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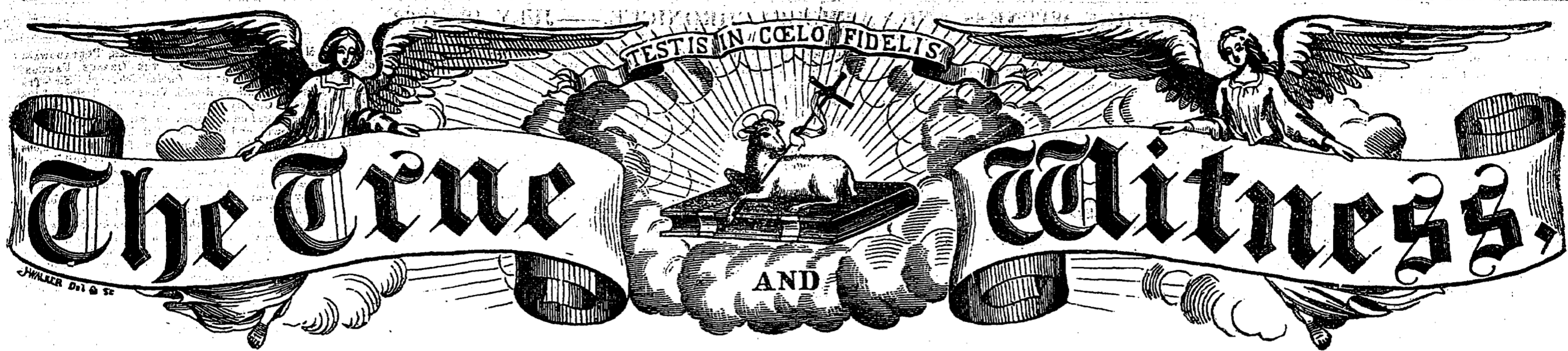
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NEILL O'DONNELL;
OR, THE MISER'S HEIR.

(From the Irish-American.)

CHAPTER I.

Many years ago there lived in the town of Galway, in Ireland, an old miser of the name of O'Donnell, a descendant of the ancient and once wealthy and powerful chiefs of Tyrconnell, but who were now poor and decayed—at least that branch of which the old miser prided himself as being the head—the broad lands and princely revenues which had once formed the patrimonial inheritance, having long been confiscated to the Crown in consequence of the adherence of the family to the fallen fortunes of the Stuarts, and the scanty remnant dissipated by the recklessness and improvidence of succeeding possessors.

Of the representative of the family little was known with certainty. A few of the older inhabitants of the town remembered him as a shy, proud youth, living with his parents in a remote quarter of the town. The boy being wild and intractable, his father had been advised to place him in some foreign service, the only path then open to honor and renown; for his religion (he being a Catholic) would have proved an insurmountable barrier to his entering the army in his own country; and as for the liberal professions of civil life, from most of them, too, he was excluded by the same cause.

A commission in the service of the Empress Maria Theresa was accordingly obtained; but on the day appointed for joining his regiment, young O'Donnell suddenly disappeared. He had been last seen in company with the Captain of a Spanish trading vessel, and as he was known to possess a strong predilection for the sea, it was inferred that he had accompanied him on his homeward voyage. Nothing further was ever heard of the daring and adventurous youth, until he returned an old and broken down man. It was supposed that he had been a merchant abroad, either in some of the Spanish or West India Islands, for nothing of the sailor was suggested by either his language or appearance; and, for the accomplishment of one single object, which seemed to have been the engrossing aim of his life, had realized a large fortune, which he had amassed by the most saving and penurious habits. Though he had formed no new ties, he had never sought after his family, whom he had left in poverty at home, until when advanced in life, with that sickly yearning for kindred and country which survives even old age and debility, he sought his native place.

The day he arrived in Galway he excited some speculation among the good townfolk, to know who was the old foreigner, whose appearance was so eccentric as to elicit jeers and shouts of laughter from the groups of ragged boys and idlers that stood at the corners of the streets.

Though in the midst of summer, a heavy travelling cloak was closely wrapped round his thin, stooping figure; a rusty, high-crowned beaver surmounted a bronzed, sun-burnt visage, whose features were moulded in that peculiar form which seems almost to bid defiance to the ravages of time; lips thin and satirical, with deep-set eyes of intense blackness, to which age and avarice had given the restless glance of distrust and suspicion without queching their brilliancy or destroying a certain intensity of gaze, which gave to the countenance a strange, unearthly character.

After proceeding rather slowly down the principal street, he turned abruptly into an obscure bye street or lane at its extremity. He stopped before an old stone house whose quaintly carved wooden balconies and arabesques, after the Moorish fashion, denoted a Spanish architect; and, after a quick and hurried glance over it, commenced rapping at the old-fashioned, ponderous hall-door with the head of a stout ebony staff which he carried. Receiving no answer, and his repeated efforts to obtain admittance only exciting laughter from the mob that followed him, the stranger, after another keen and anxious survey of the mansion, turned away, and retraced his way to the lane. There was something in the look and manner of the old man as he moved from the door, that averted the gaping crowd of idlers into silence; his face was as livid and as ghastly as that of a corpse, his mouth worked convulsively; his thin, arched nostrils dilated and contracted alternately; and his whole frame shook like one whose nervous system had received some sudden and tremendous shock.

He was seen to enter the Green Dragon, one of the oldest inns in the town, where it was afterwards ascertained he had been most particular in his enquiries for the family of O'Donnell.

The landlord, with some difficulty, recollected their history. 'The old people,' he said, 'had been dead some time, and he believed they had left a son who had gone to sea when a young man, and had never been heard of since.'

'But they had a girl, a fair, dark-eyed girl—what of her?' said the old man anxiously.

'That's true,' said the landlord. 'I forgot Eily O'Donnell; why, she married a young man

of the name of Shawn Barry, and they are both dead long ago; they suffered a deal, too, poor things. They left one little boy after them.'

'And that boy?' said the stranger, who had manifested considerable emotion during the narrative.

'He lives with a poor woman, who took charge of him, in one of the lanes hard by?'

'Her name?'

'Nance Meelan; she's a water carrier.'

The old man, whose thin lips worked convulsively, took it down instantly on his tablets.—After this he remained for many hours shut up in the little parlor of the inn. At length he ordered dinner and wine, which he paid for without tasting. He then abruptly left the place. The stranger was then by many to enter the habitation of Nance Meelan, but no one saw him come out again, and from that hour all trace of him was lost.

The following Sunday the old woman and her charge appeared in new clothes at chapel. As she was known to be very poor, this event created some sensation amongst the neighbors, which was increased by the mysterious disappearance of the stranger, whom they charitably supposed she had made away with for the sake of his money. The silence which the old woman chose to observe irritated them still more, and the landlord of the Green Dragon, who had not forgotten that the stranger had not partaken of the refreshment he had ordered and paid for, vociferously insisted that the matter should be investigated. Excitement rose to the highest pitch, until at length it came to the ears of the authorities, and the old woman and boy were taken up on suspicion of murder; and, after having narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the enthusiastic mob, were hurried to jail, where they remained for several months until the assizes. When the trial came on, the Court was crowded to suffocation. The greatest curiosity prevailed to know what had become of the body, for not a doubt of the murder existed; and the dwelling of the old woman had been dug up, and all the drains and sewers of the town rigidly searched without a trace of its discovery. There was no proof beyond circumstantial evidence; but the jury were anxious to dine, and little doubts were entertained but they would return a verdict of guilty against the water carrier.

Suspense was at the highest, when a shout arose from the assembled mob outside the courthouse. Lo! the old foreigner, in his identical high-crowned beaver and black mantle, was seen walking composedly down the street. He looked paler and much older; and though his dark eyes shone as brilliantly as before, there was a gloomy fire in their glance that scorched those that looked on him.

There was a general rush made to the courthouse, the constables were forced back and the crowd entered pell-mell into the presence of justice. The din and hubbub that ensued baffles description; but at length the man point was ascertained, the man had been seen alive by hundreds—and, *pro forma*, (as a matter of course) the prisoners were acquitted of the charge, but were sagely ordered to be remanded until they could be personally confronted with the stranger.

In utter unconsciousness of the events and surmises that his disappearance and arrival had created in the minds of the good people of Galway, the mysterious stranger again directed his steps to Green Dragon, and a few minutes after his coming, a couple of stout porters laid down at its door, two large heavy chests covered with leather, and well secured with several strange-looking locks.

After eating a hearty dinner, which scarcely convinced mine host that he was veritable flesh and blood, the stranger announced his intention of becoming a resident in Galway, and inquired if there were any houses to let in the town. He was told of several, and amongst the rest the one formerly belonging to the O'Donnells was mentioned as being about to be sold by the Corporation, whose property in default of claimants it had become. Since the deaths and dispersion of the family, it had remained untenanted except by the rats, who seemed to have chosen it for their special abode, for they were often heard by the passers-by scampering and chasing each other in troops up and down the floors.

In this decayed and ruinous tenement did the last lineal descendant of the O'Donnells install himself. A few articles of the commonest description of household furniture were provided, the boy was taken from Nance Meelan, and draped in a suit of coarse clothes. Beyond this, a veil of impenetrable mystery shrouded all future proceedings of Mr. O'Donnell, or the O'Donnell, as he was generally called. He was reputed to possess immense wealth, yet he sedulously shunned all communion with the few friends who remembered him; rarely stirred out, and then only by night. Time passed on, old people shook their heads when his name was mentioned, and said they remembered him to have been a strange youth, always moping by himself, and

mourning the decadence of his family, and that he had often said to his mother: that he would never return until he had gained, not only wealth enough to rescue her from poverty and misery, but sufficient to build up the broken fortunes of his family, and purchase their ancient possessions.

Fate, probably, had hindered the accomplishment of these visions of his youthful ambition, which, though uttered in the ardent and unthinking recklessness of youth, seemed, from the reputed wealth of the individual, to have been pursued through life with a steady, persevering and successful aim. Others whispered, that a greedy love of gold had banished all purer and loftier imaginings from the old man's heart; and such, indeed, appeared the truth. The lamp that once burned so brightly in his breast had expired—the fond proud wish which had been the loadstone to which all his hopes and aspirations had pointed, of aggrandizing his kindred and raising them to their former rank and position in society, had fled for ever. He had returned to his native land to find himself a stranger—the dear ones for whom he had toiled late and early, and planned and speculated, had died in neglect and poverty—poverty which a tithe of his hoarded wealth would have relieved, a relief which, in the engrossing nature of his pursuits, he had forgotten to administer. The pangs of remorse and the disappointment of long-cherished hopes—hopes that had cheered and lighted years of solitary exile, infused gall and wormwood into a spirit that had grown harsh and worldly from commerce and mankind. Thrown back upon himself, the passion of avarice burnt with renewed vigor, and what had once been self-denial and passion for the noblest ends, degenerated into the insane selfishness of the sordid miser.

In the meantime Neill Barry, or Neill O'Donnell, as his uncle, immediately on his adoption named him, had grown up ragged and half naked; for his first suit of clothes had never been replaced, and ignorant to be sure, for his uncle never sent him to school, or gave him any opportunities of education, beyond the very questionable kind obtained from grooms, coach-drivers and errand boys in the streets.

CHAPTER II.

But with all his defects, rarely would one see, either in person or disposition, a finer specimen of youth than Neill: tall, handsome, with the dark eyes, raven hair and marked features of his mother's race, and possessed of a native politeness and irresistible fascination of manner that endeared him to every one that knew him. It was a matter of wonder to many that the old man did not display more tenderness and natural affection to the only one remaining of his kindred. Those who knew his family said it was on account of the low condition of the boy's father—for the O'Donnells were always a proud race. But they wronged the miser—he passionately loved his nephew—loved him with an intensity which made him almost unconscious of all the blessings and advantages he robbed him of—and yet not wholly so, for the deep-rooted thoughts and feelings of the past would momentarily displace the fierce thirst of gold within his breast. And often when the wearied boy had retired to his pallet, the old man, moved by some strange impulse, would steal after him, and, leaning over him, gaze proudly on his countenance—which, even misery, hardship and insufficient food had not deprived of the rich brown hue of health and exercise—and mutter to himself—'How like his ancestor, Hugh! then, as some remorseful feeling would smite him for his neglect of him, he would clasp his withered hands in deep emotion, and say, 'and yet not like thee, for he was gently bred and nurtured; and thou, poor child of my Aileen; but, it is for your sake I pinch and starve myself and you—for you I deny myself the necessities of life, and shorten the remnant of my miserable days, that you may one day live in ease and luxury, and enjoy all the pleasures of that wealth, for whose accumulation I have devoted my existence. I know that hard and gripping eyes are upon us.—Yes, they thought I had gold, and would would gladly have robbed me of it. But we have cheated them—poor wasteful fools, they couldn't dream or think that if we had riches we would prefer nakedness, cold and hunger to clothes, generous food and kindly warmth; but they know not to what the indomitable will of man can attain, when directed to one single object—that object I have failed in, for those hearts its attainment would have gladdened, have vanished from the earth. But you shall possess the escheated lands and forfeited possessions of your race; you shall restore to its ancient splendor the name of O'Donnell. You are young and beautiful; you shall be wealthy, and shall marry amongst the magnates of the land, and when my bones have long mouldered with the dust, you and your descendants will flourish in the land of my fathers, like trees planted by the rivers of waters.'

But, in general, the old man's demeanor was cold and distant to the youth, always pleading extreme poverty for obliging him to do the menial

offices he performed, for the boy had to draw water from the fountain, gather sticks for fuel, and cook their humble provisions; Nance Meelan, on whom these multitudinous duties had at first devolved, having one day been unceremoniously thrust out of doors by the miser for attempting to prey into the mysterious arcanum of his bed-chamber. Neill loved the old man tenderly, and for his sake bore cheerfully with many a hardship and privation galling to a youthful spirit; and thought he would have often starved but for the kindness of his good nurse, as he loved to call Nance, who gave him many a plentiful meal;—still Neill never murmured; a natural gaiety and happiness of temperament enabled him to bear, like a stoic, the positive miseries of his condition. His time was chiefly spent at his nurse's, who had been so insufficiently rewarded for her care of him, as to be compelled still to follow her original trade of water-carrier.

Nance Meelan was an honest, simple-hearted woman, with the excitable temper, quick impulses and warm affections of her country. To O'Donnell, as the unconscious cause of her being brought within the power of the law, as well as for his close and miserly disposition (a vice held in utter detestation by the lower order of Irish) she entertained a most cordial dislike; and abundantly gifted with that flow of bitter eloquence which, when fully aroused, few of her sex are found to be utterly deficient in, Nance seized every opportunity of bestowing a flood of invective on the 'negardly *ould colough*;' but, above all, for his 'threatment of her darlin'.

'Erra wouldn't id be better for you, *ma bouchal* *dhias dhonn*, that he left you wid her that took you from your mother's corpse, when you had neither kith nor kin in the wide world to care for you. Ask the neighbors if I ever let you want a clane shirt, or a belly-full of dacent vittles airy and to the fore of you. Glory to your soul, ashore, what good did he do for you since? Shut you up in his owid rat trap and starved you alive, as if you warn't a Christian at all, let alone his own flesh and blood. *Monan sin dhau!* (the Lord betune us an' harm for sayin' it) but shure it's enough to scare the heart out of one to think that the owid raven that doesn't know the ind of his goold ud be atther thrating his own sister's son in this way.

The only way which could put an end to these impetuous bursts of the faithful Nance was by threatening to leave her, which generally had the desired effect.

Time passed on, and while it increased the niggardly and avaricious disposition of O'Donnell, it perfected into the strength and vigor of manhood the youthful frame of Neill. His education had been confined to the simple elements of reading and writing, an ample knowledge of a few ancient tomes of Irish history, which formed his uncle's library, and over which he had pored until their contents had become as familiar as household words to him—a smattering of French and Spanish, which he had picked up from his uncle—singing a song, and dancing a jig to perfection. But of the nature of any of the polite arts or abstruse sciences of modern days, he was in a state, of the most profound and blissful ignorance.

But, though his mind was in a great measure uncultivated, still he possessed a fund of good sense, and a native strength and vigor of intellect, which triumphed over every disadvantage, and which lent a poetic enthusiasm to his language when excited. Grown up to manhood, he began to pine a little beneath the miseries of his condition. But all these would have been comparatively light, had he not suddenly been assailed by the darts of love. One evening he was lounging at his usual haunt, the corner of the old Post Office, when a jaunting car abruptly turned the corner of the street near him; two persons were on it—one a young, military gentleman, who drove on the left side near him; the other a female, wrapped in a travelling cloak and large black calash, who sat on the opposite side. The gentleman looked hesitatingly up and down the street, which at that hour scarcely contained an individual; then perceiving Neill, he called to him in an authoritative tone of voice:

'Ho! fellow, do you know where Colonel Vernon lives?—here's a crown, and show us the way to it, I think this is the street, but may I be hanged, if I know in what part of it his domicile is located.'

Neill, though in rags, knew he was a gentleman, and would one day be the lord of no mean inheritance; so his only reply to a request which would have instantly complied with, had it been couched in more civil terms, was a haughty indignant stare in return for the cool, contemptuous one bestowed by the young officer. Then turning on his heel, he commenced whistling with all his might the tune of "the wind that shakes the barley."

That moment he heard a sweet, melodious voice issue from beneath the black calash:—'Do young gentleman, be so kind as to direct us to Colonel Vernon's, if you know it, for we are

strangers in your town, and are quite fatigued from travelling.'

Neill turned with the instinctive gallantry of an Irishman, and saw the loveliest face he ever beheld, with sparkling blue eyes, and bright golden tresses, peeping archly at him beneath the huge calash; a close observer might have detected a smile lurking round the resolute lips of the lady, as she commenced this appeal. Neill was too fascinated to see any such thing; his *caubreen* was instantly flourished in his hand, and, scraping and bowing, he stammered in his most insinuating accents—'With great pleasure, my lady.'

The lady thanked him with the sweetest smile in the world. The gentleman whispered something to her, and laughed heartily. Neill however pocketed this affront for the sake of the beautiful lady, and marshalled the way, with such rapid strides as to cause the tired horse some effort to keep up with him.

He stopped before a large, ancient-looking mansion at the end of the street.

'This is Vernon House,' said he, giving a thundering knock at the hall-door. The jaunting car stopped, the officer leaped down and assisted the young lady off.

'You'll take something now for your trouble, won't you, Pat?' said the gentleman, good humouredly, and emptying out the contents of his purse, he presented it to him, surveying at the same time, with a critical and admiring glance, the handsome sun-burnt face and athletic proportions of his ragged guide.

'My name isn't Pat,' said Neill, haughtily, 'but that's no matter. I want no money. The lady is quite welcome to the trifling service I have been able to do her; I would do more than that for a woman any day.'

'Ha, ha,' laughed the young officer; 'not an hour in Galway, Sully, and you have made a conquest already. By Jove! Ireland may well be land of gallantry. Well, you're a fine fellow, and I'll not offend you with the money any more, but we must be better acquainted. Come to me to-morrow, and I'll see what I can do for you.'

The patronising close of this sentence might have again offended the sensitive pride of Neill, had not the soft voice of the lady broke silence.

'Good night, my friend, and accept our thanks for your kindness, as you will not allow us to present you with any more substantial proofs of our gratitude.'

As she spoke, her hand, by the merest accident, escaped from beneath the folds of the mantle. Neill seized the soft snowy fingers and pressed them to his lips. The lady started and blushed, but the gentleman was engaged in taking some things out of the car, and he did not see the bold action. The next moment the hall-door was flung open by an old serrant-man with a powdered head, pompadour-colored coat, with gold lace, and crimson knee-breeches. The lady glided into the richly furnished and brilliantly lighted hall, whilst the old servant, smirking and smiling with delight, bustled to the car to receive the parcels. The young lady stood one moment with her tiny, fur-clad feet resting on the soft mats, the odious black calash was slipped off, the heavy mantle fell from her shoulders, and Neill who, fascinated, still lingered, caught a glimpse of a slight, rounded form with a profusion of golden hair, silky and luxuriant as that of a beautiful child, hanging in a volume of rich ringlets over a neck of dazzling whiteness, lips smiling like rosebuds, and a pair of wild, mischievous eyes fixed on himself. The bright vision had disappeared, the hall-door was shut, jaunting car and all had vanished, and hour after hour had fled by, and still Neill O'Donnell stood leaning against the lamp-post, gazing like a fool up at the windows of Vernon House. He might have remained there longer, had not the hoarse voice of the watchman bawling out the hour beside him, rudely aroused him from his spell of entrancement.

Started at the lateness of the hour, he looked round the deserted streets, and remembering that his uncle who lived in continual apprehension of robbers, would hardly admit him if he delayed longer, he made the best of his way home, over head and ears in love with the beautiful lady.—Much he marvelled who she was, for Colonel Vernon, to the best of his belief, was an old bachelor, at least he never heard of his having a child.

This same Colonel Vernon was descended from an old English family, one of the off-shoots of which had come over with Cromwell, and falling in love with a fair daughter of Erin, having thrown up his merciless commission to slay, ravage, and burn, had married and settled down into a quiet country gentleman. But his descendants though naturalized to the soil, had never forgotten the original stock from which they had sprung and being wealthy and independent, as well as zealously loyal, they did good service to the state in several agitated epochs of Irish history, for which they had been rewarded in many cases with the confiscated lands of the malcontents.

The present head of the family was a military man, but had been long retired from service; he bore the reputation of being a hot-golded gentleman, but a noble landlord and a generous prince.

CHAPTER III.

Neill's home was one of a row of tall, black-looking old houses, with nodding roofs and tottering chimneys, scattered irregularly by the seaside; most of them were untenanted; the rest let out in apartments to sailors and night inmates were promiscuously crowded with squalid and miserable human beings.

The residence of the O'Donnell was a little isolated from the rest of the houses; it fronted the sea and commanded a noble prospect of the bay and shipping; it was situated in what had formerly been considered a most fashionable locality, and one that presented many natural advantages; but as the good town had increased in prosperity and importance it had been neglected, and the surrounding houses were fast falling to ruins.

It was an ancient stone mansion of decidedly Spanish architecture; the huge gables and upper stories projecting far over the lower, being exactly similar to those of many old houses yet to be seen at Seville and Toledo.

Tall narrow balconies, which had once been richly gilded, adorned the windows—a portico of stone, surmounted by the O'Donnell arms deeply cut in the wall, admitted to a hall-door of massive oak, richly carved by a foreign artist, and studded with clamps of iron.

The whole building wore a touching air of poverty and neglect; the decayed architraves and cornices half hanging from the roof, swung backwards and forwards in the wind, which swept with a hollow, melancholy sound through the almost senseless windows, and the grass grew in rank and heavy patches through the interstices of the broken pavement.

The reputation the house bore of being 'airy' (haunted) had contributed more than his assumed plea of poverty to the miser having so long escaped the attacks of his needy and dissolute neighbors.

To Neill it seemed to look more dull and gloomy than ordinary, after the gay and brilliantly lighted mansion he had been so long feasting his eyes on.

Shuddering at the loneliness and silence around him, he rapped loudly at the door. After a few moments' delay, a window above it was opened and a shrill, tremulous voice demanded who was there?

'It is I, uncle; open the door,' said Neill. He heard the old man coughing, then his step descending the crazy stairs.

He slowly unbolted the door, when, as if seized with some sudden panic he pushed back the bolt, and, in sharper tones, demanded who was there?

'Don't be afraid, dear uncle; don't you know my voice; it is I, Neill O'Donnell.'

Muttering and mumbling to himself, the old man unfastened the door and admitted him.

'What keeps you out to this hour, Neill?' said he, surveying him by the flickering light which he held in his hand, 'ugh, ugh, ugh, fitter for you to be at home than to leave a poor, helpless old man to the mercy of robbers; but I know who is the cause of it; that old woman has a design in keeping you from me, but it will all be soon over with me.'

'Indeed, uncle, I wasn't with Nance,' said Neill, anxious to exonerate his nurse; 'and I would have been in earlier but for some strangers that asked me to show them the house of some gentleman in the neighborhood, and then I forgot how late it was, and—Neill stopped abruptly—'

'And they gave you money for your trouble,' said the old man eagerly, 'people don't do anything now-a-days for nothing; why should you; eh, tell me what did they give you?'

'Nothing, uncle,' said Neill, 'they did offer me money, but I suppose you wouldn't expect me to take it for doing a service to the stranger.'

'A convulsive spasm came over the old man's features. Right, right; you are a true O'Donnell,' said he, drawing himself up and regarding his nephew proudly.

The feeble light of the rushlight he held, flashed upon his sharp, meagre visage, and revealed a picture of the most gaunt and startling wretchedness. The remnant of an old tattered mantle, and a few worn out threadbare rags hung upon rather than covered his lank, fleshless frame.

A black velvet skull-cap covered his head, beneath which a few white locks started with the bristling erectness of fear. His face was covered with long hairs, and had the sickly, yellow hue and paste-board rigidity of a corpse, with that peculiarly pinched and shrunken appearance which hunger gives to the skin.—But the latent spark of pride expired as soon as kindled and the miser mumbled as he mounted the stairs—'

'Ha, ha, the image of Black Hugh; and as proud and graceless a spendthrift; what business had he to refuse gold, gold—bright, shining gold is good, very good.'

'I don't think it was gold they offered me, uncle,' said Neill, who overheard him. 'Not gold, eh—well, what was it?' said he, in a querulous tone.

bed, but all his pretensions were without effect. He has smacked the suddenly springing at and gripping him furiously with his hard, bony hands. 'You have it after all; I know you have it; young man don't refuse silver; those days, you wanted to surprise me with it—eh, come, that's a good boy, show me your pockets.'

'Nothing, nothing, not a sixpence, not even a single copper,' said he, in a hoarse and almost inaudible whisper, as he shook and reshook poor Neill's tattered garment.

'The old man put his hand to his head. 'Ugh, ugh, ugh—my poor brain is wandering, this cough crazes me; what's that you are saying, Neill, about taking money? ugh, ugh, ugh, my boy, I hope it's not come to that yet, with us, no, we are poor, miserably poor, but I have a little left yet, and an O'Donnell would scorn to beg, ugh, ugh. But you were telling me something about silver and gold. Yes, yes, I reflect now, and somebody offered—ugh, ugh.'

'Well, well, uncle, you're leaving the cold go through you,' said Neill, impatiently; 'take the light in with you, and I'll wait until you put it outside the door.'

The miser glanced suspiciously at him. 'No, no,' said he, hurriedly, 'I'm afraid of those rats to leave the door open; wait and I'll cut you a bit for yourself.'

'He took an old iron dagger from his waist—severed a small piece of the rushlight and gave it to Neill.

'Good night, uncle,' said Neill. 'Good night,' said the old man, sullenly; 'you might have taken the silver, though when you knew how poor we are; silver is good, and true—ugh, ugh, ugh, oh, oh, this weary cough won't let me speak to you. It never did you any harm—ugh, ugh, no, no, silver's fair and bright, no matter where it comes from, or where it's got—ugh, ugh, ugh.'

'He went into a room at the top of the stairs, and locked and barred the door, still coughing and muttering to himself, 'ugh, ugh, to think he should have refused the silver, the fair, bright, shining silver—ugh, ugh, ugh; ah, the proud, cold-hearted knave, like Black Hugh, wanton and wasteful—ugh, ugh, ugh—die of starvation yet, ugh, ugh, ugh.'

Poor Neill could hardly sleep, thinking of the beautiful lady. Towards dawn he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was dancing a jig with her in the little green court at the bottom of the old Danish fort outside the town.

When he awoke he had to wait his uncle's return, the old man having gone out according to his usual custom, and locked him in. He returned in about an hour, bringing the scanty materials of their morning's repast. Neill declined partaking of it, and directed his steps to the obscure mansion of his nurse.

The poor woman received him with her usual heart-warm welcome, nor, with the tact which ladies are wont to display, was she slow in perceiving that something had occurred to disturb him. A few skilful inquiries elicited Neill's story and his love.

'Fair, and may be it was the Curate's own very and niece,' said Nance, smiling, and nodding her head sagaciously: 'sure I had it from Anny Donovan, who had it from a cousin of her own, one Darby Doyle, that's cooing Biddy Cogan, the housemaid, that the young lady was at a boarding school in some forin part, and her brother, that's an officer, is bringing her home agin Christmas, and that the old master was got as touchy as tinder, with the dirt of waiting for them, *Arook, avic deelish*, if it's her, my blessing down on her sweet purty face, and innocent heart, for taking a liking to my darling.'

'She didn't take a liking to me, Nance; naively suggested Neill, 'it was I took it to her.'

'It's aquil, alanna, shure the one will follow after the other; hould up your head machree—who knows what's your luck yet? Arra, worn't you born with a caul, and what does that signify but the height of good luck; and shure it wasn't for nothing I saw what I saw at the bottom of the tay-cup of All Saints's Eve, and faix that was yourself darlin', illegitantly dressed, in a coach and four, and a beautiful lady sitting beside ye, and ye driving straight up to the chapel. And alhlu! wouldn't that be the luck of the world to get Colonel Vernon's niece, with the fortune she'll have, and not to be depending on a tough, bitter ould collough that may live these thirty years, and beant it. Arra don't be afeard at all, shure there's the blood and the beauty on both sides, and fortune on your's in the ind; I'll go bail that sorra a bit but good will come of it. Arra wasn't it the Vernons that bought up all the ould, ancient lands of the O'Donnell's; myself doesn't know the rights of it, but I heard great talks of it from my father—rest his soul; and may be it's the Lord's ordering, darling, for you to come in this way for a share of your own; who knows but you'll hold up your head with the highest yet; shure there's nothing like the first start any how.'

'Faith you have it easy, Nance,' said Neill, smiling; 'but I'd like to start in a more respectable trim than this. How in the world, Nance, could I make love to any one in these rags; why I thought I'd have died with shame when the young gentleman burst out laughing at them.'

'To this complaint which was made with all the blushing *naivete* of eighteen, Nance responded with a contemptuous toss of her head.

'The gentleman laughed did he? Arra, who cares, bad seran to him? *Inah!* it's asy known he's English all out, the empty head and the full pockets always. But, darling, betune ourselves you want a new suit. I suppose you couldn't get a rap of money out of O'Donnell by no manner of manes.'

Neill related the trouble he had with his uncle the preceding night.

'Och, the devil a fear but it's like him,' said Nance, laughing heartily; 'he'd like to clap his paw upon everyting. Well, no matter, darling, I'll try and do my best to rig you out. Let me see, what do all the young gentlemen wear now?'

'She went to the door. Here's Sir Myles Davis coming down the street; run *achree*, and look at him. Och, isn't he beautifully dressed entirely; let me see, he

has a yellow wig, curling all over his shoulders, and a way gold-laced cocked hat stuck a top of it, and him a red waistcoat, with a chick-biddy pattern worked in silver all over it, and such a grand blue coat, with big tails spread out like a parrot's; and there's a knee-breeches and silk stockings, wid nosebags as big as my hand on each side of them; alhlu, and rale solid gold buckles in his shoes, and last of all, his beautiful sword stireeling down to the ground.'

'Oh, that dress would be too grand entirely for me,' said Neill, laughing; 'besides, Sir Myles Davis is old enough to be my grandfather.'

'Musha, and that's true for you, darling,' said Nance; 'but never fear, I do may best to please you. I'll be bound I know the differ betune things.'

According to appointment, Neill repaired the following day to his nurse's. Nance answered his wistful and expectant look by producing with a mysterious air a goodly-sized bundle from a dark crypt, in a corner of her little room.

'There they are darling; didn't I tell you I wouldn't have you in the lurch; my blessing go wid them, and I'll engage they're a beautiful fit, for the man said they wor jist your size, and they're almost as good as spic span new.'

Depositing a towel, and a basin of water beside him, Nance took up her pitcher and left Neill to pursue his toilet undisturbed. (To be Continued.)

THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

It is often said, and no doubt with some truth, that the ricketty Palmerston Cabinet is only kept on its legs by its eagerness to defend on every occasion that offend the usurpations of Piedmont in Italy. It is certain that a great number of every-day Englishmen have taken it into their heads that the prosperity of Italy is necessarily bound up in the aggrandisement of the House of Savoy, and as this class of thinkers are not easily induced to relinquish a prepossession once formed, it is natural enough that Lord Palmerston's noisy endeavours to identify himself with the extension of the Piedmontese dominion in Italy may realise a considerable amount of the temporary effect at which such clap-net aims. If, however, we are really to have an incapable and dishonest Government forced upon us for the alleged purpose of doing good to the Italians, it becomes a question of deep moment to us Englishmen to inquire what the supposed benefit is that the Italians are deriving from our humiliation.

We think this inquiry will be very materially aided by the publication of a pamphlet which has just appeared from the pen of the Marquess Ullio. This nobleman, it will be remembered, was the Prime Minister to Francis II. during the last few months of his reign. He was the statesman by whose advice the fallen King entered on those reforms which people said came too late, but which in fact were wholly irrelevant, on the one side or other, to the influences which were brought to bear against the Bourbon dynasty in Naples. The narrative therefore which we get from a man in this position comes before us rather in the light of a State-paper than of a pamphlet, and may be taken as the protest of the debonair House itself against the acquiescence of Europe in the wrong that it has suffered. Moreover the Marquess Ullio is one of those men who was under a kind of proscription in the days of Ferdinand, on account of his steady adhesion to liberal and popular principles of government as he suffered then for his attachment to liberty, so he prefers suffering now for his loyalty to taking office under the Piedmontese Government along with Nunnizante and other confidential advisers of Ferdinand, who led that Sovereign into the tyranny which now renders his name odious. On personal grounds, therefore, the statements of the Marquess are to be received with the attention due to every man who has given such remarkable proofs of his honour and sincerity.

The Marquess tells a plain unvarnished story, and he has no inclination to mince matters in telling it. He knows a spade by the name of a spade when he describes the mendacity, the treachery, and the downright piracy with which the Court of Turin steadily pursued its dark designs against its neighbours. The organised system of corruption by means of which the Neapolitan army was broken up through the treason of some of its officers, and the consequent mistrust inspired in all, described in a few telling sentences which amply explain much that seemed enigmatical in the course of the Neapolitan Revolution. A great amount of rhetorical flourish has been expended on Garibaldi's exploit in driving up to Naples in a hackney-carriage, and effecting the dethronement of a dynasty in the face of a strong and well-equipped army. But the truth is that Garibaldi's apparent fool-hardiness was a mere theatrical effect. The whole thing had been pre-arranged, and the army had been made as perfectly safe as the soldiers of Bombastes Furioso on the stage. Yet the Marquess Ullio does no more than mere justice to his countrymen when he remarks that even this army, disgraced as it had been, nevertheless recovered itself so rapidly on taking up its position behind the Volturno that it was on the point of exterminating the Revolution, and reconquering its country when it was crushed by the sudden invasion of a Piedmontese army in overwhelming numbers—Victor Emmanuel having thrown off the mask he had so long worn, just as he found that the Revolutionary party were unable to do the work for which he had bargained with them. The gallantry with which the Neapolitans defeated the last struggle of their independence has never received justice at the hands of Europe. The resistance of Gaeta was worthy of the kindred which the Southern Italians still bear to the men who fought at Thermopylae.—For three months of incessant bombardment, by which an enemy, powerfully armed with guns of a superior range, and protected by his distance from the fire of the place, destroyed the city rather than the fortifications, with more than 100,000 shells; they had all to contend with death by fire, famine, and typhus fever. Never did their heroic consistency vacillate for an instant, until three powder magazines had exploded, two breaches had been made, many had fallen, and many more had been conquered by the fever; and ammunition and food had begun to fail. Then they were obliged to yield. Even then it was rather the humanity of the King, who wished to spare the lives of his so faithful soldiers, now become a useless sacrifice, than any want of confidence on the part of the garrison, who by means of their leaders, loudly urged him to permit them to prolong their heroic resistance.

We may pass over the Marquess's story of the infamous imposture of the *plotticite*, because that fudge never received any credit in this country, and Garou's Machiavellian sneer—"It is a capital intervention"—has sufficiently indicated the real weight attached to it even among the partisans of Piedmontese aggression. To the practical English mind the most material points in the statement will be those which illustrate the actual condition of Naples at the present time, under the beneficent government of its conquerors or purchasers. Let every candid inquirer read the facts adduced in this pamphlet. We say nothing of the wholesale spoliation of private and public property, the particulars of which are here recorded. Let us come to the safety of life and liberty.—Let us learn how in Naples alone, during less than a fortnight, nineteen assassinations took place, and how the Piedmontese authorities held it to be full justification if the assassin merely alleged that his victim "was a Bourbonist." The thirst for blood became epidemic, and the thieves robbed houses at their pleasure, frequently assuming the character of

Piedmontese authorities. The prisons are crowded still, and have been since the commencement of the Piedmontese reign of terror. Mr. Hayward has the face to declare the other night that the reason for the detention of our countryman, Mr. Bishop, in prison without trial, is that the Piedmontese are about to establish a new system of criminal process in Naples. That is to say, we suppose, that all law is to be in abeyance till certain meditated law-reforms are carried out. In illustration of this impudent pretence, we find that in Naples alone the number of prisoners exceeded 13,000; so many had never before been imprisoned for common or political crimes, at one time throughout the whole extent of the kingdom. The existing prisons would not hold the suspects; and in many parts of the country, but most notoriously in the Basilica, the prisoners were confined in the burial-vaults. In these odious dungeons men of the highest honour and refinement are kept without even the prospect of obtaining a trial. In some cases, where the accused have been brought to trial and acquitted, the Minister of Police has instructed the military authorities to detain them notwithstanding. Perhaps they might be grateful that they were not butchered instead. We know from the murder of Borges and his companions that Piedmontese subalterns are allowed to shoot down unresisting men in cold blood on their own authority. This hideous licence has had the effect that might have been anticipated in the destruction of human life. Not only men who had borne arms were thus massacred at the arbitrary will of some Piedmontese officer, but Priests, peaceful farmers, shepherds, charcoal-burners, swell the long list of these dastardly murders. No wonder that the very name of Piedmontese is an abomination to the unfortunate inhabitant of Southern Italy.

Such is the picture of Naples at the present time; and it is for the purpose of perpetrating this vile tyranny that we are asked to submit still to the degradation of being governed by a Palmerston Cabinet.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

At Maynooth College, on the morning of the 17th ult., sixty-two students received the order of Sub-deaconship. The ceremony was very solemn, particularly as this order, when taken, binds them for life. They were ranged on both sides of the chapel, thirty-one on each side. The Bishop (Most Rev. Dr. Dorrain, of Down and Connor) then warned them of the step they were about to take, and told them to stop whilst there was yet time, if they were afraid to dedicate themselves to the service of the altar. The instant the Bishop ceased speaking, all to signify their consent and determination to abandon the world, prostrated themselves on the ground, and continued to remain so whilst the litany of the saints was being said. It was very affecting to see them all dressed in white, and giving themselves up thus for ever to the service of God.

A fine Celtic Cross, twelve feet high, has been placed in the old graveyard at Skerries, co. Dublin, by the parishioners, over the remains of six parish priests, the last of whom died in 1819. The Cross and pedestals are of the beautiful limestone from the Milverton Quarries, and were well executed by Edward Farrell, stonemason, Skerries.

The exodus still continues from Armagh. The local journals inform us that upwards of one hundred persons have left Tandragee alone for Australia, since January last.

A despatch from Queenstown, Cork, dated June 19, says:—'It would seem as though the progress of the civil war in America was an increasing stimulus in the trade of warlike munitions with the Confederates, as already, within these two months, no less than eight vessels, laden to their fullest capacity with military stores, have left, or are about to leave, this harbor to run the blockade, if they can. At present there are three steamers in port, cock full of what their manifests term a "general cargo," but what is very well known to mean sterner stuff. The vessels already gone from Queenstown are the Hero, screw steamer; the Southern, ship; the Leopard, screw steamer; the Adela, paddle steamer; and now about to leave are the screw steamers Julie Usher and Dispatch, and the paddle steamer Scotia, which arrived here yesterday from Liverpool; and in a few days more the paddle steamer Anglia will leave here for the same destination.'

THE HARVEST.—A correspondent, writing from Monaghan, says:—'Through South Meath and Monaghan I have had ample opportunity of forming an opinion as to our harvest prospects, and can say, as far as the present appearance of the crops promises, Providence will favor us with a plentiful one. During an experience extending over twenty years in the localities referred to, nothing promising so favorably has presented itself to my observation. There have been heavy rains of late, but no material injury has resulted, and, occurring, at so early a period, it is to be hoped and prayed for that a succession of fine weather will ensure that result in our harvest prospects which is promised to us.'

Crops of every description have not advanced in growth during the past week in as satisfactory a manner as farmers would wish, owing to the harsh winds, and absence of heat, the month of June, this year, being the coldest experienced for months past. However, the earlier plantings of potatoes look remarkably well, and we have seen some very fine crops in blossom. Oats in general look very sickly, and has not progressed in growth, suffering much from wire worm. The turnip crop looks well, and may give far beyond an average return. Turf saving is being fast progressed with, and we hope for an abundant supply. The rumor of the blight having appeared on our western coast is, we are happy to say, without any foundation—the effects of the storm being mistaken for the fatal scourge, by over-zealous alarmists.—*Mayo Constitution.*

THE POTATO CROP.—There are various vague rumors of the appearance of blight, and our Dingle Correspondent renews the statement he published lately, that the spread of the disease has been favored by fogs. We are happy to state, however, that so far from the indications being general, it is long since things looked so favorable. At present potatoes are selling in the local markets at one penny per pound, a very low price for so early a period of the year, and they are of excellent quality. We have had accounts more or less direct from Cloyne, from Castletown Berehaven, from Clonakilty, and from Listowel, localities as it will be observed very wide apart, and all in concert in representing the crops as being either most flourishing or at all events quite healthy. There are rumors of disease appearing in the gardens contiguous to the city, but so far as our information extends it would rather go to show that the crop is in an unusually good condition. We cannot venture to say that this state of things is likely to last, but the present aspect is decidedly promising, and the weather is now all that could be desired.—*Cork Examiner.*

Thirty-four cities, Parliamentary boroughs, chief towns, and other municipalities, the list of which I forward herewith, and whose aggregate population amounts to 675,043 persons, or 74 per cent. of the corporate population of all Ireland, have, through their respective Corporations and Town Commissions adopted memorials praying for the grant of a charter to the Catholic University. Several of the mayors and chairmen of these bodies are Protestants, all the municipalities contain a Protestant element; almost in every case either the proposer, or secondor, or both, of the resolution to adopt the memorial were Protestants, and with one or two exceptions, the motion was carried unanimously. Nearly all the other corporations in the three more Catholic Provinces, have taken the initiative towards the adoption of a similar step; and, in a week or two, a deputation from the aggregate corporate bodies in Ireland, supported by the Irish Members of the House of Commons, will present the memorials to Lord Palmerston.—*Cor. of Weekly Register.*

A Mission at St. Patrick's Church, Portadown.—DISAGREEMENT OF THE ORANGE FACTION.—The Editor of the Dublin Telegraph—Sir—The Missionary Fathers Rioli, Vilas and Clarke, of the Order of Charity, during the last three weeks, have been engaged on a Mission in St. Patrick's Church, Portadown, and they closed their labors yesterday evening, amidst a congregation of upwards of 3,000 individuals who thronged the spacious building to hear the farewell sermons, and receive the parting benedictions. Those eminent divines are distinguished by fervent piety, pure eloquence, and a forcible manner of expounding the truths of religion, which makes the most favorable impression on the hearers, and causes the words of truth to sink deep into their hearts. Their labors have been attended with happy results; even the most apathetic were roused into attention, and became sincerely penitent; and every day while the good Fathers were engaged in their Mission, immense crowds from every quarter of the country attended to hear them, and receive the ordinances of religion from their hands. The good Fathers have effected a great amount of good, and made a lasting impression on their hearers, who will gratefully cherish the memory of their zealous instructors. The propriety of conduct, the order and regularity which distinguished the immense crowds that daily attended the Missionary Fathers at St. Patrick's Church, from the earliest hour in the morning till late each night, proved the attachment of the people to religion, and the excellence of their instructors; and it is highly gratifying to pastors and hearers, and was properly appreciated by the right-thinking of every denomination. There was, however, one portion of the community (not the most important, we confess) who regarded the Missionaries with hatred and aversion, and their hearers with deadly hostility. I allude to the members of the low Orange faction, those unchristian desperadoes who never enter a place of worship, but receive their moral and religious instruction in the foul recesses of the Lodges, where they are taught to drink whiskey and curse the Pope. Numbers of those reckless factionists during the past week of the Mission were in the habit of assembling on the roads outside of Portadown, and assailing with obscene language the Catholics returning home from public worship. The Catholics bore those insults with exemplary patience; and the vile factionists, disappointed in their attempts to cause disturbance, resolved on a grand effort to annoy and insult their unoffending neighbors, and, if possible, create a riot. Accordingly, on Monday evening the 16th instant, several bodies of Orangemen entered Portadown, from various directions, with drums and fifes, and marched through the streets in St. Patrick's Church, where the people were assembled at devotion, and commenced beating their drums furiously, and yelled and cheered like infuriated savages. Mr. James O'Hanlon, a highly respectable merchant, came from the church, and with great coolness and firmness went among the outrageous rabble. Seeing Head-constable Scott and some of his men, he promptly demanded their active interference. The Orangemen having failed to provoke the Catholics to acts of violence, went off into the centre of the town, and, seeing two Catholic clergymen about to leave on a jaunting car, they went forward and obstructed the passage of the vehicle, and furiously beat their drums close to the horse, with design of frightening him, so that he might run away and overturn the car with the gentlemen. Four of the ringleaders were brought up on warrant before the magistrates (John O. Woodhouse, Esq., J.P., and J. J. Marley, Esq., J.P.) next day, and fined each £1, and costs. The fine had a salutary effect on the Orange rioters, and we had no disturbance since, and it appears that several have since been identified, and will be prosecuted on next bench day. A local print attempts, in its dreary ledger of last week, to palliate the conduct of the ruffians and, with barefaced effrontery, exclaims against "Protestant persecution," because the four Orange delinquents were promptly fined by the magistrates. The editor indulges in a silly sneer at our town magistrate. We can tell him back that the gentleman alluded to stands too high in public estimation to be affected by his paltry remarks; and we must further inform him for his comfort that all Orange disturbers of the public tranquillity will be as promptly dealt with as were those on last Tuesday.—I am, Sir, A BYSTANDER.

At a meeting of the Statistical Society of Ireland Mr. Randall W. Macdonnell refuted the arguments of those who contend that Ireland is going fast to ruin, and attempt to prove their absurd position by statistics. It is true we have had one or two exceptional seasons, but a single wave falling short of its predecessors does not prove that the tide is receding. In 1841 the arable land of Ireland was 13,464,390 acres; in 1851 it was 14,802,581 acres; and in 1860 15,400,000 acres. Thus we have an increase since 1841 of nearly 2,000,000 acres in the arable land of Ireland. That there was a falling off in 1851 might be the basis of a general conclusion. The following table puts the matter clearly:—1850, money value of live stock, 23,679,731; 1856, 33,754,985; 1857, 34,346,429; 1858, 34,977,244; 1859, 36,030,595; 1860, 34,534,848. Now, the falling off in 1860, and the further falling off which happened in 1861, can be shown to be attributable to diminished returns of farm produce. The harvest of any year, of course, operates immediately on the stock of cattle with which a farmer begins the winter. If his crops fall, the fund from which he recruits his stock falls short, and a deficiency in the harvest also takes away his means of supporting them. To illustrate this I shall cite a single instance. In 1859 the value of live stock increased more than a million sterling. Accordingly, we had 1853 to have been a most fruitful year. But disease and want of fodder have also done more to thin our live stock. In 1841, on holdings of more than one acre, stock was produced to the value of 19,399,843; in 1851 the value of such stock rose to 27,320,150; in 1860 it was 34,178,787. I shall not go through the form of drawing any inference from facts so suggestive. With regard to emigration it must not be supposed that it is due only to discontent and discouragement; moral causes, such as hope, affection for those who have gone before, and great expectations of a country to which distance lends enchantment, cannot but have considerable effect. In 1850 the number of pounds of tea imported into Ireland was 6,536,814; in 1859 it was 10,820,418. The tobacco imported in 1850 it was 4,922,240; in 1859 it was 5,931,647. The Customs of 1851 amounted to 1,854,268; that of 1859 were 2,304,578. In 1857 the number of depositors in savings-banks was 57,720; in 1858 it was 60,893; in 1859 it was 65,504; and in 1860 it was 69,294. The amount deposited in 1857 was 1,775,915; in 1858, 1,804,163; in 1859, 2,005,318; and in 1860, 2,143,082. Railways have interested Ireland. The remotest counties have metropolitan prices. Commerce is increasing. Crime, until this year, has diminished, and the people are everywhere receiving the inestimable benefit of an admirable education. Beckham is not likely to be regarded as a hero by a mob of Limerick. A local journal says that when the public learn the result of the trial of the assassins, they crowded round the courthouse and loudly groaned at the prisoner. The mob pressed forward as he passed from the court to the prison van, and had it not been for the exertions of the constabulary and of the Hussars, who, with drawn swords, galloped around the van, he could not have escaped serious injury, such was the indignation of the crowd.—*Dublin Cor. of London Times.*

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—One of those clever Frenchmen who have taken advantage of the Exhibition to come over to London to photograph John Bull as he appears at home, ascribes the acknowledged greatness of the English race in matters military, commercial, and intellectual to the physical training undergone by the Englishman during his boyhood. The secret of England's power, writes the epigrammatic Gaul with an impulsive dash of the pen, is the game of cricket. If he did not hit the bull's eye, undoubtedly he pierced an inner ring. The enou-

regiment given to physical training in the public schools of England, the emulation that is fostered by the great cricketing and rowing matches between the Universities, the athletic games that are organized by speculative trainers in the murky city and sporting squares in the bright country, have much to do in forming the character of the Englishman and inspiring him with that pluck and perseverance which have achieved such solid triumphs on sterner fields. Physical training strengthens the intellect as well as the bodily frame and is hardly less necessary to the student than the soldier. We would like to see that physical training fostered more and athletic feats practised in Ireland. Once they were, and few will deny that Ireland was more of a nation than she is now.

"We have the Pyrrhic dance as yet, Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone? Of two such lessons why forget The noble and the manlier one?"

We have the dances at the cross-roads still, where has the fine old hurling departed? To be sure, heads were occasionally broken and tempers often ruffled at these contents, but as long as good humor and fair play were not outraged, we hold there never was a game more calculated to bring all the elements of manhood into action—quickness of eye, skill and courage, strength of arm and fleetness of foot. The old farmers say the hurling and the hospitality fell away when the potato failed. A sad day for Ireland that ushered in the blight. We believe the decay of much more serious things in a national point of view than even the time honored sport of hurling and usage of hospitality dated from it. But as Sir Robert Peel has proclaimed that recuperative Ireland has again recovered her prosperity, why not endeavor to give some force to his assertions in those days of "revivalism" by rallying for a revival of the national sport? In the county Cork an attempt has been made to restore it and with success. Why not in Tipperary and Clare? Why not in the King's County? Surely it is manlier than cock fighting. There was a scene in the County Limerick on Sunday that could not but gladden the hearts of all who witnessed it. In the demesne of the lord of the soil kindly given for the purpose, the inhabitants of Newcastle, headed by their pastors, assembled after Mass to contest for a number of prizes in hurling, jumping, vaulting, and stone throwing, wives, sisters, and sweethearts looking on the while. The example given by the clergyman who organized that little Olympic festival is one that we would fain see followed by every priest in Ireland. It is a step in the right direction, and the man who took it has exhibited a practical common sense and knowledge of human nature which does him credit. It is better to have our peasantry and artisans thus engaged in friendly emulation in the green fields than loitering on the road, or muddling in the tavern.—Tipperary Advocate.

FAMINE IN CONNAUGHT.—That the dread visitant has invaded the land is beyond the possibility of a doubt. In our last issue appeared several letters, containing palpable evidence of the sad fact. Let us take, for instance, the short statement of the Very Rev. Dean Waldron of Cong. What says he to the Ballybarrow Board of Guardians, "It is my painful duty to place before your board the urgent necessity of granting out-door relief to 249 families in this parish for two months from the date of this application. Prompt relief, or—deaths—deaths." Here is half the population in a frightful condition—and at just in the middle of the most trying part of even prosperous years. Whither soever we look abroad, or make personal inspection, all is misery and increasing alarm, whilst the Whig ministry remain incorrigible. How differently did the late Sir Robert Peel act in former years. Throwing aside red-tape formulas, rising above party bias, disregarding ministerial diplomacy, he rushed to the relief of suffering humanity, and, like a man, he, on his own responsibility threw open the works. His conduct in 1847 made a lasting impression on our memory. In Clifden, the letter of the Very Rev. Patrick McManus, P. P., speaks an amount of distress which should be deemed sufficient to convince men of common sense of the existence of wide spread destitution. Connemara is, unquestionably, in a condition which should command the instant consideration of the Government—before it is too late. It is not in our power to express, in language, the state of want in Clifden, Bofin, and other maritime places in that sequestered district. The affairs of Annadown are truly alarming, as they appear from the able letter bearing the signatures of the zealous pastor—Rev. Peter Waldron, and his respected curate, Rev. Mr. Thomas. It must be remembered that this parish has never been remarkable for distress—or making an appeal to the public. But, places which hitherto had been looked on as independent in respect to its population, are now reluctantly obliged to have recourse to claim the sympathy of the charitable and humane. Newport repeats its wail of distress, and fortunately for the sufferers in that parish, the esteemed parish priest—the Rev. Richard Prendergast, and the humane Protestant rector—Rev. Mr. Roe, are, to their honor, banded together, seeking how best they can alleviate the weight of wretchedness which presses so heavily on the poor. Aughagower, through the learned pastor the Very Rev. John Fiacnelly, has not been backward in devising means to render the pang of hunger less harrowing. Ballycastle, county Mayo, is in deep distress, as can be gleaned from the excellent letter of the Rev. Mr. Malone.—Ed.

BARNFIELD, ENNIS, June 25, 1862.—My Lord Archbishop—I am put in receipt of your kind note, with £4, for the alleviation of distress, from the Rev. Mr. Kiwin and his flock, in Sarnia, Canada West. I hope and pray God may spare you long to be the recipient of the generous contributions of our countrymen in exile, and, like the pillar of fire in the desert, to illumine and guide us at home.—Ever sincerely,

JEREMIAH VAUGHAN, P. P.

The Most Rev. Dr. MacHale.

LANDLORDS IN SOUTH KERRY.—Whilst special commissions are dealing with and merited punishment in neighboring counties on the doers of evil, whilst magistrates in Limerick are praying that their country should be proclaimed, our own county presents the picture of a peaceful people and a landlord class awakening to a sense of their duties and willing to perform them. Some there have been among them whose active benevolence never needed the stimulus of terror for their exertions, others there have been whose harsh and unmerciful treatment of the poor placed under them has often formed the theme of just and merited censure. We welcome with joy a change in their dealings with the poor afflicted people, and record with pleasure the acts of mercy which have been mentioned to us. The landlords of Iveragh and Dankorrah are giving employment on a large scale to the very impoverished population of that wild district. The Earl of Dunraven, with characteristic benevolence, has opened new roads and gives employment to a large number of his tenants. Mr. Harton has opened roads to remote glens and bog districts. He has at present 140 men employed at one shilling a day. These poor people have been employed since the first of May, and will if necessary be continued until August. This truly good man has authorized his kind-hearted agent, Mr. Eugene O'Sullivan, of Westcote, to lay out £1,000 for the employment of the people. Such conduct speaks for itself. On the extensive property of the Marquis of Lansdowne in this, as well as in the Tostist district new works are in progress, and employment on a large scale is given on very fair terms. An unfinished road commenced by the Board of Works on the Upper Inny, in the parish of Droimid, is now in the course of completion, and gives employment to ninety men daily at 9d per day. Another from Waterville to Caberivreen will give employment to about eighty men. Such as cannot work receive gratuitous relief and the noble owner has issued orders that "no one shall die of starvation on his property." Other works

are also projected which will give ample and remunerative employment to the very poor population of the district and enable them to escape the horrors of a death by famine. Another act of the Marquis of Lansdowne deserves mention. He has given a site one English acre free, for a new Catholic Church and 250 towards its erection. The Church was begun three years ago, but owing to the poverty of the district, the walls of the building are not yet finished. Lime is brought from Kenmare and given by Mr. Trench to the poor and to all public buildings at a very moderate rate. Mr. John Fitzgerald, of Kinagh, gives considerable employment also, and his name is mentioned with affectionate respect by many a humble household whom he has enabled to live. The tenants on Mr. Staughton's property are carefully provided for and no one is allowed to want. This is the way to win the love and gratitude of our people. As long as landlords treat their tenants in this manner they need not fear the bullet of the assassin, invoke Special Commissions, or invite the Government to proclaim the county.—Kerry Star.

THE REV. THOS. CARMODY, P. P., KILTALLAGE.—THE SUPPOSED FUGITIVE WALSH.—The Rev. Thomas Carmody, P. P., of Kiltallage, in whose parish the party who has been personating the assassin Walsh had been fitting about, delivered from the altar of his chapel at las Sunday's mass, an address, of which we subjoin an abstract. The address was delivered in Irish, and it is said to have been a most powerful and eloquent tracture. The rev. gentleman took for his text the sixth verse of the ninth chapter of Genesis—"Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed: for man was made in the image of God." After dwelling for some time on the crime of murder, and pointing out the punishment to which it leads, as pronounced in Holy Writ, his reverence observed that a prowling vagabond had lately visited his parish, representing that he was the murderer of the late Mr. Fitzgerald, of Limerick, a statement which he (Mr. Carmody) did not believe; but the parishioners were not the less guilty of a gross dereliction of their solemn obligation towards God and the laws of the country, in allowing the ruffian to go at large without handing him over to the authorities. This he was bound as their pastor and friend to tell them. He would further tell them that, independent of their obligations as good Christians, it was also their duty, as far as in them lay, to aid in supporting the laws—laws which were made for the protection of their lives and properties. In no other country under the sun were such just laws in operation as those of England—not in France—not in the much boasted States of America. No such security for life, liberty, and property was to be had in any other land. In this country the laws were as much for the protection of the peasant as the peer. In every parish the people had magistrates and police, and instant retribution would be sure to follow the offender against the law, if the people would but perform their parts respectively in aiding those entrusted with the law. He (Mr. Carmody) implored of his parishioners to beware of entertaining or harboring those strollers who were at present busy amongst them for a certain purpose. The galleys or transportation was always the end of those systematic law breakers. He asked the oldest of his hearers if they ever knew it to be otherwise. If they did not honestly perform their parts and support order, no man would be sure of his own substance or of his life; neither would their wives and daughters be at liberty to walk the public roads without being exposed to the insults of bad men, and, it may be dishonored; he regretted that this last act of crime was becoming more and more frequent in the country. To the shame of Kiltallage, he said, that on this occasion they acted most improperly, in allowing this scheming blackguard to go at large and pass openly amongst them, though he boasted of his crime. He had, he thanked God, seldom occasion to reproach them for their impropriety of conduct, and he hoped this would be the last. He hoped more attention would be paid to their religious duties, and the instructions which he, from time to time, gave them from that altar, and if that was the case, he had no doubt but that God would shower down his grace upon them in abundance. In conclusion, he reminded them that secret societies, of whatever denomination or character they might be, were contrary to the Divine and human law, and never brought forth any other fruit than the vengeance of God and man.—True Catholic.

Referring to the above, the Kerry Post says—"A correspondent writes to say that this was not the only occasion in which the respected clergyman used his influence in support of law and order. When faction fighting was about being revived in his parishes, he not only addressed his flock from the altar, but he gave every assistance to the authorities, for which he publicly received the thanks of the magistrates from the Milltown Petty Sessions Bench."

SURRENDER OF JAMES WALSH.—THE CONVICT BECKHAM.—After the most continuous, laborious and comprehensive pursuit ever instituted, in the memory of any one in this Province, James Walsh, who stands charged with participating in the murder of Mr. Fitzgerald, surrendered himself at the Elton Police Station, at 8 o'clock on the evening of Monday last. The men of the station, with the exception of the Constable in charge had, it is said, received intimation, in the earlier portion of the day, that Walsh was concealed somewhere in the neighborhood, and the party were in search of him when probably aware of the fact, resolved, since the trial of Beckham, to give in, he approached the Police Station for that special purpose. He was about to enter it when he saw the Constable standing at the door, and he held aloof for an hour or more until he observed the officer retire into the interior of the station-house. Then, crossing the fence at the road-side some distance down, he walked quietly up until he reached the station, when he rushed in, and confronting the Constable asked, "Do you know me? I am Walsh; you may spare yourself any further trouble; I surrender." He was of course at once arrested by the Constable (Digan), and the rest of the police soon after arriving, was conveyed that evening to Kiltallage, and the surrender communicated by telegram to the County Inspector, Mr. Crawford, in Limerick. That gentleman left Limerick yesterday morning, and accompanied by Mr. Grace, R.M., conveyed Walsh to the county gaol, where he now remains. When he reached the outer gate of the prison he bounded off the cell, exclaimed with great spirit, "Here's for Ballycashill one more!" the place named being the locality in which it is surmised he formerly resided, or where as well as in the district of Knocklong, he contrived for the most part to evade the efforts made to arrest him. Between Kiltallage, Kilmallock, Bruff, Elton, and Hospital his movements are supposed to have been made during the period of close pursuit. He declares, we are told, that in those quarters he had extremely narrow escapes, and that more than once, in his own word, "the Police were nearly a-top of him. He never passed out of this County into Tipperary, Kerry, or Clare, and probably no one else will ever know with certainty where he succeeded in concealing himself night or day, whilst hundreds of the Constabulary were engaged in the harassing task which they strove to accomplish with unsurpassed activity. Statements there are of caves and other recesses in which he is said to have lurked but these in all likelihood are only creations of popular conjecture, as Walsh passed an active life in the open air above ground. He is a well looking young man, of 23 years of age, about five feet six inches in height, of robust frame, and in good fleshy condition. He is rather improved than deteriorated in appearance since the man-hunt was opened for his capture, and his face bears but slight marks, after all that was said, of the injury received by him from the hoof of a horse in his youthful days. Not a feature of his nor an expression of his face suggests an idea of wickedness of any kind, and judging alone from his caste of countenance the inference would be that he was a soft, harum-scarum young fellow. The opinion of many is that if he were Beckham's accomplice

in the atrocious crime, he must have been led into it by a more resolute perpetrator. "No man of greater courage and self-control was ever sentenced to execute murder than that wretched criminal. He makes no show of the determination with which he faces death. He is gradually giving way to the religious ministrations of the Rev. Michael Fitzgerald, the Parish Priest of St. John's, by whom as well as by the Sisters of Mercy; he is daily attended, and who have a laborious duty—not in reconciling him to die, as he speaks of his doom without the slightest emotion, but in imparting the religious instructions which he greatly needs for the terrible trial which is before him. He is nearly deaf. He can hear nothing save what is shouted in his ear. He is entirely illiterate; he can neither read nor write; and yet, this poor wretch is pestered every post with letters or parcels conveying tracts from some heartless fanatics in Newmarket and elsewhere, attempting to thrust their trash on a creature who if he could read would contain it. He hands these missives to the Minister of his religious profession, and to his words alone, if to any, would he pay respect. Connected as he has been with farmers of good fame, his only anxiety is, that his body should be interred in their burial-ground and aware of this longing some of the authorities are stated to have asked him whether he would make open confession of his crime, if he was assured of the posthumous favour for which he longs. But he is strongly influenced by a sort of principle of honour in his fearful way; for he indignantly answered that he would tell no lie, and if he made any confession it would be to his clergyman—not to any one personating the ministers of public justice. He was not so much excited since his incarceration as on yesterday when he heard Walsh was arrested, and this from the apprehension that the latter may be led to 'disgrace himself,' by making accusations against other persons, and playing the part in this way, of informer—a character to which the utmost discredit and detestation are attached in the country. It is further said that Walsh has declared he was amongst those who were present at the inquest on the body of Mr. Fitzgerald; that he never slept in a house from that day to the evening of his surrender; and that his favorite place of concealment was in the district of Padamore, where he used to rest covered up to the neck in a sand pit with rushes strewn over his head, resorting at intervals to the bog of Schule, in which he had means of concealment in or between the heaps of turf, piled in various quantities over the moor. There are those who insist that Walsh has surrendered on the understanding that he is to be accepted as an informer, and dark hints are thrown out of future disclosure calculated to shock the civilized world, and make the hair of one's head become rigid with horror! These latter conjectures we, however, would class amongst the exaggerations which are expressly designated by the word 'booby' but, without doubt, the officials do expect that disclosures of consequence will follow Walsh's imprisonment.—Monster News.

The London Tablet says:—"The conviction and sentence of the convict Beckham for the murder of Mr. Fitzgerald, and the conviction and sentence of Punch for writing a threatening letter, have been followed by the trials of Bohan for shooting at Colonel Knox, and of Thomas Halloran for the murder of Mr. Tibbault. Both Bohan and Halloran have been acquitted by the verdicts of juries of intelligence and respectability. No suggestion has been made in any quarter, that after hearing the evidence for the prosecution and for the defence, the jurors in either case were not justified in refusing to convict the accused. The surrender of Walsh, the accomplice and companion of Beckham, has at last taken place. But, turning from these dreadful crimes, which have of late for the misfortune of Ireland, so deeply shocked the feelings and disappointed the hopes of men, let us be the attention of our readers to the mournful condition of the innocent sufferers on the Western coast of Ireland, whose destitution and distress are at this moment so appalling. Of the urgency of the case there is no doubt whatever. Our public and private letters place it beyond all question. His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has just published the following appeal:—"Though fully aware that the destitution was daily becoming more alarming, as it spread among those who were hitherto deemed comfortable, he (the Archbishop) was not prepared for the utter prostration of that class which he witnessed. The habitual sufferers of charity to the poor until now, they have suddenly fallen from their estate, and are become the silent, but still the resarred and modest suitors of public bounty. The condition of such—and they are now counted by thousands—is pitiable beyond expression. Exhausted by the purchase of fuel in the winter—an expense that was comparatively new to them—they laid out the remnant of their means on cropping the land. That crop they can never taste—into that land they can never re-enter, if they once cross the threshold of the workhouse. It, therefore, requires no stretch of fancy to imagine how direful must be the sufferings of those people until the time—as yet a distant interval—when they may be enabled to live on the fruits of the coming harvest."

THE BOHANS—REJOICING IN TEMPLEMORE.—On Saturday evening large crowds awaited near the telegraph office anxiously expecting news of the verdict. At length when it was announced, a tremendous cheer rang through the crowd, great excitement prevailed in town, picnibarbells were set fire to, and several houses illuminated. From an early hour on Sunday morning hosts of men, women, and boys might be seen coming from the far-distant to welcome them home, for it was telegraphed on Saturday night they might be expected about three o'clock. As the hour approached the excitement became intense, the respectable shopkeepers all turned out, and vehicle after vehicle passed on to join the procession which was composed of all classes and of every creed—Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian, and not the least numerous were the military, who have shown the greatest anxiety in this case from the commencement, and now turned out in large bodies to welcome the triumphant victims home. A loud cheer announced the approach of the cortege; cheer after cheer rang on; the drums became audible; now the bands; and as the head of the procession, with green boughs in their hands, entered every street, the cheering became tremendous. The brothers Bohan, mounted on first-rate horses, surrounded by ten thousand pedestrians, rode in front between rows of houses, crowded with ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs, and which these young men acknowledged by repeatedly taking off their hats. A long line of cars followed. Mr. Carden, of Barnane, who happened to be in town at the time, was then assailed with a perfect storm of hisses and groans; and struggling over King's Bridge through the crowd, wheeled to the right along the Mall, not encountering the remainder of the procession, and drove rather briskly on. At the residence of the various Protestants, all of whom, with the exception of two, contributed to the "Defence Fund," denouncing their views were given, the Messrs. Bohan taking off their hats; and at the residence of honest John Langan, M.P., at Richmond, where the hon. member and the Rev. Mr. Mullany, P. P., Drum, arrived from Clonmel a short time before, the procession halted, the bands struck up "Bold Tipperary," and the cheering was loud and long. The whole cortege then moved on to Barnane, the residence of the Bohans.—Limerick Reporter.

The last subject which we propose noticing, is that of Missions to the Roman Catholics. On this subject there is a considerable difference of opinion.—Some are afraid of exciting hostility. That, we know, from the experience of others, may never arise at all; or, if it does, may be lived down. Others, there are, who think such a mission useless; and others again, we grieve to say, think it to be wrong. It was well asked, "where should we have been, had proselytizing efforts not been carried on in England in the 16th century? And what right have we to be a Reformed Church, if such efforts are wrong?" It is a simple historical fact, that the English Reformers

preached to the people on the errors of Rome, and proved them to be wrong by scripture; that by their order, Visitors, in other words, Missionaries—were sent throughout the land for this purpose; and by these proselytizing, or rather evangelizing efforts, the people of England became Protestant and enlightened. It was not done by every man being left alone, and by his own light finding his way to a Reformed faith; but by the Reformers bringing the light to bear upon the masses yet unconvinced. We may turn to any candid historian and we shall find the truth of the statement that 'the people at hand had received but little benefit from the measures adopted in the reign of Edward VI., and were rather disposed to be content with their old attractive superstition.' [Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont.] But the renewed efforts made in Queen Elizabeth's time, at length reached their hearts and consciences. We therefore follow in the steps of those noble men, when we give ourselves up for evangelizing efforts amongst our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen.—We have no faith in leaving them to themselves, to see their way out of the darkness that has settled upon them. Nor do we believe that it is with them to break the chains of superstition which bind them about. It is, we believe, given to us, to do this work and we must go forth with the Bible in our hands, and in the strength of God. A close visitation of the French population, from house to house, for three days, will convince the most determined skeptic that the Bible is closed to the people by their priests, under the direction of the Church. No other proof is necessary to show that we have a work to accomplish in circulating the word of God throughout the land. The proper means and agency have to be found—men endowed with the gifts of wisdom, judgment, faith, courage and love. And we are morally convinced that the results will show themselves in a surprising manner, in answer to the prayers of God's servants.

MANSLAUGHTER IN THE COUNTY ANTRIM.—BELFAST, June 23.—Our generally quiet and peaceable county has just had another stain dropped on its character by an occurrence which unfortunately has turned out fatally—the manslaughter of an old man by his own brother; and it also adds another melancholy evidence of the awful effects of drink. On Thursday evening last, two men, of the name of Hill, residing near Ballynure in the county of Antrim, about nine miles from Belfast, when returning home quarrelled on the road about some trifling matter, and fought for a considerable time. At length one of the brothers, named Alexander Hill, struck the other, named John Hill, so severe a blow on the head that it caused the death of the latter on the following night about ten o'clock, in the house of a relative, where he had taken refuge after the quarrel. The brothers were seen in company leaving Ballynure on Thursday evening, and no doubt exists but that they were both under the influence of drink. The circumstances of this unhappy quarrel have cast a gloom over the whole country surrounding the residences of the families of the principal parties in the transaction. Information of the death of John Hill having been forwarded to the constabulary, the sergeant of the Ballycastle station proceeded to the house of Alexander Hill, whom they arrested in his bed, being unable to move about in consequence of the injuries he had received at the hands of his murdered brother. However, a guard was placed over him until he was in a fit state to be removed. Both brothers were married men, and what makes the matter more atrocious is the fact that a son of the deceased, a little boy about 12 years of age, was present when his father received the blow which caused his death, and had watched the fight from the commencement. One of the men resided in the townland of Skilganaban, and the other (the prisoner) in Ballygowan, both near Ballynure; and it is said that the origin of the dispute was some angry words that had passed between them about the division of their properties. The deceased was 52 years of age, and his brother is only 36, but were both married men, and had families depending on them for support.—Irish Times.

A dreadful suicide occurred on Sunday morning at Green Castle Station on the railroad near Belfast. A well-dressed young man, tall, handsome, gentlemanly in view of a crowd of people waiting for the train to Belfast, deliberately laid his head on the rail and was instantly killed by the "life guard," which almost severed his head from his body. An unfinished copy of a letter, dated "Liverpool," and addressed to the chairman and directors of the Belfast Steam Shipping Company, was found on his person, also a slip of paper with the name "D. Robinson." Mrs. David Robinson, wife of a carpenter in Belfast, suspecting that the unfortunate youth might be her eldest son, proceeded with her daughter to the spot. The sight of the corpse realized their worst fears, and their cries are described as heart-rending. No cause has been assigned for the suicide.

SAD DOGS.—A curious return, compiled by the constabulary, and moved for in Parliament by Mr. Bagwell, states that in the year 1861 it is supposed that no less than 8,637 sheep were killed by dogs in Ireland; 2,390 in Donegal alone.

GREAT BRITAIN.

DR. NEWMAN AND HIS DEFAMERS.—We (Weekly Register) have just received the following letter and correspondence from Dr. Newman, to make room for which we have great pleasure in displacing other, but certainly far less interesting and important matter. This, we should think, though we are by no means sure of it, will set at rest, for a time at least, the wretched calumnies about the religious opinions of the eminent Oratorian, which spiteful heresy has been circulating for many months past. In English Catholic society the categorical contradiction of unhappy W. G. Noel Hoare's false, scandalous, and malicious libels upon Dr. Newman by the best authority on this subject, is, of course, utterly unnecessary, but it is as well that heresy should be rebuked and confuted on the point by Dr. Newman himself, for the sake of truth and of those who are still wavering on the boundary line between truth and error,—and to prevent whose conversion these odious lies are invented and circulated, by such unscrupulous persons as Mr. G. Noel Hoare, of Blathwycke-park.

To the Editor of the Weekly Register. Sir,—I enclose two letters, which I should be very much obliged by your publishing in your number of the day after to-morrow. You will see their importance. Your obedient servant, JOHN H. NEWMAN The Oratory, Birmingham, June 10, 1862.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

To the Editor of the Lincolnshire Express. Sir,—In admitting controversial letters to the columns of your rising journal, you have acted impartially by inserting those of both sides. In reference, however, to a list of clerical perverts you allude to in your last number, let me suggest to any of your readers that may wish to ascertain the fact more particularly than "Catholicus," perhaps, will care to explain to enquire elsewhere, what has become of his great "giant" of intellect and sanctity—John Henry Newman. I have the authority of a clergyman of high church caste, resident at Paris (where the unhappy individual has been lately residing), for saying he has become utterly sceptical; and as for believing, like "Catholicus" in the creed of Pope Pius IV. (that Shibboleth of Romanism concocted in the 16th century), he absolutely ridicules it and the Romish persuasion altogether. I fear, Mr. Editor, the present phase of Mr. Newman's mind is as notorious as hopeless, and if "Catholicus" has no greater "giant" to produce, his list, after all, will prove but a catena of pigmies.—Your obedient servant, G. NOEL HOARE. Blathwycke Park, June 9.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

To the Editor of the Lincolnshire Express. Sir,—A friend has sent me, by this morning's post, an advertisement cut from a recent number of your paper, and signed "G. Noel Hoare," of Blatherwick Park.

It contains shocking untruths. It asks, "What has become of John Henry Newman?" Any Catholic could have answered the question.

I will enlighten the writer myself on this abstruse, mysterious point.

- 1. I am John Henry Newman, sometimes called Dr. Newman, sometimes Father Newman, but John Henry Newman still. *Egomus sum, proximus mihi.*
2. I have been Superior of a Community of Priests in Birmingham ever since February 2nd, 1849.
3. Also, during the whole of that time I have had the spiritual charge of various large districts, called missions, in Birmingham and its neighborhood.
4. Also, I have the charge of a school of seven boys, sons of Catholic gentlemen up and down England and Ireland.
5. Also, I have been in these islands, and on this side of the British Channel, ever since February, 1836; and have only slept one night in Paris since September, 1846.
6. Also, I believe with all my heart and soul all that the Holy Roman Church teaches; and never have had one single doubt about any portion of her teaching whatever, ever since I became a Catholic.
7. Also, in the words of the Creed of Pope Pius IV., I freely profess and sincerely hold this true Catholic faith, without which no one can be saved."

Such is my account of myself; now for Mr. Hoare's account of me.

- 1. I am "an unhappy individual."
2. I have "been lately residing in Paris."
3. I have "become utterly sceptical."
4. "I absolutely ridicule the Creed of Pope Pius IV. and the Romish persuasion altogether."
5. "The present phase of my mind" i. e. scepticism, "is as notorious as it is hopeless."

According to Mr. Hoare, then, I am "living in Paris in the unhappy life of a hopeless sceptic and a notorious scolder at the Catholic Religion." I can only repeat, what shocking untruths! Why, there is not one truth in his whole letter. I am tempted to ask in my turn "Who is this Mr. G. Noel Hoare?" In an age of light, where in the world has the unfortunate man been living? Of what select circle is he oracle? What bad luck has seduced him into print? What has ailed him to take up a position so false, that the Law might come down upon him, and every Englishman must cry shame upon him?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory, Birmingham, June 17, 1862.

Dr. Lushington has pronounced his judgment on the impugned theology of the *Essays and Reviews*; and it is just such a judgment as we should have expected. In the case of the Bishop of Salisbury against Dr. Rowland Williams, the Judge knocked down the articles of impeachment one after another like so many nine-pins. Maintaining that it is against the Articles of the Established Church to hold that the Bible is not God's Word written, but is the work of man—but at the same time laying it down that it is not against the Articles to hold that particular verses or parts of verses in the Bible are human interpolations, and having ruled that "it is open for the Protestant clergy to maintain that any book in the Bible is the work of another author than him whose name it bears, provided they admit that the book is inspired and canonical." Dr. Lushington proceeded to review the inculcated doctrines of Dr. Williams, and having skimmed over the first six charges as merely formal, he held that the 7th Article of accusation was against the 6th and 7th of the 39 Articles, and must be reformed. The 8th charge, namely, that the defendant denied "the Messianic prophecy," he dismissed, "though the positions maintained by Dr. Williams were not consonant with the doctrine of the Church as usually promulgated"—the ninth charge, namely, that Dr. Williams denied that the Book of Daniel was written by Daniel, shared the same fate, inasmuch as such denial was not contrary to law. The tenth article of accusation, which charged Dr. Williams with having asserted that the fourth Gospel was the last of all the genuine books (of the Bible); that the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews had been erroneously attributed to St. Paul, and that the Epistle of St. Peter had been erroneously ascribed to that Apostle; was also rejected. The other seven articles were either wholly rejected as involving charges which were not, according to the Judge's views, against law, or sent back for reformation. In the case of the Rev. J. Fendall, against the Rev. H. B. Wilson, Vicar of Great Staughton, in the Diocese of Ely,—"the charge that the defendant had maintained "that the Old and New Testaments were not written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and that they were not necessarily at all, and certainly not in parts, the Word of God," was admitted subject to amendment. Another article, charging the defendant with denying everlasting condemnation and punishment, was also admitted. Liberty was given to both parties to appeal if they thought fit.—Pion-Plon has arrived in London, and goes abroad without either a crotinole shield or an escort of police to protect him against the apprehended onslaught of the Duc d'Aumale. There is an amusing story current about this affair, which may or may not be true, but which is certainly within the range of probability.—It is said that an illustrious personage has interfered in order to secure His Imperial Highness from all harm on the part of his Royal foe, and that it was not until the Oratorian Prince promised at Windsor that he would take no notice of Pion, that the latter resolved to visit London.—Weekly Register.

The cotton famine, as it is now the fashion to call the distress in our manufacturing districts, goes on, we lament to say, exhibiting on the whole a large progressive advance in the number of persons dependent on parish relief.

Lord Palmerston, in the British Parliament, repeated his declaration against the possibility of mediation in American affairs at present. He contends that what is wanted in order that war may come to an end, is that each party be brought to apprehend its real interest. When that is seen nothing will prevent the conclusion of the war; but every word spoken in high places tending to foreign intervention delays this consummation.

CATHOLIC PRISONERS.—Mr. Hennessey's Bill has now been printed. It proposes that a "creed register" shall be kept in every gaol, stating to what church, communion, or religious persuasion every prisoner belongs, and that a prisoner declaring himself a Catholic shall not be required to attend religious services; other than those of his own Church, nor any moral, doctrinal, or catechetical instruction in conformity with the usages of any other church, or conducted by a member of any other church, nor shall he be visited by religious instructors of any other church. For every gaol in which a certain average number of Catholic prisoners are confined a Catholic priest, nominated by a Catholic Bishop, is to be appointed by the magistrates or the Secretary of State; as the case may be, to officiate as Catholic chaplain of that gaol, and a convenient room is to be provided for the celebration of Divine service by him.

The American press tells us there are plenty of causes of quarrel with Great Britain when the time comes, and American engineers are fortifying Mackinaw, the key which shuts Lake Michigan to an enemy and opens the lower Lakes to a friend, and American politicians are urging on the completion of the great project of a ship canal from Michigan, at Cairo, to the Upper Mississippi, by which a fleet could be sent in a short time from New Orleans to the Gulf into Lake Michigan. Our engineer officers are examining the Canadian frontier defences.—Times

The True Witness.

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Also at Mr. Alexander's Bookstore, opposite the Post-Office, Quebec.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1862.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—This paper will be, for the future, addressed to our subscribers by Spencer's Addressing Machine, and by referring to the stamp they will at once see to what date they have paid up. From the 16th prox. all our Quebec subscribers will receive their papers through the Post Office, and the terms will be—Two dollars per annum, if paid in advance, but Two and a-half for those in arrears. Indebted subscribers will please settle with our agent, Mr. O'Leary, as quickly as possible.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As an appropriate pendant to the picture of Catholic unity furnished by the late great meeting at Rome, we have from the pencil of the Times correspondent another picture illustrative of the discord which rages in the bosom of the so-called Italian Parliament, and which characterises all its debates. The Italian Revolution is not yet accomplished, and already are the actors therein tearing one another to pieces. There are almost as many hostile parties as there are members of the Legislature; and it is impossible to peruse its proceedings without being convinced that the unity of the country which it pretends to represent is an impossibility. The admirers of Cavour denounce the policy of Rattazzi; the friends of the latter lay the blame of all that takes place on the shoulders of Ricasoli; and the whole batch of these unprincipled political adventurers is well summed up by the correspondent of the London Times in the following pithy phrase:—

"There is no dirt they will not eat."

The Roman correspondent of the same journals writes despondingly. The Papacy is as firm on its basis as ever, and recent events have shown that its champions are numerous, zealous and not to be despised. The writer evidently does not believe that Louis Napoleon has either the intention or the desire to come to extremities with such formidable antagonists.

Before Richmond matters remain in statu quo, but in the West the Federals are getting the worst of it. Nashville is seriously threatened by the Confederates, who have also made many prisoners from amongst the Northern regiments. The water in the rivers is now falling so that gunboats can hardly navigate them; and deprived of the co-operation of these, the Northerners will find it no easy matter to retain possession of the conquests which they made in the Spring.

THE "TEMPORAL POWER" AND ITS ASSAILANTS.—We have no right to expect that Protestants should say anything in favor of the Temporal Power of the Pope; but we have the right to complain when, to make out a case for the spoliation of the Sovereign Pontiff and the overthrow of the most ancient throne in Europe, they have recourse to insult, and calumny, and untruth. As a Temporal Sovereign, the Pope is as legitimately subject to free criticism as is any other European potentate; but even the Pope has the right to demand that the case as between him and his enemies, be stated fairly, and that he himself be treated with as much courtesy as that which the usages of society exact should be shown towards an Emperor of the French, or a Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Pius IX can claim this much in virtue of his temporal, if not of his spiritual status—as a Prince, if not as a Bishop; and if not in virtue either of his temporal or spiritual position, he may surely claim it in virtue of his personal character; for even the Times correspondent, writing an account of the late proceedings of the Canonisation at Rome, in spite of his Protestant prejudices finds himself compelled to apply towards the Pope the epithets of the "benevolent and the good."

The occupant of a throne from its antiquity so venerable, and from his personal character so worthy of respect and love—deserves better treatment than that which he meets with from the Protestant press generally, and from a writer in the Montreal Gazette—whom we quote below—in particular:—

"What a world of difference between these poor monks, and those be-purpled cardinals preaching the temporal power of the head of the church as a thing which must be upheld spite of all complaint, spite of all opposing interests, human and divine. What mean those words—one asks again and again, here in Europe—'My kingdom is not of this world'?

Look at the dead face of the serge-clad saint who has just passed away, and see how the pity of his irradiated it with a joy not of this world, and then march out before your mind's eye the possessors of priest-craft, who are now grasping, with uncertain hands, wealth and its enjoyments—and temporal power—and the delight which it gives to ambitious minds, and mark how the slimy trail of the serpent is visible upon the robes of those who are the dedicated ministers and teachers of a religion sent from Heaven to the plighted followers of the Divine Exemplar of that faith. Listen to the new thunders from the Vatican breathing curses against all who dare assert and maintain the doctrine of popular self-government; for the people of Rome—mark how the bishops receiving their mot d'ordre are coming away to preach a crusade in favor of the right divine to govern wrong; and then ask yourself if they and such as they in other lands and other churches can be accepted as exponents of Christianity."

Doubtless diatribe and vulgar abuse are easier than argument and logic; doubtless it is far easier to blackguard the Pope than to show cause why he, the oldest Sovereign in Europe, should resign his dominions at the bidding of Victor Emmanuel; and yet is it doubtful whether even the "tall writing" of the Montreal Gazette's correspondent will succeed in convincing plain and unprejudiced readers that the Pope is wrong in replying "non possumus" to those who modestly request of him to lay down his sovereign dignity, and to acknowledge himself the subject of the King of Sardinia—because forsooth Rome would suit the latter admirably as a capital for his lately acquired conquests. Is there any sovereign in Europe who would accede to such a request? or one to whom such a request could be made without provoking the indignant comment of the civilised world? Let us take a case in point.

Suppose, for instance, that some fine day the Emperor of Russia should take it into his head that Turkey should be annexed to his dominions, and that Constantinople was the "natural capital" of his thus extended Empire. Suppose that acting upon this "idea," he and his friends, aided and abetted by the Greek Christians in Turkey, should call upon the Sultan to resign his Crown and sovereign dignity, and to content himself with the position of a Russian subject—how would the other Great Powers, how would the diplomatists of Europe, treat such an impudent demand? And yet such a demand would be reasonable and modest compared with that which is made upon the Pope; for surely if the temporal sovereignty of a Christian Bishop over Christians be an anomaly, that of an infidel over Christians, is a far greater anomaly, and calls far more loudly for redress from the hands of Christendom.

We are not called upon to show cause why the Pope should be a temporal sovereign, but his enemies are bound to show cause why he should not continue to be so. We can plead in his behalf, prescription, and the "best of titles"—as the Protestant historian Gibbon is forced to admit; and we can show from history and from the international Treaties of European nations, that the Pope is as legitimately a Sovereign Prince, as is Queen Victoria or the King of Prussia. Why then should the Pope, the representative of the most ancient and the most legitimate dynasty in Europe, be called upon to unwind the regal diadem from his brow, to descend from his throne, and to swear allegiance to a parvenu? The Pope is in possession, and has been in possession ever since the greater part of Europe emerged from barbarism—and any lawyer will admit that such possession, such prescription afford a strong argument in his favor.

Why then should the Pope be called upon to abdicate? Is it because these are abuses in the Papal Government? But are there not abuses in the Turkish Government?—and yet the Sultan is not called upon to abdicate in favor of the Emperor of Russia. Is it because there are discontents and revolutionary movements amongst some of his subjects? But is there not discontent in Ireland, and are there not in that country abuses compared with which the worst evils which have been urged against Papal rule sink into insignificance? Is it because the Pope is a tyrant, and by cruel oppression has forfeited his right to the allegiance of his subjects? But even his enemies and revilers cannot speak of him except as the "benevolent and the good." It is because—but we waste our time in these enquiries. No cause, can be shown why the Sovereign of the Papal States should be called upon to abdicate, which would not be conclusive also against the rule of Queen Victoria in Ireland and in India, and against authority everywhere; and the reason why the Pope is treated differently from all other Princes is this:—1st. He is, in a material point of view, weak; that is to say he has neither a large army nor a large navy at his command, and can therefore be attacked with perfect safety; in the second place, the enemies of the Church perceive intuitively that to reduce the Pope to the condition of a subject would entail the overthrow of that peculiar ecclesiastical organisation known in history as the Roman Catholic Church, and would lead to the breaking up of its one religion into a countless multitude of national or State religions. For these reasons then, we find British Protestants, who in the case of Ireland or of India, are the loudest in proclaiming the duty of obedience to legitimate authority, and repudiating the novel doctrine of the "right of insurrection," and who enforce their views of order and government at the point of the bayonet

and at the muzzle of the gun, are, with amusing inconsistency, loudest in their praise of revolutionary and Jacobin principles in Italy.

To argue with such men is impossible, for argument presupposes the mutual recognition of certain universal, immutable, inflexible principles. We cannot argue with men who in one breath assert that any people discontented with its rulers has the right to depose them; and who in the next, assert that the discontented people of India are bound to yield true allegiance to the alien rulers whom the fortune of war has placed over them; and that the Catholics of Ireland have no right to take up arms for Irish national independence, and an Irish Republic. With such men we cannot argue; but we may contradict some of their mistatements, and this we shall attempt with reference to the assertions of the courteous and intelligent correspondent of the Montreal Gazette. The latter says "the temporal power of the head of the church" is, according to Catholics:—

"A thing which must be upheld spite of all complaints, spite of all opposing interests—human and divine."

This is false, because Catholics contend that the Temporal Power of the Popes should be upheld by all honest statesmen, because it is eminently conducive both to the temporal and eternal, the material and moral, interests of the human race: because in short, it is the key stone of our existing social system, and of Christian civilisation. These are the grounds upon which Catholics defend the Temporal Sovereignty of the Spiritual Head of their Church.

That which distinguishes European from modern Asiatic as well as from ancient heathen, civilization is the separation of the two powers—the spiritual and the temporal. European civilisation and European liberty are the fruits of this separation or distinction, as Asiatic despotism and consequent barbarism have ever flowed from their confusion. For this separation or distinction, we of the West are indebted not to Christianity viewed merely as a moral, philosophical, or religious system, but to Christianity as embodied in the ecclesiastical organisation known as the Papal Church. The two Powers were, as has been often recognised, united in one person at Rome, in order that they might be separate or distinct everywhere else. The Temporal power of the Pope is thus the only sure guarantee against State-Churchism, or the assumption of spiritual authority by the head of the State; and is thus the best guarantee for civil and religious liberty all over the world.

True however to its origin, Protestantism ever tends to reproduce the social and politico-religious conditions of heathendom; and true to its instincts, this end it seeks to accomplish by the destruction of the temporal power, or secular independence of the Pope. Every man must be either subject or sovereign. Strip the Pope of his Temporal Power and he would be a subject, dependent upon his sovereign, without whose leave he would not even be able to hold communication with the other Pastors of the Christian world. They would the Catholic Church be broken up, and subdivided into a number of national or State-Churches each subject to its secular prince. This also was the politico-religious condition of the pre-Christian world—as the Protestant historian Ranke in the introductory chapter of his "History of the Popes" aptly points out:—

"If we take a general survey of the world in the earliest times, we find it filled with a multitude of independent tribes. The independence they enjoyed was not merely political; in every country a local religion arose; the ideas of God, and of divine things became as it were appropriated to certain places; national deities of the most diversified attributes occupied the world; and the law obeyed by their rotaries became inseparably identified with that of the State.—Ranke's Hist. of the Popes.

From this condition the world was delivered by the Popes. They emancipated religion from the control of the Emperor, and by the establishment of their Temporal Power the Church became independent of the Civil Magistrate. This great deliverance, which by no other agency could have been effected, was the work of the Popes and the object of all their struggles with the Emperors. The former asserted their Temporal Power as the means for securing that spiritual supremacy which the latter were ever seeking to engross. Thus Ranke again says:—

"It seems too, to me, to have carried with it a palpable inconsistency, that the Pope should have exercised on all sides a spiritual power of the highest order, and have been at the same time subject to the Emperor. The case would have been different had Henry III actually compassed his design of elevating himself to be the head of all Christendom; but as he did not succeed in this, it needed but a certain evolution of politics, and the Pope might by all means have been hindered by his subordination to the Emperor, from being fully and freely, as his office inferred, the common father of the faithful."—Hist. of the Popes, introd.

This is the secret of the present outcry against the Temporal Power of the Popes. Protestantism by its essence tends to reproduce the social and the politico-religious conditions of heathendom, and to give us State-Churches and national religions, in lieu of One Indivisible Church, and One Catholic Faith. The motto of Protestantism is "cujus regio, illius religio;" and this is the essence of State-Churchism, since it implies that all spiritual, as well as secular, jurisdiction should be vested in the civil magistrate. But so long as there is a "common father of the faithful,"

this concentration of the two powers is impossible; and the object of Protestants, therefore, in seeking to make the Pope subordinate to, or subject of, a particular secular sovereign, is that he may no longer be the "common father."

And this is our justification of the Temporal Power. We assert it, not as an end, but as the means to an end; that end being religious liberty, or the emancipation of the Church and of religion from all dependence upon the civil power; and as the sole means by which that end can be effected, we maintain that the Pope or "common father of the faithful" must not be the subject of any particular secular sovereign—or in other words that he must be himself a sovereign. This is what we mean when we cry out for the "Pope King;" and seeing that, in theory, all men at the present day, admit that the separation or distinction of the two powers—the temporal and the spiritual—is absolutely necessary; and seeing also that the preservation of the independence or Temporal Power of the Pope is the only means by which that end can be accomplished, and the union of the two powers in the hands of the civil magistrate prevented—we do think that we poor Papists should get, not abuse, but some credit for our consistency, and our practical adherence to the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty.

SUNDAY SPORTS.—Only because directly appealed to, and invoked by the Montreal Witness of Saturday 5th inst. do we presume to interfere in the controversy betwixt our contemporary and his correspondent—"Papist"—upon the subject of "Sunday Sports." We believe that "Papist" is fully competent to conduct the business without our assistance; and if we offer a few remarks upon the subject it is merely in reply to the questions addressed to us by the Witness.

We would remind the latter that the only reason which we Catholics know of, for observing the first day of the week, or Sunday, as a holy day, or in any manner differently from that in which we observe any of the other days of the week, is the injunction of the Catholic Church; and that as it is solely in deference to her authority that we observe the day in a peculiar manner, at all, so also it is from her, and from her teachings alone, that we learn how, and with what observances the Sunday should be sanctified or kept holy—what things should be done on that day, and what things should be left undone.—The natural law gives us, and can give us, no information upon the subject; and of the supernatural law, from which alone we can learn that there is imposed on Christians the obligation of keeping Sunday "holy," the Catholic Church is the sole guardian and infallible interpreter. We cannot therefore test her teachings by any other standard—for that would be tantamount to admitting that, besides the Catholic Church, God had Himself established some other medium equally authoritative and infallible, for communicating to man His will as supernaturally revealed through Christ. We observe Sunday in a peculiar manner, only because the Catholic Church enjoins us to do so, and only in the manner in which she enjoins the day to be observed. If we did not recognise her teachings as the "Word of God," that is to say, as of divine authority, we should not observe the day at all differently from that in which we observe all other days; and if we recognise her authority as competent to enjoin a peculiar observance of the day at all, it would be most illogical for us to criticise or call in question the competence of those injunctions as to the manner in which the day should be observed. This premised, we will reply to the question put to us by the Witness:—

Q. "Does not"—our contemporary asks—"the True Witness approve of, and even enjoin Sunday sports?"

A. The TRUE WITNESS has never enjoined "Sunday Sports" in the sense of asserting that there was any obligation however slight on any man to engage therein; but the TRUE WITNESS, taking the teachings of the Catholic Church as his infallible guide in such matters, has asserted that there is no harm in such sports, provided that they do not interfere with the seasons allotted to divine worship; that they are not evil per se; and that they do not, directly or indirectly, lead to a violation of any religious duty, or moral obligation. Sunday, so the Church—the only authority upon the subject which we recognise—teaches, should be observed as a day of abstinence from all servile work which can possibly be dispensed with; as a day on which it is obligatory on all Christians, not hindered by sickness or other reasonable cause, to hear Mass devoutly, and if possible to assist at other offices of devotion; and during the entire course of which, the heart of all Christians should in an especial manner be directed towards God, and occupied with spiritual things. Any sport which does not prevent, or interfere with the performance of these obligations, is as legitimate on Sunday as on Monday or on Thursday.

Again our contemporary asks:—

Q. "Does the Church of Rome condemn Sunday pleasure trips?"

The Church of Rome, or Catholic Church, has not, totidem verbis, condemned "Sunday pleasure trips;" because the term is so vague that under it may be comprised "trips" of the most

innocent, and of the most dangerous description. A stroll of a Sunday evening by a father of a family with his wife and children, across the fields, through the woods, or by the banks of the morning stream, is a "Sunday pleasure trip," and such a trip the Church by no means condemns. But as those "trips" which steam-boat proprietors in the summer time, are in the habit of advertising with a view to the pecuniary emoluments likely thence to accrue to themselves, are often indirectly, the cause of sin, of drunkenness and debauchery, by gathering together young and idle persons of both sexes; and as they impose upon engineers, stokers, and others the necessity of servile work which might well be dispensed with, the Church, speaking by her pastors, strongly disapproves of them, and exhorts her children to keep away from them altogether, as very dangerous, and as a proximate occasion of sin. It is the accessories or accidents of those "trips," rather than the "trips" themselves, which the Church condemns; for she does not teach that the artisan, the mechanic or hard-worked citizen, who, during six days of the week is closely pent up in the city, is guilty of any sin whatever, if on the first day of the week, or Sunday, he indulges himself and family in the unwonted luxury of fresh air, and lovely scenery.

Whether the Church is right or wrong in these her teachings is but another form of the question—"Is the Church infallible in matters of faith and morals?" and this question is but another form of putting the historical question, on which the entire controversy betwixt Catholicity and Protestantism depends—"Is the Catholic Church the sole medium by Christ Himself appointed for perpetuating and making known to all generations, the substance of His teachings?" Into this one question, every possible controversy in the supernatural order betwixt Catholics and Protestants must in its last analysis resolve itself; and this being so, it is the sole question which the former should ever condescend even to discuss with their non-Catholic opponents. Thus, for instance, on the Sunday question. If the Church be what she claims to be, the one infallible medium for communicating the will of God to man, what she teaches on the subject of "Sunday sports" must be in conformity with that divine will. If, on the other hand, she be not what she claims to be, if she does not speak as the oracles of God Himself, then is she unworthy of our attention, on any matter either of faith or morals; and there is no conceivable reason even, why we should abstain from our ordinary sports and occupations on Sunday, or treat the day with any peculiar mark of respect, or religious observances.

THE ORANGEMEN AND THE PROTESTANT REFORMERS.—We have always insisted that on all politico-religious questions, in which the interests and the rights of Catholics were concerned, there was no difference betwixt the "low" Orangemen and the "Protestant Reformers" of whom Mr. George Brown is the chief. Orangemen we have always contended, in so far as Catholicity is therein concerned, is but "Clear-Gritism" organised.

A writer in the Toronto Globe the appropriate organ of the Orangemen, fully confirms our own view, and contends that Von Ferguson—that beau ideal of the "low" Orangeman—and not Mr. Cameron is the exponent of Orange policy on the School Question, and other politico-religious questions of the day. The writer who signs himself Orangeman says:—

"The great body of Orangemen not only entirely agree with Mr. Ferguson's views on both these questions—(Separate Schools and Ecclesiastical Corporations)—but they have heartily and tangibly approved of his successful efforts put forth in reference to these questions of public policy."

ANOTHER MURDER.—In another column will be found the details of the brutal murder of Sergeant Quinn of the 16th by a private of the same corps. This is the second crime of the same description occurring within a week, and is one which unfortunately is by no means rare in the British service. With all due deference to the proper authorities, it seems to us that it is a great mistake to hand the blood-stained criminals over to the Civil power. They should be dealt with and that summarily by Court Martial; and upon conviction, execution should take place within half an hour of the breaking up of the Court. There is nothing so effectual as prompt and severe punishment to deter from crime; but in the ordinary course of events the punishment of the soldier who shoots his non-commissioned officer is deficient in promptitude. If the would-be assassin were convicted that within twenty-four hours after the perpetration of his meditated crime he would be hanging a corpse on the gallows, the trick of shooting sergeants would at once, and for ever be put a stop to.

REGIOPOLIS COLLEGE, KINGSTON.—Through some strange fatality we have been disappointed of an expected report of the Annual Examination at this important educational institution of Upper Canada. We hope however in our next to be able to make amends to our readers, and to the College.

PRESENTATION.—On Tuesday last, Madame Valliers, long and well known, and loved by all who know her, for her active and disinterested charity, was waited on by a deputation from the Ladies of Charity of the St. Patrick's Congregation headed by the Rev. Mr. Dowd; who in their name, and in that of other friends presented her with a handsome and valuable service of plate as a testimonial of their appreciation of her many years of active and unremitting services in behalf of the orphans and poor of the St. Patrick's Congregation. The following Address was read by the Rev. Mr. Dowd:—

Montreal, July 15, 1862.

DEAR MADAME VALLIERS—The Ladies of Charity of the St. Patrick's Congregation, and other friends, who, on this occasion, desire to share in the privilege, request your acceptance of the accompanying Testimonial,—too trifling to be valued on its own account,—but which you will please to regard as the expression of an affectionate confidence which the test of long years has served but to strengthen; and of sincere gratitude for the eminent services rendered by you to the cause of the widow and orphan during the long period you hold the first place in the work of charity. If the Ladies' Society has prospered beyond example in this new community, and has been enabled to make many an orphan forget its forlorn condition, to your example and to your prudence and energy, under the blessing of God, should this happy result be attributed. In your relations with the Ladies Society, self never once appeared. The devotedness of genuine charity seemed always to inspire your conduct; and hence, when the interests of charity required it, you were ever found ready to serve in the last rank, as cheerfully as in the first.

It affords the Ladies' Society the greatest pleasure to find that they are again to enjoy the happiness and advantage of your presence amongst them; and they fondly hope that God will spare you yet many years of health to continue the good work of charity, so dear to you, and which, in its increasing burdens, can badly afford the loss of your example, and encouraging presence. Please then, dear Madame, accept from the Ladies, your fellow labourers, and your other friends, this Testimonial of their esteem and gratitude; and with it, their joint prayers for your happiness here and hereafter.

To this Address, Madame Valliers, who appeared to be deeply moved by the compliment paid to her, and by the expression of the esteem with which she had inspired her friends replied in the following terms:—

DEAR LADIES AND FRIENDS—Your presence here, this beautiful gift, and, above all, the touching words of welcome with which you have accompanied it, revive within me so many pleasant recollections of happy and useful hours passed in your midst, that I feel I am unable, at this moment, to give adequate language to my feelings of gratitude towards you all. The importance with which you have invested the humble part I have taken in your noble work, I am conscious has derived its inspiration rather from that kind indulgence and friendship which I have always experienced at your hands, than from any merit to which I can lay claim.

To you alone, Ladies of the Society, belong all the merit and honor; with you originated the direction and design; from you came the final impulse which crowned our efforts with success; and if any happy results may have, at any time, attended my share of the discharge of our common duties, it has been, with the grace of Him Whom it pleased to make us the humble instruments of His dispensing Providence, by endeavoring, however faintly, to reflect back some of the many virtues with which you adorned and gave life to our meetings.

In the literary exercises, a scale of gradual ascent from one performance to another was clearly perceptible. There was the *Infantile*, in *La Petite Filiale*; the school-girl style, in the *Dialogue du Petit Pensionnat*; the lady-like, in *Triumphs of Britain*; the Philosophical, in *Les Quatre Saisons*; and the eminently religious—we had almost said theological—in *Les Combats de l'Eglise*. If this happy transition was satisfactory, the unaffected simplicity, the fitness of style to subject, the distinctness of enunciation, and the easy, unconstrained politeness for their auditory, with which the young ladies acquitted themselves, proved to be even more so. "The Triumphs of Britain" consisted of two highly finished productions, two thrilling epics on England's glories. Nay, more, these compositions were perfect prose poems, replete with the finest imagery, and written in a style, ornate, it is true, but bearing indications of the most delicate and the most correct taste on the part of their attractive authoresses—Miss C. Campbell, and Miss H. Doherty. The former eloquently recounted Albion's essential titles to national renown; the glory of its spirit in the maintenance of its liberties, the glory of its true religion in Austin and Bede, the glory of its laws in Alfred, the glory of its arms on field and flood, in Marlborough and Nelson, the glory of its commerce in the navies and argosies that now whiten every expanse of water; the latter, Miss H. Doherty, with the same facile and appropriate diction as her fair companion, took another view of the same subject, examining Britain's superfluous claims to a nation's greatness; unfolding to us those sources by which England has become so celebrated without thereby having created widows and multiplied orphans. This exquisite *word-artiste* pictured to us the trophies won in the Arts and Sciences, and in Letters, confessedly won by the land of Christopher Wren, Bacon, Newton, Shakespeare, and Dryden. What she said of English literature abashes us for the lines we are penning—lines that purport to be genuine samples of Her Majesty's vernacular! We were extremely glad to hear that while she avowed "fine writing" to be a characteristic of Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson's works, she justly stigmatised the productions of these authors as the seminaries of infidelity, and triumphantly pointed to Lingard, Newman, Faber, and Wiseman as so many proofs of the truth that we need not fall back upon modern Pagan writers to find master pieces in our literature.

But the language of poetry was never brought

His Lordship, Mgr. Farrell, Bishop of Hamilton, passed through Montreal on Wednesday en route for his Diocese from Rome. His Lordship is in good health.

We are happy to learn from our esteemed contemporary the *Courrier du Canada* that the health of Mgr. Tloia is improving.

Pro-Nic.—The St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society will hold their Grand Annual Pic-Nic in the Victoria Gardens, (late Guilbault's) on Wednesday, the 23rd inst. Particulars will be given on Saturday next. In the mean time, the Committee beg to announce that they are making such arrangements as will enable their visitors to spend the day pleasantly. The amusements will be entirely new.

The Committee of the Montreal St. Patrick's Society beg to acknowledge their thanks to Mr. W. S. Henning, the winner of the first prize at throwing the heavy stone at their late Pic-Nic, for his donation of the amount of prize to the Hall fund; also, to Mr. Bernard Tansey, the winner of the short race, for a similar generous act.

PRIZE DAY AT THE SCHOOLS OF THE SACRED HEART, SAULT DU RECOLLET. (Communicated.)

Seldom was any social gathering ever more thoroughly satisfied than that which found itself, on Thursday the 10th instant, cordially greeted and interestingly entertained by the young ladies attending the Classes of the Sacred Heart Convent, situated near Sault Recollet. It is true, everything combined to favorably prepossess their visitors; the day could not have been more delightful for a ride to their earthly paradise; the aspect of their elegant, Gothic-built Palace was most captivating; the tastefully arranged and richly varied garden that lay between the curvilinear avenues that led to their mansion, was most pleasing to every connoisseur and amateur of the floral kingdom, while within all was order, regularity, neatness; the decorations were such as to gratify the most fastidious; the apparel and comportment of the young lady scholars, so becomingly simple and unpretending, so reservedly modest, as to meet the approval of the most exacting.

But the realities were equal to the appearances, and so it is time to particularize. Before being introduced into the performance-hall, we were favored with a glance at the crayon executions of the Class of Drawing. Many of these cartoons pleased, but what elicited universal admiration was a Greek profile, certainly a most classic specimen—the skilful handiwork of Miss Arnold of Milwaukee, Wis.

We did not have an opportunity of inspecting either the linen-thread or worsted embroideries, wherein we hold ourselves competent to judge. The music, however, assuaged in us the pain which this mortification produced; and not to name in its commendation another effect which its influence wrought upon the audience, it will suffice to note that it was under the entire direction of Prof. Smith. This will not prevent us from memorialising what was truly the wonder of all present, a piece of music consisting of many variations, the most difficult to be turned, composed and adapted to the piano by Miss Emma Lejennesse—a student of only fourteen.

Of the singing, we have to remark the charming duets, by the Misses E. Leclair, and A. Armstrong, whose united voices chimed most perfectly; the chorus chants were exceedingly well timed, and full of harmonic expression.

In the literary exercises, a scale of gradual ascent from one performance to another was clearly perceptible. There was the *Infantile*, in *La Petite Filiale*; the school-girl style, in the *Dialogue du Petit Pensionnat*; the lady-like, in *Triumphs of Britain*; the Philosophical, in *Les Quatre Saisons*; and the eminently religious—we had almost said theological—in *Les Combats de l'Eglise*. If this happy transition was satisfactory, the unaffected simplicity, the fitness of style to subject, the distinctness of enunciation, and the easy, unconstrained politeness for their auditory, with which the young ladies acquitted themselves, proved to be even more so. "The Triumphs of Britain" consisted of two highly finished productions, two thrilling epics on England's glories. Nay, more, these compositions were perfect prose poems, replete with the finest imagery, and written in a style, ornate, it is true, but bearing indications of the most delicate and the most correct taste on the part of their attractive authoresses—Miss C. Campbell, and Miss H. Doherty. The former eloquently recounted Albion's essential titles to national renown; the glory of its spirit in the maintenance of its liberties, the glory of its true religion in Austin and Bede, the glory of its laws in Alfred, the glory of its arms on field and flood, in Marlborough and Nelson, the glory of its commerce in the navies and argosies that now whiten every expanse of water; the latter, Miss H. Doherty, with the same facile and appropriate diction as her fair companion, took another view of the same subject, examining Britain's superfluous claims to a nation's greatness; unfolding to us those sources by which England has become so celebrated without thereby having created widows and multiplied orphans. This exquisite *word-artiste* pictured to us the trophies won in the Arts and Sciences, and in Letters, confessedly won by the land of Christopher Wren, Bacon, Newton, Shakespeare, and Dryden. What she said of English literature abashes us for the lines we are penning—lines that purport to be genuine samples of Her Majesty's vernacular! We were extremely glad to hear that while she avowed "fine writing" to be a characteristic of Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson's works, she justly stigmatised the productions of these authors as the seminaries of infidelity, and triumphantly pointed to Lingard, Newman, Faber, and Wiseman as so many proofs of the truth that we need not fall back upon modern Pagan writers to find master pieces in our literature.

But the language of poetry was never brought

into so just requisition to the aid of ethical philosophy, as in the succeeding discussion of the "Four Seasons." Miss E. Quessel aptly portrayed the beauties, and succinctly numbered the advantages of the Spring-time. Her audience admired her felicitous scriptural allusions, the tender piety to Mary which her remarks revealed, and the whole-souled earnestness that suffused her countenance while she spoke. In a similar strain, and with like perfections, Miss L. Delagrave painted the sceneries of Summer, Miss L. Starnes weighed the value of Autumn, and Miss Victorie Beaudry described the solemn grandeurs of Winter. The last mentioned is the daughter of his Worship the Hon. Mayor of Montreal. She afterwards, at the distribution, signalled her talents and her success by the number and excellence of the premiums she received.

"The Triumphs of the Church," comprised in four superbly written French discourses, enlisted, as was to be expected, the intensest interest on the part of us all. The introductory essay, composed and effectively pronounced by Miss A. Renaud, contained the Prophetic and Evangelical narrative, summarily given, of our Blessed Lord's suffering life. This was a most suitable preparation for what was to follow; for the Church, the Spouse of Christ, is the Heiress of His sufferings—her combats are but the continuation of His Passion.

"Martyrdom" was the first struggle; and this Miss E. Leclair depicted in terms so glowing, and with such a fascination of voice, and engaging cast of features, as almost made us forget at times the bloody and fiery ordeal of which she was the amiable historian. "The Heresies" next were encountered; that series of fierce struggles in which the Church had to contend with her own wayward and recalcitrant children; but here Miss A. Smith disposed of her subject with the zeal of a St. Ignatius of Loyola, yet with the mild sweetness of a St. Francis de Sales. "Impiety," deservedly styled by its eloquent denouncer, Miss A. Armstrong, the plague of our days, the scourge of a Christian community, was the third grand conspirator against the Catholic Church. From this struggle also the banner of Christ would come forth untarnished, and the victory would, according to our not too partial speaker, be owing in a great measure to the sacred influence of woman, to whose serene guardianship the care of Religion, in the family circle, is so largely committed. The duty of pronouncing the Valedictory fell to the lot of Miss A. Armstrong; and while, with admirably selected words, and in a most moving tone of voice, she, in the name of her sister graduates, Miss C. Campbell, Miss H. Doherty, Miss A. Renaud, Miss E. Leclair, and Miss A. Smith, bade farewell to their beloved school-home, the most breathless silence was observed. Rev. Canon Fabre, of the Cathedral, who presided at the Distribution, made some forcible closing remarks; and with his reverence, we thank the young ladies for their most agreeable classic entertainment, and the holy Religious who so successfully prepared them for it.

IGNATIUS.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, PETERBORO.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

SIR—The Saint Patrick's Society of this town held its Annual Meeting in the Seminary School House on the 6th instant, when the following Officers were elected, to hold office only until the first Sunday in April next, in order that the annual election may, in future, be held soon after the 17th of March in each year:—

- President—Very Reverend Oliver Kelly.
Vice-President—Edward Lawler.
Chaplain—Reverend Mr. Lynch Douro.
Treasurer—Jeremiah Garow.
Recording Secretary—Angus McDonnell.
Corresponding Secretary—David Roche.
Marshall—John Campbell.
Deputy Marshall—John Sullivan.
Committee of Management—Martin Doyle, John Green, John Doherty, J. G. McAuliffe, Eugene Lano, Isidore Canise, Michael Redmond, R. Tarront, John McGuire, Cornelius McCormick, Patrick Fitzgerald, Edward Martin.
DAVID ROCHE, Corresponding Secretary.
Peterboro', July 14, 1862.

MILITARY REVIEW AT THE QUEBEC SEMINARY.—A novel and suggestive spectacle took place at the Quebec Seminary, yesterday. A large number of the pupils of this institution, capable of bearing arms, have been for some time past receiving a regular course of drill instruction from Captain Sutor, Adjutant of the Ninth Battalion, and one of the Musketry Instructors for Lower Canada. We may remark, by the way, that military drill has lately become a feature in our public schools; and as it might fairly be expected, the Quebec Seminary, standing in the front rank of our educational establishments, has taken the lead. The inspection or review was performed by His Excellency the Governor General. The fact of His Excellency's presence was generally known, and a large number of spectators thronged the sides of the ancient court-yard and the windows of the adjacent buildings. The centre of the venerable square over which so many generations of Canadian youths have passed, was, however, kept clear for the military exercises. On the eastern side of the quadrangle, a sort of temporary gallery had been erected on which those who had been invited to witness the inspection were provided with seats. The platform was covered by a shade and tastefully ornamented with crimson and yellow drapery. A species of canopy of the same colors, was placed over the main entrance of this portion of the building and it was here that the seats for His Excellency, the Administrator of the Diocese, the Commandant, and other distinguished visitors were placed. Precisely at one o'clock, His Excellency arrived accompanied by the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, Col. Paynter, G. B., Commandant, and Col. Irvine, A.D.C. The band of the 60th struck up the National Anthem, as His Excellency, after having been received at the entrance hall by the authorities of the Seminary, was conducted to his seat on the platform beside His Lordship the Bishop of Tloia. We should not omit to remark that the Royal Standard waved above the canopy, and that the Union Jack was suspended from the main building. The Professors of the Laval University, the directors and class-masters of the Seminary, the representatives of the city press, &c., &c., were also in attendance. As soon as His Excellency appeared the young men drawn up in line presented arms, with great accuracy and in excellent style. We may here remark, with regard to the appearance of the force, that it consisted of about ninety fresh and healthy looking college youths who, judging by their steadiness and proficiency, seemed to take a pleasure in the exercises. The neat blue uniform of the institution, set off with white cords, and surmounted by the uniform cap, appeared to great advantage, and added much to the military air of the young militiamen—the soldier-

like trim being completed by the white regulation shoulder belt, the heavy cartridge box, rifle and bayonet. The review now commenced in earnest. The force marched past in slow and quick time; then "doubled" past in splendid style. This was followed by every variety of marching movements, in which the collegians seemed perfect. Then came the manual exercises; then the platoon, with firing in quick and slow time. Skirmishers were next thrown out from the line; who, after firing at several distances, retired upon their supports. This was followed by the bayonet exercise which, from the faultless manner in which it was performed, elicited the admiration of all beholders. Captain Sutor received unlimited praise, as he deserved, for the success of his exertions in instructing the youth in a thorough knowledge of drill and military manoeuvres. We may here remark that M. Larue, the young gentleman who commands the corps, and his subalterns, understood and performed their duties in a manner which would put many of our volunteer officers to the blush. We may also add that these young soldiers possess an advantage over ordinary city volunteers which must, in no small degree, contribute to the success. They have already, as collegians, all the benefits of discipline with its attendant results—order, silence, and regular attendance at drill.

When the inspection had concluded, His Excellency stepped forward, accompanied by the members of the Cabinet, the Commandant and other gentlemen, and complimented Captain Sutor, in the warmest manner, on the success of his instruction. Colonel Paynter, G.B., joined in His Excellency's good opinion, and expressed himself much pleased. His Excellency also intimated that he was at once astonished and delighted with the extraordinary steadiness and knowledge of the use of arms which the young men exhibited. He then took leave; and, to the regret of all, the review terminated. Before leaving, however, the gentlemen of the Seminary invited their visitors to partake of refreshments, after which the latter departed much delighted with the spectacle they had witnessed as well as with the kind and hospitable treatment they had received. The collegians marched around the square once to the ringing refrain of a national chorus, and then sought their respective quarters.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE URSULINE CONVENT.—On Tuesday morning last the annual examination and distribution of prizes took place in the large hall of the Ursuline Convent, which was very tastefully decorated for the occasion. A number of the clergy, and the parents and friends of the young ladies were present as spectators of this interesting ceremony. The Ursuline Convent has the reputation of being one of the best educational institutions on this Continent. Young ladies of every creed and nationality, from all parts of the country, and of every station in society, have received their education there, and were eminently fitted to adorn society on leaving it. Every branch of study—every requisite necessary to perfect the young lady growing into womanhood is taught to perfection. But praise is superfluous. In many parts of the large hall, where the examination was held, paintings in water colors, artificial flowers, and fancy needle-work of endless variety were displayed, which told better than any thing else the progress made by the young lady students since the last vacation. Among the most remarkable objects were three magnificent altar pieces, painted in oils—one by Mile. Delphine Lavigne, for the Church of St. John Baptiste, one by Miss Jennings, for St. Patrick's Church, and the other for the Chapel of the Holy Family, by Mile R. Therese. Several beautiful and correct drawings of the first building occupied by the ladies of the Ursuline Convent in Quebec were also exhibited, the quaintness and simplicity of the appearance of the first habitation occupied by the good sisters recalling to mind the memories of a bygone age. These were the work of Mile W. Renaud, M. McDonald, M. Jennings, and J. Clancy. After the distribution of the prizes had taken place, the Rev. Mr. Cazeau, Vice-General, who acted as president of the examination, in the absence of his Lordship the Bishop of Tloia, highly complimented the young lady students on the progress they had made during the year. He also referred, in happy terms, to the fact that Canada, and Quebec in particular, owed much to the ladies of the Convent, who have continued to emulate the zeal of the first founders of their establishment, Madame de la Peltrie, in this city three centuries ago, by providing the female youth of the country with such excellent education.—*Quebec Daily News*.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—A SERGEANT OF THE 16TH REGIMENT SHOT WHILE IN BED.—It is our painful duty this morning to have to record the details of one of the most cold-blooded murders that has taken place in this city for a number of years—that of a Sergeant of the 16th Regiment, named Edward Quinn, a private of the same corps, named John Mawn. It appears that a short time ago, deceased was out at Chatham with his company, to which Mawn belonged, for ball practice, and that on the 21st June, on going out to fire, Mawn was under the influence of liquor, and fell out of the ranks. Quinn being the orderly Sergeant in charge, had to place him under arrest, and report the case. The only punishment the man received, however was seven days confinement in barracks, and on the return of the company to the city, nothing of an unusual character in the conduct of Mawn indicated that he entertained any ill-feeling towards Quinn, although no other reason than that mentioned can be assigned for his committing the dreadful crime for which he will probably have to forfeit his life.

On Wednesday night all the men retired at the usual hour; but about a quarter to one o'clock yesterday (Thursday) morning, the fatal shot was fired, the report startling the sleepers, who rose to find one of their companions weltering in his blood, and another, a murderer! Mawn was immediately disarmed and searched, when another charge was found in one of his pockets. Quinn meanwhile, was uttering the most heart-rending cries of "I'm shot, I'm shot!" The unfortunate fellow was lying asleep, on a bunk next the wall, on the second floor of the Barrack, (Molson's College) at the right hand side looking from the street, when the prisoner who had taken liquor before retiring for the night, and had on his clothes, approached and placed the muzzle of the rifle close to the lower part of the abdomen, where the ball entered, passing through the body upwards, and coming out near the left arm-pit, it struck against the wall when it made a deep indentation. The bed clothes and ticking were cut through by the fatal bullet, and had there been a bed close to the one where the murdered man lay, the occupant might also have suffered the same fate as poor Quinn. Mawn slept eight beds from deceased, and procured the gun from the head of his own bunk, that being the place where the arms were kept. The bed in which deceased lay is saturated with blood, which poured profusely from the wound he received. When the fatal shot was fired, Private Connell, who slept a few beds distant from the Sergeant Awoke, and heard deceased cry out, "Good God, I am shot through!" Connell then raised himself on his elbow, when the murderer, who had his bayonet fixed, made a sudden plunge at him, but avoiding the blow, he took hold of the sock of the bayonet, and the back of his assailant's neck. After a desperate struggle—a struggle for life—the Sergeant of the Guard, who was stationed below, heard the cries for assistance, and the murderer was secured. He was then taken to the Guard House, apparently unconcerned at his awful position. Quinn was removed to the Military Hospital attached to the Barracks, and about two o'clock a Roman Catholic Clergyman was brought to him.—Shortly afterwards he became delirious, and at four o'clock expired, in great agony. Deceased was a native of Ireland, and 31 years of age. He was about seventeen years in the service, and is represented as having been a great favourite with every private soldier in the regiment; so good-tempered and lenient in fact, that these qualities

have sometimes subjected him to the censure of his superior officers. The prisoner has been about eight years in the service, and has always been well treated by the deceased. The dreadful occurrence created great excitement yesterday morning, every one being horrified to hear of such a cold-blooded and cowardly murder; and the conduct of Mawn was looked upon with the greatest abhorrence both by the soldiers and outsiders.—*Montreal Herald*.

The Grand Trunk train on Monday from Portland brought here 70 refugees from conscription. The greater part of them are Americans by birth, and many of them farmers who have abandoned their properties in preference to being compelled to serve in this wicked and useless war. A great number of refugees from New York, and Vermont are daily crossing the frontier, seeking the peace and security they cannot find at home.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Montreal, July 16th, 1862. Flour—Pollards, \$3 to \$3.40; Middlings, \$3.50 to \$3.80; Fine, \$3.90 to \$4.20, Super, No 2, \$4.30 to \$4.40; Super \$4.55 to \$4.65.—from American Wheat, \$4.65 to \$4.70; Fancy, \$4.75 to \$4.95; Extra, \$5 to \$5.20; Superior Extra, \$5.25 to \$5.75. Bag Flour, per 112 lbs, \$2.55 to \$2.65. Oatmeal per brl of 200 lbs, scarce, and worth about \$5. Wheat per 60 lbs, in cargoes and car loads. Spring \$1 to \$1.01; Fall, \$1.10 to \$1.15. All dull for want of freight. Corn per 56 lbs, 47c to 48c. Peas per 60 lbs, 75c to 77c; no transactions. Ashes, per 112 lbs, Pots, \$6.70 to \$6.72; Inferiors 10c more; Pearls, \$6.75. Pork—Mess \$11.50; Thin Mess, \$9.50 to \$10; Prime Mess, \$9.50; Prime, \$8.75 to \$9.50. All dull. Hams—Smoked, 51c to 61c; Sugar-Cured, canned, 47c to 52c; Shoulders, 3c to 4c. Butter continues dull, the finer grades only inquired for; medium and inferior are difficult to sell at our quotations; inferior, 81c to 10c; medium, 10c to 11c; fine, 12c to 13c. Eggs 9c to 10c. Lard 7c to 7 1/2c; in demand. Tallow 7c to 8 1/2c. Canada Coal Oil—Refined, 25c to 30c; dull. Freight scarce and advancing.—*Montreal Witness*.

"A CERTAIN LORD WEST PRINCIPALLY DRESSED," once told Hoptour that "permitted was the sovereignest thing on earth for inward wounds." Well, we do not gainsay that, but we do know that Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers is the "sovereignest thing on earth" for curing coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc; only 25 cts a box. Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

Died.

On the 12th instant, Michael O'Dowd, Fort Adjutant at Toronto for many years, aged 54 years, and in the 38th year of his military profession.

At the residence of O'Kain J. Cameron, at Portsmouth, Township of Kingston, on the morning of the 7th inst., his eldest surviving brother, John Cameron, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

In Dublin, on the 28th June, Bridget Earle, wife of the late Ferdinand Charles, of the Co. Galway, and mother of Mr. John Charles, of this city.

At Pointe Levis, on the 14th inst., aged 63 years, Mr. James McInelly.

WANTED, A SITUATION.

A GENTLEMAN of long experience as Classical Teacher, both in England and the United States, desires a Situation as Assistant in a College or Academy, or would give Lessons in Private Families. Unexceptionable reference for character and ability given. Address, "Delta," at the Office of the True Witness. July 17, 1862.

TO SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

THE undersigned will be at liberty, after the 15th of July next, to re-engage as a Teacher in an Academy, Model School, or in an Elementary School, provided the Salary be liberal: Qualifications—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, (Theoretical, Practical and Mental), English Grammar, Geography, the Use of the Globes, Book-Keeping (by Single and Double Entry), Mensuration, Plane and Solid Geometry, Algebra, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, &c., &c. Testimonials, respectable and satisfactory as to moral conduct and assiduity and attention to business.

He has also a Diploma for a Model School from the Board of Catholic Examiners, Montreal. Address, by letter post-paid, to "M. H. O'R., Berthier en haut," or to this Office. June 5, 1862.

THE PERFUME OF FASHION! MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER!

THE cheapest, most delicate and durable of Perfumes distilled from the most fragrant of Tropical Flowers. For the Bath, nervous headache, faintness, or oppressive heat, it is more refreshing than Cologne or Toilet Vinegar. For insect bites, the removal of Tan Freckles, Sunburn, &c. Also, as a wash for the Teeth and Gums, and for gentlemen after Shaving, it is better and pleasanter than any preparation extant,—and is justly called the LADIES COMPANION or TOILET REQUISITE. PRICE 50 CENTS in 1/2 Pint Bottles. AGENT: R. J. DEVINS, CHEMIST, Next the Court House, Montreal.

July 10

A PUBLIC LECTURE,

Under the auspices of the ST PATRICK'S SOCIETY, Will be given on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, JULY 24, AT THE BONAVENTURE HALL, BY MR. H. E. DOHERTY. SUBJECT: "Military Genius of the Irish Race, at Home and Abroad." Single Tickets, 25c.; Double Tickets, to admit a Lady and Gentleman, 37 1/2c. Lecture to commence at Eight o'clock.

NOTICE.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1862.

JANE VALLIERS DE ST. REAL. The service of plate, consisting of a Tea and Coffee pot, a Sugar bowl and a Cream jug, is the work of our townsmen Mr. Hendry, and by the beauty of its execution elicited general applause. It bears the annexed inscription:— PRESENTED TO MADAME VALLIERS DE ST. REAL, BY THE LADIES OF CHARITY OF THE ST. PATRICK'S CONGREGATION OF MONTREAL, AND OTHER FRIENDS, As a Token of personal esteem and grateful acknowledgment of the untiring zeal, marked with equal prudence and ability in behalf of the ST. PATRICK'S ORPHANS, And of the distressed in general of the St. Patrick's Congregation. JULY 15, 1862.

MRS. MACKAY'S MONTREAL DIRECTORY—1862.—We have received a copy of this carefully compiled and very useful work, which we would strongly recommend to the favorable attention of the public. No public office, no store, should be without a copy.

Next week we shall present our readers with an account of the School exhibition given by the young Ladies of St. Mary's Academy, Pied du Courant.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

RETURN OF THE FRENCH BISHOPS FROM ROME. The Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph continues to give details of the ovations accorded to the French Bishops on their return to their dioceses from the great festival at Rome.

Believe now, as I always have done from the beginning, that the unalterable policy of Napoleon III. is wholly to destroy the temporal authority of the Pope, in order to convert his spiritual authority into an engine of French imperialism.

The explanations given to M. Barrot gave ground to hope that Spain had the same policy in Mexico as France, viz., the establishment in Mexico of a Government, either a republic or a Monarchy, as the Mexicans may wish.

—Parturient montes nascetur ridiculus mus. —

—Correspondent of Weekly Register.

La Presse has the following:—

"The contingents of the troops which are now preparing for departure in various points will not go directly to Mexico: they will stop at Martinique and at Guadeloupe, so as to reach Vera Cruz towards the end of September, when the great heats will be over.

It seems to be decided that the reinforcements for Mexico will not leave before the arrival of the next mail. If General Lorencez be not in danger in his present position, it is thought that the troops will not sail till after the hot season; but if he is in danger he must be reinforced at any cost.

PARIS, June 27.—Yesterday evening, in the Corps Legislatif, M. Billault, at the conclusion of M. Favre's discourse, delivered his expected speech on the Mexican expedition.

The Minister expressed great indignation at the calumnies disseminated in the correspondences of several foreign journals relative to the aims of France. He said, "Excessive pecuniary demands have been spoken of. The committee will verify the rights of the persons claiming compensation."

In the number of the Correspondant, says the Paris Times correspondent, which has just appeared, is an article by M. Augustin Cochin, headed "Rome, the Martyrs of Japan, and the Bishops of the 19th century."

On the day when the contrast between the success of Piedmont and the trials of the Pope reached, so to say, its culminating point. In a little part of the Mediterranean—Porto d'Anzio—I saw the Holy Father, tranquil and smiling, walking on the shore, in the midst of children and boatmen.

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The Divitto, a revolutionary journal, lately said, "All the provinces from Lecce to Gaeta, and from Naples to Bari, are a volcano in fermentation."

VIENNA, June 26.—In to-day's sitting of the Lower House, Deputy Wieser made a speech, expressing a desire that the Government should come to an understanding with Hungary.

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on his staff from motives of glory, they do not desire to continue in the service, when it has become probable that, besides gaining no laurels, they incur the hazard of fighting against a cause which their own country is likely to support.

Now, is it not time that the Catholics, more than a quarter million in the State of Ohio, should be doing something to obtain a share of the school-fund, to which they are in all respects entitled?

The prospect of a general drafting for the war has already produced a stampede in the State of Maine; the Portland Advertiser of the 10th instant, contains the following significant statement:—

A STAMPEDE.—We are informed that quite a large number of men, liable to stand a draft, started from Norway on Tuesday night on the freight train for Canada, to avoid the possibility of being detailed or detached for the service of the Union.

URGENT DEMAND FOR MORE MEN.—In reference to President Lincoln's recent call for 300,000 more men to put down the rebellion, the New York Times of Friday says:—Nearly a fortnight has already passed away (it was on the 1st of July) since the President issued his proclamation calling for three hundred thousand more troops.

Not Bad.—Adjutant-General Thomas recommends to Congress that Chaplains, before entering the army, should be required to "file certificates of good moral character."

The New York World in an article demanding the dismissal of the Secretary of War, thus pictures the chances of a favorable response to the call for more recruits:—The call for more troops has not yet kindled the first flash of enthusiasm.

It is a notorious fact that many of the officers in all divisions of the United States army indulge in the excessive use of profane language, attempting to make "orders" more emphatic by the appendage of loud-mouthed, vulgar oaths; and that officers when about to assume important commands, or lead them into engagements, make themselves beastly drunk.

The above is no overdrawn picture. It does not with sufficient strength and definiteness express the facts, for want of terms appropriate to the public ear. I know of quartermasters who encourage soldiers to steal horses and turn them over, and then they sell to officers and army stragglers, and hangers-on, who follow different divisions, disbursing counterfeit money and swindling citizens and soldiers.

THEY WONT ENLIST.—The New York World, in an article upon the situation, and the necessity of new men and new measures to work the ship of state, says:—What, then, is the situation? The fact states us in the face that the people believe their blood and treasure to have been wasted. They believe that the mismanagement of the Treasury Department has cost the nation as much as the expenses of the war, and that it will cost us more. They believe that the feebleness of the Navy Department not only crippled our navy and our commerce, but, by leaving Charleston in the hands of the rebels, reinforced their armies with money and the munitions of war which have augmented their victories, and lightened their defeats, and sustained to this hour an otherwise almost hopeless cause. They believe that the blunders of the War Department have crippled our generals, botched their campaigns, and insured us disaster. They see to-day such danger of foreign intervention as has never before dared to menace us, and four that they may be asked to rally to arms against a foreign foe, powerful on sea and land—against perhaps a foreign alliance which might defy the world beside in arms, by the men who have been unable to conquer our feeble foe at home. In the face of these facts, in face of the need for men to reap the peaceful harvests of our fields, in face of the need for workmen to supply the places of those who have gone to wield in the battle-field the scythe of war, the country is asked for three hundred thousand more volunteers. The three hundred thousand may be called but they will not come. At least enlistments will not be sufficiently numerous or prompt to insure the nation's success or safety. The result thus far proves it. The result of the next ten days recruiting will make it so palpable that none can fail to see it. This fact must be looked at. It is of no use to blind our eyes. The people may consent to acquiesce in the decision of the President. They will not consent to shut their eyes to its results. It would be sheer folly not to foresee what is inevitable. Their determination that the rebellion shall be put down is as unalterable to-day as it was one year ago.—What, then, is to be done? Without reinforcing our armies promptly—without making a speedy conquest of the rebel capital (to say nothing of the prolongation of the war, its miseries and its expense), we shall, in all those objects which we hope to accomplish by the war, fail. The failure of our army to take Richmond must be retrieved by its prompt capture, or the danger of foreign intervention doubles daily. The failure to hold the seacoast to possess and occupy the channel through which free communication and valuable supplies from abroad are still had by the rebels, the failure to occupy every southern seaport, will give to intervention its sharpest sting and its most disastrous practical effect. We can checkmate the plans of our enemies abroad and conquer the enemy at home only by an immediate and generous reinforcement of our armies. The call for volunteers under present circumstances will not accomplish this end. But the end must be reached—if not in one way then in another. There is no other way but to resort to drafting, and the sooner this is done the better. Let the government not hesitate a single week.

GREAT BRITAIN. A MARRYING MAN.—At Oxford, John Ashford, alias George Smith, John Hill, J. W. Scott, has been committed to the assizes for bigamy, four times repeated. He was about to marry two other young women. THE COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH FRANCE.—The Times says:—Two years' experience of the Commercial Treaty with France have dispelled many exaggerated hopes and apprehensions. The influx of wines, brandies, silks, gloves, bronzes, and jewelry has not been so sudden or excessive as we expected; and the exportation of British produce, greatly as it has been stimulated, has increased less under the heads of coals and iron, and more under those of other commodities, than Mr. Cobden himself could have foretold. France has become a sturdier customer than before, but her demands have been rather for our manufactures and colonial goods than for our metals and minerals, and have affected pretty equally every branch in our commerce. Such, at least, is the inference to be drawn from a compendious little return just published by order of the House of Commons.

GRAND EXCURSION TO THE FAR-FAMED RIVER SAGUENAY! AND SEA-BATHING AT MURRAY BAY AND CACOUNA.

THE MAGNIFICENT IRON STEAMER "MAGNET," CAPTAIN THOMAS HOWARD, (Ranging in Connection with the Steamers of the Richelieu Company) WILL LEAVE NAPOLEON WHARF, QUEBEC. Every TUESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, during the Season, at EIGHT o'clock, for the SAGUENAY, TO HA! HA! BAY, Calling at MURRAY BAY, RIVER DU LOUP and TABOUSAC. No expense or inconvenience in exchanging boats at QUEBEC; in every instance, the Steamers are brought alongside of each other. This splendid Steamer is built in water-tight compartments, of great strength, and equipped with every appliance for safety, and acknowledged to be one of the best Sea-Boats afloat. She is fitted up with large Family Staterooms, most comfortably furnished, and in every respect second to none on the Canadian Waters. Return Tickets good for the Season at Reduced Fare, or any information may be obtained on application to G. F. MUCKLE at the Hotels, or at the Office, 21 Great St. James Street. ALEX. MILLOY, Agent. Montreal, June 17, 1862.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES! BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS ARE unfailing in the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, DIFFICULT BREATHING, INCURABLE CONSUMPTION, and DISRUPTION OF THE LUNGS. They have no taste of medicine, and any child will take them. Thousands have been restored to health that had before despaired. Testimony given in hundreds of cases. A single dose relieves in TEN MINUTES. Ask for Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers—the original and only genuine is stamped "Bryan." Spurious kinds are offered for sale. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by dealers generally. JOB MOSES, Sole Proprietor, Rochester, N. Y. For sale in Montreal, by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerr & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Newcastle, C. W. General Agents for the Canadas. March 20.

M. BERGIN, TAILOR, No. 79, McGill Street, (opposite Dr. Bowman's). SCHOOL, CORNER OF M'CORD AND WILLIAM STREETS. MISS LALOR would take this opportunity to respectfully inform her friends and the public that she will continue her School at the above mentioned place. From her assiduity and care, she hopes to deserve a continuance of that patronage which she has hitherto enjoyed. Her course of instructions comprises Reading, Writing, History, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, with instructions on the Piano Forte.

M. KEARNEY & BROTHERS, Practical Plumbers & Gasfitters, TIN-SMITHS, ZINC, GALVANIZED & SHEET IRON WORKERS, CORNER VICTORIA SQUARE AND CRAIG STREET. Beg leave to inform the citizens of Montreal that they have commenced the above business in all its various branches, at the above place, where they hope, by strict attention to business, and moderate charges, to merit a share of public patronage. N.B.—K. & Bros., would beg to state, that from their experience of over eight years in some of the principal shops in this city, and having a thorough practical knowledge of the same, they feel confident of giving entire satisfaction. Jobbing Punctually Attended to. May 22.

ST. LEON SPRINGS MINERAL WATER. THE undersigned begs leave most respectfully to intimate to his friends and the public, that he has established a MINERAL WATER DEPOT at 233 Notre Dame Street, (West opposite Shelton's).

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VALOIS & LABELLE. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. NOTICE is hereby given that Messrs. VALOIS & LABELLE have OPENED, at Nos. 18 and 20 Jacques-Cartier Place, in the Store recently occupied by Messrs. Labelle & Lapierre, a LEATHER and BOOT and SHOE STORE. They will also always have on hand an assortment of Shoemakers' Furnishings and Tools. NARCISSE VALOIS. SEVERE LABELLE. 6m. May 28.

TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES. WANTED A Situation by a young man as a First or Second Class TEACHER, in either town or country. Testimonials and References unexceptionable. Was educated in a Catholic College, from which he has Testimonials of character and ability. For further information, address by letter, (post-paid) "C. S., Port Hope, Canada West," stating Salary, &c. Feb. 6, 1862.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, CANADA WEST; Under the Patronage of their Lordships the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Sandwich, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Detroit, U. S.

THIS College is under the direction of the Rev. Fathers of the order of St. Benedict, whose Mother-house is at St. Vincent, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, U. S. It is situated in the South-western part of Canada, in the town of Sandwich, only two miles from the town of Detroit, and can be most easily reached by land and water from every part of Canada and of the United States. This is a Classical and a Commercial Course.—The Classical Course comprises the English, French, German, Latin and Greek languages, together with the other branches of literature which are usually taught in all great Colleges. The Commercial Course comprises the English, French and German languages, Mathematics, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Geometry and Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, &c., according to the capacity of the pupils. Vocal and Instrumental Music will also be taught, if desired. Religion is the basis on which the whole plan of education will rest, and propriety of manners and correctness of deportment will be strictly enforced. The Scholastic year commences on the first Monday of September, and ends about the middle of July. The discipline is strict, but mild and parental. All letters must be submitted to the inspection of the President. The use of tobacco is prohibited. No student is permitted to leave the College, unless accompanied by his parents or guardians, and this will be allowed only on the first Monday of the month. TERMS (invariably in advance): Board and Tuition, for quarter of 80 days, \$35 00 Washing, mending, and the use of Library, 3 00 ditto, 3 00 Instrumental Music, ditto, 20 00 Spending vacation at the College, 20 00 No extra charge for Vocal Music. School Books and Stationery will be furnished by the College at the usual prices. No advancement in money will be made by the College to the students; it is therefore desirable that each student should deposit \$10 at least, for unforeseen expenses. Every student must be provided, 1st, with three suits of clothes; 2d, six shirts and two flannel shirts; 3d, two long night gowns; 4th, eight pair of stockings; 5th, three pair of shoes; 6th, a white counterpane, two blankets and pillows; 7th, two cotton clothes bags; 8th, four napkins and four towels; 9th, three pair of sheets; 10th, all articles necessary for toilet; 11th, knife, fork, tea and table spoons, and a metal cup. The College opens this year on the first Monday of October. FATHER OSWALD, O. S. B., President.

Assumption College, Sandwich, C. W. Sept. 14, 1861. Montreal Nov 7

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 Oshawa—Richard Supple
 Paris and Galt—Rev. Nicholas M'Kee
 Prescott—J. Ford
 Perth—J. Doran
 Peterboro—E. M'Coormick
 Pictou—Rev. Mr. Lalor
 Port Hope—J. Birmingham
 Port-Dalhousie—O. M'Mahon
 Pembroke—P. Fallon
 Quebec—M. O'Leary
 Randon—James Carroll
 Russelltown—J. Campion
 Richmondhill—M. Teefy
 Sarnia—P. M'Dermott
 Sandwich—H. Morio, P. M.
 Sherbrooke—T. Griffith
 Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton
 South Gloucester—J. Daley
 Summersville—D. M'Donald
 St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay
 St. Athanasie—T. Dunn
 St. Ann de la Pointe—Rev. Mr. Bourrett
 St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey
 St. Catherine, C. E.—J. Usagblin
 St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald
 St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax
 St. Mary's—H. O'C. Trainor
 Starnesboro—O. M'Gill
 Sydenham—M. Hayden
 Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh
 Thorold—John Heenan
 Thorpville—J. Greene
 Tingwick—T. Donegan
 Toronto—P. F. J. Mullen, 23 Suter Street
 Templeton—J. Hagan
 West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy
 West Port—James Kehoe
 Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy
 Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarmy
 Windsor—D. Lamyer

O. J. DEVLIN
 NOTARY PUBLIC.
 OFFICE:
 32 Little St. James Street.
 MONTREAL.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX,
 IMPORTER OF
DRY GOODS,
 No. 112, St. Paul Street.

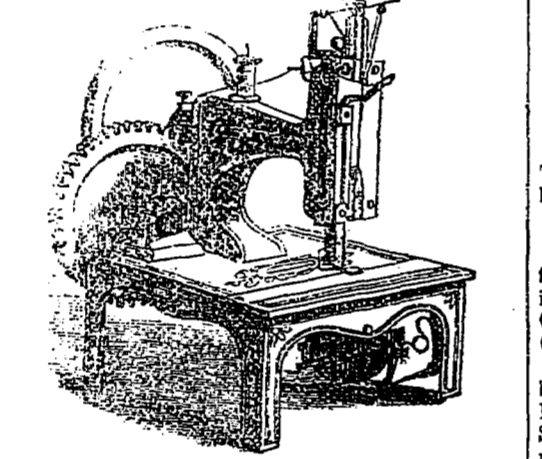
HAS constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, &c., &c.
 P. F. has also on hand a choice selection of Dry Goods and READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he will sell, at very low prices, Wholesale and Retail.
 Also, on hand, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, to be sold WHOLESALE only.
 Mr. F. has made great improvements in his Establishment and is receiving NEW GOODS every week from Europe, per steamer. He has also on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail.
 April 6, 1860. 12ms.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.
 [Established in 1826.]
 THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Planations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address
 A MENEELY'S SONS, West Troy, N. Y.



H. BRENNAN,
 BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
 195 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite the Seminary Clock.)
 AND NO. 3 CRAIG STREET.

SEWING MACHINES.



E. J. NAGLE'S
 CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
 25 PER CENT.
 UNDER NEW YORK PRICES !!

These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarria.
THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS
 have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:—
 Montreal, April, 1860

We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind.
 BROWN & CHILDS.
 Montreal, April, 1860.

We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use.
 CHILDS, SCHOLLS & AMES.
 Toronto, April 21st, 1860.

E. G. NAGLE, Esq.
 Dear Sir,
 The three Machines you sent us some short time ago we have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of I. M. Singer & Co.'s that we have used. Our Mr. Robinson will be in Montreal, on Thursday next, and we would be much obliged if you would have three of your No. 2 Machines ready for shipment on that day as we shall require them immediately.
 Yours, respectfully,
 GILLGATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

NAGLE'S SEWING MACHINES
 Are capable of doing any kind of work. They can stitch a Shirt Bosom and a Harness Trace equally well.
PRICES:
 No. 1 Machine.....\$75 00
 No. 2 ".....85 00
 No. 3 " with extra large shuttle. 95 00
 Needles 80c per dozen.
EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED.
 All communications intended for me must be prepaid, as none other will be received.
 E. J. NAGLE,
 Canadian Sewing Machine Depot,
 265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
 Factory over Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.

W. F. MONAGAN, M.D.,
 PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR,
 Physician to St. Patrick's Society, &c.
 OFFICE:
 No. 55 WELLINGTON STREET,
 Near Corner of George Street.

T. C. DE LORIMIER,
 Advocate,
 31 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET,
 MONTREAL,
 Will attend Circuits at Beauharnois Huntingdon and Soulanges.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L.,
 ADVOCATE,
 Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.

B. DEVLIN,
 ADVOCATE,
 Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.

M. DOHERTY,
 ADVOCATE,
 No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.
P. J. KELLY, B.C.L.,
 ADVOCATE,
 No. 38, Little St. James Street,
 Montreal, June 12.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co.,
MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS,
 Successors to the late John M'Cosky,
 38, Sanguinet Street,
 North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch—we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges.
 We will DYE all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., dyed and watered. Gentleman's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.
 DEVLIN, MURPHY & CO.

No. 163,
 Notre Dame Street (Cathedral Block.)
THE CHEAPEST MUSIC.

THE Subscriber feels pleasure in announcing that he is Agent in Canada for the
CHEAPEST MUSIC PUBLISHED.
 This Music, published in London, is distinguished for correctness, beauty of Engraving, and superiority in every respect, while it is sold for only about ONE THIRD the price of other Music, viz: TEN CENTS, (6d.), and larger pieces in proportion.
 Among others, the compositions of Ascher, Baumbach, Beyer, Beethoven, Cramer, Chopin, Grobe, Herz, Huuten, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Oesten, Plachy, Schulhoff, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c.; besides, the popular and lighter compositions of the day.
 The Stock embraces Music of all kinds—English, French, German and Italian, Songs and Ballads, Dance Music, Piano-Forte arrangements, Duets, Solos, &c. Music for Beginners, and Instruction Books. Music for the Violin, Accordion, Concertina, Guitar, &c., &c.,—all distinguished for elegance of appearance, correctness, and WONDERFUL CHEAPNESS.
 Catalogues can be had on application at
 No. 163,
 Notre Dame Street (Cathedral Block.)
 A liberal reduction to Schools, Colleges, Professors, the Trade, or others buying in quantities.
STATIONERY of all kinds, BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c., Wholesale or Retail, at Lowest Prices.
 J. ANDREW GRAHAM.

ACADEMY
 OF THE
CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME,
 KINGSTON, C. W.

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

SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
TERMS:
 Board and Tuition.....\$70 00
 Use of Bed and Bedding..... 7 00
 Washing..... 10 50
 Drawing and Painting..... 7 00
 Music Lessons—Piano..... 28 00
 Payment is required Quarterly in advance.
 October 28.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS,
 KINGSTON, C. W.
 Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.
 A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils.
TERMS:
 Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays in half-yearly in Advance.)
 Use of Library during stay, \$2.
 The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July.
 July 21st, 1861.

WANTED,
 A FAMILY GOVERNESS, by a gentleman in Upper Canada, to superintend the Education of seven children. She will be treated in all respects as a member of the family. The highest testimonials can be given, and will be required. An elderly lady preferred.
 For particulars, apply at this Office.
 July 3.

INFORMATION WANTED,
 OF MICHAEL HENNESSY. When last heard from, in 1858, he was in Ogle County, Illinois. Any information concerning him will be most thankfully received by his wife, MARY HENNESSY, St. Rochs, Quebec.

WANTED,
 A SCHOOLMISTRESS, who can Teach French and English. Salary moderate.
 For particulars, apply at this Office.
 May 8.

REMEMBER
 THAT
GUILBAULT'S
 BOTANICAL & ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN
 HAS BEEN REMOVED
 TO HIS
SPLENDID NEW GROUNDS,
 Entrance by Upper St. Lawrence Main Street, or St. Urban Street, near the Nunnery.
OPEN EVERY DAY—ADMISSION, 12 1/2 CENTS
CANADA HOTEL,
 15 & 17 St. Gabriel Street.

THE Undersigned informs his Friends and the Public in general that he has made
GREAT IMPROVEMENTS
 in the above-named Hotel.
 Visitors will always find his Omnibus in waiting on the arrival of Steamboats and Cars.
 The Table is always well furnished.
 Prices extremely moderate.
 SERAFINO GIRALDI.
 May 28. 5m.

MR. CUSACK,
 PROFESSOR OF FRENCH,
 71 German Street.
 FRENCH TAUGHT by the easiest and most rapid methods, on moderate terms, at Pupils' or Professor's residence.

The Montreal Gazette
BOOK AND JOB
STEAM
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT;
36 Great St. James Street,
SUPPLIES
EVERY DESCRIPTION
 OF
PRINTING
 WITH
NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH.

Being furnished with POWER PRINTING MACHINES, besides CARD and HAND PRESSES, we are enabled to execute large quantities of work, with great facility.

BOOK PRINTING!
 Having the different sizes of the new SCOTCH CUT and other styles of TYPE, procured expressly for the various kinds of BOOK PRINTING, all CATALOGUES, BY-LAWS, REPORTS, SPEECHES, &c., &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch, at moderate charges.

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

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

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

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

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS
 OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY.
Jobs ordered by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post.
M. LONGMOORE & CO.
 MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDINGS,
 36 Great St. James Street.

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

M. O'GORMON,
BOAT BUILDER,
 BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.
 Skiffs made to Order. Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province.
 Kingston, June 3, 1858.
 N. B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.

THE GREATEST
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
OF THE AGE.
 MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures
 EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.
 From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
 One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
 Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
 Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
 One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
 Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
 One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
 Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
 Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.
 DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
 TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
 For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
 For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
 For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
 For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
 For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
 For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
 This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box.
 Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
 For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.
 Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—
 ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1856.
 Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.
 ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE,
 Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum.
 ANOTHER.
 Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.
 SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
 Hamilton, C. W.]