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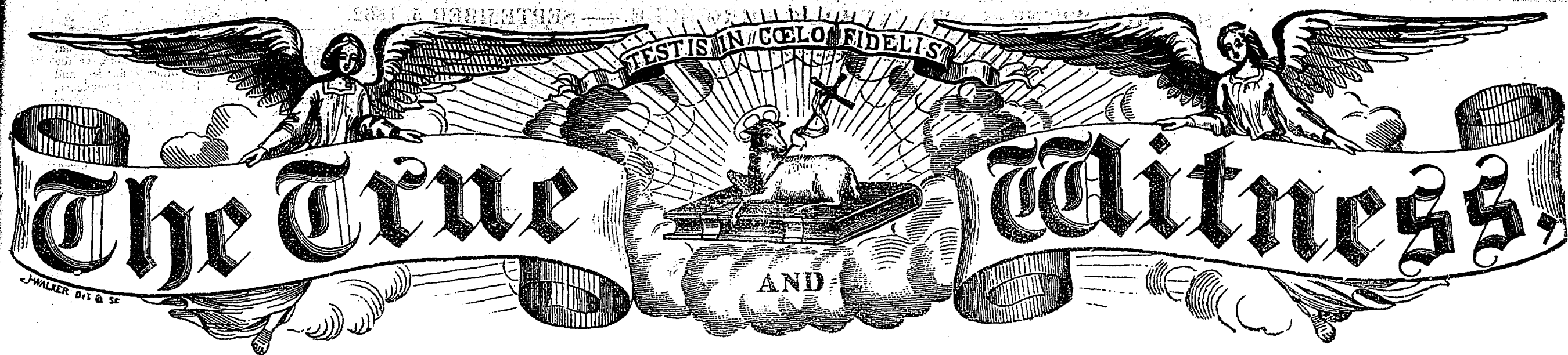
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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CROHOORE OF THE BILL-HOOK.

BY JOHN BANIM.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

When crossed by the party, during the early part of the day, this stream appeared no more than a puny, gurgling thread of water, spinning about the large rocks that strewed its channel; but the channel itself was ten feet upwards in depth, and, at the least, from twenty to thirty in breadth, showing that, at times, it became an impetuous torrent. A little to the right of the party, and lower down on the descent of the hill, stood one of those uncouth castle squares, so frequent in Kilkenny and some neighboring counties, built, most probably, by the English settlers of the Pale and their successors, and which served the double purpose of residences and fortresses, affording them the sole shelter they could hope to find in the country, and securing them from the irregular attacks of the dispossessed natives, not yet disposed to be reconciled to the growing sway of new masters; we may add, that those castles are built all over the country, in such close succession, that the prospect from one to the other is never interrupted—doubtless, for the purpose of spreading alarm by fires or other signals, in case of any of them having been assaulted. After Pierce Shea and his companions had taken a survey of the district around, it appeared that the old castle we have been describing was the only place that offered the sudden shelter, now becoming every moment more necessary. The deepest shade of night had almost fallen; the heavy wreaths left the mountain tops, and floated as clouds before the sun-mooning blast; and the rain, which hitherto had been but a spray, blown upward from the damp valleys, now began to fall in heavy and continued drops. To the castle, then, the adventurers hastened, and there established their quarters for the night. A ground-floor of the old building afforded shelter to their horses, and the hills, scanty and coarse provender; they brought timber from the wood, and in the middle story, to which they ascended by the narrow spiral stairs, a blazing fire was soon lighted. Andy Houlihan, the most provident of the party, displayed a well-furnished wallet of country fare; Paudge Dermody, the thirstiest, a big black bottle of brandy; and all collected round the blaze to partake of refreshment and rest, which, considering the toils and anxieties of the day, were certainly their due.

They soon had to congratulate themselves on these precautions. The wind blew a storm, and dimly howled through the doorless building, agitating the blaze round which they sat, through the slits in the narrow walls, formerly constructed rather with a view to safety than convenience, or rather to serve as loopholes, from which to annoy an enemy. The rain descended in sheets; and one of the men, who had ventured out for an instant, reported that it was so pitch dark, he could not see a yard before him. The moon which was in the wane, would not rise for many hours; so that, even had they met with no opposition from Pierce Shea, it would have proved impossible to make way homeward through the dreary paths they had to travel, in so gloomy a night. After their repast, the men felt the influence of the fatigue they had undergone during the day; and, in a little time, their discourse flattened, and they stretched themselves by the fire, and fell asleep—all but Pierce Shea, the state of whose mind naturally kept him waking. His feelings were in accord with the night and his situation; with the desolated place of refuge, the tempest, the darkness, and the weeping heavens without. He lay down on the earthen floor, but could not close his eyes; he started up and walked from side to side of the waste apartment; he leaned his back against the wall; he sat in the deep recess of the window; every position was uneasy, because every one was inactive, and away from the purpose in which his soul was engaged. At last, with no defined motive, but merely in obedience to the fiery restlessness that swayed him, and, perhaps, hoping something, he knew not what, Pierce inuffled himself in his greatcoat, and cautiously descending the narrow stairs, lest he should disturb his companions, sallied out into the night, regardless of its blasts and of its drenching rain.

A kind of bellow, as if from the castle, startled him; and, now, hope came in a more certain form, and he rushed in. He looked into the lower apartment, but could see nothing through the thick darkness; and he heard nothing, except the munching noise of the horses' jaws, as they strove to make way through their hard provender. He rapidly mounted to the place where he had left his companions. The fire was nearly decayed; but light enough still remained to show that, with the exception of his foster-brother, Andy, the men continued to sleep soundly; and Andy, if not asleep, seemed bewitched. On the spot where Pierce had seen him stretch himself a man now knelt, the aft part of his large and gaunt person resting on his heels; his head and body thrown back, as if to avoid something he

feared would touch him; and his left arm extended at full length, to prevent a too near approach; while, with his right fist desperately clenched, he smote his obviously strong-bread bone, and muttered with distorted lips, and at race-horse speed, some prayers in the Irish language. He remained unaware of Pierce's entrance, and persevered in his attitude and occupation till the young man approached, and seized his out-stretched arm, calling on him to tell what was the matter.

Andy gave a sudden plunge when his feeler was touched, and, in stunning accents, roared out the prayers he had before only mumbled; then, withdrawing his eyes nearer home from the vacuum on which they had been set, he recognised his foster-brother. But this caused no abatement to his orisons; if we except a change in the tone of delivery; Andy continuing at length, and without answering Pierce's question, till he had finished the whole catalogue; and, as it is suspected, he had never burthened his mind with more of any one prayer than, by mere force, his mother compelled him to learn in infancy, and as, at this time of day, even those scraps were partly forgotten, poor Andy must have made rather an odd jumble when he went to his devotions.—Pierce, over and over, repeated his inquiry, and,

'Arrah, then, Master Pierce, a-roon, is id yourself?' he at last moaned out, giving, as became his country, question for question, and rising slowly from his knees, while, with the tail of his coat, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

'What is the matter, I say?' again asked Pierce.

'Didn't you see her, a-rich?'

'Her! who?'

'That cursed—och, ay, Andrew? hauled a guard over your tongue, and mind what you're for sayin'; I mane the blessed body that was here.'

'Andy! God send! perhaps you mean Alley?'

'Mostha, but if it was Alley, it wasn't like the Alley we used to see, afore now; but the cowl'd grave, it's like enough, has spiled her, for good-an-all.'

'What do you mean? would you drive me mad, man? whom did you see?'

'Come, Andy,' said Paudge who was awake since the bellow Andy had emitted, when Pierce bore down his arm, and who now drew towards him; 'come, Andy, none o' your ould ways, bud say the thing out, clerer and clane, at once.'

'Go on!' roared Pierce.

'Wait a bit, a-chorra, till I think o' myself; arrah, there's no use in talkin'; the very heart in my body, within, is frightened out o' me.'

Pierce stamped, 'no use!' then, altering his plan, he said, in a chiding tone, 'So you will not satisfy me, Andy?' and these words were accompanied by a look of reproach and anxiety that made stronger impression on the tardy Andrew than could the most violent fury.

'Mostha, only gi me time to scrap my senses together, ma-horp an-duoul' (a curse) oh, Chrosh-Christhal! and he drew his thumb over his forehead, as, conscience-smitten at his own untimely impiety, he looked around: 'we must bar cursin' and swearin' till we get out o' this, any how; bud, if ye war to see what myself seen, you wouldn't spake a word fur this good twelvemonth to come—well, Pierce, a-roon, I'll try to think it id, an' don't be lookin' so dushmal; I'd better begin at the first settin' out.—Well, I stretched myself down here afore the fire, and fell a-sleepin'; whenever it happens that I don't sleep in my own nat'ral bed, Pierce, agra, I always and ever have some unlooky dirames, and so id turned out this time. I thought to myself I seen poor Alley lying on the flure, forment me, a corpse like, only there was no one to make her, or keenth her; and some baste, like a cat, bud as big as a year-ould calf, at his work pickin' out her eyes, and makin' away wid 'em; and I durawed Alley got up iv a sudden and came over to me, without walkin', and never an eye in her head, only the bare sockets; and then I gives my bawl, as I thought to myself, and it broad awake in a minute;—bud, it's well I wish I never stopped sleepin' and diramin ever sence, bud as it was to me at that present time.

'When I awoke, sure I thought, at the first goin' off, I was still snorin', and didn't waken at all, and I rubbed my eyes hard, wid my knuckles, to make sartin; for it was then I seen what was enough to kill dead any Christian cratur—standin' close by you, Shamus.'

Shamus started, his flesh began to quiver, and his strong grey hair to stir his old hat—standin' close by you there was a *thigha* (ghost) fresh cum out o' the ground, for the windin-sheet had the clay all over id; her eyes, as red as fire, starting into naia; and not like any iv ours, blasting the hearers, bud, for all the world, as if you rammed two red coals into a skull you'd get in a church-yard, or a place of the kind; an' there

was nothing on the features iv her, or id, or whatever the duoul (och! whisht, Andy, and don't let one of us say the duoul's name again for the wide world) nothing bud the bare bones; myself gave one screech, when she put out her hand, wid the mate scraped as clean from id as any of us could scrape a bone the hungriest day he ever saw, and then, not a word I could lay out; and she stepped across the fire, and was for comin' straight upon me, when God put into my head to bless myself, and say my prayers; and faith, the first word was enough for her: aha! she didn't like that sort of talk, I'm thinkin'—but that's betuxt ourselves—it's little iv id goes far wid 'em, where she came from: so out she druv, through that weeny spilt in the wall, as ay as myself 'ud go out in the door, beyant, and—bud, tunter-an-ouns (God forgiv me) du ye mind that?'

On his knees Andy again dropped, and into his old position; and not forgetting his prayers, extended his arm, and stared in a paroxysm of terror, as if on some object, towards the gloom that pervaded the entrance to the apartment.—The others, at once conceiving the cause of this sudden change in his manner, slowly turned round, and saw an object, in whitish drapery, move along the passage leading down the stairs of the building. Pierce Shea was the only one who had sufficient hardihood instantly to follow: the rest stood without motion or word: alone, therefore, he ran forward and was quickly lost in the darkness without.

This roused the anxiety, if not the courage of Andy, who loudly blubbered forth, 'Oh, murther, boys, and will ye lave him to his death? Musha, then, won't you do nothing to help the gorcoon, Shamus? Paudge, won't you run after him?—Mille murther! is this the way ye sarre the poor fellow?'

Paudge seemed the most collected of the three; as for old Shamus, he looked quite confounded with terror, and could only ask,

'For what ud we go? what good ud the likes iv us do against a *thigha*?'

'Murther!' still cried Andy, 'he'll be bet to chaff! och, and nobody near him to put him in mind iv his prayers. Paudge, won't you go?'

'And what's the reason you don't go yourself, Andy?' asked Paudge, able to enjoy the frenzy of his more credulous companion, and exert his own natural wish for a joke.

'Its fitter fur him nor fur us,' said Shamus.

'Not a bit,' rejoined Paudge, 'only he knows the *thigha* has more ill-blood to him than to any other, 'cause why she was listenin' to all he said iv her.' Andy groaned an assent.

'But come, boys,' Paudge went on; 'we'll go altogether, to end disputes.'

'For certain that's the only way,' said Andy; bud you Shamus, agra, you have your prayers better nor myself or Paudge by far; little blame to you, as you're ould enough to be the father iv us, and had the time for id; and so, Shamus, you'll go first.'

'To be sure he will,' said Paudge, 'there isn't a man in the parish has 'em so pat, and, as the soggarth (priest) says, to your shame and mine, Andy.'

Shamus's mettle was touched in the only susceptible point. On a small scale, he played the saint among his friends, with a zeal worthy of a more conspicuous sphere of action; his character was now at stake, and not even the most mortal terror could sway him from keeping it up; so,

'Never say it again,' answered Shamus, in a laughable effort at a bold tone and manner; and out of the chamber he issued, repeating the Lord's prayer in Irish, and in a loud voice;—Paudge followed, and Andy brought up the rear, from pure apprehension of being left by himself.

They paused at the head of the twisted staircase, and 'whisht,' said Shamus, in an emphatic whisper.

'Go on with your prayers, Shamus, honey,' said Andy, very imploringly.

'Come down, come down,' cried Pierce, from the apartment below.

'Oh, Veeha-raugha!' (Virgin-mother) exclaimed Andy, she has a hold iv him, and he won't have a bone left; and all at once, abandoning his personal fears, in his strong love for his foster-brother, he ran forward, jostling the others aside, and continued with such impetuosity that he tumbled nearly from the top to the bottom of the stairs. But, though severely bruised, Andy was on his legs in a moment, loudly vociferating—

'Pierce Shea—Pierce Shea, a-chorra.'

'Here I am, Andy,' answered Pierce, much nearer to Andy than he had imagined, who started back, and shouted still louder, at the sudden and close sound of his voice.

'But, are you dead or alive a-rourneen?' he continued, recovering his senses.

'I'm no worse than I was, Andy.'

'Are you sure you're not spiled, entirely? a-cushla-ma-cree?' groping about in the impenetrable darkness, then coming in contact with Pierce, and feeling him all over.

'And didn't the thigha give you never a stuch, or bate you, at-all-at-all?'

'I told you before, Andy, I have met no hurt nor harm.'

'Musha, then, God speed her; bud'—lowering his voice, and feeling for Pierce's ear, which he held while he whispered into it—'tud I hope she's gone, for-good-and-all?'

'She's in this room, whatever she is; Pierce stood at the door of an inner apartment.'

'Och, presarve us—hadn't we better lave her her own way, a-rich? the other men now bobbed up against him; he had not heard their approach, the wind howled so loudly; and,

'Murther!—who's that?' he bawled out.

'It's only myself, Andy,' answered Paudge.

'You must go back, Andy,' resumed Pierce, 'and get me a lighted stick from the fire; I'll search this place.'

'Oh, then, Pierce, agra, don't think it sich a thing, if you have a regard for me.'

'Or,' continued Pierce, 'you three guard the door where I now stand; and I'll be down to you in a minute.' He re-ascended the stairs.

'He's for ruinin' himself,' exclaimed Andy, then in confidential whisper to the others—

'And, boys, wouldn't we be the three greatest *omadhawns* (naturals) in the world, to be stopping any honest thigha that manes us no harm?'

His companions silently assented, and all withdrew towards the stairs, leaving unobstructed the passage through the outward door. There was a rustle; they elbowed each other. Andy scarcely able to keep in his voice; and, a moment after, they saw distinctly the much dreaded thigha make her exit through the open door into the moonshine abroad, which had just begun to struggle to the earth through the clouds and drizzling rain, and of which they were the more sensible, as it formed so strong a contrast with the intense darkness in the apartment.

'Paudge! did you see anything?' asked Andy.

'For sartiu I did, Andy.'

'Shamus, did you?'

'Oh! oh!' moaned Shamus.

'It's nigh-hand morning, Andy continued, 'and she can't come back, please God.'

'I hope not, blessed be his holy name,' said Shamus.

'And wasn't id a great good loock we warn't in her road, Shamus? she'd cripple us for ever. Bud, boys, for your lifes, don't tell poor Pierce a word iv her goin' out; he'd be trapsin' after her through the rain and wind, and get his killing;—little duy we know where she'd entice him, or if we'd ever see his face again; don't let on we seen her at all.'

'You spake reason,' they replied.

Pierce's foot was now heard descending; and he found his valiant men on their post. In his hand he bore a brand from the fire, but it emitted no flame, and, of course, gave no light. He entered the dark inner room, followed by the others, with their newly-acquired courage, derived from the certainty of having nothing to fear. Blowing with his breath, he endeavored to create a glare; the brand sickered a little, but not enough to enable him to distinguish any object, and he gave up to the task.

'We have no more wood to light a new fire,' said Pierce, 'but here will we watch till morning dawns; and all expositulation was useless to turn him from his purpose.'

The 'tardy-gaited night' wore away, and the dull and cheerless beams of a damp winter's morning slowly crept over the drooping scene without. But the light brought to Pierce's mind no elucidation of the mystery of the darkness; he searched and searched, and had his labor for his pains, the men closely keeping their own secret.

He ordered them to prepare for a renewed journey after Crohoore and Alley, resolving to spend this day even more assiduously than the former, as his spirit was lashed almost to madness at the thought of the fruitless lapse of time since his mistress had been torn from him. The men engaged themselves with the horses, and Pierce walked out to view the promise of the morning. He had been but a few minutes gone, when they heard a loud shout some distance from the castle; they hurried out to learn the cause.

Pierce was flying down the descent of the hill, like the eagle sweeping on his quarry, and at some distance before, peculiarly distinguishable by his shuffling movement, yet at the top of a man's utmost speed, darted forward Crohoore, the murderer. He had the skirt of his heavy outside coat slung across one arm, and in the other hand he held a short gun.

'There they are at it, after all! there they are!' the men exclaimed, pausing almost the first step that commanded a view of the ferce race; and, indeed, the distance between them and the contenders rendered useless any immediate attempt at approach; for the contest must have been ended before they could come up to either; at least, so they seemed to think, or else conster-

nation at the sudden occurrence overpowered their senses, and fixed them to the spot.

'Run, run, Crohoore-na-billhoge!' exclaimed Andy, clapping his hands, 'for the swiftest foot in Clarah is after you.'

'And run your best, too, Pierce Shea!' echoed Paudge, 'for your mother's son never had such a match before him.'

'He *does* run his best,' shouted old Shamus, 'and cannot gain an inch on the sheog.'

'Dar-a-christh! no! but he loses many,' rejoined Paudge.

'The lill wather, sent down by the night's hard rain, is now afore 'em both, and that must end id.' Andy went on with increased energy—'The banks are brimful—see how it tears along, over stone and rock, a good eight yards across—mor! man can't clear it. Aye, Pierce, agra, there you'll have him;—run, run, and don't give him the turn to the bridge; ma bouchal you war;—run!—dar Dieu! bud it's a wicked race between them.'

Here all the men at last set forward to the scene of struggle: Paudge crying out as he bounded along—

'Hould him there now, Master Pierce, and we'll tie him well for you.'

The fugitive had gained the verge of the boiling torrent; he paused a second, gave a glance behind to measure his distance from his pursuer; pitched over his gun, flung off his outside coat, and drew back some yards for a run. This delay brought Pierce Shea within a few feet of his game; panting, and already anticipating a seizure, his arm was extended; his fingers touched Crohoore's shoulder; he shouted out, when the pursued flew forward, again won the brink, bounded from it like a bird, and cleared the dangerous water. Pierce was at its edge as Crohoore's feet lightly landed on the other side; he did not hesitate, but also drew back, ran, made the spring, fell headlong in, and was swept away with resistless fury.

The men behind cried out in terror and anguish. Crohoore had wheeled round after his leap, as if conscious of his safety, and saw his pursuer whelmed in the torrent. Instantly he ran with its course. The young man disappeared, rose again, flung his arms convulsively about, gave a piteous and despairing cry, and once more the muddy wave rolled, shrieking as if in triumph over him. Crohoore gained, still running, a spot where, at his side, the wild stream struck and eddied against the bank; and there he stopped, his eyes firmly watching the waters, and his gun pointed.

Again the men called out, and Andy Houlihan, in a key above the rest, exclaimed—

'May my sowl never see glory, but he'll shoot him when he rises!' and, on the word, Andy covered Crohoore with a pistol, and pulled the trigger. The flint only struck fire. Crohoore, though he must have been aware of Andy's movement, did not notice it, but still stood fixedly on the watch; and there was no time to aim another pistol at him, when the drowning man, whirled violently by the current, came thump against the bank, and a second time rose to the surface.—Crohoore, on his knee in an instant, reached out the gun, stopped, and wheeled him into the eddy, from the fury of the stream, and, then seizing Pierce by the hair, drew him up, to all appearance gone for ever.

But, placing the helpless head on his knee, and letting it hang downwards, Crohoore shook him till the water rushed out of his mouth and nose, and heavy moans bespoke returning life; then he rubbed his temples and his hands; placed him sitting with his back against a thick and high tuft of rushes, and deliberately advanced to the verge of the water, as if to speak with the men at the other side. They, utterly surprised and confounded, shrunk, although the wide torrent was between, a few steps backward; they knew not what to think; they had expected to see him do another murder.

'For what stop ye there? Speed your ways round by the bridge, and never mind the leap; I can't stop here, and Pierce Shea wants a hand to help him; and he turned to go away.'

'Stand your ground, Crohoore,' said Andy, who, now that no thigha was in question, might be called a brave fellow; 'stand your ground! or, budge an inch, this way or that, and I'll send the contents of his through your body!' and he presented a musket.

Crohoore paused a moment, his face turned to them, and smiled in savage scorn and indifference; when he moved again, Andy's gun, and two pistols held by Paudge and Shamus, were snapped at him, but only snapped, for, as in the former case, the powder did not even blaze in the pans. He, a second time, faced round, however, pushed the hat from his eyes and approached as near as the water would let him.

'You're just a set of *sprissawns*, (silly fellows) he said; 'do you think I'd stop where I am if I had any fear your guns could do me harm?—the life o' one o' ye is now in my hands, if I had a mind to take it; and, to confirm his

words, he fired his piece into the air, deliberately reloaded, and, while so employed, addressed — "Do you bring the gorsecon where he can have heat and comfort, or his death be on your heads, not mine, and Crohoore finally turned away, walking leisurely over the bog, and crossing a near eminence to the left, was lost to their view long before the men, though they ran almost as soon as he moved, had gained the rustic bridge which, at a considerable distance up the stream, gave safe passage to the other side.

Pierce Shea was conveyed home in a very exhausted state. The torture of his mind and the suffering of his body brought on, as the old chronicler at the wake had related, a bad fever; when past danger, his recovery was slow, owing to his impatience to be well; and two months elapsed before he was able to renew the search for his mistress.

CHAPTER VI.

But while Pierce himself was rendered incapable of pursuing the ravisher of his mistress, a substitute appeared in the person of one from whom no such zeal or friendship could have naturally been expected.

Jack Doran was the son of an opulent gentleman farmer, who lived two miles nearer to the city of Kilkenny than Ned Shea, Pierce's father, or Tony Dooling. His sire we may call a profligate old fellow; he had never married; and, of his many offspring, all were illegitimate. Reared up without a mother's care, and with the loose example of his father before his eyes, it is not to be wondered that Jack lacked morals; accordingly, he was known as a dashing fellow; to use the local idiom, 'a tattering tearing fellow'; dressing well; doing what he liked; riding a great active horse; and the altogether of his appearance and figure a medium between the blood of the neighboring town and the rustic *boulamskeech* (some perversion now prevails of the use of this word; its ancient meaning was fine—shield striker), whose glory was gathered by fighting at fairs and patterns, and drinking inordinate portions of bad beer, in hedge alehouses. Not that Jack himself did not, now and then, condescend to eclipse at a pattern; and then, happy and envied was the girl who had him for a dance; though, it is added, he often left her cause to rue her vanity. Wherever he was, he would be king; and king he was acknowledged to be, even in title; Rhia Doran, or King Doran, being generally one of his appellations.

Then, although no vulgar fighter, Jack could command at pleasure all the fighting 'boys,' that is, the most wicked or troublesome fellows in the barony, and absolute reign he had, just as he wished it; none dared say nay; for treason to Rhia Doran bared a broken head. In person, he was robust and well formed; but with features hard and harsh, and disagreeable to look at. From his father, he had plenty to spend, without doing anything for it, as, indeed, on the same easy terms, had his numerous brothers and half-brothers; none of them ever attending, in any way, to the old gentleman's extensive and profitable farms, from one end of the year to the other. How that liberal giver, as well as begetter, contrived to keep all his glory up, in his own person, for he lived as gaily and as idly as any of his offspring, and in their persons, too, appeared to many, notwithstanding his considerable land profits, rather surprising. He and they evidently lived above his ostensible means; yet nor he nor they owed a shilling to any one; and head-cuts were duly settled, tithe-proctors and tax-gatherers defied, and the old sinner and his brood paid their way, right and left, as they went along, in dashing band-gallop to—the devil. He had a sudden mine of wealth, it was said; he had found a down-right pot, chokeluf of money; and the story was differently told, but thus by himself—

Passing by a monastic ruin, in a neighboring town, one moonshine night, or morning rather, the old gentleman heard voices within in earnest conversation. The singularity of such a circumstance made him stop. He stole softly to the building, peeping in, and saw three men busily employed in digging the rubbish. They wrought hard, and not in silence; and from their conversation he could discover they were digging for gold, which one of them had three times dreamt was buried in that very place. Suddenly they stopped, and—

'God save our souls,' said the smallest of the three, 'here's something hollow under my spade.' 'Clear the earth away quick,' said another; and they then stooped into the hole they had made, and, with much puffing and blowing, lifted up something, and were just about to place it on the ground.

'When,' quoth Mr. Doran, 'a loud screech came from the hole, and then a flash of lightning, and away the three ran, leaving spade, and pickaxe, and everything behind 'em; the cowardly thieves, that hadn't the courage to stay a moment, and be rich men; for the blessed name, mentioned by one of 'em, banished the spirit that put all the money there, and, till that moment, had been watching it; and he was flying off before their faces, when they cut and ran. I could do no less than step in after them and take care of the pot; it was too heavy to carry home with me; so I only hid it out of the way for that time; and many's the night after it cost me to remove it, little by little, to my own house.'

From this source, then, it would appear, the old gentleman continued easily to feed his own and his son's extravagance; turning to a spendthrift account that which might have been better employed, if, as he himself candidly expressed it, the original finders had just had the heart to brave the spirit's scream for the loss of his treasure.

Now, Jack Doran, or Rhia Doran, eldest son and hope, by the way, of this lucky old night-walker, once became with Alley Dooling at a wedding, and became desperately enamoured.—Her then almost childish vanity was pleased at his well turned flattery; and, not weighing consequences, she foolishly coquetted with him.—Jack, though a constant declaimer, against the shackled state, volens, after some hard conflicts with himself, to ask her of her father; but, notwithstanding the honor intended, his reception was none of the best.—Old Tony fell into an un-

seemingly passion, turned him from the door by the shoulders, reproached him with his birth; set the dogs at his heels, and commanded him never to cross the threshold again, as long as his name was Jack Doran. But, worse than all this, Jack got a glimpse of his fair tormentor, while thus endeavoring for her sake, and she seemed to enjoy his disgrace; he saw her titter and point at him, and then, with mock gravity, make him a parting adieu.

No matter; Rhia Doran was not so easily to be put off, in such a way. He summoned his liege men, and had recourse to a method, then almost in daily practice, and even at this day of frequent occurrence; he watched his opportunity made a forced *enleve*, and, at the head of his bravos, took Alley by force from her father's house.

It was the barrest season, and Pierce Shea had been to Kilkenny, to hire a number of reapers, who at that season always repair in swarms to the streets of large towns, awaiting bidders; and he was returning home with them, when the screams of a woman drew his notice, and Jack Doran came forward, surrounded by his myriads, bearing Alley before him on horse-back.—Her well-known voice called on Pierce for aid. He sprung to her, seized the horse by the bridle, and Alley fell into his gallant arms. Then rose the storm of battle. Pierce, seizing a sickle from one of his followers, and with Alley hanging on one arm, bravely defended himself with the other; his reapers manfully assisted him; every sickle was unstung; and they fought as 'reapers descended to the harvest of death,' rather than to the cutting of the peaceful crops that awaited their gathering.

But they were inferior in numbers, as also in desperation, to Doran's party, and we may add, in arms, and the arts of using them; for the murderous alpeens, wielded by the most experienced hands, and blithe and ready for just such a field, came down on every side. Victory seemed to declare for Jack; who, now, watching his time, aimed a crushing blow at Pierce, still encumbered by his senseless charge. The young man partly broke its force with his sickle, but it nevertheless wounded him severely in the temple; and in return, he gave his assaulter a frightful gash, that laid the cheek open from eye to jaw; tauntingly remarking, at the same time, that he thus bestowed on him a mark that, one day or another, would help to hang him.

In this doubtful state of the battle, timely reinforcement, headed by old Tony Dooling, and his neighbour, old Ned Shea, came up; and Doran and his army were driven from the field, and Alley borne home in triumph by her lover; both covered with blood; he, with his own and Rhia Doran's, and she with the warm stream that flowed from his temples. This adventure extinguished altogether Alley's desire for extensive conquests. During his cure, she was his attendant, and dressed his wound with her own pretty hands; but her soft smile, her tearful eye, and, perhaps, the honey of her lip—but of this one cannot be positive, as young maidens scarcely ever wish for more than one witness on such occasions—tended more to his recovery than all the salves and cataplasms, made up by all the old doctresses in the parish; though many there were of great celebrity as rural *medecins* in the neighborhood.

At the time of our history, such an outrage as that perpetrated by Jack Doran was looked upon more as a chivalrous exploit, deserving a degree of praise for the danger to be run, and the courage and boldness necessary in the execution, than as a breach of the law, subjecting the doers to the law's most lawful punishment; we question if, to this moment, the technical 'abduction' has any meaning or translation among even the second or third generation of the same people. Anthony Dooling took, therefore, no legal notice of the transaction, thinking that the ill success of the enterprise, and the ugly wound inflicted on the principle actor, were a sufficient visitation.

This affair took place in the harvest before the opening of the story, and is here related, in order that the following dialogue may be understood. The speakers were old Ned Shea and Jack Doran; the scene in Shea's house; the accompaniment a huge jug of strong ale, home-brewed, of course, and then the only common drink of those who could not every day afford wine.

'Give me your land, Jack; *Dhar law ma charduis cluete!* (by the hand of my gossip) but I'll have a hearty shake at it; a good right you have to be the bitter enemy of all belonging to Tony Dooling—rest his soul!—and to me and mine, and where's the man but yourself would be the friend instead of the foe? My notion of you always was, that you were a scatterbrin'-o'-the-devil, a raking rollicking fool of a fellow, but with the heart in the right place, and that makes up for all; I had a drop of the same blood in me, myself, once upon a time, as everybody knows.'

'For what should I keep up my ill-will, Ned? Poor Tony used me badly, to be sure; but he's now in his grave; and we hold no malice to the dead. As to Pierce, poor fellow, he did no more to me than I'd have done myself to him, had I met him on the same spot, running away with my *colleen* from me; and the reaping he gave me, holding up his finger to his scoured cheek, which had considerably drawn the muscles of the mouth at that side of the face; and now, when he assumed a careless grin, to suit his careless words, gave a twisted and rather hideous expression to the seat of risibility—'why, it was only to say, thank you kindly, Jack, for what I gave him a minute before. I was doing foolish backward to say I have a hankering regard for her, to this day; but I didn't know that herself and Pierce were contracted, or I'd have run my head into the fire, rather than do what I did.—I thought she had no great dislike to my ugly face; it wasn't so ugly, then, as it is now you know?—and he grinned again, in such a sort that, though it must have been meant to make a good impression, old Ned felt uneasy and queerish, and sluffed himself on his chair—and I thought

Tony—rest his soul—the only bar between us. But all's past and gone, and forgot and forgiven; and I'll show her and Pierce that I love them both still, as I told you before; for I'll turn the country upside-down to give her to the boy of her heart: bad end to me but I will!

'Och! never fear you, me *bouchal!* and it's your own self can do it!' exclaimed Ned Shea, again clasping the hand of his guest.

'Yes, Ned; I make bold to say that there's not that other man in the country able to hunt her out so soon as myself; the boys' are ready to go through fire and water at the turn of my hand, and we have them far and near, at a pinch; and it must go hard if the limb o'-the-devil, Crohoore, can hold against me, when once I set about ferreting him; which I will do, day and night, from this blessed moment.'

'*Stain-tha-guth, Jack.* I hope poor Pierce will live to give you thanks you deserve; but the gorsecon is in a bad way now, Jack; the old man let a tear drop into his cup;—I pray God to save me my only child; but, living or dead he'll never be the same to me if Alley is gone from us, or, what's worse, a ruined creature—come, Jack, here's long life and prosperity to you, and may you have the present wish of your heart!'

'Thank you, thank you, Ned; and fill again.' He stood up, raised his glass, while he slowly said—'A speedy up-rise to Pierce, and, when he recovers may he get Alley from my hand just as I'd like to give her.'

The both gulped down the toast, holding each other's hand; and, as he resumed his seat, Jack gave the old man's an additional squeeze of great vehemence, while he exclaimed—

'Bum to my soul, Ned Shea, but that is the present wish of my heart.'

'Who and what kind were the boys,' upon whose assistance Doran so confidently reckoned, now seems an inquiry of some weight and interest.

(To be Continued.)

THE STATE OF IRELAND. (From the Star.)

There is no more amiable nobleman in the English peerage than the Earl of Carlisle. If the quality of blood is to be judged by the manners of its possessor, then, this nobleman, beyond all question, may claim gentle blood. Of him it may be emphatically said, that he embellishes whatever he touches. There is a bright aura in his mind, which imparts its rosy hue to every subject he speaks of. Of force of intellect and enlarged statesmanlike views we cannot speak in connection with his name, but these are qualities which a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at the present day has no need of. In fact, they would prove rather an inconvenience and an obstruction. It is not the business of the Irish Government to be forcible and decided; it ought to possess no strong views of its own, and when it speaks at all it should speak as Lord Carlisle does, not as Sir Robert Peel. His duty is to be bland and courteous, and, in profession at least, perfectly impartial to all parties in that unhappy part of the kingdom. It would be well if the form of a separate administration were abolished, Dublin Castle shut up, the Chief Secretaryship as well as the Chief Secretary suppressed, and Ireland left, like Scotland, to be managed by the Home Secretary and the chief law officer conjointly.—To this it will come in time; but meanwhile the present Lord Lieutenant may fairly claim the credit of never having mistaken himself for a real governor, of never having interfered with what does not concern him, nor, like his Chief Secretary, determined on altering "all that." His Excellency is a charming host, whether at the Lodge, in the Park, or at the Castle. He does not go to Derry or Belfast to make furious speeches against Roman Catholic prelates. Lord Carlisle is a holiday speaker, and to that description of oratory he confines himself. The annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the meetings at the Royal Agricultural Society's cattle-shows, are the favorite, we might say exclusive, scenes of the polished and cheering, although somewhat feeble, orations of his Excellency. Generally Lord Carlisle sees everything under beautiful aspects. The benevolent wishes of the man colour his mental vision; what he desires he decries; and the pictures he has hitherto drawn at those gatherings of the condition and prospects of Ireland have been remarkably void of shade, and suffused all over *couleur de rose*. Even the Earl of Carlisle, however, has been at length forced out of his optimism. There are clouds and shadows before us; but all is not advance and prosperity; all is not in the best possible order in Ireland. Material and moral evils make head there. The Lord Lieutenant, although faintly, and as if it gave him pain to dwell upon such topics, admits the fact. But in the one case he avoids altogether an inquiry into the cause, in which perhaps, under the circumstances, he acts wisely; and in the other he assigned a most inadequate reason. Whether there be any immediate connection between the falling off of agricultural prosperity and the revival of agrarian murder in Tipperary and Limerick it is unnecessary to inquire—in all probability there is; but it is an undoubted fact that the agricultural wealth of the country has greatly diminished for some years past. We dare say it is quite true that a sum of £200,000 has been expended in Ireland since 1838 in thorough draining and subsoiling, as the Lord Lieutenant announced at the Limerick show the other day, but it is equally true, as resting upon the official reports, that the area under cereal crops last year was smaller than in any year since 1854, and that the area under green crops was smaller than in any year since 1856. Even of meadow land there was a decrease of 48,000 acres as compared with 1850. How is this alarming decadence accounted for by the Earl of Carlisle? First, he says, there has been a succession of very unfavorable seasons as regards the weather. But let this be granted. Bad seasons may diminish the yield of the crops that have been sown, but how can a bad season diminish the quantity of land under crops? This reason is inadequate. Then, argues the Lord Lieutenant—and this is the second string to his bow—the soil and climate of Ireland are better suited to the production of stock, to pasturage and the rearing of cattle, than to the growth of corn. Well, that is a question of scientific agriculture, and there may be truth in what the Earl of Carlisle says. But let us try its relevancy. Has stock in Ireland lately increased? Has pasturage, or stall-feeding, taken the place of the land, and labour, and the capital thrown out of the production of cereal crops? If so, there is force in the argument. But, unhappily, it is not so. Pasturage land last year decreased; so did the acreage under green crops. There may have been a little more stall-feeding, as some 15,000 acres of turnips were grown more than in 1860. As to the number of live stock, his Excellency says its value has increased. That may be so. We are sure it is; but it is because the quantity of stock has diminished. We have not before us the returns of stock in Ireland in 1861, but those for 1860 show, as compared with the preceding year, a decrease of 9,264 horses, 1,609 asses, 200,224 head of cattle, 50,724 sheep, 49,000 pigs of one year and upwards, and 24,881 goats. The decadence of agricultural wealth has thus occurred all round, and cannot be attributed to bad seasons. Add that the numbers of the Irish people have also diminished; by emigration, and the view which all these figures combined present is certainly one not calculated to please.

allants' Lord Lieutenant, as a matter of course, is in the habit of giving the Irish people. What has become of the people who used to live upon the land, and go out of cultivation? They cannot all be expected to be dead. If crops do not yield for successive seasons on account of bad weather, and if farm rack-rents are still exacted nevertheless, or distrains and evictions resorted to, it is plain that hardship and discontent must be the result. Public writers on both sides the Channel seem to think that there is in the nature of the Irish peasantry something unnatural, if we may so express it—that murders in Ireland are committed without intelligible motive, and that the sympathies of the rural population which lend them to shield and succour the agrarian murderer are unaccountable and monstrous. They cannot make it out at all—and, unable to discover the cause, cry out for the stern repressive measures of criminal justice. By all means, we say, let justice be strictly administered; but as Burke said, you cannot indict and execute a whole people; and if the statements propagated by these journalists be true, it is not a few individual murderers you have to do with,—you have the minds and affections of the whole rural population of the south of Ireland alienated from the law and the Government, distracting your officials, bating with the hatred of deeply aggrieved men the system of landlordism established among them, and, as a consequence, giving all their sympathies and assistance to those who break the law, even to the perpetration of red-handed murder. There is nothing startling or unaccountable in all this to those who have given some little attention to the state of the law as between landlord and tenant in Ireland, who know the position of the Irish peasant, and have observed the cruel practical hardships he has endured under the sanction of that law which some persons are surprised that he does not love and obey. Repression may extinguish a slight social evil of this kind, but in the present case the disease is too deeply seated to be removed by anything less than boldly grappling with and destroying its cause.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A COMPARISON.

To the Editor of the Tablet.

Sir, I sent last Monday, for publication, to the *Times* the enclosed letter, but it appears, its provincial hostility to the Pope and the Irish people would not permit it to open its columns to anything in favour of either the one or the other.

I hope you, Sir, will be less inhospitable to a foreigner, and that you will be so good as to insert the letter, which expresses the opinion of a vast majority of Europeans on that subject.

I have the honour, Sir, to be your most obedient Servant, HUGUÉ.

Le Havre, August 9th.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—The impartiality, of which you have given so many proofs by opening your columns to opinions adverse to your own, leads me to hope that you will extend the same gracious hospitality to these observations, though from a foreign pen, but which have been suggested by the reading of an article that appeared in your journal of Saturday last *à propos* of the murder in Ireland of a Mr. Braddell.

The writer, after stating that murder now ceases to create any sensation in England, which he attributes to society in that country being preoccupied with more interesting events, proceeds to say that it is only an Irish murder, so often accompanied with circumstances of peculiar audacity or atrocity that has the power of arresting public attention.

He then describes the particulars of the crime in question, which was committed in mid-day, in a public hotel of a large commercial town in Ireland, and the murderer was allowed to escape without any attempt being made to arrest him; he charges, therefore, the whole population with complicity in the murder, or, at least, with a moral solidarity, and then concludes:—'Such an event shows how difficult it is to change the nature of men so lawless as the Irish. Such a tale tells us what Ireland is better than all the reports and returns that politicians can ask for or officials produce.'

I fully agree with the writer that a whole population assisting as passive spectators of such a crime is evidence of a very lawless and disorganised state of society; it is also a grave admission by the leading journal of England of her incapability of governing; for after seven centuries of the deminion of Ireland, that country is still lawless, still unchristianised, and let me add, still subject to periodical famine; her population is still diminishing, while that of every country in the world is increasing; though her people have proved themselves, and are admitted to be as brave, as laborious, as industrious, as any other on the face of the earth; nevertheless, in a country capable, according to English agricultural authorities, to feed a population of fourteen millions of souls, its inhabitants, diminished since 1848, by famine and emigration to something under six millions, are dying, at this present moment, according to a letter of the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald in the *Tablet* of last week, in certain parts of the country.

What has England, the redresser of wrongs in other countries, to answer to this grave accusation against her capability of governing (to use the mildest phrase) in her own possessions? She can reply, certainly, by producing an interminable list of laws, repressive and oppressive, framed and buried in rapid succession, up to a comparatively late period, and with unflinching ardor, against her unhappy victim.—She can make a great display of her confiscations, of her wholesale exterminations, of her religious persecutions, all which accusing history relentlessly records, —she may then exclaim, 'You see what an impracticable people I have had to deal with.' I have robbed them of their all, but there is no contenting them.—I have employed superhuman efforts to exterminate them, behold, they are still living to torment me; I tried to convert them to my religion, by every sort of persecution that the fertile imaginations of the pious Pastors could invent, and there are, however (see the last census), proportionately more Catholics than ever at this present moment; and the more I do for them the more they hate me; what ingratitude!

Will the world accept this defence? No! universal public opinion condemns you; and your present policy against the Pope is a strong condemnation of your own government of your own country. You proclaim loudly by your writings, by your acts, by your intrigues that the Pope merits to be driven from his dominions because he has misgoverned them.—Let us admit it, and let us compare his people with that of the enlightened government, for excellence, of England? What do we find? In the Roman States there is no instance of any one dying of starvation, nor the hundreds of thousands that have died in Ireland from famine, not to go back farther in its sad history than fourteen years. No landlords are murdered in the Papal States by evicted and oppressed tenants, as is the case too often in Ireland. The population is increasing instead of diminishing in the States of the Church; the Roman people, notwithstanding the oppression they are supposed to be enduring, are not flying from their country like the Irish, who prefer to go even where civil war rages at present to remaining on their native soil, where they would be condemned, by the incapacity of their governors, to perpetual misery and consequent lawlessness. If the proof of misgovernment is to be found in the wretched condition of the people, which of the two governments, the English or the Roman, is the most culpable? I believe no one out of England can have a doubt on the subject; all would agree that if the Pope deserve to be dethroned for misrule, England merits infinitely more that Ireland should be rescued from the Power which has proved itself incapable, after seven centuries of dominion, of civil-

ising her or of raising her people above starvation. Go then, *Irish people*, before you can have the right to redress the wrongs of other countries, and restore to unhappy lawless Ireland her independence, better late than never; endeavour by your future good services as a neighbour to expiate your past wrongs. Then and then only will England have the right to raise her voice for the oppressed of other countries; till then her intervention can be only looked on as egotistical, and should justly subject her to be treated as an intermeddler, and to be bluntly told, 'Go mind your own business.'

Pray receive, Sir, my cordial salutations, HUGUÉ.

Le Havre, August 4, 1862.

THE NEW ORGANISATION.—The public mind is now so excited and divided—so worked upon by the craft of rulers and the sophisms of infidels—that the humble voice of simple truth can scarcely for the moment be heard in defence of either constitutional liberty or of religion. We are forced into a position, in which, considering the state of the country, we cannot make an effective stand for either our religion or our temporal interests. We cannot, because we will not, forget our division for a season, laugh to scorn the wiles of our rulers, and establish, by our combined exertions, civil and religious liberty on a basis from which the despot shall not be able to hurl the one, nor the infidel the other. The comments of our national contemporaries on the latest attempt to revive constitutional agitation in Ireland is anything but cheering to the genuine friends of progress. Some of them, like ourselves, though by no means satisfied with the amount of patriotism, energy, and earnestness of purpose put forth, as a first instalment, on the occasion, do really rejoice that, even at the eleventh hour, a beginning has been made in the right direction. The *Nation* and the *Morning News* deserve the credit of doing all that talent of the first order could do to launch the project in the most befitting colours to attract the attention and conciliate the good offices of all whose opinions are worth notice and whose co-operation is worth having. We might, if it were desirable to make selections, particularise some of our provincial contemporaries also as having done much to encourage those who still have hopes in the efficacy of vigorous parliamentary agitation. We certainly are of those who hold that there should be no ill, no pause, in the National ranks, while a grievance that parliament should remove remains, or, in other words, while the blighting Union is in force. The opponents of the Progressive Party are, singular to say, the loudest in their demand for unqualified liberty and independence. They, however, for purposes known to themselves, while denouncing bigotry, support the Godless Colleges, and whatever is anti-Catholic in education. The Educationists of this class are a motley compound of nominal Catholics, nominal Protestants, and nominal Presbyterians. Their hatred to religion arises from a narrow minded revenge. They seek to destroy what they would not obey; they believe if religion were banished they would cease to feel that remorse which disobedience to its precepts has left—a living, consuming fire in their bosoms. Hope tells them if their scornful laugh became universal, the tide of public opinion would not, as it does now, run counter to their designs, and that, in the general degradation of society, their special wanderings would be less notorious. These are the semi-infidels who rejoice in mixed education where all is anti-Catholic. They profanely put science above religion. With them algebra is preferred to Revelation, mechanics are better than the Prophets, the differential Calculus surpasses the Gospels, and any complete course of mathematics is far before the Bible. The Catholic who knows and practises his religion, and wishes to hand it down to his children pure and unadulterated, naturally asks himself what might be expected if the system were unopposed, when its advocates now, with all their caution, cannot prevent the "mouth speaking what the heart feels." They, therefore, feel that while the infidel system is being forced on them, they cannot form any political organisation without making uncompromising opposition to the Godless Colleges one of its principal features. The same reasons, with many additional motives, compel them to include the Established Church in their programme. We deny that in this there is the slightest tinge of sectarianism. The only thing asked by the Catholic is equal justice—the same right of freedom of opinion and freedom of education which is enjoyed by all the other subjects of the Crown. This they cannot have while they are compelled to submit to a system of education which conscience does not sanction, and to support a Church whose teaching they regard as false. But these causes for agitation, though great and pressing, fade into insignificance when compared with the landlord and tenant question. While the millions are at the mercy of a few men termed landlords, liable every six months to expulsion from house and home, the man who says agitation should be abandoned is a bad politician, indeed. The grave doubts that have been raised touching the efficacy of any political organization, numbered by such Whigs as Mr. J. Reynolds, and others who appeared at the late meeting, should not be entirely overlooked. But we deny that the presence of such men in the front ranks should deter true Nationalists from giving the movement their countenance and support. The strong mind still asserts its proper influence wherever it is; and if Whiggery can drive the National Party from the Irish platform, then we say Whiggery has a right to do so; but if, as we believe, Whiggery has no *locus standi* just now in Ireland, it is criminal in the National Party to allow any of its old adherents to prevent them from working the renewed agitation according to advanced opinions of the people.—*Castlebar Telegraph*.

Dillon, whose case I mentioned in my letter of the 5th instant, was brought up for further examination before the magistrates at petty sessions in Ennis, county Clare, on the charge of sending a threatening letter to Lord Dunboyne. The prisoner is the head of a very extensive business establishment in that town, and has no connexion with land. It was alleged, however, on the part of the prosecution that he had a relative named Doohan, a tenant on the Dunboyne estate. This man had purchased the interest of another man in an arm contrary to a rule, which required the consent of the landlord for any such transfer; and Lord Dunboyne refused to recognize him as the tenant of the holding thus irregularly acquired. Under these circumstances it was alleged that Mr. Dillon had written a letter to his friend to the landlord, which the latter refused to receive. About six weeks after he received a threatening letter, and on search being made at Doohan's house, it was found that the two letters were written in the same hand and on the same sort of note paper. Lord Dunboyne deposed to having received the threatening letter on the 24th of May last. To the best of his belief the threatening letter was in Dillon's handwriting. The following is the notice:—"Take notice that if you make any transfer of land now in the possession of any of your tenants through the means of any goodness done to your lordship, that I'll very soon transfer you to eternity if you incur my displeasure beware of the Tipperary gents and observe their fate. I'll spare no turn to have your life, if you deserve it. I have a very ingenious way of accomplishing my intent. So long before you." [The handwriting in this letter appeared to be slightly disguised.] Two other witnesses having been examined to prove the handwriting, the magistrates decided to send the case for trial. Mr. Dillon was bound, himself in 500l., with two sureties of 250l. each.—*Dublin Times Correspondent*.

A letter from Mr. W. H. Gregory, M.P., relative to the Galway subsidy, appears in a Galway paper, in which he states that he had received a communication from a member of Parliament who had conversation with Lord Palmerston, saying:—"I spoke to Lord Palmerston, and have no doubt that all is right, and that the whole matter will very shortly be finally and satisfactorily arranged."

Dublin, August 4.—An interesting libel case was tried at the Galway Assizes. It was an action brought by Major Brabazon, who resides in the county Mayo, against Mr Joseph T. Potts, proprietor of the Saunders' News Letter, for an alleged libel which appeared in that journal. Major Brabazon, of the 16th Hussars, a better known as Captain Higgins, who appeared some years ago as a candidate for a seat in Parliament on the tenant-right interest, took the name of Brabazon as a relative of the late Sir Wm. Brabazon, part of whose property he purchased in the Encumbered Estates Court. He is a magistrate and a deputy-lieut. In 1859 he purchased the lands of Shranaplia, for the sum of 2,800l., being 80 years' purchase. The lands were held in runcle. The new landlord wished to adopt a different system. He visited them in July, 1860, and brought several notices to quit with him. He was entitled to the gale due March, 1860, and it was paid. In his evidence he said:—"I stayed two nights within a mile and a half of the place, but only three of the tenants came to me when I sent for them. I expressed my surprise and disgust at the tenants not coming to me. I proposed to give them the arable and meadow land at 10s. per acre. Had 17 or 18 notices to quit with me. They were served on the very day I paid that visit. I got a memorial (praying that the tenants might not be turned out). It had the names of the parson, the priest, the curate, and the resident magistrate. I paid it not the least respect." The tenants were evicted. According to the evidence of the Sub-inspector, Mr Graves the ejectment decrees were executed on the 16th of December, and Corby, Major Brabazon's agent got possession of 17 houses, only two of which were left standing. The others were unroofed and demolished 90 men, women, and children were put out. There was a sick woman, in one house, who arose that she was four days after her confinement. She was carried off by four women, but put back, and the house was left standing for her sake; she had eight children. Another was left standing because it contained a man of 90, who was ill. Part of that house was thrown down. "It was said the Sub-inspector, 'a sleazy, cold day, snowing every 20 minutes. The people went out quietly.' The Sub-sheriff proved the signature of Corby, the agent, to a batch of receipts for the March rent, 1860, and also for the year's rent due March, 1861, paid in October, 1861, that is two months before the eviction. The scene of these evictions was visited last winter by Mr. Henry Coulter, a gentleman sent by the proprietor of Saunders' News Letter to examine and describe the destitute districts in the West of Ireland. The result of his observations was published in a series of letters in that journal which have been reprinted in a volume. One of the letters contained the following passage, in which is the alleged libel:—"Major Brabazon's recent eviction of 17 families, numbering at least 50 individuals, on the townland of Shranaplia, about 15 or 16 miles from Belmullet, shows the slender and uncertain nature of the tenure by which the inhabitants of Erisk thought their land. Why the gallant gentleman thought proper to send these unfortunate people adrift upon the world it is difficult to conceive. They had paid their rent punctually before notice to quit was served upon them, and they paid a year's rent afterwards. I visited the scene of the evictions a few days ago. I saw the ruined and roofless houses, in the corners of which the people had constructed little shanties where they sought shelter until they had got all their potatoes dug, and their few stacks of oats thrashed, and had found some other place in which to lay their heads. I saw their receipts for the payments of the rent up to the 20th of September last, two months and a half before they were turned out of house and home, and their cabins pulled down. When I visited Shranaplia, a wild mountain district, with only a few patches of arable land scattered here and there, I was surrounded by the evicted tenants, men and women, who appeared to be quite resigned to their fate, but spoke strongly of the way in which they have been treated. The damages were laid at 2,000l. On Saturday the jury found a verdict for the defendant. The patience and resignation of the people in this case should be set against the lawlessness and savage destructiveness of the men of Tipperary and Limerick.—Times Cor.

Dublin, Aug. 13.—The Limerick Reporter of Tuesday last publishes the fact that the Sisters of Mercy, who heretofore had free access to every public institution, workhouse, prison, hospital, &c., in this city, have been denied access to Walsh, who lies under sentence of death in the county gaol, although they had attended Beckham, Walsh's accomplice; and, further, that the prison authorities have denied to Rev. J. O'Sullivan, the clergyman of Walsh's own selection, liberty to visit or attend the unfortunate man, in order to prepare him for death. The official Catholic chaplain is the parish priest, Reverend Mr. Fitzgerald, but he is at present on retreat, which makes the case still more indefensible. The Protestant doctrine is, that every man should be his own priest, and the practical enforcement of it in this instance must, highly gratify Earl Russell, under whose eyes it occurs, as he and his family have been staying here, at the Marine Hotel, Bray, since Saturday last. The report of the crops, even with the disadvantage of the last few days' showers and mists, continue favorable. So far, the general potato crop is perfectly sound, ample in yield, and good in quality. Since the first appearance of the blight, the potato was never in the same safe state, at this period of the year. Its value is estimated at from £15,000,000 to £20,000,000, and as the chief portion of this produce belongs to the poorer classes, the importance of its safety and success to them can readily be understood. The herring fishery is also a great success at least on the east coast, and throws a cheap, wholesome, and agreeable food into the market.

Dublin, Aug. 14.—There was a great Protestant demonstration in Belfast on Tuesday evening. The word "Protestant," however, does not convey a correct idea of the character of the meeting. It was political in its spirit and objects, and would be more properly called an Orange demonstration. The Belfast News-Letter, which gives a long report of the proceedings, states that the orchestra and platform were thoroughly filled with the leading members of the loyal Orange Society, and that the hall itself was decorated with the flags of the Orange Institution. It is said to have been the largest meeting of the kind ever held in Belfast. There was a report that Sir Hugh Cairns would be present, but he did not appear, and his colleague in the representation of Belfast was also absent. The Ulster members are all Protestants, but only four of them attended the meeting—Sir William Verner, Sir Horrey Bruce, Colonel Close, and Colonel Fords. The chair was taken by Sir William Verner, who was received with enthusiasm, as the veteran champion of the Orange cause. Like all veterans, he was fond of dwelling on the past and showing how former battles were won. The Kentish fire, he said, warmed his heart. He recollected a time when to be a Protestant was not a crime in this country. Men of the highest rank were not then ashamed to be enrolled as members of the Orange Society. He recollected when Lord North was a member of his brother's lodge at Verner's-bridge. In 1798 Lord Camden was glad to enrol them as yeomen, on the guarantee of Sir W. Verner's father that every man of them could be depended on. How changed is Ulster now! Military and police are sent down to watch the Orangemen, and to lay hands on them if they happen to stir.—Times Cor.

This is Sir W. Verner's view of the matter. He might be answered in the words of an ancient book whose authority he respects:—"Say not that the old times were better than these, for thou speakest not wisely concerning this matter."—16.

cause he was collecting facts for future operation. He has been assisted in this work by the Rev. Robert Magee, who has been for ten years collecting facts, which will furnish evidence sufficient, Mr. Whalley thinks, to convict the priests; and prove that "on them lies the direct responsibility for the murders with which the Ribbon Society are connected." A memorial, embodying those facts, was adopted by the meeting to be presented to Lord Palmerston, praying for the repeal of the Mayo Act. The meeting was subsequently addressed in animated speeches by the Rev. Dr. Drew, the Rev. D. McAfee, Presbyterian minister, Mr. W. A. Gwynne, Mr. W. Johnstone, Mr. Stewart Blacker, the Rev. Henry Henderson, and others. Mr. Blacker said that "a very dirty little village, called Mayo, has been stopping the way. It is a nest which they must clear out, and he wished that he had a corps of Saugy-row heroes, armed with brooms, and he would show them." The remainder of the sentence was drowned in a torrent of applause.

Lord Carlisle has had some painful duties to perform within the last few days. He was pressed to extend the mercy of the Crown to the three men now lying under sentence of death. Herdman's wife has been in Dublin urging the prayer of the memorial in his favor. It was signed by the Bishop of the diocese, by the Roman Catholic Bishop, and by 4,000 of the most influential inhabitants of Belfast. The prayer has been granted. The sentence of death has been commuted to penal servitude for life. They thought the ends of justice would be answered, and the safety of society would be sufficiently consulted, by this punishment. The convict was not insane in the legal sense, but he had eccentricities bordering on insanity—morbid tendencies inflamed by intemperance. Thus Belfast is spared the pain of a public execution, and an honored name escapes the stigma of having one who bore it hanged.—16.

The Lord-Lieutenant has also commuted the sentence passed on Foley at Tralee. The reason is not stated. The murder seems to have been perpetrated coolly and deliberately, because of a quarrel about fish. Foley provided a gun, charged it, and went before daybreak to a cottage, where he sat and watched till his cousin, a fine young man, came to the weir, when he took aim at him and shot him dead, and when the deed was done he did not manifest the slightest concern.—16.

A similar appeal was made on behalf of Burke, convicted at Clonmel of poisoning his wife. In this case the Lord-Lieutenant could see no ground for interfering with the sentence, and the law must take its course. The criminal will be hanged on the 25th. The Poor Law Commissioners have sent a circular to all the Boards in the kingdom, reminding them of the fact brought out in Burke's case, that he obtained the poison from the workhouse surgeon. The Commissioners therefore suggest that poisonous medicines should be kept under lock and key, separate from the other medicines, and that the medical officer should himself retain and be responsible for the possession of the key.—16.

Sir Richard De Bargo was nearly murdered by his own servants on Thursday night. Returning with Lady De Burgo and a party of friends to his residence near Castle Connell from the garrison barracks at Limerick, he had to knock several times before he could gain admittance. The butler then came out in a state of intoxication, and Sir Richard would not allow him to open the carriage door. When the company had retired he heard loud talking in the kitchen, which induced him to go down stairs. On entering the kitchen he was seized by two of the servants, a man and a woman, and held while the butler struck him violently on the forehead, "laying bare the scalp, which fell down over his face." The enraged butler was calling for a carving knife to cut off his master's head, when the rest of the family came to the rescue. The three offenders have been committed to gaol.

The 12th Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Marriages in Ireland for 1861 has been published. It does not include Roman Catholic marriages, which are exempt from registration. There were married according to the rites of the Established Church, 4,779, which is 177 less than the number for last year; registered in Presbyterian Meeting-houses, 2,650,—less than the number for 1860, by 69. Married in registered buildings, 1,403. The net decrease on the year, compared with 1860, is 274. Of the men 25 per cent., and of the women 35 per cent., signed with a mark. In England, the men who signed with a mark were 25 per cent., and women 36 per cent. By this test it would seem that Ireland is lower than England in the educational scale. More than two-thirds of the registered marriages were in the Province of Ulster. The two most remarkable facts in this return are the decline in the number of marriages, and the want of education among Protestants.—16.

We wish we had a Tory Government for a couple of years; and its existence depending on the will of Ireland. Then one might expect that some of those questions which the new association is about to grapple with would be fairly settled. The Whigs—always deceitful, and always hostile to the Irish people and their faith—will do nothing but insult and cajole the country. We stated several months ago, when they appointed Peel Chief Secretary for Ireland, that they might treat us as they pleased; and since then, both Palmerston and Peel have set the Catholic Hierarchy at defiance. If the Bishops now desire to succeed, they must decree the expulsion of the Whig members from Parliament, and the Whig Ministry from power. This is the great work before them, and they should lose no time in laying the foundations of their plan for its accomplishment. Any tampering with the Whigs at home or abroad will prove disastrous. Whether Mr. John Reynolds and some others who appeared at the meeting on Monday, are fit to lead a crusade of this nature, is more than we can say at the present moment. It would be a rash proceeding to pronounce judgment on this point for some time longer. But this we may assert as true—that those who wish to obtain any good measures for Ireland, must place no faith in the Whigs, give no support to the Whigs, nor to any of their old hacks in this country. The history of the past twenty years warns us that the Whig party aim at the destruction of the Irish people, and the faith of Ireland; and not to declare war against them would be a fatal step, and would lead to many crushing disasters.—Dunalk Democrat.

Mr. Robert Cole Bowen, a magistrate of the county of Cork, and the proprietor of a large estate in Tipperary, for which the late Mr. Braddell was agent, has received a very gratifying address, signed by 92 of his tenants in the latter county. It is as creditable to their good feeling and morality as their eulogium on his character is to the deceased gentleman, who was for 17 years in constant intercourse with them. After expressing their detestation of the crime, and sympathy with Mr. Braddell's bereaved family, they say:—"We entreat you, Sir, to believe that even in this blood-stained county there are tenants who abhor the odious doctrine that injures, whether real or fancied, are to be redressed by deeds of violence and murder, or that any provocation short of the shedding of blood, and we hope you will believe that your tenants are foremost among the number. In the present most lamentable case we can with truth declare that in Mr. Braddell we feel that we have lost a friend and one who was always considerate and kind to us, while upright and conscientious in discharging his duties towards you. But it is needless to offer this humble tribute to his memory, nor is it so much our object to do so as to express our condemnation of the lawless system to which he has fallen a victim, and which we firmly believe in our hearts will, if not speedily put an end to, terminate in driving from the country the entire of the already too few resident gentry, and banishing over the misguided people to the tender mercies of a class of agents of absentee landlords, whose iron rule will be of a different type indeed from that of the unfortunate gentleman whose fate we so deeply deplore."

An inquest was held on the 7th ult., by Mr. M. Jones, coronator at Cookstown, near Enniskerry, on the remains of Mr. John Wilson, a medical student, who resided at 23, York-street, in this city, and who lost his life by falling down the rocks at the waterfall, Powerscourt. He was a young man, who had just returned from Australia. There was a large gush in the forehead, and a cut beneath the chin, which almost severed the head from the body. He had been on a visit to the Rev. Dr. King, and had gone to see the waterfall in company with a young friend, Mr. Richard King, and two ladies. He ascended the rocks and was heard for some time 'cooling' in an Australian fashion. He was then heard to call out sharply, as if for help, and in about ten seconds his body was seen bounding from rock to rock, and dashing finally down the fall, where his body was immediately found by his friend, lifeless. A verdict of 'Accidental death' was returned by the jury, who added that no blame was attached to any one.

The Tuscarora has been ordered out of Kingstown harbour, and she was expected to steam off last night. The captain and officers leave with much regret, as there was a pleasant exchange of civilities between them and their numerous visitors from Kingstown and Dublin. It is said that 30 of the crew left while the vessel was in the harbor, but their places were easily supplied by others who were induced to enter the service of the Union.

HAYES THE MURDERER OF MR. BRADDELL.—The most active means have been taken, hitherto unavailingly, to discover the whereabouts of Hayes, the murderer of Mr. Braddell. All the railway stations continue to be watched. Domiciliary visits are made to all the houses in the neighborhood of the murder. This day Mr. Howley, R. M., was engaged with the police in inspecting the dragging of a lake near Tipperary, under the impression that Hayes threw himself into it.—Limerick Reporter.

GREAT BRITAIN. CRIME IN ENGLAND.—The English papers are very busy just now moralising, sermonising, and philosophising on Irish crime. The murders which have lately taken place in this country afford them a never failing subject for dreary leading articles, written in a pharisaical and canting tone which is positively disgusting when one takes into account the fearful and every day increasing criminality of England. One has only to look into any of the English papers to find a murder stowed away in this corner, and another stowed away in that corner, and two or three more up and down the columns in different places, but these draw forth no editorial comments from those journals, or, if they are at all alluded to, no stigma is sought to be cast in consequence of them upon the entire people. They are looked upon as ordinary affairs, common-place incidents of English life, worthy of no particular attention, and not at all coming within the high consideration of an English editor. But when it happens that a bad landlord who had been "sowing the wind" for many years in Ireland, at last "reaps the whirlwind," and is shot down by some one whose heart he has maddened with oppression—then comes a chorus from the English press on Irish depravity and barbarism, and Ireland is represented as a field of blood. "The Irish papers just know," says the Saturday Review "are a dismal reading." And then, having desecrated in mournful fashion on the series of atrocities which led to the issue of the recent Special Commission, the writer gives us the following melancholy sentence:—"After all that we have heard, and half believed, of the moral regeneration of Ireland, it is with something like despair that one witnesses these accumulated proofs of the invertebracy of the worst social disorders with which a country was ever cursed." This is very nice language, indeed, to come from England, where more crime, of every description is committed in one week than is done in Ireland in half a year. We believe if we were to quote weekly into this journal the accounts of the more serious crimes committed in England, as we find them in the English press, we would have no room for any other kind of intelligence. We abstain from quoting them or even referring to them except on rare occasions, because we do not wish to familiarise the minds of our people with such revolting scenes as are there described. But, is it not monstrous that newspaper editors in that country, who disregard the corruption and the rottenness of the society in which they live, and make no remark on the river of human blood spilled by the murderer's hand, which touches their very feet, should dare to libel the character of the Irish people as they do, whenever the infamous law which England has imposed on this country produces its natural fruit in deeds of violence? During the last few days what a horrible crop of English crime is reported in the papers! Gilbert has

been hanged for his filthy assault and murder of a young woman. Two women are under trial for poisoning and throat-cutting of little children. A little girl aged thirteen has been found guilty of poisoning an infant, and facts transpired during the trial which tend to fix the death of two other infants on the youthful culprit." A man named Burham, a native Ipswich, shot his wife through the head on Saturday last, and a witness stated that he had stabbed his first wife. On Saturday morning a woman named Williams, wife of a tavern-keeper in Birmingham, "was found dead under circumstances which leave little doubt of her having been murdered by her husband in a most brutal manner." On Monday a woman at Newcastle-on-Tyne cut her husband's throat with a razor and then cut her own. On Sunday an old woman named Halliday was murdered near the city of Durham. On Monday, at the Warwick Assizes, a man named George Gardiner was found guilty of the murder of his sweetheart, Sarah Kirby, by shooting her. On Saturday night a fellow, appropriately named Savage, shot a young woman named Charlotte Tyne, and while the unfortunate wretch lay on the ground, mangled and bleeding, he actually abused her in a manner improper to be mentioned! He then cut his own throat from ear to ear, of which wound he died the same night. At the Croydon Police Court, on Monday night, a fellow named Robert Raddall was charged with an attempt to murder his wife, Anne Raddall. This woman had discovered that her husband had another wife living, on which account she refused to live with him, and threatened to prosecute him, but he attempted to dispose of the case by cutting her throat. A horrible charge against a Protestant clergyman was investigated a few days ago before the county magistrates at Slough; the prisoner, whose guilt seemed to be established by the evidence, was remanded. Two brothers recently went out for a walk near Cobham; it is believed there was some jealousy existing between them; next day they were both found dead in a wood, and there is reason to think that one of them shot the other, and then shot himself. On Tuesday, in London, a man named Otiere was charged with having beaten to death a woman who lived with him as his wife. He was remanded for further examination. On Monday week, at the Halifax Borough Court, a married woman named Hannah Mariah Stauden, about twenty-two years of age, and in delicate health, charged her own father with having committed—not for the first time—an indecent assault upon her; and she stated that he had recently attempted the same towards her little sister, who was only just turned fourteen years of age. This man, named Joseph Wilson, was transported eight years ago for an offence of this kind, and in his absence the complainant's mother had three children by another man! The complainant herself had spent two months in a house of correction! God of mercy! what abominations to occur in a Christian country! And then the child murder, which an English journal has described as going on night and day, almost every hour, and which a distinguished public man has said is as much an institution in England as it is on the banks of the Ganges! We will not go further into these dreadful details of English guilt. The cases above enumerated are, as the reader will see, all of recent occurrence, and they are gathered from only a few papers. They certainly do not represent all the atrocities perpetrated in the period within which they were committed. The criminality of Ireland in the mean time has consisted in the commission of two or three deeds of vengeance, inflicted upon men regarded as oppressors, against whom the law gave no protection or remedy. What, then, is to be said of these journals whose writings would imply that, as compared with the English, our people are a nation of savages and criminals, whose 'moral regeneration' the good people of England some time ago hoped to see, but now almost despair of witnessing? Instead of teaching their readers to look upon Ireland with a virtuous indignation, these English papers would be much better employed in teaching them to pray to God that He may not send fire from Heaven upon their country.—Nation.

MR. ROEBUCK ON AMERICA.—The reserve which has been so carefully and yet so thanklessly maintained by our public men in speaking of the American war has at length been broken. Mr. Roebuck has spoken out, and to some purpose. As neither the reticence nor the forbearance of British statesmen has sufficed to preserve us from the raucous animosity of the Federals, we cannot suffer much from any change of policy; but we may well expect that Mr. Roebuck's unqualified declarations will create no trifling commotion on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Roebuck does not, indeed, speak with the authority of a Minister, or with the practical responsibilities of political office, but he is an old and distinguished politician, the representative of an important community, and renowned for his fearlessness and independence. So conscious, in fact, was he of the weight which would attach to his words that he purposely abstained, as he tells us, from delivering his mind in Parliament. He felt that if he were to say in the House of Commons what he has now said at Sheffield, the House would be held practically responsible for the opinions he expressed, whereas he wished that responsibility to be wholly his own. For himself, he had no fear of speaking out, but he was unwilling to commit others to what might have been felt as embarrassing obligations. If such a speech as we yesterday reported had been delivered in Parliament, it must either have been successfully refuted, or supposed to carry the sense of the House. So Mr. Roebuck keeps silence till the Sheffield banquet, when, in the presence of a large, liberal, and intelligent audience, he gives utterance to his convictions amid incessant rounds of applause. The Americans are now told some very hard things. They are told that by their insolent and domineering demeanour they have convinced the world of their unfitness for that Imperial power which they are striving at all risks to secure. "An irresponsible people possessed of irresponsible and omnipotent power is a people that cannot be trusted." The Americans pushed their ideas of self-government to the extreme of self-will, and, by dint of dispensing with all rule at home, had begun to think there was no law for them abroad. No nation in the world ever carried pretension to such a height. The "Monroe doctrine," by which they asserted an absolute or reverent claim to the entire continent of America, and assumed only to tolerate the existence of other Powers as legitimate as themselves was one of the most astounding claims ever advanced. In their dealings with European nations, and especially with ourselves, they took advantage of our known aversion from war to make us purchase peace at their own price, till they went at last a step too far in the affair of the Trent. A people so minded, and strained to habits of licence by their own institutions, would be dangerous to the peace of the world if their power equalled their arrogance. It is fortunate, Mr. Roebuck thinks, that the Colossus is to be broken up. "It will not be a misery to any portion of their own country; it will be a good." They will be all the better governed, and they will be all the more emulous of another; but there will be no one of them capable of bullying the whole world." That is the ground now openly taken on the subject by a public speaker—one not unacquainted with America and her policy, and long conversant with the feelings of his own countrymen. He thinks that the political creation which he once admired was rapidly developing itself—in the absence of all salutary checks upon popular arrogance—into a terrible and portentous monster, and he rejoices therefore, instead of grieving, over the disruption of the Union. The Americans will be all the better and the happier for being compelled, by division, to adopt habits of self-control. Landmarks and frontiers, State rivalries and competing Administrations, jealous neighbors and balanced jurisdictions, may be troublesome things in their way, and unpalatable substitutes for indivisible

sovereignty, boundless territory, and imperial power; but the change may be very beneficial to American character. The necessity of calculating consequences, of consulting the opinions of others, of putting checks upon passion, and of giving and taking as is done in the old world, must conduce to the growth of that humility which enters largely into political wisdom. "United we stand, divided we fall," is a motto which may be reversed for the occasion before us. United, the American States have fallen into such excesses of presumption that at last they have turned upon each other; divided, they may learn enough political sobriety to ensure their constitutional health. There is the case as stated by Mr. Roebuck, and the bit will be all the harder from the accuracy of the blow. Nobody can read the history of this desperate war without seeing that what the Federals most dread losing is precisely that which Mr. Roebuck tells them they ought to lose.—They cannot endure parting with that power which Union gave them of bullying the more staid and patient States of the world. They cannot bear the idea of forgoing their "manifest destiny" to sink into a group of Governments bound to Old World observances of modesty, forbearance and decorum.—A dissolution of the Union would reduce them to the level of humanity, and compel them over their ways if they would live in peace and quietness. This is so very like the truth that it will probably be received with unbounded indignation as an outrageous libel. Yet it is becoming, we are sure, the common opinion of Europe. It is not, as the Americans love to say, a "morbid hatred of their institutions" which animates us, for if their Republic had but been peaceable and friendly we could have been well content to admire it at a distance. But there has been a growing conviction that a nation composed of uncontrolled and uncontrollable units must be dangerous in its external action to the peace of the world, and American public men have certainly done their best to give this conviction currency and force. At this moment we are openly threatened by the North-erners with chastisement for our neutrality, though that neutrality, as Mr. Roebuck observed, has really been in their favor. This is where Democracy has failed. It was qualified, no doubt, to give men all the blessings of freedom, and all the benefits of equality, but it has proved in the end, after a very short trial, that equality creates discontents as fatal as those of inequality; that freedom may degenerate, for want of regulation, into mere lawlessness, and that men who have been accustomed to bully all other people end by fighting among themselves.—Times.

TRICKS IN BUSINESS.—Successful as the ex-herman continues to be in extracting money from our pockets, it is but fair to acknowledge one incidental benefit which the public derives from his visits. Time was when these duties answered the purpose of a summary law; they now answer the purpose of a check on adulteration. There is no part of this Blue-Book so interesting to general readers as the report (in the Appendix) from the Principal of the Laboratory. Though Mr. Phillips's attention is "almost exclusively directed to matters which concern the Revenue," yet there is reason to believe that the risk of being detected by him is a greater horror to dishonest traders, and a greater protection to consumers, than all the penal laws against this species of fraud. During the last three years 32,000 samples have been analyzed in the chemical department, and during the past year alone, 103 persons were, upon scientific evidence furnished by the Laboratory, prosecuted to conviction; the penalties imposed amounting to upwards of 3,000l. This is very encouraging, but Mr. Phillips assures us that we have but a faint idea of the massiveness and inertia of the evil against which we are contending, and he dwells upon making much impression on it until the buyers of commodities learn to consider quality more, and price less. Notwithstanding the facilities given by the Act of 1860, it is well known that very few specimens are submitted to Dr. Letby for analysis, and the older statutes against the selling of unwholesome provisions are too generally allowed to remain a dead letter. How often, after drinking the execrable ale of some country public-house, have we wished to revive the old law of Edward the Confessor, threatening the brewer of bad beer with summary and ignominious justice; how often, as our teeth have grated over potato bread, whitened with alum and charged with numerous particles of less digestible substances, have we sighed for the statute of Henry III., consigning cheating bakers to the pillory! Yet how few of us take the trouble to avail ourselves of such remedies as we have against these most criminal practices! The extent to which they are carried in the two staple manufactures of food and drink may be exactly measured by the difference between home-made bread and baker's bread. Between home-brewed beer and publican's beer, Mr. Phillips's analyses range over a great variety of other articles, though not so large as that embraced in the high-priest's preparations said to possess invaluable medicinal properties almost invariably consist of "well-known and nearly costless materials." Tobacco is sometimes adulterated with cabbage and clubm leave. But Mr. Phillips does not think that this process is very common, while he attributes the falling off in the demand for the genuine weed to the distress in Lancashire. The use of the microscope and chemical tests has checked the adulteration of snuff, but "the ground upon cups of valonia oak" are still used in Ireland with great impunity, and large quantities of sand are introduced into some descriptions "under the plea that such sand was imported with, and had paid the same duty as, the tobacco." Nearly half the samples of pepper were found to contain illicit ingredients, one of which was "finely-ground quartz." Chicory continues to find its way into coffee, not labelled as "mixed," in spite of recent enactments. Mr. Phillips hopes that the increase of the duty on chicory to 11s. per cwt. may tend to suppress this practice, but he still inclines to prohibit coffee being sold with chicory at all. The most intricate of adulterations, however, is the conversion of black tea into green tea by coloring, and upon this point the consciences of tea-dealers seem to be hopelessly callous. One of them addressed a letter to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue which really deserves publicity. It was in these very words:—"London, April 29, 1862. Gentlemen.—A scarcity of green tea having taken place, we have an abundant supply of black tea this season, I shall be much obliged by a reply to the following questions:—Is it legally right to stain black tea green or vice versa, by such staining there being no increase in the weight, and the tea having duly paid the legitimate duty?—Your most obedient servant." This is such the same as asking whether, there being a sad scarcity of sovereigns and a good supply of shillings, it is allowable to turn the latter into the former by the aid of a yellow wash. The Commissioners fear this use of green pigments, and the "facing" of old teas with Prussian blue and gum, have become a regular and recognized part of the tea-dealer's business." This kind of fraud may, of course, be combated by increased vigilance on the part of the public, though we agree with the Commissioners in thinking that Mr. Phillips expects too much of consumers in inviting them to distinguish "the serrated edge and the peculiar and delicate venation of the leaves." The worst is, that the most subtle 'sophistication' of tea is mostly effected in China by loading it with nodules made up of sand, gum, and dust, and "blackened fragments of quartz." It is high time that vigorous steps should be taken to stop this wholesale pollution of our favourite beverage. We cannot legislate against the Chinese, as our ancestors legislated against those who stripped off their leaves not only shoes, but ash, elder, and other trees, "to the injury and destruction of great quantities of timber, woods, and underwoods," for the purpose of counterfeiting tea; but we might, perhaps, make such Custom-house regulations as would teach those acute and ingenious tea-merchants that honesty is the best policy.—Times.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 5, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The true position of Garibaldi as towards the Government of Victor Emmanuel still remains an enigma. He continues to collect troops, he openly declares his intention to attack Rome, and apparently defies the King. The latter issues his proclamations, in his name Ratazzi denounces Garibaldi as a rebel, and the Senate passes resolutions of a similar tenor; yet the opinion is nevertheless very general, that the opposition of the Sardinian authorities to the schemes of the filibuster is but simulated, that they heartily wish him success, and are prepared to turn his exploits to their own profit. As for Garibaldi himself, it is announced that he had entered Catania, where he had been well received by the people; and whatever may be the real policy of the Ratazzi Cabinet, it can hardly be expected that it will dare to proceed to extremities with one so popular amongst the revolutionary classes, as is Garibaldi.

The harvest accounts from France are highly satisfactory. The Emperor is said to have declared himself very strongly against Garibaldi, and to have insinuated his suspicions that the Turin authorities were not altogether blameless in the matter. The embarkation of the reinforcements for Mexico had been postponed until the arrival of later intelligence from Vera Cruz. There has been constant and severe fighting during the past week in the United States; and though nothing decisive of the fate of the war has as yet occurred, the advantages are decidedly with the Confederates. General Jackson has compelled Pope to fall back for the protection of Washington; and instead of threatening Richmond, the Northerners are actually trembling for the fate of their own capital.

The summer campaign, as must now be admitted by the latter, has resulted in a complete failure. Its object was the capture of Richmond. For this purpose General McClellan was sent to the Peninsula where, in the swamps of the Chickahominy, by sword and by disease, he lost the flower of his army; for this purpose too General Pope commenced his celebrated march—and both Pope and McClellan have been hurled back with dreadful slaughter, so that the hostile armies occupy very nearly the same positions to-day—September, 1862—as those which they long occupied in the vicinity of Bull's Run, in the autumn of the preceding year.

To give a detailed account of the late operations in the field, which have led to this ignominious termination of McClellan's and Pope's campaign, from the confused, contradictory, and often evidently cooked telegraphic reports which reach us through Northern channels, is impossible.—General Jackson, it seems, by a series of bold and skilfully executed manœuvres, succeeded in turning Pope's right wing, and thereby cut off his communication with Washington. The latter threw himself with all the force he could muster upon his assailant with the view of separating him from the other bodies of the Confederate army; but Jackson having been greatly reinforced resumed the offensive, and compelled his antagonist to continue his retreat towards Centerville, where Pope hoped to be able to hold his ground until again enabled to assume the initiative, by the arrival of the new levies which are being made in the Northern States.

The losses on both sides during the battles of last week must have been very heavy, for by both were they well contested. General Pope acknowledges to a loss of 8,000 men; and from the extraordinary exertions being made in all the large cities of the North to forward hospital supplies, bandages, lint, and other necessities to the hospitals, it may be inferred that the number of his wounded is enormous. To fill up his depleted ranks the new levies are being hurried forward, but these will serve but little except still further to encumber the hospitals, and on the battle field to create a panic, and to throw their veteran comrades into confusion. The Confederate troops have now had eighteen months' service in the field, and are therefore we may suppose in a high state of discipline and efficiency. To oppose such men, flushed as they are with their recent victories, with raw recruits will be but to invite fresh disaster; and even these raw recruits are not easily to be had, for the people of the North still hang back; and volunteering for targets for Southern riflemen is by no means popular in

the large cities of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. The long-threatened draft or conscription has been postponed; the Government perhaps being aware that such a high-handed, even if necessary, measure, will elicit strong opposition in many parts of the country.

By our latest received reports from the seat of war, we learn that Pope has again retreated, falling back upon Washington, that General Jackson is advancing on Baltimore, and that Cincinnati is seriously menaced by a Confederate force of 20 to 30,000 men. Maryland is generally believed to be Secession at heart; and it is probable that the appearance of the Southern army will induce its people to throw off the Yankee yoke which long has galled them. As things are progressing at present, we may expect to hear of the South annexing the North, unless the latter avert its fate by a speedy submission to its triumphant and apparently irresistible foe.

The History of the Methodist Missions, and of the Doungs and Sufferings of Methodist Missionaries, if written by one of the missionaries themselves, would make a curious, not to say a funny work. *Punch* has given us "Comic Grammars" and "Comic Histories," all vastly entertaining in their way; but a real, reliable "History" of the Adventures and Perils of Brother Todger would be vastly more "Comic," and mirth-provoking than aught that ever appeared even in the columns of *Punch*, or from the pen of Mrs. Tickletohy.

We say so, not altogether without experience; for it has been our lot occasionally to stumble across the Reports of Methodist Missionaries; and we feel therefore authorized to declare that nowhere is there to be found such an inexhaustible field of fun as in the memoirs or biographies of these white-choked imitators of St. Paul. Not to say it profanely, these documents read like a travesty upon the Acts of the Apostle, or a "Comic Evangel;" and if they are designed for a burlesque upon the Gospel, or conceived with the intention of representing Christianity from a ludicrous point of view, their writers have been most eminently successful.

We have before us at this moment one of these laughter-provoking documents. It appears in the columns of the *Toronto Christian Guardian*, and is entitled "A Mission Tour to Lake Superior, by the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt."—As some of our Catholic readers would perhaps like to know something about a Methodist Missionary, his trials and his patience, his hardships and his consolations, his self-sacrifices and his triumphs, his growth both in grace and in flesh, we will endeavour to gratify them by a few extracts from the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt's own journal.

And first as to the trials which these heroic soldiers of the cross are called upon to undergo in the prosecution of their pious labors. These, if we may judge by the following extract from one of the first paragraphs in our Reverend friend's memoirs, are sufficiently harrowing. Having embarked on the 24th of June last on board the Steamer *Northern Light*, on a long voyage of a month or five weeks duration, the much suffering, but heroically resigned follower of Christ thus describes his position and his feelings:—

"THE SEVEREST PART OF A METHODIST MISSIONARY'S LABORS.—Had this been the first time, I might have anticipated much romantic pleasure in coasting the iron-bound coast of the North Shore of Lake Superior, and in catching the delicious trout so abundant in its waters, and in eating them by my camp-fire in some secluded nook in the rocks. Such feelings, however, have all long since passed away, and I find these journeys the severest part of my labors."

Much enduring man, what will he not undergo for the salvation of souls. He is evidently, at first starting, the victim of dyspepsia. His appetite, even for the "delicious trout" of Lake Superior is on the decline; and yet through his stomach fails him, and the evil day has come upon him when he takes no more delight in his victuals—yet is his heart as vigorous as ever.—Good man! heroic soldier of the cross! It is a consolation to your friends to learn that a coasting voyage in a steamer along the shore of Lake Superior is the "severest part of the labor" that you are called upon to undergo in the service of your crucified master.

Our Missionary reflects upon the great perils which, like St. Paul, he is destined to encounter; perils in the deep and a long absence from his home:—

HARROWING REFLECTIONS.—"I must expect to be absent about a month or five weeks. This of itself is no small affair; but exposed as we are on the Lake to so many vicissitudes on account of storms and other things, I find relieved from a great burden when my journey comes to an end."

Nothing daunted however our Missionary starts upon his long and perilous voyage. On one occasion his boat "was tossed like a ship on the waves;" and on another he had "some trouble in making his way through the surf"—all of which things he endured manfully for Christ's sake. Consolations however were occasionally vouchsafed to him; not the same in kind as those which a St. Paul in analogous circumstances experienced, or which a Romish Missionary would look for—but consolations highly appropriate to the Methodist Missionary nevertheless. Under date of 5th July the saintly man writes:—

APOSTOLICAL REMINISCENCES.—After a comfortable

night's rest we are preparing for the services of the Sabbath. I find it is just thirty years to-day since I was married, and how many mercies have I to record for all that time; that the Lord gave me one of the most lovely and best of women for my companion, and that he has spared us to live together for so long a period.

Such language, such thanksgiving does not seem strange from the lips of a Methodist Missionary; but what would even the Protestant reader say, and how would he feel, were he in the Acts of the Apostles, or in one of St. Paul's Epistles, to stumble across such a queer blending of things spiritual and things terrestrial. An uxorious Apostle is in the eyes of Catholics a practical paradox.

Our Methodist Missionary has an eye to business also, and contrives to jumble together the attributes of Barnum, and those of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. He—the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt, and not St. Paul—meets with an Indian, with a dilapidated shirt, long uncombed hair "full of twig-straws, feathers, &c.," and he soliloquises as follows:—

BARNEY "LOQUITUR."—"I was thinking if I could take him just as he is and exhibit him around the world, that I could make what is called a fortune."

But the spirit of the Missionary revives within his bosom; and remembering that his mission was ostensibly to win souls to Christ, and not to cater for the caravan, he "tries the pious dodge," as the profane or worldlings express it:—"APOSTLE LOQUITUR."—"But he—(the Indian)—is a man and a brother, and the gospel alone can bring him back to true manhood, and his children with him. Here is a real mission-field where the real virtues of Christian heroism are required."

So our Missionary renounced his first thought of showing the savage man round the world, at 25 cents per head for admission—children half-price; and we suppose set to work vigorously to convert him to the faith as it is in, &c.—with what success however we are not informed.—Probably had the neophyte been aware of the first feelings with which his spiritual guide regarded him, he would have offered but a "hard case" for the reverend proselytiser to operate upon in the spiritual line of business.

Several other interesting traits are recorded illustrative of the progress which Gospel truth, as transmitted to the Indians by Methodist Missionaries, is effecting. We make some extracts from our journal.

Having occasion to administer which he calls the "ordinance of baptism"—(the word sacrament is eschewed as savoring of Popery)—the Missionary records the following pleasing instance of genuine piety:—

STEPS OF PROGRESS.—"Religion is evidently making progress among these people, for one old man took out his 'Sunday-go-to-meeting-vest,' and put it on, and others essayed in various ways to improve their appearance for the occasion."

Another symptom of spiritual progress is duly chronicled:—

"The Indians have advanced in religious culture. Their fields have been considerably enlarged, and four new houses are in course of erection, and of a superior description to their first efforts in this line."

But perhaps the most gratifying, as it certainly is the most novel symptom of the spread of a truly Christian spirit amongst the Indians, is the following:—

"After a little chat we had singing and prayers. These people are certainly improving—for the large birch-bark camp was newly covered with a matting of cedar boughs; this is done at least once a week. Another evidence of improvement is, that an old man in the Mission-house, rather than spit on the floor, put down his hat and spat in it."

If spitting in one's own hat be not the sign of a regenerate spirit, and of a new creature in the Lord, there is no reliance to be placed on man. Well may the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt exclaim as he, one by one, enumerates these the seals of his mission:—

"We might not know what Christianity had done for us, unless we had the privilege of contrasting our condition with that of those who have been left to the unaided resources of nature"—(who spit on the floor and not in their own hats).—"And this is the mighty achievement of man without the Gospel—his progress is in the direction of the brute, not in that of the angel!"

But how is it that a devoted servant of the Lord like our reverend friend does not still permanently reside with such a hopeful people as his converts appear to be? The answer we must give in the Protestant Apostle's own words, furnishing as they do such an admirable commentary upon the words of his predecessor who preached the Gospel to the Corinthians:—

"If that is unmarred earth for the things that belong to the Lord, how may he please the Lord—But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife."—1st Cor. vii, 32, 33.

The Rev. Mr. Thos. Hurlburt thus describes his condition, and the causes which induced him to abandon his converts, and to resign his Apostolic commission:—

"We had been here three years and had a good society of eighteen living members; a number of whom could read and write their own language; and they were growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when it was evident Mrs. H. could not live more than one year longer in this climate. We had three little ones to bind us together and to bind us to earth. One day she said to me, 'I see plainly I cannot live if I stay here much longer; but if you think by my remaining here and making my grave here, you will be enabled to continue your labours, and so be the means of saving more of these people, I am willing to remain; for if I leave, you must soon follow.' Shall I tell the truth! I hesitated some days on the proposed sacrifice, and did not know but selfishness had something to do with my decision, for I told her I could not make up my mind to such a thing as to remain with the certainty that in a year or so I would be left bereaved with three small children to care for. The trader and his family were going to Canada, and so Mrs. H. accompanied them,

and I remained here until Fall. What would have been the fortunes of Christianity, if its first preachers had been men of the same mould as are our modern Protestant Missionaries, we leave our readers to judge. Saint Paul however was not such a one as the Rev. Thos. Hurlburt.

In nothing perhaps is the difference betwixt the Christian Apostle and the modern Protestant Missionary more conspicuous, or brought out into more striking relief, than in the accounts which they, severally, give of the effects of their labors upon themselves. St. Paul tells us that his was a career of hardships and sufferings—that so many times he was scourged, so many times beaten with rods—that his days were passed "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often to hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness"—II Cor. xi, 27. This too is the lot of the modern Popish Missionary.

Far otherwise is it with our modern Protestant evangeliser of the Gentiles. He is not such a fool as to stint his belly, when he can get a good dinner; and as to fasting, it is an abomination and a sign of the "Beast." The Rev. Thos. Hurlburt set out on his missionary tour with an enfeebled appetite; even the "delicious trout" of Lake Superior had no charms for him—and yet see the blessings of godliness! As he preached the Gospel to others, he himself waxed fat; and gaining daily, in flesh as well as in grace, the result is thus summed up in one of the concluding paragraphs of his pious and deeply interesting epistle to the *Christian Guardian*:—

"During the latter part of the journey I began to suspect that the journey had improved my health, for my clothes seemed to have shrunk, and I found my flesh much firmer than usual, and my bones much more difficult to feel or than usual; besides, my appetite was such that I could eat a good part of a trout, and other things in proportion, at 8 p.m., and immediately go to sleep, and hardly wake until morning. I found I could undergo twice the amount of labour I could on starting, with less fatigue. So merely out of curiosity I got on the scales, and, to my great surprise, found I had gained ten pounds in weight in less than a month, the scales showing 184 lbs."

Thirteen stone, two pounds! of which ten pounds had been put on in less than a month, whilst in the service of his crucified Redeemer! Here indeed is a missionary exploit unparalleled in the "Acts of the Apostles." That our corpulent man of God may continue to grow in grace and in bulk, and that he may from time to time be moved to favor the public with the exciting details of his missionary career is what we sincerely wish may be the lot of our Methodist Apostle.

WHAT THE WAR MEANS.—We are told by the abolitionists and their friends that the suppression of slavery is the end of the war now raging in the neighboring Republic; that it is for this end especially, that the people have rushed to arms. This view of the case is presented to the European world in order to enlist its sympathies on behalf of the North.

The *Boston Pilot* whom we willingly accept as a faithful exponent of the views and objects of the Irish section of the Northern army—the section indeed which by its valor in the field has more than once saved the army of McClellan from destruction, gives a very different account of the motives by which the Irish soldiery are inspired. Our contemporary says:—

"For if there is anything which can augment the rebellion of the South, it is the conviction that the army of the North has for its aim the ruin of the main Southern institution. When a people are satisfied that the principal thing they have is, in its destruction, the very ground on which they are warring against, nothing can conquer them. The abolitionists are, therefore, in their representations of the army, downright traitors."

"The abolitionists have expounded many a falsehood; the strongest that can be laid to their charge is that of saying that our army has the overthrow of slavery for its end. If the army entertained that idea they would throw down their arms. This is absolutely true of the Irish troops—the bravest men in the campaign; it is equally true of ninety-nine in the hundred of all our men. This war is, not for the black, but for the integrity of the nation. To expatiate on the reverse, is to misrepresent the President, to increase disunion in the South, and to disaffect the army. Evidently this is hydra-headed treason. Let the President and the army put it down. There is no other remedy."

Whom are we to believe? On the one hand we are assured that the people of the South have rushed to arms mainly with the object of upholding and perpetuating Negro-slavery; and our sympathies with the North are invoked upon the plea that the success of the latter must bring about the extinction of the peculiar domestic institution. On the other hand, the *Boston Pilot* in the name of its Irish fellow citizens, explicitly asserts that the soldiers of the North have no such intention as that ascribed to them by the abolitionists. How then can foreigners sympathise with the Federalists as the friends of negro freedom?

They are fighting for the integrity of the nation,—but what can outer barbarians care for the integrity of the nation? It is upon this plea—the integrity of the Empire—that the British Legislature has always refused to listen even to any proposal for the repeal of the Union of Ireland with Great Britain; and if valid in one case it must be valid in the other. According to the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence, it is worthless in both cases.

To us, outsiders, it seems as if the war were

simply a war for national independence on the one hand, and for territory on the other; and that the motives which chiefly actuate the government at Washington, are identical with those which impelled George III., to continue the struggle for the reduction of his revolted Colonies long after all prospects of success had vanished. We can scarcely blame the people of the North for this, for men do not willingly abandon ideas of national greatness; and the idea of national greatness is too generally confounded with that of extent of territory. Russia would not, without a struggle, abandon its hold of Poland; Austria is reluctant to give up Venetia; and Great Britain holds on to Ireland with the energy of despair, because the loss of Ireland would be the disruption of the British Empire. Human nature, as Sam Slick would say, is the same at Washington as at St. Petersburg.

We believe with the *Boston Pilot* that the war is neither for slavery on the one hand, nor for the extirpation of slavery on the other. It is but a natural development of the long standing feud betwixt Republicans and Democrats; it is but the old battle betwixt Terrorists and Girondins transferred to this side of the Atlantic.—But whatever the cause of the war, or its probable issue, it is unjust, as the *Boston Pilot* shows, to accuse those who withhold their sympathies from the North, of sympathising with negro slavery.

That there is a large party, however, in the North whose openly avowed policy it is to make the war subservient to the schemes of the Abolitionists, cannot be doubted, and it is certain that this party is bringing a strong pressure to bear upon the President to compel him to adopt their views. A struggle therefore seems imminent betwixt the adherents of this party on the one hand; and those who on grounds of constitutional policy, as well as of humanity, contend that the President has no moral or legal right to interfere with slavery there, where in virtue of positive State Law it actually exists. The Northerners are themselves ranged in two hostile camps—that of the "Abolitionists" and that of the "Anti-Abolitionists," and will probably ere long come to blows.

The *N. Y. Tribune* also avows that the cry of the North should be "Abolition," and admits "the Union" can never be restored. What says the *Boston Pilot* to the following extract from the *Tribune*:—

"The war has been a failure. We have had a rallying cry. We have held aloft the Constitution, and sworn to restore the integrity of the Union. A noble political aim—indeed, it was an aim, and not a result of some further aim. But we have known all along that Union was impossible under the old conditions; every thinking man sees the gigantic sin that forbids it; yet we have shut our eyes to it, insisting upon a merely political end, and ignoring the great moral responsibilities."

THE END OF CONTROVERSY.—It is useless to prolong the controversy as to the conduct of His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton with reference to the late Sir Allan McNab; for the sole question at issue is so simple, and has been so conclusively answered by a competent and unimpeachable witness that, but for the bad faith of the *Globe* and other journals of a similar stamp, and the natural, almost excusable irritation of the Anglican minister at the loss of one of the most prominent sheep of his fold, there would have been no controversy on the subject at all. The one question at issue in the affair is simply this:—

Did the late Sir Allan McNab, in his lucid moments, express his desire to be received into the Catholic Church, and request the services, for the carrying out of that desire, of a Catholic priest or bishop?

This question, which is the only one of any, the slightest, consequence in the long controversy which has since been raised, has been answered in the affirmative, and by a competent, unimpeachable witness, Mr. Stuart, brother-in-law of the deceased, and a member of the Anglican communion. He, as we showed in our last, acknowledged to the Rev. Mr. Geddes that he (Mr. Stuart) sent for the Bishop of Hamilton; and that he did so at the urgent request of the dying man, with whose request Mr. Stuart would not have complied had he deemed him intellectually incompetent to form an opinion upon religious subjects.

This we say settles the question, as betwixt the Bishop of Hamilton and his calculators;—and if the latter still persist in their original statements, then attacks fall, not upon Bishop Farrell, but upon Mr. Stuart. If in the proceedings connected with the reception of the late Sir Allan McNab into the Church there was anything discreditable, anything worthy of the epithet "OUTRAGE" applied to those proceedings by the *Globe* and its contemporaries of the Protestant Reform press—Mr. Stuart only is responsible, for he alone was the author of the outrage; because he sent for the Romish Bishop, at the request of the dying man, and by that message gave the former to understand, that the latter desired his spiritual services, and was intellectually competent to receive them.

HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.—Though still at the Hospital, we are happy that it is in our power to inform our readers that the health of Mgr. Bourget is improving, and that the apprehensions which were entertained last week, have been considerably allayed. Let us all pray God for the speedy restoration of our beloved Bishop.

THE BISHOP OF ARICHAU.—His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Dr. McKinnon with several of his Clergy have been making a tour through Canada, and passed through Montreal yesterday en route for Portland, whence they will take the steamer for St. Johns, N. B. His Lordship expects to be at home about the latter end of next week.

IRISH CATHOLICS IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.—The painful position of these brave men, who saved the army of General McClellan from utter destruction, what time, in their shirt-sleeves, and with terrible yell as at Fontenoy they charged desperately upon the advancing Confederates, flushed with victory, and checked their progress—is well set forth in the following letter which we clip from the columns of the New York Irish American. It stands in no need of comment from us; but it is a most important commentary upon the writings of those unscrupulous, pseudo-Catholic editors who challenge the sympathies of Catholic Ireland with the Federal cause. To our Irish readers we would only say, read, mark, and inwardly digest:—

To the Editor of the Irish American. The President's late call for three hundred thousand men to fill up the gaps in the Union Army, has, so far, in this city and State, received a very weak response from the 'patriotic' citizens of this good old Commonwealth. Since the commencement of the rebellion, Pennsylvania organized and furnished to the Federal Government one hundred and fifteen regiments, or about ninety thousand men. At least seventy thousand of these are adopted citizens, and of these, fifty thousand are natives of Ireland. Up to this, our people responded cheerfully and earnestly to the call of the government. In return for the sacrifice they made, they were treated by her Hindoo rulers shamefully: the complaints of their sufferings are many, especially those of the Catholic faith. Razing proselytizers have been commissioned as chaplains to the regiments composed two-thirds of Catholics. Notorious black-legs, and professional thieves, even, are known to enjoy that honored position in regiments which left this State, while only three priests were appointed to administer consolation to the brave soldiers on the battlefield. It is asserted, and not yet denied, that commissions have been sold to the highest and best bidder, to men totally unfit to discharge the duties of commanders.

Although richer than any other State in the Union Pennsylvania has made no provision for the relief of the families of her volunteer soldiers, fighting in the ranks of the Federal Army; nor for the future support of those of them who may be disabled in battle. She has not given, nor is it likely she will give, one cent bounty to any volunteer; and our Hindoo 'patriotic' Governor refuses now to call an extra session of the Legislature, but instead of that, issues a 'proclamation' for volunteers to serve nine months for new regiments, and twelve months for regiments now in service—a proclamation at once a cheat and a snare. Men that enlist under this proclamation are not entitled to the one hundred dollars bounty offered by the United States Government, a serious consideration to most of them, and which will induce many to 'look before they leap.'

About a year ago, our city Council appropriated five hundred thousand dollars as relief money to the families of volunteers from this city. A resolution of that body declares that the mother or wife or aged and helpless father of every such volunteer shall receive, out of such fund, the sum of one dollar per week, and the minor children, if any, twenty-five cents each. Small though this relief be, few, very few, of our people are able to procure it. If the applicant be a Catholic, the chances are ten to one that he or she will not get a cent, except they take tracts, bibles, &c., from the sanctimonious, hypocritical members of the 'Relief Committee.' There are hundreds of such outrages perpetrated weekly, one of which I will mention here. Mr. Gallagher resides in the Seventh ward; his two eldest sons are in the army of the Potomac under General McClellan; he has three small children at home to support, while the old man himself is feeble and in very bad health. Having applied for the 'relief' money, a Committee visits him at his house, where poverty and wretchedness meet their gaze. A member pulls from his pocket some tracts, the contents of which were a libel on the faith of poor Gallagher; and his starving little ones, and handed them to him read. Having read one of them, the old man exclaimed—"Gentlemen (?), I did not apply to you for tracts, but for money to save my little helpless children from starving."

"When Sunday School do those children go to?" asks a member of the Committee. "Their nakedness prevents me from sending them to Sunday School at present: when my boys were at home, I sent those children to St. Patrick's School," answered poor Gallagher. "Hum," sneered the speaker of the Committee; "to St. Patrick's. I think the almshouse the most proper place for you and your children. If you send those children to the Home for Friendless Children, they will receive motherly care from the ladies of that institution," continued the spokesman of the Committee.

"Wretches!" cried the old man, "fiends in human shape! leave my house, and don't thus outrage the feelings of tottering age in misery and want: leave my house and let me die with hunger, but not a renegade, a perjurer to God!" "The case of poor Gallagher was brought to the notice of some members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, at whose request Mr. Giunodo, of the Select Council, called the attention of the Council to the outrage upon Mr. Gallagher, which is thus reported in the Inquirer, of the 18th instant:— "Mr. Giunodo submitted a resolution instructing the Committee for the relief of families of volunteers to investigate the case of Mr. Gallagher, of the Seventh Ward, who, having applied for relief in consequence of having his sons in the army, was told that the 'almshouse was the best place for him.' Agreed to."

"The Committee has not yet reported. When they do, I will notice it. This case has created much indignation, and, I am happy to say, that our people are now alive to these gross outrages, and are determined that, let the consequences be what they may, they will remain at home and take care of their families, unless justice be guaranteed them."

PROTESTANT CHAPLAINS IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.—In so far as numbers are concerned there is no lack of spiritual advisers and ghostly comforters for the Protestant section of the Northern army; in respect of quality, however, there appears to be a sad deficiency.

The Springfield Republican of the 26 ult., has an editorial, and a communication upon the subject, which put the true character of these Protestant Chaplains or Missionaries in a very striking if not flattering light. The Springfield Republican, whilst premising that there are

some exceptions to the general rule, admits that "our armies have been unfortunate in their chaplains;" and adds—"but many of the young theologians who went into camp with romantic notions of war, soon tired of the hard duties and sacrifices of such a life, and are off on furlough, or remain as an incumbrance to their regiments."—Springfield Republican.

As a pendant to this picture of Protestant chaplains, we may be permitted to adduce that given by a writer in the Irish American of the Romish or Catholic chaplains. The latter, so far from being "tired of the hard duties and sacrifices of such a life," seek only permission to give their services gratuitously—and their offer is refused by the Federal authorities. As we gaze upon these two pictures, we are forcibly reminded of a passage in an old book, which says:—

"The good shepherd giveth His life for the sheep. The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep."

The correspondent of the Springfield Republican who writes from Harrison's Landing, gives the following account of the Protestant chaplains in the Federal Army:—

"I should be sorry to say anything that can bring into discredit the really good and honest men who, I have no doubt, are, here and there, doing all they can to attend to the physical and spiritual wants of our soldiers; but there is too much reason to fear that there are a number of sanctimonious rascals who have got into the army for no purpose whatever but to plunder our brave fellows, while professing to help them on their way to heaven. I have heard of some of these Aminadab Slekks who do not think it beneath them to be retailing poor socks to our men at 40c, a pair, and oranges (supposed to belong to the sanitary department) at 5 cents apiece; men who receive payment regularly from Uncle Sam for maintaining horses and servants, they neither own nor use one or other; and who, whenever they go on furlough, (about seven eighths of the time the are supposed to be on duty,) have the meanness to lay an embargo of 25 cents a head on the poor, generous fellows who are fighting our battles! And what are they doing in camp? Lolling about, until they hear the first gun, and then they take to their heels. Besides, however useful a truly good and Christian divine may be at the side of the wounded and dying, or at a hospital, it is to be questioned if our men are encouraged, on the one of an engagement, by hearing some commercial gentleman, in a white choker, talking to them of fire and brimstone. The best one of the kind I have yet heard of was a hopeful preacher (Hunt, I understand his name to be), who took for his text the appropriate passage, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' The object of this divine was to prove—and no doubt he did so very satisfactorily to his audience—that all those who die for the Union die in the Lord, and are blessed; whereas those who die for Jeff Davis are—very much the reverse."

We can the more readily credit this account, because it so perfectly agrees with that given by all honest Protestant writers, of Protestant Missionaries to the heathen. Always and everywhere these gentry are described as a gang of speculating usurers and landsharks, as in New Zealand.

Treating of the civil war and its results, the True Witness of the 15th November last made the following remarks:—

"There are however only two issues really before the people of the Northern States. They may elect either to save their peculiar Constitution, by a sacrifice of the Union; or the fortune of war favoring them, they may elect to preserve the Union by sacrificing their Constitution."—True Witness, 15th November, 1861

The Northerners in an evil hour for themselves and their descendants, elected to preserve the integrity of their territory at the expense of their free Constitution. The result is, that though they have not conquered the stubborn South, they have lost their liberties, and have made away with that on which they mostly prided themselves. Their actual condition is thus described by the New York Freeman, a moderate Catholic paper:—

"We, in our turn, groan amid the ruins of a system that we loved, and that was worthy of our love. All over this once fair land arbitrary power has usurped the place of constitutional and equal laws. The club of the Provost-Marshal has shivered the mete-wand of the civil law, which freemen used, proudly, and with high-minded satisfaction to obey. Once more, as in the violence of barbaric days silent leges inter arma." "The clash of arms has bushed the pleadings of law."

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF THE CONSCRIPTION.—This measure has produced, and is producing the most extraordinary effects. Amongst others, it seems to have had a most deleterious influence upon the eyes of male adults in the United States liable to the draft. For instance, the Boston Pilot assures us that in the City of Philadelphia, "three thousand pairs of green spectacles" have been purchased at one store by people who hitherto have never complained of weakness in their eyes, or defective vision of any kind.

THE HIBERNICON.—We have much pleasure in recommending this very splendid work of art to the notice of our readers. To the Irishman it should be doubly attractive, because it displays before him the most beautiful and the most classic spots of his own distant island home. The exhibition is agreeably and amusingly diversified by the sweet singing of the Miss MacEvoy's, and the humors of Barney the Guide, who is always delightful and entertaining.

SALUTARY REMINISCENCES. The Dublin Irishman has an article enumerating some of the blessings for which the Catholic residents of the Northern States are called upon to be thankful. We make some extracts:—

The same gentlemen states that in five months "Nativism" had burnt two Catholic Churches, twice fired and desecrated another, burnt a Seminary and retreat, destroyed two rectories and a most valuable library, put forty dwellings in ruins, sacrificed about forty human lives, and wounded sixty, and set the laws at defiance. It took martial law to put them down.

Would we could look upon such scenes as belonging to the long past! But, 1844 is not long ago. Worse still, they were renewed in 1853, continuing for three or four years.

A man named Orr (probably an Ulster Grangeman), calling himself the "Angel Gabriel," and succeeding a firebrand porter named Parsons, commenced preaching in the streets of New York and other cities against Pope and Popery. As in the former outbreak the Pope, cardinals and foreign priests were about to flood in on America with "daggers under their robes," so now, Manchester Catholic Church, New Hampshire, was destroyed; all houses of Catholics suffered. On the same day (3rd July 1854), Dorchester Church, in the same goodly State was blown up with powder, by the "Know Nothings?" on the 8th, at Bath, Maine, Orr led on a mob and destroyed the Church by fire, tearing down the Cross first. On the 4th September, 1854, the German Church, Newark (New Jersey), was demolished in broad daylight, by an Orange mob. On the 8th November, the Catholic Church of Williamsburg, New York, was put in ruins. The Bishop of Portland attempting to found a church was prevented, the preparations were destroyed, the crosses broken.

The New York Tribune a Protestant paper, wrote—"It is worthy of remark, that while five or six Catholic Churches in this country have not been destroyed or ruined by an excited populace, not a single Protestant Church can be pointed out which Catholics have ever thought of attacking."

Here is a glaring instance. In 1854, Father Baptist pastor of Ellsworth, Maine, asked the schoolmasters to exempt the Catholic children from reading the Protestant version of the Bible. They, at once, assented. But the bigoted school committee interfered—ordered the children to read it or be expelled. The Catholics, exercising their rights as citizens, applied to the competent tribunal of public justice to obtain their rights. But what occurred? The town meeting takes part with the school committee, and publicly resolves, and puts on public record, 8th July, 1854, that: as the lawsuit arose on account of Father Baptist, he should be tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail out of Ellsworth. They published it in two papers. Father Baptist went into town on Saturday to say Mass next day. He was brutally seized upon in the night, stripped, ridden on a rail, which breaking, dashed him to the ground, where he was covered with melted tar, and with feathers. A man was thus treated for exercising his right as a citizen! The heroic priest, though faint and feverish, refused food or drink, as he could not say Mass, unless fasting—and he would not so deprive his flock. He had been robbed of his watch and purse. The Protestants of Bangor presented him with a beautiful gold watch and address, protesting against the outrage. But those who committed outrages against the Catholics, almost always escaped free. They did so here. "Know-Nothings" demanded that Catholics should be excluded from all employments, that their children should be taught by State schools, which schools should teach them the Protestant version of the Bible, and, of course have "Know-Nothing" teachers to expound it!

The Irishman sums up in the following words:—

"Such are some of the scenes through which the Catholics in America—they who founded religious freedom there—had to pass."

And the Irishman might well add—Such too are the scenes through which the Catholics of the Northern States will have to pass again, if again they presume to insist upon their right to educate their children as they please. The spirit of persecution is not dead, but only sleepeth—as witness the treatment of Catholic soldiers by the Federal authorities, of which in our issue of the 1st ult. we gave a satisfactory specimen.

It is well however that in the present crisis, the Irish press should remind their countrymen and coreligionists of the treatment which hitherto they have met with in the Northern section of the United States.

PIC-NIC OF THE IRISH SOCIETIES.—A complete success has crowned the efforts of these Societies to promote the amusements of the public, and to swell the funds of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. On the afternoon of Wednesday the Victoria Gardens were crowded, and so admirable were the arrangements of the Committee that every one present was more than gratified. The Games were excellent, and the several trials of running, leaping, &c., were all most keenly contested. On the whole we do not remember a more successful affair of the kind in Montreal. One, not the least pleasing of the sights of the day, was that of the little Orphans neatly dressed and under the charge of the good Sisters, who with smiling faces and cheerful hearts, took part in the amusements.—We will publish the amount of the receipts in our next.

We are requested by the Secretary of the St. Patrick's Society, to state that the net proceeds of the late Pic-Nic on the St. Helen's Island, in aid of immigrants and the poor of this city, amount to the very handsome sum of \$389,214. \$4,25 which were collected on the Island as entry fees to a game which J. E. Mullin, Esq., with his usual kindness and liberality, got up expressly for the occasion. Total receipts of Pic-Nic being \$628,371.

The total emigration to Canada from the British Isles this season, up to the 20th July, was 6,724 being an increase over last year, up to the same period of 2371. The foreign emigration was 7209, being a decrease of 2150.—Montreal Gazette.

A number of conscript refugees who have succeeded in reaching Canada have jointly hired a boarding house in the village of Odessa, where they will be enabled to live cheaply until the period for drafting expires, when they contemplate to return whence they came. Most of the refugees make their way promptly into the country, and do not waste either time or money by loitering in the towns. Unless circumstances should prevent or render hazardous the speedy return of these refugees, it is not probable that their stay in Canada will be other than of a temporary character.—Kingston News.

MILITARY APPOINTMENTS.—Prince of Wales Rifles, No. 4 Company.—To be Captain: Lieut. E. Barco, vice Gillies, ret. No 6 Company.—To be Capt: Lieut F Bond, vice Hill, pro. To be Lieut: Ensign Wm J Porteous, vice Bond, pro. To be Ensign: Wm Burland, vice Porteous, pro.

AN OLD RESIDENT GONE.—It is our painful duty to record the decease of John W. Murphy, Esq., one of the earliest and most respectable residents of Trenton. He expired on Friday, the 29th ultimo at his residence, after an illness of three months. John W. Murphy was born in the County of Carlow, Ireland in 1795, and immigrated to Canada in 1817. In 1810 at the instance of a near relative the Hon. Robert C. Wilkins, he located at Trenton then called "River Trent" and was for many years one of its leading and most active merchants. He was amongst the first to draw the sword in defence of his adopted country upon the first appearance of the rebellion in 1837. Having raised and taken the command of a company of Volunteers he marched to Toronto and there joined the "Queen's Own" Regiment under Col. Kingsmill, and continued on duty during those stirring times at different points on the frontier until the rebellion broke up. He filled during his lifetime many positions of honor amongst his fellow-men. He was a Commissioner of the Court of Requests in the division in which he resided, and was one of the oldest Magistrates of the County of Northumberland. He was also on the Commission of the Peace for the County of Hastings until he was appointed to the higher position of Coroner for the County. For several years he was Lieut.-Col. of the 1st Battalion, Northumberland Militia; and at his request the village of Trenton was set apart and formed into a new Battalion to which he received the appointment of Lieut.-Colonel. Notwithstanding the very short notice of his funeral it was the largest ever witnessed at Trenton. His Reverence the Vicar General Macdonald, of Kingston, kindly officiated at the burial.—Com.

INTER-COLONIAL RELATIONS.—Next week, we understand, delegates from the sister Provinces will visit Quebec on the subject of the proposed inter-colonial railway, and other matters connected with the mutual interests of the Provinces of British North America.—Transcript.

BELL METAL FROM 'SECESSIA.' The schooner Jan Fowler, from Boston, arrived here yesterday. She had on board that portion of Beauregard's collection of bells bid in by Messrs. A. Menely's Sons of this village, at auction in Boston, about a fortnight since. They are mostly of small size—plantation and steamboat bells—and several are of Messrs. M's own manufacture. The weight of the collection purchased by this firm was 26,000 lbs.—West Troy Advocate.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Lloydtown, M Reynolds, \$1; St Zepherin, J McCaffrey, \$2; DeWittville, H Mulholland, \$5; J McEve, \$5; Buckingham, W Long, \$2; East Hawkesbury, J Ward, \$2; Grand River, T Garbery, \$2; Shamrock, D Scully, \$1; Bagot, J Berry, \$2; Lanark, J Bain, \$2 50c; P E Island, J Kilbride, \$2 43c; Lake Cabrogue, L Dejaridin, \$7 50c; South Down, J Crowley, \$1 30c; Port Louis, J Finn, \$1; St Cosme, Rev Mr Desnoyers, \$1; St Sylvester, D Horan, \$5; Perth, H G Gallagher, \$2; Desert, Rev Mr D'Eneage, \$2; Riviere du Loup, J Resa, \$5; Kenyon, A McDonnell, \$4; Kenmore, J Corcoran, \$2; South Duro, D Quinn, \$2; St John Chrys, V Barbeau, \$2; Hamby, J March, \$2; Berthier, H Meek, \$2; Lachine, J O'Flaherty, \$5; St Johns, M Giguere, \$2; Lancaster, D McCallister, \$2; Port Erie, Sgt Talbot, \$2; Hastings, J O'Reilly, \$4; St Rom O'Brien, T Morgan, \$2; Lachine, Rev N Piche, \$2; Drummondville, Miss Poyart, \$2; River Bandene, L J McLachlan, \$3; West Orpound, J Conway, \$4; Gananoque, Rev Mr Rossiter, \$2,50; Alexandria, E Jubart, \$1; St Hyacinthe, J Nelson, \$5; Muskoka Falls, F O'Boyle, \$2,50; Marysville, Rev M Mackey, \$2; Winchester, T Flynn, \$6,70; Millard, J O B Scully, \$2; Toronto, M McNamara, \$1; Smithville, P P Curran, \$2; Pictou, B O Shea, \$1; Bathurst, N B, Rev M Molloy, \$4; St Jerome, Rev Mr Gratton, \$2,50; St Anselme, J Quinn, \$3; Portage du Fort, B L McIver, \$2; Vanhook Hill, D McDonald, \$2; Seymour West, T Smith, \$1; Lloydtown, D Quirk, \$1; Adolphstown, R Duverne, \$1; St Rose, Rev Mr Brant, \$2,50; Toronto W J McDonald, \$2; J McDonald, \$2; La Presentation, Rev Mr Beauregard, \$2; St Johns, N B, M McAnulty, \$1; St Regis, Rev Mr Macneuc, \$2; Charlestonburgh, A McDonnell, \$2; St Sophia, E Carey, \$2; St Andrews, T Fitzgerald, \$4; St Lambert, J McVeigh, \$1; Kingston, D O Hickey, \$4; St Johns, J Brennan, \$2; Sandport, Rev L Bissey, \$2; Arisaig, N B, Rev K J McDonald, \$2,00; St Cesar, Mrs J O'Havine, \$2,50.

Per J McManus, Danville—W Stuart, \$2. Per J A Labilloy, Dalhousie, N B—Self, \$1; D Delaney, \$2; J Wolfe, \$2; J McAsker, 2. Per J R Rossiter, Gananoque—J Naeve, \$1. Per J Gillies, Huntington—G McPhail, \$4; Rev Mr Gagnon, \$3; J Nery, \$1; DeWittville, O Cain, \$2,50; M Furlong, \$2,50; M Smith, \$2,50; Beaucharnois, J McCall, \$2,50; Mr Panchard, \$10; M & J Martin, \$7,50; Oranstown, P Walsh, \$1; Three Rivers, E Bernard, \$5; Mrs Hart, \$6,25; Yamachiche, Rev Mr Dorion, \$21,50.

Per H Kavanagh—Gazpe, J J Kavanagh, \$2 50. Per W Daly—Armagh, Ireland, P Gorran, \$2. Per Rev Mr Leclair, Hemmingford—Self, \$1; W Ryan, \$2. Per Rev J S O'Connor, Cornwall—Self, \$2; D McKeever, \$2; R McDonald, \$2. Per J Gillies—Sherbrooke, L Donohoe, \$1 20; J Curran, \$2; W Person, \$4; J Doyle, \$4; Rev Mr Dufreres, \$5; M Ryan, \$2; W Reid, \$4; O G Cameron, \$2; Sawyerville, E McCafferty, \$2; Sherbrooke, T McBrien, \$6; Danville, P N Law, \$2; E McGovern \$1; Richmond, M Noel, \$4; St Hyacinthe, G J Nugle, \$2; B Flynn, \$2; College, \$2 50.

Per J J Murphy, Ottawa City—J McInabon, \$2 75; Hull P Dayer, \$5; Bells Corners, M Brennan, \$2. Per A Cameron, St Andrews, Ont. Bat, R McDonald, \$8 75; Dechaine, Mrs D Cameron, \$2. Per M Heaphy, Kempville—H Loughlin, \$2. Per Rev E J Dunphy, St Johns, NB—W Doherty, \$2.

Per W Fetherstone, Mount Elgin—P Kirwin, \$1. Per M Kelly, Merrickville—P Dowdall, \$1; G Chalk, \$2. Per Rev C Wardy, Newmarket—Self, \$1; F Boland, \$1; Holland Landing, R McGuigan, \$1; J Kelly, \$1. Per J Doyle, Hull—Dr Duelle, \$1. Per Rev H Brettagh—Frankfort, M Sullivan, \$1. Per Rev P J Sancier, Bestignouct—Self, \$3; Campbellton, N B, P Tomley, \$4. Per Rev J R Rossiter—Howe Island, H Summers, \$2.

Per Rev M Lalor, Pictou—J Power, \$2 50c. Per C F Fraser, Brockville—W Hawer, \$5. Per J Kehoe, Westport—P Carey, \$4 50c. Per T Donegan, Tingwick—J Carey, \$5. Per Rev J McIntyre—Croydon, J Evans, \$1. Per E McCormack—Otonabee, J Crowley, \$2; D Kennedy, \$2; G Chartman, \$3. Per Rev H Brettagh, Trenton—H O'Rourke, \$2. Per T Dunn, St Athanasie—P Murphy, \$6; St Greg de Mon, Capt L Shallow, \$4. Per P P Lynch, Belleville—R Kennedy, \$1; J Dolan, \$1. Per J Caughlin Jr, St Cath de Fossam—M Carroll, \$1. Per A D McDonald—Alexandria, Major A McDonald, \$2,50. Per J J Chisholm—Dalhousie Mills, A J McDonald \$1; Lochgarry, J McDonald, \$1; Alexandria, J McDonald, \$2 50. Per B Henry, London, J Scanlan, \$2. Per Rev Mr Falvey, St Columban—Self, \$2; J Phelan, \$2. Per J Doran, Perth—P Hartney, \$1.

Per P Purcell, Kingston—P Brown, \$7,50; P McDonald, \$2,50; J Hogan, \$3; P Henry, \$2. Per Rev J A Hay, St Andrews—Self, \$2; C Moore, \$3. Per Mr Snow—Industry, College, \$10; L'Assomption, J Collins, \$2,50; Perrebonne, Mission Collection, \$5; Cornwall, J O'Brien, \$2; T O'Callaghan, \$7; P Durocher, \$2,50; A McArthur, \$5; A Savage, \$3,75; St Andrews, D J McDonald, \$2,50; D McMillan, \$2,50; D McDonald, \$2; Millerouche, D McDonald, \$50c; Coteau Landing, P Kinsela, \$5; Lanester, J Dunn, \$1; Alexandria, A R McDonald, \$2,50; Lieut. J McGillis, \$10; Martintown, G McDonald \$2; Summerstown, R Grant, \$5. Per E McGovern, Danville—P McCornick, \$2. Per D Phelan, Cornwall—Self, \$2; D A McDowell, \$2. Per Hon J Davidson, Alnwick, N B—Self, \$2; W Davidson, \$2; P Morrison, \$2; Tabascintac, J Gratton, \$2; St Andrews, Rev It Verker, \$2; Baturst, J Read, \$2.

SINGULAR FASHIONS.—The Esquimaux grease themselves as the first fashion of the day; The Indians daub themselves with mud and paint; the North Sea savages live on train oil; the Arabians live on dates; some of the Mississippians on mint juleps. But for a good voice, to cure a cough, hoarseness, sore throat, ec., use Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers, 25 cents a box. Sold in Montreal by J M Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clare & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co, S J Lyman & Co Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

BIRTH. In this city, on the 30th of August, the wife of Thomas McCready, Esq., (City Councillor,) of a son.

DIED. In this city, on Tuesday, the 26th ultimo, Aretusa aged 48 years and 24 days, widow of the late Joseph O'Keefe, Esq., of Jamestown, Upper Canada, and late of the city of Cork, Ireland, and second daughter of the late Ignatius Callaghan of the city of Dublin, Ireland.

At Chambly, C. E., on the 4th ult., Laughlin Connors, Esq., aged 73 years. At Rawdon, on the 27th ult., at the residence of his son-in-law, James Daly, Patrick Coffy, aged 95, a native of Lynsley, King's County, Ireland. May his soul rest in peace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, September 2, 1862. Flour—Pollards, \$2 to \$2,50; Middlings, \$2,40 to \$2,65; Fine \$3,00 to \$3,88; Superior No 2, \$2,90 to \$4,30; Superior, \$4,75 to \$4,90; Fancy, \$4,80 to \$4,90; Extra, \$5 to \$5,10; Superior Extra, \$5,20 to \$5,30. Big Flour, per 112 lbs, Spring Wheat, \$2,50 to \$2,55; Scotch, \$2,55 to \$2,60. Flour is inactive to-day. There is a sale of Extra at \$5. Oatmeal per bbl of 260 lbs \$4,75 to \$5. Little or none in market. Wheat—Canada Spring, in car loads, 98c to \$1. No wholesale transactions for some days. The following are prices asked for Western Wheat.—Chicago No 1, \$1,03; Milwaukee, \$1,06; Red Winter, \$1,13. Corn per 56 lbs, 45c. Dull. Barley and Oats—No transactions. Peas per 60 lbs, 75c to \$2,4c. No transactions. Ashes, per 112 lbs, Pots, \$6,25 to \$6,25; Inferior, 5c to 10c more, [less legal reduction;] Pearls, \$6,27 to \$6,30.—Montreal Witness.

A MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, and the various Committees who assisted them at the late Pic-Nic, will take place Sunday next, immediately after Grand Mass, in the Sacristy of St. Patrick's Church, a full attendance is requested. E. MURPHY, Sec. pro tem.

MACVOY'S NEW PICTORIAL AND MUSICAL EXHIBITION, THE HIBERNICON, OR A Tour Through Ireland, IS NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION IN THE BONAVENTURE HALL,

THIS splendid work of Art, just completed, will be opened in this city for the first time since its completion in a few days. It is painted on 11,000 feet of canvas, by the distinguished French Artist M. M Duffoie and Fouchere, and represents the principal Cities, Public Buildings, Magnificent Lakes, Mountain Sea and River Scenery of Ireland. The Painting will be accompanied by Vocal and Instrumental Music by a Troupe of talented Artists, who will perform on the Harp, Piano, Violin and Harmonium. The vocal illustrations are selected from the immortal Irish Melodies, and will be sung by Erin's gifted child of song, MISS KATH MACVOY, accompanied on the Irish Harp by her Sister Miss MARIE, the accomplished Harpist and Contralto. Master JOHN SPALDING will appear as Barney the Guide, and with his Sister, Miss TERESA, sing several Comic Irish songs and Duets. MR. CIAS, MACVOY Director of the MUSIO. PROF. MACVOY Lecturer. For particulars see posters and all bills.

M. O'GORMON, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCOE STREET, KINGSTON, An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION, MILE END, NEAR MONTREAL. THIS Institution shall be re-opened on the 16th of September. Sept. 4.

AN American Lady, a Convert to the Church, Experienced, and well qualified to teach all the English branches, desires a Situation as TEACHER in some Canadian Family or School. In or near Montreal or Quebec preferred. For particulars apply to this Office. Testimonials can be added if required. Sept. 4.

NOTICE. Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S NEWS DEPOT, Corner of Orange and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal, Sept. 4, 1862.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

Another pamphlet has appeared in the 'Roman question'... The Emperor in reply said: 'I have neglected no opportunity of testifying my lively sympathy to Her Majesty the Queen of Spain, as well as my profound esteem for the Spanish nation...'

The Emperor in reply said: 'I have neglected no opportunity of testifying my lively sympathy to Her Majesty the Queen of Spain, as well as my profound esteem for the Spanish nation...'

Victor Emmanuel sends messengers, letters, and troops against Garibaldi; Garibaldi snubs the messengers, tears up the letters, and defies the troops...

God and Mary's protection; this meeting may bear fruit, not only for the city where it is to meet, but for the whole of Germany, and the whole of the great family of Catholic nations...

UNITED STATES. The threatened retaliation of Jeff. Davis has been officially ordered, as the following document, copied from The Richmond Whig of the 20th inst, shows: Adjutant and Inspector-General's Office, Richmond, Aug. 20, 1862.

SMART BUSINESS - If there is any one thing of more interest than another to the housekeeper, and to the whole of the domestic population...

According to the law of the United States, the least germ of naturalization is as good as the whole...

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TERMS FOR BOARDERS. 1st. The scholastic year is ten months and a half. 2nd. The terms for board are, per month, \$5.50.

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JACQUES-CARTIER MODEL SCHOOL. THE duties of this School will be resumed on the 2nd of SEPTEMBER next at 9 A.M.

COLLEGE OF ST. LAURENT. STUDIES will be resumed in this College on the 3rd of September.

THE Opening of the Classes at the CONVENT of LACHINE will take place on the 1st of SEPTEMBER next.

THE Educational Establishment of V. LLA MARIA and MONT SRE MARIA, will RESUME the Scholastic Exercises on the 4th SEPTEMBER.

THE HALF-BOARDING SCHOOL of Montreal and the Academies ST. DENIS and ST. CATHARINE will reopen their Classes the 1st of SEPTEMBER.

JACQUES CARTIER NORMAL SCHOOL. THE PUPIL TEACHERS of this School are requested to present themselves on the 4th of SEPTEMBER next at 6 P.M.

SECOND CLASS TEACHER. A TEACHER, holding a Second-Class Certificate from the Provincial Normal School of Upper Canada, desires an engagement.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, MONTREAL, No. 19 Cote Street. No. 19. THE RE-OPENING of the Classes will take place on FIRST SEPTEMBER next.

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BY ORDER. HENRY THOMAS, Esq., Hon. LOUIS RENAUD VICTOR HUDON, Esq., JOSEPH TIFFIN, Esq. Montreal, June 26, 1862.

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All persons wishing to join the above named Evening Class, are requested to call on Mr. BARKWICK, at Prince's Music Store, Notre Dame Street, and enter their names on the list for the Class now forming.
Terms for the EVENING CLASS, ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF a month; to be paid in advance on entering name, when a receipt and card of admission to the Class will be given. Terms for Private Lessons (given without exception at the Academy) can be obtained at Prince's Music Store.
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Mrs. STEVENSON'S method of teaching either Vocal or Instrumental (Pianoforte) Music, includes the use of the 'BLACK BOARD' and corresponding Slates, according to Hullah's most approved and modern system, which teaches the pupil to write as well as read music.
N.B.—Mrs. STEVENSON takes the present opportunity of stating that all applications for Concerts during the Fall and Winter Seasons must be made to her Agent, Mr. McCORMACK at the Transcript Office.
August 14.

CONVENT,
ESTABLISHED IN HUNTINGDON, C. E.,
Under the direction of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame

THIS Institution will be opened for Boarders and Classes on the 2nd of September 1862. The course of instruction will embrace the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, and the use of the globe; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight into Chemistry and Philosophy, Astronomy, Botany, Geology, Cosmology, Music, Drawing and Painting. Every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-work will also be taught to the pupils. Differences of religion will be no obstacle to admission, provided the pupils conform to the general regulations of the house. No deduction, except for sickness, will be made in the terms which can be known at the Convent, or at the residence of the Rev. L. G. Gagnier in Huntingdon.

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

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

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS,
KINGSTON, C. W.
Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horn, Bishop of Kingston.
THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.
A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils.

Board and Tuition.....\$100 per Annum (pays le half-yearly in Advance.)
Use of Library during stay, \$2.
The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July.
July 31st, 1861.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

NOTICE.
THE undersigned EMIGRATION COMMITTEE of the Society will meet in their New Hall, BONAVENTURE BUILDING, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, from SIX till EIGHT o'clock P.M., to give ADVICE and ASSISTANCE to EMIGRANTS in need, and endeavor to procure employment for those of them who wish to remain among us.
Parties, in town or country, who may be in want of Servants, male or female, or who can, in any way, give employment to the Emigrants now arriving on our shores, are earnestly requested to communicate with this Committee.

PATRICK WOODS,
BERNARD TANSEY,
W. F. MCGUIRE,
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THE Undersigned informs his Friends and the Public in general that he has made GREAT IMPROVEMENTS in the above-named Hotel.
Visitors will always find his Omnibus in waiting on the arrival of Steamboats and Cars.
The Table is always well furnished.
Prices extremely moderate.
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Having the different sizes of the new SCOTCH CUT and other styles of TYPE, procured expressly for the various kinds of BOOK PRINTING, all CATALOGUES, BY-LAWS, IMPRINTS, SPECIMENS, &c., &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch, at moderate charges.

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Particular attention is paid to COLOURED and ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. The highest style of work, which it was at one time necessary to order from England or the United States, can be furnished at this Establishment, as good, and much cheaper than the imported article.

CARDS
Of all sizes and styles, can be supplied at all prices, from \$1 per thousand to \$1 for each copy.
Particular attention given to BRIDAL CARDS, &c.

BILL-HEADS!
The newest style of Bill-Heads supplied at a very low figure.

SHOW-BILLS!
Country Merchants supplied with SHOW-BILLS of the most STRIKING STYLES.

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS
OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY.

Jobs ordered by Mail promptly
executed and dispatched
by Parcel Post.
A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.

M. LONGMOORE & CO.
MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDINGS,
36 Great St. James Street.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM-FITTING ESTABLISHMENT.

THOMAS M'KENNA.
WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has
REMOVED
his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment,
TO THE
Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street,
BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS,
where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices.
Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.
The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms.
Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has already fitted up in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction.
Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12m.

TEACHER.
WANTED, by a young man, who has lately arrived from Ireland, a situation as TEACHER of an elementary English School; he can teach the higher order of subjects, viz: Algebra, Geometry, Philosophy, &c., with the ordinary course of literature. He can produce a certificate from the Training Establishment, Dublin, and another of promotion, from a Board of Inspectors, also an Agricultural Certificate.
Apply at the True Witness office.
Montreal, August 3.

THE GREATEST
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures
EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.
From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples.
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.
Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore-mouth.
One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
Three or four bottles are warranted to cure scaly rheum.
Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

DISINSTRUCTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE
MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
For Scaly Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
For Scabs: 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.
For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.
Price, 2s 6d per Box.
Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—
ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
Boston, May 26, 1856.

Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE,
Superiores of St. Vincents Asylum.
ANOTHER.
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.

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
Hamilton, C. W.

L. DEVANY,
AUCTIONEER,
(Late of Hamilton, Canada West.)

THE subscriber, having leased for a term of years that large and commodious three-story cut-stone building—fire-proof roof, plate-glass front, with three Bays and cellar, each 100 feet—No. 159 Notre Dame Street, Cathedral Block, and in the most central and fashionable part of the city, purposes to carry on the GENERAL AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS.

Having been an Auctioneer for the last twelve years, and having sold in every city and town in Lower and Upper Canada, of any importance, he flatters himself that he knows how to treat consignees and purchasers, and, therefore, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

I will hold THREE SALES weekly.
On Tuesday and Saturday Mornings,
FOR
GENERAL HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
PIANO-FORTES, &c., &c.,
AND
THURSDAYS
FOR
DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES,
GLASSWARE, CROCKERY,
&c., &c., &c.

Cash at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar will be advanced on all goods sent in for prompt sale. Returns will be made immediately after each sale and proceeds handed over. The charges for selling will be one-half what has been usually charged by other auctioneers in this city—five per cent. commission on all goods sold either by auction or private sale. Will be glad to attend out-door sales in any part of the city where required. Cash advanced on Gold and Silver Watches, Jewellery, Plated Ware, Diamond or other precious stones.

L. DEVANY,
Auctioneer.
March 27.

M. KEARNEY & BROTHERS,
Practical Plumbers & Gasfitters,
TIN-SMITHS,
ZINC, GALVANIZED & SHEET IRON WORKERS
CORNER VICTORIA SQUARE AND CRAIG STREET,
MONTREAL,
MANUFACTURE AND KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
Baths, Beer Pumps, Hot Air Furnaces,
Hydrants, Shower Baths, Tinware, Cess,
Water Closets, Refrigerators, Voice Pipe,
Lift & Force Pumps, Water Coolers, Sinks, all sizes.
Jobbing Punctually attended to.

WANTED,
FOR the female department of the Separate School, Perth, (a Lady having a Conventual Education is preferable), and holding a first class certificate. Application to be made to the undersigned, stating salary, &c.

H. S. GALLAGHER,
Secretary, C. S. S.
Perth, Co. Lennox, July 31st, 1862.