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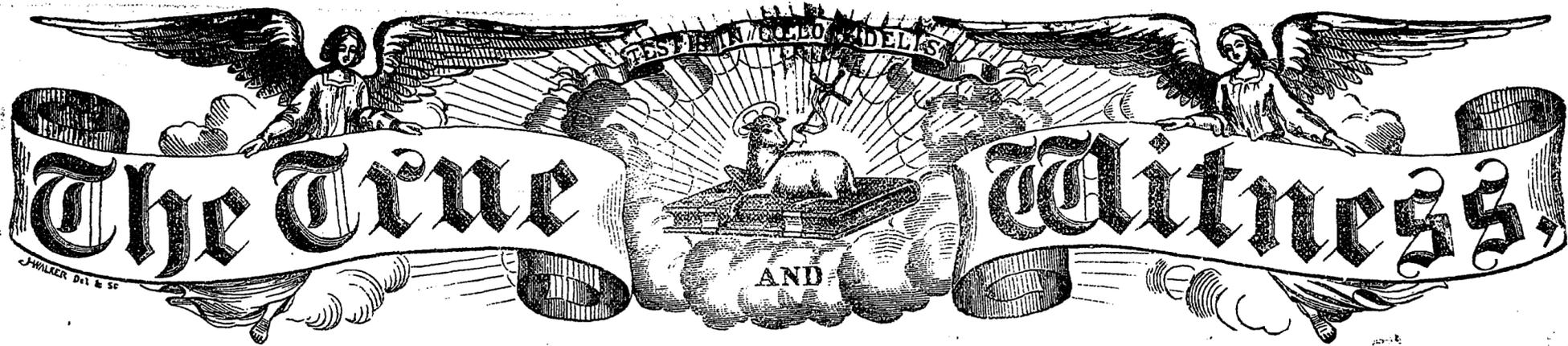
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI.

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No. 17.

SHAWN NA SOGGARTH; OR, THE PRIEST-HUNTER. AN IRISH TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES. BY M. ARCHDEACON, ESQ. Author of the Legends of Connaught, &c. CHAPTER XXXIV.

At about half a league's distance from the point of Kilglass, the main had ceased and a rocky barren succeeded, which for some distance was, in winter, the bed of a torrent.

"Aymer, I think your fellows had better dismount here," said Sir John, addressing the captain; "yourself and myself, with Burke and Dixon, can keep the saddle, till we meet more obstruction than those stone ditches."

The men dismounted at the word of command, and, each leading his horse, advanced slowly along the barrens, according to orders.

"Now, sirrah," exclaimed the baronet to the forced guide, "lead us on and briskly, and, at your peril, by the shortest direction to the point."

"But, your honor," said the frightened peasant, "I could not do that. I don't know those parts well at all."

"We'll make you know them, rascal, with a touch of the stick—Aymer, your glass for a moment; have you perceived anything in the offing?"

"No, Sir John," replied Aymer, reaching over the glass. The wind had risen considerably; and the clouds and vapor from the ocean had thickened and extended, and now hung, like a dense curtain, between earth and sky, shutting out all objects to seaward, except that they were occasionally swayed to and fro by the wind, like the waving of drapery, when a momentary glimpse of the sea beyond might be caught for a short reach.

After looking intently for a moment or two, Sir John reached back the glass to the captain, exclaiming eagerly, "Yes, she's there still and we're all right. I see what I conceive to be her mast above the hilly point. Now, rascal, can we reach Kilglass without doubling round that cursed strand—eh?"

"Myself knows nothing, at all at all, about the say or the strand here, yer honor, if you were to kill me out and out, barrin' to take the road afore our eyes round the point."

"The omadhaun is telling the truth to your honor; what ud the like of him know about the shore?" said a voice from behind a near hedge. The speaker, a tall young man, was standing with his arms resting on a spade with which he had been apparently digging, and looking over the hedge at the party, though he had not been perceived before by Sir John or his comrades, in their eagerness to observe the appearances about the point.

"Ha! then you I presume, know those inlets—eh?" said Sir John, dashing up to the point of the hedge over which the speaker's head appeared.

"As well as I know my right hand, yer honor."

"Then you're our man—can we reach the point beyond without rounding this strand?"

"The point of Kilglass yer honor."

"The same?"

"Why there is a place the strand can be crossed safely, tho' the bottom is only mud everywhere else; but it's not many knows that place, and it's only in very dry weather, like this, it could be crossed at all."

"And can we reach the strand, and cross it, without quitting our horses, sirrah—eh?"

"Faix, yer honor, by taking a few bould'ers, an' tumbling an odd wall, ye'd aisy enough get to the strand, and the place I know, a whole regiment of horse could cross it together. But what am I to get, yer honor, for bringin' ye across an' leaving my work?"

"Your reward shall be a bullet through the body, or to be shortened of your head by a sword-cut, if you waste any more time in asking questions. So out, and forward at once."

Shemus Podha, for he it was, either was, or affected to be, terrified for an instant. The next, however, he jumped across the hedge, and, calling on his comrade, a younger and slighter man—in fact, no other than our acquaintance, Tony Grehan, no flatter by his spade and follow him, he pushed boldly forward alongside Sir John and his three companions.

"Now, then," said Sir John, "as I see you're a willing and a fearless rascal, you shall have five guineas if you pilot us smoothly and quickly."

The troopers were directed to lead their horses still and clear away, as rapidly as possible, any obstacle that might intervene between them and the point of the strand towards which Sir John and the captain with their two companions, should precede them.

"Well, I'm sure I saw that ere feller wot's with Sir John and the captain, afore," said Hea-

visides, addressing Donald Frazer, and pointing to Shemus—"Aint he like the lad as was shot last Haatunn coming hout of the mass-place?" continued the troop-serjeant-major, after having again closely regarded the person of the guide.

"Weel," rejoined Frazer, whose eye had taken the same direction, "I winna say ye're a' thegither wrong. Certes the lad has an uncloakeness to you chief, wha met w' the accident in the mass-place. But, gin it's the same mon, he main ha' thrav weel-sine, as you's a strappin' cummer noo?"

"Don my soaf," said Tim Murphy, Frazer's comrade, "I don't doubt at all but yours? and Sandy's in the right box, serjeant, though ov it's lambs' feet that's in it and no other, he must surely have the luck of a thousand to get over his shattered leg so well. I helped to carry him, an' if it's himself a fine patient he was, without a grunt or a groan, *nee magua shia* (that's no joke) an' maybe he's not grown a strappin' fellow since. I hope he won't give us the slip an' leave us in the lurch—I wonder does Sir John or the captain know he was shot, w' Sunday, for being at mass?"

"My eyes, Tim, speak low. Wot does Sir John or the captain care wot happened him, if he shows 'em the shortest way?"

"Nae man nor wad I wad mixt the joinin, whether she was papistical, prelatical or noo-nanner."

Sir John and Aymer dashed gallantly over the obstructing walls and hedges. Charley, too, by the aid of a gelding, that pushed itself through the stone fences, or clambered, unlike over the earthen ones, kept nearly parallel with them, with the triling mishap of a few insignificant falls. But, what between having a wayward animal that shied at every little obstacle, and his own bad horsemanship, which obliged him to search for gaps whenever he met a fence, and even to dismount, when he found none, the curate was considerably behind when his companions reached the strand; even the dismounted dragoons were there some minutes before him.

"Now, Aymer," said Sir John, as the dragoons came up to the beach, "order your fellows to mount."

"The curate is not near as yet," observed Aymer.

"No matter. We can't lose time, and he can follow us. Aymer, your glass again for an instant."

The glass was again handed to him; but after applying it to his eye for a moment, the baronet flung it back, exclaiming "there is no use in trying to see anything through those cursed clouds—they are growing as black as ink. But she can't have stirred since we saw her before. Hallo, sirrah, (to the guide) lead the way and—hark you, Aymer, are your fellows' arms in good condition?"

"They have been just examined, Sir John, and are in prime order."

"Then let a bullet be sent through that fellow, or let him be cloven to the chin, if you perceive the shadow of anything suspicious about his movements; you hear what I say; now on, sirrah."

"My ears are wide awake, yer honor; and I suppose you wish me to bring you to that snug-glin vessel behind the point?"

"Never mind your suppositions, for fear your ears should be shortened, but had on."

"Why I only mentioned it, yer honor, because, if that's what you wanted, after crossing the strand, I could take ye a shorter cut than goin' round by the shore; and sure enough, it's glad we'd be hereabouts, if yer honor was going to banish the impudent vagabonds, that there's no living with since they ken to the point with their leading and unpledging, and talking about poor peoples' wives and sweethearts."

"No more words, but push on."

Shemus ran, advancing some yards seaward, strode boldly out on the strand, after having first flung a rapid but searching glance at the position of those who were to follow him. He was closely succeeded by Sir John and the captain. The girth of Burke's horse had been burst in his previous unwonted exertions, and Tony was busy assisting him in arranging it, while the re-mounted dragoons followed their leaders three abreast.

Heavisides was puffing in the rear when Tony, after whispering a few words with the gauger, across his horse's neck, which had an effect the reverse of accelerating his arrangements, thrust a large bunch of furze, which he had picked up for the purpose, under the tail of the chesnut. Heated by the previous exercise, and goaded by the punctures of the furze, the animal lashed and plunged furiously, so that the troop-serjeant-major, unprepared for the violent motion, though a good horseman, was speedily pitched from the saddle amid the jeers of the rear file of his comrades, who perceived his disaster. Fortunately, however, his fall was on the soft heath, and, recovering himself speedily, he was preparing to put foot in stirrup once more when, Tony again

applying the furze, the horse took flight, galloping along the sward by the edge of the strand, as Tony stood between him and the other horses, which he would otherwise, of course, have instinctively followed.

For an instant Heavisides stood, as if undecided whether he would not cut down the audacious stripling; his pistols were borne away in the hoister. But Tony did not look like one who would be fool enough to wait quietly for a sword cut; and to do the serjeant justice, his native goodness of heart and manliness would not permit him to cut at an unarmed and defenceless boy.

"Folly, yer horse, serjeant," said Tony, "and don't be in a hurry to let him either. That's the best gallop for you he took this month; an' he was used take it for the sake of Bessy Andrews and Harry Gorman, God rest his soul."

Heavisides started on hearing the name, and was about to question the speaker further. But Tony was already on his way towards the curate, who was just approaching the strand, somewhat nearer its termination than where they had been standing; and the serjeant-major went in pursuit of his horse, which had been stopped by a small stream into which the tide was flowing, and on the edge of which he now stood snatching a scanty mouthful of the thin herbage bordering it.

"Yer reverence is just in time," said Tony, as the curate came up to him. "I was waiting for you; and we can cross here, without going as high as the throopers."

"But is it safe?"

"Safer in very dry weather like this, because it's harder; and yer reverence might see the tide is up to the horses' hoofs inredly, and what ud it be, when we're be as far as them?"

Dixon, though he could not see the water, in consequence of the dense mist curtain, was aware that the tide must be driving in more rapidly than usual, as the gale was from the south west, and he could hear the turbulent and unceasing dash of the waters, mingling with the screams of the sea fowl.

"Then lead on," he said, as he followed his treacherous guide on the strand.

The strand, when Sir John and the party first entered on it, was perfectly hard; but, before the baronet and the front men had reached the middle, the horses were sinking at each step half way to the knee, and the tide beginning to sweep by them in longer reaching waves,

"How is this, ruffian, I thought you said 'twas hard?" exclaimed Sir John to the guide, who was still in advance.

"So it is, yer honor, after you wanst pass the little strame in the either—pointing to the narrow mid-channel, in which there was always water—and the faster yer honor gets over that now the better."

Shemus sprang forward himself; the spurs were dug into the horses' sides, and by powerful exertions, the animals in front plunged on to the edge of the current where, however, they were sunk almost to the fetlocks. The wind, too, was continuing to rise, and the waters reached the horses' breasts.

"Shoot the treacherous ruffian—cut him down!" roared the baronet.

"Thin it's time for me to take lave of yer honor," said Shemus; and, with the words, he dived into the channel, with his head to the sea.

"A hundred guineas to the man that shoots him, or takes him alive," shouted the baronet.

A dozen shots passed behind, before, and around the driver, but without harming him; and one of the troopers more eager than prudent, leaped from his horse and, with cloak, sword and boots, plunged into the channel. But, after swimming a few yards, he was fain to flounder back to his horse.

The water was now rising fast; and, after the leaders had given vent to their rage in some hearty curses on the treacherous guide, the word was given to turn the horses' heads, and, by great exertions, and with no little difficulty the party regained the beach they had left, some of the men having been forced to dismount to lighten and assist the struggling animals.

Charley Burke was sitting quietly on horseback at the edge of the strand; and Heavisides, after having regained the saddle, had advanced but a few yards when he met his baffled comrades returning. He escaped reprimand, however, as Sir John and Captain Aymer were the last to return, having paused more than once, to try to catch the reappearance of Shemus.

But where was the curate? With him it fared the worst of all; for Tony led him to a spot where, though remoter from the sea, he knew the channel was softer and deeper, for a few yards, than where the dragoons had attempted to cross.

When Dixon first began to find his horse sinking, and the water rising, he checked the gelding and, unbraiding his guide, said he would return at once. They, however, assured him that, after a few yards more, he would find the bot-

tom as hard as the road; and he struggled on till he reached the edge of the channel.

"Now, give a bould' plunge, yer reverence, and you're over id all," said Tony.

The curate applied the spurs, but the animal, slyly at the water and dragging its limbs from the slime, plunged sideways, sinking deeper than before.

"Villain! I'll have you transported for this treachery," exclaimed the curate, in a tone shriller than that of the winds or sea birds, when he found himself in this predicament.

Tony looked to the horse and, perceiving they had more than enough on their hands, for a few minutes, in extricating themselves, exclaimed, as he suddenly cut the girths, "Whew! yer reverence wouldn't be so wicked entirely to a poor boy for the value of a little drink? th'd'll only temper yer bitter blood."

The curate, utterly enraged, made a cut at the detestable man with the whip he carried. But Tony, receiving the blow on his arm, and wrenching the whip from the slight hand that had attempted to strike, with one hand jerked the reins, and, with the other, struck the horse heavily on the flank. The effect was that the animal, impelled by the blow, made a plunge that brought it again to the water's edge, while the saddle-swinging, Dixon was long into the water. Another well applied blow—active and practised hands to the reins, and the animal was constrained to clear the channel, after which his path was truly on a firm bottom till he made, with his agile leader, the opposite beach. What became of him after, though strenuous exertions were made for his recovery, we have not been able to ascertain, whether he became mixed up with the mountain ponies, or whether he was draughted to the Continent, or, though inactive, perhaps, from suffering, his frame was apparently full of strength and endurance.

With much difficulty, and after having sent forth more than one cry for assistance, Dixon extricated himself from the waves and slime, and managed to reach his companions, who, amid all the annoyance they felt for their own mishap, could not forbear laughing at his bedraggled appearance and woe-begone countenance, as he uttered lamentations for his horse.

Heavisides now rode down to the point of the beach, whence the curate had entered on the strand, and fired both his pistols at Tony, who was, however, beyond their range, and fleeing with the swiftness of some animal of chase, driving the horse before him at full speed. The gauger, too, for appearance sake, discharged his blunderbuss in the same direction, but with such a level, that there was little danger that any of its contents would reach the runaway.

Sir John was directing the dragoons, who had remounted in their drenched habiliments, to ride round the point at full gallop, when the voice of Shemus' ladia was heard distinctly above the dashing of the waves and the shrieking of the sea-birds, from the opposite side of the inlet, though his person could not be distinguished through the mist. "You're done every way, Sir John," he shouted, "the vessel's sailed this three hours, and ye may go home and dny yersels at yer leisure. Where is Shawn now?"

The baronet was pausing, half incredulous and half fearing that the words might be true, when a boat reached the beach a few yards to seaward of the party. It contained two peasants, who had been drawn from their cabins, at the mouth of the inlet, by the shouts and other noises, and who, on being questioned, confirmed the statement, that the vessel had sailed from the point of Kilglass some hours previously; and there was the impress of truth in their indignation.

"Aymer, give these men in charge to some of your fellows," said Sir John, "and let your best horseman ride at his fastest speed to the point. He shall have five guineas and full indemnity, should he fail to get the horse, if he overtakes us before we reach the town. Should he find that those rascals have deceived us, they shall swing, by the boards of Black Dick, from the first tree we shall reach. If they have given true intelligence, they shall be set free with a largess, and a messenger must be despatched, at life and death speech, to Galway, with orders that a vessel shall forthwith sail in pursuit of 'The Swallow.' I'll have the smuggling dogs still, if it cost me a thousand pounds."

"Heavisides is your man for speed, Sir John," said the gauger, who sometimes could not repress his jests, however ill-timed; "or may be Mr. Dixon would like a ride; it would help to circulate his blood after the dip."

"This is no time, nor am I in a mood for ribald jests, sir," said the baron sternly; "you have managed to keep your skin dry, at all events."

"Yes, Sir John; good people are scarce, and a sweet-voiced bird whispered me not to go on the strand."

Had the baronet known to what bird Charley alluded, his jest might have been made a serious one.

The horseman instantly set off for the point, at a pace that promised a speedy return; and, it being arranged that, on reaching the road, the curate was to be accommodated with the saddle-seat on one of the horses, while its owner was to ride behind him, the party began to retrace their way, chilled and dispirited. They had not made a league from the shore, when they were overtaken by their comrade with intelligence confirming the account given by the men. There was no vessel visible from the point, he said, and he learned from more than one that "The Swallow" had sailed some hours previously.

The peasants were now, accordingly, set at liberty, with the gratuity of a guinea to each, and the party commenced their route at the last pace the pined horses could exert.

The wind was still high; the sun had gone down beyond the dark masses of cloud, and a gloomy twilight was succeeding, when the shivering of the horses, sweeping on their return, again subdued the ears of the eye-witnesses; and after the delay of a few minutes further, they set out fearlessly for the point. They had not proceeded far when they came up with the released boatman, who wore more commiserative to them than they had been to Sir John, informing them that "The Swallow" lay in the shelter of a precipitous island, not half a league from Kilglass.

On reaching the strand, too, which had been so disastrous to the curate and his party, the boatmen speedily obtained another boat, in which, together with their own, the emigrants were stowed.

"Murderer," exclaimed Ned, when he found himself seated in the boat, "this is a quare time of life for my old bones to be gin' on the sea, that never felt a sauc' of the salt water afore; an' maybe, to meet with storm and shipwreck as the pious Eneas did. As the poet has it, *Mare sub*—"

"No Latin, and no groanin', Ned," exclaimed the peal; "take the world like me,--

Come hont, come cold, come sun, come snow, Let it be calm or breezy blow; Be waters smooth, or let them bluster, Jack McConn they never e'er in danger; For he's the boy prepared to meet The rough or smooth, the sour or sweet."

There had been but a few strokes of the oar given, when Fergus came rushing to the beach, followed, at a short interval, by Tony, for neither had moved far from the strand. They were, of course, speedily taken in, and the party, after some tugging against wind and tide, reached the vessel, where they were welcome received.

On board, Ned found, to his gratification, besides his old pupil Frank, his "blossoming rascal," and the prior insurer of his nurse, Ellen Lynch. The latter he saluted in a Latin quotation; the former with one from himself, and a disparaging allusion to Dan Heraghty. Arthur Elliot was on board too, for, having reached the vessel, despite Frank's advice, and Ellen's entreaties, he refused point blank to return any more either to his quarters or to Elliot's Grove; instead of which he penned a note to his colonel containing his resignation, and forwarded it to his servant Denis Grehan, ordering that official to enclose in it forthwith the commission, which Heavisides would find for him in the private drawer of his dressing glass.

The evil reputation of his father and uncle in the country had, he stated, rendered him uncomfortable for some time past; to add to which he was constrained to witness and hear of proceedings of his father's, from which his soul recoiled; and he had a repugnance to make use of the (he feared) ill-gotten wealth of Elliot's Grove. His affectionate mother, whose memory was still dear to the surrounding district, had, however, saved and left him two thousand pounds; and with the assistance of this he would, he said, carve out his fortune in another country, where he would be removed from witnessing the snows of hatred, and hearing the well-earned curses of misery.

Frank flung an arch glance at his cousin, when he found that Arthur did not enumerate her departure for the Continent as among his reasons for quitting his native country.

"Well, Ned, my friend," said Arthur, "I think we can find a colony ourselves like your old acquaintance the pious Shemus."

"Faix and so we could, masher Arthur, and barrin' the shipwreck and the storm, settle it purty enough, too, by making yourself the God-dess' son, and Miss Ellen, Queen Larina."

Arthur laughed, and Ellen looked confused. The wind had shifted a little; the canvass was again unfurled to it, and the gallant little vessel was preparing to start once more, like a racer on her course, when a boat approached with lusty strokes. In it, was Father Davy, who had learned, that morning, that the vessel was to sail in the course of the day, but had been detained so late by the distance of his place of asylum from the point, and the delay occasioned

by the visit of Sir John and the dragoons to the beach. On reaching the vessel, the friar was helped on board, while the rowers pulled back speedily for the shore, and seemed to be exhausted as he leaned over the side of the vessel, with his eyes fastened on the land. At that moment a lightning flash of intense brightness darted from the womb of the black clouds, revealing distinctly the objects on the darkening shore; and, raising his eyes and hands to heaven, he said in a tone of deep and solemn emotion, while the tears streamed freely, "My country—my beautiful but unfortunate country, though I never see you again, my blessing and the blessing of God be with you for ever and ever. O, may that bright flash be an omen of bright and happy days to come for you yet. Again, Heaven's blessing and aid be on you and your sons for evermore, amen."

He stretched forth his hands and sank on the deck: the winds filled the sails, and piped their wild song amid the spars and cordage: the vessel was on her course.

(To be Continued.)

GENERAL LAMORICIERE'S REPORT TO THE MINISTER OF ARMS, ON THE PIEDMONTSE INVASION OF THE PONTIFICAL STATES.

At the beginning of the month of September, says General Lamoriciere, your Excellency communicated to me the assurances given by the French Ambassador, on behalf of Piedmont, that not only that Power would not invade our territory, but that it would even oppose the invasion by any bands of volunteers which were forming over our frontiers. The measures adopted against Colonel Nicotera, who had assembled 2,000 men in the neighborhood of Leghorn, and who wished to throw them on our coasts, were additionally promised to us; and it appeared that in the direction of Naples that we had to fear an invasion. Already at several intervals the embarkation of troops in Sicily and in the Calabria was announced, as intending to attack us in the direction of the Marches, and after the occupation of Naples by General Garibaldi everything led us to believe that our southern provinces would be shortly invaded.

The General next gives an account of the strength of Pontifical army:—

We had in all sixteen battalions and two demi-battalions. The garrison of Ancona absorbing two, there remained fourteen to be moved, which supplied twenty companies to the garrison of our fortified towns. That fact explains the small effective force which they presented, being on an average below 600; or in all 8,000 bayonets, about 500 artillerymen, and 300 horses. Our ambulances were composed only of some carriages; and as to a wagon train, we had none. Our armament, no doubt, left much to be desired. Only one of our battalions was armed with the Minnie rifle, another had Swiss rifles, which required a particular cartridge. Two battalions and a half and three companies of Voltigeurs were furnished with rifled muskets. The Pontifical Government, notwithstanding its repeated requests, to various Powers, could not procure a sufficient supply of those arms, now indispensable for infantry. Our artillery, hastily formed, comprised many drivers incompletely exercised. Our guns were drawn by four horses only, and when, in order to manoeuvre we gave them six, we were compelled to make a requisition for horses and oxen to draw the ammunition in reserve attached to the batteries. In fine, we have not organised a single park of reserve. Such as it was our little army was full of confidence.

The report then proceeds with the account of the insurrectionary movements in the Pontifical Provinces, after which it enters on the correspondence between General Lamoriciere and the Duke of Gramont:—

In the night of the 8th and 9th, and in the morning of the latter, I learned that Urbino, Fossombrone, Civita della Pieve, had been invaded by volunteers, and that after a very brisk resistance by the gendarmes and other auxiliaries, who sustained some loss in killed and wounded, the Pontifical arms had been taken down to give place to those of the House of Savoy. I immediately ordered General de Courten to march on Fossombrone with his brigade, and afterwards to push on as far as Urbino, but at the same time recommending him to reconnoitre and in ways so to manoeuvre as not to allow his communication with Ancona, and I enjoined General Schmid to proceed to Civita della Pieve to re-occupy that town and protect the frontiers. The masses in which these bands had crossed our frontiers, the confidence with which the revolutionists announced the near approach of the Piedmontese troops, and, in fine, the unwarranted inquietude exhibiting itself among the population devoted to the Holy See, seemed to indicate something grave in the situation.

I was surrounded by all these uncertainties, when the arrival of Captain Farini, aide-de-camp to General Fauti, freed me from all doubt, as he was bearer of a letter addressed to me by General Fauti, Minister of War, and Commander-in-Chief of the Piedmontese army.

On the evening of the 10th, your Excellency having returned during the course of the day from Velletri, wrote to me the following despatch, which I immediately made known to the soldiers:—

"The French Embassy has been informed that the Emperor Napoleon III has written to the King of Piedmont to declare to him that if he should attack the Papal States he would be opposed by force."

The second portion of the report describes the various dispositions and arrangements made by General Lamoriciere after receiving the Duke's communication. Then follow accounts of the capture by the Piedmontese of Pesaro, Perugia, Spoleto, and the town of Orvieto; arrival at Loretto; the state of the military chest, &c. &c.

On the evening of the 10th I had intimated to General Pimodan to collect his detachments, which extended as far as Narni, and to recall a squadron sent towards Ponte-Eneano to support a column which manoeuvred in front of Velletri. The morning of the 11th was required to carry out the movements of concentration, to distribute provisions, to complete munitions, to collect transports of which we had need. Your Excellency knows that the Pontifical Government, not being at war with any one, had not wished to place its army on a war footing, and that our movements were always made as if for changes of garrison, and with a quantity of baggage which, despite all our efforts, we had not been able to reduce to reasonable proportions.

In fine, it was necessary to place the Rocca of Spoleto in a state of defence in all haste. The command of it was confided to Major O'Reilly, with 300 Irish, 60 gendarmes, and about 150 men of various corps not yet equipped. The command of the artillery of the little place was entrusted to Capt. Baye, who had arrived from France three days before. I wrote to General de Courten to tell him to fall back on Ancona, to General Schmid to inform him of what was occurring, telling him to fall back upon Viterbo or upon Perugia, if he found himself opposed to Piedmontese troops superior to his own, and I informed him that I was bringing with me into the Marches a battalion of the second foreign regiment forming part of his brigade, and left us a corps of observation in the neighborhood of Perugia.

I had asked your Excellency to send us some money in order to secure the pay of the troops on the march, as well as the commissariat service, which had not yet been organized. At the same time the paymaster at Ancona discovered, too late, that he had not funds to pay for field works, for

corn and other supplies which he had received from abroad. Demands heavier than mine, and not less urgent, arrived from that quarter. His Holiness six months previously had sent to Ancona, and caused to be deposited in the citadel, a sum of £500,000, which should not have been used except in case of great necessity. Notwithstanding this injunction, the money was employed for ordinary purposes without any account having been kept of it. It was all spent, and the treasury was empty. Such was the position at the moment of the Piedmontese invasion. Your Excellency sent me not only the small sums which I required for the troops on march, but likewise the more important sums required for the service of Ancona. I had rather that the funds intended for Ancona had been sent by sea, for at first I regarded my arrival in that city as very problematical with all my carriages and the heavy baggage of which I have already spoken, and the carriages containing the money were not the most easily saved in case of difficulty. But it was too late to make any change in these arrangements, and I was compelled to accept the position made for me.

It was during our march that I received from Macerata the last communication from your Excellency, along with other letters from Ancona. These communications were very important.

General de Courten informed me that on the 10th before learning, during his march on Fossombrone, the intelligence of the invasion of the Piedmontese, he had retired without combat. This general in order to operate against the bands, had divided his men into two detachments, one under the orders of Colonel Kanzer, the other under Lieutenant-Colonel de Vogelsang. He sent a message to those two detachments to re-unite, and this junction was happily effected at Mondavio, on the evening of the 12th. This column was 1,200 strong in infantry, and possessed one section of artillery.

General Schmid, who arrived on the 12th at Civita della Pieve, found that Orvieto had capitulated on the preceding day, and learned that a body of Piedmontese troops, about 5,000 men, had occupied Civita di Castello, and were threatening Perouse. The citadel of Perouse, placed in a good state of defence, and occupied by 400 men, should have offered a much more formidable resistance than Pesaro. Having entered the town, General Schmid made his dispositions, had the posts manned, and a cannonade commenced against us. After three hours' fighting the struggle seemed to incline to our advantage, when the Piedmontese sent a flag of truce. A captain d'etat major advanced to summon General Schmid to surrender, saying that all resistance was vain, as General Fauti, with all his forces, was to arrive in the course of the day.

General Fauti having arrived, Colonel Lazzaroni and Lieutenant-Colonel de Courten settled the basis of a capitulation, which was ratified by General Schmid. Thus the citadel of Perugia, and the two battalions which had just entered the place, capitulated after three hours of fighting and five hours' suspension of arms. General Schmid, in a special report which he addressed to me, attributes this result partly to the spirit of insubordination which manifested itself during the action, in the 1st battalion of the second foreign regiment. An Irish company and the greater part of the battalion of the line alone showed themselves determined to do their duty.

At last on the 17th, one of the columns which had marched upon Umbria, commanded by General Brigone, attacked La Rocca de Spoleto. I could only spare for its defence two old iron guns with bad carriage. The enemy was numerous and well supplied with artillery. Major O'Reilly defended himself gallantly with his Irishmen, and repulsed an attack, in which the enemy had serious losses. Towards evening the Piedmontese intensions approached, and all appearances indicated a second assault with considerable forces. One of the guns was disabled, and the carriage of the second was much damaged. After twelve hours fighting Major O'Reilly asked to capitulate. His men were extremely fatigued, and he found that he could not depend on his reserve, composed of recruits and detachments of various corps. He estimates the enemy's loss at 100 killed and about 300 wounded. As for his part, he had but three killed and six wounded.

The third section of the report describes the position of the hostile armies before Loretto, the Brigade Pimodan, Battle of Castellardo, the march on Ancona, and the operations of the Sardinian fleet.

Your Excellency made us acquainted with a despatch of the Duc de Gramont, addressed to the French Consul at Ancona; it ran thus:— "The Emperor has written from Versailles to the King of Sardinia that if the Piedmontese troops penetrate into the Pontifical territory, he will be compelled to oppose them there. Orders are already given to embark troops at Tonion, and these reinforcements are continually arriving. The government of the Emperor will not tolerate this culpable aggression of the Sardinian government. As Vice-Consul of France, you can regulate your conduct in consequence."

(Signed) "GRAMONT." A person, fully authorized, wrote to me from Trieste.—"The Austrian fleet are to cruise before Ancona to prevent its blockade. The fleet is considerable, and very well commanded." These tokens were at once communicated to the troops, who received them with joy.

It appeared to me that the only chance that remained to me of reaching Ancona was to direct my march towards that city by the road called the Mont of Ancona.

The enemy in great strength occupied the hills descending from the mountain of Castellardo towards the plain, and extending within four or five hundred yards of the Masone. A strong detachment was placed in a farm situated by my right, and at least two battalions held a second farm situated five or six hundred paces in the rear on the top of a hill, which formed the crown of the first position. A wood situated near this farm was also occupied, and a numerous artillery manned the declivities on all sides. The enemy being furnished with rifled artillery, of which we had none, and this advanced position which it occupied being only 2,200 yards from the fort at the entrance of the Asio and Masone, by which my country should pass, I must necessarily take the two farms I have mentioned, and hold them as I could.

General de Pimodan then received orders to attack these positions, to cross the river, carry the first farm, there mount his artillery to batter down the second and the wood which bordered on it, after which he was to attack them. He took for this operation four battalions and a half of his own brigade, eight six-pounders, four howitzers, under the orders of Colonel Blumensahl, the hundred Irish brought from Spoleto, who, having as yet received neither knapsacks nor cartridge boxes, had been put at the disposal of the artillery to aid in crossing the ford, to clamber up the steep of the hills, and in need to serve as a protection.

While our first pieces of artillery were crossing the river, the first battalion of Chasseurs, and Franco-Belgian sharpshooters, followed the carbiniers, and these three battalions formed themselves into three small columns behind the dyke, under the orders of the brave Colonel Corbucci. As soon as the first pieces had been brought across the ford, General Pimodan gave orders to the carbiniers to possess themselves of the first farm, and to the first chasseurs and sharpshooters to assist them. In this attack the commander of the first chasseurs having given proofs of the most deplorable weakness, General de Pimodan was obliged to give the command of that battalion to the Adjutant—Major Arranesi, who showed during the whole affair as much intelligence as bravery. While the carriages of the artillery were in the ford the two last battalions of the second chasseurs and of the 2nd Bersaglieri were massed in gardens behind a field of reeds. Some talk of the enemy reached the 2nd chasseurs, and the major en-

terained the unfortunate idea of deploying one company as sharpshooters amongst the reeds; this company set itself to fire before it, in the direction where the balls would naturally fall amongst our battalions of attack. General de Pimodan was obliged to send his officers to cause this fire to cease, which had wounded one of our men. Such facts often happen even amongst troops more accustomed to fire than we were; and it is most grievous to see that this accident has given rise to accusations as false as they are to be regretted, and which have been published without examination. The first farm, although hotly defended, was carried: about one hundred prisoners were made there, amongst them an officer. Two pieces were quickly brought to the foot of the declivity, to guard against a probable offensive return to the position we had conquered; and two howitzers, under the order of the orders of Lieutenant Daudier, were brought up under a very sharp fire in front of the house, by the assistance of the Irish. These brave soldiers, having accomplished the mission which they received, rejoined the sharpshooters, and distinguished themselves amongst them during the rest of the combat.

The two last battalions of General de Pimodan had crossed the river and been left in reserve at 1,500 metres in the rear, behind a curtain of trees. The moment for attacking the second farm had arrived.

General de Pimodan formed a small column under the orders of Commandant de Biedelievre, composed of Franco-Belgian sharpshooters, and a detachment of carbiniers and of the first chasseurs. This column resolutely debouched in spite of a very sharp fire of musketry which proceeded from the farm and the road. It advanced five hundred metres thus exposed, but having proceeded about 150 metres towards the summit, it was received by a fire from two ranks of a strong line of battle, which placed such a quantity of men hors de combat that it had to retire. The enemy pursued; but at the moment they were about to reach our men, these wheeled round, halted at fifteen paces, received them with a well-directed fire, and charged them with the bayonet. Astonished by so much boldness and steadiness, although much superior in numbers, the enemy retreated about two hundred paces, which permitted our soldiers to regain the position from which they had started. The fire of our artillery, well served and well directed, protected these movements.

From the position in which I remained, a little in the rear, I could judge of the phases of this combat, and at the same time I learned that General Pimodan had been wounded in the face. Although wounded, General Pimodan preserved his command; the enemy had lost many men; but our losses were considerable, and, compared to theirs, were much more severely felt. I perceived that the two battalions and a half which the General had with him were not sufficient by themselves to take the second position; I sent orders by Captain Largier for two battalions of the reserve, which I replaced by two battalions of the 1st foreign, which I deployed to give less scope to the cannon, although they were within about 1,500 metres. Finally, I sent orders by Captain Paiffy to the cavalry, to pass the river, and to follow the march of our columns on our right flank.

After giving further stirring details of the battle—about 80 men, with Captain Delpech, grouped around their standard, continued to march on the road I had pointed out to them. The Piedmontese bersaglieri contented themselves with carrying off their prisoners, and ceased to annoy the remnant of our little column, which continued its march on Ancona. We traversed Umara and Sirolo, and during the march the people we met told us the road was free to Ancona. I quitted the road and took on the right path across the hill, which by very steep ascents led to the Convent of Camaldules.

The rev. fathers of the convent received us very kindly and made me still more confident that the road was not occupied, and after half to a quarter of an hour, to refresh our little column, we resumed our march, following through the wood, the road which led to the hill where the telegraph station is placed. Thence we descended by a path a little in front of Poggio.

At half-past five we entered the city; the bombardment was still going on, and was kept up till night, and even night did not completely put an end to the firing.

The General then proceeds with the history of the siege, detailing the defenses and the great superiority of numbers and other disadvantages against him. Regarding his papers which were reported to have been seized by the Piedmontese, he gives the following particulars:— "As some public notice has been attracted by my papers and correspondence, which it has been asserted were captured, allow me to add that the following is the way in which I got them back.—My carriage which should have followed the baggage, coming near the place where Lieutenant Ude was embarking the brigadier of gendarmes, who had remained with the baggage of the staff, took the trunk which contained my correspondence and effects, came to rejoin me at Ancona, where he thought I had directed my course. Some time after we perceived the arrival of M. de Tervos, who had been unable to rejoin me the day before; he had with him as companion a brave sapper of Swiss carbiniers named Simon. Separated by the Piedmontese bersaglieri from our little column, which he saw take the road to Ancona, and having endeavoured to take refuge in the mountains, he came across the Piedmontese outposts, thence he turned to the sea, and persuaded a fishing boat to carry him to Ancona.

The marching and fatigue had left us many sick which reduced my disposable infantry to 4,200 men. Your Excellency will judge how insufficient was that number in presence of the forces who opposed us to defend Ancona, the body and forts of which present an extent of more than 7,000 metres.

After giving a most graphic and masterly account of the former progress of the siege of Ancona till the surrender of the garrison, General Lamoriciere closes his report with the subjoined touching remarks regarding the calamities and misrepresentations circulated against himself:—

I end this report, already too long, by answering one word to the reproaches which have been addressed to me for having published, at the commencement of the war, what appeared to me to be an assurance and from France. I made no difficulty of agreeing that at first I believed in that assistance, and then it was very natural for me to avail myself of these pieces to sustain the morale of the men whom I commanded. But they decide themselves who seek an explanation of the plan of the campaign which I adopted without hope of assistance which appeared to be promised to us. I was placed in presence of a question of duty and honor, and if I had made count of my resolutions, of the greatness of the peril which awaited my old companions in arms of the French army would have forsaken me, and I even dare to say would not have recognised me.

Your Excellency will find below the list of the soldiers who most particularly distinguished themselves in the different combats which form the object of this report. That list is still incomplete for many battalions. Explanations have been demanded on this subject, and it will soon be easy to repair the involuntary omission which I may have made.

DE LAMORICIERE.

SCANDALOUS ORANGE OUTRAGE.

DISGRACED INSULTS TO THE PROTESTANT BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR BY ORANGEMEN. On Monday evening, at eight o'clock in the Music Hall, the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was advertised to be held, under the presidency of the Lord Bishop of the diocese. An opportunity was taken of the occasion by a number of the Orangemen of Belfast to perpetrate the most scandalous and disgraceful series of insults it has ever been our lot to witness. The scenes enacted on Monday night in the Music Hall

were of a character that it would be almost impossible to describe. Even Orangemen never before disgrace themselves and the religion to which it professes adherence by such awful conduct. The mob that attended a prize fight could not disgrace themselves by more scandalous language than ran riot last night for three quarters of an hour in the Music Hall. It was well known throughout town on Monday that the Orangemen intended a display—and a display they made of it—that they intended to insult the bishop, by preventing his taking the chair, and placing Dr. Miller in his stead, in consequence of the antipathy which they entertain towards him by reason of certain proceedings with which the public are familiar—namely, that he inhibited the Rev. Mr. Potter from preaching in the parish church on an Orange anniversary. This is the cause of their ill-will, as their violence last night proved. At the appointed time, the hall was crowded by an audience which appeared to be composed principally of working men. The remainder were women. The parties about to occupy the platform ascended the small staircase from the lower room; and, immediately upon the Lord Bishop making his appearance, accompanied by a number of ladies, the deputation, and about twenty clergymen, he was received with tremendous groaning and hooting, which was kept up for several minutes. Dr. Miller was received with the warmest enthusiasm—Kentish fire, cheering, and clapping of hands, for which he graciously bowed, seemingly overcome by the honor.

A Voice—Down with the bishop (tremendous groans)

Another Voice—Don't dare to go into the chair; you'd disgrace it (hisses and groans). "Order order!" (Kentish fire). "Put the Pope out of him!" [Kentish fire. He is a Puseyite." "To h-l with the Pope!" groans]

The Bishop took the chair.

A Voice—Put him out; out with him. "No Puseyite." "No surrender." "Throw him out of this!" [tremendous cheering and Kentish fire]. Three cheers for Dr. Miller! [Groans for the Puseyite! Tremendous groans]

Dr. Miller here rose on his feet simultaneously with the bishop.

A Voice—Hear Dr. Miller.

Another Voice—You'll beat him, Miller, my boy [Kentish fire]

The Bishop here looked round him, and faced the raging storm. Nearly the whole audience got on their feet and groaned and hissed. This lasted fully five minutes.

Rev. Mr. Seaver—This is disgraceful. I never thought such a scene as this could occur (groans and Kentish fire.)

Bishop I call upon Dr. Miller to open the proceedings.

A Voice—There will be no proceedings opened till you leave that [cheers]

The Bishop—To open the proceedings by prayer [groans]

A shout—Will you get out of that at once. No more of your gammon [Kentish fire]

Here the groaning continued for about two minutes.

The Bishop—You just needed one more exhibition to ruin you, and you have got it.

A Voice—What is that he says? What are you saying? [shouting and groaning]

Mr. Charles Ward here got upon his feet to do what he could to allay the raging fury of the audience.

A Voice—Hear Mr. Ward [Kentish fire.]

Mr. Ward—That you shall keep order, and we will carry out the appointment of another chairman [dreadful shouting]

Bishop—I beg to call upon the Vicar of Belfast to open the proceedings by prayer [groans, hooting, and scandalous disorder]

Mr. Ward—I am in possession of this meeting at present, and I will permit no one to interfere till I have done [great applause]. I know my rights and I will maintain them [cheers]. I wish an explanation from his lordship, and I am in a position to show why he should not occupy the chair at a meeting of Protestants [Kentish fire, Go on "Put out the Puseyite"]

Bishop—This meeting is about to be opened by—groans.

A Voice—Go down Sir. "Your no Protestant." "No popish Bishop here."

Another—Go on Mr. Ward. Let us hear you—

Mr. Ward then ascended the platform amidst tremendous applause.

A gentleman on the platform was about to push Mr. Ward down, and a frightful scene of confusion occurred.

The Rev. Mr. Seaver came forward to address Mr. Ward.

A Voice—Go down, Seaver.

Another Voice—Put out Seaver [groans]

Mr. Seaver—We have paid for this room.

Mr. Ward—I will not be put down. I'll finish—cheers and [Kentish fire]

Mr. Seaver—This is not a political meeting.—Confusion and jostling on the platform—the ladies frightened.

Mr. Ward—I will continue till I have done.

Here everybody tried to speak, or shout, or stamp with their feet. A shout made itself heard, "Don't palaver with him. Go on, Ward!" [Kentish fire for a minute.]

Mr. Knox [Vicar General—You're a disgrace to the Christian name (groans)]

A Voice—Well put you out, too. Kentish fire.

Mr. Seaver—A disgrace not only to Christianity but to civilisation.

A person who, we are told, is called Greer or Green, here jumped on the platform, and got into a bad discussion with Mr. Seaver. He said, Gentlemen! great bawling]

A Voice—Show him the door.

Another Voice—Is the Puseyite not gone yet? [groaning]

Another Voice—He must go, or there will be no meeting here to night [shouting]

Dr. Miller came forward to calm the disorder, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm and Kentish fire

Mr. Seaver—Do you not know that this is a religious meeting? It is scandalous (groans)

Dr. Miller—I have one request to make of you. If I understood right, some gentleman on my left wishes to put a question to the bishop. He says he has some question to propose to his lordship which he wishes to have answered. I sincerely trust that the question has no reference to political matters [No, no, no]. If it is a simple, plain, practical question, it may be put, and answered [cheers]

Mr. Seaver—Certainly not [hooting] Why should he? Is it to a mob—[groans]—who are disgracing their Christian name? You have no right to ask any question except touching the subject of this meeting (confusion)

Mr. Ward—This is a public meeting, and I won't let the clergy ignore the laity [applause]. I say the laity have a right to say who shall preside here this evening—[cheers]—unless the clergy are prepared to make this a mere clerical meeting, to ordain every person present as clergymen.

A Voice—No Pope (cheers)

Mr. Ward—The laity will not be treated as a mere appendage to the clergy.

A Voice—Down with the Popish Bishop (Kentish fire)

Mr. Ward—I did not come here to set the laity against the clergy I come here for special object to mark our disapprobation of the recent conduct of the Lord Bishop (terrific yelling)

A Voice—No Popish Bishop. The glorious and immortal memory (shouts sufficient to raise the ceiling)

Mr. Ward—I want the Bishop to answer this question.

A Voice—Send him up to the nunnery [great hilarity]

Mr. Ward—This, my friends, is not the statement of a layman but of a clergyman; and I wish to know if he has any explanation to make [confusion]. It is addressed to the Belfast News Letter:—

"Dear Sir—In your report of the ordination held at Holywood, on Friday, June 20 [which appeared in our publication of June 30], I observe among the deacons, the following names and additions:—Charles Beaulerik, A.B., T.C.D. (Curacy of Lurgan). As no correction has since been supplied to you, I think it right to inform you that you have conferred on Mr. Beaulerik, by mistake, the degree of A.B. in the University of Dublin, of which he never was member. Whether a college education is a qualification proper to be required from candidates for the ministry in the Established Church is a question on which doubt may be entertained by some, although a shade of shadow of doubt does not cross my own mind, but on this point, among honest men, there can be no second opinion that persons who have received no university education should not be endorsed with fictitious degrees—I have the honor to be, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS WOODWARD, M. A., Formerly Scholar and Senior Moderator of Trinity College, Dublin, Dean of Down.

"Downpatrick, July 3rd, 1860."

Dr. Miller—Oh, give his lordship an opportunity of explanation.

A Voice—He cannot explain. it ["Down with him"]

Another Voice—Groans for the bishop [great groaning]

A Voice—He is a great nuisance—away with him.

Mr. Ward—Has he any explanation to make? I pause for a reply.

Dr. Miller—Yes, wait a little.

The Bishop, during this whole scene of scandalous insult was progressing, looked steadily upon the raging mass of faces, apparently deeply moved.

A Voice—Three groans for Judas. Three cheers for Dr. Miller.

Mr. Ward—Listen to me, my friends. We wish to carry out our resolution in a Christian manner (cheers). I have a resolution to propose to this meeting, which I call upon you to carry, and which will have the effect of bringing—(confusion)—

A Voice—Pay attention to the resolution (cheers).

Mr. Ward—I fearlessly say that this meeting is not responsible for this disturbance. Public men who fill public situations should maintain the principles that they were placed in those situations to maintain [Kentish fire]. If they apostatise from those principles, they, and they alone, are responsible for their conduct [Kentish fire].

Here considerable shuffling took place at a corner of the platform. Several ladies appeared to be greatly frightened. The audience rose en masse to their feet, and the groaning and abusive language used toward the bishop were absolutely frightful.

The bishop rose as if to say something. His brother and several ladies went towards him, and implored him to leave, which he did, in their company, after a last look at the savage scene before him.

Four-fifths of the clergymen on the platform accompanied the bishop down the back-stairs to the back-door, and left with him. The members of the deputation, the Rev. Mr. Downing, and the Rev. Mr. Mooran, remained behind. Their object being accomplished, in a scene which baffles description—the head of the Church to which they profess to belong having succumbed to their fury—a long round of Kentish fire, intermingled with such epithets as "The Pope is gone," "The Puseyite is chased," "Down with him," "Away with him," brought this part of the performance to a close, by a man shouting "They're a parcel of scandalous rascals. They are well away." [Dreadful cheering.]

Rev. Mr. Downing—a member of the deputation—My friends—

Mr. Greer, or Green—Wait till we put the Vicar in the chair—[applause]—and you can address them. [Applause.]

Mr. Downing—Is it to this mob we are going to speak? [Great confusion.]

Mr. Greer, or Green—They're no mob. Sir. Take care what you're saying. All we wished to do was to dispense with a chairman that is not in our confidence. [Kentish fire.] We have done.

Mr. Ward—The resolution is as follows that I have to move—"That this meeting is of opinion that the recent conduct of the Lord Bishop of Down in having inhibited the Rev. Mr. Potter, of Stratford, from preaching in the parish church, in this town, is deserving of the strongest reprobation." [tremendous applause.]

Rev. Mr. Payne—No, no—emphatically, no, no. [Applause]

A Voice—Put him out. We'll chase you, too [applause]

Mr. Ward—And we are also of opinion that the refusal of his lordship to comply with the request of the important deputation who waited upon him, and who afforded him an opportunity of withdrawing the proceedings which he has commenced, is a sufficient justification on our part for refusing to permit him to preside over this meeting [great cheering]—believing, as we do, that he has taken advantage of his position to make an aggression on the religious liberty of both clergy and laity which is calculated to inflict the greatest injury on the church of which we are members, and to which we are devotedly attached. Be it, therefore resolved that we will not permit his lordship to preside over this meeting he having forfeited our confidence, and disqualified himself from presiding over a meeting of the Protestants of Belfast [tremendous cheering, and Kentish fire]

Mr. Payne—No, no.

A Voice—Chase him out of that.

Mr. Payne—You're a disgrace. Shame! shame upon you!

Mr. Ward—This is a Christian assembly.

Mr. Payne—God forbid that such Christianity be extensive.

Mr. Ward—Knowing, as I do, the feelings of the laity upon this

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 7, 1860.

Mr. Gillies, of the TRUE WITNESS, is
now on a collecting tour throughout Upper Ca-
nada, and will visit all our subscribers who are in
arrears. We trust that he may be well received,
and that, in consequence, we shall not be com-
pelled to adopt other measures for procuring the
payment of our long outstanding accounts.

The Editor of the TRUE WITNESS throws
himself upon the indulgence of his readers, and
trusts they will attribute any short comings in
the present number to indisposition under which
he is laboring.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No important change in the relative positions
of the contending parties in the Italian Peninsula
worth recording, has occurred since our last.—
Francis II. still holds out at Gaeta, but Victor
Emmanuel is *de facto* King of Italy, with the
exception of Rome and the small tract of coun-
try in its immediate vicinity, and of which the
French troops are in occupation. The conquest
of Naples has been an easy task, but the adminis-
tration of its government threatens to prove far
more difficult, and will tax the abilities of Victor
Emmanuel and Cavour to their utmost extent.—
The Neapolitans are not an easy people to go-
vern, and are not naturally amenable to the rule
of the foreigner. Joseph Bonaparte tried it and
failed signally; Murat tried it with not much
better success; and Victor Emmanuel is destined
to display in his own person a third failure.—
Already strong symptoms of dissatisfaction with
his Government are admitted to have manifested
themselves amongst the Mountaineers of Calab-
ria and the Sicilians.

The breach betwixt the French Emperor and
the Pope is daily widening. Louis Napoleon is
now said premeditating the establishment of an
independent Gallican Church. Dogma he will
not attempt to touch at the present, but will con-
tent himself with substituting, if possible, an Im-
perial for a Papal supremacy. He has the ex-
ample of Henry VIII. of England before his
eyes; but he does not enjoy the advantages
which bluff King Harry possessed for carrying
his project into execution. The English mon-
arch enlisted the sympathies of the aristocracy,
the landed gentry, and their courtiers by the
prospects held out to them of the plunder of
the Church lands. Louis Napoleon has no such
inducements to offer—the Church in France hav-
ing been already effectually plundered by the
Liberals of 1789. It is not therefore probable
that he will be able to command the sympathies
of any very considerable or influential portion
of his Catholic subjects in his projected usurpation
of an ecclesiastical headship. The French Epis-
copacy are sound, and amongst them traitors;—
neither can the inferior clergy retain any very
favorable reminiscences of the fate of their Order
under the Civil Constitution which the first Re-
volution imposed upon them.

The foreign policy of England has isolated her
in Europe, and left her without an ally on the
Continent. The memory of the Crimean War still
rankles in the heart of the Russian; the social
relations between Great Britain and Prussia are
decidedly hostile; Austria naturally looks upon
England as accessory to the convulsions which
have despoiled her of the fairest portion of her
Italian provinces; whilst the Volunteer arma-
ments, and the question of National Defences
discussed in Parliament and by the Press, are
significantly illustrative of the meaning of the
entente cordiale betwixt the latter and France.
Thus left without an Ally on whom to rely in
case of a war, the people of England cast long-
ing eyes towards this side of the Atlantic, and
seem to place their hopes of effectual assistance
against their enemies in the Old World upon
winning back the alienated affections of their
cousins in the New. Upon this hypothesis can
we account for the altered tone of the London
Times and the British press generally towards
the people of the United States. Their columns
now teem with the expressions of enthusiastic
admiration for their political and domestic insti-
tutions; and the late visit of the Prince of Wales
is interpreted as an act of deep political signifi-
cance, destined to inaugurate the new era of a
British American alliance.

THE EXTRADITION CASE.—The plain facts
of the case, in so far as we have been able to
gather them from the several conflicting ver-
sions, are these:—

Jones, or Anderson, is the name of a fugi-
tive slave whose surrender has been demanded by
the American government as a criminal escaped
from justice under the following circumstances.—
Some time in the month of September 1853 this
Jones, running away from his master, was met by
a man of the name of Briggs who, according to
the laws of Missouri, called upon the black man
to produce his pass, the slave being more than
twenty miles from his master's plantation. Jones,
the black man, could produce no pass, whereupon
Briggs arrested him in the name of the law as a
fugitive slave. Jones made off and Briggs
shouted to some other negroes, who were near
at hand, to stop the runaway, he himself joining
in the pursuit. After a short chase, Briggs
managed to head the runaway near a fence and
commanded him to stop, menacing him at the
same time with a stick which he had in his hand.
Jones, drawing a knife, declared his determina-
tion to repel force by force, and struck at Briggs
with the knife. Up to this point, the conduct
of the runaway slave is entitled to all our sym-
pathies as freemen, but unfortunately, at this
juncture, the event occurred which has given
rise to the present complication.

Briggs, seeing the determined attitude of the
slave, betook himself to flight, and from being the
pursuer became the pursued. Jones ran after
him, knife in hand, and overtaking him when
entangled in some bushes and endeavoring to
scramble over the fence, dealt him one or more
mortal blows and then continued his course to-
wards Canada where he has resided to the pres-
ent date.

Had Jones killed Briggs whilst the latter was
attempting to stop his flight, the question to
surrender Jones as a murderer could not be en-
tertained for one moment. But Jones did more
than this; not content with repelling his pursuer,
he chased the latter whilst in his turn endeavoring
to escape, an action which certainly did not
tend to facilitate his escape from slavery or to hasten
his exodus from the land of bondage. Accord-
ing to the strict letter of the law, it may
therefore be argued that Jones was guilty of a
felony, seeing that he employed violence al-
though unnecessary to enable him to accomplish
his morally legitimate object of effecting his es-
cape from a state of slavery.

It would therefore appear that the case is not
so simple as some of our contemporaries have
described it to be, and that the authorities of
Canada have good reason for studying the ques-
tion carefully in all its bearings before coming
to a decision either to liberate the claim to run
away or to give him up to the American authori-
ties. As freemen our sympathies are necessari-
ly with Jones, but whether his killing of Briggs
was felonious or not is a question for lawyers to
decide, and upon which our sympathies are un-
trust worthy guides.

The case has been argued by counsel before
the judges under a writ of *habeas corpus* during
the last week, and the decision had not been
rendered up to the time of going to press. The
general opinion seems to be that the demand of
the American Government will not be complied
with, as certainly the case of the extradition of
fugitive slaves taking shelter in her Majesty's
dominions and under the British flag was not
contemplated by the framers of the Ashburton
treaty.

The *Western Banner* misconceives us, when
it represents that "the welfare of the Catholic
Church in British America is indissolubly con-
nected with the application of monarchical, as
distinguished from republican principles to the
Canadian Provinces." Our argument was this:
that the maintenance of an existing Imperial
connection, was eminently favorable, not indis-
pensably necessary, to the Church in this por-
tion of the world. We do not believe that the
welfare of God's Kingdom is "indissolubly con-
nected" with any form of secular Government,
though we do believe that some forms are more
favorable to it than others; and it is for this reason
that we would maintain the existing political
order in Canada, as one under which the Church
thrives, and her children enjoy a full measure of
religious liberty.

We argued too, in the article referred to by
the *Western Banner*, that Catholics of Canada
should be loyal to the British Government, from
motives of gratitude, seeing that on the whole
they have been fairly treated by the Imperial Go-
vernment; from motives of interest, seeing that
the avowed object of the "Clear Grit" in seek-
ing to establish a quasi independence of that Go-
vernment, by Federation, or a complete inde-
pendence by means of Annexation is, to throw
off what they complain of as the Pope's yoke,
and to establish "Protestant Ascendancy;" and
we argued lastly that Catholics should be loyal
from conscientious motives, because children of
a Church which enjoins loyalty to the legitimate
political orders, as a duty which is the corollary
of their duty towards God. We repudiate the
doctrine of the right of people to change their
government at pleasure, or without sufficient

cause from the misgovernment of their rulers.
That cause does not exist in Canada, and to the
Catholics of Canada therefore, we conclude, it is
not permitted to seek the overthrow of that po-
litical order under which it has pleased God to
place them. In this sense we oppose the revo-
lutionary party of the "Clear Grits," and their
admirer the *Western Banner*; but we by no
means pretend that there is any "necessary con-
nection between Canadian Catholicity and Can-
adian monarchy."

On Saturday next, the feast of the Immacu-
late Conception, will take place, in the Cath-
edral Church of this city, the inauguration of a
splendid picture of the Blessed Virgin. This
picture was ordered to commemorate the solemn
definition by Pius IX. of the dogma of the Im-
maculate Conception. All the parishes, col-
leges and religious communities of the diocese
have contributed towards the expenses of this
magnificent picture, and their names are contain-
ed in the frame, which is remarkably beautiful.—
The ceremony will take place at 3 1/4 p.m.

WHAT WILL THEY SAY IN ENGLAND?

"Among the clerical converts have been such men
as Manning, &c., and most of the clergyman now pas-
tors of churches in England; also most of the hier-
archy of England and Scotland!"—(October Num-
ber of *Brownson*, p. 455.)

If we, as an English Priest, somewhat in-
finitely acquainted with English Catholic af-
fairs, may be allowed to offer a few plain words
of advice to the writer of the above, under the
signature of "J. H.," in the October number of
Brownson's Review, we would in all pity and
commiseration recommend him never again to
attempt to bolster up false propositions with
pretended references to English Catholic statis-
tics. It may be very well for American igno-
rance of Catholic affairs in England to be told
that *most of the hierarchy of England and Scot-
land are converts*; but in England such an
assertion will only serve to excite *disgust* at the
presumptuous ignorance of the writer, and *dis-
trust* in the publicist who could allow false pro-
positions, bolstered up by such palpable *false-
hoods*, admittance into his pages. On entering
on our missionary labours in Canada, we met
with a similar instance of utter ignorance of
English Catholic affairs, which, although it did
not astonish us in a poor ignorant woman, is cer-
tainly somewhat more than astonishing in one
aspiring to dogmatise for the whole Catholic
clergy and laity of the Northern New World.—
A poor Irishwoman being told that "their new
Priest" was an Englishman, exclaimed, "Troth,
then, the Bishop might have sent us a *Catholic
Priest* and not a *Protestant Parson*." The
poor woman in her simplicity could not believe
that an Englishman could be a Catholic, much
less a *Priest*. The ignorance of the writer of
"so much that is judicious" (vide note by Editor
of *Review* to said article) in *Brownson*, when
he asserts that most of the Catholic hierarchy
are converts, is perfectly analogous to that of
the poor woman. As a fellow-collegian of the
majority of the late and present English Catholic
Hierarchy, we can affirm not only that they are
not converts, but that probably not one dross of
Protestant blood flows in their veins—their an-
cestors from the time of King Hal's blessed Re-
formation never having left the true Faith.—
Nay, more; we doubt—but we are speaking
off the book, for we have not a Catholic Direc-
tory at hand for reference)—whether there is at
the present moment one member of the Catholic
Hierarchy a convert; of this, however, *we are
certain*, that if there is any, there are not more
than two or three at the most. Had J. H.,
through a conscientious fear of uttering what are
false, taken the trouble to inform himself upon
this point before he endeavoured to prove false
propositions by equally false assertions, he would
have discovered some remarkable facts with re-
gard to the Catholic Hierarchy of England. In
the first place, he would have found that a great
proportion of them, including Cardinal Wiseman,
Archbishop Errington, Drs. Grant, Briggs, Hog-
arth, Turner, and Goss, were educated from
about the age of 14 years to that of 24 at the
celebrated Catholic College of Ushaw (St. Cuthbert's), in the North of England; whilst in
the second place, he would have found that
Archbishop Errington, Bishops Briggs, Hogarth,
Turner, Goss, and Roskell were sons of Lanca-
shire and Yorkshire yeomen, whose ancestors
had never renounced the faith. How far these
things are compatible with the assertion of the
majority being converts, we leave J. H. to con-
sider, but would respectfully advise him before
he again ventures to dogmatise "a la *Brown-
son*," and to support those dogmata by reference
to the Catholic Church in England, to make
himself somewhat more acquainted with English
Catholic affairs.

SACERDOS.

"If your Church opposes despotism why does she
sustain absolutism in the immediate temporal go-
vernment of her Spiritual Chief? If she favors free
institutions, why does she not introduce them at
Rome, where the supreme spiritual power and the
supreme temporal power are both in her hands?"—
Brownson Review for October, p. 479.

It appears to be a characteristic of the Ameri-
can mind to be utterly unable to penetrate be-

yond the enchanted circle of its own little world,
and, like the Greeks of old, to deem all the
dwellers without as *oi barbaroi* (barbarians).—
An English gentleman from the manufacturing
districts told us the other day, that his uncle, an
American manufacturer, whilst on a tour through
Lancashire (Eng.), appeared to be struck with
amazement on beholding the enormous extent of
the English manufactures in comparison with
those of America; but that immediately on his
return to the United States, his old ideas of
American superiority returned, and he could not
be persuaded but that *Love's* was far ahead of
Manchester, (England). And so it is with
their political institutions. Because forsooth
they have adopted a Republican form of Govern-
ment, none other is to be held as of any account;
forgetting that, in making the people king, we
are only multiplying our own masters, and that
the *absolutism* of the million is *absolutism* still.
Absolutism in the individual, is an abuse of power,
and arises from the passions. But are the
passions of the millions any less liable to be
aroused than those of the individual? And
when aroused, are they not proportionably more
terrible? That the passions of the million are
not only *not less* liable to be aroused, but are
actually *more easily* stirred up, experience abun-
dantly shows. The orator knows full well that
it is far easier to make an impression upon a
numerous than a thinly scattered audience; and
the individual listener knows equally well that
the same words and arguments that moved him
so intensely in the crowded hall, are tame and
spiritless when read next day in the morning
papers, or repeated to him in the silence of his
boudoir. Mind does not appear to be governed
by the vulgar laws of inertia, but rather by the
lightning cloud to gather increased sensitiveness
from accumulation; and in very fact this
principle of the necessity of oligarchical absolutism
is daily acknowledged even in the most Re-
publican or Democratic Governments, by the
habitual formation of committees to transact
even the most trivial matters; it being evident
that "what is every body's business, is no-
body's," and that the multitude from its suscep-
tibility and impetuosity is unequal to the calm
task of governing. It is this narrowness of the
American mind that, in the neighboring republics
evidently forms the greatest obstacle to Catho-
licity, as it would be an additional though un-
worthy security were Catholicity ever to become
one of the *institutions* of the land. It behooves
then the Catholic publicist of the United States
to endeavour to remove this obstacle—to destroy
the spell that holds the American mind within
the enchanted circle of suppositious superiority,
and to prove that there is to be found somewhat
of good without the pale of American national-
ity. National pride will ever form the same ob-
stacle to national conversion, that individual
pride does to that of the individual. We would
wish as ardently as anybody for the conversion
of America to the true faith; but how is this to
be effected? Certainly not, as some American
writers appear to think, by bringing the Church
down to the level of the American mind, but
rather by raising the American mind up to the
standard of the Church. The Church is exter-
nal and superior to all forms of government,
which are but accidents of the temporal order.
Her dogmas relate to God, not to Governments.
If then the American mind will not receive her
for the beauty and spirituality of her dogmas,
but must needs exact from her, as from a candi-
date for its suffrage, a declaration of her poli-
tical principles, the fault is not with the Church,
but with the American mind; and he is surely
but an indifferent Apostle, who, by a species of
political superstition, would wish to affect this con-
version by adapting the Church to the people,
and not the people to the Church. It was this
desire to adapt the Church to the feelings of the
people, that produced the lamentable evils of the
Reformation; and if this is now needed for the
United States, it is surely already done in the
innumerable sects that swarm therein. It is a
grave though common error to suppose that the
duty of the Catholic publicist, is that of an apolo-
gist. His duty is to announce the sacred
dogma of his Church to his reader; and, like the
eagle teaching its young ones to look upon the
sun, he should endeavour to elevate their minds
so as to enable them to contemplate the truths
he announces. To act otherwise is to imitate
the reprehensible conduct of those instructors
who endeavour to explain the inexplicable mys-
tery of the Trinity by reference to the trine
leaves of the trefoil, thereby bringing the holy
mysteries of Faith down to a material level in-
stead of raising the minds of their people to a
courageous exercise of Faith, in what has been
revealed by God, and is inexplicable by any
material simile. We know that all this will be
a difficult task to accomplish with a nation of
materialists; but still it would be an act of cow-
ardice to omit it on account of its difficulty, and
it will be at best but a poor subterfuge to remove
the conflict into the ignoble arena of politics.—
The battle of the Church is not to be fought in
the material, but in the spiritual order; and
when once its sacred truths are accepted, the
neophyte will immediately perceive, as though
by intuition, the folly of his endeavour to bring
it down to the material order. He will see
that that Church is external and superior to the
material order, and that political affairs affect its
essence no more than does the accident of colour
in the hair and eyes, that of the human body.

SACERDOS.

"Did we, on the other hand, feel disposed to be
vengeful, we might retort with damaging effect
upon one or more of our assailants. We could pub-
lish proof sufficient to convince the most incredulous
that one, at least, of our censurers, admitted in the
presence of respectable witnesses that his mind was
chained, and that he published articles which were
in direct antagonism with his conscientious opin-
ions. We will not undertake to say that this same
journalist receives a secret stipend for services ren-
dered to the Ministers of the day; but we have no
hesitation in affirming that he has, for a *consideration*,
surrendered up all control over the editorial portion
of the journal, which he ostensibly conducts. This
assertion is not lightly made. The proof is in our
possession, and will obtain publicity if the disagree-
able necessity of exposing the insincerity and venality
of one, who dare to charge upon us the same mo-
tives which sway and actuate himself, be forced upon
us. The man who yields up his mind to be fet-
tered, and who abandons the firm convictions which
his conscience asserts, is truly an object of pity—as
such we leave him for the present."

A friend has been kind enough to call our at-
tention to above extract from the *Toronto Freeman*
of the 29th ult., remarking, at the same time, that if
left unnoticed, it might be construed as an imputa-
tion upon the integrity and independence of the
True Witness. In order, therefore, to anticipate
this imputation, we challenge the *Toronto Freeman*
to publish anything and everything he knows con-
cerning the connexion of the True Witness with the
Ministerial party, or with any other political party
in the State; and for this purpose, we absolve him
as far as lies in our power from all obligations of
secrecy imposed upon him by what he may deem
confidential communications. All that we would
exact of him is this,—that if he has any specific
charge against the True Witness, he would give the
name of his informant, and the particulars of the
information received, in order that the truth of his
allegations may be fairly tested. In a word, we
court and challenge the most rigid insinuations of
the *Toronto Freeman*.

REQUIEM MASS AT KINGSTON.

A solemn *Requiem Mass* was sung a few days
ago in the Cathedral of Kingston, for those of
the Irish Brigade who fell in defence of the Pon-
tiffical States. The celebrant was the Rev.
Vicar General Macdonell, assisted by the Rev.
Messrs. Walsh and Mather, as deacon and sub-
deacon. The people attended in large numbers,
and were deeply impressed with the solemnity of
the service.

The panegyric of the heroes of Castelluardo
was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Lantergan,
of which a correspondent forwards to us a brief
analysis, which we subjoin.

"And they have raised their nation to great
glory."—*Matth. 1, 29.*

The present hour is a solemn one—one of an-
guish and anxiety. The bottomless pit has been
opened, its leopards let loose, and its smoke has
darkened the bright sun of the 19th century.—
But it is also the hour of glory, one which will
occupy a distinguished place in the annals of the
Church, a bright and immortal page in the records
of the world, and in the book of eternity. For
if a cloud of iniquity hovers over the fair plains
of Italy, it is thickly dotted with those brilliant
stars which shall shine in endless ages—like those
shades which the artist designedly casts on the
canvas, it sets in bold relief the immortal achieve-
ments of the heroes we are assembled to honor.
What has convened us here to-day? I have
seen this morning no funeral train wending its
way towards the gates of our Cathedral; but
your hearts have heard the voice of the great
Apostle telling you—*Reddite cui honorem,
honorem*—honor to whom honor is due;—and you
have come in crowds to deposit on the far off
tombs of beloved brothers not uncalled for tears,
but the outpourings of a grateful heart, praise
and prayers, to tell their immortal souls on their
venerated remains: *you shall be blessed, for that
which is of the honor, glory, and power of God
resteth upon you.*—(1. ST. PETER, IV., XIV.)
Do not weep, down-trodden Erin! Raise
thy noble forehead to contemplate this new host
of heroes and martyrs. The sword of thy op-
pressors has not yet exhausted the generous
blood of thy stalwart sons; brute force may
subdue their bodies, but their souls, their hearts
it can never trammel; in their rage they may
say, as Napoleon I. said of the Pope, "He keeps
the souls and throws us the corpses." Honor
to those modern Maccabees who have raised
their nation to greater glory, and added another
sparkling gem to the rich crown of ever faithful
Ireland. Erin, despite all thy enemies, thou
shalt ever be what God has destined thee to be,
the land of Saints and heroes. The career of
thy sons in Italy, it is true, was short; but of
them, as of the just man, can be said:—
"*Consummatus in brevi explicit tempora
multa.*" What laurels have they not won!—
What a weight of glory have they not hoarded
up! Their stock, as the Scriptures say, is su-
perabundant; their measure well shaken and
overflowing. Methinks I see them bending un-
der their burden. Let us rejoice, because their
glory redounds upon us; we partake of its full-
ness, as it were to relieve them.

When I consider the sacrifices they had to
make, the toils they had to undergo, the dangers
they had to encounter, the numberless enemies
they had to fight, I can say, without hesitation
and without fear of contradiction, they have
reached the highest claims of heroism. When
some brilliant future, some great prospect glitters
in the eyes of hope, or swells the bosom of am-
bition, then I understand sacrifice. It is a thing
of daily occurrence. But when I see men tear-
ing themselves from their fond homes, generously
surrendering the most sacred ties of family, bid-
ding adieu, perhaps an eternal adieu, to an aged
father, a fond mother, a loving spouse, to press
for the last time the hand of a less fortunate or
less courageous brother—leaving country, home
and kindred, to encounter in the shock of battle
the enemies of God's Holy Church, devoid of
any human or worldly motive, without any pros-
pect in view but a heroic death, a glorious
grave; this is what I call heroism. Let their
vile slanderers call them *mercenaries*, their foul
aspersions fall back upon their heads with re-
doubled weight. Accustomed to pander to

bigotry and low prejudices, they can never raise themselves to the lofty regions wherein the eagle soars. They are thoroughly unacquainted with the wonders devotedness and love can work. But, thank God, the rays of the sun are not sullied by the mire they enlighten, and gold always comes from the crucible purer and more brilliant. They are mercenaries, if you wish, but mercenaries of Heaven; mercenaries like the martyrs who panted not after perishable laurels, but after the immortal crown; for like them they died for justice sake—for the faith, that lively and undying faith St. Patrick planted in their bosoms; mercenaries like that illustrious train of Christian heroes, more worthy of renown than the most distinguished characters of which pagan antiquity can boast. They are truly mercenaries, but mercenaries like the royal prophet who said, "Inclinavi car menur propter retributionem." We know, the whole world knows, who are the mercenaries; they are those revolutionary, those unprincipled men, those freebooters, vile hirelings of corrupt governments, who armed the Papal States, to enkindle amid a peaceable population the embers of strife and revolution. But, with the Irish Brigade, money was no inducement; whilst standing on the green sod of their tranquil Isle, they heard of the evils that were laying waste the patrimony of Peter, the inheritance of Christ; they heard their eloquent Bishops energetically denouncing the unwarrantable spoliation, they heard their Primate telling "the robber to take away his sacrilegious hand from the throat of the Vicar of Christ;" they heard it and were moved; blood began to boil in their manly veins, and a sublime thought to work upon their minds; it was fostered by every southerly breeze which wafted to their shores—the plaintive moans of a voice not unknown. It was the cry of the old man of the Vatican appealing to the Catholic world; of that old man who had not forgotten Ireland in the days of her distress—when famine devastated the land, and thousands and tens of thousands fell victims to the merciless scourge; it was the cry of him who had emptied his scanty treasury to feed their starving brothers. A tear moistened their eye; their hearts swelled with emotion—because Erin is never ungrateful—never, barren when there is question of producing heroes. Such a noble cause could not but enflame noble souls. Like the Mackabees of old, they exclaimed, "Ut quid natum sum?" Was I born to see the desolation of the Eternal City; was I born to witness calmly and tranquilly, like the potentates of Europe, those abominable iniquities? Was I born to stand with folded arms, like the Levites of old, when I see the dagger of the assassin pointed to my father's breast? No, a glorious death is preferable to such an ignoble existence. Ecce ego, mitte me, Moriamur et nos. They go forth like chivalrous knights without fear; thoughtless of obstacles and dangers; full of generous enthusiasm; to protect the weak against the strong. Ah! they are, those undaunted heroes, truly worthy of the great cause they have espoused. They went to defend the eternal principles of justice, religion and humanity; those principles which the revolutionary torrent threatens to sweep before it—those principles the dereliction of which would sap up the very foundations of society, consecrate anarchy and place the world on a volcano ever ready to burst forth and make of the earth a mound of ruins. They went to defend that throne, hitherto the support and strength of all the thrones of the Christian world. They were few, but valor made up for numbers. They fought like lions—they fought as Irishmen usually fight. Who ever heard of an Irish coward—the son of an Irish mother, who through fear flinched in the day of trial or deserted his post in the hour of danger? As long as unconquerable valor is honored here below, Ireland shall stand foremost among nations. Plains of Fontenoy bear witness—heroes of Magenta and Tatan speak and tell us whether you blush for those who fought the good fight at Castelfidardo, Ancona, Perugia and Spoleto! No. No. Marathon, Plataea would not, not even the Thermopylae, and why should we? They are the flesh of our flesh, the bone of our bone. They fell, it is true, for success does not always smile upon merit and valor. They fell overwhelmed by numbers, taken by surprise, decimated by an imperial treachery, after a desperate and unparalleled resistance. They fell buried in their triumph. They could not conquer, but they could die. Yield? No. "We hold it for God and the Pope." Surrender? No. Death is the triumph of magnanimous souls. One thing alone is wanting to their glory here below, but I have confidence in the future. I hope that the shades of these noble crusaders will find in generations yet unborn some Tasso to sing their praise. Until then, Castelfidardo preserve the sacred deposit confided to your trust. You owe to those heroes a tribute of gratitude. You wanted the blood of Irishmen to draw you from obscurity. To them you are indebted for a name, a mention on the map of Italy, a place in every generous heart, an immortality which the ruthless hand of time cannot destroy, nor scoffs and calumny obliterate. But why should I appeal to mute witnesses? Sardinaus be frank for once in your lives. Render testimony to courage and virtue: it is not a disgrace and what disgrace can you now fear. You have witnessed their valor. You cannot have forgotten it, for you have too bitterly felt it. Have you forgotten the day you sought to cut them off from Ancona? Have you forgotten the prodigies of valor wrought by a handful of men at the command of the chivalrous Lamoriciere, greater in that desperate hour than under the walls of Constantine, or the Barricades of '48. You were stunned and amazed when at the point of the bayonet, they broke your iron lines and carried their way through your dense battalions. You learned there, perhaps for the first time, that an Irishman feels quite at home even at the mouth of the cannon. The heights drenched with your blood and strewn with lifeless bodies, taught you that there are, to use the language of a great prelate, souls whom bullets and grape shot can pierce, but never defeat. But I need no expatiate any longer. You all know the valor of an Irishman, because in your veins flows the

same generous blood that purled the fields of Italy. The echoes of Thermopylae have never grown hoarse with repeating to the long series of generations since gone by the words engraven on the rocks by those glorious defenders of Greece, and so will the rocks, on which stands the citadel of Spoleto remind generations yet unborn of the valor displayed by the chivalrous sons of Erin in defence of the possessions of the Holy Father, long after the barbarians who have despoiled him of his territory are forgotten and thereby cease to be execrated. Hope, my beloved brethren, is strong within me, I firmly believe that only a few years will pass by when the estate of the Holy Father will be restored to him and when those attacks on his temporal sovereignty will cease to be made. Catholics know that all these attacks are directed against the throne only as a means for pulling down the altar with which it has been identified for so many centuries, they cannot despoil. If hope were to disappear from the earth, it should ever be found in the Catholic's heart, as pledged faith and honour should never depart from the bosoms of kings. He casts a glance over nineteen centuries, and from the crib at Bethlehem steeped in the blood of the Holy Innocents up to the present day he sees the little bark tossed and buffeted and lashed by the angry billows still riding fearlessly through the storm, nobly cresting the topmost wave of persecution. He fears not because he knows that the noble craft is freighted with a heavenly burden. He knows in it resides him whom the sea and winds obey. He knows that Jesus is now slumbering as formerly on the sea of Galilee but that he will soon awaken, rebuke the storm, and still the waves. Let us then hope against hope, I mean human hope—in spem contra spem. God will soon arise and disperse his enemies. The life and triumph of the wicked is only for a day, but the glory of the Lamb shall live for ever. Traveller if ever you wend your way through those famous fields of battle, over which hovers the bright clouds of undaunted bravery, pause a while, *Sui victor heros calcas*, as you visit those places consecrated to Irish valor. There you will find the name of an O'Reilly, who in his report for got many other renowned soldiers of the Cross whose deeds have rendered him self and them immortal.

Hearken to the solemn voice that comes forth from the citadel: "Go tell Erin that her sons are not degenerate; tell her we sustained the honor of Irish blood as long as a drop remained in our mortal bodies; tell her that at least once in our lives we went from the banquet of Angels swift like eagles, strong like lions; tell our mother we have died for our father, but tell her also not to weep over us, because we have preserved the faith, died in charity, and that an imperishable crown is our reward." Yes it is a consolation for us to think that whilst from the earth arises an universal chorus of praise echoed again and again, hardly marred by a few jarring voices, Heaven bends down to receive them with joy and pomp. Yes, whilst the church, like a tender mother ever solicitous for her children, and fearing when there is nothing to dread, offers up for their deliverance the august sacrifice the all-cleansing and purifying blood of Jesus Christ, amid the funeral ceremonies I sing in my heart, *Hi martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus*. The weeds of mourning which cover our altars cannot screen from my eyes the rays of glory which encircle their brows.

OBITUARY.
Died, on Friday evening last, the Rev. Venant Pilon, one of the Canons, of the Cathedral of this Diocese. The Reverend deceased had been suffering acutely from disease for many months previous to his death, giving an example of patience and Christian fortitude, which edified all who approached him. His mortal remains were consigned to the grave in the chapel of the Asylum of St. Pelagie, on Tuesday last, and the prayers of the faithful of this Diocese are requested for the repose of his soul.

BRATON.—St. John Chrysostom.—J. Sarbeau, £1 5s. not 5s as acknowledged in list of remittances last week.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.
(From the Weekly Register, Nov., 17.)
Every man must see that the Whig and Tory papers are impudently absurd in talking of cowardice in connection with the Irish soldiers in the service of the Pope. Irishmen, like Englishmen and others, have their faults, and they have been aggravated by ages of shameful misrule and oppression, but we doubt whether even the audacity of men hired to write falsehoods ever before ventured to charge them with cowardice. Still, when lies are so rife, it may be worth while to put on record a few notorious facts.
We shall not to-day refer at present to the testimonies of the gallant Lamoriciere and other commanders; our object is to answer the one only charge which, in opposition to those testimonies, has ever been brought against these brave men. That charge is that they are alive. They ought to have died it is implied, not to have surrendered. This is a maxim wholly new in Christian warfare. There was, indeed, a notion in the ancient heathen world, that a brave man must either conquer or die. It was embodied in the Spartan law, yet it was a Spartan who saw that the survivor who had done his duty was worthy of as much honour as the man who fell by his side, because "an arrow cannot distinguish a brave man from a coward." A rifle ball distinguishes as little. Much more, by all rules of Christian war, would a handful of Irish soldiers have been justified in surrendering when, being left in charge to put down the revolutionists, they found themselves overwhelmed by an immense regular army. In fact, however (with one exception), the Irish never did surrender at all. A surrender is the act of a commander, not of those under him; and even if it were disgraceful to himself, it would be no disgrace to his men, unless he had been driven to it by their misconduct. The Irish, therefore, had no responsibility at Perugia, at Castelfidardo, or at Ancona, for at all three they were under the command of distinguished foreigners. At Perugia, out of 2,500 men, under the command of General

Schmidt, only 140 were Irish. To these was trusted the post of honour, the charge of the gates. When the General was compelled to retire into the citadel, the little companies left at the different gates fought their way through the masses of the enemy, and only one of them was overpowered. When General Schmidt surrendered, the survivors of the Irish became with him prisoners of war. At Castelfidardo, out of 6,000 men, 105 were Irish. After a bloody day, in which they bore a most honorable part, and received the highest testimony from their commander, 22 were missing. How many of these were killed, we have not as yet accurate information. The survivors were included in the capitulation made, not by any Irish officer, but by Colonel Guttenhoven. At Ancona they were 450 Irish out of 7,000. How they acquitted themselves General Lamoriciere bears witness. For the capitulation which made him and them prisoners of war, he was responsible, not they. It would be a gross calumny to represent us as blaming him or the other commanding officers. Under the circumstances, they were bound, both as soldiers and as Christians, to surrender. But had it been otherwise nothing but hatred to Catholic Ireland would have suggested the transfer of any part of the blame to their Irish soldiers. We have now accounted for the whole Brigade, which originally numbered a little more than eleven hundred, with the exception of three hundred men, under Major O'Reilly. They held a medieval fort, perched on a rock just outside the gate of Spoleto, leading to Perugia and Florence. The walls were very thick, and pierced only by a very few narrow windows; so that its defenders, while they continued inside it, would have been exposed to little danger, but could have given the assailants little annoyance. Round the base of the rock, however, was a wall of the same date as the castle, in which two breaches (one very large, the other smaller) had been made in preparation for new work, which, when the enemy arrived, had not even been commenced. Major O'Reilly had sent to Rome for orders, offering to hold his post to extremity, and even to blow it up rather than surrender, if circumstances made it desirable. By this time, however, the Minister of War had learned that the promised French support was delusive, and that there was no possibility of any successful resistance to the invaders. He therefore replied, "Do your duty, neither more nor less." Accordingly, when summoned to surrender the fort, Major O'Reilly replied, with the utmost politeness, "That he greatly regretted his orders did not allow him to accede to General Brignone's demand." "Brave men are little in the habit of making boasts like that attributed to him." "The Irish may die, but never surrender." The Piedmontese had 18,500 men and 20 guns, besides a large number of rifles. Against this force the 300 Irish defended the outer wall for twelve hours. The fort itself was once set on fire by a shell, and extinguished. An attempt to storm the open breach was also repulsed. Major O'Reilly's numbers were so unequal to the defence of the post against odds so enormous that he was obliged to keep all his men in action all day, although the rule is, that two-thirds at least of the garrison of a besieged place should be resting, to relieve the one-third who are fighting. At eight p.m., his men were exhausted with twelve hours of constant fighting. Under these circumstances, Major O'Reilly would have been guilty of a great crime if he had sacrificed the lives of his followers to the vain glory of refusing to surrender a post which it was impossible to hold.

REQUIEM MASS AT ST. PATRICK'S, QUEBEC.—On Monday morning last a solemn High Mass was offered up at St. Patrick's for the repose of the souls of the defenders of the Holy See, slain at the recent battles in Italy. The celebrant was the Very Reverend C. P. Gagnon, Vicar General of this Diocese; deacon, the Reverend P. G. Clarke; sub-deacon, the Reverend J. Murphy. An impressive discourse was delivered by the Pastor of St. Patrick's, the Reverend B. McQuarrie, who took for his text the 13th verse of the 14th chapter of the Apocalypse:—"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying to me: Write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works follow them." The musical service which was very fine, was conducted by Mrs. Woolsey, organist of the church.—*Quebec Vindicator*.

COLLECTIONS FOR THE POPE.—Collections are being made through the various Roman Catholic Dioceses of Canada for the benefit of the Pope. There has been already raised in the Diocese of Kingston about \$10,000. What progress has been made in Toronto Diocese, we do not know, but Toronto, from all we can learn, is not going to be far behind her sisters. Collections were taken up in St. Michael's Cathedral and the other Roman Catholic churches here on Sunday, and the amount realised could hardly be less than \$1,200. Six hundred dollars was already informed, contributed by the clergy and people of St. Michael's alone.—*Toronto Leader*, 27th.

We are informed that between \$250 and \$300 have been contributed to the same object in and about Oshawa and the Town of Whitby.—*Oshawa Vindicator*.

A CATHOLIC ON THE "GLOBE."—An amusing answer was returned by a Catholic a few days ago to his landlord, who desired the Tenant to take the *Globe*. It was—"Sir, I rent this house and garden from you, and am, for the time being, proprietor." "Of course," replied the *Globe* man. "While I pay my rent, neither you nor any other man can have control over these premises." "Just so," answered the Clear Grit. "Well, now, see here," rejoined our Irish Catholic friend, "as long as I am Tenant here, and hold absolute control over this house and garden, it will be very dangerous for any man to ask me to subscribe for the *Globe*. I would not let it into the garden much less into my house." "Well, but you may be unreasonably prejudiced against it. I will send you over a copy, and let you see yourself." "Well, Landlord, if you do intend to send it over, I'll give you a piece of advice. Be sure you cover it up completely, so that nothing can be seen; for I tell you, if the dog sees the heading, he'll know it's the *Globe*, and then neither your boy nor your papers will be heard of any more." "Why," replied the Clear Grit, "that's a wise dog—a very wise dog. Where did he come from?" "From Connaught in Ireland, sir. Where the very dogs bark at mention of the name of an oppressor of the country." That was enough. The *Globe* man vanished.—*Toronto Mirror*.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—On Saturday, the 24th Nov., sometime about nine in the evening, Francois Mathurin, a butcher, was attacked in St. Paul Street and brutally beaten, receiving some severe wounds about the head. Mathurin managed to escape at last from his assailant, and ran towards St. Mary Street, where he entered a tavern and procured some brandy wherewith to wash his wounds. He mentioned the name of the party who had thus maltreated him, and ultimately proceeded homeward. Since then he has been unwell and complained much of pain in the head, but nevertheless daily attended to his business in the market. He gradually grew worse, however, and died on Friday night. It is stated on good authority that when he entered the tavern, he said there was a policeman looking on when the assault was committed. If so, it is very singular that he did not report it to his superiors. The Coroner will no doubt be notified, and if these facts are established, we hope justice will be meted out to the parties concerned in the case.—*Globe*.

The *Quebec Chronicle* says:—"Letters have been received in this city announcing the discovery of a vast location of copper in the parish of St. Flavien, county of Lotbiniere. It appears that the specimens which have been obtained are of extraordinary richness. The place is said to be about half a mile in length, and the width varies from fifty to one hundred feet, extending over some ten or twelve lots. It is said that the location in question is likely to become the property of an English mining company, and that the preliminaries have already been arranged."

FEDERATION OF THE COLONIES.—The St. John's (N. B.) *Reporter* has an article upon the federation of the British North American provinces. Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, it considers good enough to be allied with New Brunswick, but as for Canada they will have none of it. The *Reporter* says:—"Turning our attention to Canada, in this programme of the Colonies, we find much to engage our consideration. There we find a people already far advanced on the pathway of constitutional freedom to national greatness and prosperity, abounding in almost every variety of climate, soil and productions—with inland seas and rivers, the greatest in the world—with forests almost equal to our own, and with agricultural productions second to none in the world, and only wanting an outlet such as ours for exportation, it would at first sight seem as if the question of an alliance with such a country could not admit of doubt enough to induce discussion. Nevertheless, we have done the prudence of our part, of such an alliance at the present period, and we have no hesitation in stating them as the result of our reading and calm consideration."

The *Rochester Union*, referring to the mysterious fate of Mr. Hogan, M. P. of Hamilton, says:—"Two bodies, yet to be identified, have been found upon the shore of Lake Ontario, in this vicinity, within a short time—last week, the other two weeks before. It is not impossible that one of these may have been the missing member of Parliament, who may have come to his end at Niagara and drifted into Lake Ontario." We understand that the fate of Mr. Hogan was in all probability, a tragic one. He had borrowed \$200 from a friend, and was seen the day after, riding in an open buggy with a well known desperate character, along the road which skirts the Niagara River. He was then about four miles from the wharf. Since that moment he has not been seen or heard of. It is thought that he was first robbed, and his body then tossed over the bank into the ever-whirling waters below.—*London Free Press*.

We [*Gazette*] have received a copy of the *Nor. Western* published at Fort Garry, dated Sept. 25th. It contains little news, but the following article will be read with interest—it cannot be denied that, of late, a feeling in favour of the United States has been gaining ground among the inhabitants of this Settlement. Slowly and imperceptibly, but surely it has been growing in extent and depth until now it has become an unmistakable feature. Politics are scarcely known here; but so far as they have existed at all, they have commanded three parties—ono in favor of annexation to Canada, another for a crown Colony, and a third supporting the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company. A fourth is now starting into being is composed of those who admire the American institutions and would as soon see us a territory or State of the Union as a dependency of Great Britain. We are by means surprised that the Red River people should be somewhat Americanised. They are in the immediate neighborhood of Minnesota, whose capital serves as the general emporium for the whole of this North-West country.

A very singular discovery of human remains was made during the last summer near Bathurst, Bay Chaleur. It appears that the Rev. W. B. Armstrong, after returning, wearied from a long journey up the river Tatigouche, threw himself down on a sofa in his room, and fell into a deep sleep, during which he dreamt he was engaged digging money in large quantities at a place called Pinzer Point. So impressed was he with the dream, on awakening, that he repaired to the spot, and after digging for a short time he came to a coffin in which was the remains of a human body, measuring 8 feet 6 inches long, which appeared to have been buried some years ago. When the coffin was opened, the outlines of a huge well proportioned body were seen, but which, when the air came to it, completely wasted away to dust. In the coffin were found several implements of warfare, and in a small earthen vessel, curiously sealed, a piece of parchment on which was some writing in a foreign language. The skeleton was left with Dr. Nicholson, and the manuscript with W. End, Esq. The curious will be anxious to hear from Mr. End what the translation of the writing is; it may possibly give some clue to the identity of the remains.—*Com. Advertiser*.

MONTRÉAL MARKETS.—Dec. 6.
Flour.—Some activity yesterday, but sales confined principally to local wants, with considerable range in price. A lot of No. 1 Superfine sold for \$5,02; or 400 barrels went at from \$5,10 to \$5,20; a choice lot, f.o.b., brought \$5,15; and a small quantity \$5,25. A lot of 100 brls. Fine sold for \$4,70; 100 brls No. 2 re-ground, \$4,90; another parcel at \$4,70; and 50 brls. of Fancy, \$5,50. The range for Fancy is \$5,40 to \$5,50; Extra, \$6,10 to \$6,30. We hear of an offer made of No. 1 Superfine at \$5,75 for May delivery, and not taken.
Bag Flour.—From \$2,65 to \$2,80.
Wheat.—No transactions; going into store as it arrives.
Oatmeal.—Dull; only in retail demand.
Pork.—Declining; \$18 offered for Mess; \$20 asked; sales of Prime Mess at \$12,50, and Prime at \$11.
Beef.—Market inactive.
Dressed Hogs.—The present range is \$6 to \$7, and drooping; the latter only for very good. We hear of the following sales:—A lot of 40, two or three days ago, averaging 300 lbs, \$6,50; 50 yesterday, av. 225 lbs, \$6,75 got with difficulty; and a small lot, av. 150 lbs, \$6,25. This morning not more than \$6,50 was offered for a lot of prime carcasses, to arrive, averaging about 275 lbs.
Butter.—Some sales of medium quality Store-packed, in shipping parcels, at 13 to 13½c. We quote 12½ to 13½c for Store-packed, and 14 to 16c for Dairy; inquiry for the latter being in small quantities.
Cheese.—The range is from 9c to 11c the latter being the highest figure for choice.
Asbes.—Little doing; First Pots, \$5,35; Inferiors \$5,42; Pearls, \$5,40.

The following is an estimate of the number of lives known to be lost on the lakes by the effects of Saturday's gale:—Propeller Decatur 24, propeller Jersey City 17, propeller Cayuga 1, brig F. B. Gardner 1, schooner Wm. Maxwell 1, schooner Tornado 8, schooner Marco Polo, 7—total, 66.

Births.
In Montreal, on the 3rd instant at Tara Hall, Upper St. Urbain Street, Mrs. Bernard Devlin, of a daughter.

THE DEATH OF A PATRIARCH.—Our obituary this afternoon contains the notice of the death of certainly the oldest, and one of the most respected of our fellow citizens. We allude, of course, to the demise of Mr. Daniel McGrath—full of years and honors—who had reached the patriarchal age of 110, and lived to see and fondle his eight great-grandchildren. The deceased was full of life and activity until but a very short period before his death. He was fond of conversation, and liked to be talked with—knew everything about the politics and occurrences of the day—and was not slow to contrast passing events with those that occurred when he was young. Some ten weeks ago his bodily strength failed him, and he had to go to bed. There, slowly and quietly—without trouble or pain of any kind—the springs of life ebbed away, and yesterday morning, weakly and quietly surrounded by his sorrowing family and friends, he resigned his soul into the hands of Him who gave it. Mr. McGrath was a native of Tallow, in the county of Waterford, where he was born on the 21st of January, 1751—before Canada was needed to Great Britain—but five years after the battle of Clotuden—and while the United States were in a state of revolt and rebellion against the mother country. In 1835, with his wife and family he emigrated to Canada, having been, for upwards of a quarter of a century previous, in the employment of the Duke of Devonshire, on his Irish estate, as what is called a farm mason.—*Montreal Pilot*.

The St. Catharines *Journal* says the business done by the Welland Railway during the season has been immense, the number of bushels of grain carried by it up to the last month having been 2,781,629 bushels.

IT SAVED MY LIFE.—Such is the repeated testimony of hundreds of persons of all ages with regard to the magic effect of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. When every medicine fails, this seems to possess a perfect charm over the various diseases incident to mankind. Sold by druggists generally.

No. 10000.—That well known remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and General Debility, the Oxygenated Bitters, which has effected such remarkable cures, contains no alcohol; yet it is not affected by summer's heat, or winter's cold; and retains its astonishing virtues in any climate.

TUITION.
A Middle Aged Man, who taught a National School under the Patronage of the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Catholic Bishop, (Archdiocese) wishes to give instruction as Resident Tutor in one or two families; he would be also willing to attend a Seminary, or a few private Families daily. He teaches the Mathematics and Sciences in all their branches—Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and Italian. A Situation as Hook-keeper, or Clerk, would be acceptable to him. He has the most unexceptional Testimonials and References.
Address, Mr. Mark McCreedy, No. 55, Mountain Street, Montreal.
Nov. 23, 1860. 31

ANGUS & LOGAN,
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PAPER & STATIONERY IMPORTERS,
No. 206, Saint Paul Street,
MONTREAL.
A large supply of Printing and Mapping Paper always on hand.
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Oct. 19. Gms.

EVENING SCHOOL.
A. KRUGAN'S EVENING SCHOOL for Young Men is now OPEN in the Male School attached to the St. Ann's Church, Griffintown. Terms moderate. Hours of attendance, from SEVEN to NINE o'clock.

SALE BY AUTHORITY OF JUSTICE.
WILL BE SOLD and Adjudged to the highest bidder—
1st—One Land, situated in the Parish of St. Charles Borromeo, near the Village of Industry, containing Two Acres in front, by Twenty-Six Acres in length, joining in front to the River L'Assomption, in rear to Seigneurial line of Lavallée and Lanorail, on one side to Pierre Jéroux Latendresse, and on the other side to François Langlois. 2d—An other Land, situated in the same Parish, containing One Acre and a-half in front on the length that there is, to take from the said River, to the said Seigneurial line, joining, on one side, to Joseph Mercille, and on the other side to the line road, depending of the Communauté de biens, which existed between Charles Jéroux Latendresse and the late Ellen Kelly, his wife, at the Church door of Parish of St. Charles Borromeo, the Tenth of December next, at TEN o'clock A.M.
The Conditions of the Sale will be known then or before, in applying to the undersigned Notary in his Office, at the Village of Industry.
Industry, the 20th November, 1860.
L. DESAUNIER, N.P.

WANTED,
A SITUATION, in a first-class School or Academy, by a person who is properly qualified and experienced for taking charge of either. He holds a First-class Diploma, and can instruct in Latin, Greek, French, and English; also, in a Collegiate Course of Mathematics.
Address, "T. T." TAUN WITNESS Office, Montreal, C.E.

EVENING SCHOOL.
T. MATHEWS' EVENING SCHOOL will OPEN on the FIRST of October, at No. 55, COLBORNE STREET, near Oshabolle Square. Terms moderate, payable in advance. Hours of attendance, from SEVEN to half-past NINE o'clock.
Sept. 30. 2ms.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

It is widely reported in Paris that the French Government has informed the Pope that if His Holiness do not soon leave Rome of his own accord, the gates of Civita Vecchia will be thrown open, and the Piedmontese allowed to walk in. This would at any rate be one mode of seconding Count Cavour's invitation to the impatient revolutionists to wait for six months and see what would happen.

The French Government has also, we are told, resolved on subjecting all Episcopal charges and Pastorals to the stamp duty, thus making them amenable to the Bureau de la Presse at the Home Office, under the law regulating the colportage of books, and preventing the hawking about of obscene and seditious pamphlets.

We print the French Minister's circular forbidding the collection in France of the Peter's Pence for the support of the Sovereign Pontiff by the voluntary contributions of the faithful.

A pamphlet is also announced from the teeming press of the Messrs. Dent, entitled the "Pope and the Emperor." The author proves that no French Government can live on terms with the Pope. He concludes in favour of the suppression of Roman influence, the nomination of a French Patriarch, an ecumenical Council of the French Episcopate, universal suffrage for the Clergy, the direction by the State of religious administration, the suppression of the Concordat, and the civil constitution of the Clergy.

The Minister of the Interior has just addressed the following circular to all the prefects of France:— PARIS, Nov. 10.—"M. le Prefect,—The Imperial Government has in no way fettered the efforts which have been made to assist the financial operations of the Pontifical Government; it authorised the negotiation in France of the loan which the Pope decided to contract; it left the fullest liberty to the sympathetic manifestations which exhibited themselves in individual offerings, and those offerings have reached Rome without any obstacle. But the Government has never admitted that there could be founded without its authority throughout the empire, and as a permanent institution, committees or associations having for their object to organise, to stimulate, and to concentrate the collection of a sort of tribute for the Court of Rome.

"In a circular dated May 5, 1860, his Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction and worship reminded the bishops what were the prescriptions and the traditions of the French law upon this point. Nevertheless, some attempts are being made in a sense altogether contrary to the directions of that circular, and documents which have become public have announced the intention of forming an association represented by committees acting together, obedient to a common impulse, and constituting a kind of hidden institution organised in the bosom of the country.

"The Government cannot tolerate this neglect of regulations which it has laid down, this violation of laws which it has resolved should be respected. I invite you, consequently, M. le Prefect, to warn the organisers and members of these committees, if they have commenced to act in your department, that they must immediately dissolve, and you will inform them that if, notwithstanding this notice, they persist in their enterprises, they will expose themselves to the penalties decreed by the law.

"Individual donations to the Holy Father are, and will remain, free; but as to associations into the secret activity of which political intrigues under the veil of religion may very easily glide, their existence is unlawful until after the authorisation of the Government, and that authorisation has not been granted them.—Receive, &c.,

"The Minister Secretary of State in the Department of the Interior.

"BILLAULT."

It is no matter of surprise that all these accumulated signs have already suggested the idea that Napoleon III. intends to consummate a schism, and to declare himself the Head of the Church. The Emperor is said to have sent for a Bishop ten days ago, and put the question—Can we form a national Church? Sa Grandeur asked for twenty-four hours' time to deliberate, and returned the answer—"Not at the present moment."

THE CONDUCT OF ENGLAND.—In Ireland, great philanthropists!—what have you done in Ireland to chastise her for having remained faithful to her God and her faith? Is it true—Yes? or No?—that she is lying of manumission under the iron hand of your handlooms—that, except a potato, the only food of the country, the rest of her products are sold in the English markets to pay the rent? Is it true that the fishing on the coast by the natives of the sister isle is prohibited—that under the boasted régime of the model country the population has diminished by 2,500,000 in less than 15 years? Is it true that the Club of Regicides has held in London a course of public lectures on the assassination of foreign Sovereigns, before the eyes and the hearing of the English Government, and that 12 jurymen declared upon their honor, before God and men, that the assassin Bernard was not guilty? Have you not tried to brow a little war against France on account of Savoy, and if Russia and Prussia had listened to the advice of Lord John Russell would not torrents of blood have flowed once more at your instigation? Was not the last speech of your Premier on closing Parliament from beginning to end an insult to our country? Did not Lord Palmerstone say that Great Britain would not recognise the annexation of Savoy and that we had no more right to give than the other to accept?

The sword of honor bestowed upon Lamoriciere, has been so handsomely subscribed for in Paris, that folks say it will be difficult for the goldsmith and jeweller, most expert at running up accounts, to absorb the whole sum, although blade, hilt and scabbard were alike one mass of gold and pearls.

The correspondent of the Weekly Register writes:—

PARIS, Nov. 13.—The menacing tone of the

semi-official journals towards the Holy See is but the prelude to further abominations. The Constitutionnel is especially violent. It affirms that Imperial France is reproached with having promised its support to the Papal Government, and having broken its promise; that she is made responsible for the defeat of Castelfidardo, and the capitulation of Ancona, and for protecting the Pope's authority only at Rome, while she betrays it everywhere else. The Constitutionnel is simple enough to say out loud what every one thinks in silence; its denials, unsupported by facts or documents, damage rather than assist the Imperial cause. The only reason which it gives for our troops not having opposed the Piedmontese invasion is that we could not treat as an enemy a power which was our ally the day before. If this principle had been adopted sooner the wars of the Crimean and of Italy would not have come to pass, for Russia and Austria were allies of France the day before war was declared. There is no mean between ally and enemy. A friend of to-day, then, cannot be an opponent to-morrow! The late M. de la Palisse would have reasoned as well! It would require severe but not unfruitful labour to find out how many times the Constitutionnel contradicts itself in a fortnight.—"Boniface" could furnish Lord John Russell with a few more points. October 12 he wanted Europe to sit in judgment, as it had a right to do, upon the events that had taken place in Italy. October 24 he suddenly veered round, to the great delight of the Sicels, and confined himself to demanding that a Congress should assemble simply to register the acts of Piedmont, and to approve all that M. Cavour had been pleased to do. Whom are we to believe? Who is the dupe? The same journal declares that Lamoriciere is at his wit's end. In order to let us judge of the truth of this, it ought first to publish the General's report; but it will take good care to do nothing of the kind. I must beg your pardon for speaking of all these dignities, but we are not allowed to answer here; and this is a kind of punishment that in your free England you can hardly conceive.

The Nord of this day owns that it would be a great mistake to exaggerate what is usually called the failure of the Warsaw interview, and the Opinion Nationale asserts that its results are an alliance not at all favourable for Italy. We shall not know till the spring whether the interview was a success or not. But I do not believe that the Pope will be able to remain so long in Rome, and the report of his retirement into Germany is again gaining countenance. You have seen how the people of Viterbo voted for Victor Emmanuel under the eyes of the French. Goyon will let the Romans do the same under the eyes of the Pope, and the game will be played out whether the Pope remain or leaves Rome, as many people think he ought to have done some time ago, though they allow he should not do it just now.

ITALY.

The King of Piedmont's triumphant entrance into Naples is acknowledged by all to have been a complete failure. He was received by the population with complete indifference. But the news which has most excited the imagination of our Liberals and Revolutionists is Garibaldi's retirement to Caprera, to the society of his goats and his poultry. He retires, however, with the rank and pay of a General in Victor Emmanuel's service, with a perfect understanding between himself and Mazzini, and with an injunction to the youths of Italy to hold themselves in readiness for a war in the spring, when he will want 1,000,000 of men. The people of Naples are already enjoying the usual fate of conquered nations. They are treated with the utmost contempt while quiet, and with the most murderous severity as soon as they resist. But over the whole of Italy one sentiment prevails, viz., that the present situation has no stability or permanence.

The following letter has been addressed to Cardinal Wiseman by his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary of State to his Holiness Pope Pius IX., recommending the systematic collection of St. Peter's pence throughout every diocese in England, to replenish the resources of the Papal treasury at Rome:—

ROME, OCTOBER 6, 1860.—My Lord Cardinal.—The resources of the public treasury, which had already been diminished by the progress of the revolution, have now become of no account, as it has approached the very walls of Rome, and has thus taken away from the Holy Father every means of meeting the heavy requirements of his army, of his faithful subjects, and of all those who have resigned their public employments, and have embraced exile in order to find in Rome a refuge from the arts and seductions which would tempt them from the fidelity they have sworn to their lawful sovereign. Under these circumstances, our Holy Father, who will never consent to accept any offering of sums of money that any government might make with compacts and conditions, would, on the other hand, see with pleasure the faithful of the Catholic world come to his assistance with their penny. Having made known to your Eminence the desire of the Holy Father, I regard as needless any argument that I might urge that it might have a speedy and full effect. The co-operation of the episcopate will powerfully assist in its execution; I therefore beg you to take the trouble to write on the subject to your colleagues in the pastoral office of England, to beg of them to adopt the fittest means that the faithful who are intrusted to them may concur in assisting their common father in the heavy anxieties which he suffers from the wickedness of his enemies, and of those even who profess themselves to be his devoted children. I avail myself of this opportunity, while I kiss your Eminence's hands, again to profess myself, with profound respect, your Eminence's truly obedient and devoted servant.

G. C. ANTONELLI.

To his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, London. The French army occupies Viterbo, and is to extend its occupation; but this occupation does not mean much, for at Viterbo the people were allowed to carry on an unofficial poll in favour

of annexation to Sardeña, and at Rome itself the revolutionary committee has collected the vote of the people to the same effect. The laxity which admits any amateur that chooses to vote wherever he likes is exemplified in the Umbrian vote, which was swelled by the emigrants from Viterbo, who came to poll preceded by banners veiled in crape.

The Papal Government has everywhere again denied the report that the Pope will leave Rome. Public opinion is strongly against Merode. A detachment of Irish Zouaves is about being organised.

A more than usual supply of falsehoods, contradictions, and mistakes have arrived from Naples during the week. In spite of all announcements to the contrary, Gaeta holds out, and Francis II. shows no inclination to discontinue the contest. The reported victories of the Sardinian troops have been gross exaggerations. But among the generals and officers of Francis II. treason to their King and treachery to their soldiers have unfortunately been conspicuous.

With regard, however, to the retirement of 28,000 of the Royal troops into the Papal States, which has been attributed to the treachery of the Generals, there is good reason to believe that it was by the King's orders. It was impossible to feed them where they were—the men were disinclined to accept their dismissal, and desired still to serve their King. They were, therefore, marched into the Papal States leaving the garrison of Gaeta and some 10,000 men under the gallant Bosco before the works of the fortress.— Tablet.

ROME.—Lamoriciere wishes to form another little army, and prisoners are struggling back, amongst them ninety Irishmen, who had been taken at Castel Fidardo, returned here a few days ago from Marseille. They report that eleven hundred have returned to Ireland, but that many of them expect to come out here again. One of those gallant fellows who has come again to serve the Pope, had one of his hands shot off in the battle, but his pluck was no Englishman's, a covert, of the name of Chabbers. He prayed that he might be slain in the Pope's cause, and was killed on the wall of the fort by a cannon ball, which smashed him to pieces.

I fear that in Tuscany and Piedmont no one doubts that the Emperor means to betray the Pope the whole way, and to leave Rome to the mercy of the Piedmontese, who say, not without some reason, that they can protect the Pope's person quite as well as the doughty Goyon: they wish the Pope no harm, they only desire all his possessions, and that after Gaeta shall have fallen, some more foul work is in store. But who can fix how long God will abandon us?—Cor. Dublin Telegraph.

A PROTESTANT WRITER'S OPINION OF ITALIAN REVOLUTION.—The celebrated Protestant and Conservative writer, Dr. Henry Leo, has written a remarkable article in the Volksblatt of Halle, which is important as coming from one of the leaders of the Protestant Conservative party in Germany. He says that Archbishop Rauscher, of Vienna, in his pastoral letter at the beginning of the year, went to the root of the matter, when he proclaimed that open violence was no doubt an evil, but that it could only fall the tree, without preventing it from springing up again. But a greater evil is that corruption of the moral convictions which accompanies violence, and which poisons the soil for the future, and prevents it from bearing good fruit. He speaks thus in the name of Christian truth and of the future of Europe.

"It cannot be doubted," says Dr. Leo, "on which side our sympathies will be, since each victory gained by the Catholic Church will be a victory over those who have neglected their duty." Let us see if we are not of the number. "Every Evangelical Christian," he says, "must experience a sort of jealousy in seeing so many Bishops, Canons, and Priests courageously appear before the Piedmontese tribunals for having refused to sing a Te Deum in honor of rapine and theft."

The following passage from the pen of a Protestant writer deserves to be quoted:—"Look at Italy. True, the persecution which Piedmont has organised there, has at first attacked only that which appertains to the external form of the Church, viz., ecclesiastical property and the temporal power of the Pope; but in reality the aggression is directed against his spiritual authority. For, for the Catholic world, the Pope is the Vicar of Jesus Christ. It is therefore against the Kingdom of Jesus Christ himself that Catholics in our days rebel when they rise against the power of the Roman Pontiff."

It is in defence of the Apostolic independence of the Pope that the Catholic world has risen, protesting unanimously by the mouth of the Bishops, the Clergy, and, with few exceptions, of the mass of the people. For this has the 'Peter's Pence' been revived; and for this, under the brave Lamoriciere, have young and gallant spirits enrolled themselves under the Pontifical banner.

If the Catholic Church, now in affliction, can extricate itself by its own means, the revolutionary violence will have received a blow greater than the violent repressions since 1848, and the Catholic Church will gain a triumph such as it has not had for five centuries. The Conservative spirit cannot exist except in the Christian religion; the Pope's part, in spite of Liberalism and the commonplaces of our journalists.

"We are bound to give our testimony in favour of the Pope's right, and to hope that all Government which know their power to depend upon the will of God, and not upon the will of the people, may openly oppose this flagrant injustice, and cast aside all false and libellous notions of the sovereignty of the people and the popular will. We trust that the three Powers which for forty years have been united to maintain order and right, may open their eyes and protest energetically against felony. Unfortunately, too many of our Protestant co-religionist rejoice over the humiliation of the Pope and the fall of Babylon. We will not flatter their prejudices, and we declare that crime and falsehood are cloaking themselves in the mantle of justice. Let them combat the Catholic Church openly and frankly, and with spiritual weapons. But had means will never attain a good end, and excessive means such as warfare, in which their allies are treason and the Revolution."

SPAIN.

The Congress of Deputies, as the faithful exponent of the Catholic feelings of the Spanish nation, offers to His Majesty's Government its most decided and energetic support, to the end that Her Majesty, in accordance with the wishes expressed by His Holiness in the Allocution of Sept. 28, may protect and defend the Vicar on Earth of Jesus Christ, the Father of all the Faithful, with all the means at her command." This was the resolution proposed and signed by seven Catholic members in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, and discussed there with much warmth on Oct. 29. Victor Emmanuel and Louis Napoleon were so severely treated that the President had to remind the speakers that respect for monarchical principles should moderate their language against crowned heads. Marshal O'Donnell opposed the motion. He had the deepest pity for the lot of Pius IX., and disapproved of the Piedmontese invasion of Rome and Naples. Also the Cabinet had applied to the Catholic Powers, and invited them to unite in order to help the Holy Father. But the invitation had failed. The Cabinet had protested, and recalled the Spanish Ambassador from Turin. But they had not broken off diplomatic relations, and kept a Charge d'Affaires there. Their policy will be strict neutrality; they will not intervene. Marshal O'Donnell considers that European law exists no more; but whenever an united effort shall be made to restore it, Spain will exert itself in favour of the Holy Father as much as any other power. This miserable shuffling on the Marshal's

part has naturally pleased nobody. The Pope's friends consider the course pursued to be unworthy of the Government of the Catholic Queen. The Liberals consider that O'Donnell is a traitor to the cause of Italian liberation. But while the Cabinet was making professions of its sympathy with the Pope, a letter of the Papal Nuncio in Madrid fell into their hands, in which the Cabinet was judged at all favorably. The Nuncio has excused himself to the Queen, but remains persuaded that Marshal O'Donnell is not a sufficiently zealous Catholic to step forward on the Pope's behalf.

TRANSLATIONS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.—The Journal Deutschland of Frankfort publishes an article, of which the following is a translation, on the abduction of two Jewish children, minors, by Protestant Ministers:—

When two years ago, the Mortara affair disturbed the equanimity of the inhabitants of Bologna, the Liberal hordes everywhere raised a hue and cry of indignation, and hurled their fulminations against the Catholic clergy, as if all those who were subject to the law of Moses ran the risk of being led, either of their own accord or by force, whither they did not wish to go.

Jews, Heathens, Freemasons, Protestants, nominal Catholics, all sounded the trumpet of calumny, cursed Rome and the Catholic Church. One would have imagined for the moment that a crusade against the Pope was about to be organized in which the whole world will join. The banner was raised. The Protestant Governments thought they were obliged to take the violated rights of Judaism officially in hand, and for a long time Edgar Mortara was the watch-word of those who make a parade of their sentiments of humanity and intolerance. To judge by what has since taken place we had a right to expect that these paladins of tolerance would have recommenced still more beautifully their concert of maledictions. There was an excellent opportunity for the display of humanitarian zeal. But mark how consistent those apostles of progress are with themselves! They are one and all silent: neither, Heathen, nor Christian, nor venerable Freemason thought it becoming his dignity to utter even a stilled cry of horror and indignation, though: all of them pride themselves so much on being, as it were, born defenders of right and justice. And yet the question is not now concerning one Mortara, but two. It is true the cases are not exactly similar—they are not Catholic priests but Protestant ministers, who have permitted themselves to encroach upon the rights of Jewish parents.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

(From the London Times, November 14.)

It is beyond a doubt that on the 8th of September last the allied British and French forces began their march on Peking, and that this advance is the last fact of importance which has been communicated to the authorities at home. We have now, from official despatches and from the letter of our own special correspondent, an accurate account of the proceedings up to the 11th of September, when the allied army was at a place only 45 miles from Peking, with the intention of pushing on immediately for the capital. It is perfectly plain that at this time there was not the smallest chance of a successful negotiation, the former overtures having come to nothing through the evident duplicity and the bad faith of the Chinese agents. The history of these transactions is interesting, as showing the character of the people with whom the English traders have had to deal for so many years. The outcry against the Chinese War in 1857 has now almost died away; even faction is ashamed to repeat the charges which were advanced against the European community in the East less than three years ago. Every succeeding month has brought to light fresh proofs of the degradation and worthlessness of the Chinese Government, and has shown that, if Europeans are to remain in safety in its territory, we must make up our minds to resent every insult and to punish every offence committed against us. Such was Yeh, such was Kweihsang, and such is Hangki. Mandarins, whether at the North or the South, are not to be trusted, inasmuch as sincerity in dealing with barbarians would be the greatest of crimes in the eyes of the Central Government. If English readers wish for a specimen of the manner in which their countrymen have been treated in every matter, small and great, for the last 18 years, then let them listen to the history of the negotiations at Tien-tsin.

At the capture of the Taku forts the loss inflicted on the Tartar army had been considerable, but the terror spread among them by the attack and the murderous arms of the Europeans was still more important. They fled, the officers themselves making no halt until they had placed a great distance between themselves and the Armstrong guns. The letter we print to-day speaks of the difficulties in the nature of the country to an advancing force, and the little use which had been made of these obstacles by the Chinese. Having retired from the field in such haste as to leave every bridge standing, the Tartar Generals, no doubt, sent such despatches to Peking as induced the Chinese Court to feign a desire to negotiate. We hear much of barbarian cunning, yet it would seem impossible for a civilised plenipotentiary of average capacity to be inveigled by such shallow devices as those to which the Imperial Mandarins had recourse on the present occasion. These personages seem to have considered that we were still the English of 1842 and 1858, and that all the old tricks concerning a reference to Peking and the limited nature of their own authority would succeed in delaying us, as they had done before. With these views they began prevaricating at their very first interview, in the early part of September. Possibly, they may have been under the influence of Kweihsang's first blandishments that Sir Hope Grant sent off the despatch which was the cause of the recent false anticipations of peace. However, we are glad to say, for the credit of our negotiators, that the Mandarins were unable to sense of their mistake, and taught that when a country like England is forced into a third war within a term of twenty years the consequences are likely to be serious to the State whose weakness and perfidy provoke the conflict.

As we have said, the news of the capture of the Taku Forts having been carried to Peking, the Emperor immediately despatched a Commissioner to treat for peace; in other words, to stop the allies at any cost of false assurances, or promises intended to be broken. Immediately after the battle the advanced guard of the Allies had marched up to Tien-tsin, and with it had arrived Lord Elgin and Baron Gros. On their arrival they were informed that Kweihsang, who had negotiated the treaty of 1858, was coming down from Peking. This Officer was represented as being treated with the highest powers. On this Lord-Elgin wrote to him, stating the demands of England, the principal article of which was the payment of 8,000,000 taels, about £2,300,000 sterling. When Kweihsang arrived at Tien-tsin he informed the Allies that he and Hang-fuh, the Governor of the Province, had been appointed to treat, and that they were ready to commence negotiations. Lord Elgin returned an answer that no negotiations could take place until the Commissioners had accepted the British proposals, which they accordingly declared themselves ready to do. For the history of subterfuge and falsehood which followed we must refer the reader to our correspondent's letter, and to the despatches published in yesterday's Gazette. On the 6th, it appears, everything had been settled, and every one in authority thought that there was nothing more to do but to send the army back to India or to England. Then the Commissioners began to equivocate. They had no power to conclude a treaty. Their credentials were not sufficient, and they must refer to the Imperial Court. Lord Elgin demanded that one million taels should be paid before Tien-tsin was evacuated by the British troops. This condition, which had

been accepted by the Commissioners, was an evident source of embarrassment to them. They were ready to subscribe to anything, the performance of which was fixed at a distant date, when the barbarians would probably be far away from the country, or, at any rate, would only hold some outpost in the Southern provinces, far away from the neighborhood of the Imperial presence. But the immediate payment of one million taels was like taking away so many drops of their hearts' blood. The despatch of Lord Elgin on this subject has been published, and, in case there should be a party willing to censure the continuance of the war, we point it out for perusal. His Lordship says that, having demanded a million of taels before the evacuation of Tien-tsin—"After some conversation, in which they betrayed manifest signs of uneasiness, they announced to my secretaries that they could not stipulate that the covention should take effect without previous ratification, and that, so far from being ready to sign it on the 8th inst., they could not do so until it had been submitted to the Emperor for his approval." Much discussion followed, in which the Chinese Commissioners showed such evident signs of duplicity, that to "check this policy by an act of vigour was manifestly indispensable, unless we intended to forfeit all the advantages secured by our advance to this point;" and, accordingly, orders were at once given by Lord Elgin to advance to Tang-chow, and "to enter into no further communication with them until I had reached that place."

UNITED STATES.

DIVORCE MADE EASY.—The following is the substance of a bill now before the legislature of Vermont:—"A divorce from the bonds of matrimony may be granted, where either of the parties is an habitual drunkard; or shall have joined any religious sect or society which professes to believe the relation of man and wife to be unlawful; or who refuse to cohabit with each other for the space of three years." Should such a proviso be enacted, then indeed the Vermont legislature will be entitled to the gratitude of Gospel liberty admirers and libertines, who regard marriage as an institute that is an intolerable check on the foulest passions of man's heart. Protestant legislatures in Europe as well as in America are from to day facilitating divorce cases, until at length an almost Pagan license is rendered legal by infamous enactments opposed to the welfare of society and the unity of marriage, which the Christian religion has established. Every moment since Martin Luther preached his infamous and disgusting sermon on marriage, Protestants are the more receding from the holiness of that sacred bond, which indissolubly unites man and wife for the good of society and the Church. Ladies and matrons of America, is this the civilization in store for you? The Christian religion has ennobled you, has given you dignity; has restored you to your legitimate position in the family;—beware in time, lest the infamous progress of such legislation as that of Vermont engulf you in the thraldom and degradation of Paganism.—N. Y. Nation.

MORAL DESTRUCTION IN NEW YORK.—It is a correct calculation that in New York, more than half a million of adults—male and female—never go to church, and that upwards of a hundred thousand children receive no religious education. The population of the city is put down at nine hundred thousand. Of these, beyond two hundred thousand are Catholics. The probable balance for Protestantism, therefore, is—for the Catholics are not counted among the irreligious—that in the great capital of America, it takes moral care of only one out of seven! These figures are not ours,—though the induction is,—they have been supplied by the "Evangelical Alliance" and other Protestant Associations in New York. Here are two of the most startling facts of the times. Five hundred thousand grown people, and a hundred thousand children in a single America city without any religious feelings and culture! What is the cause of them? We are not aware that any of the Pagan cities of antiquity presented two such unfortunate features.—Boston Pilot.

The New York Herald of the 17th of November published the following important paragraph in its "city news" column:—"There has been considerable flustering of late in school circles in regard to a rumor of an exposé of the management of the different schools in this city. Guilty persons, it is said, always tremble at their own shadow when there are indications of their guilt being made known to the public. It has long been rumored that there are men employed to take charge of the youth in our city schools whose morals are not what they should be. If this is correct, it is well that an exposé should come out, and the uneasiness manifested in certain localities would indicate that there is more truth than poetry in the charge that has been made. A little ventilation in this department, it truthfully does us no harm, and may be the means of doing an immense amount of good to the coming generation; and if there is anything wrong, the public who are spending millions for the cause of education should know it.

An instance of the despicable state to which the New York Criminal Justice have fallen in public estimation may be inferred from the fact that the press of that city are unanimous in praising Mr. Justice Gould for pressing for the conviction of a noted blackleg, named Mulligan, who had been indicted for an attempt to kill a police officer in the execution of his duty. But what can they expect from a judiciary elected by the influence and muscular power of the blacklegs and rowdies who control the election.

There is a story that the Californians in Washington propose to set up an independent republic on the Pacific side of the Union if it is dissolved, and Mr. Otero, delegate from New Mexico, has written to his constituents advising them to connect with it.

THE PROGRESS OF SECESSION.—The correspondent of the New York Herald at Washington telegraphs on the 27th as follows:—"The President and Cabinet are very desirous that Gen. Scott should be present here during the approaching session of Congress, and he was accordingly summoned by telegraph yesterday to repair hither forthwith. A despatch was, however, received by Secretary Floyd this evening, that owing to the sudden illness of Gen. Scott in New York it will be impossible for him to come on. The announcement has caused a great deal of uneasiness in all circles here. It is understood here that immediately on the resounding of Congress next week, a caucus of the Southern men who intend to take their seats will be called—at least of the conservative portion of them—and the probability is that all the members will attend it, when the present condition of the country will be discussed, the grievances under which the South now suffers will be set forth, and some basis laid down for pacification and the settlement of all difficulties which beset us. When these matters are in fair training, and the Southern members understand each other, the conservative members from the North will be invited to come into the caucus, and the whole business will be discussed in solemn council. From all that has been said here about this measure, it seems likely that a report upon the state of the country will be agreed upon, to be presented to Congress, and that it will recommend the calling of a Convention of all the States, to come to some arrangement whereby the differences can be finally settled and the negro kept out of politics for the future. South Carolina is bent on quick work. Disunion is the work by day and the dream by night of almost every man and woman there. Senator Chestnut says so. Senator Hammond says she will certainly go out on the 17th or 18th December at all costs.

The Palmetto flag of the petty state of South Carolina, was hoisted at when lately thrown to the winds at Baltimore, an indication that in that city the "fire eaters" will not endorse the suicidal policy of secession.

