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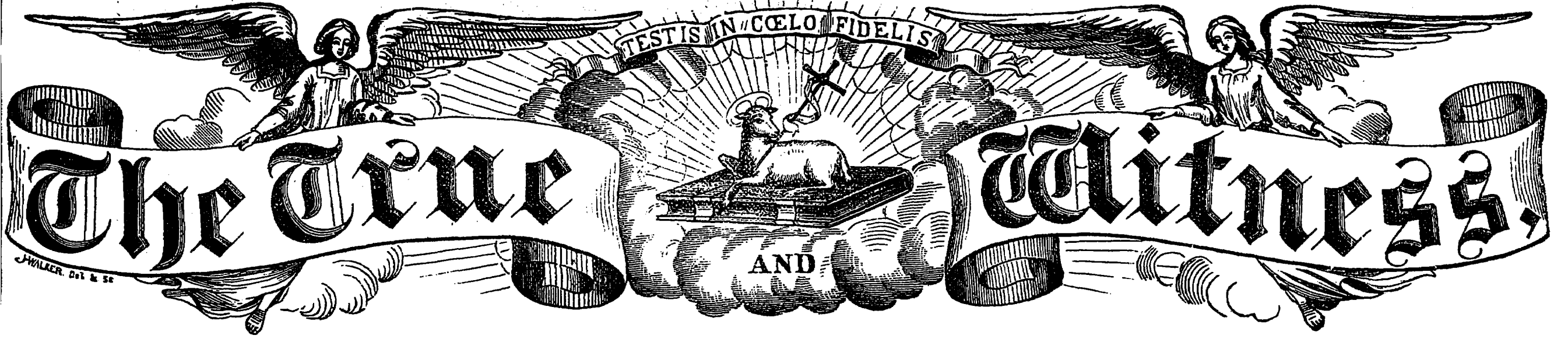
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1860.

No. 10.

SHAWN NA SOGGARTH; OR, THE PRIEST-HUNTER.

AN IRISH TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

BY M. ARCHDEACON, ESQ.,

Author of the *Legends of Connaught*, &c.
CHAPTER XXII.

"Ha, ha, good, Charley," exclaimed the Baronet, when the story ceased, "and the feat was worthy of you. I would have given ten pounds for a glance at his countenance, when he found you had bilked him fairly. And now your coast anecdote reminds me that you may, perhaps, be able to answer a question I had purposed to ask."

The brandy and the story had, by this time, inclined him to be confidential, to a limited extent, with his good humored companion, when a doubt struck him as to his trustworthiness. But, after a second's pause, he discarded it, resuming; "Yes, Rorke, I am going to ask you a confidential question, because I think you are not inclined to betray my confidence, and that, if you even were, you dare not."

The grim smile passed across the Baronet's face, though somewhat softened in its sternness, and he eyed the gauger searchingly for an instant before he put the question, "Do you, through your acquaintance with the coast, chance to know any one that would, just now, convey a refractory girl secretly and securely to the north coast of France or Flanders without blabbing—eh?"

Charley paused and, like a skilful angler as he was, on land, as well as by water, having ascertained from the Baronet's answers to a few adroit questions, though asked with apparently no aim, that the refractory girl was from the neighborhood of Lough Carra and of the prescribed creed, he came to the conclusion that it was Ellen Lynch, against whom the outrage was intended, and he answered, "I think, Sir John, I know where there is at this moment, and near at hand, a Dutch skipper that, I have strong suspicions, has balked both us and the revenue most successfully within those three days, and who is, I think, a man that would answer your purpose completely."

"Then bring him to me, while the matter is on my mind—promptly, eh?"

"Shall I send him to you, at once, Sir John, if I find him?"

"At once, sir; without a moment's delay, if possible."

At his fastest pace did Charley forthwith repair to Madden's, where he found Frank and his young friend ensconced in the snug little parlour. Taking the former aside, the good natured gauger whispered rapidly to him Sir John's inquiries and his own conviction that Ellen was the intended victim. "I thought of you fortunately," he concluded, "and have come at the top of my speed to send you to him;—but are you prepared to sail immediately?"

"Not, by Heaven, until I have taken vengeance on the tyrant for his intended villainy."

"Whew! you want to get strong lodgings for yourself, to prepare you for a longer journey over the seas than ever you bargained for, that is if a little hemp shouldn't save you the trouble. You would not commit murder, and where would you be five minutes after giving Sir John open provocation? and then, who would your cousin have for a protector?"

"You are right, sir, I suppose, and we owe you deep gratitude for your kind interference more than once. But what course am I to steer, then?"

"Has Sir John much acquaintance with your person or features?"

"I have been in his presence, to my recollection, but but three times in my life; and he has not set eye at all on me, I think for the last seven or eight years."

"Then, in your present disguise, there is no danger in the world of his discovering you, as, besides the change in your complexion, you look at least ten years beyond your time; and I suppose you can gabble something he may take for Dutch or German—for the matter of that I don't know but Irish would answer very well—So you must proceed instantly to him—"

"No, no, Frank," observed his companion eagerly, "you must not venture near Sir John, at all."

"You must not bring your little skipjack of a comrade with you at any rate," observed Rorke, with a laugh, "or by the bones of St. Ruth, the voice of the whipper-snapper would soon show the Baronet that petticoats would befit him better than a sailor's trowsers, pert as he looks in them; and might stir up suspicions of my bold captain that would, perhaps, turn out not pleasantly. But let her or him (if she likes it better) come with me to Mrs. Rorke, till you return."

"Frank, venture not at all—"

"But for Ellen's sake, dear—"

"Well, Frank, if you must go, I go too."

"Then, in God's name, if she must go, make her, at all events, keep her mouth as close as a miser's pocket, as a word might ruin all; and there's not a minute more to be lost, lest some chance visitor should call at the castle and the opportunity be lost forever—one word more: don't be too eager to close the terms, but make a hard bargain for the voyage. And remember, win or lose, that you, and all connected with you, will always have a warm and a willing friend in Charley Rorke, as far as the times will allow him to be such. God send you success!"

Frank and his comrade speedily reached the castle, and were at once ushered into Sir John's presence.

"You are the person Rorke spoke of to me," said the baronet, addressing Frank.

"Yaw, mynheer, Jans Schrooter, of the goot sculp Vanderfeldt."

"And who is your snook faced comrade?—He seems not adapted for seafaring—who are you, sirrah? What is the fellow mouthing at—is he tongue-tied?"

"Yaw, mynheer, dat ish it. He bin vat you call von doomb; he tell no tale, and de poor teyvil, he never part mit me, and ish as true as de compass, a long years—poor Diedrich von Stumpfen."

"Tongue-tied, say you? Then so much the better. Has Rorke told you that I wished to have a person conveyed to the Continent?"

"Yaw, mynheer."

"Then what is your demand for carrying a girl to L'Orient, St. Maloe, or any other port in the Northwest of France—at a word—eh?"

"Vel den, mynheer, I would say von two hondred marks, for cause I must put mein goot sculp out of her courses."

"Say ten pounds sterling, and it shall be yours—and the evening after to-morrow, if you be prepared, you shall receive your freight from myself and Mr. Ffolliot, with directions."

"Donner and blitzen, tish von too shmall, mynheer."

"Tis too much: you may retire now, and remember the eve after to-morrow. But stay a moment. It may occur even to your Dutch intellect that you have now an important secret of mine; but," he added, in a stern whisper, "the slightest inquiry will convince you that nobody can betray—has betrayed Sir John Ingram with impunity, else might you wonder I should intrust an unknown person in such an affair. You could gain only peril—perhaps destruction—by any attempt at treachery. For your own sake, then, be secret and punctual, and dread nothing—good night."

"But, hagel, vil you not gif us von naber feesty marks—dat ish fifteen pounds, mynheer?"

"My word is never altered, and our conference has been long enough," said the baronet, almost fiercely; be punctual."

Frank and his companion now quitted the castle, but without any marks of precipitancy; and it was not till they had left it some hundred yards behind them that Frank said in a whisper, "We have just made a good tack to save poor Ellen; and, though I was afraid you would miss channel and run aground, you minded the signal well, Bessy?"—for Bessy it was, who, though she had quitted her father's house with Frank, thro' fear of what the morrow should bring, yet resisted all his persuasions to proceed to the coast with him, until she should have ascertained how things were really circumstanced at the cottage. Thither they were accordingly proceeding when they fortunately encountered Rorke: Frank having little or no fears about venturing so near the scene of the last night's attack, as he had been apprized that it was in another direction the search was just then being made after the attackers.

"Do you know, Frank," observed the courageous girl, "that imprudent as I knew it might have been to speak, I had great difficulty to curb myself from proclaiming that I was the daughter of a loyal Protestant, and that, for all his power, Sir John dare not meddle with a born lady, without her own consent."

"It is well you did shorten sail, however, Bessy. But what are we to do next?"

"Will you not give warning to your cousin?"

"I think, on consideration, Bessy, it is better to receive her as a freight from the tyrant himself, as he proposed; for I fear myself and poor Ellen would have but little chance of braving his power successfully, as, you see, he is well aware of—particularly as I am positive, that even Ffolliot could scarcely, by any possibility, have a suspicion of me in my present trim, and especially as it is at night I am to meet them."

"I believe you are right, Frank," she observed; and they forthwith resumed their route, Frank beguiling the way by detailing his future plans and projects in another land, stating his intentions of immediately abandoning his present course of life, and his certainty of obtaining a place of emolument and permanence, on their arrival in Holland.

CHAPTER XXIII.

While the interviews just recorded were taking place in Ingram Castle, other and very different scenes were being enacted on the shores of Lough Carra.

Ellen was sitting at her little parlor window; her cheek resting on her hand, and her eyes fixed in mournful meditation on the placid and sunlit waters of the lake, when Ffolliot, (not Arthur, as the reader may guess) with Shawn and a party of dragoons, galloped up to the front of the cottage. The former, excited by Shawn's detail of his son's undiminished affection for Ellen, and continued visits to her, had worked himself up to the determination of being unceremoniously stern at the cottage. But the mourning garb, the attitude and the mournful expression of Ellen's countenance, contrasting strikingly, as they did, with her whole appearance the last time he had met her familiarly, stirred up some compunctious feelings for the moment; and bowing slightly, as he entered with Shawn and two of the dragoons, he said in a rather respectful though cold tone, "We have come here—we are compelled to come, under the sanction of Sir John, in consequence of information that one of those pestilent prohibited priests was in the habit of being concealed lately in the cottage."

"Mr. Ffolliot," she said, rising from her seat, and elevating herself to her fullest height, and with a forced calmness of voice, while the tears of pride and resentment forced themselves to her eyes at the same time, "though this is not the manner of visit I should expect from so old an acquaintance of my—my dear mother (the tears burst out freely,) yet this humble cottage is, of course, open at all times to whatever visits those in authority choose to make, when and how they please."

Ffolliot and the dragoons passed on, examining minutely the few small apartments, and thence proceeding, for appearance sake (at least on the part of the leader) to the little garden, without meeting either him they apparently sought for, or any obstruction. Only at the garden gate did they experience any annoyance, as it chanced that Katty was entering as they approached it.

Laying down the pail she carried, and looking intently into Ffolliot's face, she exclaimed, with emphatic bitterness, clapping her hands together fiercely at the same time:

"Ma shogh millia molloogh (my seven thousand curses) on you, Billy Ffolliot. I know who ye're sarchin' after; and it's long afore yer gran'father, ould Leeim (William), or yer mother, Nancy Larkin, ud dhrame o' priest-hunter—not to talk of it's bein' ill yer commons to give any trouble to the daughter of Sir Edmund an' Lady Julia, that ris you an' yours first from the kitchen to the dhravin'-room. Smoke that in yer pipe, ye ungrateful naiger," she concluded vehemently, as he made his egress through the gate.

It was somewhat better than an hour after nightfall that day, that Ellen knelt in prayer, after having enjoyed for some time alone the delicious summer twilight in front of the cottage. She knelt before a small ivory crucifix—one of the most treasured relics of her beloved mother—and, God forgive her, if her whole thoughts were involuntarily wandering from her orisons to the recollection of that mother, when she was startled by a near step, and, before she could even scream, a large cloak was folded about her, her head muffled up so as to drown her voice, and she was borne by two men from the cottage, without the capacity of making any resistance, or uttering an alarm, even were there persons in her neighborhood disposed or bold enough to venture to her rescue. At the same instant, Katty was seized by two others of the party, who had contrived to open the door noiselessly, and, who, before she could utter a single cry, had the poor old creature tied to a large table and her mouth gagged, so that she was unable either to move or shout for assistance.

To Ellen's inquiries, by whose authority she was borne from her home at that hour, and after so lawless a fashion, and whither was her destination, her abductors returned no answer. But, on reaching the main road from the little by-path that led to the cottage, she was lifted in front of a horseman, who, with three others, was waiting there to receive her; and, their comrades also mounting the horses that had been held for them, she overheard directions given to proceed to the castle.

As she was being lifted on horseback, a voice said distinctly in her ear, "have courage and hope, Miss Lynch, you will have true friends near you."

She could not know whether the voice proceeded from one of the party, or from some friend who had witnessed the proceedings and ventured for a moment among them, but the tones, distinct, though not loud, struck her as being familiar; and the cheering sympathy they expressed inspired both hope and courage in that moment of peril and doubt.

"Ha! we're watched," said one of the men

who had overheard the words, as, with two others, he dashed to the hedge, from behind which the voice had evidently proceeded. But clouds had gathered over the face of the heavens, and nothing could they distinguish. "We have no time to be searching," observed the leader, "our errand's done, and our business now is to return as fast as we can."

Accordingly the party instantly set forward for the castle at a rapid pace, with Ellen between the two front men.

"Then God and the Ver—, that is, the blessing o' God on ye for the words to that darlin' young lady an' how; may the saints interfere—the Saviour protect her night and day," said our old acquaintance Ned Cornick, starting from the shelter of a tree adjacent to the hedge, and addressing Bessy Andrews, who had risen from her couchant posture as the party galloped off. For she it was who, having witnessed the abduction, after having been foiled in her endeavors to gain access, unperceived, to her father's, could not control herself at the moment from giving utterance to the words.

"Who are you, then, and why are you concealed here alone at such an hour?" asked Bessy, boldly, and in a somewhat disguised voice, as she recognised at once the tones of her old friend and occasional tutor.

"Why then," said Ned, after a moment's hesitation, "as I'm sure you can't be an innemy, from your wish for the daughter of Sir Edmund and Lady Julia, I'll just tell you at wanst that I was goin' on an errand to Parson Gordon's, and wislin' to have a dish o' discourse with ould Katty, was goin' to the cottage whin the gallan, m' frightened me and cut short my perambulations; and like another Tityrus, I went reclining *sub tegmine figi* (if you understand the humanities) that is, I took shelter undier the beech tree."

"But you haven't still stated who and what you are," she rejoined, in the same tone.

"Who I am—and who are yours?" poor Ned responded in bewilderment. "That voice! surely it's like my little rose—;" he edged close up to her, but distinguished her sailor's garb even in the clouded light, he fell back again, exclaiming, "Whew, God looked on me; I must be dhramin'. God forbid Dan Heraghty, should see me now and have it to tell—I have to apologise and beg pardon with callin' to yer remembrance that *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, that is, that no man that has a woman for his mother is wise at all hours, dhruok or sober. But the voice—my little rosebud—? 'd a'most swair, if I did not know—"

"I know you are alluding to my little cousin, Bessy Andrews, that has been always considered to have a likeness to me; and, as I'm confident you have a desire nearly as great as my own to serve her, I'm sure you'll manage to get me a few minutes' speech with her maid Hetty, alone and without her master's knowledge, which may greatly serve Bessy, and for which both she and I will recompense you."

"Recompense for sarvin my little rosebud—pooh! But that voice, that voice—*vox et preterea nihil*: that means the voice and nothing but the voice. I'll do your errand any how.—Why I'd go the Styx to serve my bloomin' rosebud;—would that spalpeen Dan Heraghty, do as much?"

After having received some directions as to his best mode of proceeding at the foundry cottage in order to attract Hetty's attention unobserved by Aaron, Ned proceeded somewhat in advance of Bessy, who halted at the skirt of the plantation hard by the river. In less than half an hour he returned accompanied by the attached girl, who shrewdly guessed who the person was that wished to meet her; and it was only by whispered warnings, by pressure of arm, and by placing hand on mouth that her mistress was, with difficulty, enabled to restrain her from at once betraying their secret to the old man, who, again objecting to all recompense, speedily left them, to pursue his journey to the parsonage.

Hetty now, in reply to the inquiries of her mistress, informed her that her father's displeasure was, at present, directed in a great measure against the young lady herself, inasmuch as that, his suspicions against Heavisides being by this time to some extent, done away with, he was occasionally professing aloud to himself and others his fears that she herself was accessory to the elopement. "She stated also that Bessy's intended husband, Sam McNab, had arrived that morning—a lean, shrivelled specimen of humanity, old enough, (in Hetty's words) to be her father, and who seemed at once to have acquired complete dominion over Aaron, to whom he had, almost immediately on his arrival, broached plans in her hearing, for change and retrenchment, when the giddy runaway should have been restored."

Altogether Hetty's account of the newcomer, and the whole aspect of things at the cottage, was so forbidding that Bessy's desire to see her father, even for a few moments, was greatly staggered.

"He had always such an anxiety for my happiness, Hetty," she observed, hesitatingly, "that it would be a great consolation to speak to him, and receive his blessing before I should leave the country."

"For the love o' God, Miss Bessy, don't attempt it—don't attempt it; for as sure as God's above, if he lays his hands on you now, he'll not let you out o' this till he makes you marry that ould withered naiger; an' I'd rather see you, God forgive me, in your windin' sheet than his wife. An' then do you think that my fine, brave bould Masther Frank ud take the matter quietly, or that there wouldn't be divlement betune himsel' an' your father, if you're taken from him?"

"Well argued, Hetty; and I think she will take your advice," said Frank, as he joined them from the adjacent hedge.

He had closely followed Bessy's motions, with two companions, from the time of his parting with her, though he neither could venture against the odds, nor wished to oppose his cousin's abduction.

"Masther Frank himsel', as I'm a livin' sinner," exclaimed Hetty.

"Yes, Hetty, and here's a trifle (he put into her hand a couple of gold pieces) for your friendly advice, and to keep us in remembrance till, may be, we'd tempt you to give your sails to the wind and steer the same course after us."

"Sure enough, Masther Frank, I'd folly yersel' an' my young misstress all the world over, if I wanst saw the interloper clear out o' the cottage; an' that 'll be soon an' sudden if my wits doesn't fail me; an' have courage, Miss Bessy, for if you wor wost intirely gone, an' the interloper back agin to the black north, yer father would soon cotton again to his only darlin'; and both himsel' and mysel' might be soon crossin' the seas to ye, that is if ye didn't come back to us."

"Then, Hetty, my parting words are that, as you love me, you will, for my sake, be ever kind and attentive, till we meet again, to a parent that, however obstinate to others, has been ever kind and affectionate to me; and as you are so, may God requite you."

"Won't I—won't I then? And may the Lord and His angels shower down blessings on ye both, an' make ye as happy as yer hearts can desire, till we see each other again, which, please the Lord, 'll be soon an' happy."

Frank now, removing Bessy with gentle violence, and accompanied by his comrades, moved away from the kind hearted girl, amid the tears of the mistress and the tears and blessings of the maid.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO CANADA.

(From Times' Special Correspondent.)

TORONTO, SEPT. 10.

The mail was closed when I despatched my last supplementary letter from Coburg on the 5th, so that I was obliged to intrust it by hand to a mail agent going east, and who kindly undertook to send it on by the Quebec boat, if possible. Since that date his Royal Highness has visited Coburg, Peterborough, Port Hope, and Whitby, on his route to the fine city where he is now staying. At all these places no Orange demonstration was attempted; and at no other towns which he has yet to visit, I believe will they be tolerated for a single instant. The quiet determination of the Duke of Newcastle at the commencement of the movement at Kingston, the certainty that the same firmness would be shown throughout, the feeling of indignation that was aroused through the province at the idea of his Royal guest being thus affronted and excluded from the places to which he came on invitation; and, above all, the violent language, and still more unjustifiable conduct, of the Kingston demagogues has brought about a reaction which has put a decided check on the whole affair. In regarding the causes which led to these ill-timed attempts no greater mistake can be committed than to view them as at all connected, except by name, with religious differences. All Orange organisations are more or less political. In Upper Canada they are entirely so. The fanatical zeal of the subordinate members of the societies is worked upon by able hands, who simply adopt Orangeism as a stepping-stone to power. The present strong ebullition of feeling has been due, I believe almost entirely to this cause, and, properly managed, an amount of political capital might have been made out of it sufficient to drive the present Cartier and Macdonald Ministry from power. But the Kingston men who were chosen to fight the battle and whose reputation for fanatical obstinacy justly stands so high in the province that it was thought if any men could do it they could, fell into a very common mistake in such matters, and overdid their parts. The result was that they have alienated and disgusted many of their best Lodges; by their own violence they have at the very outset checked a movement which might

have given most serious cause of trouble, they have not upset the Ministry or even much shaken it, and the Bright of Canada is still out of office. It was a grievous want of tact on the part of those who secretly pulled the strings to intrust the execution of a scheme so delicate, and so fraught with danger, to hot-headed men of the Flannigan and Robinson stamp. If the Kingston people had been content with showing their own most mistaken and inhospitable feeling of independence, I am told that it is more than probable one or two other towns might have been silly enough to follow their example. But when Messrs. Flannigan and Co. went beyond this, and determined, as at Belleville, to follow the Prince through the other places, and, by the exhibition of their banners, oppose his landing, it wore a very different aspect. The Orange societies of Coburg and other towns preferred deciding for themselves, without the aid or coercion of Kingston. The mass of the Protestants, who, of course, are not Orangemen, were indignant at the determined annoyance with which their Prince was threatened, while the gentlemen connected with the Orange societies found their standing and position in the order overborne by the outcry of a vulgar handful of subordinates. The grief and indignation of the people of Belleville, who had decorated their town with exquisite care, and who saw the Prince turned away from it by the Kingston families, also had its effect.— Above all, every woman in the Province, no matter of what rank or age, of course, took the part of the Prince with such determined energy that popular feeling soon underwent a reaction; all the stronger for its being so sudden. It began to be felt how Kingston had made no preparation or decoration beyond its offensive Orange arch, could well afford to keep the Prince from seeing the nakedness of the little place. But all the other towns, from Peterborough to Sanda, had determined to give him a royal welcome, and almost choked at the idea that their trouble and expense might be rendered of no avail by the act of a few fanatics from another town, who having achieved the disgrace of expelling the Prince, and feeling rather doubtful of the triumph, could only hope to mitigate their humiliation, by getting others to share it by following this disloyal example. The idea, too, of a few hot zealots, like Flannigan the butcher, or a vagrant bar-room orator of the Tom Robinson stamp, suddenly determined to give laws to the whole province, and exclude the Prince from his mother's own dominions, became rather too much for the other societies; so Kingston was voted to have committed a stupid insult, and the Flannigan clique little better than a public nuisance.

There had been great doubts whether the Prince would be able to land at this city at all, for the Kingston men had been very busy, and not without success, among the lowest ranks of the Orange Association. Mr. Helyard Cameron, a solicitor of great eminence and the grand master of the Lodge of Upper Canada, had, it is said, done his utmost to prevent a demonstration, and in this he had been backed by all the respectable members of the society, and, of course, by Protestants of every class. For some time, however, his efforts were in vain. I am told that he threatened to resign, and would have done so forthwith but for the earnest remonstrances of other members of the party, who pointed out the certainty, in case of his doing so, of his place being instantly filled by some one or other of the firebrands of the association, who would be certain to make matters ten times worse than ever. Mr. Cameron, therefore, refrained from this step he being supported energetically by all the respectable Protestants who were not Orangemen, and who were determined to risk everything rather than that the Prince should be driven away, the Orangemen yielded. To say truth, whenever it had been understood that these processions must resolve themselves into a question of physical force, the Orangemen have proved as tractable as Quakers. So a sort of compromise was effected, and it was agreed that the Orange demonstration should take place at two o'clock and be over by three, an arrangement to which every one consented, as his Royal Highness was not expected to land before 6 or 7.

Before this decision was arrived at, however, the Orangemen had erected an Orange arch in the main street, under which the Prince would have to pass on his way through the town. It was not coloured orange, being erected to represent the gate of Londonderry; but it had several Orange insignia on it, with a transparency of King William III. crossing the Boyne, with the figures "1688" and the motto, "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of King William III." These transparencies were placed on both sides of the arch, while the top was surmounted with the usual Orange emblem of a Bible and Crown, and its accompanying motto, "These we maintain."

Except for the unfortunate misunderstandings and ill-feelings to which this arch has given rise, it would scarcely be worth mentioning at all; for even the Orangemen admit with a smile that, as an arch, it is the ugliest obstruction the Prince has seen.

Of course, the Governor-General and the Duke of Newcastle heard of this arch, and Mrs. Wilson, the Mayor of Toronto, was at once written to and informed that the Prince would pass under no party memorials of the kind. The Mayor immediately replied that the Orange insignia would be removed, and that the Orangemen had consented to take down the transparencies of King William with their party mottoes, substituting transparencies of the Prince of Wales. The change in the portraits was to be made accordingly in the night. The Prince was at Coburg, but the Kingston men were in Toronto when this pacific alteration was proposed, and during the night worked upon the feelings of the violent members of the Irish party to such an extent that on the morning the Prince was to land they came to a determination that King William should remain where he was. Mr. Gamble, the city solicitor, took a letter to the Duke from the Mayor, stating that the intended change had been effected, though it had not; and Mr. Gamble himself made no mention of the fact that the Orange arch was as much an

Orange arch as ever, and that it was to represent the gate of Derry. Relying, however, upon the assurance of the Mayor, the Duke at once came on.

While on his way to the Government-house, however, the Prince passed under the Orange arch. His character was not seen by the Duke of Newcastle, who was sitting with his back to the horses, until he had actually passed under it. There were a few "hurrahs" from Orangemen, and cries of "No surrender," as the carriage went beneath it, but this was all. For the rest, all the houses were gaily illuminated, and thousands were in the streets, a great many wearing Orange ribbons and insignia; but the popular feeling being strong in favor of giving the Prince a welcome, independent of partisan feeling of any kind, the St. George's Temperance Society, with one or two other associations of the same kind, joined the procession with their flags and banners, in which I am told, amid the darkness and hurry, a few of the Orange flags were mixed. But of this fact I cannot speak of my own knowledge, for it was much too dark, notwithstanding the illuminations to distinguish anything with accuracy, and all the Orangemen seemed quite content with their victory in having got his Royal Highness to pass under their arch without justly venturing anything further. The greatest blaze of light which was shed on the procession was at the Rossin-house, the principal hotel in Canada, where many of the Royal suite were to stay, and which was illuminated from top to bottom as if it was on fire, and viewing the cortege from this point I certainly could not distinguish any Orange banners in it.

When his Royal Highness arrived at the Government-house the Duke of Newcastle at once had an interview with the Mayor, and in the strongest terms complained of the deceit which had been practised upon the Prince, and of the manner in which, relying upon the Mayor's promise that no party emblems had been erected, his Highness had been entrapped into passing under the Orange arch. The Duke of Newcastle, I am informed, also stated that, if some apology or explanation were not given for such an affront, he would feel it his duty to advise the Prince either to leave the city, or to mark his sense of the deceit practised upon him by declining to receive the Mayor or any other members of the corporation who had been parties to it at his levee on the following day. His Worship requested time to convene the Common Council, in order that a formal answer might be returned on the following morning, and to this, of course, the Duke at once consented.

Saturday, the 31st of September, was fixed for a grand review of the Volunteers, but the weather, as usual, was in the highest degree unfavourable, and as at Newfoundland, as at Halifax, as at Prince Edward Island, at Quebec, at Montreal and Ottawa, at all the resting-places along the route, in fact, the rain came down in torrents. The review of course became out of the question. The rain would have been too heavy even for an inspection of Canadian lumberers, so it was early announced that only the levee would take place. The Duke of Newcastle waited long in the expectation of receiving some reply from the Mayor of Toronto in the matter of the Orange arch. None came, however, and accordingly his Grace sent the following letter to Mr. Wilson:—

[We need not insert the correspondence as it has already appeared.]

Just before this letter was despatched a note from the Mayor was forwarded to Government-house. It is to this document, which I subjoin, that the P.S. of the Duke of Newcastle refers. By this time it had become more generally known that the arch was built to represent the gate of Londonderry, but as a matter of course such information was not forwarded to the Duke, and among strangers it was thought, on the whole, to be rather a concession on the part of the Orangemen that they had not adopted their party tinge to paint their arch, but had, on the contrary, used common stone colour.

The levee took place at the time announced in the programme. It was of the usual dull routine style of all the others which have preceded it, though certainly not nearly so numerously attended as those at Quebec or Montreal. Of course, after the intimation conveyed in the Duke's letter, neither the Mayor nor any members of the Common Council presented themselves, and it was soon noised abroad that they had attended the levee and been refused the honor of a presentation to his Royal Highness because they were Orangemen. The mob never stopped to consider (what mob does?), that had the rule of excluding Orangemen as Orangemen been laid down and enforced, very few would have been presented at all. So the rumour spread that an insult had been offered to the city in the person of its municipality, and all the old Orange animus was revived among the lower orders of the society with greater force than ever. The Kingston emissaries, who till now had found their occupation gone, at once perceived their chance, and improved upon it. While these worthies were expatiating on the wrong done so unjustly to the city the Mayor and Council had met, and the Mayor had written and sent his letter of apology to the Duke, an apology which admitted the deceit practised, which, in fact, stated that it was the first time his worship had ever been guilty of such an act, and which promised, if this offence was overlooked, that he would never be guilty of it again. It was as follows:

[The letters have appeared already.]

In this reply of course nothing was said as to the object the arch was intended to represent, and as no manner of good could then be done by stating it, it was much better kept in the back-ground. Not many, indeed, would have known of it but for the vapouring of the Orangemen, who went about declaring that they had rather the Prince passed under that than any other form of Orange arch they could devise. The blusters, however, as has been the case all through, were the mere drags of the party—noisy, violent Irishmen, on whom all the leaders looked down with distrust and annoyance. To the almost apologetic apology of the Mayor the Duke of Newcastle replied in a letter, which terminated the correspondence.

This closed the correspondence on the subject between his Worship and the Duke, and it was intimated to the Mayor and members of the Council that, the matter being forgiven and forgotten, they would all have the honour of being presented to his Royal Highness before the visit to Toronto terminated.

Yesterday the Prince and suite attended Divine Service at St. James's, the beautiful cathedral church of Toronto, which is situated almost alongside of the Orange arch. By driving round another way, however, his Royal Highness avoided passing under it, and the groups of Orangemen who had collected near it were savagely angry and violent at what they were pleased to call this slight to their memorial. They soon became more exasperated, and their groans and cries of "No surrender," with yellings at the name of Newcastle, began almost to disturb the quiet service of the cathedral, round which the mob gathered. Amid cheers and shouts a large number of Orange banners were brought down and hung all over the arch, while some five or six, carried by the most violent of the crowd, were held near the cathedral door, so that they might be the first objects seen when the Prince issued from church. At the conclusion of the service the Prince and his party passed out through the vestry into the churchyard to avoid the crowd. In this, however, they were not quite successful, as they were seen crossing the inclosure, and there were great groans and hootings at the Duke of Newcastle. None, however, alluded to the Prince, save when he stepped into his carriage, when there was a cry to cut the traces and drag the carriage perforce under the Orange arch.

There were, however, too many police on the spot to make it easy to carry out such a daring affront, and, as I have before remarked, the Orangemen of

Toronto yielded at once when their violence is likely to be repelled in kind. The Prince, therefore, drove away unmolested, and did not pass under the Orange arch after all, though when he was seen to turn in another direction the people yelled and hooted at "Newcastle" with redoubled energy. As a Sabbath recreation the whole scene was certainly not calculated to impress one with the notion that, in a religious point of view, Orangemen are a bit more scrupulous or moral than other Protestants.

The Prince did not go out again that day, but the Duke of Newcastle, with Sir Edmund Head and two other gentlemen, took a short walk through the city. They were recognized in the principal streets, and soon followed by a mob hooting and yelling out the "Duke and the Governor-General." Three or four policemen, however, kept the crowd back and threatened to make some arrests. But for this interference I believe his Grace would have run some risk of sustaining personal violence. Later in the afternoon, by the orders of the various Grand Masters, the Orange banners were quietly taken down from the arch and returned to the lodges, and after this the temporary excitement soon died out.

The Kingston Orangemen now state as an excuse that they never would have made any demonstration at all but for certain offensive resolutions which were passed at a meeting of the Roman Catholics, held in Regiopolis College at Kingston. On the face of it this excuse must be false, as the resolutions were only passed to protest against the Orange procession, which had then been determined on. I can add further, on the highest authority, that none of these resolutions had been received either by the Duke or the Governor-General when his Grace wrote his first letter to Sir E. Head, dated Montreal, August 30. At that time the Duke was only generally aware that Orange processions were contemplated at various towns, and that the intention had at once kindled all the slumbering animosities between the Orangemen and Papists into a fierce flame, which might result in the most serious outbreaks in both Upper and Lower Canada if the movement were not checked instantly. On such general information only did the Duke act, and it was not till after the letter of the 30th had been sent that the protests and resolutions of the Roman Catholics against Orange processions reached him from all parts of the province.

THE PROTESTANT PRESS ON ORANGEMEN.

—From the Protestant Press of Great Britain, we make copious extracts upon the late Orange riots in Canada, and Orangism in general:—

(From the London Times.)
Yesterday we called attention to the unworthy treatment received by one of our countrymen from Prussian officials. But we must not waste all our invective on what M. Guizot calls the "brutality of German manners" or suppose that outrages equally gross may not be perpetrated under circumstances much less extenuating by persons calling themselves subjects of Her Majesty. The conduct of the Orange bullies of Canada, and, we regret to add, of a very high functionary at Toronto, has not much to gain by a comparison with Teutonic inhospitality. The more we hear of it, the more does it appear to be a masterpiece of disloyal effrontery on the part of a few ill-conditioned persons, countenanced by the weakness of the municipal authorities. One who is not only our countryman, but Her Apparent to our Throne, travelling by special invitation, not among strangers, but within his own mother's dominions, was not protected against ruffianly annoyance from men whose affectation of loyalty is phrasical, and this after a positive guarantee from the Mayor of Toronto. The last accounts had led us to suppose that after being hunted from Kingston to Belleville, and from Belleville to Cobourg, the Prince would be welcomed at Toronto without further molestation. Such an expectation was borne out by his reception at Peterborough, Port Hope, and Whitby, and by the assurance conveyed in a letter from the Mayor "stating that the intended change" (of an Orange arch into an unexceptionable form) "had been effected, though it had not," as the Mayor subsequently admitted that he knew. But the Orange spirit was up; by bluster they proceeded to threats, and from threats to something not far short of actual violence. Determined to be conspicuous in spoiling, if they could not succeed in appropriating, the Prince's visit, they fairly beat their Irish brethren at their own game.

History tells us that the most frantic passions may be excited by party colours, and those who have heard of the Blue and Green factions under the Byzantine Empire will not easily be startled by the wild extravagances of Orangism. But it seems that we have hitherto been mistaken as to the nature of the movement. We fancied that it was purely Anti-Catholic, and that the conception of an Orange conspiracy against a Protestant Prince of the reigning dynasty would involve a kind of "bull." We now see that so long as somebody is insulted, and "political capital" made out of it, the Orange leaders are not very fastidious. "The fanatical zeal of the subordinate members of the societies is worked upon by able heads, who simply adopt Orangism as a stepping-stone to power." It probably occurred to no one during the late debate on "Party Emblems" that old colours and tunes of 1690 and 1798 could be turned to any use but that of irritating the Papists, or that Canada could rival and surpass Ireland in the art of dressing up a new quarrel out of old materials. Still less could any Englishman have believed, till a few days ago, that while the French Emperor was sanctioning the servile genuflexions of obsequious Mayors and Prefects, a Prince of Wales, attended by a Secretary of State for the Colonies, would be negotiating in vain with the municipal authorities of a loyal town respecting the omission of some offensive ceremonies. It is positively humiliating to read the excuses made for colonial royalty by our cousins in the United States, and their assurances that the Prince shall not be mobbed and pursued by filibustering fanatics after he has crossed the frontier. When they denounce the un-English spirit of the Canadian Orangemen as alike foreign to the Yankee character and to our own, and father it upon the Celtic nationality, it is difficult not to feel some sympathy with them. But we frankly own that the purely Irish party feelings which recent legislation was designed to check, if more dangerous, are more rational and less base than those which seem to operate in Upper Canada.

It is not singular that the Duke of Newcastle should be selected as the butt of the Toronto Protestants, and that their malignant ingenuity should be taxed to place him in an undignified position. We learn from the latest accounts that their example has not been followed by the towns which the Prince has since visited. Kingston and Toronto do not choose to face alone the feelings which they know will be excited in England when we are told that a paltry clique were allowed to belie our Queen's confidence in the loyalty of Canada. They know well enough that they must account for their conduct somehow to public opinion, and they instinctively turn round on the man who has the most difficult and responsible part to play. We may be quite sure that the most will be made of the slightest indiscretion or want of temper on his part. It is not the first time that devotion to the Prince and hostility to the Minister have been the watchword of a selfish party. But the evasion will deceive no one, or deprive the Duke of the credit due to him for combining firmness with conciliation. If he should be unable to conceal his disgust at the unworthy tactics which have partly marred the pleasure and success of his visit, he may lose popularity at Kingston and Toronto, but he will not forfeit the respect of this country.

(From the Daily News Sept. 21.)

Orange processions are not illegal in Canada, as they are in Ireland. The law allows men to march

through the streets, waving party flags and banners in their neighbors' faces, and playing party tunes. That is a thing for the Canadians, in the enjoyment of self government, to look to, and not for us to care about. But certainly it was the plain duty of the Duke of Newcastle, as the Minister of the Queen attending the Prince of Wales by command of Her Majesty, to consider whether the Prince could rightly sanction proceedings calculated to annoy a large portion of the Queen's subjects, and which were dear to their promoters precisely because they were thus obnoxious.

(From the London Star Sept. 20.)
Early in his progress through the colony the Prince adopted the resolution of entering no town in which it appeared that occasion would be taken from his presence to make a display of party or religious emblems. This very proper determination has in only one instance been seriously contested, and has been honorably maintained. To Kingston belongs the shameful singularity of having preferred a demonstration of insensate bigotry to the honour of a visit from the eldest son of their Sovereign. The Orangemen of Toronto were, it appears, the first to threaten any serious display of their irrational peculiarities.

Great credit is due to the Duke of Newcastle for the wisdom and firmness he has exhibited under somewhat trying circumstances. There is enough of ultra Protestant feeling in the colony to render the duty of refusing to recognize it no less unpleasant than plain. It is possible there may be people here at home foolish enough to think that the Prince requires some admonition to be faithful and zealous in the cause for which the pretence boys of Derry did such wonders. We have seen newspapers in which column after column was devoted to the contingent perils of an Oxford education of the heir apparent. But we have faith in the growth of a public sentiment more truly Protestant and Christian—a sentiment of cordial good will towards good citizens of every creed, and of confident trust to the ability of religion to maintain itself without the help of princes.

(From Bell's Weekly Messenger.)

We lay to the charge of the Orangemen much of the discomfort and annoyance by which Ireland still perplexes England. It is their meat and drink to provoke a row with their Roman Catholic countrymen. Give them but the shadow of a chance, or either stating them, or being stated themselves, and they will not for their very lives forego that chance. Instance after instance of this is upon record. It is only a few months since that an Orange clergyman in Belfast fomented a quarrel, which was not suppressed until blood had flowed like water, and several lives had been sacrificed. But the most recent manifestation of Orange preponderance is one that ought to make those, who insist upon maintaining those preponderances blush for very shame. The Protestant Irishmen, who have emigrated to Upper Canada, have not left their wrong-headedness and self-sufficiency and intolerance behind them. It has been their misfortune no less than that of the Canadian Roman Catholics, that they come together in the same territory—a consequence which has made the surrounding districts echo with the strife of tongues, and vehemence of action. The Popery of the Orangemen is as bitter as that of the Papist. It will crop out, and the more inopportune is the time for its showing itself, so much the more it is certain to parade its stubbornness and unchristian propensities.

Don't these Kingston Irishmen are congratulating themselves upon their consistency, and are loud in their self-laudation at having turned a scene which might have been one of joy and gladness, into gloom and discomfit. Let them make the most of their triumph. It has only covered them with the contempt of all sensible people, and manifested that sectarian bigotry, wherever it appears, can be hurtful to none, but those who yield to it. Good, however, may come out of the evil. The Prince and his suite, have seen with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears, what are the results which spring out of semi-religious-political secret societies. The Duke of Newcastle is a liberal nobleman, and not at all inclined to interfere with the civil and religious privileges of any class of Her Most Gracious Majesty's subjects. But when liberty is converted into insolent licence, as it has been by the Irish Canadian Orangemen, we are much mistaken if the noble Duke does not lay the case before Parliament, and devise means by which Orangism, no less than Ribbonism, may be at once and for ever eradicated. So long as these Societies are permitted to exist, such disgraceful exhibitions as that which was witnessed and disapproved by the Prince of Wales, will occur. The existence of intolerant paritism, on whatever side it appears, must be provocative of angry feelings and violent passions. It is, therefore, high time that the Irish Orangemen, no less than the Irish Roman Catholic, be taught that he is not to insult the representative of the Sovereign, or to attempt to make that representative a participator in his disgusting animosity, and brutal illiberality, with impunity. Nothing that Popery ever exhibited in recent times could be worse than the Canadian Orangemen's misconduct. Like others, however, of their misguided countrymen, they will make nothing by their motion but disgust. They have, indeed, rendered their name only a little more distasteful to mankind than they have for years past been at the pains to make it wherever they have squandered, or polluted a territory by their presence.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

Such wanton and mischievous ebullitions of mortified vanity and bigotry, repining for the unfair advantage it had lost, required to be firmly and unremittently discouraged. Orangism at home lies under the ban of the Legislature, of the Government, and of all that is wise, temperate, and just in the public opinion of the country. The Irish administration have, for the last three or four years, most properly treated membership of a society framed in so condemnable a spirit, and continuing to exist for such objectionable ends, as a disqualification for the commission of the peace, or any other post of authority. Parliament, in its very last session, adopted an enactment of additional severity against the use of those provocative symbols, in the exhibition of which so large a part of the activity of Orangism is shown. In the presence of these facts, it was clearly impossible that the Secretary of State who accompanies the Prince of Wales and the Governor-General of Canada should allow the progress of His Royal Highness to be disfigured by connection, however remote, with demonstrations of senseless factionism which are so sternly discountenanced at home. Great credit is due to the Prince and his advisers for not suffering the offensive indecorum to be perpetrated under their eyes as a thing of importance; and we trust the lesson they have had to read to the brawling fanatics of Kingston and Toronto will not have been given in vain.

The feature of the affair goes far to mitigate the regret which must be caused by the occurrence of a single disagreeable incident in the Prince's journey. It is fortunate that the rebuke for a contemplated act of misconduct has not been incurred by the Roman Catholics. Had this unhappily been the case, however causeless had been the provocation, and however manifestly unjustly the censure which it called forth, it is easy to see how the mishap would have been turned to account. It would have been discovered to be a proof of want of accord between the British Government and a large section of its subjects, which all men might see as they ran. As the matter stands, the enemies of England within or without the United Kingdom will be puzzled to make anything of the fact that the over-zealous adherents of the faith which is established in the metropolitan country, and professed by the Sovereign, are not permitted to parade their assumed exclusive attachment to the Crown under which they live, and the institutions they enjoy, in a manner which can give legitimate offence to their fellow-subjects.

(From the Morning Advertiser.)
We believe that until the accounts of the Orange demonstrations in question reached us, we were in happy ignorance that the sentiments they reveal had any existence in our Canadian possessions. We knew of course that the people were partly Catholic and partly Protestant; but the bitterness of religious discord which the doings at Kingston and Belleville disclose to us were till now undreamt of. We associated with the Prince's visit the grand idea of a commercial undertaking of magnificent dimensions, whose aim was to spread amongst the whole population the blessings of increased commercial facilities; and we had not the least idea that in the middle of that rejoicing progress which our young Prince was so happily making there would start up the unseemly demonstrations which have shown us that the course even of a Prince's progress is not always smooth, though with the strongest claims on the loyalty of his future subjects.

But the perseverance of this Canadian Orange demonstration is not the least of its unhappy features. It defied the remonstrance of the Governor-General and the warning of the municipal authorities. It persisted in its intentions almost in the presence of the Prince himself: and it refused to be conciliated by his courteous undertaking to lie at anchor from the 2nd to the 3rd September, in order to give the Orangemen of Kingston time to reflect, and an opportunity of abandoning their unwise resolve to insult, for no earthly purpose of good, the representative of the throne to which they professed a peculiar loyalty. Peculiarly loyal certainly was.—It compelled the Prince to abandon his gracious intentions of visiting their town, and it pursued them to Belleville, and there again prevented his landing. Why? What object had the Orangemen in view?—What wrongs had they which called for redress? They did not pretend any. Out of a spirit of mere wanton intolerance they determined to compel him to recognise their demonstration, and to pursue him from place to place until he did recognise it. Thus far they have failed.

We have suggested in the commencement of this article that possibly this unseemly conduct may have been the result of the recent unwise legislation of the British Parliament. But the fact that there is no law against such demonstrations in Canada weakens the force of our suggestion. Nor, indeed, does it appear that the Orangemen of Canada thought of this point at all. They took their measures simply because they were Orangemen, and because they had an idea that as Orangemen only could they appear before the Prince with becoming loyalty. This sentiment was not, we are glad to see, shared by their fellow-Protestants, who felt that the Prince might be welcomed with perfect loyalty without making his visit an occasion of insult to the members of another creed. The dissidents were right. The Prince, whenever he succeeds to the sceptre, will rule over every variety of creed, and it is part of the bases on which the throne he may one day—far distant we trust—be called to fill, is based. The Duke of Newcastle, therefore, exercised a wise discretion when he advised the Province not to countenance the wanton displays which the Orangemen of Canada attempted to force upon him. And if the Orangemen of Ireland are wise enough to see the absurdity of their demonstrations in the glass which reflects the ludicrous figure their Canadian brethren have made of themselves, the Party Emblems Act will be a dead letter.

(From the London Globe.)

Some six or eight years ago, a murdrous Orange conflict took place in the North of Ireland, in which several lives were sacrificed. One of the grand masters or deputy-grand masters afterwards alluded to the circumstances in terms of regret, characterising it as a "little blot" upon an otherwise glorious anniversary. The outrage offered to the Prince of Wales by the Orangemen of Kingston is, we hope, but a "little blot" upon his otherwise gratifying Canadian reception. That is to say, we sincerely trust that the dissipation and disloyalty shown on the occasion may be but infinitesimal in their proportions when compared with the good feeling with which all British North America has come forward to welcome the son of its Queen, and that the insult offered may be considered as merely a more than usually prominent and concentrated manifestation of that floating element of ruffianism from which no people is altogether free. It is unfortunate that that element which in our own country fills the jails and hulks for various depredations and offences against society, should in Canada have called the attention of Europe to its existence by an act involving rudeness, inhospitality, and disloyalty to a very loathsome extent. It shows very clearly that Orangism is pretty much the same wherever it exists, and whether personified by Captain Archdall, M.P., endeavoring to insult the Queen's judges at Euiskillen, or Mr. Flanagan, the rough, trying to snub and subdue the Queen's son at Kingston, the institution is unsuited to the times in which we live, inconsistent with intelligence, education, charity, and good sense, and directly opposed to political freedom and loyalty to a constitutional throne.

These roughs, Flannigan and his worthy associates, do not appear to have had one atom of excuse for their disgraceful proceedings. Even the institution of the Orange Society itself in Canada is without the plausible justification which its establishment in Ireland is sought to be atoned for. In Ireland the Protestants, who were in an enormous minority, contended that the usual machinery of the law was inadequate to protect them from the attacks and outrages of the Roman Catholics, and doubtless in particular neighborhoods there was reason for the allegation. But in Upper Canada there is not a shadow of an excuse like this. There the population are as Protestants to Catholics pretty much as we are in England, especially in the more important towns. No one contends that Upper Canada is in fear of physical molestation from Lower Canada, where the Roman Catholics are largely in the ascendant in point of numbers, and equally absurd would it be to say that the small Roman Catholic minority in the Upper Province could be an object of terror to their more numerous Protestant fellow-colonists. It is idle therefore to assume for a moment that there is or ever was any such reason for the spread of Orangism to Upper Canada that there at one time existed for its institution in Ireland. It is unfortunately the case that as the old country transplants to new soils her good qualities—her enterprise, industry, and intellect—so we must expect to find her extending to these countries some of her excesses, which would appear, however, to grow there to an extent far more repulsive, and to assume an appearance much more hideous than is ever attained at home.

(From the London Weekly Dispatch.)

A most exquisite display of impudent blackguardism has been contrived on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada by the Orangemen of Kingston. These fellows determined, if possible, to commit the Prince and his advisers of the Imperial Government to their party by the adoption of their emblems in the procession, and the other manifestations on his arrival; they refused to remove the offensive symbols when they were officially told that the Queen's son would not land if he were to be made the subject of any such faction show. Professing an exclusive, as well as excessive, loyalty, these gentry considered it their right to debar the heir to the throne access to a part of his mother's dominions unless he would pass under the particular forks which they had erected for arches of welcome.

THE RATIO OF HUMAN LIFE ON EARTH.—The average of human life is 33 years. One quarter before the age of 7; one-half before the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years. To every 100 only 9 reach 75 years, and no more than one in 500 will reach 80 years.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS IN KILKENNY.—Four Brothers of this distinguished order have arrived in this city, to take charge of the new Schools in James's street, to the great joy of the citizens. They will open their splendid seminary on Monday next.—Journal.

LORETTO NUNS IN KILKENNY.—We have much pleasure in announcing that on the 23rd of this month a branch of the Loretto Nuns will be established in this city—another boon and blessing to Kilkenny. They will have three schools for females—a poor school, a middle school, and a school for boarders.—Journal.

MONUMENT TO O'CONNELL.—There is no country in Europe that is so deficient in monuments of her great men as Ireland. Though she has produced as many illustrious statesmen, orators, artists, and poets, as any nation in the world, yet not a single monument remains to attest that they were Irishmen. The men of Ennis are now endeavouring to erect a monument to O'Connell in that town, and there could be no more appropriate site than Ennis, the arena where the great struggle that ended in Catholic emancipation received its triumphant consummation. It is, therefore, hallowed by immortal memories that should ever abide in the hearts of Irish Catholics. The men of Clare, we find, have contributed over £700 for the purpose, and we hope that Catholic Ireland will co-operate in erecting a monument to the immortal Liberator. Mr. Considine, a gentleman from Ennis, has been deputed by the committee to collect subscriptions for this great national object in this city, and we believe that the simple announcement of the fact will save him the trouble of any personal solicitation.—Cork Reporter.

We regret to record the death of Lord French, one of Ireland's best friends, and a worthy member of the Catholic Peerage.—Weekly Register.

PRINCE NAPOLEON HAS ARRIVED IN IRELAND. It is stated in various papers that "no political significance could be attached to his visit to that interesting country."

EXPOSURE OF THE IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.—The Rev. Dr. Biggs, Protestant Incumbent of Templemartin, County Cork, made an ineffectual attempt last night to address a controversial meeting held in the Irish Church Mission House, Corrig-avenue, Kingstown, the Chairman stating that Dr. Biggs would not be heard as he was not a Catholic. Dr. Biggs declared that he would show the ill-feeling which the society had produced between every creed and every sect of Christians. Some speakers having addressed the meeting, Dr. Biggs appealed to the Bishop of Rochester, who, he said, was present to get him a fair hearing; and added that if the Bishop would go with him he would show his lordship how he had been deceived and imposed on. Dr. Biggs ultimately had to leave the meeting, without receiving the common courtesy of a hearing from those loudboasting advocates of free discussion.—Evening Post, Sept. 25.

LORD KINGSTON.—The Freeman's Journal has the following statement in reference to the unfortunate Earl of Kingston, at one time the possessor of Michelstown Castle, and of estates in the south of Ireland valued at between £30,000 and £40,000 a year:—"A commission De Luce Inquirendo will be shortly appointed for the purpose of ascertaining the state of mind of the Earl of Kingston. The condition of imbecility to which the unfortunate gentleman has been reduced was as painful to behold as it was discreditable to those relatives or friends whose duty it was to have interfered in his behalf. During the last Session of Parliament the noble Earl made it a point to attend the greater portion of the day in the vicinity of the House of Lords, where his eccentric figure was as familiar as that of the policeman on duty. Whether from eccentricity or other causes the noble earl was seldom in possession of any current coin of the realm, and the cabmen who drove him to the House generally remained the whole day in expectation of their fare. The noble earl's credit was also so low that the contractor for the refreshment stopped the noble earl, and refused to bring up a dinner until paid in advance. It is stated by those who are acquainted with the noble earl's affairs that his mental and pecuniary embarrassments are directly traceable to the frauds committed upon him by the notorious John Sadler."

THE IRISH BRIGADE IN BATTLE.—It would seem that our calculations on Saturday have, in one respect at least, been accurate. The Irish Brigade under Major O'Reilly, appears to have fought in the Battle of Castelfidardo. The Piedmontese telegrams now state that, as we conjectured, Lamoriciere, in passing through Poligno, took up the troops there. These were commanded by Major O'Reilly, and included, as has already been seen, some of the Irish Brigade, so that it now seems on longer a matter of question that they bore their part in the dreadful battle. How they fought Ireland needs not to be told in words. Their place in that bloody combat was where the heaps of slain to-day lie thickest on the battle-field. They fought as brave men fight, conscious of a rightful cause. They fought as did their fathers at Limerick and Fontenoy. Many a son of Ireland lying on that Italian plain, his life-blood ebbing fast, mingled with the prayer of the departing soul the patriot's last reflection, "Alas that this were for Ireland! It was for Ireland they died for her faith, her glory and her pride; and amidst the tears that fell heavily to-day in that native land they loved so well, feelings of proud consolation bled our grief. They died nobly as Irishmen. They died gloriously as Christians. The God of their Fathers will crown them with a reward eternal, while here their names will be enshrined in prayer, and song and story. Pray for them, men and women of Ireland. Pray for the souls of our brave brothers who have died gloriously for a holy cause. Pray also for their gallant brothers in that fearful struggle where valour contended against might—for the brave General Pimodan, who fell mortally wounded at the head of his column, leading them against the foes of Freedom, Religion, Justice, and Right. We ask the faithful Priests of Ireland to remember at the altar, on Sunday next, our countrymen of the Irish Brigade who have fallen in Italy. May the God of Mercy and justice give eternal rest to their souls.—Morning News.

PROTESTANT "ROMAN CATHOLICS."—The Times' Dublin correspondent, quoting something from the Southern Reporter, says:—"The remarks of the Roman Catholic journal upon the probable end of the temporal power of the Head of the Church are instructive, considering the quarter whence they emanated." Highly instructive, no doubt, being written by the Protestant Editor of the paper in question! Now with all respect for the Times' correspondent, nothing can be more dishonest than this trick of Protestants quoting the utterances of their brother Protestants as "remarks of Roman Catholics," for the purpose of injuring or assailing those who really are Roman Catholics. We should quite as readily apprehend any such practice, did we observe it on the part of Catholics. It is not fair, honourable, or respectable.—Dublin News.

The Dublin Morning News says:—"The following is the substance of a letter received from Rome by a gentleman in this city. It supplies some deeply interesting particulars of the late events in the Marches. We can now almost certainly promise our readers ample details in a few days. Meantime every sentence in the following reveals facts of the keenest interest to the Irish people. We now see that the Brigade companies have been in action wherever a blow was struck—at Fossombrone, Monte Albedo, Perugia, Spoleto, Castelfidardo. When Colonel de Cartea was sent out from Ancona to relieve Pesaro, one of the four Irish companies in Ancona, was told of their part in the bold undertaking. They fought at the battle of Fossombrone, and again at the second victory of Monte Albedo, where the column

retiring on Ancona, before Ciadini's 30,000, hewed their way through a body of 6,000 Piedmontese sent to intercept them! The column returned triumphantly to Ancona, with men and artillery. We now find that Major O'Reilly must have been ordered in from Poligno to Spoleto. He was in command of the Citadel, which, hopeless of defending with only two companies of men against 25,000 Piedmontese, he announced his resolution of blowing up rather than surrendering. The imperative orders of the Minister of War commanded him to capitulate. We learn the interesting fact that, like a true Irish wife, Mrs. O'Reilly, sharing her gallant husband's exile, shared his danger in the siege, and now shares his captivity. It would seem, from the fact of Major O'Reilly having had time to communicate with the War Minister, as if the Sardinians had been held in check at least for a day. This, however, is no more than a conjecture, which further accounts will soon enable us to verify or correct. The following is the letter from Rome:—"Rome, September 19th, 1860.—Many crimes of the blackest hue have been perpetrated since I wrote last. The conduct of the Sardinian government have been most atrocious. Their troops, without the shadow of a pretext, and without any declaration of hostilities, have invaded like robbers and banditti, the Pope's States, and seized on several towns and fortresses. Perugia was attacked by two columns—one of 20,000, the other of 25,000 Sardinians. The garrison made a heroic resistance, but was overpowered by brute force. General Schmidt was wounded and made prisoner. A company of the Irish Brigade shared the same fate of the General, and the two officers who commanded, Blackney and Luther, have been carried, it is reported, to Piedmont. The column of the Pope's army commanded by Colonel de Cartea, has covered itself with glory. It numbered about 1,000 men—Italians, Belgians, and one company of the Irish from Ancona. The Colonel set out to relieve Pesaro. Finding Fossombrone occupied by the Sardinian troops, he charged them at the point of the bayonet, and drove them like a flock of geese before him. Finding the Sardinian army that was attacking Pesaro too strong, he made a most masterly retreat, cutting his way through a body of 6,000 Piedmontese that thought to intercept him, and bringing back to Ancona in safety both men and artillery. At Perugia there was very severe fighting before it surrendered, and one of the grandsons of the celebrated De Maistre was either killed or wounded. We have as yet no details of the losses of the Irish, who fought with their usual bravery. Spoleto—that is, the town—was easily taken by the Sardinians. Major O'Reilly and some of the Irish threw themselves into the citadel, and sent a message to Rome that they would blow up the fortress rather than surrender it to the Sardinians.—Monsignore Merode, however, seeing that the garrison could not hold out for a long time, sent the most positive orders to Major O'Reilly to surrender, and he and his company were thus made prisoners. Mrs. O'Reilly was with the Major in the fortress.—Terzi and Narni have also been occupied by the Sardinians. The Pope's regiment, called the Guides, that occupied Terzi, has returned to Rome; but it is now said that all the Pope's troops, according to his return to Rome, will be disbanded by the French. So you see the comedy is coming to an end, and the Emperor is about to throw off the mask. Probably, in imitation of his uncle, he will usurp the sovereignty of this city, or proclaim his son King of the Romans. The unfortunate man ought to remember Elba and St. Helena. We have no account whatever of General Lamoriciere; but it is feared that, overwhelmed by numbers, he will not be able to achieve any exploit worthy of his former fame. Rome is now full of hideous looking fellows, and many of the assassins of 1848 are beginning to appear. May God protect us."

THE POTATO CROP IN GALWAY.—A correspondent, writing from the southern part of the county Galway, says:—"About two thirds of the potato crop will be a failure here; and at best it is thought that hardly one-half will be saved."—Dublin Evening Post.

THE ORANGE FRACTION IN CANADA.—DEATH OF THE DERRYMACEASH VICTIMS.—There is not in the world a more infamous institution than that which has proved so great a curse to Ireland, and which, the other day, attempted to beard even the son of Queen Victoria in Canada. The Orange institution is as wicked as the Prince of Darkness could make it. It has no redeeming quality. It is said that Satan can transform himself, when it suits his purpose, into an angel of light; but this progeny of his, which rejoices in the Orange institution, is not gifted, never was, and never will be gifted with any such transforming power. It is all darkness, save its hands and they are purpled, clotted, and besmeared with human blood. Its brow is sullen and savage, its countenance ferocious and cruel, its mind malicious, envious, and diabolical in all its plotting, and every one of its designs. And what wonder that the heart of the monster is cowardly, and the seat of the worst feelings of the lowest type of humanity? The African savage has some moments of cheerful gaiety—the Irish Orangeman none. The cunning and treacherous Indian in the wilds of America can display candour and magnanimity on rare occasions, and exhibit symptoms of pity and remorse; but in youth, manhood, and old age the Orangeman is always and ever deficient of them all. Give him fire arms, and send him to face an unarmed antagonist, and he is brave; but once he sees his opponent coming to the conflict equally prepared as himself, the coward and poltroon are concentrated in his person, and he turns his back and runs away. In whatever way you look at him you will see him standing alone amongst mankind; the most cruel, the most cowardly, the most infamous of them all. What wonder that a party made up of such characters is a blot, dark and hideous, on whatever land they inhabit? They are an abomination in Ireland; and a disgrace to the land. Contemtable in every way, they have the audacity to set themselves up as the friends of liberty; the only liberty they understand being that which they claim to slay and destroy all who differ from their detestable and infamous principles. They call themselves loyal; but their devotion to Kings and Queens is influenced only by their love of plunder and slaughter. Give them leave to shoot down their neighbours of another creed, and to carry off their goods, and they will bend the knee to the monarch who yields it. But, if this liberty is not conceded, they will plot and conspire against the king or queen who resists their wicked principles. More than twenty years ago they conspired against the present Queen, and sought to place the Duke of Cumberland on the throne; and the other day they insulted and maligned her eldest son in Canada, because he would not march under their abominable arches, and take off his hat to pay homage to their dirty Orange flags, and to the ill-formed pictures of the murder of Glencoe. A vile faction like this, who can tolerate no one who does not sanction their bloody orgies, and endorse their massacres, must be put down. The poor victims of their ruffian conduct at Derrymacash, after ten weeks' anguish and torture, have gone to their account. Murphy and McCann, fired at, and shot like dogs, by the murderous "brethren," are no more; and the foul and wicked faction who are guilty of their blood, the stain of which they can never efface from their persons, will not, must not, be endured. They have consummated their own destruction as a party by this last massacre, and we hope the day is at hand when the fell spirit and bloody deeds of Orangism will be heard of no more.—Dundalk Democrat.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PROTESTANT LIVINGS FOR SALE.—An unusual number of Church livings are in the market, most of them being enticingly described for the benefit of intending purchasers.

There has been no limit to the exultation with which our Protestant contemporary received the

news that 600 of the Irish Brigade had surrendered to the Sardinians at Spoleto, and no limit to the abuse and insolence which they have heaped upon them. Mercenaries and cowards, they went out with bluster, and they gave in with a whim. To all this there is but one answer—it is false. At Spoleto 600 men capitulated to the Sardinian troops, and were made prisoners. This and a telegram, which informed us that the 600 were Irishmen, is all that the Sardinians have allowed us to know of that event; and any commonly candid person would admit that it was but a narrow basis for the mass of exultation and insults which have been raised upon it. But we now know that one portion of it at least is untrue, for there were only one 150 Irishmen at Spoleto; and it seems to follow from this fact that 600 could not have surrendered, unless the Sardinians reckon one Irishman equal to four of themselves. The remaining four hundred and fifty were at Poligno, from which they went to take part in the terrible struggle at Castelfidardo, where 11,000 of the Pope's troops made a glorious stand against 45,000 Sardinians.—London Tablet.

All good men will have some reason, after all, to be thankful for the Prince of Wales' rencontre with the lawless Orange disturbers of the peace in Canada; for it is pleasant to observe that by its conduct towards His Royal Highness, that infamous organization has (to the delight of all Christian men) been palpably committing suicide. Decidedly, in Canada, the Orangemen have just given the first blow that hastens their own destruction. The history of that disgraceful combination (the plague spot of the British Empire) is curious and instructive. The Orangemen claim for themselves the virtue of special and peculiar loyalty; they have illustrated it in their disgraceful treatment of the young Prince, whose Royal Mother their Society conspired to de throne many years ago, that they might put the big King of Hanover in her place. But when we hear these fellows boasting of their shining loyalty, it is amusing to remember that their later establishment was based on treachery and treason. We do not mean the early origin of Orangemen—though that began in treason and conspiracy against one King, with his own daughter and son-in-law at the head and front of the great crime. We speak of the resurrection of Orangism in its bloodiest and most brutal form, in the North of Ireland at the close of the last century. French Republican "ideas" had then crept into Ireland, and were, by the grievous misery and oppression of the Catholics, forced into fierce momentary life. But it is a curious fact that (notwithstanding their alleged affinity to the French) these Republican doctrines did not take hold amongst the Irish Catholics at all. They suffered intolerable persecution—to get rid of that by any means was their desire—they cared for no more; and no fanciful "idea" of Government or policy troubled their heads. It was the Presbyterians of Ulster and other Protestants who became inoculated with the frenzy of Republicanism, and "the rights of man." The Society of United Irishmen, governed nearly altogether by Ulster Protestants was the result. When the sanguinary rule of "the Castle," after deliberately fomenting the rebellion, proceeded to trample it out in blood and fire, the mass of the Ulster conspirators took the alarm, and deserted, leaving the unfortunate Catholics to struggle unaided through the fatal campaign, which has given to Wexford a melancholy celebrity in Irish history.—Cowardice and treachery always rush to extremes. Ulster deserters to the popular cause hastened to prove the hot zeal of their new-found loyalty by joining and resuscitating the Orange confederacy, and from that hour this "loyal" organization became the curse of Ireland. Not a year has passed since then in which it has not signalled itself by murders, riots and the plentiful spilling of Catholic blood—this being its peculiar creed, that the slaying of papists and the wrecking of their houses are the highest evidences of "loyalty." As we write we have just received news of the death of one of the victims of these sanguinary ruffians—an unoffending and unarmed Catholic peasant, whom they recently shot down near Lurgan. From the north of Ireland this baneful organization has spread through England and Scotland, bearing a curse with it wherever it goes. It has not flourished here, however, and only amongst the most ignorant and fanatic portion of the population of one English seaport town—Liverpool—has it at all taken root. But it is in the Colonies that Orangism has really flourished, and especially in Canada. In the large French Catholic population of that colony (a population to which it owes its Parliament, and its high colonial independence), Orangism has found a foe to fight with; and ever since the accursed institution established itself in the colony, it has sown strife and heart-burning broadcast. Lamentable to tell, this vile organization has grown so strong that the most ambitious public men and seekers of place in Canada have become members and leaders of it—not that they love it— but solely because to their extreme disgrace be it told they find it a stepping-stone to power, and the emoluments of office. The strength and audacity to which the Orange Society had grown in Canada are painfully illustrated by the unbridled insolence and ruffianism of its members in the reception of the son of their Sovereign, and heir to the rule of this great empire. The scoundrels must have found themselves very strong indeed, when they could have acted in such a fashion; and we cannot be too thankful to the Duke of Newcastle for the firmness and sternness with which that nobleman (as responsible adviser of the Prince) refused, and persisted in his refusal, to make any terms whatever with the ruffianly organization.—Weekly Register.

IRON-CASED SHIPS OF WAR.—Captain Halsted, recently commanding the steam fleet in the Medway, has addressed the Times on the question of the success or failure of the new scheme, of iron-cased ships of war. He states, not only have the ships' sides been found perfectly impervious when battered at short range by the most powerful rifle ordnance, but that the discovery was made some months ago. The target was the floating battery, Trusty, which was used in the strongest armour that could be manufactured in 1857, though probably stronger sheeting could be made now and yet it repelled 80lb shot from Arm-strong and Shillworth guns. Twice only in 17 shots could the new artillery penetrate.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—In consequence of the ship's bottom having been what in nautical parlance is termed "hogged" when lying at Southampton it was by no means so foul as most people anticipated. About the water line and at the bow a quantity of green slimy matter was found; below that and by no means very thickly studded, patches of a fringed-like seaweed only were seen, varying from one to three inches in length, and adorning very loosely. This at once upsets the idea that so many entertain as to the cleansing of her bottom causing an increase of two or three knots per hour in her speed. In fact, a most mistaken notion is but too prevalent about the Great Eastern's rate of sailing. She has already considerably exceeded what was expected of her by Mr. Brunel—viz., an average of 14 statute miles per hour, with which scale as a basis all her coal accommodations were framed. During the week a large number of men have been engaged cleaning her bottom and painting it, after which a coating of M'Innes patent metallic composition was laid on. This is a preparation presenting a smooth and slippery surface to the water, and by lessening the friction it increases the speed. Of this it would take about two tons and a half. It was expected that these operations would all be concluded by to-day (Saturday). The ship appears to have lost none of her attractions and the receipts per week may be set down at £500 clear. "She will in all probability be removed from the gridiron on the 1st of October. It does not seem probable that the Great Eastern can sail on the 17th of October for New York as at first intended, as it is said she is to take 12,000 tons of coal, which cannot be put on board at a much greater rate than 3,000 tons per week. In addition to this, owing to her

screw shaft being unsupported by the sternpost, it has worn away some inches of the bearings which, most, even in its present state, cause a good deal of vibration when the screw is in motion, and would, if let go further, materially shake the vessel. In all line-of-battle ships the screw-shaft is invariably supported by the sternpost, and the above injury to the bearings of the Great Eastern's shaft would make it appear that in large vessels it is indispensable, although engineers differ very much as to its advisability. Three also out of four leading points of her screw have been injured, it is supposed, during the gale she encountered in Holyhead harbour, when the ill-fated Royal Charter went down.

AN ENLIGHTENED SCOTCH JURY.—A Scotch journal, the Glasgow Bulletin, contains the following:—"The foreman of a jury in the Circuit Court this week returned a verdict as follows:—'We find the prisoner very nearly guilty, my lord, but recommend him to mercy.' It is needless to say his lordship (Lord Ardmailan) would not receive such a deliverance, and bade the fifteen to reconsider their decision, which resulted in 'guilty.' 'Very nearly guilty'! If a verdict like this had been given by an Irish jury, what a source of merriment it would prove; and how our able and caustic contemporary, the Scotsman, would find scope for playful wit about so capital an 'Irish bull.' Nevertheless, we believe it would be impossible to select a jury in Ireland, even in the lowest court, which could blunder in this fashion. In England, however, verdicts like this are not uncommon. In Lincolnshire, a few years ago, a fellow was tried for house-breaking and robbery. The jury, being satisfied with the evidence, brought in a verdict of 'Manslaughter,' to the amazement of the good Judge of Assize. The result was the discharge of the prisoner.

A FRIENDLY YENTURE.—'Might I tempt you to venture upon this orange?' 'I should be happy to oblige you, madam,' said Leigh Hunt, who was thus being addressed by a lady, 'but I'm afraid I should fall off.' The Prince of Wales, much in the same way at Kingston and other places in Canada, would not venture near the oranges; for fear, not of falling off, but falling out. There might have been a falling off of his popularity, had he yielded to the insolence of these sour bigots, who acted infinitely more like meddlers than oranges. If he were asked to say what were the fruits of sedition, he should not hesitate for a moment to reply—"The Oranges in Upper Canada."—Punch.

DEPARTURE OF THE LIVERPOOL GARIBOLDI EXCURSIONISTS.—For some time past Captain Hampton has been in Liverpool using what personal interest he possessed, and also availing himself of the popular favour which exists towards the cause, to obtain volunteers to join the army of the Italian Liberator. His efforts have been to a considerable extent successful, and on Friday Major Styles arrived in the same town to complete arrangements for the conveyance of the men to London, as a preliminary to their embarkation for Naples. In the evening there was a muster of the "excursionists," as they are called, which took place in No. 2, Devon-street, the drilling-place of the Highland Volunteer Rifle Corps, which was kindly lent for the occasion. Soon after 8 o'clock Major Styles, accompanied by Captain Hampton, entered the room set apart for the inspection, and was received with loud cheers. The major was dressed in the Garibaldi uniform, and his breast was decorated with several medals. Having completed the inspection, he addressed them in a few encouraging remarks, and concluded by requesting them to be in readiness to depart on the following evening. He also explained to them that their conveyance from London to Naples would be paid; that they would be provided with plenty of provisions; that when they landed they would receive their uniforms and accoutrements; and their pay would commence from the day of disembarkation. These announcements were received with loud applause, and after giving three cheers for Garibaldi, and the same each for Major Styles and Captain Hampton, the proceedings terminated. On Saturday evening they again paraded in the same place, when Captain Hampton met them, and said he hoped they were now all ready to take their places in the railway train that night for London, intimating that each would have to pay his own fare, and to keep himself in London during the following day. He exhorted them to patience and obedience, and after telling them they must, like himself, prepare to rough it in Italy, they prepared for their departure. Forty-seven was the number mustered on the occasion, but it is understood that a good number—it is said 30—proceeded privately by train to London in course of the day, and that several others were to follow in course of yesterday. Among those mustered on Saturday night there were several who wore the uniform of some of our artillery and rifle corps. From the rendezvous in Devon-street they marched to the Lime-street station of the London and North-Western Railway, preceded by the band of the 4th brigade of Artillery Volunteers, playing martial airs. As they marched along their appearance attracted great crowds, who rushed to the railway station to witness the departure of the "excursionists." This was about 20 minutes past 10 o'clock, and by half-past 10 they had all taken their seats in the carriages. Here the first difficulty presented itself. No previous arrangement had been made for securing tickets or otherwise satisfying the railway company as to payment of the fares. Each man was to pay his fare himself, and Captain Hampton undertook to collect the money and obtain the tickets. This was a work of time and labour, and it caused great confusion and some delay, the train being detained fully a quarter of an hour after its regular time of departure, and even at the last some six or seven could not obtain tickets, and were left behind, although loudly protesting that they had money and were willing and anxious to pay. At 11 o'clock the train started.—Times.

One of the most rabid of the anti-Catholic papers, the National Standard, has a notice in two successful numbers of a newly reformed modification of the Prayer Book of the Establishment, which was published in 1852, but suppressed as premature. For ourselves, we have often heard of it, but never chance to see it. It is simply Socinian, and like most other manifestations of that and similar heresies, covers its real rejection of all revelation, under the cloak of confining itself to the ipsissima verba of Scripture. Thus dogma is excluded, and the expressions of Scripture (or rather of the Protestant translation) being taken as the only facts of religion, all doctrines are represented as interferences from those facts resting upon merely human authority, and one and all entitled to equal respect—that is, to none at all. How Protestants can, on their own grounds, consistently object to such a system, is of course a mystery; to themselves it must needs be said, as much as to us. Foreign Protestants are logical and admit it. English Protestants, luckily for them, are illogical and rave against those who merely act on their own principles. How long can it continue to do so, is another question. As to the work before us, the National Standard gives large extracts from it; but it is enough for a Catholic to know the principle on which it is wretchedly framed. That principle carries out so consistently as to reject all Creeds, the Doxology, &c., to alter the Te Deum, &c., to omit the supplications (copied from the Catholic Litany) to the Three Persons of the Eternal Trinity, &c.—What is more important is what the National Standard, very intelligibly hints as to the quarter from which the Book proceeds. Not content with hinting that it comes from "influential quarters," it adds:—"Those of our readers who may wish to know who the author was, or under whose sanction the work was undertaken, must find it out for themselves. We know no more about it than either the Prince Consort or Dr. Bunsen." It is impossible not to feel that we have before us one of the many indications that English Protestantism is rapidly sinking to the level which it has so long reached in Germany, concerning which the chief topic of consolation is that there is no danger of its sinking any lower.—Weekly Register.

THE "REVIVAL" MOVEMENT IN DUNDREE.—PAINFUL CASE.—A painful and distressing case occurred on Tuesday to a man named John Cormick, a workman in the Messrs. Norrie and Sons' calendar, Meadowside. For these past few weeks his conduct and general appearance have been such as to impress upon the minds of his fellow-workmen an opinion that all was not right, and latterly, they openly entertained not only grave suspicions, but decided convictions of their friend's insanity. Nothing to cause alarm occurred till Tuesday morning. After he had returned from breakfast, the unfortunate man suddenly broke out in very vehement language, and started and frightened the other men around him so much that they for some time could only imagine that he had sustained serious injuries from the machinery. But the peculiar conduct of Cormick afterwards, and the loud ejaculations which he gave vent to, speedily awakened them to a true sense of his condition, and several of the young lads were seen to weep, as if moved with compassion for the deranged unfortunate. He commenced by crying rapidly and repeatedly for several minutes the words—"Jehovah, oh! my God!—Jehovah. Oh, my God!" and frantically leaping and dancing the while, crying likewise in a singular manner, the words—"I will dance before my God for joy for his exceeding and abundant goodness to me, as King David danced before his God of old." The men around Cormick were at a loss what to do in the circumstances. It was dangerous to allow him to remain longer in the works, and accordingly one approached near and kindly requested him to go home. "Go home," he cried, "go home; I will go home, and to my father." Cormick, after some further ravings, left the shop and marched into the court, where he, however, again stopped in his course, and renewed his ejaculations, leaping and dancing. A cab had by this time arrived to remove him to his home, but he wildly refused to enter, saying that God never made him to ride in a cab, and threatening several for their pertinacity in asking him to do so. One of the leaders of the "Revival movement" happened to be passing at the time. He recognised Cormick immediately, and saying, "He is one of ourselves," assisted him into the vehicle, entered himself and drove home.

TROOPS FOR NEW ZEALAND.—We fear that the state of affairs in New Zealand will render it necessary to despatch another regiment to that colony. The 2d battalion of the 14th, which sailed about a fortnight since, had been under orders before intelligence of the disturbances reached this country, being intended to relieve the 65th Regiment, whose period of colonial service had more than expired. Although the battalion might do very well for ordinary service, yet it is only about two years in existence, and we fear that a regiment so young is not very well adapted to contend with enemies so formidable as the rebels have, unfortunately, proved themselves to be; and a seasoned regiment from India or from home would be invaluable to the interest of the colony, which would be most seriously affected by anything like a prolonged contest.—Army and Navy Gazette.

UNITED STATES.

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NEW YORK.—The Prince of Wales and his suite landed from the revenue cutter Harriet Lane, near 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and were escorted to their lodgings at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The demonstrations of the people marked this an event of supreme interest, and were more general and earnest, characteristic and suggestive, than on any other of the many occasions of this very eventful year. There could have been no fitter tribute to the honour and the worth, the traditional and the present grandeur that are now so gracefully represented on the American soil by the fair youth Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, than this intense democratic presence. And beneath all this suggestion to the wise minds that hedge about the royal person, and perhaps beneath all the happiness the strange pugnacity of the hour brought to the fresh and susceptible heart of the favoured youth, there must have rested a great sense of the hopefulness of the picture, and it needed no strain of the imagination to view him upon whom every eye loved to dwell, for whom the flags waved, the flowers fell, and the cheers went up as the pledge of an affection and an honest sympathy between the parent nations in the civilized family of the earth which shall be broken never. It was not a fiction of the over-excited brain that he was the gentle bearer of the olive branch of peace and real good will. Not long since the East threw its antique shadows over the same streets. The grave spirit of the Orient looked from a veil of soft traditions into the busy heart of Yankee life, and immemorial prejudices were laid down at the doors of the West. And yesterday the drama reached another climax, and the descendant of the Georges entered the center of American independence, and met no barriers but solid hosts of welcoming citizens, and the refrain of the chimed, and of all the instruments, was "God Save the Queen!" Not the most dervish philosopher over the "institutions" of his country could come forth from the scenes of this occasion without a good hope for the future of a people which is still so loyal to the domestic virtues that have made the name of Victoria illustrious.

MORALS IN NEW YORK.—Judge Pierpont of the Superior Court of New York has just resigned, accompanying his resignation by an account of his reasons. The chief of these is that his court room is wholly unfit for the purpose, and dangerous to the health and lives of those sitting in it. A proper court room was to have been built; but this has not been done, and does the judge see any hopes of its being done. If his reason for this resignation is the total want of good government, and this statement leads him into a large generalization. Good government is impossible, he says, in New York, because government is left wholly to the ignorant and wicked, while the more intelligent and respectable part of the community occupy themselves wholly in acquiring—not, says the Judge, wealth, but—the means of appearing to be wealthy. In a few emphatic lines he tells the whole story of the cancer at the heart of society. "It is," says he, "easy to demonstrate, that in the yet undiscovered world, there is not such another extravagant people, in proportion to its real wealth; as that which inhabit this city.—To accumulate fortune by honest industry, economy, sagacity, and the self-denial of long years, with a view to found a family or to endow an institution, has a virtue in it; that it not what we see; but instead, a frantic determination to get, in some immediate way, the means of appearing to be rich.—It is making harlots of your women and rogues of your men."

BOGS JEWELRY.—A correspondent of the New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture, published at Manchester, gives an item which will be interesting to those who patronize "gift book" enterprises, and such like benevolent schemes to put into the hands of purchasers jewelry which is "itself worth more than the price" of the particular article that is ostensibly purchased.—"I came through Lynn, Boston, &c., to the little manufacturing village called N. E. Village, and learnt something about making the bogus jewelry with which the country is flooded, either by peddlers or gift book enterprises. It consists of making earrops of a composition called oride, which will send for gold, but it is not worth so much as brass. The other company is manufacturing gold chains out of German silver, brass or oride. The process of making was interesting to me, and may be to others. I'll give it; the links are cut from wire or plate, according to the kind of chain, and sometimes soldered before putting into a chain; and sometimes afterwards. After it is linked, it is drawn through a machine to even it—balled in vitrol water to take off the scales caused by heating—drawn through a limbering machine, and dipped in acid to clean it, after which it is dipped into a solution of pure silver, and finally dipped in gold colouring—making a chain which they sell at the rate of \$12 to \$18 a dozen."

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 19, 1860.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The news by the last steamer is very vague and unsatisfactory. We have reports "unconfirmed" of Garibaldi successes, but it is evidently the object of the partisans of Italian revolution to suppress the truth. The Pope has energetically protested against the outrage upon all recognised international law of which, by the invasion of the Papal States, the King of Sardinia has been guilty. France replies by the expression of her determination to adhere to the non-intervention principle.

On Wednesday morning, about 5.45 A.M., there was a slight but quite perceptible shock of an earthquake which lasted perhaps some thirty seconds, and set stoves, windows and household furniture rattling at a great rate. No damage was done however.

Nothing can be more accommodating than the Protestant conscience, or more convenient for unscrupulous persons, than its code of ethics. In this respect it stands in striking contrast with Catholicity, whose moral code is universal and inflexible.

Any person, that is any one accustomed to one rule of right and wrong, and holding in abhorrence the two sets of measures, would naturally suppose that the Protestant mind or conscience would be but little troubled on the question of "mercenaries," and that it would not entertain any very serious scruples as to the political morality of foreign enlistment. Under the very nose of the British Government, enlistment for Garibaldi is carried on openly, and if not actively encouraged by the State, is at all events neither checked nor discountenanced. Volunteer Rifle Companies, organized for the defence of the Queen and her throne, escort volunteers for Garibaldi to the place of their embarkment, and the officials, whose eyes were so keen to detect the slightest trace of an Irish Brigade for the Pope, look on almost approvingly. It is an easy, flexible kind of thing this Protestant conscience, reminding one of the magic tent in the "Arabian Nights," which at one moment could be packed up so close that it might be carried in the palm of one's hand, and which when required might be so stretched as to shelter an army beneath its convenient folds. It—the said Protestant conscience—can accommodate any amount of enlistment for anti-Catholic revolutionary purposes, or to wage war on princes with whom the State has treaties, and against whom it has no pretended, even, cause of offence; but anon it will so contract itself as almost to burst with indignation at the rumor of recruiting amongst British subjects for Catholic or Conservative objects. Why this strange distinction?

As it deals with the question of foreign enlistment, applying one standard, one measure, to enlistment for Garibaldi and his horde of cut-throats, and another to enlistment for the defence of a legitimate sovereign against the unprovoked attacks of his powerful neighbors—so does it deal with the recruits. The adventurer who enrolls himself beneath the standard of the "filibuster" with the design of supporting rebellion in Naples is a hero; the Irish peasant who takes service under the Pope to protect the head of his Church from attack, his clergy from assassination by Mazzinian Liberals, and the tender inmates of the cloister from robbery, insult, and outrage worse than death—is denounced as a wretch, his feats of valor are sneered at, and the unfortunate wretch is at once disposed of as a "mercenary." This word is supposed by those who employ it to settle the question. The Pope's "Irish Brigade" are foreign mercenaries, beyond the pale of human sympathies, haply, if the Gospel according to Protestantism be true, beyond the pale of redemption. Why again, we ask, do Protestants make this strange distinction? If to be a foreign mercenary is to be damned, how and in what sense, are the "foreign mercenaries," the hired English cut-throats who compose no inconsiderable portion of Garibaldi's filibustering force, less obnoxious to damnation than the "Irish Brigade" who enrolled themselves for the protection of the Sovereign Pontiff?

And how comes it that the Protestant conscience of the Great Britain should at this particular juncture show itself so squeamish about foreign mercenaries? What nation, recorded either in ancient or modern history, has more distinguished itself by the employment of foreign mercenaries in its armies than has Great Britain whose Protestant press now arrogates to itself the right to sit in judgment upon and condemn the Pope for the employment of Irish and French volunteers in the ranks of his army? A Chartist denouncing political agitation would not present a more ludicrous figure than that presented by the Protestant Great Britain anathematizing the "foreign mercenaries" of the Pope.

But granted that the members of the Irish Brigade in the Papal service are, as respects Rome, foreigners, and that in so far as they receive pay for their military services they are mercenaries, and therefore foreign mercenaries

—it does not thence follow that they are sinners above other men, or indeed justly obnoxious to reproach of any kind. Per se the term mercenary implies necessarily no reproach; and though doubtless the employment of "foreign mercenaries" may sometimes be very disgraceful to the State that employs them, there certainly are also cases in which the citizens of one country may lawfully and indeed honorably bear arms under the banners of another.

The employment by the British Government of "foreign mercenaries" during the American Revolutionary war, was a measure to say the least, of very questionable morality. The position of the English cut-throats of the Spanish Legion, familiarly known as the "Scarlet Runners" from their propensity to run away from the brave Biscayans whose liberties they were hired to trample out, was certainly anything but honorable either themselves or to the Government which suspended the Foreign Enlistment Act in their favor. The term "foreign mercenaries" was certainly justly applied as a term of reproach to the hirelings whom Great Britain employed in its wars with its rebellious colonists, and to those whom it allowed to hire themselves to cut the throats of the gallant and loyal Carlists in Spain. Both to the hired and the hirers in the transactions above alluded to disgrace justly attaches itself, and this because of the essentially aggressive character of the military operations in which the "foreign mercenaries" were employed.

But the enlistment by a small State of foreigners as a protection against the aggression of its powerful and unprincipled neighbors, has never in any age been deemed dishonorable either to the State so hiring foreign soldiers, or to the foreign mercenaries so hired. Now the "Irish Brigade" was enrolled for defensive purposes, and for defensive purposes only; to defend the Sovereign Pontiff—in a military point of view the weakest Sovereign in Europe—against the meditated aggressions of Sardinia from the North, and revolutionised Naples from the South. Not as were the "foreign mercenaries," Dutch, Danish, and French, who, after a hard struggle, conquered Ireland in the end of the XVII century, and to whom the Prince of Orange was indebted for his almost bloodless conquest of England—were the "foreign mercenaries" of Pius IX engaged, but in the defense of his undoubted rights, and in heroically repelling an unprovoked invasion of his territories by the forces of the unprincipled King of Sardinia. It is in this that consists the essential difference between mercenaries and mercenaries. No one will attempt even to justify the employment of German mercenaries against the insurgent Colonists of North America; no one will presume to call in question the right of the latter to avail themselves of the services of French troops to establish their independence; and yet the French under Lafayette were as much "foreign mercenaries" as were the Hessians who fought for George the III.

As it is the cause, and not the punishment, which makes the martyr, so also it is the cause that makes the words "foreign mercenary" either a term of reproach, or title of honor. On these grounds are we content to base the claims of the Irish Brigade, to the respect of all brave men. Never were men employed in a more holy, a more righteous cause than the brave men who followed the standard of Lamoriciere. It was the cause of the weak against the strong, of legitimacy against revolution, of order and therefore liberty, against democracy and therefore despotism; it was the cause, in fine, of the children of God against the children of the devil, and all honor to the brave but maligned Irish who fell in such a cause.

AS OTHERS SEE US.—The affairs of Canada excite much attention abroad, and are made the subject of labored comment by the press, both of Great Britain, and of the U. States.—The London Times even devoted, a few weeks since, an editorial to the paltry squabble which occurred some time ago in the City Council of Montreal; and with an ignorance of the topics of which it treated, which would be simply ludicrous were it not at the same time seriously mischievous, attributed to the French Canadian people generally the sentiments of a few rowdy buffoons, whose language and conduct on the occasion referred to have been strongly and generally repudiated and condemned by every intelligent person in the community, as well as in the City Council itself.

The press of the United States, though not free from many and gross errors, upon the whole judges our condition, and the relative positions of Protestant Upper, and Catholic Lower Canada more correctly. The sympathies of our neighbors are of course with the former, for they see clearly whither the policy of the Protestant Reform party ultimately tends; they have the sense to perceive, and the honesty to admit, that that policy tends directly to the "annexation" of Canada to the United States; and that the Catholic party, on the contrary, are by every motive impelled to maintain the existing Imperial connection. Enumerating the advantages which that connection has conferred upon Lower Canada, by preserving its laws, its language, and its religion—the factors of its nationality—the N. Y. Times well remarks:—

"In the nature of things, French Lower Canadian influence ought long ago to have been swamped; and it undoubtedly would have swamped if it had not been for the protectingegis of British rule."

The Clear-Grits of Upper Canada, the "Protestant Reformers," and the Orangemen, proclaim as the object of their entire political action, the swamping of French Canadian influence; but as this influence is protected and upheld by "British rule," it is the overthrow of that "rule" which the parties above enumerated are really aiming at—not as an end in itself, but as the means to an end.

On the other hand, the N. Y. Times observes, and we believe with equal truth:—

"They (the French Canadians) have been allowed and encouraged to retain a nationality of their own, and their religion especially has been fostered. They dislike, at present, no people more than they do the Americans. They detest our democratic institutions, and dread nothing so much as an influx of American

ideas, which would soon overturn the little idols they have set up to worship."

Premising that the extent to which Catholicity "has been fostered" by British rule in Canada is, in the same article as that from which we have made the above extracts, defined as the placing of that religion "on a footing of perfect equality with" the Protestant sects—we admit the correctness of the writer's appreciation of the sentiments entertained towards the political system of the United States by all patriotic and truly Catholic French Canadians, and of the probable result of "an influx" of Yankee ideas, or Yankee principles. Certainly French Canadians have no reason to envy the democratic institutions of their neighbors; and equally certain is it that an influx of Yankee ideas would soon be fatal to their religion, to their nationality, and to their morals.

The policy, the interests, of the two races of whom our Canadian population is composed—the one Protestant, as to their religion, and Yankees as to their politics; the other Catholic, and Conservative, are thus directly opposed to one another; and to this opposition, by its nature irreconcilable, and admitting of no compromise, are to be traced all the difficulties which beset the administration of the country. The Law, may proclaim a Union betwixt the Canadas; Acts of Parliament may pronounce these two races so dissimilar, so essentially distinct—ONE; but sound policy repudiates that ill-assorted Union as an adulterous connection; but the voice of reason, but the voice of God gives the lie to the pretended Unity of the French Catholic of Lower Canada, and the Yankee Protestant of the Upper Province. They are two and not one, because God has made them two; nor can they become ONE by any conceivable legislative process of soldering, so long as the French Canadian remains faithful to the traditions and the religion of his fathers.

Whom God hath thus put asunder, man should never have attempted to join together; and even now it is not too late to repair the gross error of the Legislative Union of the two Provinces.—Such a divorce might, may probably would, lead to a union betwixt Upper Canada and the U. States, because the majority of the people of the former are even now, morally, socially and politically indistinguishable from Yankees—but it would have the effect of pre-erving the distinctive nationality and religion of the Catholic section of the Province, and of perpetuating the influence of British rule in North America.

Amongst the many hopeful symptoms that Orangeism, in so far as Canada is concerned, is in a state of collapse, we may notice this—that the Montreal Witness strongly urges the necessity of forming a new "Protestant Evangelical Alliance" for the purpose of "combining and concentrating the influence of Protestants generally in the public affairs of Canada." This is an admission on the part of a zealous Protestant, that the political influence of Orangeism is on the wane—for were it otherwise, another politico-religious organisation in the interests of Protestantism, would not be wanted.

But is such an organisation wanted in Canada? The Witness feels the delicacy of his situation, for he admits that such a society as that whose organisation he recommends, "does not exist in the United States, and would be unnecessary here" were it not that the Catholic Church is a powerful and influential body in Canada. With all deference to our evangelical cotemporary, we do not think this reason sufficient.

For, in the first place, such an organisation as that by him contemplated, or one closely analogous to it, does exist in the United States, under the name of the "American Protestant Association," and has there approved itself a fruitful source of strife and bloodshed. Of its operations, we find the following notice in a late number of a New York paper—the Irish-American:

"The American Protestant Association profess to have for their motto 'Peace, Law, and Order,' yet they march armed through the streets, and have in two several occasions, in Newark, shot down unoffending people, precisely after the fashion of their Orange brethren in Ireland; they say they desire to maintain religious freedom and the equality of all sects, yet one of the principal objects of their organisation is to violate the consciences of their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens by compelling their children to read Protestant Bibles in the public schools; and no one can be admitted a member of their body who does not swear that 'he is not a Roman Catholic or a Papist,' and that he 'is not, and never will be, married to a Roman Catholic or a Papist.'"

Upon these grounds, as lovers of peace do we deprecate the organisation contemplated and recommended by the Witness. Not that we fear, or have occasion to fear, its consequences upon the Church in Canada; for, even were the scheme of the Witness to be carried out, its first effect would be to bring out into stronger and more startling relief, the discrepancies, and mutual antipathies of the different Protestant sects. It will be seen that it is not merely a "Protestant," but an "Evangelical Protestant Alliance" that our cotemporary proposes. Now the word "Evangelical" as used by the sect to which the latter belongs is restricted to the Calvinistic, or quasi-Calvinistic sects; to those which profess a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, the Vicarious Atonement on the Cross, and "Justification by faith alone" in the strict antinomian sense of the term. But the Protestants who still retain any belief in those doctrines, or any one of them, constitute but a minority of the Protestant body, and a minority both numerically and intellectually contemptible. Of the educated classes amongst Protestants, amongst all who dare to do their own religious thinking, and who have ever seriously addressed themselves to the study of the grounds of their faith, the vast majority have rejected altogether the characteristic tenets of Protestant Evangelicalism. Amongst them we may find Sabellians, Socinians, but rarely, if ever, one who believes, or dares to profess his belief in the doctrine of the Trinity as laid down in the Nicene and Athanasian symbols. Even in the Anglican Church, the most distinguished amongst its clergy are either Puseyites, or Rationalists, and if one section of that body are supposed to be setting their faces Romewards, there can be no doubt that another section are rapidly advancing

in that other direction which leads to the total elimination of the supernatural element from the Christian religion. For the truth of this we refer the curious in the tendencies of modern Protestantism to a remarkable article in the North British Review on the growth of Rationalism in the Anglican Church.

Having therefore so little to dread from an organisation composed exclusively of Evangelical Protestants, it may appear strange why we should offer any opposition to the suggestion thrown out by our Montreal cotemporary. We do so however for the sake of saying a few words in vindication of the political action of the Catholics of Canada, and of showing the absurdity of the charges urged by our enemies against us, as necessitating such combinations, or anti-Catholic organisations as are implied by Canadian Orange Societies, or Evangelical Protestant Associations.

For—and we put the question in all Christian charity—what can be the possible objects of such associations or organisations? We could understand the objects of their founders, and appreciate their motives, if the Catholic Church in Canada was politically aggressive; if through her political influence she had ever, directly or indirectly, sought to trespass upon the rights of Protestants or to deprive them in any single instance of their civil rights, or religious liberties. But—and we challenge contradiction—the Catholic Church in Canada has been, and probably ever will be, on the defensive; and so far from seeking to violate the rights of others, her every muscle has been strained in her efforts to maintain her own, against the assaults of a continually aggressive political Protestantism.—If the majority of the population of Canada is Catholic, in the Legislature the Protestants are in a majority; and of the offices of emolument and influence under the Crown our Protestant fellow-citizens have, if not the monopoly, at all events the lion's share. The man who, under such circumstances, can seriously raise the "No-Popery" cry would, as was observed by Dr. Johnson in the last century, have cried out "fire, fire" during the deluge, had he lived at the period of that great cataclysm.

The Witness may perhaps contest the fidelity of our representation of the relative positions of Catholicity and Protestantism; but if he does so, we beg of him to eschew generalities—the resource of fools and knaves—and to descend to particulars. We challenge him to cite one single instance wherein Catholics in Canada have ever sought to avail themselves of their political influence to curtail the civil or religious privileges of their Protestant fellow-subjects; to address a case wherein Catholics have asked for themselves what they denied to their separated brethren, or endeavored to impose upon the latter, obligation which they repudiated for themselves.—Political agitators may cry out, and weak-minded old women may believe, that Canada is governed by the Pope, that Protestants are dominated over by Papists, and that the former are a very cruelly used body of men; but if we descend to facts and figures, how can these allegations be maintained? what solitary instance of Popish ascendancy can be adduced?

It is true that some of our Catholic charitable and educational institutions receive pecuniary aid from the public revenue, but it is equally true that an equal amount is given to Protestant charitable and educational institutions. It is true that the Catholic minority in Upper Canada have, through Catholic political influence in the Legislature, succeeded in wresting from the tyrant Protestant majority the recognition, in theory only, of their right to educate their own children, and of exemption from the burden of supporting schools to which they are conscientiously opposed to send their children; but it is equally true that the Protestant minority of the Lower Province have long been in the practical enjoyment of that right without an effort, without a thought, on the part of the Catholic majority to deprive them of that natural and inherent right. Would to God that Protestants would only deal with Catholics, as the latter are willing to deal, as they have actually dealt with Protestants.

One fact is conclusive as to the comparative liberality of Catholics and Protestants: it is this. Here in Lower Canada the Catholic element largely preponderates, and here if any where must the arrogant spirit of Popery display itself, here must its overwhelming political influence be most severely felt. Now the fact to which we refer is the harmony and good will that in spite of the efforts of a few evangelical firebrands obtain amongst all classes of our Lower Canadian population. Were a stranger to tell a Protestant resident of the Catholic section of the Province, that he was oppressed by the Popish yoke—that he was dominated over by his Catholic neighbors—and that his civil and religious liberties were menaced by an aggressive Catholicity, he would be laughed at as a fool, or kicked out of the room as a liar. There is, and this is what galls the Protestants of the Upper Province, this is what stirs the bile of George Brown, promotes the savage fury of the Orangemen, and inspires the lachrymose wailings of the Montreal Witness over the advance of Popery—there is in Lower Canada, and because Catholics are politically influential, the most perfect religious liberty for all denominations, the most thorough religious equality amongst men of all creeds and origins. As on the part of Catholics there is no attempt, no desire latent even, to interfere with their Protestant fellow-citizens either in matters pertaining to the Church or to the School, so thank God on the part of Protestants generally, there is in this section of the Province no strong anti-Papal feeling, no ill-will towards the Popish religion.

It is only in the Upper Province where Protestants are in overwhelming force, where Protestant political influence is irresistible, that religious discord prevails, that complaints are heard of ill usage on the one side, and clamours for organisation to repress Popery on the other. This is a fact, and certainly a significant fact, the meaning of which we leave the Witness to meditate; whilst at the same time we reiterate our request to him to specify any one particular instance of "Popish domineering" over Protestants in Lower Canada.

THE ORANGE MEETING.—We have already expressed our dissent from those who advocate legislative coercion of Orangeism, and we adhere to our opinion the more strongly because we are convinced that we have but to give the Orangemen rope enough, and they will hang themselves. They have already done for their Society, and within the last two months, more than could have been anticipated from a century of legislation, and a cart-load of Acts of Parliament. By their own acts, by their violence, brutality, and manifest disloyalty they have aroused a strong universal feeling of disgust towards Orangeism throughout the British Empire, of which the numerous extracts from the Protestant Press of the mother country, of all shades of politics, and which will be found on another page, furnish abundant proof. By their subsequent proceedings, and attempts to justify their outrageous conduct, they have made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of all intelligent men of all persuasions; and by their late meeting at Toronto they have taken the most effectual step for bringing upon themselves the stern reproof—shall we not say scathing?—of the Imperial Parliament to which they have appealed.

This meeting was appropriately presided over by the Mayor of Toronto—the pitiful creature who wrote that abject apology to the Duke of Newcastle which no Canadian could read without a blush for the miserable abnegation of all manhood which it manifested on the part of the Canadian official who penned it. The spurned, and well whipt spaniel, who crouched whining beneath the feet of an English gentleman whose path he had presumed to cross, was a fitting President for an assembly of Canadian Orangemen. The orators, the speeches, and the resolutions adopted, were all in perfect harmony with such an assembly, and with such a President.

First there was a speech introducing a Resolution by J. H. Cameron, the Grand Master of the "low Orangemen" of the Province. He fully confirmed the truth of a statement made by us some weeks ago, to the effect that the Orange manifestations in the Prince's presence, had been fully determined upon before the landing even of His Royal Highness in Canada, and that therefore those party manifestations with their disagreeable concomitants, were not the consequence of the countenance given by the Prince of Wales to the Catholic Hierarchy, and Catholic educational institutions at Quebec. He also absolved the Governor, and our Provincial Government, from all blame, by reading a letter from the former wherein, so early as the 13th of August, Sir Edmund Head gave, as the result of an interview with the Colonial Secretary, his opinion that the presentation of an Orange Address, and by implication, the public display of Orange insignia, would be "very embarrassing" to the Prince and his responsible advisers. In spite, however, of this fair warning, the Orangemen acting under the auspices of their worthy Grand, persisted in their design of forcing their "very embarrassing" demonstrations upon the Prince, and thus compelled the Duke of Newcastle to administer to them that wholesome, but severe castigation under which they still writhe. The Resolution proposed by Mr. Cameron, in substance amounted to a condemnation of the constitutional course pursued towards secret politico-religious societies by the Duke of Newcastle—a censure which considering the universal applause that his conduct in that respect has elicited from the British press, the Colonial Secretary will be able to endure without flinching, or any very great amount of mental torture.

The next Resolution was spoken to at great length by a silly old woman called Boulton, whose wits are not so blunt as, God help us, we would desire they were. This Resolution professed great indignation at the conduct of a member of the Imperial Government, in having presumed to dictate the course to be pursued by the inhabitants of Canada, and is only worthy of remark as another example of a great waste of virtuous indignation. The Duke of Newcastle did not attempt even to dictate to the people of this country in general, or to the Orangemen of Canada in particular, what course they should pursue; he left them absolute unrestricted liberty to pursue whatever course they liked best—claiming for himself and the Prince the same privileges. As Colonial Secretary, however, and responsible to the people of the British Empire for every act of the Prince of Wales in Canada, he advised His Royal Highness not to participate, directly or indirectly, in any Orange or party demonstration; and in this sense he dictated "the course to be pursued"—not "by the inhabitants of this country," but "by the Prince of Wales, the heir apparent to the British throne, and representative of royalty in the British North American Provinces." This it was the right—the strict duty, of the Colonial Secretary, of the responsible British Minister to do; but more than this he did not dream of attempting, and it is the silliest, the most audacious of drivelling to pretend that in any sense His Grace attempted to dictate to the Colonial authorities or to the inhabitants of Canada what course they should pursue. His language was simply and invariably this, "Do as you please; dress as you like; ornament your streets as you like; for in these matters you are your own masters.—But understand this, that there, where Orange insignia are displayed, there will I, in the exercise of my undoubted duties towards my Sovereign, advise her son the Prince of Wales not to land." For the rest there was, with the exception of its extreme silliness, nothing worthy of notice in poor old Grannie Boulton's flow of words. Of the latter take, however, the following as a specimen:—

"The only way in which this—a good, firm, and liberal Government—could be brought about, was by the Protestants of Upper and Lower Canada uniting together heart and hand, with firmness and vigor, and then the Roman Catholics, as the Yankees said, would not be a row of pins before them."

Secure to every man "the right to wallop his own nigger," to Protestants the power to knock Papists over like a "row of pins," and to trample them under foot, and you have, according to the Orangemen's, the Clear-Grits', and Protestant Reformer's confession of political faith, established a "good, firm and liberal Govern-

ment." This is the creed of the Orangemen, and of the Clear-Grits; of George Brown, and of Granville Boulton—"Fore God, they are both in a tale."

Of course such a meeting could not close without an address from Ogle Gowan. (The girl Kenny was not present.) He too made a speech, and moved a Resolution, censuring in the strongest terms the conduct of the Prince of Wales in extending to Catholics, and Catholic institutions, in Catholic Lower Canada, the same marks of regard as extended to the Non-Catholics, and Non-Catholic institutions, of Non-Catholic Upper Canada. But the best of the joke, the *bonne bouche* of the meeting was reserved to the close. Here it is:—

Ald. Carty, in moving the last regular resolution, said that it was of great importance, and would no doubt have the desired effect. It was as follows:—"Resolved—That a committee composed of the movers and seconders of the foregoing resolutions; and Messrs. Godson and McGlean, be appointed to prepare an address to the Queen, and both Houses of the Imperial Parliament, and also the different branches of the Canadian Legislature, embodying the foregoing resolutions, with a narrative of the difficulties out of which they have arisen, with power to take such steps as they may consider advisable to unite the whole people of Upper Canada in the adoption of similar proceedings."

We sincerely trust that this Resolution may be fully carried out; and that the Orangemen of Canada will make their appearance before the Imperial Parliament, with their grievance.—Won't they catch a snubbing, if they do? Oh no! to be sure not." Only try it, gentlemen—only try it.

DRUNKENNESS AND SABBATH DESECRATION.—The *Montreal Witness* desisting for a moment from the circulation of obscene libels against the Prince of Wales, depicts in glowing language the drunkenness and demoralization that obtain in the Eastern Townships, and invokes the enforcement of the laws to put an end to the habitual desecration of the Sunday which characterizes that portion of Lower Canada.

We believe that the complaints of the writer in the *Montreal Witness* are not, in this instance, ill-founded; and from the fact that in the Eastern Townships the Yankee and Protestant population predominates over the French and Catholic population, we have every reason to suppose that that portion of Lower Canada presents a painful and humiliating contrast with other portions of the Lower Province in which the Catholic element predominates. From their geographical position, and peculiar social condition, it is but too certain that the Eastern Townships are exposed to constant danger of contamination and moral pollution from a constant and large influx of Protestant and Yankee immigration.

As satisfactory evidence of the far greater sobriety and therefore superior morality of the Lower or Catholic section of the Province we may be permitted to refer here to an article which appeared on the subject in the *Montreal Witness* shortly after the Prince's visit to this city.

"We notice with pride and thankfulness"—said the *Witness*—"the comparatively small amount of intemperance which has been visible in the streets during the past week. Gentlemen from Western Canada remarked that as many drunken persons might be seen about the streets of a small town or village there, at almost anytime as in Montreal in the time of excitement with all its own population, and an unusual crowd of strangers. Gentlemen newly from England also expressed their astonishment that Montreal presented an aspect entirely different from anything they had been accustomed to in this respect. On the night of the illumination, when Great St. James Street was for hours thronged as if an immense army had been all the time marching through it, and when all classes of the population were out in full force, even the lowest and worst;—on that night, when drink might have caused a disturbance which no force in the city was capable of quelling—everything passed off well, and there were not, we believe, more than four or five intoxicated persons seen in that street the whole evening out of the forty or fifty thousand or more who must have passed through it. Indeed, all were courteous and obliging, and females and children were about as safe in that enormous crowd as if they had been at home."

When we consider that Montreal is also a seaport, and that to its own or indigenous drunkenness—must be added to the drunkenness of the crews of the shipping—a class of men not proverbial for temperance—this testimony is the more flattering, the more conclusive as to the vast moral difference betwixt the people who inhabit the Eastern or Catholic section of the Province, and the dwellers in Western or Protestant Upper Canada. That the greater temperance of the former must be the result of some powerful moral cause at work in Lower Canada, is of course unquestionable; and it is not too great an assumption to attribute it to the same cause as that to which we must also attribute the fact that during the last four years, Upper or Protestant Canada has furnished 837 convicts to the Provincial Penitentiary, against 226 convicts furnished to the same institution during the same period of time, by Lower or Catholic Canada—as is established by the official "Report of the Board of Inspectors of Asylums and Prisons."

These, we say, are the facts; they are constant and incontrovertible, because published by the Government. The convict producing power of the Protestant section of the Province is nearly as 4 to 1 when compared with the convict producing power of the Catholic section; though betwixt their respective populations there is little, if any, difference. The intemperance of Montreal, the largest city in Canada, a seaport, and in times of great excitement and during a period of extraordinary influx of strangers is, even by Protestant testimony, not greater than that of the small towns and country villages of Upper Canada upon ordinary occasions, and every day of the year.

It is scarce necessary to pursue the subject any further, or to do more than indicate the cause—for cause there must be—of this remarkable social phenomenon. That cause is one which will instantly suggest itself to every reflecting and unprejudiced mind, and is more than hinted at in the following statistics to which we have already had occasion to call attention—viz.,

That whilst the Catholic and the Protestant elements of the population of Canada are as nearly as possible equal—the convict producing power of the Protestant portion of that population is more than double that of the Catholic portion. The former furnishing 527 convicts to the 259 furnished by the latter.

At all events until some better hypothesis to account for the above startling phenomenon shall have been adduced, we shall have the right to adhere to the hypothesis by us suggested as to the cause of the undeniable and immense moral superiority of Lower Canada over Upper Canada, or the Catholic section of the population over the Protestant section—viz., that it must be owing to some religious difference; and that as neither French Canadians nor Catholics are naturally superior to either Anglo-Saxons or Protestants, the well-ascertained and constant higher morality of the former, must be attributed to some supernatural advantages of which they are in exclusive possession.

THE LIBERAL PRESS, AND IRISH PAPISTS.—The true state of feeling entertained by the "Liberals" whether of Upper or of Lower Canada towards Catholics in general, and Irish Catholics in particular, may be ascertained from the following passage, which we clip from the *Montreal Herald* of the 16th instant:—

"THE IRISH MISSION.—The Rev. Mr. Gubbins—(Phobus, what a name for a swaddler!)—preached three times on Sunday—in the morning at St. George's, in the afternoon, at the Cathedral, and in the evening at Trinity Church. On each occasion he gave a lively account of the progress of the Missions in Ireland, and the beneficial results which are attending the efforts of the Missionaries to teach the ignorant natives to read the Bible in their own tongue."—(The italics are our own.)

We would remind our Irish readers that the "ignorant natives" so politely alluded to by the *Montreal Herald* in the above extract are their Irish fellow-countrymen and co-religionists, when Gubbins the evangelical swaddler is seeking to elevate to the exalted moral condition of the people of Wales, Scotland, and Sweden; and that the *Montreal Herald* which entertains such sovereign contempt for the aforesaid "ignorant natives" is the leading organ of the Liberal party in Lower Canada, and the staunch ally of Mr. George Brown and the Protestant Reformers of Upper Canada.

"ANOTHER ORANGE DIFFICULTY."—Under this caption we find in some of our Kingston exchanges a report of a ridiculous occurrence that lately occurred in the City Council Chambers of that City. A Mr. Flanagan—it is not said whether this Flanagan be the same as the "low drunken Orange butcher" of whom conspicuous mention is made by the Special Correspondent of the *London Times*—moved that a petition from Thomas Flynn and others, praying the City Council to give them a site in the City Park, whereon to erect an equestrian statue of William of Orange and of "Pious, Glorious, and Immortal Memory"—be referred to a special committee to report thereon. The general sense of the Council seems to have been against entertaining the "low Orangemen's" motion or listening to the prayers of a petition which as several members admitted had been sent to the Council solely with the design of offering an insult to Catholics. After a warm discussion the fellow Flanagan's motion was lost. To such miserable artifices are the "low Orangemen" of Kingston reduced in order to keep up an angry feeling against the Catholic fellow citizens.

"See statistics of bastardy in Scotland, and the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes amongst the Methodists of Wales."

How far the complaints of Mr. George Brown and the "Protestant Reformers" of Upper Canada upon the score of Lower Canadian "domination" and Popish aggression are founded upon facts, may be judged from the annexed paragraph from the *Montreal Pilot*—a Protestant journal. Here in Lower Canada where the Catholic influence is greatest, if anywhere, must the yoke of Popish ascendancy be most grievous, and here however the relative condition of Papists and Protestants is thus described by a Protestant journalist, the truthfulness of whose portrait all honest men acquainted with the social aspect of Lower Canada will at once admit:—

"We in Lower Canada ought to feel greatly obliged to the Order in the upper section of the Province, for watching so paternally over our interests. But, it is a fact, we do not. We have the pride, or the vanity—we know not which—to imagine that we can, in any emergency take good care of ourselves; and we do not wish our brethren above to get into any scrapes or trouble on our account. So far as regards our religion—even though we live in the midst of myriads of Priests and Nuns and Roman Catholics—we have the free exercise of it. No one molests us, or seeks to prevent us, whether we go to Church or Chapel—to the Protestant Meeting House or the Jewish Synagogue. We are protected, as much as any other subjects of Her Majesty, by the law; and have equal justice under it, meted out to us. We are no more forced to use a language foreign to us, than to bow at a shrine in which we do not believe. In fact, we have everything necessary and desirable to make us comfortable and happy; and we live quietly and peacefully with our neighbors. Little differences will at times occur—mistakes happen in the best regulated families—but it is only when outsiders interfere that they assume a serious aspect, and bad impressions are engendered which it takes a long time to efface. It has been so with the unfortunate difficulties in Upper Canada. The Orangemen there affect to believe that we are trampled and trodden upon by an "inferior race"; whereas, in every respect, we enjoy equality with them, and in nothing have wherewith to complain. It cannot be to protect themselves or their religion in Upper Canada that Orange Associations are so rife, and so general. For there they have everything their own way. If it be to throw their sheltering wings over us Lower Canadians that the Order is so active and energetic, while we thank the members sincerely, and at the same time tell them we can do without them."

ASSUMPTION OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE GOVERNMENT BY SIR W. F. WILLIAMS.—We learn, from an *Extra of the Canada Gazette* published on Friday, that in the absence of Sir Edmund Head from the Province, Lieut. General Sir W. F. Williams—"as the Senior Military Officer from the time being in command of Her Majesty's Forces in the Province of Canada,"—has assumed the office of Administrator of the Government, in accordance with Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

COLLECTION FOR THE POPE.

(From the Ottawa Tribune.) His Lordship, the Right Rev. Bishop of the Diocese, has issued the following Pastoral Letter, authorizing a collection in behalf of His Holiness, to be made in the several Parishes and Missions in the Diocese.

PASTORAL LETTER AUTHORIZING A COLLECTION ON BEHALF OF HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX. Joseph Eugene Guigues, by the Grace of God, and Favor of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Ottawa.

Dear Beloved Brethren,—You are aware of the unprecedented attacks that have been made on the Papacy, at this time, by its enemies, who combining against the temporal power with which it is invested, propose to themselves, as their ultimate object, the total extinction of its spiritual authority. In this nefarious design they shall assuredly be frustrated, for Jesus Christ, the divine founder of the Church, has provided, that the emissaries of the Evil One should never triumph over her. But in order that the Chief Pastor to whose care she has been confided, may exercise with more freedom his august prerogative, it is necessary that he should be sustained in his independence as Temporal Sovereign. And as it is against the privilege so indispensable, that these misguided men, irrespective of justice and order, direct their most strenuous efforts; our Holy Father, Pius IX, has been obliged to raise an army, to secure him means of defence. These measures require an increased outlay, at a time when the sacrilegious robbery of Emilia, one of his richest provinces, deprives him of a portion of his revenues.

Beset with difficulties so great, he is urged to make an appeal to the charity and filial piety of the entire Catholic world; already has it been responded to by every country of continental Europe, as well as by England and Ireland. Nor has America been indifferent to the example given her; for in many dioceses of the United States, as well as of Canada, large amounts have been contributed, which bears ample testimony to the lively faith, and sincere attachment of the faithful, but what is still more deserving of admiration is, that many non-Catholics, struck with the heroic devotedness with which our Common Father in God, identifies himself with his sacred trust, despite a host of assailants, both open and disguised, have come forward to share in the good work; shall we, after such instances of generosity, remain passive spectators, and persuade ourselves that by sympathy alone we have fulfilled our duty? No, beloved brethren, we will not offend you by thinking so, for your spirit of faith, your devotedness to the Holy See, and your liberality are known to us; we know that with your First Pastor and your Parish Priests you form but one heart and one soul, in all that regards the stability of the Church, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman; that we all desire that the august head of the Church should be free—that he should occupy a rank worthy of Catholicity, which he represents. We wish to be able to appeal to his decisions, and to have free and unrestricted recourse to his spiritual power, and that no obstacle may prevent us, when we wish to express our sentiments of filial love towards him. We desire that Rome which has seen the blood of saints Peter and Paul flow—whose ashes it preserves—which is the depository of the relics of the Pontiffs, and of the countless multitude of our Martyrs, whose monuments whether ancient or modern, render it by their splendor, the city, by excellence, in the universe, and whose religion, science, and charity have erected institutions where every Catholic may go to derive instruction, shelter his old age and seek salvation. It is our desire that this city should ever remain in the inheritance of the Catholic world, which has maintained, beautified and enriched it, by the generosity of its Pontiffs and its children, that it should never become the prey of revolutionary hands. But, beloved brethren, in order to give effect to our desires, we should assist with our offerings our Holy Father the Pope, and do so with generosity, for his wants are many. Let us not forget that the interests of the Church are concerned and that she is in the most dangerous crisis ever undergone; and let us remember that when the head is threatened and suffers, the whole body is in danger, and is suffering. Besides let us not forget that as Catholics we ought show that we know how to sympathize in the sorrows of our Father, and that we are not indifferent to the signs of tender mother the Holy Catholic Church.

Wherefore, we order a general collection to be made in all the Parishes and Missions of the Diocese. The result of these contributions shall be sent to the Episcopal Residence before the first of December next. In our letter to the Sovereign Pontiff, the name of each Parish or Mission shall be specified, as likewise the sum contributed.

Given under our hand and seal and the countersignature of our Secretary, this eighteenth day of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty. J. JOSEPH EUGENE, Bishop of Ottawa. By order of His Lordship, J. L. O'CONNOR, Deacon, Secretary.

At a meeting of the Irish Catholics of St. Sophia de Lacorne, held on Sunday the 7th inst., the undersigned gentlemen were deputed to wait on, and present to, the Rev. J. B. Conillard an address on occasion of his being removed from amongst them.

ADDRESS. REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—With feelings of the most profound respect, we wish to express our unfeigned regret for your being recalled from amongst us. Although the time is but short since you took charge of this parish, we did not fail to observe in you the most exemplary piety as a priest, and courteous conduct as a gentleman. Be assured, Rev. Sir, that you carry with you our very best wishes; and although separated from us in person your memory will be ever dear to our hearts.

Praying the Almighty God in his Divine mercy to grant you better health; to discharge the arduous duties of your sacred ministry. We have the honour to remain, Rev. Dear Sir, your devoted children in Christ. Signed in behalf of the Irish Catholics of St. Sophia de Lacorne.

Philip Shovelin, Patrick O'Hara, Patrick Carey, Charles O'Connor, John Grady, Henry Carey, John Burns, Edward Carey, Bernard Goodman, Christopher McKenna. To which the Rev. Gentleman made the following reply in his usual happy style.

Gentlemen—I am very thankful to you for this kind expression of your feelings upon occasion of my being recalled from amongst you. However undeserving of the praises and of the thanks you tender to me, I must do you justice in saying that I doubt not the sincerity of your words. As I wish to assure you that I have been happy during the short time I remained with you; that my removal is not necessitated by any reason from your part; that did my health allow me to discharge the functions of a parish priest, I would wish to have been left the charge of this parish. However it rejoices me to think that at my successor, having among other qualifications more strength, and better health than I, will suit you better and will be able to do more good in the parish. And rest assured, my dear friends, that I will never forget the brave and generous Catholic Irish people of St. Sophia, as I hope they will also remember me in their good prayers.

J. B. CONILLARD, Pfr.

As a means of removing pain from the body, no medicine has ever acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain Killer. The sale of this article has exceeded all belief. But it has real merit, and that is sufficient.—Newport & Covington News.

THE CHURCH IN GASPE.

At the present time when the prospect of a Free Port at Gaspé seems to be so very attractive to commercial men and others, one is curious to know whether any one gives a thought to the interests of religion in this interesting region.

It is only since the establishment of an Inter-colonial Line of weekly Steamers, and the passage of the Act for a Free Port at Gaspé, that the Canadian community have realized the existence of this place upon the globe. Not very long since we had Mr. Christy "representing" this county, and then he was regarded as the honorable member for Siberia, in the Canadian Legislature!

But now already we are prepared to hear of the most Northern of all the *Atlantic termini* of the Grand Trunk, or Inter-colonial and Pacific Railway, being placed at the Gaspé Basin, which is in fact the finest and the safest Harbor in the world, and the only one upon the Contracted Canadian Seaboard, North of Bay de Chaleur. In Lower Canada, men are rather slow and cautious in the anticipation of extraordinary developments of any kind; and hence it is that to Canada West is mainly due the impulse already given to Trade and Settlement in this place. Predicated upon the Free Port, we have already a few establishments and ships transported to here from our inland seas, and the whole country being surveyed or explored in the interest of a Western Canadian Land Company (it is thought) We have besides a Norwegian Settlement now taking root at Malbay, or along the river emptying into it, under the direct agency of Mr. Buchanan, or his German clerk, Mr. Gloucester, of the Quebec Emigration Office. At Gaspé Basin the temporary Government Land Agent lends his best assistance to this praiseworthy work; whilst his active brother, the Agent for the Steamers calling at the place, bestows on it his warmest co-operation. Upon the hypothesis that Government does render material aid to this Norwegian Colony, one is tempted to ask whether similar assistance might not be given to Immigrants from other countries as well, and even to Canadians themselves seeking homes here.

It is certain that this place has been sadly neglected hitherto, and the Church left to seek out her own children, "mid Jersey fishermen, and human waifs from the British Isles, cast ashore from the wrecks of emigrant ships, together with some few of the more adventurous of the Canadians of the Lower St. Lawrence, and others. And though the State has overlooked Gaspé, the ever-watchful Church has not done so; and, accordingly, we find graceful temples to the Almighty, extending from Quebec round to the Bay de Chaleur, and even along the Aquatic seaboard of New Brunswick, as far as Nova Scotia.

It is true that, owing to the neglect of Government in not providing roads and bridges around the coast, the labors of the poor Missioner have been great, and his sufferings severe, in attending night and day to his widely scattered flock; but we fail to discern its effects upon the progress of church building and the morals of the people; for whilst the churches are found gracing every prominent point around the coast, the people of all persuasions are remarkable for the beauty of their lives, and their manly, sober habits.

To-day, there leaves this mission for Quebec, after 6 years' bitter toiling, one of those charming and pious priests, peculiarly I might say, to the Catholic Church of Lower Canada, the Rev. Father Fafard; and though in Father Winter's, his youthful successor, we already discern a worthy substitute, this gentleman has comparatively light work left him to do by his indefatigable predecessor, whose mission is already divided between the zealous Father Blouin, of Fox River, and himself. Yes, when the roads were worse than now, Father Fafard's mission extended 60 miles above Fox River on the St. Lawrence, round by Cape Rosiere, Gaspé Bay and rivers, and on to Malbay, near to Percé on the Bay de Chaleur, where seven churches do now attest his Apostolic labors. His residence was at Douglastown, amongst his "faithful Irish," as he called them, where a splendid spired church, raised as if by magic by him and them a second time upon the ashes of the first, will call forth his parting sigh to-day upon passing it, soon after quitting our harbor for Quebec. At the harbor itself, or Basin, he has the melancholy gratification of seeing the spire of his lonely little church there, just being completed. May he long live to ornament God's Church, and minister to His people. How easy it were to harmonize the "races" in Canada if all were left to God's anointed ministers: let those who doubt it make the tour of the Canadian seaboard, where they will behold the French Canadian and Irish Canadian Catholics living together in peace and happiness;—where in fact, (at Grand River at least, where a model priest and patriotic gentleman resides) they meet together to celebrate the National festivals peculiar to each, as well as to fill the joyful summer processions of Corpus Christi day, by the calm majestic sea.

AN OLD FRIEND. OBITUARY.

At Oshawa, on Tuesday, the 16th inst., at the residence of her venerable father, Daniel Leonard, Esq., departed this life, Sister de Pazzi, a pious member of the excellent Society of the Ladies of Loreto. At her funeral which took place on Friday, assisted several clergymen, who came from a considerable distance, the children of the schools, and a vast number of Protestants of all denominations. In their bereavement, the esteemed parents of the deceased had the consolation to see evidenced the fact, that a strong feeling of public sympathy was enlisted on their behalf. The Rev. Father Proulx, the excellent late Pastor of Oshawa, celebrated High Mass on the occasion: after which your friend, the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, delivered a discourse well adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed. From the fourth chapter of the Book of Wisdom, he took for his text the following verses:—"And a spotless life is old age. He pleased God, and was beloved, and living among sinners, he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. For the bewitching of vanity obscureth good things; and the wandering of concupiscence overturneth the innocent mind. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time. For his soul pleased God, therefore he hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities." The Rev. gentleman observed that, considering the uniformly religious tenor of the good Sister's career, he could find no text which seemed better calculated to portray graphically and adequately the merciful conduct of Divine Providence in her regard. Not content with faithfully practicing the ordinary duties devolving on the Christian daughter—her religion, when assailed, she defended with an enlightened zeal which elicited the admiration of every generous adversary. She more than once evinced a sort of Apostolic spirit in this regard. Having lived in the good odor of Christ, whilst in a secular state, she heard addressed to her, and promptly responded to, "that word," which not all receive, "but they to whom it is given." In conformity with the Divine will, and with a view to satisfy her increasing "thirst after justice," she became a member of the pious and learned institute of the Ladies of Loreto. Having given, in an eminent degree, an example of those virtues which illustrate the religious life, she was attacked with the fatal disease which closed her earthly career. The benefit of her health required her to withdraw from her endeared community, and to bask herself once more to the bosom of her affectionate family. Here the patience with which she endured her sufferings was truly heroic. The maxim of St. Theresa seemed to be her's also—"Either suffer or die." She received the Sacraments with great fervor, and continued to the end to give in every respect, a most edifying instance of the Christian generosity of a soul, who gives herself to God without reserve, by embracing a religious state. It is indeed to be hoped, that she "died the death of the just, and that her last end

was like unto theirs." On her tomb, as far as is given to man to know, might be appropriately inscribed, that most beautiful and most Christian epitaph, "She pleased God, and was beloved, and living among sinners, he was translated. She was taken away lest wickedness should alter her understanding, or deceit beguile her soul. Being made perfect in a short space, she fulfilled a long time. For her soul pleased God; therefore he hastened to bring her out of the midst of iniquities." Requiescat in pace.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

The market is very dull to-day; not much doing. Many of the wholesale firms, who have been so busy for five or six weeks, have now a little time to put their stocks in order.

Flour.—Superfine does not bring quite up to \$5.70 since yesterday's quotations. We note a sale of uninspected at \$5.65, which, with cooorage and inspection added, would come up to \$5.69.

Wheat.—A cargo of U. C. Spring, No. 1, sold for \$1.26 about; and another parcel went off at \$1.25. Butter.—A very fair lot of 33 kegs brought 14c this forenoon.—*Montreal Witness*.

It "ministers to a mind diseased"—Dyspepsia and its concomitant evils, result in bodily as well as mental suffering. The Oxygenated Bitters in restoring the digestive organs to perfect health restores the mind to its natural vigor.

Births. In this city, on the 11th instant, the wife of Mr. James Forté, Grocer, of a son. In this city, on the 14th instant, the wife of Lieut. Col. Rolland, of a son.

Died. At Vankleek-Hill, on the 6th instant, Mr. Peter Hickey, aged 83 years, a native of the county Kilkenny, Ireland.—May he rest in peace. In Prescott, on the 12th instant, Jane, wife of Patrick Carberry, Esq., Acting Collector of Customs, Prescott, aged 31 years.

In Montreal, on the 14th instant, Joseph Dubois, aged 58 years.

In Sorel, on the 13th instant, Charles Langerin, Esq., Assistant-Accountant of the House of Assembly, aged 32 years.

In Montreal, on the 16th instant, after a long illness, Mr. John Jones, aged 64 years and 8 months. He was a native of Worcester, England, and for forty-six years a resident of this city.

In Quebec, on the 13th instant, John James Hackett, Esq., of the Inspector-General's Department, aged 47 years, a native of the County of Waterford, Ireland.

In Quebec, early on the morning of the 14th instant, of consumption, Margaret, daughter of William Quinn, aged 16 years. In Quebec, on the 16th instant, Ellen, wife of Mr. James Finigan, Trader, of Quebec.

PIUS IX., PONT. MAX.

THIS FINE PORTRAIT of His Holiness (painted in Rome the first year of His Pontificate), for Sale at 75 Louis, or for raffle at 25 per ticket. On view at Mr. Murray's, 150 Notre Dame Street, corner of St. Lambert Street. This portrait is esteemed worth 100 Louis. The Raffle list is half completed. Messrs. Rolland & Son, St. Vincent Street, kindly offer to receive Post Office orders and send Tickets. Various Oil Paintings on Sale, from Rome. October 19.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says that the Privy Council held a meeting on Thursday, 21st September, at which it is understood a proposal from General Goyon, to augment the French Army at Rome to 20,000, and some say to put down Garibaldi, was discussed. It is feared the result was a decision which will lead to a bloody war, and at best put an end for a long time to all hope of regenerating Italy.

Marshal Vaillant leaves Paris to take the command of the Army of Italy, and will probably be followed by two divisions.

PARIS, SEPT. 21.—M. Alphonse Esquiros, the author of various articles on England and English life which have appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes in the course of the last three years, commences in the last number of that periodical a series of papers on our military institutions, the army and the volunteers, the military schools and arsenals. The first instalment of the series dwells at very considerable length on the arsenals and schools, and especially on Woolwich and its works. It is written with vivacity and spirit, and with an evident desire to be impartial and just towards England, where it will be read with interest, especially by military men. The following are the opening paragraphs:—

"The idea has been too lightly spread that Great Britain is not a military nation; the movement that has taken place during the last year in the United Kingdom sufficiently confutes this opinion, which at a given moment may become dangerous for the other States of Europe. On what, besides, is based the assertion that England is only a naval power of the first class? Have not the English soldiers, although never numerous, sufficed for all the great eventualities of history? Has not the weight of their arms been felt for centuries past in the balance in which are weighed the destinies of the Continent? Each time that it was necessary to conquer have they not conquered? I will not awaken irritating recollection, I will not write the name of a great battle so painful to our national self-love; it suffices to recall the fact that lately England, with a handful of men, reconquered India. Instead of denying history, it were better to seek by what ties the British character is linked to the group of martial nations. The Englishman is not warlike from taste; he does not love war for war's sake, or maintain an army for the ruinous pleasure of seeing bayonets glitter and banners flaunt. He has an army to defend his territory, his commerce, the immense network of his external relations and affairs. Experience has more than once shown him the necessity of putting the pride of riches under the protection of courage. The English soldier has less enthusiasm than coolness. On a battlefield he dies as he lives, with resolution and from a sentiment of duty.—Immortal in his ranks (inevitable) he feels that the responsibility of the labor which has made England an opulent nation rests upon his arms. The military element presents, then, in Great Britain, peculiar and interesting traits. And then quite lately, besides the regular army, a new independent army has arisen. Yesterday it existed but as a project, to-day it fills the towns with the noise of its clarions, passes reviews in Hyde Park and at Holyrood, and covers the plain with the smoke of its skirmishers. I speak of the Volunteers, or Riflemen. We must investigate the origin of this movement, and the influence it has already exercised on English habits; but, before busying ourselves with the army and the Volunteers, it will be well to study the military schools and arsenals. At a period when all the nations of Europe observe one another, and when, each moment, rumors of war arise, die away, and then again are heard, it is not useless to France to know the strength of her neighbors."

The Opinion Nationale publishes a rather curious letter from a French friend now in England. It is chiefly about the Volunteers and the present feeling in England towards France. Its tone is rather friendly than otherwise; it contains some truths and some of those blunders which even an intelligent foreigner may fall into who has not been long in England.

"At last," the letter commences, "I have seen them, those English Volunteers, who almost dispute the palm with those of Garibaldi. They are of all colors—gray, black, blue, and many another tint. They look well under arms; we will even say, to show how far our impartiality goes, that they have a martial bearing which reminds one of our National Guards of 1830. They exercise themselves in the management of arms with all the seriousness and application which distinguish the British character; this is equivalent to saying that they will certainly make rapid progress in that exercise."—Times Cor.

Whether sorrow for the misfortunes which are weighing down the heart of the Holy Father and of all his children, or indignation for the hypocrisy and wickedness of those who are destroying his throne ought to prevail, is a question which we need not stay to discuss. The present scene is only the last of a drama which was long ago settled at Turin and Paris. The Pope, it was well known, was materially in the hands of the Emperor Napoleon. The Emperor, then, might well prophesy what would become of the Papal power, for he might (for the time) reduce it to any dimensions that he pleased. He put forth his programme, and has taken good care that all the measures which the Papal Government inaugurated to prevent its consummation should fail. First, the Pope was wrong, because he had no army, and therefore no means of guaranteeing the suppression of crime, and the maintenance of order. He collected the nucleus of an army, and confided its organization to a noble warrior; and he was still more wrong, because the invasion and annexation of his States was every day becoming more difficult. One day intervention was right, and France was loudly cheered when she took Milan from Austria; the next day intervention was positively wrong. France had no right to secure Modena, Florence, or the Romagna to those princes to whom she promised a safe return in the preliminaries of Villafranca, and Europe, which had

cheered the invasion of Lombardy, was much scandalized at the French occupation of Rome. One day the question of nationalities was the pivot on which European policy was to turn, and by it Austria was adjudged to lose Lombardy, Hungary, and her Slavonic provinces; but in Italy the Pope and the King of Naples, the most absolutely national of any dynasties in the Peninsula, had by the same rule to give way to the House of Savoy, which is scarcely Italian at all. In the matter of political administration, the strictest centralization was necessary for Italy, and all thrones which prevented it were to fall. In Austria or in Russia this centralization is the bugbear of revolutionists, and will be erected into a cause for attacking them. No wonder that in the midst of these contradictions the Pope is tired of French protection, and has sent his ultimatum to the French Government, and, it is said, has even threatened to leave Rome. The head of Christendom is too august a power to be made the mere plaything of a set of diplomatic liars, and to be satisfied with the hypocritical condolences of the false friend who administers the poison while he sits by the bedside in the nurse's chair, and his tender affection takes care that no more faithful attendant should usurp the place that belongs of right to the eldest son of the Church. The annals of English crime present many an example of exemplary husbands thus poisoning their wives, and the difficulty of bringing home the crime to them is so great that unfortunately they generally go unpunished. The policy of the revolution has taken a lesson from our criminal courts, and with eminent success. But there can be no reason why the Church should any longer submit to such treatment. The Holy Father may wander forth, like Abraham, the father of the faithful, not knowing whither he goes; but, wherever he places his foot, he will be received with reverence, and Italy, which even now is beginning to heave with reactionary movements, will recall his successors to their rightful throne. Perhaps the Holy Father would best consult his own dignity if he were to do that which the Constitutionalists counsel him so earnestly not to do—to leave Rome for the moment to Victor Emmanuel, to Garibaldi, and to Napoleon III.—Weekly Register.

L'Ami de la Religion announces the discovery, in an old hair-bottomed arm-chair used by Pope Pius VII. when a prisoner at Fontainebleau, of two following documents, which possess more than ordinary interest under existing circumstances. The first is a letter addressed to the Pope by the Emperor Napoleon I., and is dated "Fontainebleau, January 25, 1813." The second is a letter written to the Pope when in confinement at Savona, by Count Bigot, announcing to His Holiness that, in consequence of an English plan to land on the coast and carry off His Holiness, the Emperor Napoleon had determined to remove him to Fontainebleau. The letter from Napoleon is in the following terms:—

"Very Holy Father, Your Holiness having appeared to me to fear, at the moment of signing the articles putting an end to the divisions which afflict the Church, that they might bear the interpretation of an implied renunciation of your pretension to the Roman States, I feel pleasure in assuring you that never having intended to demand of you a renunciation of the temporal sovereignty of those States, your Holiness need not fear that it may be believed that you renounce your rights or pretensions either directly or indirectly, by signing the above-mentioned articles. It is with the Pope in his quality of Chief of the Church in spiritual affairs that I have treated. In conclusion, very Holy Father, I pray God that He may preserve you for many years to the government of our mother, the Holy Church."

Your very devoted son, "Fontainebleau, Jan. 25, 1813." "NAPOLEON." The following is the letter of Count Bigot de Premercu, Minister of Public Worship under Napoleon I.:

"Paris, May 27, 1812. "Very Holy Father,—The well-known plan of the English to make a descent in the neighborhood of Savona to carry you off compels the French Government to bring your Holiness to the capital. Orders have consequently been given that your Holiness may first come to Fontainebleau, where you will occupy the lodgings you formerly inhabited, and where you will see the bishops and those of the cardinals who are in France. Your Holiness is not to remain at Fontainebleau longer than is required to fit up the apartments in the Archbishop's Palace in Paris, which you will then inhabit."

"I am, with profound respect, very Holy Father, your Holiness's very humble and very obedient servant."

The French Government is evidently displeased with the Northern Powers, for it seems that the diplomatic representatives of France at Vienna and Berlin, who are now at Paris on leave of absence are not to be allowed to return to their posts until after the interview at Warsaw.—Weekly Register.

A letter from Boulogne-sur-Mer announces the arrest in that town of an Englishman named Templeman, alias Herbert, alias Smith, and the female who lived with him, on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery perpetrated at the cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris.

GENERAL PIMODAN.—An attempt has been made by the Constitutionalists to lessen the sympathy felt in Florence for those French officers who fought in the unequal contest at Castel-Fidardo, by asserting that General Pimodan had fought against his countrymen at Solferino. The Paris correspondent of the Times thus disposes of the statement:—

A journal that affects to be so guarded in its statements and so jealous of the truth, and which displays so much virtuous indignation when charges are brought against its friends, might be expected to be rather more cautious in accusing other people. Its assertion concerning M. de Pimodan has drawn upon it an indignant contradiction from several papers, the Patrie taking the lead. Et tu Brute! The offending journal this morning eats the lead—not in time, however, to save it from some rough handling by its contemporaries. The Ami de la Religion declares the assertion to be "a monstrous levity or an abominable imposture." The Marquis de Pimodan served in the campaigns of 1848-9, in Italy and Hungary, but he had left the Austrian service, and had come to reside in France before the war of 1859. He had never forfeited the character of a Frenchman. When serving in Hungary he was taken prisoner by the Hungarians, and narrowly escaped being shot. His family is a very old one, and he is allied by marriage with the Montmorencys.

ITALY. It is clear to the blinded eyes that Victor Emmanuel would never have dared to violate the neutrality of the States of the Church without a previous assurance of the benevolent neutrality of his powerful ally. The recall of Baron de Tallyrand, the return, without any fresh instructions, of General de Goyon are merely a precaution to keep things quiet in France while the orders given to the French garrison at Rome only to defend the City and the Patrimony of the Pope are simply a diplomatic preparation for the revolution to press forward the completion of the infernal programme of le Pape et le Congres. We may possibly now see something done for the Pope in order to set Catholic scruples at rest

and you will certainly see the Emperor abandon himself to the English alliance, to try to balance the coalition of the Northern Powers, which is no longer concealed. But the later you break with him, the deeper will be your regrets for not having broken with him before. Anybody who can understand must see that the silence of the Moniteur and the language of the mercenary press are positive proofs of the real connivance of the Cabinet of the Tuilleries with that of Turin. After a few weak words of blame for Piedmont, on whom are Lemayrac, Grandguillot, and the nameless crowd who draw their inspiration from M. Billault's Bureau, now fixing their fangs? In Italy it is against the Pope, in France against the Ami de la Religion, which is almost the only paper that has the courage to defend the Pope at the daily risk of suppression. It was nearly stopped because of the article of Viscount Lemercier, and only escaped an action because that gentleman is a deputy. The inquisitorial administration contented itself this time with making the ex-legitimist, E. de la Guernoniere, insert a note in the Patrie, a paper which would fain persuade the weaker brethren that the Pope is in no danger; but I don't think that the Ami de la Religion has long to live, any more than the Correspondent, the present number of which contains a splendid article by the Count de Falloux, where you will find the soundest logic, in union with the most vigorous language, and a damning concatenation of evidence which will put to shame my feeble statement of the case. We are hurrying towards an inevitable crisis, and I do not fear it, for a fever, however hot it is, may be cured; but this chronic weakness, if it goes on, must sooner or later kill us. At this moment you may trust me that the Nuncio of the Holy Father expresses himself in the strongest terms of indignation against the conduct of the French Government.—Corr. Weekly Register.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.—Talking to a friend the other day about the prospects of Italy, Victor Emmanuel said:—"I know I am playing for a tremendous stake, but che diavolo? if I lose my crown, I am sure to get employment as a colonel, somewhere or other." His Majesty forgets that his recognised military rank is that of a corporal, conferred on him by the Zouaves at Palestro. The Monde observes that, of all the crowns which he has inherited or usurped, those of "Cyprus and Jerusalem" alone are likely to be left him, as he has nothing to fear from the "popular suffrage" in those localities.

THE FUTURE OF ITALY.—A month ago M. Carour said to several persons, all of whom have not kept the secret, "Garibaldi is upsetting us, the democracy is swallowing us up; but, before we are entirely gone, Garibaldi and I will have a trial of strength. Of that, come what may." And when one of his confidants, disturbed at this sally, said to him, "and if it should happen that instead of freeing Italy, she should be enslaved anew?" "Come what may," replied his Excellency; "better Italy enslaved, than Italy democratic."—Unita Italiana.

Even the Paris correspondent of the Star admits that the Turin accounts are not reliable. He says:—"The combat of Castel-Fidardo, in spite of every effort to conceal all particulars, and render the result alone public, appears to have been one of the most fearful kind. The proportion of 11,000 men on Lamoriciere's side to the 40,000 Piedmontese drawn up against him, seems alone to have decided the chances in favor of the Sardinian general."

The statement of the Turin Gazette that Lamoriciere had fled from the field of battle, and that his troops were disgusted with his conduct has given great offence in Paris, and much embittered the French people and army against the propagators of such lies. The Paris correspondents of several London papers have condemned it, and the correspondent of the Herald justly adds that General Lamoriciere's courage is too well established to be affected in any way by this disgraceful calumny. For six hours he assailed the foe in their strong position.—Twice his gallant little army came to close quarters with the enemy, bearing them down before them.—And a third time they went to the charge, resolved to carry the last position, when, however, the vast numbers opposed to them obliged them to retire; but the gallant general, and a large force, cut their way through, and dashed on to Ancona, after performing prodigies of valor, and leaving 4,000 of the enemy dead and wounded on the bloody and hard fought field. The lying Sardinian despatches state that the Papal army were indignant at his flight, but this is now known to be a falsehood.

BATTLE OF ANCONA.—Details are still wanting, but it is certain that the two armies displayed equal courage, and both experienced severe loss. The Piedmontese lines were firmly established, and the Pontifical troops failed in their attempt to force them. Three times they attacked the positions, and three times were compelled to fall back. It was in the third attack that the General de Pimodan received three wounds, and expired in the night.

In the present exciting state of affairs in Italy there are some traits of character and some proofs of valour worth recording. Among recent items of miscellaneous news, we learn that M. de Bourbon-Chabers wrote from Castel-Fidardo, on the eve of the battle,—"We have 45,000 Piedmontese before us; to-morrow we will pass through them, or remain in their midst! At Perugia, the garrison of 1,000 men was attacked by 20,000 Sardinians! Madame de Lamoriciere has received a letter from her husband at Ancona: he was in perfect health. In the battle of Castel-Fidardo, the Franco-Belgians fought desperately; the Swiss teebly; the native Pontifical soldiers turned tail. It is believed that bribery was resorted to by the Sardinian agents, to bring about this result."

It is well put by the Correspondent that men of honor have to choose between two heroes:—

The one, a king, head of a Catholic nation, the ally of England, the creature of France, has sent out sixty thousand men to violate a frontier, to crush the most august and the weakest of sovereigns, and to shed the blood of a handful of Irishmen and Frenchmen, whose only crime is having placed their lives at the service of the common Father of the Faithful.

The other, glorious, popular, happy, after a ten years' exile voluntarily undergone for liberty and for honor, has quitted all,—repose, happiness, a recovered country, a beloved family,—to give to the cause of God what remained of his blood, shed for France in a thousand battles; he has yielded to numbers, after an heroic resistance.

Who then, may our contemporary well ask, before God, before history, and before honour, would not, at the hour we speak of, rather be called Lamoriciere than Victor Emmanuel?—Weekly Register.

The following telegram gives more ample particulars of the taking of Perugia than those which were telegraphed from Turin on the 5th. The assault was delivered on the 14th inst:—

Perugia has been vanquished after a struggle fearful, bloody and prolonged.

Fanti's corps d'armee, twenty-five thousand strong made the assault on Friday. The city was defended by two thousand five hundred Bavarian Volunteers, and a company of the Irish battalion of St. Patrick.

Fanti commanded the invaders; Colonel Schmidt commanded the patriots.

For hours the Pontifical Volunteers withstood the out-numbering host of foes. Every inch of ground was disputed. The fight was prolonged from street to street.

In vain the defenders were called on to surrender to a superior force. In all the streets they fought furiously. But they were driven back to the citadel pressed by twenty-five thousand assailants.

The Pontifical troops, overpowered, took refuge in the citadel. By evening Colonel Schmidt found he had but about a thousand men, and the enemy were over twenty thousand strong. He accordingly capitulated.

The Irish Company were commanded by Captain Luther and Lieutenant Howley.

THE PAPAL STATES.—The battle of Castel-Fidardo, however disastrous in its consequences, cannot be reckoned a mistake. The Papal army, which was

created in deference to the recommendations of Piedmont and the other Powers, was not intended to act against the regular troops of foreign Powers, with which it would be futile for so small a principality as that of Rome to attempt to contend, and against whose attacks the Pope has hitherto been guaranteed by the law of Europe which secures his neutrality, but solely against the revolutionary propaganda of Italy, which kept alive, in every town the seeds of insurrection and revolt, ready to spring up as soon as the controlling power was removed.—The Papal army was not intended for attack or for defence against foreign enemies, but simply as a remedy for the scandal of foreign intervention, and to be in time a substitute and successor for the French division which secures the peace of the city of Rome. Hence Lamoriciere was only doing his duty when he divided his army into fragments, and cut it up into garrisons sufficient to secure each town in the States of the Church from any internal disturbance or surprise, or even from the external attacks of an organized force such as Garibaldi could bring against him. From any other danger Lamoriciere had full reason to think himself protected by the law of nations, and by whatever remains of honor the principles of the revolution may have left undestroyed in the hearts of Kings and their Ministers.

It was probably the very success of Lamoriciere's preparation for the object that he had in view that decided his enemies in taking their infamously step against him. Nothing can be more clear, from the very beginning of the agitation in Italy to the present day, than that the revolutionists, and notably the Piedmontese party; did not wish for reforms in the Papal Government, but only for its destruction. Their demand for reform was mere hypocrisy; they feared nothing so much as a serious reform, which might allay discontent, and so might render their game more difficult and precarious. This very army was such a reform demanded by Piedmont and the great Powers of Europe, and when modelled upon their plan and according to their advice, furnishing the acknowledged pretext for the Sardinian attack. Lamoriciere was evidently getting too strong for the revolution or for Garibaldi. If his reforms were allowed to proceed, he would have secured a strengthened Papal Government that it would not have feared any revolutionary outbreak, and thus the whole dream of the Italian Unitarians would have been frustrated. This catastrophe was to be prevented by any means however wicked; Carour was not the man to stick at trifles, and he has, therefore, given Europe the example of invading a friendly State without the preliminary of a declaration of war, and has justified beforehand any Power that may hereafter choose to attack Piedmont in a similar way.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the portions of Lamoriciere's army that were left in garrison at Pesaro, Fano, Salsoglia, and St. Angelo, when they found themselves confronted, not with a horde of undisciplined revolutionists, but with the solemn phalanxes of a regular army. The surprise was complete, and small blame to the man who was unprepared for so nefarious a breach of the law of honor and of arms. The little garrisons were partly captured by the Piedmontese, were partly enabled to cut their way through, and to join Lamoriciere, who collected as much as he could get together of his scattered army, and hurried away with them on the road to Ancona. But the Piedmontese were too quick for him; they had got between him and the place, and with his poor handful of troops, many of them raw recruits who had not been more than three months under drill, he had to force his way through an army variously estimated at from 25,000 to 30,000 men. He was "coward" enough to attack from five to ten times his own number of troops, all occupying strong positions, and had general enough to succeed in his operation, though from the severe loss he suffered (resulting, it is said, from the desertion of several of his Italian troops in the very beginning of the fight) his success was as bad as a defeat to him. General Pimodan was killed; the brunt of the battle must have fallen on the German, Irish, and French Volunteers, and they must have fought like lions. The Turin telegrams, which during the last war got an evil notoriety for a mendacity which exceeded that of the bulletins of Napoleon I., own to a loss on their side of 4,000 men, a number which we may treble without fear of mistakes. As far as our information extends, the actual loss of Lamoriciere, including the six hundred prisoners, was not more than about 1,000 men on the day of the battle: but the Sardinian telegrams of the next day were able to announce the capitulation, that is the desertion, of several thousand more, probably of the Italian troops of the Pope. The bulk of the Volunteers probably succeeded in cutting their way through to Ancona. The "flight" of Lamoriciere to that place could not have been so hasty as the Turin telegrams announce, seeing that he had his headquarters outside Ancona when he wrote off to the wife of General Pimodan an account of the fate of her husband.—Weekly Register.

THE LIBELS UPON THE IRISH PAPAL TROOPS.—The following letter from Sir George Bower, dated September 21st, appears in the Times of 25th Sept.:

Sir,—With reference to your leading article on the surrender of a portion of the Irish troops at Spoleto, it is but justice to state that those 600 men were cut off from the rest of the Papal army, and that they surrendered to 25,000 Sardinian troops under General Fanti. Surely there can be no disgrace in surrendering before such overwhelling numbers; and an obstinate resistance would have been folly, especially as it could lead to no military result.

I must add that no one could suppose that General Lamoriciere, with a force under 30,000 men, most of them raw recruits, could successfully resist 50,000 Sardinian regular troops. But such a gross outrage as the Sardinian invasion could perhaps scarcely be anticipated, even in these days of piracy and revolution. If General Lamoriciere had had fair play, he would have defended the Papal States; but, placed between Garibaldi and a Sardinian army of 50,000 men, no generalship and no bravery could be of any avail.

I cannot conclude without entering my protest against the term "mercenary" applied to the Irish troops of His Holiness. A mercenary is a man who serves for pay and plunder; but those men enlisted to fight for a sacred principle, to defend the Head of the Church and the Vicar of Christ against the assaults of his enemies, if you call them mercenaries, why do you not apply the same term to the Englishmen, Poles, Hungarians, &c., who have joined Garibaldi? Yet the brave Irishmen are called mercenaries, while Garibaldi's foreigners are applauded as heroes. I protest against this as unfair and unjust.

Your obedient servant, GEORGE BOWER. SHALL THE POPE LEAVE ROME.—In this great and terrible crisis, the midst of which we have not yet passed through, it cannot be concealed that the actual state of things compels us to keep our looks solely fixed on Rome. If the moral world, if society still holds by something, it is at that point alone, less threatened, alas! by the treacherous arms of the wretched Sardinian gladiator than by a universal anti-Christian conspiracy. The anchor is bare; never was it more visible that the vessel of society rests entirely on that mysterious anchor. We feel it well. It is the faith of Christians; could they doubt of it, they would be warned sufficiently by the rage of the destroyers, confessing that they have done nothing so long as the Pontifical power, even though like a reed, is still standing.

There is no good annexation—read—there is no thorough revolution, until it is proclaimed from the top of the Quirinal! Garibaldi has declared it. He knows well what he says: his infernal genius does not deceive him. Be sure of that. It is this that fills us at once with terror and grief, when we consider that his final destiny hangs by a thread. Pius IX. is still at Rome; but he is there under conditions harder for his great soul to bear than would be the worst exile. To owe that purple

rag to those who have cast lots for his Pontifical robe! To receive the aims of a fictitious sovereignty from the hand that has torn in pieces his legitimate States! To submit to a protection which conscience justly indicts as the cause of all the evil! Is there any bitterness like to this bitterness? If the measure is not yet full, it may become so any day.

The august and venerated Pontiff, whose ungrateful children, in the way of sorrows where they cherish his passion, lengthen the road from Olivet to Cavalry, Pius IX. owes himself to the Christian people, and his mission to his sovereign apostleship; and, a victim of duty, superior to the human feeling which murmurs within him, he will stay in that Roman prison as long as his spiritual liberty shall not be openly fettered.

But do we know the exact limit at which this long-suffering patience will expire and ought to expire? Is it for us, is it for any man soever to determine how much oppression and persecution a Pope must bear, for the sake of his Pontifical conscience? No; he alone, the Successor of St. Peter, has a right to take counsel before God, and on the day that the Vicar of Jesus Christ shall decide that, in the presence of God, for the honor and glory of the Church, for the welfare and salvation of souls, it is his duty no longer to accept a protection more cruel than hostility itself, and guarantees borrowed from the spirit of the coward Pilate when they are not in the fashion of the traitor Judas—where will then be, we ask, all those political calculations which think themselves masters of the situation?

This has been understood at Paris. These fears manifestly betray themselves in the article of the Constitutionnel which we have put before our readers. It is vainly sought to give them another appearance with the help of all sorts of artifices. They tell us of the simplification of the French political question, which will result from the Holy Father's departure. Can the Constitutionnel give credit to such sophistry? No, no; the day when Pius IX., releasing the Imperial Government from the crafty promise which it has made to watch over the Pontiff's person, shall descend the steps of the Vatican to take his way into exile—that day the worst political dangers will arise for France—for, that day, a bottomless abyss will open under every throne in Europe.

Those who think they protect Pius IX. are in reality covered by the remnant of that moral force which the indestructible old man of Rome communicates to society by still remaining on his tottering throne. But is not the measure exhausted? The cry of alarm wrung from the Constitutionnel is a symptom of it. And if this awful fact be consummated, who is the cause of it? On this question of responsibility we do not fear the quibbles of the Constitutionnel. In the eyes of the whole world the responsibility is at Paris, exclusively at Paris. Let them not try to shift it on Rome.—Bois Public (of Gand.)

As a matter of course rumours accumulate thickly. Not Austria only, but Spain, Bavaria, and Belgium are said to have offered a residence for the Holy Father. Indeed, it is actually asserted by the Paris correspondent of the Herald, that negotiations had been entered into between the Cardinal Secretary of State and the British Government to provide a retreat for the Pope at Malta. This is not very probable we imagine. There is more force in the reason given for a preference being shown towards Belgium, viz., that the position of neutrality guaranteed to that Kingdom by the Great Powers enables it to offer, during these troublous times, the greatest chance of quietude and of peaceable security to the Supreme Head of the Church.

The same writer offers to guarantee the authenticity of a statement to the effect that "after the French expedition to Rome, in 1851, the French Government was eager to obtain the amount of the expenses (seventeen millions of francs) which this military expedition had cost to establish the temporal and spiritual authority of the Pope in Rome and in all the States of the Church:—

The Pope, however, it is stated, was obliged to avow the impossibility of making this repayment, and solicited on the part of France an indefinite delay. It was then that Louis Napoleon offered the Pope to charge himself with the payment of these seventeen millions of francs, giving to the Pope a full and entire discharge on the express condition that His Holiness would formally make the engagement to nominate, on the first opportunity, the Abbe Bonaparte as Cardinal, as he being a member of the Imperial family. The situation in which the Pope then found himself did not allow him to give a refusal, and he made the engagement by a formal document which remains deposited in the secret archives of the Tuilleries.

The writer points out the consequences of the nomination of the Abbe Bonaparte as Cardinal, which sooner or later will take place in virtue of the engagement thus made. It is evident, he says, that the Emperor, in sacrificing these seventeen millions, has positively in view the compulsory choosing of his cousin as Pope after his election as a member of the Sacred College.—Weekly Register.

NAPLES.—The desertions from the Neapolitan army seem to have left a nucleus of troops faithful to the King, who gave a good account of a party of Garibaldians that ventured to attack them near Capua on the 18th and 21st. There are about 30,000 of them, and their number is daily increased by the Royalists, who are flocking to the King's standard. Garibaldi has become completely entangled by the Mazzinian party, and his nominations of greedy Lombards to all the places of trust in Naples and Sicily are beginning to arouse the wrath of the natives. Anarchy prevails, the reign of the dagger is beginning, and the Italian revolution has already passed the rose-water phase of loyalty patriotism, and religion. The Jesuits have been banished, Cardinal Sforza, the Archbishop of Naples, has been deported to Genoa, and the vicar and chaplain of Garibaldi is the infamous Gavazzi. People are beginning to ask themselves what Garibaldi has done that such unlimited confidence should be placed in him, and the signs of a vast defection from his cause are becoming every day clearer.

But the Dictator of Naples and Sicily is only becoming more self-satisfied and more headstrong. He still insists that in spite of France he will proclaim Italian unity from the campidoglio of Rome. His quarrel with Carour and Fanti has become incurable; one or the other party must yield. Now, as Carour has all the political cleverness, and Garibaldi none, it will only be a struggle between wit and brute force, in which the former, in the long run, must prevail, unless force can crush its antagonist in the first instance. But, notwithstanding that the rogues are falling out, the honest men are as yet in vain looking for any opening for the recovery of their rights. The Piedmontese army, which marched into the Roman States to protect Rome from Garibaldi, is quietly co-operating with Garibaldi's navy off Ancona. Everywhere there is the most barefaced hypocrisy, and it is impossible to look with any equanimity into the dark and seething future, except with the promise of God in our minds that he is with His Church for ever, and that Peter is the rock on which she is built.

It is by no means astonishing to see how slowly the revolutionary papers in England acknowledge the fact of their pet Garibaldi having sustained a defeat. It is only on Thursday that a glimmer of truth begins to appear when we are coolly told by the daily papers that Garibaldi's army has met with a check before Capua. It attacked the Royal troops; they say it was Bixio's Brigade. After a smart cannonade the Garibaldians were driven back by a brilliant charge of cavalry and returned to their positions, with a loss of 400 killed and wounded, and leaving 300 prisoners in the enemy's hands. The King of Naples is at the head of 50,000 men, and will show fight. Bosco, who had been accused of following Nunziante's example, is with the King, and has said that all the Piedmontese will ever get of him will be his corpse on the battle-field.

It is this that fills us at once with terror and grief, when we consider that his final destiny hangs by a thread. Pius IX. is still at Rome; but he is there under conditions harder for his great soul to bear than would be the worst exile. To owe that purple

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

Alexandria—Rev. J. Chisholm.
 Adjula—N. A. Coste.
 Aylmer—J. Doyle.
 Amherstburg—J. Roberts.
 Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron.
 Arichat—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
 Brockville—P. Murray.
 Belleville—M. O'Dempsey.
 Barrie—Rev. J. R. Lee.
 Brantford—W. M'Namamy.
 Caledonia—M. Donnelly.
 Cavanville—J. Knowlson.
 Chambly—J. Hackett.
 Cobourg—P. Maguire.
 Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
 Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
 Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy.
 Duhaime Mills—Wm. Chisholm.
 DeWittville—J. M'iver.
 Dundas—J. M'Gerrald.
 Egansville—J. Bonfield.
 East Hanesbury—Rev. J. Collins.
 Eastern Townships—P. Hackett.
 Erinsville—P. Gafney.
 Emily—M. Hennessey.
 Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
 Farmersville—J. Flood.
 Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter.
 Guelph—J. Harris.
 Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry.
 Huntingdon—C. M'Faul.
 Ingersoll—W. Featherston.
 Kemptonville—M. Heaphy.
 Kingston—P. Purcell.
 Lunsdown—M. O'Connor.
 Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley.
 London—Rev. E. Bayard.
 Lochiel—O. Quigley.
 Lobbrough—T. Daley.
 Lacolle—W. Harty.
 Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleher.
 Merrickville—M. Kelly.
 New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
 Ottawa City—J. Rowland.
 Orillia—Rev. J. Synnot.
 Oshawa—Richard Sapple.
 Prescott—J. Ford.
 Perth—J. Doran.
 Peterboro—E. M'Ornick.
 Puzon—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
 Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
 Quebec—M. O'Leary.
 Rosodon—Rev. J. Quinn.
 Russellton—J. Oamption.
 Richmondhill—M. Teofy.
 Richmond—A. Donnelly.
 Sherbrooke—T. Griffith.
 Sherrington—Rev. J. Oraton.
 South Gloucester—J. Daley.
 Summerstown—D. M'Donald.
 St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
 St. Athanasie—T. Dunn.
 St. Ann de la Pocatiere—Rev. Mr. Bourret.
 St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey.
 St. Catherine, C. E.—J. Unaghin.
 St. Raphael—A. B. M'Donald.
 St. Romuald & Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
 Trenton—Rev. Mr. Bretargh.
 Thorold—John Hennea.
 Thorpyville—J. Grosse.
 Tingwick—T. Donagan.
 Toronto—Patrick Mullin, 38 Water Street.
 Templeton—J. Hagan.
 West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy.
 West Port—James Kebos.
 Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy.
 York Grand River—A. Lamond.

M. P. RYAN,
 No. 119, COMMISSIONER STREET,
 (Opposite St. Ann's Market.)
 WHOLESALE DEALER IN PRODUCE,
 PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c.,
 TAKES this opportunity of informing his many
 friends in Canada West and East, that he has opened
 the above Store, and will be prepared to attend to
 the Sale of all kinds of Produce on reasonable terms.
 Will have constantly on hand a supply of the follow-
 ing articles, of the choicest description:—
 Butter Oatmeal Teas
 Flour Oats Tobacco
 Pork Pot Barley Cigars
 Hams B. Wheat Flour Soap & Candles
 Fish Split Peas Pails
 Salt Corn Meal Brooms, &c.
 June 6, 1860.

R. PATTON,
 CUSTOMER BOOTMAKER,
 No. 229, Notre Dame Street,
 RETURNS his sincere thanks to his kind Patrons
 and the Public in general for their very liberal pa-
 tronage during the last Seven years; and hopes, by
 strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of
 the same.
 R. P. will, in future, devote his whole attention to
 WORK MADE TO ORDER. Now is the time!
 Montreal, April 19, 1860.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.
 [Established in 1826.]
 BELLS. The Subscribers manufacture and have
 constantly for sale at their old established
 BELLS. Foundry, their superior Bells for Church-
 es, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Lo-
 comotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in
 BELLS. the most approved and substantial manner
 BELLS. with their new Patented Yoke and other
 BELLS. improved Mountings, and warranted in
 BELLS. every particular. For information in re-
 BELLS. gard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings,
 BELLS. Warranties, &c. send for a circular. Address
 BELLS. A. MENEELY'S SONS, West Troy, N. Y.

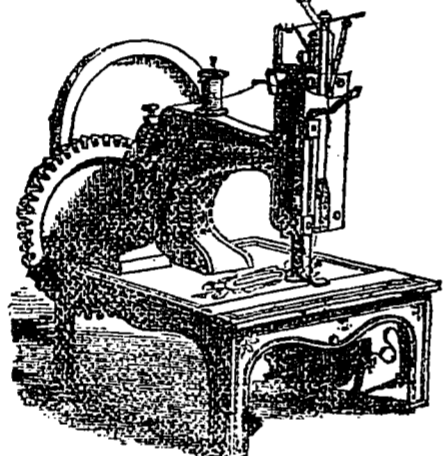
CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY,
 No. 19, Cote Street, Montreal.
 Mr. U. E. ARCHAUMBAULT, Principal.
 " P. GARNOT, } Professors of French.
 " F. H. DESPLAINS, }
 " J. M. ANDERSON, } Professors of English.
 " M. KEGGAN, }
 " A. LENOIR, Assistant.
 THE Re-Entrance of the Pupils of this Institution
 will take place on MONDAY, 3rd SEPTEMBER, at
 Nine o'clock in the morning.
 Religious Instruction will, as last year, be under
 the direction of a gentleman of the Seminary.
 Parents are respectfully requested to send their
 children immediately, in order that no delay be ex-
 perimented in the Classification of the Pupils.
 N.B.—The number of the Professors and numerous
 improvements recently made in the Establishment
 will permit the admission of a greater number of
 Pupils this year than during the past, and this, too,
 without any inconvenience to health, as all the
 Class-Rooms are thoroughly ventilated, and furnish-
 ed with backed seats.
 U. E. ARCHAUMBAULT, Principal,
 C. C. Academy,
 No. 19, Cote Street, Montreal.
 August 24, 1860. 3ms

PROSPECTUS
 OF
 SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE,
 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

THIS LITERARY INSTITUTION is conducted by
 the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It was opened
 on the 20th of September, 1848, and incorporated by
 an Act of Provincial Parliament, in 1852.
 The Course of Instruction, of which Religion is
 the leading object, embraces the French, English,
 Latin, and Greek Languages; History, Philosophy,
 Mathematics, Literature, Commerce, Industry and
 the Fine Arts.
 Students presenting themselves for admission
 should know how to read and write. Those under
 ten or over fourteen years of age are received with
 difficulty.
 Parents receive a monthly report of conduct, ap-
 plication and proficiency of their children. Immo-
 rally, insubordination, habitual laziness, and fre-
 quent absence present reasons for expulsion.
 None but relatives, or those that represent them,
 are allowed to visit the boarders.
 TERMS OF ADMISSION:
 For Day Scholars, \$3.00 per month.
 For Half Boarders, 6.00 " "
 For Boarders, 11.50 " "
 Payments are made Quarterly and in advance.
 Bed and Bedding, Books, Music, Drawing, Wash-
 ing, and the Physician's Fees are extra charges.—
 Books and Stationery may be procured in the Estab-
 lishment at current prices.
 Washing, \$1.20 per month
 Music, 2.20 " "
 Use of the Piano, 50 " "
 Drawing, 1.50 " "
 Bed and Bedding, 60 " "
 Libraries, 10 " "
 All articles belonging to Students should be mark-
 ed with their name, or at least their initials.
 August 17, 1860. 4ms.

H. BRENNAN,
 BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
 No. 3 Craig Street, (West End),
 NEAR A. WALSH'S GROCERY, MONTREAL.

SEWING MACHINES.



E. J. NAGLE'S
 CELEBRATED
 SEWING MACHINES,
 25 PER CENT.
 UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!!
 These really excellent Machines are used in all the
 principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port
 Sarnia.
 THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO
 GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS
 have been received from different parts of Canada.
 The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot
 and Shoe Trade:—
 Montreal, April, 1860.
 We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the com-
 plete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr.
 E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve
 months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to
 any of our acquaintance of the kind.
 BROWN & CHILDS.
 Montreal, April, 1860.
 We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Ma-
 chines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and
 have no hesitation in saying that they are in every
 respect equal to the most approved American Ma-
 chines,—of which we have several in use.
 CHILDS, SCHOLDS & ANES.
 Toronto, April 21st, 1860.

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

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

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

PATTON & BROTHER,
 NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WARHOUSE,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
 42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street,
 MONTREAL.
 Every description of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel
 constantly on hand, or made to order on the shortest
 notice, at reasonable rates.
 Montreal, Nov. 1859.

W. F. MONAGAN, M.D.,
 Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur,
 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
 No. 103, WELLINGTON STREET,
 Opposite the "Queen's Engine House,"
 MONTREAL, C.E.

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

B. DEVLIN,
 ADVOCATE,
 Has Removed his Office to No. 30, Little St.
 James Street.

RYAN & VALLIERES DE ST. REAL,
 ADVOCATES,
 No. 14 Little St. Joseph Street,
 Near the Hotel Due Hospital.

W. M. PRICE,
 ADVOCATE,
 No. 28 Little St. James Street, Montreal.
 M. DOHERTY,
 ADVOCATE,
 No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

M'GARVEY'S
 FURNITURE STORE,
 244 NOTRE DAME STREET.

THE Subscriber, while returning thanks to his
 friends and the public generally for the liberal sup-
 port extended to him during the last ten years in the
FURNITURE BUSINESS,
 wishes to inform them that having re-leased his store
 for a number of years, and made extensive improve-
 ments in order to accommodate his daily increasing
 business, he has just completed one of the largest
 and best assortments of
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
 that has ever been on view in this city, comprising
 every article in the House Furnishing line. To enu-
 merate his Stock would take so large a space, that
 he will only name a few of the leading articles,
 with the prices of each:—Parlor Suits, in Rosewood,
 B W and Mahogany, from 125 to 500 dollars; Cha-
 ber Sets in Rosewood, B W, Oak, Chestnut and En-
 amelled, from 20 to 250 dollars; 200 Mahogany
 Chairs, upholstered in the different styles, from 3.50
 to 9 dol. each; Mahogany and B W Sofas, from 14
 to 50 dol. each; 4000 Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, of 30
 different patterns, some entirely new, from 40c to
 4 dollars each; Spring Curled Hair Mattresses, Palm
 Leaf and Corn Husk Mattresses, from 4 to 25 dol-
 lars each; with a very large stock of Bedsteads, of
 Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, &c., of different styles and
 prices, from 3 to 40 dollars each; a very large as-
 sortment of Marble and Wood Top Centre Tables,
 Looking Glasses, Eight-Day and Thirty-Hour Clocks,
 Self-rooking Cradles; an extensive assortment of
 Iron Bedsteads, Hat Stands, Swinging Cots, Marble
 Top Saloon Tables, Corner and Portable Washstands
 and Towel Racks. The above will be found one of
 the largest and best assorted stocks of Furniture
 ever on view in this city, and as it has been got up
 for Cash during the winter, will be sold at least 10
 per cent below anything in the city.
 Please call and examine the Goods and Prices,
 which will convince all of the fact that to save mon-
 ey is to BUY your FURNITURE at O. M'GAR-
 VEY'S,
 244 Notre Dame Street,

where all Goods sold are warranted to be what they
 are represented; if not, they can be returned three
 months after the date of sale, and the money will be
 refunded. All Goods carefully packed, and delivered
 on board the cars or boats, or at the residence of
 parties inside of the Toll Gates free of charge.—
 Also, constantly on hand, Solid Mahogany Veneers,
 Varnish, Curled Hair, and other Goods suitable to
 the Trade, for Cash or in exchange for First Class
 Furniture.
 Cane and Wood Seat Chairs furnished to the
 Trade, Finished or Unfinished, as may be required.
 OWEN M'GARVEY,
 Wholesale and Retail Furniture Ware-
 house, No. 244 Notre Dame Street, near
 the French Square, Montreal.

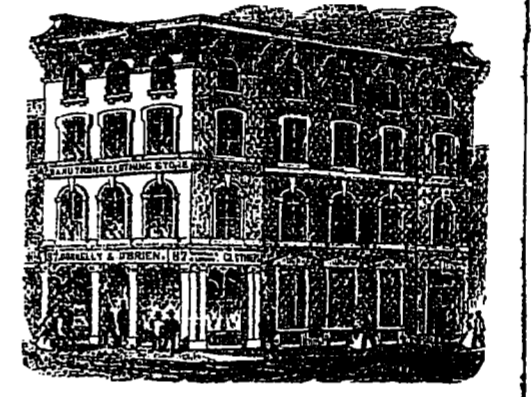
TWO good CABINETMAKERS and ONE CHAIR-
 MAKER WANTED.
 April 26.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

ALTERATION OF TRAINS.
 ON and after MONDAY next, OCTOBER 16th,
 TRAINS will run as follows:
 EASTERN TRAINS.
 For Richmond, Quebec and Intermediate
 Stations, at..... 8.30 A.M.
 For Portland and Boston (stopping over-
 night at Island Pond) at..... 5.00 P.M.
 Night Train for Quebec, (mixed from Rich-
 mond,) at..... 5.00 P.M.
 * On the above date the Through Train to Port-
 land, and the Express Train to Quebec will be Dis-
 continued, as also the 11.00 A. M. Excursion Train
 through the Victoria Bridge.
 WESTERN TRAINS.
 Two Through Trains between Montreal and
 Detroit daily.
 *Day Mail, for Toronto, London, Sarnia,
 and Detroit, at..... 9.00 A.M.
 Mixed Train, for Kingston and all Way
 Stations, at..... 4.30 P.M.
 *Night Express Train, (with Sleeping
 Cars attached) for Toronto, Detroit,
 &c., at..... 9.00 P.M.
 *These Trains connect at Detroit Junction with
 the Trains of the Michigan Central, Michigan South-
 ern, and Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads for all
 points West.
 W. SHANLY,
 General Manager.
 Montreal, Oct 12, 1860.

THOMAS WALKER & CO.,
 Wholesale and Retail
 WINE, SPIRIT, ALE, PORTER AND OIDER
 MERCHANTS,
 26 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal,
 BEG to inform their friends and the public generally,
 that they have just received a well selected Stock of
 Liquors, and have made arrangement to deliver by
 Express vans, all Goods ordered at their Stores, free
 of expense.
 TERMS CASH.
 All Casks, Jars and Bottles, to be paid for or ex-
 changed on delivery.

PRICES.
WINES.
 PORT—Finest Old Crusted..... Per gal. dozen. bottle.
 Very Fine..... 48s 4d 0d
 SHERRY—Finest Pale or Golden 7s 6d 42s 3s 6d
 Good..... 30s 2s 6d
 MADEIRA—Fine Old..... 15s 0d 36s 3s 9d
 CHAMPAGNE—Moet's Imperial, 90s 7s 6d
 Other Brands, 50s 5s 0d
CLARET—Chateau Lafitte and
 St. Julien..... 12s 6d 24s 2s 6d
SPIRITS.
 BRANDIES—Martell's & Hen-
 nessy's, 1848..... 60s 5s 0d
 Otard's, Planats, &c. & 15s 0d 36s 3s 0d
 GIN—Best London Old Tom..... 12s 6d 30s 2s 6d
 DeKuyper's Hollands..... 6s 3d 15s 1s 3d
 WHISKEY—Thim's & Ramsay's
 Scotch..... 8s 4d 20s 2s 0d
 Thim's & Jameson's
 Irish..... 8s 4d 20s 2s 0d
 Old Rye and Genu-
 ine Upper Canada, 4s 0d 10s 1s 0d
ALES AND PORTERS.
 ALE—Bass & Co's and Allsop's E. I.
 Pale..... 15s 0d 8s 9d
 Montreal, Lachine, Quebec, King-
 ston, &c., old in bottle..... 4s 0d 2s 6d
 PORTER—Truman & Co's and Guin-
 ess & Co's..... 15s 0d 7s 6d
 Montreal and Lachine,..... 5s 0d 3s 0d
 CIDER—Penner's and Devonshire,..... 12s 6d 7s 6d
 All Liquors guaranteed genuine and direct importa-
 tions.
 Depot for Genuine Upper Canada Rye and Taddy
 Whiskey.
 May 21, 1860.



SPRING AND SUMMER,
 1860.
 Grand Trunk Clothing Store,
 87 M'GILL & 27 RECOLLET STREETS.

THE Proprietors of the above Establishment beg to
 notify their patrons and the public generally, that
 their SPRING assortment consists of Cloths, Doe-
 skins, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, underclothing,
 with a beautiful selection of Shirts, Collars, Scarfs,
 Ties, &c., have now arrived.
 We also beg to draw the attention of the public
 to our Stock of SUPERIOR
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
 which consists of the largest assortment, most fa-
 shionable styles, best assorted, and cheapest in the
 City.
 In consequence of our extensive business, and
 great facilities for getting bargains, we are enabled
 this season to offer Goods much lower than any
 House in our line.
 DONNELLY & O'BRIEN.
 Montreal, April 19, 1860.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, & C.,
 FOR SALE,
 At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

TEAS (GREEN)
 GUNPOWDER, very fine.
 YOUNG HYSON, best quality.
 IMPERIAL.
 TWANKEY, extra fine.
 BLACK TEAS.
 SOUCHONG (Breakfast) fine Flavor.
 CONGOU.
 OOLONG.
 SUGARS
 LOAF.
 DRY CRUSHED.
 MUSCOVADA Sugar, very light.
 COFFEE, &c.
 JAVA, best Green and Roasted
 LAGUIARE, do, do.
 FLOUR, very fine.
 OATMEAL, pure.
 RICE.
 INDIAN MEAL.
 B. W. FLOUR.
 DRIED APPLES.
 CHEESE, American (equal to English.)
 WINES—Port, Sherry, and Madeira.
 BRANDY—Planat Pale, in cases, very fine; Martel,
 in hds. and cases.
 PORTER—Dublin and London Porter; Montreal
 Porter and Ale, in bottles.
 PICKLES, &c.—Pickles, Sauces, Raisins, Currants,
 Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Shelled Almonds,
 Honey Soap, B.W. Soap, Castile Soap, and English
 do.; Corn Brooms, Corn Dusts; Bed Cord, Cloth
 Lines, Shoe Thread, Garden Lines, Candies, Lemon
 Peel, Orange and Citron do.; Sweet Oil, in quarts
 and pints.
 STARCH—Glenfield, Rice and Sated, fair.
 BRUSHES—Scrubbers and Stove Brushes; Cloth
 and Shoe Brushes.
 SPIOES, &c.—Figs, Prunes; Spices, whole and
 ground; Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, White
 Pepper, Black Pepper, Alspice, Cayenne Pepper,
 Macaronie, Vermicelli, Indigo, Button Blue, Sago,
 Arrowroot, Sperm Candles, Tallow do.; fine Table
 Salt; fine Salt in Bag; Coarse do.; Salt Petre; Sar-
 dines, in Tins; Table Cod Fish, Dry; do., do., Wet;
 Cream Tartar; Baking Soda; do., in Packages;—
 Alum, Copperas, Sulphur, Brimstone, Bat Bricks,
 Whiting, Chalk, &c., &c.
 The articles are the best quality, and will be Sold
 at the lowest prices.
 J. PHELAN.
 March 3 1860.

THOMAS M'KENNA,
 PRACTICAL PLUMBER
 AND
 GAS FITTER,
 No. 52, SAINT PETER STREET,
 (Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets.)
 MONTREAL.

BATH TUBS, HYDRANTS, WATER CLOSETS,
 FORGE AND LIFT PUMPS, &c.,
 Constantly on hand, and fitted up in the best manner.
 Jobbing Punctually attended to.
 September 15, 1859.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
 (Corner of King and William Streets.)
 MONTREAL,

IS NOW OPEN.
 And under the MANAGEMENT of JOHN RYAN.
 Mr. Ryan would say to the Friends of this very popu-
 lar House, that it has been NEWLY FURNISHED
 not only in part, but throughout; and that he intends
 to conduct it as a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL; yet
 prices for transient guests, as well as regular Board-
 ers, will be unchanged.
 Parties requiring Board, with Rooms, would find it
 to their advantage to try the Franklin.

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 ac-
 count.

THE GREATEST
MEDICAL
 DISCOVERY
 OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in
 one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that
 cures
 EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.
 From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples
 He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and
 never failed except in two cases (both thunder hu-
 mor.) He has now in his possession over two hun-
 dred 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 can-
 ker 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 hu-
 mor 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 conveni-
 ent.
 For Scabs on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in
 to your heart's content; it will give you such real
 comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the in-
 ventor.
 For Sores: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid
 oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the sur-
 face; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some
 are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply
 the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
 For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so
 than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple,
 covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes
 forming running sores; by applying the Ointment,
 the itching and scales will disappear in a few days,
 but you must keep on with the Ointment until the
 skin gets its natural color,
 This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives
 immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.
 Price, 2s 6d per Box.
 Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 War-
 ren 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, Bos-
 ton:—
 ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1856.
 Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you
 my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asy-
 lum 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 ne-
 glected 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 dis-
 covery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by
 scrofula and other humors.
 ST. ANN ALEXIS SHOR,
 Superiours of St. Vincents Asylum.
 ANOTHER.
 Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you
 of the benefits received by the little orphans in
 our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in
 particular suffered for a length of time, with a very
 sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be ne-
 cessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you
 that he is now perfectly well.
 SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
 Hamilton, C. W.