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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1863.

No. 34.

THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

A TALE OF CASHEL.

BY MRS. J. SADLER.

Mrs. Esmond was slow in recovering from her swoon, and even when consciousness did return, strength was sadly wanting.

Never fear, Peggy, I'm not dead! The words came out, as it were, with a spasmodic effort, and a dreary emphasis on the pronoun I.

Half an hour might have passed thus, when the door-bell rang. Mrs. Esmond started to her feet gasping for breath—strove to speak, but unable to utter a word pointed to the door.

Ma'am, dear, said the remaining servant, what can it be, at all?—will I go and see?

When she again opened her eyes on surrounding objects, all the women servants of the household were around her, engaged in various efforts for her recovery, one slapping the palms of her hands, another bathing her temples, whilst a third had her almost choked, holding burnt feathers under her nose.

Where is Harry? cried the half-crazed wife: where is my husband!—dead or alive, let me see him!

No one spoke, but on the instant came from the adjoining room the most sorrowful death-cry that ever thrilled inhuman heart.

A scornful laugh was the answer, the door was flung open, and Mrs. Esmond stood in the presence of her husband, but not as she parted from him some hours before.

Mrs. Esmond stood beside the bed, looking down on the heap of clay that was her husband, but no sigh or sound escaped her.

ly altered face of Mrs. Esmond—all at once she rose softly from her seat, glided like a spirit to her side, and, throwing her arm round her neck, began to pat her cheek with her cold hand, saying at the same time in a tone of tender pity:

As if Mabel's voice had broken the mighty spell that kept her senses in thrall, Mrs. Esmond started into sudden life, threw up her arms wildly, and uttered a scream so piercing, so full of anguish, that it rang in the ears of those who heard it for many a long day after.

Turning for the first time, with her hand still on Esmond's heart, her eye ran round the room till it rested on the blank, terror-stricken face of Mulligan.

Mulligan!—he is not dead—he cannot be dead—go directly for Dr. O'Grady and Dr. Hennessy!

They'll be here presently, ma'am, said the poor fellow, trying hard to keep in the tears that were choking his utterance;

Again Mrs. Esmond bent down and touched the lips of her beloved, and laid her trembling hand on his heart—then took up the hand that hung down over the bedside and felt for a pulse—when all this was done, the last spark of hope seemed to die out in her heart—

This was the signal for a general outburst of lamentation; and the grief and pity so long restrained now broke out in tears and sobs.

Ay, you may well cry, said Mrs. Esmond, you have all lost a good friend. But oh, Harry, Harry—what is any one's loss to mine?

Och, God pity me that has to tell it, said Mulligan, 'sure we found him'—here a burst of tears interrupted the sad tale—sure we found him lying on the road side about half-way between here and the Lodge.

It's little matter to me, said Mrs. Esmond drearily, as she wiped away with her handkerchief the blood that disfigured poor Harry's dead face—that face late so comely and so cheering.

You must get her away—at once, said Dr. O'Grady, who with Dr. Hennessy just then appeared at the door, both panting with excitement, and pale with horror.

Come in—come in—you'll not disturb him, O'Grady—Dr. Hennessy—look what they have done to poor Harry—he never wet you without a friendly smile, and a kind word—but he'll never smile again—h—h—never reach the hand of welcome any more—look here; and

pointing to the wound on the temple, from which only an occasional drop of blood now oozed thick and dark, she fell fainting on the body of her husband.

It is just as well, said the elder practitioner; now take her to her own room as gently as you can, and lay her on the bed.

That bullet did its work well, said Hennessy, as the two stood beside the bed looking mournfully down on the dead.

Where? and how?

Well, that's what I'm not able to tell you sir; but I know it was one of our Mr. Esmond's horses—the steel grey—that galloped up to our stable this night without a rider—and it was our own roan mare that the man there took with him.

Has Uncle Harry been sent for? asked O'Grady.

No, sir.

Send Pierce off immediately, then.

Pierce, sir! is it Pierce? and Mulligan began to rub his elbow.

Yes, Pierce! you cannot go—you are wanted here, as the oldest servant of the family.

Well, but, doctor dear! I can't send Pierce, for Pierce isn't in, or hasn't been since half-past four or five.

There was something in the tone of these words that made the gentlemen start, and look fixedly at the groom.

Mulligan! there is something on your mind that you do not care to tell. But you need not fear to tell us, for you will have to tell all in a Court of Justice, and that before long.

Not against my master, sir! Oh Lord no, sir, I'll take my oath he hadn't. There was no one had any grudge against him—vo, vo, how could they?

And yet they shot him, said Hennessy with stern emphasis; they have killed one of the best landlords in Tipperary—one of the best friends the poor had—after that, who can ever say a word in their behalf?

Well, gentlemen, said Mulligan, wiping away his tears with the sleeve of his jacket, it does look very bad—very, very bad at this present time—and if any one does that deed a purpose—I mean if they knew who was in it—I'd disown Tipperary for ever and a day.

Both gentlemen turned at this and fixed their eyes on Mulligan. There was a deep meaning in his eyes, no less than in his words.

So you think, Mulligan, said O'Grady slowly and thoughtfully, that there might have been a mistake—a fatal mistake, if so?

Well, well, it makes little difference, after all, how he came by his death; he is dead, God help us all this night.

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O'Grady's voice faltered as he thus spoke, and it was only after clearing his throat several times that he said to his brother doctor:

Of course, nothing can be done here till the inquest is over. We must send at once to notify the coroner, and he raised his handkerchief to his eyes.

Mulligan was accordingly dispatched with the awful intelligence to the coroner of Mr. Esmond's murder—awful, indeed, for Dr. —, then coroner for that district of the county Tipperary, was himself a personal friend of the deceased gentleman.

Now tell me, O'Grady, what is your opinion of all this?

O'Grady lowered his voice to a whisper as he replied—My opinion is that— he did not finish the sentence, for the door opened and Uncle Harry made his appearance.

At last he turned and looked from one doctor to the other with heavy, bloodshot eyes, glaring fiercely from under his bushy brows.

So it appears, Mr. Esmond, sadly said O'Grady.

Well, there's what it is to be a good landlord! There was a fierceness of sarcasm in these words that cannot be described.

The old man started as if an adder had stung him. A ghastly paleness over-spread his face, and a brighter glare flashed in his eyes.

I mean just what I said, replied the doctor slowly and emphatically, that my poor friend never incurred the fearful penalty he has paid.

You are impertinent, sir—you forget yourself, hissed the old man between his teeth.

No, sir; I do not forget myself or you either, and so saying, Hennessy left the left room. As he passed along the corridor to the remote apartment whither Mrs. Esmond had been conveyed, he encountered more than one group of the servants with certain women of the neighborhood whom the news had already reached.

Excuse me, said the doctor to O'Grady, I will go and see how poor Mrs. Esmond is.

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No, sir; I do not forget myself or you either, and so saying, Hennessy left the left room.

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After they were all gone to bed that night, myself and Nancy being the last in the kitchen, we thought we'd rake the ashes smooth to see if there'd be any feet coming or going.

Well, Molly, an' what come of it?

As true as I'm a living woman this night, an' the master a dead man, Lord receive his soul in glory—there was the mark of a foot in the ashes—a man's foot, too, an' for all the world like his, and it turned to't the door!

When Dr. Hennessy knocked at the door of the room where Mrs. Esmond was, it was opened by Mrs. O'Grady, and he found within Mrs. Esmond, senior, and Aunt Winifred, all three having come with Uncle Harry.

To the doctor's inquiry of how she found herself, Mrs. Esmond replied, in low, faint accents—Oh! there is no fear of me—I am well enough—too well—but Dr. Hennessy! she added with sudden animation, raising herself from her reclining posture in a large arm-chair.

I believe not—but why do you ask?—did you want him?

What him? Mrs. Esmond repeated with a visible shudder; oh no! no! no! The sight of him would be death—death! and moaning piteously, she fell back again in the chair.

Why, surely, Mrs. Esmond, said the doctor, you cannot suspect him—what motive could induce him—or, indeed, any one else, to commit so black a crime?

I know not, doctor, I know not; but, and the unhappy lady paused, gasping for breath, but from something he said to me just before leaving the house—and after my poor—my poor Harry was gone—I fear—oh! I am almost certain that he had—at least—something to do with it! She could say no more.

The horror of this announcement blanched every cheek, and the ladies were, for once, struck dumb.

La me! we might have known there was something bad about the fellow; don't you remember the voice we heard on Hallow-eve night?

Yes, and that sad affair of the ring, my dear Mrs. Esmond? subjoined Mrs. O'Grady; you know I told you that you should not have given your wedding-ring for such a purpose!

My dear Mrs. Esmond! said Dr. Hennessy anxious himself to rid her, if possible, of these Job's comforters, had you not better lie down on the bed, and remain quiet a while.

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tones of piteous entreaty—he will not be long with me... A wild burst of anguish followed, and Mrs. Esmond, trembling and exhausted, was easily prevailed upon to resume her seat. It appeared to the sympathizing friends who watched her so tenderly that there was in her mind, and hovering on her lips, something which she could not put in words.

speech referred to... THE PATRIOTIC SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF KINGSTON, O.V., at the City Hall, on St. Patrick's Day, 1863, by P. J. Buckley, jun., Recording Secretary of the Society.

with those who may choose to dispute the point of our greatness and superiority of race. There is one thing, however, incontestably true, and that is, that a true Irishman is a great man on St. Patrick's Day—this is his day, par excellence, in the year.

founded by powerful enemies and treacherous traitors, all equally anxious for his destruction. Up to the present the hand of God has been manifestly stretched out to protect him. While his enemies are bringing ruin and disgrace on themselves and their undertakings, the Pope is pursuing the even tenor of his way, edifying the world by his meekness no less than by his constancy and courage, providing for the administration of the Church, attending to the wants of his subjects, and maintaining peace and tranquillity in the centre of Christianity, though all the neighboring countries are in a sad state of confusion and anarchy.

feeble constitution, he laboured with the assiduity of a strong man on some of the most arduous missions of the diocese of Waterford, and did not pass away without leaving monuments of his self-sacrificing course of last summer's health had so declined, that he was obliged to retire from his mission, and seek repose in the bosom of his family.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—KINGSTON. The following is an extract of the Minutes of a Committee Meeting of the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston, held at their Hall, Anchor Buildings, on the 23rd of March, 1863:—

Resolved—That Mr. P. J. Buckley, jun., do furnish the Committee of the St. Patrick's Society with a copy of his speech delivered on St. Patrick's Day, 1863, and that the same be forwarded to the Editor of the True Witness, with a request to publish the same in his next issue.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. LENTEN PASTORAL OF THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—We extract the following from the pastoral of His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin:—

DUBLIN, 15th February, 1863. DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES TRACY, C.C., DUNDUNWAY.—It is with very great regret that we announce the death of this estimable young clergyman, which took place on Tuesday, after a brief missionary career of four years.

Complete unanimity pervades all classes and parties in the anxiety to do all honor and respect to the Her of the Throne and to the young Bride of his choice.—DUBLIN COR. OF WEEKLY REGISTER.



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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1863.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The English journals are almost entirely devoted to long descriptions of the triumphal progress of the Princess Alexandra through the streets of London, her marriage with the Prince of Wales, and the rejoicings consequent thereupon.

The Continental news are very meagre. We learn that the insurgent Poles still continue the unequal conflict with the colossal power of Russia, and that in several battles the advantages have been on their side.

We have no important events to record in the United States. The war lingers on, unmarked by any great or decisive engagements.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.—It is strikingly characteristic of the temper in which the advocates of State-Schoolism approach this question, and of the logical affinities of Liberalism, that our opponents never venture to discuss the School Question on its real merits.

The one great question at issue—that which therefore none of our opponents dare to discuss, is this. To whom of right, does the education of the child belong? to the parent or to the civil magistrate? to the Family or to the State?

Upon the solution of these questions the entire controversy depends. If the State has the right to establish Common Schools, and to compel every father of a family to support those Schools, it must be because education is the legitimate function, not of the Family, but of the State.

This is the principle for which we contend—not in the interests of Catholics alone, but of all parents, of all denominations; not merely in the interests of revealed religion, high as these interests are, but in the interests of natural liberty.

over all that concerns the education of the child; we deny to the civil magistrate, or "Jack-in-Office," the slightest semblance of a right to interfere therein; and we base our claims for the parent, and our protest against the interference of the State, upon the grounds that the Father of the Family holds his authority from God direct, and rules by "right divine."

And this is the only "right divine" which we will acknowledge in any form of government upon the earth, outside the Catholic Church. As in the XVI. century it was the office of the Catholic controversialist to refute the impious doctrine of the "right divine" of kings, so now, in the XIX., it is his task and his duty to protest against the still more impious, the still more slavish doctrine of the "right divine" of peoples, and of brute majorities.

To neither kings nor peoples do we concede any the slightest right to dictate to us in the matter of the education of our children, or to exercise authority within the sacred precincts of the Family. There the parent rules supreme, as king, as the vice-gerent of God Himself, and as responsible to God alone for the manner in which he discharges his sublime functions.

Neither will we ever condescend to discuss the question, whether our objections as parents to the "Common Schools" of Upper Canada are well founded? As parents, we owe no man a reason for our objections to those Schools; we owe no man any explanation why we will not send our children to them.

To O.M.—We cannot comply with your request, nor can we open the columns of the TRUE WITNESS to such a controversy as that which your communication would raise. It is one thing to condemn the injustice long exercised towards Ireland by the British Government; and another a very different thing to preach up revolutionary and socialistic doctrines, subversive of the authority of all Government, and the rights of property.

The Toronto Globe publishes the following from the Rev. Mr. North's notes of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, in reply to some remarks of the "Protestant Reform" organ upon His Lordship the Bishop of the same Diocese:—"To the Editor of the Globe."

"Sir—In your issue of this morning, you state that the Canadian Freeman is the regularly authorized organ of the Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Lynch."

We see not how the above, as the Globe pretends, contradicts the statement of Mr. Patrick in the House—to the effect that the Clergy of the Roman Catholic Church are prepared to accept Mr. Scott's Bill as a final settlement of the question.

The Globe, relying upon its readers' ignorance of history, their disregard of facts, and assured of their leniency towards all falsehood told in the interests of the Holy Protestant Faith, goes on to say:—"The Romish Church has been always, and is now the enemy of free, untrammelled education."

Coming from the foremost champion of the degrading system of State-Schoolism, which modern Liberalism has succeeded in imposing upon society, the above morceau is rich, beyond the richness of a pork-pie. Were the editor of the Globe one addicted to argument, one who could condescend to definitions, and entertained a respect for facts—we should presume to call upon him for proof of his thesis, for a clear exhaustive definition of the term "free, untrammelled education," and for a statement of facts which show the hostility of the Romish Church thereunto.

We will however give the Gl be a definition of "free and untrammelled education," and we defy him to furnish a better. Freedom of Education consists essentially, in its entire immunity from all State control, or interference of any kind, direct or indirect. Education is there "free and untrammelled," and there only, where "Government Jack" cannot upon any pretence meddle therewith; and where the will of the individual parent as to the education of his children in all its branches, is as against the State, or civil magistrate, absolute, supreme and unquestioned.

The School is "free" upon the same conditions only, as those upon which the Church is "free." Education is "free and untrammelled" then only, when to it are applied the same rules as those whose application ensures "free and untrammelled religion." That the State shall exercise no authority over the Church or over the School is the essential condition of religious and educational freedom; and the "Romish Church" has always been the foremost in contending for "free and untrammelled" freedom both of education and of religion, since she has always been foremost in resisting the impertinent aggressions of "Jack-in-Office" upon either.

Church, in her doctrines, in her discipline, and in the appointment of her Ministers, must be exempt from all State control—that in these matters the civil magistrate has no legitimate jurisdiction, and that if he attempt to interfere therein, such interference is at all hazards, and at all costs to be resisted. What is true of the Church and of religion, is equally true of the School and of education. The freedom of the latter, as of the former, consists, essentially, in its entire immunity from State control or interference of any kind. State-Churchism and State-Schoolism are both incompatible with freedom—the one with "freedom of religion," the other with "freedom of education;" and if the "Romish Church" opposes, and ever has opposed "State-Schoolism," she has thereby approved herself not the "enemy" but the consistent friend of "free and untrammelled education," even as by opposing "State-Churchism," the Covenanters, the Puritans, and the adherents of the modern "Free Kirk of Scotland" have asserted an essential condition of "free and untrammelled religion."

Unfortunately, however, Protestants have almost always two sets of weights and measures—one wherewith they mete out to themselves, the other set wherewith they mete out to Papists. Thus whilst according to Protestant logic, the freedom of religion is secured by its independence of the civil magistrate in Protestant communities, a "Free Church in a free State" consists in the subjection of the Catholic Church to the secular powers. Thus, too, the same men who most loudly applaud the action of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour towards the Catholic Church in Italy, are also the loudest in condemning the assumption of authority over the Protestant Church of Scotland, by Charles II and Lauderdale; and thus again the noisiest fanatical brawlers against State-Churchism, are also the foremost champions of State-Schoolism.

THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW"—January, 1863. B. Dawson & Son, Montreal.

The contents of the present number are—1. India under Lord Dalhousie. 2. Miracles of Frederic von Gentz. 3. Gold fields and Gold miners. 4. Contributions to the Life of Rubens. 5. The Campaign of 1815. 6. Modern Judaism. 7. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." 8. Convict System in England and Ireland. 9. Public Affairs of the above articles the best is that on Victor Hugo's last medley of false philosophy, and mawkish sentimentality. The Reviewer pronounces a severe, but well merited censure upon this work, whose popularity indicates the low taste, and still more debased morality of the French reading public.

THE "NORTH BRITISH REVIEW"—February, 1863. B. Dawson & Sons, Montreal.

This is the organ of the "low" or evangelical section of the British Protestant world. It is very orthodox, according to the orthodoxy of the conventicle, but somewhat dull in comparison with the Westminster Review, the organ of the opposite section of the Protestant community. This, and the other American reprints of the leading British Quarterly are always on hand at the Messrs. Dawsons, Great St. James-street.

"HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY"—April, 1863.—Harper Brothers, New York.

This contains a vast amount of light reading matter, which would be agreeable to the Catholic palate—were it not so often, and so highly seasoned with No-Popery condiments.

We have much pleasure in complying with the request preferred to us by the Secretary of the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston, as may be seen by turning to our second page.

(Communicated.)

The summer of 1854 was a sad epoch in the annals of Canada, for the most fatal of maladies, the cholera, again visited its shores. This plague, carried hither by the numerous emigrants from foreign lands, made sad havoc on board of the different vessels bound for the New World, and many who had left home, with the hope of a happy future, greeted America's shore, but to find a grave. Such was the fate of a poor Bohemian and his wife, who a prey to the fell disease, left their two orphan boys strangers in a strange land. A Jesuit Father, who tended to the wants of foreigners, incapable of speaking the French or English language, found the orphans, and brought them to the St. Patrick's Asylum. Many means were there tried to soften the grief of the lone little ones, but several days passed before they could be tempted to share their comrades' pastimes. Their sorrow gradually wore off, and after some weeks the little fellows amused all by their pleasant attempts in speaking the language of their new home. Weeks grew into months, and months into years, making manly boys of the stranger orphans, yet the Asylum still claimed them as her children. The day came at last, when according to the rules of the Institution, the elder boys must bid farewell to its sheltering roof and begin a new career. Franti's (Francis) turn came, and he was confided to the care of a respectable family. The good conduct which characterised him in his boyhood's home bore him nobly on through the world's trials, and after the lapse of a few years, during which time he frequently visited his former home, his savings amounted to some \$240. No sooner had he drawn them from the hands of his master, than he presented a donation of \$10 for the benefit of his old home; in order, as he said, to fulfil an intention formed while yet a boy. He

has identified himself with the home of his youth, and become so thoroughly a child of St. Patrick, that he claims Ireland as his fatherland, and is as proud of the Shamrock as any native of Erin's soil.

Gratitude has effected a strange metamorphosis. It has transformed the Bohemian boy into an Irishman heart and soul.

Mr. James Feeny has kindly consented to act as Agent for the TRUE WITNESS in Brantford and vicinity.

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN KINGSTON.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Kingston, March 22, 1863.

SIR—There was the usual turn out of the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston on Tuesday, the 17th March, the Anniversary of the Patron Saint of Ireland. The number of celebrants were fully as large, if not larger, than on the previous Anniversary. Everything went off as merry as a marriage-bell. The day was unusually fine; the Society's banners, so frequently described in your columns were displayed to great advantage, and looked superb. There is no place in Upper Canada where Irishmen turn-out in greater numbers, or make a more imposing display than they do in Kingston. This is no doubt, owing to the enthusiasm and unity which pervade all who breathe the healthy atmosphere of "the good old Town." Union among any class of persons who have a common object to attain is necessary to secure success; with the Irish in Canada it is of the most vital importance that union should exist, for without it they are powerless; and their role is, first, to secure unity of action, and then by the wise and judicious exercise of that power which it is certain to achieve, to show those who have been taught to dislike and look with suspicion upon their efforts, that the Irish colonists possess all the essentials necessary to enrich a State, and guard with fidelity its institutions, its government and laws, from the encroachments of those who might attempt to destroy the one, or infringe upon the free and equitable administration of the other. The legacy left to Irishmen at "home" is to protect and guard the Faith once delivered to the Saints; and in this country they have a double mission, not only as champions of the faith of their fathers, but also to be faithful guardians of that civil liberty, that practicable freedom, to secure which Irishmen have made so many sacrifices, both at home and abroad. It is pleasant to think, and to know, that in the struggle to obtain constitutional liberty in Canada, Catholic Irishmen have always been amongst the foremost in the battle, and adhered with unflinching fidelity to the champion of Canadian independence—the lamented Robert Baldwin—to the last moment of that patriot's existence. Their fidelity to constitutional principles ought not to be forgotten.

It was my intention to give you a full description of all our proceedings on St. Patrick's Day—of the Grand Pontifical High Mass celebrated in the Cathedral by His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston, assisted by the Vicars-General Macdonnell and Dollard, and the resident Clergy—of the sermon of the Director of Regiopolis College, the eloquent and gifted Father O'Brien—and of the capital speeches in the Cry Hall, delivered by the President of the Society and other gentlemen connected with it. But alas! I cannot. The news from Peterborough fills us all with grief and indignation. The outrage perpetrated on unarmed men by the Orange desperadoes from Emily and Cavan, and from Smithtown and Manvers, has so excited the people of Kingston that they neither think nor speak of anything else. It is a startling fact, that in this free country, where law is supposed to be supreme, and its strong arm sufficient to protect its inhabitants from the violence of mobs, it should be impotent; such, however, is the case.

On Tuesday last, the quiet town of Peterborough was invaded by a band of men to the number of five hundred, armed to the teeth, accompanied by loaded cannon, and inspired with the determination of murdering their fellow-subjects, if they persisted in marching to church with the National banners and music, on the Anniversary of the great Apostles of Ireland! Let the Peterborough Review, the leading Protestant paper of the town, tell you of the atrocious deed:—

More disgraceful conduct than that which large bodies of men, styling themselves Orangemen, pursued in this Town on St. Patrick's Day, was scarcely ever before witnessed. Humiliating to the Order, which inculcates charity to all men, and boasts of being a bulwark of civil and religious liberty, every enlightened member of the Orange Institution, must blush for the conduct of his weak, and, in this matter, assuredly erring brethren. It can never be the purpose of a society to which such a man as the Honourable John Billyard Cameron belongs, which boasts of having within its pale, some of the most learned and pious of the clergy of the Church of England, and ministers, indeed, of every Protestant denomination, to set law and order at defiance, and to crush out that very liberty of speech, thought and action, which Protestants desire and everywhere insist upon for themselves. Yet that was done in Peterborough, in enlightened Protestant Upper Canada, on Tuesday last. Persons said to be members of that Society to the number of between 400 and 500 assembled here on the occasion of an intended celebration of the birth-day of Ireland's patron saint, a thing every where tolerated in Canada, and to which Mr. Ogle R. Gowan, and a Myor Bowers, of Toronto, lend their countenance, to prevent the Roman Catholics of this town from proceeding in an orderly manner to church with banners flying and music, with marshals on horseback, and with the other accoutrements. They flocked in from Emily and Cavan, Smithtown and Manvers; men, in defiance of all law, aimed to the teeth with fowling pieces, pistols and bludgeons, the fire arms being loaded, had come into the town. Nay, this was not all; the men who poured into Peterborough, and took possession of it in spite of the authorities, brought cannon with them to intimidate and subdue unarmed men. And for what reason was this interruption of an intended peaceable procession, this wonderfully frightful demonstration made? A fool, or bigot, it may be both, had given out that it was a Ribbon Society, which was to publicly exhibit itself in Peterborough. Is Protestantism so powerless for good and to prevent by moral means the extension of Romanism, that it must resort to armed violence, where it happens to be physically in the ascendancy? We should think not. On the occasion, however, of the meeting of the St. Patrick's Society in George Street, on Tuesday last, it was in the main that some held another doctrine. The Orangemen drew up across Water Street, and when the Society was forming on the Market









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Prevents Fever and Ague, and Bilious Remittent Fever; fortifies the system against Malaria and the evil effects of unwholesome water; invigorates the organs of digestion and the bowels; steadies the nerves, and tends to PROLONG LIFE.

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For Scabies on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such relief that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
For Sores; these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

Dear Sir - We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.

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