of this institution, and he had to thank them for the politeness with which they pointed out everything worth notice, and the hospitality with which they had treated him.

FRIENDS IN THE FAR WEST. He afterwards proceeded to the residence of Mr. Charles O'Connor, whose name proved his descent from the kindly house of O'Connor, and who owed his success in life, which had placed him at the head of the legal profession in America, to his great talents and his high-minded sense of honor. He might appeal to his excellent friend (Mr. Dillon) who sat beside him (loud cheers) for confirmation on this point. A position similar to that which Mr. O'Connor held would soon be occupied by one of the exiles of 1848, a native of Dublin, his friend, Richard O'Gorman (loud cheers). For a long time Irishmen had occupied a high position at the bar of New York, and Richard O'Gorman took a high place in that forensic circle, graced by the names of Emmet, O'Connor and others, who, though less known, were entitled to respect (cheers). Whilst at Port Washington, the residence of Mr. O'Connor, he visited several institutions of New York—an almshouse, a penitentiary, and a lunatic asylum, and upon the whole, it appeared to him that these institutions were conducted in a manner highly creditable to the great city, of which they formed an appendage. After leaving Mr. O'Connor's house he was received by Mr. Townsend, the father-in-law of Mr. Thomas Meagher, at his home in the Fifth Avenue, New York, and remained as his guest until his departure. They would be glad to hear that he never saw Thomas Meagher better in his health, more happy, or more respected than he was when he (Mr. O'Brien) parted from him (loud applause). He was married to a most amiable lady, whose relatives were amongst the most respected inhabitants of New York. Mr. O'Brien then

Having now given a general outline of my journey, I feel some apology due to my countrymen for the attention to the details which I have given in every part of America, and particularly in New York. It was necessary for me to enter into details in this respect, as the American newspapers, from week to week, recorded my movements with tolerable precision; but I might seem guilty of ingratitude if I were, upon the present occasion, to pass over altogether without notice the enthusiastic greetings with which I was welcomed from New York to New Orleans, and from thence to the remote West to New York, meetings which were rivaled in warmth by those that I received in Canada (loud applause). I can only say that they have left upon my mind recollections which can never be effaced—recollections which are more fraught with pleasure, because the sentiment which was called forth on the occasion of my visit was entirely spontaneous, since upon no one occasion did I encourage, whilst upon many occasions I discouraged, even to actual incivility, the demonstration of these sentiments. These recollections are also fraught with pleasure, because I regard the participation of the native born American and native born Canadian in these manifestations of kindness as an evidence, not only of respect towards myself, but also of sympathy with my country, and of attachment to the Irish emigrants who have settled in America (cheers). It was pleasing also to find that this sentiment was not a momentary caprice, but increased in intensity as I proceeded on my journey. It has often been said that the Americans are captivated in their treatment of strangers—that they show them much attention on their arrival, but neglect them before their departure. Certainly I had no reason to complain of such veracity. I was well received at New York on my arrival; but even at Washington, who had rendered life-long services to his republic, might have been content with the ovation which attended me on the day of my departure from New York. "It is wonderful, then, that I should have carried away from the shores of America sentiments of the warmest attachment to the inhabitants of both the United States and of Canada?" (Applause.)

THE IRISH EXILES. The emotions of pleasure with which I witnessed this demonstration of public feeling at New York, were mingled with but one source of regret. I could not grasp the hands of my friends, Meagher and Mitchell (loud cheers)—perhaps for the last time—without feeling that I was scarcely entitled to return to Ireland whilst they continued in banishment, exiled from their native land for no other offence than that in which I had been their associate, and as regards at least one of them, perhaps their guide—the offence of having endeavored in the most critical period of Ireland's history, to rescue its people from starvation and its property from ruin (enthusiastic cheers).

Well may the nations of Europe and of America feel contempt for the government which is still afraid to withdraw its proscription of three Irish exiles, whilst it suggests to continental despots the propriety of offering amnesties to all political offenders without reserve. May not this contempt be extended to the Irish nation if it lends its sanction to such pusillanimity? Is all magnanimity, is all manly spirit departed from this land, which was once famed for the generosity of its sons? I address this question to those who differed from the men of 1848. It is unnecessary for me to say what is the duty of those who think that these men—these proscribers—committed no crime, and who know that they were convicted by base and unfair means—by jury-packing in Dublin, and by a violation of every principle of justice and honor at Clonmel (vehement applause).

CONDITION OF THE IRISH EMIGRANTS. Before I landed in America, I was impressed with a notion that the Irish in America were, for the most part, mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water"—that they might obtain for a season high wages by working on railways and public works, but that they were subject to many disastrous casualties which tended to render their existence very precarious. I found, on the contrary, that in every part of America, Irishmen—that is, men born in Ireland, or children of Irishmen—occupy as high a social position as men of any other race (cheers). At New York a great number of Irishmen were named to me as persons who were most prominent in the various ranks of society. I have already mentioned to you the success that has attended many of them in the legal profession, but it would not be difficult to enumerate an equal number of Irishmen who have been successful in commerce, and other departments of life. At Baltimore, at Richmond, at Charleston, I was introduced to large circles of Irishmen, who, in point of wealth, manners, and social respectability might vie with the most successful merchants of the commercial cities of the world. In the district of New Orleans, the largest sugar plantation of the south has been recently acquired by an Irishman; and few persons in America hold a more honorable position than my host, Mr. Maunsell White, the transplanted scion of a family highly respected in the south of Ireland. This observation applies to almost every town and district that I visited in both the United States and Canada. Whilst at Washington, the seat of Government, I found the Presidential chair occupied by the son of an Irishman, Mr. Buchanan (cheers); and I was introduced to the Senate Chamber by an Irish Catholic, General Shields (renewed cheers), the favorite hero of the Mexican war, who is the only person that has ever been elected to Congress as Senator for two different States. Having been admitted to the floor of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, I was presented to a large proportion of the leading members of both houses, and there were very few, who did not mention to me with apparent pride, that some of their nearest relations on their paternal or maternal lineage were of Irish origin (applause).

THE LABORING CLASS. With respect to the laboring classes, it is undoubtedly true that many Irishmen encounter disease and poverty in America, but I was universally assured that, except in very rare cases of misfortune, the success of every emigrant depends upon his own conduct. Whilst I was in America I conversed freely with thousands of persons belonging to different classes, and I was told by many of those who work upon steam-boats and railways, that, if they were to take care of their earnings, they would soon be in comfortable circumstances, but that the nature of their occupation tempts them to dissipation, and that they spend nearly all that they acquire in intoxicating liquors. I am convinced, however, that the number of those who live thus recklessly, bears but a small proportion to those who save money and proceed by gradual steps—often by rapid advances—to the acquisition of competency. In this country it is almost impossible for a laboring man to raise himself from the condition in which he was born—through some cases, thank God! occur in which men, gifted with great energy and perseverance, raise themselves from the humblest to the highest positions in society—but in America every man who is not afflicted with some special calamity, may hope to obtain an independence for his family, and admission to the highest offices of the State. If any information be correct, the average daily wages of the lowest class of unskilled labor throughout the Union cannot be taken at less than a dollar, that is four shillings per day. In some districts it would be more, as wages occasionally rise to two dollars per day, and sometimes more. Now, I was told that a laboring man can live for half a dollar a day, so that every week he may lay aside if he so disposed, half his earnings. On the other hand, land is so cheap that he can acquire possession in fee of an estate at prices varying from five shillings to £10 per English acre, according to its quality and to the amount of capital

extended upon its improvement, and the various markets, &c. The remainder of Irishmen are to be found who are now in possession of landed estates, more or less extensive, though they landed in America with no other capital at their disposal than a shovel, spade, and pickaxe, and a pair of sturdy arms, which have been set in motion by a bold, patient, and resolute spirit.

Nor is this success confined to the United States. I have often heard it said, that a great difference is perceptible between the condition of the Canadian territory and that of the United States by a stranger who passes from one border to the other. I am bound to say that I could not discern any such superiority. Indeed I might mention some points on my route in which my observation would have led me to an opposite conclusion. But, whatever may have been the case in former times, I consider that Canada is now in circumstances as advantageous as those which are to be found throughout the greater part of the United States. I may mention, by way of illustration, the information which I received at Richmond, in Lower Canada, from a Catholic clergyman—a Canadian of French origin—who invited me to stay at his house whilst I was waiting for the train from Montreal to carry me to Portland. He told me that there was in his parish a large number of Irish families (if I recollect rightly, above two hundred), several of whom could speak only the Irish language, who had originally been laborers, but had acquired farms as proprietors, and were rapidly becoming possessed of wealth.

IN REFERENCE TO THE QUESTION whether an Irish laborer or small farmer ought to go to America, I am disposed to say—if you can live at home in decent comfort, stay in the old land. Increase of wealth does not always compensate for the sacrifice of home associations. To many, what may be called "sentiment" is dearer than wealth; and I am not one of those who would cast ridicule upon attachment to old traditions, to old places, and to old connections. But, if the circumstances of your position in Ireland be such as leave you no alternative but to live in Ireland as a slave and a beggar, or to emigrate to a distant land, I would say to you, as I would say to my own sons, go forth, trusting in Providence, in a manly and self-relying spirit, and win for yourself independence in some foreign country, in which honorable toil meets a more secure reward than it finds in Ireland. Such countries are to be found even in connexion with the British Empire. If one-third of those who have emigrated to the United States during the last fifteen years had gone to Australia, the Australian Colonies might now be called Irish settlements, for the Irish would have formed a large majority of their population, and there would have been one great continent in the world in which the Irish Catholic might have found himself in a position of equality, if not of ascendancy, in relation to other sections of the population.

CATHOLICS AND KNOW-NOTHINGS. Again, if one-half of those who have emigrated during this period to the United States had gone to Canada, the Irish Catholic population superadded to the Canadian, of French origin, would have given a numerical superiority to the Catholics of Canada. Various circumstances induced the great mass of the Irish emigrants to settle in the United States, where they are, of necessity, absorbed amongst a population of which a large majority differs from them in regard of religious persuasion. There is no doubt that this difference—not to say antagonism—tends to render the life of the Irish emigrant in the United States less satisfactory than it would be if he found himself placed amongst persons who could worship at the same altar with him. Many of our fellow-countrymen, with whom I conversed in the United States, assured me that during the time when the "Know-Nothing" movement agitated the Union, their position was rendered so uncomfortable that they would willingly have left the United States if their circumstances had enabled them to quit that country without great loss. Fortunately the anti-Irish prejudice which then prevailed, though not entirely extinguished, has greatly abated. It was boldly and manfully encountered by some of the ablest statesmen of the Republic, who hazarded their popularity in defending the principles of the American Constitution and the cause of Religious Freedom (cheers). In the struggle which took place in 1854 and 1855, they triumphed in almost every part of the Union; and I was informed that in no one State, except Massachusetts, has the Know-Nothing agitation produced any effect upon legislation. I conversed openly and frankly with several persons who had taken a prominent part in this movement, and it gave me much pleasure to find that their tone is now rather apologetic than insulting to our countrymen (cheers). Though I denounced Know-Nothingism in several speeches which I made in America, and/or requires that I should admit that some protection was given, which tended to evoke this anti-Irish feeling. Nothing could be more laudable than the kindly and generous spirit with which the Irish were received in America at the time of the famine. At that time, when many of the organs of English opinion exulted in the destruction or emigration of the Gaelic race, that had resulted from the Irish famine, our people, landing in rags, and carrying with them pestilential diseases, were not repelled from the shores of America, but, on the contrary, were received with kindness and consideration (applause). The native American party think that they have reason to complain, because the Irish lost no time in taking part in the internal factions of the Republic, and allege that in many cases large bodies of Irish emigrants were brought from outlying localities to vote at places with which they had no connexion; that in many cases they used the influence which they so acquired in, in placing in office persons of exceptional character, whose subsequent conduct proved that they were not to be trusted with the administration of public affairs. Questions connected with education tended also to exasperate the feelings of the native-born Americans, and though, in regard to the whole of this controversy, I think that they failed to apply the proper remedy to the abuses of which they complain, and suggested remedies which were utterly at variance with the best interests, not only of mankind in general, but also of the United States; yet allowances ought to be made for prejudices, not always unfounded, whilst unfeigned gratitude ought to be rendered for the honorable feeling, which induced a great majority of the American people to encounter and subdue the intolerance which would have repelled from the shores of America every Catholic immigrant (loud cheers). Unfortunately the history of mankind in all ages shows that religious differences produce social antagonism. Such antagonism is as strong amongst the different sects of Mahomedans as amongst different sects of Christians. There never has existed—there probably never will exist a community from which it will be possible wholly to eliminate it. We can only hope therefore that it will, by the good sense of a majority of the population, be kept within moderate bounds. This has been done to a great extent in America; and before we complain of other nations on account of the exceptional cases in which religious toleration is violated we ought to begin by extinguishing religious intolerance on our own soil (applause).

THE HOME LONGING. I cannot conclude what I have to say respecting the Irish in America, without noticing in terms of unfeigned admiration, the attachment which they retain for the land of their birth. It is shown by their acts, as well as by those vague longings which naturally bear back the exile in imagination to the home of his youth, even though his judgment may convince him that he has acted prudently in seeking a new field for his enterprise.

Of light to the... Of glory... But ye mock the... Of great... (Great cheering.)

NEGRO SLAVERY. The distinguished lecturer discussed this subject at considerable length, and with statesmanlike ability. He began by declaring his repugnance to slavery in every form.

FILIBUSTERING. The lecturer continued.—Among the political topics which engaged conversation, during my tour through the United States, few interested me so much as those connected with what is called in England, "Filibustering."

NOT AN IMITATOR OF LORD DERBY.—The Hon. C. W. Moore Smyth recently called all his tenants before him, and made a large statement in their rents to the extent of over £600 per annum.

LORD PLUNKET AND THE PARTY TENANTS.—The Rev. P. Lavells writes from Partry, November 3, 1851.—

Does Bishop Plunket mean to exterminate the poor of Partry—to murder them, not with the weapon of his reverend agents and bible-readers here, the loaded revolver, but with the tyrant landlord's arms, the axe and the crowbar?

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. The Grandson of the Liberator... The appointment of the Grandson of the Liberator as High Sheriff of Kerry, is an honor which the Irish people will ever cherish.

HONOUR TO IRISHMEN.—Mr. Charles Reed, F.S.A., will move at the next Court of Common Council of the city of London, that the freedom of the city, in a box of British oak of the value of fifty guineas, be presented to Captain McQuinn, R.N.

SYMPATHY WITH THE POPE.—We understand that a Catholic Demonstration is in progress of organization in this county, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Sovereign Pontiff.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Mr. Little, solicitor, who is agent for the estates of the Hon. Mrs. Dean, and the Earl of Granard, is building comfortable slate houses for the poor tenantry of the parish of Screen.

ARM, ARM, ARM!—This is the cry of the English papers; it is more than that—for it is responded to by the English people, not in words, but by acts.

THE McMAHON SWOBD.—The Nation is of opinion that the MacMahon sword should be fashioned "after the shape of the ancient Irish blade," which is identical in all respects with the Carthaginian sword found near the scene of the battle of Cannae.

But if the Carthaginian origin be proved in the identity of the Carthaginian and Irish sword, the Nation further says that there cannot be any doubt that Marshal MacMahon's name is identical with that of one of the chiefs who used one of the swords at Cannae.

IRISH MINES.—The Wicklow Mining Company held their half yearly meeting on Friday, and it may perhaps be classed among the most extraordinary ever held in Ireland.

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL SAYS THE MOST pressing social reform for Ireland is the reform of the landlord and tenant code.

THE LIMERICK ELECTION RIOTS.—Mr. Bell, the magistrate against whom a verdict of manslaughter was returned by the Coroner's jury at Limerick, on the inequitable bodies of the persons shot at the election riots in that city, has applied to the Queen's Bench to change the venue from the County of the City of Limerick to some other.

INFORMATION WAS RECEIVED BY THOMAS P. PEYTON Esq., coroner, Boyle, County Roscommon, that a child, named Michael Waldron, had died after having been inoculated by an unlicensed man, named Roger Kenny.

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It appears that the extension of the Sligo Railway line on the Sligo quays has been abandoned. There are 324 paupers in Tullamore workhouse, and 1168 in Roscrea, of whom five are from the Donoughmore, and seven are from Borrisokane Union.

GRAND BRITAIN. The Royal Naval Volunteers... The Royal Naval Volunteers, the first of the New Year will witness the commencement of a system from which a most valuable accession to the defence of the country is anticipated.

THE CONGRESS.—The Morning Post says:—"The Italian question occupies the constant attention of the English Government, and especially of the Foreign Office.

CONSUMPTION OF COALS.—The extent of our demand in this respect is immense, perhaps even alarming, for it seems as if the very earth must be exhausted in supporting it.

EPISCOPAL PROSECUTION.—The Bishop of Winchester has directed proceedings to be instituted against the Rev. Dunbar Heath, vicar of Brading, Isle of Wight, for a volume of sermons published locally by him at Hyle.

SEVERAL OF THE PROTESTANT CLERGY OF LONDON have recently become notorious. First we had the exposures relating to Mr. Bonwell, the Steppay clergyman; next, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Rodgers, two other clergymen, have been convicted of assaults on the police.

When we (London Times) resolved to draw in the most explicit and direct manner the attention of the French Government to the manifestations of hostility on the part of the French nation and the French Press, we did so after full consideration of the heavy responsibility we assumed.

A SCOTCH EXPERIMENT.—We read in the Inverness Courier:—"On Sunday the members and adherents of Mr. Caird's Church, in Glasgow, for the first time knelt at prayer, and stood at praise. Mr. Caird announced this as an experiment for two or three weeks."

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The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 16, 1859.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As an item of the news most interesting to Canada, and to Montreal in particular, we may mention the positive assurance from the highest authority, that a member of the Royal Family, probably the Prince of Wales, or Prince Alfred, will visit this country in the Spring, to inaugurate with due pomp the completion of the Victoria Bridge.

From the neighboring Republic louder and more shrill rise the accents of discord betwixt North and South. The well known psalm, beginning with the touching words—"John Brown that good old man is dead!"—stirs the hearts of our American friends, as the "Marseillaise" at its first appearance, is said to have stirred up the hearts of the French.

In the Halls of Congress too, the nasal melody makes itself heard; and grave Senators, as the strain wherein the death and many virtues of the detested John Brown are set forth, meet their ears, are suddenly metamorphosed into bawling maniacs, who shake their fists in one another's faces, and frantically menace one another with bowie-knives, and revolvers; and as all the debates are more or less seasoned with John Brown, it may easily be supposed that the spectacle of the Congress of the U. States is not altogether edifying, or calculated to give a "high moral lesson" to the people of those less favored countries within the walls of whose Legislatures spittoons are not, and where honorable members neither expectorate, nor pitch into one another with their fists.

At last, steady, grave, but determined, Thaddeus Stevens passed his point of order, that but two motions were, or could be, in order—the motion to proceed to elect a Speaker, and the motion to adjourn. He said but little, but even this little was most shamefully interrupted by Crawford of Georgia, who approached him defiantly, swinging his fist in his face. A fight was imminent; and probably, with almost any other member in Stevens's place, would have occurred. Keige who was on the watch, now came up close by the side of Crawford, and placed his right hand on a revolver beneath his coat, ready, doubtless, for any emergency.

From the Continent of Europe we have nothing new to report. A hint from Louis Napoleon to the French press to abate somewhat of its acrimonious tone towards Great Britain, had produced the desired result; and is accepted by the Times as a proof of the efficacy of its thunder in clearing the political atmosphere, and in dissipating the storm of war with which the coasts of England were apparently menaced. The Italian question has made no progress towards solution; but the humiliations or "snubbings" which the King Victor Emmanuel receives from the hands of the French Emperor, are very consoling, and foster hopes that the latter is not altogether committed to the cause of the Italian Liberals and cut-throats.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—A correspondent of our Quebec cotemporary, Le Canadien, accuses us of entertaining "a burning thirst—une soif ardente—for human blood little honorable to Christians of the nineteenth century, and well calculated to excite the indignation of men who see sincerely—qui voient sincerement—that the immolation of the murderer is neither agreeable to God, nor advantageous to the security of the life of the citizen, but the reverse."

We assert then that the "immolation" of the murderer is not offensive to God, or repugnant to His Laws. The Catholic Church, our sole infallible guide on all questions of faith or morals, teaches by the mouth of all her Doctors that it is lawful for the civil magistrate, and that it is his duty to punish the murderer with death; and the Catholic Church would not thus speak, as to the lawfulness of Capital Punishment if there were any, the slightest, doubts even upon such a question. In that the Catholic Church expressly recognises the right of the civil magistrate to inflict the penalty of death upon the murderer, there can be no doubts amongst those who recognise her as an infallible teacher on faith and morals, that that penalty is acceptable to God, and therefore advantageous to society.

We have before our eyes at this moment a work which we think our opponent, if a Catholic, will allow to have some weight. It is entitled "Prolecciones Theologice Majoris in Seminario Sancti Sulpitii Habite," by the Rev. Jos. Carriere, a distinguished theologian, and certainly no mean authority upon the matter in dispute, which he treats in full. He too speaks of the philosophers—"philosophi"—of his day, who under the pretence of philanthropy—"sub philanthropie obtentu"—argued that "Capital Punishment" should be abolished, as repugnant to the moral feelings of the age, and of no use as a safe-guard to society. It is from the philosophers, we suspect, rather than from the theologians of the Church, that the correspondent of Le Canadien derives his inspirations.

For the theologian, and in reply to the philosophers, unsubstantiatedly asserts that malefactors may be condemned to death by the public authority; an assertion he adds "which all theologians admit, condemning as heretical the opinions of the Waldenses."—Tom. II. p. 374. Thus it would seem again that our opponent of Le Canadien is in the habit of keeping very bad company for a Catholic; and that he must either consent to retract his errors, or submit to being classed amongst the heretics. The lawfulness of death punishment, or the right of the civil magistrate to inflict that punishment on the murderer, cannot, in short, be called in question without impugning the moral doctrines of the Catholic Church; and we feel therefore that our opponent's insinuation that we have arrayed ourselves in opposition to our Pastors, is as unfounded, as his theory that Capital Punishment is not agreeable to God and beneficial to society—is opposed to the teachings of all the most illustrious Theologians and Doctors.

Thus fortified by the explicit teachings of the Church, we assume as incontestable that God has Himself ratified the right of the civil magistrate to punish the murderer with death. But an omniscient God would not sanction that which was prejudicial, or not profitable, to society: therefore we conclude, from the fact that God has sanctioned the infliction of death upon the murderer, to the fact that the infliction of Capital Punishment for the crime of murder is highly beneficial to society. To deny this is to call in question the wisdom and the goodness of God Himself; as to contest the lawfulness of the infliction of the "Death Penalty," is to impugn the infallibility of the Church, which expressly recognises the right of the civil magistrate to punish the malefactor with the sword;—and reminds the latter of the warning of St. Paul—"Non enim sine causa gladium portat: Dei enim minister est, vindex in vram et qui malum agit."—Rom. xiii. 4.

Having thus vindicated ourselves from the reproach of opposing ourselves to those whose business and whose right it is to teach us, we would say a few words in explanation of our views on capital punishment, by way of a reply to the charge of blood-thirstiness, urged against us by the correspondent of Le Canadien. In the first place, we would remark that there is no more any necessary connexion betwixt a "blood-thirsty" disposition, and the advocacy of capital punishment for the crime of murder, than there is betwixt a humane disposition and the advocacy of the abolition of that punishment in all cases. Indeed the fact is, that the most zealous and notorious champions of the cause which the correspondent of Le Canadien espouses, have been infamously notorious for their brutality and disregard of human life, and human suffering.—We may cite, as a case in point, a certain well known "green-faced" avocet of Arras, of the last century, who was at once remarkable for his opposition to capital punishment in theory, and for his resource to it in practice. This human beast, who—we thank God for it—partially expiated his career of cruelty, falsehood and cowardice on the scaffold, may perhaps be cited by our opponent as an authority on his side of the question; but we confess that, to us, the simple fact that Maximilien Robespierre distinguished himself in public life on the same side, is almost a sufficient reason for adopting the other.—Indeed, whenever we come across any of our modern philanthropists, and hear them declaiming against the use of the gallows, we cannot help shuddering, and thanking God that, as yet, we are not in their power.

In the second place, we advocate the death punishment upon the murderer—not because we thirst after his blood, but because of our aversion to bloodshed, and our regard for the lives of our fellow-citizens. In that God sanctions the punishment, in that the Church enjoins its infliction by the civil magistrate as an act of paramount duty—(see Catechism of the Council of Trent)—we know that it must be profitable to society; for God Who is infinitely wise and good, would not have sanctioned it unless it were what its advocates contend it is—a terror to evildoers, and therefore a protection to the innocent.

We know too, that, of all punishments, capital punishment is that of which all criminals—that is all those who compose the criminal class proper—entertain the most profound terror. Few, very few crimes against person or property are the result of passion. The great majority of crimes are committed in cold blood; and after a long and careful calculation of the chances of detection, and consideration of the nature of the punishment to which they render their perpetrators subject. The first, the very first question which presents itself to him who meditates a crime, is as to whether it is what is called a "straggling law," or merely a "lagging law."—(I have heard ourselves, heard scores of times, from the lips of convicts; and there is no class of men—not even our enterprising merchants, or the Directors of an Insurance Company,—that is more careful to calculate the peculiar "risks" of its profession,—than is that which furnishes the "dangerous members" of society: Rarely, but very rarely, crimes are committed in a moment of passion, or under severe external pressure; but as statistics shew, these are, when compared with the general crimes of the community, rare and exceptional cases. To these of course our remarks do not apply; for a man in the heat of passion, or desperate with starvation staring him in the face, cannot stop to calculate. But as the immense, the overwhelming majority of crimes are committed coolly and with premeditation, as matters of business, and after a careful calculation of all the "risks" attending their perpetration, it is evident that the greater those "risks" the less will be the chances of their being even attempted. It is this principle that regulates all the business transactions of our Insurance Companies; and there no fact of sociology better established than this—that crime is as much a regular "business" of one class of society, as buying and selling are the business of another class.

This is strikingly exemplified in a fact which at first sight seems to militate against it, and to which our opponent alludes, though he has evidently no clear views as to its origin, or its bearing upon the question. He adverts to the fact that certain crimes have diminished since the mitigation of the sentence attached to them; and thence argues, or appears to argue, that the death punishment is less efficacious than are other milder penalties, for the suppression of crime.—We admit to a certain extent our opponent's facts; but we altogether reject his deductions. The criminal we said is a most careful calculator. He weighs every conceivable chance, in favor of, or opposed to his escape; and when he sees, or thinks he sees, a certainty, or an approximation to a certainty, of conviction, and punishment—even though that punishment be not the extreme penalty of the law—he will be much more cautious, than when he sees that the chances of conviction are small, though the punishment awarded in case of conviction is the gallows.—In other words, the certainty of a minor penalty is more deterrent from crime, than is the mere chance of the infliction of a greater.

Now when death was the legal penalty, allotted to a great many offences, it was difficult, almost impossible, no matter how conclusive the evidence, to get a verdict of guilty against the criminal. Juries, with that stolidity, and disregard of logic, for which intelligent British juries are still notorious, instead of confining their attention to the simple matter of fact "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," which alone they were impelled to decide, would persist in embarrassing themselves with questions of law with which they had no right to meddle; and with considerations as to the amount of punishment to which their verdict of "Guilty" would render the accused liable; and thus, in their thick-headed stupidity, they arrogated to themselves the functions of the judge, and made abatement of their own legitimate and equally important functions.—They discussed the question whether the accused before them were worthy of death; and if that punishment seemed to them too severe, they brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." Thus the rigor of the law defeated its object; because by making convictions most uncertain it gave another chance in favor of the criminal, and this chance of course became an important factor in his calculations. When however, by a mitigation of the imposed penalty the conviction of the criminal was rendered comparatively easy, he found that his "risks" had increased in proportion, and in consequence crime diminished. This shows, not the inefficiency of capital punishment to repress crime, but the skill with which the criminal classes make their calculations; and is, at the same time, a strong argument against the remission of the sentence of death pronounced on the convicted murderer; because the "chances" of a similar remission of sentence in his favor would be taken into calculation by some other criminal thirsting to imbue his hands in his brother's blood. Certainty of conviction, and certainty of infliction of the full sentence if convicted, would at once reduce the amount of murder in any society to its minimum; and this is why we, not from blood-thirstiness, but out of regard for human life, would insist upon the duty of the civil magistrate to punish invariably the murderer with the extreme penalty assigned by law. Had the unhappy man who to-day has expiated his offence on the scaffold, foreseen the consequence to himself of his crime, he and his victim would have been still in the land of the living.

We entreat our opponent of Le Canadien to take these remarks in good part; for we as him that we do not class him either with heretics or the "Terrorists," and that we believe his only fault to be this, that he allows his feelings to overmaster his judgment.

The agrarian crimes of Ireland furnish a few of those cases.

In the Montreal Herald of Monday last, we find the following paragraph, the substance of which is repeated in the Commercial Advertiser:—

THE UNPROTECTED POOR.—On Saturday morning we published a letter from a "City Incumbent," in which he complained of the manner in which the unprotected poor, are thrown upon individual charity. The case we are now about to publish will furnish even a stronger plea for the establishment of some institution like a House of Refuge. On Saturday morning an old woman, named Therese Labelle, was brought before the Recorder, having been found in the streets in a destitute condition, and no other place of refuge existing than the common jail. Whether the Recorder was forced to send her. The circumstances under which this old woman was given into the charge of the Police are touching in the extreme. On Friday she was sent from St. Andrew's to this city, under the impression, perhaps, that she would find refuge in the Grey Nunnery; but there, if her own statement is correct, she was refused. The old woman, with no clothing except a petticoat, a handkerchief over her shoulders, and a pair of stockings, thus

turned adrift, wandered upon the snow, till she was exhausted and sunk down. Most probably she would have perished from cold, as well as hunger had not some charitable person, a witness of her condition, caused her to be taken to the Police Station. Here she was well cared for as possible. Yesterday morning the poor old woman was "delirious"; and in this state was sent to prison. It may seem somewhat strange to those at a distance, that in a city like Montreal, where there are so many charitable institutions of all kinds, a case like this could occur. But cases though not so revolting as this one, do occur every day, and Mr. Coursol and the Recorder, in order to save applicants from starvation are obliged at their own request to send them to jail. The fact of an old woman naked, as well as bareheaded and barefooted, being forced to wander through our streets on a winter's day, is enough to cause the question—is not some better system of relief required than that which at presents exists?

As the above seems to include an aspersion upon the charity of the Grey Nuns, we feel it our duty to lay a full statement of the facts before the public; as we are convinced that these facts completely exonerate the Sisters of Charity from every imputation.

It is true that on Saturday last a poor old and insane woman was brought to the Grey Nunnery in a sleigh; the driver of which presented to one of the Sisters a letter from a gentleman at St. Andrew's, wherein the writer requested the Nuns to find some suitable asylum—"for a poor woman, fallen into a state of imbecility, and whom the Mayor of the parish sends to you, in order that you place her in a suitable asylum—dans la maison qui lui convient." The writer evidently knew, as did those who sent the poor insane woman to Montreal, that the Grey Nuns could not themselves furnish such an asylum, since their house is for the poor, for the physically infirm, and for destitute children, but is altogether wanting in accommodations for the insane. However the great object with the St. Andrew's official seems to have been to get the poor woman off his hands, and to leave the rest to chance.

When the letter alluded to above was presented to the Sisters, they were much surprised at the very unceremonious manner in which the good people of St. Andrew's forced their poor upon them; and they told the driver that it was absolutely impossible for them to comply with the request of which he was the bearer, for two reasons. First, that they had no room in their Asylum for a single additional inmate, every hole and corner thereof being crammed already so as to menace the health of the inmates. Second, that it was against the rules of their establishment to receive insane persons therein, as the latter could not be placed in the same apartment with the other poor, and as there were no separate apartments for the reception of lunatics. They recommended therefore that the insane person in question should be sent to the Beaufort Asylum, whither, and not to the Grey Nunnery, she should have been sent in the first instance.

These reasons, we say, are sufficient to exonerate the Grey Nuns from the imputation of want of compassion towards the poor. So numerous, so incessant are the demands made upon them, that it is with the utmost difficulty that they can manage to support the poor whom they have under their charge at the present moment. With their small revenues, accruing from their property and an annual assistance from government, not amounting in all to \$13,000 per annum, eked out by their own labors, and the free will offerings of their fellow-citizens, the Grey Nuns have to support no less than 750 persons of different sexes and ages. Their means are taxed to the utmost; every available spot in their house has its occupant; and it is absolutely impossible for them situated as they are, and with their limited resources, to meet all the demands made upon them, not by the pauperism of Montreal alone, but by that of remote parishes, whose duty it is to look after their own poor. As a proof of the overcrowded state of the Asylum, we may mention the fact that in wards destined for 25 persons, no less than 30 are now actually crammed; whilst from the pressure on their means, the revenues of the Grey Nunnery are considerably less than its expenses, though the Sisters stint themselves of every comfort, and barely allow themselves the first necessities of life, in order that they may have wherewithal to feed their poor.

Under these circumstances the Sisters were obliged, and were in duty bound for the sake of the health of their Asylum, to act as they did in the case of the woman Labelle. Blame of course there is attributable somewhere; but it is to the Mayor of St. Andrew's, in taking upon himself to thrust his paupers upon us of Montreal. We have enough, quite enough, to do to take care of our own poor; and it is monstrous that we should be expected to take charge of, and support those of all the rural parishes in Canada. We therefore take this opportunity of telling the Mayor of St. Andrew's that by acting as he has done in the case of Therese Labelle, he has given a great scandal to religion, and exposed the reputation of our religious communities to very painful comments from Protestants, ignorant of the real merits of the case. We trust however that for the future the error may not be repeated; and that henceforward the people in the country parishes will make some slight efforts to support their own poor; which, to say the least, they are as well able to do, as we of Montreal are to support our poor, and whom we do support to the best of our means.

We speak not of our Catholic institutions alone; for though we claim for these an organization better and more extensive than that of which our Protestant fellow-citizens can boast, God forbid that we should arrogate to ourselves any superiority on the score of compassion for the poor, or for our liberality towards them.—No! it is but an act of bare justice towards our separated brethren to acknowledge their generous efforts, and their warm sympathies with the poor of all origins, and without distinction of creed; and we would only ask of them this:—That, when they hear or see some story which at first seems to cast discredit upon the management of our religious institutions, they would take the pains to make themselves acquainted with the full particulars, and suspend their judgment until the entire truth be before them.

\* This does not include the multitude to whom the Sisters give relief out of doors.

ALL ABOUT LIE.—When Touchstone enumerated in order the various degrees of the Lie, there was one variety of Lie which he forgot; or perhaps which was unknown in the days when lions pursued their prey in the forest of Arden. We propose to rectify the important omission of our old friend Touchstone.

The particular Lie, or variety of Lie, to which we allude, and which, for want of a better name, we would distinguish as the "Lie Evangelical," is a sub-variety of the "Lie with a Circumstance." It differs from the "Lie Direct" mainly in this, that, directly, it neither asserts, nor denies anything. It is a Lie by "implication" and being, therefore, a safe lie to use, and one not easy to refute in that it commits itself to nothing, it is a form of Lie greatly in vogue amongst all modern evangelical writers.

These gentlemen want to convey to their readers, and to impress upon their minds, that the "Romish" Church, does not teach such and such a doctrine, or that she does teach some other doctrine, most repulsive to natural and revealed religion. They, of course, do not desire to commit themselves too openly, and they know that that which they wish to impress upon their readers' mind is false; they have resource, therefore, to the "Lie by implication" to which as almost exclusively the property of evangelical writers we give the name of the "Lie Evangelical."

Of this particular form of Lie, the following which we clip from a late number of the Toronto Christian Guardian (Methodist) is a fair specimen:—

THE LIE EVANGELICAL, OR THE LIE BY IMPLICATION.—Many, said a speaker at a prayer meeting, think it no use to invite the children of Roman Catholic parents to go into a Protestant Sunday school. There never was a greater mistake. They are not only willing, but glad to have them go. And often their going is an unspeakable good to their parents. Let me give one illustration. Away in the West lived a Roman Catholic family, in which there was a little girl seven years old. She was induced to go to a Protestant Sunday school.—The father became anxious about his soul. His distress increased daily, and one night, at the midnight hour, he arose from his bed in agony. He begged his wife to pray for himself. She told him she "could not pray—no better than he could."

"What shall I do, then?" "Perhaps," said she, "our little Mary can pray." So the father went up to her chamber, where she was fast asleep, and took her up from her bed in his arms, and bore her down stairs, and putting her gently down, he said to her, with great earnestness: "Mary, can you pray?" "O yes, father, I can pray!" "Will you kneel down and pray for your poor father?" "Yes, I will pray for you."

So she knelt, and put up her little hands, and said, "Our father who art in heaven,—going through with the Lord's Prayer. Then she prayed for her father in her own language, asking God to love him, and have mercy upon him, and to pardon all his sins for Jesus Christ's sake. When she had finished her prayer, her father said to her, "Mary, can you read in your Bible?" "O yes, father, I can read. Shall I read to you in my Bible?" "Yes, read to me."

She began at the third chapter of the gospel according to St. John. She read along till she came to the verse— "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." "Oh, Mary, said he, is that there?" "Yes, father, it is here. Jesus Christ said so." "Well, that is just what I need,—what your poor father needs!" "Yes, father, and hear the rest of it— "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"O! that is for me—just such as me: who so ever believeth in him. I can believe in him—I do believe in him." And from that hour the father went on his way rejoicing in Christ Jesus with great joy. So gather in the children—all children into the Sunday schools of all classes—from all conditions. The object of this story, and the impression thereby intended to be left on the mind of the Protestant reader, are obvious, and clearly indicated by the passages we have ventured to italicize. The story is intended to convey the idea—that Romanists, in general, are not accustomed to pray; that private and family prayer is not a duty imposed upon them by their religion; that even of the "Lord's Prayer" Romanists are commonly ignorant; and that the doctrine of the Atonement, through the life, sufferings, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, is altogether unknown to them. It would not do for the evangelical writer to state all, or any of these things in so many words; for the first book of Catholic devotions that he might take up—for even the child's Catechism, which contains the rudiments of Catholic doctrine, would suffice to convince him of wilful and deliberate falsehood. He has resource therefore to the "Lie by implication" or "Lie Evangelical," and that which he is too prudent to affirm directly, he cunningly insinuates under the garb of an interesting evangelical anecdote.

And the lie thus insinuated, finds ready acceptance amongst Protestants. They have been taught to believe that, somehow or other, Romanists do not pray for themselves, but leave the priest to do their praying for them; that Romanists place their hopes of salvation, not on Christ, but on the priest, and rely rather upon the due performance of certain quasi-mechanical religious acts, than upon a holy life; and that the doctrines that it is by the blood of Christ that their sins are washed away, and that without the application to them of that all cleansing stream, no acts of their own can avail to the remission of their sins—are doctrines altogether strange to the Romish system, untaught to its votaries, and are the special characteristics of evangelical Protestantism. This, we say, is the belief prevalent amongst the great mass of Protestants; these the notions respecting Popery that are assiduously inculcated at "Anniversaries" and "Evangelical Tea Parties" by sleek-faced ministers—as they style themselves—of the Gospel of Christ!

Here again is another specimen of the "Lie by implication," or "Lie Evangelical," taken from the Montreal Witness. The retailer, if not the author of the Lie in this case, is the notorious Kirwan, otherwise known as the Rev. Nick Murray of New York. The reverend gentleman was himself a Catholic we believe, in

his youth, and therefore in his case we cannot attribute the...

The purport of this Lie is likewise obvious enough. It is to impress upon the minds of an intelligent and enlightened Protestant public...

There is also the well-known story of the marvellous conversion of Luther. How one day he chanced to fall in with an old and rare book...

This we say is an excellent specimen of the particular class of the "Lie Evangelical," and one perhaps that has had a greater success in its day than any other Lie put forth by the Reformation Societies of Europe.

To expose the absurdities, the disregard of truth, and uncharitableness displayed in the few specimens of the "Lie Evangelical" by us given above, would be a loss of time.

M. CHINQUY EXPOSED.—The Protestant press of the United States is at last beginning to find out and to confess the fact, that the Rev. M. Chinquy is a lumbag, and his "interesting converts" a batch of lazy loafers...

"Now all these begging stories found in the Eastern journals, these appeals to the pockets of Christians from the Eastern pulpits, these urgent solicitations by sympathetic women, are uncalled for and entirely out of place. There are not within the limits of our country as many deserving poor as can be found in any Eastern city of 10,000 inhabitants."

have been made upon the generosity and self-sacrificing disposition of those who are anxious to purchase...

The first intimation we had here of any suffering in St. Ann was the statements in the Eastern religious journals, and appeals made in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, followed immediately by the arrival of "material aid."

Knowing these facts, you may well suppose we were not a little astonished and amused to see twelve thousand dollars' worth of goods landed at our depot last week, en route for St. Ann, the freight on which—\$200—was also paid by warm-hearted, charitable Christians of New York and Philadelphia.

In extenuation of our offence of having characterized the scenes which sometimes occur in Protestant places of worship, as better suited to the atmosphere of the grog-shop than to that of the house of God, we may be permitted to cite the following description of a hebdomadal occurrence in the church of St. George's in the East in London.

THE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST.—Last night again, at the evening service in this church, there was another of the unseemly exhibitions of popular feeling which for some time past have brought the religious service there and all concerned in their ministrations into public notoriety.

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The crowd in the church was not wholly made up of the opponents of the officiating clergy. It was composed of the partisans on both sides; who scowled at each other with a hatred which only religious party zeal could have inflamed, and shouted or sang according to the side on which they were, their responses in an opposition chorus with hideous profanity.

MANDEMENT OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF TLOA.—Mgr. Baillargeon, Bishop of Tloa, and Administrator of the Archdiocese of Quebec, has addressed the following letter to the Clergy and laity of the Diocese:—

"In learning the news of the Peace concluded at Villa Franca betwixt the Emperors of France and Austria, we conceived the pleasing hope that calm would be restored to the Papal States, and that all fears for the Temporal Power of the Sovereign Pontiff were at an end.

"We all know, N.T.C.F., that the gates of hell shall never prevail against God's Holy Church; and that the Father of the faithful—were he obliged by persecution, to retire within the catacombs, or like the Saviour Himself to seek a place whereon to lay his head—would nevertheless continue to steer the bark of Peter through the shoals, and amidst the most perilous tempests.

"For these reasons, the Holy Name of God invoked, we have decreed and decree as follows:— 1. From the date of the present Mandement every Priest shall add to the prayers of Mass, the prayer 'Pro Papa.'"

By His Lordship, EDMUND LANGKVIN, Pro. GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE.—We beg to call the attention of our readers to the above establishment, where they will find the very best goods, and one of the largest assortments to select from in the city.

At a meeting of the "Erins Snow Shoe Club," held at its rooms on Tuesday, Dec. 6th, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the present season:— President—Mr. Joseph Curran. 1st Vice do—Mr. John Robinson. 2nd do do—Mr. Wm. Rigney. Sec. and Treas.—Mr. John Cox.

THE POPULATION OF CANADA.—The census will be taken again in a very short time. In this next Fall the preparations, as fixed by law, will be made, and there is every probability that the "correct" and "verified" population will be at least many of the vexed questions which have for so long troubled our political atmosphere.

In Dr. Ryerson's report for 1857, the number of children between the above ages, in all the school districts of Upper Canada is given; and the total swells up to no less than 324,850.

Do do in the whole Province. Multiplying each of these by 4, we obtain— Population of U. C. January 1st, 1858. Do do of L. C. Do do of the whole Province. Multiplying for each successive year, by we have—

Population on 1st January, 1860, will be— Upper Canada. Lower Canada. Total. There may be slight errors in the above; the rates of children to the whole population may have changed a little; the increase per annum—7 per cent—may not be correctly estimated, and Mr. Chaveau may have committed similar errors (although this is more unlikely). But I feel pretty confident that the calculation is not 10,000 wide of the mark, either way.

The figures given above may be verified—and I have verified them—as far as regards Upper Canada, by deductions from the Assessment roll. In Lower Canada, unfortunately for the present purpose, no assessment rolls are made.

The next data for computations are to be found in the report of the Adjutant General of Militia, for 1859. In this we find the total number of 1st and 2nd class service men (between 18 and 40) and of reserve men between 40 and 60 put down thus:— For Upper Canada. For Lower Canada. Total. But in both of these corrections must be made for omitted returns. There were in Upper Canada, at the date of the report, and probably are still, 249 battalions, from 80 of which nothing was heard. So, in Lower Canada, there were 178 battalions, from 29 of which no returns were received. Thus the Upper Canada figures must be increased in the ratio of 249 to 329, and the Lower Canada figures in that of 178 to 207. Performing this calculation, we have: Male population between 18 and 60, registered by the Militia enumerators. Upper Canada. Lower Canada. Total. Doubling this, for the female population, and multiply it by 4, we have—

Population in 1856— Upper Canada. Lower Canada. Total. These results are, of course, only approximative.— They are unfair towards Lower Canada, for, on looking through the returns from that section of the country, several are to be seen where the names of officers only are given. When later and more perfect tables are made available, I will endeavor to make more reliable calculations, although the militia returns, which exclude the seafaring population, must be always disadvantageous to the Lower, as compared with the Upper Province. These I merely bring forward as in some way corroborative of the first one, and to show that, even on the most unfavorable view, there is not so great a difference between the population of Upper and Lower Canada as some mob-orators are in the habit of stating.— Corr. of Hamilton Spectator.

It is our melancholy and painful duty to record the death of the Rev. Terence Smith, Parish Priest of Smith's Falls. The late hour at which we received the intelligence of his demise, prevents us at present from paying that tribute to his memory which his earthly career, so characteristic of the minister of Christ, and the gentleman, so justly deserves. Requiescat in peace.— Ottawa Tribune.

In Justice to Davis' Pain Killer, I must say that I never sold an article which gave such universal satisfaction to all who used it. I never kept a medicine which met with such a rapid sale; its virtues are the topic of conversation in many places in this vicinity. W. W. ROBERTS, Druggist, La Port, Ind.

We are requested to state that the St. Patrick's Society intends holding their Annual Soiree on the 11th January next.

Victoria Bridge.—The great work is at length accomplished. On Monday next the Victoria Bridge will, if no unforeseen accident intervene, be opened for traffic and the general depots of the Grand Trunk Railway will be removed from Longueuil and brought to Montreal. The fact so long deemed well-nigh impossible is now accomplished. What revolution it will work on trade remains to be seen. Great results are anticipated.— Montreal Gazette.

We have been requested by the writer to publish the annexed proposal for a Christmas dinner for the poor of Montreal:— Sir,—The Christmas festivities are about to commence, amidst the peace and plenty with which a bountiful Providence has favored us. At such a time, and under these circumstances, does it not become us to show our gratitude by taking thought in some substantial manner, for those who, from misfortune or otherwise, have no such pleasant anticipations connected with Christmas?

Montreal, Dec. 12 1859. 1. That a public dinner of roast beef and plum pudding be given to all the poor and destitute of Montreal in the City Hall on Christmas Day. 2. That to carry out the necessary arrangements the officers of all the National Societies meet together at an early date. 3. That to defray the expense, donations be collected by all the officers of these societies, and collection boxes (properly secured) be placed conspicuously in all the principal thoroughfares.

The following Commercial Review has been taken from the Montreal Witness of Wednesday 21st. The weather, after a succession of snow-storms, has set in very cold, thus giving promise of good winter roads and active business. Inactivity continues in every branch of wholesale and produce business in this city; although we learn by advices from the West, that there is great activity and excitement in the pork business. The season has closed with, we believe, very few losses of consequence on this side of the lakes, although there were several very severe storms. The attention of consignees of produce should, however, be drawn to the possibility of loss when the whole or a part of the transportation is by water. In this case consignees, at all events, if under advances, should be always directed to insure. The grain market has been quite inactive. Flour being nominal at former rates or rather less. ASKED continues as last quoted.—Pots 27s 3d. to 27s 6d, and Pearls 27s 3d. Pork is rising here, though not so rapidly as in the interior. The Toronto quotations being higher than any here, sellers are holding off. BUTTER.—A small shipping lot has been sold at previous prices, say about 15c for good Store-packed.

Wheat—None in market. Oats may be quoted at 2s. Supply very fair. Barley 3s 6d to 3s 7d are the prices for to day. Sugar—Indian Corn 3s 9d to 4s. Supply small. Penn 2s 8d to 3s 9d. Supply very fair. Buckwheat 2s 9d to 3s. Supply very fair. Flax Seed may be quoted at 5s to 5s 6d. Very scarce. Timothy Seed 10 6d to 11s. Very Scarce. Hog Flour 16s to 16s. Oatmeal 10s 6d to 12s. Buttery—Fresh, 1s 3d to 1s 4d; Salt 10d to 11d. Eggs 11d to 1s. Potatoes 4s to 4s 6d per bag containing 1 1/2 bushels. Remarks.—The weather being very cold, the attendance of farmers was small.

Births. In this city, on the 6th inst., the wife of Alfred Pinsonneault, Esq., of a son. In this city, on the 9th inst., the wife of Mr. P. J. Fogarty, of a son. Died. In this city, on the 10th of December, Edward Patrick, infant child of Mr. P. J. Fogarty. At Rawdon, on the 1st inst., Catherine Daly, daughter of Luke Daly, Esq., P.M., aged 17 years.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held in ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, 10th inst., at EIGHT o'clock, to debate the subject— "Should the Use of Intoxicating Liquors be prohibited by Law?" By Order, EDWARD WOODS, Rec. Sec.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION. THE COUNCIL of the above Association beg to announce that they have concluded arrangements with Mr. Crozier, in virtue of which that celebrated Musician and Vocalist will attend in the Hall of the Association, at Eight o'clock, on every Tuesday Evening of the present Session, for the purpose of giving instruction in Vocal Music. All Members admitted free. WANTED, A SCHOOL TEACHER, for the Parish of St. Columbian, for the Catholic School on the Front Concession. A salary of Forty-five Pounds Currency will be given, with a free house and firewood. Apply to Mr. George Welsh of the same place. December 15.

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

FORBIDDEN INTERFERENCE.

We rejoice (says the Times) that the Emperor of the French has given conclusive proof that what ever his feelings, he does not now wish to see any ill-will in the minds of France towards England. He has given us an assurance which it is impossible to misunderstand; that, so far as he is concerned, he wishes all causes of irritation between the two countries which lie within his control to cease, and we willingly accept this declaration as the first faint streak of the dawn which may be the herald of a day clear from the clouds which have been so long gathering round us.

The Treaty of Zurich is duly reduced to a diplomatic record. It has been signed and sealed at Zurich, and now, by the hands of the Marquis de Banneville, it has been duly delivered in Paris, to be laid up in the Imperial Chancery. Thus closes one act in this Italian drama, which has pressed heavily upon the attention of the spectators, and which has done but little towards the development of the plot.

The following is from the letter of Times' Paris correspondent, dated 24th ult. The delay which has occurred in expediting the letters of invitation to the Governments for the Congress has not arisen, I am assured, from any difference between the English and French Cabinets, but is rather owing to some difficulties started by Austria on the Regency question. The letters have been made out for several days past, and the date specified for the meeting of the Congress was the 15th of December.

A letter from Rome, in the Journal de Bruxelles, speaks of serious disagreements between M. Rouland, the French Minister of Public Worship, and the Papal Nuncio at Paris, Mgr. Saccani. M. de Montalembert is to have the honor of a prosecution. The French Government has formally announced this determination. The delay is granted, on account of the domestic affliction which has recently befallen M. de Montalembert in the death of his brother, the Colonel de Montalembert, in Africa.

The number of deaths from cholera in the French expeditionary army during the 20 days' campaign against the frontier tribes of Morocco has been 2,100. As the total of effectives has not been given, it is impossible to ascertain with certainty the rate of mortality, but if we suppose it to have been 10,000 men, the death-rate would have been 21.6 per cent in less than a month.

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It seems he communicated his venturesome plan to Fanti at Bologna, and that the latter, without disapproving it, submitted it to the decision of the Turin Cabinet; this led to the successive call of both Generals to the Court of Victor Emmanuel, and to that four hours' interview between the King and Garibaldi, at the end of which the latter, sacrificing both his own convictions and projects to his affection for the King and deference to his advisers, clearly saw that nothing was left for him save an immediate withdrawal into private life. He went back once more to Bologna, probably to resign his powers into the hands of his superior, Fanti; he thence returned to Turin to bid a farewell to the King, and was last heard of at Genoa, whence he will, in all probability, proceed to his rural retreat at Nice, or to his lonely islet off the shore of Sardinia.

With Garibaldi's retirement I am afraid the Romagna legion is but a loosened faggot, soon to go asunder. Nor are the Tuscan troops, although most of them consist of old soldiers, subjected to sound military training, much more to be depended on. Among the officers of the choice regiments, cavalry, artillery, and grenadiers, there are not a few Retrogradists, who never made a mystery of their attachment to the departed Lorraine dynasty. Absent from their homes for the last four months, they know nothing and believe nothing of the change that has come over the spirit of their countrymen. They describe the vote for annexation as the mere result of a *momento e rumore di piazza* (mere street cry and riot). They protest they had only gone forth to fight the Austrians; their only subject of quarrel with the Grand Duke was his Austrian tendencies; that they would on no account bear a hand in a counter-revolution; but neither would they draw a sword against their lawful Prince, if he disconnected his cause from that of Austria, and attempted the recovery of his throne by legitimate national means.

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Under such circumstances, it would be no wonder if the Retrogradists began to look up. The promise, so often repeated by France, that the restoration of the Central Italian Government is to be effected by no armed interference, deceives no sensible person here. There is such a thing as a "spontaneous choice" *per force*. As the only out-spoken newspaper in Italy, the *Diritto*, amply illustrates the subject, if you put a loathsome dish of food before a starving man, it is but little consolation to say to him that he "needs not eat it, if he does not like it;" for hunger and the lack of any other nourishment will in the end overcome his repugnance. The public apprehension for the present is rather aroused by the "Reds" than the "Blacks," as the "Pale Greens," or Moderates are lately losing all ascendancy, the Mazzinian are ready to step in their place; and it is to be wondered at if the Italians, who read in the *Moniteur* and the Emperor's letter what is to be their ultimate fate prefer to submit to it at once rather than arrive at it through all the made phases of the rampant anarchy which disgraced their cause when they trusted the democrats in 1849.

What, in the meanwhile, would be ridiculous, if it were not too melancholy, is the utter helplessness and apparent apathy of the Tuscan rulers in the midst of this fearful emergency. They send telegram upon telegram to Turin, writing in vain for orders from the Sardinian Government to embrace resolutions which their own heart should dictate.

As I began this letter by telling of Garibaldi's "disgrace," I may just as well end it by relating what I hear of the state of mind of the only other man who took the Italian cause really to heart—King Victor Emmanuel. The King is described as eating his proud heart in silence and solitude in his palace; in so sullen and savage a mood that his most intimate friends dare not accost him. Strange that their King should be so downcast, while his would-be subjects at Florence are tuning their fiddles for a dance.

A letter from Pesaro, in the *Univers*, dated Nov. 4th says:—"Discontent against Piedmontese tyranny daily increases in Romagna. Citizens and country people, all make the comparison between the paternal Government of Rome and the despotism of Turin. They perceive that reforms empty their stores and their coffers. Owners of property have been required to pay eighteen months' taxes in advance. The country populations have sent to the Holy Father the demand to be allowed to act against the towns, and to drive out the Piedmontese. A hundred thousand peasants, assisted by a few regular troops, would have restored Romagna to its legitimate sovereign and their Pontiff in eight-and-forty hours. But the Pope, in his tender solicitude, fearing the excesses and bloodshed which would have resulted from such a movement, did not think it good to accede to the wish of the peasants."

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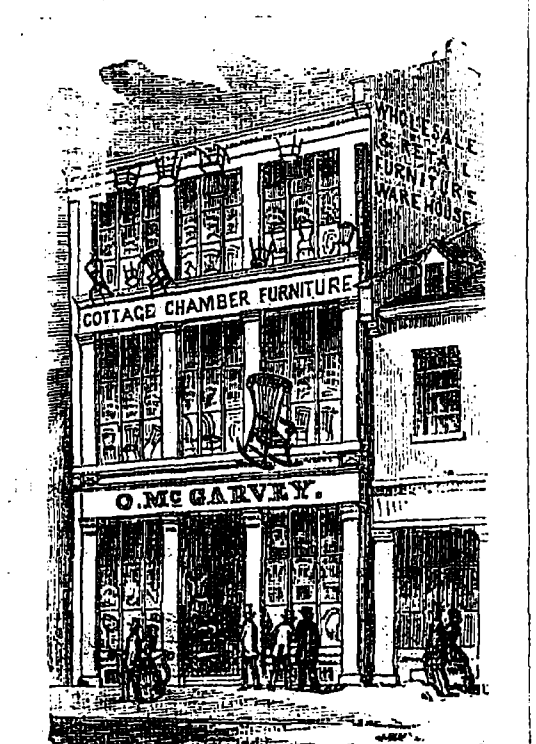
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