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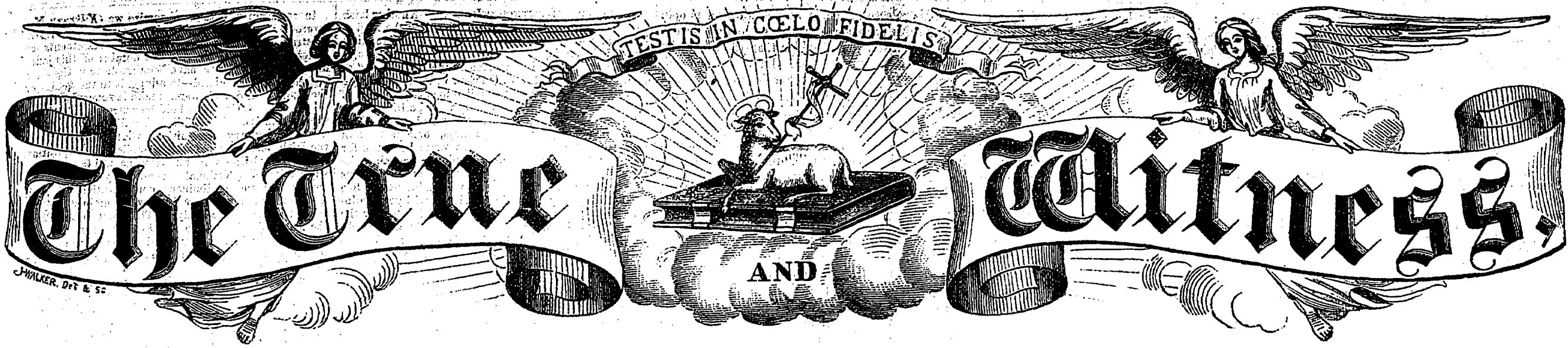
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1856.

No. 16.

REV. DR. CAHILL.

TO THE TRADESMEN AND THE LABORING CLASSES OF IRELAND.

(From the Telegraph.)

Ballyroan Cottage, Oct. 31, 1856.

Beloved Fellow-Countrymen—I am come to inform you that the Souper system in Great Britain and Ireland has entirely failed; that the street preaching and the tract-distributing hypocrisy are at an end; and that the Bible-readers and the apostate creatures who sold their consciences for a season are about to be disbanded. You will be glad to hear that persons in the highest official position in Ireland have received peremptory orders to withdraw their names from all connection and patronage of the vile farce referred to; and instructions have been forwarded, that no tracts offensive to Catholic feeling shall be distributed in the barracks of the military or the police. It is too much, perhaps, to say that the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Seaton have received these urgent commands; but you will understand me, as an old correspondent of yours, when I assure you, that you will hear no more of Souperism in Ireland for the present. Beloved fellow-countrymen, you, struggling, beggared tradesmen, and you, persecuted, naked and starved laborers, you have rendered this last iniquity, this last phase of infidelity, a total failure: the preachers—namely, the London cabmen, the old Macclesfield weavers, the discarded English Police, and the Irish apostates, will be all disbanded within a few weeks; and neither Dingle, nor Kells, nor Connemara, nor Clifden, nor Kingstown, will be any longer infested with a system offensive to Catholics, condemned by liberal Protestants, a libel on the Gospel, and subversive of the peace of society. Tradesmen, the old Catholic Church thanks you: laborers, the priesthood applaud you: and God, your Father and your Judge, will reward you. The vile Soupers are gone; and to use the language of the Times, in reference to the emigration of the Irish in '48, "They are gone with a vengeance, and that they may never come back." I do not mean to detract from the merit due to you for resisting the vile emissaries of this defunct society: but in all justice I take some credit to myself for having pursued these creatures into every corner of the empire, and for having exposed the artifices of their employers to public censure and universal contempt. This stratagem is only one of hundreds which have been devised, and which have failed during the three past centuries; and altho' this last scheme has been withdrawn for the present, yet as long as the Protestant church can command (between tithes and voluntary subscriptions) the annual revenue of thirteen millions and a half sterling, there is no hope that Ireland shall be totally rid of this iniquity.

Fellow-countrymen, there is a small private item of importance involved in the extinction of Souperism at present; it is the aspect of affairs on the Continent. No statesman can calculate how soon England may be called to arms, and indeed to a struggle more deadly and perilous than anything she has hitherto encountered; and hence, with the knowledge of "the gallant Tipperary," being, each man, disbanded with four pence, travelling charges; and with the further intelligence of Lord Seaton being the military head of the Soupers, it is more than probable that, together with your courage and fidelity, the approaching crisis on the Continent has had some share in the precipitate flight of the holy Macclesfield weavers, the righteous Birmingham police, and the sanctified London cabmen.

Alas, what a struggle poor Ireland has had with this infidel legion since the hour when the Lutheran standard was first raised in our country. Since the year 1558, when Elizabeth ascended the English throne, the power of the State—military, sectarian, and literary—has been employed under different aspects and circumstances, in order to accomplish what they called the conversion of the Catholics of Ireland. For three centuries a "Protestant alliance" in one shape or other, has been organised and worked at the expense of thousands of millions of money; having for its object the conversion referred to; but Ireland not only has not approached the result intended by the confederacy, but on the contrary she has receded by a feeling of aversion, and indeed of horror, proportionate to the exertion and the expenditure of the alliance: and at this moment she stands as distinct from the Protestant persuasion, as in the sad year of Henry's reign, 1553; thereby solving the theological problem, namely, that the religion of Christ, aided by the grace of God, in the heart of a nation, can never be extinguished by the wickedness of men. This history of Ireland during these last three hundred years, is not yet written: cowardice, slavery, or perhaps prudence, have kept from the view of the present and rising generations, a true historical statement of this past condition of Irish affairs; but from the womb of coming time, an Iris child will yet come forth, born in happier times, free from political restraint, and formed to handle and to direct the lightning; and he can

and will write details of national woes, and trace the character of a people enduring ages of trial, exile, and death, such as no human pen has ever uttered in any age or in any country.

When the statesmen of foreign countries see the conquest of Elizabeth and of her predecessors, wresting the soil of Ireland (eleven millions sterling annually) from the original Catholic owners of the country, these foreigners might conclude that the nation being once conquered, and dominion being once secured, the new masters would sheath the sword, bind up the wounds of the fallen foe, and be as merciful in peace as they were brave in war. But no; England has violated the laws in our regard which are recognised by savage nations; and she has spilled more blood in Ireland during the nominal reign of peace than under the standard of war—Yes—when she succeeded in the conquest of the Irish soil, she meditated the still further subjugation of the Irish Catholic faith; and when thousands after thousands of martyrs refused to submit their only remaining inheritance—namely, their creed—to the will of England, she glutted her sectarian malice, and stained her crimsoned sword a second time, in the exile and blood of seventy-five thousand faithful children of Ireland, within the short period of forty-five years. Although this double warfare is without parallel in history, still, if it were successful, an immortal monster might continue it on the ground of his political advantage; but this Pagan persecution has always, ever, and for ever failed. The rack, the block, the rope of England, has seldom made a convert to Luther from the Irish; the faith of Catholic Ireland has never quailed and yielded before the terrors of the Protestant executioner. Hence the only excuse which even the Pagan tyrant could put forth for the continuance of religious persecution—namely, its success—has been wanted in England; and therefore she has crimsoned her sword without an excuse, degraded her name for malice—she has spilled the blood of tens of thousands of human beings without even a reasonable pretext, after having plundered them without provocation or a just cause. The voice of these thousands will cry from age to age thro' coming time against a nation which has outraged all laws, human and divine, in the extirpation of your ancestors, putting them to death for their obedience to enlightened conscience, their courage in Christian faith, and their love of a just God.

This national persecution borrows even a larger amount of guilt from the circumstances that accompanied it—namely, that the practice of the highest national virtue could not mitigate the enmity of their persecutors. When Charles I. was beheaded in 1649, the Catholics joined the fortunes of the fallen unfortunate King, and they opposed with their lives and possessions the usurpation of Cromwell; yet when his son ascended the throne, after the death of Cromwell, in 1660, the Catholics, in place of being received with gratitude for their allegiance, had new chains forged for their fidelity. Again, when in 1690, our fathers clung to James, as our legitimate monarch, against William, the unnatural conqueror of his father-in-law, the Catholics staked their fortunes and died in defence of their throne. Yet all the world has since heard the reward which they received in those days for their faithful courage—namely, the renewal of the persecution of Elizabeth; and the annual insulting commemoration—a public, notorious lie—which from year to year has been ever since recorded against the truth of history and against the feelings of Catholic Ireland. Century after century her relentless conduct towards Ireland seemed to gain strength by time, and to acquire a keener and more deadly malice by habit. Even in her acquisition of political power during the eighteenth century; even then, in her triumphs and her glories; even then, in her national enthusiasm, her heart could feel no glowing sympathy for suffering Ireland. From the accession of George I, 1714, to the epoch of the declaration of American independence, 1782, she carried successfully the union with Scotland, she triumphed over France, she gained laurels in her conflicts with Spain, and she extended her power in India; but yet in the midst of these brilliant exploits, and this national aggrandizement, Ireland was left bleeding under her old wounds, and punished with the slow death of hatred and political exclusion. No doubt the rack, the block, the rope of former days had been laid aside for nearly a century; but every man of candor must admit that the "Protestant Alliance" of these days was inoculated with the same sectarian animosity towards the Irish Catholics as in the time of Somerset or Wentworth. And when America separated, in 1782; and when the Revolution of France was accomplished in 1793; and when the surrounding conflagration was likely to ignite the explosive materials in Ireland some small measures of liberty were granted, and some slight relaxation of persecution was felt; but these were measures of expediency; facts, which even the historians of England admit were more the result of public fear than of national sympathy.

Even this dawn of conciliation was hailed with gratitude by the Catholics of Ireland, who received these concessions as the prelude to a national union. They would willingly forget the past, and would cheerfully (on being made equal in law) enter the Constitution to bear its burdens, to fight its battles, and to share its defeats. But how vain and groundless are all Irish Catholic calculations on national results, when English sectarianism forms an item in the premises. No doubt the Catholics did hail with gratitude even this distant approach to justice and conciliation; and when the law of Emancipation was passed, the Catholics of Ireland fancied they had at length reached the last point of national trial. But a glance at the names of the officers of the Navy, of the Army, of the Police, of the Civil Service, of places of trust, of emolument, will convince the most sceptical that the law referred to is an equality merely written on parchment, not an equality observed in practical application; it is a law very like the English gospel, a thing read, examined, applauded, but not practised; it is a law very like the head-line of a schoolboy's copy, a sort of Parliamentary exercise in law, but the maxim contained in it, not necessarily intended for practice. If you want a further proof of this mockery of equality in law, visit the mines of Scotland with their crowded, well-fed, well-paid population, see the factories of England with their numberless well-dressed, comfortable, happy hands, see the Docks of Liverpool with the shipping of all nations; look at the myriad busy laborers thronging the quays with the merchandise of the East and the West; travel through Scotland and England and observe the landlord as the friend, the father of the tenant; examine the well-roofed cottage, the abundant crop, the secure holding, the happy, peaceful family. And when you will have taken a careful note of these public facts, written on the streets, the houses, the lands, the quays, the faces of the people of these two countries, return to Ireland! and see your mournful quays deserted, not a merchantman in your river, trade dying or dead, your children naked, your wives starving, yourselves the half-living skeletons of England's neglect and scorn. And who can traverse the counties of Ireland without having his heart rent with the total expulsion of the laboring classes, your fathers, your brothers, your children; English bullocks grazing on the fields from which your countrymen have been forcibly expelled; and the modern improved crops of the aristocracy, your tyrants, growing, for their opulence, on the hallowed spot where your ancestors were born, and where you yourselves drew your first breath. Yes, this equality of law means a concerted scheme of parading your liberties abroad, and starving and chaining you at home; it is a clapnet to gain credit for England in foreign countries, to acquire popularity for liberal institutions, while practising at home a wholesale extermination of the poor tradesman and laborers of Ireland, this case of your wretchedness will be met by your enemies and mine, and it will be stated that the face of the country is improved, that labor is rewarded, and that the nation has advanced in agriculture and wealth. Yes, this is the logic of the bee-hive, namely, when the old stock is smothered, the young swarm will have enough to support life. Aye, but this aristocratic reasoning leaves my case still untouched, unanswered, namely, that 72 cabins of the poor in every hundred have been levelled within the last few years; that one hundred and forty poor Catholics have been driven by law or want from every square mile; that three quarters of a million (almost all adults) have emigrated from the terrors of home, and that two millions and a half of the population of 1846 are confined in the poorhouses, or are buried in the putrid churchyard, or lie in their watery winding sheets in the bottom of the Atlantic, or are scattered like the Jews, exiles and wanderers in every country where these children of Ireland, these poor children of persecution, could find a friendly roof to lay their wearied heads.

What guarantee have we that the beehive policy will not be renewed in Ireland: in the present state of the laws, it must occur with periodical accuracy. An overgrown population (as it is called) can be removed at any given time on the same principle as the extermination of the last ten years; and where mineral wealth will not be extracted, manufactures fostered, trade encouraged, and hostility of sectarianism extinguished, as a matter of course, the same catastrophe must return on the poor like the fall of the autumnal leaves. The same, the very system of Elizabeth, will be again at work as long as the Protestant Alliance has the power and the means, and the wealth, to harass, to corrupt, to banish, and to kill. At no period of our history has that Alliance had more power, or patronage, than during the last ten years. We are, of course, indifferent as to the doctrines they teach; the fact of their having no fixed doctrine is the protection against their creed. They contradict to-morrow what they teach to-day; till their dupes find their teachers believing everything, and nothing, seek, as best they can, to escape from

this Babel, and rest their conscience within the secure fold of the One Shepherd. No; not their doctrines. But it is the material persecution which they practice on the poor destitute tenants of the garret and the cellar which renders this society terrific. They banish tenants off the lands, they discharge servants from employment, they remove clerks from employment; their persecution reaches dress-makers, bonnet-makers, stocking-makers: the very school child will not get needle-work (as appears from the evidence from Endowed Schools) unless she renounces her faith. This is the persecution which annoys, tortures, banishes, and kills the poor: and the whole history of Ireland within the last ten years presents a cruel record of this fiendish fanaticism of the various Bible Societies: and here we are at the end of ages, suffering the same torturing persecution as our fathers, and which is really unknown in any other nation under Heaven. If this system were confined to the mere Protestant church, it would still be a great curse to the nation, but it could never assume a formidable character; but it has found its way into the army, the Horse Guards, the navy, the clubs, the ball-room, private society. We see it in the streets, in the shops, in the steam carriage; we read it on the walls, observe it on the brows of the passenger in the bazaars; and the whole Senate, both Lords and Commons, have been infected with it; the Spooners, the Drummonds, the Eardleys, the Roddens, the Russells, are mad with it; and when you add to this incredible power the millions of money with which the "infernal machine" has been worked, it is the highest compliment I can pay to your courage, fidelity, and faith, that you have conquered and subdued "the old alliance," which has oppressed your country and martyred your fathers.

I therefore thank you personally for this your own triumph; you have relieved your brothers and sons in the army, the navy, and the police; you have relieved the poor tenant from the Bible-readers, you have conferred health and life on the poor servant, and you have expelled the apostate card-players and fiddlers from the counties of Clare, Galway, and Kerry. The liberal Protestants are disgusted with this farce of "the Alliance," and join the Catholic Church; the county Limerick and the county Wexford have furnished converts whose names add splendor to conversion; but in no instance has Catholicity more cause for rejoicing than in the honored family near Ennisorthy which has joined our communion. With a princely fortune, high connexion, the relative of the Lieutenant of the County, a man of letters, and finished breeding, Mr. Cliffe (if I may so speak) has added ornament to our Irish Church, spread edification through society, and given glory to God. The following communication to the Wexford Independent will be read with pleasure:—

"Paris, Oct. 22, 1856.
"Dear Sir—I saw last evening in the Wexford Independent a paragraph headed 'Catholic Church,' which I presume alludes to myself, and appears moreover, to be a call upon me to acknowledge or deny the truth of the report. I therefore do not hesitate to announce to you 'officially' that the report is a correct one; and add, moreover, that since the reception of my son and myself two other members of my family have been received into the Catholic Church, and another portion of us hope to embrace the same faith in a few days.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
"A. CLIFFE.

"John Greene, Esq., J.P."
My dear Fellow-Countrymen, Tradesmen, and Laborers of Kerry, Clare, Galway, Mayo, Meath, and Dublin, I remain, with admiration and affection,
Your attached friend,
D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.
(From the Northern Times.)

"The Reformation in Scotland was a popular movement." This audacious assertion has been put forth by a Scottish writer in the leading organ of those false opinions which curse this country. So monstrously false is it that people suspect it. Let us endeavor to exhibit its unflattering mendacity. The Reformation was the conspiracy of an oligarchy. At least a century before the Reformation, regal and aristocratic rapacity had been attracted to the Church lands. There lay the secret of the Reformation. We read in the history of Sir Walter Scott, that one of the causes of the combination of the nobles against James III. was his seizure of the revenues of an abbey, which two houses of nobility had long appropriated. "The king's appropriation of the revenues which they had considered as destined to the advantage of their friends, disposed these haughty chiefs (of Home and Hepburn) to seek revenge, and the spirit of discontent spread fast among the barons." Here was the germ of the evil spirit of sacrilege and rapine which ripened into the spoliation misnamed the Reformation. The first step was the murder of the sovereign. He fell a victim to the jealousy of his nobles, who shared his love of church lands, and viewed the regal plunderer as a rival.

The king and his nobles quarrelled over the spoil of the Church, which they had already begun to seize. Such was the first stage in the history of the Reformation. It was scarcely sixty years before its consummation. The first stage was the sacrilegious rapacity of the nobles. And that was the moving motive, the mainspring, the aim and object of the religious revolution which is called the "Reformation."

Let it be remarked that the nobles in Scotland were more powerful, perhaps, than in any other country. The historian Robertson dwells upon their pride and power. And Malcolm Laing, another Scotch writer, describes the Reformation as a conspiracy of the nobles. He calls them the conspirators, and alludes to John Knox as in "conspiracy" with them.

Now what does Mr. Crie, the modern historian and apologist of the Reformation in Scotland—what does he say to its origin and patrons? Does he describe it as a popular movement? Far from it. We quote his words. They are some of the very few and rare words of truth to be found in his mendacious work:—"It is the truth to say that Scotland was reformed by her nobles and gentlemen. At both the periods of the Reformation the flower of her nobility took the lead; her powerful reformers were men of high rank." And again, elsewhere:—"The reformed preachers were in general the sons or relations of persons of rank." Yes; this accounts for the close connection between the reformers and the aristocracy. Even Mr. Crie is not able to conceal the corrupt nature of their motives. They were, he says, virtually in command of the whole community, and they had long been disgusted by the higher clergy, "who, though in general mean or base born persons" (i.e. sprung from the people—mark the servile spirit of the Calvinistic writer), "trust themselves into places of power" (i.e. were made by the Church abbots or priors), and appropriated to themselves the greater share of the national wealth," which the nobles very much desired to appropriate to themselves. There lay the secret of the "Reformation." With all his care, Mr. Crie could not help letting the cat out of the bag. The greedy nobles lusted for Church lands, and resolved to spoil her.

They began the second act of the conspiracy by the murder of a Cardinal. To effect this, they conspired with some of the aristocratic preachers who had adopted the maxim of Calvinism from their convenience for the purposes of their foul conspiracy. There was one Wishart, brother of the Laird of Pitcairn, who was sent as an emissary to that monster Henry VIII., at that time meditating similar machinations; and with his aid the murder of Cardinal Beaton was concocted and perpetrated. Until that illustrious prelate was slaughtered, the conspiracy could not succeed. The Scottish historian, Dalrymple, admits it to be "doubtful" whether the Wishart who was sent to Henry was not the preacher, but suggests it was probably his brother. Whether the preacher or his brother, the result is much the same, viz., that the preachers were aristocratic, and assassins. Scotland's most learned modern historian, Tytler, showed, years ago, that it was the preacher who was the agent of this murderous conspiracy, although by a providential interposition, he met his own death before his diabolical plot could take effect, and received anticipative retribution. More recently the Rev. C. J. Lyon, of St. Andrews, repeated the demonstration. And Mr. Crie has no better answer to their learned arguments than the petty objection that Wishart was too much of an aristocrat to be called "a Scotchman with English despatches," as if they could show much respect for a murderer, whom Mr. Crie, with impious absurdity, calls "a venerated martyr."

"It is a great mistake," says Mr. Crie, "to suppose that the Scottish reformation originated with the common people." We quite agree. They were too honest to originate such a conspiracy of spoliation and assassination. They were detested by the aristocratic conspirators; and the prime agent they employed was John Knox, who happened to have great powers of declamation, and artfully played upon the popular passions, under the auspices of their wicked nobles, who protected him in their castles (the "castles of the conspirators," as Malcolm Laing expresses it) whence he emerged from time to time to do his wicked work; until the people being at last won over by practising upon the worst part of their nature, he came forth like a demon of destruction, browbeat and bullied his sovereign, and entered with the nobles into the most diabolical conspiracy which the heart of man ever concerted, by which to blast the character of the lovely Mary, and rob her of the sympathies of her people.

They were fondly attached to her; and so long as they believed in her virtue she was invulnerable. It was necessary to blast her character by calumny. The nobles, with the aid of John Knox, formed that black confederacy of crime, of which the miscreants Morton and Murray were the chief contrivers, and Bothwell the brutal agent. While they planned and plotted,

Knox preached and prayed, and helped to cover the leprosy of their monstrous crime with the rotten mantle of hypocrisy. And mark, Mr. O'Gie, the apologist of the Scottish reformation, has made all the infamy its own; for while struggling to liberate Mary from the burden of it, he involves her in a more hopeless, by making its patron and its champion, the miscreant Murray; who sold the life of his sister and his sovereign, having first conspired to blast her honor; and plotted her ruin by all the base acts of the forger. What an infamy clings to the very name of Murray! Half a century ago it was clearly proved by the papers in the Record Office, Edinburgh, that he had forged the letters which procured his sister's murder. And Mr. O'Gie extols him as "the good Murray, the champion of the Reformation!" It was first necessary to alienate and separate Mary from her husband Darnley, to whom she was tenderly attached. It was also necessary to get rid of her most faithful servant Rizzio. Both the vile ends were attained by exciting Darnley's jealousy of him; and exciting him to the savage murder of the poor Italian, to which Tyler clearly proves that Knox was privy. This, of course, estranged the queen from her husband. Next came the foul crime of his murder; which the conspirators committed, with the object of fixing the guilt on her. That object they attained by the blackest and basest part of the plot—Bothwell's brutal outrage upon Mary, which by a fearful moral compulsion, forced upon her the semblance of a hated union with the abominable miscreant. Mr. Tyler has shown that Knox was in the conspiracy, and privy to the first act of the tragedy of crime; nor can there be any doubt that he was equally privy to the whole, for he was tacitly aiding and abetting, and in strict alliance with the conspirators, an alliance which alone would fix upon his memory the brand of an infernal and fiend-like guilt. The conspirators now triumphed. Poor Mary was robbed of that character which proved her title to the loyalty of the Scottish people. She was soon in the hands of the conspirators, of whom the chief was her brother Murray, who forthwith betrayed her to her murderer, the Protestant Queen Elizabeth, and thrust himself into her throne. The conspiracy had succeeded,—the Church lands were all seized and divided among the nobles. Well might Mr. O'Gie say the Reformation was not the work of the common people! Oh, no. They had not depravity enough for such infernal, such inhuman work, neither did they project it. They shared not the spoil, and had little of the guilt; they were rather the victims and the sufferers. The Church lands were in a great degree held in trust for them, and their sons became, as Mr. O'Gie says, abbots and priors. Now the hungry nobles seized and shared between them the Church lands and robbed the poor. They were the conspirators; and that was the object. They were the ancestors of those half-score nobles who now farm out Scotland among them with a host of servile satellites, one of whom has just had the audacity to write in their leading organ the astounding falsehood that the Reformation in Scotland was a popular movement!

Such is a Protestant press! Such is Protestant history! Truthless—shameless, as the miscreants whom it canonises.

WHAT OF THE DENISON DECISION.

(From the Rambler.) "We cannot imagine any more bitter disappointment, any occasion for keener self-reproach, than when a man finds, after a life of toil, that he has been laboring not for himself or for the cause which he loves, but that his work has resulted solely in strengthening the hands of a party whom he thoroughly detests and despises, and in furthering principles which from his heart he is convinced are altogether erroneous and abominable. Such, we imagined, must be the case with hundreds of earnest men, clergymen and laymen of the establishment, who having sorely bruised their brains against the rocks of Anglo-Catholic, patristic, scholastic, and German Protestant theology, and completely unsettled all their religious convictions, were persuaded rather by the authority of the life and example than by that of the augmentative force of the leader of their party to stifle their doubts by work, by laboring in their parishes, visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, superintending their schools, building churches, carrying out the rubrical directions of the Prayer-book, and rendering their parochial services as attractive (to a small minority of Anglicans) as they knew how. Into this vortex of labor and excitement they plunged expressly for the purpose of stifling the importunities of their consciences, and the terrible questionings of their reasonable souls; they plunged into it too desperately and too unreasonably to allow us to suppose that they ever asked themselves for whom or for what they were thus about to labor, whose hands they were strengthening, or what principles they were furthering. But man is a rational being, and his reason cannot for ever be kept in abeyance. Every now and then there will be some deep commotion in the moral world, some shock as of an earthquake, that will wake him up and make him think, in spite of himself. The recent decision of the highest spiritual authority of the Anglican Church ought to be such a shock, ought to stir to their very depths the slumbering minds of those who, in order to avoid the pain of thinking, have drowned their cares in the whirlpool of action. Such an event should make them ask themselves, For whom am I bringing my parish into order; who will administer the system which I am organising; who will profit by the religious feeling which I am attempting to excite; for whom am I rearing a congregation in my schools; and who will in a few years occupy the pulpit in the church which I am building? The answer is easy; but it is quite the reverse of that which was hoped for. You thought that you were laying the foundation of a new wing to the Establishment, or that you were erecting an independent mansion within her, wherein your spirit should be perpetuated, and whence it should radiate on all sides in kindly influence for ever. But, alas, after some fifteen years of industry, what have you done? How many of your churches have already fallen into the hands of the

Philistines; who have taken away your daily services, dropped your weekly communions, mounted your pulpits, not with the well-intentioned and sober discourses for which you erected them, but with the gladdening of almost universal damnation in which Calvinism delights! Alas, that it should be so! You have labored in vain, you have spent yourselves for naught and in vain, and you have passed away, and your spirit with you; and the enemy has entered on to your labors, is reaping your harvest, is consuming the corn that you thought you had gathered into the barn for yourselves! Will you begin again the same fruitless round, the same barren cycle of busy idleness, the same strenuous exertion in doing nothing?—Or will you behave like men, and use your noblest faculty to count the cost before you build your tower, and sit down and think before you lead forth your forces to the battle? You have once rushed blindly into the fight, you have laid about you like men; but, alas, you have been slaying your own friends, and you have been doing the work of your most deadly foes. They kept silence as long as they could; they made no sign for fear of opening your eyes to your true position; they held their breath while you worked for them; they stood with open mouth under the cherry-tree while you were gathering the fruit, and quietly swallowed all that you imagined you were dropping into your own baskets. Not till one of your own party, more curious, or, as they call him, more indiscreet than the rest of you, pried a little too closely into your doings, and challenged them with your watchword, and so compelled them to declare themselves, did their leaders attempt to discourage the active service which you were performing for them. Gladly did they consecrate your churches, preside at the opening of your schools, and look up the title deeds in their bureaux. Gladly, too, did they receive your resignations and appoint their own minions to the nests which you had so well feathered. Such a source of profit was not lightly to be stopped, especially when silence alone was the condition of its perennial flow. Never would they have spoken a word to make it cease, unless some overruling power had compelled them. But now they have spoken, it is the warning of Providence to you. No longer can you pretend that you are working for Catholic truth; you are working for the truth of the "forty stripes save one" (such as it is), and for nothing else in heaven or in earth.

"In old days you had some reason for supposing that these Thirty-nine Articles had very little vitality—very little real hold on your reason or conscience. The popular voice, in which all your bishops had joined, and which seemed to be confirmed by the language of the Articles themselves, made the Bible, and the Bible only, the foundation of your Christianity—and the Bible, as interpreted by the conscience of each private individual. Your consciences were tender, and you had not the audacity to claim any special inspiration; you naturally thought that where each private conscience had an unlimited right to interpret according to its own crude speculations, you surely had a right to interpret according to the guidance of the fathers; your private judgment had as much right to submit itself to patristic influences as to the fumes of its own self-esteem. Where all had a right to private judgment, surely the private judgment which of its own accord submitted to the guidance of antiquity must be safe. This, then, was the wide and deep foundation of your religion—the Bible, as interpreted by minds enlightened by a study of Christian antiquity. And on this was raised the structure of your daily life, fed by the daily services of your liturgy. Your Prayer Book, it must be owned, in many places breathes a genuine Catholic spirit; and this was given into your hands by your bishops to be your daily bread, your meditation morning and evening. Surely, with your whole religious nature and faculty so totally preoccupied; with the Bible to satisfy your reason, and the Prayer-book to feed your love; it was excusable if you thought the Articles a mere accident, an old, inconsistent, but as yet unrepealed statute, at variance with the true life of your Church, and therefore dead, and only awaiting burial. The Bible and Prayer-book were the living powers of your communion; the Articles came to you three or four times in your life, as an occasional diplomatic visitor, making his call to urge some exploded claim, or to demand some obsolete tax. He had, as you know, the letter of the law on his side, but there were plenty of legal quibbles by which he might be shelved. His presence, however, was an anomaly; the vigorous development of your new life would be too strong for him, and he would gladly accept any compromise rather than fight out his claim. How gladly you received the interpretations put upon him by 'number ninety'! It was quite sport to find new quibbles to resist his absurd claims. The more ridiculous you could make him the more you were pleased, the nearer the *shape* the better did you reckon the sport. You had slang names for him; he was 'the forty stripes save one,' which the law allowed to be administered to the free Israelite. He was the 'three yards of bad stuff,' wherewith the Church of England had during some unaccountable hallucination patched the rents of her schism. You felt that the old fellow's mouth must be stopped somehow, whether by serious refutation, or by laughing him out of court with a jest.

But now this decision has, or ought to have, taught you, that however far between the visits of this tax-gatherer are, he comes to you with the whole power of the State to back him. He is no part of your daily life, but he is a higher power still. An Eastern emperor is no less absolute master because he secretes himself in his harem, and shows himself at rare intervals to his trembling subjects. The poor men may flatter themselves that they are laboring for some popular pasha, or laying up riches for themselves; but an edict comes forth from the seraglio, the poor pasha's head drops off, and the subject's wealth is transferred to the coffers of majesty. So it is in England. The little Calvinistic devil who sits on the throne of the Establishment knows how hateful is his bestial form; he knows he has asses' ears, goats' horns, and cloven feet; and he thinks justly enough that his policy is to conceal himself as well as he may. For this cause he has latterly

made his rule so mild that he has allowed people to forget his presence; he was so seldom heard of, that a last mouse holder than the rest, who had his private opinion that the cat was dead, undertook to put the bell round his necks. Archdeacon Denison was this mouse; he denied the rights of the Calvinistic fiend, and proclaimed him to be defunct. There was no alternative; the little devil was very reluctant to show himself, but now appear he must, or for ever relinquish his rights. And he has come forth, and has promulgated a decisive edict, too plain to be misunderstood, in which he asserts his own right over your consciences, to the total exclusion of the Bible, whose usurpation he had tolerated as long as it conduced to his own ends; to the total exclusion of the Prayer-book, on which he has coolly placed his heel; to the exclusion of every rag and remnant of Catholic faith or practice; and to the assertion of his own religion, of his own faith, which he defines to be the instrument of self-deception, the organ by which the mind sees in an object that which in truth and reality is not there.

This is the idol before whose shrine you have been bowing down, whose principles you have been propagating, whose work you have been doing. Will you any longer remain in Babylon, and retain the mark of the beast on your foreheads? Had you not better leave the city of confusion, where God hath confounded your speech, where no man now listens to the voice of his neighbor, and where it is at last loudly asserted that the foundation of your religion is not the Word of God, but the random assertions of an Elizabethan Parliament of Church-robbers, and panders to the tyranny and vices of a shameless queen.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.—THE POORS' RATE.—The attempt of the blind and besotted bigots of Clonmel to place upon the shoulders of these poor but philanthropic men, whose whole lives are devoted to religion, to charity, the education of the poor, and to the practice of all Christian virtues, the burden of poor rates has signally failed by the defeat of Lieutenant-Colonel Phipps, the ancient fagman of the clique. The gallant Colonel, following up the tactics of "mine ancient pistol," attempted by a resolution to force the Guardians to impose the rate, in the very teeth of Mr. Sergeant Howley's matured, well-considered, and solemn decision, which exempted the Christian Brothers' establishment from the imposition; but Protestant Guardians, to their honor, combined with the Catholics, and, forming a line, charged the Colonel in flank, and made him surrender at discretion. Such has been the convulsive and drying kick of bigotry and anti-education in the capital of gallant Tipperary. *On dit*. It is said in the "Honey Vale" that the gallant Colonel will retire to Chelsea, in consequence of this overthrow; but we don't place any reliance on this rumour.—*Clonmel Correspondent of Limerick Reporter.*

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.—The second session of the medical faculty of the Catholic University commenced on Monday, under happy and singularly cheering auspices, not alone as regards the vastly increased number of students from every province of Ireland and from the sister countries, who have enrolled themselves in the several classes, but also as to the high appreciation entertained by the pupils and the public, of the abilities and acquirements of the staff of talented professors to whom is entrusted this branch of knowledge.

THE EARL OF KENMARE.—THE REV. JOHN COUNIHAN.—On Wednesday evening, at half past seven o'clock, the Rev. John Counihan was to be seen going about the lanes of Killarney, under rain and storm with his lamp in hand, distributing the charities of the noble earl to the poor in their hovels. Here we have clearly portrayed the benevolence of his lordship and the zeal of this excellent Catholic priest. How well bestowed are the riches which are thus spent. It was by accident I discovered this circumstance, otherwise it would be buried in oblivion with the numerous other acts of the same character which are daily practised. Friday (this day) being the anniversary of the death of the late lamented earl, a solemn high mass was offered up in the cathedral for the repose of his soul.—*Killarney Correspondent of Tralee Chronicle.*

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT GALLAGHER, STUDENT OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.—With feeling of sorrow we have to announce the death of this young and pious ecclesiastic. He resigned his pure soul into the hands of the Almighty God at Letterkenny on the 12th ult., in the 23d year of his age. Gifted with an intellect of the first order, he obtained first prizes in the different classes in which he had read during the six years he had spent at College. His remains were accompanied to the grave by many of the clergy of the diocese of Raphoe, of which he was a student, by a very large multitude of the laity. His class-fellows in Maynooth, and all those who knew him there, will not, I trust, forget to offer up their prayers to the throne of God on his behalf. May he rest in peace.—*Tablet.*

DEATH OF THE EARL OF BANDOON.—About seven o'clock on Friday morning, the Earl of Bandon was found in his chair, by his daughter, the Hon. Miss Bernard, dead, having been taken in an apoplectic fit. His lordship had been previously indisposed, but not to such an extent as to lead to any serious alarm on the part of his family. He is succeeded in his title and estates by Lord Viscount Bernard, who has represented the borough of Bandon in Parliament for some years. By the accession of Lord Bernard to the title, the representation of Bandon becomes vacant. This is known to have been for some time an object of contest, Mr. John Wheeler, J.P., of that town, having offered himself to the electors as a candidate. Since then the registries have been closely watched at both sides, and last week there was an animated contention on the subject before the assistant barrister. On that occasion, Mr. Wheeler's friends state that he obtained a clear majority of nineteen, on the supposition that his opponent was to have been Lord Bernard. How it may be under the new combinations that are likely to result, we cannot conjecture.—*Cork Examiner.*

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. SAMUEL W. CRAWFORD OF DROGHEDA.—Mr. S. W. Crawford, of the Alleys, dropped dead suddenly on Friday week in his own yard about 3 o'clock. He was formerly a respectable shopkeeper and justly respected for his courtesy and integrity. He was over 70 years of age.

THE MAYORALTY OF WATERFORD.—Our present energetic chief magistrate will be again unanimously elected to the civic chair. It will be the fourth time that Mr. Blake will have arrived at this honoured distinction.—*Waterford Mail.*

Not a Catholic bishop or clergyman of any description was at the Crimean banquet.

DROXY OF SOVEREIGNTY.—A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that an establishment in Peter street, in connection with the Soupless Ragged School in this city, and which was under the immediate supervision of a zealous clergyman of the establishment and some ardent ladies, has been shut up within the last few weeks, the inmates, principally young females, having either dwindled to naught or become unmanageable.—*Waterford News.*

APPROACHING ELECTIONS IN IRELAND.—Another Irish borough is vacant. Lord Bandon is now the Earl of Bandon, and consequently vacates his seat for that stronghold, in days of yore, of Protestantism, though now much improved, inasmuch as the parish priest of Bandon, the Very Rev. J. O'Brien, V. F., is building a basilica which will be unequalled for magnificence of style in Ireland. But, to return to politics, three Irish boroughs are now without members; and as soon as Parliament meets, doubtless, some partisan of Government will move that new writs be issued for Clonmel, Downpatrick, and Bandon. Probably the City of the Tribes, and if a rumor in the *Athlone Sentinel* be credited, that town will be included; for, in all probability, Captain Handcock will get a colonial appointment. Who are the candidates for the suffrages of the burghesses of Clonmel, Downpatrick, Bandon, Athlone, and the city of Galway? To commence with Clonmel, they are Messrs. Bagwell and Murray. We fully believe that Mr. Bagwell will succeed the late honorable M.P., whose remains, *Punch* informs us, have been carefully removed to the Hanover Office, where a grateful ministry has erected a tomb in memory of the son of the Liberator. Alas! that we should be compelled to write thus of an O'Connell. As far as we are concerned, we sincerely trust that Mr. Bagwell will be the future M.P. for Clonmel, as we would rather see the most notorious Tory representing a Catholic constituency than such men as the present Judge Keogh, Fitzgerald, O'Connell, Sadleir and Fortescue.—Downpatrick has been informed by her master, Mr. M. L. Kerr, M.P., that he has sent to St. Petersburg for their future representative, who will go through the farce of soliciting the votes of the burghesses of the capital of the county Down. Bandon, we are given to understand, is to be represented by Mr. Wheeler, of whom we know nothing save the name. Galway has now before her two candidates (in case honest Anthony O'Flaherty accepts a Colonial appointment), Colonel French and Captain Blake Foster; the latter gentleman is all but sure of his seat, and being a Tenant Righter, will succeed in ousting Colonel French and even Sir Thomas Redington, of carpet-bag notoriety, should the Knight of the *sac de nuit* venture to insult the trusty and loyal citizens of the "Citic of the Tribes." If Athlone be really vacated by the acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds by its present representative, we presume Mr. John Ennis, the laird of Ballinabawn, will again make his bow on the hustings, and we are of opinion, save he be opposed by an honest and straightforward candidate will be elected; for the George Hudson of the West, the would be Railway King of Ireland, possesses immense influence in the borough of Athlone. Alas for Ireland that she has no patriotic sons to contest these seats! All are degrading and patriotism is indeed at a low ebb.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

The following letter from Smith O'Brien will be read with interest:—

Cahirmore, Ardagh, Newcastle West, Oct. 28th, 1856.
Dear Sir—I have had the pleasure of receiving your very obliging letter of the 24th inst., by which in terms the most complimentary, you invite my attendance at the banquet, which is to be given on the 5th November to Mr. Tristram Kennedy, member for the county of Louth.

If I had not prescribed to myself, as a rule of conduct best suited to the present circumstances of my position and to my opinions, abstinence from participation in political movements, I should have had great pleasure in accepting this invitation. I should have attended the banquet in order to testify my respect for Mr. Kennedy and the constituency which he represents. Though I have but a slight acquaintance with Mr. Kennedy, and though, in consequence of my absence from Ireland, I have not been able to watch attentively the votes of the Irish members, I have seen enough of his public conduct to justify me in believing that he is a faithful and honest representative of the Irish people.

I also approve of the policy of parliamentary independence, of which he continues to be an advocate. I am convinced that if the Irish members were, as a body, to hold themselves aloof from all connexion with English governments, there is no political advantage which they might not secure for their country—not excepting the restoration of the Parliament of Ireland.

I am not insensible to the force which lies in the argument of those who say that the Irish are entitled, as long as Ireland shall be connected with England, to a fair share of the administrative patronage of the Empire; but it seems to me that this legitimate object can be obtained without degrading the representatives of Ireland by rendering them factors or brokers for the acquisition of situations for their constituents.

Let the Irish nation advocate and maintain the principle that all offices ought to be bestowed, not as rewards for political tergiversation, but as the honorable recompense of services rendered to the state, and charge their representatives with the task of enforcing this principle, rather than with that of trafficking for the benefit of influential individuals, and it will soon be seen that Ireland will obtain her fair share of all situations of emolument in the empire.

To a certain extent this principle has been admitted by those who, in and out of office, advocate administrative reform. Entrance into official life is now to be obtained in several departments of the state, by merit and capacity ascertained by public examination. The recent examinations have shown that in this competition Irishmen are successful far beyond the proportion which the population of the kingdom would indicate. Why should not this principle, which has already been found capable of useful application, in lower grades of official stations, be applied to the higher ranks? Every one can name individuals of the highest merit in the various professions, who have been neglected, because they would not stoop to solicitation. If there were a healthy state of public opinion, with reference to such matters in this country, no government would dare to leave unnoticed the deserving, or to purchase the votes of the representatives of the people, by promoting those who had nothing to recommend them, except what is well known by the name of 'parliamentary interest.'

For my own part I have no hope that Ireland will be respected among the nations of the earth until the Irish representatives shall be regarded as a pure and incorruptible body; and this will never be the case until the constituencies of Ireland shall select men in consideration of their capacity and upright-ness, rather than on account of their dexterous manipulation, or of their pliability to the influences of ministerial management.

It is because I believe Mr. Kennedy to be one of those who is desirous to uphold the honor and interests of the Irish nation, rather than to allow our country to be jobbed as a provincial farm for the benefit of England, that I would willingly award to him whatever amount of homage my attendance at the approaching banquet could testify; and it is because his constituents set a useful example to the rest of Ireland in upholding an independent representative that I would feel proud of becoming their guest on the occasion.—I have the honor to be your obliged, faithful servant,
WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

Owen Markey, Esq., Secretary.

CURIOUS OUTRAGE.—Friday night about eleven o'clock as James Rankins was quietly walking down Castle-street, and when near Meare's Hotel, he received a blow of a stone on the head, which felled him to the ground, and inflicted a fracture near the right temple. On the information of Rankins, who is a servant in the employment of Dr. Kittson, a man named Dwyer, who carries the post between this town and Toomavara, has been lodged in our county gaol for the offence. It appears that Rankins and Dwyer had a quarrel some time previously; and a bad feeling is stated to have existed between them since.—*Neagh Guardian.*

In conformity with our promise we (*Kilkenny Messenger*) must refer to the important letter of Mr. O'Brien, published in the main statements of which we have given a recent number of this journal. Various efforts have been made to nationalize legislation for Ireland—to adopt it to the genius of the people, and, as it were, make it somewhat ray of the soil. O'Connell's bold measure of a repeal of the Legislative Union failed signally, and obtained no Parliamentary recognition whatever; from even the Irish members generally, while the proposition for a Federal Union found very partial favor. The suggestion of a National Grand Jury assembled in Dublin for the preliminary consideration of Irish questions was also discarded by the majority of the Irish representative body. This last proposition, the least objectionable in the English estimate, was however considered to trench in some degree on the prerogative of imperialism. The proposition of the honorable member for Louth, who is an eminently practical man, is, in our opinion, not only judicious, but statesmanlike. It, in like manner, obviates objections by accommodating itself to parliamentary presentation. It is quite obvious that the reference of Irish questions to a committee of Irish representatives for consideration, and for the eliciting of Irish representative opinion on those questions previously to their being formally submitted to the House of Commons in its imperial or collective capacity, will not only economise time, but be productive of well-considered and matured legislation. Again, the English and Scotch members could not well refuse to ratify any good measure recommended by the majority of Irish representatives. At present, Ireland is legislated for in a party spirit. Among the Irish representatives there is a class who have no country at all—whose allegiance they deem due to a foreign potentate, and all whose sympathies are alien in character. But on the other side of the question, too, there are unfortunately men who have no great pride of country—who are servile advocates of English Supremacy in all matters—who heed not the wants, wishes, or aspirations of the Irish people—who confound distinctive idiosyncracies, and advocate assimilation of law for all portions of the empire without any regard whatever to national peculiarities—to disparities in the physical and moral condition of different peoples and distinct races. The views of these men are countenanced and supported by English members of all phases of political opinion. If Irish members met together, as suggested by Mr. Kennedy, a better social feeling would subsist between them, factious feeling be discontinued, and something like nationality supervene. The Scotch people can be national without any repeal of their Legislative Union, and Scotch members of Parliament can merge party views when any substantive measure for the benefit of their country is proposed. By associating together in legislative council the less experienced Irish members would have the advantage of instruction from the more experienced, and not, as is too often the case, vote for or against a question, not on its merits or demerits, but in compliment to some party leader. Too many of our representatives are mere disciples of the minister or the leader of opposition, and regard the *ipse dixit* of their leader or political Pythagoras as oracular. Again, how many admirable measures lose their original features of usefulness, through the disfigurement of clauses and riders—the suggestion of the moment. Pan, the comical deity of the Woods, was supposed by those fanciful gentlemen—the lexicographers, to derive his name, the corresponding English word for which is 'All,' from the circumstance of his having been the son of all the gods. Many of our legislative measures can boast as manifold a paternity. Surely, crude, captious, and neutralising legislation of this sort would be obviated by such a national conference as Mr. Kennedy recommends. If such a conference were once sanctioned, we need not have any apprehension of the centralising policy of the Whigs, or fear that our national institutions would be swallowed up by the Garagantua mouth of John Bull. Select committees are proverbial for abstinence of useful measures, and commissions for useful purposes of amelioration, are in general equally unproductive of benefit. What a world of words—what set speeches for show and party favor, would be prevented, if Mr. Kennedy's suggestions were once ratified by the legislature! These very conferences would gradually establish business-like habits, and that concern for representative character, which would ensure a house for Irish questions. How often are useful Irish measures now sacrificed by counting out the house? Though we do not sympathise in the general policy of Mr. Kennedy, we can appreciate his advice, because it comes to us commended by its own merit, and by a public and private character which commands the respect of men of all shades of political opinion. One thing is certain—namely, legislative business accumulates so rapidly that some remedy is obvious, and that recommended by Mr. Kennedy seems to us at once the most feasible and the least objectionable. Ireland has already acquired too much political importance to be, if we may borrow the emphatic words of the *Morning Chronicle*, "any longer dragged at the tail of another nation."

THE TENANT LEAGUE.—The Irish tenantry cannot commit a greater mistake than by allowing the Council of the League to languish for the want of sympathy and practical support. A combination of circumstances unforeseen and unexpected, has superinduced a passing gloom of prosperity over the face of the country. All classes of agricultural produce fetch remunerative prices, whereby the tenant farmer is enabled to meet his demands. This is owing to the late war and the flourishing condition of the mercantile commercial interests of England, and though last, not least, the absence of the potato disease. Whilst things go on thus smoothly the abnormal state of our land laws is not strictly scrutinised, nor its result severely felt. Evictions take place, to be sure, and sometimes on a large and sweeping scale—but in the passing life of prosperity, the wails of the victims are unheeded. Meanwhile, silently but steadily, rents are being run up to a very high figure; even that is not felt during the halcyon days of our transient prosperity—but as there is nothing new under the sun, so surely will darker days set in again. Tenants will make improvements and sink their capital in fixtures, in and on the soil, out of which they will yet have to pay rents disproportional with the value of their holdings. The landlord will again reap the profit of their toil and capital. What we saw before, we shall witness again, and the tenant classes will regret when too late that they did not by energy and perseverance procure such a modification in the law as would protect them from spoliation. We are glad to find that the Council of the League holding their annual meeting within the present month. It would be suicidal in the Council to abdicate its functions. We trust that the old friends of the movement, from end to end of Ireland, will rally on the coming occasion. The cause is too sacred and important to be abandoned or put in abeyance, to please our Whig placemen and their sycophant bottleholders. It will not, it must not be. The blood of the poor be on the heads of those who shrink from their side in the day of need.—*Tuan Herald.*

SUDDEN DEATH.—A woman named Widow M'Evoy, a dealer in potatoes, died suddenly on Monday night, and an inquest having been held on her remains, the jury found that death had resulted from congestion of the brain. She had been in the habit of drinking freely of ardent spirits.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

THE WEATHER.—THE CROPS.—For a series of years we have not witnessed finer or milder weather than we have enjoyed during the entire of the present month. Few men alive have observed such benign weather in October. We have had the calm of spring and the soft cheerfulness of the autumn. The hopes of the husbandman have been crowned with a rich, a luxurious, and a plentiful harvest, and that harvest by this time secured from any possible danger.—*This is well, and for it, let us thank the kind and bountiful giver.—Galway Mercury.*

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—It is remarkable that the emigration from various parts of Ireland still progresses, notwithstanding the many inducements which the people now have to remain in their own country.

Fire.—At three o'clock on Friday, the extensive stables, &c., belonging to Charles Bianconi, Esq., Clonmel, were discovered to be on fire.

FATAL RESULT OF A FACTION FIGHT.—Sunday last in the neighborhood of Emly, a dispute having arisen between two parties or factions (the Ryans and Kennans, better known by the soubriquet of the 'Three and Four Years Old,') they proceeded to decide the quarrel in their usual style, viz et arms.

MURDER IN THE COUNTY TIPPERARY.—On Sunday evening last, about seven o'clock, as Michael Kenna, tenant to Hugh William Bradshaw, Esq., J.P., Phillipstown House, was returning from the village of Emly, towards Duncummin, where he lived, he was waylaid by a man, who struck him several blows on the head with a blunt instrument, and then escaped across the fields.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

CONVERSION.—Mr. De Vere, an English gentleman, was received into the Church on Tuesday, the 4th inst., at Bayonne, in France.

RENOWNED CLERICAL SECESSIONS FROM THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.—Some extraordinary rumours are afloat amongst the clergy, and are leading to very serious discussions in reference to the probable fate of Archdeacon Denison.

Lord Palmerston has been making speeches at Manchester at the rate of three a day, to which we refer those who desire to see, at considerable length, the praises of that Noble Lord and his Administration.

WORKING OF THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.—Is it not clear that at length the film is being cleared from the eyes of our countrymen, and that they are discovering that Church Establishment which has been more extravagantly praised than any other religious agency, is to a large extent, a thing of vaneer and varnish—of stucco and gilding; that it works badly, that it is behind the age in respect to responsibility, to adaptation, and to administrative efficiency; and that, to all administrative proposals of reform, there is the insuperable objection, that they would override the rights of property, and the vested interests which are inextricably bound up with the Establishment?—Liberator.

On Tuesday week the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's went through the form of electing a Bishop, the election of course falling upon the government choice, Dr. Tait.

A PROTESTANT LECTURER.—The notorious "Baron" de Gamin or Gammon has been visiting Yorkshire, but has met with a very sorry reception.

OLD ENGLISH GRAMMATE.—One omission must have struck every Catholic reader of the newspaper reports of the late War banquets. We have had plenty of praise and plenty of blame. Sir Robert Peel, who, as a weekly contemporary amusingly says, "has inherited together with his father's title and estates all his father's talents, except his statesmanship, judgment, sagacity, caution, accuracy and good taste," has fallen foul of Sir Charles Napier.

THE WAR HAS NOT TAUGHT US THAT WE ARE THE WEAKEST POWER.—or that we need to submit to bad faith, injustice, and illusage. This, the people of England are now prepared to do. The Times is almost as warlike. It says—"In these circumstances it would be fatal to show signs of flinching. England is fixed in her determination to repress Russian aggression, in whatever quarter it may appear."

THE FRENCH ALLIANCE IN DANGER.—The warning of the English press by the *Monitor* has begun to bear fruit. On Wednesday night Her Majesty's Theatre contained an assemblage of 3000 or 4000 persons, to inaugurate Julian's winter series of "promenade concerts."

PROTESTANTISM DEFINED.—Col. Sir H. Rawlinson observed the other day, at a meeting in the Exeter Hall, that twenty years ago Protestantism was unknown in Turkey. On one occasion a Jew presented himself to the resident of Bagdad, and claimed British protection, alleging that he had come from Jerusalem.

CONSERVATION OF BURIAL GROUNDS.—The Bishop of Exeter is about to illustrate anew the absurdities of burial ground consecration. Because the Tiverton Burial Board will not separate dead Dissenters from dead Church men by a wall more than eighteen inches high, his lordship not only refuses to consecrate any part of the ground but he is about to withdraw the license he had granted for interments in what was intended to be consecrated ground.

THE BURY POST STATES THAT ON THE 17th INSTANT, TWO DAYS BEFORE THE APPELLING ACCIDENT AT THE SURREY GARDENS, Mr. Spurgeon preached in Garland street Baptist Chapel, in that town, from the first three verses of the fourth chapter of the Book of Revelation, and that his manner of treating this subject was 'irresistibly humorous.'

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE MAY BE CONSIDERED AS NEARLY AN *ad calid*. Both countries are at an entire enmity on the Eastern question, and it is now submitted that the manoeuvres of the French Government were successfully counteracted by the exertions of Lord Redcliffe. It does not follow, however, that his Lordship or the Government which approves of his conduct is right; but the inference is in his favor—for the British fleet keeps the Black Sea, and is receiving augmentations. Austria and England are certainly agreed respecting the policy to be observed towards the principalities; and if this fact required further confirmation, it will be found in the hostility of the French and Russian organs to this new alliance.—Liverpool Post.

THE MONSTER GUN AND THE LION BREATHING FLOATING BATTERIES.—It is reported that an interesting experiment to be made at Shoeburyness, in a few days to prove the power of the monster gun there, and also, the resisting capabilities of the floating batteries. The *Actna 16*, floating battery, is to be sent over there to be berthed within shot range of the monster gun referred to, so as to prove the effect of 300 lb. shot on the hull.

THE STATE OF LOUISIANA. (RECORDED'S OFFICE, PARISH OF ORLEANS, CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, First District.) TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE OR ANY CONSTABLE OF NEW ORLEANS GREETING: Whereas, complaint has been made, on oath of A. P. Philips, before me, Charles M. Waterman, Mayor of the city aforesaid, that from information received, deponent has reason to believe and verily believes, that arms and munitions of war are concealed within the Charity Hospital, or certain houses in the neighborhood, which deponent will point out to the officer. Almut, therefore, prays that a search warrant may issue, so said arms may be seized, to prevent bloodshed this day; and that the parties in whose possession said arms are found be arrested and dealt with according to law.

THE WHOLE WHITE MALE POPULATION OF THE U. STATES, for instance, over 21 years of age, and to be presumed, entitled to vote, is about 5,100,000, and yet the votes cast at a Presidential election seldom exceeds 3,100,000 leaving 2,000,000 of inhabitants who do not use their franchise. In the State of New York, in 1852, the voting population exceeded 800,000, yet the votes returned did not much exceed 500,000.

A FASE QUON.—Seven colored men were driven from Alton, Illinois, last week, by authority of the "Black Law" which prohibits colored men from settling in that State.

THE IRISH IN MEXICO.—A society of Catholic Irish have addressed a petition to the government of Mexico, through one of its consuls in the United States, asking permission to establish themselves in the territory of Mexico. This may afford a good opening for Irishmen who have been acclimated in New Orleans, to emigrate to another land where they will be treated less as an inferior cast than they are here.—American paper.

ANOTHER WARNING AGAINST THE TOO COMMON PRACTICE OF HASTY BURIALS occurred in Fremont, Sandusky Co., Ohio, last week. Daniel Stearns, Esq., who had been ill with fever some time, at all appearance died on Wednesday afternoon; all the arrangements were made, and the friends and the clergyman were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the supposed deceased, when the body appeared warm to the touch. Restoratives were administered, and in a few minutes the man who had come so near being buried alive, was sitting up. He is now in a fair way of recovery.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN relates the following striking scene at a gaming table.—As a company of our fast young men were busy over the card table, a few evenings since, a singular noise attracted their attention. It was of so unusual a nature that they immediately began to look about for its cause. It was repeated in another direction. Something more than curiosity was now excited, and playing was suspended. Immediately one of the company fell into what the spiritualists call a trance, and proceeded to utter, as if from his deceased father, a homily against gambling and its associate vices. This was followed by an admonition purporting to come from a deceased sister of one of the company, couched in such terms and uttered with such sisterly feeling, that the whole group were irresistibly moved to tears. There was no more card playing that night. None of those present were believers in spiritual manifestations, and the scene was wholly unexpected to all. Whether it was indeed spiritual, or is capable of some other solution, is a question.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT is related as having occurred upon the late aerial voyage of Mr. Goddard, and others. When the balloon was near Germantown it was low enough for those in the car to speak to persons along the road. One of the party put his head over the basket, and gave three cheers for Mr. Buchanan, but when he had drawn in his head again it was noticed that the gentleman's jaws had sunk in very much, and that he looked ten years older. The party were at a loss to understand how so great a change could have taken place. Some were about attributing it to fright, when the unfortunate gentleman informed them that while inhaling his teeth had fallen out! The balloon being about 7,000 feet in the air, it was thought best to leave them on the ground!

THE SHIP IN CONTACT WITH THE LYONNAIS.—The ship which came in contact with the *Lyonnais* steamer, on the 2d inst., was the new barque *Adriatic*, Capt. Durham, of and from Belfast, Me., for Savannah. The *Adriatic* arrived at Gloucester on the 4th inst., but no report of collision was made public. Capt. Durham reports in a Belfast paper, that his ship was run into on the 2d, by an unknown steamer; that lights were put up to attract attention, but the steamer came steadily on, striking the barque forward, carrying away bowsprit and forward bulwarks, and doing other damage. It is added that the steamer passed on without rendering any assistance. One of the crew of the *Adriatic* states that Capt. Durham and second mate were on deck at the time, and saw the steamer's lights twenty minutes before the collision. The steamer was seen a few minutes before the shock, but the persons on board the barque were not aware of the damage done, and supposed that the *Lyonnais* kept on her course. The *Adriatic* is still at Gloucester repairing.

CONVENT SEARCHING IN NEW ORLEANS.—JOSEPH HISS EMULATED.—Among the inexplicable outrages which the Mayor of this city has been persuaded by his associates to perpetrate or authorize, none appears to us so wantonly, so senseless, or so unprovoked as the onslaught made in his name at 6 o'clock on the morning of the election, by persons having his warrant in their pocket, on the Charity Hospital of this city. It appears that some person—one of the Mayor's secret police, it is said—thought proper to say and swear that he had reason to believe, and did believe, that arms and munitions of war were concealed within the Charity Hospital, and in certain houses in the neighborhood, which he would point out; and upon this statement the Mayor of this city, illegally, unjustly, and in a spirit of most dangerous and unwarrantable usurpation, despatched a body of officers to search the Charity Hospital, and such certain houses in the neighborhood as this secret police agent, or whatever other relation he may hold to Mayor Waterman, might, for reasons of his own, see fit to denounce. That we may not be accused of rashly or unjustly charging Mayor Waterman in this affair, we ask our readers' attention to the following warrant, signed by him, and to its curious contents: [Sealed Warrant.]

THE STATE OF LOUISIANA. (RECORDED'S OFFICE, PARISH OF ORLEANS, CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, First District.) TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE OR ANY CONSTABLE OF NEW ORLEANS GREETING: Whereas, complaint has been made, on oath of A. P. Philips, before me, Charles M. Waterman, Mayor of the city aforesaid, that from information received, deponent has reason to believe and verily believes, that arms and munitions of war are concealed within the Charity Hospital, or certain houses in the neighborhood, which deponent will point out to the officer. Almut, therefore, prays that a search warrant may issue, so said arms may be seized, to prevent bloodshed this day; and that the parties in whose possession said arms are found be arrested and dealt with according to law.

THESE ARE, THEREFORE, TO AUTHORIZE AND REQUIRE YOU, with necessary and proper assistants, to enter into the said Charity Hospital and other houses pointed out, and there diligently search for said arms and munitions of war.

By virtue of this authority, a gang of what are termed police visited the Charity Hospital about daybreak, placed sentinels at all the gates of the premises, and forbade ingress or egress until they had made their search, and returned to their expedition head. Every portion of the building devoted to public purposes was carefully and minutely examined, and to make the indignity and outrage complete, the apartments exclusively devoted to the Sisters of Charity, whom our readers know are wisely charged with the care of the afflicted in the institution, were then and there brutally violated, under the pretext that they also might be implicated in the business of concealing arms and munitions of war for some purpose known only to Mayor Waterman and his secret police. Of course, the greatest dismay and terror possessed these simple-minded, pious women, at this most disgusting violation of their apartments, which was greatly increased by the gallant behavior of the mounted Indians engaged for the election, who had, probably by concert, about this time arrived at the Hospital, and displayed their horsemanship and bowie knives to these affrighted women and inmates of the building.

Two of the sisters, who were on their way to morning devotions at the church opposite the Hospital, were, we are informed, rudely stopped by the police outside the gate and made to return to their apartments, probably these representatives of Mayor Waterman considering that on their persons were concealed the arms and munitions of war, so graphically described by him as being in the Charity Hospital or in certain houses in the neighborhood.

Some one may ask what was the return made by the searchers for arms and munitions of war of Mayor Waterman. Here it is as we find it on the back of the search warrant:—The within warrant, received at 6 o'clock A. M., and forthwith proceeded to the Charity Hospital, and after due and diligent search make this my return. Nothing found.

November 4, 1856. We hope Mayor Waterman will be able to offer some justification of his unwarrantable conduct, and that it will thus be in our power to lessen the very general indignation and abhorrence his illegal proceeding has provoked by an authorized explanation. —New Orleans Delta.

COT. PRINCE'S FIRST MOVE.—Chosen by the voice of 8 years as a lawyer, Col. Prince gives an early evidence as to his fitness! The close of the Western Assizes was rendered somewhat exciting by a prosecution by Col. Prince against Mr. Arthur Rankin, M. P., for perjury, in making the affidavit to replevy the Stock Book of the Southern Railway. The Grand Jury found the Bill, and defendant demanded a trial at once. The prosecutor was not ready, desired bail to be given to stand trial at next Assizes, and insisted that the Crown Officer, Mr. Cooper, should not proceed in the absence of the evidence.—Mr. Beecher, for defence, insisted that the Bill had been improperly found, as evidently only one witness (Prince) had contradicted the affidavit. The Chief Justice said that it rested with the Counsel. Mr. Cooper then opened the case to the jury, and submitted that one witness might supply sufficient evidence to convict if supported by uncontradicted facts or documents. Col. Prince and Mr. Richmond were examined for the prosecution! The Chief Justice directed the Jury that the evidence was utterly insufficient, and they at once rendered a verdict of not guilty.

REMITTANCES

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND & WALES. SIGHT DRAFTS from One Pound upwards, negotiable at any Town in the United Kingdom, are granted on The Union Bank of London, London. The Bank of Ireland, Dublin. The National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh. By HENRY CHAPMAN & Co., St. Sacramento Street. Montreal, December 14, 1854.

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 28, 1856.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE British Lion still keeps up an ominous growling at his late allies on the other side of the Channel; and though the ministerial journals still announce in their largest type, that the entente cordiale is as firm as ever, those papers which may be supposed to represent the true feelings of the nation proclaim openly that the alliance is at an end, and that England is virtually isolated from the Continent of Europe. John Bull, it would seem is becoming ashamed of playing second fiddle to Louis Napoleon. In other respects the political news by the Persia is unimportant. In the commercial world, fresh gigantic frauds have been brought to light, in which a Mr. Redpath—doubtless one of the Saints, and a great supporter of evangelical missions to Romanists—cuts a very distinguished figure; but frauds in the British commercial world are so common now a days, that it is scarce worth while to mention them; and lying and cheating are looked upon as almost essential to the due transaction of business. The grain markets were reported dull; and flour had slightly declined in price under the influence of large importations from Russia. The Imperial Parliament stood prorogued until the 16th December.

TO OUR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

It is with regret that we find ourselves again obliged to allude to a very unpleasant topic—viz., the dilatoriness of too many of our nominal subscribers in discharging their obligations to the printer. The consequences of their dilatoriness—not to use a harsher word—are to us most painful, and certainly not very creditable to those who compel us to apply so often, and often so vainly, for an adjustment of their accounts with this office. Several thousands of dollars, arrears of subscription, are now owing to us; and, it would almost seem as if these arrears were destined never to be paid. Applications are in vain; and the opinion appears to be gaining ground—not only that it is an idle waste of money to pay one's debts with it—but that the proprietor of a journal is very well remunerated for his trouble and expenditure, if, after having furnished it for a year or two, he is, on requesting a settlement of his long outstanding account, coolly instructed, to discontinue sending his paper, and to erase the delinquent's name from off his books.

This new, but unfortunately, too common way of paying old debts, however convenient it may be to one party, is, as we know from repeated experience, ruinous to the other; and we therefore take this opportunity to protest against it, as one to which it is our intention to submit no longer. We ask for nothing but our own; for nothing but what ought to have been long ago forwarded to us without our having been put to the trouble of asking for it; and yet when we do ask for it, we regret to say that we too often meet, if not with a positive refusal, yet with a determined opposition to our just and moderate demands.

We have borne this as long as we could, in spite of the heavy loss and inconvenience to which we have thereby been exposed; and although we have been thereby prevented from making those alterations and improvements in the TRUE WITNESS which it was our intention to have made, could we have succeeded in inducing those indebted to this office to discharge their obligations towards it. But our patience, as well as our finances is now exhausted; and if appeals to these delinquents' feelings of honor and justice are still unavailing, we must try some other and sharper means of enforcing our claims. We force our paper on no one; but we expect that every one who willingly takes it, shall pay for it, in compliance with our published terms of subscription, without putting us to any unnecessary trouble or delay; and we hereby warn all delinquent subscribers that, after the 1st of January next, their accounts, if over six months, shall be placed in the hands of a lawyer for collection, and their names published in this paper.

We should be guilty of great injustice to that numerous class of the supporters of the TRUE WITNESS, to whose honesty and punctuality it is owing that we have not long ago been forced to abandon its publication, if we did not take this opportunity of returning them our hearty thanks. Of these many, as we well know, are hard working men—often but scantily remunerated themselves, for their honest labor; and whose punctuality is therefore the more commendable. To them in an especial manner, would we express our acknowledgements; and their conduct, their fidelity in meeting their engagements, would we propound as an example to our "Delinquent

Subscribers, which it followed, would spare both us and them much annoyance, and would enable us to meet those heavy demands which are constantly being made upon us. A very little exertion, a very trifling sacrifice, is all that is required to discharge the large accumulation of arrears due to us; and we cannot readily bring ourselves to believe—at the present moment, when money is so plentiful and can be so easily raised for every conceivable purpose except that of discharging one's old debts—that that little exertion, that trifling sacrifice, will not be made by those by whom those arrears are due. It is in this hope that, before proceeding to extreme measures, we again address ourselves to our delinquent subscribers, calling upon them to come forward and pay us honestly what they owe us.

THE IRISH BRIGADES IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

To the exclusion of other articles we publish at length Mr. D. M'Gee's brilliant lecture on the "Irish Brigade," delivered on Monday last in the Cote Street theatre. The house was crowded, but the audience were amply repaid for any little inconvenience to which the crush may have exposed them. The history of the "Irish Brigade" is in fact an epitome of the History of Europe during the greater part of the XVII century, for in every great event of that epoch the Irish Brigade played an important part; and we do Mr. M'Gee but justice when we say that he treated his subject with a skill, and eloquence which we have never heard surpassed, and rarely equalled on this Continent.

Mr. Prince's band was in attendance, and by their inspiring strains, both before and after the lecture, contributed materially to the enjoyment of the evening. Captains Devlin and Bartley with their Volunteer Companies, in full uniform, were also present, and made a very handsome appearance. Having been introduced by Captain Devlin, Mr. M'Gee thus began—

Ladies and Gentlemen—After I had the honor last week to deliver before the St. Patrick's Society of this city my lectures in illustration of Irish genius—as exemplified in law, in politics, and in poetry—I received a personal invitation from several friends, to offer you—that may be called, an illustration of the same national genius in action—a lecture on the Irish Brigades in the service of France. I feel very great gratification in endeavoring to comply with that request, both because it came from those of whose friendliness I am assured, and because the subject is an old favorite of my own; but I have to throw myself on your customary indulgence for the poorness of the performance—occupied as my time has been by pressing duties elsewhere, almost to the last moment left for preparation.

The history of the Irish nation is very much indebted to Voltaire for his celebrated saying, that the "Irish always fought badly at home." Its currency through the last century compelled our men of research to vindicate the actions of their ancestors. It stirred the half-quenched embers of a past pride, and brought fuel to the flame. It has given birth to dozens of books, from Colonel O'Kelly's allegory of the "Siege of Cyprus," to Mr. John Cornelius O'Callaghan's recent excellent "History of the Irish Brigade."

Voltaire's fallacy was suggested to his mind, fertile in paradoxes, while contemplating the gigantic achievements of the Irish troops in the service of Louis XIV. There was no question throughout Europe, that the Irish fought splendidly abroad. In the darkest of their centuries—between the surrender of Limerick and the Convention at Duggannon—four exiled generations shook Europe with the tramp of their invincible battalions. High-born gentlemen who quartered crowns in their escutcheons, and sat on scarcely inferior terms at the tables of kings; wits, the delight of the salons of Versailles and Vienna; uniformed peasants, mingling their Gaelic jests and rhymes on the Pruth and the Arno, with phrases of imperfectly learned French and German; old, venerable invalids in royal hospitals, telling their tales of war, in the sun, to loitering townsmen. In all adventures, successes, reverses, phases of their fortune, the Irish soldiers in the Continental service must ever be regarded with an almost unqualified admiration.

What gives the refined charm of pathetic feeling to the great deeds they were accustomed to perform is, that they were done in exile—done by men without a country—done by men without hope of achieving a country. Ah! little do they know who have never felt it in themselves, how sad a burden is hopeless love of country. Heavier than any old Prussian knapsack, is the heart in the breast of the banished man. The British or French soldier, fighting under his own colors, in his own cause, sees through the smoke of the battle the honored retreat of the Invalides or of Greenwich, or the dearer triumphal entry into London or Paris. Not less attached to home were those brave Irishmen, for ever forbidden to look forward even to the possession of a grave in their own soil. Some fortunate individual—one of a thousand—for some special generosity to British prisoners, might be now and then permitted, by a particular tolerance, to breathe his last in native air; but it was even in these rare cases, on the eve of death, that the favored individual reached the country where he should have spent his life. Some few enthusiasts of old customs, stole home in the last stages of decay, and procured by stealth the cold charity of a handful of kindred clay to cover them. An incident of this nature, as related by one of the new proprietors of old estates in the South of Ireland, has frequently been published. Walking in his grounds, some time in the last century, he was surprised to meet emerging out of the ruins of the old castle—the residence of former chiefs—a venerable stranger, his face bathed in tears. Addressing him with the courtesy and sympathy natural in such a meeting, he received an answer

to this effect: "Alas! Sir," said the aged stranger; "this was the home of my fathers from time immemorial; here four score years ago, I myself was born; I have passed all my life in foreign service; but I could not die in peace, till I came back to see this well beloved place—even though I found it in ruins." Refusing all farther attention from the new proprietor, the aged exile departed to find, like so many thousands of his comrades at the hands of strangers, an unglorified grave.

But the story is not all sadness. There were consolations of glory, and there were consolations of religion, for the Irish Brigade. Catholics to a man, they entered into the service of none but Catholic Princes. In this they were conscientious throughout. The King of Prussia, famous for his grenadiers, was very desirous to have some Irish regiments as his neighbors France and Austria had; but though several levies were forcibly embodied and shipped to him by his allies of the House of Brunswick, they dwindled away and soon disappeared out of the Prussian service.—Some Wexford insurgents condemned to death after 1798, and pardoned on condition of going to Prussia, surrendered to Napoleon—or rather to their compatriot, Colonel Allen—after the battle of Jena, and were incorporated with the Grand Army. Though often arrayed by the complications of Continental policy against his countrymen, the Irish soldier, whether in the service of Austria or of France, of Naples or of Savoy, still consoled himself with his liberty of conscience, and his Catholic associations. Unlike that sagacious soldado, Captain Dugald Dalgetty, they never considered changing sides in religion, to be a mere matter of profit or loss—nor that an "increase of pay" could compensate for the injury they might thereby do their consciences. They were no Swiss, to sell their swords to the highest bidder; and though very willing, too willing sometimes, to embark their bodily prowess, in any quarrel they were not willing—soldiers by profession though they were—to peril their immortal souls, without the chance of the last sacraments! Their chaplains were generally their own countrymen, chosen out of the Irish Colleges, so numerous on the Continent in those evil days; and to one of those chaplains, the excellent Abbe MacGeoghegan, we are indebted for the best history of Ireland, (though published at Paris and in French), that the last century could produce. That history is very naturally and very feelingly dedicated "to the Irish troops in the service of France;" and in the latter chapters of it, there are many interesting revelations of the exploits of its patrons up to that period of its publication.

I love to contemplate these intrepid soldiers as faithful champions of the faith of their fathers.—Why should not the military character be favorable to every virtue?

What characters in all history are more truly admirable than St. Louis, and Godfrey of Bouillon? Did their daily preparation for death make them strike less home, when once in the saddle? I know it is the theory of some that a soldier by profession, ought to be a scoundrel in morals. I do not,—I hope you do not believe in such a theory. The camp, like civil life, has its vices; it has also its virtues; it is, perhaps, more than civil life, favorable to the growth of all manly virtues. Of some of these virtues the Irish troops in the service of France, were conspicuous examples. Many of their officers were proverbial for their piety. And this is not wonderful. Usually the future Priests of Rome and Soldiers of France, were smuggled over together to St. Malo or Ostend, by the contrabandists of the Channel Islands. Shooting out from their hiding places, those handy irregulars of commerce found a ready sale for their unlicensed commodities in the innumerable creeks of the south and west of Ireland, and were always ready for "value received" to carry over to France or the Netherlands, the recruits of the Church or of King Louis. The student in theology and the "bachelor at arms," stood side by side on the poop, and slept side by side in the hold; they talked of glory and of duty, of vengeance and the future; the soldier of the cross instructed the soldier of the world; for both were soldiers, and though their arms were most unlike their calling was kindred,—the safety of Society and of the salvation of souls. Often the recruits, who thus set out together, met in after years, in beleaguered towns or on sublimous fields, in the ambulance choked with the dying and the dead, or on the peaceful ramparts of fortified towns, when war's rude blast had blown. Often the Irish Abbe moistened his dying brothers lips; often the Gaelic ear was bent to the Gaelic veteran's self-accusation; nor need we wonder if the ministrations of the Priest were mingled with the sorrows of the man, when the compatriot in Holy Orders recited the last offices of the Church over his brother in exile and in fidelity.

Nothing more touchingly illustrates to my mind the relation between these two orders of men, than the fact, that many bourses, (free places), in continental colleges, were founded for Irish students by superannuated Irish officers, who had not seen Ireland, perhaps, for fifty years, and who never could hope to see it again. These pious warriors usually stipulated that their kinsman should have a first claim on such bourses—their native diocese, the next—and in default of either applying, then "any native of Ireland" was eligible. Is it possible to imagine a more affecting picture? An old commandant covered with scars and crosses, hobbling on his cane, to the next Notary, to devise the hoardings of his life to some neighboring Seminary, with the view of helping to maintain, after his death, the faith of his fathers in his native land? The perilous wages of war for which he risked his blood on so many occasions,—the hard-won competency of old age,—the price of sleepless nights and feverish wounds—of vigil and hardships in the trenches and the camp—he cheerfully dedicates in his last moments to uphold in Ireland, the pure worship of that God, who had preserved him from amidst ten thousand of his comrades. There is nothing in the Crusades or in the early Church, superior in Christian disinterestedness to this.—To complete the picture; you have but to imagine the old Cavalier or Commandant, after a pinch of snuff

from his diamond box, the gift of an Empress, a passing jest, and an incomparable bow to the Notary, departing to his solitary lodgings, there with soldierly precision to prepare for the last solemn act of Life's mysterious Drama. But, ladies and gentlemen, there were consolations of glory as well as of religion for those brave men. The gloom of fate was cheered by the light of victory,—sweet victory over the oppressors who had cruelly condemned them to perpetual exile. While they lived they kept those oppressors fearfully aware of their existence; they sent forth in thunder and in lightning from the smoke of a hundred battle fields, their glorious protest against the wholesale banishment of the youth of Ireland. I have no intention,—least of all speaking in a colony connected with Great Britain,—of stirring up obsolete political animosities. In this new country, under its fortunate and novel conditions, such appeals are and ought to be, discouraged. I resort to the arsenal of history, to read the solemn texts engraved on the sword-blades of our ancestors, not to seek for poisoned arrows to be directed against your neighbors and fellow-citizens, among whom I have the honor to reckon many friends. I recite these facts for the moral they fling forward on the future, not to revive the bitterness in which they originally had their root. I say the Irish exiles of the last century had their consolations of glory; and I will add, for historical truth compels me, that these consolations were none the less sweet from the triumphs, won over the Monarchs and the Cabinets, who from William III to George III, cruelly refused them "leave to live," in the land of their nativity.

In justice to my subject, and to condense it within the reasonable limits of a lecture, I must confine myself to the Irish troops in the service of France. To what did they amount? In 1812, the Duc de Feltre, Napoleon's Minister of War—himself an Irishman, named Clarke—permitted "the Adjutant-Commandant," Colonel De Montmorency Morris, to take copies of the documents in relation to the Irish Brigade, then in the French Archives. (These documents are the basis, and are given in full, in O'Connor's and in O'Callaghan's Histories.) From the data thus supplied, it appears that between 1690 and 1790, 250,000 natives of Ireland had fallen in the military service of France. To account for this enormous supply of able-bodied men, we have only to remember that the Atlantic exodus had not yet assumed its late gigantic dimensions. The British Colonies were hermetically sealed by legislation against the Catholics, who, oppressed at home, rigorously shut out of the Colonies, naturally looked to France, both as a kindred and a Catholic country. Yes, they naturally looked to that noble nation, the bulwark and head of Christendom, in its struggles with the Goths, the Mussulman, and the ambition of the House of Austria. They looked to France, the land of St. Patrick and St. Bernard—two of the best friends Ireland ever saw; France, the early, the steady, and the generous friend of Ireland and of Irishmen. The hope also of the restoration of their own island, under the restoration of the Stuarts, was fondly cherished by them, in common with the gallant Scots in the French service—at least down to 1745. That hope finally quenched—the Penal Laws relaxed—the Irish Parliament declared independent—the Revolution in France emerging—the Irish Brigade was gradually prepared to pass from the stage of Action, and into the domain of History.

I should premise that there were at first two Irish Brigades in the French service. The first Brigade was founded on the three regiments sent by King James to King Louis in 1690, in part exchange for 30,000 French troops promised to Ireland. Its first Brigadier-General was Justin MacCarthy (Lord Mountcashel)—it is called "The Old Brigade." They distinguished themselves the summer of their arrival in France, during the campaign of Savoy, under Marshal Catinat. At Staffordo, the gallant Mountcashel lost his life. The second, or new Brigade, was formed out of the troops—19,000 men—who surrendered at Limerick in 1691; three-fourths of whom preferred an armed expatriation to a disarmed submission to William III. "There were," says the Memoirs communicated by the Duc de Feltre, "in France at the beginning of 1691, twenty-five Irish battalions;" which battalions, would probably make the whole number of Irish at that date in the service of King Louis—some 25,000 men. Subsequently—after the peace of Ryswick, I believe many regiments being greatly reduced in complement—they were consolidated into the Brigades; their last great service as a distinct force, was Fontenoy in 1745. Most of the regiments continued to exist till the Revolution; but Fontenoy was their last great day as a Brigade.

Let us consider some of the military consolations of those armed exiles. What Marango and Austerlitz, the sieges of Saragossa and Genoa; what Moscow and Waterloo are to the first half of the present century—to us, and to our immediate predecessors—that Nannur and Cremona, Blenheim and Ramillies, Almanza and Fontenoy were to the Europe of the first half of the XVII century. The places which Napoleon and Wellington, Suwaroff and Blucher, held in the popular estimation of this age, Turenne and Saxe, Marlboro' and Prince Eugene held among their cotemporaries. Ireland, though not a principal, was a deeply interested party in their wars; her military celebrities at that time are interesting as agents rather than as masters of the destinies of Europe. Mountcashel, Sarsfield, the O'Brien's—father, son, and grandson—whether as Earls of Clare or of Thomond—the Dillons, Nugents, O'Donnells, we must confess, played a secondary part; but it was second in the game of kings, and those kings magnanimously admitted that their fortunes more than once depended on the tried valor of their Irish troops. I will endeavor to select and briefly describe two or three of those critical occasions.

The battle of Almanza, fought on the 13th of March, 1707, decided the Spanish succession, and placed King Phillip, a Bourbon, on the Spanish throne. It authorized Louis XIV. to say—"The Pyrenees! there are no Pyrenees!" The French were commanded by the Duke of Berwick—natural son to our James—the Second—a

more fortunate General than his father. The Allies were led by the Marquis of Minas. The Irish contingent—four regiments—were on the right; thirteen squadrons of horse on the extreme left; were commanded by O'Mahoney, the hero of Cremona. The infantry were in the centre. The allies, after a gallant struggle, broke and fled, leaving 15,000 men—chiefly Spanish and English—dead on the field of battle. The war was protracted in Spain, but the succession of the Spanish Bourbons was an established fact after the day of Almanza.

I have alluded to Cremona, which is one of the most extraordinary sieges in all military history. The scene of the last event was Spain,—of the present one Italy;—the time was the year 1702. Cremona on the left bank of the Po, was surrounded by works five miles in circuit; its French garrison was 8,000 strong; but this garrison like Hannibal's army, was sunk in dissipation. The Imperialists and their allies, under Prince Eugene and Count Merci, endeavored to surprise it; it was saved by the daring and coolness of O'Mahoney—(I need not tell you where he came from.) Prince Eugene, by means of one of the inhabitants, was enabled to introduce some of his troops in disguise by an old aqueduct into the town; Count Merci, at midnight, entered it in force, seized the market-place and two of the gates; they were already within a few yards of the opposite gate where their comrades were awaiting them. Major O'Mahony, "a great Martinet, had ordered his men to parade at day-break;" as he lay on his bed, he heard the tramp and the word of the Imperialists. Seizing the first opportunity, he rushed to his barracks, turned out the two Irish regiments, "in their small clothes and shirts," attacked the Austrians elated with victory, and already holding a council to know what they should do with the town, drove them from the Mantuan gate, and into the plaza. Villeroy, the Commandant, had been seized and carried off to Prince Eugene's camp; but the rest of the garrison being now roused, repulsed the Austrians and saved Cremona.—When sent to Paris with the despatches, O'Mahoney was modestly silent as to the peculiar part played by his countrymen. "You have said nothing," said King Louis, "of my brave Irish." "They fought in conjunction with the other troops of your Majesty," answered O'Mahoney. The hero of Cremona was raised to the rank of Colonel and Lieutenant-General; two Captains of the second Irish regiment—(Burke's) were promoted; the officers and men had their pay increased; and the personal thanks of his Majesty gratified their pride, while his munificence recruited their finances.

At Blenheim and Ramillies, fortune deserted the French arms, and crowned with splendor, surpassing even Prince Eugene's, the name of Marlboro'. Those battles were fought two years apart—in 1704 and 1706. In both, Lord Clare's Dragoons not only saved their own standards, but won new honors—at Blenheim they took two standards; at Ramillies they made a successful charge which covered the retreat. But it would be utterly impossible for me to enumerate the actions in which they signaled themselves, not only by lofty daring, but by singular presence of mind—a quality of mind, most unjustly, but most industriously denied to this whole people. I hasten to the great day of their renown—to the field of Fontenoy—the greatest field Europe had seen before the era of Napoleon.

King Louis in person had laid siege to Tournay, with an army of 79,000 men. Marshal Saxe commanded under him. The Duke of Cumberland, son of George I., commonly called "the butcher of Culloden," commanded the English and their allies, 59,000 strong; who advanced to succor Tournay. The King and Saxe, leaving 18,000 to maintain the siege, advanced with somewhat over 40,000 men, including the entire Irish Brigade to meet the Anglo-Dutch, 60,000 strong. It was a day in June, 1746, when these hundred thousand warriors closed in battle, in the midst of the quiet Flemish landscape. The "reserve" of the Anglo-Dutch was composed of the English household troops—6,000 picked men, commanded by Lord John Hay; on the French side the reserve was, the six Irish regiments and Fitz-james' horse, commanded by Lord Clare.—Saxe's right, centre, and left touched respectively the wood of Barri, the village of Fontenoy, and the river Scheld. Cumberland and Saxe alternately attacked, and repelled attacks along the whole line for some hours. In attempting to turn the wood of Barri, Ingoldby (the English second) was badly beaten; Walbeck failed twice against the left. "The Duke" (as he was called in his day) ordered up his reserve; and Lord John Hay's 6,000 advanced in a single column, "slowly and evenly as if on parade ground." They struck their generous foes with admiration—even with awe. The French infantry broke before them; Louis' household cavalry were overwhelmed. The King turned his horse's rein from the field, but Saxe begging him to stop, ordered up the Irish reserve. It was now Lord Clare against Lord John Hay, and empires hung in the balance. With their wild Gaelic war-cry—"Remember Limerick, and Saxon faith!"—those exiled demi-gods broke upon the advancing mass, and overwhelmed them in their pride. The completest victory of the war—a victory which compelled a speedy, and to France an honorable peace—was the result. But it cost the Brigade dearly; one-fourth of their officers and one-third of their men lay dead on the field of their fame. Lord Clare was created a Marshal, Colonel Lally (the famous Lally Tolendal) a Brigadier General, and all the other survivors were promoted, decorated, or rewarded. King Louis rode down to their bivouac personally to thank them; and George II. exclaimed in the bitterness of his disappointment—"Accursed be the laws that deprived me of such subjects!" Well may we imagine the main actors in this memorable scene, as Thomas Davis has finely described them:—

"Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang,
Bright was the steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are all'd with gore;
Thro' shatter'd ranks, and sever'd files, and trampled flags they tore."

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled— The green-hill side is matted close with dying and with dead.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun, With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won.

And as they rested their wearied arms from slaughter, we may well imagine them breathing the wish another poet has thus expressed:—

"We pray that Heaven would grant us, And then we'd die with joy, One day upon our own dear soil, Like that of Fontenoy!"

What thoughts were theirs, as they surveyed that field, or knelt—for the spirit of ancient piety had not yet departed—before their cruciform-hilted swords, and improvised their own Te Deum!

It is utterly impossible for me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to follow up in detail the after-fortunes of the Brigade. They served in India under their countryman Lally, Captain-General of Pondicherry, at Osmeo and Fort William Henry, under the Marquis of Montcalm—the hero—one of the heroes of Quebec—in the war of the American Revolution under Rochambeau and Count Dillon, and in the French West Indies.

Their most celebrated officers in the latter ages were Lally, the Brothers Dillon, Jennings, (better known by his French title, Kilmaire), and Daniel O'Connell, the uncle of the Liberator.

Lally's execution—reversed long after through the filial devotion of his son—is justly called "a stain on the judicial character" of Louis XVI.

One of the Dillon's was literally torn to pieces by a frantic mob at Lisle; the other died on the steps of the Tuilleries in defence of Marie Antoinette—the remembrance of his devotion drew from her the thrilling exclamation in her darkest hour—"Alas! there are no more Dillons."

Kilmaire entered the service of the Republic, and won his highest honors under Bonaparte. Count O'Connell and the majority of the officers and men, "emigrated" with the French Princes—afterwards Louis XVIII. and Charles X., in 1791. It was to this gallant remnant the Princes presented a banner with this motto—

"1692—1792. 'Semper ubique fideles!'"

"Always, and everywhere faithful!"—aye! they were. Faithful to the unhappy King they had first sworn to serve; faithful to King Louis, who had adopted them in their exile; faithful to the death like Sarsfield and the Dillons; faithful to their standards, their traditions and their God.

They rose out of the English, and they disappear in the French revolution. Like one of those migratory flocks common in your climate at this season, stretching across a clouded sky, now depressed, now elated, exulting in their strength, or wailing for lost brethren—they stretch across that dismal penal century, pursuing their way seemingly, but not really without a Providential direction.

Illustrious men! who can contemplate your glorious brotherhood without emotion? What Irish heart will not throb with pride at the mention of Cremona, of Almanza, of Fontenoy? I invite you, my too indulgent friends, to study for yourselves the history of the Irish Brigade.

You will see in their lives better than anywhere else I know, how it was some thousands of gallant men, scattered throughout Europe in the last century, made the Irish name respectable and influential. It is certainly not very safe to insult a man with a sword by his side; but it is not alone this sort of effect—to which I allude—though it is pleasant to see arms in the hands of our friends.

Their capacity for command over themselves and others was demonstrated by several of these men as Commandants of Belgrade, Prague, Cadix, Majorca, Grodno, and other frontier posts and citadels of the first consequence; we can count among them Marshals of France, of the Empire and of Russia; Aulic Counsellors at Vienna; General Officers in the Spanish, Sardinian, Bavarian, and Neapolitan services.

I hope I do not lay myself open to the charge recently made by an eastern Canadian paper, of claiming every important personage that rises in the world as an Irishman—no one, I hope, will ever have the presumption to claim that illustrious Editor as one—still I cannot help saying that the ancestors of the O'Dillon Barrots, the Daltons, Shees, the Cavaignacs, and MacMahons of France were Irish exiles; that the O'Sullivan of Belgium, the O'Donnells of Spain, and the Nugents of Austria are equally Irish.

The father of the present Count O'Donnell of Austria was refused admittance to the presence of his uncle, an illustrious Austrian officer, because he could not speak Irish; and the cadet had to return to the Irish convent at Prague to learn the Celtic tongue before his uncle would recognise him.

But I am not aware that any fact like this can be told of any other military order of exiles—that in 1809, the portfolios of war were held in five different European Cabinets by five Irishmen—Clark (Duc de Feltré) in France; an O'Donnell, in Spain; a Nugent, in Austria; a Kavanagh, in Bavaria; and Lord Castlereagh (though we don't boast of him) was virtually War Minister of England. In the Memoirs of the Russian Princess, Daschkoff, the friend of Catherine the Great, she speaks of meeting at Berlin or Vienna, as well as I remember, three ambassadors from different Courts, all Irishmen.

Quite recently when the Duke of Brabant was betrothed to an Austrian Princess, the proxy for the King of Belgium was the Count O'Sullivan; for the Emperor, Count O'Donnell. The mere sabreur does not rise to such trusts and honors as these; nor can men of any exotic race, acquire such dignities, closely contested as they are, and ought to be, by natives, without possessing surpassing claims to them.

My friends, the illustrious generations of whom I speak left the name of Irishmen respected throughout the earth at the close of the last century. The Orators, the Poets, and the Patriots of Ireland, did not all die with that era. We inherit their example and their history. It is true we do not dwell on an equally divided continent, where the sword is the beam of the balance of power.

One great American State alone exists in our day. The rest have no foreign, and no continental policy. Our times, thank God, are, at present, peaceful; and long may they continue so! Our prospects, our duties, our dangers, rise out of the political order. We are an industrial army, conquering a continent for generations unborn.

Look around you, and ask yourselves if we have advanced Irish character as far in our generation as those of whom I have spoken did in their days? If not, why not? Are the odds against us greater? Hath not "peace its victories no less renowned than war?"

Are our relations and children less dear to us than to the men of the camp? I will not attempt to answer these pregnant questions; I leave them to your own private consideration.

My countrymen by birth, I address myself to you. I have chosen this subject to demonstrate before you that our race may be as great in action as they are admittedly in speculation. Their presence of mind, their sustained vigor, when disciplined, may be made quite equal to their natural gifts; the contrary opinion is all an invention of the enemy.

It is the worst and subtlest of all the forms of Imperial injustice—this foul conspiracy against the genuine Irish character. Gentlemen, my countrymen by birth of the Canadian Volunteers, I beg you to accept my grateful thanks for your invitation and your presence here to-night.

My heart warms to the color that you wear. It is Nature's own undying uniform with which she clothes her fields and forests, in her seasons of activity and fruition.—It was stained with our Sarsfield's blood, and it glittered on our Grattan's breast.

You may well be proud of it, Gentlemen, and I have no doubt the land of your birth, and still more Canada, whom you serve, will have good reason to be proud of it should foreign or domestic danger call you—(which God forbid)—to prove once again as often of old, the valor of "the men who wear the green."

Ladies and Gentlemen, my duties call me elsewhere; but I assure I will ever look back to this night with pleasure, and to my friends in Montreal with feelings of lively gratitude. I now bid you from the depths of my heart—"Good bye"—and good night!

The prophetic mantle has descended upon the shoulders of the Toronto Colonist who, in his character of political seer, divulges to the people of Canada their political future. From whatever source however his inspiration may proceed, we are by no means disposed to underrate the warnings he gives.

Here for instance is the vision that our contemporary of Toronto did see on the "School Question." Having foretold the meeting of our Legislature in February next, he breaks out in the following strain:—"As to the difficulties which may arise about measures, these, we apprehend, will be all easily enough got over; for the Government is of that expansive, or India rubber character, that it can be stretched over any given surface of measures, or contracted to suit any policy, however narrow.

We have, for example, the vexed and interminable school question brought up by the Roman Catholic party of Upper Canada with more than ordinary pertinacity. Not only are important extensions of the separate or sectarian principle demanded, but Dr. Ryerson himself is pointed at as a grievance that must be got rid of, or an educational Marplot that should be no longer left to disturb the country.

Now this question, threatening as it may seem, will, we are certain, be shewn in some way or other. Mr. Cauchon's paper—the Journal de Quebec—has already stated, that the Roman Catholics of Upper Canada enjoy greater privileges and immunities than the Protestants of Lower; and the Catholic Citizen, which urges the extension of the sectarian principle, supports the very Government whose chief organ, if not whose chief minister, thus puts a wet blanket round the separate school agitation.

When papers are guilty of these inconsistencies, it is not difficult to tell what they will do when a ministerial crisis comes on. They will abandon their ground either to keep their implacable enemies out of power, or they will endeavor to gain time for a more vigorous and effective effort to carry out their views in future.

future use. The schools will therefore be left to take care of themselves; and Dr. Ryerson will enjoy the satisfaction of confidential correspondence with great ministers of state; whilst their chief supporters will abuse him, and Mr. O'Farrell, or some other equally influential member of Parliament, will talk for his allowing preaching in school houses, and palm-singing, instead of singing to the tune of hickory gads and birch brooms, in the colleges for the million."

That this will be the case is certain, if the Catholics of Canada are either foolish enough to allow themselves to be again galled by the verbiage of those who make a trade of practising on their credulity—or if they are dishonest enough to prefer their private material interests, to those of the Church, and the spiritual welfare of their descendants.

If, however better counsels prevail—as we trust they may—if the Catholics of Canada generally, will but show themselves determined—no matter what the consequences upon the fate of the Ministry—to obtain a full and lasting measure of "Freedom of Education" for themselves and their children, the vision of the Colonist will be but a lying vision.

All depends on themselves; the issue is in their own hands, and all that is wanted is vigour and singleness of purpose. With these, and exercising them under the control and guidance of the Pastors of the Church, Catholics cannot fail of success.

We do not mean that any important amendments can be made in the existing laws, so as to render them just and acceptable to Catholics. Our present system is an absurd jumble of incongruous principles. Professing to be "Common," it is at the same time "Separate"; and the inevitable result of the attempt to reconcile irreconcilables, and to harmonise two contradictory, has been to produce universal dissatisfaction.

Already, thank God, symptoms are not wanting that, in despair of arriving at a satisfactory solution of the "School Question," a large, influential, and daily increasing portion of our Protestant fellow citizens in the Upper Province are prepared to abolish in toto our present School laws, and to fall back upon the "Voluntary Principle," in education as in religion; not as the best conceivable system, but indeed as one desirable per se, but as the only system possible in Upper Canada, for the support either of Church or School, if the Separate, or "Denominational" system be abolished.

The policy of Catholics should be therefore to encourage, and strengthen the hands of this party. This they can do by obstinately persisting in forcing the discussion of the "School Question" on the Legislature. They must not allow "a wet blanket"—as the Colonist calls it—"to be put round the school agitation"; they must not allow the question to drop for one moment; but must keep it as a perpetual thorn in the side of every Ministry, galling and tormenting them, till through sheer disgust at the "interminable" nuisance, they shall be glad to get rid of it upon any terms.

In a word, it should be our policy to keep this question so prominently before the Legislature, and to insist upon it with such pertinacity, as to make it the chronic difficulty of every Ministry, and a stumbling block to all legislators of all shades of political opinion. By thus urging it, in season and out of season, and refusing to listen to any terms of compromise, or propositions of postponement, the time of the Legislature will be wasted in endless and angry discussion, the public business of the country will be interrupted, and brought to a standstill—and all parties will be heartily glad to be rid of it, and of us.

So will it fare with us, as with the widow in the Gospel, pleading her cause before the unjust judge, who neither feared God nor regarded man—yet because we trouble them, they will avenge us of our adversaries, lest by our continual coming we weary them. In fine, so long as our Protestant enemies endeavor to impose upon us their degrading yoke of "State Schoolism," we must make them pay dear, and precious dear for their whistling.

In opposition to this, the policy of the Cauchon Ministry will be, no doubt, that indicated by our prophetic friend of Upper Canada. To those over whom they have any influence, they will represent the inconvenience of bringing forward so delicate a question, the dangers to which its discussion will expose their tenure of office—and the fearful consequences which would ensue from their abandonment of their quarterly salaries. To all these considerations the true Catholic and independent citizen will be entirely indifferent.

The fate of Canada, the welfare of Catholicity, the stability of the Church are not, thank God, dependent upon any Ministry. Christ founded His Church on Peter, not on M. Cauchon; and our trust as Catholics is in Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand, not in the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Even should our obstinate persistence in demanding "Freedom of Education" be attended with the dire results prognosticated—what is that to us? As Catholics we have nothing to do with consequences, these are in the hands of God.

Our duty—and duty is the only thing about which we have any business to disturb ourselves—our duty is to get rid, in so far as we and our children are concerned, of a system of education pronounced by the highest authority on earth—"to be altogether dangerous to faith and morals," and the imposition of which upon us involves a violation of our rights as citizens and free men. This then should be the last words of every Catholic both to M. Cauchon, and George Brown.

"We will not—so help us God—we will not, either directly or indirectly, pay one penny for the support, either of a church or of a school, for a system of education or of religion, to which as Catholics we are conscientiously opposed."

The "Seat of Government Question," and the question of "Representation by Population" next pass in review before the inspired eyes of our contemporary. His opinion is that both these questions will be "buried" or hushed up; and though as to the first, as involving no Catholic interests, we are profoundly indifferent, we do hope that amongst the French Canadian members of the Legislature—some of the Rougetists and democratic tendencies of some amongst them—there is still left enough of courage, patriotism and honorable feeling, to induce them to insist upon a Repeal of the Union betwixt the two Provinces, rather than submit to the degradation of Anglo-Saxon as well as Protestant ascendancy; which would be the inevitable result of giving to Upper Canada a greater influence in the Legislature than it already enjoys.

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF "GOVERNMENT PAP." We recommend, as a literary curiosity, the following extracts—the first from the Catholic Citizen of June 12th, 1856—and the second also from the same paper of November 6th, 1856—

"At an early stage of the debate Mr. Felton moved in amendment to Mr. Brown's resolutions 'that it is expedient to abolish all provisions of the Common School law of Western Canada, which authorise the establishment or maintenance of Separate Schools on conditions less favorable to the Roman Catholic population of Western Canada than those granted to the Protestant population of Eastern Canada, by the provisions of the Common School law for that section of the Province; and to establish such provisions for the establishment of Separate Schools as would place the Roman Catholic minority of Western Canada in regard to the Protestant majority, precisely in the same position as that now held by the Protestant minority of Eastern Canada.'"

"This proposition it seems to us contains nothing very dangerous to the cause of religious education; and yet such is the acumen of the Editor of the Journal, that he discovers in it nothing more nor less than a scheme to subvert religion and introduce infidelity into our Schools. . . . Surely our Quebec contemporary must think us dupes indeed, if he fancy that the Catholics of Western Canada will be gulled by such sheer ignorance, and vile baseness as he has exhibited. We should like to ask him if Mr. Felton's amendment does not contain all that we seek to attain in the matter of separate schools. . . . Mr. Felton's amendment exactly met that demand, and we are sneered at as fools because we received it with favor. Trusting in the good faith of Lower Canadian members, we had a right to expect that they would aid in carrying it through. But in this we were disappointed. The fate of a Ministry hung on the vote, and our rights were offered up as an acceptable holocaust. . . . Mr. Felton's amendment may for certain reasons, be very objectionable to the Journal, but nevertheless, if passed, it would have set the School question at rest, and been received by our Clergy and people with joy."—Catholic Citizen, June 12th, 1856.

On November 6th 1856, the same Catholic Citizen "having disposed of Mr. Brown," proceeds to "exhibit:—

"the incapacity or unfaithfulness of those journalists who, assuming to be the only guardian angels of Catholicity, rent their garments with pious indignation, and, on the loss of Mr. Felton's amendment regarding Separate Schools, rushed before the country with a cry on their lips, that the Lower Canadian gentlemen who now form a part of the present Administration were untrue to the interests of the Church, and unworthy the name of Catholic. Then it was, that some of our contemporaries denounced, in a paroxysm of rage, the wise course pursued by the able Commissioner of Crown Lands," in voting against Mr. Felton's amendment "and his French colleagues. His great ability and unwearied exertion in relation to the North shore Railway and numerous other acts" that will distinguish him for many a long year, were all given to the winds. Neither Mr. Lemieux, nor Mr. Cartier, &c. &c., voted for the great panacea, and that was enough. He and those talented men who sustained him on that occasion, were traitors."

Comment upon the above is surely unnecessary. As some explanation however of the marvellous change in the views of our Toronto contemporary, we may mention this—that, whereas on the 12th of June he had not a single government advertisement in his paper, within a few days afterwards, upwards of five columns, or about one-eighth of his whole sheet, were taken up with Government advertisements, chiefly from the "Crown Lands" Office, presided over by that "able" man who voted against Mr. Felton's amendment, and for the infamous "Religious Incorporation Bill."

The "Religious Incorporation Bill" to wit. To the Editor of the True Witness. Cobourg, Nov. 22, 1856.

DEAR SIR—Whilst the good people of Montreal were busy in roasting turkeys, and making suitable preparations for the magnificent banquet lately given in their honor of the tutelary deities of the Grand Trunk—virtuous people in other places were not forgetful of the respect due to the time-honored institutions of their country. Common justice requires that mention should be made occasionally of their patriotic proceedings; at all events, some of them are fairly entitled to claim our attention.

I have therefore much pleasure in stating for the information of those who keep the Guy Fawkes festival that the anniversary of Sir Robert Cecil's memorable sham plot was duly celebrated in this town by a torch-light procession on the 6th of this month. Guy, the illustrious old "feller" appeared in his robe of office, standing upon a small platform elevated above the heads of the yawning multitude; who, with every mark of solid devotion, accompanied their demi-god to his funeral pile, and performed his obsequies evidently with the most lively assurance of being honored with his companionship in the Elysian fields, where the Fifth-November heroes, after their mortal career, hope to enjoy their supreme felicity—spending their time in hunting up shadowy forms of wild beasts, in combating with shadowy conspirators; and at night, assembling in the halls of Odin to celebrate their glorious victories, feast and drink their sherry-cobblers and gin-cocktail out of the skulls of their slain enemies.

It is also reported that they have secured extensive coal-fields in that district, which will yield them inexhaustible supplies of fossil fuel. As nine out of ten of those donkeys who perform annually this piece of tom-foolery have not the most remote idea of the origin of their great festival, it may not be considered out of place to say a few words respecting that infamous political trick so skillfully played off by Cecil, to prevent the repeal of the bloody enactments passed and mercifully put in force against Catholics in the days of Queen Bess. Well, then, in my juvenile days, our pedagogues used to put into our hands books in the shape of small catechisms, whose title page was—"History of England." In these little volumes an account is given of the "Popish Plot," with every appearance of truth that such schemes are sanctioned by the Catholic religion; and in one of the books used in our superior schools, particularly in seminaries for the education of young ladies, the following question is asked—"What was the Gunpowder Plot?" Answer—"A scheme of the Roman Catholics to blow up both Houses of Parliament by laying a train of gunpowder under them."

So far from that being the case, it has never been proved, and can never be proved that undertakings of this kind are sanctioned by our Church; and the statements given by different writers respecting the "Gunpowder Plot" are so unsatisfactory and confused as to induce many to think that, no such plot ever existed. And I need scarcely remark that it was the calumny of those times to accuse Catholics of desperate plots which had no existence elsewhere, save in the ministerial camp, in which some of the most mischievous characters and political profligates were to be found; and it is positively asserted by some chroniclers that Sir Robert Cecil was the prime instigator of the gunpowder affair. It will appear, according to their epistles, that when the English Messalina, the celebrated Miss Betsy Tudor, was no more, King James of Scotland took possession of the English throne. His Majesty is represented to have been favorably disposed towards his Catholic subjects, and to have made no secret of his intention to remove the cruel oppression under which they were groaning; at any rate, he was no admirer of puritanical hypocrisy at that time.

Sir Robert Cecil being well aware of the King's good intentions, lost no time in devising a scheme of a most damaging character, in order to alienate the King from his Catholic subjects, and to keep up the vile calumnies and malicious charges constantly laid at their door to render them odious in the eyes of the public. Having formed a plan worthy of his wicked genius, he immediately set his emissaries to work for the execution of the various details of it. The perjured hirelings readily suggested the execrable

scheme of their master to a few individuals, generally understood to have been reputed of that body of Christians, whose downfall and complete extirpation from the reformed soil of Great Britain, if possible, was to be accomplished by this Satanic ingenuity. Hence it is evident that there were ten persons in the "Gunpowder Plot." The secret manager, who cleverly prepared the whole plan, and consequently the most guilty, was Sir Robert Cecil, then, Prime Minister and Secretary of State; Francis Tresham, the person who acted a double part; the remaining eight would seem to have been merely deluded tools of the crafty Secretary. We are told that their design was to send the Parliament buildings with the royal family, the Lords and Commons, to the clouds by the explosion of gunpowder! Cecil should never mean that this awful "bursting" should ever take place; for he himself would have been lifted up to the first heaven, where he was anxious to avoid presenting himself as long as possible. At the commencement of the dark enterprise, the gang sent Thomas Winter, one of their number, to Flanders to bring over a certain worthy friend of Cecil, called Guy Fawkes, to work the mine. On the return of Thomas Winter with Guy, the conspirators, it is said, took possession of a building adjoining the Parliament House, and on the 11th December, 1604, they sunk their mine in the cellar; and having worked within subterranean "diggings, like good fellows, they reached the foundation wall of the senatorial house on Christmas Eve. The wall being nine feet thick, it employed their battering-rams, until Candlemas-day before they got half way through—when Parliament was to be opened in a few days. Sir Robert Cecil seeing that his political scheme could not be carried to the extent he wished, caused Parliament to be prorogued to the 3rd October, then to the 5th November, 1605. He next contrived to have a cellar cleaned, and let under the House of Lords; and caused thirty-six barrels of gunpowder to be procured from Holland, and then to be introduced into this cellar, carefully covered over with faggots to avoid suspicion. The ostensible actors in all this were of course his deluded victims.—Having arranged his combustibles ready to go off upon the shortest notice, he began to exercise his subtle genius to find out the surest way of implicating in the plot the Catholic Lords who had seats in the Upper House at the time. In his profound meditation he saw that their absence on the day of the opening of Parliament would afford strong grounds of suspicion of their being acquainted with the plot; he therefore concocted a letter to be sent to the Catholic peers, pretending to be from a friendly hand, warning their Lordships not to attend the meeting of Parliament; that "God and men had concurred to punish the wickedness of the time; for they shall receive a sudden blow and not see who hurts them"—was the mysterious warning. But Lord Montague, a Catholic peer, having carried one of these notices, to Cecil for his information, the Secretary's iniquitous machination for the destruction of the Catholic peers was defeated; and he did not think it safe to send any more of his ensnaring notices. The object of these notices was to prevent the Catholic members of the Upper House from appearing in their seats in Parliament on the day of its opening—as their absence on that day would have been considered by their insidious enemies as sufficient proof of their lordships being concerned in the conspiracy. Two of them were actually fined for being absent, one in the sum of £10,000, the other £4,000, though there was not a shadow of proof that they had any knowledge of the plot.

The reader may be inclined to ask why Sir Robert Cecil was never indicted for his treasonable practices and deep-dyed crimes. I would state for his information, because Francis Tresham—who acted partly as a spy, and consequently the only person among the arrested, who was capable of proving the guilt of the arch-conspirator—was poisoned in the Tower of London before his trial came on. Had Tresham been allowed to live, and stand his trial in a court of justice, he might have betrayed some of Cecil's secrets, which would have led to the detection and conviction of the right honorable scoundrel who would have been hanged as he richly deserved. But the sudden death of an important witness saved his guilty neck from the block or the gallows.

Hoping that you will be able to make room for the above, I remain, Yours sincerely, X.

[From want of space, a portion of our esteemed correspondent's communication unavoidably omitted.—Ed. T. W.]

THE CHURCH IN CANADA. CONSECRATION OF ST. BASIL'S CHURCH.—On Sunday last, the 16th inst., according to previous announcement, the beautiful Church of St. Basil, on Glover Hill, was consecrated by their Lordships the Bishops of Hamilton and London. At the hour of ten o'clock the Church was filled to overflowing by the elite of our citizens; and long ere the interesting ceremony commenced, there was not standing room in the body of the building or in the aisles. A collection was taken up on entrance, also another during Mass, both of which realized a handsome donation.—Toronto Mirror.

NEW CHURCH AT BEAVERTON.—The Beaver is the national animal of Canada, just as the Wolf-dog of Ireland, the Eagle of France, the Bear of Russia, and it is an honor to the inhabitants of this village to have baptized it so nationally. It affords us no small gratification also to be able to announce that Beaverton will hereafter have that other emblem of Canadian nationality raised in its midst—the Cross. Funds are now being collected by Rev. Mr. Walsh, of Vroomant, for the erection of a beautiful church, in Beaverton for the spiritual convenience of the Catholics of Thorah and Point Mara. Truly Catholicity is springing up along the shores of Lake Simcoe. Apologies of Rev. Mr. Walsh, we may remark that he is at present in Toronto, where he will be obliged to remain on account of the precarious state of his health for at least three or four weeks.—Id.

Birth. In this city, on the 24th instant, Mrs. Patrick McGoldrick, of a son.

Married. At Quebec, on Tuesday morning, at the St. Louis Chapel, by Messire le Grand Vicare Casan, Louis Evanhoë Tache, Esq., co-seigneur of Kamouraska, to Therese Catherine, daughter of Honble. Mr. Justice Power, of that city.

Died. In this city, on Monday the 24th instant, James Francis, second son of Mr. Daniel Lanigan, Notre Dame Street, aged three years and two months. In this city, on the 26th instant, Johanna, the beloved wife of Mathew Walsh, aged 28 years. At Quebec, on the 19th instant, aged 20 months, John Tawley, son of Mr. H. P. Wallace, grocer.

P. J. FOGARTY, ACCOUNTANT, AND GENERAL AGENT, 28 St. Nicholas, off St. Sacrament Street.

FOR Sale by the Subscriber: D'KUYPER'S GENEVA GIN—in Hhds. BRANDY—Pale and Dark. TEAS—Old and Young Hyson, in boxes and caddies. Twankay, Congou, &c., &c., in chests and half chests.

P. J. FOGARTY, 28, St. Nicholas Street. Montreal, Nov. 20, 1856.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—The event of the week is the semi-official editorial in the Constitutionnel on the question at issue between the French and English Governments. This article speaks plainly, and says: "The presence of the naval squadron of England in the Black Sea, or the Austrian troops in the Principalities, are henceforth only an arbitrary and violent means of preventing a solution of the difference which Russia has been the first to propose, in offering to submit the question to its natural judges. It decided rather to have recourse to arms! Is war again declared? Does the English ministry wish to enter again upon hostilities without France? Not certainly to ensure the execution of the treaty of Paris, but imprudently to read it to pieces in the face of the world, with the object of satisfying an ambition that had been for the moment disguised. We repeat that it now depends upon the cabinets of London and Vienna to put an end to the pending dispute, and to terminate the anxieties to which the present situation subjects us. Let them consent to the re-assembling of the plenipotentiaries without making arbitrary and inadmissible exclusions, a condition of exclusions which would completely change the character, and be an additional breach of the treaties. Let us add, that if a peaceful solution is desired, this is the only proposal for that purpose which can decently be made. It has been rumored in Paris, that the French fleet was about to proceed to the Black Sea; this, however, is not certain. The fleet may, perhaps, leave Toulon, but it is not possible it will go so far. Should it go to the Black Sea, it is difficult to suppose that its object could be co-operation with the British squadron.

The Assemblée Nationale contains the following on the Eastern question: "We differ from the opinions of the Constitutionnel on only one point. Our contemporary appears surprised at the pretensions of Austria and of England, which it advanced so soon. We had certainly not believed that matters would proceed so rapidly. There is even a display of clumsiness on the part of the Cabinets of Vienna and London in thus unveiling their secret plans, and we recognize in this conduct the turbulence of Lord Palmerston rather than the habitual temporization of the statesmen of Austria. But we had never doubted that the idea of England was to obtain possession of the Black Sea, and to establish herself there on the ruins of the Russian Navy. England, who openly regretted eight months ago that the war had not lasted long enough to demand a port in the Black Sea, a footing in Asia Minor, intends to remain at least in that sea, the neutrality of which does not satisfy her. Austria, again, is not contented with the free navigation of the Danube. The intentions of the two powers cannot be misinterpreted. But what is the attitude of the Porte? Amid the contradictions of the Vienna and Paris journals the question admits of no easy solution, and notwithstanding the rapidity of the means of communication, some days will probably pass before we become acquainted with its intentions. But were even the Divan to give way before the pretensions of England and Austria it would not follow, in our opinion, that France is compelled to acquiesce in them. The late war was not waged in order to substitute the influence of Austria and England for that of Russia. Should Turkey fall so low as to submit to this double occupation, this species of disguised dismemberment, at the moment when her independence has been placed under the guarantee of all Europe, we should be the more justified in protesting, in the name of those principles for which we have lavished so much blood and treasure. France demands nothing in the Black Sea nor in the principalities. But it does not follow that her disinterested policy is to be turned against her for the advantage of others. This appears to be the opinion of government, and we are happy to agree with it on this point. With respect to the Danubian provinces, it is necessary, in order to proceed to a study of the new organization which has been promised them, that their territory be completely evacuated by the Austrian troops. This necessity was proclaimed by the whole world six months ago, and were France alone to demand the evacuation to-day we have no doubt that she would obtain it."

The Gazette de France attributes the present unsettled state of Europe and the financial difficulties of France, to the pernicious influence of England. It says: "The conduct of England since the cessation of the Crimean war affords a subject of profound reflection to the civilized world, and it is impossible that France, in remarking this conduct, can refrain from casting a bitter glance at the past. But let us first examine the present. How is it that Europe does not enjoy at this day that perfect security—that confidence in the future—which should have followed the conclusion of a peace procured by the moderation of France and the resignation of Russia? This is caused alone by England, who entered the congress of Paris without attempting to disguise her disinclination, and was, so to say, compelled by the unanimous will of the continental nations. She, in taking part in the pacific conference, spread the seeds of war and of revolution. If we are at this day in a financial crisis which threatens every fortune; and if the springs of trade are rusty; if the social existence is troubled, these circumstances proceed from the precipitate confidence of the public in the conclusion of peace. But how could it have been imagined that the decisions of a congress would have been openly violated by two of the contracting powers? The fault of our merchants and capitalists has been to have trusted England. It may be affirmed, without contradiction, that if England had not stirred up the embers of the conflagration which ravaged Italy in 1848, if she had not supported Austria in the indefinite occupation by that power of the Danubian provinces, in order to be justified in occupying the Black Sea with her own vessels, Europe would at this day enjoy profound peace. This one nation has arrested the development of universal civilization, and obstructs the expansion of wealth and the welfare of the working classes."

"We do not wish to recall the immense panic manifested in England when all the power of France became concentrated in the hands of the nephew of the prisoner of St. Helena. But we cannot forget the advances made by the citizens of London, their addresses, and deputations, the adulation of the British journals, accompanied with lamentations on the fact of the coasts being unprotected, and with measures which improvised the militia, and heaped cannon on points that were weak. To-day we are told that the adulation of some of these journals has changed into calumny and abuse, and these calumnies must be very serious from the fact of the Monitor having taken notice of them. All this is at least instructive; and if England so soon forgets her fears, it cannot be impertinent to recall them at a moment when she becomes for the world a cause of perturbation and misfortune."

A FRENCH RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the Times writes as follows:—"The Vienna papers have received instructions not to say anything which could give umbrage to the Emperor Napoleon but still the relations between the Austrian and French governments are far from being satisfactory. A person who is perfectly well informed of what is passing in the political world tells me that the foundation for an alliance between France and Russia is already laid, and that the fact is as well known in England as it is in Austria."

The probability of a marriage between Prince Napoleon and the daughter of the late Duke of Leuchtenberg, niece of the Emperor of Russia, is spoken of. This Princess, however, only completed her fifteenth year last month. The Debat is authorized to state that Count Walewski does not possess any estates in Poland, and that the Russian Government has never confiscated property belonging to his family.

There exists a great deal of discontent in the manufacturing districts, owing to the apprehension of commercial reform, even without the international intermediate agency of the legislature. The manufacturers, who are, for the most part protectionists, speak as if the Emperor would, by so doing, disregard the motives for which they voted for him.

SPAIN.

The Espana, a ministerial paper, derides the Anglo-French Alliance, and recommends the alliance of Spain with the Northern Powers. It was said that despatches received by the Government from Rome represented that the negotiations about to be entered into by the Holy See would be conducted in a friendly spirit by the latter.

A meeting of political notabilities had been held in the house of General Prim, for the purpose of recognizing the Progressista party. Result not known.

PRUSSIA.

Letters say that the relations between France and Prussia are drawing closer, there being talk of but two policies—that of France, Russia and Prussia against England and Austria. Such talk is, however, of little value. It is also said that a new treaty of commerce is settled between Russia and Prussia, with a view to international Railroad communication.

Private statements say that Prussia agrees with France and Russia in requiring that the Austrians shall evacuate the Danubian Principalities, and the English fleet shall leave the Black Sea.

ITALY.

THE AUSTRIANS IN ITALY.—The Monitor of Tuesday publishes the following under its foreign intelligence:—"Rome, Oct. 30.—The arrangement concluded recently with the Vienna Cabinet for the evacuation of some points of the Pontifical territory, hitherto occupied by Austrian troops has just been carried out. The withdrawal of the troops commenced a few days since, and terminated yesterday. The Austrian troops recrossed the Po, taking the direction of Padua. They are replaced by detachments of the 2d Swiss Regiment in the service of the Holy Father. Ancona and Bologna are now the only points in the Papal States which remain occupied by Austrian troops. This is accomplished a measure which, by diminishing the corps of occupation, likewise diminishes the expenses of the Papal Government, and restores it to the full enjoyment of its rights and action."

"For some time it has been felt that it was necessary for the Papal finances that the indirect taxes should be rendered more productive. "The Government has boldly entered into this salutary path, and encouraged by the results obtained, not only is it preparing further reductions in the Customs' tariff, but it has just promulgated a decree with a view to the reform of the stamp duty, which, under former regulations was imperfectly carried out, and brought in very little to the Treasury. The rate has been reduced, and its circle of action increased. Everything leads to the hope that on this point, as well as regards the Custom House dues, salt, and tobacco, both the Treasury and the contributors will find themselves equally benefited by the introduction of the true principles of political economy."

THE POPE AND THE WIDOW.—His Holiness is fond of paying unexpected visits. A la Horoual Raschid, occasionally, generally, with a view to some charitable or beneficent purpose. A few days ago he surprised the widow of a Government employe, residing in the Trastevere quarter, with a visit of this kind. The widow, it appears, had sent a petition to the Pope, conveying such a picture of her destitute condition and the misery of her family that his holiness resolved to verify the state of affairs, in order to grant her some relief, if deserving of it. Pio Nono's commiseration was sufficiently excited by what he saw, for he immediately ordered the widow's name to be put on the pension list, and left the poor woman and her family overwhelmed with joy.

SARDINIA.—The Times' Correspondent, writing from Genoa, says:—"If the rumour of differences, of a serious nature having arisen between the French and English governments regarding the Danubian Principalities, be well founded, the dilemma in which the Sardinian government may be placed is likely to be most embarrassing, and can hardly fail to be disastrous to the cause of constitutionalism in Italy; for, should the present differences lead to an estrangement of the Western Powers, and the

government of France form an alliance with St. Petersburg, while that of England draws closer to Vienna, it will have to choose between two friends, without the possibility of continuing in amity with both. It must be recollected that the Ministry of Count Cavour, and even the King himself, is pledged so deeply to an anti-Austrian policy, so long as Austria holds its occupation of Italy, that it cannot without loss of honour, enter into any alliance which would tend to render that occupation more permanent by its implied sanction."

NAPLES.—Tranquillity is maintained at Naples. The King had announced his intention to take up his residence in the capital in order to direct everything, should there be the least sign of disturbance.

A letter from Naples, dated 23rd October, contains the following:—"Our august sovereign, desirous of ameliorating as far as possible the condition of the poor prisoners confined in the various goals of the kingdom, has ordained that the ordinary work now carried on in the prisons shall be so regulated as to yield to the unfortunate prisoners, not only some small payment, but that a fund for savings shall be established for their exclusive benefit."

His Majesty and his Majesty's advisers have amused themselves a good deal at the expense of the Allies; Neapolitan ingenuity has been exhausted in ridiculing our intervention and our retreat. Perhaps our position is not the most flattering, but the wits of Naples should not forget the old proverb.—Cor. London Times.

RUSSIA.

The Augsburg Gazette says that Russia, not satisfied with protesting against the presence of the Austrians in the Principalities and of the English fleet in the Black Sea, has thought it necessary to maintain imposing forces in Southern Russia, in Podolia, and in Volhynia. None of the corps which were in the Crimea have yet returned to the interior of Russia or Poland; all of them are still in the South; and the Augsburg Gazette regards this position of the Russian forces as a precaution, or even a demonstration, against the Austrian army of occupation and against the presence of the English naval forces in the Black Sea.

A letter from St. Petersburg, in the Deutschland of Berlin, says:—"It appears by a letter from Nicolaieff that the greatest activity prevails in the building yards in that port, where not only vessels of war but merchant vessels are being constructed. The ships of war which are to be stationed in the Black Sea and in the Sea of Azoff will be strong. They will be composed of three divisions, that is to say, of twelve vessels, frigates, corvettes, and others, all screw steamers, constructed on the most approved system. The garrison of Nicolaieff now consists of ten thousand men."

By a letter from Vienna we learn that the dispute with reference to the new Russian fortifications on the Finnish coasts have come to an amicable settlement, as far as France is concerned; but the British government, it is said, maintain that in these fortifications there is an evasion of the article of the treaty of peace.

TURKEY.

We have now, says the Times correspondent, quite a respectable English flotilla in the Bosphorus. The Royal Albert, with Lord Lyon's flag flying, the Majestic, the Curacoa (30) the Vulture, the Caradoc, and the two gun boats Wrangler and Lynx. The Curacoa and Vulture both came in yesterday, nearly at the same moment, the first from the coast of Syria, and the second from the Black Sea. Besides these the Colossus and Cressy are expected hourly, so that on the day when the Dardanelles were to have been closed there will be a larger English fleet assembled in the Bosphorus than ever since the allied squadrons left the first time for the Black Sea. For the last few days the rumor has spread that the Turkish government had asked for the withdrawal of the fleet, according to the convention. It is useless to point out the absurdity of such a rumour, for however bad one's opinion of the expiring ministry may be, it is rather too much to suppose that it would forget itself so far as to raise a cry of false susceptibility against measures which are undertaken with the view of securing the dignity of the Ottoman Empire, and of convincing Russia that she will no more be allowed to interpret treaties concerning Turkey according to her own pleasures. There is, besides, another reason why it is very improbable that the Turks will play the susceptible, and this is that as long as the British fleet is in the Black Sea the Austrians have a pretext for remaining in the Principalities; and it is now not even concealed that the Turks are favourable to the continued occupation, which delays the commission and consequently the discussion of the union.

AUSTRALIA.

We have received advices to the 8th of August:—"A seat in the Upper House of Representatives has been offered to the Most Rev. Dr. Polding, the Archbishop of Sydney and Metropolitan. His Grace declined the offer. A similar offer was made to the Moderator of the Scotch Presbyterians and the Protestant Bishop, but both these gentlemen also declined the proffered honour."

The Melbourne Argus states:—"We are now on the eve of the general election, the first under the new Constitution. The new Parliament is expected to meet in October. The character of Lower House will be decidedly Democratic; but anything like extreme tendencies in that direction is not to be apprehended."

The Duffy fund had reached above £5,000, and was expected to be more largely increased.

THE WITNESS-BOX.

The nominal purpose of a court of justice is to seek the truth; but I question whether the truth is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, brow-beaten, ridiculed, and put out of countenance, than in the witness-box, which every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is the truth that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the right is anxious to exclude the truth from the other side, lest it may seem to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the Judge, seem as much on the

wish to stop the witness's mouth every two minutes as they have been to make him come there to open it. To me, one of the most ridiculous things in the world is his witness in the box, trying (poor fellow!) to give his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interested in either of the parties; and, doubtless wishes them both tied together by the neck and at the bottom of the Red Sea. He comes into Court, not voluntarily, but dragged if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who from the mere fact of his being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a hen roost. He is forced from his business or his amusement, for the purpose of speaking the truth, and he inwardly resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible, and get rid of the business. He thinks he knows the worst. He thinks the loss of time and the awkwardness of speaking for the first time of his life in public are the extent of his sufferings. Unsuspecting victim! He no sooner enters the box than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies, and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian war dance. He tries to tell his story—

Witness—I was going down Maiden lane.— Mr. Sergeant Bow-wow—Stop Sir! Counsellor Bothwell—Don't interrupt the witness. Counsellor Badger—The witness is ours. Counsellor Bluster (sternly and indignantly)—We want the fact. Judge—Let the witness tell his story. Witness—I was going down Maiden lane, where I live.— Bow-wow—We don't want to know where you live, sir. Bothwell—That is a part of his testimony. Badger—You can take the witness into your own hands when we have done with him, but at present he is ours. Bluster (sarcastically)—Very well, sir. Judge—Gentlemen I beg you will sit down. One of the Aldermen—Officer, keep order. Officer (in a tone of thunder, and with a scowl of more than oriental despotism upon the spectators, who are not making any noise that they are aware of)—Silence!

Witness—I was going down Maiden lane, where I reside, as I said before, when— Bow-wow—You don't come here, sir, to repeat what you said before. Bothwell—I beg— Badger (starting to his feet)—I demand— Bluster—My lord, I appeal to you to protect me from the impertinence of this witness. All the counsellors and the judge together—The witness must— Officer—(looking at the audience again, and in a tone of thunder)—Silence!

Judge—Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come to the truth is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty. Witness—My lord? Judge—Tell the plain fact of this assault—tell the jury what you know about it. Remember you are here to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; raise your voice and turn your face to the jury—what do you know of this affair?

Again the witness commences, the lawyers continuing to skirmish around him all the while like a parcel of wild Arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far from getting a chance to say the truth, the poor man cannot get a chance to say anything. At length bewildered out of his resolution, frightened, insulted and indignant, really desirous of telling the truth he stumbles upon some inconsistency, some trifling or not trifling paradox—accounted for at once and to every one's entire satisfaction, by the idea that he has forgotten. But then comes the cross examination; then the scientific artillery of a cool able lawyer, sharpened by thirty years of similar practice is brought to bear upon one trembling and already nervous stranger; perhaps ignorant, perhaps a boy. Then comes the laugh of judge and jury—the murmur of astonishment from the crowd, that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say that "the defendant wore a little rimmed hat," when he acknowledged subsequently of his guard, that he had had "a tolerably large rim." Then the poor fellow, sore all over, and not quite sure that he will not be sent to prison and hard labour for perjury, before the week has rolled away, although he is the only person in court who does not in a greater or less degree merit that punishment, is dismissed to a bench a few yards off, where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers in their address to the jury, and yet far character to pieces with fine turns of rhetoric, and yet finer gesticulations.

"What gentlemen of the jury," says Mr. Sergeant Bow-wow, in a tone of the deepest contempt, "What does the next witness, Mr. John Raw say? Gentlemen he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. A dark mystery shrouds his motives which I shall not attempt altogether to dissolve, but he comes forward and he takes his place in that witness-box with the open, the avowed, the undisguised, the unaffected, the determined resolution to fix upon my client, the injured Mr. Savage, this foul and unnatural assault and battery. You saw him, gentlemen, when I cross-examined him, tremble under my eye, you saw him hesitate and turn pale at my voice (Sergeant Bow-wow very probably has a voice that would intimidate a bear). You heard him stammer and take back his words and say "he did not recollect." Is this, gentlemen of the jury an honest witness. The language of truth is plain and simple. It requires no previous calculation. If I ask you if you saw the sun set to day, you answer yes, or no, you do not hesitate, you do not tremble, you do not say "Yes I did," and in the very next breath, "no I did not." You do not at first tell me "I walked ten miles yesterday and afterwards say yesterday I was all day in bed."

[Here one of the jurors puts his nose by that of another and utters something in approbation of this argument, and the other nods his head and looks at the speaker as much as to say, "There is no use in trying to elude the sagacity of this keen sighted lawyer." The witness had much better have told the truth.]

"Now, gentlemen, what does this witness say? He commenced by telling you gentlemen that he lived in Maiden lane; that he was going home on the day when this ridiculous and unnatural assault is said to have taken place; that he saw a crowd; that he approached; that he saw Mr. Savage, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to the plaintiff, Mr. Wiggins and give him, Wiggins, the said plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon. But gentlemen when I came to sift this plausible story you heard him equivocate and contradict himself. "What sort of a hat had Mr. Savage on? A black one. Of what breath was the rim? About an inch. He thought doubtless that he was to have everything his own way till I brought into the box to confront him, the latter who made and sold the hat and who proves to you that the hat worn on that day by Mr. Savage, was a broad brimmed hat; all the witnesses for the defendant swear, and even Mr. John Raw himself when closely questioned admitted that it might have been a broad brimmed hat. What color were Mr. Savage's pantaloons? Black, says this Mr. John Raw. Gentlemen I have produced these pantaloons in court; they have been identified beyond the possibility of a doubt. What was the result? You saw yourselves gentlemen the pantaloons were upper and salt? (a cry of admiration through the court; the officer cries order. The poor witness unfortunately occupied a conspicuous seat and all eyes are fixed upon him with the most virtuous indignation.) Furthermore, gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon he could not. Had it ivory or gold on the handle? he could not tell. Was there a ferrule on the end? he did not know—was it heavy? yes, "had he ever handled it?" no—

"How could he tell the weight of a thing he never handled?" (another burst of admiration) "was he personally acquainted with Mr. Savage? no—" "Had he ever seen him before? no—" "could he tell whether he had an aquiline nose or not? no—" "was he not a friend of Mr. Wiggins's? yes—" "Had he not expressed an opinion upon this case? yes, he had said the scoundrel ought to have been ashamed of himself—" "was Mr. Wiggins hat knocked off? no—" "but before he left the witness box he said he saw the blood on the top of the plaintiff's head! How could he see the top of his head unless his hat had been knocked off? (another burst)

The witness here rose and said, "Mr. Wiggins took it off to show me (officer to witness). Silence there! Judge—witness you must not interrupt the counsel—Officer—sit down. Witness sits down—officer looks at him as if he would snap his head off. I shall not follow the learned gentlemen further, &c.—Bentley's Miscellany.

A WONDERFUL METHODIST VISION.—The following account is extracted from a Memoir of Dr. Bond, a very distinguished Methodist divine. The Memoir appeared in the Christian Advocate.

"About this time occurred a very extraordinary incident in the life of Dr. Bond, which we narrate with great doubt as to the propriety of its publication. He very rarely mentioned it, and never ventured to designate or explain it: Its truth is, however, beyond question. The circumstances forbid the supposition of optical illusion, or temporary hallucination. There are those living who testify staunchly that they were subject to observation, and the memorials of the transaction are yet distinctly preserved in the religious character of sons and daughters of some who were immediately affected by it."

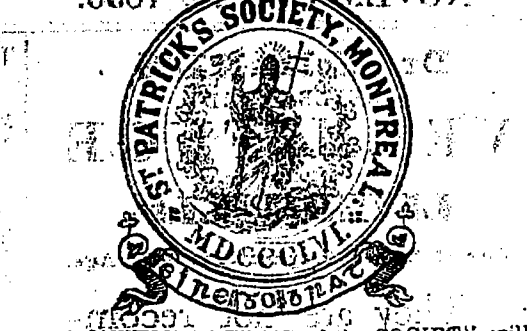
"Being on a visit to his father, he was deeply grieved to find the church, which he had left in a state of prosperous activity, languishing, lukewarm, and weak. His thoughts were much occupied with the subject, and of course it was the matter of earnest and frequent prayer. In this state of mind one morning he was walking over the fields to a neighboring house, when suddenly he seemed to be in a room where a number of people were assembled, apparently for worship. The room he recognized as an apartment in the house of a neighbor, where a prayer-meeting was to be held on the evening of that day. Had he stood in the midst of it, he could not have been more conscious of the scene. There was nothing of the dim, or shadowy, or dreamy about it. He recognized the people, noticed where they sat and stood, remarked his father near the table, at which a preacher was rising to give out a hymn, and near the middle of the congregation he saw a man named C, for whose salvation he felt considerable anxiety, standing with his son beside him. While gazing with astonishment upon the scene, he heard the words, 'Go and tell C, that he has an offer of salvation for the last time.'"

"Naturally supposing that the too great concentration of mind upon one subject, had induced some hallucination of the senses, Dr. Bond fell down on his knees, and besought God to preserve his reason. The scene, however, continued; it would not disappear or change in any of its particulars. In vain he struggled to dispel it; the voice yet repeated, with indubitable distinctness, 'Go and tell C, that he has an offer of salvation for the last time.' But how would he dare to deliver so awful a message? For a great length of time he struggled for deliverance from what he still considered an illusion. At length an expedient occurred to him which he adopted. He had never been in the room in which he was apparently present, when it was used for a public religious meeting. He, of course, did not know how it was commonly prepared for such occasions. He therefore noted with great care the particulars of the scene. He saw where the little table for the preacher, the benches and chairs for the people, were placed. He noticed his acquaintances, and where they sat and stood; and when he was satisfied that he had possessed himself perfectly of these details, he said, 'I will go to this meeting, and I will deliver the message.' Immediately the scene vanished, and he was alone in the green fields."

"With a spirit indubitably agitated, he returned home, where he found his father, who required him to escort them a long distance, and it was somewhat past the hour fixed for the meeting, when he reached the awful place. During the day he had freely indulged the hope, that on his entrance into the room his trouble would disappear. He thought he had been the subject of an illusion, the fruit of an excited brain, and that a want of correspondence—immediately to be detected between the real scene and the one presented to his disordered fancy—would at once satisfy him as to the morbid character of his morning vision, and release him from the obligation of his delivering the terrible message, with which he was conditionally charged. When he opened the door, however, he saw again, in all its minuteness of detail, the morning scene. In vain he searched the room for a variant particular. There sat his father in the designated place. The preacher at the table was rising to give out the hymn. In the midst of the room stood C, with his son beside him. Everything demanded that the message should be delivered. After the preliminary exercises, he rose and stated the circumstances as we have related them, and then going to C, he laid his hand upon him, and repeated the words he had heard. The effect was indescribable. C and his son fell down together and called upon God. An awful solemnity rested upon all present. Many cried for mercy, and from that time began a revival which spread far and wide; the fruits of which are yet seen, after many days."

As in Europe there exists no State, however small, where the agents of Old England have not thrust themselves, to play the part of disturbers of the public peace, fomentors of disorder, and creators of division and intestine strife, so, throughout this confederacy, New England demagogues, and New England agitators have endeavored to unsettle the minds of the people, to excite their passions, to array them one against another—brother against brother, section against section, North against South. As in Europe, Old England affects to act in the interests, and as the advocate and exponent of religion, progress and intelligence, so, in America, New England sets herself up as the defender of liberty, guardian of morality, and sole interpreter of the principles of Christianity—infalible expounder of their practical application to the legislation of the country and the duties of citizens in relation thereto. The emissary of Old England roams abroad, moulded according to the Palmerstonian model—Don Quixote in search of tyrants. He lings to his heart of hearts, the victim of oppression—when he can find one—or he extemporises a subject for the exhibition of his sympathetic cant—when none is to be found ready manufactured to order. He worries himself about the wrongs of "poor Italy," he is troubled concerning "miserable Austria," and waxes pathetic over the fate of "degraded Russia." He casts wild roars for giants and windmills, but his eyes are closed to the recognition of the atrocities and barbarisms that find an abiding place in "Merrie England"—the denotation that hangs, like a pall, over Ireland—the unpeopled wastes of Scotland's once "bonny hills," and the tortures inflicted by the tribute gatherers on the subject races of India. Our New Englander follows close the footsteps of his transatlantic cousin. Poverty, on the seaboard; appeals to him without effect. Kansas, alone, bleeds for his eyes; and indignation against the ruffians of home, is completely lost in antagonizing the ruffians of Missouri. Persecution in Italy arouses the Old Englander's religious liberty abroad—finds in him the champion; but state-churchism, the religious bequest acts, disfranchisement of the Israelite—at home—move him a whit. In this, too, our New Englander is his ser-

vile imitator. The Blackened walls of the ruined Convent that looks out from Bunker Hill, the story of the tarred and feathered missionary, the persecutions and violations of personal right, the attacks on female piety, and the invasion of the sanctity of the house of prayer and education by "the Hiss: Legislature" affect him not. The Old Englander weeps at the condition of the African in bondage;—he over the condition of his enslavement, but he has a weak protest against his condition;—he has a weak protest for cotton; and his industrial necessities—the question of "running mills or revolution"—rivets the chain of the object of his sympathies. Our New Englander also, has a horror of slavery—but cotton is dear to his heart! He sweetens the cup of his enjoyment with the sugar of slavery! He infuses the coffee bean—gathered in the sweat of the slave—for his gratification. He smokes the weed of the pipe of peace—forgetful of tribulation of his brother and the anguish that produced the fragrant leaves that he complemently puffs away—and, perhaps, he rounds off his daily repast with palatable rice-pudding. Thus he enhances the value of the labor of the slave and perpetuates his hopeless condition by the gratification of those sensual indulgences—the use of cotten cloths, sugar, coffee, tobacco, rice and those other luxuries, the enjoyment of which is only rendered possible from the pecuniary profits that flow from the manufacture and traffic of those articles peculiar to slave labor.—N. Y. Freeman.



THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE SOCIETY will be held at St. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, 1st December, at EIGHT o'clock. A full attendance of Members is requested. By Order, T. G. COLLINS, Recording Secretary.

CHURCH ARTICLES. SACRED VASES, CHALICES, VESTMENTS. MONTREAL No. 78, NOTRE DAME STREET, (BRANCH DEPOT FROM NEW YORK.)

The Subscriber begs leave to offer his respectful thanks to the Rev. Clergy of the United States and Canada for the liberal patronage extended to his Establishment of New York and Montreal. Having two assortments to offer to his Patrons, the Subscriber can, at any time, supply their orders either from Montreal, or from New York, at the most reduced prices. THE ASSORTMENT AT MONTREAL is composed of many splendid articles not to be found in any other Establishment—viz. VERY RICH ALTAR CANDLESTICKS, (ALL GOLD!! OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.) Splendid Parochial "Chapelles" in Morocco boxes containing each a Chalice, a Set of Cruets, and a Ciborium, all fire-gilt, with lock and key. THE USUAL ASSORTMENT of Holy Water Vases, Sanctuary Lamps, Chalice, Ciborium, &c., &c. READY-MADE VESTMENTS, of various colors, always on hand. MATERIALS FOR VESTMENTS, Crosses, Gold Cloth, Damasks, Laces, Fringes, &c. MASS WINES; WAX CANDLES, PATENT SPERM CANDLES, &c., &c. J. C. ROBILLARD, Montreal: No. 78, Notre Dame Street; New York: No. 79, Fulton Street.

ENGLISH EDUCATION. A. KEEGAN, ASSISTANT TEACHER in the MONTREAL MODEL SCHOOL, has opened an EVENING SCHOOL at No. 27 CHENEVILLE STREET, where a LIMITED and SELECT number of Pupils will receive Instructions in Commercial, and the several branches of English Education. Apply to WILLIAM DORAN, Esq., Montreal Model School, (From 4 to 5 P.M.; or, in the Class Room, 27 Che-neville Street, from 7 to 9 P.M.) N.B.—A. Keegan is a Professional Teacher. Montreal, Oct. 29, 1856.

NEW CATHOLIC BOOKS, JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS. Cornelius L'Epine's Commentary on the Sacred Scriptures (in Latin) 4to, 20 vols., half bound in Morocco, £15. The Catholic Church in the United States. s. d. By Henry De Courcy. Translated by John G. Shea. 7 6 Ailey Moore. By Father Baptist (London ed.) 3 9 The Beleaguere Heath. A Novel. 6 3 Hughes and Breckenridge's Oral Discussion, Life of Father Ephraim and His Sister Mother Mary, of the Order of La Trappe. 3 9 Edma and Marguerite. Translated from the French of Madame Woillez, Author of the Orphan of Moscow, 2 vols. 3 9 MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS. Madden's Life of Robert Emmet, with notes. 5 0 Napier's History of the Peninsular War; 5 vols, with maps and plates. 35 0 Do do do do 1 vol. 12 6 Las Cases' Life of Napoleon; 4 vols. 20 0 Buffon's Natural History; with 150 plates, 115 plates. 12 6 Adventures of Don Quixote, with 1000 plates. 13 6 Nicholson's Builder and Workman's New Director, with 150 copper plates, and numerous diagrams; 4to. 50 0 Nicholson's Operative Mechanic and Machinist's Guide; 150 engravings. 25 0 Froissart's Chronicles of the Middle Ages; 115 plates. 12 6 Bancroft's History of the United States; 6 vols. 18 9 Collet's large Dictionary—in French and English and English and French; 8vo, of 1324 pages; price only 15 0 Spier and Surenne's French and English Dictionary. 15 0 Webster's Dictionary; 8vo (containing all the words in the quarto); price only 17 6 Adler's German and English Dictionary; 8vo. 25 0 Waverly Novels; by Sir Walter Scott; 12 vols 65 0 Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World; containing the pronunciation and a notice of one hundred thousand places; 8vo.; 2200 pages. 30 0 Wilson's Tales of the Borders; 4 vols; 8vo. 50 0 Brown's History of the Highland Clans; 4 vols 35 0 Chamber's Information for the People; 2 vols 21 3 Do Cyclopaedia of English Literature; 2 vols. 21 3 Do Miscellany; 10 vols; muslin. 30 0 Do Papers for the People; 6 vols; muslin. 25 0 Do Pocket Miscellany; 12 vols; muslin 25 0 Scotland Illustrated in a series of 80 views. 25 0 Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of Scotland, (English edition) illustrated; 5 vols. 60 0 American Edit. of same, without plates, 5 vols. 25 0 Lives of the Queens of England, by Miss Strickland, with portraits of every Queen, 8 vols. 80 0 American Edition of same Work, 6 vols. 50 0 Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland, illustrated with several hundred plates, 3 vols., extra. £5 0 0 Albums at from 5s. to 25s., according to size and binding. We keep constantly on hand the largest stock of miscellaneous books to be found in Canada—comprising Works of Fiction, Poetry, History, Biography, Travels, &c., &c. Also, a very large selection of MEDICAL WORKS. D. & J. SADLER & CO., Corner Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets. Montreal, Oct. 2, 1856.

TEACHERS WANTED. WANTED, THREE TEACHERS immediately, for the PARISH OF ST. BRIGIDE, in the COUNTRY of IBERVILLE, duly qualified to TEACH the FRENCH and ENGLISH LANGUAGES, for Elementary Schools. For Salary, address to the undersigned, W. PEARSON, President. St. Brigid, O.E., August 29, 1856.

FOUND. IN Notre Dame Street, on Tuesday Evening last, a small sum of MONEY. The owner, on calling on the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, at the Seminary, before the 1st of January, describing same, and paying cost of this advertisement, will get the money.

CAREY, BROTHERS, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLERS, 24 St. John Street, Quebec, BEG to call attention to the following new and standard CATHOLIC WORKS:

- All for Jesus; or, The Easy Ways of Divine Love. By the Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. 2 6 Growth in Holiness; or, The Progress of the Spiritual Life. By the same Author. 2 6 The Blessed Sacrament; or, The Works and Ways of God. By the same Author. 2 6 Lingard's History of England, in 8 vols.; Paris edition. 36 0 McGeoghegan's History of Ireland, in strong and handsome binding. 12 6 Mooney's History of the Antiquities, Men, Music, Literature, and Architecture of Ireland, The Complete Works of the Right Rev. Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston. 50 0 Miscellanea; a collection of Reviews, Lectures, and Essays. By the Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville. 10 0 History of the Catholic Missions. By J. G. Shea, Principles of Church Authority; or, Reasons for Recalling his Subscription to the Royal Supremacy. By the Rev. R. J. Wilberforce, M. A. 3 9 Trials of a Mind. By Dr. Ives. 2 6 The Christian Virtues, and the Means for obtaining them. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. 3 1 1/2 Catholic History of America. 2 6 Lectures and Letters of Rev. Dr. Cahill, Letters on the Spanish Inquisition. 2 6 Life of St. Ignatius Loyola. By Father Daniel Baroni. 2 vols. 19 0 The Jesuits—their studies and teachings. By the Abbe Maynard. 3 9 The Pope, and the Cause of Civilization. By DeMaistre. 6 3 Questions of the Soul. By Hecker. 3 9 Eucharistic. By the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Life of St. Rose of Lima. 2 6 Life of Blessed Mary Ann of Jesus, Tales of the Sacraments. By Miss Agnew, Bertha; or, The Pope and the Emperor, Florine; A Tale of the Crusades. 3 9 Prophet of the Ruined Abbey. 2 6 The Cross and the Shamrock. 2 6 The Lion of Flanders. 3 9 Veva; or, The Peasant War in Flanders, Ricketicketack. By Hendrik Conscience. 3 9 Tales of Old Flanders. 3 9 The Blakes and Flansgangs. 3 9 Life and Times of St. Bernard. 5 0 Lives of the Early Martyrs. 3 9 Fabiola. By Cardinal Wiseman. 3 9 Well! Well!! By Rev. M. A. Wallace. 3 9 Watch of Melton Hill. 3 9 Travels in England, France, Italy, and Ireland. By the Rev. G. H. Haskins. 2 6 Besides a general and well assorted Stock of Bibles, Prayer Books, Doctrinal and Controversial Works. THE SUBSCRIBERS have just published, with the permission of His Lordship the Bishop of Tion, Administrator of the Diocese of Quebec,

A PRACTICAL CATECHISM OF THE SUNDAYS, FEASTS, AND FASTS, THROUGHOUT THE YEAR. 200 pages. Price 9d. Sent, free of Post, on receipt of the price in Postage stamps. CAREY, BROTHERS, Catholic Bookstore, 24 St. John Street, Quebec. May 7th, 1856.

MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY RECEIVE NEW GOODS BY EVERY CANADIAN STEAMER; ALSO, PER MAIL STEAMERS, VIA BOSTON.

OUR ASSORTMENT IS AT ALL TIMES COMPLETE, OUR GOODS ENTIRELY NEW, AND OUR PRICES REASONABLE. BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE One Price System. Goods Marked in Plain Figures. SALES MADE FOR READY-MONEY ONLY. SMALL ADVANCE ON COST.

UPWARDS OF 150 CASES NEW FALL GOODS Just Marked Off, EMBRACING ALL THE NEWEST STYLES OF DRESSES, SHAWLS, CLOAKS, AND EVERY VARIETY OF NEW FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS, FROM THE MARKETS OF BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND GERMANY; an inspection of which is respectfully solicited by our numerous Customers. MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY, 288 Notre Dame Street. Montreal, September 26, 1856.

MONTREAL HOSPITAL. FOR DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR, CONDUCTED BY DR. HOWARD, OCUList AND AURIST TO ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL, AND TO THE MONTREAL EYE AND EAR INSTITUTION. THIS HOSPITAL is now open for the reception of Dr. Howard's PRIVATE PATIENTS, and no expense has been spared to make it in every way suited to accommodate them. Careful and experienced nurses and servants have been engaged; new and appropriate furniture and hospital comforts have been procured, and all the modern improvements requisite for a sanitary establishment have been introduced. The Hospital being situated in the same building with Dr. Howard's Office, and the Montreal Eye and Ear Institution, secures the patients the advantages of a constant supervision, whilst they enjoy at the same time the comforts of a private residence—an arrangement which can only be effected in a Private Hospital. For terms apply to DR. HOWARD, No 68, St. Francois Xavier Street. Montreal, April 1, 1856.

PATTON & BROTHER, NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE, 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, March 6, 1856.

AYER'S Cathartic Pills, (SUGAR COATED), ARE MADE TO CLEANSE THE BLOOD AND CURE THE SICK. Invalids, Feathers, Asthma, Pleurisy, Phthisis, Dropsy, Headache, and all the Disorders of the Liver and Bowels. FOR THE CURE OF Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach, Bilious Disorders and Liver Complaints. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., 7 Feb, 1856. SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the liver is quick and decided, consequently, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HAMES.

Indigestion and Impurity of the Blood. From Rev. J. V. Hames, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston. DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood they are the very best remedy I have ever used. I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HAMES. WARSAW, WYOMING CO., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855. DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and purify the fountain of the blood. JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D. Erysipelas, Scrofula, King's Evil, Tetters, Tumors, and Salt Rheum. From a Nursing Merchant of St. Louis, Mo., 4, 1856. DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had prevailed for many years. Her mother has been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her. A. S. MORRILLING.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. From the Rev. Dr. Hawley, of the Methodist Church, Lowell, Mass., SAVANNAH, Ga., Jan. 6, 1856. HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating neuralgic pains, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding I had the best physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until, by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow but sure. By persevering in the use of them I am now entirely well. SENATE CHAMBER, BATES HOUSE, LA., 4 Dec, 1855. DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured by your Pills of Rheumatism Gout—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SULLIVAN.

For Dropsy, Plethora, or kindred Complaints, requiring an active purge, they are an excellent remedy. For Costiveness or Constipation, and as a Dinner Pill, they are agreeable and effectual. Fits, Suppression, Paralysis, Inflammation, and even Deafness, and Partial Blindness, have been cured by the alterative action of these Pills. Most of the pills in market contain Mercury, which, although available remedy in small doses, is dangerous in a public pill, from the possibility of its being abused, and thus following its usual course. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL FOR THE RAPID CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease. We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Throughout every town, and almost every hamlet of the American States, its wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it already known. Nay, few are the families in any civilized country on this continent without some personal experience of its effects; and fewer yet the communities any where which have not among their sons a living trophy of its victory over the cruel and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. While it is the most powerful antidote yet known to man for the formidable and dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest remedy that can be employed for infants and young persons. Parents should have it in store against the insidious enemy that steals upon them unprepared. We have abundant grounds to believe the CHERRY PECTORAL cures more lives by the consumption it prevents than those it cures. Keep by you, and cure your colds while they are curable, nor neglect them until no human skill can master the insurmountable cancer that, fastened on the vitals, casts your life away. All know the dreadful fatality of lung disorders, and as they know too the virtue of this remedy, we need not do more than assure them it is still made the best it can be. We spare no cost, no care, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and thus afford those who rely on it the best agent which our skill can furnish for their cure. PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. AND SOLD BY All the Druggists in Montreal and every where.

RETAIL STOCK READY-MADE CLOTHING SELLING OFF AT TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT UNDER COST PRICE, AT THE MONTREAL CLOTHING STORE, Lately Occupied by W. R. D. CAREY, 85 M'GILL STREET, MONTREAL. 85 [NEAR NOTRE DAME STREET.] THOMAS PATTON having purchased the entire Stock of the above Establishment, in consequence of Mr. Carey's retiring from business, consisting of Gentlemen's and Youth's READY MADE CLOTHING Of every description, at a very low price, he is now desirous of informing Mr. Carey's customers as well as his own friends and the Public in general, that he will dispose of the whole of the above Stock at Twenty-five per cent under cost price. Country Merchants and others are most respectfully requested to call at the above store and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere. August 7

EMIGRATION. PARTIES desirous of bringing out their friends from Europe, are hereby notified, that the Chief Agent for Emigration has received the sanction of the Provincial Government to a plan for facilitating the same, which will obviate all risks of loss or misapprehension of the Money. Upon payment of any sum of money to the Chief Agent, a Certificate will be issued at the rate of Five Dollars for the Pound Sterling, which Certificate on transmission will secure a passage from any Port in the United Kingdom by Vesicels bound to Quebec. These Certificates may be obtained on application to the Chief Agent at Quebec: A. E. Hawke, Esq., Chief Emigrant Agent, Toronto; or to J. C. HENRY, CHAPMAN & Co., Montreal. Dec., 1854.

To Intending Purchasers of Indian Lands. PLANS of the above LANDS on a large Scale, showing the Lots, Concessions, Roads, Creeks, Swamps, &c., have been published by the undersigned, with the authority of the Indian Department, and will be for SALE in a few days, at the principal Book Stores in Montreal. The Map has been got up in two parts, and in the best style of Lithography, containing three Townships in each, and will be sold at the low price of Five Shillings each Sheet, or Ten Shillings the complete Map. Application by Mail, Post-paid, stating the number of copies required, and enclosing the necessary amount, will be promptly answered by remitting the Plans. Address: DENNIS & BOULTON, Surveyors & Agents. Toronto, August 6, 1856.

EDUCATION. MR. A. ANDERSON, No. 50, ST. CHARLES BORROMEI STREET, BEGS to inform the citizens of Montreal, that his NIGHT SCHOOL is now open for the reception of Classical, Mathematical and Commercial Students, from Half-past SEVEN to Half-past NINE o'clock, FIVE NIGHTS per week. REFERENCES: Revs. Canon Leach, McGill College, Mr. Rogers, Chaplain to the Forces, The Clergy of St. Patrick's Church, Cols. D'Urban and Pritchard, Hon. Jas. Molson, Dr. Hingston, and Hector Hows, High School. Mr. A.'s Literary attainments, as above attested, combined with upwards of twenty years' experience in the most efficient mode of imparting instruction, may, without egotism, be urged as some claim upon the patronage of a liberal and enlightened public. Sept. 18.

MRS. D. M'ENTYRE, No. 44, M'GILL Street, (OPPOSITE SAINT JAMES MARKET) MONTREAL, BEGS most respectfully to inform the Ladies of Montreal and vicinity, that she has just received a large assortment of FASHIONABLE MILLINERY, FROM PARIS, LONDON, AND NEW YORK; which she is prepared to sell on the most reasonable terms. She would also intimate that she keeps constantly employed experienced and fashionable Milliners and Dress Makers; and is better prepared than heretofore, having enlarged her work room, to execute all orders, at the shortest possible notice. Mrs. M'E. is also prepared to CLEAN AND TURN. To the latest Style, Straw, Tuscan, Leghorn, and Fancy Bonnets and Hats.

Mrs. M'E. has also received a splendid assortment of SPRING and SUMMER SHAWLS, SILK CAPES, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, and PINAFOREs of every style and price. Mrs. MacL. would beg of Ladies to give her a call before purchasing elsewhere, confident that she can give a better article at a lower price than any other establishment in the City, as all her business is managed with the greatest economy. Mrs. M'Entyre would take this opportunity to return her best thanks to her numerous Friends and Patrons, for the very liberal patronage she has received for the last three years. June 13, 1856.

DONNELLY & CO., GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE, (WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,) No. 48, M'GILL Street, Montreal. DONNELLY & CO. BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have COMMENCED BUSINESS in the Ready-Made Clothing Line, in the House formerly Occupied by Mr. Hamilton, No. 48, McGill Street, near St. Ann's Market, where they have on hand a large and well assorted Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, TWEEDS, FANCY TROWSERINGS, VESTINGS, of English, French, and German Manufacture; all of which they will make to Order, under the direction of FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS, at as low a Price, and in as good Style as any other Establishment in this City. An inspection of their Stock and Prices, is respectfully solicited, before purchasing elsewhere. All Orders punctually attended to. Montreal, Feb. 27, 1856.

BOUDREAU FRERE HAVE the honor to intimate to the public generally that they have opened a RETAIL DRY GOODS STORE in the House formerly occupied by Boudreau, Herard & Co. They beg leave to call the attention of the numerous customers of that old house to visit their New Establishment, which will be kept on as good and as respectable a footing as any house in the city in the same line. They will keep constantly on hand, a general assortment of Silks, Satins, Cloths, Cassimeres, Cottons, Linens, Gloves, Ribbons, Hosiery, and Small Wares. ALSO, Crapes, Merinos, Couleurs, Parmasets, and all sorts of Goods for Black Mourning. Which they will sell cheap for cash only. Prices marked in plain figures, and no second price. BOUDREAU FRERE, No. 200 Notre Dame Street. June 26.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS JOHN M'CLUSKY, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Sewer. (FROM BELFAST.) 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street, BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last nine years, and now craves a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is situated by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality. He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Securing all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moresen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and Watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron-Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted. N.B.—Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer. Montreal, June 28, 1856.

Table with Montreal Market Prices for various commodities like Wheat, Oats, Beans, etc.

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