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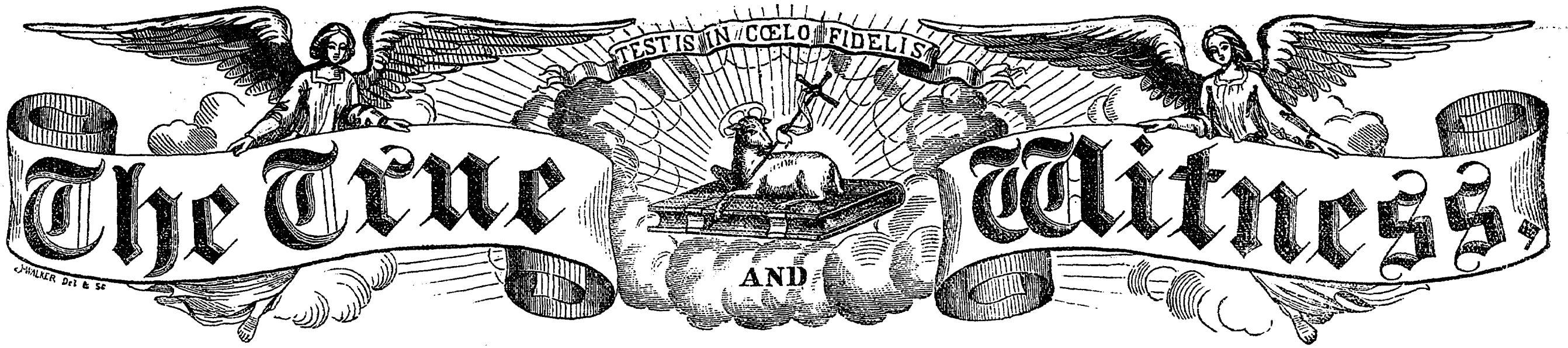
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE TINTORETTO.

(Translated from the Italian by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, for the Philadelphia Catholic Herald and Visitor.)

CHAPTER I.—THE PAINTER'S FAMILY.

Our tale is of Venice. Venice of which the poet sings:—

There is a glorious city in the sea; The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets, Bbling and flowing; and the salt sea-weed Clings to the marble of her palaces.

In this splendid and interesting city, in the year 1575, was to be seen not far from the Church of Santa Maria dell'Orta, or St. Mary of the Garden, a house which the long stripes of red and green, blue and yellow, that covered its front betokened to be that of a dyer; while the absence of the piece of cloth or stuff usually hung out as a sign, together with the perfect stillness that reigned in the warehouses, and the idle boilers that lay turned upside down, as plainly told that the trade which used to support its inhabitants had ceased to be carried on.

Evening was approaching, and a fresh breeze had just sprung up to succeed the burning heat of an August sun, when the door of the garden attached to the house opened, to admit an old woman to enjoy the pleasant coolness. Leaning on a stick, she was slowly advancing through the trees, examining with both eye and hand, the fine fruit hanging down from the branches, when the noise of a man's step behind her, made her turn her head.

"Is that you, Jacopo?" said the old woman, "but what is the matter with you? You look quite cross."

"The matter, Madre bella—the matter is just this, that the night is falling, and I cannot see any longer," said the man, breaking between his fingers, in his vexation as he spoke, one of those small pencils used by painters to lay on their colors.

"The night falls for every one as well as for you, my son," replied the old woman, in a calm and gentle tone.

"Yes; but my colors were all on the palette. I had just caught the precise tone of coloring; and all will be dried up to-morrow, and I shall have to begin the whole again. Diva! it is too bad—quite too bad!"

"Well, what is to hinder you beginning your dyeing again to-morrow?"

"My dyeing!" replied Jacopo, impatiently. "You are always talking, mother, as if my father were still alive, and you were still the wife of a dyer. You are the mother of a painter, Signor Jacopo Robusti—remember that mother—of the Tintoretto. Painting and dyeing are two different things."

"Not so very different after all," said the old woman, coolly. "Painting or dyeing, call it what you please, but both must be done with colors; so it is all the same thing."

"All the same thing!" repeated Jacopo, with a momentary gesture of impatience.

"Yes, indeed. I know very well what I am saying. I am sure at all events, if there be any difference, it is only in the way of using the colors. Your father, my poor departed Robusti, Heaven have mercy on his soul! used to boil them, and dip the cloths in them, and you lay them on canvas with your pencil; but one way or the other, they are still colors; and I hope you do not think your mother, the daughter, wife and mother of a dyer, born in the very midst of them, wants to be taught at this time of day what colors are."

"Well—well, mother, let us talk no more about it," said Jacopo, endeavoring to repress every expression of impatience: "let us talk of our children."

"Oh, yes—dear handsome little Dominic, and my sweet, pretty little Marietta," and as if there was magic in the very names to soothe her, she now took the arm of her son with a look of gratified affection.

"Little Dominic, indeed! A great tall young man of twenty; my pupil and successor. He is indeed, I own it, my joy and my boast," said the artist-father, proudly raising his head. "What simplicity and boldness of design!—what brilliancy of coloring are his! Like myself, he has taken for his motto the inscription that I have put over the door of my studio—'The design of Michael Angelo, and the coloring of Titian.'—He will inherit my fame, as he inherits my genius. Posterity will confound Tintoretto the father, with Tintoretto the son. Have you seen his last picture, mother; the picture which the canons of

St. Ambrosia have ordered for their Chapel of Santa Maria dell'Orta?"

"How could I see it?" said the Signora. "I do not even see himself; the boy is never at home."

"That is to say, mother, he never stirs from his workshop."

"If that be the case, when I go and knock at the door, why does he never open it, nor even answer me?"

"Because when an artist is at work, he hears nothing of what is passing around him. I rather approve of that fancy of his, of locking his door; it prevents his being disturbed. My Dominic will yet be an honor to me, for to his natural talent he unites indefatigable industry, and you know how much that alone can do. I wish I could say as much for his sister," he added, with a heavy sigh.

"Marietta! Well, well! what can you possibly have to say against the dear, little girl?"

"Much, mother, much; and this among other things. Having but two children, and wishing to dedicate them both to the fine arts, I had determined in my wisdom, that one should learn painting and the other music. Dominic has met my wishes, and I have nothing to lay to his charge. But as for Marietta, I never hear her either sing or play on the mandoline. Why is this, mother—why is this? She well knows, ungrateful child that she is, what a relaxation her sweet voice is to me after all my toils, and how I delight in hearing it."

"Well, Jacopo, I will tell her this, and you will find that she will begin again her singing.—Do not always be finding fault with everything. You grumble at the night for falling; at the sun for casting too great a glare; at me because I see no more difference between painting and dyeing than between a white cap and a cap that is white; at my poor little Marietta, who is meekness and gentleness itself, for not singing, when perhaps she has a cold and is hoarse.—Jacopo Robusti, instead of calling you the Tintoretto, I will call you by the name which the Society of Artists of St. Roch gave you—'Il Furioso.' (The Furious.)"

"Aha!" exclaimed the artist, whose countenance suddenly lit up, "I can scarcely help laughing, even now, at the surprise of my rivals, at the unparalleled proof of the wondrous quickness of my execution. The society offered a prize for the best design to decorate the ceiling of the hall, and though Paul Veronese, Salvati and Frederico Guechero, were my competitors, my picture was finished, approved and fixed in its place before the others had completed even their sketch. What a triumph!—what a brilliant triumph!"

"Triumph it may be, Jacopo; but since the children are not here, will you give me leave to ask one question. Will you have the goodness to tell me of what use is painting?"

"The noblest art in existence, mother; animating the canvas, and making it live, and breathe, and move before you. Were it only in the power of recalling the features of the object of our fond affections, the snatching from oblivion, and making immortal the beloved image, no other is worthy to be compared with it. And yet you ask, of what use is painting?"

"I am speaking as a housekeeper, and you are answering as an artist, Jacopo. Painting scarcely affords a livelihood for us; and it is of this I complain. Your father's dyeing brought in hundred times more than your painting, Jacopo."

"This is all idle, mother; you know I am not a tradesman," replied Jacopo, coldly.

"The very thing that I complain of, my son; for we must live."

"But have we not enough, mother? Is there anything wanting in the house?"

"No; but that is all Marietta's good management, Jacopo. I do not know how our little girl contrives it, but money in her hands lasts a month, when, with any other, it would be gone in a week."

"Where is she now, mother?"

"She is out, Jacopo."

"Out at summer time! This one of the charges that I have against the child. I have not time to watch over her, and I confide her to your care. Where is she?"

"Your daughter does not require to be watched over by us; she is an angel, and the angels will take care of each other."

The appearance at this moment, of a third person at the garden door, silenced both mother and son.

CHAPTER II.—A YOUNG GIRL'S SECRET.

It was a young girl of striking beauty, whom they both now advanced to meet. Her slight and delicate form had the lightness and undulating motion of the reed; her beautiful brown hair, fastened at the top of her head by pins of gold, left bare a forehead on which was the impress of artless innocence and modesty; but her features, perfect in their outline, were wholly devoid of the dowy freshness of early youth.— Could it be care that had so paled the rose of

her faded cheek? Was it toil that had so dimmed the brightness of those beautiful azure eyes, rendered so languid the expression of that young face, and made that tall and graceful figure droop as if asking earth to receive her, and give her at last to rest? When she perceived her father and grandmother, a slight color tinged for a moment the paleness of her complexion, and as she quickened her pace, she said in a tone of voice so soft, so sweet—it was music in itself—

"This lovely evening must indeed have tempted you, for supper is on the table and you both still here."

"We were waiting for you, Marietta," said her father, somewhat gravely; "where have you been?"

"At the Grimani palace, father," she answered.

"Marietta, Marietta," returned Jacopo, as with his daughter, they took the way to the eating room, "you are growing up; you bear away the palm from the prettiest girls of Venice; you will soon be of age to be married; and the son of the Countess Grimani is a youth of twenty—"

"Well, and where is the harm?" interrupted the mother Robusti, as she took her place at the table, "if the Count Grimani should appreciate the good qualities of our child as they deserve, when Marietta is of age to be married, where is the harm of all this?"

"None in the world," said the Tintoretto:—"I am not one of those fathers who do violence to the inclinations of their children. My daughter may marry a prince if she please; but I should prefer her marrying one of her own rank."

"And I would rather she took the prince," said the old mother.

"One of her own rank for me, who would not blush to call me father, and who would not despise her grandmother?"

"A Count for me, who would give my darling the title of Countess," said the dyer's widow.

"One of the people, like myself, who would make my daughter happy, mother."

"A Count might make her just as happy, my son."

"We must not be above our situation in life, mother."

"We are nowhere forbidden to rise, Jacopo."

"But we must rise by talent and industry."

"Does talent raise us in society, Jacopo?"

"Oh, grandmother," said Marietta, who had hitherto been modestly silent, "how can you—the mother of the Tintoretto—ask whether talent elevates?"

"Tell me, you little goose," said the mother Robusti, "has your father been made a nobleman—has he got any titles?"

"If he has not the nobility that consists in title, yet he has that nobility that genius and talent confer." And the fair face of the maiden suddenly glowed with enthusiasm as she gazed on her father. "Grandmother, Venice is proud of my father; she exalts in numbering him amongst her most celebrated citizens; and say, dear grandmother, what name of Count, or Marquis, or Prince will you compare with that of the Tintoretto?"

The eyes of the Tintoretto were at that moment fondly fixed on the bright face of his child.

"This is all very fine," said the old woman, with a contemptuous toss of the head; "but after all what is your father, Marietta, but a dyer, as his father was before him—my poor Robusti, Heaven have mercy on his soul! And mind my words, he may paint pictures and apothecis, and Adams and Eves beguiled by serpents, until he gets tired, but he will never rise above his present condition; he will never get beyond dyeing; he will always be grinding and mixing colors—it may be more, it may be less than my poor husband, Robusti—"

"Pray, grandmother, dear, let us say no more of painting or dyeing," said Marietta, hastily, having perceived a gathering frown on her father's brow, who now exclaimed:—

"You are quite right, Marietta; besides, I want to ask about your brother. As I passed his workshop just now, and he was not there.—Do you know where he is?"

Marietta answered with some embarrassment, "You must not be uneasy or displeased with Dominic, father; he went out for a walk, I think—I suppose—with some friends, perhaps."

"There is no harm done," replied Jacopo, "so you need not be blushing, stammering and casting down your eyes, girl. I am not angry with Dominic for that. All work and no play would never do."

"Was I blushing?" said Marietta, whose embarrassment increased.

"Blushing, indeed!" said the old woman, "it is pale she is, and not red, the poor child."

"It is quite true," said the father. "Are you ill, my child, or is there anything troubling you? Speak freely and openly. You are a modest and a prudent, and a well conducted girl, and that makes amends for much."

"You were displeased with me, then, father. Will you not tell me why?"

"Yes," said the Tintoretto, fixing his eyes on the young girl, "I was displeased with you, because there seemed to be something very mysterious in your conduct."

"Mysterious!" interrupted the mother Robusti.

"Ask no questions, mother; for I would have spoken sooner, but for fear of making you uneasy. The conduct of Marietta has been for some time, if not mysterious, at least strange and unaccountable. I never see her now bounding through the house, or pulling flowers, or gathering fruit in the garden. I never hear her sing, or see her even touch the mandoline. If you are not ill, Marietta, if you have no grief or care, why are you becoming so thin, so pale, as if withering before my very eyes?"

A gentle knock interrupted the conversation, and, happily for Marietta, spared her a reply.—She jumped up, and ran to open the hall door.

CHAPTER III.—THE CANON OF ST. AMBROSIO.

At sight of a person in the garb of the Canons of St. Ambrosio, the Tintoretto and his mother rose and saluted him respectfully; but as to Marietta, she seemed petrified by the visit.—There she stood, leaving the Reverend Father still in the passage, without inviting him to come in, or even thinking of shutting the door. The mother Robusti, however, was not so slow in her welcome; curtsying after curtsying testified her sense of his presence.

"Will your Reverence have the goodness to walk in, and if I might presume so far as to ask you to sit down and honor us by partaking of our poor supper? Marietta, child, what can you be thinking about, to leave his Reverence standing so long? A chair, your girl—quick, a chair!"

Starting from her apparent stupor, Marietta, with a forced smile, apologised for her inattention, and shutting the door, eagerly placed a chair close to the table for the Canon.

"Pray take a seat, Father Ambrosio," said she, "will your Reverence try a little soup or a glass of wine?"

"Not anything, I thank you, my dear child," said the Reverend Father, whose austere countenance seemed to relax while speaking to Marietta. "Pray, do not let me disturb you, Signora Robusti. Go on with your supper, Signor Jacopo. I only came to—"

"To pay us a friendly, neighborly visit?" quickly interrupted Marietta, who endeavored to hide, under an assumed gaiety, an anxiety which, in spite of all, was perceptible in her look and manner. "It is very kind in you, Father—very kind, indeed. But the Canons of your order have always been remarkable for their condescension and kindness."

"Who could be otherwise than kind to you, my daughter," answered the Canon. "But I came here to—"

"Did you visit the Countess Grimani to-day, father?" again interrupted Marietta.

"Yes, daughter, but—"

"She has had many trials; but I trust they will soon be over," said Marietta, who, it was evident, had some reason for not allowing their visitor to finish his sentences. The usually modest, retiring girl appeared to have quite changed her character. She talked incessantly, and seemed resolved to let no one but herself utter a word, or at least give the Father no opportunity of making known the object of his visit. In vain did he begin, "I came out this evening at some inconvenience," and again, "I have come here to say." She contrived always to break in with some question or remark, till at last her father turned to the Canon, saying, "I beg of you, my Father, to excuse this little chatterbox of a girl of mine, who has so often interrupted you when you were about to tell us to what we owe the honor of this visit."

"I wanted to see your son, Dominic, Signor," said the Canon.

"My brother is not at home just now," said Marietta, before any one could reply. "But to-morrow he will wait upon you, if you wish. Oh, tell me your hour, Father, and he shall be punctual. Yes, indeed, I will answer for him; Dominic shall be with you precisely at the hour you name."

"If you would have the goodness to tell me your business with him," said the Tintoretto. An answer was already upon the lips of Father Ambrosio, when Marietta again interposed:—

"I am sure it is about the picture for the Chapel of Santa Maria dell'Orta. Am I not right, Reverend Father? It is finished, or nearly so; a few touches only are wanting; and to-morrow or the day after, at farthest, it shall be in its place in your chapel. You may rely upon me, Father. I pledge myself that you shall have it." She then added in a lower tone, "I implore of you to say no more now, for my sake, this once."

Father Ambrosio arose. "That was all I wanted, at least just now," said he with some

emphasis on the last words. "Signora Marietta is quite right; but if in three days I do not get my picture, I must come back to you again; remember this, daughter. Charity prescribes us to be indulgent; but too much indulgence is often a mere weakness, by which we become the abettor of faults which a little more firmness might prevent, or be the means of correcting.—I do not mean this for you my child," added he, lowering his voice, "however, some time or other you may profit by this piece of advice." And with these words he made his parting salutation and withdrew.

"Well, what is he at with his indulgence and his charity, and his weakness and his faults," said the grandmother, with puzzled look. "One would think he was giving advice, as you ran up the scale to yourself in practice."

"Come, dear grandmother, let us finish our supper," said Marietta, with the air of one who had suddenly been relieved from some heavy weight of care.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MORNING WALK.

All were yet asleep in the house of the Artist—even the Tintoretto, usually so early a riser; indeed even the sun was not yet up—when a dose of one of the rooms was gently opened, and Marietta, pale as the white flower of the eglantine, appeared on the fire hold.

"Not a sound," said she, after a moment's listening. "He is not yet come in; for the whole night I never closed my eyes. Brother, brother! how sadly art thou to blame." Then advancing on tip-toe, into the corridor, she descended the stairs, opened the hall door, and darted into the street.

She passed in front of St. Mark's Church, into which she entered; but it was not to admire the interior of it, rich as it was. Deeper and higher thoughts were hers, and her soul went out in earnest supplications for guidance, as the priest at the altar celebrated the holy mystery of the Mass. After the *Sanctus* she hurried out in the direction of the principal canal, where with eager eye she watched each gondola that floated by, as if to discover whom it bore along the waters. At length a gondola approached the landing place and let out a passenger. She stooped, for a well known voice struck upon her ear; and turning quickly round, she faced a tall youth, whose disordered dress, flushed face and unsteady gait too plainly betokened his condition.

"Dominic!" cried Marietta. How much of tender reproach was in the utterance of that single word.

"Well, well! I know all that you would say, Marietta," answered the young man, affecting an ease which the expression of his face indicated that he did not feel. "I am a bad boy, a wretched dog, a snot, a lazy dog—am I not?"

"You are still worse than all these, Dominic," said Marietta, in accents of deep sadness; "you are a bad son and a bad brother."

"Oh, there I must stop you, Marietta. I am anything you like but that. I adore, I respect, I revere my father; and I love you, my sister, more than you believe."

"If you love me, Dominic, come home at once with me."

"I am all obedience you see, dear Marietta, beloved Marietta!" said Dominic, taking his sister's arm, and turning towards home.

On their way home, Marietta said, "Father Ambrosio came yesterday to the house, and I was so much frightened, brother."

"What! afraid of Father Ambrosio, Marietta?"

"Alas! not of him, but of what he might have told. If you only knew all my contrivances to prevent his speaking of the money you owe him; and the picture, too, that, in your name, I promised he should have to-morrow. You will go to work the moment you go in, will you not, Dominic?"

"You mean, go to sleep, Marietta; indeed you may rely on it I am half asleep already."

"Sleep, Dominic! Can you sleep?"

"You shall see, my dear, you shall see.—Sleep, eye and snore, too!"

"You will sleep," said Marietta, in a reproachful tone, "when to-morrow, nay, perhaps this very evening, my father, who thinks you the best of sons, who cites you as a model worthy of all imitation—my poor father will hear that his studious son passes his days and nights at the tavern; that the pupil who is his pride and his boast, has not touched a pencil for more than a year; and that the prudent, the sensible youth, borrows money wherever he can get it, to squander in vice and folly. Dominic, one sentence uttered last night by Father Ambrosio made me tremble. He saw through my subterfuges, and as he went away he said—'Nay, Dominic, do listen to me—he said—'"

"But listen to me in your turn, my good little sister," drawled Dominic. "If I get no sleep I shall surely be ill, and you would not like to see me ill, I am sure."

"Heaven forbid!" said Marietta, fervently. "Then you must let me go to bed when I get home."

* Tintore is the Italian for dyer; and Tintoretto, or Little Dyer, was the name usually applied to Jacopo, the son of old Robusti, although painting, not dyeing, was his profession.

"But the picture for the Chapel of Santa Maria dell'Orta, brother?"
"The hand which has brought it thus far, will carry it on to the end."
"That is to say, Dominic, that you reckon on my finishing it?"
"Your penetration is truly astonishing, Marietta."

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE REFORM AGITATION IN ENGLAND.

Since the battle for Free Trade in England, the depths of English popular feeling have never been stirred from the very bottom with such earnestness and power as by Mr. Bright's late mission on Representative Reform. An increase in the number of Peers in the House of Lords has been ever the sure forerunner of an attempt to crush or circumscribe popular rights, while an extension of members in the Commons has never failed to enlarge and consolidate constitutional liberties. This question, in the presence of Englishmen, possesses an innate attraction, which combines millions of men in its support: its very name, its sound on the ear acts like magic on the multitude: and in fact, makes the people think there are more advantages to be gained from the successful accomplishment than beyond doubt are contained in the premises. If this popular enterprise (as it may be called) were undertaken solely on its own individual merits, there can be no doubt of its vast claims on the adherence and active support of the vast majority of the Liberals of England: but when it is ushered into public view accompanied by a second question of still more thrilling interests, namely—"vote by ballot," men's hearts are roused by the suddenness and novelty of these achievements: and England seems preparing for some mighty conflict. It is like the assault on Malakoff: great spirits always spring up when great actions are required: and as certain as Bright and his chosen band will measure their ground, take their distances, and sink their mines, these two questions will be carried, with a triumphant success. The forces of the old House of Commons have been so often in the field: their strength has been so often measured by anti-reform ministries: and they have been so often beaten, too, by an experienced old tactician, that some addition to the Liberal forces is essentially necessary in the present posture of English affairs, to check aristocratic encroachment, and to treat with justice the popular claims. Although Mr. Bright takes care to present to his audiences only the two questions of parliamentary representation and vote by ballot, yet it is evident that a third question of perhaps more vital importance than the other two appears in the background: and that in the hour when the pressing present demands shall have been conceded, the church temporalities question cannot be long delayed. Through all history popular success has never stopped short in its race of triumph: and the accumulated hatred of the church fraud through all England, combined with the grinding oppression of the case itself, will not endure this huge swindle longer than the forms of law will enable the Liberals to carry out its total and final extinction. When it is remembered that the Protestant Church is at present only one-third of the population of the empire: and when it is known that the Methodists and the Independents, and Mr. Miall's party have organised at this moment a most formidable opposition to all state endowments, there can be no doubt the popular cry of reform will never be silent till the last vestige of this ancient robbery shall be turned from the perversion of extravagance and luxury to purposes of public and virtuous utility. The Catholic party are the least hoisterous in this public attack on the revenues of the Protestant Church: it is the English sectarians who are loudest in their denunciations: who clamour most for the just distribution of this ancient spoil, and who insist on its speedy and final extinction. When one remarks the triumphant passage of Bright through England, what a contrast does it afford to what would, of late years, occur in Ireland under similar circumstances. Wherever he went he was surrounded by his own equals co-operating with him, cheering him, applauding him. Members of Parliament, Merchants, Professional men crowded in his path, and joined the multitude in giving the sanction of their names,

and, if necessary, their purses, in the support and encouragement of their champion. From the commencement to the end of his career and ovation, no ever heard the treacherous remark of a deceitful friend, the gibe of a concealed enemy, or the wounding mean jealousy of a rival leader. The Liberal Press was all in his favour; there was no nibbling at his imaginary faults; no cowardly insinuations of his motives; no bilious colouring of his most generous conduct. England chooses her Leader, adopts her Leader, follows her Leader, and will support him and die at his feet till some public fact, on which a jury of his country would find him guilty, breaks down his character; and puts an end to the public confidence. How different in Ireland! Our contentions have armed us against each other, have banished our friends from our councils, and annihilated our party! The results of these suicidal bickerings are easily told, namely—scattered forces, wasted strength, hopeless recovery, and a powerful enemy. In these remarks I have no idea of performing the impertinence of setting myself up as the spotless Censor of my less perfect countrymen! No, no. I am rather the Historian than the Critic. I am laboring to improve rather than to censure: and to the old observer of Irish parties, it is at once humiliating and heartrending that the popular machine of Irish liberties is so badly appointed, that at one time it will stop of itself, at other times it will be turned out of way by a single pebble, and not unfrequently it has run into a boghole, while the Drivers were disputing about the right direction. Considering, therefore, the just excitement in England, and beholding in the distance the manifold advantages which the success of Mr. Bright will confer on the country, how can it be explained that not one voice is heard in Ireland in support of this popular movement? I will recollect the past time when our able and departed Leader not only joined every judicious advance made in England, but also held correspondence and communication with every foremost man in the empire on the subject of popular rights and Irish grievances. Ireland of late has lost her voice, her tongue, her heart, her courage: she is like Lord Byron's Greece, a beautiful figure but dead: possessing all the outlines of strength, vigor, and a divine stamp, but wanting the spirit to give life to her form, vitality to her actions. Ireland never wanted the aid of a friend more than at the present moment: and what more powerful friend can she secure than the hero who once humbled the aristocracy of England in the dust and compelled the House of Lords, the Barons of Rummegede to strike their colors in the presence of the Cotton factors of Liverpool, the Jenny-spinners of Manchester, the miners of Scotland, and the steel workers of Sheffield. If ever there was a time for Ireland to secure a powerful advocate, the past year has been the period, when our co-operation, our zeal, and our fidelity would have attached to our cause a Goliath of political strength, and the practised successful hero of the hardest fought battle known in the Parliamentary annals of English history. Of all the parts of the empire Ireland would derive more advantages, one hundred-fold more advantages than any other section or class of the community, from the successful measure of vote by ballot. Biblical persecution, landlord cruelty, extermination, and many of our social and religious disorders would, I believe, disappear in Ireland, if this one healing measure were conceded. There never was a measure which before God and man could pacify and sanctify Ireland more than this prudent and just enactment. Why, therefore, the Irish members or the Irish leaders have neglected to join Mr. Bright in his late mission becomes more and more inexplicable: more and more culpable on every nearer view one takes of this paramount question. Many persons refuse to join the old association, for fear, as they assert, of being dragged into a newspaper controversy, or being entangled in personal dispute. Some silent men, but whose presence would add much to the strength of any movement, will not even meet certain persons of former societies, from preconceived notions of their impracticable character; and an overwhelming mass of most valuable members will decline any intercourse with almost every one of those who have guided the late political affairs of this country. These statements are not made in censure; they are mere matters of fact, and are introduced here as such; and if they be rigidly and critically true, it is idle ever to expect an efficient leading party in Ireland, unless the National Council be constructed entirely on new principles, conducted by new men, and containing the element of distinguished talent, well tried experience and probity, a generous endurance and forbearance with the honest opinions of others, and an unhesitating submission to the decisions of official authority. The only aspect of the silence of Ireland in Mr. Bright's movement which is most distressing, is the idea which presents itself at every turn—namely, that the noble Irish Freeholders are betrayed. If no effort is being made in their favor by the men whom they return to Parliament, at such incredible sacrifices, they are, beyond doubt, most perfidiously deceived. If the men who swore at the hustings that the noble Freeholder should be sustained, now present to their constituents broken promises, deluded hopes, visionary results, and an immovable apathy, most certainly the Irish Freeholder has been the bleeding victim of a treachery unparalleled in Irish history. There is no stain on the honor of the Irish Freeholder. From the year of Catholic Emancipation the courage, the disinterestedness, the fidelity of the Frieze coat is written on the dismantled village, the uprooted homestead, the lessened Congregation, the deserted Chapel, the depopulated County. Through the years of Emancipation, of Repeal, Tenant-right, does not the Poorhouse, the Emigrant ship, publish in their dismal statistics the miseries of the tens of thousands of Freeholders who battled for their Country, were banished for their courage, and perished for their fidelity. There are Counties in Ireland where every voter, without exception, who voted against his Landlord has been banished, his house levelled, and his wife and children, in several distressing cases, buried for ever in the prisons of the

Poorhouse. Now, if it be true that these glorious martyrs are palpably abandoned; if their cause is shelved by their champions, as can be proved from incontestible documents, would it not be common honesty to put an end to this cruel delusion, to publish before the Nation the necessity of each Freeholder voting for his Landlord at the next Election, and generously extinguish the National mockery of a National party. The noble Freeholders are decidedly betrayed; and I firmly believe that if a vacancy occurred tomorrow in the representation of any County in Ireland, there could be no man found so utterly destitute of shame as to dare to address the Electors in the deceit of the old National tactics, or to venture to make them a promise in the teeth of a perfidy which has never been surpassed.—Tens of thousands of the most valuable men in Ireland share these sentiments with me: I know they do: and let them only have an opportunity of meeting in the Rotundo, and the voice of Ireland will repeat one thousand times over these honest convictions forced on the mind by the neglect and betrayal of the cause of the people. D. W. C.

January 6th, 1859.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ARRESTS IN THE COUNTY KILKENNY.—Last week we announced that no city in Europe could bear comparison with Kilkenny, and what we said of the city was equally true of the county. The Assistant Barrister congratulated both grand juries on the total absence of crime, and even remarked humorously, in a private way, that if things progress in this manner in Kilkenny there will soon be no necessity for a barrister at all! To-day we have a different story to tell. Five "stat" prisoners in our county gaol form a startling contrast to the peace and order of last week. And strange to say the prisoners are universally admitted to be amongst the most peaceable men in the community! Who are the peace-breakers? What crime has been committed? What has broken the silence of our goals, and threatens to fill them with "criminals"? As far as the public can see nothing has happened to produce this extraordinary change. But the British government has a mission to fulfil, in Ireland as well as in India, and all we shall say is that we hope it is not—to fill goals! We regret to hear that some arrests, in connection with secret societies have taken place in Callan. Before the break of day on Monday morning, Mr. Coyne, a respectable shopkeeper, was arrested in bed, and removed to the Callan barracks. Some time afterwards on the same morning, two men named Kavanaugh and Manning, millers, were also arrested and have good authority for stating that three better conducted men could hardly be found in the town of Callan. The little valley of Finnolin, on the road from Mullinabaw to Killeenaua, was also disturbed by the tramp of constabulary, and a young man named Sullivan, the teacher of the National School of the village, was arrested on a similar charge. A great hullabaloo will, of course, be made about this business, and we have no doubt that our local Tory contemporary will spin out three or four dreary columns upon the subject, but the plain facts are that these young men were arrested by the police of Callan on Monday morning; that there was a private gathering of county magistrates, Lord Desart, Mr. Hort, Mr. Poe, and some others, in Callan; that Mr. Lowe, solicitor, applied for admission on behalf of the prisoners—and was refused; that there was what is called an "investigation," and that the prisoners were lodged the same evening in our county gaol.—These are the simple facts of the case. A young man named Howe, belonging to Callan, but engaged in the leather trade in Kilkenny, was also arrested on Monday morning, and this is the fifth of the "stat" prisoners in our county gaol. People were getting on very quietly, and this proceeding, instead of perpetuating the peace which characterized Kilkenny, will, we fear, only lead to a state of alarm, insecurity and disaffection. Even the "Royal Rifles" paraded the streets at an early hour yesterday morning, headed by their band, for the purpose of striking terror, "the men" tramping with redoubled ardour, and the big drum sounding its most uproarious note! But people understand all these things now-a-days. We are so accustomed to them in Ireland that both their novelty and effect have passed away. We have been informed on good authority that there is no evidence whatever against the prisoners, and the "informers" who is, we believe, undergoing the process of "pumping," is already retracting all his statements. The defence of the prisoners has been entrusted to Mr. Quin, and it could not be in better hands. Kilkenny Journal.

The local organs which give countenance to the abominable spy system, and justify the nefarious doings of the vile informer, have been for nearly a month past doing all they can to impress the opinion on the public mind that the men who were arrested on the 12th of December last, in a public-house in Great Edward-street, Belfast, on a charge of being members of an illegal secret association, are connected with the Ribbon Confederacy—that, in point of fact, they are Ribbonmen, and that they have aimed at those objects for the attainment of which Ribbonism was called into existence. Deploring and denouncing as we do those secret and foolish combinations, which generally end in the ruin of the persons who engage in them, we cannot avoid calling public attention to the impropriety and want of candour evinced by certain local journals in their efforts to make it appear, if possible, that the late arrests have taken place directly in connexion with the Ribbon association. This has been done for an object. The aim of the papers that write up the spy system is to disgrace, if they can, those who are opposed to them in political and other sentiments, by trying to prove that the latter are aiding the Ribbon conspiracy, which, along with the Orange organization, should be extirpated from the country, for both are wicked and dangerous. Ribbonism is the offspring of Orangism and never would have got a footing in the land but for the aggressive and outrageous character of that secret and illegal association, which, displaying "a conditional loyalty," detected in an attempt to change the succession to the English throne, which it professes to support, is a plague to Ireland, and the main cause of the Ribbon confederation. We think this conveys an accurate idea of the relation which Orangism bears to Ribbonism. We believe that if there were no Orangism there would be no Ribbonism; and while it is admitted by every impartial man that under the Orange system the most desperate deeds have been committed in this country, the government suffer that system to exist, and are honned off by the journals which champion the spy system to track out those whom the said journals call "Ribbonmen," forgetting that if Orangism, the cause of Ribbonism, were removed, the effect (which is Ribbonism) would soon be destroyed. But the papers to which we refer in shouting "Ribbonism" in connexion with the late arrests are misleading the public.—We will prove this. Though there has been an examination of the prisoners in the jail—a private examination, as the public have heard—what fact has transpired from the star-chamber that would justify journals in stating that the accused are Ribbonmen, or even Orangemen? Not one. We venture to say, notwithstanding the heaps of rubbish, and supposition which local papers have written on the case, there is not a single man in Belfast, or elsewhere, except the authorities and the informers, who knows one iota more of the real nature of the charge against the accused than he did at the moment of their arrest. How could it be otherwise? Suddenly arrested in a public-house—hauled off to the police-office in the

evening amid a body of constabulary—hastily examined before a magistrate and some police officers, the prisoners are thrown into a jail at a late hour at night, and from that moment they are kept in custody for three weeks before the authorities attempt to examine them, and when the examination takes place it is in a private room of the jail from which the press is excluded, and all means out of letting the public know one word of what occurred in that secret chamber. These facts we would wish to bring specially under the attention and grave consideration of parties who "rile" up when they hear a single word uttered in disparage of the British Constitution, which has been heaping disgrace on itself in Ireland more than ever for the last two or three months.—The particular nature of the charge against the prisoners is not known, except, as we have said, to the authorities, who will not tell it, and, therefore, we say, it proves an utter and entire want of fairness on the part of any journalist publicly to set forth that the accused are members of that wicked and foolish association of Ribbonmen, which, as we have already stated, has been brought into existence by the hated presence of that illegal and secret Orange confederation which has been publicly and solemnly condemned as such by more than one of the great councils of England. No doubt the Orange journals have been trying to scent out with vigilance that would do credit to detectives every statement and rumour in connexion with those arrests which could by any possibility damage the cause of the people, and give the government a pretext for the introduction of measures that would accord with the ideas of those men who call for the extermination of the peasantry and the slaughter of their clergy. But those Orange prints will be disappointed. The whole business has proved that there has been nothing but a fishing for evidence from the commencement. It would seem that if there have not been willing informers, efforts at least have been made to compel men to become approvers against those who, it is alleged, had conspired along with them. By whom such efforts have been made we cannot say. We leave the public to judge.—Ulsterman.

A SHAMEFUL BUSINESS.—Despotic and brutal as was the fashion in which all the late arrests were made and the subsequent proceedings conducted by the Government officials, the treatment of the poor young girl who was arrested last week at Fethard surpasses all. From the suddenness of the pounce made upon her, the hurry with which she was sent off to the county jail, her detention for nearly a week in prison, the secret examination held on the case—the remand—and the re-examination, secret also—one might have imagined that the authorities had in their hands an able conspirator; one who united the daring of a man to the glowing enthusiasms of a woman: one of those dangerous political enemies who, though individually weak, are yet to be dreaded by their foes because of the inspiration they can give to those around them. Patriotism always looks beautiful, but never more enchanting than when seen in that pure and holy shrine—a woman's heart. Well what manner of person did the Government so determinedly capture in Fethard, and convey to prison under armed escort, and bolt and bar in securely, and try by a solemn and secret inquisition? Was it one of those very dangerous characters? God help us! All this clashing of arms and banging of doors, and secret consultation, was about a little Sunday school girl of delicate constitution and disordered intellect! She is charged with having written seditious letters, calling on her Majesty's forces to rebel and mutiny—but to whom did she address those letters? Was it to some colonel or captain whom she fancied she could influence, was to some sergeant or corporal was it to any one of the privates even, who wear her Majesty's livery? No. Those letters, written by herself, were addressed to herself, posted to herself, and received by herself, and to complete the round of harmlessness fully, it was she herself who gave the information which ultimately led to her own arrest!—And this was the poor creature who was so bravely captured and, so closely imprisoned by the officials of the high and mighty and securely established British Government!

A local Tory paper gives the following sketch of the little girl who has thus alarmed the 'authorities' and been subjected to so much cruel treatment.—'The young woman, Irwin, alias Walton, lived on the Green, at Fethard, with her sum and her grandfather an old grey-haired man—a pensioner from the constabulary. She was brought up a Protestant, and was also the members of her family, and was a constant attendant at the Sunday school, where she was always greatly liked. Of late, the child had contracted the idea of tracing the family history and seemed constantly bent upon following up this genealogical research. This seemed to render her somewhat peculiar in her habits, and, while labouring under this—what perhaps might be termed monomania—she became attached to a sergeant—now serving with his regiment in India—whose release from military life she endeavoured to effect, by some means or other. Some months since she told a respectable party in Fethard that, by the possession of a million of cancelled postage stamps, she would attain the object she had in view, and accordingly she commenced to collect them, in the idle hope of thus effecting his return to Fethard. At another time she waited upon a boy named Larkin, assistant to the postmaster in that town, Mr. Frederick Sayers and requested him to address some envelopes to her Majesty the Queen, which he thought well to decline doing, and in a few days afterwards he was surprised at receiving a letter, which he recognized to be in the handwriting of the girl, Walton Irwin, addressed on the outside to "Sir Jeremiah Larkin," but at foot to "Sir Henry Cole." This letter was received by the clerk at the post office about two months ago, and was written in a very incoherent and mysterious manner. Poor girl! She was arrested by the British officials on Tuesday, December 28th, and was kept in prison until Monday last, when it was found utterly impossible to make out a case against her, and she was discharged on her own recognizances! We ask the panegyrists of British institutions to match this case in France or Naples, if they can.

MISS WALTON'S CASE.—Monday last, Miss A. Walton, otherwise Irwin, the young lady whose arrest, on the charge of having written seditious letters, was reported in our last issue, was re-conducted back to Fethard, where an investigation was instituted into the charge alleged against her. The proceedings—which were presided over by the Hon. M. J. French, Mr. Millet, and Mr. Barton, J.P.s—were held with closed doors, the press and the public being refused admittance. The following facts, however, have been elicited.—The only witness examined to prove the charge was Constable M'Mahon, who deposed that on the day of her arrest he observed the accused standing at the post-office window, close to the receiver; whilst watching her movements he saw her extend her hand in the direction of the receiver, and his suspicions being aroused he apprehended her, and with her entered the office. The letter box being opened, on the top of the pile of correspondence lay a letter as if recently dropped in, and addressed to Color-sergeant King, of a militia regiment, informing him that the time for action had arrived, and that at the end of a fortnight he and his companions would be compelled to deliver up their arms. The constable refused to swear that he had seen her place a letter in the box; and there being no clue to the identity of the handwriting, the magistrates agreed on dismissing the prisoner.—Typewriter Examiner.

THE GOVERNMENT ARRESTS.—From the commencement of those arrests the rights and persons of Irishmen have been flagrantly violated. Young men have been treated as guilty before investigation or trial. Their imprisonment was arbitrary. They were left in ignorance of the charge brought against them. There were no copies of information furnished them; and the Cork jailer came out with a letter in the newspapers in which he endeavoured to show the spirit of clemency which animated him with regard to the prisoners: and how does he prove that

humane quality? Why he says he put them to pick oakum! Picking oakum is the punishment of a convicted offender. By what authority did this jailer take upon himself the office of judge and jury, and set the criminals! within his prison walls to pick oakum! We perceive that at the close of the investigation, Eugene M'Carthy, James Stack, and Jeremiah Driscoll were discharged on their own recognizance. It would be matter of interest to the public to know whether these three young men were compelled by the fiat of the merciful Cork jailer to pick oakum in that respectable asylum, whilst the two stipendiaries were in communication with Dublin Castle and receiving their private instructions.—Galway Vindicator.

HOW ENGLAND RULES IN IRELAND.—There have been more arrests since last week, one in Tipperary, and four or five in the county Kilkenny. The arrest of these persons is a government trick. The case against the parties previously taken up having been found to be so weak as to be perfectly ridiculous, the Castle authorities think to save their character by making some arrests in new localities so as to give the appearance that they are dealing with "a wide-spread conspiracy." Of course if they choose to go on arresting persons against whom it is impossible that they can prove anything, they can go the round of the thirty-two counties. And if it be a charge against a man that he is not well affected to the rule of England, the authorities had better begin to consider how they can enlarge their prisons so as to take in five-sixths of the people of Ireland. The secret investigation at Belfast has ended by the committal of all the prisoners for trial.—Nation.

The Ulsterman, of Belfast, publishes the following statement, and the Northern Whig calls it mischievous and deplorable folly.—"Disaffection in the Militia.—Sergeants of Militia in the Secret Society.—The great cause of uneasiness with the Government, and the reason why they have carried on their proceedings with so much secrecy, is the fact that they have discovered the connection of the militia with the secret organizations! This explains everything; for the terrific fact that the militia of Ireland cannot be relied on as a defensive force against foreign aggression may justify the widest alarm. The Secret Club arrested in Belfast is connected (it is affirmed) with the Phoenix clubs of the South; and already it has been discovered that several sergeants of militia were members of the secret organization. This startling fact, which the Government officials have hitherto endeavoured to conceal, is extremely significant."

General Thompson in a letter to the Bradford Advertiser on the supposed designs of the Filibusters on Ireland, says that England need not be surprised; she by sending piratical expeditions against feeble nations, has set an example. He says that the successor of the Stuarts is alive in America, and though at present ignored by their "sanguinary managers" will not be so when 'he has a French or American three-decker under his foot.' We don't know that the successor of the Stuarts would be received in much favor in any of Great Britain or Ireland.—Westford People.

We (Catholic Telegraph) have reason to believe that the year about to dawn upon us will be distinguished by a most vigorous agitation against the overgrown Establishment. The eyes of Ireland are fixed on the great Archbishop of the West as the uncompromising leader of the onslaught. The war that now rages in the camp can, and must be, turned to advantage. The scramble for the plunder must be brought to a close by forcing the monster to disgorge. Let the friends of religion be separated from the friends of Mammon. The time has arrived for the conflict, and we trust every good and true man in the old land is even now determined to fight the patriotic fight to the last."

STATS OF THE COUNTY.—Reports, rumors and suggestions to the contrary notwithstanding the country, we are happy to say, continues most peaceable and orderly. The first of the quarter sessions for the Midland District as yet holden, were those of Longford; and, on reference to the report of the proceedings, which we publish elsewhere, it will be seen that there were but four custody and three bail cases, all of the most trivial character, and is no way connected with agrarian crime. It is also a remarkable circumstance that there was not a single conviction—if we except the case in which a soldier pleaded guilty to a charge of personating a soldier, and thereby obtaining a sum of seven shillings and sixpence. We have no doubt the calendars at the sittings at the approaching quarter sessions for the neighbouring counties will be equally light. From what we hear, the country generally was never more free from crime.—Midland Counties Gazette.

DIMINUTION OF CRIME.—In contrast with the exaggerated ideas of the state of Ireland, which prevail in the sister country, we may mention that at the Killarney Sessions were yesterday opened by Mr. Coppinger, the new Assistant Barrister for the county Kerry, when the whole business of the Grand Jury was found to consist of two bills of indictment arising out of one occurrence. Of these two, one, for riot, was ignored, and the other, for common assault, found. Considering that the sessions for the district take place but twice a year, we should think this was not a very terrific criminal calendar, nor can the people of the district be the lawless, truculent savages they graphically described in English writings.—Cork Examiner.

IRISHMEN IN INDIA.—A citizen of Dublin has received a letter from his son, Mr. Richard Vicars Boyle, one of the gallant defenders of Arrah, stating that Government has authorized a grant to him of land to the value of £1,000, per annum British for life, free of all charge, with a reversion to the value of £500, per annum to his heirs; accompanied with a recognition of his "very valuable services" rendered in his fortified house at Arrah in July, 1857.

CORK AND YOUGHAL RAILWAY.—We have learned with much satisfaction that the works for completing the line of railway between this city and Youghal are about to be immediately commenced, and they will be proceeded with till the undertaking be finished. This must confer very great advantages on the extensive and important district to the east of the city through which the railway will pass, and the branch to Queenstown must give further impetus to the trade and progress of this locality.—Reporter.

THE SUB-INSPECTOR AND HIS HAYRICK.—In the course of last month a rick of hay, belonging to Sub-Inspector Caulfield, of Bantry notoriety, was burnt, and at the same time the windows of his neighbor, the Rev. Mr. O'Halloran, Protestant curate, were broken. Of course this double "outrage" was put down to Ribbonism and the Phoenixes. The Cork Examiner of Wednesday, however, gives a very startling account of the matter. It states that Margaret Moran, who was charged with having committed both offences, is the servant of Sub-Inspector Caulfield, and the wife of his orderly. It appears further that a fellow-servant of the said Mrs. Moran had declared upon oath that the said Mrs. Moran broke the window and set fire to the rick of hay, remarking afterwards that "it would be thought the Phoenixes did it." The Examiner introduces its very pertinent observations on this singular case, by saying that Sub-Inspector Caulfield requested the editor to refrain from comment upon, till some decision had been come to with regard to Margaret Moran's guilt or innocence. With this request the editor complied, until the Stipendiary Magistrate of the district decided the other day to take informations against her. The whole affair is another instance of the misrepresentation and calumny to which the Irish people are subjected. The breaking of the Curate's windows, and burning of the Sub-Inspector's hayrick have, of course, figured amongst the Ribbon outrages of the last month, in the Orange journals, from which they have been copied and commented upon in the English papers. We shall have to revert to this case when it has been properly sifted before a competent authority.—Dublin Telegraph.

The Earl of Listowel has subscribed thirty pounds towards the erection of the new Catholic church...

CONVENTIONS.—The following persons a few days ago renounced the errors of Protestantism, and were received into the bosom of the Catholic Church by Archbishop Brown...

Since New Year's Day upwards of 1,000 persons have abjured the dreadful vice of drunkenness by taking the pledge at the hands of the Rev. Dr. Spratt...

The sole liberal act of the Napier and Whiteside administration has after all ended in nothing but words. Mr. Morris, we hear with real satisfaction...

The Castlebar Telegraph says—Much inconvenience has been caused to the inhabitants and rising neighbourhood of the vastly-improving and rising town of Swineford...

THE SOUTHERNS.—The Killkenny Journal publishes the following:—From the declaration which we append of Mary Johnston, who, in a moment of weakness...

DECLARATION OF MARY JOHNSTON.—I, Mary Johnston, did some nine years ago, yielding to the temptations of the devil, conform externally to the Protestant church...

MARY M. JOHNSTON.

Witness—Patrick Funcheon. Feast of the Holy Innocents, 1858. The poor woman then summoned to her bedside...

DECLARATION.—I promise God, in the presence of my dying mother and the priest, never again to go near the Protestant Church as false and teaching error...

THOMAS JOHNSON.

Witness—Patrick Funcheon. THE REV. VEDASIN PETERSON.—This country, indeed the whole of this kingdom, will learn with mingled gratification and regret...

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.—It is rumoured in naval circles that the Government have it in contemplation to make a considerable augmentation in the Channel squadron by the addition of twelve sail of the line...

THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS.—On Sunday week an Independent Minister, while officiating in a Glasgow West-end chapel, publicly prayed for the newspaper press of the kingdom...

EMIGRATION.—The emigration from the Mersey to all parts of the United States, British North America, the Australian colonies, Cape of Good Hope, &c., during the year just ended, numbered 80,722 souls...

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS.—IMPORTANT DECISION.—The report of the able judgment delivered by the eminent Chairman of the County Dublin, Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., at the opening of the Quarter Sessions in Kilmallick, on Tuesday week...

taxation, the law forbade it; but the Brothers could not be permitted the luxury of having a domicile, although under the same roof with the schools...

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.—We have very good reason to believe that the Emperor Alexander will visit our Court about the month of May...

DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES FOR ROME.—Preparations are being made for the departure of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales for Rome...

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GRINOLINK TOLL.—At the toll-gate between St. Anthony's and Pitty-me, near Newcastle, the other day, a fair headed, extensively hooped, was brought to a stand, being unable to force her way through the turnstile...

THE BURIAL PITS OF THE SLAIN AT MARSTON MOOR.—The following are extracts from a letter which has appeared in the Morning Post:—Without another word of preface, let me, in these days of sanitarian progression, state facts, which are stubborn things...

terlogged district, it became pre-eminently necessary to drive a large leading drain at considerable depth right through Marston-moor. Instructions were given to avoid, not only the tumuli as indicated in the old maps of the district, but also the legendary localities of sepulture. However, long before the completion of the work the navies came upon the Golgotha of the battlefield. There was nothing for it but to go ahead. To make a detour in the drainage either to the right or left would certainly have been 'to go further,' and probably 'to fare worse.'

COMMITTAL OF A MAN WITH SEVEN WIVES.—At the Clerkenwell police-court, London, on Friday, Gloucester Gale, the polygamist, was placed at the bar, on remand, charged with feloniously intermarrying with Celina Marion Wye, his wife, Eliza Cecilia Goe, being then and now alive. It was stated that since the remand the pocket-book found upon the prisoner had been examined, and was found to contain the particulars of the whole of the marriages, and of the parties who had been proposed to. From the entries in the book it appeared that he corresponded with four of the wives on the same day, and was also 'asked' in three different churches to three different females on the same day. The depositions having been read over, the prisoner said he was guilty, but he should reserve his defence for the jury; there were several little articles which he had belonging to the young ladies which he should like to be given up to them, and for that purpose he wished to see his wife—his first and proper one. He was committed for trial. Mr. Coleman, clerk to the Board of Trade, who made the application to the Lord Mayor in the first instance, said that another lady had seen the prisoner, and stated that she was married to him about two years ago.

THE "TUES" OF THE STATE OF EUROPE.—The public manifestation of displeasure against the Government of Austria the other day by the Emperor Napoleon gives but a mournful presage for the destinies of the year on which we are just entering. If we put aside all momentary topics of irritation, and look merely at the position and interests of the great Powers, there is no little room for apprehension. The result of the Crimean War has been undoubtedly to place Austria in a position of much isolation. She has little claim on the good offices of the Allies, whose outlay of blood and treasure she might have saved had she been so minded; she had but to speak the word, and the sword, already half-drawn, must have been returned to their scabbards, and yet she took part enough in the subsequent proceedings thoroughly to alienate Russia and make her bitterly resent the assistance of 1849. The memorable events of that year left no doubts as to the vulnerable side of the Empire, and pointed out Hungary and Galicia as fields for future operations where, if the opportunity is well chosen, the attack is easy and conquest almost certain. On the other hand, the traditional policy of France, which dates from the invasion of Naples by Charles VIII., now almost 400 years ago, naturally leads her to consider the possessions of Austria in Italy with incalculable envy. France, with a living memory of the Queen of all Italy, cannot view with complacency her occupation reduced to the narrow precincts of Rome, while Austria, in addition to her own dominions, occupies the Papal Legations, and reaches her hand to protect the odious domination of Naples. Nor is an excuse wanting. It seems to be the character of the Lombards to be tame and gentle in war, but noisy and turbulent in peace; and just now, perhaps owing to the confidence inspired by an attempt of the Austrian Court to conciliate their good will, they are more than usually violent in their demonstrations, and have done enough to cause from a more warlike race the apprehension of a serious outbreak. Then there is the Kingdom of Sardinia, with its hopes, its ambition, and its revenge ready on any intimation of support to throw the dice once more, and strike boldly for the Crown of Italy. Such being the position of Austria, placed between the two greatest military Empires of the world, both avowedly hostile in feeling, if not in act, it does not appear in what quarter she is to look for allies. There is, indeed, Prussia, which would naturally be unwilling to see France commence that career of conquest which might lead to another Jena. But there are powerful considerations on the other side. The frontiers of Prussia are exposed both to France and to Russia. The Italian dominions of Austria are to Prussia a matter of indifference, and she might view without dissatisfaction the humiliation of a Power which has so arrogantly asserted her superiority in the internal politics of Germany. There remains, then, England, whose relations towards Austria at this moment are of a friendly nature, and who certainly could not wish to see the partition of Poland repeated over again by France and Russia at the expense of her bravest and most persevering ally in the great struggle against Napoleon. But Austria must well know that from England she can expect no help in a war waged for the maintenance of her Italian dominions, and that no statement, whatever might be his views as to maintaining the balance of power would venture to make such a proposition to the popular branch of the British Legislature.

From this review it would appear that, should France and Russia come to an understanding with each other as to a concerted attack on Austria, Austria must look forward, at least in the beginning of the war, to an isolated position, and the defence of her extended dominions with no ally on her own, and with large masses of popular disaffection on the side of her assailants. It is the knowledge of the dangerous position in which Austria is placed, between powerful enemies abroad and disaffected subjects at home, that gives to the language and demeanour of the Emperor of the French an importance which they would not otherwise possess. We see the anger, we see the opportunity of gratifying it. We see both in Russia and France animosity strong enough to tempt them to act if there were no opportunity, and opportunity easy enough to suggest the enterprise if there were no animosity. Yet, well and wisely considered, the part of true prudence would assuredly be, on the part of France and Russia, not to yield to the temptation which offers itself. A hundred years ago France and Russia combined with Austria to part among them the dominions of the Great Frederick. Yet it was their destined victim, and not they, who came triumphant out of the Seven Years War. Austria has at this moment in Italy an army well disciplined, man for man, to any army in Europe, fully equal man for man, to any army in Europe, and directed by very different heads from those of Beaulieu, Wurmsier, and Alvinci. Russia is in the very crisis of a great social revolution, and has more to hope, if she could only be brought to that conviction, from internal progress than external conquest. The position of the Emperor of the French is, no

doubt, full of difficulty. His vast army presses for action; but if he makes war he is making reputation and popularity for others, and must himself bear the discredit of his unpopularity and its burdens. He cannot, like the first Napoleon, conceal the pressure of his Government under a halo of military glory; he cannot make war maintain itself; he cannot offer emancipation; he can only profess one despotism instead of another. How long France would endure the weight of war taxes, the derangement of her industry, the ruin of her rising commerce and manufactures, how long Europe would patiently submit to the spectacle of a new French Empire recommencing its career of conquest, remains to be seen. The liberation of Italy might serve as a pretext to begin the war, but would soon be lost sight of in the dread of a war of aggrandizement, the effects of which Europe has not yet forgotten. Austria might make peace with one of her antagonists, and be found fully a match for the other. War, as has been truly said, is like a bull—you know with whom you begin the dance, but cannot tell with whom you will end it.

Now and then, amid the confusion of events, we discern some glimpses of retributive justice in the fitting chastisements which descend, unexpectedly, upon the reckless speculators in human crimes. Apart from all sentiments of revenge, there is in the sight of a certain pleasurable satisfaction in which we may lawfully indulge; and the penal consequences are so patent, so intimately connected with the sin that it is impossible to avoid the conclusion—*Dignitas Deo est hic*. Astate and veteran statesman, who think they can control the providence of God, must, from time to time, be a little shaken in their confidence; and even Lord Palmerston himself, who thinks drains better than prayers, can hardly be satisfied on all occasions with the success of his efforts to govern the world according to his own convenience. The policy of that profound theologian, and the Whigs who applauded him, begins to show symptoms of the barometer. The seed was sown profusely, yet carefully, in the proper soil, has been duly watered, and now the reapers are preparing sickles and scythes for the crop, which promises a speedy ripening. There is one drawback to the universal pleasure—the sowers and the reapers are not likely to be the same persons. The sparrow has built her nest, but the cuckoo hatches her own egg in it. The Whigs sowed with joy, but the reaping is likely to be in grief, and the harvest home will be celebrated in due time, not by those who ploughed the land, sowed the crop, and watched it while it grew, but by a band of marauders without respect to the rights of property. The Whigs have, for years past, by an insidious and detestable policy, stirred up the Sarlinian Government into a veritable danger to the rest of Europe. That ambitious little people is no longer satisfied with its own, and having thrown aside the authority of the Holy See, is disposed no longer to do England's work in the Whig way. The result of our diplomacy in Italy is a chronic sedition and an imminent war, by which we shall gain nothing, but by which we may lose a good deal. Lord Palmerston was a "judicious bottle-holder" for some time; but the combatants will now dispense with his services, and the Emperor of the French may take in hand the Italian question, and settle it to his own satisfaction. We have brought this upon ourselves by our own acts in Italy; and the present terror into which the speech of the Emperor has thrown us, is neither more nor less than the fruit of that wretched misdeed, perpetrated by the Whigs to Lord Minto, when he scattered firebrands throughout the Peninsula. The Whigs have encouraged insurrection in that country for more than ten years, conscientiously and deliberately. They have done it with their eyes open, but they do not see or do not care for the consequences, it being enough for them to vex the Sovereign Pontiff and harass Austria, with whom they were on good terms, according to the hypocrisy of their sect. Italian unity is a phrase, but it has not, and never had a meaning. The partition of Sardinia pretend that the country will be benefited by the repulsion of the Austrians, the exile of the Pope, and the general supremacy of the House of Savoy. But before these events can be brought about a French army must be employed, and a French army is not likely to retire without its share of the spoil, and that share will be much larger than that which will fall to the lot of the Piedmontese. The English Whigs, in and out of Parliament, will applaud any measures hostile to the Holy See and to Austria, but probably only for a time, because by and by, when it shall be seen that the Italians cannot govern themselves, they will see that France has been the great gainer, and England the great loser. If we now indulge ourselves in talking against the domination of the stranger in Italy, we shall not be able to do so very long; for we shall not find it very easy to justify our possession of Malta and Gibraltar, our despotism over the Ionians and others, when we reject the same arguments made use of by Austria in defence of her occupation of Lombardy. When the Emperor of the French shall become the protector of the Italian republic, and the House of Savoy his humble servant, we shall then be better able to appreciate the services rendered so ostentatiously by Lord Minto to the cause of Italian freedom and progress. The discontent fomented throughout the Peninsula by our diplomatic agents and consuls, by our protection of Mazzini and his crew of murderers, must come to something in the end; and it is a visible act of retributive justice that we should suffer for the evil we have done. The Emperor of the French alone will profit by the catastrophe; some of his troops are already on the spot, and there is no difficulty in increasing their number. The Whig policy led that army into Italy originally, and the same policy will augment its battalions. The Emperor of the French will be able to divert the attention of his subjects from the acts of his Government at home, and to satisfy a devoted army by sending it into pleasant quarters, where there will be plenty of plunder and of good cheer. Altogether the prospects of France are better than those of England, because it is about to reap the harvests which we had sown. Our denunciations against the Holy See, Naples, and Austria, will be taken up by other and hostile orators, and we may have the unutterable pleasure of refuting our own arguments against bad government when the Mediterranean shall have been converted into a French lake, and our possession of Malta called into question in connection with the "oppressed nationalities," and the dominion of the stranger over a free and enlightened people.—*London Tablet*.

SUBMARINE BOAT.—An American invention has just been brought to this country, with a view to its being disposed of either to this or any other European Government, and which, if it does one-half of what the patentee guarantees can be done with it, will make such a change in the mode of carrying on a naval war as will put steamers of the question, and render of no avail the tremendous forts of Cronstadt or Cherbourg. It is nothing less than a submarine boat made only for working under water, in form much resembling the shape of a porpoise, but capable of being made large enough to contain 8, 10, or even 15 men, if necessary, with a proportionate quantity of explosives. In a kind of specification which has now been laid before this and the French Government the patentee says he has invented and constructed a submarine boat, weighing about eight tons, in which he has, with others, sunk in Lake Michigan, and remained under water for four hours without any air tubes or other communication leading from his boat above the surface of the water, and propelled the boat in and near the bottom of the lake for several miles, at the rate of about three miles an hour. He has, while in his boat and under water, by means of machinery working through its side, saved off timbers 14 inches square. He can sink his boat from the surface almost instantly, either to a few inches or feet of the surface of the water, or to 100 or more feet, and again rise quickly or very slowly to or near the surface; go forward, back, or sideways, or come up bows first or otherwise, as may be required. He can attack powder torpedoes to the

side of his boat on its deck or sides, and proceed under water out to sea, in any weather, to an enemy's ship in sight, fix or anchor the torpedoes under the ship's bottom, set in motion clock-work to fire the torpedoes, simultaneously or at intervals, and retire, still under water, out of danger from the explosion and out of reach of an enemy's guns. He can also convey powder torpedoes inside his boat of 100lb. (or more) weight, and when under an enemy's ship, pass them out of the side of his boat through his patent hatch, and fasten them to a ship's bottom and fire them as above named. He can enter an enemy's harbour under water and make surveys, only showing above the surface a slight tube, no more than one half inch in diameter, and retire still under water, and proceed outside to sea and make his report to the commander of a fleet or ship. He can go out to sea, meet a hostile fleet, go under their bottoms, fix torpedoes to go off by clock-work, or bore holes in their bottoms, and come away unseen. With a large boat he can carry a 12 or 24 pound (or even larger) gun in the forward end of his boat near the top, so rigged that he can load in one hundred feet depth of water, rise near to the surface, sight the horizon for an enemy's ship, and if one is in sight take the course for her and proceed towards her, even within a stone's throw, rise quickly, so near the surface as to show the muzzle of the gun through the outside port-hole valve, aim at the ship near her water line, fire, then instantly sink to reload, and rise at another point to fire again and repeat. If required, with a large boat, he can remain under water with several men with him, and do service at sea off or in harbours for several days, without landing or showing one inch of his boat above water. If the boat is required for pearl fishing he can work all day on a pearl bed, raking up and taking in pearls and suffering no inconvenience from impure air, and as the boat is provided with light for deep water work, he can move about on the bottom like a fish and see pearls where a diver would not. If the boat is required to visit wrecks and remove treasures or goods, it is so constructed that he can save, hoist or make fast chains or ropes to any point of a wreck, and if required, one or more persons can, while under water, go out of the boat through the side hatch, enter a wreck or do other service, and return inside of the boat again without inconvenience.

Curiously enough, the gentleman who has come over here with this invention, and who, though not the inventor is part proprietor of the patent, was instructed not to offer it to the British Government until it had first been offered to the Emperor of the French. The reasons for making such a distinction arose from the notion which our Transatlantic cousins entertain of the red-tape system of the English Government, and their slowness to adopt any sudden or great improvements. That this idea is hardly well founded is shown from the fact when the invention was first brought under the notice of the Secretary of the United States Navy, he merely wrote to the inventor to say, by way of holding, that the American ships were required in the water and never wanted to go under them. The proffer to the Emperor of the French received even less attention, as no answer was returned to the letter. Contrary to American expectation, when the invention was brought a few days since under the notice of the English Board of Admiralty it received full and prompt attention, and Sir Baldwin Walker has already had interviews with the gentleman to whom care of the patent is intrusted. Nothing definite has yet resulted from these interviews, and as the cost of building the submarine boat is very small, we believe that one will eventually be constructed in this country, and if it only fills half what the patentee expects of it the invention will be purchased by the British Government.—*Times*.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF SIDNEY.—A recently published work of a most interesting character, bearing the title *Southern Lights and Shadows*, contains the following pen and ink portrait of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Polding, O.S.B., Archbishop of Sidney.—The author of the above work (Mr. Frank Foster), it should be borne in mind, is a Protestant.

Let me sketch the Archbishop in a stained glass light. No monk ever looked more like a monk than he. There is scarcely a secular sign in his face. It is a benign, lovable countenance, shaded, but not somber, with the dim religious light of the monastic atmosphere of other days. It is a face dating long before shilling-pieces and *Fid. Dei!* Look at the long trailing grey hair, tumbling down his back, like the snow about the head of a brother of St. Bernard. Look at the large deep eyes, blue, yet burning as the twin orbs of *Levi!* The mouth, too, is a study. Power and patience, an almost terrible reticence with an almost feminine sympathy—a mighty tenderness and a tender might—meet at a glance in the fine Fra Angelico visage before us. The double chin is a great point; it crowns a touch of home and every-day passion into the face, like—to borrow a figure—the wine cellars under an old Iberian cathedral. What a world of good feeling and gentleness there is about that chin. Drop the Gowl over all the rest of the face, and one might swear upon that feature he was Palsgrave or Brother John at once. A glorious thing this index of "like passions with ourselves" in the countenance of an ecclesiastic whose religion has smothered all weaknesses, as the plumes of the albatross smother the down up its breast. So far as that chin goes—no, being double it goes a good way—this is the kind of man to have blessed the soup dispensed at the monastery wicket, but to have first written the recipe on which the broth was compounded. The bearing of his Grace is particularly courtly. Here is a man, you say at once, who has moved in princes, sipped from Tabba once, the embroidered slipper of a Mazza beneath the robe; and certainly in the fine Italian outline of the form we get a hint of his mighty and massive Eminence, who terrifies all Protestant Christendom from his gloomy little house out there in Golden-square. They say his learning is fine—the light of the scholarly lamp without its smoke. It smokes, perhaps, but, as with two many of his class, that robe of the scholar means rarely a robe of *beats*. His preaching is of a high order. The merits and specialties of the style are described in a phrase, when we talk elegantly ferret. It is an delicately manipulated as the cross-bill of a Venetian poignard; the tone, light, however—the light that never was on land or sea—plays lamently upon the blade. The light and shade it is like an old crucifix, where the figures of ivory are laid upon a background of ebony. His elaborations are particularly choice. They are never heaped on, but grow out and form part of the subject itself, as the glowing arabesques in an old mosaic. The same lofty qualities meet us in his literary addresses. A splendid sobriety and a sober splendour mingle and charm us. The cloister is carried in marble, with a charge of purest flame swings from every groin and pillar. I first heard him at the Catholic Institute in Sidney—banned and dreamed until the little room, garished with green flags, became a medieval orator, and troops of monks, with pale high faces and long dark robes, set with iron crucifixes and chattering rosaries, moved to the sound of solemn chant before me. I thought his address on that occasion the best thing I had heard since Talfourd. There was that precision of touch about it which never arises from mere scholarship, but only from the severest literary discipline. At the same time the power of the scholar was present; it stole through the chinks and crevices of the discourse as the light streams into the great hall of the Vatican from its seven thousand surrounding chambers. Out of his *capa*, the Archbishop is much loved. With him a grace and delicate hand plays *stomper* to a large and liberal heart. I heard the most lavish praises bestowed upon him, and never during my residence in Sidney heard a single disapproving word. In his own church he is adored—in ours he is admired.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 4, 1859.

TO OUR READERS.—The sudden and severe indisposition of the editor, will it is hoped be accepted by the readers of the True Witness as an apology for any short-comings in the present issue.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The affairs of the Western Continent, by the last advices, remain unchanged, in spite of the quasi-official explanations of the Monitor.—Italy is to all appearance in immediate danger of revolution, and Austria seems again destined to lead the Conservative and Catholic army of Europe; her refusal to join with the Emperor of the French in urging certain so-called reforms upon the Pontifical Government, and in the threat, in case of the Sovereign Pontiff's refusal, to leave Italy to the mercy of the cut-throats or patriots, has, if it has led to a rupture betwixt the Emperor of Austria and Louis Napoleon, raised the latter in the estimation of the Catholic world.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBERS. TORONTO, JAN. 29.—On Saturday, at three o'clock P. M., His Excellency the Governor-General proceeded in state to the Chamber of the Legislative Council in the Parliament Buildings: the Members of the Legislative Council being assembled His Excellency was pleased to command the attendance of the Legislative Assembly, and that House being present, His Excellency was pleased to open the second session of the sixth Parliament of the Provinces of Canada with the following speech from the Throne:

Hon. Gentlemen of the Legislative Council: Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

It is my duty on the present occasion to call your attention to the question of the Seat of Government of Canada. The Legislature of Canada having resolved that a fixed Seat of Government should be selected, solicited our Gracious Queen by an address of either House to exercise Her prerogative in making such selection. An Act moreover was passed adopting before hand the decision of Her Majesty and appropriating the necessary funds.—This Act of the Canadian Parliament and the decision of the Queen are binding on the Executive Government of the Province, and it will be their duty to carry out the understanding which existed at the time when the reference was made, by which the Government will be transferred to Quebec for a fixed period until the necessary arrangements shall have been completed.

The correspondence with Her Majesty's Government will be laid before you, and I cannot doubt that you will recognize a selection made by Her Majesty at your own request, and that you will duly acknowledge her gracious compliance with the Addresses which you yourselves caused to be presented to her.

It affords me much satisfaction to state that the Commission for the settlement of the Seigneurial Tenure will shortly close its labours, and that a moderate outlay beyond the appropriation of 1854 will satisfy all reasonable expectations on the part of the Tenants.

The municipal laws of Lower Canada require revision and consolidation. A measure for this purpose will be submitted for your consideration.

The possibility of uniting by some tie of a federal character the British Colonies in North America, has formed the subject of a correspondence which will be placed in your hands.

I will also cause to be submitted to you Despatches from Her Majesty's Secretary of State in relation to questions affecting the Hudson's Bay Company.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

The accounts for the year just expired shall be laid before you as soon as possible. I regret that the financial and commercial depression which has weighed upon us in common with our neighbours, has not wholly passed away; but it is gratifying to me to state symptoms of amendment have begun to show themselves, and I trust that should Providence bless Canada this year with her usually abundant harvest, she will recover her former prosperous condition. The exercise of a sound and rigid economy in every department of the public service, will, I hope, again enable us to bring our whole expenditure within the limits required by our revenue.

I have the satisfaction to inform you that an arrangement respecting the debt due to the Imperial Government and the sinking fund connected with it of a character highly advantageous to the Province, has been effected in England. The papers relating to this matter shall be laid before you.

In asking at your hands the supplies for Her Majesty's service, I desire to assure you that every thing will be done with a view to placing the tariff on a satisfactory footing, the principle of ad valorem duties will be proposed for your adoption in all cases in which it can be properly and advantageously applied.

Hon. Gentlemen and Gentlemen:

The important work of the revision of the statutes, I am happy to say nearly completed, and Parliament will soon be required to pass such a measure of consolidation as you may see fit to sanction. I believe that I have summoned you to meet on the present occasion at the time most convenient to yourselves. So much beneficial legislation on important subjects have been dealt with in the last few sessions that I shall hope to congratulate you on your release at a time somewhat earlier than usual with this hope I now leave you to your parliamentary labors.

The House then adjourned till 3 o'clock on Monday.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.—JAN. 31.

The Order of the Day for the consideration of His Excellency's Speech at the opening of the session having been called,

Atty. Gen. Cartier said—I regret very much that the intervention of Sunday between the day before yesterday and to-day has prevented the printing, at an earlier hour, of the resolution in answer to the Speech from the Throne. I understood that it would be ready at the opening of the House to-day; but such is not the case. With regard to the Government, we are ready at any time to enter upon the discussion. I do not, however, think that it is proper to discuss so important a subject until the resolution is brought up.

Hon. Mr. Brown—I apprehend, Sir, it was for the Government to have said when the resolution they intended to propose to the House would have been placed in our hands; but though it has not yet reached us, as far as I know the feelings of the members on this side of the House, I think I may say that we are quite prepared to go on with the debate at once. (Hear, hear.) The business of the country demands instant attention. Not a moment should be lost. But if the hon. gentlemen on the ministerial benches desire time, the Opposition will throw no obstacle in their way. At the same time, I hope it is distinctly understood that we are perfectly ready to-day. (Hear, hear, and ironical cheers from the Ministerial side of the House.)

Mr. Chapuis said that the delay asked for by the Ministry ought to be conceded. He moved that the House do now adjourn.

The Speaker having put the motion of adjournment,

Hon. Mr. Brown said, before it was carried, he ought to inform the House when copies of the resolution would be distributed to the members.

Atty. Gen. Cartier replied that he had expected the printed copies down at three o'clock; but they had been delayed.

The motion was then carried, and the House adjourned until three o'clock on the following afternoon.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

Toronto, February 3.

Last night the following resolution was moved by the Hon. Mr. Desaulles:—“That while this House feels and expresses the most profound and loyal respect to our Gracious Sovereign, who, in no part of her dominions, commands more sincere homage than in Canada; still, this House feels it due to itself, as representing the people of this great Province; to put on record its conscientious opinion that in view of the present and future interests of the whole Province, the City of Ottawa is not the most advantageous position for the permanent Capital of United Canada; and, therefore, this House will deem it its duty to their Gracious Sovereign, at the earliest opportunity, to approach the throne with an humble address renewing the assurance of our respectful attachment to Her Majesty's person and Government, and, at the same time, humbly praying Her Most Gracious Majesty to believe that, in presuming to differ in opinion from Her Majesty's Imperial advisers, our only aim is to promote the harmony and consolidate the interests of this Province, in laboring for which objects we feel that our highest reward will be found in the approbation of our Gracious Sovereign.”

After a long debate the resolutions were negatived.—Yeas:—12; Nays:—23. The main motion was carried. So were the 3rd and 4th paragraphs.

The consideration of the remainder was postponed till to-day.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

REV. MR. O'FARRELL'S SECOND LECTURE.

(Specially Reported for the True Witness.)

On Thursday evening last week, the reverend gentleman delivered his second Lecture, before the St. Patrick's Literary Association, in the Bonaventure Hall, and before a crowded audience. On the platform we noticed the Very Reverend Superior of the Seminary, the Rev. Director of the Association, and several others of the Clergy.

The Reverend Gentleman, immediately after making his appearance upon the platform, commenced his discourse by saying that when he had last the pleasure of addressing them, it was to speak of the Irish Church—to direct attention to her during every portion of her early career—to describe her glories, and to point out the benefits that foreign nations had derived from the seats of learning and science, which she had encouraged and nurtured from her missionaries who went forth from the land to spread the light of the Gospel in those parts;—how they were indebted to her sons—men of piety and learning—for much of the learning and science that could then be imparted to them. He had shown that the Irish Church had a beginning different from that of any other; not after years of persecution and suffering did she appear to come forth triumphant; but she appeared all at once dazzling and brilliant. It was not thus that other national churches had their beginning; on the contrary, they had to endure many trials and persecutions; and it was only after years of such persecutions that their followers began to appear everywhere free to preach and practise her doctrines. Thus in Europe it was that the Church only advanced step by step at various intervals through the persecutions of her children, to freedom; not thus with the Irish Church—her children had no persecution to endure in defence of the new doctrine which they had embraced. But, notwithstanding this, suffer she must in after days, sooner or later; for such is the decree of Providence. To use the touching language of the Scripture, the Almighty had filled her with bitterness. It is no pleasant task to enter upon the subsequent career of the Irish Church in succeeding ages. The traveller who has just traversed some foreign country, beautiful beyond comparison for its scenery—having beheld at every step the monuments of its greatness—having admired its stately temples of religion—having seen all its magnificent wonders of civilization, of art, and of science—cannot enter all at once into some dreary scene without feeling some degree of aversion or disgust by the contrast; so it is with our subject. Having dwelt with so much pleasure on the fair aspect which the early Irish Church presents to view, it is with difficulty that he could follow her through her sufferings. There is another motive which impels me to speak of her—that is, the firmness and devotedness of her children in less prosperous times. It is not when happiness and prosperity attend us that we can know the real from the pretended friend; it is not then the true qualities of such can be seen; no, but when adversity and misfortune befall. So it is with the followers of the Church; her glories we admire; but when we see her struck to the ground, we cling to her with the warmest love—with more devoted affection. In view of what she suffered from the first, he should now proceed to discuss his subject under two heads. The first part comprises the troubles and disasters

which befel the Irish Church in her second stage of existence down to the English invasion.—In the next, we shall speak of all that she suffered from that time to this. The lesson which he wished to inculcate was to avoid dissensions and divisions, to advise union and concord among his fellow-countrymen, knowing full well from past experience, the baneful effects of a contrary course. It is in trusting in themselves in resolving to confide in each other that they might hope for success; for it was disunion and discord that has ever been the bane of Ireland. In order to understand the history of Ireland and learn something of her early struggles and sufferings, it would be necessary to go back to the time of the Danes. It was in the early part of the ninth century that the Danes first landed on Rathlin, an island on the north coast of Ireland, and quickly after reached the mainland; then the Irish began to suffer from their attacks and ravages. The Danes, or Norsemen of that period, were a race of men cruel and fierce in their nature to the utmost degree—men who issuing from the North of Europe, and roving about every known land and sea in quest of plunder and spoils—spread devastation and terror wherever they went—men loving danger for danger's sake; all Europe felt the edge of their sword.—England felt their power; and France, too, had to yield up to them some of her fairest provinces; to one of which they gave a name derived from themselves—that is Normandy. Whilst the Saxon and Frank had to bow down before the Danes, to the praise of Ireland be it said—a fact for which her sons, too, should feel proud—that she disputed every inch of ground with them, until they were finally defeated on the plains of Clontarf by the brave Brian Boru, monarch of Ireland; thus showing how irresistible Irishmen are when united in defence of their native land. (Applause.)—Though finally subdued, the effects of their depredations were long after deeply felt—they were the greatest curse that ever afflicted any country. In vain had the greatest chieftains, time after time, defeated them, the places of the fallen were soon supplied by others burning to avenge their defeat. But it was principally against the Sacred Institutions that their fury was directed; everywhere could be seen traces of their devastation, and it was their boast that they stabled their horses in the Chapels of Kings. It is painful to read the records of those times—of the wide-spread devastation perpetrated throughout the island by them. A few notices of their ravages will suffice. During the 9th century Armagh was burnt no less than eleven times. In the same century the celebrated Church of Kildare was burnt six times, and the surrounding country laid waste. Glendalough, Kells, and Clonmacnois suffered, too, very severely from their ravages. But why attempt to mention all their deeds of a like description;—it would be a useless task, besides a painful one to continue to enumerate their many ravages; every place had its tale of woe to relate. So terrible was their remembrance that the name of the Danes was still used by mothers, long after their expulsion, to frighten their children. With the faith and energy of true Christians, the Irish labored for the restoration of the religious edifices given to destruction by the invaders; as soon as destroyed, they hastened to repair the damages, until faith and love proved too strong for the attempts of the foe—until the invader found there was something stronger, some deeper motive than they knew of, which animated them to persevere—that was their unalterable love of the Faith. The light of faith was long kept burning, unquenchable, and undimmed, by her sons, amid sufferings and persecutions, to cheer and animate them in their struggles—

“Like the lamp that burnt bright in Kildare's holy shrine, Through long ages of darkness and storm.”

Moreover, to free their own land from the villainy of the Danes, some of them spread themselves over Europe; and there there might be found Irish priests, distinguished for their piety and learning. It was Irish priests at this period that principally directed the establishments of learning and science on the Continent. (Applause.)—At Glastonbury, for instance, there was a monastery of Irish monks, where St. Dunstan received his early education. Throughout the Continent, at Metz, Cologne, and in the Netherlands, Irish priests were found at the head of religious establishments. It is true that several abuses crept into the Irish Church during this period of persecution. The cruelty of the Danes was the cause of the relaxation of discipline. The primatial Chair of Armagh for instance was occupied by no less than eight persons of the same family in succession, who had come to look upon its occupation as their inalienable right—as a sort of heirloom in the family, and what was worse, none of them were in orders, but all were laymen. Of them be it said, however, that although these persons thus retained possession of the See, they attempted not to discharge any of the functions. Yet they possessed all the real power; exercising all right over the temporalities of the See, of selecting and appointing the priests, refusing to yield their sanction to any others than those of their own choice. Enjoying all the revenues that could be derived from it, they were enabled to control the See in every possible way. It could not be supposed of Ireland, taking this circumstance as an example, that under such a state of things that the nation or her Church could be prosperous.—Several times the Irish Bishops attempted to remedy this abuse, but without effect. However, this state of matters was not destined to continue for ever, as in the days of her greatest prosperity, before the close of the eleventh century, she once more shone forth brilliant—all these abuses were reformed. Synods were held in various places, new laws and regulations were enacted for the government and guidance of the church. A great national movement was then inaugurated, our annalist tells that in the year 1111 at Usneach, a synod was held at which were assembled 50 bishops and 371 priests. In the Synod of Kells 1152 under Cardinal Paparo, the degree of consanguinity as to marriage was decreed to extend to the seventh degree as on the Continent and not to the fifth as therefore, the differences in points of discipline from the Continental

churches were abolished, there the subject of the payment of tithes were introduced and decreed but, nevertheless the matter never became a general law. In the 12th century the distinguished men of the Irish Church were very remarkable. Some of them were praised by St. Bernard; and others by Gerald Cambrensis, the historian of the English, who says of them that they were men eminent for their learning and piety—among these were Gilbert, Gelasius, Christian and Malachy the great reformer and the restorer of church discipline. But the greatest of all that goes before him, the one that overtops all others—who appears everywhere as the genius of the Irish Church is St. Lawrence O'Toole. Among all those who had shone conspicuous about this period, there is none whom we can love with greater love than St. Lawrence O'Toole. His example is a bright and shining light to point out the path wherein Irishmen should tread.—Alas! in the heart we feel there are but few spots in the history of Ireland wherein we can rest satisfied, or come to bring ourselves to contemplate with any degree of complacency. Yet his life is an oasis in the desert, the green and fertile spot wherein we can take delight. You all may have heard of the vale of Glendalough—it is a wild and rugged spot in the County of Wicklow. Here nature seems to sit enthroned in her wildest and most fitful mood, surrounded by mountains stretching away in the distance—on their sides grow the wild fern, and from their sides, too, shoot huge precipitous or overhanging rocks, dark, fearful, and gloomy, lie piled, torn, and scattered about; long ranges of hills, on which a few scanty shrubs may be seen here and there to grow—which can scarcely draw nourishment from their barren soil. Further down, mountains of granite arise, towering in vast and rugged proportions—which afford not nourishment to any thing; so darkly rising over that lake sung by Moore that the lark has never yet been known to sing his matinal song above it—

By that lake whose gloomy shore Skylark never warbles o'er—

near to which still exists the remains of some ancient churches—the whole scene is impressive and solemn in the highest degree. Nine years are past since, for the first and last time in life I gazed upon that beautiful vale; yet its remembrance can never be effaced from my memory. There it was that the young St. Lawrence was born and educated; and here, too, it was that he imbibed that love of freedom which so much distinguishes him, and which endears him still, long years after his death, to every good and true man. Born in the year 1132, on the eve of troublesome times, he was soon to be an actor in those scenes that were about to happen in his native land. When he was scarcely ten years of age, his father was attacked by McMurrough, King of Leinster, and in order to save himself from ruin was forced to give him up St. Lawrence as an hostage. Badly treated, and almost kept naked in the most inclement weather, his health began to suffer; his father at the recital quickly flew to arms, and McMurrough was soon obliged to give up the child to the hands of the Bishop of Glendalough. Some years after he entirely devoted himself to God in the Monastery of the Two Lakes, where he was in a short time unanimously elected Abbot of the place, and would have been chosen Bishop of the place if he himself had not opposed the nomination. He was afterwards appointed Archbishop of Dublin, in which office his zeal and charity was conspicuous. He acted in it with much disinterestedness—especially towards the poor, so that every day he fed between thirty and forty persons, sometimes double the number. He had soon to appear in a wider sphere; here I allude to the invasion of Ireland, in the year of our Lord 1169, and in which St. Lawrence was called to play a prominent part. Ever since the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans, her Kings had meditated an invasion of Ireland. Hammer relates in his chronicle that William Rufus, standing on a high rock and looking towards Ireland, said “I will bring hither my ships, and pass over and conquer that land;” and on these words of the English monarch being related to Mortogh O'Brien, King of Ireland, he replied, “I wish the King in his great threatening said, if it please God;” and when answered, “No,” “Then,” said the Irish monarch, “I fear him not, since he putteth his trust in man, and not in God.”—Henry II. only now awaited a proper opportunity to put the long cherished project of his predecessors on the throne into execution—to seize and invade the Kingdom of Ireland. He resolved to cover his design under a show of zeal for the Church. For the first and last time the chair of St. Peter was filled by an Englishman, Nicholas Breakspere, known by the name of Adrian IV. Henry failed not to fill with complaints the mind of the New Pope about the Irish Church and people. He professed the utmost zeal for the conversion of foreign nations; lamented the outrages of the barbaric land of the Irish against the See of Peter in refusing or neglecting to pay tithes. With these and many other forcible arguments, he endeavoured to obtain from the Pope permission to invade Ireland, to grant him a Bull investing him with a title to its sovereignty, a right for its invasion and subjugation, and the pope too willing listened to his representations, at last yielded to his wishes. The Pope was brought into that design against the Irish from a different motive than that which actuated the English monarch—the preservation of the Church from abuses or scandals. The crimes of the Irish might then be said to have no existence, save in the imaginations of their enemy.—to be all a fantasy, for no complaint had reached the throne of Peter from any ecclesiastic, against abuses and scandals. This power of the Pope in the middle ages, is capable of explanations as to its extent, and the various modifications of which it is susceptible. He intended to explain the power of the Pope as it existed in the middle ages. [Here the speaker explained at length this subject] saying that the Sovereign Pontiff in the middle ages possessed great temporal influence or power is a fact which will not admit of a dispute. But how did they acquire this power? Was it by pandering to the passions of the great? or by sowing dissensions?—Some will attribute it to this reason; but by

others who have studied the history of these times, the solution will be found easily. By many Protestants with a logic which does honor to their head and heart, it is proved that the Popes were the uncompromising foe of the oppressor and the supporters of the injured and feeble. Here is the explanation of their power in the dark ages, but which he would designate as ages of faith. Of their customs, their laws, and their language, faith was the main spring. As with individuals, so even in kingdoms we see the same results produced on a grander scale. Faith was the groundwork of every state. Faith was so intimately connected with the constitution that, to weaken the one was to weaken, if not destroy, the other. Now if a prince fell into the crime of heresy he lost all right and title to the throne; just the same as if the sovereign of England would abandon the faith of the State; she would by her people be compelled to resign.—In Sweden, in modern times, Christina, the Queen of that country, on being converted from the reformed faith, abandoned her throne, in order to be enabled to become a Catholic. If then a Prince fell into heresy, the people were not obliged to obey him any longer; resistance was the duty of the subject. This fact being presupposed, it is easy to see how the Sovereign Pontiff came to enjoy so much sway in Europe; his voice was everywhere heard with docility. If then the ruler of the State violated the Constitution of the country, what was to be done?—Certainly not to appeal to the people who were not qualified to judge of the matter in dispute, or to give a decision. It was at once to have recourse to some competent person to judge, to claim an impartial decision. No person possessed the qualification so eminently as did the Pope—the head of the Church—an independent Prince, and from the reverence which all felt for his person. To the Popes then the people appealed to decide any such cause of complaint, as to whether the King had fallen into heresy or not. Thus may be explained all that we learn of the Popes deposing Kings in the middle ages; and this arose from the necessity of the case. The Popes became the guardians of their liberties and the upholders of their rights. Let us now return to Ireland. The Irish King had committed no crime that merited chastisement as to dethronement. The Irish people had not sought the protection or decision of the Pope against their sovereign; no abuses or scandals were complained of, and wherefore could the English monarch lay claim on the score of religion for interference, much less the possession of the throne; or seek the exercise of the Sovereign Pontiff's influence on his behalf for such a purpose. But be that as it may, a Bull was obtained, the Pope ratified it, and the fraud remained for 20 years useless. You all know the principal outlines of the history of those times, and of the events that then fell out. In the month of May, in the year 1169, several barks were seen approaching the Irish coast, and arrived in Bannock bay, in Wexford. The invading forces of over 500 men were commanded by Robert Fitzstephen. Soon after their landing, Fitzstephen was joined by more troops from England; soon after Dermot McMurrough hastened to his succor, and then all advanced to the siege of Wexford. All the tribes on their way were mercilessly plundered. Arrived at Waterford in the following year, the city was soon taken; it being principally inhabited by Danes. Roderick O'Connor hastened with a large force to protect Dublin; every avenue to the beleaguered city was strictly guarded, except one. The path that was left unguarded lay over the Wicklow mountain; it was thought from its dangers and difficulties that no enemy would attempt to march by it. This was the very road of all others that the invaders took. Passing along the brow of the high Wicklow mountains, they approached to the attack of Dublin unopposed.—At the sight the Dubliners were panic stricken; they were completely taken by surprise, and appeared as much thunderstruck as if the enemy had fallen from the clouds. The whole city was filled with terror and confusion. There was one, however, who was not dismayed, who fled not—and that one was their Archbishop, St. Lawrence O'Toole. Lawrence now undertook the mission to proceed to their camp to endeavor by earnest remonstrance to conclude a treaty with them.—Meanwhile, all are in hopes of a speedy peace; stillness hovers over the city; hushed is the noise of strife and tumult; the sentinels have all left their posts; all have abandoned themselves to security;—on a sudden, strange cries are heard, groans and shrieks. The English have burst into the town by a secret passage, and are slaughtering the defenceless inhabitants. The groans and cries have reached the ears of the Archbishop; he flies to the scene of carnage and death; he snatches the victims from their merciless assassins; to administer the rites of religion; the bodies of the dead from slaughter and ruin, to bestow Christian burial. Wherever carnage became more deadly, there is St. Lawrence to be seen, discharging the duties of religion, until he at length, by his courage and intrepidity, won the admiration and respect of the Normans. Thus it was that St. Lawrence showed his constancy and courage to his native land and the duties of his religion; and thus too it was he sustained the rights of the people and the temporal rights of the Church. When the enemy attempted to deprive the native clergy of the benefices which they enjoyed, St. Lawrence rose to oppose them; not once did he think to discharge his obligations with apathy or indifference to his fellow-countrymen; there are times when the priest must support and guide his country. He may not, it is true, take up arms himself, but he can stir up the heart of the country to strike for homes and freedom—(cheers)—thus he shows too no truer or more patriotic heart may beat than under a Cassock or Soutane. So St. Lawrence, rising up like the Macabees of old, determined to strike one other blow for his native home. With incredible exertions he traversed the island from end to end, from east to west, from north to south, from chief to chief, from clan to clan encouraging and urging them to take up arms against the invaders; advising union and concord among the various conflicting elements of interest and discord; this undertaking was to some extent successful, there soon assembled an

army before Dublin to the number of 30,000. It was a glorious sight this mighty array of chiefs and clans. How much must Lawrence have felt gratified to behold the success of his past labors. But, alas! there was no head to that mighty force. O'Connor could but ill command the respect of those fierce Chiefs who had consented to act under his command. For two months the City of Dublin was besieged by the Irish, who hoped to reduce it to subjection by starvation. Now St. Lawrence was seen animating them to perseverance. The distress of the besieged was very great. At last driven to despair, knowing that disgrace and poverty awaited them if they returned to England, defeated and driven out; sallying forth, when the army had become remiss on its duty, they made a furious attack on the besiegers. So sudden was the surprise, that they spread confusion and terror throughout the camp; and on this occasion the conduct of Roderick was unaccountable. He fled from the siege with the remains of his army, without effecting the object for which they had assembled. With this defeat, the hope of united action on the part of the various Chiefs were for ever blasted; many of the Chiefs, after this surprise, betook themselves home, again to renew their intestine feuds; and St. Lawrence saw no prospect of rallying them against the foe. How his heart must have bled to see the consummation of his labours thus blasted. The independence of Ireland was gone, and when afterwards attempts were made to place the Irish Church under the English Hierarchy, he applied to the Pope against the contemplated injustice; and when these attempts were continued in, and his remonstrance failed; he sought an interview with the Pope, he pleaded the cause of the native Clergy, he showed how much the Church was indebted to the children of the Irish Church for their labours; how much other nations had benefited from them, and then asked, was this to be the reward of their services, that the Irish should be delivered, bound hand and foot to an English tyrant. He succeeded in averting for ever these attempts. It is recounted that when Henry the 2nd landed in Ireland, he immediately called together a synod; at the same time you will remember that the Irish Church was said to have fallen into the greatest abuses, while we learn from the English historian that it was intended by Henry, that he should have the glory of their reform. Now these mighty abuses were those that are mentioned in the Council of Cashel.—

1. The degrees of consanguinity as regards marriage; 2. To provide that children should be baptized in the Church; 3. That all the faithful should pay the tithes of corn and other articles. If they did not as yet pay their tithes or first offerings, are these the mighty abuses for which a whole country was to be given into bondage.— But as to non-payment of tithes, the clergy would not accept, but refused them when offered by Cardinal Paparo. Dynasties have changed and Kingdoms have fallen since then, but these rulers still love the tithes; what the people would not give to their own clergy, they refuse to offer to strangers. We cannot believe that if their crimes had been real that such Prelates as directed the Church would have allowed them to pass unnoticed; no, they would have gladly welcomed the invader to purify the Church, instead of seeing a St. Lawrence opposing them.— But Providence willed it to be otherwise. Plunder and murder have marked every page of her history since then. Afterwards, the Reformation came to add to her new struggles and trials. As to St. Lawrence, he ever preserved the character of uprightness and integrity. Henry was now in Normandy, and St. Lawrence set out to seek an interview with him. When he had reached England, Henry gave orders for him to remain there, and not to return to his native shore. But hoping to remove by his presence some unfounded prejudices and suspicions entertained against him by the King, he set out to meet him, and had just reached the little town of Eu, when he was seized with his last illness, and feeling that it was his last illness, he said when near his end, and thinking of the misery that was about to be brought on the people—"Ah foolish and insensate people, who will now warn thee to flee from the wrath that is coming upon thee, who will counsel thee in thy distresses, or labor to heal your dissension and discord." Thus he died, as great as he had lived; he went forth to be an exile from his own home, and to find a grave in the land of strangers. But that grave was not an ignoble one; for the children of the French soil, near the place, assemble every year at his grave to do him honor. St. Lawrence was the last of our canonized Saints; although three or four eminent Saints lived immediately before his time, whose names have been enrolled in the calendar. It would seem as if eminent sanctity had fled from the island on the invasion of the English, or as if a people, unable by their dissensions to preserve their freedom, were unworthy to have Saints any longer among them. Before closing, he would point out what could have led to the ruin of the country. Let us examine a little further. When we see a small number of English adventurers overrun a country without almost opposition, it is easily explained.—

The first, the greatest, the strongest of all causes was, that each of the four Provinces was governed by a Prince or King, with numerous other Chiefs, each claiming the right of making war or peace at his pleasure. The Leinster Prince strove to regain his throne from which he was driven; and the people of that Province wished to sustain their native Prince, MacMorrugh. No where do we see the Chiefs take alarm at the stranger, and no where do we see a national stand taken in the beginning. Thus do we explain the fact, that a people naturally brave, whose forefathers had often driven out the foe, were obliged to bend before the invader. They were conquered by themselves, and not by the stranger.

It was fate, they'll say, a wayward fate, Your web of discord wove; And while your tyrants joined in hate, You never joined in love. Another cause was the want of a skillful head, but Roderick was a weak prince, fond of negotiations, when he should have been prompt in action. Another reason that all the towns on the sea coast were inhabited by Danish people, who could not be supposed to have the same attachment to the soil. The in-

fluence of the Bull was also felt; and although it obliged not to obey, yet there were timorous people, as there are always in such cases, who scrupled to disobey, there were those among both priests and people who did not like to act in opposition to the will of the Sovereign Pontiff. However they were able to maintain a long and glorious struggle for their independence. England has been conquered in a day, but 400 years must elapse, ere they could be obliged to surrender. Whenever some mighty Chief-tain—some ruler, who knew how to take advantage of his position, arose, we see their exertions soon crowned with success. Thus it was with Donald O'Brien. This example of O'Brien's will suffice—although he submitted to the English after their arrival. In the year 1174 Strongbow set out from Waterford to attack O'Brien, and ordered large reinforcements from Dublin. To oppose him O'Brien assembled his tribe. He attacked very briskly the English forces—the struggle was obstinate, the Irish fearlessly attacked those mail-clad warriors, though their breasts were bare of armor and their bodies had no defensive covering;—the battle-axe and spear wielded by strong and vigorous arms went crashing through iron and steel and the foemen fell beneath the well-directed blows, clon down with irresistible force. (Cheers.) 1700 of the English were left on the field. (Applause.) When the news of this battle was brought to Strongbow, he hastily fled to Waterford, shut himself up within its walls, expecting every moment to be besieged; and such too was the consternation that it was soon expected to hear of the surrender of the garrison; but the victory was not followed up; inaction succeeded, and so the opportunity was lost. And now when the Irish seemed to take a new spirit from this success, when both clergy and people, disdaining the yoke that was striven to be put upon them, took courage to resist; then it was that Henry brought forth the Pope's bull, then it was he called an assembly of clergy to read the bull, and at that synod a decree of excommunication was issued against all who would oppose it. From this we shall see how this Church so brilliant became dark; and how afterwards, by her sufferings, she added another gem to those with which she has been adorned. The Rev. Gentleman concluded after some remarks upon the necessity of uniting together, and of rallying round the new St. Patrick's Literary Association, which he trusted would be the means of spreading amongst all classes a love for knowledge and for instruction; a greater esteem for each other, and a greater desire to assist and help each other, and that the name of St. Lawrence O'Toole might be a watchword and a rallying cry.

Then here's his memory, may it be For us a shining light To cheer our strife for liberty, And teach us to unite. The Rev. Gentleman sat down amid loud applause.

BROWNSON'S REVIEW, JANUARY 1859.—The present number of this excellent periodical contains articles on the following subjects:—

- I. "Usury Laws." II. "Catholicity and Civilization." III. "The Humanists." IV. "Primitive Elements of Thought." V. "Conversations on Theocracy." VI. "Popular Amusements." VII. "Literary Notices and Criticisms."

The first article on our list examines the policy of "Usury Laws" from a Catholic point of view; and the Reviewer argues that the "Free-Trade" theories of Jeremy Bentham with respect to the repeal of those laws are certainly not sustained by the results, and that therefore their repeal would be of very questionable policy; he shows that it would be repugnant to the spirit of the teachings of the Catholic Church—which if faithfully followed out promote the temporal interests of society, and insure the spiritual welfare of the individual.

In his second article the Reviewer maintains that there is not only no incompatibility betwixt Catholicity and Constitutional Government, but that the Papacy ever has been the best friend of liberty; and that to its influence are due those vestiges of civil and religious liberty which outlived the Protestant revolution of the XVI century; whilst in his third article he detects and points out the close connection betwixt Protestantism and Heathenism, as indicated by the essentially heathen and anti-Christian spirit that animated the "Humanists," or writers of the age immediately preceding the Protestant Reformation; of which the obscene Ulrich Von Hutten was the precursor—as St. John the Baptist was of Christianity—and Voltaire of that modern phase of Protestantism or Denialism, known as the French Revolution.

A profound essay upon, or rather analysis of the philosophical writings of the Abbe Hugonin is followed by the "Conversations of Our Club," in which the vulgar objections to "Theocracy" are stated and skillfully disposed of; and with an excellent article upon "Popular Amusements," succeeded by the usual "Literary Notices" of recent publications, the January number of the Review is concluded. Whilst so many trashy and often positively injurious publications are amply supported in Canada, it is to be hoped that all true Catholics will make it a point of encouraging and promoting the circulation of this leading Catholic periodical of the American Continent.

"MARIAN ELLWOOD; OR HOW GIRLS LIVE."—By One of themselves. Dunigan & Brother, New York. This is a very pretty story, well told, and pervaded by a religious spirit throughout; it is therefore a work which we can cheerfully recommend to a Catholic public, and hail as a valuable addition to our lighter Catholic literature.

THE JUBILEE AT MOUNT ST. MARY.—October 6th 1858.—Published by the President of Mount St. Mary's College.—Ed. Dunigan and Brother, New York. A very interesting report of the addresses delivered, and other proceedings, at the Semi-Centennial celebration at Mount St. Mary's College, on the 6th of October last.

Physicians say that Davis' Pain Killer is one of those nice little articles which is calculated to relieve an immense amount of suffering incident to human life. Its action on the system is many times like magic—so instantaneous—the pain is gone at once. Sold by all dealers in family medicines.

THE "SALE D'ASSISE."—The Bazaar in aid of the funds of this essentially "Romish" institution, closed on Saturday last, with complete success. The sum realised amounted to no less than \$1,400, which together with the monies previously collected, will go a long way towards defraying the expenses of the building wherein the classes are to be held.

We have been requested by the Rev. M. Rousselot, the indefatigable director and promoter of this glorious work, to return his thanks to the Ladies and others who by their generous co-operation, have largely contributed towards the happy results above enumerated.

ORANGE COURTESIES.—What the sentiments that Orangemen entertain towards us, and what we have to expect from any kind of political alliance with these gentry—may be easily ascertained from the following "Notices of Motions" by the notorious Gowan.

"Bill to prevent the creation or erection of any additional Separate School Sections, endowed by grant from the public treasury, and to provide for the closing those now in existence in Upper Canada, as any one or more of them may at any time cease to be occupied and used as a public Separate School."

"Bill to provide for the general incorporation of all Religious, Benevolent, Literary and Scientific Bodies and Associations, and to declare inapplicable all special Acts and special privileges."

The first of these notices evinces the feelings of the Orangemen towards our Catholic Separate Schools; and the second, their design to renew Mr. Drummond's infamous Bill of 1856. It should, at all events, be moved in amendment thereunto, that "Ribbons" and "Orange" Lodges be by name excluded from the benefits of any general incorporation Act; and that all clauses imposing restrictions upon the right of the individual to dispose at pleasure of his own, be omitted.

ADDRESS TO THE REVEREND OLIVER KELLY.

REVEREND SIR—We, the undersigned inhabitants of Brockville, members of the congregation over which you presided with so much benefit to them and credit to yourself, as well as those of other religious persuasions, avail ourselves of the present occasion to give expression to the feelings of affection we entertain towards you of our regret for your departure from our town, and of our admiration of the many excellent qualities we admired in you during your long sojourn amongst us.

The good understanding, amounting to friendship, which has prevailed between our persuasions, yourself and congregation, was, to a great extent, attributable to your conciliating deportment, which, without compromising your own position, or the interests of those confided to your care, secured this desirable result.

The splendid edifice which contributes one of the principal ornaments of our town, will ever stand a substantial monument of your zeal for the honor of God and for the dignity of Divine worship.

We are aware that your departure has not been of your own choice, and this consideration increases our regret for the event.

Receive, then, Reverend Sir, the homage of our best wishes for your future welfare, and our prayers that the Almighty may long spare you to make, by your preaching and example, the same salutary impressions that in us will never be effaced.

(Signed) Patrick Murray, A. Sherwood, Sheriff; Henry Walsh, Robert Fitzsimmons, Mayor; William McCauley, A. B. Dana, Reeve. &c., &c. Brockville, Jan. 1859.

GENTLEMEN—I accept with every feeling of grateful recognition the kind address with which you are pleased to honor me, and assure you that my fondest ambition is more than satisfied by the evidence you give of my having won your esteem. The exaggerated picture you draw of my department during a protracted sojourn in your midst is, in one respect, essentially truthful, for I always admired and wished to perpetuate that mutual forbearance and kindly feeling I found to exist between other religious denominations, and the congregations given to my charge, and when you are seen on the present occasion acting in concert and commingling your sentiments of kindness towards an unworthy Priest, you supply an evidence that religion begets no rancour in the men of Brockville.

The New Church now so far advanced towards completion, was with me a matter of necessity, for when I beheld the many stately edifices for which your pretty town is so justly admired, those hills of charming residences, the many vast structures for Commercial purposes; Banks, Court House, and a Rail-Road about to run your town into the dimensions of a City. I considered it an intolerable reproach to suffer any longer the House of God to be a pitiful contrast to such extensive improvements; nor will I for the Catholics of Brockville be ever ungrateful of the munificent sympathy we received in that extensive undertaking from gentlemen of other religious persuasions.

They who are familiar with the discipline of the Catholic Church are well aware that I could have no choice in my removal from Brockville, it entirely depending on the will of my superior to whom I owe, in that regard, implicit obedience, but his authority cannot reach to or control the lasting affection I shall ever maintain for a town dear to me for so many serious considerations and cherished reminiscences.

Although I had many substantial proofs of your unfeigned affection, I could not have anticipated the effort you have made for a parting gift, having so recently filled your pecuniary resources for the more pressing purposes of the New Church.

Accept then, Gentlemen, my sincerest acknowledgments for your too flattering address, and believe me that your honored names shall be ever held in grateful remembrance by the unworthy object of your present notice. (Signed) OLIVER KELLY. Brockville, Jan. 1859.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Charlottenburg, Jan. 24th, 1859

Our member got a paper put up in his office, to despise the people of his own Church. He did this after the meeting of the Catholics to take into consideration the condition of the Separate Schools. He wanted to ridicule them. This was the paper in question.

"PAPIST LODGE." Grand Master. C. D. Chisholm. Deputy Grand. A. S. McDonald. Master of Scauld. A. R. McDonald. Clothier Furnisher to the Lodge. H. McDonald. Grand Scribe. — Curran. Now, sir, do you see what our Roman Catholic member says of the Catholic of his own place?— Could you get better from a son of Brown? You will put this in print for all the Catholics of the County of Olenagary to know it, and to read it for him at the hustings of the next election. This is the Catholic that George Brown and Ryerson make the fit model for all the Catholics of Upper Canada.— What a fine model for us all! A SCOTCH CATHOLIC.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir—A most brutal and savage murder was committed on the Hastings Road, near Tudor, the particulars of which are as follow:—It appears that a person of the name of Robert Dickey, who had been in Australia for some time, and where he had been enabled to accumulate a considerable amount of money, came to reside in this part of the country. Some time during this season I employed a man named Simon Peter Rock, an Irish Orangeman, to chop wood for him. On the morning of the 10th of January, Rock got up to light a fire; and immediately after, Dickey discovered that his shanty was on fire; by which cause he lost about 300 dollars worth of property. At this time he had been finishing a new house for himself, and had a joiner, named James Barbeau, working in it; this man he also boarded. In the afternoon, Dickey and Barbeau went to a neighboring house to get dinner; and while away Rock, it seems, broke open a trunk belonging to Mr. Dickey, and took therefrom all the money which it contained, and scattered about the room all of Dickey's papers. Before Rock could make his escape out of the room, the other two returned; and when Rock found that he could not effect his escape without being detected, he took down a double barreled gun belonging to Mr. Dickey, which he loaded, and fired at him as he pushed the door open, lodging the contents about the windpipe, which caused instant death. Mr. Dickey never spoke a word after receiving the fatal shot. The joiner, who was putting some shavings on the fire, turned round on hearing the report, and perceived Mr. Dickey lying dead, and the gun levelled by Rock at himself. Barbeau then instantly fled from the house, and gave the alarm to some men living not far distant from the scene. Prompt pursuit was given to Rock, who had by this time fled; but he was soon overtaken, and brought back. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of wilful murder was returned against Rock. He was committed to Belleville goal, to await his trial.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—The Rev. Director begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the following very handsome contributions to the Library of the Association:—

- From Dr. Hingston, the "Encyclopaedia Americana," 14 vols. From James Donnell, Esq.—Charlemaigne, by Lucien Bonaparte, 2 vols; Brownson's Essays; Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation; The Irish Abroad and at Home; The Fall of the Crimea; Borret's Grammar of the English, Latin, Greek, German, Spanish, and French Languages; Dr. Cahill's Works; The American Negotiator; Goldsmith's England; Shakespeare; Moore's Works; Trade of Canada; Illustrated Magazine; Anglo-American Magazine, 11 nos.; Bow's Review, 7 nos.; and the Life of Bishop McGinn, by T. D. McGee. From Rev. Mr. Poupin—The Faith of Catholics, 3 vols; Bishop England's Works, 5 vols; Speeches of Grantan, Skeil, O'Connell, (2 vols) Burke, and Plunket; Palmer's Philosophy, 2 vols.; Brownson's Essays; McGuire's Rome; and History of Christianity in China, 2 vols. From Anonymus—McGeoghegan's History of Ireland; Harper's Magazine, 74 nos. From A Friend—Dr. Dixon's Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures; Livy's Rome, 2 vols; State Trials, 44; Symbolism; Sheil's Speeches; History of the Irish Hierarchy; Reeve's Church History; Goldsmith's Natural History; Sincere Christian; Illustrated London Astronomy; Dickens' Works, 2 vols.; Morvii's Miernan; Keats' poetical works; Library of Ireland, 7 vols; Plutarch's Lives, 4 vols; Macauley's England, 4 vols.; and Lingard's England, 13 volumes.

The Committee have resolved to send a certain amount of cash to the Professor of History in the Catholic University, Ireland, with a request to select, for the Association here, the best works on the history, antiquities, &c., and general Literature of Ireland.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Johnsons Corners, S. Brown, 10s; South Douro, D Quinn, 5s; Lochiel, D McMillan, 10s; Elora, P Carroll, 5s; Brinsville, N Hays, 2 6d; Hemmingford, D McEvilly, £1 2s 6d; Jugersoli, B Patton, 15s; St Hyacinthe, Rev Mr Desnoyers, 5s; Dalhousie Mills, D McDonald 11s 3d; Lancaster, D McLaughlin, 1s 3d; Hunt, J, J Muntill, 10s; Sherrington, M M O'Leary, 10s; Aspinville, J Sloan, 5s; Drumbo, D Gremm, 12s 6d; La Presentation, Rev Mr Beauregard, £1 5s; Bristol, T Gallagher, £1 5s; Osgoode, A McDonald, 10s; Yonge, A Fox, 15s; Fredrickburg, G Gannon, £1; Cudington, T Gallagher, £1 4s 6d; Alexandria, J McMillan, £1 17s 6d; LaCadie, B Conroy, 6s 3d; Newharris, R Chickelly, 10s; Brockville, H Walsh, £1; Marysville, D McHenry, 5s; Chicago, Rev P Chisney, £1 15s; St Sylvester, J Corr, 10s; St Johns, C E, Mrs Stafford, 10s. Per C A Lochon—Beauchemin, Dr; Gernon, £1; Mr Branchaud, £1 10s; St Hyacinthe, College, £1 5s; J Nelson, £1 5s; St Damase, Rev Mr Brunet, £2 16s 3d; Beloit, F Chartrand, 12s 6d; J Beauchemin, 12s 6d. Per W M Hart, Laocille—J Gaul, 10s. Per M O'Leary, Quebec—P O'Regan, 15s; J O'Kane 15s; J P O'Meara, 15s; W Johnson, 7s 6d; J O'Neil, 7 6d; St Sylvester, D Maguire, 12s 6d; Stoneham, J O'Neil, 18s 9d; St Vallier, Rev L A Proulx, 12s 9d; S. Foy, Capt M'Grath, £1; L'Islet, J Burke, 12s 6d; T Roche, 12s 6d; Valcartier, F Conway, 10s. Per J Furlong, Wellington—Self, 5s; T Keany, 10s; L Kelley, 5s. Per W F Monagan, Toronto—Education Office, 12s 6d. Per M M Namara, Kingston—T Sullivan, 10s; M Water, 5s; Mrs E Livingston, 10s; Rev E Wyman, 10s; W O'Reilly, 5s; T O'Leary, 12s 6d; Centreville, W Cassidy, £1 5s; Glenburney, J Hickey, 12s 6d. Per M Heaphy, Kemptville—D Deigham, 5s. Per J Campion, Russelltown—Self, 12s 6d; D G Don, 18s 9d. Per W M Namara, Brantford—Rev J Ryan, 10s; J Martin, 5s; Paris, J Renihan, 5s. Per V Garreau, St Denis—Self, £1; Rev Mr Demers, 10s. Per P Price—Naperville, J Sloan, 5s.

- Per J Ford, Prescott—Rev E P Roach, 10s; II Murphy, 5s 3d. Per Rev J J Chisholm, E Hawkesbury—Self, 12s 6d; J M'Guire £1 5s. Per J Heenan, Thorold—M Hennessey, £1 5s. Per M M'Kenny, Cobourg—P Lyach, 10s; J F Doyle, 5s. Per J Roberts, Amherstburg—J Fitzpatrick, 6s 3d. Per Rev L A Bourret—Kamouraski, Rev M Hebert, £1 5s; St Jean Port Joli, Rev J Parant, 15s. Per A M'Phaul, Wellington—Self 10s; J Kennedy, 5s. Per W Chisholm, Dalhousie Mills—A McDonald 10s. Per D McDonald, Vankloek Hill—D Flood, 10s; D Hurley, 10s. Per Rev J Rossiter, Gananoque—M Kane, 10s. Per J O'B Scully, Paris—W Hariley, 5s. Per Rev Mr Lalor, Picton—J Sulernan, 6s 3d; II Goodwin, 5s; J Carroll, 8s 9d. Per G A Hay, St Andrews—D McDonald 10s. Per Rev C W Wardy, New Market, Miss M O'Leary, 5s. Per D G McDonald, Summerstown—Self, 10s; A Grant, 10s.

MARRIED. In St. Patrick's Church, on Monday, January 31, by the Rev. J. J. Connelly, M. Joseph Pare, to Miss Sarah MacCaffrey. DIED. In this city, on the 27th ult., Mary Malloney, mother of James Malloney, and relict of Patrick Malloney, a native of Dury, near Ballymahon, County Longford, Ireland. May her soul rest in peace. In this city on the 29 ult., of apoplexy, after a short illness, R. M. Leprohon, Esq, aged 69 years.

MONTRÉAL MARKET PRICES. February 1st, 1859. Flour, per quintal..... \$3.00 to \$3.30 Oatmeal, per do..... 2 70 to 2 75 Wheat, per bush..... 00 to 00 Oats, do..... 60 to 00 Barley, do..... 80 to 00 Peas, do..... 80 to 85 Beans, do..... 00 to 00 00 Buckwheat, do..... 50 to 55 Onions, per bush..... 67 to 80 Potatoes, per bag..... 75 to 80 Beef, per lb..... 7 to 15 Mutton, per quarter..... 1 00 to 1 15 Pork per 100 lbs. (in the carcass)..... 5 50 to 6 50 Butter, Fresh, per lb..... 25 to 30 " Salt, per lb..... 17 to 18 Eggs, per doz..... 30 to 32 Cheese, per lb..... 10 to 15 Turkeys, per couple..... 1 20 to 2 20 Geese, do..... 85 to 1 50 Fowls, do..... 40 to 60 Asparagus—Pots, per cart..... 6 10 to 6 15 " Parsis, per do..... 6 40 to 6 50

THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, 7th February, at EIGHT o'clock. An Essay will be read, and a Recitation delivered, by two of the Members. A punctual attendance is requested. By Order, RICHARD MSHANN, Rec. Sec. Feb. 8, 1859.



A SPECIAL MEETING of the St. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held on MONDAY EVENING, the 12th February, 1859, at half-past SEVEN o'clock, to debate the question—"Was the Poetical Genius of Moore Superior to that of Burns." R. MSHANN, Rec. Sec.

IMMIGRATION. PASSAGE CERTIFICATES, PER SABEL & SEARLES FIRST CLASS LINE of Packet Ships, from LIVERPOOL to QUEBEC, NEW YORK, OR BOSTON, and also by STEAMSHIP from GALWAY, are now issued by the undersigned. Rates and information will be furnished on application. All letters must be pre-paid. HENRY CHAPMAN & CO., Agents, Montreal. January 1859.

OXYGENATED BITTERS. LETTER FROM REV. C. W. DENISON. Gentlemen.—Having suffered considerably from Dyspepsia, in consequence of close confinement to my duties on ship-board, during a recent voyage to and from the Pacific coast, I was induced by the advice of a friend, to try a bottle of your Oxygenated Bitters. I must frankly say that the effect thus far has been highly favorable. Mrs. Denison has also been invalid from a Chronic Pleurisy, arising from Dyspepsia, and has experienced great relief from the use of Bitters. I feel a real pleasure in recommending them to the public. C. W. DENISON. Sold by their agents every where. For sale in Montreal, at wholesale, by Lyman, Savage & Co., 226 St. Paul Street; also by Carter, Kerry & Co., 184 St. Paul Street; by Johnston, Beers & Co., Medical Hall, Great St. James Street; and S. J. Lyman, Place de Armes.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

All the Emperor's Ministers are said to be now in favor of peace, and the industrial population of France look with aversion upon war.

Among the rumors current were one that Walewski was to be superseded by Persigny as Minister of Foreign Affairs; another that the Austrian Ambassador had left; and another of the formation of an army of observation on the Alps. None of them were confirmed.

The Paris correspondent of the "Times" says that the French Marshalls are charged to take command of the great Military Districts, and all Generals on leave of absence are ordered to their posts. He also says Walewski has protested against the ruinous impression that appeared to rule supreme, and determined to retire from action when moderation is no longer listened to.

Among the rumors from Paris is one that General McMahon is to command the army in Italy, and that 30,000 men of the African contingent were to cross over to Italy.

The "Constitution" has an article admitting that there are serious difficulties between France and Austria concerning the Danube and Servia, but says war is only probable in the event of the rupture of treaties.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.—The Paris journals announce the marriage of Prince Napoleon with the Princess Clotilde Savoye. The Prince leaves on the 13th Jan. for Marseilles, and will embark for Genoa, where he will remain eight days, and then return.

From the Nord we derive the following:—"I am told on credible authority that the exact words spoken by the Emperor to M. Pereire when he met him at the railway station on his way to shoot at Rambouillet were—'L'Aurriche a fait des betises, mais de la la guerre il y a un abime—du reste j'enverrai une note a Monsieur.' M. Pereire saw the Emperor the next day at the Tuilleries, and remained with him three-quarters of an hour. His Majesty said—'Well, the Bourne has been a little better today.' M. Pereire answered—'Yes; because I ventured to report your Majesty's promise to send a note to the Monsieur.'"

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News writes:—"I am informed that, with the express purpose of counteracting the disastrous effect of the few words which the Emperor addressed to M. de Hubner on New Year's Day, His Majesty has arranged a hunting party at Fontainebleau to-morrow, to which the Austrian Ambassador is invited. This news is the more significant that M. de Hubner did not once go to Compiègne during the whole autumn sojourn of the court there. You will remember how much his absence was remarked upon. Not only the Emperor but his Foreign Minister are now prodigal of attentions to M. de Hubner; he dines with Count Walewski to-day. The opinion gains ground that the great historical event of the week was from the first nothing more than a Bourne manoeuvre. All eyes are now turned to Italy, and the King of Sardinia's speech, which will be pronounced on Monday next, is looked for with intense interest. It is confidently reported that it has been settled at the Tuilleries. I am inclined to think it will be much in accordance with the analysis I sent you two or three days since. A story is told of a note of Victor Emmanuel on New Year's day, which forms a curious contrast to what Napoleon III. said to the Pope's nuncio here. Speaking to a president of one of the law courts the King of Sardinia is reported to have said in an under tone, 'Let us hope that this year will be less insignificant than the preceding ones.'"

It is said the Emperor of the French has promised a gift of a million and a half of francs for the restoration of the Cathedral of Lyons.

FRENCH GUN BOATS.—The Journal de Cherbourg announces that the French Government is about to establish a depot of masts and other dockyard materials at Mayotte, for the use of French vessels.—Eight gun boats on a new principle are ordered to be forthwith laid on the stocks at Toulon. They can be taken to pieces and put together again with the greatest facility for the purposes of navigation in shallow waters.

RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, JAN. 5.—By order of the Emperor, British subjects resident or trading in the Russian empire are entitled to enjoy (sans appel adjoint) all the immunities which are granted to French, Greek, Belgian, and Dutch subjects.

ITALY.

ROME.—A letter from Rome, of the 4th inst., supplies us with an account of the reception of General de Goyon and his staff by the Holy Father on the occasion of the New Year.—"The General, on his admission to the audience chamber, addressed the Pope in few words. He said how happy he was to come for the third time to lay at the feet of His Holiness the expression of his homage, his profound respect and devotion, and those of his brother soldiers. He added that his sentiments were those of his august Emperor, and of all his officers and soldiers, and they were engraven on his heart. 'In conclusion,' said the General, 'when I contemplate the majesty of your throne, I see in you a King, and, what is more, a Sovereign Pontiff—the first exercising, like other monarchs, his temporal power within the limits of his States, an authority to the support of which is devoted our entire force; the second, still greater, exercising its spiritual authority throughout the universe without any boundaries than those of the globe itself. We salute, therefore, in your sacred person, the monarch and the noble and worthy successor of St. Peter.' The Pope replied in French.—'He thanked the General for the noble sentiments he had expressed for his person in the name of his officers and soldiers, and added—'On that brilliant day—less from the sun which was shining on the Vatican than by the recollection of the name given to the Sun of Sanctity and Justice, Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world—he invoked with all his heart the benediction of heaven on the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Imperial Prince, the brave army, and the entire nation; and he prayed to support his feeble arm in the good of all, in order that peace should reign throughout the world. The Holy Father then gave the apostolic benediction, and graciously admitted each of the officers to the foot of the throne to kiss his hand.'"

THE STATE OF ITALY.—PARIS, JAN. 6.—There is a rumour in Paris to-day that Milan is in a state of siege. The news seems highly probable, for the few words addressed to M. de Hubner by the Emperor on New Year's day—which have produced the effect which you know in London, and caused a panic for three days running on the Paris Bourse—must have driven the people in Italy nearly wild. The impression that we are on the eve of a general war seems ground immensely. A few days ago it was said—and said truly—in a Belgian journal that war was not believed in except in barracks. That exception had, perhaps, far more importance than was generally attributed to it. I can now assure you beyond a doubt, that at whatever turn events may subsequently take, the "French army of Italy" is at this moment ready to march "on paper." The Commander-in-Chief, the generals, the aid-de-camp, the staff, the regiments, the artillery, the engineering corps, are all fixed upon, and the telegraph might in half-an-hour send them on their way across the Alps to-morrow. I am not habitually emphatic, but be well assured that I do not say this lightly. Now, notwithstanding all these symptoms, my own personal opinion is that a great war is scarcely enough internally to risk the tremendous discontent which would be engendered in France by the catastrophe, the desolation, which would be produced by a war of any long duration. The national vanity is great, and doubtless the news that the tri-coloured flag was waving in Lombardy would for a time silence many hostile par-

ties. If Napoleon III. could see his way to a grand military demonstration, ending in a triumph, without any serious opposition, there is no doubt the movement would be popular. But the "tug" of real war I am sure the nation would have no stomach to stand. There is no doubt, however, that a French army might sweep the Austrians from Italy like chaff before the wind, if no opposing elements came into operation to check their onward course. There is no knowing how far France might be committed by a first and possibly, too sanguine step.—Correspondent of the Times.

TURIN, JAN. 7.—The Piedmontese Gazette publishes a note relative to the navigation of the Danube, in which, after giving a sketch of the various points of the question, it declares that the act signed at Vienna, on the 7th Nov., 1857, is contrary to the principles of liberty, justice, and general utility established by the declarations of the Congress of Paris in 1856. It further expresses the hope that the Powers will maintain the rights of the Conference, and uphold the rules laid down for the purpose of destroying a privilege favorable to Austria alone.

A letter from Milan of the 4th says:—"The cry of 'Viva Vittorio Emanuele,' which is everywhere raised, is incited by Piedmontese agents, and is a demonstration against Mazzini and the Republicans."

TURIN, JAN. 10.—It is certain that a great many persons have come into Piedmont from Austria Italy to avoid the conscription. There have also been arriving here some time past, and there are still arriving, from both Lombardy and Venice, families and persons of the higher classes who have been alarmed by the state of things in their own country.—Cor. of the London Times.

SPAIN.

In the Madrid Chamber of Deputies on the 3rd, the President of the Council confirmed the statement that "Spain had obtained complete satisfaction from the Mexicans who occupied Tampico, and that amongst other things they had restored the loan extorted from the Spaniards." The semi-official Correspondencia Autografa announces in addition that the Government had received official information from Mexico, both from the French Minister, who now represents Spain in that country, and the Spanish Consul, that General Zalozaga, President of the Mexican Republic, had intimated his readiness to give satisfaction to Spain for all her other grievances; but the Correspondencia adds that the Spanish Government will not relax any of its military measures until this promise be completely fulfilled. The same authority says:—"Our financial statement could not possibly be more satisfactory than it is.—Not only were all debts due on the 31st December paid, but the obligations of the Government are provided for, and sums sufficient to pay the expenses of the first two months of the year in hand."

The bill for authorising the Government to levy the taxes without waiting for the vote of the budget, was approved of by the Chamber of Deputies on the 3rd instant without a division. In the Senate a debate took place on the message of the President of the United States. In the course of it, the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared formally that the Cabinet of the United States had not yet made any proposition for the purchase of Cuba, and that if any were made it would be "energetically rejected." A resolution approving of the ministerial declaration was unanimously adopted. Some of the journals mention a rumour that the Queen contemplates making a visit to Rome to have an interview with the Pope.

AUSTRIA.

The Nord publishes the following as the text of the speech made by the Emperor of Austria to the French Ambassador on Jan. 4:—

"I am sincerely touched by the personal sentiments of the Emperor. Assure him that, notwithstanding the dissidences occasioned by political necessities, I have never ceased to feel the profoundest esteem and the most cordial sympathy for his person."

The Nord observes that these words, though less emphatic than those of the French Emperor, show no less clearly the existence of the state of things which has so greatly alarmed public opinion.

It was intended, (says a letter) to send 2 divisions to Italy, but on the 6th inst. orders were issued that seven brigades, that is, three divisions and a half, should move towards the southern part of the empire. The writer adds that, notwithstanding the above warlike preparations, his impression is that there will not be a collision between Austria and Sardinia.

When all the reinforcements have reached their destination, the Austrian forces in Italy will consist of 150,000 men.

INDIA.

The sentence of transportation passed some months ago upon his Majesty the ex-King of Delhi has at last been carried into effect. The fiat which brought the ill-fated King down from Allahabad arrived, a few days before the advent of the monsoon, at Diamond Harbour, where her Majesty's ship Magra was in readiness to receive the prisoner on board, to convey him to his final destination. His Majesty was accompanied by two of his wives and several other members of his family. The Cape of Good Hope is to be honoured with his custody.

The long talked of pyrotechnic exhibition, in celebration of her Majesty's assumption of the Government of India, took place at Calcutta on the evening of the 26th of November. A magnificent programme which would have astonished even the people of London or Paris, was published and duly circulated, but "this" was all the display we had, for the fireworks themselves unhappily proved a failure."

The most important feature in Madras news is the fact that a commissioner to inquire into the titles of Emudars has been appointed under the authority of the late Court of Directors. The gentleman selected by Government to hold that office is Mr. G. N. Taylor, and the date of the despatch authorising the inquiry is the 1st September.

CHINA.

Hong Kong advices to the 30th of November have come to hand.

Lord Elgin started on his trip up the Yang-tze-Kiang on the 8th, with a Chinese official who had been deputed to accompany the expedition by Kwei-tiang and Hwah-shan, the imperial commissioners, who remain in Shanghai until his lordship's return, which was not expected to be within a month.

Mr. Reed, the American Plenipotentiary, had arrived at Hong Kong, but Baron Gros still remained in the North.

The French forces at Cochin-China are said to be suffering greatly from dysentery, engendered by the unfavourable climate.

AUSTRALIA.

The Sydney correspondent of the Guardian writes:—"The resolutions respecting the right of Roman Catholic Prelates to assume territorial titles were thrown out in the Legislative Assembly by a considerable majority. Last night Mr. Denchey moved the following resolutions on the same subject.—That this house, having had before it the despatch of the Right Hon. Lord Stanley to his Excellency the Governor-General, relative to an act to incorporate St. John's College within the University of Sydney, resolves—1. That the proceeding of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies, in declining to submit that act to her Majesty the Queen, is not justified by the reason assigned; it is calculated to disturb the harmony which now prevails among the various religious bodies in the territory, and to cause the greatest dissatisfaction to the Parliament and people of New South Wales. 2. That this house deprecates in the strongest manner the perseverance of her Majesty's imperial advisers in a course opposed to that entire religious freedom and equality which it desires to assert as a fundamental principle in the constitution of New South Wales. 3. That the foregoing resolutions be embodied in an address to the Governor-General, with a request that his Excellency

will be pleased to transmit a copy thereof to her Majesty the Queen.

The learned gentleman was again defeated, the house being counted out. The fact is that there is a decided majority who think that the question of equal civil and religious rights is entirely different from the right of the Pope to give territorial titles to Bishops within the British dominions, but as the Roman Catholics vote pretty generally as a united body, and a general election will take place early in the ensuing year, there is a strong disposition to evade the question if possible.

THE "TIMES" AND HOLY SEE.

To the Editor of the Tablet.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have no doubt seen with surprise the late articles of the Times respecting Italian politics, and especially the affairs of the Pontifical States. Those articles would be unaccountable, if we were not fully aware of the ignorance which exists in this country regarding foreign countries, and the way in which topics of Italian politics are constantly used as a sort of makeweight in party struggles in England. But the statements of the Times about the Papal Government exhibit an unusual degree of recklessness—and disregard of facts—which could not have been possible, unless the writer had been encouraged by the circumstances which he alludes to in the first sentence of his article of the 4th, namely, "The long antagonism existing between England and the Papal See." This sentence is the key to the whole subject. It seems that the English are ready to believe any assertion against the Papal See, without one atom of truth. And so they are willing to believe with delight, any, even the most absurd statement against the Catholic Church or the Catholic Clergy. Thus, in the very next article we find in the Times clearly pointing out that the Catholic Religion is the one thing to be got rid of in Ireland, and the reason alleged is a remarkable instance of English Protestant feeling. It is that the Catholic Religion withdraws the minds of the people from more material interests and money-making! And the writer does not see that his attack on the Catholic Church in Ireland is an eulogium on it; and, at the same time, a reflection on the materialism of Protestantism! But any assertion against the Catholic Church is thought weighty and sufficient. Now, let us see what the Times says against the Papal Government. It says, that during the last ten years the States of the Church have been going from bad to worse, and that neither the Ultramontane devotee, nor the "Crochetty English perverser" deny this to be so. The Times here follows the precept of single-spiced Hamilton in his infamous book called "Parliamentary Logic," in which he recommends a debater to assert boldly that his opponents admit the very thing that they strenuously deny. The truth is, that the assertion of the Times is utterly false, and entirely unsupported by proof of any sort. The Times eulogises the Roman Republic. But that Republic overturned a regularly established Constitutional Government with two Chambers, trial by jury and a free press. It commenced by the murder of Rossi, the constitutional Minister, and the destruction of a Ministry which contained only one ecclesiastic. I say nothing of the atrocities committed under the Triumvirate, the murder of unoffending and blameless ecclesiastics, and the violation of private rights. I will only observe, that after eulogising the Republic, the Times says that "a heavy debt has been incurred, and there is no advantage, domestic or international, to show for it." I admit the fact. But who incurred the debt? It was contracted by the Roman Republic, and the Papal Government has, with enlightened liberality, paid off the liabilities of that infamous predecessor, rather than expose private persons to loss and injury by repudiating the debt. So much for the assertion respecting the debt of the Roman States. But the Times goes on to say that the Roman Government "cannot manage the finances of the country!" It is very well to say that; but where is the proof? The fact is, that there is a considerable and increasing surplus above the expenditure. And in the model state of Sardinia there is an enormous deficit, notwithstanding the confiscation of the private property of the members of religious houses. The present Minister of Finance at Rome is a disciple of Sir Robert Peel, and the last tariff is based on Peel's tariff, on principles of free trade. The result has been a great increase of revenue; and I should have no difficulty in showing that the Papal States are more lightly taxed than any other country in Europe. The Court is the cheapest, and yet by far the most dignified and majestic in the world. The Pope's household costs only fifteen hundred pounds a year, and the Prime Minister receives a salary of 500*l.* a year. There is no conscription. That great impost, so grievously felt in the Sardinian States, does not exist in the dominions of the Pope. Surely this is a most important exemption, and a great privilege of the subjects of the Pope's Government, which the Times describes as the worst of Governments. "Then we are told that the roads are bad.—This is a simple falsehood. I will venture to say from my own observation that the public roads in the Roman States will bear comparison with the high roads in England. The Times says that the streets of every town are infested by ruffians, who make a walk after nightfall dangerous, except when a French sentinel is within hearing." Now, there are no French sentinels except at Rome and Civita Vecchia; and I assert without hesitation, that the streets of Rome are more secure than those of London. In the very same number of the Times we find an account of a robbery in the streets of London, and we see reports of the same kind every day in the Police-Courts, and it is impossible to walk about London at night without being molested in the most offensive manner by sturdy and importunate prostitutes. Nothing of the sort exists in Rome. You may visit the Colosseum by moonlight, and wander through the most unfrequented streets without the slightest annoyance, as I can say from my own personal experience, though there are English travellers in the Piazza di Spagna, who delight in the absurd cock-and-bull stories of daggers and assassinations with which they are entertained by the hangers-on of the hotels. Really I am ashamed to enter into these particulars for the refutation of slanders, which rest only on bold and unblushing assertion, without a single tittle of evidence, but which find a ready acceptance in this country, where anything is at once believed against a Catholic Government.

Any one reading the Times would suppose that Rome would be happy, rich, and great, if it could only get rid of the Pope and Cardinals, and the whole establishment of the Papacy. But can anything be more utterly absurd? I have no doubt that an itinerant spouter, in a public house in Oxford, would be loudly cheered by his unwashed audience in a cloud of tobacco smoke, if he denounced the University as an incubus upon the freedom and the industry of the citizens, and a tyranny of the most degrading description, and his eloquence might, very likely, stir up a town and gown row. But every sensible man knows that Oxford, without the University, would soon become a swampy village. And what would Rome be without the Pope, and the Cardinals, and Prelates, and all those circumstances which make it the centre of the Christian world? It would soon be a museum of antiquities, and a deserted town full of modern ruins. The people who call themselves Italian Patriots are, indeed, insane or dishonest, when they denounce the Papacy, which is the greatest glory of Italy and the only thing that gives to Italy a great power over the civilized world. Julius II. said to the Doge of Venice "there are only two Italian titles in Italy, one is your Ducal Cap, and the other is my Tiara." The cap is gone, but the Tiara remains, and the false friends of Italy wait at it. It is the crown of the most ancient dynasty of Princes in the world. A few years ago we heard people in this country boasting that Pius IX. then in exile, was the last of the Popes. Many time the same boast

has been made by the enemies of the Holy See. But the Vicar of Christ still reigns and no human power can overturn his throne.

I will not occupy any more of your space by a detailed refutation of the inaccuracies of the Times respecting the Papal Government. I will only add that I know the anxiety of that Government to make improvements and avail itself of every means of obtaining information of a useful description. The prisons—the revenue—the administration of public affairs—all are improved and improving under a skillful and wise management. The country is improving. The railroads are progressing. And the fact that foreign capital is invested in them shows that the state of things cannot be such as the Times describes it. I have not had time to go into details, but I trust that what I have written will serve at least as a protest against calumny—and will induce your readers to distrust and disbelieve accusations which consist only in appeals to popular ignorance and to sectarian prejudice.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
GEORGE BOWEN.

(From the London Tablet.)

No one who observes the efforts made by the Propagandist societies of this country to turn the heathen from the wickedness of his ways, to evangelize the African, convert the Jew, and remove from Popish eyes the errors of an idolatrous superstition, could imagine that the Propagandists in their own country, and under their very eyes a mass of human beings, whose spiritual and bodily miseries are quite as deplorable as the worst which the most benighted and suffering populations of other lands can show. He would still less suppose that, though this fact has been long notorious, the desire to establish a spiritual protectorate wherever they can extend their Propagandism, openly or stealthily, abroad, is such that home miseries have enjoyed the least share of their attention; have indeed been comparatively neglected by them. It was enough apparently for the native heathen that he lived within the shadow of the righteous, that he had opportunities which by dint of exertions he was morally certain not to make, might bring him within the active influence of such Christianity as the better sort of his countrymen could impart to him. Moreover, the emissaries of Exeter Hall were compassing heaven and earth to make a proselyte of Jew or Turk, Heathen or Papist; backed by funds almost inexhaustible, but essential to a creed whose converts require to be comforted bodily as well as spiritually. Your benighted Englishmen penned up in filthy alleys, crawling through their days, hungry and naked, living in habitations not fit for a dog, seeing their children grow up around them, with the stamp of future crime already upon their brows, and lisping in blasphemy; Englishwomen shut up in miserable garrets, often without fire in the bitter depth of winter, toiling from morning till night, fortunate if even so they could secure a pittance sufficient to prolong life, and suffering; boys prowling about by day for theft, and sleeping by night on door-steps or in the cellars of empty or unfinished houses; women old and young huddled up on the pavement before the workhouse in great public thoroughfares; men, women, and children swarming in miserable lodging-houses, worse provided than beasts, and heaped together, twenty, thirty, forty, in a single room—these are some of the features of our great Metropolis, and of every great town in Christian England, which one would think should claim priority of attention, not to speak of forms of desolation more shocking still in the streams of human pollution, which nightly and perennially flow through our streets, and for which, as yet, no cure has been attempted.

For these are evils for which society is unaccountable till she has done all she can to remove them.—For more or less they are the fruit of which her vices are the seed; not wholly the spontaneous growth of nature. It is not natural that in the richest country in the world there should be more poverty than in any other, more misery, more degradation, more vice. It is not natural that, having all this destitution, and paying a forced subsidy of millions every year to relieve it, the sharpest pangs of hunger should to thousands be preferable to an appeal to the workhouse. It is a thing unheard of in any other country professing Christianity, that men and women die from want; not such, observe, as conceal their woe in their breasts and leave it to consume them, but persons who have submitted to the last humiliation which humankindure in this meretricious of lands can undergo—the attitude and suit of a pauper. The whole world knows that it is not a rare thing for people in England to die of want. Within a few days the journals have recorded several instances of Christians thus abandoned. Fortune has turned her back upon them; a Christian public has sent them to the workhouse; the workhouse has closed its doors upon them; and they have gone back to their garrets, or stolen away into some corner wretched and deserted as themselves, and in answer to their last sigh, let us trust, have obtained that mercy from Heaven which men denied them. But for the units who have thus found a period to their sufferings, thousands upon thousands remain to reproach the luxury and splendor, and the boastful pride of this great country, which every now and then, stung with a passing remorse, pours a stream of subscriptions into the hands of the nearest active philanthropist; and when it has done that, relapses into the same consciousness of British superiority in all things. While we write, the stream of donations is flowing in favor of the Field-lane Refuge, of which a correspondent of the leading journal has given us a description:—"On entering," he says, "we were at once admitted into a large room, well-lighted and warmed, and moderately well-ventilated. The entire floor, with the exception of certain narrow strips necessary for communication, and encumbered with numerous boots and shoes (so-called), with here and there a wooden leg, or a crutch, was covered with cribs, bearing a stronger resemblance to wretched sheep-troughs than to anything else with which I am acquainted, natural or artificial. These cribs consisted merely of boards, raised a few inches from the brick floor, and inclined to it at a small angle, so as to elevate slightly the head and shoulders of the occupants, each man being separated from his neighbor by a partition a few inches high." And on these boards lay old and young, not a handful of straw to soften that hard couch for the weary sides, and the swollen or wounded feet, which the writer observed almost in every instance. No covering was provided. Those who had jackets took them off to cover their feet with, and those who had none did without them. Bread and water was the evening meal, and with bread and water they would again be nourished the following morning before being sent out to renew the hopeless battle of life. But there were prayers for them morning and evening, whether they liked them or no; for this is the indispensable condition of every act of your Heretic Propagandists' charity.—You cannot touch even their bread and water, but, perforce, you must swallow their prayers too.

And yet, compared with the English workhouse, this miserable refuge, cold, ungenerous, niggardly, and exacting though it is, has comparatively a cheery look, when we think of the ordinary fate of poverty in this Christian land, and the habitual cruelties of a godless Poor Law, spite of its hypocritical parade of Christians far which our contemporaries have just triumphed through the length and breadth of the land. Think of the long series of dismal stories which have shocked and filled us from boyhood up, of deep done in the tombs of English charity more heartless, more wicked, than those which lie at the door of the brave and the murderer, and yet systematically done, year after year, and approved of on deliberation by men of authority. Not to go back for instances, take the case of the guardians of High Wycombe only the other day, three clergymen of the Establishment looking on and approving. Among the applicants for relief was a poor woman with a family of children, whose husband

had been committed to Aylesbury gaol on some felonious charge. This poor creature had previously applied for a little outdoor relief to enable her to support her children, and upon again presenting herself, she was told by the chairman that in her case the adverse decision of the board was unalterable.—The applicant roared, mournfully, "Surely, your hearts are not so hard as to wish to drive me and my children into the workhouse, and thus make it cost the parish more than it would to give me a little outdoor relief?" The chairman replied, "This is my order;" to which the applicant rejoined, "Then upon your heads be whatever I do to get my children bread."

And why should she not go to the workhouse? What right has man or woman who has committed the crime of poverty to cavil at the sentence which indignant society passes upon them? The poor indeed do this to their refuge. Some accept death as a lighter evil. Many take a bold heart and charm open the doors of the comparative paradise of a prison by committing actual crime. But all shrink with instinctive dread from passing under a yoke, after which they can never again lift up their heads with the pride of manhood, with the dignity of an independent spirit. For a reformed religion and free institutions, and British intelligence, invincibility, and pluck, and Heaven knows what else, have defaced the Christian aspect of charity, and that sacredness wherewith the Gospel has invested the poor and which they wear still wherever the errors of Popery have blinded men's eyes. They who in the eyes of Protestant Englishmen are paupers, the refuse of the parish, an eye sore to ratepayers, a pest to parish officers, a curse to industry, a shame and an offence, are in the sight of Holy Church, the Poor of Christ, the children of Her Divine Spouse, the Companions of Our Lord in his poverty. And wherever the Catholic heart beats warm and true to Catholic principles, stands firm by the Holy See, is heart and soul Popish and Ultramontane, its charity is clearest, and deepest, and purest. In no Catholic country do we see society corrupted to the core by the doctrine that poverty is crime, and men's faith in one another destroyed by a debasing thirst for gain, to appease which every principle of honor and honesty is cast aside. Nor have we such a spectacle as every now and then presents itself in England, of mighty epamorphic efforts to cast off the load of misery made by a good-natured public, which pays its subscription and goes its way in peace, helpless to do more than occasionally keep the flames down a little, but certain to see them burst forth again before long. How many times within these ten years have we seen efforts like that which is now made for the Field-lane Refuge, and how surely has the evil again and again risen above the remedy, and mocked the most lavish expenditure? And why? For that same reason which has left England without any of the holy brotherhoods which she possessed before she ceased to be Popish and became enlightened; which has given her poor-laws instead of monasteries; political economy for Gospel Charity.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS AND THEIR PERSECUTIONS.—A discovery made last week in the Church of Noncourt, in France, brings back to memory an episode of the reign of the successors of the Stuarts, in which a British Ambassador played the part of midnight assassin, and was prevented from having the last descendant of James II. murdered, only by the courage and energy of a French lady.

In opening last week the richly-embroidered but faded chalice veil which for half a century had been used in the Church on great festivals, a paper was discovered in the interior folds of a ribbon, the contents of which were as follows, the French being in the orthography of the time of Louis XV.—"I am the ribbon (cordón) of James, last King of Great Britain—last King of the Stuart family. If you wish to know how I have been transformed into this ornament consult the anecdotes of the time—the History of the Regency of the Duke of Orleans under the minority of Louis XV., his private life, and anecdotes of the reign of Louis XIV., and those of the reign of Louis XV."

The following is the authentic account of the way the ribbon fell into the hands of the ancestor of the lady who gave it to the Church of Noncourt:—

The British Ambassador had assassinated placed in ambuscade, who were to have murdered the unfortunate Prince, when by the courage and assistance of Madame l'Hopital, grandmother of the late respected Mayor of Evreux, he was enabled to escape from their pignards, leaving to her as a souvenir his Bath ribbon, which was given by her daughter-in-law, in 1805, to the Abbe Heron, Curate of the Church, and most probably an Irishman.

Madame l'Hopital died in 1740. Occupied in collecting documents for a work on the times in which these events were enacted, I add to this a letter written by the unfortunate Pretender in 1758, which I copy exactly from the original, written in a large and bold hand:—

Ye 20th December, 1758.

MR. GORDON, PARIS. Sir—I cannot but be in a great concern as ye state of health regarding a certain gentleman, as I here by different ways, he is declining. Be pleased to let me know what you here on that subject. I wrote you last concerning a remittance, which I hope you received. So remain yr most sincere friend, J.R. For Mr. Gordon, Principal of yr Scotch College, at Paris.

The "certain gentleman" was his unfortunate father son of James II.

I shall endeavour to get more minute details relative to the honourable conduct of the Ambassador of the British monarch. Comparisons with the past may be useful at present.

*Except the Cardinal of York.

UNITED STATES.

CONVERSION.—Mrs. Mary Johnson, wife of James Johnson, a respectable and well-instructed lady was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church, the 20th inst., by Rev. D. M. Winand, pastor at Gnat-Dover. The new convert was formerly a member of a branch of the Presbyterians.—Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.

ORITVANY.—Oliver Rice, a soldier of the Revolution, died in Mayfield, Fulton county, N.J., last week. He was ninety-two years old. He was employed as an express-rider in the Revolution, and in that capacity executed commissions for Washington.

A GROWING YANKEE.—A teacher of one of the public schools in the town of Essex (Mass.), while imparting moral and religious instructions at the opening of the school in the morning, asked why he ought to love God. Whereupon a bright little arch of five years of age very promptly answered, "Because he gives us our parents to take care of us and gives us our clothes, and learns us how to make money."

A gentleman of Boston, who takes a business view of most things when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied, "Oh, he is one of those men who have soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

David Wittkowsky has been sued by the Jews of Chicago for laying his Gentile hands upon the Five Books of Moses, in the ark of the covenant, in their synagogue. They claim ten thousand dollars damages for this "enormous profanation," as the Rabbi termed it. The Jews occupied a small room belonging to defendant as a synagogue, but failing to pay the rent took possession, and in piling up the furniture he committed the alleged desecration.

In a train of cars from Fitchburg to Boston, a short time since, an elegant and fashionably-dressed lady was forced to travel ten miles, standing in the passage-way of the car, not being able to compress her garments so as to enter the seat. The fair one made sundry endeavors to force herself into a seat, but failed.

Our readers will learn, with profound regret, more than surprise, that Dr. Daily, the President of the State University, spent most of last week in this city, to much the influence of intoxicating liquors...

LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.—The editor of the New Orleans Advocate has this incident related to him by one of the Methodist pastors: The preacher was called a few days since to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his sickness he was a stout buoyant, and had been here but a short time...

STATISTICS ABOUT FLEAS.

PROFESSOR BARTOLETTI AND HIS PETS.—PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN THE RACON. Passing up by 599 Broadway, near Bleeker Street, last evening, your attention was arrested by a transparency, upon which were depicted a number of strange objects, in shape and size not unlike rats...

Professor Bartoletti, the great flea proprietor, presides at this counter, and explains the various fleas exhibited. He first hands to the visitor a small microscope, seen through which, a minute flea becomes as large as a cockroach. The insect is fastened by a silver wire around his neck, like most of his brethren in this exhibition, and spends his unhappily existence in wriggling about.

After satisfying the eye with the microscope, the Professor proceeds to exhibit the fleas of the fleas. He holds a pair of pincers in his hand, with the meretricious of which the insect is as familiar as a horse with the snapping of a whip. There is one flea who runs a windmill, by walking over a little cylinder, and he dares not stop while his master is near him.

At one end of the counter stands the Academy where these gifted creatures receive their education—the very Alma Mater of flea-dom. It may gratify those of our readers who intend to undertake the raising of these delightful insects, to have a syllabus of the mode of instruction pursued by Professor Bartoletti of Flea College.

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Professor Bartoletti commenced his experiments some ten years since, and has exhibited his little pets before Queen Victoria, Louis Napoleon and other European potentates. The average duration of the insects is two years, though there is one patriarch who has attained the venerable age of 3 years and 9 months certainly a remarkable instance of a longevity in a flea.

Princess H.—'Then, said the king, 'search shall be made, and the princess retired. After a while she appeared with a captive, who was immediately put upon the stage. But oh! horror! the exhibitor exclaimed, 'He is not my Napoleon; he is a wild one!'—N.Y. Post.

DEATH FROM WANT OF SLEEP.—The question how long can a person exist without sleep? is one often asked than answered, and the difficulties of answering the question by experiment would seem to leave it forever unsolved. A communication to a British Society would seem to answer the inquiry in a description of a cruel mode of punishment peculiar to the Chinese.

A "HAIRLESS" TRIBE IN AUSTRALIA.—Mr. Roberts, civil engineer, of Sydney, who had been for several months engaged in surveying the squatting districts of the Barwan, lately fell in with a party of the "hairless savages" whose existence has recently been made known.

COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, WHOOPING COUGH, INCIDENT CONSUMPTION, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Chemists, Boston, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Dist. of Mass.

From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has used the Troches five years.—'I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of. In all my lecturing tours, I put Troches into my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen.'

From Rev. F. H. Chapin, D. D., New York.—'I consider your Lozenges an excellent article for their purpose, and recommend their use to Public Speakers.'

From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Rutgers' Female Institute, New York.—'I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your Troches.'

MUNICIPAL ELECTION. ST. JAMES' WARD. CANDIDATE: F. CONTANT.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION. ST. ANN'S WARD. FOR CITY COUNCILLOR: MR. FRANCIS MULLINS.

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JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA, CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, &c. PREPARED from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe.

WARDENHOPE, Vt., May 12, 1857. Mr. BURNETT—I take great pleasure in briefly stating the wonderful effects of "Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma" on my wife.

WANTED, A FIRST-CLASS TEACHER, for the PRESCOTT ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOL, to whom a liberal salary will be given, if approved of.

AN ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, WILL BE OPENED on the FIRST of DECEMBER, at No. 16, CRAIG STREET, Montreal; in which a Complete Course of Education in the ENGLISH and FRENCH Languages will be given by Mr. and Mrs. H. CLARKE, and Mlle. LACOMBRE, from London and Paris.

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

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Established in 1826.] BELLS. The Subscribers have constantly for sale an assortment of Church, Factory, Steamboat, Locomotive, Plantation, School-Bells, House and other Bells, mounted in the most approved and durable manner.

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WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY, BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.) WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above-mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition.



Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.

GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. CAPITAL, \$500,000. FIRE, OCEAN, AND INLAND MARINE. Office—No. 11, Lemoine Street.

THE undersigned Agent for the above Company is prepared to receive applications, and grant Policies. The Company insures all description of Buildings, Mills, and Manufactories, and Goods, Wares, and Merchandise contained therein.

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, GOUT, INFLUENZA, ASTHMA, CATARRH, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, instantly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or Lozenges, of Cough Lozenges.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. MR. KENNEDY, of Roxbury, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

From the worst Scrofula down to the eruptions of the face. HAS tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both chronic humors). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of bile.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.

For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Scabies on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.

For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.

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