

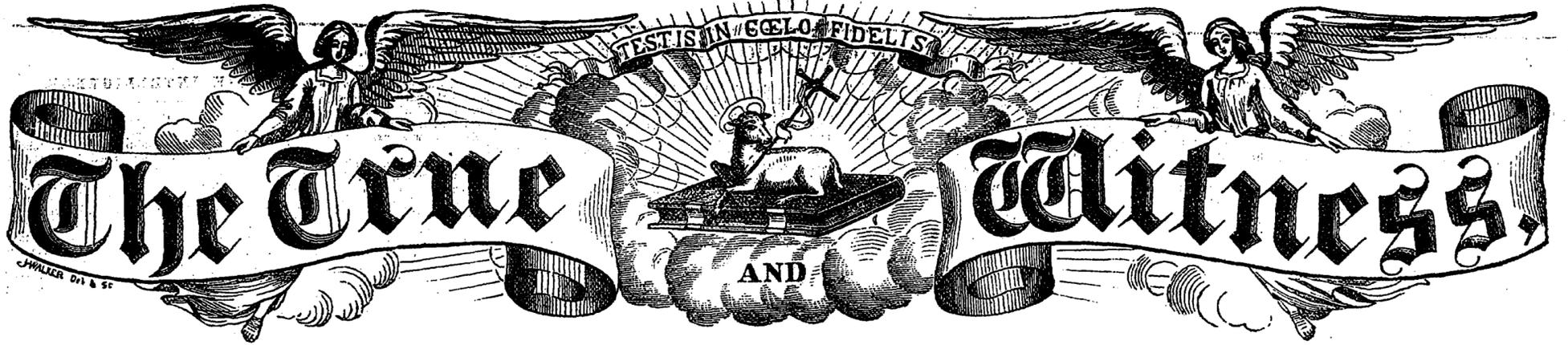
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## THE BRIDGE OF TENACHELLE.

A LEGEND OF THE BARROW.  
By Samuel Ferguson, LL.D.

The dawn of an autumn day was beginning to expose the havoc of a storm, the last gusts of which still shrieked through the stripped forests of Baun Regan, when two mounted fugitives appeared among its tangled and haggard recesses urging their horses over the plashy brakes and cumbered glades, at a pace which plainly told that they were flying for life or death. In the grey, uncertain twilight, as they flitted, wavering and swift, from shadow to shadow, it was barely distinguishable that one was a female; and, but for the deep panting of their exhausted horses, and the snapping and rustling of the leafy ruins under foot as they plunged down the thickly strewn alleys of the forest, they might have passed for the spirits of some stormy hunter and huntress, chasing the night shadows for their game, so ghostly, wan, and unsubstantial, seemed everything around them. But the assiduous hand of the horseman on the slackening reins of his companion, the whisperings of encouragement and assurance at every pause in their speed, and, above all, the frequent look behind, would soon have betrayed their mortal nature, their human passion, their love, and fear, and danger.

They were the lady Anna Darcy and the Earl of Kildare, who had fled together from Duamare, where he had been lately under arrest, and were now hastening to the Geraldine's country of Offaley. Their story is soon told; the noble prisoner had won the daughter of his keeper to aid in his escape, and to accompany his flight and fortunes.

By degrees, as the morning advanced, the evidence of their sufferings through the wet night they had passed became more and more apparent. The earl's plume hung dripping and torn over his brows; his cloak fluttered in rent shreds, or clung to his stained armour; his face was torn with briars, and his horse's flanks were as red from the high furze and goring thickets as from the spur; for they had attempted their passage by a horse-track of the deep forest, and had strayed in the tempestuous midnight from even that dangerous pathway.

It was a sad sight to look on such beauty as shone through the wretched plight of his companion, clad in so forlorn and comfortless a wreck of all that a tender woman needs upon an inclement journey. But, although the rain had beaten down her long hair till it hung heavily against her cheek, it had not weighed the rich curl out of it; nor had her eyes been dazzled into any dimness by the lightnings; her cheek was blanched, it might be, as much from the washing of the recent showers and chill dews as from apprehension; but neither fear, nor the violence of piercing winds and rain had subdued an unconquerable grace and stateliness that asserted its innate nobility over her whole person, relaxed although it was, and sinking under almost insupportable fatigue.

"I would give the best castle in Offaley," cried the earl, in deep distress and impatience, "for sight of the bridge of Tenachelle, with my ten true men upon the hill beyond. Hold up a little longer, dearest lady; had we crossed yonder ridge, we should see the Barrow beneath us, and that once passed, all would be well. Alas, for thy poor hands! how they tremble on those reins. Would to God that I could bear this in thy place."

"Better this," she replied, her faltering voice attesting how much she suffered, "better even this than what I fly from; and I am not yet so weary—although my hands are numbed upon this cold, damp bridle. I think more of my poor Sylvio's hardships!—and she patted the drooping neck of her palfrey, willing, perhaps, to hide a tear that she could not restrain, by bending aside. "Alas, my lord, the poor animal is failing momentarily. I shall never be able to urge him up the hill." While commiserating her palfrey's weariness, Lady Anna had turned her eyes from the face of her companion, and it was well that she did not see the sick and despairing pang that crossed his features, as he looked along the opening glade in the opposite direction; for, right between them and the yellow sunrise, there came down a party of horsemen, their figures and numbers distinctly marked against the sky, although still more than a mile distant; and, as the earl cast his eyes over the broad expanse of tree tops and green hills, he all at once saw them on the ridge of the horizon. "Lady Anna," said he, in a low voice strangely altered, "Anna, love, the road is here more level; let us hasten on."

"Hast seen any one, my lord?" she inquired hastily, rising herself at his words, and looking around in alarm. But the pursuers were already out of sight, within the shadow of the hill. "Is there any new danger, Gerald?" she again asked, as he put his hand to her reins, and shook out her palfrey into a canter in silence.

"None, dearest: no more danger than we have been in all the night—but, lash your horse,"

he cried with involuntary earnestness; "lash him now, love, and do not spare!" and then again, endeavoring to conceal the cause of his agitation—"If we be not at the bridge by dawn, my men may have been withdrawn out of sight, of the O'Moore's country; therefore, hurry on, for the sun is already up, and we may not find them there."

They strained up the hill at the top of the exhausted palfrey's speed, and the lady for a while seemed satisfied. "Why dost thou look behind so often, my lord?" she said at length, turning her head along with him.

"I see nothing but the tops of trees and the red sky."

"Nor do I, Anna," he replied: "but do not turn in the saddle; for, weary as thy palfrey is, he needs all thy care; hold him up dearest—on, on!"

"We are pursued, then," she cried, turning deadly pale, and the earl's countenance for a moment bespoke hesitation whether to stop and support her at all hazards or still to urge her on.

"We are pursued," she cried; "I know it, and we must be overtaken. Oh! leave me, Gerald! leave me, and save thyself!" The earl said not a word, but shook up her palfrey's head once more, and drawing his dagger, goaded him with its point till the blood sprang.

"Oh, my poor Sylvio!" was all the terrified girl could say, as stung with pain and reeling from weakness, the creature put forth its last and most desperate efforts.

They had struggled on for another minute, and were now topping the last eminence between them and the river, when a shout rang out of the woods behind. The lady shrieked—the earl struck the steel deeper into her palfrey's shoulder, and stooping to his own saddle-bow, held him up with his left hand, bending to the laborious task till his head was sunk between the horses' necks.

"Anna!" he cried. "I can see nothing for Sylvio's mane. Look out between the trees, and tell me if thou seest my ten men on the hill of Clemgaune."

"I see," replied the lady, "the whole valley flooded from side to side, and the trees standing like islands in the water."

"But my men, Anna? my men! look out beyond the bridge."

"The bridge is a black stripe upon the flood; I cannot see the arches."

"But, beyond the bridge," he cried, in the intervals of his exertion, now becoming every moment more and more arduous; for the spent palfrey was only kept from falling by the sheer strength of his arm—"beyond the bridge, beside the pollard elm—my ten men—are they not there?"

"Alas! no my lord, I cannot see them. But, Mother of Mercies!" she shuddered, looking around—"I see them now behind us!" Another shout of mingled voices, execrating and exulting sounded from the valley as she spoke.

The earl struck his brow with his gauntleted hand, yielding for the first time to his excess of grief and anguish, for he had raised his head, and had seen all along the opposite hills the bare, unbroken solitude that offered neither hope of help nor means of escape. Yet girding himself up for a last effort, he drew his horse close to the palfrey's side.

"Dear Anna," he said, "cast thine arms now round my neck, and let me lift thee on before me; black Memnon will bear us both like the wind—nay dally not!" for the sensitive girl shrunk for a moment from the proposal; "remember thy promise in the chapel on the rock."

And he passed his arm around her waist, and, at one effort, lifted her from the saddle; while she, blushing deeply, yet yielding to the imperative necessity of the moment, clasped her hands round his neck, and aided in drawing herself up upon the black charger's shoulder. The palfrey, the moment it lost the supporting hand of the earl, staggered forward, and, though relieved of its burden, fell headlong to the ground. The pursuers were now so near that they could see plainly what had been done, and their cries expressed the measure of their rage and disappointment; for the strong war-horse, although doubly burdened, yet thundered down the hill at a pace that promised to keep his start; and hope once more revived in the fainting hearts of the earl and the lady.

"Now, thanks to Heaven!" he cried, as he found the powerful charger stretching out under them with renewed vigor; "thank Heaven that struck down the slow-paced loiterer in this good time! Now, Memnon, bear us but over yonder hill, and earn a stall of carved oak and a rack of silver! Ah, the good steed! thou shalt feed him from thine own white hands yet, lady, in the courts of Castle Ley! Look back now, love Anna, and tell me what they do behind."

The lady raised her head from his shoulder, and cast a glance along the road they had traversed.

"I see them plying whip and spur," she said, "but they are not gaining on us. Red Raymond rides foremost, and Owen and the three

rangers; I know them all: but, oh, Mary mother, shield me! I see my father and Sir Robert Verdun; oh, speed thee, good horse, speed!" and she hid her face again upon his breast, and they descended the hill which overhung the Barrow.

The old channel of the river was no longer visible; the flood had overspread its banks, and far across the flat holms on the opposite side swept along in a brown, eddying and rapid deluge. The bridge of Tenachelle spanned from the nearer bank to a raised causeway beyond, the solid masonry of which, resisting the overland inundations, sent the flood with double impetuosity through the choked arches over its usual bed; for there the main current and the backwater rushing together, heaved struggling round the abutments, till the water was swelled and surged over the range-wall and fell upon the road-wall of the bridge itself with solid shocks, like seas upon a ship's deck.

Eager for passage, as a man might be whose life and the life of his dearest self were at stake, yet, for an instant, the earl checked his horse, as the long line of peninsula road lay before him—a high tumultuous sea on one side; a roaring gulf of whirlpools, foam and gushing cataracts on the other. The lady gave one look at the scene, and sank her head to the place whence she had raised it. As he felt her clasp him more closely and draw herself up for the effort, his heart shamed him to think that he had bleached from a danger which a devoted girl was willing to dare: he drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and Memnon sprang forward on the bridge. The roadway returned no hollow reverberation now, for every arch was gorged to the keystone with a compact mass of water, and, in truth, there was a gurgling and hissing as the river was sucked in, and a rushing roar where it spouted out in level waterfalls, that would have drowned the trampling of a hundred hoofs.

Twice did the waves sweep past them, rolling at each stroke the ruins of a breach in the upper range wall over the road, till the stones dashed against the opposite masonry; and twice were both covered with the spray flung from the abutments; but Memnon bore them on through stream and ruin, and they gained the causeway safe.

The earl's heart lightened as he found himself again on solid ground, though still plunging girth deep at times through the flooded hollows; but they passed the embankment also in safety, and were straining up the hill beyond, when the cries of the pursuers, which had been heard over all the storm of waters ever since their entrance on the bridge, suddenly ceased. There was the loud report of an arquebuss, and Memnon leaped off all his feet, plunged forward, reeled and dropped dead.

Red Raymond's arquebuss was still smoking, as he sprang foremost of his troop upon the bridge. Behind him came Lord Darcy, furious with rage and exultation.

"Secure him first," he cried, "secure him before he gets from under the fallen horse—bind him hand and foot! Ah, villain, he shall hang from the highest oak in Glan Malir! and, for her, Sir Robert, she shall be thy wife—I swear it by the bones of my father, before that risen sun hath set! Come on!" and he gave his horse head.

Suddenly his reins were seized on right and left by his attendants.

"Villains, let go my reins!" he cried; "would ye aid the traitor in his escape?" and, striking the rowsels deep into his steed, he made him burst from their grasp; but, almost at the same instant, he pulled up with a violence that threw him on his haunches, for a dozen voices shouted, "back, Raymond, back!" and a cry arose that the bridge was breaking, and the long line of roadway did suddenly seem to heave and undulate with the undulating current. It was well for Lord Darcy that he reined in; for the next instant, and before his horse's fore feet had ceased to paw the air, down went the whole three arches with a crash, swallowed up and obliterated in the irresistible waters. Among the sheets of spray and flashing water thrown up by the falling ruin and the whirlpools of foamy froth from the disjointed masonry, and the tumult of driving timbers, and the general disruption of road and river, the musqueteer and his horse were seen sweeping for one moment down the middle of the stream, then rolled over and beaten under water, and tumbled in the universal vortex out of sight for ever.

Stunned, horrified, his horse trembling in every limb, and backing from the perilous verge abrupt at his feet, the baron sat gazing at the torrent that now rushed past him. The frightful death he had escaped—the danger he was then in—the sudden apparition of the river's unbridled majesty, savage and bare, and exulting in its lonely strength, all the emotions of awe, terror and amazement crowded on his soul together.—His daughter and her lover, it might be her husband or her paramour, lay within a gun-shot upon the hill before his eyes, for Anna had thrown

herself by the side of the fallen and unextricated earl; but he saw them not, he thought not of them. He got off his horse like a man who awakens from sleep-walking, and grasped the nearest of his servants by the arm, as if seeking to make sure of the reality of their presence.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "this is a perilous flood, Geoffrey; we must have the scarp of the ditch looked to. But how is this?—Ho, villains! where is my daughter? O fiends of hell, am I here!" and he started at once to a full consciousness of his situation.

He tore off his helmet and heavy breast-plate, but his servants crowded round him and withheld him from the river, for he cried that he would swim the torrent himself if none else would.

"Dogs," he cried, "take off your hands would you aid the rebellious girl—the traitor's leman—the leman of a Geraldine!—Raymond, re-load your arquebuss—red hound where is he? Ha! drowned? O slaves and cowards, to let him be lost before your eyes and stand idly by! Owen Garreboyle, thou art my foster-brother; Sir Robert Verdun, thou hast been my son in bounties numberless: will you see me robbed of my child in my old age, nor strike a stroke for gratitude or fealty? Is there no man here will venture in for the love of my father's son?"

At this last appeal his foster brother threw off his cloak.

"Give me your hands, comrades," he said to his companions, "for, though the Barrow, were a river of fire, I would go through it for the love of Mac Roger More."

"Not so," cried the distracted old man; "not so, my trusty kinsman; enough has been lost already without thee, my bold and loyal brother! But, Sir Robert Verdun, I had looked for other conduct from thee to-day; there is the lady that I would have given to thee this morning—there, sitting by her paramour upon the hill-side; and I tell thee I would rather let her marry him, Geraldine and rebel as he is, than bestow her on a faint-hearted craven, as thou hast this day shown thyself to be."

"You wrong me, my lord," replied the knight; "you wrong me vilely. I would rather be the merest Irishman in Connaught than son-in-law of such a cruel tyrant and unnatural father."

"Get thee to Connaught, then, ungrateful traitor! Go!" cried the enraged baron; and the knight, turning indignantly from his side, was soon lost to sight amongst the overhanging woods.

But, as he disappeared, there rose into view on the opposite hill a party of troopers, making at a rapid pace for the river.

"They are the traitor's men," cried Darcy, "they will rescue him before my eyes!—and my child—oh, would that she were rather dead!—Shoot, villains!—let fly a flight of arrows, and slay them where they lie!"

But he knew, as he uttered the unnatural command, that they were far beyond arrow-range, and that, even were they not so, no man of his company would bend a bow in obedience to it. A few shafts were discharged against the party descending the hill, but they fell short and disappeared in the water or among the rushes and underwood of the flooded holm.

"Gunpowder and lead alone can reach them," cried Garreboyle. "But the arquebuss is gone, and here is nought save wood and feather. Let them shout," for a shout of scorn and defiance sounded across the flood, as the servants of the earl relieved him from the fallen horse, and found him, past hope, unburt—"let them shout: we shall meet yet with a fairer field between us. My lord, they are mounted again, and going."

"Let them go," said Darcy, without raising his eyes to witness his departure. He sullenly resumed his armor, sprang in silence upon his horse, struck him with the spurs, and turning his head homeward, galloped back by the way he came.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON CAPTAIN ROCK IN ENGLAND.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

If Dean Swift were now alive, he would rejoice to see strictly fulfilled in England his allegory of Gulliver's Travels. The profound and witty Allegorist described one country where the inhabitants were so gigantic, their dress and furniture so prodigiously large, that, though Gulliver was a fine fat Englishman, sixteen stone weight and upwards of six feet high, the ladies carried him in their muffis like a little kitten, threw him up in the air like a frog, and pitched him about their drawing-rooms, from one to another, like an apple. On one occasion he was nearly drowned in a cream-jug at breakfast. In other countries the people were so small, their beasts so minute and their houses so little, that Gulliver had to sleep in the open air: it took five hundred of their bullocks to draw him from place to place; and at luncheon every day he consumed about two hundred of their sheep!—How prophetic was this history of Gulliver!

What small and what large proportions does England of late assume, according to the size of the nations with which she is in connection! So large is England in reference to Greece or Portugal, that one of our three deckers fills the whole bay of Corinth; the Pass of Thermopylae, where Leonidas with one hundred Grecians stood, is not wide enough to admit freely even one Scotch corporal or English sergeant; and the mouth of the Tagus is too narrow for two English gun-brigs to ride abreast to Lisbon! And yet, on the other hand, the French people are so large in reference to our nation, that Napoleon the Third can, with ease, stow away our House of Lords in one of his surtout pockets, and place the House of Commons in the other. It is even stated in the very best circles in Paris that the Emperor, by way of experiment, has actually, within the last month, placed Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon in two waistcoat pockets, and that Lord Palmerston was seen peeping out from the Emperor's fob!

The reckless conduct of England since the year 1815, has raised up throughout her entire domain an accumulation of injustice, of mis-legislation at home, while it has created irrepressible anger abroad: and modern circumstances, guided by all-ruling Providence, have brought about such a social, political and religious dislocation throughout the entire machinery of the State, as to derange all her institutions, lessen her prestige, degrade her name, and threaten her very existence. The countries which England lately despised and revolutionized, are every day becoming bound by national ties, knit into firm social or family alliances, and growing into naval and military power; while she, beyond all doubt, has lost her former ground, and has palpably fallen from her former admitted pre-eminence.—Paris and Rome are now inseparably connected. Austria and Naples are about to cement a family union; and Spain has already claimed and received from the Emperor the pledged assurance of permanent friendly protection. Compare this modern compact of nations with the present position of England, isolated from Southern Europe from her past conduct; her armies decimated, her treasury wasted, her subjects discontented. See her government at home and abroad, a succession of insult and mistake; her military routine a system of blundering; and her Indian legislation marked with bigotry, rapaciousness, and incapacity. Captain Rock could not desire to behold England in a situation more suited to his professional development, that is, England quarrelling with the surrounding kingdoms; all wrong; and standing before mankind like the sugar-loaf, with the small end downwards, and ready to tumble in irretrievable disaster.

The successful bombardment of Canton may for a while throw dust in the eyes of Englishmen, in order to divert the public indignation from our culpable conduct in India; but the tens of thousands of our countrymen who, in the coming year, will find a grave along the banks of the Ganges, when added to the tens of millions of pounds sterling expended in this disastrous struggle, will yet bring the people to their senses, and will remove the veil which now hides the flagrant mislegislation, and the furious bigotry which have led to our Indian melancholy catastrophe. The decline of our cotton market (an event not improbable in the presence of a growing market elsewhere); a money panic, such as England has lately felt; and then the presence of the National debt, will yet tell a tale which, more than all the reasoning of Aristotle, will convince the English people of the ruinous policy of England throughout all her dependencies. The old system of English law, which was founded in these countries on penal exclusion and on class patronage, has laid the foundation of the present misfortunes of England; like an old family coach trying to compete with the velocity of steam communication, she finds herself unequal to the surrounding kingdoms in her legislative or strategical character: and it is true to say that before she can recover her prestige (if she can ever do so) and resume her former Imperial position, she must make a radical, an organic change, as well in the framing of new laws as in the impartial administration of the old. It will require a man as indomitable as Castlereagh, and an intellect as commanding as the official genius of Pitt, to produce the changes which, by common consent, are essential to the future well-being of England. Let us take, from a heap of materials, some few facts, which are known to every one from our newspaper reports: and the investigation and the settlement of these cases will, like a decision in common law, settle all other cases of the same class. And we shall take these cases from different parts of the English empire, in order to demonstrate the wide-spread uniformity of her bigoted, her unjust legislation; and her irritating and partial-executive.

During our campaign in the Crimea, the English sappers visited the quarters of the Catholic soldiers; and distributed there the most offensive

tracts amongst these faithful poor fellows. On one occasion, when the brave 88th were preparing to go to the front, these tracts were actually thrown under the feet of the regiment (as the reports from the spot have alleged) in the sight of the commanding officer! When these English soupers visited the camp of the Sardinians, for the same purpose, the General de la Marina, expelled them from his quarters, and wrote to Lord Raglan "that his countrymen might take summary vengeance on them if they repeated their visit."

Again, not a fortnight passes, when the Indian mail arrives, that we do not read the accounts from several Indian military stations, but particularly from Madras, stating that Catholic soldiers have been confined for not attending Protestant worship: that the allowance of five shillings a week has been withdrawn from each of their children for refusing to attend the Biblical school! The writer of this article has received private letters from Bombay, from Madras, from Poonah, complaining of persecution on this point from colonels of regiments and from commanders of garrisons. The poor soldiers have no redress: they bear their confinement, they submit to the loss of their pay: but they remain as firm as the rock of Cashel to their faith under this deplorable bigotry of this cowardly, mean, military Souperism.

Let any one who wishes to make the investigation inquire if, through the whole North of Ireland, there is even one Catholic holding any official situation in the public Institutions such as jails, poorhouses, &c., of the province; he will learn there is not even one Catholic! Orangeism has expelled them all from office, as it did in '95 from their houses and their lands. This province and its Orange Society have been a kind of garrison, armed and fortified, to keep the Catholics in subjection; and they have been on half-pay, as an unattached force, by all past Governments, for the promotion of disorder—the provocative to Ribbonism—by the very constitution of their society. If Lord Carlisle can check and dissolve this mischievous source of Irish grievance—he will merit the gratitude of the Irish people.—Where, in any Catholic country, has any one ever heard of a society of Catholics banded together on certain secret pledges, and publicly meeting to insult their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and patronized by the Government? Where? I answer, not in the whole Catholic world.

At this moment, in the County Donegal, eight hundred Catholic families, comprising about four thousand human beings, are unsheltered and driven to the sea-side to perish in despair and hunger by the cruel laws of landlord tyranny. They are an additional fragment of the two and a half millions, who, in Ireland, have already been expelled to the poorhouse, or banished to America. Let it never be forgotten that, from the police report of 1857, seventy-five in every hundred cabins of the poor Irish have been levelled and killed in ten years. The four thousand poor homeless creatures from Donegal are about to be added to the list of exterminations. There is no use in covering up the fact in fine language—there is no other phrase for this extermination but the murder of the people. If the refugee, Bernard, be arrested and tried for conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor of the French—one foreigner—and if Allsep, the Englishman, be pursued for having ordered projectiles to be used against the Emperor, surely, in point of equity and the eternal law of God, that man cannot be free from the guilt of taking away human life, who, without any just cause, but even by the additional crime of sectarian hatred, sends thousands of helpless poor to die on the road-side. This case of landlord license has been so often argued, and the tacit complicity of the Government so often proved, in the destruction of the Irish Catholic poor, that in our present Irish affliction we have no hope in the mercy of England; and we only feel relief in publishing our religious persecutions and our national woes before the pitying observation and the indignant reprobation of the Catholic world. These homeless creatures petitioned the Legislature for sympathy: they offered to go to any nation, to earn their bread, to live by industry, to die in their faith; but no, the old routine of Balaklava, which sent shoes without soles to the soldiers, would not interfere in the laws of landlord and tenant; and hence a whole congregation, parts of nine parishes, must die without resource or hope. Let the traveller now visit the shores of Turkey, among the ancient Scythians: let him call at the coast of Barbary, to the Mahomedan tribes; let him traverse the woods of America amongst the red men, and let the wild races of the Oceanic islands be consulted; and I undertake to say there is no one spot on the whole earth, however savage, where laws are made to aid to the extermination of the people. These cases belong to a class of grievances

which have made England a cruel, dominant, relentless nation, and which have covered Ireland with slavery, discontent, and beggary; and so long as England will withhold justice from her Catholic subjects in her various departments of Imperial legislation, so long will Europe taunt her with tyranny, Ireland menace her with practical discontent, and the reproach of unjust government blast her name before mankind. Feb. 18, 1858. D. W. C.

The following interesting account of the capture of Yeh himself—of the Governor of Canton, and of the Imperial Treasury, is by the well known correspondent of the London Times:—

CANTON, JAN. 5.—At length, after a week's pause, we have made a move—and a decisive move. At half-past seven o'clock the troops entered the city, and before 10 we had captured the Lieutenant-Governor, the Tartar General, the Treasury, 52 boxes of dollars and 68 packages of sycee, and, lastly, the great Yeh himself. It will take me longer to recount how all this happened than it took the troops to accomplish it.

Last among the tiers of temples which cover the Magazine-hill stands the only house in Canton city which an English gentleman would think inhabitable. All the rest are huge, dusty, ruinous, dilapidated shams. It is called Yeh's House, and was yet unfinished when the city was taken. The lattice work is new, the paper which does duty for glass is unbroken, the grotesque decorations are fresh, and the whole place is clean. From the terrace of this house you have the best and nearest view of the city. You look up one narrow street running southwards, and you catch glimpses of two others passing in the same direction; you can for a short distance trace the walls to the right and to the left, and you can see far out in the body of the city a line of high Mandarin poles. These poles denote the residences of the great public officers, and, as our maps tell us, they open upon the "Street of Benevolence and Love"—a principal street of Canton, which crosses at right angles the three streets we look up from this terrace.

At half-past 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, while the rain was still falling, we could see from the terrace three columns of English redcoats penetrating into the city down these three narrow streets, while a detachment of 400 French blue-jackets, with two guns, were advancing along the wall to our right.—They are all soon lost to sight, and we must descend and follow if we would see more. There is heavy firing on our left, and, of course, we hurry there first. It is only Colonel Lemon's men discharging their rifles. Let us speed away to see what the General's party are doing. They meet with no resistance, except from the intricacy of the streets. But they have lost their way, overshot their mark, and in the labyrinth of narrow ways cannot find the yamun they are in quest of. Colonel Holloway's detachment of four companies are more successful. They have marched rapidly down the street in which we saw them, and they have paused for a few moments before a closed gateway. It is only a passive resistance. The pioneers with a few blows of their axes open a way through this obstruction, as they do through a barricade which is erected a little beyond, but is not manned. The people look on from their doors and the Coolies carry water-buckets to and fro in the rear of the troops, just as though nothing uncommon were passing. Now the troops arrive at the cross-road where one street strikes the "Street of Benevolence and Love"—a fine broad avenue in the map, a hovel-crowded alley ten feet wide in reality. Here Colonel Holloway detaches Captain Parke with two companies to the left, with instructions to advance and seize the treasury, while he leads the rest of his men round to the right. A hundred paces bring him in front of the yamun of Peh-kwei, the Governor of the city and province. Like the front of all Chinese yamuns, it is a dismal square, with a wall on one side, whereon a gigantic beast is painted. The vast doors of the yamun, whereon two great figures like Gog and Magog are daubed, front this monstrous effigy. This is the place indicated in the Colonel's instructions. "Quick" is the word.—A rush from the pioneers and the unbarred doors move open with unexpected ease. "Front form," cries the Colonel, and in a moment the redcoats are four abreast and advancing at the double up a broad granite paved causeway in the middle of an immense courtyard—trees and shrubs on either side the causeway, low buildings forming the right and left sides, and a huge barn-shaped pavilion closing the square in front. In obedience to a few words and a few gestures sentries are thrown out, and while the main body is yet hurrying on every spot is guarded. A few Chinese guards, with pikes and matchlocks, are disarmed and huddled together in the front Guard-house, and the pavilion is gained, hastily searched, and passed through. Another courtyard like the former now appears—more granite terraces and causeways, more trees and shrubs—more lateral low buildings, and another big dingy pavilion in front.—This is treated just as the former was, but nothing is seen but miserable guards stupefied by surprise and swarming domestics. A vast dilapidated hall, and still another pavilion beyond. The lateral houses appear a little more habitable: the paint is not so entirely rubbed off, the paper sashes are not so broken; there are porcelain flower-pots and furniture, and articles of Chinese luxury lying about. This third pavilion is a hall of audience, rude and dirty, but imposing. There is a fracture in the tiled roof, through which an English rocket had forced its way. There are curtained porticoes right and left, leading evidently to private apartments. "Halt," "Stand at ease," and the muskets descend upon the stone floor with a ring which makes the old shed echo.—At this moment one of the porticoes is raised, and an old man, dressed in the ordinary blue Chinese dress, but wearing a Mandarin's cap, with a red tassel, appears in the doorway. He has a black moustache, a quick eye, and more intelligence in his face than you usually see in China, and he seems to say, as plainly as gestures can speak, "What can all this disquietude be about?" Every one felt that this could be no other than Peh-kwei. Colonel Holloway put his hand upon his shoulder, led him back gently into his apartment, seated him in a chair, and put a guard round him. The old gentleman was quietly at breakfast when the English Marines burst in.

A few moments' delay occurred while a Chinese interpreter was got up, and the Governor, seeing he was in no immediate danger, recovered a composure which he had never lost the power of assuming. He was asked for his seals of office and his papers. It was very unfortunate, but he had that morning mislaid his keys. "Tell him," said Colonel Holloway, "not to trouble himself, for I have a master key;" and at a sign a tall pioneer with his axe made his appearance. The Governor took up a napkin, and the lost keys were accidentally found to have been underneath it.

Meanwhile, Captain Parke and his detachment had been equally fortunate. Turning to the left, and proceeding down the "Street of Benevolence and Love," they came to the large low building indicated as the treasury. Here also the doors gave way to the rush. The surprise was complete. The guards were, some sleeping, some cooking, some smoking. The military Mandarin in command drew his sword, but was tripped up and secured; a young Tartar shouldered his matchlock and pointed it at the captain, but a bayonet was at his breast in a moment, and would have been in it had not the captain struck it up. All the others were motionless under the influence of British bayonets brought to the charge within six inches of their bodies.—For six days the Western-gate had been open, and exit had been denied to neither men, nor goods, nor treasure. Surely there could be nothing left to reward the captors. How can we strain our minds to

comprehend the stolid, stupid confidence of these Chinese officials? The treasury was full of silver, as full probably as it ever was. Fifty-two boxes which a man could not singly lift were found, and 68 packets of solid ingots. There was also a storehouse of the most costly Mandarin fur dresses, lined with sable and rare furs, and there was a room full of copper cash. Now a strange scene occurred. The instructions were to bring away any bullion, but to touch nothing else. These orders were obeyed with a strange and self-denying fidelity. The soldiers and officers in strict discipline turned their watering eyes away from the rich dresses. But how to remove the heavy load of bullion. Crowds had assembled in front, and a happy thought occurred to one of the officers. "A dollar's worth of cash to every Coolie who will help carry the silver to the English camp." In a moment the crowd dispersed in search of their bamboo poles, and in an other moment there were a thousand volunteer Cantonese contending for the privilege of carrying for an enemy their city's treasure. With their stipulated strings of cash around their necks, away they trudged with the English soldiers and the eyec silver. Colonel Graham, who had advanced from the south to the same point, came up in time to direct this operation. When the last British soldier left the treasury the mob poured in like a countless pack of famished wolves. The retreating and self-denying English could hear their yells and shouts as they fought over the fur dresses and other stores that had been left untouched.

Contemporaneously with these operations the French had followed the course of the ramparts to the West-gate and closed it. Leaving a detachment to secure this exit, the main body struck inwards for the lofty poles which mark the site of the Palace of the Tartar General. Here, if anywhere, resistance must be expected. All is hollowness—all is sham! They had come to force a palatial fortress; they found a rank wilderness—colossal courtyards grass-grown and midway; habitations with space for an Imperial army, but not safe to the tread of a single soldier; vast empty rotting halls where bats in thousands were clinging to the roofs, and where the floors were inches deep in their ordure. It was not destruction they saw around them, but decay. Upon Peh-kwei's table was found a return from the Tartar General, saying that he had 7,000 Tartar troops under his command. Where were they? Certainly they were not, and had not for many years. In this yamun, it is the custom to let Chinese soldiers live at their own homes, but surely they might be expected to be called in and posted in guard when an enemy had occupied all the fortifications. Yet the evidence afforded by the place itself is indisputable. The Tartar General must have lived here almost alone. A hundred men would have trodden down this rank grass, and dispossessed these horrible clustering bats. A few days after this event I passed two hours in this yamun in the company of several English and French officers, who came to allot it for quarters. After close inspection they came to the conclusion that there were only two rooms fit for the dwelling of a civilized man. From one of these the French chased the Tartar General, and they took him in a closet close by.

We must now go back to the general starting point, and accompany the chase after Yeh. Mr. Consul Parkes, who was attached as interpreter to Colonel Holloway's party, arrived too late, and was without an escort. While he was deploring his ill-luck he met with Commodore Elliot, who, fired by Mr. Parkes telling him that he had some information as to Yeh's lurking-place, agreed, upon his own responsibility, to accompany him with 100 blue-jackets. Mr. Parkes expected to find Yeh at the Imperial library, but upon arriving at that high-titled edifice he found only a great empty house. Having ransacked every corner, they were coming away disgusted when Mr. Parkes put his foot against a closed door. It gave way, and a Chinaman was seen inside the closet diligently studying one of the sacred books. Where was Yeh? How should the Chinaman know? He knew nothing of Yeh—he was only a poor student. Drawn from his hiding-place and submitted to a sharp interrogatory, he confessed bit by bit that Yeh had been there, but had left some days before. At last he even thought he knew where he was—nearly three miles off, somewhere at the south-west corner of the city, in a small yamun of one of the Lieutenant-Governors. Taking this "student" along with them, the party now proceeded to the Governor's yamun. The Governor was by this time in custody of Colonel Holloway, and the Admiral and the General had arrived there. An examination took place, and the Governor, after some admonition, admitted that he also knew Yeh's retreat, and named the same place which the student had named. He was made to send a second guide, and the two Chinamen were placed in front of the blue-jackets. These unwilling guides, as they were urged along at a gallop through a Tartar city, did not cease to shout to the crowds which ran together, "Good people, go about your affairs. These gentlemen have just had a respectful interview with Peh-kwei, and they are now going to have another interview with Yeh." "Very well," said the crowd, habitually deferential to the cap of the small Mandarin. As they got deeper and deeper into the maze of streets some of the officers seemed to think they were doing an imprudent thing. "If the worst comes to the worst," said Captain Key, "we know the direction of the walls by this compass and can fight our way to them," so on they went. The longest chase must have an end. At last the guides called a halt at the door of a third-rate yamun, which appeared closed and deserted. The doors were forced open and the blue-jackets were all over the place in a moment. It was evident that they were now on the right scent. The place was full of hastily-packed baggage. Mandarins were running about, yes running about; and at last one came forward and delivered himself up as Yeh. But he was not fat enough. Parkes pushed him aside, and, hurrying on, they at last spied a very fat man contemplating the achievement of getting over the wall at the extreme rear of the yamun. Captain Key and Commodore Elliot's corswain rushed forward. Key took the fat gentleman round the waist, and the august tail of the Imperial Commissioner round his fist. There was no mistake now—this was the veritable Yeh. Instinctively the blue-jackets felt it must be Yeh, and they tossed up their hats and gave three rattling cheers.

Yeh is by no means the hero people thought him. He trembled violently when he was taken; he strenuously denied his identity; and it was not till Mr. Parkes had several times had the satisfaction and triumph of assuring his old enemy of his personal safety that he grew composed. As soon, however, as he felt himself safe all his arrogance returned. He posed himself magnificently in his chair. He laughed at the idea of giving up his seals, and also at the idea of his being led away. He would wait there to receive the men Elgin and Gros. They searched all his packages for papers, and found among other things the original ratifications of the treaties between England, France, and America; they were, as he intimated, too unimportant as documents to be sent to Pekin. This search lasted three hours. The news of the capture had been sent to headquarters; Colonel Hocker was despatched with a strong body of Marines, and Yeh again trembled as he entered his chair a captive.

At the foot of the terrace, before the great joss-house on Magazine-hill, off-setting from the broad steps is a collegiate quadrangle. Here the dons of the ecclesiastical institution clustered. Some small cellular apartments, opening inwards towards the hill, were doubtless the private abodes of the bachelors; two large rooms, whose windows look over the city, were the hall and senior common room. This quadrangle is a little changed in its uses. It is become the British head-quarters. The Admiral and General have appropriated the hall and common room, and the Staff are contriving possibilities of residence in the cells. The servants have utilized the small area—a dozen Crimean shirts are there hanging to dry.

About 12 o'clock on Tuesday the colonnade of this small quadrangle was loosely thronged by pig-captains and colonels and smaller barbarian Mandarins. The news that the city had been dragged all the big fish tank had spread. Everyone was anxious to see the prisoners brought in.

First marched Peh-kwei, whom I have already described, and after him, with rolling step, almost gigantic in stature, and immense in bulk, came the Tartar General. As he passed close by me I measured him by myself; he must be quite six feet four high. They were ushered into a small room at the end of the colonnade, where the General and the two Admirals were assembled. The two Mandarins took their seats as though they had come of their own free will to pay an ordinary visit. The Tartar General, with his head thrown back so that you saw only the inside of the brim of his Tartar cap, looked not unlike our own Eighth Harry as Holbein shows him. There is great show of dignity and courage about that martial Tartar, but he is only a type and specimen of the great Imperial sham of which he forms part. He is an empty imposture. During the fight he never appeared upon the walls. After the fight he did nothing to gather his 7,000 men around him. When the French came he made no defence; but ran from room to room, and was dragged from a filthy closet. If he had been taken by Tai-pings instead of Europeans he would be howling at their feet. Knowing himself personally safe, he swells himself and tries to look majestic. He believes he has to do with men more superstitiously obedient to Chinese rank than the Coolies of Canton are, so he tries to awe them by his presence. Perhaps he is right. There is too much of this nonsense. The interpreters catch this mania of Mandarin-worship from their teachers and their Chinese books, and our leaders—predisposed by the truly English deference for high-sounding titles—catch the infections fully from the interpreters.

What shall be done with these men? "Send them both a-board ship," advises one interpreter; "Send them back to resume their functions and to save the city from pillage," advises the other. Lord Elgin is consulted, and has the boldness to believe that the general principles of human nature are not to be extinguished by paper lanterns and peacock's feathers. He advises "Let them both return under conditions. Let Peh-kwei re-establish his court under the authority of and in co-operation with an European tribunal. Let Tseng-keun return under conditions of disbanding his troops and delivering up their arms." "Impossible; they couldn't do it; contrary to all Chinese precedent, &c." "Try!" The trial is made, and the indignant Mandarins laugh loudly at the impudent suggestion. Left together for a night to consider the matter, they are found in the morning like pricked windbags, ready to surrender their inflation under gentle pressure—but I am anticipating the events of subsequent days.

Room for the great Mandarin! Preceded by Colonel Hocker, with his sword drawn, accompanied by Commodore Elliot and Captain Key, and followed by two files of Marines, waddles the great Yeh himself. He is not ushered into the small room, but into the Admiral's room. To place him with the Governor and the General would be to confine a pike with two guddoon. Peh-kwei and Tseng-keun shoot at the sound of his footsteps.

If he had six hundred men in his train, and if we all stood kidnapped men before him, he could not hold his head more haughtily. It is a huge, sensual, flat face. The profile is nearly straight from the eyebrow to the chin. He wears his Mandarin cap, his red button, and his peacock's tail, but in other respects has the ordinary quilted blue tunic and loose breeches, the universal winter wear of this part of China. He seats himself in an armchair, and some inferior Mandarins who have pressed in after him stand round and make him a little court. The officers who fill the room are passing to and fro upon their own duties, and, of course, refrain from staring at him. Yet no one can look upon that face without feeling that he is in the presence of an extraordinary man. There is a ferocity about that restless, roving eye which almost makes you shrink from it. It is the expression of a fierce and angry, but not courageous animal. While the long nails of his dirty fingers are trembling against the table, and his eyes are ranging into every part of the room in search of every face, his pose of dignity is too palpably simulated to inspire respect, even if you could forget his deeds. But no one can look upon him with contempt.

The two Admirals and the General now arrive, and, after some salutations, which were naturally more embarrassing to the captors than the captive, the English Admiral inquired whether Mr. Cooper, sen., was still living. You will recollect the circumstances under which this gentleman was kidnapped. Yeh burst forth into a loud laugh, which sounded to every one present as though he were recollecting and enjoying the recollection of this poor man's sufferings. When he had finished his cabinations he replied, "I can't recollect about this man, but I will make inquiries to-morrow, and if he can be found you shall have him."

He was told that his answer was not courteous, and he replied that it was, at any rate, the only answer he should give.

The Admiral now asked whether he had any other prisoners alive in his custody. He appeared to have misunderstood the question, for he replied, "Those 18 men were my prisoners of war. I took a great deal of trouble about those persons to have them properly buried. I can show you their graves at this day."

"What 18 men were they?" asked the Admiral, "and when were they taken?"

"How can I tell you who they were, and how can I remember when they were taken? You were fighting from October till January, when you were beaten off and expelled, and your ships ran away. It was during this time."

It was evidently not consistent with the dignity of the Admirals and General to prolong this conversation. After a moment's consultation they directed Mr. Parkes to assure "his Excellency" that every care would be taken for his personal safety and convenience, but that he would be removed for the present on board ship.

"I don't see any necessity for going on board ship," replied his Excellency. "I can do everything that requires to be done just as well here." But when Yeh observed that the Admirals were grave and impassible, and that they were about to retire, his eyes roved round the room again in terror, and he added, "Well, I will accept your invitation. In fact, I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of seeing one of your ships."

DESTRUCTION OF THE CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN GWENDORE.—A correspondent of the Evening Post writes:—"I have to mention, in addition to the wretchedness, poverty, and starvation now existing in Gwendore, the destruction of the beautiful little chapel, the only one in the parish, by fire, on Saturday morning. It was in a state of repair, and, it seems, a lighted coal came in contact with some shavings, and, before any assistance could be rendered, it was burnt down, not a vestige, only the walls, to tell that such a place existed. May the Almighty enable the good Priest and his virtuous, religious people to rebuild their little temple devoted to the service of their God, which is now roofless and cheerless amidst all their other afflictions. The poor people of the parish, who have not a chapel within ten miles, are in a state of the deepest affliction."

GOOD EXAMPLE TO LANDLORDS.—The O'Donoghue of the Glens, M. P., has lately executed leases, at his own cost, to all his tenants on his estates in the counties of Cork and Kerry, for three lives and thirty-one years. This act, so fully in accordance with the high character of that gentleman, would be usefully imitated by other proprietors throughout the country.

IRISH WORKS IN PROGRESS.—The contract for additional offices in the Four Courts has been taken by Mr. Michael Bond, at £17,000. Mr. Owen is the architect. "Board of Works," Royal Bank, Foster place.—An extensive new bank, in connection with the present building, is about to be commenced from the designs of Mr. Charles Geoghegan, architect, which have been selected in competition. Mining Company of Ireland—Operations are now progressing at the lead mines, Ballycorus for the manufacture of shot, under the direction of Messrs. Jones and Carmichael, architects. The contractors are Messrs. Prowe. The Wellington Monument at Dublin. The completion of the Wellington Testimonial, in the Phoenix Park, is at length in progress. It is 40 years since the foundation stone of it was laid. The present pyramidal structure, or 'overgrown milestone,' as George IV. termed it, was erected at a cost of £20,000, and is about 215 feet in height. On a pedestal at the principle front it was intended that an equestrian statue of the Duke should be placed; and although £3,000 have remained in bank since its creation, the completion of the original design seemed to have been forgotten by all, until Lord Carlisle allotted the task to Messrs. Farrell, Hogan, and Kirk, sculptors, who have received directions to exert their artistic skill upon three subjects—the first named artist upon the 'Battle of Waterloo'; the second, 'A Political Event in the life of the great Duke,' and Mr. Kirk upon 'The Capture of Seringapatam.' In addition to these we are to have the statue, which, it is said, will be consigned to McDowell.—The Builder.

THE TENANT RIGHT BILL.—PETITIONS.—Mr. J. F. Maguire, M. P., writes as follows in the Cork Examiner:—"I wish now to say one word in reference to the Tenant Bill, and, in doing so, I would solicit from your contemporaries of the Irish press the favour of their circulation for it. I have just obtained permission from the First Minister to have the motion 'for leave to bring in the bill' considered as an unopposed motion; therefore I shall at once introduce the bill, and have it read the first time, but without any statement being made upon its introduction. I have taken the opinions of every Irish member with whom I had an opportunity of advising; and they are unanimously of opinion that the second reading—upon which the debate will be taken, and the division had—should be postponed till after the assizes, which are certain to command the attendance of a very considerable number of members, either as grand jurors or as lawyers. The permission to introduce the bill as an unopposed motion must not be supposed in any way to prevent the government from acting as they may please on the motion for its second reading, and therefore I would call upon the friends of the cause to forward petitions to their respective members as soon as possible; and I would venture to express a hope that such petitions may be as numerous and as influentially signed as possible. One matter, however, in reference to these petitions it is absolutely necessary to have attended to—namely, that some signatures must appear on the same sheet on which the petition is written, otherwise it will be rejected. I have had numbers of petitions, some of which bore as many as 1,000 signatures, returned to me because of no name having been written on the same sheet on which the petition itself was written. It is too bad that an important public document, which has been got up with trouble and care, should be rendered utterly worthless by an error so trivial as that to which I beg the attention of all who desire to have their wishes formally expressed to parliament."

RECRUITING IN INDIAN.—The youth of Ireland have been drafted off to India, and to vice, sickness, death. We go no further. The Priests have barely been tolerated until lately, and now even are unjustly dealt with. The wonder is that so many have gone, considering the slender provision that has been afforded to them. Undoubtedly the Catholic Priest will follow his flock anywhere, and every where, and anyhow; but he must not leave his flock at home, unless some one else will take charge of them. Did the government pay the Catholic Chaplain as it pays the Protestant, or even the Presbyterian Chaplains, then matters would right themselves, and sufficient Priests would be provided for the Catholic troops. But as matters stand—inadequate payment for the Chaplains—no Catholic schools for Catholic children—no Catholic chapels for Catholic soldiers, what can be expected by an unjust and partial government from a Catholic nation like Ireland but one thing, a refusal on the part of that people to enlist? The matter is monstrous. The Catholic Priest leaves his country, and goes to attend the Catholic soldiers in India. He may be shot on the field, or sink under the influence of climate, or fall through the heavy duties of the campaign. Well, he braves all, and braves the remains of a shattered constitution that may follow him through life should he ever revisit his native land. What is the duty of the government that invites him to go? I don't say what it is, but I know what it ought to be. The government want Priests for the Catholic soldiers in India. Why does the government want Priests for the Catholic soldiers? The why is this: Recruits are wanted, and recruits will not be forthcoming from Ireland unless the recruits know that Catholic Priests shall be there in India for them. This necessity will flame out more and more; it will burn the length and breadth of Ireland. No Priests with the Catholic soldiers, then no Catholic soldiers—this will be the result. Let the government know that only two Priests from Ireland went out to the Crimea. What does this say? It says to the Irish people don't enlist—don't go into the army—don't go. We, your Priests, won't go—don't you go; and go they will not, depend upon it. Why pay the Protestant Chaplain and the Presbyterian Chaplain a sufficient stipend, and the Catholic Chaplain an insufficient one? Why leave a Catholic Chaplain at Calcutta without sufficient means to pay for food, lodging, or the necessities of life? Has this not been the case, and recently? Then what as to travelling expenses—what provision was made for the Catholic Chaplains to reach the remote station of Lucknow? Let the government understand all this, and know that equal justice and equal liberality to all Chaplains, Catholic, Protestant, or Presbyterian, is the sure, safe, and only way to fill up their vacant corps with brave, loyal, and grateful men.—FATHER THOMAS.

Ireland now is not what Ireland was before she lost two millions of her people—plenty of recruits there, not plenty now.—Tablet.

On Thursday night, the union workhouse at Athy, was almost consumed by fire. Three male paupers and five boys perished in the conflagration.



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The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE New Ministry under Lord Derby is now fairly installed in office, and the Premier has made his inaugural speech in the House of Lords indicating his intentions; he warmly denounced the late attempt on the French Emperor's life. There is nothing of importance from India, or China. Preparations were making for the invasion of Oude about the 25th ult.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The rain which had poured in torrents during the night, ceased at an early hour on Wednesday morning; and about 9 a.m., the different Irish Societies with their respective banners, mustered at the St. Patrick's Hall, from whence, preceded by Major Devlin's and Captain Bartley's Volunteer Companies, who made a most respectable appearance, and accompanied by several bands of music, they marched in procession, according to programme, to the St. Patrick's Church, to commemorate the anniversary of Catholic Ireland's glorious Apostle.

High Mass was sung by His Lordship Mgr. Demers, Bishop of Vancouver's Island, and the Sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Bentley of the College of Montreal, who took for his text, Ecclesiasticus, xxxix, 13 and 14.

"The memory of him shall not depart away, and his name shall be in request from generation to generation."

"Nations shall declare his wisdom; and the Church shall show forth his praise."

Upon these words of the Holy Spirit, so eminently applicable to the glorious Apostle of Ireland, the preacher dilated with the fervent eloquence of the Catholic priest and the Irish patriot. Of the truth of the prediction contained in his text he appealed to the joyous celebration of the anniversary festival of St. Patrick, and the vast assembly gathered together for its commemoration, as incontestible evidence. St. Patrick was in the highest sense of the word, a great man. Called of God to do a great work, nobly and faithfully he fulfilled the divine commission entrusted to him. The preacher then reverted to the history of St. Patrick, recapitulating the most striking features of the life and Missionary labors, of the heroic apostle. He traced his early career as a captive in the very land which he was ultimately destined to conquer, and amongst the very people whom he was in the fullness of time, to bring into subjection to the sweet yoke of Christ; and it was under those circumstances, that, inspired by the Holy Spirit, St. Patrick formed the holy resolve from which he never after swerved, of carrying to the people of Ireland the glad tidings of Salvation, through Jesus Christ.

Conscious however of his own weakness, and deeply impressed—as are all God's chosen ones—with a sense of his own unworthiness, St. Patrick after his deliverance from captivity, retired to a monastery, where for nearly thirty years he endeavored by prayer and meditation to prepare himself for the accomplishment of the great work to which he had been chosen; admitted to the holy order of the priesthood, he devoted himself heart and soul, with an energy that never flagged, with a lively confidence in God, and a humble reliance upon His blessed promises, to the conversion of Ireland to the Catholic faith. From one end of the island to the other St. Patrick pursued his career as a missionary of the Cross; praying, preaching, baptising, and administering the bread of life to the thousands who flocked to hear the gracious words that fell from his lips. No dangers could appal him, no amount of fatigue discourage him; though at times from sheer exhaustion, his hands almost refused to fulfil their office. But his work was crowned with success, and it was given to him to enjoy abundantly of the fruits of his labors. He lived to see the nation he so dearly loved, and which in return so dearly loves him brought within the fold of the Catholic Church; under his auspices, churches sprang up in all directions in which the gospel was preached, and the solemn rites of the faith were duly administered. Religion and learning flourished in the monasteries and educational establishments which he founded; and a pious clergy, presided over by a zealous Episcopate, gave assurance that the good seed which he had sown would, after he

was summoned to receive his reward from his heavenly master, still continue to bring forth abundance of fruit. Thus lived and labored St. Patrick; and the memory of him shall never pass away.

And what St. Patrick had been to Ireland that, argued the preacher, should the people of Ireland be at the present day; they too were called upon in an especial manner to be not only the conservators of the faith for themselves, but the dispensers of it to others. The people of Ireland were a missionary people; and so long as the sacred fire lit by the hands of St. Patrick continued to burn within their bosoms, would continue to be God's chosen instrument for converting the nations. Even the humblest and most ignorant amongst his hearers might do the work of St. Patrick, if they would but imitate the virtues of that Apostle; and thus by showing forth in their lives and conversations the beauties of their faith, be the means of winning souls to Christ, and of carrying on the glorious work of him whose memory they on that day celebrated. And thus shall the nations declare his wisdom and the Church show forth his praise.

The eloquent discourse—of which the above is a very brief and imperfect abstract—having been concluded, the officiating Bishop ascending the steps of the Altar proceeded with the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. During the Offertory, a very large collection was taken up; and the services closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

After Mass, the Procession re-formed. In front marched the Irish Volunteer Companies, with their bands of music, making the welkin ring again with the spirit-stirring strains of some fine old Irish melody, and awaking in the bosoms of the hearers many a fond recollection of the distant but never forgotten home of their sires. Then came No. 1 Hose Company, with its fine band, followed by the congregation of St. Patrick's Church, not members of any particular Society. Then came the St. Patrick's Temperance Association, marching beneath the banners of Father Matthew; and the Procession was closed by the St. Patrick's Society, the members and office-bearers decorated with the very handsome badges of their association, and accompanied by their Chaplain and the Reverend Clergy of St. Patrick's Church.

In this order the Procession proceeded down Radebonne street, along St. Antoine and Mount-streets to St. Anne's Church, where it halted and gave three hearty cheers for the City of Griffintown, and three more for the Reverend Father O'Brien. From St. Anne's Church the line of march was resumed along Wellington street, where a handsome arch was erected, and beneath which the Procession again halted, and cheered again for Griffintown and its spirited citizens. Then along McGill and Notre Dame streets, it continued its course until it arrived at the Place d'Armes, where from the windows of the Society's Rooms the vast multitude were addressed by M. Doherty Esq., 1st Vice President, by His Honour the Mayor, and by Major Devlin.

Throughout the line of the Procession the streets were brilliantly decorated with triumphal arches, and many colored banners. The utmost enthusiasm, and the most perfect good order, obtained throughout; and in spite of the unfavorable weather, our Irish fellow-citizens may well feel proud of the display that they made, and of the success which attended their celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

In the evening the Members of the St. Patrick's Society gave their annual banquet at Com-pain's Restaurant, M. Doherty, Esq., in the Chair. A large and joyous party assembled to do honor to the good things laid before them, and the evening passed off with the greatest hilarity. Our limited space prevents us from giving more than a very brief sketch of the proceedings.

The cloth having been removed, the Chairman rose to propose the first toast—the toast of the evening—"The Day, and all who honor it."

This day—said the Chairman in proposing this toast—was dear to every Irishman, and its commemoration was almost a sacred duty. The celebration of a National Festival was not peculiar to Irishmen, Englishmen, and Scotchmen. French Canadians and men of all countries had their special days on which they delighted to meet together to cherish the sacred fire of patriotism in their bosoms. St. Patrick's Day was the National Festival of Ireland, and well was the Day honored throughout the world: for go where one would, there was a son of St. Patrick to be found. In the field, and in the cabinet, in the deadly breach, and at the Council Board, the Irishman was to be found ready for every emergency: ready to serve his country either with his arm or with his head. The ubiquity of the "Irish Race," was a great fact: and wherever there was an Irishman, there would the toast which he had now the honor of proposing to them, be received with a hearty welcome:

"The Day, and all who honor it." The next toast on the list was—"The Pope."

This toast the Chairman heralded with some highly appropriate remarks, in which he dwelt upon the office and the person of the Sovereign Pontiff. The one was worthy of our veneration; the virtues of Pius IX claimed our warmest affections for the other. M. Ryan, Esq. briefly but most happily responded. He had been taken by surprise, as he had been given to understand that the duty of replying to this toast had been entrusted to another, who however from sickness in his family was unavoidably absent. He would however do his best, and desecrated with much good taste and feelings upon the many titles which Pius IX has to the veneration and affection of the Christian world in general, and of Catholics in particular. God indeed must be the heart of that Ca-

tholic which did not beat with more rapid pulsation, at the mention of the name of that illustrious man who now filled the Chair of St. Peter.

"The Queen." Song—"God Save the Queen." "Napoleon III." Responded to by Mr. Beaudry. "The President of the United States," was responded to by Mr. Dorwin, American Consul, who was happy to find himself amongst Irishmen, whose numbers and opulence exercised a powerful influence upon the destinies of his native land.

"Ireland the Land of Our Birth," was responded to as follows by C. W. Sharpley, Esq.:

Mr. President and gentlemen—The observations expressed in prefacing the toast which has just commended our warmest enthusiasm, leave but very little space for anything additional to be introduced. I would however observe that the sentiment of "Ireland, the land of our birth" is one well calculated to revive in the breast of every Irishman emotions of a most painful nature. Every honest and truly minded person feels proud in pointing to the land from whence he originated, more especially on occasions like present when his national emotions are so vividly brought into play. But to the children of St. Patrick belongs that peculiar desire to display their love of country, which at times shines forth so pre-eminently conspicuous. Witness the imposing celebration to-day of our National festival, made under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society, and countenanced and participated in by the much respected Irish Clergy; does it not clearly demonstrate that in commemorating the Festival of our patron Saint, we cherish a fond recollection for that hallowed spot, which has been so appropriately denominated the "Island of Saints." And here, Sir, I would observe that the Procession—evidently witnessed by thousands of our fellow-citizens with unmingled satisfaction—was characterised by so much good order and decorum that every man who assisted in spelling the ranks, must have experienced ineffable pleasure at the marked success which attended this patriotic movement. It is true, Sir, that amongst the multitude of our gladdened countrymen who were instrumental in contributing to the eclat of the occasion, there were many who, in looking back to the land of their birth, and pondering over the scenes of by-gone times, felt somewhat grieved by the saddened recollection that they were necessitated to exile themselves from the home of their fathers, for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain in a distant country that proportion of common fair play to which they were justly entitled, but which, alas! would not be extended towards them on their own soil; and add to this the melancholy fact, that many, very many of our dearest relatives and acquaintances lie afar off, under the green sod, "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking," and we need not therefore be surprised that if, during their gayest moments, they manifest a sorrow which in all probability can never be obliterated from their memory. I will not follow up the line of conduct which the majority of my countrymen pursue immediately after their arrival on this Continent. Although exposed to every demoralising temptation, they ultimately become the "bone and sinew" of the country;—they labour most assiduously to "take the tide at the flood;" and by following commendable avocations, and exercising a rigid economy, they are invariably led on to greatness." Allow me to give a striking illustration of the good success which has attended a large body of Irishmen, residents of this city, and I shall then conclude.

It is an indisputable fact, that the most important ward in this, the Capital of British North America, is that of St. Anne's. I will not allude to the improvements which are daily taking place, nor to the innumerable buildings so rapidly erected thereon, and standing prominently forward as living monuments of the enterprise of its inhabitants; nor will I refer to the fact of its having been instrumental in recently sending forth to the Legislature an "illustrious stranger," who has already become "the observed of all observers;" but I would simply state that its contributions to the funds of the Corporation exceed those of any other Ward; furthermore, that there are more "landed proprietors" in that Ward, than in any other section of the city; and it is most gratifying to announce, that the bulk of such proprietors are composed of Irishmen, who but a short time ago, were comparatively poor, and now, owing to their honest industry, they are in what may be justly termed a "comfortable position," qualified to faithfully discharge their liabilities, and not by any means apprehensive of being introduced to the bailiff, or bailiff's follower, having inadvertently rambled from "Ireland." Allow me with all sincerity, to propose the next toast on our list, namely, "Canada, the Land of our Adoption," and, in doing so, I feel quite satisfied a hearty response will be awarded it.

"The Preacher of the Day, and the Hierarchy and Clergy of the Catholic Church" was responded to by Mr. Hickey, who dwelt eloquently upon their labors and their patriotic services.

"The Sister Societies," responded to by St. Beaudry and Mr. Dorwin, the representatives of the St. Jean Baptiste and Now England Societies respectively.

"The Mayor and Corporation" responded to by his Honor the Mayor.

"The Press," responded to by Messrs. Hickey and McGarry; the latter said:

In rising to speak to the toast which has been proposed, and so ably responded to by the gentleman who preceded me, I think I cannot better preface my remarks than by expressing my great delight at seeing so many gay and pleasant countenances assembled at the annual Festival of the Patron Saint of Ireland—my native country—a land which nature formed so fair and lovely; but bad laws and misgovernment have reduced her to misery and starvation, and the remembrance of this dear land brings fond recollections to my memory. The toast, Sir, which I have the honor to speak to, is a very important one; and the humble individual who addresses you is not, I regret to say, competent to do it justice. Every one will admit that, through the instrumentality of the "Press" mighty things have been accomplished, wonderful things have been achieved—I might, indeed add, that the world has been revolutionised by its influence. The art of printing, Sir, has opened the door of knowledge to the poor as well as to the rich. Before its discovery, the means of obtaining the knowledge which the masses of civilised mankind possess now, were confined to a few—to the wealthy; as, in consequence of the enormous prices asked for manuscripts, and the tediousness of transcribing them, it was out of the power of the poorer classes to purchase them.—The invention of this noble art has conferred many blessings upon mankind. Has it not, among other things, been the means of placing in our hands works of great value, and at such a price that every one can have them?—has it not too restored to us the hidden treasures of Greece and Rome? What would the moderns know of the ancients had it not been for this now-born discovery? The "Press" has been styled the "Fourth Estate," and it will merit the title; for no other human agency exerts such a powerful influence over the people. It is the engine of thought, of power, and of action. It confers (if I may be permitted to say so) the mysterious destinies of the political world;—it is not only an able advocate of the poor and oppressed, but it is a powerful auxiliary—when properly wielded—in the cause of law, order and justice. In the words of the poet—

"Here shall the Press, the people's right maintain, Unawed by influence, unbribed by gain.— Here, Patriot Truth, her glorious precepts draw, Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law." Yes, Sir, a press that will advocate the cause of true liberty—a press that will endeavor to chain the arm of tyrants and oppressors of the people ought to be supported. With these observations, I will conclude by expressing a hope that we may meet again on many similar occasions as the present.

"The Ladies" responded to by Mr. Thomas Healy.

These were the toasts from the Chair. During the evening, a telegram was received from D. McGee, M.P.P., by Mr. Sharpley, Vice President, proposing "Success and Honor to the St. Patrick Society," received with applause, and the health of the proposer was given with enthusiasm. It was not till a late hour that the party broke up, well satisfied with one another, and justly proud of their celebration of St. Patrick's Day, 1858.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

Everything must have an end, and so even the debate in the Legislative Assembly on the Address was brought to a close on Friday night of last week. The result was, as might have been anticipated, decidedly favorable to the Ministry, the amendments offered by the opposition having been negatived by large majorities. The first, that recommending the adoption of the *ad valorem* principle, was rejected by a majority of 38; the numbers being Yeas 40—Nays 78.

On the question of representation by population the majority was still greater in favor of Ministry. On this question M. M. Dorion and McGee voted with the majority, thus showing that their opposition is a constitutional, not a factious opposition; and that they are as prepared to support the Ministry when right, as they are determined to oppose them when wrong. This is the policy of independent and constitutional, as distinguished from factious opposition, which we have always advocated, as the best policy for Catholics to adopt.

There was nothing very interesting in the speeches of Hon. Members. Mr. Alley of Quebec delivered himself however of some remarks which, if correctly reported in the *Toronto Colonist*, do but little credit either to his head or to his heart; and which to a Catholic, to a true son of the Church, are more painful than the most rabid abuse of her most inveterate enemies. His speech, as reported in the press, is in fact one of the most miserable whining apologies for Catholicity that we had ever the misfortune to come across. Catholics of Lower Canada, he said, "respected, and were as stout protectors of religious liberty as those of any other sect;" thus including his spiritual mother, the glorious Catholic Church, the immaculate Spouse of Christ, amongst the "sects." Was this language for a Catholic to utter? "Catholics as stout protectors of religious liberty as those of any other sect" forsooth! Since when has the Catholic Church become a "sect?" Where, when, and under what circumstances, has any Protestant "sect" been a "protector of religious liberty?" Not in England, not in Ireland, not in Sweden—not in the United States—and assuredly not in Canada. And is the Church to be compared by Catholics to any of the persecuting "sects" of Protestantism? God forbid; sooner would we hear our Spiritual Mother reviled by George Brown, than defended by Mr. Alley.

But then Mr. Alley also tells us that he does "not see that any Christian sect"—and remember he includes the Catholic Church amongst the sects—"that any Christian sect had done much for religion or social liberty." We hope, we almost believe, that the reporters of his speech have done him an injustice; and that Mr. Alley uttered no such absurdity, offered no such insult to his Church, as is implied in the above extract. Yet a liberal Catholic, anxious to stand well with his Protestant associates, and above all when in the apologetic mood, does say strange things sometimes; and the politician, we know, would always rather attribute the progress of social and religious liberty, to the action of the State, or of the Civil Government, than to that of the "sects," even though amongst those sects he includes the Holy Catholic Church.

And then, in the excess of his liberality, "as a politician, he repudiated" the charge of "priestly influence" in politics. "The course of the politician, and the course of the priest, were separate and distinct," he said; and so say the *Rouges* and political atheists, so argued the prosecutors of Fathers Conway and Ryan; but what says the Catholic?—what does the Christian statesman say?—and what does the Church herself teach? Does she teach that there is no connection between things spiritual, and things secular?—or that the course of the politician, and that of the priest, are distinct and separate? We would recommend Mr. Alley to read his catechism, and to study the history of the Church. In that history he will find many instances in which the priest has interfered, pretty actively too, with the course of the "politician."

This hacknied cry of "no connection between religion and politics," is most unbecoming in the mouth of one who calls himself a Catholic. Mr. Alley should leave it to *Le National*, to the *Avenir*, and *Montreal Witness*, for it is part and parcel of their stock-in-trade; and he will, we hope, for the future remember, that even Protestants respect him far more highly who stands up for his religion in a bold independent manner—like one who believes that his Church is of God, and therefore, as a logical consequence, that her adversaries are of the devil—than they do the poor timid creature who contents himself with whining out a miserable apology, and claiming for Catholics the credit of being as "stout protectors of religious liberty as those of any other sect." We say this out of

no ill will to Mr. Alley, but because it is the duty of every Catholic to resent an insult offered to his Spiritual Mother—and because the worst insult that can be offered her is an apology for her from the mouth of her children. The Church is of God—without spot, blemish, or wrinkle—and therefore needs no one to apologise for her, as if it were possible even, that she could fall into error.

M. Turcotte—a French Canadian member—also distinguished himself by his liberality towards Orangemen, to whom he was prepared to extend the right hand of fellowship. Were this sentiment dictated by that precept of Christianity which bids us love our enemies, M. Turcotte would be entitled to the highest praise.—But we fear that it is rather the proof of a craven, than of a Christian spirit, and that it savors more of the docility of the fawning cur, than of the heroism of the martyr. A well whipt spaniel dog loves, it is said, the hand that flogs it; and upon the same principle, M. Turcotte would fain embrace those who make no secret of their scorn and hatred of his race and creed, whose avowed object is to assert their "Ascendancy," and to reduce him and his kindred to the position of an "inferior race." Were the abject sentiments of M. Turcotte those of the majority of his fellow-countrymen, an "inferior race" they would deserve to be indeed; destitute of pluck, and fitted only to be trampled upon with impunity.—But such is not the case; and we are sure that our high spirited friends of Lower Canada are neither such fools as to be deceived by lying professions of liberality from Orange lips, nor so lost to every sentiment of honor as to be ready, like M. Turcotte, to fawn upon the irreconcilable enemies of their Church and their distinctive nationality. The liberal professions of M. Turcotte, disgraceful to him as a French Canadian, still more disgraceful to him as a Catholic, will find no echo in the breasts of his Catholic fellow-countrymen of the Lower Province.

M. Sicotte in a very able speech, brought the long debate to a close. His declaration of Ministerial intentions on the School Question was clear and explicit, like that of an honest man, whom we must respect, though an opponent.—They—the Ministry—had said they were determined to pay no attention to the remonstrances of the Bishop of Toronto; they did not care a straw for him, and were determined to maintain the present "beautiful" system under which "Separate schools could be hardly said to exist at all in Upper Canada." If after this there be any Catholic simple enough to think that we have any justice to expect from the present Ministry, all we can say is "God help the poor addle-pated creature, and send him better sense." To argue with such a one would be a waste of time.

On Monday the 15th Mr. McGee moved for an address for all correspondence relating to the murder of John Farrell, by the Orangemen at Alma. The motion was carried, and the papers will we suppose be laid before the House in the course of next week.

A CASE FOR THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARIES.—At a late general meeting of this body held in Montreal, great commiseration for the "spiritual destitution" of the French Canadians was expressed by the several speakers. This destitution proceeded, according to one reverend gentleman, from "their"—the F. Canadians—"not being fed with the bread of life;" and a motion that the real stuff, warranted fresh from the spiritual ovens of the Swaddling bakers, should be distributed extensively amongst the starving Papists of the Lower Province, was carried by acclamation.

This generous resolve of our evangelical friends reflects more honor on their hearts than on their heads; and encourages us to hope that they will not refuse to take into consideration the still more fearful "spiritual destitution" of their brother Protestants—who of course, as brethren, have a prior claim on their bounty—in England. Of this destitution a sad picture was drawn by Sir John Pakington in the House of Commons, during a late debate on the moral and intellectual condition of the poorer classes of society in that thoroughly Protestant country. 'The F. Canadians may be in great want of the "bread of life," but that they are not in that respect so badly off as are the English Protestants, is evident from the statistics which Sir John laid before the British House of Commons. From these it would appear by the reports of the gaol chaplains that, of those who became the inmates of gaols in England, "Forty per cent. were absolutely ignorant of the name of Our Saviour;" and still more appalling to Protestant ears, that "Sixty or Seventy per cent. were ignorant"—not only of the name of their Saviour, but—"of the name of Queen Victoria!"

Now, whatever may be the "spiritual destitution" of the Papists of Lower Canada, there is not, we affirm confidently, anything half so fearful as this. Amongst them there are none who are not from their earliest childhood taught to lip the sweet name of Jesus, to love Him as their Saviour, and to put all their trust in Him as their Redeemer. The truths embodied in the

Apoptes' Creed are all familiar to even the most ignorant and destitute of our French Canadian population. They believe in One God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; in one Lord Jesus Christ His only Son, Our Lord, who for our sakes was incarnate of the B. Virgin, and was made man; died for us on the cross, and rose again from the grave; ascended into the heavens, from whence He will come to judge the living and the dead. They believe too, in the Holy Spirit proceeding from Father and from Son—the Holy Catholic Church—the remission of sins—the resurrection of the body, and everlasting life; and of all these truths, which do in some measure contribute to the "bread of life," have they been in possession from their earliest childhood, thanks to the labors of their Romish priests. What then is this new "spiritual loaf" with which our Wesleyan friends propose to furnish them?

We fear that it will be found upon examination to be wretched in quality, and sadly deficient in weight; made of sour flour, wretchedly kneaded, worse leavened, and very imperfectly baked; unpleasant to the taste, difficult of digestion, and most deleterious in its effects upon the consumers. We would exhort the saints therefore to try it first upon their fellow-Protestants of England—"ignorant of the name of Our Saviour"—"ignorant," dreadful to relate, "of the name of Queen Victoria." It is always prudent to try first experiments on some vile substance, as if they fail, no great harm is done. Test then the effects of your "bread of life" upon the masses of the Protestant population of England, would we say to the Wesleyan missionaries. Even if it does no good, it can do no harm to the body experimented upon; but in the name of common sense do abstain from endeavoring to thrust the loathsome compound down the throats of the Catholics of this country; whose stomachs reject with disgust the vile stuff that you offer them as the "bread of life," and who, as it is, are in possession of food infinitely more wholesome, palatable and nutritious than anything that you can turn out of your bakeries, or mix up with your soup. Listen to the cry of the starving millions of Protestant England—starving alas! because fed upon the miserable husks of the conventicle—husks from which even our Canadian wine would turn with contempt if presented to them as food; and which will most assuredly never find acceptance with those who have been fed on the rich meats of the Catholic Church.

"The Religious Weakness of Protestantism" is the title of a remarkable article in the last number of the *Westminster Review*—one of the most popular, and decidedly the most ably conducted Protestant periodicals of the British Empire. The causes and symptoms of the "weakness" under which Protestantism is laboring are carefully analysed, and scientifically grouped; but there is one cause to which in our opinion the *Reviewer* does not pay sufficient attention—and that is, that Protestantism is, and by its very nature must be, opposed to religion in the true sense of the word. A "Protestant Religion" involves a contradiction of terms.

But whatever may be the opinions entertained by members of the different denominations of the value of the *Reviewer's* diagnoses of the case, the facts themselves—showing that Protestantism, as a phase of Christianity, is in a state of extreme debility—are beyond all doubt. They meet us at every turn, nor could we, if we would, avoid stumbling over them at every step we take. In rain do evangelical journals, with many a flourish of nasal trumpets, proclaim the wonders of a Revival—in rain does the *Montreal Witness* inform its readers that "a gracious shower of heavenly grace" has been "vouchsafed to the Cavagnol Mission;" that "20 souls have been converted;" and that "souls in other parts are equiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward." All these cant phrases, the worn out stock-in-trade of the saints, cannot disguise the real facts of the case, that Protestantism is daily becoming more truly Protestant, and that its component parts, from its very weakness, from the want of any internal principle of cohesion, are rapidly falling asunder.

Of this we have a notable example in the self same number of our cotemporary as that wherein he speaks with so much unction of the "shower of grace," the "20 souls" converted, and the large parcel of other "souls enquiring the way to Zion." Not only does the *Montreal Witness* mourn over the sectarian spirit of several "leaders of denominations" whom he looks upon "as leaders of the Lord's Host," but he has an article specially devoted to the consideration of the "Confusion in the American Tract and Bible Societies;" thus at once admitting, and indicating the cause of the "Religious Weakness of Protestantism," even in its strongholds erected for the express purpose of resisting the encroachments of the "Man of Sin."

And how can there be aught save "confusion," and consequently "weakness" in the camp of our enemies? A body which recognises no common authority must needs fall into confusion, and Protestants recognise no common authority. They profess, it is true, to recognise the Bible as an

authority common to all; but then they cannot agree as to what is the Bible, and hence endless contentions, and confusion worse confounded. Let us see, how the case stands with the "American Bible Societies," which, as we learn from the *Montreal Witness* are "rapidly getting into a state of internal antagonism."

Some years ago the conviction forced itself upon the leaders of these Societies that the "authorised version" of the Bible was corrupt in many passages, and stood in need of revision and emendation. It was generally felt too, that the boast of Protestants that they administered the Bible to their patients, pure, and without "note or comment" was incompatible with the "headings" or "notes and comments" prefixed to the different chapters of the sacred writings—though such prefixed "notes and comments" are by all Protestants admitted to be indispensably "necessary to the profitable perusal" of certain portions thereof, as for instance the "Song of Solomon." Here then was what our Yankee neighbors would call "a fix;" and the harder the unfortunate Committee, charged with the work of revising and amending the Word of God, struggled to free themselves, the deeper they sunk into the mire. A compromise was attempted, but this, as is usual with most compromises, made matters worse; nobody, in short, was pleased with the *via media* bit upon by the Committee, which seems to have been this. They would not do away with the "headings" altogether, nor could they leave them as they were; they therefore hit upon the notable expedient of revising them, changing the word "Zion" for "Church," and substituting—so says the *Montreal Witness*—"in the Song of Solomon some textual form of expression for the 'Church' and 'Christ.'" That is, the Committee felt the impossibility, without appealing to the authority of some divinely appointed, and therefore infallible expounder of Holy Writ—of establishing the fact that in the Song of Solomon, Christ and His Church are alluded to under the terms of the Bridegroom and Bride; and therefore they felt compelled to abandon the old "headings" of the authorised version; whilst without "headings" of some kind they acknowledged that the book would be unintelligible, and its perusal, in a spiritual point of view, most unprofitable. They have therefore preserved the "headings" to the different chapters, having first carefully squeezed all the meaning out of them.

The new version flourished for a season, and it was hoped that the "Word of God" question was definitively settled. "By-and-bye, however," says the *Montreal Witness*, "a low muttering as of distant thunder was heard against the innovation." The new version, after having done duty for some years as the "Word of God" was repudiated and prohibited by the Board. The committee felt aggrieved and struck work; a violent excitement ensued, and adds the *Witness*, "a reaction is setting in which threatens to shake the Society to its centre."

"The Tract Society," remarks our cotemporary, "is foundering deeper and deeper in the mire on the slavery question." North and South are at variance, and are too deeply absorbed in their mutual bickerings, to bother their heads about the souls of benighted Papists. Confusion and discord reign in the camp, and the angry shouts of the noisy belligerents fully confirm the statements of the *Westminster Reviewer* as to the "Religious Weakness of Protestantism." In fact, the days of Protestantism as a phase of Christianity are nearly numbered; though as Denialism, which is its essence, it is perhaps stronger than ever. In so far as it is Christian at all, Protestantism is so only in virtue of that wherein it agrees with Popery. But this alliance or agreement with Popery is to it a continual source of weakness, and must therefore be got rid of, as something repugnant to its very essence. The strength, on the other hand, of Protestantism consists in that wherein it differs from Popery; but wherein it differs from Popery, Protestantism is identical with heathenism—for it is only in virtue of that which he holds in common with the Papist, that the Protestant can in any sense lay claim to the title of Christian. It is evident therefore that, as its unnatural alliance with Christianity is the main cause of the weakness of Protestantism, so to recruit its strength, it must cultivate more intimate relations with heathenism to which it is naturally allied. This is the actual policy of Protestantism; and hence it is that whilst as a phase of Christianity, Protestantism is on its last legs, as a phase of heathenism, it is, in the United States especially, more vigorous than ever.

A CORRECTION.—Misrepresentation by a member of Parliament, of our expressed sentiments on the "School Question" compels us to notice, and to contradict flatly, a statement made by Mr. Mowat during the adjourned debate on the Address, in the Legislative Assembly, on Thursday the 11th inst. Speaking of the TRUE WITNESS, that gentleman stated that our avowed object was—

"The total overthrow of the Common School system, to fall back on the system of voluntarism in matters of education."

That, said Mr. Mowat "was from the TRUE

Witness;" and in so saying Mr. Mowat said, not to put too fine a point upon it, that which was not true, but diametrically opposed to all that the TRUE WITNESS has ever uttered upon the School Question.

That we aim at obtaining an efficient Separate School system is true; and in so far we do aim at the overthrow of the "Common" School system. "Common" and "Separate" are not only contraries but the contradictories of one another; they are mutually incompatible: so that if we have one, it is a moral impossibility to have the other. Every man therefore who asks for the establishment of "Separate Schools," asks in the same breath for the total overthrow of the "Common School system." This every one not a fool, every one who understands the meaning of words, must perceive; and in this sense, but in no other, the TRUE WITNESS has in view "the total overthrow of the Common School system."

But not "to fall back upon the system of voluntarism;" for day after day have we pointed out that our ultimate object is the establishment of a "Separate system," supported by grants in aid from the State, applied impartially to all denominations. Of the voluntary system, whether for Church or School, we have never been the advocates; believing that it is highly advantageous, both to Church and to State, that the latter should make material provision for the support both of religion and of education. In fact the very article from which honest, truth loving Mr. Mowat pretended to quote, contained these words—"we do not necessarily advocate it;" that is the Voluntary System; we cannot therefore acquit Mr. Mowat of having willfully misrepresented our meaning, for party purposes.

The utmost that we have ever urged in favour of the Voluntary System is this—that it has no terrors for us as Catholics; and that with all its deficiencies it would be a great improvement on the present system; that if, on the one hand, our schools received under its operation, no assistance from the State, so on the other, Catholic parents would no longer be obliged in virtue of an iniquitous School Law to pay for the support of schools which they cannot consistently with their duties towards God, allow their children to attend. As a *pis aller*, we would be content to accept the Voluntary system; but we have never urged its adoption as the best possible system, either for Church or School.

In fact the question as to the advantages of the Voluntary, over the present system, so far as Catholics are concerned—is a simple question of arithmetic. The total assistance received by the Catholic Schools of Upper Canada from the State may be put down at £600, out of the sum of £50,000, allotted to educational purposes: this £600 expresses the entire value of the actual system to Catholics. Now if the amount that they are compelled to pay towards the support of Non-Catholic schools, and the building and keeping in repair of Non-Catholic school houses, is, as we have no doubt it is—more than £600, Catholics would be pecuniarily gainers by the total overthrow of the whole school system, and the entire withdrawal of all State aid for educational purposes. In a moral point of view, the advantages to Catholics by the adoption of Voluntarism, would be incalculable.

Now the present Ministry, both in their addresses to their respective constituencies, and through their accredited organs of the press, have told us, and tell us still, that no change shall be made in the existing laws, that no relief from the burdens under which they labor, shall be given to the Catholic minority of the Upper Province. "One word" says the *Colonist* of last week "with regard to the Common School System. If the country is to have the benefit of it, it must be allowed to remain as it is;" and rather than allow it to "remain as it is," rather than submit to the injustice of being compelled to pay for schools which we look upon as eminently "dangerous to faith and morals," we would accept Voluntarism, not as the best, but as the only alternative offered us by our opponents. In this modified sense only do we advocate Voluntarism.

THE "INFERIOR RACE."—Our French Canadian fellow-citizens should really feel flattered with the treatment they receive at the hands of our government, and the attention that is paid to their claims. There is no accounting for tastes, and of course no use in disputing about them; but we must confess that the following wanton insult offered to them, in the person of a gallant fellow-countryman, would be a little, just a *leelle*, too highly seasoned for the taste of most people.

It seems that there were two candidates the other day for a captain's commission in the new regiment levied in Canada. The one was a gentleman who had seen active service in the Crimea, and had there distinguished himself by his gallantry and soldier like qualities—but unfortunately he was a French Canadian, and his name was M. Casault. The other candidate to be sure, had never seen service of any kind, never smelt powder, or heard a shot fired in anger; and had no personal experience whatever of the duties

of a soldier. But then he was one of the "superior race," and therefore, of course, found favor in the eyes of the Government. The Toronto correspondent of the *Montreal Herald*, informs us that "the Governor General was influenced by a letter from a late M.P.P., advising him against giving commissions to French-Canadians, as they were all disloyal." How our friends in Lower Canada will put up with this treatment, we cannot pretend to say; but we have no hesitation in saying that it manifests a gross disregard of the interests of the public service on the part of the Government—a design to insult a large portion of Queen Victoria's most gallant subjects—and a determination to uphold the fancied superiority of the more than half Yankeeified Upper Canadians over the people of the Lower Province.

WHAT CATHOLICS DO FOR EDUCATION.—We learn from the *American and Foreign Christian Union*—a most violent anti-Catholic periodical—that, in New York, in spite of the disadvantages under which they labor, in spite of their Protestant neighbours for the support of those dens of vice and premature prostitution, known as the "common schools," the Catholics of that city have upwards of twelve thousand children, educated in their own private schools, by upwards of three hundred professed teachers; and that they have school property worth nearly Two Millions of Dollars. These facts the Protestant points out to his fellow citizens, no doubt with the object of inciting them to the confiscation of such an amount of Popish school property, upon the same principle that Protestants throughout the world have stolen, and appropriated to their own uses all Catholic Church property; but we copy them as affording a striking confirmation of the truth of what we advanced some two weeks ago—to the effect, that however it might be with others, Catholics, and Irish Catholics especially, need no State stimulants to induce them to support education for their children. If the Catholics of New York have done such great things for the cause of education, hampered as they are by the burden of supporting the infamous common schools, what might they not have done, if in the enjoyment of perfect "Freedom of Education?" what might we not expect from the enlightened zeal of the Catholics of this country, could we but manage to throw off the degrading shackles of "State-Schoolism?"

COBBOURG ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

The above Society was organized on the 21st January, 1858, when the following officers were elected for the current year:—

- Thos. Heenan, Esq., J.P., President.
  - Joseph Pidgeon, Esq., Vice President.
  - Edward Lawder, Esq., Treasurer.
  - Michael Cunningham, Esq., Cor. Sec.
  - Denis Feely, Esq., Rec. Sec.
- Marshals—Mr. Patrick Keown, Mr. James Murphy.
- Committee of Management—Messrs. Edward Farry, Charles Craig, Daniel Donnegan, James Feely, Cornelius Powers, John Keown, Michael Curtin, Patrick Brennan.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, KINGSTON.—On Monday evening, the St. Patrick's Society held its annual meeting in their rooms, Ontario street. There was a very large attendance of the members indeed the large room was crowded to excess, fully five hundred being assembled. After the routine business being transacted, and several new members admitted,—the Society proceeded to the election of officers for the current year. Mr. O'Reilly, the President of the Society, stated to the Society that in consequence of his intended removal to the City of Ottawa, he could not think of permitting himself to be nominated again, he in eloquent terms thanked the Society for the repeated instances of its confidence which he had received. The following officers were then elected for the current year:—

- President—Daniel MacArow, Esq.
  - Vice President—Mr. Christopher Farrell.
  - Recording Secretary—Councilman Bowes.
  - Corresponding Secretary—Mr. John Comerford.
  - Treasurer—Mr. Robert Coady.
  - Grand Marshal—Mr. Roland Kane.
  - Assistant Marshal—Mr. William Hilliard.
- Committee of Management—Peter Kilduff, John Smith, Michael Hinch, John Lucitt, Dennis Whelan, Edward Sullivan, Henry Massau, John Murphy, Henry Colwell, Francis Halsey and Garret Brock.—*Herald*.

We (*Ottawa Tribune*) stop the press to announce the sad intelligence that the Rev. Father Hand, the beloved Parish Priest of Aylmer, died suddenly this morning, (Friday,) about half-past 7 o'clock. The deceased gentleman complained last night of slight indisposition, and was restless and uneasy the entire night. He was preparing to celebrate Mass, when, as supposed, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and expired in a few moments. May his soul rest in peace.

Mr. M. McNamara has kindly consented to act as our Agent for Kingston and surrounding neighbourhood.

☞ Acknowledgments in our next.

Miller, who shot Farrell in the Alma affair, has been arrested and committed by George Barron, Esq., J. P., Nichol township, to Guelph jail on Tuesday, to abide his trial at the ensuing assizes.

It will be seen, by the following, from the *London Times* of the 18th ultimo, that the same high authority has reversed a decision of our Court of Queen's Bench, on the appeal of our fellow-citizen, Mr. J. L. Beaudry.—

BRADURY vs. THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL.—This was an appeal from a decision of the Court of Queen's Bench of Canada upon the question of whether the corporation of Montreal were empowered, under a local Act, to take a piece of land belonging to the appellant for the purpose of making improvements in the town. The Lord Chief Baron delivered their lordships' judgment, reversing the decision of the Court below. Judgment for the appellant.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

		March 17, 1858.	
		s. d.	s. d.
Flour,	per quintal	11 0	@ 12 0
Oatmeal,	per bushel	9 6	@ 10 0
Wheat,	per minot	5 0	@ 6 0
Oats,	per bushel	1 8	@ 1 9
Barley,	per bushel	2 6	@ 2 9
Peas,	per bushel	4 0	@ 4 2
Beans,	per bushel	7 6	@ 8 0
Buckwheat,	per bushel	2 0	@ 2 3
Potatoes,	per bag	3 9	@ 4 0
Mutton,	per qr.	5 0	@ 7 6
Beef,	per lb.	0 4	@ 0 9
Lard,	per lb.	0 9	@ 10 0
Pork,	per lb.	0 6	@ 0 7
Butter, Fresh,	per lb.	1 3	@ 1 6
Butter, Salt,	per lb.	0 7	@ 0 8 1/2
Eggs,	per dozen	0 11	@ 1 0
Fresh Pork,	per 100 lbs.	27 6	@ 32 6
Asbes—Pots,	per 100 lbs.	29 0	@ 30 0
Pearls,	per 100 lbs.	28 0	@ 29 0

WANTED,  
FOR A CATHOLIC BOYS' SCHOOL at New Liverpool, in the parish of St. Romuald, near Quebec —by 1st May next—a good, moral and competent Catholic Teacher of the various branches of a sound English education with Writing and Arithmetic, who could also give lessons in French. Salary £75 per annum.  
Apply by letter prepaid, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Sax, or the undersigned, at New Liverpool,  
JAMES THOMSON.  
☞ A married couple preferred.  
March 16th, 1858.

WANTED,  
A SITUATION as TEACHER of a R. C. Separate School, by a person of long experience who holds a "First Class Certificate." A letter addressed to this office—Post-paid—shall meet with due attention.  
March 16th, 1858.  
A SITUATION, as TEACHER, by a young man having seven years experience; was trained in the Model Schools of the Commissioners of National Education (Ireland). Can produce good testimonials as to Character, and Competence from School Inspectors. Any communication addressed to C. D., care of True Witness office will be immediately attended to.  
Montreal, March 18, 1858.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.  
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON,  
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE  
*Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.*  
Every family should have a bottle of these Bitters in the house.  
ONE DOSE will instantly relieve a sick stomach, ONE DOSE will cure the most distressing heart-burn.  
ONE DOSE will allay any agitation of the nerves. ONE DOSE taken an hour before meals, will give a good appetite.  
ONE DOSE will in many cases cure the most severe headache, when proceeding from a disordered stomach.  
These Bitters can be obtained at any Druggist's or seller of Patent Medicines in the United States and Canada. Price 75 cents per bottle. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle.

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL REMEDY.  
Davis' Pain Killer.—It is a real pleasure to us to speak favorably of this article, known almost universally to be a good and safe remedy for burns and other pains of the body. It is valuable not only for colds in the winter, but for various summer complaints, and should be in every family.—C. Advocate.  
We call attention to the great remedy of Perry Davis & Son called the Pain Killer. We believe that the public generally have great confidence in the efficacy of this medicine, as it is in this State very generally used.—Biblical Recorder, (N.C.)  
Messrs. P. Davis & Son, Gentlemen: We have to report an increasing demand for the Pain Killer. Inquiries for the article are frequent. We have taken the liberty of distributing a few bottles among our friends, who have suffered severely with the rheumatism, (which is very prevalent in this country) and in every instance it has given great satisfaction.—Every box we sell makes an opening for a larger supply.  
WILLS, HOLDEN & CO., Melbourne, Australia.  
Lyman, Savage & Co., and Carter, Kerry & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.  
Sold by Druggists everywhere.

POINT ST. CHARLES,  
WELLINGTON STREET WEST.

TO LET,  
TWO SUPERIOR RESIDENCES.  
—ALSO—  
TWO NEAT BRICK COTTAGES, designated as the "ERINA" and "ST. GABRIEL COTTAGES," with a Good Garden attached to each.  
—AND—  
A few valuable Building Lots on Wellington Street West.  
For Particulars, apply to  
FRANCIS MULLINS,  
Wellington Street West.  
March 16.

MRS. UNSWORTH  
HAS the honor to announce to her Friends and the Public, that she will give a  
GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL  
CONCERT,  
AT THE MECHANICS' HALL,  
ON  
TUESDAY, THE 6TH APRIL,  
Assisted by her DAUGHTERS and several distinguished AMATEURS and PROFESSORS.  
☞ Programme in future advertisement.  
March 11, 1858.

A LUXURY FOR HOME.  
IF our readers would have a positive Luxury for the Toilet, purchase a Bottle of the "*Persian Balm*" for Cleansing the Teeth, Shaving, Cham-pooing, Bathing; Removing Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sun-marks, and all disagreeable appearances of the skin. It is unequalled.  
No Traveller should be without this beautiful preparation; as it soothes the Burning sensation of the skin while Travelling, and renders it soft. No person can have Sore or Chapped Hands, or Face, and use the "*Persian Balm*" at their Toilet.  
Try this great "*Home Luxury*."  
S. S. BLODGETT & Co., Proprietors,  
Ogdensburg, N. Y.  
LAMPLUGH & CAMPBELL,  
(Wholesale Agents),  
Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, FEB. 24.—Three members of the Paris bar, belonging to the advanced Republican party, were arrested yesterday. Their names, I am told, are Maillard, who was one of the Commissioners of the Provisional Government, and a candidate at the last election in the department of the Correz; Vinkin, who was Deputy-Procurer in Africa under the same régime; and Hubbard, who was imprisoned for three years for the Opera Comique plot. Hardly six months have passed since his release. It is also said that an actor of the Odeon is under arrest. The cause of these arrests is probably some indiscreet or violent language.—Times Correspondent.

The trial of Orsini and his colleagues commenced Thursday morning, Feb. 25, before the Court of Assizes of the Seine, M. Delangle presiding. The Court was crowded to excess, and the anxiety to obtain admission was extreme.—No person, however, was admitted after half-past ten, on any pretence whatever, and if any one left the Court he could not again return. The prisoners, who were dressed in black, are all young men, with the exception of Pierri, who is middle-aged. They all seemed composed, and listened with attention to the proceedings. The early part of the day was taken up with the reading of the indictment, which is of great length. There are no less than 33 witnesses.—Gomez denied any participation in the act. He only knew of it at the last moment. Rudio confessed everything. He threw one bomb. He incriminated the rest of the prisoners. Orsini confirmed his former account, and accepted the full responsibility of the part he had taken in the affair. He confessed he wanted to kill the Emperor, and he was ready to die. He never confided his intention to Mr. Allsop. M. Bernard brought the bombs to Brussels, but did not know for what purpose they were intended. Would not say anything as to the other prisoners.—Pierri denied all participation in the conspiracy until the day the attempt was made, and then repented. Most of the witnesses were heard. Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham, did not answer to his name.

A small and rather curious pamphlet of seven-teen pages has just appeared. I cannot say that it issues from the Paris press, because it has neither the place of its publication nor the name of the author, nor of the printer. I have heard some conjectures about its being here, but no more than conjecture. It is entitled "Coup d'Œil sur la Situation," and the topic it discusses is the attempt of the 14th of January. It purports to show that the Emperor Napoleon III. is hated not merely by the ultra-Revolutionary party, but perhaps still more by the despotic governments of Europe. The strong allusions to the King of Naples is the only clue as to the source whence the writer may have drawn his inspirations. He declares that the late attempt has excited the hopes of a potentate "who represents the counter-revolution, as the elect of universal suffrage governs France and is the living symbol of progress by national authority." Paris Correspondent of the Times.

Mgr. Charbonnel, Bishop of Toronto, C.W., has been deputed by the Sovereign Pontiff to revive in France the noble work of the Propagation of the Faith amongst infidel nations.—This holy apostle tore himself from his beloved diocese, and the flock for whom he had done so much, to obey the call of God, and he brings with him into the principal cities of France his generous, pure, and holy zeal. The Bishop of Toronto fulfils his mission admirably, full of vigor, of simplicity, of kindness. He converses rather than preaches; he cites facts; he speaks of 800 millions of infidels who are waiting to be converted, when France sends to them more abundantly the triple charity of its centimes, its missionaries, and its religion. The soul of the apostle, burning with faith and charity, breathes in every word, and these inspired words sink into the hearts of his auditors. Thus, at Valence, as elsewhere, he had the consolation of registering new and numerous names for the list of the cherished work—the propagation of the Faith.—Catholic Telegraph.

The Paris correspondent of the Times states that the result of the division on the Conspiracy to Murder Bill has created a great sensation among all classes. The government organs have lowered their style, officials are bewildered, and persons not over friendly to England admit that matters have been carried too far with her. Some regret the fall of Lord Palmerston, but nearly all condemn the causes that led to it—few recalc without indignation the language of the colonels, or without shame that the present French minister should assert that in England the doctrine of assassination is openly preached.

La Presse observes that, while the desire to deal a blow to Lord Palmerston's cabinet is obvious in the vote on the Conspiracy Bill, it would be wrong not to take into account the sentiment of national pride and susceptibility which in England is easily aroused.

Le Nord states that, according to its correspondents from Paris, the general opinion is that the alliance with France will still continue the basis of the policy of the new cabinet, and that under some form or other it will give satisfaction to the demands of France.

The Pays maintains that the Anglo-French alliance is above the vicissitudes of a minister or a cabinet. It says:—

"Are we to interpret Lord Palmerston's fall as a check to the alliance? We do not believe this. The alliance loses in the noble lord a superior mind and a tried devotion; but this alliance rises superior to persons or to individual will; it represents the new interests of civilisation, and we do not believe that a single party exists in England that has not inscribed the French alliance at the head of its programme."

The Times correspondent, writing on Friday evening, says:—

"M. de Persigny has probably arrived in London by this day. It is said that the last instructions given to him previous to his departure were of a very conciliatory character, and, if re-

meur speaks true, evince the great desire to maintain cordial relations based on the alliance between the two countries. Of this feeling on the part of the Emperor I have no doubt, and that it will prevail, in spite of the mistakes or malevolence of others, I firmly trust."

BELGIUM.

It is announced that the government of Belgium, as well as that of Piedmont, has followed Switzerland in yielding to the demands of the French government relative to the location, surveillance, and, it need be, expulsion of foreign refugees denounced as dangerous by that government, and, moreover, that larger powers for controlling and punishing offending journals will probably be sought. In Belgium a project of law was published in the official journal of the 17th providing for the more summary punishment of persons who shall conspire against the life of the chief of a foreign government, or who shall enter into a conspiracy to change the form of a foreign government, or excite the inhabitants of a foreign country to arm themselves against the authority of the chief of the government of that country.

SWITZERLAND.

The Times correspondent says:— "The Ultramontanists are about to disturb the peace of Switzerland, and the High Church Protestants are likely to aid and abet them. The Ultramontanists are resolved to make the Church independent of the State, or rather to place the former above the latter. The Bishop of St. Gall—the Prelate who has first taken the field—among other trifles demands that the Clergy shall no longer be amenable to the temporal authorities, and that spiritual ordinances shall be valid without the 'placet' of the state. In Freiburg, one of the seven 'Sonderbund' cantons, the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva so completely 'rules the roost' that his word is law. The High Church Protestants in Switzerland quote Hengstenberg and other men of his way of thinking, who declare, 'that whatever may be sacrificed, peace must be restored between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches. A memorial, drawn up by the above mentioned Bishop of St. Gall, is recommended as 'a truly Christian production,' and the reactionary proceedings of the cantonal governments of Freiburg and Wallis are highly eulogised."

ITALY.

NAPLES, FEB. 20, 1858.—My last informed you of the suspension of the trial at Salerno, on account of the alteration of mind of Watt, the English engineer, who was removed from the prison at Salerno, on Wednesday last, and consigned to the English Acting Consul, Mr. Barbar, until such time as he shall be in a fit state to appear in court; Watt is therefore now in Naples at the English Infirmary. A consultation was held there yesterday on his case, between Mr. Roskilly, surgeon to the British Legation, (when we had one here,) and two physicians from the Casa dei Fazzi (madhouse) at Aversa. They were unable, it appears, to come to a decision as to whether Watt was really suffering from aberration of mind or not. He is to be treated, however, with every indulgence, the object being to get him to forget his imprisonment. He accordingly lives well, and takes his drive daily down the Chiaia, accompanied by another English engineer, his friend. A second consultation will be held on Friday next. The English here appear to me to be doing their best to make out a great case against the Neapolitan Government, with regard to this supposed insanity of Watt, attributing it to the harsh treatment he underwent at Salerno. But unfortunately for their case, the statements in the Times go to prove what in fact was never before doubted, viz:—That all the foreign prisoners were treated at Salerno with the greatest consideration, especially the English, who were furnished with every necessary and even comfort by the English Acting Consul, by orders of our Government. A letter from Foreza, a village in the north of that Province, states as follows:— "Only two days since we experienced two shocks of earthquake. God only knows what we have suffered here, and we are still afflicted by the sad news we have received of Viggiano, and other places of this miserable Province; which has been so marked out by the anger of God. Oh how many friends have I lost in one moment! Numbers of corpses still remain disinterred! We use dogs to scent the human flesh amid the ruins, and the labour of disinterment is immense. I have seen, too, fathers, husbands, and brothers, throw themselves in despair on the stones sprinkled with the blood of their relatives, and after kissing them again and again, preserved them as a precious and sacred deposit. My friend—returned here yesterday from Viggiano. Poor man, one moment sufficed to deprive him of a wife and four children. He tells me that the whole place is literally a mass of ruins, he could not even discover the site of his own house." The Official Journal, gave last week, a list of the killed and wounded by the late earthquake, making up a total of only 9,000 killed and 1,350 wounded in all the kingdom. This is, I am certain, considerably understating the number. Numerous letters from the Province, convince me of it, as well as the accounts given by visitors to the terrible scene. I would almost assert, that the number of missing is as great as that of the killed and wounded, and of the former the Official Journal makes no mention.

THE PONTIFICAL AND SARDINIAN STATES.—OUR readers have long known what the praises bestowed on the Sardinian Government are worth. They know how prosperous Piedmont is since it has been placed under the protection of England. We need not trouble ourselves either to defend the King of Naples against the accusations of despotism and tyranny, which fall back with redoubled force on the English Government, nor try to prove that Papal Rome is less sanguant than Ireland or India, under the humane administration of Great Britain, that it is far less immoral than London, where prostitution displays itself with such flagrant audacity, that several meetings have been convened for the purpose of putting it down without being able to effect any good; but round numbers will solve the question easily, and will prove whether we shall find at Rome or at Paris prosperity and good government. These numbers are extracted from the excellent work of M. Abbe Margath, entitled "The Victories of the

Under the pretext of taking from official documents, and cannot be contradicted. Let us see, then, how affairs progress in this model kingdom and in the country of "intrigues and impurity."

IN THE PONTIFICAL STATES. IN THE SARDINIAN STATES. 1st. There are statistical documents which enlighten the Government on the most important wants of the population. 2d. There is a well-arranged rental book.

3rd. The relinquishment of the farming of rent for the public revenues has been a benefit to the treasury. 4th. The expenses attendant on the administration and levying of taxes are 12 90 per cent.

5th. The endowments, properly so called amount to 2,612,266 francs. 6th. The national debt produces a capital of 118f. 50c. per head.

7th. The expenses of the debt imposes an annual charge of 22f. 95c. per head. 8th. During ten years the sum of 9,839,137f. 49c. has been taken solely from the extraordinary resources to supply ordinary expenses.

9th. From 1853 to 1857 the ordinary expenses have been diminished by 5,048,965f. 10th. For the same space of time the taxes have been reduced by 165,413f.

11th. The public debt produces a capital of 139f. 80c. per head. 12th. The expenses of the debt imposes an annual charge of 29f. 33c. per head.

13th. During the space of nine years the sum of 81,447,571f. 21c. has been taken from the extraordinary resources to supply ordinary expenses. 14th. From 1853 to 1857 the ordinary expenses have been increased by 12,864,322f.

15th. In the same space of time the taxes had been increased by 28,669,645f. These facts and figures enable us to understand what is meant by a model kingdom. Any state that rains itself, increases the burden on the people, and delivers itself, neck and heels, to England, is a model state. As to the Catholic Governments who do not follow this example, their ruin is certain. So says, at least, the Morning Post.—Translated from the Univers for the Catholic Telegraph.

INDIA.

CALCUTTA, JAN. 22.—The advance into Oude is still postponed, and the events of the fortnight, therefore, are not of very exciting interest. Such as they are, they are all decidedly in our favour. On the 12th January Sir James Outram was attacked at the Alumbagh by a force which he estimates at 30,000 men. We details have been published in this country, but the contest was protracted, as Sir James Outram, though he has strengthened his position, has barely 4,000 men. The enemy were defeated and retired, leaving 400 dead upon the field, while the British had not lost a single man. Only six were wounded—a fact which has occurred only once before in this war, in the engagement at Futtehpore. On the 15th the enemy came on again, led this time by a Hindoo fanatic, most probably, from his name, a faquer of the Monkey-temple in Awadh. They kept up a desultory fight from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., 11 hours, but retreated at nightfall, leaving their leader in the hands of the British, and a great number of wounded on the ground. Our loss is again reported trifling—a fact due, I believe, partly to generalship, our leaders being fairly awake to the value of European life, and partly to the withering power of the English rifle. That weapon has been our safety. All the fanaticism in the world will not stop a bullet, and the fanatics have not the power of coming to close quarters.—Even numbers are of no value against an enemy who can fire half-a-dozen rounds before the old musket gets within range. The mutineers lose by the inferiority of their weapon all the strength they gain by their growing desperation. They are still, however, terribly strong. Hour by hour they receive accessions of men from Goruckpore, from Rohilcud, and even from Central India. The leaders, driven from Etawah, Allyghur, Futtehpur, Goruckpore, and Banda, are swarming to Lucknow, with picked bands of desperadoes. The force there concentrated will in a few weeks be not less than 60,000 fighting men, with at least 80 guns and plenty of ammunition. The walls are being repaired, the streets entrenched and the houses freshly loopholed. Everything indicates that the insurgents, driven to bay, intend to die fighting, and with the means at their disposal they may hold Lucknow as they once held Bhurtpore. They themselves believe that the attack will end in the destruction of both parties. An officer engaged in executing a party of them asked each before he died why he had fought, and what was to be the end of it all. Each gave the same answer, "The slaughter of the English was required by our religion; the end will be the destruction of all the English and all the Sepoys, and then—God knows."

I regret to conclude my letter with an account of another massacre. Six persons—Sir Montagu Jackson, Captain Patrick Orr, Lieutenant Barnes, Sergeant-Major Morton, Miss Madeleine Jackson, and Mrs. Patrick Orr—were known to be in the hands of the Oude rebels. It was hoped that they would be spared as hostages, but the thirst for blood is still unquenchable. All the males were blown from the guns in the first week of the month. The ladies are still alive, but in confinement, and have lost, they say, all reckoning of time. The Governor-General has offered a lac of rupees for each of them, but I fear without effect.

There is a report that the great Oude Zemindars have offered to surrender on condition of immunity. They offer to reveal the entire plan of the revolt from first to last, and to surrender every man guilty of any atrocity, receiving in return immunity for themselves. I believe they do not agree to surrender every Sepoy. The bribe is a large one, as it is of the last importance to ascertain the true history of the conspiracy, but the offer as it stands can never be accepted. If the mutineers are to pass unpunished, discipline will be impossible. I cannot vouch for the absolute accuracy of the statement, but some terms have been proposed.

Sir Colin Campbell had defeated the rebels (at) Futtehpur, and was waiting for a heavy siege train from Agra, on arrival of which he would move with his whole force, in concert with Jung Bahadour, on Oude.

The Calpee rebels are still in force, it is said, under the leadership of the Nena Sahib, and that this chief is threatening us in the direction of Nagote. If this be so, the gradual concentration of columns from Jubbalpore, Rewa, and Sebare, there will soon be an end to this resistance.

An engagement took place between Captain Montgomery, the Superintendent of Police at Ahmednagar, and a gang of Bhrels in the district of Chanclore, on the road to Malagamur. Captain Montgomery, three other officers, and fifty men were wounded.

ANNEXATION OF OODE.—For the popular comprehension the whole case may be very simply explained. The Nabobs of Oude, besides being the lieutenants of the province so called, were the hereditary Viziers of the old Mogul Empire, on the collapse of which fabric they contrived to convert their office into an independent government. In this position we found them, and it was by our own act and favor that they were gratified some 40 or 50 years ago with the gift of a Royal title, the family being then of about 60 years' standing. With this family we had certain treaty engagements, by virtue of which we, as Lords paramount of India, undertook to guarantee them in the possession of their dominions and authority as

under the pretext of governing their territories well and to act in conformity with our advice. Our own part of the treaty we fulfilled by maintaining a British force in the kingdom of Oude, and employing this force in executing, against all resistance, the orders of the Court of Lucknow. The native share of the bargain was not performed at all, for, as speaker after speaker showed on Tuesday evening, the misgovernment of the country was most abominable, while the injunctions of our officials were either evaded or disregarded. Warnings were repeatedly addressed to the Court, and intimations given of the penalty which such misrule must one day provoke, but all in vain, and affairs proceeded in the same fashion as before. Now, the consequences of such a system were doubly injurious to the British Government, for not only did the kingdom of Oude present a scandalous and demoralizing spectacle in the very heart of our own dominions, but all this scandal and demoralization was directly supported by our own agency. Oriental tyrannies create their own checks in popular insurrections, and Oude was eminently adapted to the production of such machinery. The country was full of petty chiefs, who could have curbed easily enough the caprices of their native rulers, but who became helpless when confronted with the power of British India. We were the instruments in all this misrule. "The principle of government in Oude," said Colonel Sykes, "was to farm out districts to chukledars, who collected the revenues from the zemindars, and who got as much money from them as they could at the cannon's mouth." Mr. Mangles once, when travelling in the country, heard nothing but cannonading on all sides for nine days together. In a space of six years we are assured that upwards of 11,000 persons were killed or wounded by various kinds of atrocities. "The people," said Lord John Russell, "on whom the taxation fell were reduced to the last degree of poverty, and when any resistance was made to the payment of those taxes British troops, under the command of British officers, were sent to enforce their collection." It is here that we must look for the whole essence of the case. The gravamen of the matter was not simply the misgovernment of Oude, but the perpetration of this misgovernment, with all its enormities, through the direct and immediate instrumentality of our own arms. We had guaranteed the Sovereigns of the country in the possession of power: we had stipulated that this power should be well employed; but, instead of this, it was grossly abused, and all by our sanction still. We do not believe that these facts can be controverted, and we are sure that nobody would argue for the maintenance of such a system. Then, what was to be done? There were two courses of proceeding open to us. As the treaty had been openly violated by the Kings of Oude, we were released also from its obligations, and we could therefore withdraw the troops on which His Majesty depended for support, or we could continue our agency in the matter, but insure more becoming results by taking the administration of the kingdom upon ourselves. Lord John Russell seemed to be of opinion that, if action was called for at all, it should have been taken the former of these shapes; but would any Governor-General have found it possible to justify himself for leaving a population of 5,000,000 to all the calamities of sanguinary anarchy? All that has been so strongly urged of late on behalf of our bounden duty to preserve order in India would apply with equal force to our obligations in Oude, nor do we think that any party in this country would have tolerated the spectacle of a populous province deliberately handed over to internecine strife while our own troops formed a cordon round its frontiers to confine the tumult within its bounds. There remained only the alternative of annexation, which, after being accepted in theory for a great number of years, was at length put in practice by Lord Dalhousie under the direct order of the authorities at home.—London Times.

(From the Weekly Register.)

We gave a fortnight ago the recommendations of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Belfast riots. The report is too long for publication even in the daily papers. But some passages are too important to be wholly omitted. It mentions the gathering of the Orangemen in the church (Christ Church) at which Dr. Drew, a grand chaplain to the Orangemen, preached, and which is situated close to the "Pound District," which is inhabited by the Roman Catholics. Dr. Drew's own report of his inflammatory sermon is thought intact enough to be published at length; and the Commissioners report that the Orangemen took their orange scarfs from their hats, and put them on the members when they entered the church.

The police force are, with six or seven exceptions, entirely Protestants, and those in any command amongst them are exclusively so; a great many of them are, or have been, Orangemen—two of them actually walked with an Orange procession on the 13th, in the country, a few miles from Belfast, and the public feeling as to them is unmistakable and palpable; and Mr. Tracy, the stipendiary magistrate, in his evidence, described very succinctly and clearly their position as a police force in Belfast, in saying they are supposed to be sympathisers with the Sandy's-row mobs, and enemies to those in the Pound Street districts. Accordingly, during the riots they could safely appear in Sandy's-row; but their appearance in the Pound district was the signal for assault and attack; which they being unable to repel without weapons of defence, the few constabulary that were in Belfast were constantly employed in protecting the local constables; and instead of being a help they became a hindrance to the actions of the constabulary during the riots. We call attention to the portions of the evidence showing the state of the public feeling regarding them. Mr. Tracy, R.M., and Mr. Lindsay, their officer, abundantly testify to the feeling of the Roman Catholics regarding them; and other witnesses show manifestly that this feeling is not confined in Belfast to the Pound district. While one portion of Mr. Bindon's evidence we think of importance to bring to your Excellency's notice—namely, that when Mr. Bindon made an arrest in Sandy's-row, the crowd cried out, "They thought he was a bad Protestant to arrest one of their party." That these feelings as to them existed on both sides, making them supposed friends of one side and enemies of the other, is beyond question; and but for this due to explain the conduct of the constabulary during the riots, it must have been our duty to have animadverted more than we are now inclined to do on some startling evidence before me, to which hereafter we will have to call your Excellency's attention. . . . All these matters lead us to believe that in the constitution of the present police force there are serious errors, calling for immediate remedy; and to recommend that a total change should be effected in the mode of appointment and the management of the local police of Belfast. We think the late riots have made this step one that recommends itself to every calm-thinking and reasonable man in Belfast, and we hardly think it could find opponents even among the warmest partisans.

The very questioning by us of certain parts of their conduct would seem to impute blame to them; and we were anxious, as much as possible, not to bring the constabulary into the position of parties on their trial in respect of these transactions.

The riots were confined to two localities, and these distinctly separated into Catholic and Orange districts; they commenced on the 12th of July this year, and it is plainly shown that the happening of outrages at that period was a matter of usual occurrence. They arose with greater violence this year than in former years; and, in this year, more solemnly and with greater pomp than in former years, the festival of July was celebrated. The celebration of that festival by the Orange party in Belfast is, plainly and unmistakably, the originating cause of these riots. These districts in Belfast are circumstanced in a peculiar manner to show the effect on the public

mind of the annual celebration of a festival which is used to remind one party of the triumph of their ancestors over those of the other, and to incite the feelings of Protestant superiority over their Roman Catholic neighbours. And we refer your Excellency to the sermon of Dr. Drew, delivered in a house of religious worship on that day, as a sample of such Orange teaching. The districts of which we have spoken particularly were inhabited by the poorest and least educated classes; with feelings not disciplined or kept in check by the influences which education and social intercourse exercise upon the higher classes; and they, therefore, in conduct exhibit more plainly the feelings aroused by the celebration of that festival. The event celebrated might form in many points of view, a subject of rejoicing to all classes in our free country; and the revolution of 1688, founding, as it did, free institutions for the benefit of every class and creed, might be commemorated by all; but, unfortunately, its commemoration is now regarded in the north of Ireland as the celebration of the triumph of one class over another, and the establishment of Protestant ascendancy; and it is entirely forgotten that the principles of the revolution are, in fact, the principles of civil and religious liberty. As celebrated, it is regarded as a studied insult by the Roman Catholics, and as a triumph by the Orangemen, and a declaration of the superiority over their Roman Catholic brethren. The processions' act, and the steps taken to repress these celebrations, are legislative declarations of their impropriety and dangerous consequences; but while they exist, changed in some outward show and form, the effect is still the same. Perhaps, on this branch of the case we are led into the statement of evils that admit but slightly of cure by the executive or legislature.

The strange remarks upon the principles of the Revolution of 1688, show clearly enough the disposition of the Commissioners to make the best of things, which most Catholics would unsparingly denounce the constitution of the existing Orange Society, as declared by its chief members, especially Lord Enniskillen, the Grand Master, and Mr. Gwynne, his deputy, is then examined, and shown to be the main cause of the evil. The following "opinion" of Mr. Napier, appended to its rules, is remarkable—"I wish it should be understood that I do not mean to express or insinuate any opinion as to the propriety or impropriety of the course, upon the legality of which I am requested to advise. Popular confederacies are perilous, because they generally become unmanageable, but the allowance of them under a free constitution shows then circumstances may exist which may require such united vigour as they call into activity." A few words follow the remarks to which we before adverted in the open air meeting of Mr. Hanna.

As we mentioned last week, Mr. O'Hagan commenced his address on Thursday in behalf of Father Conway. Had we room we would in justice give some of the principal passages of the learned gentleman's address, but must confine ourselves to the following concluding sentences—"All I say to you, in conclusion, is this—do your duty between the Crown and the traverser—deal with him, although a Catholic Priest, as a man and a citizen—be just, and fear not. And whatever you do—remembering that this is a criminal case—remembering that this is not a case, as I said before over and over again, on which you are at liberty to speculate—to act upon suggestion—to act upon inference—to act upon anything but convictions of the clearest and most conclusive kind—upon the clearest and most conclusive evidence—remember, also, that if there be, as to any or every portion of the case, a doubt upon your mind that my client is entitled to be acquitted, quite as much by reason of that doubt as you would be bound to convict him if certain of his guilt. Remember, too, that in you is his only hope of defence from this formidable prosecution, instituted, as I have told you, at the instance of the House of Commons—pressed with vigour, if not beyond the law, up to the full measure of the law, and pressed with all the power of the Crown, and by all the array of counsel that could be brought here against him. Again, I say to you, do your duty—be just, and fear not. I am satisfied, if you consider this case deliberately, your verdict will be unanimously for the traverser. Do your duty and he will be content." The learned counsel resumed his seat after an address of more than five hours' duration, amidst a hearty cheer, again and again repeated from the occupants of the galleries.

On Friday witnesses were examined for the defence. Nicholas Walsh was the first witness examined. He said, Father Conway had repeatedly warned the people not to commit any breach of the peace. What he said from the altar was—that he hoped the curse of God would not fall on the people for detaining the people from mass; on my oath, said the witness, he did not say that the curse of God would fall on every man who voted for Colonel Higgins; from the beginning to the end of his discourse a curse of that kind was never used.

James Fleming examined—I did not hear Father Conway say Higgins had sold his country, body and soul; he did not say the curse of God would follow every man who voted for Higgins; he said he hoped the curse of God would not fall upon those who kept the people from mass; he told the people they would violate the law by throwing stones or fighting, but that they were at full liberty to show their disapprobation by shouting; they were not to throw stones or beat; that they would violate the law by doing so.

Mr. Geoffrey Martin distinctly heard Father Conway say he hoped the curse of God would not come down on those Catholic landlords or people or on their families, or something to that effect, for treating the people in that way; did not hear Father Conway say—"But, believe me, the curse of God will follow every man who gives his support to Colonel Higgins."

Dr. Hastings Twiss was in the main street of Ballinrobe of Palm Sunday; saw no act of violence on the part of the Rev. Mr. Conway.

James Stannard heard Father Conway advising the people to be peaceable and orderly.

Lieut. John Grayburn examined by Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C. I am an officer in Her Majesty's service in the Royals; I was on duty in Ballinrobe on the Sunday; I saw the Rev. Mr. Conway in the lane; I think Mr. Arabin, R.M., was there; Mr. Conway came up and said some one had pointed a pistol at him, and Mr. Arabin took the pistol. Mr. Conway was talking about this for some time; I was keeping the mob from coming down from the main streets Mr. Conway remained there while I was there, and he accompanied me part of the way when I left for the barrack; I saw nothing improper in his conduct.

James Cunningham examined—I was at twelve o'clock mass on last Palm Sunday; Mr. Conway officiated; I recollect after Communion his addressing the congregation; he had in his hand the Bishop's pastoral; he spoke about the pastoral and the election; as well as I recollect he took off his robes, and laid them on the altar; I had the best opportunity of hearing Mr. Conway, I was not three yards off; he said he hoped the curse of God would not come down or fall upon the Catholic landlords who had kept the people from coming to mass on that day; that it was a mortal sin for a Catholic not to hear mass without ground cause; he did not say Higgins was a consummate scoundrel; he said he betrayed the people; he did not say the curse of God would fall on those who voted for Higgins; he advised the people to be quiet and peaceable, and not to put themselves in the power of the police or people, or of those who commanded them (the witness here gave in Irish what was said by Father Conway).

On Saturday Mr. O'Hagan applied to the Court for liberty to address the jury by his learned friend, Mr. Robinson. The Attorney-General opposed the application, and there being no precedent either in Ireland or England, the Chief Justice refused the application. The Solicitor-General then rose to address the Court in reply to evidence. The general line of the learned gentleman's speech was a repetition, or an-

other version of the Attorney-General's opening speech. The Chief Justice then summed up in a very temperate speech and the jury retired. After being locked up for two or three hours, they came into Court and the foreman having stated that there was no prospect of their coming to an agreement, the Chief Justice forthwith discharged them without a verdict. On the result becoming known, the crowds in and outside the Court cheered vociferously. The trial of Father Ryan was then fixed to take place on the following Monday, but on that morning Mr. O'Sullivan applied for a postponement till next term, on the ground of the absence of a material witness. The Attorney-General having consented, the trial was accordingly ordered to stand over.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm. Ajala—N. A. Coote. Aylmer—J. Doyle. Amherstburg—J. Roberts. Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron. Belleville—M. O'Dempsey. Brock—Rev. J. B. Lee. Brockville—F. Furlong. Brantford—W. M'Namara. Cobourg—M. M'Kenny. Cavanville—J. Knowlson. Chambly—J. Hackett. Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor. Compton—Rev. Mr. Daly. Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy. Deseronto—J. M'iver. Dundas—J. M'Gerrald. Egansville—J. Bonfield. Eastern Townships—P. Hackett. Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis. Farmersville—J. Flood. Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter. Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry. Huntingdon—C. M'Faul. Henningford—Rev. J. Graton. Ingersoll—Rev. R. Kelohar. Kemplville—M. Heaphy. Kingston—M. M'Namara. London—E. Bayard. Leavelle—O. Quigley. Lobbrough—T. Daley. Lindsay—Rev. J. Farrelly. Lacolle—W. Hartly. Merrickville—M. Kelly. Millbrook—P. Maguire. Niagara—Rev. Mr. Wardy. Oshawa—Rev. Mr. Proulx. Prescott—J. Ford. Perth—J. Doran. Peterboro—T. M'Case. Picton—Rev. Mr. Lalor. Quebec—M. O'Leary. Rawdon—Rev. J. Quinn. Renfrew—Rev. M. Byrne. Russellton—J. Campion. Richmondhill—M. Teffy. Richmond—A. Donnelly. Sherbrooke—T. Griffith. Summersdown—D. M'Donald. St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay. St. Albanes—T. Dunn. St. Ann de la Poutriere—Rev. Mr. Bourret. St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Pulvay. St. Raphael—A. M'Donald. St. Remi—H. M'Gill. St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax. Tingswick—T. Donegan. Toronto—P. Doyle. Templeton—J. Hagan. West Osborne—M. M'Woy. Windsor—C. A. M'Intyre. York Grand River—A. Lamond.

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When the various passages become clogged, and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its action, becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all pains sickness and distress of every name; our strength is exhausted, our health we are deprived of, and if nature is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humors, the blood will become choked and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from plants and roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of diseased man. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sudorific, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a Cathartic, and accompanies the other properties of the Pills while engaged in purifying the blood; the coarse particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and conveyed off in great quantities by the bowels.

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The reason why people are so distressed when sick and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will pass to the afflicted parts, and which will open the natural passages for the disease to be cast out; hence, a large quantity of food and other matter is lodged, and the stomach and intestines are literally overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable fermentation, constantly mixing with the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein and artery, until life is taken from the body by disease. Dr. Morse's PILLS have added to themselves victory upon victory, by restoring millions of the sick to blooming health and happiness. Yes, thousands who have been racked or tormented with sickness, pain and anguish, and whose feeble frames, have been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought, as it were, within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, Morse's Indian Root Pills. After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished, and absolutely surprised in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do they give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore, it will be shown, especially by those who use these Pills, that they will so cleanse and purify that disease—that deadly enemy—will take its flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again return, and the prospect of a long and happy life will cheer and brighten your days.

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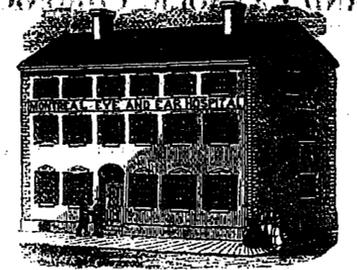
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