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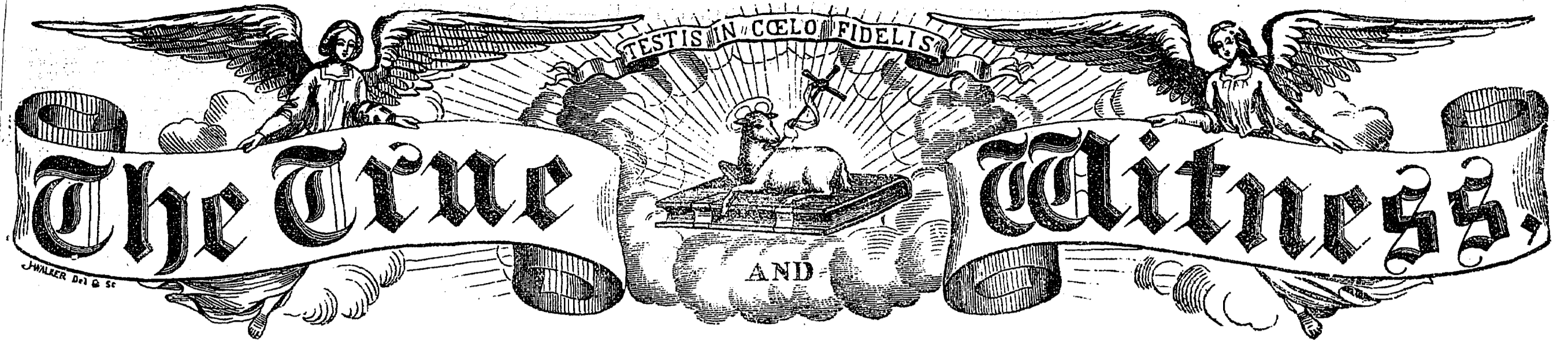
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE BRIDEGROOM OF BARNA. Begone!—outstrip the fleet gazelle— The wind in speed subdued; Fear cannot fly so swift, so well, As vengeance shall pursue!

CHAPTER I.

What traveller that is familiar with Ireland, and has walked or ridden among the roads of that country, has not remarked the unwearied disposition the peasantry who happen to journey in the direction he is proceeding in, evince to enter into conversation with him, or failing that, to at least shorten and sweeten their way by following close at his heels, whether he be on horseback or a pedestrian? As they are naturally a most inquisitive, as well as social race, this disposition on their part is peculiarly favorable to the gratification of their propensities. Should you, for instance, be accompanied by a friend, there are nine chances to one that they become familiarly acquainted with your private business or family history; and even if alone, and disposed to repel all attempts to be communicative, they are sure not to quit you, without being enlightened upon some part of your personal affairs. If you ride, they will take the weight of your horse, calculating by the state the animal is in, the exact distance you have travelled; by its breed and grooming, the probable amount of your property; and as they are resolved not to give up the chase until you are run to earth at the next park-gate or market-town to which you are bound, they leave you with a tolerable guess at the cause of your journey. If you walk, the matter is still more easily settled; you have less chance of baffling them; and the style of your dress, the appearance of energy or fatigue, the knapsack of a tourist, or the unencumbered ease and delicate carriage of a morning visitor, are all satisfactory manifestations of your intentions or pursuits. How often have I amused myself in crossing the scent, by suddenly stopping short, and affecting to wait for some invisible acquaintance in the rear, and thus letting these persecutors get ahead, where I endeavored in vain to keep them—they will still linger behind, and if you hasten to outstrip them by superior speed, you but overtake a fresh group of tormentors, nor can you reasonably expect any relief, until the close of the day, or the arrival at your destination, effects your deliverance. I had just pulled up at the summit of a long hill, in one of the wildest districts of the county Tipperary, which I had been ascending for a tedious half-hour, in a chill, though bright March evening—in order to alight and walk my mare down the corresponding declivity, that unveiled its lengthy and precipitate way into a champagne country of extensive and bleak appearance. Having loosened the saddle-girth a little, to relieve my faithful steed, I turned to pursue my way, when I perceived still lingering near me a stranger who had kept close upon my track with unwearied pertinacity, from the town of Ballymore, a distance of seven or eight Irish miles, and all whose attempts to enter into conversation, however graciously offered, I had most perseveringly resisted, not from a feeling that there was anything obtrusive in the individual, but simply that I was not of the vein. As, however, I perceived that although we were at a cross-road (a spot where four roads meet) my fellow-traveller was about to take the one I had selected, and I was now induced to bestow a little more attention upon him. He was an under-sized, athletic-looking young man, perhaps about twenty years of age; bull-necked, with a powerful chest, his countenance harsh and massive beyond his years, with a mouth which would have indicated undisguised ferocity, were it not that the upper part of his face in some degree relieved this expression, or rather diverted attention from it by a broad forehead, and a quick, bright, but restless eye. Altogether he would have given assurance of a tremendous physical maturity, but either naturally or accidentally the mould had been marred—his right arm was wanting, as an empty sleeve pinned to the breast of his jacket too plainly showed;—but as if determined to compensate the loss by all the means in his power, he carried in his left hand a club, or, as it is termed all over Munster, a 'wattle,' of such prodigious dimensions, and so loaded at the heavier end with lead, as at once to excite my surprise and—shall I own it?—distrust, in a country where I knew by a recent police enactment, such murderous weapons were prohibited. And yet there was something fantastic about the fellow's appearance notwithstanding.—Instead of the customary frieze dress of the peasantry, he wore an old and much rubbed shooting jacket of black plush, in the button-holes of which he had arranged sandy gay feathers, the ultimate use of which might be inferred from a quantity of fishing-tackle twisted round his cap, which was huntsman-shaded, and covered with a bristling fox-skin of a fiery red hue; his feet were bare, and he had his strong corduroy trousers tucked up very high, probably to afford him the greater facility in travelling. As the gaze with which I regarded my companion was not to be mistaken, even by stronger

assurance than he was able to muster in his face at the moment, he very civilly touched his cap and said— 'He'd be bound he knew where I was going, and he'd be proud to show me the way.' 'And pray, my fine fellow, where do you suppose I am going?' I had the curiosity to ask;— 'or how have you been able to learn anything of my movements?' 'O by gounies!' he said, 'I know well. Didn't I see your honor in Ballymore this morning talkin' to Father O'Hea, and laughin' with him; and by the same token you'd be sure to meet him this evening, as, of all things, you'd like to see an Irish weddin'; and then I knew at wunst that you'd be at Hugh Lawlor's weddin'. 'Tis there half the parish 'll be this evening, and there 'll be myself, with the help of God. See,' he added, not waiting to learn how this introduction was received—'see, sir, over the hill yonder, about a mile and a half, you can just spy the smoke of the doin's at Davy Nugent's. Hugh Lawlor is to have Miss Ellen after all, and 'tis the boys of Eliogarty are glad to have him back at last; they thought they'd never see him agin, good, bad, or indifferent.' 'And do they all carry such slips of palm as that pretty one in your fist, I could not help saying, when they go to welcome back a friend?' The fellow grinned. 'What business would I have up in this country without my wattle, sir, when they're all Cumminses about us here, and I a Dharrig (the two principal factions of the county of Tipperary). Only to be shure, now that Master Hugh is back, and to be married to a Cummins, I suppose we'll have some sort of peace and quietness. Give me the rem, your honor, and I'll lead the mare easy, and you can keep off the stones on this smooth bit o' road.' 'No, I thank you; but let me ask what was the interesting business that deprived the barony so long of Mr. Hugh's presence?' 'Yes, sir.' 'You don't hear me, I believe. Pray, what kept Master Hugh away so long?' 'Tisn't myself very well knows, sir,' was the reply, after a slight pause and an inquisitive glance. 'People said a deal about his being away. He was fond of Miss Ellen since they wor childer; but his being a Dharrig, and all belongin' to her Cumminses, of course they wor mortal enemies. But Hugh, havin' neither father nor mother, nor no one belongin' to him since he was a gorsoun; and havin' fine farms, and bein' his own master, nothing could keep him from goin' about Barna, that's Nugent's—just yonder—and bein' a great scholar, fit for Trinity College, Ellen was breakin' her heart for him, and used to meet him out late in the evenin' unbeknown to her family—and she caught cold, and was near dyin', (shure she was never well since) and then Hugh came offtener to find out how she was—and her brother Tom watched him, and they had desperate murder about it. Lawlor wanted to go away quietly, and not to mind Tom Nugent's blackguardin' till he drew a cane-sword upon Lawlor, and told him he was a Captain Rock, and was out with the Whiteboys the night— The mare has a stone, by your leave, sir.' Before I had time to see what the matter was, he had disengaged a stone from the off hind hoof of the animal, and resumed. 'And so, whatever struggle they had betwixt them, Tom Nugent was run through with the sword, and left for dead, and wasn't expected for a long time. And Lawlor kep' out o' the way, and Mrs. Nugent, who was on her deathbed, gave him her curse, and the same to her daughter if she ever had anything to do with him ever after. Still, for all that, when the old woman was gone, and when Miss Ellen kep' always so bad, dyin' in love for Hugh, the father and the brother thought it a sin to see her goin' to the grave before their face and she the only girl o' the whole family, and a fine fortune, and a great education entirely at the nunnery in Thurles—so, at long an' last, they forgiv and forgot—and Tom Nugent died of a decline, and then the sister was the only one left to the old man—and Lawlor kep' back to Barna; and be gounies! you and I'll see their weddin' this blessed night, please God.' 'But how do the Dharrigs like Master Hugh's match, my friend?' I asked. 'He must, I suppose, be a great favorite with them.' At once I perceived a strong change to pass over his face. His countenance fell, and a hideous expression of hate fastened on it; but, as if afraid to let the feeling be observed, he quickly resumed his lively tone. 'A great favorite is it? Ah, 'twas he that was! There wasn't such a boy in the five counties for ruinin' leapin', throwing a stone, or any one thing; but, O th! th! th! see what a sight o' people are crowdin' down yonder in all directions, to Barna.' By this time we had descended the declivity, and had gained the level road, which, after strag-

gling for about half a mile over a sullen moor, led into traces of cultivation, and finally opened through broad fields, gay-looking, and green with the early wheat, occasionally absorbing into its line a boreheen, or by-road, with an additional share of travellers, wending in the direction we were going, until by the time we had passed the gentle ascent, above which the chimneys of Barna had long been peering, the numbers had increased to a goodly crowd of the most diversified appearance; and all, as my companion asserted, evidently found festivity. Snug-looking farmers on horseback, with their wives mounted behind them; jaunty young men of that doubtful rank, known nowhere but in Ireland, designated 'half-sirs,' conspicuous by the ambitious cut of their bottle-green or stone-blue riding coats and peppery nags; jingles, laden with gentry from the neighboring towns; quilt-covered carts, filled with colonies of village coquette, clad in all the awful armor of rural beauty; with a host beside. Amongst the foremost of the scambing pedestrians, were to be seen two or three couples of burgeois—the sturdy beggars of the country—one acting a stone-blind object, in a long loose coat of grey frieze and a litty nightcap, led by another with a shrivelled arm, which he thrust, with little ceremony, upon the attention of the passengers. Great was the commiseration bestowed upon those afflicted sufferers by the tender-hearted of the softer sex, as they hurried on. Upon the masculine portion of the crowd, they appeared to produce little effect; and the stroller at my side—who, by the way, seemed to know every one, and to be universally known—evinced a most unqualified contempt for those mendicants. 'Bad 'cess to you! Bryny Boccooch, you villin'; 'tis you that'll have another tug in your throat to-night after you clear your sight with eight or ten dandys of punch;—here a fresh group of characters caught his attention—'Ah, Jacky-the-Dance, no fear you should miss Lawlor's weddin'. What a double shoulle you'll cut upon the barn floor by-a-by. Padeen-na-wipe-rah, how is every bit of you? Oh, murder, what a call there'll be to-night upon your chanter. Kathleen ashore, take care of your father's pipes and keep the childer away from him when he's playin', fear they'd make a hole in his music. Bah, he exclaimed of a sudden—'Look at all the Cumminses going yonder the field—'tis a black day for some one the day he took up with them.' Thus my itinerant acquaintance rambled on, occasionally receiving the salutations of his neighbors, in the shape of an 'Ah, Bush, are you there?' 'Yerrah, Bush, what brings you to this quarter?' 'Bush, you villany, you're up to some mischief now, I'll be bail; and so forth; and it was observable that the heartiness of Mr. Bush produced by no means a corresponding share of jealousy on the part of his acquaintances. On the contrary, I thought they seemed to regard him with coolness, and some to shrink from his recognition altogether with aversion. We had now approached the scene of intended festivity. Turning short off the high-road, a narrow lane or avenue, skirted by clumps of elder and blackthorn trees, brought us to a rude open gateway, passing through which, the house and messuages of Barna stood before us. The dwelling was a long, irregular building, no doubt formerly of only one story, but which appeared in later years to have been raised another, enlarged and dignified with a slated roof; a neglected flower-bed or two sloped below the windows, and a screen of climatis and woodbine, that clambered over the door, showed some softer spirit had once shed an influence about a spot sufficiently harsh in its general features. A huge range of buildings, as usual in Irish farm-houses, projected at right angles, like wings, from the dwelling, and with the main building formed three sides of a square; the fourth being occupied by an immense stone-paved yard, at the extremity of which were piled a heap of ploughs, carts, and other utensils of husbandry, that had been hastily cleared away to leave the area free upon this festive occasion. The building was enwreathed by an extensive garden and orchard, and sheltered in the rear by some venerable haw-trees and elms. All within and around the place was a scene of the highest bustle and animation; the yard was thronged with the country guests getting themselves to rights after the journey, and resounded with laughter, congratulation, and music. The humbler class of visitors were ushered at once to the banquet prepared for their reception in the long range of lateral buildings already mentioned; while those of a higher rank, or the immediate connections of the family, were introduced to the dwelling-house, and received by the host themselves. On my arrival, I was met by Father O'Hea, the worthy priest, under whose auspices I ventured, prompted by curiosity, to appear at Barna, an unwitted guest. He had already been occupied—for it was Shrove-tide—in uniting several

other creatures, impatient for happiness, in different parts of the country, and had just arrived in time to be my chaperon to the bridal circle. It requires slight preface to establish your claim at any time to Irish hospitality, above all, upon a wedding occasion; I therefore felt no surprise on receiving at the threshold a cordial welcome and shake of the hands from old Davy Nugent himself, a ruddy, respectable little man, in a cauliflower wig and top-boots. We were ushered, by him, to an interior apartment, which, though of capacious dimensions, was crowded with the elite of Mr. Nugent's fellow-parishioners. My attention, however, in the midst of this gay, but incongruous assembly, was at once riveted by the bride and bridegroom; and whether the sequel of their extraordinary story has had anything to do in heightening the interest they excited, I know not; but it seems to me now, after the lapse of several years, that they appeared from the moment I first beheld them two things totally different from the class to which they belonged—a pair marked out, as it were, by nature to be memorable in their generation. As young Lawlor, the bridegroom, advanced to assure me, being a stranger, of his satisfaction at meeting any friend of his respected pastor, he necessarily first engaged my attention.—There was something indescribable in the man. Scarcely arrived at maturity, his frame had all the fullness and development of one in the prime of life; and aided by a commanding stature, and an ease of manner and fluency of address, which courts will not sometimes bestow, and which yet sometimes may be found in cottages, he was admirably calculated for making an impression upon those he addressed. I was about to say an agreeable one—but it was not so; his dark handsome face and flashing eye would have been resistless but for a certain lurid expression that every now and then—at all times—in the repose of thought or excitement of argument, hastily overshadowed them, causing the smile to vanish, and the glance to shrink from yours, and then was gone in a moment; but not until it had jarred the pleasure reflected by his presence, as the dip of a blitting wind breaks up the surface of a summer lake. I saw him but this evening, yet in that brief space I hoarded the vivid recollections of an age of observations. I could not but remark him if it were only for the strong relief in which he stood out from the crowd around, and an air of abstraction, from which he was never entirely divested through all the festivity, save when his eyes rested upon the form, or his voice responded to the accents of Ellen Nugent; for then ear, eyes, and heart, would all awake. 'This,' he said, bringing me forward, 'is the fair girl who has condescended, to take charge of my happiness; and I bowed low before one of the brightest and most delicate creatures I have ever beheld. Her pale gold hair, deep blue melancholy eyes, and pure colorless cheek, combined with a form light and fairy-like as ever danced in a moonbeam, reminded one less of an earthly being, than mournful angel doomed for a while to hover amongst mankind, waiting for the appointed moment to wing home to its native world. As Mr. Bush had intimated, I perceived traces of recent ill-health in this interesting girl, whose excessive fragility of frame might well awaken apprehension. While her betrothed lingered at her side, she looked one of the happiest of the happy. It was only during his momentary absence that her spirit seemed to waver; she then evinced symptoms of anxiety and dejection, such as persons exhibit who are conscious that a beloved object is exposed to danger that by their presence only can be averted. Knowing the peculiar circumstances of her story, I was not surprised at this; but I could not avoid feeling there was less appearance of heart-felt felicity about this young couple than the agreeable termination of so disastrous a courtship might warrant. After waiting some time for the village doctor a principal accessory, I understood, to all merry-meetings, it was announced that this important personage had arrived, and a summons to dinner was the immediate consequence. 'Mrs. Mackesy, allow me the pleasure, ma'am—to the big parlor, ladies and gentleman, if you please—Tim Carroll, see that the neighbors outside are comfortable—Father Hennessy (to the coadjutor) you're young and hearty, will you help Miss Nelly (a venerable spinster) to do the honors to the boys and girls that haven't room with us?' Thus spoke old Davy Nugent, as he marshalled us to the big parlor, which well deserved the appellation; at all times a goodly-sized apartment, even in Eliogarty, where architects are less circumscribed than in Marylebone the room had been hastily enlarged to three times its dimensions, by the very simple principle of removing a partition, and letting into it what very much resembled a beautified barn. Here the chief banquet was spread, and graced by the presence of

the most important guests, amongst whom, probably as being the greatest stranger, I found I had a distinguished place. After events have so impressed upon my recollection every trifling detail of a scene which would otherwise have melted into indistinctness among the occurrences of an active life that I must be pardoned such reminiscences. Yet, under the most ordinary circumstances, a genuine Irish wedding is a scene not easily forgotten; and the present one might have served as a specimen par excellence of that high festival of good fellowship and fun. 'Father O'Hea, grace, if you please; and in a moment the hundred and odd eyes faces and voluble tongues were seized with a becoming gravity while the priest uttered a benediction less characterized by its length than fervor; and plump we all sat down, and then the long array of turkeys, hams, and sirloins, no longer smoked in vain. Dure was the tumult—the windows of the apartment, though it was chilling spring, were necessarily open to temper the atmosphere within; and the pronouncing of grace was at once the signal to our fellow travellers in the adjacent buildings to sympathise with us, and to a brigade of pipers to open their harmonious batteries upon every quarter of the establishment. They were ably supported by a reserve of beggars, who, the moment attention was properly diverted from matters of minor importance, best every window and avenue, and with their squabbling, shouting, and oburgations, literally filled up each pause the bagpipes had made. 'Tim Carroll—will you go out and see that Bill Dugan keeps away them vagabonds from the windows—let him get a flail—do you hear me—a flail.' 'Father,' interjected the gentle voice of Ellen Nugent, 'not on this evening—let the poor creatures have it their own way to-night.—I see that sad boy Tim Bush is back again in the country; I thought,—she suddenly stopped and looked away. 'Ellen my pet—that fellow was never born to be drowned—Mrs O'Shaughnessy the pleasure of a glass of wine, if you please—Doctor my I trouble you; Mrs. O's glass; now, good people, take care of yourselves, see if ye can make your dinners!' &c. As I happened to sit near young Lawlor, I had occasionally some chat with him, as well as his manifold occupations would admit, and found him as superior to his class in intelligence as in appearance. I took an opportunity to ask respecting my pedestrian acquaintance, of whom I had just heard mention, and received by no means a satisfactory character of him. He was a foundling, and derived his name from the bush or thicket in which he had been discovered; had been brought up in the evil, unaided, wretched childhood and youth of an Irish country pauper; had got into habits of the most inveterate vice; was turbulent and brutal in his conduct; and, in an affray between the faction to which he attached himself and their opponents received an injury which led to the loss of his arm. He was skillful, Lawlor added, as a marker for the country gentlemen, and generally knowing about field sports; but he had lately been imprisoned for some offence, and had, my informant supposed, but just now returned. These remarks induced illusions to the present state of the country, a subject upon which Lawlor was not communicative. He seemed careless of disclosing his opinions to a stranger, and confined himself to comments on the supineness of the neighboring magistrates, to which he principally attributed the increase of crime and insubordination; an opinion in which he was supported by no less an authority than the vicaroy himself, who, on a late occasion, had expressed his sense of the service of those functionaries, in terms that pretty plainly implied he considered they loved their own barn better than the public weal. Though Lawlor was 'one of the people,' and a Catholic, with, it might be supposed, all the prejudices and sense of wrongs of his class and creed, I found him disposed to impress me with an idea of his liberality in politics. He painted Whiteboyism and secret meetings in the most odious colors, until the very force of his language led me to suspect its earnestness. We had not, however, much time for such disquisitions; the mirth without and around, waxed 'last and furious.' We had dined, and were lapped in the joyous indulgence of the hour succeeding dinner; the port and sherry were lubricating the tongues inside, while poteen and porter were lending tone to the throats without.—A ring having been cleared before the windows, in the midst of it was placed a smooth wooden platter or treacher, and Mr. Bush coming forward, made his best bow to the gentry in the parlor, and flourishing his wattle, proceeded to dance a hornpipe upon the dish, carefully confining the sphere of his salutation to its limited circumference. This, in more senses than one is the neplus ultra of an Irish peasant's accomplishments; and to do Tom Bush justice, he performed his task to perfection, concluding, as they say in the playbills, with a 'paralyzing' braudish

of his weapon, and another obeisance to the company. A fresh tumbler of punch was, by Hugh Lawlor's directions, handed to him—a refreshing compliment: it would be degenerate in a host or bridegroom to omit at the close of such a piece of ingenuity. The viceroy, placing his cudgel under his arm and raising aloft the beaker, advanced to the window to return thanks.—

“As mountain waves from wasted lands Sweeps back to ocean blue.”

I was amazed at this scene of strife and clamor, that I scarce noticed the effects it had upon my companions. I saw, however, that Hugh Lawlor sprang up at the first cry of his faction, but Ellen Nugent was instantly at his side; she clung to his arm, terrified at the scene without, but doubly anxious, it seemed, to prevent her lover from mingling in it, although he assured her repeatedly that it was necessary that he should act as a mediator in the conflict. It was to no purpose; she appeared filled with a dread of his leaving her presence for a moment, and he was at last obliged to yield, and wait the efforts of her father's and the priest's interference.

(To be Continued.)

DISTRESS IN THE WEST—GREAT MEETING IN TUAM.

The Archbishop of Tuam, who was received with loud and continued cheering, proposed the first resolution. His Grace said—Nearly five months have now elapsed since several of us assembled in this very hall for the sacred object of preserving human life, which again has brought us here together (loud cheers). You then gave expression to your conviction of the deep distress from want of fuel which then prevailed, and to your fears of the more terrible destitution from want of food, which awaited the people at a more advanced season of the coming year. You then put upon record your calm, solemn, and deliberate contradiction to the random utterances of an executive minister of the crown, denying the melancholy condition of the western district, and you proved the sincerity of your sympathy with the poor by generous subscriptions, which rescued hundreds from perishing by excessive cold. Being if not the very first, at least one of the earliest meetings that were held for that benevolent purpose, you had to encounter all the obloquy of that disinterested portion of the public press which receives its inspirations from those whose continual theme has been for some time past the prosperity of Ireland (loud cheering). However, the bubble has burst at last; the artificial delusion so long and so elaborately kept up has vanished into thin air and the piping of a golden age in Ireland, which cheered and gladdened the saloons of aristocratic graziers taking the round of every province, has ceased at length, or has been drowned in the louder and more dissonant cries of hunger and starvation which now assail the public ear, and shall reach the obtuse organs of the minister before the assembling of Parliament (loud and continued cheering). We are no longer reproached with being solitary in the promulgation of distress; and if there be any comfort in championship, we have, alas, the melancholy consolation of having our cry of famine re-echoed by thousands throughout the land (hear, hear, and cheers). It is fortunate we were not too tardy in awakening attention to the people's sufferings. It required some time and perseverance to press forward the truth through the close ranks of adverse interest that were drawn around to obstruct its beneficent passage. It fell powerless, it is true upon the high places of the government at which it was directed, yet it produced its effect in other quarters, and before your first store of fuel was exhausted, we were

enabled to recruit, it and warm the dismal cabins of the poor with the seasonable contributions of distant strangers. And from what quarter, think you, did the heat and light come forth, that cast some gleam of comfort over the dreariness of the past winter? Not from the lordly owners of the coalmines of England, who are too comfortable and warm to understand what it is to live in an unsheltered but with its open roof receiving all the rains of heaven—its inmates lying on the damp floor, with no covering but the wet rags worn by day, and without one sod of turf or shovelful of coal to cast even the faintest gleam through the melancholy abode (great cheering). All the particulars just now alluded to, and scenes far more appalling, have been witnessed in all the sad variety of woe, throughout this populous town, by the members of the relief committee (hear, hear, and cheers). It was not from the proprietors of the coal quarries of England, but from those who inhabit the snowy regions of Canada, that a generous aid was sent to alleviate sufferings which have been ridiculed as imaginary by those who, had they any bowels of compassion, should have felt it their duty to come to their relief. Yes, though some would have thought it far more decorous that the people should have starved in silence rather than dissolve the vision of national prosperity by their unseasonable clamour for food still the wail of famishing thousands was sent forth among the nations, and has drawn a practical sympathy from hearts that have been attuned to the sacred sounds of Christian charity (loud cheering). But what need is there of any foreign, or even government aid, when the starving appease their hunger and slake their thirst, and are covered with warm raiment in the refectories and dormitories of the workhouse? The workhouses are not fitted. Therefore there is no destitution. Such is the coat of mail that renders the heart of the government impenetrable to every appeal of pity and of duty. Why, they say, do not the people if they are starving, take shelter in the workhouses? They will allow me to reply, that it is not necessary for us now to enter into all the reasons which deter the people from filling the workhouse. Sufficient for us the fact that the people will not through starving, go into those abodes, which they look on beyond conception. They may on that account be very foolish, and perverse, if you will; but they may be looked on as so infatuated a race that the next benevolent project of the government must be to build up lunatic asylums adjoining every workhouse, and to immerse within their walls the famishing lunatics who would not avail themselves of the blessings of the workhouse. But before they incur such enormous expense, and risk another failure they ought to inquire whether the Catholic poor and Catholic farmers of Ireland have any sound reason for their resolve not to enter those abodes. Our respected chairman has an influential position among the poor law guardians, which he fills with much credit. He will therefore, understand that my animadversions on those institutions chiefly regard abuses that are not under the control of the guardians themselves. The Irish Catholic is most jealous of the spiritual independence of his priesthood. The Irish maiden prizes female chastity beyond the apple of her eye. Do the Commissioners attempt to exercise no authority over the bishop's jurisdiction? (loud cheers). Are all the authorities sufficiently jealous to guard the virtue of the innocent from moral contamination? The old and the young have had bitter experience on this subject, and have, on high and sacred grounds their abhorrence of houses in which such precious treasures are endangered—the workhouses. I am surrounded here by persons of experience. I speak in the hearing of our respected chairman, who has a high position in controlling those workhouses, and who has exercised his office with great credit to himself and benefit to the public (cheers). And I will remark, for him and for others who are associated with him in the discharge of those very onerous duties, that when I allude to the abuses of the workhouse, I allude to the constitutional abuses that are interwoven with the system, and which neither the energy nor zeal of all the Catholic members of those institutions could control (cheers). I ask, is the spiritual independence of the clergy sufficiently provided for, and is the episcopal authority sufficiently protected by the commissioners and the government, with which the guardians have nothing to do? (hear, hear). I ask, in the second place, is female virtue sufficiently guarded—is that lix, which sickens in a corrupt atmosphere, and which only blooms in the desert or in the virtuous village, so guarded there that the poor helpless female is not exposed to danger from moral contamination? (hear, hear). If the people of Ireland found that the spiritual independence of their clergy, and the virtue of their daughter, may be more or less in danger, there is sufficient reason for the loathing aversion with which they contemplate those houses (hear). However, to come to a fiscal view of the subject—a portion of the subject which is better understood than the other, and often, perhaps, more zealously attended to—I will ask the fiscal position of the workhouses such as that it should encourage all the people to flock into them in times of dire distress? I will freely admit that if the workhouses were such as are in Catholic countries—if they were hospitals for the sick, asylums for the aged and the infirm, and for every other form of human suffering—there is very little doubt but I would myself give a vote to send that man into the lunatic asylum who would refuse to go into such institutions of mercy (hear, hear). Or, again, if the workhouses of Ireland were to be supported by a portion of the Consolidated Fund—that is, if they were supported by a portion of the immense revenue which the greatest empire the earth ever saw can boast of, amounting to seventy millions of money annually; or even if the charge had been spread all over the kingdom, or even over a province; or if it had been spread equitably over entire unions, perhaps then there might not be the same reason to object to entering those places, on the score of finance, as there is at present. But I will call the attention of the people of Tuam especially to this view of the subject. You are all aware that the poor rate varies in the different electoral divisions. In some parts it is exceedingly heavy, in other parts it is exceedingly light. In no place is it more heavy than where the people are least able to sustain the burthen—in no place is it less light than in the neighborhood of those palaces and mansions whose revenues could very well afford to pay their full share of the poor rate (hear, hear). In this very town there are at least 300 families, at this moment, without money, without provisions, some without seed to put into the earth, and all without credit; and whose lot, if not relieved by the government, must be necessarily either starvation or entrance into the workhouse (hear, hear). I dare say, in mentioning 300 as the number, I am under the mark (hear, hear). If you send those 300 families, composed, at an average, of five persons in each, and numbering altogether some 1,500 individuals, into the workhouse how are they to be supported (hear). You would imagine from English returns that the workhouses are a sort of California—that they supply an ample share of gold to support all these who enter them. What is the fact? The support of the inmates is wrung from the vitals of their own class; they are partly fed by what is earned by the sweat of their own brow. In the present state of Ireland, without leases from the landlords (and almost all the tenants of Ireland are now without leases), the people are doomed in the first instance to bear all the burthen of the poor rates. The letter of the law is that the tenant is to be refunded half the rate. But if there is no covenant, no rule but the caprice of the landlord, who periodically increases the rent on pain of eviction, the consequence is that there is an accumulating amount of arrears against the poor tenant, and he is not entitled to the allowance for poor rates from the landlord until he is able to produce his receipt in full.—When not able to do so what is the consequence? The weight of the entire rate falls on the shoulders of almost the very class for whose relief the Poor Law system was established (hear). Here, then, we have in Tuam about 1,500 persons, and what would

be the result if these 1,500 persons were not so infatuated as not to go into the workhouse? The consequences would be that you would suffer more from their wisdom than from their folly, and you, the struggling shopkeepers of this town, would have to bear exclusively the weight of the support of many of those persons who have been driven from their homes (hear, hear, and cheers). First, the shopkeepers have lost their custom from the depopulation of the neighboring villages, and then they are obliged to support those very persons who have been driven into their towns by the very authors of this depopulation (cheers). Hence, there is no doubt, I think, but we will have a reform of the poor laws; and if I should offer a suggestion I would say, the best reform in the world would be to return to the ancient system, and have a sound relation between landlord and tenant; and you may rest assured that would contribute most effectually to the interests of both, and we should no longer have the vexed question of the poor laws to annoy us (loud applause). It must appear astounding to the world that a government which exercised such commiseration for the imaginary or exaggerated evils of Italian misgovernment, and particularly for that of the Papal dominions, should show such indifference to the condition of its subjects nearer home as no Italian government ever exhibited. The administration of the Papal States has been identified with every imaginable abuse; but neither the Papal States nor any other Italian government have incurred the awful reproach of abandoning their subjects to starvation (great cheering). This pre-eminence in political science has been reserved for a government that boasts of its superior civilization. What it had to do to interfere with the concerns of Italy and its people, and its rulers, exceed all comprehension, except from the old inveterate hatred to the Catholic Church and its venerated head, the successor of St. Peter. We need have no apprehension about the spiritual authority of the Pope, nor of his ample political dominion, with which it has been invested by the veneration of past times, in order to protect it against the revolutionary spirit that pants for the prostration of all legitimate authority. Italy, by her geographical formation, refuses a united political authority.—Never but once under the Roman power were those distant and heterogeneous provinces kept in political cohesion. Nature has scarcely separated Ireland from England by the British channel than it has separated the north from the south of Italy by the feeble length of that peninsula. Nay, more, though supposed to possess a common language, the provincialisms of Sardinia are as unintelligible to the provincialism of Naples as the language of Yorkshire is to the London judges, who are obliged, as in Ireland in the case of Irish witnesses, to employ an interpreter to understand the rude dialect of that portion of the English people. What a reproach to the members from Ireland to aid, under the mask of liberality, in thus tearing asunder the connection between the Pope and his subjects, and distributing the quiet of the Italian people for the sake of a unity, or, as they term it, a unification of states, which from their dissimilarity of manners, customs, traditions, and even language, nature has forbidden, except in a liberal coalition, to be united. Before concluding, I have one more topic, both of a melancholy and consoling nature, to advert to—the grateful recognition which we owe to our several benefactors. The scale by which we must regulate our several topics prevent me from dwelling on this one at the length which it deserves (hear, hear). I have had aid from France, England, and Scotland, as well as from Ireland (cheers); but the noble and generous contributions of the Americans, especially of those of Canada, are entitled to special grateful commendation.—The clergy of Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, and California have laid us under great obligations. To particularly name them is not here necessary, after forwarding to each particular acknowledgment, as well as registering them in the journals. The patriotic proprietor of the *Boston Pilot* has not been unmindful of the land of his nativity; and the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, a branch of an Irish stock, has sent £1,000 to allay the sufferings of the Irish people. It is, then, gratifying that in those days of joy and gladness, I am enabled to send to the poor suffering people more than £300 of those foreign contributions (cheers)—Is that to say that such aid, however generous, can meet the magnitude of the evil? Quite the reverse, unless the government come in time to save the people. They are already emigrating in despair; and from a dislike of British rule, they are preferring the United States, with all their troubles, to the wide regions of Canada. On the wisdom of their preference, I offer no opinion. This is rather a question for the British Government. They ought to reflect on their treatment of Ireland, when it is known to the world that the exiles from Ireland prefer the United States, with all its wars and anarchy, rather than locate themselves under the dominion of Great Britain (hear, hear). My advice to them and you is this, not to quit your country; like the wild geese of old to adhere to the native soil, and to insist on obtaining from your rulers the ample justice to which you are entitled. Why not exhibit at home that sense of a subject's rights, and that constitutional energy which has distinguished the Irish Catholic in foreign countries? (hear, hear). There is surely nothing in the soil of Ireland forbidding you, whilst you discharge your duties to the throne, from requiring and demanding for your heirs safety and protection. Should you, however, be forced to emigrate, and I hope you will not, you need not fear that the British rule in Canada is the same as the British rule in Ireland. The same objects can wear different completions, according to the variety of circumstances, as in ancient mythology—the being which shed its baneful influence on one unfortunate region was the revived benefactor of another (great cheering). Canada, as composed of French and Irish Catholics—the one proud of their connection with the most powerful and most chivalrous Catholic nation in the world—the other treasuring up the doings of the British Government in Ireland, and handing down those traditions to their children, while both feel their proximity to the United States, and are within the reach of those accents of freedom that are descending from the South as forcible and continuous as the falling waters of Niagara (hear, hear, and loud cheers). I have deemed it my duty to advert to those particulars for the guidance of the poor, should they still resolve on quitting Ireland, whilst my advice should be to stay at home, if possible, and labour to keep Ireland, instead of being a pasture for bullocks, the land of sages and of saints, and edifying the Christian world by the more fervent faith of the superior morality of its children. Why not instead of wandering in quest of settlements, look for your own in a fair partition of the seventy millions foreign, now the annual amount of revenue of what is called the British Empire? Seventy millions, quite an untold amount of revenue in the palmiest days of Imperial Rome. And yet within twelve hours distance from the centre of this huge heap of revenue, there is a nation peopled with a distinguished race, experiencing all the horrors of periodical starvation. In this unnatural state of things you look in vain for just proportions of joints of the same body. It is a monstrous shape, with a plethoric head, and emaciated members. It reminds one of the statue of which the head was gold and the feet of clay; and should Great Britain continue as it has yet done to worship the golden idol, regardless of what is due to the people of Ireland, it will have reason to fear that, like the similar idol of old, its golden head may be shivered by a just and mysterious retribution (loud and continued cheering).

Friendship is a silent gentleman that makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue. If you would be known, and not know, reside in a village. If you would know, and not be known, live a city. It is a singular fact that before a man can be put into a passion, he must first be put out.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO THE CLERGY OF THIS DIOCESE.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir—It is scarcely necessary to remind you that the usual devotions of the month of May, in honor of the Most Holy Mother of God, will commence on next Thursday. Whilst endeavoring to sanctify the coming month, you will not fail to exhort the faithful to put great confidence in the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and to secure her protection by studying her example, and imitating her admirable virtues. In your instructions, exhort your flock to pray for the peace of the Church, and for the speedy triumph of our glorious Pontiff, Pius IX., over those wicked statesmen who are so anxious to compass his ruin, and the destruction of the holy Catholic Church. Inculcate the practice of charity, now so necessary, as the poor in many districts, abandoned to their fate by those whose duty it is to protect them, are pining away in want and destitution. Whilst the poor members of Jesus Christ are thus suffering, it would be deplorable, indeed, were any to abandon themselves to drunkenness or dissipation, or to throw away on idle amusements, or on extravagant expenses, the means given to them by God to be devoted to charity.—Caution your flocks against secret societies, and dangerous Brotherhoods; such institutions, as being most baneful to religion and society, are severely condemned by the Church. Her censures have been fulfilled, not only against persons enrolled in them, but also against those who encourage, foster, or promote them in any way, directly or indirectly. Members of such societies, or persons connected with them, cannot be admitted to the sacraments. As enthusiasm for their religion, and a sense of the sufferings and wrongs of their country, may lead astray good and virtuous young men, it is desirable to warn them against the dangers to which they would expose their religion by listening to the artful suggestions of designing and insidious men, constituting themselves leaders of the Secret Societies and Brotherhoods, who, if we are to judge from past experience, are often ready to involve others in ruin, provided they can carry out their own dark designs.—Many persons of this kind appeared some few years ago, and at the end of the last century, who, with loud professions of patriotism and a pretended love for religious liberty on their lips, were paid for dividing and weakening the country, and receiving the wages of iniquity for betraying those whom they had saved. At present every man of sense must see that such adventurers have no power to accomplish what they promise; the most they could effect would be to bring ruin on the peaceful inhabitants of the country, and to deprive them of any advantages they possess. During the month of May, after the Institution or Lecture on the Rosary, Benediction may be given each day with the Holy Sacrament. As his Holiness has invited the bishops of the Catholic Church to assist at the canonisation of several martyrs of Japan who laid down their lives rather than renounce their faith, I am desirous to correspond to the wishes of the successor of St. Peter, and intend to proceed to Rome towards the end of May. When in his presence I shall not fail to endeavor to console our Holy Father in his sufferings by informing him of the love and veneration you bear him, and of your anxiety to assist him by your contributions to the Peter's Pence Association, and also by describing to him the progress of religion among you, and your many good works. On my return I propose to hold the usual visitation in Castledermot, Athy, Brookstown, Killeen, Blessington, Blackditch, Ballymore, Saggart, Rathfriland, Celbridge, and Maynooth. The days for the visitation will be fixed at the proper time, but the children should all be prepared for Confirmation before the 20th of July. Wishing you every blessing, and begging your special prayers during the month of May, I remain your faithful servant in Christ,

† PAUL CULLEN.

Dublin, 25th April, 1862. FATHER DALY.—We are rejoiced to learn that the unfortunate differences between this venerable Priest and his amiable Ordinary, the Bishop of Galway, are completely at an end. On Easter Sunday, at the commencement of the 12 o'clock Mass, Father Daly entered the parish church of St. Nicholas from the Sacristy, and having ascended the altar, read publicly his apology for the offence given to his Bishop, and then withdrew. The *Galway Vindicator* publishes the following as the Rev. Peter Daly's apology to the Bishop, which was read by the Rev. gentleman in the church of St. Nicholas:—“I beg leave to express my sincere regret in not having obeyed the mandate of my bishop, issued to me on the 26th Dec. last, which was preceded by several letters of exhortation and remonstrance. I also have to express my sincere regret for having violated by the public celebration of Mass, and by bearing confession, the suspension inflicted on me by my bishop. I regret having addressed the people on Sunday, Jan. 5, in the chapel of Bushpark, and subsequently in this Parish Church of St. Nicholas on the subject of the suspension. I regret the excitement created in the House of God and in the public streets, and as a minister of religion I conjure those who behaved irreverently in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, to make reparation for the insults offered to our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His love. I desire to express my entire disapprobation of the use of language derogatory to the office and authority of my Bishop, and of any line of conduct or form of expression, on the part of any person whatsoever, calculated to coerce or overawe those whom alone the Holy Ghost has appointed to govern the Church of God in the free exercise of that authority confided to them by the successor of St. Peter, the supreme visible head of God's Church, the Vicar of Christ upon earth. I do hereby request my bishop in virtue of the powers specially delegated to him by the Apostolic See, to absolve me from the suspension he inflicted on me, and the irregularities I incurred by its violation.—(Signed) P. DALY.”

The Galway correspondent of the *Savannah News*, writing on Sunday, says:—“As expected, the chapel of St. Nicholas to day at 12 o'clock, was crowded to excess; about 2,000 persons were present. Before the celebration of high mass the Bishop being present, Father Daly appeared, habited in a soutan.—There was immediately great sensation in the chapel, and expressions of sympathy were openly given.—He appeared deeply moved. After reading the above document he retired, and the service was proceeded with. He is to go into ‘retreat’ for one week, and at the expiration of that time he will be fully restored to his ministerial offices. It is generally stated that the Rev. Sir Michael Bellow, principal of the Jesuit College of St. Ignatius, in this town, is the person who effected this reconciliation.”

and which, according to the *Sentinel*, was required by the 3rd and 4th William IV., cap. 61. Now, if we mistake not, the *Sentinel* has fallen into a very serious error as regards the law of the case; for it is not at all necessary that the names of the grand jurors, either at sessions or assizes, should appear on the jurors' book for the current or any other year. What is more remarkable still, Mr. Sheriff McCrossan contends that there is no such thing as a jurors' book for the Co. Tyrone. He defended his conduct for a returning a number of Catholics to serve as jurors, by stating that he summoned no one to serve on either the grand or petty panels who were not duly and legally qualified. We are glad to see the high-minded and independent course which that gentleman has pursued in this matter; and we would be glad to see his example generally followed by his co-religionists, when they have the same power. If such a course were persevered in, with the firm resolve that Catholics should have their fair and legitimate share in the administration of justice in Ireland, we would hear less of sectional and corrupt jury panels than we have hitherto been accustomed to. It is a fact, beyond all contradiction, that in the most Catholic counties in Ireland—where Catholic intelligence and wealth predominate—they are not, through legal trickery, permitted to take that position in the administration of *alien* laws which it is their legal right, both from property and intelligence they are entitled. We are glad to see that this issue has been raised in the Orange county of Tyrone; but we regret that Mr. Justice Christian did not consent to the proposal of Mr. John McCrossan, to have the Sheriff fined, as in that case the whole facts would have come before the world, and the English legislature would have been compelled to have adopted a remedy for the evil. Even as the matter now stands, the course pursued by Mr. McCrossan cannot fail to be productive of the greatest good; and we hope that those Catholics who by chance may get into office, will adopt the same manly and straightforward course which he has done, in procuring for their co-religionists their legal rights. Tempering with the Orange faction by Catholics—and we have seen too much of that sort of thing amongst Catholic officials—only emboldens the faction to persevere in their assumed superiority over their Catholic neighbors; but once that spirit is broken down—once they are taught the wise lesson that all men are equal, and that the only superiority is moral worth—then, and not till then, will factionists be led to hide their diminished heads. No matter what may be the result, we are firmly convinced the course pursued by Mr. McCrossan in Tyrone, as Sheriff, will exercise a most salutary check on the jury packing officials of Ireland.—*Dublin Irishman*.

IRISH INGRATITUDE.—Fox reproached Burke, when the latter first began to denounce the French Revolution with filing a bill of indictment against a whole nation. Lord Palmerston's comment on Mr. MeGuire's speech the other day, in which the Premier charged the Irish Roman Catholics with ingratitude towards the “Liberal Party,” which had done so much for them, is an accusation broad enough to fit the phrase employed by Fox. The Irish people certainly show no great affection for the Palmerston Government, and as we suppose that it is what the Prime Minister means by the “Liberal party,” there will certainly be some ground for the studied sarcasm by him on the sister island, if, indeed, the claim to “gratitude” were founded on any reasonable basis. Nations, as Lord Macaulay once said, are not usually grateful. But we should say the Irish, from their peculiar circumstances perhaps, which have always led them to attach themselves strongly to their leaders, and to remember them even in the day of success, are less than most communities open to this reproach. It is rather to be thrown in their teeth that they cherish among them names which never had a very worthy claim to be enrolled among a nation's heroes. As for Lord Palmerston himself, the presence of any sacrifices made by him in the cause of Catholic Relief would be altogether too preposterous to pass anywhere. When he abuses the party which always withstood any proposal for Roman Catholic Emancipation, he can hardly forget we suppose, that he himself was a member of the party indicated, until a very short time before it undertook to pass the Catholic Relief Bill; that he was supporting it by his voice in the house, and his pen in the *John Bull*, and that he only quitted it when it was ready to carry the measure for which he now demands the gratitude of the Irish members on his own behalf and that of the opposite party which he joined. Not that we mean to reproach Lord Palmerston with ever knowingly deserting what in his quotation from Lucean would come under the term of *victoria causa*. He and the celestial powers invoked by the poet would always be in full accord on that point. He is not one of those foolish Catos whom the old Romans honored, and who were willing to fall with a falling cause, and who were in search for his parallel among the versatile and ambidextrous politicians of the Athenian commonwealth, like Theramenes, whom Aristophanes in the *Frogs* characterizes in terms that would exactly fit our vituperous Premier. But there is any ground for claiming for the “Liberal party” in whatever persons you may suppose that abstraction embodied, any gratitude on the score of Catholic Emancipation? Every one knows that it was Pitt who made that measure a necessity. Every one knows that it was he who handed it down as a tradition of our Government, and that he in fact made more personal sacrifices on its behalf than any other of our statesmen. Then if there is any question of gratitude in such a case, we should say that the party which inherited Pitt's principles, and were most tenacious of his habits of statesmanship, were the best entitled to claim the credit. The pertinacity of George III. on the point overpowered Fox just as effectually as it did his rival. When that obstacle was removed, there still remained the task of overcoming the jealousy entertained on the point by the bulk of the English people, and the Conservative feelings of the country gentlemen in particular. No party could have done this but the one that possessed so much of their confidence as that then led by the Duke of Wellington. The Whigs no doubt assisted, but they could not have carried the measure alone. However we think the inquiry a very idle one. Neither party would have passed the measure out of any special affection for the classes to be benefited by it. They would have passed it, we may suppose, out of regard for the interests of the whole nation; and by the same principle the Irish members should exercise their right of voting in the house—not on that of gratitude to this or that party.—*John Bull*.

DEATH FROM DESTITUTION.—An inquest was held at Gort on Saturday, on the body of John Ford, when the jury returned the following verdict, in the propriety of which the coroner expressed his concurrence:—“We find that John Ford's death was caused by the utter state of destitution in which he continued to exist for the past winter and spring, being nearly always destitute of food and bed clothing. We are further of opinion that a judicious distribution of outdoor relief to the laboring poor, who entertain a strong aversion to entering union workhouses, in very desirable, and would enable them to bear the severities of this trying season, with which private benevolence is entirely unable to contend.”

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—The *Cork Examiner* of Friday says:—“The *Iman* steamer of to-day, the City of Washington, takes out a yet larger number of passengers than did the vessel of the preceding week. Upwards of 500 emigrants leave by the City of Washington. These belong apparently not to the poorer, but to the more comfortable class of small farmers. Astonishing as it may seem, the number emigrating during this and the past three weeks is even greater than during the corresponding periods last year. The motive that induces so many to leave their homes and adventure in a land where trade and employment are prostrated by war, is almost inexplicable, unless the case of one emigrant, who stated in answer that he left Ireland because he could find no worse in the States, be applicable to all.”

IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.) Sir,—It is really gratifying to reflect that all the copies which have been brought against the society charges, which have been brought against the society charges, which have been brought against the society charges...

1st.—I charged it with adopting and propagating the false and wicked report that 1,200 Roman Catholics in the province of Ulster were the fruits of the Revival movement. My accusation is unanswerable.

2d.—I charged them with the most unscrupulous injustice in the case of the Rev. William Millwaine, in suppressing his letter to the hon. secretary, and thereby exposing themselves to the remonstrance of the Bishop of Down and Connor. No reply was given to this.

3d.—I gave proofs of their issuing offensive advertisements, a sample of which I produced, which could not be excused, and which was nothing else than an imposture on the gullible folly of the people. This has not once been alluded to.

4th.—I charged them with employing persons as their agents and emissaries who were of the most disreputable character, specifying instances of adultery, drunkenness and theft, by which they have caused the interests of true religion to be greatly jeopardized in Ireland. To this, the answer was that the agents were not infallible and that Mr. Minton was unable to disprove my statements.

5th.—I have accused them of a reckless squandering of the society's income, my charges being founded on the balance sheet of their own reports, where I find that nearly £5,000 a year is the amount expended in England alone for contingencies—such as association secretaries, their clerical assistants, travelling expenses, &c., &c.—a larger amount than the whole cost of the clerical missionaries in Ireland. It would be interesting to know how much each deputation costs the society annually, and how many demands are made upon the treasury every year by unattached clergymen in their occasional visits to Ireland.

6th.—I next charged them with an inability to produce any results adequate to an outlay of £20,000 a year, results in the way of converts from the Church of Rome, who have never received at any time any temporary aid or assistance from any Protestant society or fund. To this the reply has been that I am unacquainted with the character of missionary work. Why not call things by their right names, and say that I am as yet unacquainted with, and decline to be a party to, the most approved way of playing upon the credulity and benevolent sympathies of a generous public, and that my dislike of shams is calculated to bring me into frequent collision with those who practise them?

7th.—I said that the society had been condemned in the estimation of the most thoughtful and best informed clergymen of Ireland. I adduced the names of some of the oldest supporters of the Irish Society, of the clergymen of St. Michael's and St. Mark's, Dublin, of Mr. Millwaine and others, all of whom are thoroughly acquainted with its operations, and men of position in the country. I might add to these all the bishops of Ireland, with the exception of Lord Plunket, whose opinion is of no weight in religious matters; and I could mention the names of other clergymen, and refrain from doing so, simply to avoid exposing them to that storm of obloquy and large measure of private personalities which the managers of the society invariably pour on the devoted head of any clergyman who dares to draw observation on their proceedings. Mr. Minton's own letters in regard to myself have been marked with personalities. Mr. Dallas's remarks in the Times last week were of the most insolent and unchristian character. They affect to pour contempt on every expression of those opinions which are not in unison with their own. Much wiser and abler men than Mr. Minton have been led to another and different conclusion relative to the so-called 'Revivals' in Ulster, and with a pious and calm judgment have pronounced that unhealthy religious excitement to have been most prejudicial to the cause of true religion—that it filled the insanatic asylums of the province, and, in many cases, resulted in profligacy and illegitimacy. In opposition to these well-known facts, Mr. Minton, in his light, off-handed manner, at once jumps to the conclusion that effects marked by disease and sin were connected with the operations of God's pure and sanctifying spirit; and then in a tone of true pharisaism he pretends to pray for the repentance of those who cannot sympathize in his own extraordinary conceits. If Mr. Minton would meekly and modestly confine his supplications to his own closet, instead of offering them for a brother clergyman, in the public columns of a newspaper, we may believe in their sincerity and entertain the hope that he may yet become a better and a wiser man; and having ceased from absurdly talking of 'crushing' clergymen who are in a far different position from his own, that he will endeavour to settle down to some quiet and unostentatious sphere of clerical duty, where, getting rid of that state of delirious excitement in which he appears perpetually to live, he may yet prove of some use to his age and generation. I trust Mr. Minton will thank me for these friendly remarks.

PHILIP HAINES. STATUS OF O'CONNELL.—An immense stone, weighing 11½ tons, and measuring four by three one-half feet, was removed from the quarry of Mr. Peter Rafferty, at Bracknagh, on Thursday evening last, to be sent by rail to Dublin. It is intended for a statue of the late Mr. Daniel O'Connell, to be erected by the inhabitants of the county, in the town of Ennis. There were many attempts made during the last fortnight to remove the stone by the aid of horses which were ineffectual, the axle of the truck having broken on one occasion. The Earl of Clancarty having been informed of the circumstance on Wednesday, at once, with the spirit of liberality for which he is proverbial, ordered Mr. Rafferty to obtain some bullocks, ropes, &c., at Garbally. In the evening two bullocks were yoked to the truck, but the road leading from the quarry being too narrow, they were unable to work together. About six o'clock on Thursday evening a large number of workmen assembled at the quarry, and having procured ropes, succeeded in drawing the stone to the railway station; and in its passage to the street it was accompanied by a vast crowd who at times gave vent to their gratification by lusty cheers. On the arrival of the stone at the railway station, Mr. Cahill (a pupil of Hogan's) who had been here for a week got up on it, and after a brief, but spirited address, called for three cheers for the Earl of Clancarty, and three for the great O'Connell, to which appeal the assemblage enthusiastically responded. The blue limestone of this neighborhood is now in great repute with both architects and sculptors, large blocks of it being frequently sent by train to Dublin. —Western Star.

MONUMENT TO EDMUND BURKE.—There is talk of erecting in Dublin a statue to the memory of the great, noble, and illustrious statesman and Irishman, Edmund Burke. We hope that this is something more than mere talk—that there is a real bona fide intention of carrying out such a design, which was once before attempted to be put in execution, but never realised. There is shortly to be presented to the Dublin public a statue of Goldsmith—of the pure-minded, suffering, honest, learned Goldsmith—in enduring bronze. Let the same be done for Burke.—Leading and influential men should guide the effort, and ennoble the work, which others would be glad to aid, not for the purpose of glittering and illusory display, but out of the profoundest reverence for the name, memory, wisdom, and eloquence of a true-born Celt, who, by matchless honor and unequalled genius, won his way to a glorious and undying fame.—Sligo Champion.

MONUMENT TO FATHER MATHEW.—We are happy at being able to announce that Mr. Foley, the celebrated sculptor, has finally agreed to the terms prescribed by the committee of the Mathew Monument. The work will therefore be commenced immediately. As our distinguished countryman is now the greatest British, perhaps the greatest living, sculptor, there need be no fear that the memorial will be worthy the greatness it is intended to commemorate, and will be honoring alike to the illustrious dead, and to the city which has so revered his memory.—Cork Examiner.

What is wanted to make Ireland free is the complete removal of all the social and political disabilities under which the Catholics labour, the disestablishment of the English sect, a Catholic Viceroy and Chief Secretary, the filling of the offices of administrative, local and imperial, with Catholics in a just proportion to their numbers, a complete remodeling of the Poor-law, and the establishing such relations between landlord and tenant as shall release the latter from being at the mercy of the caprice or bigotry of the former. You cannot expect protestants as a body to join heartily in these objects. The more consistent of them may, in the name of the liberty about which Protestantism makes such loud professions. By all means accept gratefully their aid. But do not make the grievance a matter of race antipathy. It is the Irish Catholics who are unjustly and oppressively treated, not the Protestants. On the whole, the latter have nothing to complain of; but very much the reverse. And, under such circumstances, to ignore the religious grievance, to ostentatiously deny that religion and faith are involved in the question; and to reduce it to merely whether Celt or Saxon shall have sway in Ireland, is, in our humble opinion, a mistake. Wales is as Celtic as Ireland, so is a great part of Scotland; but there is no complaint of misgovernment and tyranny there.—Glasgow Free Press.

IRISH 'PROSPERITY'.—There is in this country a large class of people who act as if they were under the implicit belief that the rearing and feeding of cattle, on lands from which Irish peasants have been swept in thousands, is the one saving remedy for all grievances. This belief is also shared by Englishmen and Scotchmen, who wish to be considered wise political economists. Such persons altogether overlook the important fact that if the peasantry be exterminated, the country must become a vast waste, almost profitless to those who are possessed of the land in fee. This is no theoretical opinion—it has been proved in practice. Now we acknowledge, that we have no objection to see the breed of cattle in this or any other country improved to the highest degree. We desire most earnestly that shows of fine in every district of Ireland may become numerous, and that they shall have the effect of exciting such a competition as will be beneficial to all who are engaged in pastoral pursuits. But it is a remarkable fact, that amongst the most active patrons of cattle shows in Ireland, are those who boast loudly of the extermination of the people; while, at the same time, they refer to this extermination, and to the cattle-breeding in progress, on the land out of which the peasants have been hustled, as proof that the country is improving. We protest most strongly against any such doctrine, even though it come from Viceroyal authority.—Sligo Champion.

LOD PAM NOT AN IRISHMAN.—A very pleasant meeting took place at Romsey on Wednesday last. The meeting was held to inaugurate an exhibition of works of art and industry, under the auspices of Lord Palmerston. The visitors at Broadlands accompanied the Premier to the Town Hall, and they and the crowded audience expressed, by redoubled cheering, their delight at one passage of Lord Palmerston's address. The passage which elicited such applause was the following:—"We, people of Romsey—I am proud to call myself one, for I was born here, close by (loud cheers)—we, people of Romsey, have some reason to be satisfied with that which this town has produced in the way of humane intellect." (Hear, hear, and loud cheers). In common, we believe, with all our contemporaries, we had supposed Lord Palmerston to be an Irishman. Lord Carlisle was, assuredly, under the same impression lately, when replying to a deputation. A greater Irishman than Lord Palmerston denied his country, and, perhaps, his lordship thinks the example creditable. If, however, the Premier be correct, we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that it is not an Irishman who excludes the nobility and gentry of this country from any share in the government of their native land. We pass over, without remark, the allusion to the pride which Romsey ought to feel in the intellectual talent she has produced.—Irish Times.

A wardmaster of the North Dublin Union was yesterday charged before the Board of Guardians with indecorous conduct in the Roman Catholic chapel of the institution, and behaving insultingly to the Roman Catholic chaplain. The Board, deeming the charges proved, ordered him to send in his resignation. He did so, but the document was worded so disrespectfully to the reverend complainant that the Board rejected it, and ordered the wardmaster's immediate dismissal. Both the resolutions were moved and seconded by Protestant guardians.—Times Dublin Cor.

If we may trust statements which appear weekly under the authority of the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, chief of the Carmelites in Dublin, there is a fearful amount of utter destitution among women and girls in this city. The following is a weekly return of the number of destitute girls, children, and women of good character, who received night shelter and partial subsistence in St. Joseph's Night Refuge, Brickfield-lane, Cork-street, Dublin, for the week ending the 17th of April, 1862:—Young children, 177; shirtmakers, 150; petit dealers, 71; servants, 375; laundresses, 94; knitters and weavers, 42; bonnetmakers, 23; dress and vest makers, 27; bootbinders and tasselmakers, 28; confectioners, 7; total, 994.—Dublin Cor. Times.

THE CASE OF ALICE DELIN.—Many of our readers will recollect the story of poor Alice Delin, the aged widow, whose melancholy death we commented on some time ago under the heading of 'Christmas Charities in Geashill.' We are glad to observe that her sad and cruel case is about to be brought before the House of Commons by one of the King's County members, Mr. O'Brien. It is a matter well worthy the attention of a just legislature, as it would have been of a humane Executive. Alice Delin was arrested by order of a magistrate on Christmas Eve last for the crime of asking a bit of sugar from a Miss Carter. She was sent off on an inclement night, packed on an ass's ear, without shelter or covering, to be lodged in Tullamore goal; and to this journey the poor creature owed her death. A few days after her incarceration old Alice was discovered to be dying, and the goal officials then sent her back to Geashill to die. A Coroner's inquest was held upon her remains, and at this inquest were elicited facts which deserve the attention of Parliament, as illustrating the way in which the law is sometimes administered in Ireland. We trust that Mr. O'Brien will do his duty fully and fearlessly in bringing the matter before the House of Commons.—Dublin Telegraph.

A FACT FOR REVIVALISTS.—In the last report of the Inspectors of Lunatic Asylums in Ireland, the following passage is given as showing the influence of religious revivals on the promotion of insanity. We have not yet seen it published, and therefore give it for the benefit of those interested in revivalism:—"We are afforded an illustration of the influence which a strong temporary excitement obtains over the manifestations of the mind, in the religious revivalism a year or two since in a northern district, where more cases of insanity resulted therefrom within the couple of months it lasted than had taken place in the whole preceding year."

AN ORANGE REVIVAL IN DOWNPATRICK.—A correspondent sends us a copy of the Downshire Protestant, in which is given a report of a soiree last week, at which the 'Boys' came out in great force. Our correspondent says that it recalls to him the events of 1857, when 'the boys abandoned their leader and showed more love for town parks than for the glorious memory.' Brother Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, and Brother Gwynn, of Antrim, appear to have been the pop-guns of the evening, the heavier artillery being conspicuously absent, and deeply regretting the necessity for staying away. The chairman pronounced the dogma that 'Orangeism is not intolerant, as far as persons are concerned, a fact which 12th of July anniversaries have abundantly proved.' Those who charge Orangeism with intolerance, said the chairman, 'may call themselves Liberals if they please, but they don't deserve the name, for they would not, if they could help it, tolerate Orangeism, but would put down our meetings and crush our association.' We are deeply pained to find that we don't deserve the name of Liberal, for we must confess that, if we had the power, we would make short work of Orangeism and Ribbonism, and all such dangerous political associations. We would not, however, go to the length of putting down their meetings; it would 'only play the fool in their own house,' with the doors shut on them a la Polonus.—Brother Johnston might crow, and Brother Gwynn might cackle, till all was blue and Orange about them. It is to the way in which Orangemen prove their toleration—by breaking the Protestant peace and Catholic pates at one and the same operation—that respectable and orderly people object.—Northern Whig.

AGRARIAN MURDER IN TIPPERARY.—With deep sorrow we have to chronicle this week a savage murder committed in the open day, within a few miles of a market town, in one of the loveliest spots in the whole noble county of Tipperary. The brutal assassination of M. Gustave Thiebault is indeed a sad and sinister event. For years past Tipperary has been singularly free from this class of crime, and its rural, even in a solitary instance, must spread dismay amongst the sincere well-wishers of the Irish people. The struggle for the possession of land appears to have been at the root of this fearful crime as it has been at that of so many other atrocities. M. Thiebault and his brother, M. Charles Thiebault, of Dundee, had purchased the estate of Rockwell and other lands in the lumbered Estates Court some time ago, and M. Gustave Thiebault had since resided, at least occasionally, on the property. It seems that the former owner of Rockwell, a Mr. Roe, was murdered in 1847, and it is said that some time ago Madame Thiebault received a threatening notice menacing her husband with "the death of Roe" unless he desisted from certain legal decrees he had obtained against a few tenants. One journal states that the deceased gentleman had evicted two or three tenants; but another avers that he had not proceeded so far against them, but had merely served them with notice to quit, and that this was for non-payment of rent. Whatever the unhappy cause of difference may have been the result is certainly most deplorable. An estimable Catholic gentleman has been assassinated in the open day almost at his own door, and Tipperary so long happily free from the stain of agrarian crime has been disgraced before Europe by the perpetrators of this fearful atrocity. The murder of an unoffending stranger, a Frenchman, too, will be used to blacken the character of Tipperary and of Ireland all over Europe and throughout the civilized world. We can only hope that the perpetrators of this foul deed will speedily meet the punishment due to their inhuman crime.—Dublin Catholic Telegraph.

MYSTERIOUS SUDDEN DEATH AT QUEENSTOWN.—Amongst the passengers who arrived at Queenstown from New York, per the Iman steamer, Edinborough, on Wednesday evening, was an elderly woman and a little boy of five years. She brought with her a large trunk bearing the inscription "Michael Roman, Montreal, No. 1," which was conveyed direct to the railway station, preparatory to her proceeding homeward the next morning. On coming ashore she appeared in a very weak and unhealthy state, and it was rumored amongst the other passengers that she had left her native place—supposed to be Youghal—to recruit her shattered constitution. Immediately after her arrival she engaged lodgings for the night, for herself and child, at a house in the Old Square, and after drinking a glass of porter went to bed. Next morning, apprehension of some unforeseen evil was excited, by the child coming from his mother's room, and complaining to the proprietress of the lodgings that "Mamma would not speak to him." The landlady then proceeded to her lodger's room, and found her lying in bed a lifeless corpse. Medical aid was called in, but only to ascertain for a certainty that life was completely extinct. The police were, thereupon informed of the discovery, and they endeavored by questioning the child, to elicit the name and destination of the deceased. Owing, however, to the little fellow's imperfect articulation he could only be understood to say that his name was M. Moroney. It was then deemed expedient to examine the contents of her trunk, with a view to discovering some clue to her identity. The only matter, however, that could be found likely to afford such a clue was a letter addressed to "Daniel Brien, Conna. Co. Cork, Ireland"; but the police refrained from opening it for the present. The other articles which the chest contained were chiefly—cheap dresses, a numerous collection of portraits, several presents for friends at home, and some small household utensils. It is clear that the deceased was a member of the Roman Catholic church, from the fact that religious objects also formed a part of her luggage. An inquest will be held to-day, when the letter will probably be opened by the coroner, and the mystery cleared up. Meanwhile, the unfortunate child remains in the lodgings, inconsolable at the loss of his parent, and should the identity of the latter not be discovered, must be handed over to the relieving officer for maintenance. On referring to the list of passengers by the Edinburgh, the names which are thought to be those of the deceased and her child are found to be "Mrs. Haly or Hally and child."—Cork Herald.

SWIFT AND SHERIDAN.—Swift has not left us many sayings at all worthy of the towering reputation which he has achieved with his pen, but still a few survive bearing a strong resemblance to a clear cutting irony which lend so much vigor and keenness to his written style. Coleridge described him as "the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place," and perhaps the felicity of this description has never been surpassed. He seems to have had the power of seeing everything in a light and once humorous and true, and hence the marvellous simplicity of his style. When a clergyman complained of the dilapidated state of his church, "Give it," said Swift, "to the Papists; when they have repaired it, you can take it away again." Take his famous answer when some one proposed to him as a toast, "The trade of Ireland." "Sir, I drink no memories." How homely, yet happy, his description of the social scheme for supplying our wants by lopping off our feet when he says that "it is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes." Even about his boxes and practical jokes there is the same men of mock simplicity. When he was bored by a number of persons who had assembled round his house to see an eclipse, he got rid of them by ordering the crier to announce that the eclipse had been put off by command of the Dean. What a contrast between his sharp short thrusts, and the elaborate polish and sparkle of Sheridan! One dazzles, while the other runs you through. Take as an instance Sheridan's answer when Lord Derby applied for the arrears of his wife's salary—"My dear lord, this is too bad; you have taken from us the brightest jewel in the world, and you now quarrel with us for a little of the dust she has left behind her."

The Rev. Thomas Doyle, late curate of the parish of Newbridge, in the diocese of Dublin, has been appointed chaplain to the Catholic troops at Secunderabad.

IRISH RELIEF.—The following letter was received by Peter P. M'Swiny, Esq., Secretary to the Dublin Relief Committee:—

Cork, April 6, 1862. Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find one-half of a £5 note, which the Irishman of Her Majesty's ship Queen, lying at Cork, are anxious should be transmitted in aid of the distressed poor in the West of Ireland. Would you be so kind as to send it to its destination, and please to acknowledge the receipt of it to the Rev. Dr. Conway, "care of His Grace Dr. Maddalena, Archbishop of Corfu," and the other half will be duly sent, immediately on behalf of your acknowledgment of this half. As we are anxious that her Majesty's other ships should follow our example, would you please to take notice of this donation through the press. In another letter we shall send you a list of those men who have subscribed, and the amount of their respective subscriptions. You will confer upon us a great favor by acknowledging immediately the receipt of this half.—Yours very admirably,

IRISHMAN. DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYSE.—A brief notice in another column announces the painful intelligence of the death of Sir Thomas Wyse, the British Ambassador at Athens. Thomas Wyse was one of a very old and distinguished Catholic family in Waterford, where he was born in 1791. He took a leading and active part in the affairs of the Catholic Association, the history of which, from his pen, was published soon after the cessation of that great confederacy. He was member for Tipperary in 1830, and subsequently he sat for Waterford, holding the representation of that city up to 1846 and 1847. He devoted himself with zeal to literature and politics. He was an eminent scholar. His speeches on the education question were splendid efforts of oratory. He was an accomplished and high-minded gentleman. His death will be sincerely regretted by all classes, and particularly by those who remember how much he had done in times long past to place his fellow-Catholics in a position of equality with their Protestant brethren.—Dublin Evening Post.

TO THE EDITOR OF DUNDALK DEMOCRAT. "Even in Ireland."

Dear Sir—I have not seen the following copied into your paper. It is remarkable as coming from an ultra-Protestant source (Western Times), and from a Protestant preacher of some note, for hitherto the defence of Ireland and Irish people seems to have been attempted at least in this country only by Irish and Catholic organs such as your own. Its reproduction in the Universal News would be inappropriate. Yours truly, N. W. H.

London, April 16, 1862.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "WESLEYAN TIMES."

Sir—In your paper of the 24th inst. I notice a paragraph on page 181, selected evidently from another journal, under the head of 'General Religious News,' in which the fact is set forth of damage having been done to the windows of the Independent chapel in Galway by some mob, and that 'the Roman Catholic citizens of Galway have, in the most handsome manner, engaged to pay the expense of repairing' the same. It is added, 'Such a deed is a marvel, and we delight to record them as showing an improving spirit even in Ireland.' Now, sir, this deed is no doubt a 'marvel' in many ways, and will appear such to many; but, from several years' residence in Galway, and knowing the kind feeling entertained towards the Rev. John Lewis, the Independent minister there, by all classes in the town, it is to me no 'marvel.' The 'marvel' to me is that English journalists and English writers in general, in this day of rapid steam communication when a short trip over the Channel and a stay of a few days in Ireland would give them much information which they evidently need, will continue to write and publish such expressions as 'even in Ireland,' as if no 'good thing' could come out of Ireland. There are but few parishes in Ireland in which I can not be for a longer or shorter period, and I can only say that such expressions as I have quoted are ill applied when they have reference to that country. They are highly offensive to Irishmen, unless where an Irishman has the good sense to enable him to laugh at the display of English ignorance of 'the sister Isle' which such manifest 'I should not marvel' to see some statement made with reference to Fiji, and wound up with 'even in Ireland'; but that such should be continued with regard to Ireland is indeed marvellous. Ireland's 'mad cabin,' &c., have often been dwelt upon by Englishmen, and poor 'Fat' commiserated; but I have never seen in Ireland such homes for the working classes as those condemned in the last number of All the Year Round as the homes of English laborers, in an article entitled 'Pinchback's Cottages.' There should be no such 'cottages' in either country; but that Ireland is any worse in this respect than other places is not correct. There is no country in Europe at this moment so free from crime either as Ireland. We have had dark crimes arising from agrarian outrages, but never the dark crimes perpetrated in England for mere trash in the shape of money or other valuables. The working classes in Ireland are vastly ahead of those in England earning double their wages, ahead of them in intelligence, smartness, and politeness. The Irish are free, open-hearted, friendly, and possessed of as little selfishness as can be found in any race in the world. These are the features which you would find 'even in Ireland.' And, besides this, the Irish are all to a man a professedly religious people. I verily believe there is not from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and from the Hill of Howth to Slyne Head, an Irishman who is either an infidel or a sceptic, or who would allow himself to be drawn by infidel lecturers into the mazes of their dark system. This is not the case 'even in' England. But you say, perhaps, 'The Irish are superstition.' Well, they may be in matters of a religious character; but you never heard of 'gipsies' driving a trade in Ireland. They make fools of Devonshire women, but Irishwomen are not so ignorant as to believe in fortune-tellers. A case of an Irishwoman being ensnared by such parties is a great rarity, and when the matter is traced home she is almost invariably found to be some half-bred Scotchwoman, with a stock of Scotch-witch stories in her head, and not a real Irishwoman. 'Even in Ireland' we know better than to believe in such. For the credit of English writers, and to save themselves from the charge of ignorance on the simplest matters regarding their 'next door neighbors,' I trust such expressions as that with which I have headed this letter will forever cease, and that they will show more knowledge of Ireland and the Irish in future.—I remain truly yours, J. A. MOWATT.

35, Ship-street, Belfast.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Sydney Freeman's Journal, complains that Mr. Jordan, the Colonial Government Agent, who was sent to this country to promote emigration to Queensland, has most improperly avoided all intercourse with Catholic Ireland, in order to prevent emigration from that part of the Empire, and has confined his operations to England, and especially to Scotland, for the purpose of peopling the Colony with Calvinistic settlers. To defeat this 'artful dodge,' the Catholics of Queensland, headed by their Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Quinn, himself an Irishman, well known to all who know anything of the religious movements of Dublin for many years back, have established an Immigration Committee, and created a fund for the purpose of procuring Irish emigrants, who will carry the Faith of their fathers to Queensland. We wish them every success in their enterprise, and hope that by this means, he scandalous manœuvre of Mr. Jordan, and his co.-overs will be signally defeated, especially as the Colony appears to be one in which Irish emigrants will find a fine field for their labor and enterprise.—Weekly Register.

The true policy of the Conservatives, and true policy of Englishmen, is to advocate the reinstatement of Francis II., upon the Neapolitan constitutional throne, and to stipulate for the maintenance of the Pope in all his rights. If we are not a Catholic nation—and more shame for us that we are not—at least we have an interest in the quietude of Europe, which can never be secured while the Head of the Catholic world is in peril of losing the rights secured to him by universal assent; of the nations of Europe in the treaties of 1815, which it behoves England and the Conservatives to see shall not quite become the waste paper which the Liberal journals delight to call them. After Easter we expect to hear from Mr. Disraeli, and we shall be much disappointed if he does not break a silence far too prolonged.—Union.

It appears from well-authenticated statistics that in London there are 640 different charitable institutions—excluding workhouses—with an aggregate income of £2,411,987-10—or nearly a pound a head for the metropolitan population. A statement of the cost of administering this splendid revenue would doubtless afford some very instructive information.

Emigration appears to be going on in England on a large scale as well as in Ireland. It is, however, probable that many who sail from English ports are Irish. Last Saturday the Government emigrant vessel Theresa, 704 tons, sailed from Plymouth for Brisbane, Moreton Bay, Queensland, with 30 married couples, 112 single men, 33 single women, 17 boys, and 22 girls, between 1 and 12 years of age, and 12 infants, making in all 300 souls.

MORALITY IN ENGLAND.—From an analysis of the Court of Divorce printed list it appears that there are 99 divorce and matrimonial petitions for hearing which includes 11 cases for judicial separation, 87 for dissolution of marriage, and one for declaration of legitimacy. Of these 7 are to be tried by special jury, and 15 by common jury; while the remainder are to be heard by the court without juries.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND IRISH DISTRESS.—The Lord Mayor of London has benevolently called the attention of the city of merchant princes to the distress prevailing in Conamara. His lordship stated that he had received a letter from a gentleman whom he knew, and in whose credit he placed implicit confidence, detailing the suffering of the people in the neighborhood of Conamara. It is the 10th of the year that potatoes and oats had failed, and were not half a crop—there was no fuel—the landlords had done all they could to assist their tenants; but a serious evil threatens now, namely, 'the want of potatoes and oats to sow for another year.' The Lord Mayor of London is an unbeliever in the police statistics paraded by Sir Robert Peel. He believes that there may be provisions in a country, and yet no means of earning the means to buy them; he thinks that bread may be cheap, and yet many have no money to purchase it. He is not for sending the poor by wholesale to the workhouses. He thinks there may be great suffering, although the workhouses are not full. He is evidently no theorist, but a practical man; for, instead of enforcing the stern rules of the Poor-Law and advocating the confiscation of property for the support of all the distressed, he recommends the case of Conamara to the liberality of the public, and states that 'the National Bank, in Old Broad-street, was willing to receive contributions.'

We had ample proof on a very recent occasion that the Canadians are as anxious to remain part of the British Empire as we are that they should be so.—Nothing that has happened since is likely to weaken that feeling on either side. There can be no great desire in the dwellers by the St. Lawrence to take a share in that pleasurable debt which is now swelling by a daily million in the Federal State; nor can there be any great enthusiasm on the part of the scattered inhabitants of the North to pay tribute to the manufacturers of New England. Already the States are raising difficulties upon the terms of the Reciprocity Treaty, and are indignant that the Canadians do not give them such advantages in their tariff as might enable them to drive English manufactures from the Canadian market. We cannot suppose that our American fellow-subjects love their quarrelsome neighbors better than they did, or that they would like them better as partners, now they are overwhelmed with debt, than they did when they were prosperous and solvent. But Federal America is in a conquering mood. The longer this war lasts the more military and offensive she will become. A man may serve a campaign and go back to his shop or his plough, but a man who has been three years a soldier is seldom fit for any other calling, and seldom able to forgo the idle habits and excitement of a soldier's life. It was some time before the sansculottes whom Napoleon Bonaparte led into Italy were drilled by victory into the faithful Imperialist army which placed him and protected him upon the throne. It will be some time, also, before the Republican Volunteers of to-day become professional soldiers, whose only business is war.—Yet, if history has any lessons worth reading, this must happen if the war continues. Should this be so, and should Federal America become a conquering Republic with vassal States and a permanent military organization, Canada will have to choose whether she will be a rival or a slave. If she would not fall to the intolerable position of being a slave to a democracy she also must have a strong military organization; and, perhaps, it may be prudent not to put off too long a regular and business-like preparation for the exigency.—London Times.

The Times argues that the true test of public feeling in the North will come when the taxes are collected. Meantime, so long as the Federals are not absolutely winners, they are losers—whereas, so long as the Confederates are not actually subdued, they may regard themselves as winning. These are considerations which counterbalance the superiority of the North.

Capt. Wilson, who captured the Emily St. Pierre from the prize crew, has been formally presented, by numerous Liverpool merchants, with a valuable service of plate and a gold chronometer; also with a sextant from his own crew, and with £2000 as the owners of the ship. The mercantile marine association of Liverpool also announced its intention to present him with a gold medal, and his cook and steward with silver medals. Valuable money presents were also made to the cook and steward. Speeches eulogistic of the captain's act were made on the occasion by several prominent merchants.

A GIANTIC OVER.—Among the strange applications made to the Exhibition Commissioners, this, the latest one, may be considered a curiosity in its way:—'I am the agent and interpreter of a French subject; he is a giant; his height is 8 feet, his weight is 30 stone, his age is 25, of a pleasing exterior. I take the liberty to offer him to your lordships' notice. Dressed up in the Henri Quatre style, he would make a very commanding usher for the International Exhibition. Should my proposal be seemingly deserving of a reply, I await my lord's communication; and will be ready on any notice to bring the man for inspection and communicate the terms.—Globe.

INFANTICIDE IN LONDON.—A return of the verdicts of coroners' inquests in London, on infants under two years of age, during the year 1861, has just been published. It appears that in the eastern division of Middlesex no less than 421 inquests were held, and only in seventeen cases a verdict of murder was returned by the jury. In the western division there were 316 inquests; the verdict in the great majority of cases being 'found dead,' varied occasionally with a 'found dead in a box.' In the city and liberty of Westminster there were 91 inquests; and in the city of London and borough of Southwark, 81. In the metropolitan part of the county of Kent there were 43 inquests; in that under the coroner for the Duchy of Lancaster, comprising a few parishes in Middlesex, there were six inquests; and, in that of Surrey, 142. The sum total of metropolitan inquests on children under two years amounted, therefore, to 1,103 in the course of one year.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1862.

Mr. E. L. Snow, Collector, is authorized
 to receive subscriptions and give receipts for the
 TRUE WITNESS in the County of Ottawa, &c.
 We hope that any of our subscribers indebted to
 this office whom he may call upon will be pre-
 pared for him.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In the intense and wide-spread suffering indicated
 upon the operatives of the North of England by
 the civil war in America could justify the inter-
 ference of the British Government in the inter-
 national affairs of the contending parties on this Con-
 tinent, there can be no doubt of the right of that
 government so to interfere. Starvation stares
 the people of the cotton manufacturing district in
 the face, and for their hope of relief there seems
 to be none. The following figures of arithmetic
 furnished by the Times are more eloquent than
 all the flowers of oratory:—

"In the month of March, 1860, we imported from
 the United States, 1,629,000 cwts; in March, 1861,
 1,494,000; and in the same month this year 2,055.—
 But has not the rest of the world partly made up for
 the deficiency? Let us see. In March, 1860, all the
 world including the United States, sent 1,760,000
 awt; in March, 1861, 1,603,000; and the same month
 this year 296,000."—Times.

The Times continues in the following highly
 suggestive strain:—

"We cannot help feeling that this is a question of
 greater gravity than the Americans, perhaps, will be
 ready to allow. Let us suppose a Civil War raging be-
 tween England and Ireland, and the former in order to
 starve out Ireland, establishing a blockade or procur-
 ing an Act of Parliament, the necessary result of
 which should be the starvation of two or three million
 Americans. Let us suppose the Americans
 called on to endure and to sanction with equanimity
 some measure of an unusual and rather violent
 character, with an equally serious and fatal opera-
 tion on themselves and the Irish, with whom at the
 very time they were feeling a great amount of political
 sympathy. It is natural to ask what the Americans
 would do in such a case. Would they sit down and
 die in quiet, being reconciled to death by the con-
 sideration that the blow was meant for the Irish,
 through it inevitably reached the Americans also? We
 are inclined to think they would not submit, but
 would require that, whatever is done to satisfy the
 exigencies of war, there must be measure of pure mis-
 chief, if they suffer themselves the larger moiety."

From the Continent of Europe there is little
 of interest to report. Affairs in Italy remained
 unchanged; and the struggle betwixt the Pied-
 montese and the Neapolitans—for conquest on the
 one hand, for national independence on the
 other—is still continued with undiminished vigor.
 The constant arrivals at Rome of the Prelates of
 Christendom are looked upon with a jealous eye
 by the revolutionary and anti-Catholic party,
 who see therein a foul conspiracy against their
 sovereignty. The health and spirits of His
 Holiness are reported by competent eye-witnesses
 as most excellent, and from his people the Sover-
 eign Pontiff continues to receive striking mani-
 festations of affection and loyalty.

No great military events have distinguished
 the past week. The Federals have met with a
 serious repulse from the Confederate batteries on
 James River, and their gun-boats had been
 driven back in confusion and with great loss of
 life to their respective crews. The long looked
 for battle near Corinth has not yet come off, and
 the Northerners have made no progress in that
 quarter. Yellow fever is said to have broken
 out in New Orleans, which will tend to make the
 occupation of that city by the Yankees anything
 but agreeable to the unwelcome guests.

The chief political event of the week has
 been the disallowing by President Lincoln of an
 inflammatory abolition proclamation, issued by
 General Halleck, wherein that officer, *proprio*
motu, undertook to declare the emancipation of the
 blacks in Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina.
 The President on this, as on many other occa-
 sions, has approved himself a wiser and honest
 man than any of his subordinates; and judging
 from his actions whilst in the Presidential Chair,
 we see no reason why the Southerners should
 have looked upon him as their enemy. Indeed
 he seems too good and too honest for the party
 with whom his lot is cast, and for whose deeds he
 is unfortunately for his fair fame—is held respon-
 sible.

The steamer *Sottia* brings us our latest Euro-
 pean news. Rumours of the recognition of the
 South by France and Great Britain are again
 rife, and are most probably false. So also are
 the rumours that Rome is about to be handed
 over to the King of Sardinia, and that the Sover-
 eign Pontiff is making preparations for a de-
 parture from his capital. The King of Naples
 had left Rome, but his destination was not an-
 nounced.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—The Ministry
 have been defeated by a vote of 61 to 54 upon
 the second reading of the Militia Bill. That
 the principle of a measure for the defence of the
 Province should have been so unceremoniously
 condemned we regret; for its rejection will have
 a bad effect on the other side of the Atlantic, by
 conveying the impression that Her Majesty's
 subjects in Canada are unwilling to contribute
 either in purse or in person, towards the pro-
 tection of the Empire of which these Provinces form
 part, and which under the protection of the Brit-
 ish flag enjoy a greater amount of rational free-
 dom than has ever fallen to the lot of any people
 on the face of the earth. This impression is
 false—we believe. We think that the late vote
 was purely a party vote, and designed as a
 condemnation rather of the Ministry by whom
 the particular measure was brought forward, than
 of the measure itself, objectionable as it may have
 been in many of its details, which might however
 have been put to rights in Committee. Any
 party that comes into office as the successors of
 the Cartier-MacDonald Cabinet must make up
 its mind to deal with the question, unless it is
 prepared to advocate the infamous and ruinous
 policy of Annexation.

The latest reports from Quebec are to the
 effect that the Ministry have resigned *en masse*;
 and that the Governor General has called in Mr.
 J. S. Macdonald, who conjointly with Mr.
 Sicotte will attempt to construct a new Cabinet.
 Nothing however was certain at the time of
 putting to press.

"TWO PENCE MORE, AND UP GOES THE
 DONKEY."—In its last analysis, this is the sub-
 stance of a piteous appeal for more cash, from
 the French Canadian Mission Society, to the
 public of Canada, and to Protestants throughout
 the world. "Only two-pence more," exclaim
 the reverend and evangelical showmen—"only
 two-pence more, and up goes the Protestant
 donkey;" or in other words, "down comes
 Popery."

The situation of the "Swaddlers," as re-
 vealed by the appeal above alluded to—and which
 appears in the Montreal *Witness* of the 15th
 instant, over the signature of Alex. F. Kemp,
 Corr. Secretary—is tantalisng in the extreme.
 They really were just about to do something great
 to show the results of their many long prayers,
 and watchings, and wrestlings, and soul-strugglings.
 The field, so they assure us in novel and un-
 hackned phrase, is white for the harvest; but
 the crop cannot be reaped, or housed, because
 there is no cash in hand to pay the labourers of
 the harvest. Not only, so they tell us, have the
 office-bearers, of the French Canadian Missionary
 Society "felt much difficulty during the past
 twelve months in obtaining the funds necessary
 to carry on the important work of the mission"—
 but, they add:—

"The sources from which our income is usually
 derived, both on this Continent and in Europe, have
 to a large extent failed us. Adverse circumstances
 of trade, commerce, and agriculture, have operated
 everywhere to limit our receipts. The Treasurer has
 with his usual liberality, advanced upwards of one
 thousand dollars to meet immediate claims, and a
 further sum must it is feared, be borrowed to carry
 us through the remaining months of the summer."—
Witness.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the "Swad-
 dlers" are in a *fix*. Their cash is gone, their
 credit is gone, and their occupation is nearly
 gone also. "What," exclaims the Committee
 despairingly—"what then in these circumstances
 can the Committee do?" "Shall we close the
 School at Pointe-aux-Trembles?" they ask,
 and recall the "Missionaries and Colporteurs from
 their deeply interesting fields of labor?" This
 they fear will be the alternative forced upon
 them if the "two-pence more" be not imme-
 diately forthcoming. Already, indeed, the greater
 part of the boys attending school are to be sent
 home for the summer—and only a limited number
 of girls retained; whilst only a sufficient number
 of Bible and Tract pedlars have been sent out
 to retain the old ground occupied by the Society,
 and to prevent intrusion from the functionaries of
 other and rival "Swaddling" Societies.

This is a sad state of things—and the more to
 be regretted because the donkey was really
 about to "go up" this time—and no mistake
 about it. All that was wanted was the additional
 "two-pence." Thus we are assured:—

"At no time in the previous history of the Society
 have the various departments of their work been in a
 more promising and pleasing condition."—*ib.*

They really were just going to begin. Their
 schools at Pointe-aux-Trembles had "been
 manifestly visited by the Spirit of God;" and all
 the teachers are agreed upon this point—that
 "a most happy influence is working gradually
 and powerfully upon the minds of the pupils
 generally, but especially upon the girls." The
 boys are harder cases, often given over to an un-
 regenerate spirit, which manifests itself in an apti-
 tude for marbles, and a predisposition to poke fun
 at their samity teachers. Still even amongst the
 boys "interesting cases of spiritual awakening"
 have displayed themselves. "A spirit of prayer"
 or kind of evangelical measles, has broken out
 spontaneously "among even the youngest of the
 scholars; four young persons who had given evi-
 dence of a change of heart have been received
 by profession into the church; others are inquir-

ing the way Zion-ward; and on the whole
 nothing," says the Committee, "can be more
 encouraging than the fruits of our labors."

And to think that all this—these breakings
 out, or eruptions of a spirit of prayer—these visi-
 ble manifestations—these anxious inquiries about
 Zion, &c., &c., &c., should be brought to an
 untimely stoppage for want of funds; just in the
 nick of time too, when the long looked for haven
 was so close at hand, when the reward of so much
 heroism and saintly devotion seemed actually
 within reach. "Shall we then leave them?"—
 the Papists of Lower Canada—"under the delu-
 sions of Popery," exclaim the Committee—"and
 to all the consequences both spiritual and tem-
 poral, which that system of error entails upon its
 people?"—and of which the effects are so strik-
 ingly conspicuous in the statistics of the Provin-
 cial Penitentiary. Forbid it, Heaven, or rather
 forbid it all the powers of hell and darkness!—"Two-
 pence more, gentlemen, of the Protestant
 churches, only two-pence more, and up goes
 the donkey"—pitifully, imploringly shriek our
 friends of the French Canadian Missionary So-
 ciety. "For twenty years the Society has been
 engaged in the work;" for twenty years it has
 been vainly trying to redeem its pledges, to
 gratify the morbid appetites of the public, and to
 give the contributors towards its funds something
 for their money. And now, when everything
 was so promising, here it is brought to a stand
 still for lack of funds. Be generous then Pro-
 testants; open your purse-strings, and come
 down liberally with the dust. Two-pence more,
 only two-pence, and this time "up goes the
 great Protestant donkey."

We have often contended that mere secular
 instruction can have no beneficial moral effect
 upon the young; and have thence drawn the infer-
 ence that, if we make the repression of crime the
 basis of our argument in favor of State-School-
 ism, we must also, to be logically consistent, ad-
 mit the necessity of moral, as well as secular in-
 struction in the State schools. But if we admit
 this—and as religion is the basis of, or underlies
 all morality—it follows that we must also admit
 that religion cannot be entirely eliminated from
 State education, without thereby defeating the
 object for which State Schools were instituted—
 viz., the good of the community by the repres-
 sion of crime. When it suits their convenience,
 even Protestants avail themselves of this line of
 argument—as for instance in the following which
 we take from the *Toronto Christian Guardian*
 of the 16th of April last:—

"Our Common Schools are undoubtedly a great
 blessing, and tend in a very great degree to lessen
 vice in the community; but their efficiency in this
 respect depends entirely on their character. If they
 inculcate moral principles, morals will be promoted;
 but if they depend on secular instruction alone, they
 may become schools of vice. Common Schools that
 do not watch over the morals of the young, simply
 afford an opportunity for children to corrupt each
 other. It is therefore essential not only that our
 schools should be extended, but also that the moral
 nature and design of education should be more and
 more recognized and kept in view, by all the teach-
 ers and trustees of our schools. This would go very
 far towards training up a virtuous community, and
 towards the prevention of crime. Let reverence for
 religion, obedience to parents, sacred love of truth,
 strict honesty, kindness towards all, be taught dili-
 gently, and our schools will indeed become the great
 safeguards of society. But if these lessons are ne-
 glected, the young will come together only to be cor-
 rupted."—(The Italics are our own—Ed. T. W.)

We are perfectly satisfied with our Methodist
 contemporary's views of what education should,
 or rather must, be, if it is to act in any degree as
 a preventive to crime: It must inculcate moral
 principles; it must teach "reverence for reli-
 gion." All this is true; but how are these
 things to be done in "mixed schools" without, in
 some manner or another, interfering with the
 "religion" of the pupils? In purely "secular"
 schools, these things cannot be taught; and the
 opponents of separate schools always insist that
 the common or mixed schools are purely secular.

"Reverence for religion," the *Christian*
Guardian recognises as a thing that should be
 taught in the State Schools. But for what re-
 ligion is reverence to be taught? we ask. Is re-
 verence for all religions, for false religions, as well
 as for the one true religion to be taught? and if
 it is not, who is to discriminate betwixt the true
 religion, and all false religions?—betwixt that
 which—if the State schools are to exercise any
 beneficial moral effects—the pupils are to be
 taught to revere, and that which as false religions,
 they are bound to hold in scorn and abhorrence.
 Either the *Christian Guardian* must abandon
 his thesis as to the necessity of teaching "re-
 verence for religion" in the State Schools, or he
 must adopt one or the other of the two following
 hypotheses:—

1. That it is the duty of school teachers to
 inculcate reverence for religion without reference
 to its truth or falsity. Or—

2. That it is the legitimate function of the
 school teacher to discriminate betwixt the true
 and the false in religion, and to inculcate re-
 verence for the former alone.

therefore furnishes both Catholics and Protest-
 ants with an unanswerable argument against mixed
 schools.

By no conceivable process is it possible for the
 same teacher, at the same time, and place, and
 by one process, to inculcate a reverence for two
 contrary religions—for contraries one must be
 false. He may indeed by his liberal handling
 of his subject generate a spirit of religious in-
 differentism, or perhaps a contempt for all reli-
 gion, amongst his pupils; but unless he teaches
 that, of religions, one only is, or in the nature of
 things can, be true, and that nothing which is not
 true is worthy of reverence, he cannot subserve
 the cause of morality, or promote a "sacred love
 of truth."

Here then is the problem which we propose
 to the *Christian Guardian*. Given a mixed
 school, that is to say, a school whose pupils are
 made up of Catholics and Protestants—how is the
 teacher to inculcate a "reverence for religion"
 without either by implication asserting the equal
 truth of both the Catholic and Protestant reli-
 gions—or else discriminating in favor of either
 the one or the other? We put this question to
 our contemporary in all good faith, and shall be
 most happy to discuss the subject with him in a
 serious and Christian spirit.

AN ABOMINABLE OUTRAGE.—The Protest-
 ant and revolutionary press are greatly and justly
 indignant against "a noble Belgian bigot," as they
 style him—name not given in the *London Times*
 —who it seems has had the wickedness and the
 audacity "to place a sun of 100,000*l.* in the hands
 of the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines for
 the use of the Pope." This act—so we learn
 from a paragraph in the foreign correspondence
 of the *London Times*—"had aroused universal
 indignation in the Belgian capital"—and we sup-
 pose that as friends of liberty, the revolutionary
 party will do their best to prevent a repetition of
 such an outrage for the future.

We may be sure, indeed, that, if liberal prin-
 ciples were once in the ascendancy, that if the
 social and political theories of the revolutionary
 party, or party of progress as they style them-
 selves, could only be reduced to practise, such an
 abomination as "personal liberty," so incompat-
 ible with the pretensions of democracy, would
 soon be abolished, or put down as high treason
 against the "sovereignty of the people." And in-
 deed it is as much because Popery is essentially
 favorable to individual or personal liberty, as be-
 cause of its supernatural dogmas that it is looked
 upon with such implacable hatred by all revolu-
 tionists and demagogues. Popery naturally tends
 to foster and develop a healthy vigorous spirit of
 "individualism" amongst its votaries; whilst
 Protestantism, which is the handmaid of dema-
 gogues, on the contrary, as naturally tends to
 Communism, or the denial of all personal or in-
 dividual rights, and to the subjection of every
 act, of every thought almost, to the will of a
 brute majority. Thus for a Catholic to devote
 a considerable portion of his own private prop-
 erty to the support of the afflicted and despoiled
 Head of his Church, is an act which, amongst
 Protestants, "arouses universal indignation;" and
 to which if they had the power they would put a
 stop, just as they seek to throw obstacles in the
 way of the endowment of our religious institu-
 tions in Canada.

So in like manner the action of the Bishop of
 Christendom in accepting the invitation of the
 Sovereign Pontiff to meet in solemn assembly at
 Rome, has "aroused deep and universal indignation"
 amongst the revolutionary party, and its
 friends and abettors. They feel that it is an as-
 sertion of personal right on the part of the
 Bishops attending, and they resent it as an act of
 revolt against their favorite dogma, accordingly.
 All sections of the Protestant press, the ultra-
 evangelical, and the avowedly infidel and anti-
 Christian—the *Edinburgh Witness*, approvingly
 quoted by its Montreal namesake, and the *Paris*
Siecle—sympathise in indignation, and invoke the
 strong arm of the law against the contumacious
 Prelates who, "in defiance of kings," as the
Edinburgh Witness has it, act as if they had a
 natural, inherent right to meet together and con-
 sult about the affairs of the Church without ask-
 ing leave of King, of Emperor, or of mob.—
 True, the party which the *Edinburgh Witness*
 represents in Scotland has always been most clam-
 orous for the right of Presbyterian ministers to
 hold their Assemblies when and how they please,
 without interference from the Civil Power; and
 most eloquent has that party been in its denun-
 ciation of Erastianism, or the ecclesiastical polity
 which asserts that the State has any legitimate
 spiritual or ecclesiastical jurisdiction. But then
 it has clamored for this right only in its own be-
 half; and if it has denounced the subjection of
 the Church to the State, it has done so only when
 its own interests were affected, and never dreamed
 even that Papists—more Catholic serfs—should
 be allowed to enjoy equal privileges with the
 saints. Our friend, the *Witness*, would of course
 contend that, if a Protestant minister in Canada
 was inclined to attend a projected meeting of
 Protestant ministers of the same denomination in
 the United States, he would have the right to
 gratify that inclination, and that it would be a

monstrous piece of tyranny were the State to in-
 terfere with him, and to prohibit his leaving the
 Colony. But if a Romish Bishop claims for
 himself a similar right; if a Catholic Prelate
 presumes to leave his country for Rome, without
 the consent of the Civil Power, our contem-
 porary mourns over the inability of the magistrate
 to prevent, or at least punish, such contumacious
 conduct.

The anxiety displayed by the both sections of
 the Protestant press—by the *Witness* or evangeli-
 cal section, and the *Siecle* or infidel section—
 about the approaching assembly of the Bishops
 of the Catholic Church at Rome, is complimen-
 tary and instructive. It is a high testimony to
 the vitality and power of Romanism; it is a sign
 that they fear Rome, though with a secret dread
 —as men fearing, yet knowing not what they fear.
 They may talk as they will about "Romanism
 being effete," but their anxiety, their nervous tre-
 mors prove that they do not believe that Rome
 is effete; that they still tremble before the thun-
 ders of the Vatican; and that the promise of the
 Holy One to Peter that whatsoever he shall bind
 or loose on earth shall be bound or loosed in hea-
 ven, is ever before their eyes, and is ever sound-
 ing in their ears.

It is highly instructive as well, for it shows us
 how Protestants would treat us if their power to
 oppress, were as strong as is their will to do so.
 Fortunately, however, it is impossible in the Brit-
 ish dominions to encroach long or seriously upon
 the personal liberties of Catholics, because every
 such encroachment would be an encroachment
 also upon the personal liberties which Protestants
 have inherited from their Catholic ancestors. They
 would fain, no doubt, prevent the Archb-
 shops of Westminster and Dublin from visiting
 Rome; but a law which should put it in the
 power of the Government thus to interfere with
 the motions of a Romish Prelate, would also en-
 able the Executive to place restraints upon the
 travelling propensities of its non-Catholic sub-
 ject; and however willing Protestants may be to
 oppress Papists, they are very averse to oppres-
 sion of which they themselves may one day be
 the victims.

In so far as we are concerned, nothing would
 delight us more than to hear that it was determined
 to hold a Convocation of all Protestant ministers,
 from all quarters of the globe, and composed of
 the representatives of all Protestant denomina-
 tions, at London or New York. So far from
 being dismayed, or apprehensive for the future
 of our own religion, we should rejoice in such a
 determination, and should feel fully assured that
 the scene of wrangling, strife, and mutual con-
 tradictions, in which such a Convocation or Gen-
 eral Council of Protestants would inevitably ter-
 minate, would be provocative of mirth, and highly
 favorable to the cause of Catholics. Just as the
 spectacle of their drunken Helots is popularly said
 to have confirmed the Spartans in their abhor-
 rence of drunkenness, so the disgust with which the
 worse than Babel confusion of a Protestant Gen-
 eral Council would inspire every well-regulated
 mind, would naturally compel men to seek for
 truth, in the verity and harmony of the Catholic
 Church.

GOOD AND BAD BOOKS.—Under this en-
 title, our contemporary, of the 9th inst., has a
 short paragraph which we transcribe:—

GOOD AND BAD BOOKS.—Kingsley has some good
 thoughts respecting books and periodicals, which are
 worthy of attention. After referring to the flood of
 books, newspapers, and writings of all sorts, good
 and bad, which are spreading over the world, and re-
 joining over a press, he remarks:—

"Now, if ever, we are bound to remember that books
 are words, and that words come either from Christ or
 the devil; now, if ever, we are bound to try all books
 by the word of God; now, if ever, we are bound to
 put holy and wise books into the hands of all around
 us, that if, poor souls! they must needs eat of the
 fruit of the tree of knowledge they may also eat of
 the tree of life; and now, if ever, we are bound to
 pray to Christ, the Word of God, that he will raise
 up among us wise and holy writers, and give them
 words and utterance to speak to the hearts of all the
 message of God's covenant, and that he may confound
 the devil and his lies, and all that swarm of
 vile writers who are filling the land with trash, filth,
 blasphemy and envenomness; with books which teach
 men that our wise forefathers, who built our churches
 and founded our Constitution, were but ignorant
 knaves and fanatics, and that selfish money-making
 and godless licentiousness are the only true wisdom;
 and so turn the divine power of words and the inesti-
 mable blessing of a free press into the devil's engine,
 and not Christ's the Word of God."—*Montreal Wit-
 ness*.

Though we must acquit him of all sinister de-
 signs against that holy Protestant faith of which he
 is the uncompromising champion, we cannot but
 accuse the *Witness* of a sad want of discretion
 in admitting such a paragraph as the above into
 his columns. It is indeed a most bitter satire
 upon Protestantism, and a severe condemnation
 of that very literature in which its votaries do
 most delight, and which the "Swaddlers" cir-
 culate.

No doubt those books are bad, and to be held
 accursed by all truth-loving men, "which teach
 men that our wise forefathers who built our
 churches—our Cathedrals, our glorious Abbes
 and Chapels)—and founded our Constitution,
 were but ignorant knaves and fanatics;" no
 doubt those books are to be abhorred which
 teach "that selfish money-making and godless
 licentiousness are the only true wisdom"—that
 material prosperity and worldly riches are a sign
 of civilization, and of the possession of God's
 eternal truth. The *Montreal Witness* as a
 Christian does well to anathematise such books
 such teachings—but as an evangelical Protestant

newspaper editor, he does foolishly, and eats much dirt; for that which he anathematizes is essentially the characteristic of all Protestant literature of the present day.

Who but Protestants teach that the men "who built our churches" who left us such monuments of Christian piety and of Catholic art as Westminster Abbey—as the numerous Cathedrals with which the surface of England is still studded—as Melrose, and Roslin in Scotland—were "but ignorant knaves and fanatics?" Who but Protestants represent in the same false light those brave, far-sighted and generous hearted Catholic statesmen who of old laid the foundations, and raised the superstructure of our much vaunted British Constitution? Nay! in disregard of truth and the plainest facts, do not almost all Protestant writers and historians refer our liberties to the epoch of the Revolution; ignoring the fact that those liberties flourished in their integrity long before the great apostasy of the XVI century, known as the Reformation; that they nearly perished beneath the Protestant Tudors and Protestant Stuarts; and that if we enjoy them again to-day, it is because we have in a great measure undone the work of the Revolution of 1688, abjured its principles, and repealed its Penal Laws? The great work of every truly liberal and reforming statesman for the last fifty years has been to undo that which the Wings of the Revolution did, and to unsettle that which they settled. Only in proportion as the spirit of that Revolution has been repressed, and its work destroyed, have the civil and religious liberties of the people progressed, or rather been restored.

And who but Protestants preach incessantly, and as incessantly practise, the doctrine that "selfish money making," that material prosperity, that hardware and dry goods, should be the objects of all human exertion?—that where these things are not, that where the roar of the cotton mill is hushed, and where printed calicoes are neglected—there the spirit of pure Christianity is not, and thither the true teachings of the Holy One have not penetrated? Why this is the Alpha and Omega of all Protestant teaching, the constant burden of its song against Popery, the vision which all its Seers do always see; and its one great argument against the corruptions, and degrading consequences of the superstitions of Rome, is the poverty of Romish communities, and the scarcity of manufactures amongst them.

And again, who but Protestants advocate divorce laws, and thereby aim at the substitution of pagan concubinage for Christian matrimony, of "godless licentiousness" for the sanctities of wedded life? Protestantism in its origin was, and is by its essence ever must be, a "protest" against those curbs or restraints which Popery imposes upon godless lusts, and upon the animal passions—a desperate or up-hill effort to distort God's holy laws, and to bring them into harmony with man's fleshly appetites, and the cravings of his lower nature. Fasting and celibacy, and all asceticism, monogamy, and the indissolubility of the marriage tie—these are the things which provoke the revolt of Protestants against Popery—these are the superstitions of Romanism which their favorite authors denounce, which they repudiate, and to which the entire spirit of Protestant literature is ostentatiously averse. Yes! the Witness does well to denounce the "bad books," to hold up to execration the "trash, filth, blasphemy, and coventousness" with which anti-Catholic writers "are filling the land;" but at the same time he should take heed to his own ways, and should diligently examine whether he also be not amongst the reprobate; and whether his own writings, whether his violent and mendacious vituperations of Popery, of the "wise and brave men who built our churches, and founded our Constitution," do not lay him open to the same condemnation as that which Kingsley has so justly pronounced upon "Bad Books" and their writers.

It must needs prove a source of ineffable consolation to the Catholics of Upper Canada to find themselves at length reinstated in the good graces of J. Egerton Ryerson—Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, and Methodist preacher withal. This happy and somewhat unexpected consummation is attributable, if we may believe the Doctor himself, to their recent display of "loyal feeling and British enthusiasm." The change is important and sudden. A few short years ago, in the days of the Ryerson-Bruyere controversy, we were held to be "aliens," and "an infusion of a foreign element;" now we are "good men and true," and so well behaved in the Methodist Doctor's estimation, as to be entitled to some slight remuneration, or rather instalment of justice, in the shape of a Separate School Bill—always provided J. Egerton Ryerson has the doing out of the same. Without presuming to lecture so shining a luminary as the Chief Superintendent, we may be pardoned if we say a few words about this loyalty which the Methodist Doctor a short time ago arrogated so exclusively to himself and his, but which he appears at length disposed to share with his neighbors. If loyalty in the Doctor's estimation is to be considered as a thing of to-day—a mere affection towards the reigning dynasty—then the British Catholics may perhaps claim but an ordinary share thereof; but if, on the contrary, instead of being a thing of yesterday, this loyalty is to be considered as a thing of centuries, then we would tell the Methodist Doctor that the Catholics of England, Ireland, and Scotland can lay exclusive claim thereto; and we would remind him that he and his ilk alone are "the aliens and the rebels." Loyalty, if we read it aright, is an affection and reverence for the laws and constitution of any particular land. Now the laws and constitution of England are not a thing of to-day or yesterday, but centuries; their roots are to be traced back

throughout the rich soil of Anglo-Saxon times, and even the days previous to the Roman occupation. As existing at the present time, they are moulded only to meet present exigencies and the necessities of modern society;—they are in fact the leaves of each passing year eliminated by a subtle chemistry from the soil of ages.—Viewed in this light, the Methodist Doctor must pardon us if we remind him that Catholicity is the true inhabitant of the soil, and that Protestantism is only the interloper, holding forced, but not legal possession; that it was Protestantism and not Catholicity, that overturned the ancient free constitution of England at the Reformation; that it was Protestantism and not Catholicity that destroyed legitimate monarchy under Cromwell and the Covenanters; that it was Protestantism and not Catholicity that called in a Dutch King and an alien dynasty to rule on the British Throne. It may be expedient for parvenus to ignore their origin, but the Catholics of England have no need to throw the cloak of charity over the deeds of their forefathers; but may point with pride to their long line of ancestors, who, rather than prove false to that free constitution as handed down from the primeval ages of English history, have suffered three hundred years of the most bloody, outrageous, and inhuman persecution, civil and religious. The existing bulwarks of British liberty were traced out by Catholic engineers—thrown up by Catholic artisans to protect Catholic interests; and if Protestantism took them by storm or strategy, she obtained only the forced possession of an invader—the "de facto," but not the "de jure" title to the estates. It is these considerations, if anything ever can do it, that should teach the Methodist Doctor a less over-weening pride—should humble him somewhat in his own eyes—should teach him that, like the ephemera of the insect kingdom (the most insignificant of organised beings), he is only a thing of yesterday or to-day—that at best he and his can only date back a short century in the world's history—that barely 300 years ago nor he nor his had any civil or religious existence on this earth; and that those whom he now affects to patronise, but whom he so lately wished to hold in slavery, are his predecessors in right, by a long line of centuries.

But be all this as it may; we are grateful to the Methodist Doctor for the right at length accorded us, although we did not expect to have to wait until the latter half of the nineteenth century to obtain it. Still, like the poor manumitted slave, we are grateful to our Slave-Master for giving us what was already our own—for granting us what he had never any right to withhold. The gift is valuable, not only for its intrinsic merits, but because it shows that even a quodam Methodist minister can be made liberal by a liberal salary; and can so far overcome the natural feelings of a tyrannical disposition, through a fear of losing his place, as to acknowledge the principle of slavery wrong, and that liberty, provided he have the distribution of it, is a right.—Thank you, Rev. Methodist Doctor—for nothing. SACERDOS.

Methodism is still what it was in the days of that reverend but wicked wag, the late Sydney Smith. It has still its grotesque revivals, its shoutings and its other extravagances; still does it boast of the marvellous interpositions of divine providence in its behalf, displayed sometimes in the severe colics of an impenitent sinner, at other times in the sudden death of the sabbath-breaker's horse. Here are some specimens of the stuff in which Methodists delight, extracted from the Toronto Christian Guardian of the 14th inst. The writer, after giving a description of a revival meeting near Haldimand, together with correct and revised lists of the numbers of souls saved, and of old women driven into fits, narrates with right evangelicalunction, but with sad contempt of grammar, the following:—

"SINGULAR OCCURRENCES. "Some singular things happened during the progress of the meeting. On the 33rd of March, a valuable horse died instantly at the church, where he had been driven by one of our ministers. On the 30th of March, the next Sabbath, in the evening, two valuable horses were instantly killed by lightning while on the way to the meeting and within about a mile of the church. The parties in the sleigh behind them and in the other sleighs were injured some (sic) but not dangerously."—Christian Guardian.

BRITISH SHILLINGS.—A notice has appeared, signed by many of the leading merchants and heads of commercial houses, that henceforward they will receive the British shilling at the rate only of 24 cents, instead of 25 cents, as heretofore has been the custom. From some quarters we hear complaints of this innovation; and, no doubt, if adhered to, the public for some time, must be put to considerable inconvenience. In receiving their wages the laboring classes should be careful to insist upon being paid in such a manner as shall not expose them to loss. To the poor laboring man cents are matters of importance. The Witness indeed pretends that "no one grumbles at losing the cent on every quarter be may happen to have;" but as it is to be feared that there are employers of labor unprincipled enough to force their workmen to receive at the rate of 25 cents, a coin that will pass only for 24 cents, and as upon the total of a week's wages the difference to the poor man with a wife and family to support, would be something serious, the latter will have but too good cause to "grumble" if his employer is disposed to take advantage of his necessities.

TOM MOORE ANNIVERSARY AT NORDHEIMERS HALL.—It is with much pleasure that we direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the "Tom Moore Club"—(members of the St. Patrick's Choir)—who, it will be perceived, intend to celebrate the Anniversary of their illustrious Patron in a manner worthy of that grand occasion.

The programme, Musical and Dramatic, is certainly very attractive, and we have reason to believe, from what we know of several of the performers, that a rare treat is in store for those who intend to be present at the entertainment.

The Concert having a charitable object, Mrs. L. H. Stevenson, the talented Cantatrice of St. Patrick's Church, and another Lady Amateur, have kindly consented to lend their assistance, as well as Mons. Gustave Smith, who will preside at the Piano-forte.

We have not the least doubt that our Irish fellow-citizens will extend a liberal patronage to the young gentlemen of the "Moore Club;" and thereby testify their desire to encourage the revival of good Irish music, while at the same time they will promote the charitable object for which the entertainment will be given.

Since writing the above we have been informed that costumes are being forwarded from New York for the dramatic performance.

POISONING.—A very painful occurrence happened a few days ago to the good Sisters of the Providence Convent. In the early part of last week thirty-six of its Ladies were suddenly attacked with severe vomiting, pains in the bowels, and other distressing symptoms, indicative of poison. We are happy to have it in our power to add that no deaths have occurred, and though they have suffered greatly, the Sisters are now convalescent. No clue has as yet been discovered to the cause of this sudden, mysterious, and well-nigh fatal attack. At first it was attributed to some deleterious substance in the tea which the persons affected had used, but chemical analysis failed to discover therein anything to justify this hypothesis. It is thought that the meat of which the evening repast of the Sisters was prepared must have contained the poison, but nothing positive in the matter can be ascertained.

We read in the *Minerve*, of Tuesday last, as follows:—

"Two Missionaries, and three Religions, start this morning for Red River. The Missionaries are the Rev. Mr. Noel, Joseph Ritchot, of St. Agathe des Monts, and the Rev. M. Hospice Germain, lately vicar at Becheville.

The names of the devoted women who tear themselves from their weeping families, and from all that binds them to their native land, to establish amidst the wilds of Red River the foundation of a Mission, are: Marie Dalphine Guenette, Adelaide Daunais, of St. Anne des Plaines, and Sister Marie Tisaneur, of Becheville.

"We offer up our prayers for the success of their noble enterprise, for it is one of those works of which the merit and the glory redound to the entire people."—*Minerve*, 20th inst.

Our often expressed views of the political identity of the "Clear-Grits" and the "low Orangemen" on all questions in which the rights and interests of Catholics are concerned, are amply corroborated in the following paragraph which we clip from the *Toronto Globe*:—

THAT SEPARATE SCHOOL BILL.—At a meeting of Loyal Orange Lodge, No. 828, the following resolution was moved by the Rev. F. M. Finn, seconded by Thomas Stevenson, and carried unanimously:—"That, whereas, we have seen in the Canadian Freeman of May 1st, the 'Separate School Bill,' introduced by Mr. Scott of Ottawa, and it is with deep feelings of regret and pain we have learned that while, as Protestants, we have been sleeping in security, the enemy have stolen a march upon us: Therefore, resolved, that this L.O.L., No. 828, does hereby pledge itself to use every means in its power to oppose any man who will vote for said Bill, should it even be our Grand Master; and that we call upon all our brethren, as well as every honest-thinking Protestant, to speak out and show their disapproval of such an iniquitous 'School Bill,' and not allow this, nor the like, to become 'fall law.'"

JAMES ARMSTRONG, MASTER. ALEX. ANDERSON, SECRETARY. Kinross, Lodge Room, May 8, 1862.

BRITISH QUIXOTISM.—The London Times contends that the natural temperament of the Protestant Great Britain is essentially Quixotic; and "that no nation is so ready as this same John Bull, to see a high sentimental issue, to mistake windmills for giants, travellers for magicians, dairymaids for princesses, and convicts for the representatives of outraged humanity."

The Times might have added with truth that no one is so apt as the aforesaid Protestant Great Britain, to mistake cut-throats, red republicans, and Italian revolutionists for honest men, and to acknowledge every low scoundrel who curses the Pope, as a sound evangelical Christian.

FIVE SISTERS DROWNED IN THE BAY AT TORONTO.—Yesterday afternoon, William Ward, a lad about 15 years of age, embarked in a sail boat, accompanied by his five sisters named respectively Phoebe, Mary Ann, Jane, Caroline, and Margaret. The eldest girl was thirteen and the youngest only four. After sailing for an hour or so, when about half a mile out from Messrs. Gooderham & Co.'s wharf, William, who was steering the boat attempted to put it on another tack; there was a stiff breeze blowing. He sat upon the gunwale in order that he might have a greater purchase over the oar, when the sail suddenly flapped and the boat capsized. All who were on board fell into the water. The boy made every effort to save his sisters and to right the boat on her keel again, and when the two eldest of his sisters came to the surface, he managed to get them into the boat. When about to get on board himself, the wind caught the sail of the boat, and in an instant she was capsized a second time, and the poor girls, with the lad who had acted so manfully, were again battling for their lives. He made another attempt to save them, but they sank before his eyes. He succeeded in getting hold of the boat and showed for assistance. A young man named Ernest put off in a boat and succeeded in rescuing the lad.—*Globe*.

RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF MR. BRAUDRY.—The body of Mr. Braudry, who was drowned on the 1st instant near Lachine, has been recovered in the vicinity of the place where the melancholy accident occurred. The funeral took place on yesterday.

The London (C. W.) Free Press says:—Very favorable news reach us from every quarter with regard to the wheat crop. Every field looks well and flourishing and the farmers declare that the prospect of an abundant harvest is greater for the time of year than it has been for several years.

A report is said to prevail in Ottawa, that a raft of timber passed over the Long Sault rapids at Grenville, and that twelve out of twenty men composing the crew were drowned.

IMMIGRATION.—This section of Canada has obtained its fair share of the large number of promising English immigrants who reached Quebec on Saturday last in the Nova Scotia. Thirty-three of the ship's passengers have been located in the district embraced in the Kingston agency, bringing with them in cash \$5048, and they give accounts of a further sum of \$6000 which is to be sent out to them when they get settled. The wealth of these immigrants, is somewhat unequally divided; for instance, an English family brought with them \$1000; one Englishman was possessed of \$250, and another of \$2000; a second English family had with them \$1700 while an Irish family had but \$50, and three laborers had amongst them only \$38, and so on. Some of these new comers have gone to settle on the Frontenac Road; others intend settling on cleared purchased or rented farms in Prince Edward county and up the Bay of Quinte, and a number of them have moved into the township of Oarnden East.—*Kingston Paper*.

The following is a statement of a number of ships which left Norwegian and Danish ports with Emigrants for Quebec, this Spring:—Six from Bergen; seven from Christiania; four from Porsgrund; two from Dramen; one from Christianseid; one from Flekeford; two from Thornelyund, and two from Stavanger, with about 6000 emigrants.

IMPORTANT LAND CASE.—The Hamilton Times says:—A Mr. David Reynolds, who claims to be the eldest son and heir-at-law of one Caleb Reynolds, formerly a lieutenant in the service of King George III., and as such heir-at-law, claims the ownership of lot 16 in the third concession, and lot seventeenth in the fourth concession, of the township of Barton, of which lots he asserts, his father was the owner and locater of the Crown. Lot 16 is now a portion of the city of Hamilton, bounded on the north by Main street, on the west by Queen street, on the east by Bowery street, and on the south by the southern boundary of the city. It contains some 24 blocks, on which a large number of valuable buildings have been erected. Those who at present own the land, derive their titles from the Hon. Samuel Mills, and the late Peter Hoag—from whom they derived their titles remains to be seen.

A correspondent of *Aylmer Times*, writes as under:—

In the Province of Canada, we might say there is no lack of the gospel, nor of gospelizers. Every third person is a proselyter. And there are fat, and full bellied men overhauling the country, as bible agents, and book agents, in the pay of bible societies. The chief end of which men, seems to be to devour the peoples money. They effect no good which could not be effected by the book shops. As book shops are convenient to all the people, where these Bible Agents travel. And, after repeated application, I do not know a Bible Agent, nor a Bible Depository, from which a Bible could be obtained for free distribution.

And, as to the success of these proselytizers, and the good done by their gospel preaching, it is probably much to be found in the reflex act flowing back upon and shutting itself up in the persons of those who are proselytized, in the good word of so proselytizing to others.

Abroad in the country, there is not much practical evidence of the conversation being seasoned with grace. Nor of the fine morality of the Bible, set forth in the comely language, "whatsoever ye would others do unto you, do ye ever so unto them." And "put ye on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. If ever there was a time when vital godliness was scarce, it is now. If ever there was a time when personal piety was a rare thing, it is now.

Very respectfully, ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

February 24th 1862.

Births. In this city on the 17th instant, Mrs. David Crowley, of a son.

On Wednesday, the 14th inst., Mrs. M. T. T. Richmond Hill, C. W., of a daughter.

Married. In this city, on the 19th inst., at St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Dowd, Mr. Patrick Scallan, to Miss Catherine O'Grady.

Died. On Sunday, 27th April, of consumption, at St. Rose 15th June, Mary Lanergan, aged 30 years, the wife of M. Felix Oulmette, and eldest daughter of Timothy Lanergan of Ste. Therese de Blainville.

A tender mother, a good wife, a sincere and attached friend, she has passed away doing good, and has gone to enjoy the reward of her virtue in heaven.

Also on the 28th of the same month, at Montreal, Miss Helen Lanergan, aged 25 years, daughter of the same Mr. Lanergan of Ste. Therese de Blainville. Her amiable character had gained for her the esteem and affection of all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with her. Highly gifted by nature her life was spent in good works, and she is gone to those celestial abodes where her merits will be recompensed, leaving behind her only the memory of her many excellent qualities as a companion to her family doubly afflicted, and to her many friends who will find her loss irreparable.

At Quebec, on the 18th instant, Ellen Hyland, aged 67 years.

At Quebec, on the 15th instant, after a long and painful illness, W. B. Lindsay, Esq., Clerk of the Legislative Assembly, aged 66 years.

At London, C. W., Mary Sophia Jesne, aged 17 years, daughter of Edward Glackmeyer, Esq., aged 17 years.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, May 21st, 1862. Flour—Pollards, \$2 50 to \$3; Middlings, about \$2 50 Fine, \$4; Superfine, No 2, \$4 20; Superfine, \$4 45 to \$4 55; Fancy, \$5; Extra, \$5 25 to \$5 30; Superior Extra, \$5 50 to \$6. Bag Flour, \$2 45 to \$2 55, per 112 lbs. Several considerable sales of Super, at \$4 50. Oatmeal per brl. of 200 lbs.,—\$3 80 to \$4. Nominal. Wheat—Spring, \$1; White Winter, about \$1 17 1/2. Dull and nominal. Peas—A sale reported at 75 cents for 66 lbs. For choice, plump, unmoistured samples, 77 cents would be paid. Ashes—Pots, \$6 70; Inferiors 10c more; Pearls scarce, \$6 82 1/2. Pork—Mess \$12; Prime Mess, \$10 to \$11; Prime, \$10 to \$10 50. Butter fully maintain our quotations of yesterday; the arrivals are still very small, and the demand very brisk; for medium qualities, 11c to 13c; Fine Dairy, 14c to 16c. Eggs are in good supply at 8c to 9c. Lard is a little lower; sales are made at from 7 1/2 to 8c. Tallow—8c to 9c for fine qualities. Freights—Liverpool and Glasgow, 3s for flour, and 6s 9d, to 7s 3d, for grain. To London 3s. 3d., and 7s 6d.—*Montreal Witness*.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE "BARD OF ERIN," UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.



THE TOM MOORE CLUB WILL CELEBRATE THE Eighty-Second Anniversary of the "Bard of Erin" by a Grand Musical and Dramatic ENTERTAINMENT, AT NORDHEIMERS' HALL, ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 28th INSTANT.

MRS. LAURA HONEY STEVENSON, MONS. GUSTAVE SMITH, MISS MITCHELL, MR. DUCHARME, And have kindly proffered their services for the occasion. TICKETS 25 cents each; to be had at the principal Book and Music Stores, and at the Door the Evening of the entertainment. Proceeds to be devoted to Charitable purposes. For particulars, see programme. J. COX, Secretary. May 22

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

ST. LEON SPRINGS MINERAL WATER. THE undersigned begs leave most respectfully to intimate to his friends and the public, that he has established a MINERAL WATER DEPOT at 233 Notre Dame Street, (West opposite Shell's). JUST RECEIVED, A Supply of the Celebrated ST. LEON, from the Springs. Orders for the same promptly attended to. PRICE: TEN PENNY per Gallon, delivered to all parts of the city. W. U. SLAUR. May 22

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

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

THE TORONTO EVENING JOURNAL. CIRCULATION, 5,000 IN TORONTO AND VICINITY. AN EXCELLENT ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN August last the first number of the "TORONTO EVENING JOURNAL" made its appearance, and it has been published regularly each week from that time to the present. The proprietor feels grateful for the liberal advertising patronage extended to the paper thus far. Arrangements are now being made to give additional interest to the paper, both for readers and Advertisers.

Wholesale and Retail Merchants frequently purchase space in the "TORONTO EVENING JOURNAL" for the publication of their Circulars, and furnish the names of THOUSANDS of Farmers and others to whom the paper is delivered and mailed—in addition to the regular issues. For instance, the following order just received from one Wholesale Firm in this City will explain the manner in which extra editions of the paper are attended to:—

"Toronto, May 7th, 1862." We have this day bargained with Mr. A. E. St. Germain to circulate FIVE THOUSAND copies of the "TORONTO EVENING JOURNAL" to parties named by us containing our advertisement.

ROBERT WALKER & SONS. In this way the paper enjoys a large circulation, and has, consequently, become a first class advertising medium. All advertisements ordered for the "TORONTO EVENING JOURNAL" will receive our gratuitous insertion in the Toronto Weekly Journal, a large first class paper established in 1837 and at present circulated in almost every part of Canada West.

The terms for advertising are less than has ever been offered to the public before, viz: THREE CENTS per line for the first insertion, and ONE CENT per line for each subsequent insertion. Business and Professional Cards (without changes) will be inserted at ONE DOLLAR per line by the year, when they contain six lines or less. Newspaper, Book, and Job Printing done neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Office—First flat over the Golden Lion, 37 King Street East. A. H. ST. GERMAIN, Proprietor. Toronto, May, 1862.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, May 2.—The *Moniteur* of this morning publishes a letter from Mexico, commenting upon the intolerable conduct of the Mexican Government, and the probability the French troops will not delay marching on the city of Mexico.

Further reinforcements of troops and supplies of war material are to be despatched to Mexico.

The *Constitutionnel* states that Gen. Goyon is shortly expected in Paris.

The *Journal L'Esprit Public* says:—

“There is a question of sending Marshal Niel to Rome, with military and diplomatic powers.—It is said that he will be charged to conciliate, if possible, the protection which France owes to the Holy See with the rights of the Italian nation.”

The most remarkable event of the week has been the acquittal of Mires by a majority of eight against two. Unfortunately, the Douai Court, in thus completely setting aside the judgment of the Parisian Tribunal, has not asserted its independence, but has rather furnished a new example of abject submission. Mires had condensed his defence into a single demand. To explain his disposal of five millions in his shares in the Marseilles Ports Society, he spoke of a distribution of these five millions among several persons whose names he offered to give. It was impossible to refuse the inquiry he solicited, and still less could the Government suffer the announcement of the fact that M. M.— had received so much, Baroche as much, and M.— still more. Therefore, to avoid such an inquiry, it was necessary to restate Mires. M.—, on learning this, allowed his delight to appear without any regard for propriety, and when Mires reappeared at the Bourse he was cheered; but his triumph has, nevertheless, caused a just discontent among the people, who feel that in Napoleonic France there is evidently no security either for property or for honor. Coercive measures are carried on to an extent scarcely credible. No decisive opinion whatever can now be expressed in print, even though it be couched in Greek or Latin, as was proved the other day by the seizure of a Latin pamphlet written by the Vicomte Helion de Bareme. The administration even of the French Postal department, formerly held up as a model to all other nations, is now nothing but a dark offshoot from the Police. In order that letters may be seized regularly and formally [as it is said], each office is furnished with a blank authorisation of seizure, to be filled up at pleasure whenever a violated letter may prove worth the trouble; in fact, there is a thorough revival of the old system of espionage. Yesterday all the printers of Paris, and of its suburbs, were summoned to the Minister's office, and warned against making any allusion to a work in favor of the Bourbons, shortly to be published in London.

The tenacity with which the Emperor shows favors upon the army, [especially the National Guard], and with which he seeks to maintain its watchfulness, causes a general impression that he intends shortly to strike a blow with it in some outlook for quarter. In fact, I have been assured that the *status quo* will soon be broken up in Italy, and that the present calm is that proceeding a storm.

The Canonisation of the Japanese martyrs seems excessively to exasperate our Revolutionists. The Emperor has told the Bishop of Versailles that thirty of his colleagues have already asked his permission for their departure. It is hoped, however, that the French Episcopate will be represented by half of its members. M. Fould ingeniously asked what was a canonisation. “Do not trouble yourself,” replied the Abbe Billault; “you are in no danger of being canonised.”

The withdrawal of the Palikao dotation in defiance to the opposition which it encountered in the French Chambers, was treated by many at the time as a proof of the real independence of the great bodies of the State under the Imperial Regime, and as showing that Constitutional Government by free Parliament was meant to be a part of the Imperial system. But the disbelievers noticed that it was announced at the same time that in place of the obnoxious measure another proposal would be brought forward, and the new project—the Budget of Glory, is the substitute. The projects is simple, it consists in placing at the Emperor's disposal a certain number of millions for the distribution of which he is not to be accountable. If the bill passes, M. Fould's self-congratulations will have been premature.

“C'est un doux entele” was Queen Hortense's saying of her son, and his perseverance in this unpopular scheme exemplifies her words. Against the mother's other saying, “He would ruin France in fifteen years,” we have to set off the more recent declaration, “France is an inexhaustible treasure.”

Some weeks ago we prepared our readers for the likelihood of a dissolution of the French Chambers, and a general election, if the weather proved propitious, if the corps were abundant, and if a full succeeded the political agitation which disturbed France in the winter. The Emperor will not willingly afford time to the Opposition to make their preparations for an election, and it is most important for him that the dissolution and new elections should take the country by surprise. The machinery of the Administration is kept in perfect working order, ready for action at a moment's notice. But in the present state of France, the Opposition has no standing organisation, and no machinery prepared for an emergency. To communicate with one another, to arrive at a common understanding, and to concert their measures is for them a matter of difficulty, for which time is essentially requisite. If taken by surprise they expect to be defeated almost without a struggle.

A month ago the Emperor desired the deputation from the Legislative Chamber to assure their colleagues of his gratitude for their support which, he felt convinced, would never fail him; and also, that he had no desire to part with a

Chamber, the enlightenment and patriotism of which gave the country all the guarantees it could require.

These assurances were accepted as a warning that the Emperor had made up his mind to be rid of the Deputies whom he praised so highly. And both the Bourse and the Corps Legislatif are now disturbed by rumours that a dissolution is at hand, and even that confidential circulars to prepare the Prefets have already been sent out.

As the *Etoile Belge* truly says of the Emperor's policy, nothing is certain except that he desires everybody to be in uncertainty about it. Public opinion is always in the dark as to the real intentions of the Government. Whether Rome, or Mexico, or Greece, or the elections be in question, nothing is clear except that all is dark.

The *Paris Patrie* asserts that M. Mercier, the French Minister at Washington, had a long conference with Jeff. Davis at Richmond; that the step taken by Mercier is entirely political in its character and was well known to President Lincoln.

The *Paris correspondent* of the *Independence* says it appears that France and England have agreed to interfere. The journey of M. de Morny to London was connected with this business. It is certain that M. Thouvenel sent three weeks ago instructions to M. Mercier the French Minister to the United States, and required from him a detailed report of the pretensions of the South and the demands of the North.

The *Scotsman*, referring to the rumour once more current respecting the alleged desire of the Emperor to interfere in the quarrel between the Northern and Southern States of America, says:—

Private information from Paris, coinciding with certain signs and symptoms, leads to the conviction that a strong desire to make an effort towards some kind of interposition has long been entertained by the Emperor, and that, unless some settlement shall have been reached or brought within sight a few weeks hence, he will scarcely be restrained from the attempt. If, when the advance of the season renders military movements impracticable in the Southern States, at least by Northern troops, the position of the belligerents shall be anything like what it was at last advices, or if indeed the position is not much more entirely altered than it would now be rational to expect, the facts will be regarded as ensuring, in the absence of any new element, another year's war. Against such a result, it is understood that the French Emperor is now more than ever inclined not only to protest but to act. More than probably he will first propose to move in concert with Great Britain—but we may assume, at least in passing, that any such proposal would be declined by our Government. The Emperor would, in that case, go to work by himself. He will, perhaps, begin by a mere friendly remonstrance, addressed ostensibly to both parties, but practically meant or needed only for the North—a remonstrance which there is desperately little chance of producing any effect beyond, at the best, a civil expression of resentment at foreign intermeddling. The course to which the Emperor would then resort is believed to be this—he would throw out something quite capable of being interpreted as a threat against which ever party should resume hostilities; and he would then formally propound an advice that the whole matter should be referred to his favourite tribunal “universal suffrage”—the vote not to be taken *en masse*, but each state to vote separately, declaring for itself whether it desires re-union under one federal or central government, or reconstruction under two or more such governments. As to this country, there seems no course open to her but inaction and almost silence. We have no right to venture beyond friendly advice; and the fact that our interests are deeply concerned in a speedy settlement of the American strife, subjects to suspicion and aversion anything we say even in the most friendly and respectful tone and form.

ENGLISH GULLIBILITY.—The Paris correspondent of a Protestant contemporary supplies the following provender for the gullible taste of his readers:—“The effects of the Lent sermons are beginning to show themselves in a manner that must be called suicidal. One old woman was yesterday found senseless in the Rue de Casette, and an examination of the commissary of the quarter found that her weak condition was brought about by extreme abstinence from food. Another devotee has just died from voluntary starvation by way of accomplishing a meritorious work. She was upwards of seventy years old, and for nine days previous to her death did not allow herself to taste any food. All the time that she thus fasted her attendance at her parish church was continual, and she daily promenaded nine times round the interior upon bared knees!”

It appears, according to that fashionable chronicler, the *Sport*, that nothing has astonished the Japanese Ambassadors but the gentler sex in Paris.—They consider them excessively ugly, and their dress an abomination. They say that they have heard of the Hottentot Venus, and her singular conformation, but they think she could not have appeared so monstrous as do the ladies with their exaggeration of emolument.

ITALY.

Italy is not united yet. These same debates in Paris also have thrown additional light, I think, upon the policy of the French Emperor on that affair. He does not wish for the unity of Italy, and does not believe in it. His ministers, in the course of their speeches, clearly indicated that the policy of France is now, as it was after Villafranca, to bring about, not the unity, but the federal union, of Italy. The “brigands” of Naples—that is, the great body of the country people, are not yet suppressed; and the opening of the Spring, and melting of the snows upon the Calabria mountains, is said to be the moment chosen for renewed descents and expeditions of Bourbonists. The resignation of Ratazzi, as regarded as events of ill omen for unification. If the Emperor Napoleon be not stopped by sheer want of money, it is highly probable that he will give a solution to the Italian question this very year. But the truth is, the finances of France are not in a sound condition; and though the country is very rich, yet in the present stagnation of business, resulting (say some) from the American war—from the commercial treaty with England, say others—the additional taxes on sugar and salt are far more likely to be exasperating than productive.—*John Mitchell in the Irish American.*

The London *Standard* has taken up the Italian question in a different spirit from most of its fellows of the metropolitan press. It agrees with our own views in some respects, though perhaps we come to our conclusions by different roads. At all events, it is free from some of the delusions which bewilder the minds of the English people, and which lead to the fanatical pro-Sardinian fury which has possessed them. The leading delusion which is trumpeted from platform and pulpit, at Exeter Hall meetings, and Orange Lodge, is that the unification of Italy is but a preliminary to the Protestantizing of the whole peninsula. We ourselves are of opinion that the temporal power of the Pope is needful for the interests of the Church. But we have no fear of the peculiar consequences which the ultra-Protestant mind regards with such hopeful complacency. We do not in

the least apprehend that Padre Gavazzi will be made Pope, or that the College of Cardinals will be replaced by a conventicle. The *Standard* holds this opinion also, and endeavors to convince its fellow-countrymen in this wise:—

Italian unity, which means the derangement of the old Italian landmarks, does to a certain degree commend itself to the English mind; but why? It cannot be said that the same policy pursued in any other quarter of Europe would meet with the same approbation. No Englishman pretends to understand the mysteries of the Schleswig-Holstein question; but at any rate the popular instincts are not on the side of Germany. We know the outcry that was made the other day about the rounding off of the French territory by the absorption of Saroy; and at this moment the seizure of Belgium by the Emperor would raise a storm of war. How is it that we look with complacency on aggressions in Italy which everywhere else we regard with abhorrence? The answer is not far to seek. The question of Italy in England is more religious than political. In the orthodox Protestant mind of the country the success of Victor Emmanuel has come to be identified with the downfall of the Pope, and every event that tends to bring about that longed-for consummation is welcomed. This is the point which is quietly but most industriously kept before the people by the government organs in all discussions that relate to Italy; and those who raise doubts or start objections to the Whig policy in Italy are incontinently branded as meddling with Roman Catholics, and ready for the sake of place to don the livery of the Scarlet Lady. It becomes worth while, therefore, to inquire what foundation there is for these assumptions, and how far, in desiring possession of Rome, the abettors of Italian unity desire the downfall of the Pope. To our minds the evidence is all the other way. The offers that have been made by the Sardinians to the Pope are very far from involving the English Protestant mind. True, he is asked to resign his sovereign and temporal rights. There cannot be two Kings in Rome. But that point being once conceded, there is no amount of rank and honor which they are not ready to heap upon him. The delusion which is practised upon the English people in this matter is very much akin to that we hear every day in regard to the American struggle. There we are constantly told that the North is fighting against slavery; though all who care to inquire know well that if the South would but acknowledge the Union the North would make a present to them of every abolitionist to tar and feather, hang or burn, at their pleasure. And so with the Italians and the Pope.—We here in England are persuaded that his opponents in Italy are ready, in Scripture language, to fling him like a great mill-stone into the sea. But nothing is further from the thoughts of Victor Emmanuel and his councillors. Not their religious feelings only, but their interests and the honour of their new kingdom, are all bound up in main: lining the Pope at Rome, in even more than his ancient splendour. The height of their ambition is to retain as the metropolitan of their united kingdom the Bishop of bishops, the head and lawgiver of the whole Roman Catholic, or as they would phrase it, of the whole Christian world. To retain such a personage in their dominion as their ecclesiastical would at once give their realm a splendour and éclat which would lift it above all the old monarchies of Europe; and would the Pope but consent to be such an instrument in their hands, and lend himself so to elevate new Italy among the nations of the earth, they would joyfully, to show their gratitude, make a holocaust in the great square of St. Peter's of all the Bibles which the zeal of Protestant England has of late years poured into the country, with Father Gavazzi on the top of them, Signor Ratazzi standing by to light the martyr-pile. Now, we do not say that it is wrong for the Italians, if they can contrive it, so to get the Pope to lend himself to their purposes; but we do ask whether it is worth the while of Protestant England to disoblige her allies to connive at the violation of treaties, and to go out of her own way to help them to such an end?—*Cork Examiner.*

TESTIMONY OF AN ITALIAN REVOLUTIONARY JOURNAL TO THE “TIMES” CORRESPONDENT.—The following letter appears in the *Opinione Nazionale* of the 24th instant:—

“At the time when young Italy was threatening all monarchies, when Charles Albert found himself (the expression is his own) placed between the dagger of the Revolutionists, and the chocolate of the Jesuits, a young enthusiast named Mariotti applied to Mazzini for instructions to attempt the life of the King of Sardinia. The correspondence bearing on this project will be published in the second volume of Mazzini's works, at present being printed in Milan.

“Fortunately this crime was prevented. Four or five years ago, a certain deputy Gallenga made himself remarkable against the revolutionists, and by his devotion to Count Cavour, whose cause he constantly advocated in the columns of the *Times*. Missions and decorations were poured down upon the orator journalist. One fine day, the *Italia del Popolo*, a republican journal, published a letter of Mazzini's, in which an account was given of the Mariotti affair, with the addition that the monarchial and moderate Gallenga was no other than the regicide Mariotti.

“Judge of the universal surprise. The Parliament rose as one man to expel him from the house; Gallenga was compelled to resign his functions, to return his crosses to the King, and to limit himself to the duty of the *Times* correspondent. Last year he again appeared on the political scene. Some electors returned him to Parliament, where he now revenges himself by indulging in eccentric notions, a childish opposition, and an occasional letter in the English journal, where for the most part he writes history of a very imaginative nature.”

Rome.—The *Armonia* publishes the following, dated on Easter Sunday, 2 p.m.:—“The Holy Father celebrated the Pontifical Mass with the usual pomp, and his voice resounded sonorously under the vaults of the great Basilica, which was crowded to an extent hardly to be remembered. After Mass, he went up with the Sacred College and Prelates to the gallery above the portico, and presented himself at the great loggia. What a sight was there! The church had emptied itself on the piazza, and its population joined to that already there, occupying the open space, colonnades, loggias, tribunes, windows, and roofs, presented a spectacle unrivalled in the world. 15,000 French troops and 5,000 Pontifical soldiers, were lost, as it were, in the space. From their ranks to the church entrance, hundreds of lines of people of every rank, dress, and age, extended in close order. It was an undulating ocean, from which arose that kind of noise which David calls that “of many waters.” The Cross appeared, then the Prelates, Bishops, and Cardinals, and lastly the Pontiff, borne aloft in the *gestatoria*. The cry is heard of the officers commanding the soldiers to kneel; the immense crowd had already forestalled the order. All bent the knee. The loud murmur suddenly stops, and the voice alone of the Pontiff is heard in every part of the great piazza; a solemn, full, and harmonious voice, which speaks words of mercy and compassion in the name of SS. Peter and Paul, the Apostles, the most Blessed Virgin Mary, and in the name of Christ himself. The bells were silent; and the two great fountains were turned off. In the solemn silence of all and everything, it seemed as if the holy words traversed space to the farthest parts where the name of Christ has reached, to warn them that He, in the person of His Vicar, is still on earth to continue the ministry of salvation. The invocation and prayer being ended, the Pontiff stands up, raises to Heaven his hands and looks, and with a voice raised higher still, and more powerful, pronounces over the assembled multitude the sacred words of benediction. The bells, cannon, and cries of command burst at once; but there was another cry this year, a cry never heard in the days when Pope and Church were in peace. “Viva il Papa! Viva il nostro Santo Padre! Viva Pio Nono!” (“Long live the Pope! Long live our Holy Father! Long live Pius IX.!”) shouted that immense crowd,

in all the fervor of inspiration; it was the cry of all. At the unexpected burst of these thousands of voices, tears sprang from the eyes of the august Pontiff. He wept, and all wept with emotion. He stood up again shortly after, and with a most graceful gesture thanked his children. There arose then a shout of thunder, an enthusiasm, an unchecked emotion which it is impossible to describe. Oh! you enemies of the Catholic Church and Pius IX., had you a heart such a moment would have changed it. And you, old plotters of every mischief which has ravaged Europe for the last forty years; you, who dare call upon history to praise you, know that your name arose instinctively on the lips of many there present, and that history has already begun to judge you. The fervid acclamations which on this day the Roman people bestowed upon its Pontiff and King, are indelibly written in Pius IX.'s history and yours. It is easy to deceive and seduce a Parliament full of prejudices and drunk with Protestant gall; but it is not easy to corrupt the reason and power of a people; and, if there are abroad intrigues and falsehood, there is still on earth a ruling power which dissipates and confounds them.” From other descriptions the crowd on the piazza is estimated at more than a hundred thousand, 40,000 of whom were foreigners. According to the police returns the foreigners in Rome now amount to 70,000.

We find the annexed in the letter of the Roman correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the accredited pet of the Premier:—“The *Osservatore Romano*, in a leading article, which alludes to the singular coincidence that Lord Palmerston should have made his unwarrantable assertions on the very same day (the 12th inst.) when Rome was celebrating the anniversary of the glorious restoration of the Papal throne 12 years ago, and the miraculous preservation of the Pontiff, at the Church of St. Agnes, six years later. The writer goes on to say:—“Does it not seem that God may have permitted this coincidence to give to the most ardent enemy of the Holy See, and of Italy one of those benedictions which stamp falsehood on the forehead of liars? And are we not chosen this time for the office? The demonstration of Saturday was not only made under the eyes of the diplomatic body of almost all the powers in the world, not only under the eyes of the French army, and in the presence of the Roman people, from princely families to humble workmen, crowded to revere their beloved monarch, to see the place where the prodigy took place, and to admire the illumination of the city; it was not only fulfilled under the eyes of many foreigners come for the Easter ceremonies, but, what is more important in the present circumstances, it was carried out in the sight of a great number of Englishmen, fellow-citizens of Lord Palmerston, and Protestants like him. In the long and noble cortege which followed the Pontifical equipage back to the city, there were Englishmen; in the immense crowd on foot, on both sides of the road, in and out of Rome, cheering the Pontiff with a thousand signs of exultation, there were Englishmen; and especially in the church and canopy of St. Agnes crowds of English thronged to see Pius IX. nearer, and to hear the hymns chanted in his praise.” The writer devotes another column and a half to demonstrating that all these English spectators, some of whom he describes as weeping and embracing the Pope's knees and feet, after returning to England will be living witnesses of the enthusiastic attachment of the Romans to their sovereign, and conscientious confuters of Lord Palmerston's calumnies. The following is the wind up:—“Although this is not the first time that the English Minister has lied unblushingly, speaking of the Holy See and Italian affairs, certainly it has never happened to him to be so soon and so solemnly detected in his falsehood. This is also a great advantage. Palmerston's speech is an excitement to the revolutionary party in Italy, and has a scope easy to be seen. It does not regard us, but it instructs and warns us. We have but one word. God only knows if Rome will become the capital of Italy or not; but we know, and the Holy Father and all Catholicism have never doubted of the fact, that if such a catastrophe were reserved for Rome it would be for a short time only; the revolution would triumph for one instant, but Rome would become again the capital of the Catholic world, and Pius IX. driven into exile, would re-enter his city, more glorious than ever, to ascend once more into his ancient throne.

The *Union* publishes the following letter, addressed by M. de Merode, the Pope's Minister of War, to the Marquis of Normandy. It refers to Earl Russell's speech on Italy in the House of Lords, on February 27; you will observe that it is not dated:—“Monsieur le Marquis,—You will, I trust, allow me to take advantage both of the knowledge that your Excellency possesses in a high degree of Italian men and things, and of the relations which I have had the honour of having with your Excellency during the stay of His Holiness at Florence, in 1857, to engage your attention for a moment on one of the most considerable inaccuracies to be found in the speech of Earl Russell on the 27th February. According to the reports given by the papers, the honourable Earl, in speaking of the men who, after the series of combats with the Piedmontese, took refuge on the Pontifical territory, said, ‘When these thieves and assassins are arrested and disarmed by the French troops, they are armed and clothed afresh by the Pontifical Government,’ &c. I will not examine the question on which side are the thieves and assassins in this war, which the noble Earl refuses to call civil, no doubt because Hungarian, English, and other legions assisted the Piedmontese in subjugating the Neapolitans; but Earl Russell will admit that nothing could be more easy than to find some traces of the actions of the Government of His Holiness in the permanent comedy of which he asserts the existence between the Pontifical authorities and the French troops, on a theatre so confined as that part of the States now preserved from invasion. Of those traces none exist, and none can exist. To speak only of the disarmaments effected by the French troops—since those not less important effected by the Pontifical gendarmes are passed over in silence in the speech in question—it is quite true that several times French troops have arrested and disarmed bands which had taken refuge and attempted to reorganise themselves on the Pontifical territory. The arms seized on such occasions have always been received and acknowledged in the most regular manner. Nothing can be more easy than to now verify the deposit of them in the magazines where they may be still found. As to clothing, the French army does not strip the unfortunate people whom it arrests and disarms; it is not accustomed to such proceedings. What necessarily could there have been to distribute clothing to the refugees in question? It may have perhaps happened, in very exceptional cases, that individuals covered only with rags have received necessary clothing, especially during the present season. Earl Russell only speaks after official documents. Thus, at the same moment in which he formally accuses the French and Pontifical troops of hypocrisy, his delinquency did not allow him to accept the discussion on the celebrated proclamation of Colonel Fantoni in the absence of an official edition of that document, preceded, however, and followed by many other analogous documents which render it so probable. The noble Earl has therefore based his assertions relative to the Pontifical States on documents which he considers as perfectly sure. Otherwise he would be distributing justice with two weights and two measures. Your Excellency will perhaps think it useful to point out to him the inexactitude of those documents, and to thus call his attention to the distrust which ought to be excited by the sources from which he has until now drawn his information on the subject of the affairs of Italy, and particularly the Pontifical States—*Receve, &c.*”

“XAVIER DE MERODE.” NAPLES.—The disaffection among the Neapolitan troops in the service of Victor Emmanuel is spreading widely. A few days ago, thirty troopers crossed the frontier, and took refuge in the Austrian territory;

and these desertions are of daily occurrence, though, in some instances, the runaways are coaxed back, according to the anti-Bourbonist press, by the talismanic cry of “Viva Garibaldi!” which, if true, tells but badly for the King.

We (London *Standard*) learn from *L'Italie* that the authorities at Naples have lately discovered a list of brigands under their very eyes, in the houses of several young ladies, pupils at a superior boarding school—the “Miracoli”—something like the establishment of the Sacre Cœur at Paris. These terrible conspirators had reached such a point of audacity that they not only refused to assist at the *Te Deum* chanted on the birthday of Victor Emmanuel, but actually barricaded themselves in their rooms, and sang a *Te Deum* in honor of Francis II. Thanks to the vigor of M. Ratazzi, this alarming movement was promptly suppressed; order was with difficulty restored, and effectual measures were taken to prevent any further outbreak by the immediate expulsion of the desperate criminals. The directors of the school would have limited the punishment to four of the pupils, who had been the instigators of the movement; but Minister Mancini was not a man of half measures. He answered by telegraph, “Expel them all, with the condition that those who report may be hereafter admitted.” The parents of these twenty-two young ladies, it is said, are nearly all adherents of the King. “It is too much,” says *L'Italie* naively, “that the Government which has so considerably allowed them to remain at a Neapolitan school, during the enforced exile of their parents, should find them instigating open insurrection.” We believe the young ladies who have caused such consternation are of 15 or 14 years of age.

The *Eco di Bologna* states that the sister of Borges, the chief of brigands, who was shot some time ago in Calabria, is now at the head of a numerous band, provided with horses and artillery. This Amazon is thirty-two years of age and has declared her intention of avenging her brother.

UNITED STATES.

All over the United States, Catholics are taxed, as they are in Canada, for the support of the Common Schools. Here, however, they can obtain NO measure of justice. They must either send their children to the Public Schools—which conscience forbids them to do, or get up Separate Schools and pay for them whilst taxed for the support of the others. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when so foul a blot will be wiped from the fair fame of this great Republic, and the Catholic citizens of the Union receive their own share of the public money for the education of their children in the way they think best. But so long as the rights of conscience are thus set at naught by Protestants, and the power of the State be used for the subversion of religious freedom, so long will the disgrace of intolerance fall on Protestants, and all the more for their arrogant pretensions to superior liberality. In Catholic France and in Catholic Austria, Protestants are not only permitted to have separate schools, but, as in Catholic Lower Canada, they receive their share of the public money for the support of those schools—in the pre-eminently liberal United States, so justly proud of its free institutions, Catholics are taxed for the support of public schools, to which they cannot in conscience send their children, and must also pay for separate schools, if they wish to have them. Look on this picture and on that, and then say whether Catholics or Protestants are the most remarkable for toleration.—*New York Tablet.*

The *World's* correspondent writes despondingly from Pittsburg Landing; ten weeks has the Union army been in moving 12 miles forward, and Corinth is not yet reached. It is not only the roads which are to blame although these are so lead that already one-half of the transport has perished; the army is wasting away in the same manner; he says:—“The horses, cavalry, artillery, and the transportation mules have been jaded and worn out by the exhausting work of plunging through deep mire. All the animals of the entire command have depreciated fifty per cent in the past two weeks. Hundreds have died, hundreds more are worthless, and scarcely any which are not impoverished. Every day of severe labor and every mile of advance only makes the matter worse. The heedless and infuriated drivers, who seem as incapable of reason as the beasts they should take care of, are only more intemperate, furious and cruel by the desperate condition of the roads, so that if the enormous expenditure of horse-flesh should continue, in a few days we should be reduced so low that we cannot move at all. If we cannot feed our horses in camp, what shall we do on a march?”

“THE ARMY UNIT TO RESIST ATTACK.”

“At this rate it will be some days before we can be in sight of Corinth. In the meantime our army is in the worst possible condition for fighting in case Beauregard should decide to attack once more. Our troops scattered over a section of country twenty miles in extent, our baggage wagons and artillery blocking up the roads, our men scattered between the front and the river, some of them trying to get rations, others in search of clothing, and but very few in line. It is a melancholy sight to see what a poor, thin, straggling line of men is left of what was once a full and noble regiment. Several of them we recognise as having come into the field ten hundred and forty strong, and are now reduced to less than five hundred. It might be some consolation to us to feel that the enemy was ignorant of our condition and position, but we cannot even be sure of this. So far as we have observed there is the most perfect opportunity for the rebel spies to wander through our camps. If one of these should succeed in describing to his master, Beauregard, the actual state of our army he would be enabled to win the victory he so much covets, with hardly the title of the loss of his former attempt. The scene which would follow any such an attempt would eclipse in confusion and disaster anything which the world has yet seen. A couple of armies of say a hundred thousand men each are now within sight of each other. If the rebel leader should strip his men of all accoutrements except muskets and cartridges, force his way through any portion of our lines to the landing, and seizing every battery in his way, he could annihilate this whole army. We despair of anything like success in such an event. Our army, and all its arms and supplies, must fall a victim to the heedlessness of its leaders.”

Indeed the unnatural gap which exists between the officer and the enlisted man, which has existed ever since the rebellion, is growing wider, deeper, darker and more unnatural. The private is by a long course of neglect becoming more degraded, wretched and brutalized. The officer is becoming by his vices, intemperance, vanity and jealousy a cruel and frequently a brutish tyrant, instead of a reasonable, zealous and exemplary fellow soldier.

Besides the natural wear and tear upon the physical constitutions of men, the habits of the army become a deplorable bent as to morals and intellect. The lazy, indifferent and reckless habits of the officers is copied tenfold by the men. It is well known and hardly to be disputed that a crew of ten or a hundred men will load or unload a steamboat or train under an ordinary manager quicker than a detail of a hundred men. This wild and aimless kind of life is destructive to the habits of sobriety, economy, and industry to an alarming degree.

Regarding the general state of trade in New York, the *New York Shipping List* says:—

“General trade is more active, and from prevailing indications a general revival may be expected at an early day. The proclamation of the President declaring the ports of New-Orleans, Beaufort and Port Royal open to the commerce of the world on and after June 1st, has occasioned quite an active movement in merchandise which is wanted for shipment to those places, and quite a number of our vessels in port and loading that quite a number are soon to sail for New-Orleans, freight engagements having already been perfected to a fair extent.”

It thus appears that, notwithstanding all that is said on behalf of the Negro, his real position is very simple. He is the denizen of a country eight millions of the inhabitants of which are willing to allow him to exist there in any capacity of a slave, and to eighteen millions are unwilling to allow him to exist there in any capacity at all.

have grace to remain unmarried, and to devote themselves wholly to their sacred ministry. Catholic priests, unimpeded by domestic ties, and accessible at all times to their flocks, are enabled to get through a large amount of parochial work, and at a far less cost as to personal maintenance on the part of the community to which they belong, than our Anglican clergy, distracted by family requirements.

We don't want men who will change like the vanes of our steeples, with the course of every breeze; but men who, like mountains, will change the course of the wind.

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for correctness, beauty of Engraving, and superior-
ity in every respect, while it is sold for only about
ONE THIRD the price of other Music, viz: TEN
CENTS, (60.), and larger pieces in proportion.
Among others, the compositions of Ascher, Baum-
bach, Bayer, Beethoven, Cramer, Chopin, Grobe,
Herz, Huxter, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Oesten, Plachy,
Schalhoff, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c.; besides, the
popular and lighter compositions of the day.
The Stock embraces Music of all kinds—English
French, German and Italian, Songs and Ballads,
Dance Music, Piano-Forte arrangements, Duets,
Solos, &c. Music for Beginners, and Instruction
Books. Music for the Violin, Accordion, Concert-
ina, Guitar, &c., &c.—all distinguished for elegance
of appearance, correctness, and WONDERFUL
CHEAPNESS.
Catalogues can be had on application at
No. 163,
Notre Dame Street (Cathedral Block.)
A liberal reduction to Schools, Colleges,
Professors, the Trade, or others buying in quanti-
ties.
STATIONERY of all kinds, BOOKS, ENGRAV-
INGS, &c., &c., Wholesale or Retail, at Lowest
Prices.
J. ANDREW GRAHAM.

ACADEMY
OF THE
CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME,
KINGSTON, C. W.
THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of
the Congregation, and is well provided with compe-
tent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict atten-
tion to form the manners and principles of their pu-
pils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the
same time, habits of neatness, order and industry.
The Course of Instruction will embrace all the
usual requisites and accomplishments of Female
Education.
SCHOLASTIC YEAR
TERMS:
Board and Tuition.....\$70 00
Use of Bed and Bedding..... 7 00
Washing..... 10 50
Drawing and Painting..... 7 00
Music Lessons—Piano..... 28 00
Payment is required Quarterly in advance.
October 29.

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

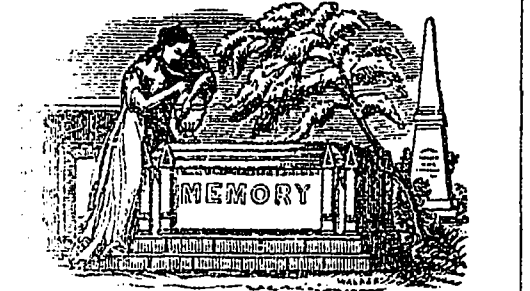
THE above Institution, situated in one of the most
agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now
completely organized. Able Teachers have been pro-
vided for the various departments. The object of
the Institution is to impart a good and solid educa-
tion in the fullest sense of the word. The health,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

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing be-
tween the Subscribers under the style of BERGIN &
CLARKE, Tailors and Clothiers, has been Dissolved
by mutual consent on the 1st instant. M. BERGIN,
who continues to carry on the business, is empowered
to collect all debts due to the late firm, and to
liquidate all claims against the same.
MICHAEL BERGIN,
C. A. CLARKE.

IN REFERENCE to the above Notice of Dissolution
of Co-Partnership M. BERGIN will continue to carry
on the same business at No. 79 M'GILL STREET,
to which place he will remove in a few days.
MICHAEL BERGIN.

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

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S



MARBLE FACTORY,
BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TER-
RACE.)

WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and
all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS,
and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE
and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAP-
TISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens
of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the
finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of
different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen
by any person wanting anything in the above line,
and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the for-
mer prices.
N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada has
so much Marble on hand.
June 9, 1859.

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

Being furnished with POWER PRINTING MACHINES,
besides CARD and HAND PRESSES, we are
enabled to execute large quantities
of work, with great facility.
BOOK PRINTING!
Having the different sizes of the new SCOTCH CUT and other
styles of TYPE, procured expressly for the various kinds
of BOOK PRINTING, all CATALOGUES, BY-LAWS,
REPORTS, SPEECHES, &c., &c., will be
executed with neatness and dispatch, at moderate charges.

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

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

BILL-HEADS!
The newest style of BILL-HEADS supplied at a very low figure.
SHOW-BILLS!
Country Merchants supplied with SHOW-BILLS of the most
STRIKING STYLES.

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS
OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY.
Jobs ordered by Mail promptly
executed and dispatched
by Parcel Post.

M. LONGMOORE & CO.
MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDINGS,
36 Great St. James Street.

PLUMBING,
GAS AND STEAM-FITTING
ESTABLISHMENT.
THOMAS M'KENNA
WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the
Public, that he has
REMOVED
his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment
TO THE
Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street,
BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS,
(Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.)

where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in
his line with promptness and despatch, and at most
reasonable prices.
Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets Beer Pumps, Force
and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and
Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c.,
&c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a work-
manlike manner.
The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing
on most reasonable terms.
Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to boat churches,
hospitals, and all kinds of public and private build-
ings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has al-
ready fitted up in some buildings in the City, and
which has given complete satisfaction.
Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12ms.

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

THE GREATEST
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in
one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that
cures
EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and
never failed except in two cases (both thunder-hu-
mor.) He has now in his possession over two hun-
dred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles
of Boston.
Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore
mouth.
One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of
pimples on the face.
Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst can-
ker in the mouth and stomach.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the
worst case of erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure all hu-
mor in the eyes.
Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the
ears and blotches among the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt
and running ulcers.
One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the
worst case of ringworm.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the
most desperate case of rheumatism.
Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt
rheum.
Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of
scrofula.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful
per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful;
children from five to eight years, tea spoonful.
As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions,
take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day.
Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases
of Scrofula.
KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE
MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives
immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag
when going to bed.
For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected
part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the
improvement in a few days.
For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as conveni-
ent.
For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in
to your heart's content; it will give you such real
comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the in-
ventor.
For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid
oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the sur-
face; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some
are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply
the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so
than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple,
covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes
forming running sores; by applying the Ointment,
the itching and scales will disappear in a few days,
but you must keep on with the Ointment until the
skin gets its natural color.
This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives
immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.
Price, 2s 6d per Box.
Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 War-
ren Street, Roxbury Mass.
For Sale by every Druggist in the United States
and British Provinces.
Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the
readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the
Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Bos-
ton:—
ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
Boston, May 26, 1856.
Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you
my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asy-
lum your most valuable medicine. I have made
use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors
so prevalent among children, of that class so ne-
glected before entering the Asylum; and I have the
pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by
the most happy effects. I certainly deem your dis-
covery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by
scrofula and other humors.
ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB,
Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum.
ANOTHER.
Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing
you of the benefits received by the little orphans in
our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in
particular suffered for a length of time, with a very
sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be ne-
cessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you
that he is now perfectly well.
SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
Hamilton, O W,