

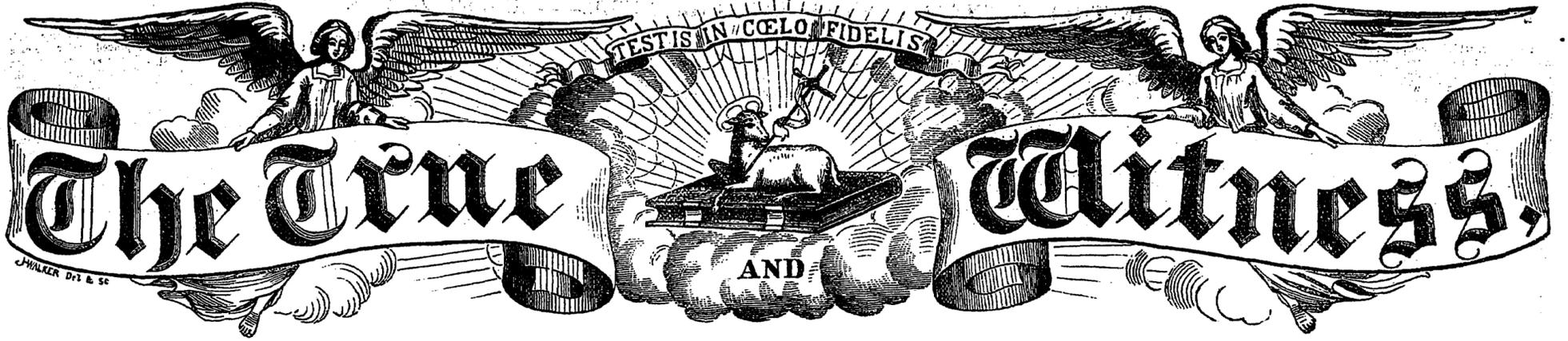
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 3.

## LORENZO; OR, THE EMPIRE OF RELIGION.

BY A SCOTCH NON-CONFORMIST, A CONVERT TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

Translated from the French by a Lady of Philadelphia.

### CHAPTER VI.

Henry here concluded his narrative. Lorenzo, covering his face with his hands, and leaning upon the edge of the bed, did not permit us to observe the impression made upon him.

"Judge then," added Lord Walsingham, "the emotion the Chevalier Lorenzo caused me (at least I think it was he) in using, last evening, almost the very words which Hida had addressed to me in prison, where other causes had thrown me into a like despair. Not only his words, but the sound of his voice; besides, the circumstances are so extraordinary—deprived of sight, unknown, and wishing to remain so—"

The entrance of the marquis of Rosline interrupted us. On Henry's bed was lying open the first anonymous note he had received, and which he had shown me. Lord Arthur after making inquiries concerning his brother-in-law's health, perceived the note, and taking it up, "is this yours?" said he, addressing me with emotion; "it is my brother's writing!"

"Your brother! Hida of Salisbury! Impossible," said Henry, greatly agitated.

"It is, at all events, the same style, and his signature is also the same, for he ordinarily abridged his name in this way," said the marquis.

Henry became pale. A deep blush covered Lorenzo's face. Henry, pressing my hand with a convulsive movement, exclaimed, "Great God! could Hida be Lord Salisbury, at that time my enemy! he must have been an angel!"

"Was he not a Catholic?" asked Lorenzo, in a low voice and with an amiable smile; "does Christian charity admit of limits or restrictions?"

"Oh, my much loved brother!" said Lord Arthur, who, plunged in deep thought at the remembrance of Hida, had not heard our conversation, nor remarked the agitation of Henry; "oh! my beloved brother! Who can give me the details of his death?"

"He must still live, if he has written those lines," replied Henry; "I received them a long time after the report of his assassination near Madrid."

"But, my lord," asked Lorenzo, addressing Lord Arthur, "have you ever pardoned him for embracing the Catholic religion?"

Tears glistened in the marquis' eyes. "He had reason to doubt it," he replied, sadly, "because I never answered his letter on that subject; but I did not blame him; I was displeased only with Don Silva who had seduced him; he never was less dear to me: but, Lorenzo, explain yourself; you then have met him?"

"Yes, in Spain. I possessed his confidence; he spoke very often of his brother Arthur, whom he had never seen."

"No, because he was born whilst I was at college, and when I returned home, he was travelling with a relative who had brought him up. But how could you have known him?" The tone of the marquis indicated some incredulity that there could ever have been any acquaintance between the galley slave, Lorenzo, and the young inheritor of Salisbury.

A slight smile played upon the lips of the former. "I knew him better than you, my lord," he resumed, "and I have, more than any one, known the attachment which he will feel for you even to his last breath."

"Do you then think that he still lives?"

"I am certain of it; but he will never be restored to you; he will never again see his brother!" Lorenzo leaned his head upon his hand, and added in a low voice: "Oh, mighty God! he has renounced him for your sake. Will you not restore to him this cherished brother in eternity? Will you not open Arthur's eyes to the rays of unchangeable truth?"

"Was he not attacked between Madrid and —?" asked Henry, still in great anxiety.

"Yes; he was attacked and wounded, but not killed."

"And now, what place, what clime does he inhabit? what is his fate?"

"He is happy! happy in the enjoyment of what is dear to him."

"You know where my brother is, and yet you make a mystery of it to me?" exclaimed the marquis with emotion, seizing Lorenzo's hand. Lorenzo pressed the marquis' hand to his lips.

"Allow me to respect an inviolable secret.—Oh, Lord Arthur! this secret must die with me." He then remarked that our conversation endangered Lord Henry's health; and under this pretext, he retired to the chapel, where, having followed, I beheld him bathed in tears, and praying with uncommon fervor. He remained there until dinner-time.

Henry came to table. His son was quite well and very lively. We partook, in silence, of our repast; the marquis was absorbed in his reflections, Henry suffering, Lady Walsingham ill at ease, and Lorenzo quite dejected.

Towards the end of dinner, little Hida leaped upon his father's knee, and trying to amuse him by a thousand little artifices, drew from his bosom the cross of sapphire, and asked for it.—Lord Walsingham bade him kiss it, saying in a mild and grave tone: "This is not a plaything, my child, it is a cross; see, there is the image of Jesus Christ, who suffered so much for us."—The boy kissed it with a respect which charmed me.

The marquis of Rosline suddenly interrupting his reflections, said, "Pardon me, dear Henry; but from whom did you obtain that crucifix?"

"Would you know it? He who gave it to me had received it from a tenderly cherished brother."

"It was, then, my unfortunate Hida. How, and under what circumstances was it given to you?"

"It is impossible," said Henry, "to conceal it from you any longer."

At these words, Lorenzo, seizing Henry's hand, said, in a firm and imposing tone, "Remember that this secret is not yours, and do not violate a secret promise, already too little respected."

"Who, then, has informed you," inquired Henry, "of the most secret circumstance of my life?"

"No matter; I know it, and conjure you by the name of Hida."

"You would then prevent him informing me of my brother's fate?" Lord Arthur spoke these words with a feeling which alarmed me, for I knew his extreme quickness of temper.

"Of his fate Henry is as ignorant as you;—and the event which Henry was about to reveal, your brother would not have made known to you; it should remain buried in your hearts."

During this conversation, I (who perceived that Hida, the generous victim sacrificed for Henry, was no other than the marquis' brother) felt all the anguish which overwhelmed the soul of Henry, at the remembrance of the evils of which he had been the cause.

"He has given you that cross," resumed the marquis; "perhaps he no longer wished to retain any thing from his brother."

"Ah! do not wrong his affection," quickly interrupted Lorenzo; "he was forced to separate himself from the crucifix, but the chain of your hair to which it was suspended he has never parted with, and will wear it even to the grave."—Lorenzo then turning to me, added: "Do you not think that the expression of the Saviour is inimitable? the longer you regard it, the more deeply are you penetrated with the sentiment of resignation and peace which it inspires."

"You have not then been always blind; you you have seen it, Lorenzo," said Arthur.

"Yes; when Hida wore it."

"And may we not know where your acquaintance with my brother commenced, and under what circumstances?"

Lorenzo smiled. "I was often at Paris, in the circles of the duke of Guise, when Hida was there, and the Spanish ambassador, with whom I was closely connected, was also his intimate friend."

"The marquis cast a look of surprise towards me; we alone knew in what situation we had found him. After a long silence, "it is cruel on your part," exclaimed Lord Arthur; "you know where my brother lives; I would give a thousand lives to press him one moment to my heart, and yet you refuse me that happiness. Is this the price—"

"Of your benefits?" said Lorenzo.

"No," rejoined Lord Arthur, whose soul was equally noble and generous; "but of my affection. I have done nothing for you; I wished to gain a friend whom I esteem and love, and who, I hoped, would interest himself in my happiness, as I desire his."

"Spare me," said Lorenzo, in an altered voice; "oh! Arthur, if you love your brother!" He became deadly pale. I saw that he was ill; we lavished upon him every attention and conducted him to his room, where I remained alone beside him. He became quite composed. I read to him, at his request, the thirteenth chapter of the fourth book of the *Following of Christ*.—We passed part of the afternoon together. About five o'clock, while engaged reading the work on the contradictions of the reformed churches, I unexpectedly saw the marquis just behind me; his arms crossed upon his breast.—How long had he been there, was the first question which suggested itself to me.

On seeing me surprised, he took the book from my hands, and after reading the title, he threw it violently on the floor. "Is this then the return you have reserved for my kindness, traitor Lorenzo! to seduce my ward, to make him drink the poison of your superstitious errors; to carry trouble and discord into his family and mine? is this the treatment I had a right to expect from one whom I supposed to be acquainted with the rules of delicacy and honor!" The rage of the marquis altered his voice. "Should

I then have so carefully removed from my ward all who might have corrupted his principles, to trust him to you alone?" He paused a moment, and I could not but wonder that, although greatly enraged, he did not personally insult Lorenzo, nor abuse the knowledge he had of the humiliating condition in which we had found him.—"I relied upon your honor," he resumed, with still greater vehemence.

"Have I injured his morals, or corrupted his innocence?" mildly answered Lorenzo.

"You have done more!" exclaimed Lord Arthur, whose anger each instant increased; "you have weakened his faith, you have fascinated his mind with the false charms of an erroneous doctrine, perhaps you have already destroyed the happiness of his life! Yes, Lorenzo, you have lost, irretrievably lost, my confidence and esteem. Nothing shall be refused you; but neither Sidney nor I shall ever see you again!"

At these words, Lorenzo fell upon his knees before the marquis. "Arthur!" he exclaimed, deeply affected, "shut me up in any dungeon you choose—deprive me of liberty, I have already sacrificed it—deprive me of everything, but let me hope sometimes to enjoy your presence, to hear that loved voice, my greatest happiness on earth!"

He let his arms fall, which encircled the marquis' knees, and remained motionless at his feet. I wanted to approach him, but Lord Arthur repulsed me with indignation. "I do not wish you to approach him, he said, with an agitation that alarmed me. Arthur had an excellent heart;—but he had not learned to govern the impetuosity of his temper. I had rarely seen him so much excited. I stood looking on in silence. The marquis, taking a glass of water, threw it in Lorenzo's face; this being ineffectual, he loosed his clothes to give him air. I hastened to open a window, when suddenly the marquis called me in a paled and saddened voice. I flew to him.—Palmer than Lorenzo, he motioned me to call a servant, and lifting my friend in his arms, placed him on his bed. I followed, trembling, lest Lorenzo were no more, and looking at Lord Arthur with inexpressible anxiety. He pressed Lorenzo to his heart.

"Revive!" he cried out in a tone of despair, "revive for myself! restore what is dearest to me in the world! Great God!" he continued; "O, Lorenzo! what name shall I give you!—into what a condition have I thrown you!"

### CHAPTER VII.

We were engaged in our attentions to Lorenzo, when Lord Henry entered. Not knowing to what to attribute the grief in which he found us, he approached the bed. Lorenzo unclosed his eyes. The marquis removed a little, and contemplated him in silence. "Am I alone?" asked Lorenzo. Lord Arthur made us a sign to make no motion. "Yes, alone, again separated from all," continued Lorenzo. "Thy will is holy, oh! mighty God, to whom I have offered even the last breath of my life! May thy adorable name be blessed! I cast myself into thy hands; thou wilt never abandon me. Sidney, Henry, and you, Arthur, the being most dear to my heart on earth, is it you—but no, it is my work; I should regret nothing." Then covering his face with his hands: "I am no longer at Henry's—perhaps alone for ever!—or in unknown hands. Oh, God! still will I bless you; you have at least permitted me to know Arthur, and have given me recollections which will gladden the remainder of my life." He threw himself upon his knees on the bed. "Pardon me," said he, "and receive these tears which cannot offend you." He then burst into tears.

The marquis took him in his arms and pressed him to his heart for a long time, without being able to utter a word. Making an effort to conceal his emotion, he said: "Lorenzo, you are with me—you shall never leave me. I have, however, a sacred right to your confidence. I claim it—I require it. I conjure you to grant me it. The whole soul of the marquis was thrown into these words, which manifested also his natural pride, his goodness, and the tenderest affection.

"Right!" replied Lorenzo; "yes, the right is uncontested, but you know it not. No, Lord Arthur, and never." He again seemed greatly agitated.

The marquis laid him upon the bed and begged him to take a little repose. "Lay aside your anxiety," said he, "I will afflict you no more;—take care of yourself for my sake; this is my only prayer." He left the room with Henry, requesting me to remain with Lorenzo; this put the climax to the surprise which his conduct awakened in me.

We met again at supper. Lorenzo was sleeping profoundly; the marquis was sad and pensive. "Will you tell me," he asked of Lord Henry, "how you became acquainted with my brother, Lord Hida; and if you have any recollection of his features?"

"I wish I were able to give you details, my

dear Arthur; but my information is very little. I have never seen Hida; still less have I known him; the only interview we ever had took place in the dark. He rendered me an important service, for to him I owe my life and still more. For the rest, it was you who apprised me that the two notes I received came from him."

The marquis thanked his brother-in-law, and quickly spoke of other things. After supper, he mentioned to Henry that he had written to the marchioness of Rosline, his wife, to join him at Remember-Hill. This, Count Walsingham learned with much pleasure, both because he tenderly loved his sister, and on account of the warm attachment subsisting between Caroline and Matilda.

Before retiring, I went to see Lorenzo, who was awake. I told him of the expected visit of the marchioness. He changed color. "I cannot see that lady," said he, "and I have particular reasons for avoiding a meeting." I immediately promised him that his wishes should be gratified, for he appeared to be much disturbed. Afterwards I read some time near him, and he again gently fell asleep. I availed myself of this moment to see Lord Arthur, in order to tell him that Lorenzo objected to meet his wife.

"I expected it," replied the marquis, with a deep sigh; "but I already know all that he wishes to conceal from me; quiet him, promise him all he wishes, take care that nothing agitate him; I would give my life to render him happy."

Then requesting me to sit near him, the marquis took my hand. "You have done wrong, Sidney; you have been wanting in confidence towards your best friend; you have done what duty forbids, and you know that the first consequence of acting against our conscience, is to mistrust those who govern us, and whom we ought to respect. I pardon you, however, and excuse the zeal of your unfortunate friend; but I hope, at least, that you will tell me with perfect sincerity, if your reading has made an evil impression on you."

"Evidently not, my lord, and I confess to you that that book would nest likely have made no impression upon me at all, had it not been for the angelical conduct of Lorenzo, and the edifying behaviour of Lord Henry's family. Lord Henry has told me of his conversion, and of many frightful circumstances in which he was placed; and I felt that an extraordinary courage and virtue must have been necessary to sustain him. Lorenzo's patience in suffering at his age the privation of all the enjoyments of life, cannot be inspired but by a holy and true religion. If you saw him before the sanctuary, absorbed in the presence of God, you would think as I do, and you would at least enlighten yourself on the subject of his faith.—I intend to do so myself. I have as yet communicated it to no one, wishing first to consult you."

"I do not blame you, Sidney. I am pleased with your candor; and I appreciate it the more, inasmuch as I think it necessary to your happiness. But you are young, my dear child, and without experience; and where will you find advice more disinterested than what my affection offers you? I want to prove to you how much your sincerity has gratified me, in opening to you my heart also. You must have remarked the sudden change in my conduct towards Lorenzo; you have asked me no question about it. I trust that delicacy, not fear, was the cause of your silence. At the moment when I was endeavoring to restore animation, I discovered on Lorenzo's neck, the chain of hair which a few hours previously, he assured me had never left the possession of Hida. Imagine my surprise, my grief, and joy. I could not, however, be fully convinced, until my wife, who knew my brother intimately in France, should see him.—Lorenzo's anxiety to avoid her presence confirms all my surmises."

I was so much pleased with the confidence of the marquis, that, unable to reply, I pressed his hand to my lips. He was equally affected, and we separated, deeply impressed with all that we had witnessed.

I slept but little. The following day I passed almost entirely with Lorenzo. The evening of the day after, Lord Walsingham requested me to take supper with him; his sister, the marchioness of Rosline, had arrived. I was then presented to Lady Matilda, who was scarcely twenty-two years of age. She spoke French and Italian fluently, and united all the acquirements of a brilliant French education. Her husband loved and respected her, and his sentiments were fully requited. She was transported with joy in again seeing Arthur, Henry, and the children of the latter, whom she had never before beheld. Taking little Hida in her arms, "Oh!" said she, in an under tone, "how strongly he recalls Hida!" These words confirmed me in my suspicions respecting Lorenzo, for I had been struck by his resemblance to the elder son of Henry; but supposing this idea to be mere fancy, I had not mentioned it.

The following morning I was reading near my friend, when the marquis entered with his wife. He motioned me to keep silence; the marchioness had been put upon her guard. She looked at Lorenzo for a long time, her eyes filled with tears; and letting Arthur know that his conjectures were but too well founded, she left the apartment to conceal her deep affliction. The marquis, seating himself near his brother's bed, took his hand: "Lorenzo," said he, with a lively emotion, "the time to dissemble is past; it is no longer proper to withhold my affection or my grief. My heart refuses to give you the name of stranger, since I have discovered in you, the object of my first affections, my Hida, my brother! The chain of my hair, and the testimony of Matilda, who has seen you, allow me no longer to doubt. There remains for me only to obtain from you a confidence which you cannot without cruelty refuse; an entire avowal of your misfortunes and of the circumstances which reduced you to the condition in which I found you. If youth has misled you, open your soul to me, my brother, and fear nothing; every excuse is in my heart, torn with grief at the thought of all you have suffered."

On concluding these words, he leaned his head on Lorenzo's hand, which he moistened with tears. Embracing him, Lorenzo exclaimed—"Heaven is full of mercy and love! May the God of all goodness be forever blessed! I do not merit this happiness, but since he sends it to me, I will not reject the unspeakable joy of pressing you to my heart, and calling you my brother! As to my confidence, that shall be entire. It is due to you; I will only pass over in silence, the names of those who might be committed by my narrative."

The marquis embraced him, and finding him much agitated, entreated him to take some repose, promising him that afterwards we would reassemble in his room. During the last few days, Lorenzo frequently had fever, and his health evidently suffered from the many exciting sensations he had experienced.

(To be continued.)

## REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE FETE AT CHERBOURG.  
(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

Let England boast as she will of her irresistible armies and unrivalled navy; let her historians and her press celebrate her achievements and her triumphs by land and sea; yet the conviction of all Europe has been already expressed—namely, that the coming fete at Cherbourg, on the 4th of next August, will be the fact in future history, to mark the new pre-eminent sway of France, and the lessened power of England.—Within seventy-one miles of the English shores will be celebrated the strategic completion of the most wonderful fortifications in the world.—Every advantage which genius, skill, money, and labour could combine have been employed in this gigantic work: and the whole mighty plan finished by the patient industry of one hundred and fifty years, will present on next Thursday the most powerful national fortress which mankind has, throughout all past ages and nations, ever conceived and executed. Dockyards, basins, reservoirs, are formed for the reception, protection, and discharge of a steam navy, unequalled in the history of former naval power: forts, batteries, rock-defences are raised to contain tens of thousands of armed Frenchmen: the whole harbour bristles with towers of military strength and science beyond all modern experience: while three railroads, in communication with the East, West, and South, can carry a force of two hundred thousand men within ninety six hours to this impregnable naval and military station.—This national war emporium is, as it were, the young heart of young France: here the national energy is concentrated: from this centre issues the vital spring which nourishes and moves the whole army. From this secure point the telegraph encircles the entire coast of Gaul: and at a moment's notice can call on each local harbour to send its complement of war-steamers, to rendezvous at a given hour in the roads, before the gates of this great ocean citadel. The forts, the railroads, the telegraph, all combine therefore to make Cherbourg the wonder of the present age. When we shall have added to this multitudinous power, the French population of forty millions: and when we shall have been informed that six millions of these men have been trained to arms; and when it is remembered that this enthusiastic, warlike force, by land and sea, move at the beck and bang on the will of one mysterious man, the reader can very easily believe that the approaching fete at Cherbourg is, "all and all," by far the most remarkable national military festival which has ever been celebrated perhaps in the whole world.

A short extract in reference to this stupendous work may not be uninteresting, as it will serve to show that France, has long conceived the idea which in this year she has reduced to a national reality:—

Cherbourg, which occupies public attention at this moment, is situated in the peninsula of Cotentin, the ancient Lower Normandy, so called from Countances, its capital. Cotentin, which formed part of the possessions of William the Conqueror, became English after the battle of Hastings. Gerbert, Count of Cherbourg, distinguished himself in that battle, and contributed powerfully to the success of the Normans. From the death of William, 1087, until the middle of the 15th century, Cherbourg was frequently taken by the French, and retaken by the English. It was finally taken by Charles VII., the 12th of August, 1450, after a siege of forty days, and has never since ceased to belong to France. Louis XIV. finding that the French coast on the Channel to the extent of 125 leagues was unprotected with a post of refuge for ships of war, determined to construct one equal to Rochefort or Toulon, and appointed a committee to select a point. On the 13th of April, 1665, the committee reported that it would be expedient to improve the port of Cherbourg, and to construct a breakwater of 2,400 yards in length. Vauban subsequently visited the coast of Cotentin at the command of Louis XIV. He recommended La Hogue as the most advantageous strategic point to construct a port for a war navy, but he admitted the merit of Cherbourg, and he prepared a plan for its defence, signed by his own hand, which is still preserved at the Hotel de Ville of that town. Nothing more, however, was done until the year 1739, when the commercial port was formed, the quays built, and two moles constructed at the entrance to the canal. The work of 1744 then interrupted the works. In 1751 Lord Howe landed at Cherbourg, and did not quit the town until he had caused considerable damage. Louis XVI. revived the question in 1776, but Vauban's preference for La Hogue found many partisans, who would perhaps have triumphed had it not been for M. de Sartine, then Minister of Marine. The parliament of Cherbourg found a valuable ally in Colonel Dumouriez, Commander of the town, who subsequently became so remarkable during the Republic; and on the 3rd of July, 1779, a Royal ordinance ordered the construction of the forts Hommet and of the Island Pelee. The works of Cherbourg excited attention both in France and throughout Europe, and the King commissioned his brother, the Comte d'Artois, to visit them. That Prince arrived at Cherbourg on the 22nd of May, 1786, and expressed his admiration of all he saw. At the end of three days he left for Versailles, and from the manner in which he spoke of the works, the King was induced to visit the new maritime establishment. Louis XVI. made his solemn entry into Cherbourg on the 22nd of June, 1786, and left the 26th of the same month. The King examined the works in the harbor, as well as the defences and the commercial port, with great interest. During his stay at Cherbourg he was well received by the authorities and by the population—his affability, his simple manners, and his solid information produced the best effect. The parliament of La Hogue, however, remained firm, and returned to the charge in 1785. But they experienced an obstinate resistance. A note exists which was addressed to the King, on the 23rd of March, 1786, by M. Pleville le Pelley, in which the advantages possessed by Cherbourg are explained at great length.—Louis XVI. would not then abandon Cherbourg, and he took the warmest interest in the works until the conclusion of his reign. The plan was carried out by subsequent Governments. The National Assembly voted funds for the continuation of the works in 1791, and again in 1792. From this period the works of the breakwater have been continued without interruption. The breadth of this stupendous work is 140 yards. The breakwater is not extended in a straight line. It is composed of two branches of unequal length, which form an angle of 170 degrees, of which the opening is turned towards the south.—A commission appointed by M. Decres, Minister of Marine to Napoleon I., declared, on the 20th of April, 1811, that there was anchorage in the roads of Cherbourg for 25 ships of the line in summer and 17 in winter. The breakwater at Cherbourg was commenced in the year 1783, and finished the 31st December, 1852. The entire cost of the breakwater amounts to 67,000,000*fr.*, viz., 31,000,000*fr.*, from 1783 to 1803, 3,000,000*fr.*, from 1803 to 1830, and 28,000,000*fr.*, from 1830 to 1852. The annual expense of keeping the breakwater in repair is estimated at 120,000*fr.* The breakwater, which is 2,712 metres long from one channel to the other, is defined by natural blocks of granite. The wear of these blocks requires annually 3,000 cubic yards of fresh blocks. The points east and west are covered by artificial blocks composed of hydraulic cement. Each of these blocks is 30 cubic metres in volume, and weighs 44,000 kilogrammes. Cherbourg is defended by a fort constructed on the island of Pelee, which was commenced in 1783 and finished in 1794; Fort Charvagne, Fort de Querqueville, Fort des Flamands, Fort du Hommet, and St. Anne's battery. The outer port of Cherbourg was inaugurated in the month of August, 1813, in the presence of the Empress Maria Louisa. The floating dock was finished in 1820.—The inner floating dock, now called the Dock of Napoleon III., cost 16,000,000*fr.*

In studying the history of this remarkable harbour it will be seen that its warlike defences had been originally undertaken solely against English invasion. It is equally clear from its records that the works have been always suspended during peace with England; and again always resumed in time of war with Great Britain. It is in fact, a French fortress built expressly against England. It never had, nor has it at present any other meaning or object, except the exclusive plan of defence and offence in reference to England. It was conceived, carried on, and finished against England, and no other nation, as exclusively as Fort William at Calcutta was completed against the Hindoos.—If France were sincere she should rejoice as England did at Calcutta, that she has now in the end of ages completed a fort which sets English invasion at defiance; and if England would withdraw the veil which conceals her mortified feeling and her hypocrisy, she would be seen to weep in vengeance, as India did when Fort William was executed. Both nations are acting the hypocrite. The difference however is this:—France is acting the triumphant hypocrite, while England is clearly covering her scalding inferiority, and indeed subjugation under the appearance of national joy. When Napoleon III. resumed the work of the old harbour, he must of course carry on that work in the spirit and intention of its well-known object—namely, resistance to England: and when Victoria now witnesses the final completion of this work, she must and ought to experience the feeling of her predecessors—namely, grief at the progress of this outpost of France.

In this regal masquerade (for such it is), Napoleon has the advantage. He has the triumph beyond doubt, and Victoria has the defeat: and like the Roman Emperors he has the Queen of England attached to his triumphal car before assembled Europe. His triumph is not the less because he may pretend to share it equally with her: and her mortification is not soothed, because she may feign to believe the artificer of the French Emperor. As well might Wellington invite old Napoleon to see the English guards in the solid square, which gained the battle of Waterloo, as the present Emperor to invite the Queen of England to behold the new arsenal,

the new forts, the new war-ships, which one day may overthrow the power of England. One rigid reality shines in a well defined form, through the dreary misty dissimulation which hangs over the entire festival—namely, the large force France has ever mustered, the best soldiers in the world, the most formidable steam navy in Europe, lies in an impregnable fortress within seventy-one miles of England: and if a political accident or design should direct this overwhelming force in hostility against England, there can be no doubt now entertained by the coolest statesman, that France has it in her power (shall I use the word), to blot out England like Poland from the map of Europe. Hear the *Times* on this important subject, in answer to the French military organ *Moniteur de l'Armee*:

Even supposing that, as far as regards the navy and its ports of war, England were at this moment fully equal to France, or not yet fully equalled by France, there are two important considerations which make the same naval armament a very different thing in one case from what it is in the other. The first of these is that very army which the *Moniteur de l'Armee* has forgotten for the occasion. Nobody ever imagined for an instant that we could, with the commonest military prudence, take the 21,000 men reviewed on Wednesday at Aldershot, and land them on the territory of France. Our army is on such a scale that it is a question of continual anxiety whether it be enough for the defence of our shores in a time of profound peace. To take less than all the men under arms in this country and land them on the opposite side of the Channel would be simply to give them up prisoners of war to the nearest division of the French army. To send all under arms would be simply to invite France to come over and take possession of this island the very day it had been left without a soldier. So in the present state of our army we can only contemplate defence. We cannot possibly have one hostile thought towards France. We show our confidence by the most conspicuous practical illustration in our power. Our army barely suffices for a shield—sword, we have none. But is it so with France? The *Moniteur de l'Armee* can frame no pleasant or ingenious, no rebukes so severe, as to disguise the fact that with an army of half a million men, all of them, by means of railways, within two days of Cherbourg, France has both the sword and shield, and could hurl the most formidable armament at our shores without the smallest misgiving as to her own. She could spare a force double or treble any we could bring to the field, and leave her defences quite as good as ever. The armed tide would slowly work up, a wave or two, from the southern provinces, and supply in two or three days the trifling gap left by the embarkation of a hundred thousand men for these shores. Is that a consideration to be forgotten by us in the great business of our national security? Yet, forgotten it is by the *Moniteur de l'Armee*.

It matters not what was the precise object of the ever-threatened invasion; whether to reduce England to a province of the Empire, or to lay her under tribute, or to compel her adhesion to some European system convenient to France. When independence is lost, the form of servitude to be imposed by the conqueror rests with his pleasure, and is a secondary question. But nobody can dispute that our national independence was threatened by his long-continued assemblage of armies, boats, and all the apparatus of war within sight of Dover. Could that army once occupy the same position on the heights of Boulogne, the fortunes of war must have been very adverse, and the French Generals very wanting to their reputation, if they did not make their way to London in a fortnight. All this is fresh in the memory of England. The nephew of the man who so often stood wistfully on those cliffs, white with tents and glistening with bayonets, has himself re-enacted the very scene. He has kept up this among the other traditions of the empire. We cannot forget what he remembers. He is capable of surprises. Such a thing is at least possible. The French army would show more than military obedience. Is it right that England should leave herself at the mercy of a man who grasps the means of her instant destruction, and who boasts to represent in all things the man who most wished it? We must forewarn her, and she must forewarn herself.

Nothing, then, can be so insufficient to the occasion or so beside the purpose as a mere comparison of harbours and fleets with fleets. It is not a question of sea, but of land. It relates, not to remote dependencies, or even to European standing,—it comes much nearer home, for it is a question of national security, independence, and existence itself. France is, by nature and position, a great military Power. She regards her navy as subordinate to her army, and chiefly as the means of carrying, protecting, landing, and helping her soldiers. As she is beyond comparison superior in her army, a naval equality renders her our superior absolutely. If, with the power of sending a great fleet and army across the Channel in a single night, she is not at least a very dangerous neighbour, then the great statesmen who governed England at the beginning of the century were egregiously mistaken. They reckoned that France being, without comparison, the stronger military Power, our naval superiority corrected that perilous difference, and that with our blockading squadrons we were just able, not to do much in the way of offence, but to hold our own. On their estimate of affairs we ought to be doubling our navy. Indeed, it is impossible to object to any Estimates that a Minister may make founded on the argument of keeping our navy at home superior to the home navy of France. Unfortunately also we, whether necessarily or not, have a large navy abroad, scattered, like our army, all over the world. France has not by any means the same amount of foreign or distant service for her navy. It matters little to her whether her ships are at the antipodes or in the Channel, and she can concentrate them all at Cherbourg without the risk of losing a dozen colonies and dependencies. Thus, if she pleases, she can bring an army and a navy, every element of her gigantic power, to bear on one traditional object of ambition. Were it left to all France we might rely the permanent feelings of forty millions of people. But it rests with one man. It depends on the goodness of his heart, the soundness of his judgment, and the sanity of his brain, not to say his physical frame. The speculations and sentiments of the first Napoleon at St. Helena had been ascribed, even by his friends, to the clouding of his mental faculties under the progress of a lurking disease. His enemies refer his want of self-command to a much earlier date, and point to the Russian campaign as an example. Has the reflection no bearing upon present times?

The position of the French army, from this day forward, in reference to England, cannot be otherwise expressed than to state that they are encamped at the gates of London: and that whenever it may please the Emperor, he can take the city, and take revenge, too, for the fate of his Uncle. In these remarks of mine I am following a safe authority—namely, the Duke of Wellington, who, in his famous letter to Sir John Burgoyne, in 1832, has over and over again warned England of her most unprotected coast, and asserted that if the French army "were such as he once knew them," they could effect a successful landing on our shores with ease, and then march, without serious opposition, to the capture of the City of London! What would the Duke say, if he were now alive, accompanying the Queen (which he would not do)

to the French outpost, and inspecting the works which are destined, perhaps, to accomplish the final conquest of the country?

But if Cherbourg will not be employed (as I trust it will not) in seizing on the English soil, it will execute a triumph not less beneficial to France, and decidedly more important to the dearest interests of all Christendom. The stability of the present French dynasty and power is the guarantee for the undisturbed peace of Europe: and the menacing attitude which France can now assume towards England in one day, is the infallible check to revolution in all the surrounding states. England during fifty years has been the great political disturber of all Catholic kingdoms: she has sent her apostles of rebellion into every city where insurrection and infidelity could be inflamed; and her ambassadors seemed to have her credentials from England more for their social mischief than for their professional duties. This order of things is now at an end. A French army occupies Rome and guards Naples: a French division is encamped on the confines of Switzerland, and silences the outthroats in Bern; a second division is collected at the foot of the Alps, and keeps peace in Northern Italy; and the forces at Cherbourg, or rather in *Piedmont*, gag the mouths of Palmerston and his party, and preserve the peace of Europe. Mankind may rely with confidence on the universal peace of Europe, as long as the Cherbourg forts, the three railroads, the national circular telegraph, and the Napoleon dynasty exist in France. From the 4th August, 1858, England is gagged, imprisoned, and handcuffed, on her own soil; and in future she can neither send her troops to India, or her war-ships out of docks, till she will have visited Cherbourg, and obtained a passport of safe conduct from his Imperial Majesty. If her entire military and naval forces concentrated in Portsmouth be now avowedly unable to resist a French invasion, how could she attempt to encounter the same force with her armies scattered over the colonies and her ships divided on various foreign stations. It can be said in one sentence—"England is now placed at the complete mercy of France;" a consummation devoutly welcomed by Europe, since it happily suppresses the reign of universal insurrection and irreligion.

Not less desirable is the second result of the Cherbourg triumph. The English Bible Societies, or the infidel associations of Exeter-hall can no longer find a refuge in the neighboring cities; their trade is exploded, and thus the cause of religion will be proportionably advanced. The Protestant Church Establishment, too, must share in the general change; and having no foreign work to perform, that is, having no lies to tell abroad, they must begin to mind their business at home; and direct their professional labors to teaching the truth to their own people, in place of the crusade of slander and blasphemy, in which they have hitherto degraded their profession, demoralized society, and nearly extinguished the Gospel in England.

July 26. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW CHAPEL AT TIPPERARY.—This edifice is hastening towards completion, and already the massive framework of the high antique roof is being erected, and the tower—of chiselled limestone—is finished externally to the height of about forty feet. When completed this tower will be one hundred and sixty feet high, including the spire, which is to spring from the distance of eighty-five feet from the ground. The large lancet windows in the east and west gables are, in the centre, thirty-four feet in length, and, when finished, will be filled in with stained glass, the gift of the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy and Dr. Howley, P.P., Tipperary. There is yet much of the interior and decorative works to be carried out, and it is not expected to be completed before the early part of next year.—*Clonmel Chronicle*.

The new Catholic Church of St. Michael, Ballinasloe, will be consecrated on Wednesday, the 25th of August next. The sermon will be preached on the occasion by Cardinal Wiseman. The attendance of this eminent Prelate will insure one of the largest audiences ever before congregated in the West of Ireland; and his presence here will be an undoubted proof of the extraordinary zeal and ceaseless exertions of the Right Rev. Dr. Derry to promote the interests of the Catholic Church in this part of the diocese of Clonfert. Already some of the people of Ballinasloe are making preparations to accommodate the vast concourse to be expected on the occasion.—*Western Star*.

MISSION OF THE FATHERS OBLATES IN TIPPERARY.—The mission of the Oblate Fathers in Thurles is working great good among the entire population. Those who have gone to hear the thrilling discourses of the Fathers have been strongly impressed with the strength, beauty, and effectiveness of their teachings; and already converts have been enrolled under the sacred banner around which they have summoned the people. The Fathers are five in number—viz., Rev. Fathers Cooke, Noble, Fox, Gubbins, and Ryan. The two last mentioned are natives of the archdiocese and county of Limerick; and their sermons have been heard with profit and joy by thousands. The sermons of Father Cooke are particularly impressive, whilst those of Fathers Fox and Noble have been attended also with the greatest advantage.

The prospectus has been issued of a Catholic Institute Association, to be formed in Belfast, under the Limited Liability Act, with a proposed capital of £6,000, in shares of £1 each. The objects of the association are stated to be the construction and support of a public lecture-hall, library, and reading-room, and "the purchase from time to time of land or house property sufficient for the accommodation of same, and the doing of all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above object." The objects most prominently put forward are the moral improvement and mental culture, the education, and lawful rational recreation of the minds and bodies of the Catholic population of Belfast.—*Freeman's Journal*.

A movement has been made in Belfast to aid in the collection for the large orphan family of poor noble John Hogan, the sculptor. We hope Belfast will do its duty well in this matter. The local honorary secretaries are Messrs H. H. Bottomley and J. M. Thompson, who will gladly receive subscriptions from all lovers of Irish art and genius. We earnestly hope that in this movement for the relief of the helpless family of a great Irishman the Catholics of Belfast will not hold back. We shall be glad to take charge of any subscriptions entrusted to us.—*Ulsterman*.  
On Monday M. Amodeo de Moris, a merchant extensively engaged in the wine and brandy trades in Dublin, committed suicide at his residence, Percy-place, by cutting his throat. He was the brother-in-law of John Bania, Esq., M.P.

A pastoral letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin was read on Sunday last in all the churches of the Diocese of Dublin. With reference to the forthcoming festival of the Assumption, His Grace remarks:—"During the Novena, we recommend you, dearly beloved, to offer most fervent prayers to the Almighty, and to implore the powerful intercession of the Virgin for the happiness and prosperity of the Holy Catholic Church in every portion of the globe, and especially in our own country, where bigotry and fanaticism, assailing us on every side, are incessant in their efforts to undermine the foundations of Faith, and by bribes and monies are endeavoring to seduce the children of want, and to brand them with the guilt of apostasy. How many schools have been established for their perversion—how many attempts are made to poison the sources of knowledge? It is only by fervent and humble prayer, and by the powerful assistance of the Holy Mother of God, that we can defeat such machinations of the powers of darkness. We recommend you also to pray for the conversion of all those who are sitting in the shades of death, and especially of our countrymen who have misfortune to be wandering in the paths of error, without Faith, tossed about by every wind of doctrine. Unceasing efforts are made by the emissaries of the enemy of mankind to poison them with prejudices against everything Catholic, and to depict our doctrines in the most revolting colors. It is only by a special grace of God and the intercession of the Holy Virgin that they can obtain sufficient courage to embrace the truth, and to become members of that one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, out of whose pale there is no salvation. To conclude, let us pray for all our necessities, which are innumerable, and let us place all our petitions with the greatest confidence in the hands of the Immaculate Mother of God. O, Holy Virgin, let us say, come to our assistance, rescue us from the evils by which we are menaced, repress the fell spirit of bigotry and fanaticism now so active against us, protect the children of our poor from the snares laid for their destruction; Thou who art the seat of wisdom preserve all the youth of our country from the evils of a bad education, promote piety and the practices of religion amongst all classes, obtain for us the happiness to be all of one mind, and to be united in the bonds of charity among ourselves, so that our dissensions may not leave us an easy prey to our enemies; restore peace and plenty, obtain for us patience and resignation in our afflictions, strength to glory in the persecutions we have to suffer for conscience sake; and, in fine, through thy intercession, may we all, being delivered from the hands of our enemies, serve the Lord our God without fear, in holiness and justice, all our days."

AS IRISH PARLIAMENT.—The *Celt*, a monthly publication of the true Irish stamp, is labouring to form a party for agitating for the Repeal of the Union.—After O'Connell's failure, it is quite natural that men should be startled a little by such an announcement, believing as many do, that what he failed to win can never be won for Ireland. But the conclusion thus arrived at, by no means follows from the premises. O'Connell failed to achieve several matters, which a combination of circumstances have succeeded in achieving since his death. The great question of the repeal of the Corn Laws was carried, not by the force of agitation, but from necessity, and it is probable that but for the failure of the potato crop the Corn Laws would yet remain on the English statute book. There was no Incumbered Estates Court in O'Connell's day; for the aristocracy were too haughty and dominant in Ireland to even hear of breaking up their ancient, but ill-gotten inheritance; and yet, from a combination of circumstances, the estates of lords, and baronets, and proud men were brought to the hammer two or three years after his death, and sold with as little ceremony as they themselves disposed of their tenants' crops to satisfy their claims for a heavy and grinding rack rent. In his time the elective franchise was not given to men in boroughs occupying houses valued at £8 a year; nor had the property qualification for members of parliament been abolished, nor was justice done to the Catholic chaplains in the army. It is an old adage that "Truth is mighty and will prevail," and we are told on high authority that "freedom's battle once begun," although baffled by tyrants in the end, successful, consequently, the wrongs unredressed to day, may fade from our views on to-morrow; and the task unaccomplished by O'Connell may be performed by feeble men. It is probable that we missed a great opportunity in not having unfurled the repeal banner during the Russian war, when England was in straitened circumstances. But we believe a greater difficulty awaits her. We think we can discern disasters to her lag looming in the distance, when she will be in a position in which she will find it necessary to yield to Ireland what she deprived her of in the day of our weakness. But whatever be the result of another effort to win a domestic legislation for Ireland, we are ready to join in the good work, confident that if the nation be only true to itself the labour will not be fruitless. England will bluster, and threaten, and tell us that she will sooner restore the hierarchy than submit to the reconstruction of an Irish Legislature. But we are fully aware now of the value of such threats, and we shall think very little of them. We know that she has always yielded to necessity; and it is for us to create the necessity which shall compel her to restore our plundered parliament. The *Celt*, in one of its articles, reminds us of the pledge of the 30th May, 1845, when O'Connell and his companions in captivity received the homage of Ireland at their grand levee in the Rotundo, Ireland, we are certain, does not forget that pledge.—Her representatives, who thronged the Round Room of the Rotundo, declared on the occasion that no cajolery, no deceit, no trickery of the English government would be able to drive them from seeking for a repeal of the Union. Nor have they done so. We always looked on the struggle for Tenant Right as part and parcel of the repeal agitation. It was undertaken to root and fasten the tenant farmers more firmly in the soil, that they might be freed from the tyranny of bad landlords, whilst working for repeal. The patriots who now prepare to lift the repeal banner, are some of the purest men in the world; foremost amongst whom is Dr. Cane of Kilkenny; and in whose integrity and firmness of purpose the greatest reliance may be placed. They see, as every honest man must, that no effort of Irishmen under imperial rule, led on even by a thousand O'Connells—if that were possible—could give to this country the vast benefits which beautiful land, if governed by native legislators, could bestow. England rules us for her own benefit and aggrandisement. She uses us as she uses every country in which she has got a footing—she disarms us; makes us slaves, and then plunders us of our property. We are not men, if we do not put an end to such a rule as that, and win the power to govern Ireland for the benefit of the Irish people.

The *Castlebar Telegraph*, writing on the same subject, says:—"We rejoice to say that the Old Guards are preparing for action anew. The Nation, true to its origin, is beginning to treat its readers to original articles on the subject nearest to their hearts. The *Celt* under the auspices of Dr. O'Connell—than whom no man, after O'Connell, has done more to fan the national flame—makes a monthly appeal to the best feelings of Irishmen in favour of an Irish parliament. In the last number of the *Dundalk Democrat* we find an excellent article on the subject, declaring, a readiness to embark at once in the advocacy of the good old cause. Thus have we the leading journals of the kingdom of Ireland again declaring that Repeal is still alive in the heart of the nation."—*Dundalk Democrat*.  
Mr. Spurgeon is announced to appear in Belfast on the 17th inst. The Rev. gentleman was invited to meet the Earls of Errol and Haden, but previous engagements prevented him from accepting the invitation. (Rather too small fry for the "Star" of the Surrey Gardens.)

Father Roche, of Wexford, has sent twenty penitent women to Canada, to be placed under the care of the nuns in that country. These emigrant women were formerly unfortunate of Wexford, and by the subscriptions of the good people of Wexford and Ross, Father Roche was enabled to provide for them, and to secure their perseverance in virtue. We wish other towns would imitate the excellent example of Wexford in repressing the degrading vice of immorality.

At a meeting of the Dublin Town Council on Monday, Alderman Lambert—proposed by Alderman Hudson, and seconded by Mr. Chambers—was unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for 1859.

LANDED ESTATES' COURT.—By this time the Landed Estates Bill has become an Act of Parliament, and it is agreed on all hands that the measure is one of the most beneficial that has emanated from the Derby Government. It is calculated that the amount of business to be brought before the new Court will be large beyond any estimate that has been framed, for, if the proceedings be well regulated, and the Court prove moderate in cost and expeditious in practice, nearly the whole of the conveyancing business of the country will pass through it. Mr. Ormsby's annual report of the ninth session of the Old Court has not yet appeared, but in the meantime the trade report of the *Freeman's Journal* supplies, in round numbers, a few of the general results—viz., "The total amount of purchase money from the commencement is over £22,000,000, out of which about £3,000,000, or not quite so much, were purchased by English and Scotch purchasers. The number of estates sold were 2,350, divided into more than 11,000 lots, and 8,235 conveyances have been executed by the Commissioners. Since the 27th of July the Court has refused to receive any more petitions, its powers having expired on the 28th. New business, therefore, remains in abeyance, as far as new matter is concerned, until the new Act receives the Royal assent."

Considerably more than half a century ago, in that city of the south which has given to Ireland some of its proudest names in religion, in art, in science, and in literature, was born Mary, daughter of Robert Aikenhead, medical doctor. In those days Catholicity in Ireland had scarcely crept from the crypt and the cavern into which persecution had driven it. The glorious institutions that stud our island to-day, the honor of our people and the admiration of the stranger, had then no place in Ireland. Cathedrals, and colleges, and convents once more rise proudly over the green fields and amidst the cities of faithful Erin, and the island presents itself again in the garb of ancient days, and wears upon its face the signs of an old Catholic nation; but in those days although the jailer had already tired of his task and loosed the fetters around the bondsman, they still encircled him, and religious education was difficult, and religious foundations were rare in Ireland. In 1812, the young Miss Aikenhead bade farewell to the sunny Lee, and leaving behind her the shores of her native land, she sailed for England to become a novice at the Institute of the Blessed Virgin at York. She sailed from Ireland, but she forgot it not; before Our Lady's Altar she prayed for her native country; and God who heard her prayer destined her for a Mission which was to be to that country a benefaction and a blessing for all time. And so, three years afterwards, no longer a novice, but Sister Mary Augustine, the pledged servant of God, she once more hailed from the dock of the English packet the blue hills of the land that was henceforth to be her earthly home.—In 1815, the rescript of the Holy Father Pius the Seventh sanctioned the foundation of the Order, and with some three or four fellow-laborers, Sister Mary Augustine founded in North William street, Dublin, the first house of the Order of Charity in Ireland.—The education of the poor and the care of the sick-stricken children of poverty, was the duty to which this little band had sworn a life service.—Their vows forbade them to accept the slightest gratuity or recompense for their labors; their mission was "To honor Christ in the person of the poor."—Her first undertaking prospered, and, in 1819, resolved to push still further her efforts; the House of Refuge, Stanhope street, for industrious women of good character, next rose beneath her zeal; and how lasting have been her works is proved to-day in its extended and extending usefulness. Five years again elapse; and, still untiring, still toiling, still conquering, she now stretches forth her hand to the rescue of the unfortunate fallen ones of her sex;—and now her native city is the field of her labours. In 1826, she founded the Magdalen Asylum in Cork. The world will hear and praise the victories of the sword, and history record how battle-fields were lost and won; but until the good and evil of this world is revealed before the Judgment Seat of God, the victories over the Devil—the victims snatched from sin and shame and sorrow by that glorious work of this true heroine—will never be fully known save to One in heaven. In 1829, the Convent in Upper Gardiner street, where she founded a sick mission and schools, was established; these schools now contain over seven hundred children. In 1832, the Constitution of the Order was confirmed by His Holiness Gregory XVI; and in this year charge was taken of the Magdalen Asylum, Townsend street, which, four years later, was removed to Donnybrook, where nearly seventy poor penitent outcasts have now a shelter from the world's scorn, and a sanctuary in which they have found reconciliation with their Creator. In 1834, St. Vincent's Hospital, in Stephen's-green, was added to the trophies of Mother Mary Augustine. What can we say of this glorious monument of all that is noble and heroic in woman's heart enlisted in the cause of suffering humanity? No word of ours can add a ray to the halo which surrounds that house of Samaritan succor. This, however, was not all; while she lived, she rested not. In 1843, in Waterford; in 1844, at Kilkenny, in Galway; and in 1845, in Clonmel—sick mission and free schools, for the poor—were raised by the indefatigable "Sister of Charity"; in 1845, she established the Convent at Harold's Cross, with its sick mission and free schools, and evening instruction for the poor factory girls! It was here the good Mother resided, and here she died on Thursday, the 22nd of July. We have contented ourselves with barely reciting, like a herald at a warrior's bier, the names and dates of the chief victories of this most true Warrior of Christ. The captives and trophies of Pagan conquerors were paraded in the funeral train; three thousand children daily receiving free education in the Schools of the Order; hundreds of penitent victims snatched from a life of shame, and thousand of grateful poor restored to health in the wards of the Sisters of Charity; are the captives and trophies of Mother Mary Augustine. No smoking cities, no bloodstained fields have marked the course of the heroine for whom we ask a nation's grief and a nation's prayers to-day. The school-room and the hospital ward were her theatres of action. Where the groan of anguish and the cry of pain ascended, she was, indeed, an angel of charity, an angel of peace and of success.

"The dying looked up into her face, and thought indeed to behold there Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor. And with light on her looks she entered the chambers of sickness. Moistened the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces, Where, on their pallets, they lay like drifts of snow by the way side." God raised her up as a wonderful instrument of His grace to Ireland, from end to end of the island, where her name will be honored and her memory enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people.—*Nation*.

Master James Lacy, son of Mr. Lacy, merchant tailor, Thurles, has proceeded to Newfoundland to join the Missionary College, established there by the Right Rev. Dr. Mullock.

An influential and important meeting of the committee was held on Thursday week, in Thurles to discuss the necessity of a county meeting to petition Parliament for an investigation into the particulars of the awful case of the brothers Cormack. On the motion of the Rev. Mr. Morris, P.P., Borrisoleigh, seconded by acclamation, Solomon Lacer Cambie, Esq., J. P., Killoran, was called to the chair, and Mr. Dwyer, Esq., Solicitor, was requested to act as Secretary. Letters, promising co-operation with the objects of the meeting, were then read by the Secretary from (among others), Very Rev. Dean Cantwell; Samuel Cooke, Esq., Brownstown; the O'Donohoe, M.P.; John Bagwell, Esq., M.P.; Very Rev. Dr. Howley, Tipperary; Rev. John Power, P.P., Powertown; Rev. M. Bugler, Adm., Borrisokane; Very Rev. Dr. Burke, P.P., Clonmel; Rev. C. O'Brien, P.P., Lurina; John Cornan, Esq., Cashel; Charles Bianconi, Esq., Longfield; Captain Byrne, Sorrell-hill; Rev. J. O'Dwyer, Doon. The synnath of the Archbishop of Cashel and Linly was said to be fully with the movement. After a protracted, but most animated discussion, carried on in the best understanding, and with perfect good temper and kindness of spirit, it was unanimously resolved—"1st.—That a requisition should be prepared, convening a county meeting, to petition Parliament on the questions involved, and the subject of the criminal jurisprudence of the county. 2nd.—That the county meeting to be so convened should be held in Nenagh on Monday, the 30th of August."—Abridged from the *Knicker Reporter and Tipperary Vindicator*.

THE HARVEST.—For many seasons back there has not been so cheering a prospect as the present one holds out to the farmer. The accounts—come from what quarter they may—show no variation; everything looks promising, and there is only an isolated rumour from some remote district of the appearance of the potato disease, in, however, so very mitigated a form as to cause no apprehension of the consequences. The following *resumé* is taken from the *Cork Constitution*:—"The weather is now splendid and the various crops most luxuriant, the country perhaps never looking more beautiful than at the present time. The late rains with which we were visited has proved of great benefit to the oats, and they as well as the wheat and barley give promise of an abundant yield. The fears which were a few weeks ago expressed of a re-appearance of the potato disease in some districts have become quite allayed.—Some blackness was perceived in the tubers in some places, but as the east wind which prevailed at the time ceased they resumed their previous healthy appearance. Abundance of new ones are constantly pouring into the market, and the prices are rapidly coming down. From all quarters of the country the most cheering accounts of the crops are being given. In Roscommon, Tipperary, Limerick, Mayo, Kerry, Antrim, Down, Derry, Armagh, and other parts they are stated to be flourishing. In a few isolated patches in Mayo and Kerry blight is said to be perceived, but presented in a very mild form, and not likely to result in much loss. On the whole the prospects of this crop and that of grain are highly satisfactory, and an early and plentiful harvest may be fairly anticipated."

The *Ulsterman*, in an able article on the Irish constabulary, remarks, "Here we are met with evidence of injustice such as no people but the down-trodden people of Ireland would endure. Selected from a Catholic population, the great majority of the members of this magnificent force—the finest in the world—are necessarily Catholics. In the rank and file there are seven Catholics to every one Protestant. But the moment we rise above that level the order is reversed. With a few exceptions, which only prove the rule, the Catholics are never promoted.—No matter what intelligence they show—no matter what honesty, education, discipline—the ban of 'Popery' is on them; and they are not suffered to raise their heads from the dust. And if they do chance to manifest more manhood and intellect than usual, they are forthwith voted dangerous, and, like honest Constable McGivney, immediately expelled from the force with contumely and insult. There are eight thousand three hundred Catholic sub-constables in Ireland. There never was one single Catholic county inspector over that force. Oh! we beg pardon, there is one now: appointed to throw dust in our eyes the moment a noise was made. There are only sixteen hundred Protestant sub-constables. But there are thirteen hundred Protestant constables and only five hundred Catholics. Again, the Protestant head-constables are two hundred and eighty-six, and the Catholics of that grade only fifty-four! Now the Catholics of the force, who make up its power and strength, are selected from the finest, physical, and the most intelligent of our peasantry; and, as a body, a better, more soldierly, more moral class of men, there is not in the world. Yet these men are not raised from the ranks. They are kept down, snubbed, crushed; and all the promotions are made from amongst the few Protestants. No brand of slavery could be more bitter or humiliating than this. Look at these figures again, and more in detail. They should be stamped on our brains as memoranda, never to be erased, of the degradation of Irish Catholics in their native land. There are 8,309 Catholic sub-constables—the men who are ill-paid and heavily-worked—the drudges of the force, whose part it is to be drilled, and snubbed, and shoulder the musket; and of Protestant sub-constables only sixteen hundred. Of constables or sergeants there are 1,300 Protestants chosen from the favoured minority of Catholics only five hundred. Of head-constables we have 286 Protestants, picked by sectarian favour out of the small minority of Protestants in the whole force, and only fifty-four Catholics chosen from eight thousand three hundred able, intelligent, and efficient men. Then there are 219 sub-inspectors, all Protestants, and only twenty-nine Catholics. And no Catholic ever raised to the office of county-inspector at all! In addition to this, all the lucrative posts of paymasters, receivers, surgeons, and so on, are conferred on Protestants exclusively. Need we say more? Evidence abundant is here that in their native land, where they are the strength and the flower of the race, the Catholics of Ireland bear the ignominious brand of slaves and drudges still."

INCREASE OF THE ARMY.—A provincial journal (the *Kilkenny Moderator*), which devotes considerable attention to military matters, has some speculations with respect to the means whereby the alleged shortcoming in the supply of volunteers from the Irish Militia regiments to the Line might be remedied without resort to any extreme measure.—"We believe (says the *Moderator*) that never in the history of these countries were larger numbers of recruits found to offer themselves for the Queen's service, and, at least so far as Kilkenny is concerned, we have lately shown that our own country and city have given an extraordinary contingent of fighting men to the army during the last year. With respect to volunteering for the Line from the Militia, so far as our information goes, it has received as high a percentage as could possibly have been looked for under the circumstances of the country, and considering that no very great inducement have been at any time held out to the men of the Militia to transfer their affections to the Line. But, be all this as it may, the national interests require more troops than have yet been obtained, and the problem is—how are they to be got? For our part, if Her Majesty's advisers could for a week or two be induced to abandon the traditions of the 'Circumlocution office,' and renounce red tape propensities, we can see no difficulty in the Queen of Great Britain being supplied with a hundred new regiments, or twice the number if she needs them, in as many days; and to the Militia force we would point as the means whereby this great augmentation of the army is to be ob-

tain. If the embodied Militia were given the option, each corps as it stands, commanding officer, field officers, company officers, non-commissioned officers and men, to form at once a Line regiment, we do not doubt that to a man every corps to which such an invitation might be held out would accept it with joy and pride. We will answer for it that at least the Irish Militia regiments would come forward unanimously to accept such an offer from the Queen. The old feudal spirit has not yet been totally obliterated among our people. The men in the Militia regiments are connected and associated with their officers by strong ties, and where the officers would go the men would follow most willingly. The men, or their fathers or grand-fathers, have been the tenants or the dependents of many of the officers, and the others and their families have grown up among them, and are respected and esteemed from old recollections of kindly feeling and hereditary sympathies.—Those men who decline to accept the offer of the recruiting sergeant of some regiment of the Line who chances to be sent among them, and who invites them to go and serve in a corps which they know nothing of, and among officers whom they have never seen, would not hesitate one moment to go the whole world over with their own colonel and officers, or take any service or demotion which their colonel and officers might accept; and, as we said before, did but Her Majesty's Government resolve to invite such a general volunteering as that to which we point, there would in a few days be no lack of new regiments of the Line to any extent which might be required. Something of this kind may already be traced in the early history of the British army. What was that distinguished corps the 3rd Buffs originally but a militia force raised in East Kent; or the 5th Fusiliers but a militia of Northumberland men; or the 27th Buffs, the 31st Huntingdonshire Regiment, the 80th Royal County Down Regiment, and 50 others whose titles a glance at the *Army List* will supply, all had their origin in pretty much the same way."

SHROPSHIRE RIOT IN CASHEL.—On Thursday evening a private of the North Tipperary Light Infantry was arrested by the constabulary in Cashel, for being drunk and disorderly. Immediately after his arrest, a number of his comrades rescued him, and a serious riot took place between them and the police.—Stones were thrown by the militia, and cries for break open the arm store freely used. The police had to retreat into their barracks, and one of them was badly wounded on the head, and a woman was also seriously hurt from blows of stones. The infuriated Light Infantry then attacked the barracks, and broke the windows; after which they proceeded to demolish the windows of the inhabitants, who had to close their shops to save their property from destruction. The Hon. Martin J. French, Esq., was quickly on the spot, and read the Riot Act, after which he ordered the constabulary to load with ball cartridge, an order which was at once obeyed. At the time the most serious results were dreaded, but owing to the firmness of Mr. French and his deserved popularity in Cashel, the riot was suppressed. The regiment was disembodied on Wednesday morning, but fortunately there was no recurrence of the scene of the previous evening.—*Tipperary Examiner*.

SAILING OF THE LADY EGLINTON.—This vessel sailed at half-past two o'clock on Wednesday, on her first trip from Galway to Quebec and Montreal, carrying her full complement of passengers, one hundred and sixteen in number, and nearly three hundred tons of bale and case goods, principally manufactured goods from Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, Belfast, and Dublin. It is a significant fact, that on this, the first sailing on the route between Galway and Canada, a greater number of passengers have offered than the ship could accommodate, and more than half the number are first and second class cabin passengers. They were all received on board yesterday, and comfortably arranged at dinner, and their berths, which are spacious and well fitted, assigned to all in the course of the evening. One gentleman, Mr. John William Barter, from the county Cork, had a remarkably fine family with him. Mr. Barter booked to Toronto six grown-up sons and five daughters. We understand as soon as he is located in Toronto, four of his sons will at once proceed to the newly-discovered gold diggings in British Columbia. They formed an interesting group at the table. Another large family of American citizens were not the least interesting. As soon as they came on board the young ladies, with the characteristic smartness of their 'almighty nation,' got large cards, and having written their names on them thus—"Miss Mary Moneypenny's place at table," "Miss Fanny Moneypenny's place at table," affixed them to the upper seat near the Captain's chair.—This was a wrinkle which some of the Irish voyagers did not fail to improve on. Among the first-class passengers were:—Mr. and Mrs. Barter, and family, Cork; Mr. Mrs., and the Misses Moneypenny, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Goughgan, Dublin; Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer, Dublin; Miss Taylor, Dublin; Mr. Proctor, London; Mr. Hegarty, county Wicklow; Mr. Hughes, Dublin; Mr. Battersby, Torquay; Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, and family, Montreal; Mr. Walker, Londonderry; and a very large number of others, whose names we are not able to ascertain before going to press. Mr. W. Egan, the Secretary of the British and Irish Steam Company; Mr. Stirling, one of the directors, and one of the principal officers of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, were on board the vessel all yesterday, and afforded every assistance and facility for the accommodation of passengers, the stowage of cargo and baggage.—*Galway Vindicator*, 14th August.

LIBEL.—THE COUNTESS OF LISTOWEL V. ROBERT E. GIBBINGS.—This was an action for libel, tried at the Cork assizes on Friday and Saturday. Mr. Gibbings, who is a county magistrate, became, in 1854, the purchaser, under the Incumbered Estates Court, of an estate called Garroche, and in virtue of that purchase asserted, in September last, a right to quarry limestone on a piece of land called Gastellagh, forming part of the demesne of Gannamore, the property of the Countess of Listowel. To this claim her ladyship objected, and Mr. Gibbings persisting in it, and proceeding to put his claim into practice, the servants of her ladyship, acting by her orders, forcibly prevented him. Mr. Gibbings then published in the *Cork Daily Reporter* what he pretended to be an account of the part which the countess took in the transaction, and attributing to her very violent, outrageous, and improper conduct. This constituted the alleged libel. The defence was that the statements were made in error, that an apology was offered as soon as Mr. Gibbings found he was wrongly informed, and that part of the statements were true. A great deal of evidence was adduced, and the countess was herself examined at great length. The jury, which was a special one, returned a verdict for £300 damages, and 6s costs. An action to decide the right to the quarry is now pending in the Court of Queen's Bench.

POVERTY OF ELECTION.—The *Clonmel Chronicle* tells the following curious story:—"Just as the borough petty sessions were about to be declared adjourned, a respectable-looking farmer appeared at the table, and said he wished to make a declaration before the presiding magistrate. The applicant, who said he lived at that famed locality, 'The Commons of Cashel,' stated in his declaration that he was the possessor of half Bank of Ireland notes amounting to fifty-five pounds, and that the corresponding halves were held by a neighboring farmer, who had lodged his in the bank. The declarant added that he got the money from a gentleman in Cashel previous to the last election, and that he now wanted to put the half notes into the bank with the declaration, in order that he might be paid his moiety of the fifty-five pounds, which he held jointly with the other party. In reply to Mr. Butler, who asked him if he had given full value for his money, the man said that he gave in lieu all that was asked from him—namely, his voice at the election!"

MR. BAGWELL'S REPORT ON DONNAL.—We have already published the report of the landlords on the state of Gweedore; also those of Mr. Maguire and Sergeant Deasy. The following is the draft report which was submitted to the committee by the chairman, Mr. Bagwell.

"From the vast mass of conflicting evidence that has been tendered to your committee during the course of a very protracted and patient investigation into the alleged destitution in Gweedore and Cloughaneely, they have found it very difficult to arrive at any very definite conclusion as to the causes or extent of the undoubted poverty of the district. That it appears to your committee that those districts are now, and always have been, in a state of rude poverty, which seems to be the normal condition of mountain regions, and that this state of affairs has been rendered more acute by a partial failure of the potato crop last year, and by the enormous taxation consequent upon the reckless conduct of the people, by the wanton destruction of sheep, and by endeavoring to prevent Scotch shepherds from establishing themselves on the mountains, which had been reserved by arrangements entered into by the landlords some years ago.

"Your committee trust that this expression of their opinion will show to the people of the district that such conduct is not only contrary to the laws of God and man, but positively cruel to their helpless families, and fatal to their own best interests, by preventing the influx of capital into that wild district. Although your committee do not consider the paucity of numbers in the workhouse, which may be attributed, amongst other causes, to the large amount of charity distributed and collected by the Roman Catholic Clergy, to be any test of poverty, yet still they cannot think that destitution can be said to exist whilst that establishment is nearly empty.

"It has been shown to your committee that the clothings and dwellings of the people are generally bad, and the latter exceedingly filthy; but they cannot arrive at the conclusion that the people are in a much worse state than in former years. But, at the same time, the committee cannot conceal from themselves that any increase of population or further multiplication of small holdings is very undesirable; and that they think the landlords, in conjunction with the poor law authorities, should endeavor to establish some system of emigration to prevent the permanent increase of population in a region where the existence of human beings must always be one of deprivation and hardship, and the success of crops most precarious."

GREAT BRITAIN.

One of the last incidents of the session was not one the least amusing. Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald has actually given notice of his intention next session to introduce a bill to establish one uniform Parliamentary oath for all her Majesty's subjects of whatever religious denomination. This would relieve Catholics from the ignominious position which they now occupy by themselves, thanks to Lord Palmerston, Lord J. Russell, and Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, who was an active supporter of the first-named noble lord in his attempt to liberate every one, except Catholics, from the disagreeable necessity of taking the old oaths. Catholics then made the excuse that they could not oppose the Oaths Bill on account of the Jews. But the Oaths Bill actually did become law without the clause relating to the Jews, and the Jews were emancipated by a separate statute. The mischief having been done, and a special exclusion of Catholics from the general measure having been carried by Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald's help, that gentleman now promises a special measure to relieve them. There are, unfortunately, too many men who have not sufficient principle to be honest politicians, but the Priest-prosecuting ex-Attorney-General of the Whigs is especially unlucky in this, that his natural perception of the ludicrous is so extremely blunt. The most ignorant of the peasantry of Mayo, whose superstition he despises, will enjoy a laugh at his unconscious exposure of himself in the incongruous attitude of a new Catholic emancipator.—*Tablet*.

The harvest is now general throughout the South of England. Common report hitherto declares the wheat to promise a full average yield, the barley to be exceedingly various, oats to be if anything below an average, peas and beans to be decidedly below an average, the hay crop to be of first-rate quality, though below an average in quantity, mangel wurzel to be in general promising well, and turnips to be in general promising very ill.—*Gardiner's Chronicle*.

ANTI-CATHOLIC MEETING AT WORCESTER.—A meeting of the friends and supporters of the "Society for promoting Special Missions to Catholics," was held in the townhall, Worcester, on Thursday morning. The meeting was a complete failure as regards number, the assembly-room of the hall was never more than half-filled, and the audience consisted of antique females and the local clergy. The chair was taken by a preacher named Wright, well known in Worcester for his strong aversion to Catholicism.—The Rev. J. Drury, the clerical secretary of the society, and Dr. Cumming of anti-Catholic notoriety, attended as a deputation. We are not told whether the great society had any members, or whether it merely consisted of a principal and secretary. Dr. Drury was the first to display his grandiloquence, but a peculiar nasal utterance rendered his voice far from agreeable. We extract the following from his speech:—"The Society's Missionaries had not been well chosen for their work. It was a well known fact that every Catholic was instructed in their particular kind of controversy. Their Missionaries must therefore be trained for their work, and hence the necessity for a training institution. Dr. Cumming would instruct them, and when they were prepared they would enter every house and call at every door, for they must bear in mind that Romanists would never come to inquire for them—(hear, hear)—for when a Romanist once begins to enquire he ceases to be a Romanist. In Liverpool more than 200 had left the Catholic Church, and in Sheffield as many as fifty.—Now he knew they would think that a very small number and ask him to show them greater effects, but they must remember the Catholic Church was marked out for Divine judgments, she was to be punished with everlasting destruction. Her time was now fast approaching, and he should not feel surprised if a person might not be in that room who would awake some morning to hear the words, 'Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils.'" Dr. Cumming followed in the same strain, but he took rather a more depending view of the subject. "The Protestant alliance (he said) was not at present in a very prosperous state. It was proposed to raise a sum of money; they had had two meetings at Stratford and thought they would have another at no great distance, and therefore had selected the City of Worcester. The Catholic Church was very quiet at present, but this change was only a change in her tactics, she was more dangerous in her silence than she was in her noise. The Duchess of Buccleuch had become a Catholic, the Dowager Duchess of Argyll had done the same only the other day, and laboured in the cause with a zeal which would be worthy of all praise if the purpose was a different one, and he verily believed that all the old Scotch nobility would go over to Romanism. (Hear.) In England not less than 200 Clergy had gone over owing to the doctrine of Poole, Liddell, and others of the Dr. Pusey school. Cardinal Wiseman had recently stated, that in the district of Belgravia they had as many as 200 converts." (Hear.) The day selected for this precious display was particularly ill-chosen, it being the day on which the fine regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry, under the command of Lord Ward, assembled for their annual eight days training, and Dr. Cumming has learnt a lesson from Worcester, viz., that people prefer any kind of amusement to the stale twaddle and self-sufficient bombast of an Anti-Popery lecturer.—*Cor. Weekly Register*.

The total number of deserters from the regular army serving in the United Kingdom, in the six months ending the 31st March last, was 8,222, of whom 3,038 were recovered and brought back to service at an expense of £1,474 12s. 3d. The deserters in the same period from the militia numbered 6,614, of whom 5,123 were brought back at an expense of £358 14s. 6d.

The *Daily News* thinks it possible that there may still be here and there a few well-meaning and conscientious men who are half inclined to look upon the Queen's visit to Cherbourg as something between a trap and a humiliation for England. To these people our contemporary points out that, if the Emperor Napoleon entertains a deep and determined hostility to England, his first aim must be to arouse the spirit of the military and excite the old animosity of the French people against us. But the Emperor follows a policy the very opposite of that which would excite the war feeling and please the war party. The *Daily News* says:—"A more complete damper could not be given to this party than that administered by the imperial invitation to Queen Victoria to grace the *fetes* of Cherbourg by her presence. It was impossible to devise a more crushing blow to the rising hopes of the anti-English and pro-Russian intriguers than the substitution of the English court for a Russian fleet at the great naval festivities so long announced. The step taken by Napoleon the Third is one of courage and generosity; for it certainly thwarts the wishes of his too ardent partisans. The most subtle ingenuity cannot devise what the Emperor could gain by such a course of proceedings, on the supposition that he was insincere. The more rational, or rather the only rational, conclusion is that the courtesy of Napoleon is sincere; that he wishes to smooth away whatever feeling of suspicion or irritation may have been caused by his naval armaments, and that he seeks to throw a veil of oblivion over the exasperation produced in both countries by the consequences of the explosion of February last. There are some politicians, however, for the most part of the Palmerston school, who have a quick eye for discerning in the distance the thunder clouds of war. Their vision is of a kind which sees in every neighbour an antagonist, in every smile a deception, and in every whisper a plot. We are to be overwhelmed by Russia one day, and to be invaded by France the next. Yet surely never was a period in which the general powers of Europe displayed towards each other fewer signs of active animosity."

MODERN AND MEDIEVAL CIVILISATION.—How strange says the *Times*, is the contrast which might be instituted between the rush to Fraser River, described by our San Francisco Correspondent, and the Crusades, which carried so large a portion of the population of Europe to die on the burning sands of Palestine! Let us present our readers with two scenes.—a medieval and a modern one. At Clonmel Ferrand Peter the Hermit has concluded his discourse; cries are heard in every quarter, "It is the will of God! it is the will of God!" Every one assumes the cross, and the crowd disperses to prepare for conquering under the walls of the earthly a sure passage to the heavenly Jerusalem. What elevation of motive, what faith, what enthusiasm! Compare with this the picture drawn by our correspondent. A steamer calculated to carry 600 persons is laden with 1,500. There is hardly standing room on the deck. It is almost impossible to fight your way from one part of the vessel to the other. The passengers are not knights and barons, but tradesmen who have "evacuated," without paying the "jobbers" who supply them with goods—"jobbers" who are in debt to the wholesale houses that employ them,—tenants who have "abbequiated" without deigning to remember the existence of their unfortunate landlords, and losers of all the known varieties. They seek in their overloaded vessel a land where innumerable labours, trials, and dangers await them,—where they have to confront the alternative of starvation, drowning, or death by the hands of the Indians, besides such minor inconveniences as persons of the class we have described may be supposed capable of causing to each other in the shape of robbery, murder, or the lesser evils of cowhiding, and any amount of "difficulties" likely to obtain the speediest and most fatal solution. Nor does the end elevate the means. Their object is of the earth earthly,—wealth in its rawest and rudest form—gold, the one thing for which they bear to live or dare to die.

A vigorous campaign against Church rates is about to be commenced under the auspices of the Liberation Society. Besides the issue of tracts and handbills dealing with the points discussed in the late debates, it is intended to take systematic steps for carrying the opposition into new parishes, and to urge all the local committees of the society and its correspondents—of whom it has many hundreds, scattered all over the country—to undertake the responsibility of insuring that there shall not be an unopposed rate in any parish in a given district.—Machinery will also be put in motion for collecting information relative to the rate.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

We get a curious insight into ecclesiastical arrangements in a pamphlet with the title "A Plea for Kenilworth" (Collingridge, City Press). The Rev. P. Wallis, the writer, was the curate of Kenilworth, and the story he tells is the history of his dismissal from the curacy. We should judge that he is a very earnest curate, and the complaint against him appears to be that he preached extempore and talked a good deal about "conversion." The vicar accused him of believing that those who did not come forth to the communion-table was unconverted, and on the way to hell. The vicar asked him in vain to talk less about "conversion" and "hell," and at last dismissed him with the sanction of the Bishop of Worcester. But 1,100 of the parishioners memorialised the Bishop in Mr. Wallis's favour, to which the Bishop replied by saying that he deemed it his duty to sanction the dismissal of the curate, seeing that nothing good could come from a difference of opinion between a vicar and a curate, which certainly existed in this instance.—*Weekly Register*.

Mr. Grant, the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, is to have a testimonial presented to him by those who respect his zeal and ability in combining the interests of his work with the fervour of Evangelicalism, and also manufacturing mares' nests with a power and profession unequalled in the history of journalism.—*Sheffield Argus*.

RAPID INCREASE OF CRIME IN SCOTLAND.—Whilst the journals are recording the steady decrease of criminality in Ireland, the *Times* is sorry to be obliged to notice from a Blue Book just published that crime in Protestant Scotland is steadily and rapidly on the increase. "We are sorry," says the *Times*, "to notice from a blue-book just issued that the number of offenders in Scotland exhibited an increase for last year of 3,972 per cent. 3,840 culprits (whereof 1,097 were females) were committed for trial last year, 3,169 were tried, and 2,931 convicted, outlawed, or found insane; three were sentenced to the scaffold, and the sentences were executed. The proportion of convictions to commitments was 76-3281 per cent., and of acquittals to commitments 30-762 per cent. 1,140 committed offences against the person, 408 against property with violence, and 1,043 without violence, 63 malicious offences against property, and 80 offences against the currency. The only item of decrease is in the case of malicious offences against property (32-9113 per cent.). Offences against the person increased 8-9866 per cent., and offences against property, aggravated by violence, 7-3684 per cent.; 557 males and 316 females were wholly illiterate, 1,625 males and 697 females could make a show of reading and writing; 467 males and 75 females could do both well; and 82 males with seven females were of superior education. The number of illiterate offenders was increased by 21-9273 per cent. The sentences were,—to death, three; to transportation 28; to penal servitude, 230; to imprisonment, 2,337; to flagellation, seven; and to fines, seven. Sixteen persons were 'outlawed.'"

We (*Weekly Register*) learn from the *Manchester Guardian* that on Tuesday evening a serious disturbance took place at Wigan owing to the disgraceful conduct of several Protestant ministers and their abettors who attended a lecture delivered in St. John's Catholic School-room by Dr. Kuttner, evidently with the intention of creating confusion and interrupting the lecture. The excitement was very great, but no person sustained serious injury.

UNITED STATES.

BAPTISM OF AN INTERESTING CONVERT.—On Sunday the 15th ult, at St. Peter's Church, Barclay-street, the Pastor, Rev. Wm. Quinn, received the abjuration of Miss Margaret Fox, and administered to her Baptism. Miss Fox is one of the family so singularly visited, years ago, by the rapping-spirits, and which has played so conspicuous a part since in those forbidden manifestations. For many years past, Miss Margaret Fox has refused to hold any communication with these spirits, from a conviction of its dangers and its unlawful character. Such right-minded resolutions, with the grace of God, have brought her at length to that faith to which, alone, the deceiving wonders of spiritualism present nothing inexplicable. Miss Fox's profession of the Catholic faith is far enough from casting any suspicion of collusion or imposture on her former life, or on that of the members of her family, who still, unfortunately, engage in those occult practices. She renounces, for herself, all such communications, having been for months carefully preparing under the instructions of Mr. Quinn. The *Tribune* is grievously mistaken in saying that Hume, the noted sorcerer, is recognized as a Catholic. When he reverted to the forbidden practices of the black art, he did so in the face of the known censure of the Church.—*New York Freeman*.

CATHOLICITY IN PENNSYLVANIA.—It is very remarkable that whenever England has provided, by any clause in provincial or state charters, that security of the church by law established should be maintained, that the very clause universally implies insecurity, and even violent opposition, to Catholicity. Nothing was more natural, when the sage son of Admiral Penn came into the Delaware, and established his little colony in Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love, than that Irish Catholics should feel that they could look with confidence for religious independence; but, alas! the clause inserted in the charter by the Bishop of London, was an tacit veto upon the development of good feeling towards Catholics, even in the tolerant colony of William Penn. In the year 1678, James Logan of Philadelphia, suspected of an attachment to James, received a letter from England, to the following effect:—"There is a complaint against your government that you suffer public Mass in a scandalous manner. Pray send us the matter of fact, for ill use is made of it against us here." In another letter:—"It has become a reproach to me here, among the officers of the crown, that you suffer the scandal of the Mass to be publicly celebrated." In the life and times of Archbishop Carroll, it is stated that the first Catholic chapel in Philadelphia, was a frame building near Front and Walnut streets. A second one, corner of Chestnut and Second streets, was built before 1731.—Miss Elizabeth McGowan, built another in Newtown and Frankford, 1729. The Rev. Fathers Nicholas Greston and Henry Neale, administered the rights of religion to the Catholics of Philadelphia, in 1731. They came to Pennsylvania from Baltimore, and the missions which they founded were filled by immediate successors, esteemed by the Protestant population for the "pudience and toleration, and unfeigned pious labours, among the people to whom they officiated." To form some idea of the feeling entertained at this period, of Catholics, by the inhabitants of New Jersey, the Reverend Father Schneider, in his apostolic journeyings to the interior of New Jersey, was several times shot at; but these attempts to shorten his days diminished nothing of his zeal, and he at last made his visits, with infinite charity, he fulfilled the functions of bodily physician, when he could not become the physician of their souls." During these times, the Catholics of Pennsylvania experienced many trials and difficulties, but the testimony of Fathers Carroll, Neale, Corby, &c., proves that they lead a most praiseworthy life. They were much indebted to their more affluent friends the Catholics of Baltimore. "The Superior as a common Father, most," says Father Corby, "assist the needy out of the surplus of the more opulent sections, putting all, both in Pennsylvania and Maryland, in the true communion of the ordinary way of living, and secure them, in their incidental losses and burdens, with the help of true Christian and religious charity.—*Philadelphia Catholic Herald*."

Eight million four hundred thousand boxes of strawberries were sold in New York during the past spring. These berries at three cents a box, produced two hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars. SPIRITUALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the *Spiritual Register*, the number of persons professing Spiritualism of kindred doctrines in the United States is upwards of a million. The State Legislature of California, doubtless influenced by the religious fervor of the last Winter and Spring, passed an act prescribing a decent external observance of Sunday as a day of rest from traffic and ordinary labor. The Supreme Court of that State, we regret to see, has, by a majority of the judges composing it, declared that law unconstitutional, on the assumption that it discriminates in favor of the Christian as against other religions;—also as restricting a man's natural right to acquire property. A POOR REFUGER FOR THE OPPRESSED.—A runaway slave was discovered in the attic of a Methodist church, at Washington, D. C., on a recent Sunday morning. He had lived there for four or five months unsuspected, had used for the communion wine, and picked up his food by nightly sorties into the neighboring pantries. His taking refuge at the altar did not save him from a whipping, or from being sold to the slave traders.

A BOLD, BUT BRAVE, FIGHT.—During the delivery of a sermon, last Sunday, in St. Patrick's Catholic Church in this city, the eyes of the congregation were suddenly riveted upon the speaker, Rev. Francis X. Boyle, by what, for the moment, seemed to be a digression to the all absorbing topic of conversation and conjecture throughout the civilized world—the Atlantic telegraph. The eloquent divine spoke in terms of glowing paenegyric of this wonderful triumph of human science, and dilated upon the revolutions which the grand achievement will accomplish in the commercial, political, and social condition of the two hemispheres thus successfully united by means of the electric wire. What is it after all, exclaimed the speaker, when compared with the instantaneous communication between the Throne of Divine Grace and the heart of man? Offer up your silent petition for grace. It is transmitted through realms of unmeasured space more rapidly than the lightning's flash, and the answer reaches the soul ere the prayer has died away on the singer's lips. Yet this telegraph, performing its swiftness over since Christ died for us on Calvary, fills not the world with exultation and shouts of gladness—with illuminations and a breeze and the booming of cannon. The reason is, one is the telegraph of this world, and may produce wonderful revolutions on earth; the other is the sweet communion between Christ and the Christian's soul, and will secure a glorious immortality in Heaven.—*Washington Union*.

A writer in the *Knickerbocker* says it rains twenty six hours in the day, in Oregon, and for seventeen months in the year. A shower commenced on the 3d of last November, and continued until the 16th of March, when it set in for a long storm, which is not finished yet. Moisture must abound in that country.

THE TRUE WITNESS

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUG. 27, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Queen's visit to Cherbourg is the great, indeed the only topic of interest in the European journals brought to us by the last steamers.—Everything went off with the utmost harmony; and both in his manner and in his language, the French Emperor did his best to disclaim the hostile intentions attributed to him by a large portion of the British press. The news of the Canadian Ministerial crisis, and of the vote on the Seat of Government question which was its immediate precursor, had reached London; provoking the comments of the *Times* upon the "obvious violation of faith" on the part of the Canadian Legislature, pledged as that body was to abide by the Imperial decision. The possibility of a Federation of all the British North American Provinces is darkly hinted at by the great Thunderer.

From the Continent there is nothing of any interest; nor is there anything new to report from India. The last accounts, however, from the seat of war would seem to indicate that the insurrection had been partially subdued.

THE NOMINATION.—On Tuesday last at noon, the nomination of a candidate to fill the vacancy in the representation of this city, caused by the resignation of his seat by M. Dorion, took place on the Champ de Mars. The attendance was small, not 700 persons, according to the *Gazette's* report, being present; and the proceedings throughout were characterized by a tameness, rather unusual upon so exciting an occasion as an election. This may be attributed in part to the state of the weather, and to the incessant rain which deluged speakers and audience, and very effectually quenched all enthusiasm amongst the free and independent electors.

The Sheriff appeared on the ground punctually at noon, when the day's business commenced with the reading of the Writ. Then the Hon. Mr. Molson proposed Mr. Dorion as a fit and proper person, &c.; and the motion was seconded by Messrs. Boyer and Sadtler.

Then the other side had their innings.—Up to the last moment it was uncertain who was to be the Ministerial candidate. The name of Dr. Nelson was bandied about last week in connection with the election. Then it was confidently asserted that a M. Hubert had allowed himself to be brought forward on the Cartier interest. Next M. Pelletier, a very respectable boot and shoe-maker in Notre Dame Street was confidently announced to be the person on whom the Ministry had pitched, as a fit and proper person to represent the chief city of British North America. Thus matters stood till Monday: when simultaneously with M. Pelletier's Address appeared an announcement that his backers had determined to withdraw him; and that M. Beaudry was at last entered to run against M. Dorion on the Ministerial ticket.

M. Beaudry, attended by his friends, accordingly made his appearance on the hustings—was proposed by M. Pelletier, whose principles, we suppose, the former has adopted—and was seconded by M. Gorrie. M. Dorion then addressed the electors, reviewing the events of the late session, and the process by which the McDonald-Cartier administration was transformed into a Cartier-McDonald cabinet. Then M. Beaudry came forward, but, we regret to say, was unable to obtain a hearing. The length of the previous proceedings, and the incessant rain, had sorely taxed the patience of the electors; and all M. Beaudry's efforts to make himself heard, were met with, and counteracted by, the groans, laughter, and hisses of the crowd collected around the hustings. M.M. Dorion and McGee in vain exerted themselves in his behalf; the Sheriff made himself very red in the face by shouting for silence; and finally M. Beaudry desisted from any further attempt to inflict his eloquence upon a reluctant audience. A show of hands was called for, when almost every umbrella in the crowd was raised aloft for M. Dorion. Hereupon the friends of M. Beaudry demanded a poll, which was fixed for Wednesday and Thursday next. The meeting then dispersed, very wet, but in very good humor. We regret to learn however from the *Gazette* that 2 eggs—and 1 stone—were thrown at M. Beaudry by somebody during the course of the proceedings.

MONTREAL ELECTION.—As the day of polling approaches, we hear it often asked—"How, and for whom should Catholics vote?" For an answer, we refer the querist to God, and his own conscience; reminding him that God will hold him responsible for his political, as well as for his private acts. In the meantime however, we hope that the following suggestions may not be considered impertinent.

When a candidate for Parliamentary honors presents himself before his fellow-citizens, he must be judged by his political antecedents, if he has any; or by his antecedents as a private citizen, if he is a new man. If an old servant of the public, we should consider how he has already voted, in order that we may judge how he is likely to vote again. If a stranger to public life, we should inquire into his private character; we should endeavor to ascertain whether he has, in his private capacity, approved himself a good citizen, a good father, a good husband; whether he has been faithful to his word, and honest and upright in all his dealings with his fellow-men;—whether, in short, he has truly, and to the best of his ability, done his duty in that state of life in which he has hitherto been placed.

For of this we may be sure—that the man who is not to be trusted in private matters, is unworthy of being entrusted with the affairs of the public; that he who has not honestly and honorably discharged his domestic duties, will not honestly or honorably discharge his duties as a legislator; and that he who has proved himself unfaithful in small things, will, in all probability, prove himself equally unfaithful in great things. There is no real distinction betwixt private and public morality. A rogue, is always a rogue; and he who is not honest and conscientious in the affairs of daily life, will, if he has the chance, betray his constituents, and violate the confidence reposed in him. Social position, is of importance in our representatives; it is important that they should be men of abilities; but, above all, it is important that they should be honest men, good citizens, and sincere Christians.

The great difficulty with a "Revival" is not to set it a going, but to keep up the excitement, or "the interest" as our serious friends term it. As with the opium-eater and dram-drinker, so with the "Revival" frequenter, a season of great excitement is sure to be followed by a season of lassitude and great depression; and if the getting drunk be divine, the getting sober again, as all experience tells us, is the very devil.

How to keep up the excitement, or "interest" generated by the "Revival" is the great problem which has hitherto baffled all attempts at a solution. Many schemes have been devised, many plans broached, but hitherto they have proved failures. The most promising cases of "Revival" conversions have too generally after a short space turned out badly; and the new-fledged saint, who but yesterday was bellowing loudest at "Camp-Meetings," and whose shouts of "Glory Glory" were prematurely accepted as indications, not only of the soundness of his lungs, but of his faith, has ere the close of the week become a "backslider," and relapsed into Lager beer and tobacco. In short, a great increase of debauchery, drunkenness and illegitimate births, may as naturally be expected to follow a "Revival" in religion, as headache, nausea, and nervous lassitude may be looked for after a night's hard drinking.

We are not about to criticise any of the various schemes which have been propounded as a cure for the evil complained of, feeling ourselves quite incompetent for the task. But we must be permitted to notice one, which from its novelty and simplicity, is certainly worthy of being recorded, and of a fair trial from all who take an interest in "experimental religion." The originators of it were the members of the Young Men's Christian Association in London; and we find it thus described in the report given by the *Montreal Herald* of a lecture lately delivered by a Mr. McGregor at Zion Church in this city:

HOW TO KEEP UP INTEREST IN A RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.—"The interest in these Societies"—said the Speaker—"was kept up in several ways. For instance, a short time before leaving London a large number of members met at six o'clock, and held a meeting in the Ball of St. Paul's, as many ascending at once as the Ball could hold, then came down again, and taking one another's hands, extended themselves all round the Whispering Gallery, thence went and surveyed the monument of Lord Nelson, and finally adjourned to breakfast, where, after a few speeches, the whole affair closed by eight o'clock,—time enough for the business of the day."

This is indeed the age of new inventions:—"for killing bodies and for saving souls;" but of all the new-fangled schemes for diffusing the blessings of salvation—not even excepting the Atlantic Telegraph Cable—this, we contend, of going up in a body to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, and joining hands in the "whispering gallery," is the most ingenious! A leather medal ought certainly be awarded to its originator.

Mr. McGregor—to whom we are indebted for the above admirable device for "keeping up the steam" of religion, was also kind enough to favor his audience with some very interesting details respecting the objects and modes of procedure of the other religious societies in England; of which he is "an active member and

manager," and which he is evidently very anxious to see established in Canada. One "Society" upon which he dwelt with much unction, rejoices in the honorable appellation of "The Protestant Alliance."

"This Society, was found of all others the most difficult to maintain. Englishmen liked fair play for the minority, and the Catholics being in the minority, fair play was carried so far as often to become an injustice to the majority. Opposition to the Maynooth Grant was one aim of the Society."

The lecturer did not give us any reason, however, for believing that another "aim of the Society," composed as it is of men who, as Englishmen, "like fair play," was to oppose the monstrous endowments of the Irish Protestant Establishment, imposed by force of arms upon the Catholics of Ireland. This he did not mention; and we thence conclude that the "fair play" Englishmen are so fond of, is "fair play" for themselves; but that it is a commodity they value so highly, that they are unwilling to part with any of it to others, especially to Irish Papists.

Another object of the same society was, according to Mr. McGregor, "to watch the Nunneries." Now really this is kind of Mr. McGregor and his friends, and a delicate mark of attention on their part, for which we are at a loss how, in suitable terms, to express our thanks. To appreciate it at its proper value, we must bear in mind what, upon unexceptionable Protestant testimony, is the moral condition of a very considerable portion of the female Protestant population of Great Britain. We must remember that, if statistics may be relied upon, the phenomenon of the "unmarried mother"—almost unknown amongst the benighted Papists of Ireland—is so common in England and Scotland, as not only to excite no surprise; but as to be the rule, rather than the exception, amongst a very large section of the enlightened Protestants of the Sister Isle. And yet so intent are the members of the "Protestant Alliance" of this Mr. McGregor and his friends, upon the welfare of us—we fear ungrateful—Papists, that neglecting altogether the corruption, and moral putridity at their own doors, they devote their entire energies, mental and bodily, to keeping a strict "watch on the nunneries." Dear kind-hearted men! we wonder that it never struck them that they might find plenty of occupation in keeping "watch" over their own households; and that a portion at least of their vigilance might very profitably be devoted to the superintendence of their own families, of their own wives, sisters and daughters—lest peradventure, the latter should, from want of looking after, "play the fool." Eh—Mr. McGregor! don't you think that the members of your Society would find enough to do, were they to leave the nunneries alone for a season, and to "watch their own homes?" Charity begins at home you know.

Of course such a distinguished Protestant lecturer as is this Mr. McGregor, "an active member and manager," as the *Herald* assures us, of several "religious and benevolent London Societies"—a man too who, as we learn from the same authority, wears a good coat, with everything handsome about him, and what is more, is as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Montreal—who appears before us moreover "with a full head of hair, arranged with great compactness" (vide *Herald*)—of course we say, such a man, so highly favoured by grace and nature, so richly endowed by his tailor and the hair-dresser, could not fail to "improve the occasion" by relating to his admiring audience in Zion Church, some pleasant little "Maria-Monk" anecdotes, illustrative of the horrors of Popery in general and Nunneries in particular; and of the great blessings which such an organization as the "Protestant Alliance" has conferred upon society. Not being bound over to keep the truth, and like all his tribe, entertaining no paltry scruples anent evil speaking, lying and slandering, Mr. McGregor waxed exceedingly eloquent and impressive upon the subject of Nunneries; and though, from a deficient development perhaps of the inventive faculties, he did not originate any fresh falsehoods, he retailed most of the old calumnies with a zest that showed that, if he had opportunities, and the abilities of a Maria Monk, he would prove a very formidable rival, even to that ultra-evangelical championess of the Holy Protestant Faith.

Mr. McGregor we observed was apparently intellectually incapable of originating a good Non-Popery lie; though morally, he approved himself an adept at retailing and ornamenting an old one. We need not therefore bore our readers by a recapitulation of this portion of the saintly man's discourse. Indeed we all know it by heart—How little girls and big girls were decoyed by Sisters of Charity into Nunneries, and there forcibly detained against their wills; how monsters in the guise of Romish priests, usurped the influence of the father, the husband or the brother; how "it was common for the nunneries in France to have corresponding institutions in England, and when a nun or her friends became troublesome, she is quietly slipped across the Channel"—all this, and much more of horrible and awful, did Mr. McGregor, with a total disregard of truth and grammar, inflict upon his hearers; but as our readers are of course, all

familiar with these modern Protestant romances—agreeable substitutes for those old legends which beguiled our youthful fancies, and wherein fair damsels were led away captives to gloomy dungeons by felon knights or remorseless barons—we need not pursue the subject any further. Suffice it to say that Mr. McGregor made a great sensation, and almost reconciled the fair daughters of "Our Zion" to the loss of the ob-scene but evangelical Gavazzi.

STRAINING OUT OF A GNAT, AND SWALLOWING A CAMEL.—That portion of the Upper Canada press which supports the present Ministry, and winks at the perjury by means of which they managed to secure their salaries, without running the risk of losing their seats in Parliament—is very anxious to exonerate the Governor-General from the imputation of having written a business note to Mr. Brown on Sunday. "Sabbath Breaking"—for so these canting gentry term the act of writing a letter upon a Sunday—is a crime of so deep a die, that the Governor-General must not for a moment be allowed to remain under the awful imputation.

Perjury, however—wilful and deliberate perjury—the solemn invocation of the name of Jehovah, the ever Blessed Triune God, to a cold blooded lie—is, according to the system of ethics most in vogue amongst Protestants, but a venial offence as compared with what in their barbarous jargon they entitle "Sabbath Breaking." And so, though it is not denied even, that for the mere sake of avoiding a fresh appeal to their several constituencies, the members of the present Ministry did, with the full knowledge and consent of the Governor General, perpetrate as deliberate and blasphemous an act of perjury as ever was perpetrated by the hiring witness at the Old Bailey—did, to save themselves from the risk and expense of a new election contest, solemnly call Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to witness, that they would faithfully perform certain duties which at the very moment that they were thus blasphemously invoking the name of the Holy One, it was their firm intention not to perform—and although it cannot be denied that the Governor General was a consenting party to this disgusting act of sacrilege, and solemn mockery of God's Holy name—not one of his supporters, not one of the journals in the pay of the Ministry deems it worth its while to say one word upon the subject; does not make an attempt even, to defend the conduct of its patrons, or to palliate their infamous disregard of truth, and the sacred obligations of an oath.—They are all quite content that the Governor General should appear as the accomplice of perjurers, and as conniving at a blasphemous invocation of the name of God; but, so delicate is their moral sense, they will not allow it to be suspected even, that Sir Edmund Head could write or sign an official note on a Sunday! Out on ye hypocrites! you are like the Pharisees of old, or as the whitened sepulchres spoken of by Our Lord, whose name ye took in vain; fair without, and pleasant to behold, but within full of corruption, rottenness, and dead men's bones!—You insist upon a Judaical, yes more than a Judaical observance of the Sabbath amongst the people; but you hesitate not to set them an example of disregard for truth, and of contempt for Him Who is the Lord of the Sabbath!

RELIGION AND POLITICS.—"Why should there be a Catholic party at all?" asks the *Toronto Colonist* of the 18th inst., in an editorial wherein he deprecates the attitude assumed by the Catholic electors of Toronto; and delivers himself of the opinion that "religion and politics have very little in common." Why then "should there be a Catholic party at all?"

The answer is obvious. Because there is a very powerful, and a very virulent anti-Catholic party, which avows as the leading principle of its policy the design of establishing Protestant Ascendancy throughout the Province. But for the existence of this Anti-Catholic party, and the dangers with which it menaces us, there would be no "Catholic party at all." As it is, the formation of a Catholic party, with a well defined policy, is a measure of self-defence which the Orangemen and the Brownites have forced upon us. When Orangism shall have become defunct, and George Brown shall have ceased to trouble us, then, but not before, will a "Catholic party" cease to exist.

There is a necessity for a "Catholic party," because, as the *Colonist* well knows, there is a strong party in the Legislature, and throughout Upper Canada, which insists upon imposing upon us by Legislative enactments, a system of education to which we are, as Catholics, conscientiously opposed. They are the aggressors; we, if we form ourselves into a political party, with a distinctive policy, do so, not from choice, but from necessity. The day that shall witness the abandonment of this Anti-Catholic policy by the Protestants of Upper Canada, will witness also the dissolution of the "Catholic party," and the re-establishment of harmony betwixt all classes of society in the Upper Province. But of this the *Colonist* may rest assured that, so long as his friends continue to persecute, so long will we

persevere in our resistance. We pretend not to dictate to Protestants how their children shall be educated; but as the Lord liveth, so neither will we allow them the slightest control, direct or indirect, over the education of our children.

These then are the terms upon which we are prepared to disband, and lay down our arms—that our enemies shall, simultaneously, break up their distinctive "politico-religious" organisations; abandon at once and for ever, all projects tending to the establishment of a "Protestant Ascendancy" in Canada, and shall renounce all attempts to coerce us into the adoption of a system of education which we detest. Upon these terms a speedy and permanent peace may be concluded betwixt the contending parties; but if our Protestant fellow-citizens reject these terms, they and they alone are to blame for the evils which must inevitably follow a prolongation of hostilities.

MIXED SCHOOLS.—We have been favored with the sight of a letter from a person connected with one of our Canadian "mixed" schools; and therefore well conversant with the workings, and practical effects of that system of education for which the Catholics of Uupper Canada are compelled to pay. The writer says:—

"In these mixed-schools, the children never learn one word of religion, for the Master dare not talk of it."  
Of the consequences of this important omission, the writer gives us some striking instances. He asked, he says, a grown up boy, the son of Methodist parents, if he could repeat the "Ten Commandments," but could get no answer.—The children of Catholic parents betrayed an ignorance equally profound and melancholy; and indeed, the writer, himself a Catholic, admits, that the deleterious moral effects of "mixed" education are more strikingly manifested in the Catholic, than in the Protestant pupils. "I believe" he says and says truly, "that of all creation a bad Catholic is the worst object in society;" and he adds, that in many instances the children of Irish and French Canadian Catholics, live like heathens—or worse than heathens—like dogs and swine; filthy in their aspect; more filthy still in their manners and conversation; filthiest of all in the condition of their immortal souls.

Not only are these Canadian Schools "mixed," as with reference to the religious denominations of the pupils, but as to the sexes. Boys and girls, of the age of puberty, under this abominable system imported from the United States, herd promiscuously together, and the consequences, may easily be foreseen. Upon this topic the writer speaks strongly; but decency forbids us to enter into all the disgusting details; or to lay before our readers the full extent of the abominations which he reveals to us. We can but glance rapidly at this part of our subject.

It seems then that the pupils in our "mixed" schools have imported the "Free Love" system from the United States; and that amongst them, that system of impurity is in active operation.—"Young girls at 14 years of age are prostitutes," says the writer; and a system of bestiality prevails amongst the pupils of our Canadian "common" schools, of which even the habituated and hardened inmates of a brothel would be ashamed. In vain have efforts been made by the master of the school more particularly alluded to, to keep the boys and girls separate, especially during the play-hour at noon; the pupils laugh his remonstrances to scorn; and the parents, though cautioned of the inevitable consequences of the improper intimacy, have shown themselves in too many instances utterly indifferent to the moral welfare of their children.—But alas! how can we expect that Catholic parents, who allow their children to attend a "mixed" school, should themselves retain any very strong regard for decency or morality?

Such are the fruits of "State Schoolism" upon the faith and morals of the rising generation. Of its evils Protestants are not ignorant; and we ask them—will they not, for their own sakes, for the sake of their little ones, will they not join us, Papists though we be, in our assault upon the monster? They are parents as we are; they love their children as we do ours; and there is not one amongst them who makes any profession of Christianity at all, who will not with the Catholic agree in condemning the educational system in vogue in Upper Canada as ruinous to faith and morals. Upon this point, all that is most respectable, and most worthy of the name of Christian in the Protestant community is on our side; and we see not why, though upon many other points we differ widely, upon this one we should not make common cause, and side by side fight the good fight for "Freedom of Education."

SCRIPTURE-CHOPPING.—We find in the *Christian Inquirer* (Protestant) of the 21st inst., the following important and suggestive admission:—

"The Bible has been so far cut into independent chapters, and verses, that almost any opinion, however ridiculous or wicked, can be sustained by a show of plausible quotations."  
In other words, the Bible is as a nose of wax, which every one can mould after his own fashion.

THE GALWAY OCEAN STEAMERS.

On Friday last, the Lady Eglinton, a very fine and fast, though not large, iron screw steamer, belonging to the London and Dublin Steam Packet Company, reached Montreal direct from Galway.

The Lady Eglinton is the first vessel of a projected line by which it is proposed to establish regular steam communication between the western capital of Ireland and the Saint Lawrence. She is commanded by Capt. Bishop, her original master, and made the run from Galway to the Gulf within eight days.

That a class of steamers which could at all compare with those already running from Liverpool to this port, for speed, safety, and accommodation, running to and from Galway, would be certain of a full share of freight and traffic, both Canadian and American, we see no cause to doubt.

The ancient town and port of Galway may be very briefly described. The latitude is 53, 15° north; longitude 8, 58° west.

The enormous water-power in and above Galway (calculated by Mr. Bald at 100,000 horse-power) is another element of calculation in the chances of her future commercial greatness.

The enterprise, of which the Lady Eglinton now at our docks is the vanguard, can hardly be considered an unfriendly rival, to that which Mr. Lever, and other spirited capitalists, have established between Galway and New York.

As we go to press, we learn that it is likely some appropriate recognition will be made by our Irish fellow-citizens of the presence in our port of the Pioneer steamship of the Galway and Montreal line.

This is another admirable illustration of the "love of fair play" for which Anglo-Saxon Protestantism is distinguished. That Catholics should be compelled to pay for Protestant chaplains—that the spiritual wants of the Protestant portion of the army should be provided for at the public expence—is all right enough.

Not that we feel inclined to give much credit to the Derby administration for their paltry concession of a long delayed right; for—the Montreal Witness notwithstanding—we insist that the Catholic soldier has as good a right as has the Protestant, to the services of a chaplain.

No! this paltry instalment of justice has been wrung from our rulers by the force of circumstances. Catholic soldiers are necessary to Great Britain at the present juncture; but Catholics would not enlist so long as the old iniquitous system of exclusive privileges in favor of Protestants was adhered to; and so, as the consequence of the military exigencies of the British Empire, and the inflexible determination of the Catholics of Ireland to be placed in all respects on an equal footing with their Protestant brethren, the Government of the day has found itself compelled to grant to a strong and timely applied pressure that which it has hitherto obstinately refused to the claims of justice.

We would earnestly recommend to the serious attention of the members of the French Canadian Missionary Society, and those other organisations instituted for the avowed purpose of relieving the "spiritual destitution" of the Catholics of Lower Canada, the following extracts from the Edinburgh Weekly Herald; showing how far more severe, how far more deserving of the immediate application of a remedy, is the "spiritual destitution" of their own countrymen, the Protestants of England.

"From the voluminous minutes of evidence which they have published, we collect that the Church of England—the boasted 'Church of the poor,' the legally constituted instructor of the masses and guardian of the souls of all who are too poor or too improvident to undertake the burden of religious supervision for themselves—has, in dealing with those classes, fallen miserably short of its aim and its duty. Churches there are in profusion in those districts, close-cropped divines in 'coat of formal cut' dispense the mysteries of the Anglican confessional—Slumbrous doctors of divinity by the score may be found any Sunday afternoon declaiming decorously to congregations of from twenty to a hundred persons, in those central districts of the metropolis, formerly the residence of the opulent traders and the 'Plutocracy,' now occupied exclusively as shops and warehouses, and deserted on Sundays by all but the servants or clerks who may be left in charge of such establishments.

"A Royal Commission in 1833 recommended that arrangements should be made for resuming the property of seat-towns throughout the large towns, and that for the future seat-towns should only be let for short terms; but it is much easier for Churchmen to declaim about the spiritual wants of the people than to take proper measures for carrying even so simple a reform into effect; and so it is, that after five-and-twenty years of lamentation, the city churches are still half empty, while thousands of poor people who might be induced to visit the churches, more frequently if they knew they had a right to enter, are debarred from worshipping God in temples which profess to have been founded in an especial sense for the poor and indigent."

The Montreal Herald, whilst condemning the interruption offered to Mr. Beaudry by the crowd around the hustings, at the nomination, asserts that the aggressors were for the most part French Canadians. As it has been attempted to throw the blame of the disturbance on the Irish of Grifintown, we are glad of this opportunity to refute an impudent calumny. The Herald says:—"We, of course, do not approve of the refusal to hear any set of men on any legitimate occasion, and, therefore, condemn the discourtesy offered to Mr. Beaudry at the hustings. But the attempt to make out the interruptions offered to that gentleman to be the concerted action of a party, is utterly without foundation. The truth is, that of all the nominations we have ever seen, the one on Tuesday was that in which there was the least concerted action—No crowd attended Mr. Dorion to the ground, though there were with him several of the most respectable mercantile men, both of British and French origin; and no procession, nor any men in bodies, appeared at the hustings. Those who were present were there spontaneously, and from one-half to about two-thirds were French-Canadians, whose conduct is easily explained by the long-standing and well-known personal unpopularity of Mr. Beaudry among his own countrymen, arising from causes other than merely political ones. It was these persons chiefly who manifested their contempt for the candidate."

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DEAR SIR—After seven months of comparative peace and quiet, we are on the eve of a new election for a member for the Legislative Assembly. For the first time within the memory of our oldest citizens, the Catholics of Toronto are, I may say, precluded from the right of voting, since they can hardly do it conscientiously. Our choice is between two bad men. Some acting upon the principle—"Between two evils choose the least"—are inclined to vote for Brown in preference to Cameron. If the rule hold good on the occasion, and if vote they must, I think of the two, George Brown is the better man; I have special reason for asserting it. Time and discretion do not permit me to state the grounds of my assertion; but I hope you will give me credit for honesty and sincerity.

No matter how the Toronto election goes, the Catholic will have to reckon another enemy in the House; whether George Brown, or the Orange Cameron be defeated, the Catholic will also have cause to thank God for the defeat and humiliation of a foe. We do not, therefore, participate in our correspondent's feelings with regard to the Toronto election; and since no Catholic is, or can be compelled to vote either for Brown or Cameron, we do not see why Catholics should be called upon to give any assistance to either candidate. The best thing that can happen to us is that our enemies, like the famous Kilkenny cats, should mutually tear one another to pieces.

The Collection taken up at St. Patrick's, St. Anne's, and St. Bridget's churches on Sunday the 15th inst., for the poor of the Irish congregation, amounted to the very handsome sum of Two hundred and sixteen Dollars. Considering the hardness of the times, and the numerous claims made upon our Irish friends, they have good cause to be satisfied with this result.

We have been requested to state that the day fixed for the opening of the classes for the Pupils of the Convent of the "Sacred Heart"—Sault au Recollet—is Thursday the 9th of September.

Speaking of the Brown-Dorion coalition, the Toronto Colonist, a strongly pronounced opponent of the Brown administration, and the Brown candidature at Toronto, has the following remarks:—"The business of pacifying a theatrical patriot like Mr. Drummond, and a heavy-shod motion like Mr. Thibodeau—requires that not only shall confession be made by the Clear Grit Chiefs for the errors of the past, but that the strictest guarantees shall be given for good behaviour in the future; and such guarantee was verily given. A document still extant was prepared, which fully saved Mr. Drummond and his compatriots from a dishonourable compromise; and, so far, the Conservative Liberals of the Province can have no quarrel with the Catholic stipulations. The gentlemen representing Rome made their own bargain, and made it with skill and prudence. They killed the sectarian demon with wonderful cleverness."

Sir—This "Municipal City"—the present Capital of Canada—has never had a more severe attack of political excitement than she labors under at the present moment.

The artful dodges of the McDonald-Gartier administration, aided by that remnant of "small and will" aristocracy, Governor Head have, as you are aware, succeeded in ousting Mr. Brown and nine of his friends from the House, at least for a time. Now whatever may have been the faults of Mr. Brown, it is acknowledged on all sides that the means used in this artful dodge were low in the extreme; and that Governor Head was only demonstrated more clearly that he is not the man for Canada. It is not long since this same Head insulted the Catholics of this Province by giving a public reception to the Orangemen of Toronto; and, if I mistake not, petitions, asking for his withdrawal, were duly forwarded to the Queen. It is to be hoped that ere long similar petitions may emanate from another quarter, and then we may hope to be freed from this "second edition" of the Head family—a race peculiarly odious to the Canadian people.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Cameron are the two candidates in the field for the representation of Toronto; and I can assure you each party is putting forth all his strength, foul and fair, in order to gain the ascendancy. Meetings are nightly, yes, hourly, held in every quarter of the city. Crowds of politicians throng the sidewalks, and inflammatory posters cover every spare fence, or wall, in the city. Mr. Brown's meetings are "put down" and obstructed by Mr. Cameron's rowdies, and Mr. Cameron's meetings are served in like manner by Mr. Brown's friends—Each party bids high for Catholic support; and now there is not one word in the Globe about "Horrible Disclosures," or "Nunnery Scrapes."—Oh no; this is not the time to abuse the Papists!

Yesterday, the celebration, commemorating the laying of the Telegraph Cable, came off with great eclat. The artillery companies, fire companies, and public bands, all did their best to render the occasion a great one. But there is one point worthy of note. Among all the banners, emblems, and mottoes, there was not one word about poor Ireland; although it is her shore which gives a resting place

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We cannot conclude this article without expressing our contempt for the conduct for some of the Upper Canadian quasi liberal press, who in 1856 thundered forth the indignation of the people against Governor Head, for his public reception of the Orangemen of Toronto, and for his official recognition of the "Brethren," but who, now, in 1858, assume the livery of their master, and are among the strongest supporters of Sir Edmund Head—mark the difference—for his manly stand against the encroachments of Clear-Gritism!!! Our unalterable principles are these;—the Chief Magistrate of the State should know no party; he should not constitute himself a judge of men or measures, he should not allow himself to be swayed by any consideration; or do anything partaking of party feeling—his duty is to see that the constitution is sacredly kept; not to assume the post of Prime Minister, or leader of the Opposition, and when he does so, it is utterly folly to bespeak for him the respect due to the Sovereign; such an individual can be classed only with the Craigs and Sydenhams.—Quebec Herald.

MURDER IN TORONTO.—At an early hour on Sunday morning the residents of St. Patrick's Ward were thrown into a state of great excitement by a report that a man had been murdered in a house at the corner of Queen and Bishop streets. The facts, so far as can be learned, are as follows:—it appears that a young man named Patrick Grogan had, along with some other persons, been attending a wake, and having left the house where it was held about two o'clock on Sunday morning, they went to the residence of John Ringold, on Bishop Street, near Queen. Here the party attempted to gain entrance, alleging as a reason that they wanted a drink of water, and stating that it was a house of bad fame. Ringold ordered them to leave the premises, which they did, but immediately returned and burst open the door. Grogan, it is stated, was the first to enter, when he was met by Ringold, who caught up an axe or cleaver and struck the unfortunate man a fearful blow on the left shoulder, severing the arm from the body, breaking three of his ribs, and cutting a number of the main arteries. Grogan started back and said, "I am murdered," and falling to the ground, he almost immediately expired. An alarm was speedily given, and Constable Wilks was soon on the spot and apprehended Ringold, who acknowledged that it was he who had given the fatal blow. An inquest was held yesterday before Coroner Dugran. Ringold was examined and gave evidence similar to the above narrative. He was then committed to goal on the Coroner's warrant and the inquest adjourned.

On Wednesday, the 18th instant, in St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, by the Rev. Mr. Cazeau, Vicar General, Leonard Morrogh, Esq., Solicitor, of Dublin to Wilhelmina, second daughter of Edward Ryan, Esq., of Quebec.

In this city, on the 23rd instant, Mr. John H. Grace, aged 35 years. In this city, on Wednesday, the 25th instant, Mr. John Levey, of this city, aged 44 years.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES. August 24, 1858. Table listing various goods and their prices, including Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Peas, Beans, Buckwheat, Flax Seed, Onions, Potatoes, Beef, Mutton, Pork, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Turkeys, Geese, Fowls, Hay, Straw, Ashes, and Pearls.

General Advertiser Sep. 12, 1857.—At this season of the year, when cholera, cholera morbus, dysentery and other kindred complaints are sure to prevail, everybody should be liberally supplied with Perry Duggan's Vegetable Pain Killer. Persons leaving home, whether it be for a day's excursion or a trip to Europe, should be in a condition to place their hands on it at a moment's warning. Many diseases incident to the Summer months, which will prove fatal if not immediately checked, can be promptly cured by one or two doses of the Pain Killer. On more than one occasion have we been relieved of intense suffering by the timely use of the above-named preparation.

THE LADIES OF THE CONGREGATION CONVENT, at SHERBROOKE, C. E., will RE-OPEN their CLASSES on the FIRST of SEPTEMBER next.

SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY. SPECIAL MEETING. A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY will be held at ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on FRIDAY EVENING, the 27th inst., at EIGHT o'clock P.M., to take into consideration the INVITATION of the CORPORATION to join in the approaching CELEBRATION of the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

A LUXURY FOR HOME. IF our readers would have a positive Luxury for the Toilet, purchase a Bottle of the "Persian Balm" for Cleansing the Teeth, Shaving, Chamooing, Bathing; Removing Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sun-marks, and all disagreeable appearances of the skin. It is unequalled. No Traveller should be without this beautiful preparation; as it soothes the Burning sensation of the Skin while Travelling, and renders it soft. No person can have Sore or Chapped Hands, or Face, and use the "Persian Balm" at their Toilet. Try this get a "Home Luxury."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

No one who is acquainted with the sanguine nature of Italian politicians will doubt that the recent conference between the Emperor Napoleon and Count Cavour has given a further fillip to the confident hopes they have for some past entertained that France is disposed to favor and assist their cause. Ever since the publication of Orsini's letters such hopes have been growing—thanks to the cherishing nurture they found in the ardent heads and hearts of Italian patriots—and predictions have been not unfrequently heard, especially in Piedmont, that at no very distant day the Imperial legions will assail Austria on one side, while the stout little army of Victor Emmanuel will cross the Ticino to revenge an forgotten reverse on a detested foe, and to co-operate in the liberation of Lombardy. We scarcely needed the information brought to us by letters from Turin to feel convinced that the interview at Plombières, the friendly reception given by the Emperor to the distinguished Sardinian statesman, and the long conference they held, caused great satisfaction in Piedmont, and were the theme of every conversation, and we can well imagine the magnificent aerial castles that have been constructed on so promising a basis. It is, doubtless, a mere coincidence, but there is a certain warlike tint in the news today from Turin. The fortifications of Alessandria are being, we read, rapidly carried on.—General della Marmora has been to visit the military school at Asti. In Lombardy, we are told, the reforms promised by Austria are looked upon as of very small advantage to the country, and they will be of none at all to the Austrian Government in the way of winning the affection or adhesion of its Italian subjects, who are resolved to remain unalloyed so long as a German remains in authority over them. Doubtless the Lombardo-Venetians are speculating, even more eagerly than the Piedmontese, on what passed between Napoleon and Cavour. Of this all that has yet reached me is a statement that the Emperor recommended the Minister to observe a moderate course in his communications with foreign Powers.—Paris Correspondent of the Times.

It appears from the *Moniteur*, that the Governments of France and England have come to an understanding with the Porte with reference to the recent horrible events at Jeddah with a view to due reparation. The Western Powers have insisted upon, and obtained the promise of a strict investigation into the conduct of the Ottoman authorities. All persons found guilty are to be severely punished, and indemnities paid to all the sufferers by the towns, which have had any share in the massacre. Austria claims an indemnity likewise, for those of her subjects, who have suffered from the civil war ravaging Bosnia, so that it is likely Turkey will have to pay dearly for her fanaticism.—*Weekly Register*.

Under the heading "The Emperor and the Queen of England," the *Patrie* publishes the following article:—

"At the moment we are penning these lines a great historical picture is being unrolled in one of our most important maritime ports. The Emperor and the Empress make their entrance into Cherbourg, where they are to receive the visit of the Queen of England. An immense concourse of people belonging to the two allied countries throng round their footsteps, and it is on that point that for a moment the eyes of the world are turned; for there is not a man who does not understand that no empty show is here meant, and that beneath the pomp of these Imperial fetes there lies in reality a great political fact. The Emperor and the Queen are about to meet on a spot which attests the power of France, in face of those gigantic defences created by art and nature like castles on the ocean, and which a railway will henceforth connect with every strategic movement of our coast. On this spot will be uncovered the statue of Napoleon I., inaugurated by his successor in presence of the Sovereign of Great Britain. Not only Queen Victoria, but many of her Ministers and a great number of English subjects will be present at this spectacle, and will have an opportunity of contemplating our fine fleet and admirable port, the plan of which, conceived by the genius of the First Consul, has just received its final execution after the lapse of nearly half a century. What is the meaning of this imposing historical scene? What impressions is it calculated to leave upon the public mind? What influence may it exercise on events? This is a question which the political world must put to itself before we come to the narration of those splendid festivities. England is justly proud of her naval power. For a long time there was none to counterbalance it. We do not hesitate to say that it was a misfortune for the whole of Europe, and, perhaps, also a danger for Great Britain itself. Ambition without a curb is always attended with danger. The best curb to keep it within bounds is, if not fear, at least respect for a neighbor who knows how to make himself feared if he likes. If Napoleon I. had possessed a navy equal to his army, the peace of Amiens would not have been broken so suddenly, and we should have been spared 15 years of terrible warfare. The struggle he had to maintain, and for which so much blood was shed, is to be attributed to the fact that the naval force of France was not in proportion to her military force. Napoleon saw this with his prompt and sure glance when he visited Cherbourg, and ordered by a decree, signed with his own hand (April 15, 1803) the construction of the works which have just been completed. He understood that the greatness and safety of France could never be sure unless she could maintain a struggle by sea as well as by land, and make herself formidable to the naval as well as the continental Powers. That idea of the Emperor Napoleon I. is now realized. The Baltic and Black Sea have shown what was to be expected from the French navy. The activity of our arsenals has sufficed for all our wants, in like manner as the admirable courage and endurance of our crews withstood every trial. Materials, crews, officers, and men, everything proved during the late war the immense

progress in our naval organization. Cherbourg is the solemn consecration of this new status.—The Queen of England in proceeding there does not simply perform an act of gracious courtesy; she performs an act of deep political meaning. The Anglo-French alliance is all the more solid because it is based upon the common necessity of the greatness of the two nations, and on the general interests of civilization. If one were strong and the other weak, the alliance might be sincere, but it would not be lasting, for it would humiliate the one that it protected. The only firm bond between States is that which satisfies their interests without hurting their dignity. The Emperor and the Queen by meeting at Cherbourg give to the world a proof of their reciprocal confidence in their common greatness; they attest by this solemn meeting that this power of each of the two great naval Powers of Europe is not a menace for the other, and that it is the invincible guarantee of the cause of right and of civilization."

An article in the *Siecle* on the approaching meeting of the Sovereigns of England and France contains the following passages:—

"The interview at Cherbourg has assumed the character of a great political event. The policy of good sense, the policy of the moral and material interests of the country, has triumphed. Great is the disappointment of the party representing religious intolerance. We do not know whether our partiality for the English alliance blinds us, but we recognise in the step of the Queen of powerful England not only much skill, but a sentiment of strength, and a noble unselfishness, which must strike the attention of the world."

The *Univers* protests against the pacific interpretation given to the Cherbourg works. It exclaims:—"A great nation should always boldly avow its acts, and never permit them to be misrepresented. Let us proclaim aloud that Cherbourg has been created by a hostile feeling towards England, and that otherwise its creation would have been unnecessary. The position of Cherbourg is so significant that, as an English journal has admitted, it forces Great Britain to keep a squadron always prepared for action.—The French nation understands these advantages, a fact which explains the immense interest it takes in Cherbourg. Nations possess instincts which are never deceived. This port, the advanced sentinel on the way to England, which watches Portsmouth and Plymouth, proclaims to Great Britain that the French navy is resuscitated. Those who still love their country and are jealous of its greatness and glory ought to be vain of Cherbourg."

NAVAL FETES AT CHERBOURG.—"The name of this old Norman town and harbor is probably at this moment better known than its exact position. Railway companies and steamboat proprietors—those posters of the sea and land—are doubtless placarding every corner with their readiness to convey half the community to the Imperial Fetes, and Cherbourg (with tickets for the voyage and return) is as familiar to all eyes as large letters can make it. But, if a considerable section of the intending excursionists were asked if they knew exactly whether they were going, could they give a precise answer? Calais and Boulogne the public know as the gates through which pour the streams of English travel; but Cherbourg is more distant—it is not a port of arrival or departure; it is not on the road to Paris or anywhere else; it has no great trade like Havre. If visited at all, it has been visited for itself, and the recent experience of those who attempted a friendly look in has not been happy. One party of pleasure-seekers, at least, returned without much acquired knowledge of the localities. Authority will perhaps be better instructed on the present auspicious occasion; but, as any hitch in the machinery of passports may keep thousands afloat, a slight sketch of what they may possibly not see may be useful."

"The exact position of Cherbourg may be better described than by quoting latitude and longitude from the Admiralty chart, or its bearings by compass from Dover, information superfluous to the pilots and useless to everybody else. Briefly, then, if the Isle of Wight could cut loose from its moorings, and drift in nearly a straight line across the Channel, it would be received in the arms of two capes, which terminate the great peninsula of the coast of Normandy. Into the bay between these points the little island would nearly fit and fill up the hollow. In the deepest recess of this bay, and at the centre of its shore, lies the town of Cherbourg. It is nearly equidistant from Plymouth, Weymouth, and Portsmouth; those places would be cut by three lines radiating from Cherbourg like the sticks of a fan. This illustration is not strictly scientific, and might be fatal to a candidate in a competitive examination, but it is sufficient for all practical purposes. Between the French port and the English coast roll 80 or 70 good miles of ocean; and, when you have inspected Cherbourg, you will not wish the Channel one league less in breadth."

"The town itself, it need scarcely be said, is not the place—it is the least important part of it; the real Cherbourg consists of the harbor, the military port, the breakwater, and the fortifications. Cherbourg would be nearly all it is if the town did not exist. The immense works are not intended for its defence only; its little export and coasting trade does not require those moles, piers, quays, and armed towers the foundations of which are driven into the deep. The works front the town, and flank it on each side, and rise behind it. All that the art of the military engineer can do to give strength to the natural position has been done; the position has called the works into existence, and the works are the place; the town is only an accident, not a essential part of it."

"But turn to the military port, and it is a different thing. That establishment is the real Cherbourg.—Measurements of yards and fathoms sometimes give but an indefinite idea of size. Some notion of the extent of the arsenal of Cherbourg may, however, be formed from this fact:—The town contains about 30,000 inhabitants, and the area of the whole place is not equal to half that of the military port inside the fortifications. The very mast-pond of the establishment is nearly as large as the harbor of commerce. The arsenal is all in all. The breakwater, the seagirt forts of the road, are also immense works, but merely defensive against the ocean or an attacking enemy. The military port is defensive too, but something besides; it is a vast instrument of war, complete within itself, and perfectly organized. It was planned, founded, constructed, and is now nearly completed, under the influence of one idea, which colors all the descriptions of it, old or recent; the Bourbons, the First Republic, the First Empire, the restored Bourbons, the Citizen Monarchy,—it is the work of all of them; but the Consular and the Empire, more than any of these, created it. Cherbourg is another "Napoleonic idea,"—at last realized."

"The military port forms the western extremity of the inner road of the bay; it is divided from the western end of the town by fortifications, with fosse and bastions, sweeping in a semicircle inland and abutting on the rocky shore of the bay, which washes the walls of the part facing the harbour and breakwater. There is only one entrance from the land

side, strongly fortified. Within the enceinte is the most perfect arsenal in the world. It includes in itself all the means of fitting out an armament. A ship of war might be built from the keel, launched, rigged, armed, and manned, without quitting its basin, from which it would pass to the ocean, quite ready to engage an enemy. The continuation into the enceinte of the railroad from Paris, which is projected, will increase its capabilities. It may be connected with any inland camp, and the embarkation of troops become only a calculation of hours. This continuation of the road from the capital to the quays of the arsenal has yet to be made; but, exclusive of this work, the completeness of all the arrangements is what strikes an observer, even more than the size of the place. In our different naval establishments of Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Woolwich we have ample means of affecting the same things, but more than one of them would have to contribute to the result; our powers are, as it is our custom to make them, or to permit them to be, scattered. The French system is to concentrate means and force, and nowhere can that concentration be seen at work more effectively than at Cherbourg. A ship-of-war could be built, her guns cast, and her crew held in reserve in barracks, on the same spot of ground. The instrument is perfect."

"To give the history of the rise and progress of this port would require a volume. Modern as it is, it has its comparative antiquity. All that belongs to Louis XIV. and Vauban, for instance, are its dark ages; nothing remains of them. Vauban's plans exist, but they are superseded; the works he began were soon stopped, and what he built was afterwards destroyed. Louis XVI. began the breakwater, with the leading idea of making Cherbourg a harbour of refuge—as it is now, and one of the best in the Channel. The breakwater is in itself a beneficent work, giving shelter and smooth water to the tempest-tost of all nations; but there is a grim-looking fort between each end of it and the land, and a fort on each extremity of the work, and another on the centre of it. Every part of the inner road and each entrance is crossed and swept by cannon. But to return to the military port. The First Republic and the Convention were patriotic enough in feeling and Cherbourg was not absolutely forgotten by them; but funds often failed, and the works as they were then planned went on slowly, with so many suspensions, that even local historians ceased in despair to note them. The Directory used such of the forts as were finished to confine political prisoners. The Consular was the great era of Cherbourg. Napoleon hurried on the works that had been commenced, and planned others, which have since made the military port what it is; it bears his caquet in every part, with grandeur as a whole, and perfect fitness in details. One of the two large docks was inaugurated by the Empress Maria Theresa; the third, or inner basin, larger than either of the others, is the one planned by Napoleon; and the immersion, or filling this dock, is now to take place in the presence of the Emperor and Empress."

After the fall of Napoleon, and under the Restoration, Cherbourg collapsed, and it even disappears from history for more than 20 years; the most that Charles X. knew of the harbour was from having to embark at it for his last exile. The renaissance of the place was under Louis Philippe, and it again figured in the budget of the State. But still the operations languished; the excavations of Napoleon's dock was very hard work, for it is dug out of the solid rock. From all that can be gathered from the rather veiled censure of modern writers, it appears that a "department" got hold of it, and the "circumlocution" system was in rather full force. The great excavation became a suit in Chancery, always peddled with, and never proceeding. But the last and brightest era was at hand. Under the Second Empire this apparently interminable work has been finished. A few days, or rather hours, more, and the sea will be let into the artificial bed that has been so long making for it."

"This dock is, in fact, one of the grandest parts of the arsenal. The two old docks open to the bay; the new one is inside them, in the very centre of the place, and can only be reached by passing through the others. It is now the great object of popular curiosity, especially to the country people; the peasant class almost besiege the gates for permits to visit it, which must be obtained at the Department of Marine. They are freely and politely given, and the only difficulty is in providing the number that are asked for."

"The basin itself is not larger than many separate docks we have at home; but it is very deep, and the masonry, in solid granite, of the most finished workmanship. Its peculiarities are these,—the inner side and the two ends are grooved with slips for repairing large vessels; they can be floated into these slips, shut in by floodgates, and when the water is pumped out, as it will be by pumps of high power, they are in a dry dock. There are seven of these docks within the basin. It is this combination that gives the work its importance; the power of building a ship of war, or seven such vessels, in one artificial dock and launching them, quite independently of all the caucies and impediments of tide, is a very valuable one; the same facility, of course, is available for the embarkation of troops and stores, though in this respect the outer basins are as convenient as the newer work."

"The preparations for letting in the water are not yet completed; across the northern entrance men are busily raising a vast dam of earth and sand, exactly like the embankment of a settlement of beavers, very broad at the base, and tapering up to the top, ramming the materials well down as the mass rises. This will be the *ne plus ultra* of the water up to the given moment, when a sufficient section of the barrier will be broken off by the springing of a mine; the water, rushing over, will gradually sweep away the rest. The rash of the element is to be the grand point of the spectacle of the immersion. It is calculated that the dock will be four hours filling."

"At the present moment vast chain cables are stretched across the floor of the excavation; the pipes of the pumping machinery are visible on the same level. A few workmen, looking absolutely small, from the great height of the quay, are crawling about the area, and from a wooden hut in the very centre of it smoke is rising from the stovepipe, as if the inmates were building his coffee; short is the space of time and coffee will boil on that spot no more. The peasants gather round the excavation and look in, and hold their very babies over to look also; if one of them should drop! It is 70 feet sheer down, and the bottom is solid granite. Happily, I have not to report any small human sacrifice. It is not quite certain, from the intense anxiety manifested to see the dock of Napoleon, that the country people do not expect to see something of the great man in it; really, to mental eye, much of his spirit is visible. He thought all this once—he has passed away, but it is done. It is only a part of his history that has been deferred."—*Paris Correspondent of Times*.

BELGIUM.

The Belgian deputies, by a majority of 53 to 39, have rejected the Government measure for the fortification of Antwerp. The measure was a disclosure of the universal feeling of distrust and insecurity which prevails the mind of Europe, and had special reference to the supposed designs or possible necessities of the French Emperor. In case of war, the old "cock-pit of Europe" would again be overrun with foreign armies, and the first move would be the occupation of Belgium, by its French neighbours. It was, therefore, proposed by means of an entrenched camp, in which the monarchy and Government might take refuge, to make Antwerp the citadel of Belgium, where a defence could be protracted till assistance should arrive. The rejection of the Bill is a French triumph, and so far may be considered a disappointment both to Austria and England.—*Tribune*.

ITALY.—According to letters from Turin, the recent conference between the Emperor of the French and Count de Cavour at Plombières was on the general situation of the affairs of Italy; and terminated in a strong recommendation from His Majesty to the Minister to adopt a moderate and circumspect policy both towards Austria and Naples.

INDIA.

The details brought by the Bombay mail are decidedly of a more cheering character, although it is certain that in many places we are unable to protect the native chiefs who are loyal to our rule from the revenge of the natives. The papers have this week contained a communication from Colonel Talloch, announcing the capture of Nena Sahib, which, however, for the present, at least, we must be excused for believing. Such an important event, if true, must have been known to the Government, and it would not have been officially concealed for a moment.—*Weekly Register*.

Lord Canning's new proclamation to the Oude people is as follows:—The Right Honourable the Governor-General hereby notifies, for the information of all those concerned in the present rebellion, his ultimate views and intentions regarding principals, seconds, and followers engaged in the same, during the past twelve months.

To all parties immediately concerned in the murder of Christian British subjects, no hopes of pardon, on arrest, can be held out; they must pay the forfeit of the laws of this and every civilized country have decreed to a more brutal and gratuitous slaughter of the unprepared, the defenceless, and the innocent; they are out of the pale of humanity, and the magnitude of their offence while they live will ever call aloud for retribution. With these the British Government can make no terms.

To all those who have offered asylum to refugees or others, being the murderers of Christian British subjects, and know them to have been such, or who have been leading movers against the authority of the British Government, and have persistently acted throughout this rebellion against the constituted paramount power of the land, the Rt. Hon. the Governor-General can offer only terms of life: their punishment will be proportioned to the offences they have committed against the states. All those who shall surrender on or before the 30th September next, will have their lives guaranteed to them, after which date, should they still continue in arms, or in opposition to the Government, their several cases shall be summarily dealt with by the authority in whose hands they may chance to fall, whether civil or military.

To all others, second to principals, zemindars, scopyas disbanded, fugitives throughout the country, or any person whatsoever in arms against the Government, not acting on his own free will and authority but aiding and abetting some principal, the Right Hon. the Governor-General offers at once a general amnesty. Let them return to their homes and pursue their ordinary avocations, using their best endeavours to maintain peace and quiet. Their estates shall be guaranteed, and an act of oblivion thrown over the past. Should they, however, still continue to bear arms against the British power, they must bear the consequences of their own acts. The time for clemency will have passed away.

It is our sad duty to state that information has reached us of the death, from sun-stroke, of the Reverend P. Fairhurst, one of the heroic band of Catholic Priests who had ministered to the spiritual wants of the Catholic soldiers engaged in the Indian war. With regard to the other Indian Army Chaplains, we may add that the Rev. John Kyne is on his way to England, we regret to say in consequence of ill-health, and the Rev. Mr. Lecher is also stated to be somewhat indisposed.—*Weekly Register*.

THE OUTRAGES OF SEPOYS AT AGRA.—Two of the murderers of a Mrs. Matthews, in this city, in July last, were hanged this morning. They were principals in the act, and the case was a very horrid one. The deceased was a very old woman; they stripped her and covered her with straw, to which they set fire, hoping by this torture to induce her to show where her money was hidden. The ruffians died as they had lived, fanatics to the last. They addressed the crowd and said, "Salama Hindoon and Musgulumans; take notice, we die for our religion." Their bodies were sent to the dissecting school. On Monday last two of the principals in the murder of the Tehsildar of Bah, in February, were hanged.—*Delhi Gazette*, June 12.

(From the Dublin Tablet.)

The most devoted partisan of Liberalism must in our time admit that the magnificent promises of human regeneration, which the United States at one time held forth to the enthusiastic believers in human progress, have not been, at least literally, realised. In politics, as in literature, the splendour of the New World has not altogether succeeded in eclipsing the luminosity of the old. Its parties in politics are said to be disgraced by unblushing compromise. Its statesmen in power are accused of culpable complaisance, and its citizens in general are characterised by an audacity which is rarely restrained or tempered by conscientious scruple. There is a readiness, on every question which turns up, to sacrifice principles which are sacred to interests which are by no means pure. Present advantages are snatched at and invariably attended to, but justice, which ought to be rendered to-day, is generally postponed until to-morrow. Such has been the political condition of the American republic for the last few years. Yet America is certainly the country to which the ardent admirers of Republican institutions loved to turn their glowing and expectant faces. It inspired them with the most enthusiastic hopes. America was destined to advance the progress of the species—in the opinion of the progressists—to the utmost limits of human perfectibility. Now, however, the very hope seems to have sickened and expired in the hearts that cherished it, and in the north, as in the south, Republican America presents—in a moral point of view—a very doleful and melancholy spectacle.

In the United States the boundless resources of an inexhaustible soil and the surprising courage of an enterprising people, seem exclusively enlisted in the service of the passions. Hence the moral civilization of America, which was formerly simple and manly, is gradually becoming effeminate and languid. Everything is invaded by, and blended and mixed up with, brutality—even the cause of justice and truth.

A secret belief lurks in the depths of the American mind which is the source of all the moral calamities and impurities of America. Americans tacitly believe that this world is the true home of man, and they accordingly endeavour to make it such at any cost. Hence their Free-Love Societies. This world is really, on the contrary, as Napoleon I. expressed it, merely a diligence to carry us to a better, and nothing can be more vain, more pernicious, more ruinous than efforts to convert this world into the commodious and permanent residence of man.

We take the following from the proceedings of the Rutland (Vt.) Abolition and Free-Love Convention:—

"In the discussion of the slavery question, which followed that on free love, Mr. Curtis made his second appearance. He quoted that resolution which declares that any Christ or 'any God that by silence or otherwise authorised man to enslave man merits the scorn and contempt of mankind. Curtis inquired who was this God that people talked about? If He was the all-powerful Being He was represented to be, why don't He go down South and put down slavery? He desired to ask this plumply: How is it that you don't do your duty? With what consistency could men worship this God, whom they considered all-powerful, when He neglected to exercise His power for the extinction of slavery?"

The praise which Catholics bestow upon the Saints

is treated with derision; but the eulogy which an Atheist has lavished on the Devil has been received with approbation in America. They have pulled down temples which Catholics erected to the adoration of God; but they have erected temples which are, or deserve to be, devoted to Lucifer. Here, if we be rightly informed, the Devil is invoked and extolled as the only object worthy of enlightened admiration in words like these:—

"Come, thou calumniated of priests and kings, come to my embrace! Let me press thee to my bosom. It is a long time since I have known thee and thou hast known me. Thy works, O blessed of my heart, are not always beautiful and good; but they alone give meaning to the universe, and prevent it from becoming absurd. Without thee what would be justice? An instinct. Reason? Mere routine. Man? A beast!"

From this indulgence in licentiousness and impurity, this blasphemy of God and adoration of the Devil, the transition to Mormonism is natural and almost inevitable. That organised licentiousness, which the American army is at this moment endeavoring to put down, is the inevitable result of the general corruption of American manners. It is owing to the deluge of licentiousness which waters over the republic that this giant monster has risen into a horrible and portentous existence. It is likewise owing to that unbridled licentiousness that Mormonism has been hunted out of the States, as monsters so frequently are, by its own parents. Owing to the persecution to which Mormonism has been subjected by the enlightened liberals of America, it has been swept from the States, and banished to a remote wilderness, where it exists physically, while, in the great body of the Republic, it merely exists as an opinion. Yet this opinion the Republicans could not tolerate. They crossed the deserts which separated them from Utah, and, with armed hand, sought to drive Mormonism in the blood of its professors.—Nothing can possibly be more inconsistent than this conduct. It is entirely at variance with the principles of universal toleration which Americans have so proudly emblazoned on their Republican banner. The magnificent promises of human improvement which the American Republic held forth to the world have ended in a new crusade against a new description of Mahometans. Very far from advancing, they appear to have retrograded, and demonstrated their love of toleration by marching armies, and practising stern and fiery persecution. If the Republic would practice morality before it seeks to enforce it, we should perhaps be more ready to applaud this mode of enforcing Christian virtue and self-restraint with powder and ball.

But as it is, with the horrible licentiousness of manners, of which its Free-Love Societies and teeming and purient newspapers afford evidence—with blasphemy, obscenity, and Devil worship marring the States, we cannot see what right the Republicans can have to act as missionaries of purity while wallowing in corruption. Certainly nothing can be more old-fashioned than their present mode of dealing with heretical opinion; nothing can be more consonant to the despotism which Americans denounce; nothing more antipodal to the toleration which they so falsely profess. The Mormonites may deserve punishment, but certainly not by such enlightened Liberals.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

(From Punch.)

Queen Victoria—Emperor Napoleon—The Prince Consort.

The Emperor.—I venture to hope that your Majesty is pleased with my little improvements here in Cherbourg?

The Queen.—Wonders, I assure your Majesty—marvels, to use your Uncle's word on that pedestal. I see a greater wonder, however, than any you have pointed out.

The Emperor.—And that is—  
The Queen (smiling).—That you are the showman.  
The Emperor (smiling).—It is so. Am I too egotistic in adding—long may that cause of wonder exist?

The Queen.—On the contrary, I heartily echo the wish, especially when I see your Majesty surrounded with temptations to place that marvel among the things of the past.

The Emperor.—May I ask how?  
The Queen.—By bringing any of these improvements into actual use. Of course you will not be angry with me?

The Emperor.—Were it possible for me as a man, the family of Kings knows no such wicked and plebeian passion as anger.

The Prince (aside, and with a shrug).—He of the family. *Mein Gott!*

The Queen.—Did you speak, Albert?  
The Prince.—I was thinking—I should rather say I was trying to recollect what that cape yonder is called, on the east of the bay.

The Emperor.—It bears the name of Levi.  
The Prince.—Of course, so it is. I forgot.

The Emperor (laughs).—Not an easy name for some folks to forget, I can tell you, Prince. And your Majesty has deigned to notice our humble breakwater there?

The Queen.—A noble work. We have nothing like it, I mean in point of size. Our Plymouth one is only 1,800 metres long—that mass must be twice the length.

The Prince.—So it ought to be. You have been at it since 1783; our first stone was dropped into the sea in 1812.

The Emperor (aside with a shrug).—He talk of our first stone. *Mon Dieu!*

The Queen.—I repeat, that it is a noble work, and a feat chased by an enemy could certainly get behind it, and save itself, unless the enemy sailed very well, as Captain Preedy did in the Agamemnon, for instance.

The Emperor.—I trust that is not the use to which a French fleet will put the bay in my time.

The Queen.—I sincerely trust not. It nearly broke Lord Nelson's heart to be kept watching the fleet in Toulon for two years, and then Admiral Villeneuve slipped out, and ran away to the West Indies, after all.

The Emperor.—How good your Majesty's memory is.  
The Queen.—A King owes it to his good subjects to have a good memory.

The Emperor.—True, Madam, and to make his bed ones have a good memory about him.

The Queen (laughs).—Perhaps, but I have no bad subjects in my den of assassins yonder.

The Emperor.—Ah! pardon a rude soldier's zeal. It was but a complaint from the Hospital of Insults.

The Prince.—A complaint we decline to cure at the Hospital of St. Bernard. Hal! hal!

The Emperor.—Excellent, Prince! perfect. Shall I behold the editor of the *Charivari*, and give you his place?

The Prince.—Many thanks, but I should never be able to correct my proof-sheets by the light of a gas lamp. Your Majesty has done so, I believe, in your time, and therefore thinks little of the hardship.

The Emperor (gravely).—The press is an institution which I have not yet put "on its trial."

The Queen (laughing).—One for a Trinity Brother.

The Emperor.—This is a fine gun, your Majesty, very powerful and capably cast.

The Queen (examines it).—O yes. Beautiful! I know it must be a good one, for it is exactly like a number we were looking over at Woolwich the other day. Don't you remember, Albert?

The Prince.—Perfectly, and they were making some more from the same pattern. But I am a lover of economy, and I wish we did not go to the expense of casting guns, but imitated our dramatic authors.

The Queen.—What do you mean, dear?

The Prince—Took all our pieces from the French. The Emperor—Ha! ha! You must, positively, call the Chardey for me, Prince.

The Queen—He is very rude, your Majesty. I suppose the voyage has disagreed with him and made him cross. Else he would have complimented you upon these decorations, which are certainly magnificent, and worthy of France and of her Emperor.

The Emperor—Perhaps, Madam, the same celestial atmosphere that preserves Us from feeling anger at such a rebuff should equally secure us from feeling pleased at praise; but I am a parvenu, and I own to be delighted with your approbation.

The Queen—It is sincere, I assure you. Nay, I am selfish in being charmed with what you have done for us Allies, you know, and if the fleet of poor dear Isabella, or one from Naples, or from China, should be too meagre, what a comfort to have such a place as this to run to, only 75 miles from the Isle of Wight.

The Emperor—I could hardly quarrel with any cause that made your Majesty my guest. Another cause that France has welcomed a Sovereign of England.

The Queen.—Yes; but that was a Sovereign the English were only too happy to get rid of. I am told that they like me too well for that; and that they would try to shake every throne in Europe rather than that I should be humiliated. And what English folk in earnest try to do is generally done.

The Emperor.—Your Majesty's remarks are unexceptionably just, however unable I may be to regard them as apropos of anything on which we are conversing.

The Queen.—You do your wits injustice, your Majesty. (carelessly).—So they say—especially the wits of the press. May I have the honour of attending your Majesty to lunch? I am so enchanted that you like my fortifications.

The Emperor.—And I that you like mine. The Emperor.—Your Majesty? The Queen.—Which have the additional advantage of being portable. There lie a few of them. (Points to ships.) And when your Uncle, there, talks about renewing the marvels of Egypt, remind him that it was with some portable fortifications like those (only not so strong) that one marvel of Egypt was worked.

The Emperor.—I am demoralized—and yet my scriptural knowledge fails me. Will your Majesty? The Queen (laughing).—For shame! I said a march, not a plague. I meant the Battle of the Nile. The Prince.—And, mein Gott, that cleared Egypt of the plague of Frogs, for one time! Ha, ha! Ho, ho! [Keeps on laughing all the way to the pavilion, which is exceedingly rude in H.H.H.]

STAMPED TOWARDS SWEDENBORNIANISM.—We learn that there has been, within a few months past, quite a stampede in the German Methodist churches of New-Orleans and vicinity towards Swedenborgianism. One of the most popular of the German preachers, Rev. J. M. Hofer, has gone over to the mystic faith of the great Swedish philosopher, and taken with him not a few of his brethren and friends, and now holds forth to them at private houses on the Sabbath.

PRIVATE INTERPRETATION.—Mrs. Chadwick, wife of Mr. George Chadwick, of Peckshill Hollow, who is said to have been laboring under intense religious excitement, cut off her hand between the elbow and wrist on Thursday last. She had recently been heard to say, "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off," and in a mistaken compliance with the letter of this text she cut her hand off, inflicting a serious and probably fatal wound.—Christian Inquirer.

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an evasive politician in one of our western counties to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was licked by the dogs." "I'm afloat, I'm afloat," screamed a young lady of powerful lungs, and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano. "I should think you were," growled an old bachelor, "judging from the squall you raise."

DERANGEMENTS OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. Should at once be attended to. BOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, prepared by Dr. O. M. Jackson, Philadelphia Pa., and sold by druggists and dealers in medicines, everywhere, will cure all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach. For Sale by all the druggists in Montreal.

CONVENT OF LONGUEUIL. THE LADIES OF THIS CONVENT WILL RESUME THE DUTIES OF THEIR BOARDING-SCHOOL on the 1st of September. August 20, 1857.

TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE DIVISION OF ALMA.

GENTLEMEN—AS you will soon be called upon to exercise the Elective Franchise, in selecting a person to represent you in the Legislative Council, and having been honored with the urgent solicitations of a very large and influential number of the Electors of this Division, requesting me that I would allow myself to be nominated as a Candidate—I have consented; and trusting to your intelligence and independence, now appear before you, formally soliciting your support.

Should I consult my own private interests alone, I should certainly decline accepting the candidature; but the reasons which have been urged, and the recognized necessity which exists for practical representatives of the commercial interests of the country, in our Legislative bodies, render it imperative upon me to lay aside all private considerations, and yield myself to the guidance of the dictates of my convictions of duty.

Horn and educated amongst you, my sympathies, sentiments, associations, and interests, are identified with yours, and are a guarantee to a large extent, that your interests and opinions will be faithfully represented by me, should I be elected your Representative. But when a man comes before his fellow-citizens, or suffers himself to be brought forward by others, claiming their suffrages, it is justly expected that his principles and views should be made known as fully as possible, in order that the electors may be guided in their choice, by principles, and not personal considerations. Holding these views, and also in obedience to custom, I have now to lay before you my reasons for asking your suffrages, at the approaching election, to represent you in the Legislative Council.

My name has, for some months past, been before you as a probable Candidate, and there are very few amongst you who have not been cognizant of the fact. There has been ample opportunity therefore to make yourselves acquainted with my antecedents, character, &c., and thus prepare the way for action on your part, in reference to the more formal course now taken by me, either to pronounce in favor or against my pretensions. My reasons for appearing before you and asking your suffrages may be expressed by the comprehensive term "Commercial." Agriculture, Manufacture, and Commerce are inseparably connected in their bearing upon the material prosperity of the country; but the two first named occupy the most important position, inasmuch as without production no commerce would exist. It is believed, and I coincide with those who entertain that opinion, that there is a deficiency of practical representation of the above-named interests. We have had a large share of experimental legislation, (if I may so term it) bearing upon our sources of material prosperity; and it is much to be regretted that no definite policy has been provided, as nothing so retards the placement of capital, so necessary to the erection of large manufacturing establishments, and the engagement in large commercial transactions, as uncertainty in regard to the fiscal policy of the country. If the subjects of "Free Trade" and "Protection" were to be fully discussed, not as abstract theories, but as applicable to the circumstances of the country and a definite policy decided upon, there is no doubt that much good would result. I do not hesitate to announce it as my settled conviction that "Free Trade," being the normal condition of Commerce, is better calculated to develop the resources of the various countries of the world, than the imposition of restrictions involved in a protective theory—provided such a policy were adopted throughout the world. But it is conceded by the advocates of both theories, that our position, in reference to revenue and other countries, is such as to render our adoption of the "Free Trade" policy in its integrity impossible; and a compromise between the two opposite theories, called "Incidental Protection," has hitherto received approval; but that policy is so uncertain in its duration, and variable in its details, that it has given rise to many evils which might, perhaps, have been avoided. My opinion is, that our position in reference to other countries, more particularly the neighboring Republic, eminently a commercial country, and with which the large majority of our commercial transactions are undoubtedly occurring, is such as to render it advisable to adopt a system of reciprocity of duties; or, in other words, assimilate our Customs Tariff to that of the United States, in so far as it affects such articles as are, or can be, advantageously produced in Canada: such reciprocity of duties, or assimilation of Tariff, to be the well understood fiscal policy of the country, extending even to perfect Free Trade, whenever the United States chooses to adopt such a policy. I do not stop here to enquire how far such a policy on our part would meet the approval of the Imperial Government, or how far our Constitution would allow us to proceed in such a direction; fully believing that any difficulties which may possibly exist, could be overcome. My political position is one strictly independent of either party of the parties known as Ministerialists and Oppositionists; and should I be elected, I shall occupy an independent position; prepared to do my duty to my constituents and the country, without reference to whatever party may occupy the Treasury benches, not lending my vote or influence to factious movements of any kind. There is one great question before the country, upon which it is incumbent on me to declare my views—viz., the question of "Representation based upon Population." On looking back from the Union of Upper and Lower Canada to the passage of the Act changing the Constitution of the Legislative Council in 1854, we find that the principle of Federalism, or perfect equality of the two Provinces, has been the basis of the Constitution and all political changes and arrangements which have been made; hence the question of Representation based upon Population, involves a total change of the Constitution; and however correct in the abstract that mode of Representation may be, it is certainly not applicable to our circumstances and political position.

I am in favor of the most perfect equality of rights, privileges, and immunities of all classes, in reference to Educational and Religious convictions; and pledge myself to use my influence and vote, if elected, in favor of any class who may be found not in the full enjoyment of such equality of rights. I am opposed to all Secret-Political-Religious Societies. You are aware of the prominent part which I have taken in reference to the Extension of the Harbor in Montreal, and the erection of Docks by means of a Canal debouching at Hochelaga Bay; and in opposition to the plan locating such works at Pointe St. Charles. I shall continue my exertions to that end, and spare no pains to accomplish the object in view.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, Your most obedient servant, ASHLEY HIBBARD.

WANTED. A TRACHER who has had four years' experience under the Board of Education, in Ireland, is desirous of obtaining a situation in the above capacity. Address "G." True Witness.

REMOVAL. JOHN PHELAN, GROCER, HAS REMOVED TO 43 NOTRE DAME STREET, the Store lately occupied by Mr. Berthelot, and opposite to Dr. Picault, where he will keep a Stock of the best Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Wines, Brandy, &c., and all other articles [required] at the lowest prices. JOHN PHELAN.

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE ELECTORAL DIVISION OF ALMA.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—Having been requested by a great many of you to solicit the mandate of the Electors of the flourishing Electoral Division of Alma, I consider that to decline would be a lack of patriotism on my part, and that it is my duty to try and make myself useful to my countrymen; I therefore demand your suffrages with that confidence which arises from the intimate acquaintance I have of the patriotism which animates a great many among you—confidence which is enhanced by the circumstance that my interests are identical with yours; for besides being a proprietor in the country, I am possessed likewise of extensive property situated at the City in the Wards interested in the contest engaged.

I do not come forward as a party man, but as a man entirely independent. I am altogether free. I do not want to solicit any favor from Government, and have nothing to expect from any administration whatsoever. I might abstain presently from expounding political principles, as they are known to the majority of you, nevertheless I feel bound to set forth my views on the most important measures.

Being a farmer myself, I shall do all in my power for the improvement and encouragement of agriculture which is the source of the prosperity of this country. Trade is in a prosperous condition. Owing to the works executed in the Gulf and Lake St. Peter, and those projected at Hochelaga, it cannot fail to attract all the product of the West: such a great cause of prosperity will obtain my attention.

Need I tell you that our national industry will be the object of my assiduous care? I shall endeavour to favour our home manufactures and industrial enterprise: for no one derives more benefit therefrom than the farmer. The colonisation of our secular forest, colonisation destined to stay the tide of emigration of our youth towards foreign countries, shall not be the least object of my Legislative duties.

To the cause of education I shall devote my constant solicitude. Useless to say that I am opposed and will ever be strongly opposed to the mixed school system. I shall ever be an indefatigable adversary of Representation based on the respective Population of the two sections of this Province.

Such are, Fellow-Countrymen, my views on those important measures of public interest—questions of considerable moment on the solution of which greatly depends the prosperity of our common country. I have the honor to be, JOS. F. BEMAND. Riviere des Prairies, July 26, 1858.

THE undersigned, wishing to dispose of his business, offers for Sale his CIRCULATING LIBRARY, of over ONE THOUSAND VOLUMES, with his STOCK IN TRADE, and the Lease of the Eligible Stand he now occupies, on terms that would be very advantageous to an active young man desirous of embarking in the book and Stationary line. For particulars apply to JAMES FLYNN, 103 McGill Street.

MONTREAL ACADEMY, BONAVENTURE BUILDING. THIS Institution, the business of which will commence on MONDAY, 2nd August, will be conducted under the conjoint management of Mr. MICHAEL CHARLES HEALY, (late Head-Master of Aylmer Academy), and Mr. PIERCE FITZGERALD, (Fellow Graduate of the Meath Diocesan Seminary for the Royal College, Maynooth.) The Course of Instruction embraces:—English in all its departments; the Greek and Latin Classics; the French Language; Ancient and Modern History; Arithmetic, (Theoretical and Mental); Book-keeping; Mathematics, (Pure and Mixed); the Use of the Globes, and the Natural Sciences. Hours of Attendance.—From 9 o'clock till 12, A. M., and from 4 till 4, P. M. Terms made known on application at the School Rooms.

A NEW SCHOOL OPENED, AT 109 Wellington Street, Montreal. MISS M. LAWLER WOULD respectfully announce to her friends and the public that she has just opened a School at the above place, and hopes from her experience and capacity to obtain a share of their patronage; assiduity will not be wanting on her part to insure the progress of her pupils. Her course comprises all the various elementary branches of an English education, with music. Terms moderate, and may be known personally at her School, during the hours of attendance.

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 (payable 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, 1858.

MONTREAL EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL, BY DR. HOWARD, Oculist and Aurist, 132 CRAIG STREET, AND 39 FORTIFICATION LANE. Dr. Howard's Private Surgery in the same building. Hours of consultation Every Day from TEN A.M. to SIX P.M. Montreal, June 24, 1858.

ROBERT PATTON, 229 Notre Dame Street, BEGS to return his sincere thanks to his numerous Customers, and the Public in general, for the very liberal patronage he has received for the last three years; and hopes, by strict attention to business, to receive a continuance of the same. R. P., having a large and neat assortment of Boots and Shoes, solicits an inspection of the same, which he will sell at a moderate price.

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 Pimple. 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 relief 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 Scrofula: 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, 1858. 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 SHORB, Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum.

D. 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.

JUST RECEIVED FROM PARIS By the Subscribers, SEVERAL CASES, containing a large assortment of PRAYER BEADS, SILVER and BRASS MEDALS, HOLY WATER FONTS, CATHOLIC PICTURES, &c., &c. BLANK BOOKS, STATIONARY, PRINTS, &c. 15,000 Blank Books, ruled for Ledgers, Journals, Day, Cash, and Letter Books. 500 Reams of Foolscap, Letter, and Note Paper. 600 Gross Drawing and Writing Pencils. 100 Do Slate Pencils. 5 Cases of Hard Wood Slates. 10,000 Religious and Fancy Prints. 280 Gross Steel Pens. CATHOLIC MUSIC. The Catholic Choir Book; or the Morning and Evening Service of the Catholic Church, oblong 4to, 300 pages, 30 cents. The Catholic Harp, an excellent collection of Masses, Hymns, &c., half bound 38 cents. We have also, on hand, a good assortment of Pocket Books, Memorandums, Ink Bottles, Pen Holders, &c., &c. D. & J. SADLER & Co., Cor. Notre Dame & St. Francis Xavier Sts., Montreal, Sept. 16.

PATRICK DOYLE, AGENT BROWNSON'S REVIEW, AND "THE METROPOLITAN," TORONTO. WILL furnish Subscribers with those two valuable Periodicals for \$5 per Annum, if paid in advance. P. D. is also Agent for the TRUE WITNESS. Toronto, March 26, 1854.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.

BURFIELD, MASS., 20th Dec., 1855. Dr. J. C. AYER: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your CHERRY PECTORAL. Its constant use in my practice and my family for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints. JOHN KNIGHT, M. D.

A. B. MORTLEY, Esq., of Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used your Pectoral myself and in my family ever since you invented it, and believe it to be the best medicine for its purpose ever put out. With a bad cold, it should sooner or later save twenty-five dollars for a bottle that without it, or take any other remedy." Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza.

BROTHER AYER: I will cheerfully certify your Pectoral is the best remedy we possess for the cure of Whooping Cough, Croup, and the chest disease of children. We of your fraternity in the South appreciate your skill, and commend your medicine to our people. HENRY L. CONKLIN, M. D.

AMOS LEE, Esq., of Montreal, La., writes, 3d Jan., 1856: "I had a tedious Influenza, which in four or five weeks, took many medicines without relief; finally tried your PECTORAL by the advice of our clergyman. The first dose relieved the soreness in my throat and lungs; less than one half the bottle made me completely well, and I have since been the cheapest as well as the best we can buy, and we esteem you, doctor, and your remedy, as the poor man's friend."

Asthma or Phthisis, and Bronchitis. West Manchester, Pa., Feb. 4, 1856. Sir: Your CHERRY PECTORAL is performing marvellous cures in this section. It has relieved several from alarming symptoms of consumption, and is now curing a man who has labored under an asthma of the lungs for the last five years. HENRY L. PARKS, Merchant.

A. A. HANBRY, M. D., ALBANY, MONROE CO., N.Y., writes, Sept. 6, 1856: "During my practice of many years I have found nothing equal to your CHERRY PECTORAL for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable." We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing proof of the virtues of this remedy is found in its effects upon trial. Consumption. Probably no one remedy has ever been known which cured so many and such dangerous cases as this. Some no human aid can reach; but even to those the CHERRY PECTORAL affords relief and comfort. ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY, March 5, 1858. BROTH. AYER, LOWELL: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption, from which no aid we could procure gave her much relief. She was steadily falling, until Dr. Strong, of this city, where we have come for advice, recommended a trial of your medicine. We bless his kindness, as we do your skill, for she has recovered from what we considered a hopeless case, and she used to be, but is free from her cough, and calls herself well. Yours, with gratitude and regard. ORLANDO SHELLEY, of SHELLEYVILLE.

Consumption, do not despair till you have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is made by one of the best medical chemists in the world, and its cure all coughs and to speak the high merits of its virtues. Philadelphia Ledger.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

THE sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been traced by their art to produce the best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Irrefragable proofs are shown that these Pills have virtues which surpass in excellence the ordinary medicines, and that they will unobtrusively upon the system of all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of the organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purify the bowels, and give strength and vigor to the system, stimulate sluggish and disordered organs into their natural action, and impart healthy tone to the strength of the whole system. Not only do they cure the every day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Boldly and fearlessly they will be used, and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief were they not substantiated by men of such excellent position and character as to forbid the suspicion of quackery. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent in the assurance of their conviction that my Preparations contribute largely to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men. The names of the following Physicians are appended to the American Almanac, containing directions for their use, and certificates of their cures of the following complaints:— Constipation, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a Full Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, and Pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcers and Cutaneous Diseases which require an evacuant Medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would be supposed they could reach, such as Dizziness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions. Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers who sell some other pill that makes more profit on you. Ask for AYER'S PILLS and take nothing else. No other they can give you compares with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best and there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER. Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. Price, 25 Cts. per Box. Five Boxes for \$1. SOLD BY All the Druggists in Montreal and everywhere.

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In its plan of Literary and Scientific Studies, it will combine every advantage that can be derived from an intelligent and conscientious instruction in the various branches of learning becoming their sex.

The Health of the Pupils will also be an object of peculiar vigilance, and in case of sickness, they will be treated with maternal solicitude.

The knowledge of Religion and of its duties will receive that attention which its importance demands, as the primary end of all true Education, and hence will form the basis of every class and department.

Differences of religious tenets will not be an obstacle to the admission of Pupils, provided they be willing to conform to the general Regulations of the Institute.

TERMS PER ANNUM. Board and Tuition, including the French per quarter, in advance, \$25 00. Day Scholars, 6 00.

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GENERAL REGULATIONS. The Annual Vacation will commence the second week in July, and scholastic duties resumed on the first Monday of September.

There will be an extra charge of \$15 for Pupils remaining during the Vacation. Besides the "Uniform Dress," which will be black, each Pupil should be provided with six regular changes of Linen, six Table Napkins, two pairs of Blankets, three pairs of Sheets, one Counterpane, &c., one white and one black bobinet Veil, a Spoon and Goblet, Knife and Fork, Work Box, Dressing Box, Combs, Brushes, &c.

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Carefully Selected in the English Markets,

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The order Department being under the management of experienced Cutters, Customers can rely on having their orders promptly and carefully executed. The Liberal Patronage which they have received since their commencement in Business, encourages them in the belief that their Goods have given unqualified satisfaction.

Montreal, April 29, 1858.

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BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years, and now solicits a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality.

He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woolens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woolen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen'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.

Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer. Montreal, June 21, 1853.

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DR. MORSE, the inventor of MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS, has spent the greater part of his life in travelling, having visited Europe, Asia, and Africa as well as North America—has spent three years among the Indians of our Western country—it was in this way that the Indian Root Pills were first discovered. Dr. Morse was the first man to establish the fact that all diseases arise from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD—that our strength, health and life depended upon this vital fluid.

When the various passages become clogged, and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its action, becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all pains sickness and distress of every name; our strength is exhausted, our health we are deprived of, and if nature is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humors, the blood will become choked and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from plants and roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of diseased man. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sudorific, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an Expectorant, that opens and unclogs the passage to the lungs, and thus, in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm, and other humors from the lungs by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double strength to the kidneys thus encouraged, they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out bountifully by the urinary or water passage, and which could not have been discharged in any other way.—The fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies the other properties of the Pills while engaged in purifying the blood; the coarser particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and conveyed off in great quantities by the bowels.

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

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