

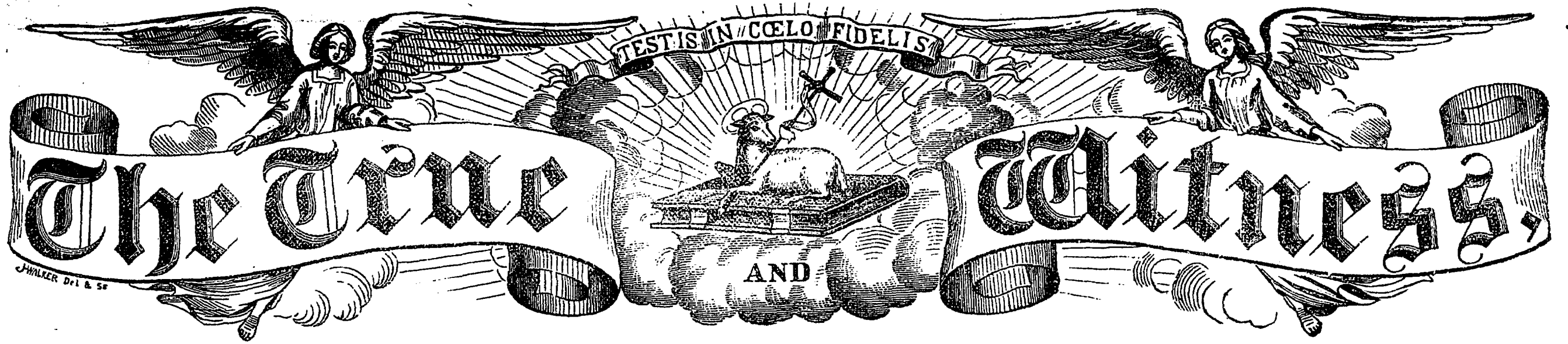
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## THE MICROSCOPE AND MICROSCOPIC RESEARCH.

(From the Montreal Transcript.)

On Thursday evening, the 14th instant, at the Natural History Society Rooms, the Right Rev. Francis Fulford, D.D., in the chair, a lecture on the above subject was delivered before the Society, by Edward Murphy, Esq., of which we present the following abstract:—

The subject chosen for this lecture—the "Microscope and Microscopic Research"—is one of the most important and interesting to all; but previous to entering thereon, the lecturer claimed kind indulgence for any defects which might be found, and feared there were many, for some present might not be aware of the fact, that he was simply an amateur in Microscopy, amusing himself in leisure hours with its study, and making no pretensions to be either a *savant* or a professed lecturer.

The Microscope is justly considered one of the most valuable of modern scientific inventions, in consequence of the great discoveries made by it, and the important purposes to which it is applied, and it has added such a vast amount to our knowledge of the various changes and processes going on in the organic kingdoms, that it claims a rank of at least equal eminence with that of the Telescope, and indeed, in some respects, even surpasses it. The Telescope assists us to pierce the illimitable space above us, and there to discover those vast and magnificent series of suns, worlds and systems, of which our world and system are but the types, or what are supposed to be such, from analogies which we discern between them; but herein fails the telescope—that it does not enlighten us respecting the nature and constitution of those celestial bodies, nor the forms of animal and vegetable life (if any) which may be found upon them.—By the Microscope, on the other hand, the information which we derive of those atomic miracles by which we are surrounded is satisfactory and complete—it develops to our senses objects wonderfully minute, yet perfectly analogous to larger beings. It displays to us in a single drop of water a wonderful little world of animated beings more numerous than the sands on the sea shore. In a word, it reveals to us an animal, a vegetable, and a mineral kingdom, of which we were ignorant previous to its invention.

"Microscopic Research" has added a vast amount of information to almost every branch of science, as by the Microscope the student of nature is enabled to examine the delicate organizations on which animal and vegetable life depend, and with ease to detect the smallest structural differences; and in his analysis to define with certainty the structure of the most minute tissues. By it he discovers new laws of reproduction, new forms of being, and new functions in exercise; it enables him to penetrate the secrets of the earth and the ocean, and to examine the beautiful organisms he there discovers; it teaches him not to despise or think lightly of little things, as there is not a flower that breathes in fragrance and blooms in beauty, in garden or in field, not an insect that creeps the earth or flutters in the breeze; nor even a drop of water from a roadside ditch, that does not teem with beauty and with life—indeed, there is not a form which matter has assumed that will not yield some new idea to the diligent microscopic observer.

It would not attempt any description or history of the microscope, but contented himself with merely saying that it is only within a few years that this instrument has been raised from the condition of a mere toy to its present perfect state; and to such perfection have the scientific and practical opticians of the present day, especially those of England, brought the Microscope, and with such care and skill have they attended to the correction of the spherical and chromatic aberrations of the lenses, that it is said to work up to the theory of its construction; and Dr. Carpenter says, that "while it would be hazardous to deny the possibility of any further improvement, yet the statements of theorists as to what may be accomplished are so nearly equalled by what has been effected, that little room for improvement can be considered to remain, unless an entirely new theory shall be devised, which shall create a new set of possibilities." The "compound Achromatic Microscope" is therefore one of the most perfect instruments of scientific research yet invented and used by man.

To estimate duly the value of the Microscope to us, he first referred to a few of the misconceptions that prevailed prior to its introduction; before its invention, the *Mite* was considered the least of animated beings, and the existence of living atoms so minute, compared with which the mite may rank as an Elephant, had never been even conjectured, and very indefinite and erroneous opinions were held regarding the *vital fluid* in animals, and the manner of its circulation was imperfectly, if at all, understood. The fallacy of equivocal generation was universally maintained, and corruption was deemed the pa-

rent of Animal and Vegetable life. It would occupy too much time to name all the instances of misconception that characterized the times previous to the invention of the Microscope;—let these few suffice to show how limited was the sphere of human knowledge concerning many things which daily meet our eyes, and how unconscious were the philosophers of past ages of the wonderful creations that Science and Art were preparing to unveil by its means. This instrument possesses so many charms for us, and its uses and advantages to mankind are so manifold and various, that he offered no apologies for calling particular attention, at some little length, to a few of the principal discoveries made by it.

The Microscope has brought into existence a new and important science—that of *Histology*, or science of tissues—which has for its object the study of the elementary tissues of animal and vegetable life—both healthy and morbid.—Histological Anatomy is consequently an important branch of the education of the Medical Student. To the student of animal physiology this instrument reveals that animal muscle is composed of exceedingly fine fibres crossed by others more minute still; and that the cause of motion in animals, is produced by the relaxation or approximation of the cross fibres. This instrument has developed to him the anatomy of the human skin, and discovered the existence of the perspiratory pores—of which it is computed there are not less than 2,000 millions on the human body—indeed all the real knowledge he possesses regarding structural anatomy and the composition of the different organs of the human body, has been obtained by its aid.

The Microscope to the medical man is of incalculable value, as knowledge which could not be obtained by any other means, is by it acquired with facility. Observations made on blood, mucus, and pus, as well as the deposits arising from functional derangement, show him at once the affliction under which the patient is suffering, and tells him more, at a single glance, than could be obtained by many days' careful diagnosis in the ordinary methods; the microscope is therefore absolutely essential to medical science, and it is coming into very general use among the medical men of this city, as an auxiliary in their efforts to alleviate human suffering.

The Microscope has verified Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood, as by its aid the vital fluid may be actually seen circulating in the web of a frog's foot, the tail or fin of a small fish, and in the larva of many aquatic insects; and we can witness no more wonderful and pleasing sight than that of the blood corpuscles coursing along rapidly through arteries and veins as small as the finest hair. The late Dr. Lardner thus describes a general view of the circulation of the blood in the tongue of a frog: "The observer," says the Doctor, "will be filled with astonishment at the magnificence of the spectacle, and to imagine a geographical map to become suddenly animated by their proper motions being imparted to all the rivers delineated upon it, with their tributaries and affluents, from their fountains to their embouchures, would give a most imperfect idea of this object, in which is rendered plainly visible, not only the motions of the blood through the great arterial trunks, and thence through all their branches and ramifications to the capillaries, but also its complicated tortuous motions in the glands, its return through the smaller veins, and its departure thence *en route* for the heart," such is Dr. Lardner's eloquent description of that most beautiful and astonishing spectacle.

In Medical jurisprudence Microscopic aid has frequently been called in, and in some cases life has been saved by its means; in others, criminals have been brought to justice, as by it can be discovered whether blood stains found on their clothes are those of man or of some of the lower animals. He here remarked that the blood corpuscles in man, and in the mammalia generally, are rounded and flattened discs, while those of birds, fishes and reptiles are oval or elliptical, and vary in size according to the species.

The Microscope to the Zoologist is an indispensable auxiliary, as without it the structure and functions of many animals would remain forever unknown, and the very existence of many species would be still undiscovered. It reveals the important fact, that the minute structure of the bones of the four great classes of vertebrate animals, namely—Quadrupeds, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes, differ from each other in so marked a degree, that should a fragment be found, either in recent or fossil state, on examination by the Microscope of the bone cells, he can at once discover the class of animal to which it belonged;—he is also enabled by the Microscopic examination of the dental structure of animals, even of those extinct for thousand years, to form a good idea of their general form and habits.

To the Entomologist the Microscope is exceedingly valuable, as by it he is enabled to study, and properly classify the various Insect tribes, and to examine the exquisite beauty found

in their formation and appendages, and their wonderful economy, as it reveals to him that these little creatures are possessed of the most beautiful mechanism in their frame work, have a nervous system, muscles, veins and other parts analogous to, and in common with the larger animals.

The Microscope to the student of vegetable Physiology and botany is an invaluable instrument, as it opens to him, and to the ordinary observer, a rich field of interesting observation,—for who has not lingered with delight amidst the beauties of a flower garden, or has not stopped to admire the foliage of the majestic Oak?—And to those who look with admiration on trees, plants and flowers, as they appear to the naked eye, it cannot be uninteresting to know that under these beauties lie concealed formations so exquisite, that without the aid of this instrument, in developing them, we could scarcely be said to know anything of the hidden beauties of the Vegetable Kingdom.—It is also indispensable towards acquiring an accurate knowledge of the Cellular and Vascular tissues of plants. A thin section of a young shoot or branch of a tree displays under it a structure somewhat resembling, but far surpassing, the richest and finest lace work.

To the Antiquarian the Microscope has also lent its aid, as among other things, the long debated question, "whether the fine linen of Egypt in the time of Pharoahs, was linen or cotton," is set at rest. It having proved that the fibre was cotton, and not linen as was long supposed.

The Microscope reveals to the Geologist the astounding fact that this World is but the wreck of ancient organic creations, that the vast limestone rocks, the great Coral beds of the Pacific, and even bog Iron ore, as well as immense layers of earthy matter forming extensive portions of our globe, and varying from a few inches to many feet in thickness, are but the catacombs of myriads of animal tribes too minute to be perceived by the unassisted eye—all of which were once in full and active existence, replete with life and beauty, ages upon ages ago. A noted example occurs on this Continent, namely—the strata of earth underlying the City of Richmond, Virginia; which has a thickness of from 15 to 20 feet, almost wholly composed of the agglomerated debris of microscopic animalcula. Our own Montreal limestone affords an example of what ancient organisms have contributed to form such masses of rock in other parts of the world. The Montreal, geologically called the Tranton limestone, has a thickness of about 400 feet.—An immense subject for contemplation? And yet immensity in its common impression on our minds, hardly conveys to us the idea of the myriads upon myriads of animalcula that have lived and died to have produced the Tripoli, the opals, the flints, the bog Iron ores, the ochres and the vast limestone and coral rocks of the world the organic structures of which is ascertained by their Microscopic examination.—The immense coal beds are, by the aid of this instrument, found to be the remains of a luxuriant and gigantic vegetation which flourished in past ages of the world, as by examination, not only can the woody fibre be discovered but even the most delicate of the vegetable organs, as the spiral vessels, &c., &c. By its aid the fossil botanist can determine the natural orders and genera of the fossil trees of former ages, whether they grew like the forest trees of this country by yearly additions to the outside, or by internal accretions like most of the trees of the tropics—its use is therefore indispensable to those who study the fossil flora of past epochs of this world.

By the Microscope—discoveries have been made regarding animalcula, which have brought vast accessions to our knowledge of animated nature,—the term animalcula is used to denote these living creatures inhabiting fluids, which are too minute to be seen by the naked eye—they are found in incredible numbers in both animal and vegetable infusions; a single drop of water may contain millions of these invisible creatures. And we find in this new world displayed a beauty and perfection, adaptation and reproduction far surpassing the objects with which we are familiar in every day life. Indeed the mind becomes almost overwhelmed and confounded whilst examining the internal structure, the modes of action, and the natural instincts of a living atom so minute, that a million of them aggregated together in a mass would present but little more than a sensible speck to the naked eye. Infusorial animalcula are astonishingly abundant; they are found in oceans, seas, rivers and lakes, as well as in stagnant ponds and ditches. They exist in the fluids of the animal body and in plants, and even in some of the most powerful acids. Professor Owen explains the use of the vast amount of animalcular life found throughout nature.—He says,—"Consider their incredible numbers, their distribution, and their voracity, and that it is the particles of decaying animal and vegetable matter which are appointed to devour and assimilate.—Surely we must in some degree be

indebted to these ever active and invisible scavengers for the salubrity of the atmosphere and the purity of the water." How strange to reflect that the same Omnipotent Being, who peopled infinite space with ponderous globes, has breathed a peculiar intelligence into these minute specks of matter, of which thousands should be thrown together before they could become perceptible to the most searching human vision.

The Microscope enables the chemist to discover, very minutely and completely, the changes of form and color effected by the test of fluids upon solids. By its aid chemical action opens an extended field, full of wonders, rich in beauties, and almost boundless in extent.—Microscopic Chemistry, therefore, extends very widely our range of philosophical enquiry, and serves to guide by the minute aspect of chemical change, to conclusions which have hitherto only worn the obscure character of conjecture.

The Microscope is also an invaluable assistant in detecting the process by which crystalline structures are matured, as it brings immediately under the eye of the observer the whole process of crystallization, from the primitive form of the most intricate combination which it ultimately assumes. And a more beautiful sight cannot be conceived than that which is presented, when any saline solution is suffering gradual evaporation, and the crystals begin to shoot and extend themselves over the field of the instrument, and if these experiments are conducted under polarized light, the effect produced is really gorgeous, for the splendid colours, and systems of coloured rings, produced by transmitting polarized light through transparent bodies that possess double refraction, are the most brilliant phenomena that can be witnessed.

The Microscope has made important and valuable contributions to the exigencies of social life, as by it can be detected the invisible ingredients which adulterate our *food* and *drink*, and even our *medicines*. For example, in suspected flour, the instrument enables us to judge of the size and shape of the starch grains, and their markings, and thus to distinguish the starch grains of the different kinds of meal.

The Microscopic examinations lately made in England, on articles of adulterated food, have been productive of much good.—Dr. Hassel stated before a Committee of the British House of Commons, that in his opinion "in nearly all articles, whether of food, drink, or drugs, adulterations prevailed, and that many of the substances employed in this adulterating process, were not only injurious to health, but were also poisonous."—Out of 34 samples of coffee sold in London, and Microscopically examined by him, 31 were adulterated with chicory, the chicory itself was also found to be adulterated. Tea and Chocolate were as bad, or perhaps worse. The tea was adulterated with turmeric, Prussian blue, china clay and other substances. The chocolates were found to be vile compounds, consisting of the most disgusting mixtures, of bad cocoa shells, old sea biscuits, bad flour and tallow. It has been also ascertained that drugs and pharmaceutical preparations are systematically adulterated, sometimes to such an extent as to render it impossible to estimate the strength of the remedies administered; and it is not out of place for us to ask—is not this infamous practice of adulterating and weakening drugs and medicines, productive of the most distressing consequences?

These Microscopic examinations of *food* and *drugs* have been followed by the most beneficial results, as the certainty of detection by this instrument, has doubtless prevented many dishonest dealers from following the nefarious practice of adulterating food and medicines. And the value of the Microscope is much enhanced from the fact, that by no other agency could some of these adulterations be discovered and exposed.

Time, he said, did not permit dwelling longer on the various ways in which the Microscope is of paramount importance to the Student as well as to the man of Science, and of charm and interest to the family circle around the domestic hearth, and to all who would cultivate their minds by possessing a store of interesting facts. But enough has been said to induce a belief in them, and to show that the Microscope aids very materially the studies of the *Anatomist*, the *Physiologist*, the *Zoologist*, the *Botanist*, the *Geologist* and the Investigator of organic and inorganic matter generally, giving, as it were, a new sense to man, thus adding to the enjoyments of life—and as our knowledge increases in proportion as we discover and contemplate the beauty, order, variety and perfection of the wonderful and exquisite works of the Almighty hand we should value the Microscope as having enabled us to extend our observations and thereby increase our happiness.

The lecturer concluded by observing that no single lecture however extended and carefully prepared, can be more than a very brief summary of "Microscopic research," and wonderful and startling as some of the statements which he

made might appear, their verification was within the reach of all, as with a Microscope of very moderate power, all he had described could be examined and proved; and if by means of his lecture any of his hearers were induced to explore the inexhaustible field which "Microscopic research" opened to them, he would be fully compensated for any little trouble which he had had in compiling and preparing it, and they would never regret having commenced a study so useful and fascinating as that which is afforded to them by the "Microscope and Microscopic Research."

At the close of the lecture many specimens, prepared by Mr. Murphy, of objects from the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral kingdoms, as illustrative of parts of the lecture, were exhibited by the aid of a very powerful Oxhydrogen Microscope, and had a very pleasing, instructive, and beautiful effect. They consisted, in part, of Insects, and insect dissections. We would refer specially to the preparations of the respiratory system of insects, one slide of which displayed the entire breathing apparatus of the caterpillar; showing the two great tracheal tubes, with their numerous branches and the spiracles which admit the air into those tubes;—this preparation was exquisite, and was a study in itself. The slide, showing the stomach and gizzard of a cricket, was also a most interesting object. He exhibited preparations of the larva of several aquatic insects, illustrative of the great voracity of this class of animals—conspicuous among them was the "water devil," of which, judging from the specimen exhibited, it may be truly affirmed, that no similar creature is provided with weapons of destruction so powerful, so numerous, and so perfectly adapted to their end, as are those of this ferocious insect. There were also a number of slides, wings of butterflies and other insects; these were magnified enormously which brought out the rich colors and veinings of them with very beautiful effect.

In the "vegetable kingdom" he exhibited several thin sections of wood, illustrative of the structure of exogenous and endogenous trees; also ferns and fernspores, showing the curious mode of fructification of those plants, mosses, dissected leaves, &c.

In the "mineral kingdom," there were many very interesting objects exhibited—the specimens of our Montreal limestone were exceedingly interesting to us, as the beautiful microscopic shells, of which it is composed were plainly seen. The slide of Egyptian limestone, showing the minute minute shells of which it is composed, was also a most interesting object—these limestone sections were ground thinner than bank note paper, in fact so thin that they were quite transparent, and thus revealing, by the microscope their organic structure.

Mr. M. also exhibited a number of other objects of very great interest, which want of space alone prevents us noticing.

The Right Rev. Chairman and John Teeming, Esq., on behalf of the audience, severally thanked Mr. Murphy for his very interesting and instructive lecture, and all left highly delighted with the evenings entertainment.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

LECTURE OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP HUGHES FOR THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

(THE CHARITY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.)  
(From the New York Metropolitan Record.)

Iring Hall was filled by a large and respectable audience, on Sunday evening the 17th instant, who assembled to hear the lecture, which it was announced would be delivered on behalf of the Catholic Library Association of this city, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston. The distinguished prelate left Charleston on board the steamer James Adger, on Thursday, the 15th, and would have arrived at this port on Saturday, but for the detention of the vessel by a gale while off Cape Hatteras. In consequence of the storm, which was unusually severe, he did not reach New York till the evening of the 18th inst. The lecture, as our readers have already seen from the heading of our report, was delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop. Dr. Finnell having announced that the Archbishop had kindly consented to take the place of the Rt. Rev. Lecturer who was unavoidably absent, His Grace came forward to the front of the platform, and when the applause with which he was greeted had subsided, spoke as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—You cannot expect from me on such brief notice anything like the lecture which would have been delivered by the distinguished and learned Bishop of Charleston, it something had not occurred on his way from that city to prevent his arrival. At the same time expecting him even for our Panegyric in the Cathedral, we waited and hoped for him till the last moment. So it has been here, and it is scarcely an hour since I felt impelled—however imperfectly—to represent him on this occasion.



The twilight of St. Patrick's Day of 1861 has already fairly closed in upon us, but the sun, which, at least in our meridian, has been bright, has gone its way westward, and wherever its beams have fallen upon the earth, there, I might say, the festival or memory of St. Patrick has been celebrated. It has been so here. It has been so over the continent of Europe. It has been so in the Indies, and even away up to Belgring Straits, as well as in the islands of the Pacific. Saint Patrick's Day, though the country is as small as a pin's head upon the map of the world—I mean, of course, by comparison—still the fame of Ireland's Apostle has gone round the world; and the dispersed children of Ireland cherish and celebrate the anniversary of her Apostle. The most powerful nation, and the most extended on the earth, claims, in its political relations, at least a certain belt of the globe. It is like one of those endless straps used in steam factories, and along which, and by which, in the national belt so called, they say Britain can communicate sense and sounds perpetually. But I tell you that St. Patrick's Day has been celebrated, even on this 17th of March, in portions of continents and in islands in which the tap of the British drum has never been heard. (Enthusiastic applause.) I am aware that anything like a panegyric upon the patron saint of Ireland is almost impossible. In the first place, as to his biography, there is much to be desired in reference to detail, and those who speak on a day like this, for the most part, are content to refer to the perpetuity of his own work, leaving the hearer to judge of his character and quality. The single fact that on no part of the globe has his name been forgotten or overlooked by any child of the nation of which he was the Apostle, is a proof of the faith and the attachment and the perseverance of the people in that faith, whom he rescued from superstition and idolatry; and hence for the most part they speak of the faith of the Irish, and certainly no monument could be stronger than the fact I have just mentioned. No other nation has carried its national faith under good report and evil report to such extreme boundaries of the habitable world as the Irish. (Applause.) They may be few in one locality and more numerous in another, but even if there be but three, assembled, or even one by himself alone, on the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day is not forgotten. That theme you are all familiar with, for it is one that speaks eloquently of the Faith of the Catholics of Ireland. I will not enlarge upon it. England, America—North and South—Australia, every country, all bear evidence to that truth; but did you ever hear of the charity of that same people, a charity that was communicated to the hearts of the converts of Ireland in the days of Patrick, and through his ministry. Who has ever spoken about the charity of the Irish?—Those who know it are so familiar with it that they hardly think it worth while to dwell upon it, but to me it is a theme which, with a reasonable time for preparation could be developed into something instructive, entertaining and edifying. Faith, we are told by the Council of Trent, is the root of justification, because without Faith, there can be no growth of charity, Faith therefore is called by the Church the root, and as the tree increases in size the branches are adorned with buds and flowers and fruits. Yet without faith as the radix the tree could not be adorned nor flourish. Of course the mission of the Apostle to a Pagan nation is a mission of Faith—we must first believe; then, after that if you are faithful to your belief, Charity will grow and so will Hope, and Love, and all the Christian virtues, but without Faith there is no basis. Whoever has read Irish history knows well that charity never flourished in any land so ubiquitously as it did in Ireland. It would seem, almost, that the Almighty had permitted that nation, even as Pagans, to inherit a large amount of natural bounty and kindness that was displayed in a beautiful and generous hospitality. In proof of this, I will refer to a feature in the laws of the country before Christianity was introduced. We do not know much of its civil code, but there was one prominent law which is more known and better preserved among the records of antiquity. Well, among other things in that Brehon law, which was made at a period in which there were few highroads and certainly no railways at all, it was established that a stranger on his journey should find hospitality where the night overtook him; and the Brehon law to secure this to the traveller, enacted that no family should move from the house it occupied without giving several months' notice, lest the traveller, not knowing the change, should arrive in the night and find the house deserted, or occupied by another. Now, this was a very humane provision, and bears high testimony to the kind and hospitable character of the people. Another evidence of their humane disposition was that neither St. Patrick nor any of his successors or associates were ever molested for their propagation of the Christian doctrine. The soil of Ireland has never been moistened with a drop of the martyr's blood, except when it was shed by the sword, or by the authority of foreign invaders. (Applause.) If I were speaking on the subject of faith, which we heard this morning in our Cathedral in eloquent development, I would say there is another thing that can be quoted, and that is, that, even to this day, under all her trials, Ireland has never produced a layman, a priest, or a bishop, who became a heresiarch, opposed to the faith of his country and his church. (Applause.) Now, as you are acquainted as well as I am, with the biography of St. Patrick, I will not dwell upon details, but at the period of his death Ireland began to exhibit all the Christian virtues by which it has ever since been distinguished, and became a blooming garden of Christian piety. At that early day, it commenced to bear the fruits of its labors, I will not say in faith, but in charity. From the early period of the sixth century, down to near the middle of the tenth, Ireland was the school of Europe. When I say the school of Europe, I do not mean to say there were not learned men—perhaps more learned—in other countries, but it was the period when frozen barbarism rushed from the north, destroying every monument of learning, religion, and science, which Christianity had erected, or evoked from the ruins of the Roman Empire. Turbulence, the overthrow of everything, confusion, was ubiquitous. An eminent writer of Germany, one who stands high among the highest of German scholars, Goerres, writing of this period, says that, during these three hundred years, learning, religion and piety fled from the conflicts of every Christian country of the continent, to take refuge in the island that St. Patrick had so recently brought under the Cross. In speaking of this fact, he makes use of a curious figure. He says it was a certain necessity, to certain attraction owing to the calamities that prevailed on the conti-

ment, and owing to the quietness of that little island, that the scholars, the men who desired learning whether secular or religious, fled to Ireland—I use his words—"as wearied troops go into winter quarters for safety from the elements." What then do we find? Of course it is not popular in Printing House Square to tell the whole truth, but the truth is on record, and in every great library in Europe, that during these times—I speak of an interval of two or three hundred years—students were received in Ireland and boarded at the colleges—paying their own board, do you say? supplying their own clothing? Not at all. Paying their masters? Their masters did not want pay. As for the paying of their board, such a thing was unknown in Ireland at that time; but they were received because they were advocates of learning, and wished to be informed; and whatever may have been the details of the arrangement we know they were provided for by thousands, and that the very founders of universities whether in England, France or in Italy, at least some, if not all, were educated in Ireland. After this period you know that for the first time, as far as history goes back, Ireland fell under the common condition of things that then prevailed.—The Scandinavians, who were called Danes and Northmen, invaded Ireland and, in part, took possession of that country. Wherever they obtained a foothold, wherever they were not driven back, their policy and their principle and their instincts as hardy, brave barbarians, led them to overthrow every seat of learning, every convent, to burn to ashes the ancient monuments of learning, and to leave desolation alone to mark their progress. The contest lasted a long time. Finally, however, the Irish—no doubt provoked by these sacrilegious acts—roused themselves, and, united with their sovereign, drove the Danes into the sea. (Applause.) From that time the interval was brief, till another calamity fell upon the country. It was the treachery of one of their own princes which caused the invasion of an adventurer from a neighboring island.—Call him Henry the Second, if you will; but he did not think it worth his while to trouble himself personally about invading Ireland, and he sent a man from Wales, named Strongbow, with a few adherents and little by little they gained a footing which became in time what was known as the Pale. I do not know exactly the derivation of the word, but I suppose it was intended to mark the boundary between civilized men who came from Wales—(laughter)—and the people of the country who would appear to have been as civilized, if not more so, as those who came to them on this mission. Now it is a fact, that neither the Danes nor the English ever conquered Ireland. (Applause.) The English half conquered the country, but they never completed their task in a workmanlike manner. (Applause.)—Otherwise they would have conquered the whole of it at once and brought the people under their government and laws. This however they never did, for the Irish people have never had the benefit of the same laws as the English. The government take every advantage of them whenever and wherever they can. Whenever the Irish need protection there are no laws except those that are made to plunder and despoil them. We pass from that period, which after all was not so bad as those which succeeded it. We now come to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Elizabeth was the first that had the malice—(laughter)—if I may use the expression—to conquer the whole island, not by battle it is true, but by means as effective, if not so honorable. But in the meantime did charity was cold in Ireland? Did the people of the country forget what they owed to suffering humanity? Did they ignore the claims of education? Certainly not. I would detain you too long if I were to give instances to prove that they still continue to be what they were immediately after their conversion: I will, however, mention one fact bearing upon this point. When Elizabeth thus spread her royal dominion over the Irish, she found in the town of Armagh a university, or what would correspond with that, and in that university the Irish people had contrived means of free education and free support to every person who came to drink at the fountain of knowledge and religion. (Applause.) It would almost frighten us, in these days, if I were to tell you the number of students who were maintained there at one time. It is a historical fact that there were seven thousand students in the schools of Armagh, who were supported at the expense of the Irish people. It is a creditable fact that there was a section of the city which was called the English section, because there they congregated in the greatest numbers. Despite the poverty of the Irish people, they allowed, for support of the institution, the rent and revenues of fourteen townships, thickly settled. Yet what did the English Queen do on her conquest of the country? Dear Elizabeth confiscated the townships and destroyed the university by way of promoting the welfare of the poor Irish. She took the townships to herself and she extinguished the seat of learning. Such was the work in which she engaged to promote the ends of English civilization. But I will not harrow up your feelings, by calling to your minds the persecutions that were deliberately planned and heartlessly executed against the people of Ireland. With these you are perhaps too familiar already, and as my theme to-night is Charity, I ought not to say a word that could arouse a sentiment of hostility or resentment at injuries inflicted in the past. That would not be Christian, and it certainly would be out of place on this occasion. You are aware that since her time, but especially under the reign of her pedantic successor, James I, there was no calamity which was not inflicted, not that he was much worse than other men, but he imagined that he was a theologian and he endeavored to settle Ireland according to his own notions of religion, Elizabeth, however, had a project to colonize the province of Ulster with Englishmen and which was to make a clean sweep of the inhabitants. But this she was unable to accomplish. James, the Scotchman, then undertook the task, and drove out the people from any part of the country, and sent them to Connaught. I need not dwell on the conduct of the Stuarts, but take Ireland from north to south, and from east to west, and there is not an acre, one way or the other, that has not been confiscated by the English Government two or three times over. After the perpetration of all this injustice, writers began to say that Ireland was a country full of beggars—yes, after they had taken the very soil which rightfully belonged to the people, they turned round and accused them of their poverty as of a crime. Yet it was under these circumstances that the teaching and the preaching, and the Faith, and the Charity, which St. Patrick had infused into that people had an opportunity of being manifested. If they were all wealthy, who would need alms? If they were all reduced to the same lowest level of poverty, who could help the other? But as a nation crushed between two mill-stones, the lower one stationary and Catholic, and the upper one revolving and the very reverse of Catholic, there was only one means of escape—the Catholics could leave the lower mill-stone and then the Protestant mill-stone could not grind them. Well, I have nothing to say further on this point. You all know what has happened since then. When their land was confiscated, when the titles of their nobility were abolished, when their farms were reduced down to the condition of the farming class, and the latter reduced to the condition of paupers, when all that occurred there was an opening for the exercise of Charity; and even then (for I understand that you are connected with education and works of charity, representing, as you do, the Catholic Library Association and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul) even then Ireland had her eyes on both charity and education; and during this dark and gloomy period neither education nor charity were forgotten. (Applause.) It is true the laws made it a crime for a young man to be educated at home, and he was forbidden to be educated abroad. If therefore he went abroad and came back by stealth an educated man, he was condemned to prison as

the just and most gentle punishment, and if he went abroad and came back a second time, he was to be hanged for this repetition of the offence. The same punishment was meted out to the schoolmaster. You have heard in that curious literature which has made the Irish character a subject for provoking laughter, a description of what has been denominated hedge schools. What is the meaning of a hedge school? It means that every scholar, though he might translate Homer into Irish and Irish into Greek, and both Greek and Irish into Latin, that as the laws of the country had forbidden the erection of school-houses, he was obliged to teach his education under a hedge. He was obliged to receive his education in a school that had neither doors nor windows. (Laughter.) During all this time education was cherished by the Catholic people of Ireland as the very apple of their eye. They could not make it universal, still they had eminent scholars who distinguished themselves abroad; and now as for the special part of the lecture, which is Charity, it is a theme which is not calculated to rouse the feelings, although it is most edifying and every way worthy of consideration. Reduced to the condition I have described, Ireland necessarily had a very large population in a state of destitution—homeless and penniless. Those who had no means of renovating their tattered garments, no Government to protect them, what was their resource? It was, in the phrase of the country, to beg from door to door; but I think I might say with safety both from reading and memory, which took notice of things, though they occurred in early life, that in hardly any part of Ireland would a beggar apply at a farmer's house, or indeed at any other, without receiving something. It is not simply the amount of the donation, or the alms, but the country was pervaded with that tone which is the offspring of true charity, and instead of sneering at a man because he was poor, there was pity, there was kindness, there was commiseration; even where their means did not admit of their bestowing large alms. Well now, I consider this fact seldom spoken of even on St. Patrick's day, as being the oil that has fed and supplied the lamp of Irish faith, for faith without works is dead in itself. On every side as far as I have been able to see, that feeling prevails. There was no compulsion, and those who had a loaf were willing to divide even that among those who were poorer than themselves. At the beginning of the period of confiscation of Irish property, and of Irish rights and titles, Queen Elizabeth, with a masculine understanding and energetic will, found what she never read in the history of England, that there were beggars in that country; wherever she went she could see paupers in abundance, and desiring to get rid of them and keep them out of her sight, she wrote a couple of little bonanzas to Parliament, begging them, in the name of humanity, to do something. They paid no attention to this for some time, but at last she obliged them to pass a law for the support of paupers, and that was the beginning of the poor laws. Ireland never had any such laws, but she had, from the teachings of St. Patrick and his successors, the law of Charity, that law of brotherly feeling, that law of humanity sanctified by the spirit of the Christian Religion, which its founder had indicated. And under that law, we have never heard, amidst all the sufferings, and privations, and persecutions of the Irish people, never heard of an individual who was permitted to starve or to perish because there were no poor laws in Ireland. I will say that famine and fever never desolated that island of ancient faith and ancient charity till after the poor laws were introduced by the cabinet of England. We know, and they themselves admit that millions have perished under the eyes of the British government, and that the very bread of charity sent from these shores would not be admitted into English or Irish ports by the iron-hearted minister of the day, unless the duty was paid at the Custom House. (Sensation.) I am aware, ladies and gentlemen, that poverty is a great calamity.—Extreme poverty, is in my opinion, the greatest calamity that can fall upon a Christian nation, except it be extreme wealth, and that is greater; but both are bad, unless men are imbued with a spirit of true Christianity. But looking at the play of Christian charity and of social sympathies which has been going on in Ireland for the last three hundred years, I would, if I could, point it—for the chapter is yet unwritten—in colors that would delight even the eyes of angels. In my own recollection how often have I seen poor parents with their children going from door to door, and as many as seven visits before sunset made at a single house, itself of very moderate means, and yet they were never turned away without receiving something. How often have I seen, with my own eyes, that when overtaken by the night they found a house where the owners contrived somehow to afford them a shelter, and the next morning something to eat. How well do I know that phrase which served like what is called in military life the password or signal, and how universally the password of Charity was known between those unfortunate beings and those who were rarely less unfortunate than they: "I want a little help for God's sake." That very word was hereditary among the descendants of those who had been converted by St. Patrick. The appeal of charity in this form was never made in vain, because even grace itself cannot inspire a higher motive for a generous and charitable action and alms-giving, than the motive "for God's sake." The reason is obvious. How many do we meet constantly who are in need of aid? How many are worthy of it of themselves? The only thing is, that the Christian man, with the faith and charity of the Lord in his heart, will see them as it were through God, and he may say in his own thoughts, I do not know what kind of a person you are, but I know that God created you, and even if you should be unworthy, I don't give it for your worthiness, I give it "for God's sake." That is the password in Ireland. (Applause.) There is but one observation that I will make—that is, that from the times I speak of, that demi, semi-conquest of Strongbow, which threw confusion and division among the Irish people, of which the government never ceased to avail itself up to this hour—during all this time the Catholics, though ground to the dust, had always an open heart, and an open hand for the calls of charity, and the pass word of the poor was just as well known in every house as anything could be known. While the Catholic beggar would ask a little charity for God's sake, the Protestant beggar would say, "Ma'am, I want a little help if you please;" but as if to show how deeply engrained in the soul of that Catholic people was the virtue of charity, the Catholic matron would make no distinction in giving, but she would always sanctify her alms by supplying the omission. She would say, "this is for God's sake." (Applause.) All that is what I would call the play of Christian charity, and it presents for one having sufficient time to develop it, a subject, the exhibition of which on any country on the face of the globe has ever excelled. I speak now simply of the Faith of the people, but of their charity—I do not, however, separate them—and I do think and believe that, if Ireland had been hard-hearted to the poor, forgetful of Christian Charity, the Faith would have died out in their hearts, for lack of oil in the lamp. As it is now, they say that things are brightening up a little, the people having been pretty well thinned by fever, and famines, and emigrations, and exterminations. The island being still as large, as it used to be, I should think those that remained would fare a little better. But if they should become prosperous in the temporal order, God forbid that they should ever forget either the Faith or the Charity that came down to them from the days when Saint Patrick first raised the Cross of Christ on the island. Your Society, and the Society with which you are intimately connected, have in view this two fold object and the dissemination of knowledge. Your Library Association, rightly managed and properly encouraged, may prove a very great source, if not of knowledge and information, at least of providing young men with the opportunity of knowing a little

more. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul suggests in another form the highest model that the earth has ever presented for the imitation of individual charity. St. Vincent de Paul was a man who did more during his own life for that virtue of charity than any other. He had laid down the foundation for works of charity, and presented motives to attract hundreds and thousands—perhaps by this time, millions to the fulfillment of this great virtue in its various forms. Charity is not a national virtue; it belongs to all countries; and, although I have spoken of it with regard to Ireland, it has not been with any intention, on my part, to deny its existence elsewhere; but it is because no parallel in the case of Ireland, in this respect. Show me another country in which the people have gone through such trials, and have stood up so bravely for their faith and for their love of God as the Irish. (Applause.) But, in speaking of any Christian work of Faith, or Hope, or Charity, the Catholic knows no distinction of nations, for, where nationality is the test, the work is just so much less Catholic than it ought to be. (Applause.) Of course, every man has his country, either the land of his nativity or that of his adoption, and he is bound to it by every tie of loyalty, even to the sacrifice of his life. (Renewed applause.) That is in the human order, but in the divine order we do not know any geographical limits; there is no geography for a Catholic as a Catholic; he embraces his brother, who is, perhaps, at this very hour, in Pekin, for the old Church has been re-opened in the capital of the Celestial Empire. He believes all that we believe, and we believe all the doctrines that our common mother, the Church, teaches; but, if there is any trouble, we will fight China at any time, as we did Mexico. And in Mexico we had priests on our side, and they had priests on theirs, and our prisoners, when Catholics, received all the benefits of our Holy Religion, and they were treated in the same way.—In this we are afforded a proof that, even in the din of battle, the Faith and the Charity of the Catholic Church are as vigorous and as strong as in peace.—In our own country, where there has been lately so much excitement—all of which, I trust, will terminate amicably, (applause) between the two parts of the country which they call North and South—but nobody has got to either the north pole or the south pole; they call it, however, the North and South, and talk about divisions and civil wars. But there is only one rule for a Catholic, and that is to do his duty as a citizen. If he thinks that being on the south side of Mason's and Dixon's line, he ought to fight for that side, and if we think the other way, we will fight for our side too. But no matter how wide or how deep they may contrive to make the chasm dividing the North and the South, in their political aspirations and schemes—no matter how broad may be that chasm, the Catholics on both sides of the line have a kind of science of their own, though they may not be very great engineers, yet so far as religion is concerned, they will throw a bridge over the chasm. (Laughter and applause.) I am afraid, ladies and gentlemen, that, not having been prepared to begin, I have almost proved that I am not prepared to close; but I do, and thank you for your kind attention.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONVERSION.—The Kilkenny Journal says:—On Sunday, 17th of February, Mrs. Wilkinson, Walkin street, having renounced the errors of Protestantism, after a course of instruction, was received into the Catholic Church, and baptized at the St. Mary's Cathedral by the Rev. Martin Kelly, C.C. The Clare monument to O'Connell is attaining an imposing height, and will be one of the handsomest pedestals or pillars in Ireland. It is now 33 feet in height, and when completed will be 67 feet. It will be surmounted by the statue, which will be 9 feet in height. THE CROWN-BAR BISHOP AND THE PARISH PRIEST.—A citizen of Dublin writes to the Dublin News:—I have read with feelings I cannot describe, the entire of the astounding revelations conveyed in the correspondence between Rev. Mr. Lavelle and Bishop Plunket, published in the News. Is there a man—there is a fair-minded, honorable Protestant, and many such there are, I am happy to say—who reads those letters, that can repress hot and impetuous indignation! Father Lavelle is peacefully and silently riding along the road after discharging some duties. The Rev. Mr. Townsend and a Rev. Mr. Mollan come up and meet him, fling a challenge in his face, tell him he is a "minister of anticlericalism," ask him "is he married," and reproach his clerk "is he carrying his God in the box with him?" Father Lavelle, softly enough, writes a complaint to the Bishop, telling these facts, and gets no answer in the words and handwriting, and under the seal of Lord Plunket.—"I confess I can discover nothing insulting or unseemly in the conduct of words of Mr. Townsend or Mr. Mollan on that occasion." There is a law bishop in his true colours. "Nothing insulting or unseemly in conduct"—the most infamous that could be imagined on the part of a clergyman towards another—in a minister of an alien establishment, fattening on the vitals of the country, telling a Catholic Priest he is a minister of the great enemy of God and man; asking him had he a wife—knowing he neither had or could have; and then with an amount of blasphemy which merited for the wretch being ducked in the nearest sink, asking the poor silent clerk was he carrying his God in the box with him. Irish Bishops and Irish Priests.—I appeal to you to rectify this infamy. What was said and done to Father Lavelle and his poor clerk on this horrible occasion was said and done to you all. Will you abide it? Will you bear over and about you a detested establishment, which engenders at your and our expense, such parasites of ruffianly insolence? God knows, it is high time to get rid of this oppressive outrage. Take it away. You can do it. Again, and without attempting to use a being dogmatic, I say you can do it.—DUBLIN AND CATHAGO. What do the Irish people want with Plunkets? What return do men like him give for their thousands? Ah! what return?—A right large one in such atrocious, such infamous, as have been perpetrated in Partry by Bishop Plunket, who evicts tenants for not proselytising their children—monks for teaching "Popery"—and says it is by no means "insulting or unseemly" to call you ministers of anticlericalism, ask you are you married, and wish to know if your own clerks carry God in the box with them? THE CONNAUGHT PATRIOT OF THE 23rd ult., says:—The distress, we are happy to find, of the industrious poor people of Killybeg and neighbourhood has been partly relieved. A meeting, in the Court-house of Killybeg, a subscription was entered into by those present, and effective measures adopted for the immediate distribution of relief. GALWAY.—A large portion of the ORANMORE Estates, near Athenry, has again changed hands. Mr. Walter P. Lambert, of Castle Ellen, Galway, having recently purchased it from Sir Moses Montefiore and Baron de Rothschild, the trustees of the Alliance Assurance Company. THE DUBLIN FREEMAN remarks, "The Duke of Somerset, as First Lord of the Admiralty, has rapidly recognized the eminent public services of Sir Leopold McClintock, by appointing our distinguished fellow-countryman to the command of Her Majesty's ship Doris, a first-class steam frigate (screw) of 800 horse-power, now on service in the Mediterranean. Ireland has already endeavored to do justice to the merits of her illustrious son, and it is therefore peculiarly gratifying to Irishmen to find the head of the noble profession to which Sir Leopold McClintock is at once an ornament and an honor, thus setting his official seal to their award."

The Dublin Freeman, of the 23rd of Feb., says:—"We have been requested to call attention to an appeal about being made to the charitable people of Dublin in behalf of the 'Convent of Our Lady of Orphans' in Norwood, a suburban district of London. The peculiar circumstances under which this good Sisterhood appeal to their Irish co-religionists are few and simple, but still very strong. In the great English Babylon—the centre of untold wealth, crime, and misery—there is a vast Irish population and a corresponding amount of helpless, unprotected orphanage. The estimable Sisters of Norwood saw the want, felt the necessity, and with a zealous devotion overcame many difficulties, and on very slender means, but with trustful confidence in Providence they established a Catholic orphanage in Norwood. In 1848 they commenced with four children. In subsequent years this number increased to forty. In 1857, the inmates numbered 143; in 1858, 170; and at present they have 204. All their accommodation and funds are exhausted, and they have been obliged, sorrowfully and reluctantly, to refuse admission to 170 applicants for their protection, motherly love, and solicitude. These are the children of Irish Catholic parents." The managers of St. Bridget's Orphanage, Eccles street, acknowledge the receipt of £10, bequest of the late Mrs. Cashen, Monkstown, per Mr. O'Connor; and the receipt of £5, bequest of the late Mr. James Kenny, Athy, per the executors. The Irish circuits have commenced, and so far have demonstrated a remarkable diminution of crime in this country. In Drogheda, the first town on the North-east Circuit, the Judge of Assize has been presented with a pair of white gloves by the Sheriff. It is worthy of remark that this is the fourth consecutive occasion on which there has been a blank calendar in this town, which consists of 20,000 inhabitants, and which contains four large spinning factories. In one respect, the present assizes in the two first counties on the North-east Circuit, present a striking contrast to those held last summer. On that occasion the High and Sub-Sheriff, both of Drogheda, and the County of Louth, were both Catholics, and the two Judges of Assize were also Catholics. During the present Assizes that state of things is completely inverted, both High and Sub-Sheriff (with the exception of the Sub-Sheriff of Drogheda), and the Judges of Assize being Protestants. The Orange rioters, who murdered the two offending Catholics at Derrymost, are to be put on their trials at the forthcoming Assizes of Armagh. The Attorney General is, I believe, to prosecute in person. An attempt was made in the Court of Queen's Bench, during the last term, to alter the partisan complexion of the jury panel, but, thanks to the two Tory Judges of that Court, it failed, and, as the jury list now stands, it will be almost impossible to obtain the conviction of an Orangeman. Poor Captain Boyd's body has at length been found, and is to be honoured with a public funeral on Friday next. DEPART OF THE WHIGS IN CORK.—The election of Mr. (now baron) Deasy, some months since, for the county Cork, has damaged the cause of irascible Whiggery in that quarter. To use a common expression, "he let the cat out of the bag," when, in a moment of indignation and excitement, caused by the opposition of a number of Clergymen to his return, he said he "wished to emancipate the people from ecclesiastical tyranny!" Had his opponents acted a different part, and ranged themselves on his side, and used a little pressure to bring their docks along with them, the "virtuous" Mr. Deasy would have lauded them as paragons of patriotism, and an example to their order all over the world. But the real principles of both English and Irish Whigs found vent when he was off his guard, and he denounced the Clergy in the bitterest language, almost as bitter as that which his masters, Lord John and Lord Palmerston, ever used against them.—The result of all this Whig insolence, and unmanly slander on the Clergy of Cork, is the defeat on Tuesday last, of Mr. Roche, the Whig candidate, and the triumph of Mr. Leader, the Conservative. The Clergy permitted the two factions to fight out the battle, believing that neither candidate deserved a particle of their support, and that it would be the greatest folly to interfere between them. The consequence is, that the voice of the people of Cork will not be heard in the British senate. They are misrepresented, and neither their complaints nor their wishes will be heard in the alien parliament.—The Whigs look very sad on contemplating this defeat. The Post and similar organs do not know what to make of it. They fancy—innocent souls—that without a Whig government everything at home and abroad would go wrong. They believe that the Whigs are "liberal" because they put a few Catholics in office at the expense of the millions. But where are the real proofs of the views of the Whigs? They are to be found in their treachery to the public cause, and in their betrayal of their supporters. They are mountebank "liberals" when out of office, and worse than the Tories when they get in. Proofs of this will be found in their treason, when they passed the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill just as their anti-Catholic principles now impel them on, in compassing the expulsion of the Pope from Rome. They stormed and shouted for Reform two years ago, when the Duty government was in power; but now they themselves have abandoned Reform. The Clergy of Cork and a large section of its people have left them to their fate and in doing so, they have taken a wise and prudent course. It is time to tell this Whig faction what Ireland thinks of their treachery at home, and their bigotry and anti-Catholic policy abroad. The wisest course for her would be to link herself with no English party, but, holding aloof from both, devote her energies to advance her own cause. Let us hope that at length she will see the wisdom of doing this, and that every constituency, when they cannot get an honest nationalistic to express their feelings and wishes in the alien senate, will permit the Whig and Tory factions to fight among themselves.—DUBLIN DISPATCH.

ORIGIN OF THE WORDS "TORY," "WHIG," AND "RAPPAREE."—The actual signification of the word Tory, though now and for a long time, the appellation of a political party, is scarcely known except to the Irish scholar and historian. The term proceeds from the Irish noun *toir*, a corsair, a chieftain; and from that comes the cognate *toir*, a person classed or pursued—thereby meaning an outlaw from the fact that individuals to whom it was first applied were such as had, by their murders and robberies, occasioned themselves to be put beyond the protection of all laws, and consequently were considered outlaws, or *toirs*, and unable to be shown without the intervention of judge or jury, as they often were, wherever they could be seen or apprehended. We believe that the word first assumed its distinct character in the wars of Cromwell as applied to the wild free-booters of Ireland. Before attributes the establishment of the word in England to the infamous "Tius Oates." "The court party," says Hume, "reproached their antagonists with their affinity to the fanciful convictors of Scotland, who were known by the name of whigs." The country party found a resemblance between the courtiers and the Popish banditti in Ireland, on whom the appellation of Tory was affixed. And after this manner these foolish terms of reproach came into public and general use." It was about the year 1680 that the outlaws or Tories began to be characterized by another design in Ireland, that of rapparees, so called from the fact of their using the half-pike, or short rapier. Some ascribe this last name to the word "rapia," to plunder, which strikes us as the most appropriate and obvious.—"The Evil Eye."—The word Whig is taken from the fact, that in Scotland it was applied to milk that had become sour, and to this day milk that has lost its sweetness is termed by the Scotch and their descendants in the North of Ireland *whiggid milk*.



If I were to fill one side of your paper with the events which have occurred here during the week they would all appear scarcely worth recording, when contrasted with the extraordinary Yelverton marriage case, which has absorbed attention and excited interest, to the exclusion of every other...

THE YELVERTON CASE.—The lady with whom it is stated, Major Yelverton contracted his second marriage, is said to be a constant attendant at the trial. She was the widow of the eminent Professor Forbes, of the University of Edinburgh, by whom she was bequeathed, it is asserted, a very large fortune—£50,000. This is the talk of the "Hall."

The Chief Justice—Was there a Scotch marriage between those parties? The Foreman—Yes. The Chief Justice—Was there an Irish marriage? The Foreman—There was. The Chief Justice—That is, in other words, he was a Roman Catholic at the time of the marriage? The Foreman—We believe he was, my lord.

THE PRISONER'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.—The prisoner artfully inveigled the witness into signing a clear receipt for any demands against her. This document was handed in for the prisoner's defence. She was, however, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment.

PROTESTANT SUPERSTITION.—We find this advertisement in the Irish Times:—"To sea captains. A child's caul to be sold on reasonable terms, apply—Irish Times office."

GREAT BRITAIN. THE EVANGELICAL BISHOP.—A maid-of-work came down one winter's morning, and after considering for some time whether to sweep the parlor, or to wash the kitchen floor, or to light the fires, or to feed the pig, or to milk the cow, or to make herself more tidy, settled the question by returning to bed.

THE RELIGION OF THE STATE.—On the 30th of Jan., or thereabout, two laborers found in an old ruin near Waterford an infant which had been deserted by its parents. The wife of one of those men took the little baby to a priest, and had it baptised, and then took the little fellow, Martin Hill by name, to the workhouse, and gave him in charge to the proper officers.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S DISPATCH.—The principles which it enunciates are destructive of the British Empire and would lead to universal anarchy. We are told in the first place that when a people for good reasons take up arms against an oppressor, it is but an act of justice and generosity to assist brave men in the defence of their liberties.

THE PRISONER'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.—The prisoner artfully inveigled the witness into signing a clear receipt for any demands against her. This document was handed in for the prisoner's defence. She was, however, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment.

MR. SPURGEON, in introducing Mr. Layard to an audience at his Tabernacle said that the connection of such a man with such a borough had a tendency to lift it out of its primal mud, and that he would make "Horse-monger-lane equal to the hanging gardens of Nineveh."

REVIVAL FRUITS.—The Dumfries Courier says:—"We regret to learn that a young woman from Dalbeattie was placed in the Southern Counties Asylum in a state of mania, brought on, according to the medical certificates on which the warrant was founded, by attending "Revival" meetings during the previous week.

THE "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."—The following address has been signed by the Deans of Carlisle, Lincoln, Ripon, St. Asaph, and Bangor, Dr. Pusey, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford; Archdeacon Denison, Macdonald, Moore, Atherton, and Clive; Bishop Trevor, Chancellor Bird, and a large number of other clergymen holding important positions in the Church, and will be presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury in the course of a few days.

WELL-MEANING OLD LADIES of Shaftesbury school may assure themselves that whatever they may give to promote Protestantism in Catholic lands (so far as it is not expended on the comforts and luxuries of the worthy people who collect it and of their families) is spent in the cause of open infidelity.

THE PRISONER'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.—The prisoner artfully inveigled the witness into signing a clear receipt for any demands against her. This document was handed in for the prisoner's defence. She was, however, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment.

THE CELEBRATION OF SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN NEW YORK.—The military and civic procession with which our countrymen are wont to celebrate the anniversary of our patron Saint was organized and conducted in a most brilliant and successful manner in New York on Monday, the 18th inst.

THE PRISONER'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.—The prisoner artfully inveigled the witness into signing a clear receipt for any demands against her. This document was handed in for the prisoner's defence. She was, however, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment.

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The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1861.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THERE can no longer be any excuse amongst Catholics for trusting in Louis Napoleon. The flimsy mask he has so long worn, he has now thrown aside, or rather, has allowed Prince Jerome Napoleon to tear off for him. This task the latter has admirably performed, nor could the Emperor have committed it to more appropriate hands than to those of the adulterous issue of an infamous father—the Heliogabalus of Westphalia.

Prince Napoleon's speech on the Address in the Senate, is indeed conclusive; and whilst remarkable for its frankness, and out-spoken hostility to the Holy Father, it is equally remarkable from the fact that Louis Napoleon has openly complimented the speaker thereupon, thus endorsing all his views. In the words of M. de Persigny, "the calotte has been cast to the ground, and no one will now dare pick it up, for we trample it under foot." One gentleman—M. Granier de Cassagnac—had the courage to rebuke the impertinence of the Imperial Minister. "As to the fate of the calotte, as you call it, M. Le Comte, all gentlemen give it another name—they call it the tiara."

The overthrow of the Papacy, in so far as it is given to man to overthrow it, is now evidently a fixed idea of the French Emperor. The old project of a Gallican Church, with the Emperor for its head, is again on the tapis, and will no doubt be attempted. "Herod and Pilate," says the Times, are made friends; Pilate is washing his hands, and Herod is "suppressing convents, sequestering ecclesiastical funds, and unfrocking Bishops." Protestantism is for the time triumphant; and Protestant principles, manifesting themselves as usual in sacrilege, theft, obscene outrages upon helpless women, and convent-burning in general, are in the ascendancy in Italy—whilst at every fresh outrage and violation of truth and justice, the Protestant press throughout the world belches out its beastly applause—but this is their hour, and the power of darkness.—St. Luke, xxii, 53.

By our Irish means it will be seen that the famous Yelverton case has been decided in favor of the plaintiff. The verdict was received with intense delight by the warm-hearted citizens of Dublin, and Hon. Major Yelverton, the defendant, has, it is added, received a hint that the resignation of his commission as an officer in Her Majesty's service will be thankfully received.

MR. M'GEE AND THE "SWADDLERS" ver. THE TRUE WITNESS.—Though we place no great confidence in the report that, at the next Anniversary Meeting of the French Canadian Missionary Society, Mr. M'Gee is to appear upon the platform glorious in a white-choker—and is to address the assembly with his "well known eloquence" upon the importance of bringing the Romanists of Canada to "a knowledge of the truth as it is," &c.,—we cannot but admit that the course he is now pursuing gives foundation to the rumor, and that Protestantism and the Holy Protestant Faith, have found an able and appropriate champion in the person of the junior member for Montreal. In this we do not reproach Mr. M'Gee with inconsistency, for we believe that in this solitary instance—that of hostility, sometimes secret, sometimes open, to Catholicity—he has always been true to his antecedents. We believe that Mr. M'Gee of 1841, is the Mr. M'Gee of 1849, who black-guardsed the Pope, and extolled the Protestant Revolutionists of Italy through the columns of the Nation; and who by so doing won the hearts of all the enemies of the Catholic Church on this Continent, and earned the following flattering tribute from the Catholic New York Freeman's Journal of June 9th 1849:—

"The last number of Mr. M'Gee's Nation describes the contribution of the Doves of Meath, Ireland, for the relief of Pope Pius IX, as 'TAKING BREAD FROM THE STARVING.' This idea is obviously borrowed from the Political Economy of JEBAS LECAHOTT, in the case of the box of spikenard, worth three hundred pence, that the Magdalene poured on Our Lord; but the editor (Mr. M'Gee) does not give the credit usual in such cases."

To be criticized unfavorably for our attachment to Catholicity, and for our consequent detestation of Protestantism which is the contradictory of Catholicity, by one who whilst boasting of having been "born and bred" a Catho-

\* Most men become Catholics, not by birth, but by baptism; Mr. M'Gee is, however, we suppose, an exception to the general rule.

lic, has by his avowed hostility to the Sovereign Pontiff earned from our Catholic cotemporaries of the United States the appropriate compliment given above—is felt by us to be a high honor, and as the best tribute that could possibly be paid to our fidelity and consistency as Catholic journalists. Next to the approbation of their ecclesiastical superiors, the latter should always be solicitous of the reprobation of their Protestant cotemporaries, and of those time-serving, place-hunting Kaveholicos who desire to stand well with Protestants, who in return dearly love a bad and treacherous Catholic. This flattering testimonial to our fidelity to Popery, we are proud to say, the TRUE WITNESS has earned. The Orange Herald, and the "Souper" press throughout Canada endorse Mr. M'Gee's attacks upon the TRUE WITNESS, urge him to persevere therein, and give their verdict unanimously in his favor. This is to us an unmistakable sign of the recititude of the course which we have pursued; for it is an invariable law, admitting of no conceivable exception, that in a controversy upon religious, or politico-religious questions betwixt persons calling themselves Catholics, the sympathies of the Protestant or anti-Catholic world are always enlisted on the side of the traitor, and against him who honestly and fearlessly stands up for the truth as propounded by the Catholic Church. A lukewarm Catholic, or what the Yankees term a "dough-faced" Papist, is always popular amongst Protestants, though of course he is despised even by those who cheer him on; but the honest and sincere Papist, who, believing that two and two are four, says so boldly, is invariably the object of Protestant vituperation. So, Lord Palmerston, replying to a deputation headed by Lord Normanby, and remonstrating against the sacrifice of Mr. Turnbull—a gentleman of unimpeachable integrity, but of stern Catholic principles—to the clamours of the Evangelical Alliance, remarked that, if Mr. Turnbull had been a "moderate Catholic"—that is to say, a sneak who to curry favor with Protestants, would explain away, or soften down the asperities of Catholic truth—there would have been no objection to his appointment, seeing that in every other respect he was perfectly qualified to do the work entrusted to him—vide London Times. So Mr. M'Gee, in like manner, complains that the TRUE WITNESS is not a "moderate Catholic;" that it blurs out truths unpleasant to the conventicle, disagreeable to our "natural allies," the Protestant Reformers, and not so much as to be mentioned in the assemblage of the Saints with whom, in the hopes of obtaining a government situation, Mr. M'Gee has, since he was rejected by the Ministry, politically connected himself. This accusation is, we admit, well founded. We would rather be a dog than a "moderate Catholic," or an avowed infidel than a "moderate Christian." Truth, not moderation, is the one attribute of which we are emulous; and our title is not "THE MODERATE," but "THE TRUE WITNESS." Mr. M'Gee may therefore detect in our columns very many expressions far from "moderate," but we defy him to indicate one which is not strictly "true."

If therefore we condescend to notice the attacks which through the columns of the anti-Catholic press, Mr. M'Gee has made upon us for our irreverent treatment of Protestantism—that is to say of heresy or mortal sin—it is not to vindicate our course as Catholic journalists in the eyes of a Catholic public; but to show how thoroughly mean and despicable that man must be, who, though professing himself a Catholic, when such a profession may assist him to the votes of Catholics at election time, seeks to propitiate, or win a section of the Protestant vote, by appealing to Protestant ignorance, Protestant fanaticism, and Protestant prejudice, against the Catholic journalist who in the discharge of his duty has enunciated truths, which no one can impugn without by implication denying, either that Catholicity alone is from God, or that God alone is the source of all good; and which were forced from us by the beastly and incessant slanders of Mr. M'Gee's friends and "natural allies" upon the teachings of the Church of which the latter pretends to be a member, and upon the morality and purity of that proud Irish race with whom Mr. M'Gee claims kindred. To be denounced by the Soupers, or by the man who, as has Mr. M'Gee, has slandered Pope Pius IX. through the columns of the Nation, as one who "solemnly blessed the assassins of liberty,"—and who has also publicly invoked the downfall of the Papal Sovereignty, is an honor of which any Papist might be proud, and which assuredly the TRUE WITNESS will not attempt to repudiate. We will now proceed to the business more immediately in hand.

It is one of the items in the Bill of Indictment against us laid by Mr. M'Gee before a Protestant Grand Jury—that we have said, that:—

"Convent burning is an essential part of Protestantism—and one which no Protestant can consistently disavow or condemn at the present day."

We have not a word to retract, or to explain away. Convent burning was one of the chief means by which the Protestant Reformation was established in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and on the Continent, as the ruins of thousands

of Abbeys, Monasteries, and Convents in all Protestant countries eloquently certify to this hour. Convent burning was inculcated by the leaders of the Protestant Reformation as a duty. Of all the famous texts upon which the first Reformers delighted to preach, none is more celebrated than that of, "pull down the nests, and the rooks will fly away;" and acting upon the exhortations preached from a thousand pulpits, the Protestant rabble, maddened with fanaticism, rushed out, and with filthy hands destroyed all that was destructible of the noblest works which man ever erected—the noblest, because erected for the best of purposes, and under the inspiration of the highest art, vivified by the purest charity. But even Mr. M'Gee we suppose will scarce venture to deny that the Convents and Monasteries of those countries which became infected with Protestant principles, were pulled down, burnt, or otherwise destroyed, and by Protestant hands. The fact is indeed beyond dispute; and upon the authority of Protestant historians we also assert that, but for this process of destruction, Protestantism could not easily have been established in the British Islands. Thus the Protestant historian Hallam, in his Constitutional History of England, c. ii, recognises the fact in the following words:—

"Nor could the Protestant religion have easily been established by legal methods under Edward and Elizabeth, without this previous destruction of the monasteries."

That, without which the Protestant religion could not, upon Protestant testimony, easily have been established, may with justice and sound logic be termed by the Catholic journalist "an essential part of Protestantism;" nor should Protestants complain because we do but reproduce the words of a Protestant historian, who also tells us that:—

"Persecution is the deadly original sin of the Reformation churches, that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as their reading becomes more extensive."—Hallam, Const Hist. c. ii.

As we give Mr. M'Gee full credit for "extensive reading," so must we attribute his zealous indignation at our allusions to the brutal persecutions inflicted by Protestants upon the inmates of Convents and Monasteries to lack of honesty. He knows, for he himself has written a history of the "Reformation in Ireland," that it was by "convent burning" and Archbishop burning occasionally, that Protestantism was set up in that cruelly persecuted country; and that only by the employment of brute force, and by the perpetration of cruelties and sacrilege, did it ever obtain even a temporary footing in Ireland. If Mr. M'Gee questions the truth of this, we refer him to a History of the attempts to Establish the Protestant Reformation in Ireland by Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee—Boston 1853.

We have said, and we repeat it, that "Convent-burning" is a process which at the present day Protestants cannot consistently condemn.—In other words, we maintain that A cannot logically or consistently condemn B, what he approves of in C.

But Protestants do approve of the destruction of the Convents and Monasteries in the XVI century. The ruffians who, like John Knox, and his brethren, goaded the brute rabble on to the destruction of the sacred edifices of the Catholic Church, are still, by the Protestant press, held up to our admiration as great and good men, little inferior in moral worth to One Who of old walked by the shores of Galilee. Now, as the moral law is unchangeable, and varies not with time or place, so we cannot conceive how any one who looks upon John Knox as anything but an unmitigated ruffian, could have the impudence to condemn the Protestant preacher who in Montreal at the present day should urge his hearers to destroy the Seminary and the Grey Nunnery, upon the grounds that if "the nests are pulled down, the rooks will fly away." If the preacher who should preach upon this text to-day, and in Montreal, would merit the appellation of "ruffian," so do John Knox and the other Fathers of the Reformation, for they preached from that text; but if as Protestants for the most part contend, John Knox and his fellows were great and good men, so would there be no reason for condemning the Protestant preacher, who next Sunday should in similar language from his pulpit exhort his congregation to rush out and burn down the Hospital of the Grey Nuns.

And actually, wherever, or whenever, there is an act of Convent spoliation toward, as in Mexico under Juarez, and in Italy under Victor Emmanuel, the Protestant press loudly bellows its applause; and thus shows that in its eyes, to destroy Convents and Monasteries is not only no sin, but rather a good work worthy of all imitation. "Pull down the nests," is still, as of old, the rallying cry of Protestantism.

These are the grounds upon which in our issue of the 21st September 1860, we asserted, and in our issue of to-day reiterate the assertion—that:—

"Convent burning is, in short, a practise so thoroughly Protestant, so essentially a part, and the prominent part indeed of the glorious Reformation, that we do not see how Protestants of the present day can pretend even to look on it with aversion or suspicion."

They do not look on it with "aversion and suspicion." They loudly approve of and encourage it; they invariably laud the sacrilegious

robber to the skies, and honor as a champion of liberty, him who in the name of liberty persecutes the Catholic Church in the persons of her Religious, and destroys her sacred buildings. In no Protestant country is there assurance of protection against a "Convent burning" rabble; for no Protestant government can justice be extorted for the victims of Protestant brutality. This may seem a harsh saying, but it is a true one. If any doubts, let him enquire what protection was afforded to the Charles-on-Religious whom a bold Protestant rabble, inspired by the memory of the illustrious feats of convent burning enacted by their spiritual ancestors, burned out of house and home? or what compensation has yet been made to the Popish Nuns thus treated by Protestant hands? Had a tavern, a gambling house, or the vilest den of debauchery been destroyed in a similar manner, the proprietor would have claimed, and obtained redress and pecuniary compensation. But as the victims were Papists, and above all Religious, for them there was no protection, no compensation; and this because "Convent burning" is essentially a Protestant practice; one which Protestants do for the most part admire; and one which they carry into execution whenever and wherever they have the power to do so. Perhaps, however, Mr. M'Gee will tell us that there never was a Convent burned down by a Protestant mob either in Europe or America; or that if burned down, compensation has been made to the sufferers by the incendiarism. In the first fervor of his new born zeal for Protestantism, there is no saying to what lengths of falsehood, Mr. M'Gee may not be prepared to go in order to ingratiate himself with his friends the "Soupers."

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MONTREAL.

SERMON OF THE REV. MR O'FARRELL. In St. Patrick's Church, on the Anniversary of the National Saint of Ireland, the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell preached from the First Book of Maccabees, 2nd chap., 49th and following verses:

"Now the days draw near that Matthias should die; and he said to his sons: Now hath pride and chastisement gotten strength, and the time of destruction, and the wrath of indignation. Now, therefore, O my sons, be ye zealous for the law, and give your lives for the covenant of your fathers. And all to remembrance the works of the fathers, which they have done in their generations; and you shall receive great glory, and an everlasting name."

The preacher said—These words, my brethren, of the aged Israelite seem to be most appropriate in the circumstances in which the Catholic Church is at present placed, and well calculated to instruct us as to the duties we have to perform. We are assembled once again to celebrate the National Festival of our glorious Patron Saint, and it is but natural to recall to remembrance the events which, in the progress of the past year, are intimately connected with the religion which St. Patrick introduced into our native land. The Catholic Church has suffered, like the church of Judah, and is still suffering. An impious King has invaded the righteous sanctuary, has profaned the altars, and carried away the vessels of the Temple. During the past year our native land has borne glorious testimony to the cause of our Holy Faith, and has sealed Ireland's devotion to the Church by the best blood of the land. To-day we will dwell on the condition of the Catholic Church at the present time. Do not be astonished, if I seem to forget for a while in my sorrows for our Church, the sorrows of our own old Isle. For the long space of 1800 years has God made a covenant with the Roman people and the Italian Nation, by which they were constituted a royal race and the especial servants of His Church.—After three centuries of persecution, Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, retired to Byzantium to allow Rome to be placed in possession of the Pope, so that the Holy See might exercise free and untrammelled the functions of that Sovereign authority which rightfully belonged to the successor of St. Peter. For a thousand years that power, anxious for the welfare of mankind, went on propagating religion, extending civilization, encouraging science, and bringing the people of all nations into the Fold of Christ; for a thousand years the temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff continued nearly in the same extent. The Popes did not desire to increase it, though many opportunities offered, and they exercised it throughout with a view to the advantage of all men and all nations. Under the protection of one Pope, Rome was saved from inevitable destruction when the hordes of barbarians from the North swept over the fair plains of Italy. But for the Popes, Rome would have shared the fate of Babylon, Persa and Carthage, and travellers would be obliged to-day often to go round ruins and wrecks to search for some trace of her former greatness. The Popes saved Rome, the Eternal City, the City of the soul, after which every Catholic heart yearns, and to which every Christian pilgrim turns his steps. Rome is still the Capital of the world, the rendezvous of all civilized nations. Her very dust is noble, impregnated as it is with the blood of saints and martyrs. Not content with the glorious prerogative given to them as to the Jews, the Italians would seem not only to reject, but to overthrow the Church of God. They seem to say, in the words of the Sacred Scripture,—"Let us go make a covenant with the Heathen, since we departed from them many evils have fallen upon us." The spirit of discord, carefully fostered by foreign emissaries, insubordination and irreligion, preached up by intriguing and treacherous men can be traced as the causes which have led to the present troubles of our Holy Father. We are told in the Sacred Writ that the Jews went to King Antiochus, who gave them a lesson to do after the manner of the Heathen. Then, my brethren,

irreligion and impiety waxed strong and mighty, as in the present time, when Catholic schools have been closed, Priests degraded, Bishops summoned before illegal tribunals, and thrown into prison and exile. In this day in Italy ecclesiastical property has been confiscated, religious communities suppressed, and their inmates thrown upon the world without the means of subsistence. We are told in the Sacred Record that King Antiochus advanced into the land of Egypt, conquered King Ptolemy, took strong cities and much spoil, and reigned over the land. The King of Sardinia well represents the Pagan Antiochus in his impiety and contempt for the rights of others. He wished to reign over two kingdoms, and, like his prototype, without any declaration of hostilities or pretext for invasion, except such as the highway robber may claim upon the purse of a traveller who has escaped some other robber, he enters the territory of the King of Naples. At first, dismayed by the flight of friends and the desertion of relatives, the young King perhaps showed signs of weakness; but he soon manifested to the world that he was worthy of his crown and kingdom, and the siege of Gaeta will shine out brightly on the future historic page. Like Louis XVI, he is expiating the crimes of his predecessors; but both he and his brave soldiers deserve the sympathy and esteem of every honest man who witnesses the struggles of another for the rights of his native land. After having taken possession of Egypt, King Antiochus came to Jerusalem, plundered the Temple, defiled the sanctuary and the Holy Places. But Divine Providence has not yet permitted these words to be realised in their full extent with regard to the Christian Church. Rome is not yet taken, but we know what would be its position if once in the power of the King of Sardinia. However, my brethren, innocent blood has been already shed about the sanctuary—the blood of the generous defenders of the Holy See so treacherously surprised, so foully massacred. Thank God, Ireland has not been deemed unworthy to bear testimony to the holy cause, and the life blood of many of her children has flowed in a commingled stream with the noblest blood of Catholic France and Catholic Germany. But the blood of the martyrs will, I hope, yet fertilize the plains of Italy, and bring forth the fruits of piety and patriotism. See what has already taken place in the territories taken possession of by Sardinia; I will not go back to the crimes which she has committed long ago, or the constant mockeries, so common under rule her of the Christian mysteries in her theatres. I will not speak of the insults offered during the past year to the image of our crucified Lord. A few facts will suffice to set before you the characters of the leaders of the revolution. Not long ago General Pianelli issued a ferocious address to his soldiers about to march against the noble mountaineers of the Abruzzi. This address says— "March against these traitors, root them from the land, destroy by every means in your power those upholding the Vicar, not of Christ but of Satan; now is the time to crush the priestly despots, who have been gorging themselves with the best blood of Italy." The Sardinians on the 23rd of January this year entered into a province, and surrounded a convent. At their approach all the inmates fled except ten lay brethren and one priest. These found that the Sardinian troops were in search of reactionaries, as the noble defenders of the Truth are now called. They were told that not a man had been secreted in the convent. The brethren and the priest were ordered to leave on pain of death. In the meantime the soldiers had wrecked the convent, stolen the sacred chalices and pyx, and set fire to the dispensary attached to the Convent, which was established for the purpose of supplying medicines to the adjacent country. We are told in the Scripture that Antiochus willed that all the peoples over whom he ruled should be one. Here, my brethren, is our express enunciation of the principles which serve as a pretext for all the lamentable disturbances which have taken place in Italy. The principles of unity laid down by Mazzini and Cavour are the pretext of every despot who wishes to rule with sole, undisputed authority. To make an united Italy these men abolish the privileges of every State they blot out Modena, Parma, Florence, and Tuscany; they blot out Naples with its ancient fame; deprived of its kings, nobles, and armies, it becomes a province of Sardinia, and obtains in return for what it has lost, the glorious privilege of sending a few deputies to Turin, where they will be laughed at for their provincialisms, sneered at if they talk of the rights of their country, and made to feel their imputed inferiority to their more enterprising northern neighbors. All these they will be made to feel, just as in the case of another country which we all know well. Can this principle of unity be justified? Is it right that one power which is the stronger, should rule the weaker? If so Prussia is justified in ruling Poland; but is Poland happier because she is under a great centralizing Government? If the principle of Italian unity are once admitted, why not carry them out in their fullest extent? If people speaking one language are to rule over other people of smaller countries speaking the same tongue, then carry the principle out, and why should not France rule Lower Canada, and England the United States. Some well-meaning persons have been carried away by the theories of these modern revolutionists. In their enthusiasm they forget to enquire what is meant by liberty. Not that I would utter a syllable against true liberty—for liberty has been the aspiration of my youth, the hope of my manhood, and it would be my delight to hear the sweet sounds of freedom reverberating among the mountains and filling with its echoes the valleys of my native land. But if you wish to have an infallible mark of recognizing true liberty, here it is—in the words of the Apostle—"where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Let us apply this text to the present commotions in Italy, and we shall see what is the nature of the revolution which is undertaken for what they call liberty. The Rev. gentleman here quoted from the Protestant statesman Guizot, and the Catholic statesman Montalembert, to show that the principles of such men are the



Italian revolutionists, were simply opposition to all order, both human and divine. My brethren, in the mixed society in which you live, you will often be asked your opinion concerning the Italian revolution. From what you have heard, then, you will be able to give your opinion both temperately and firmly; you can show the difference between the liberty which proceeds from the spirit of God, and that liberty which is characterized by a profanation of all divine things, a contempt of all divine authorities, treachery, perjury, robbery, and assassination. My brethren, we are now celebrating a glorious festival; and we should remember that 1400 years ago, God graciously manifested to the Irish race, his mercy, his goodness, and his power. During that long period, many persecutors arose. But they were not permitted to destroy the Church of Ireland. In spite of all their persecution, the Irish Church like the Irish Oak, withstood the storm and overshadowed the land with its branches. If God has taken so much care over a small portion of his Church, do you think He will abandon the larger portion? Oh no—all that has taken place has only shown more clearly the firmness of the rock on which the Church is placed. No doubt, the present time is a sad one, but the old man in the Vatican remains undaunted, trusting in the promise which can never be broken. We are now commemorating the time of our Lord's passion; and in this sacred scene the whole world is witnessing the trials and troubles of the representative of his Apostle Peter. As in the case of our Lord, his own people cry out "let him be crucified"—they wish to divide his garments and are thirsting after his little inheritance. But none of them have the courage to proclaim themselves his enemies; just in the same way as Pilate refused to assume the responsibility of the death of our Lord. Nevertheless there is a resemblance between our Saviour and our Holy Father, in that one was, and the other is, crucified between two thieves. But after the days of the passion come the glories of the resurrection, when our Lord was proclaimed King of the Universe, the governor and judge of all nations. On this glorious St. Patrick's Day what are our duties when we consider what our country, in the past year, has done for the Pope? Are we to stand coolly by and be content with a few expressions of sympathy? No; we must pray to Him who rules all hearts, and to St. Patrick who has watched over his own little church for 1400 years, to succour our Holy Father in his present extremity—him who is the representative of that Pontiff who first sent St. Patrick to Ireland.—Take courage; call to remembrance the works of the Father in times past; imitate them, and you shall receive great glory and an everlasting name; not merely the glory of this world, but the glory of the Eternal Kingdom of God.—And in that Kingdom the poor and the humble will be gathered around the feet of Jesus to rejoice in his blessing for ever and ever through all eternity.

In the account in our last of the Procession on St. Patrick's Day, we forgot to refer to the beautiful new banner of the Temperance Society, which was for the first time displayed on that occasion, and we have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following brief description of it:—

The front of the Banner is of white silk, on which is painted a full length portrait of the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Matthew, who is represented administering the EUCCHARIST of Total Abstinence to a large and attentive concourse of people; above this beautiful picture, on a flowing ribbon, is painted Father Matthew, blessing those who took the pledge from him, viz:—"May God grant you grace and strength to keep your promise;" and under the picture, on another ribbon, is painted the name of the Society and the date of its establishment, from which we learn that the Society is in its 20th year, it having been established in 1841.

The reverse side is of green silk, and exhibits a very beautiful and tastefully arranged grouping of the Irish National emblems, viz: Harp, Crown, Irish Wolf Dog, Oak tree, Shamrock, &c.,—the whole surrounded by wreaths of palm and laurel. This banner is very richly trimmed with gold fringe, and furnished with gold tassels, &c.

We cannot close our brief description of this very beautiful Banner, to the memory of the good and benevolent Father Matthew, without making a remark or two on the appropriateness of the design and execution of it. The attitude of the principal figure, Father Matthew, is strikingly effective; the grouping of the vast multitude of kneeling figures, by which he is surrounded, and the filling up of the whole picture, is in the most exquisite taste, and reflects the highest credit on the skill and ability of the artist, Mr. Dunne, of this City. The work on it was made up by Sister Forbes, and the good Nuns of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, and is an additional testimony to the taste, skill and industry of these excellent Ladies; and we do heartily congratulate our friends of the St. Patrick's Temperance Society on the possession of their beautiful Banners.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN KINGSTON.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Kingston, 23rd March, 1861.

Sir,—The St. Patrick's Society of this City celebrated their Anniversary on Monday last, with great spirit. At an early hour the Society formed in front of the City Hall, and marched in procession to the Catholic Cathedral, where High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Matte, assisted by the Rev. John O'Brien, as Deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Sonve, as Sub-deacon. After the first Gospel the Rev. Mr. Lowman ascended the pulpit and delivered a very able and powerful sermon. The Rev. gentleman made a great effort; some of the passages in his sermon had a most electrical effect, more particularly in that portion of it where he alluded to the noble valor of the Irish Brigade in defence of the Holy Father, and asked the people to offer with him a prayer for the souls of the fallen brave, who had fallen at Castelfidardo, Spoleto, and Ancona. I never witnessed a scene so solemn and affecting. The Cathedral was magnificently decorated, and the vast edifice was crowded from porch to chancel. Never was so great a concourse of persons collected within its walls as on Monday last, when the children of St. Patrick met to assist at the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, and to hear from the lips of the eloquent preacher the doctrine that the great Apostle delivered to their fathers fourteen centuries ago.

During the Mass, Professor Cunningham presided at the Organ, assisted by a most efficient choir led by Mr. Patrick Joseph Buckley, Jr., and Mr. Michael J. MacNamara. Hayden's Grand Mass was selected by Mr. Cunningham in honor of the day. After the last Gospel the great Organ burst forth with a flood of melody in the soul-stirring strains of St. Patrick's Day, with pleasing effect. After Mass, the Procession re-formed, and marched along the principal

streets of the city; on proceeding down Princess street the coup d'œil was exceedingly fine.

First came the Assistant Marshal of the Society, Mr. Patrick Doyle, (son of Joseph Doyle) on a spirited charger, richly caparisoned; then came the Portsmouth Band, followed by about four hundred of the children of the Christian Brothers' Schools, with suitable Banners, and at short intervals, carrying small flags with some patriotic motto or design. The boys were marshalled by a handsome youth, dressed in style, the son of P. J. Buckley, Esq. The Utica Brass Band then made their appearance under the leadership of the celebrated musician, Monsieur Arnot, who came from Utica, N.Y., expressly for the occasion. Then came No. 2 Company of Volunteer Rifles, seventy strong, with fixed bayonets, presenting a very martial appearance, their dark green uniforms, handsome shakoos, and bright green plumes, setting off the men to great advantage. This distinguished corps is very popular with our countrymen, and was the observed by all observers. After the Rifles appeared the members of the St. Patrick's Society of Wolfe Island, marshalled by Mr. McEvoy, numbering two hundred and fifty splendid looking men, all well dressed, and wearing the National colors. This Society is only in existence since 1850, and is now in a most flourishing state, owing to the exertions of the President, Mr. Devlin, and its Vice-President, Mr. Hugh Crowley. Every man in the Society is a strict Teetotaler. There is not a Catholic adult on the Island but is enrolled under the Temperance Banner, owing to the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Foley, whose truly Apostolic mission has been blessed with the most salutary results. The good priest has reason to be proud of his people; they owe him much, and may the Almighty long spare him to continue the good work.

After the Wolfe Islanders, came the St. Patrick's Society of this city, numbering fully nine hundred persons, with their gorgeous Banners, each man wearing the Regalia of the Society—a green collar, trimmed with gold braid; they were headed by the Grand Marshal of the Society, Hugh Cumming, Esq., mounted on a splendid charger. We noticed two of this Society's Banners as being particularly fine and exceedingly gorgeous. The "Sunburst" and "St. Patrick" having cost the Society the large sum of \$1,300. The St. Patrick's Society of Kingston, to judge from its appearance on Monday, is without doubt the finest association of men in British America. If Dr. Russell of the Times were present, he might have boasted, as he lately did in New York, that he had seen more of his countrymen together wearing fine black coats than he ever saw in Ireland. The Irishmen of Kingston are generally "well to do", and on St. Patrick's Day, he it said to their honor, they endeavored to make the best appearance; at any rate they gave evidence on Monday of both wealth and respectability. The Procession, after marching through the principal streets, at length drew up at the City Hall and were generally addressed by the President, J. O'Reilly, Esq., and M. O'Sullivan, M. D., Vice President; D. Macarow, Esq., was also called upon, and made a short speech. One of the most pleasing features in the day's proceedings, was the addresses of two young lads from the Christian Brothers' Schools—Master P. MacNamara and Master Francis Arnett, exceedingly promising boys. They were enthusiastically received by their school-fellows, who evidently felt proud of their young orators.

The President congratulated his countrymen on their splendid turn out, and evidently shared in the gratification felt by all that day who wore the green.

Three cheers were then called for Old Ireland—the President, J. O'Reilly, Esq.—the Prince of Wales, and Her most gracious Majesty the Queen.

Just as the proceedings terminated, Mr. Macarow again stepped on the platform, and called for three cheers for His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, which brought on a perfect storm of cheering. The conduct of His Grace, and the noble stand he made against the Orangemen of Upper Canada, will always be held in remembrance by the Catholic Irishmen of Kingston.—Yours, &c.,

SANSFIELD.

THE CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN BROCKVILLE.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Brockville, 23rd March, 1861.

Sir—Owing to St. Patrick's Day of 1861 falling upon Sunday, our Brockville St. Patrick's Society determined that their annual demonstration in honor of ever-to-be-remembered Erin should be adjourned until Monday, the 18th inst. For a week previous, day after day, found the atmosphere bitterly keen and cold, and Sunday night closed in with a sharp, crackling frost, that suggested anything but pleasure for those who should have to be abroad on the morrow. The dawn of Monday morning came at length, and still Jack Frost was king, painting noses with varying tints of red and blue, and making fingers tingle with his nipping grip; but as old Sol grew brighter, Jack began to yield, and ere many hours after sunrise the atmosphere was becoming toned down to a comfortable degree of moderate coolness.

The time appointed for the assembling of the members of the Society at the Town Hall was nine o'clock; and at a little later than that hour they formed into procession, numbering rather more than a hundred, and headed by the St. Patrick's Brass Band of Prescott, composed of some fifteen excellent musicians, not to be excelled in the rendering of Erin's best and oldest national airs, as was evidenced by their spirited and masterly execution from the commencement of the day's celebration until its close, at a late hour in the evening.

From the Town Hall the procession proceeded immediately to the Parish church, where a solemn Grand Mass was celebrated by the venerable and Very Rev. Angus McDonald, Vicar General and present Administrator of the Diocese of Kingston, of whose presence upon that day the Catholic Irishmen of Brockville had many and weighty reasons to be proud—giving to them, as it did, not only an opportunity of testifying the kind and grateful respect which they have ever entertained towards the Rev. gentleman, but, in addition, offering a most convincing proof, as well of the lively interest taken by him in their welfare, as his spiritual children, as of his sympathies with their endeavors to do reverence to their faith, and honor to the land from which they are separated by many a weary mile of ocean waste—"the Emerald gem of the Western Isle." As Irishmen they felt and acknowledged the compliment, and as Irishmen they will remember its giver. The Rev. Mr. Walsh, of Kingston, preached the sermon, delineating in a most beautiful and stirring manner the many scenes and reminiscences to be culled from the history of the long and arduous years spent by St. Patrick in the conversion of our Irish forefathers. He dwelt with an eloquence, peculiarly his own, upon the pride which Irishmen may so justly take to themselves from a knowledge that throughout the past, and in the present, they have clung, and are clinging, to the faith which St. Patrick left them as a last and best inheritance; and that they have never been found wanting in an earnest gratitude to the memory of him who taught their ancestry the first lessons of Christianity.

A very creditable and liberal collection was taken up; and after the conclusion of Grand Mass, the Society re-formed in procession, and proceeded thro' the principal streets—their very pretty banner, and beautifully carved and gilded harp, together with a large number of flags, giving to their ranks an exceedingly gay and attractive appearance. The point of starting was the rendezvous for dispersing, and thither they wended their way to the lively measure of many an Irish air, where, when arrived, they were addressed by their young President, and several other of the leading members of the Society. The proceedings of the day were then concluded by the usual cheers for the Queen, &c., and

the members of the Association betook themselves quietly to their homes, every one gratified, as well he might be, with the thorough success of the demonstration.—Yours, &c.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN OTTAWA CITY.

On Wednesday last, the National Festival of Ireland was observed in this city. About half-past nine o'clock, A. M., a procession of the members of the Saint Patrick's Literary Association formed at their Institute, and then proceeded, headed by their excellent brass band, to the Cathedral, where High Mass, Coram Pontifice, was celebrated by the Rev. Father Cook, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. J. L. O'Connor and J. Scantler as Deacon and Sub-deacon.—A sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Father Molloy. After Mass the procession re-formed and marched back to Saint Patrick's Hall.

In the evening a lecture on the Patron Saint of Ireland, was delivered in St. Andrew's Church, Upper Town, by the Rev. Mr. Dawson. The lecture was highly complimentary to Irishmen, and was delivered with the usual eloquence of the lecturer.—The church, on the occasion, was crowded to its utmost extent. The Saint Patrick's Band was present, and played several beautiful airs.

Thus creditably have the Irishmen of Ottawa honored the festival day of their loved country. In no people is the love of country stronger than it exists in the warm hearts of the sons of Erin. Wherever their lot is cast, (and no country in the world is unexplored by the ventures, industrious, and generous Irishman,) they always gather together on St. Patrick's Day and revive the dearly loved memories of the glorious old land. Although regretful emotions and even a tinge of bitterness may linger around these associations, yet the struggles and misfortunes of the past only serve to strengthen the affection of the true patriot, and they see through the gloom that envelops the national feelings, bright glimpses of a glorious future. The love of country is never sacrificed by Irishmen, to cold speculation or mere philosophic theory. Long may it so continue. May the present aspirations of our countrymen be soon realized.—Ottawa Tribune.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Perth, 25th Feb., 1861.

DEAR SIR—The Annual Meeting of the Perth St. Patrick's Society for the Election of Officers was held in the Catholic School-house on the 24th inst., when the following gentlemen were chosen for the ensuing year:—

- Very Rev. J. H. McDonagh, V.G.—President.
Hugh Ryan—1st Vice-President.
Daniel Kerr—2nd Do.
H. S. Gallagher—Treasurer.
James Stanley—Recording Secretary.
P. McLaughlin—Cor Do.
Committee of Management—Timothy Eganright, Patrick Doohar, Wm McDonagh, John Brennan, and Owen Stanley.

PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS AND PURSE TO LIEUTENANT ROONEY, DRILL INSTRUCTOR OF NO. 4 COMPANY.

On Wednesday, the 29th inst., immediately after the close of the Procession of the Celebration of St. Patrick's Day, No. 4 Company proceeded to their Armory, where the following Address and purse, containing \$75, were presented to Lieut. Rooney:—

My DEAR SIR—I am called on to-day by the men and non-commissioned officers of the Company under my command, as well as by my brother officers, to perform the most pleasant duty that can possibly be required of me.

Since I have been connected with No. 4 Company, I have become every day more fully aware of the warm regard and high esteem in which you are held by all; and I am therefore proud and happy to-day in having the opportunity of giving expression to the cordial feelings entertained by the whole Company, and of presenting to you a trifling, but spontaneous gift, as a tribute which we feel we owe to your merit and to your services.

Nearly all who stand around me use better able to feel than I am to express what we really mean by this insignificant presentation.

We mean to signify our thankful appreciation of what you have done for us; for we are reminded every day that the position you have held in regard to this Company ever since its formation, is the main cause of the comparatively great proficiency which the men have acquired in their drill and soldierly bearing.

We are conscious that to your patience, good temper, and activity, we are indebted for the high position we hold among the Volunteers of Canada. We feel that from having you for our teacher, we have learned to love our lessons.

Per beyond what any words of mine can express to you to-day, you have secured, during your intercourse with us, strong and, I am sure, lasting feelings of gratitude and esteem in the hearts of the officers and men of this Company; and when I say that we owe all to you, I do not think I say too much.

I therefore feel the utmost pleasure in handing you this small mark of our esteem, and I do so with a feeling of great pride in the men of the Company I command; for I must tell you that it was their spontaneous contributions, equally shared by all, which filled that purse, and that it is their gift, and was first thought of by them. It testifies the kind feeling and thoughtfulness which actuates them, and gives me the assurance that I have the good fortune to be connected with men who possess their full share of the most marked characteristic of our nation—warm and generous hearts.

It only remains for me to add, that it is our fondest hope that we may grow together in the future as we have hitherto, and that the connection between us, which has been so pleasant and advantageous, may not cease in our time.

With our best wishes for the health and prosperity of yourself and family, believe me, Sir, to remain your grateful friends and well-wishers.

I am, on behalf of No. 4 Company, Yours very faithfully,

John Francis Daly,
Captain No. 4 Company 1st Prince of Wales' Regt. of Volunteer Militia.
Lieutenant Daniel Rooney,
Drill Instructor.

To which Lieutenant Rooney made the following reply:—

Captain Daly, Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men of No. 4—I thank you most kindly for this substantial mark of your regard for me. Since I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance, I am convinced that you wish me well. You have proved to me in various ways that you feel a pleasure in promoting my welfare in every way in your power. You have at all times treated me with such courtesy and cordiality, that I feel wherever I meet a member of No. 4, that I meet a sincere friend; and I am deeply indebted to every member of the Company for their uniform kindness to me since I became acquainted with them.

It is admitted by competent judges that No. 4 Company is second to none in the Province, in every respect; but it is owing to their zeal, intelligence, and attention, and not to any exertion of mine that they have attained their present proficiency. All I can claim is a desire to do all I could towards their advancement.

I return you my sincere thanks for the kind wishes expressed by the Company towards my self and family. Wishing the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men of No. 4 every prosperity, I hope that we may all live to unite in celebrating many more anniversaries of our Patron Saint.

A correspondence appears in the Montreal Herald of yesterday, betwixt the editor of this journal and Mr. McGee, in which we call upon the latter to publish, or to allow us to publish, any correspondence that may have passed betwixt us on political or public questions—and in which the respondent, Mr. McGee, as usual, sneaks or shuffles out of the dilemma in which we have placed him. The Herald, which inserts Mr. McGee's letter, with characteristic generosity, worthy of the "low pot-house," refuses us the right of reply, through the same medium.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT. After a great deal of desultory and unnecessary talk, the Address in reply to the Governor's Speech was carried, the Ministry having decided majorities in their favor on every division. The Legislature then adjourned for the Easter Holydays.

The Catholics of Brantford were favored with a visit from the Revs. Fathers Chevalier and Lux, Oblat Fathers from Buffalo, who opened a mission in Brantford on the 17th and closed it on the 25th instant. The morning and evening instructions, which were preached by the Rev. Fathers alternately, were both instructive and thrilling. At all the discourses, the church was crowded—many of our Dissenting brethren being present. The happy result of that Heavenly mission was the approach to the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist of 600 persons. Many who had not complied with their religious obligations for the last fifteen years, were admitted to the Sacraments of Penance and Communion.—The Rev. Fathers left for Buffalo with the prayers and blessings of the Catholics of Brantford. The result of their truly apostolic labors in that town are indeed glorious, and exceed the most sanguine expectations of the beloved and zealous pastor, the Rev. A. Caryon, to whose untiring efforts we are indebted for the valuable ministrations of the Rev. Fathers Chevalier and Lux.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the report on our first page of Mr. Murphy's excellent lecture on the Microscope. This lecture, as we said in our last, "was most interesting and instructive;" and Mr. M. manifests an acquaintance with the subject which must have been the result of long, patient and intelligent labor. While therefore we congratulate him upon the success of his lecture, we have much pleasure in commending it to the careful perusal of our readers.

The Director of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum has received a present of twenty hams from Mr. Daniel Crowley, of the Bouscous Market; as also a barrel of flour from Mr. Duncan McDonnell, of St. Catherine Street; for which the Director begs to return his most sincere thanks.

We are happy to be able to record the existence in this city of an Irish musical association, called the "Thomas Moore Club." This body is composed exclusively of young Irish gentlemen, several of whom rank high among the eminent musicians of Montreal. Owing to the politeness of the members we had the pleasure of assisting at their repetition on Wednesday last, and we were really delighted with the taste displayed in the execution of several choice Irish melodies. We trust they will not allow the Moore anniversary to pass this year without affording the public an opportunity to become acquainted with the sublime accents of Irish music.—Cont.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN COOKING STOVES.—From personal experience we can highly recommend the attention of our readers to this excellent Stove for cooking purposes and economy in the use of fuel.

L'UNIVERSAL.

This is the title of a daily paper published at Brussels, Belgium, and devoted to the defence of Catholic interests, of Order and of Liberty.

The term of subscription are 32 francs, or about \$5.33, per annum—for six months \$2.85, and for three months \$1.50—not counting the price of postage, which must be prepaid. Subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Subscriptions can be received at the office of L'Universal at Brussels. At Paris at M. M. Lagrange and Co., and at London, Burns & Lambert, 17, Portman Square.

All letters to the editor must be post-paid, and remittances must be made in bills negotiable at Brussels, Paris or London.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Flour.—We quote Fine, \$3.80 to \$4.20; Superfine, No. 2, \$4.70 to \$5. the latter being an extreme figure; Superfine No. 1, \$5.15, asked for whole-sale lots, and ordinary samples could have been got at that price yesterday, but \$5.15 is the name-brand was refused several times, when a sale was made at \$5.20; this morning a fair sized lot of choice brought \$5.20 at the Point, without competition.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION. Third Annual Course of Lectures.

THE FOURTH LECTURE OF THIS COURSE will be delivered by HENRY TEULON, Esq., ON THURSDAY EVENING, the 4th of April, IN THE SEMINARY BUILDING, Subject: "THE FATE OF SACRILEGE." TICKETS OF ADMISSION, . . . . .0.25 each To be had at Messrs. Sadiers' Book Store and of the Committee, and at the door on the Evening of the Lecture. Lecture to commence at EIGHT o'clock, P. M. By Order. P. E. RYAN, Rec. Sec.

The People's Pamphlet, which may be had (gratis) of dealers in Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, abounds in certificates of the most reliable character, and such as will convince the most incredulous that it is invaluable as a family medicine.

Birth.

In this city, on the 15th inst., Mrs. J. H. Kennedy, of a daughter.

Died.

On the 24th inst., Robert Tancredi, son of Lieut-Col. Rolland, aged five months and 10 days. In this city, on the 24th inst. after a lingering and painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation to the Divine will, Rosette Dulos, wife of the late Richard Wheeler, aged 76 years.



THE ANNUAL MEETING of the St. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place at the St. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, the 1st of APRIL, for the transaction of General business and ELECTION of Officers and Committee for the ensuing year.

Parties in Arrears, desirous of qualifying themselves to Vote, are requested to make payment to the undersigned, who will be in attendance at half-past SEVEN o'clock P.M.

The Chair will be taken at Eight o'clock precisely. A large attendance is solicited.

By Order, W. M. BOOTH, Rec. Sec.

March 28th.

GOOD SAMARITAN COOKING STOVES.

The most economical Stove known. We have a large variety of other patterns; also a good assortment of

MANTLE PIECES AND GRATES, IRON BEDSTEADS, IRON RAILING, &c.

ROBEN & MEILLEUR, 71 Great Saint James Street, Montreal, March 28.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF JOHN BUTLER, a native of County Tipperary, Ireland. When last heard from, four years ago, he was in the State of Vermont; but is at present supposed to be residing somewhere between Richmond and Montreal. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by his Sister, Bridget Butler, care of John Thomson, Esq., No. 1, Police Street, Quebec, C. E.

SALE BY AUTHORITY OF JUSTICE.

WILL BE SOLD, at the Church Door of the Parish of St. Paul, on MONDAY, the FIFTEENTH of APRIL next, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon, the Real Estate hereafter designed, proceeding from the communitate biens which existed between Angélique Jette and the late Medard Perrault, her husband, deceased.

1st. One Land situated in the said Parish of St. Paul, containing Fifty-four Arpents, en superficie, joining in front to the Riviere Rouge, in rear to the Riviere Lacourrean, on one side to Basile Jette and to the line road, and on the other side to Stanislas Devos, Joliveau, with a House, Barn, Stables, Shop, and a Dairy House, thereon erected.

2nd. One place, or emplacement, situated in the same Parish, containing the whole land which there is from the Queen's road to the said Riviere Rouge, joining on one side the said Queen's road, and on the other side to the said Basile Jette, with a Barn and Stable thereon erected.

3rd. One portion of Land situated in the said Parish, containing Five Arpents in front, on the length, which there is from the said Riviere Lacourrean, to the Seigneurial line of St. Sulpice and Lavallée, joining on one side to Louis Lavallée Lachapelle, on the other side to Jean De Rivais.

4th. One portion of Land situated in the said Parish, containing Two Arpents in front by Four Arpents in length, and therefrom, Three Arpents in front by Twenty Arpents in length, joining in front to the said Riviere Rouge, in rear to Joseph Desrosiers, on one side, to Louis Archambault, Esquire, and on the other side, to Louis X. Botquin St. Ande and Ugeal Desautels Lapointe, with a House, Barn, and other buildings thereon erected.

5th. One portion of Land situated in the said Parish, containing Twenty-one Arpents, en superficie, joining in front to the said Riviere Rouge, in rear to the said Riviere Lacourrean, on one side, to Stanislas Devos Joliveau, and on the other side to François Brous, without guaranty of exact measure of the said portions of land.

The Conditions of the Sale will be known at the Church door, the said day, or before, by applying to the undersigned Notary, in his Office, in the Village of Industry.

Industry, the 22nd of March, 1861.

L. DUSAUNIER, N. P.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE North-west half of Lot No. 13, 6th Concession of Littlefield, Co. Pontiac, containing 140 Acres.—The land is of the very best quality; not one rod waste on the whole. This is situated within three-quarters of a mile of the Catholic Church, and one of the Ottawa River. It has a small clearance, on which are erected the walls of a house, 27 by 23, on the clear. The Government Road passes through its front, and a small stream, which never fills, enters it a few rods from a where the walls are put up. An exceedingly desirable location for a residence. Address of the proprietor, John McDonovan, Gaimet Island, Ottawa, C. E.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE Plans of a NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, to be BUILT in BURLINGTON, Vt., may be seen at Mr. P. McWILLIAMS house, St. Paul Street, near the present Cathedral, Burlington, Vt.; and Sealed Proposals for the execution of the work will be received, by addressing Box No. 290 BURLINGTON Post Office, up to the FIRST of MAY next; and the Copies of the Specification of the work can be obtained by addressing as above, or by applications to the BISHOP'S PALACE or to the Office of the TRUE WITNESS Montreal. March 14, 1861.

CARD OF THANKS.

H. BRENNAN would respectfully return to his friends and the public generally for the patronage during the past three years and for their a continuance of the same. He has also to thank them that he intends to REMOVE to the East wing of the shop at present occupied by D. & J. Sadiers, corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier streets, where he will manufacture Boots and Shoes of the best material and to order as heretofore.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Patrie and the Pays give a denial to the rumors that France has the intention of withdrawing her troops from Rome. There is a belief in Paris that Victor Emmanuel has sent another letter to Napoleon, in which he says that the army of Italy is impossible, and proposes to divide it into two kingdoms, with Rome between them as a free city, of which kingdoms he would keep the larger, and give the smaller to his son-in-law. The fact is that Prince Napoleon, who is wonderfully active just now, had his killed outright poor M. Crousseau, is to set out for Italy with his wife immediately after the vote on the address; and I am convinced that the Emperor has not yet renounced the hope of Napoleonizing Italy, after failure has condemned the rashness of the King, any more than he has renounced the idea of avenging Waterloo, or restoring to France her "natural frontiers." I have before this told you of a paper which he supports at Aix-la-Chapelle, to prepare men's minds for annexation. The management had been given to a hot Protestant, who completely disgusted the Catholics of the country; this man is just deposed, and a certain M. Hunder edits in his stead—he was the editor of a religious paper at Strausbourg, called l'Alsacien. All these seething questions may easily be combined with that of the East. The conferences on Syria have been exceedingly warm—Prussia and Austria voted with England; Russia gave a feeble support to France. M. Thouvenel has asked the Debats and the Ami de la Religion to attack "perfidious Albion." Mgr. Dupanloup has just adopted the two sons of the Maronite Emir Schahab. Mde. St. Arnauld was going to adopt a little Syrian girl. "But," said she, "as all my income depends on the Empire, I should not like to make engagements for a very distant future." No, nor would its most zealous partisans!

deduces it from what you have written. You know history, Monsieur le Vicomte. Charlemagne would not make the Pope his chaplain—the Pope would not be chaplain to the great Napoleon, and you suppose that a Pope is capable of being the chaplain of Victor Emmanuel. The power which France made, which France restored, which centuries have respected—that independent see of the Pontiff of the human race which Paris would not cede to Vienna, nor Vienna to Madrid, nor Madrid to Munich, you propose to convert into a Piedmontese puppet! And then, because we consider this power, which you would abolish, as essential to the independence of our faith, you accuse us of confounding temporal things with spiritual. We are party men; the Court of Rome is misguided and obstinate. You counsel an impossibility, and then you reproach Rome for repudiating your advice. Be sincere and logical, Sir. Follow out your arguments to their legitimate conclusion. One may have two policies, but not two conclusions. Now, you have two. Decide which you will adhere to. If you wish for the maintenance of the Pontifical sovereignty, frankly advise the Emperor's Government not to allow Piedmont to lay a finger upon it. If the abolition of that ancient power is your aim; if in these sad times, when public morality often receives such rude shocks, the most august representative of faith and Christian morality is to be sacrificed, say so; if that be your opinion, uphold it. But at a moment when your pamphlet may fill up the measure of the undeserved misfortunes of the Pope, at a moment when it may encourage France to abandon the temporal power of the Holy See and encourage Piedmont to attack it—ah, at least do not lend words to insult the victim!

already produced immense results; let it be continued, and its demand will be fully granted. "Art. 4. Our present charge is to be read from the pulpit at high mass in the parish churches of our city of Poitiers, and in the other towns throughout our diocese, as well as in the other parishes where the priests shall have reason to believe that the pamphlet to which we reply shall have penetrated among the population. Given at Poitiers, in our episcopal palace, sealed with our arms, and countersigned by our secretary, the 22d of February, 1861, the festival of the preaching of St. Peter at Antioch." This address has produced the deepest sensation. Even they who profess to make light of ecclesiastical censures avow their fears of the effect in the remote districts, when this fierce denunciation is read in every place of worship on the same day, at the same hour, during Divine service. There is not a man, woman, or child who on leaving the church will not suppose that the Emperor of the French is proclaimed to all France as the Pontius Pilate of the 19th century. It is probable the Empress, with her strong feeling on this subject, has been much affected by the allusions to her in the Bishop's address—the Golden Rose blessed by the Pope at the High Altar of St. Peter's, and bestowed on her; to the prayers His Holiness offered up for her at the most critical moment of her life, &c. The Bishop of Orleans reply to M. Lagueroniere was strong enough, but it was more of a political controversy than anything else. The Bishop of Poitiers' address is a denunciation of a purely religious character. It was said to-day that the Monite and the Union would be suppressed for having published this document, and that the matter would be brought before the Council of State. This probably would make matters worse; but the situation is one of great perplexity, and this after so many years' occupation of Rome. The prelates have not yet done with M. Lagueroniere. The Bishop of Nimes will not be the less fierce than his brother of Poitiers in his forthcoming mandement.—Cor. of the London Times. The Paris correspondent of the Star says:—"The above letter is a chef d'œuvre. No matter to what party the reader may belong, he cannot fail to be held on every point of rhetoric that the sharp, witty, close reasoning of the Abbe Dupanloup is more than a match for the blunted hesitating logic of La Gueronniere. The letter will do no good in a material point of view to the cause it undertakes to defend; but one good it will certainly accomplish, that of causing men to reflect whether the changes now being worked out by time, reason, and necessity, would not have been better confined to other hands, and brought about without the treachery and bloodshed to which they have given rise. The Abbe Dupanloup has brought the whole of his mighty talent of controversy to bear upon the question, and, like the Oratorian Brothers, conciliates those whom he fails to convince. It is expected that the answer to this letter will be confined to more able hands than those of M. de la Gueronniere, as the reasoning of the latter is entirely quashed by the evidence."

communication from a French Bishop leading him to conclude that the Holy Father did not desire to continue the entreatment for that regiment in France. Upon this he obtained an audience, and it is said, was informed that, while grateful for such zeal in the cause, Pius IX. did not demand further proof of it by the augmentation of this foreign company. The moral atmosphere of Italy is just now undergoing a singular course of purification. Instead of the "corrupt" and "effete" Governments, we have one that appoints to the chief ministry in Naples Liborio Romano, the treble distilled traitor, who is even denounced by the "advanced" revolutionary papers as a man dangerous to put in power, because of his enormous capacity for treason, and who, having played such a treacherous game between his cowardly young sovereign and the revolution, may not unreasonably be deemed capable of doing fresh treason against his present employers whenever a convenient and tempting opportunity may occur. We have next a significant sign of the times in the pension given by the new government (endorsing the decision of Garibaldi) to Agostino Mianca's family, to the family of the man who tried to kill the late King of Naples, "because" (as the official notice gave it) "he had deserved well of his country." National reward of assassins is not a practice that has obtained in modern times, save in the times of the French revolution, but it must be right, for do not all sound Liberals and staunch Exeter Hall Protestants in our happy country applaud the doings of the Galatunians? I would also refer, en passant, to the change that has occurred during a few years in the Italian estimate of the difference between honor and shame, as illustrated in the recent election to the Piedmontese chamber of Gallenga! This man is known to have undertaken for a bribe to assassinate the late King of Sardinia, Carlo Alberto. The bribe was 1,000 francs, and it (with a valuable jewelled dagger, considered fit for the butchery of a King) was given to Gallenga by Mazzini. The work was not done, though the price was retained, and, as Mazzini could not well sue him for breach of contract, he denounced him in print as being an unreliable party. Gallenga, subsequently elected to the Parliament of Turin, was driven from it with ignominy on the motion (I believe) of Massimo d'Azeglio. He filled the honorable post of Times correspondent here about twelve months ago, for a very short time, having been furnished with his passport by the Police as soon as they became aware of him and his antecedents. He is now again elected to the Parliament of Turin, where he will have an opportunity, in concert with Liborio Romano, of raising the moral tone of the nation. When first elected, his infamous compact with Mazzini was known scarcely to anybody; since then, his infamy has become European, and yet "regenerated Italy," that has been raised from the tomb by the magic wand of the virtuous Re Galatunio, rushes to ask him to be a senator! These things strike us, because we are in their neighborhood, more than those in distant countries; and I wish your readers in other parts of the world to know a little of the deeds that are done here, and that are so very marvellous in our eyes. PIEDMONT'S ATROCITIES IN ITALY.—We (Weekly Register) have received the following from a well known correspondent:—"The enclosed communication has been forwarded to me from Italy with a request to procure its publication in the Weekly Register, in the hope that publicity may lead to a check being put to the barbarous atrocities now being perpetrated by the Piedmontese in Southern Italy. You may rely upon the authenticity of the extraordinary statements contained in this communication, as they have been supplied by an eye-witness, who has forwarded his name, but requests it may not be published, as such a step would certainly lead to his being shot,—under the new regime of Sardinian liberality in Naples! You will observe how the writer confirms all that has been ascribed to the inhuman Pizzoli, whose name will be held in execration for ages to come. The account of the savage treatment of the poor old Prior who was ordered to be shot for interfering for the contemned portion of his flock, corresponds so closely with an extract given in a recent number of the Morning Post from the Morning News, that the writer in the former journal must give up his cherished idea of the account being a 'fiction.' It is to be hoped that some member of Parliament will strongly animadvert upon the barbarous outrages committed on the Neapolitan peasantry by the orders of Piedmontese authority, whenever our foreign diplomacy comes under discussion in the House, as such remarks are sure to gain the greatest publicity in the reports of our Parliamentary debates. It is only necessary to make these execrable outrages known, to bring down the heaviest condemnation on the perpetrators, and those Sardinian officials who abet them in their career of blood. We have had a dreadful scene going on here since the entry at Rieti of the Piedmontese army. I may say, a general insurrection took place in the Abruzzi and in Terra di Lavoro. They say it is the same in Calabria, but I cannot speak of that province except from hearsay. But what we have suffered here, in the neighborhood of Aquila, is of the most dreadful kind. No sooner did the Piedmontese make their appearance, and proceed to proclaim the downfall of our King, than the peasants, one and all, took arms, whatever they could procure, notwithstanding that a proclamation had been posted up everywhere that anyone found with arms in his hand should be immediately shot. This atrocious law was not only proclaimed, but was instantaneously followed out. Let no one talk of the cruelties of the French Jacobins in '93, and their wholesale slaughter, for the Piedmontese have exceeded them in barbarity. My whole neighborhood, for four miles round, has been a scene of bloodshed. I was at Naples when I first heard of it, and I hastened back in the hope of persuading the villagers to resignation and submission. I arrived too late; the Piedmontese had literally suffocated the revolt in blood. But I have gathered the particulars from the survivors, and send them you. As I write my heart bleeds for our unfortunate, unoffending peasantry; and when I recollect the scenes of desolation I have visited, and the troops of afflicted beings I have seen, I really scarcely feel capable of the effort. Scarcely were the people here informed that the Piedmontese had entered Aquila, than they adorned themselves with the white cockade, and the men of thirteen villages and towns (of Pizzoli, San Vittorino, Arischia, Bareto, Cugnano, Pozzo, San Marco, Colle, Cavallari, Forcella, Pretoro, Scopeto, and Sassa) armed themselves with flails, scythes, and guns, and shouting "Viva Francesco II.," "Napoli per i Napoletani!" marched to Aquila. The Piedmontese shut the gates, and for three days remained quiet within, and the peasants encamped without. At last, tired of their position, the former sallied forth, a fight ensued, and, of course, our peasants were defeated, for the Piedmontese had both cavalry and artillery, and employed them. The slaughter on our side was dreadful; such of the peasants as survived fled to Pizzoli, followed by their adversaries, who regularly sacked this place; and in the small square with the fountain they shot as a public example, Angelo Cecchetti, Daniele Roschi, Clemente Giorgi, Crescenzo Giolli, Antonio Gandolfi, and the Priore Scuto. Yes, the good old Priore was shot. You know how excellent he was; and when he heard the above-mentioned were to be shot, he thought a remonstrance from a person of his sacred character might perhaps avert their fate—at least, he expressed himself to this effect to his brother and sister-in-law, and, notwithstanding their opposition, hastened straight into the presence of the Piedmontese colonel. He fervently entreated him to have mercy upon these unfortunate men; he begged him to remember that they were ignorant people; had never heard before of Piedmont; that they only only knew and loved Francis II., and seeing his arms defaced, believed they were bound in duty to revenge the insult. He further observed, that every one was free to have

his opinion, and that to punish men for defending their nationality would merit universal odium.—Vain were his words. The colonel did not even answer him, but had him taken prisoner by some of his soldiers, and ordered that he be shot with the others, which was accordingly done within the next hour. I am told that Angelo Cecchetti and his fellow sufferers bore their fate with manly courage. Surrounded by armed Piedmontese, they called out words of consolation to the women who from the windows and other places were sending the air with their lamentations; they addressed also hasty but fervent prayers to God, to Christ, and to the Madonna, to receive their souls in Paradise, and it was only when they beheld their beloved and respected Priore doomed to share their fate, that they burst into a storm of execration against the Piedmontese. At San Vittorino, on the approach of the oppressors, the inhabitants having heard of the slaughter at Pizzoli, all fled into the neighboring mountain, where they harbored, men, women, and children, old men and babes, two days and one night, during a pouring autumnal rain, with no shelter but the trees and rocks. Nothing daunted by their frightful position, they made the air resound at intervals with shouts of "Napoli per noi," "Viva Francesco II.," "Morte ai Piemontesi!" When, on the departure of the latter, the villagers could return to San Vittorino, they found every house had been sacked; the wine which had just been stored, had been set flowing in the streets; the corn tossed about the road, and every mischief committed; and they have now to pass the year without corn or wine. However, thanks be to God, in San Vittorino not one life was lost. Pursuing their career of destruction, the Piedmontese reached Arischia. Here they met with resistance; the male inhabitants assembled in the open space before the church, and assailed the troops with stones. A *pelote* fight ensued, and several of the villagers were slain ere they took to flight. Seventeen were taken prisoners, and immediately shot on the steps of the Church. Among them Agostino Orsi, Luigi Corrias, Pietro Bordonni, and Giuseppe Nardi all of whom you may have remembered to have seen when you paid me a visit here. The poor women were like crazy whilst the execution was going on; some cast themselves at the feet of the soldiers, imploring for mercy; others ran shrieking about; others tore their hair, and many fell lifeless, utterly overcome with the bloody horrors that so unexpectedly had rushed on them. When Pietro Bordonni was placed in position, Rosina Manera broke through the ranks and folded herself round him as a guard, but she was torn away after much struggling, and with such violence, that one of her wrists is irretrievably injured. At Bareto the people were at first quiet, and contented themselves with pinning on the white cockade, and crying from their houses: "Viva Francesco II.!" but when the Piedmontese proceeded to take down the Neapolitan arms, they lost their self-command, and in the most imprudent manner they rushed in threes and fours on the troops, and of course, immediately lost their lives. The remainder fled, and then the place was sacked, the wine-butts set flowing, and every sort of destruction ensued. Their next assault was on Cugnano—here a terrific scene took place; for Carlo Daniele aroused the people in a fiery harangue, and had time to organise a firmer resistance. He, with the principle males, took possession of the inn; from its front windows they fired on the Piedmontese, who returned the fire with equal vigor. The inn had another entrance at the rear in a back lane, by means of which the other inhabitants supplied Daniele and his little band of heroes with powder, ball, missiles, and fresh men to take the place of those at the front windows who fell under the shot of the invaders. At length the Piedmontese discovered the entrance at the rear, forced it and took prisoners there within, though not until the battle had been carried on from room to room and stair to stair. The house streamed with blood from the roof to the cellars, and is completely riddled with balls, as I myself saw two days ago; and I do not believe any process will ever clear it of the blood-stains which everywhere mark it in the interior. Let them remain—remain to tell the tale to posterity—to what elevated during the love of their nationality lifted the simple unoffending Neapolitan villagers; how they, dauntless before number and skill defied the fierce oppressor, girt though he was with overwhelming power; and how they without one gross or sensual motive, hastened to certain death in attestation of their loyalty to the State that gave them birth. The merciless ambition of Piedmont has become a bloody scourge, and has spread murder, violence, and crime in these provinces which before their invasion knew little of sorrow and less of guilt—promising liberty, and calling herself Italian. Piedmont has rushed into our land without one warning, and butchered our unsuspecting, unprepared peasantry as they were dwelling in all the sweet confidence and security which a long peace engenders. As yet she is victorious in her wrong; for mighty England and mighty France, careless of their national fame, only anxious to consolidate their influence over the rest of Europe, have veiled with specious sophistries the unvarnished facts of reason and of truth, and have strengthened with their all-powerful aid the barbarous Piedmontese, though they have shed in torrents the blood of their innocent Southern brothers. But I must finish the tale of Cugnano. The Piedmontese took more than a hundred and fifty prisoners—fifty of these, with Carlo Daniele (who was seriously wounded), they shot; the others as in the prison of Aquila, under a sentence of death, which has not yet been executed, and which I trust never will be. In this place, several women were killed, and one house was burnt, no one knows how, so great was the confusion. Cugnano is a scene of sorrow; more than seventy women have lost their husbands, many others whose husbands are in prison under sentence of death; innumerable young children to earn their bread; the women all ill with the frantic grief and excitement they have gone through; the doctor and the Priest fled, the clergy round all fled, the neighboring Convent empty of its succouring monks, all the native authorities dismissed, and strangers, mostly Piedmontese officers, put in their place; in short, every aggravation of unhappiness has been inflicted, and every source of relief torn away. My mind is prostrate as I recite the desolation I have beheld; I can only mention succinctly what further remains to be told. At Pozzo, the villagers fled into the church, and the Piedmontese fired a volley on them, which killed two—Antonio Silveri and Emenegildo Yaucci. At San Marco, they shot Domenico Federighi, Leopoldo Cicciopieri, Desiderio Tommasi, and Santo Cicciacelli. Colle, Cavallari, Forcella, Pretoro, Scopeto, and Sassa, had each to pass through the same ordeal. De Virgili was sent, on the part of Victor Emmanuel, to govern the town of Teramo. He arrived there, escorted by Major General Pinelli and a large force of Piedmontese. A proclamation was instantly issued, ordering the inhabitants to deliver into the Town-hall every weapon they might possess on pain of being shot, and the same penalty was to befall any person who should commit, or utter a disrespectful word towards the Government of Victor Emmanuel. And before a fortnight was over, one hundred and twenty-three of the inhabitants had been executed for non-compliance with this despotic law. In short, madness and terror reign over this province; and Riatucci had seen fugitives from Calabria, who were flying to Rome because the same atrocities were taking place there. I know not what further wretchedness—what further abyss of ruin is reserved for our country—but of this we all feel assured, that any fate would be preferable to that of being governed by Piedmont. Centuries will not efface the deep and quenchless hatred towards that country, which her monstrous and bloody tyranny has awakened here in every breast. God, man, hope may forsake us, but we will be true to ourselves; and never, till our fair physician had become an unpeopled wilderness, shall Piedmont reign here!







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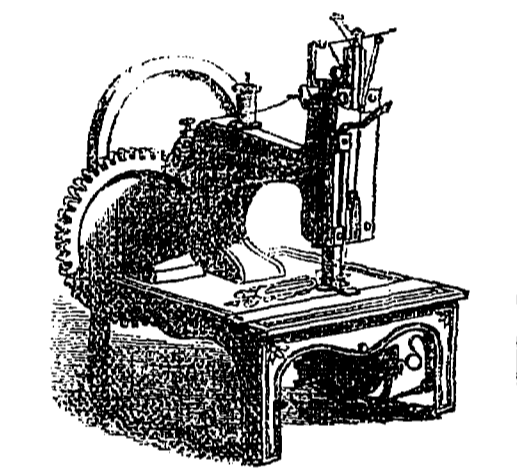
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 Canadian Sewing Machine Depot,  
 265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Factory of Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY,

No. 19 COTE STREET, MONTREAL.

THE most COMPLETE COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, in both FRENCH and ENGLISH, is imparted in this Institution.

LINEAR and PENCIL DRAWING is also taught. From the month of January (1861) all the pupils who are learning Grammar will study in the School, —in the Morning from Eight o'clock till Nine o'clock, and in the Evening, from Four o'clock till Five o'clock—the other Regulations as usual.

We hope the parents will appreciate the efforts we are making to form an Institution eminently National and Catholic.

For particulars apply to the Principal at the School

U. E. ARCHAMBEAULT, Principal,  
 No. 19, Cote Street, Montreal. 3ms.

T. C. DE LORIMIER,  
 Advocate,  
 32 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET,  
 MONTREAL,

Will attend Circuits at Beauharnois Huntingdon and Soulanges.

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

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

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

W. N. PRICE,  
 ADVOCATE,  
 No. 28 Little St. James Street, Montreal.

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

ALTERATION OF TRAINS.

ON and after MONDAY, the 18th instant, the DAY MAIL TRAINS between MONTREAL and TORONTO, and MONTREAL and QUEBEC, will be DISCONTINUED until further notice, and Trains will leave Pointe St. Charles as follows:

EASTERN TRAINS.

Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Island Pond and all Intermediate Stations at } 9.00 A.M.  
 Mail Train for Portland and Boston (stopping over night at Island Pond) at } 4.30 P.M.  
 Mail Train for Quebec, and all Way Stations, at } 4.30 P.M.

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WESTERN TRAINS.

Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Kingston and all Intermediate Stations, at } 7.15 A.M.  
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This Train connects at Detroit Junction with the Trains of the Michigan Central, Michigan Southern, and Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads for all points West.

W. SHANLY,  
 General Manager.  
 Montreal, Feb. 14, 1861.

GROceries, SUGAR, & C., FOR SALE,

At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

TEAS (GREEN)  
 GUNPOWDER, very fine.  
 YOUNG HYSON, best quality.  
 IMPERIAL.  
 TWANKEY, extra fine.

BLACK TEAS.  
 SOUCHONG (Breakfast) fine Flavor.  
 GONGOU.  
 OOLONG.

SUGARS  
 LOAF.  
 DRY CRUSHED.  
 MUSCOVADA Sugar, very light.

COFFEE, &c.  
 JAVA, best Green and Roasted  
 LAGUIARE, do. do.  
 FLOUR, very fine.  
 OATMEAL, pure  
 RICE.  
 INDIAN MEAL.  
 B. W. FLOUR.  
 DRIED APPLES.  
 CHEESE, American (equal to English.)

WINE—Port, Sherry, and Madeira.  
 BRANDY—Plantat Pale, in cases, very fine; Martel, in hhd's. and cases.

PORTER—Dublin and London Porter; Montreal Porter and Ale, in bottles.  
 PICKLES, &c.—Pickles, Sauces, Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Shelled Almonds, Honey Soap, B. W. Soap, Castile Soap, and English do.; Corn Brooms, Corn Dusters; Bed Cord, Cloth Lines, Shoe Thread, Garden Lines, Candles, Lemon Peel, Orange and Citron do.; Sweet Oil, in quarts and pints.

STARCHE—Glenfield, Rice and Sated, fair.  
 BRUSHES—Scrubbers and Stove Brushes; Cloth and Shoe Brushes.

SPICES, &c.—Figs, Prunes; Spices, whole and ground; Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, White Pepper, Black Pepper, Allspice, Cayenne Pepper, Macaroni, Vermicelli, Indigo, Button Blue, Sago, Arrowroot, Sperm Candles, Tallow do.; fine Table Salt; fine Salt in Bag; Coarse do.; Salt Petre; Sardines, in Tins; Table Cod Fish, Dry; do, do, Wet; Cream Tartar; Baking Soda; do, in Packages; Alum, Copperas, Sulphur, Brimstone, Bar Bricks, Whiting, Chalk, &c., &c.

The articles are the best quality, and will be Sold at the lowest prices.

J. PHELAN.  
 March 3 1860.

MRS. BUCHANAN  
 HAS REMOVED TO 166 DORCHESTER STREET  
 Of Bleury Street.

M'GARVEY'S

FURNITURE STORE,  
 244 NOTRE DAME STREET.

The Subscriber, while returning thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal support extended to him during the last ten years in the

FURNITURE BUSINESS,

wishes to inform them that having re-leased his store for a number of years, and made extensive improvements in order to accommodate his daily increasing business, he has just completed one of the largest and best assortments of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

that has ever been on view in this city, comprising every article in the House Furnishing line. To enumerate his Stock would take so large a space, that he will only name a few of the leading articles, with the prices of each:—Parlor Suits, in Rosewood, B W and Mahogany, from 125 to 500 dollars; Chamber Sets in Rosewood, B W, Oak, Chestnut and Enamelled, from 20 to 250 dollars; 200 Mahogany Chairs, upholstered in the different styles, from 3.50 to 9 dollars; Mahogany and B W Sofas, from 14 to 50 dollars; 4000 Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, of 30 different patterns, some entirely new, from 40c to 4 dollars each; Spring Curled Hair Mattresses, Palm Leaf and Corn Husk Mattresses, from 4 to 25 dollars each; with a very large stock of Bedsteads, of Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, &c., of different styles and prices, from 3 to 40 dollars each; a very large assortment of Marble and Wood Top Centre Tables, Looking Glasses, Eight-Day and Thirty-Hour Clocks, Seating-Craddles; an extensive assortment of Iron Bedsteads, Hat Stands, Swinging Cots, Marble Top Saloon Tables, Corner and Portable Washstands and Towel Racks. The above will be found one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Furniture ever on view in this city, and as it has been got up for Cash during the winter, will be sold at least 10 per cent below anything in the city.

Please call and examine the Goods and Prices, which will convince all of the fact that to save money is to BUY your FURNITURE at O. M'GARVEY'S.

244 Notre Dame Street,

where all Goods sold are warranted to be what they are represented; if not, they can be returned three months after the date of sale, and the money will be refunded. All Goods carefully packed, and delivered on board the cars or boats, or at the residence of parties inside of the Toll Gates free of charge. Also, constantly on hand, Solid Mahogany Veneers, Varnish, Curled Hair, and other Goods suitable to the Trade, for Cash or in exchange for First Class Furniture.

Cane and Wood Seat Chairs furnished to the Trade, Finished or Unfinished, as may be required.

OWEN M'GARVEY,  
 Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, No. 244 Notre Dame Street, near the French Square, Montreal.

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

THOMAS WALKER & CO.

Wholesale and Retail  
 WINE, SPIRIT, ALE, PORTER AND CIDER  
 MERCHANTS,  
 26 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

BEG to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have just received a well selected Stock of Liquors, and have made arrangement to deliver by Express vans, all Goods ordered at their Stores, free of expense.

TERMS CASH.  
 All Casks, Jars and Bottles, to be paid for or exchanged on delivery.

PRICES.

WINE.

PORT—Finest Old Crusted... Per gal. dozen. bottle.  
 Very Fine... 48s 4s 0d  
 SHERRY—Finest Pale or Golden 17s 6d 42s 3s 6d  
 Good... 12s 6d 30s 2s 6d  
 MADEIRA—Fine Old... 15s 0d 36s 3s 0d  
 CHAMPAGNE—Moet's Imperial, 90s 7s 0d  
 Other Brands, 50s 5s 0d  
 CLARET—Chateau Lafite and St. Julien, 12s 6d 24s 2s 6d

SPRITS.

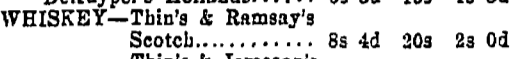
BRANDIES—Martell's & Hennessy's, 1848... 60s 5s 0d  
 Otard's, Planats, &c. &c. 15s 0d 36s 3s 0d  
 GIN—Best London Old Tom... 12s 6d 30s 2s 6d  
 DeKuyper's Hollands... 6s 3d 15s 1s 3d  
 WHISKEY—Thin's & Ramsay's Scotch... 8s 4d 20s 2s 0d  
 Thin's & Jameson's Irish... 8s 4d 20s 2s 0d  
 Old Rye and Genuine Upper Canada, 4s 0d 10s 1s 0d

ALES AND PORTERS.

ALE—Bass & Co.'s and Allsop's E. I. Pale... 15s 0d 8s 9d  
 Montreal, Lachine, Quebec, Kingston, &c., old in bottle... 4s 0d 2s 6d  
 PORTER—Truman & Co.'s and Guinness & Co.'s... 15s 0d 7s 6d  
 Montreal and Lachine, 5s 0d 3s 0d  
 CIDER—Penner's and Devonshire, 12s 6d 7s 0d  
 All Liquors guaranteed genuine and direct importations.

Depot for Genuine Upper Canada Rye and Toddy Whiskey.  
 May 31, 1860.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.



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J. PHELAN.  
 March 3 1860.

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 Of Bleury Street.

THOMAS M'KENNA,

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

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

BY J. PATTERSON & Co.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

THE undersigned beg to announce that they have LEASED those Large and Commodious Premises, No. 277 Notre Dame Street (Stephen's Buildings), and directly opposite the "Recollet Church," where they intend carrying on the BUSINESS of AUCTIONEERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

On and after the 15th current they will be ready to receive Consignments of every description of Goods, upon which liberal advances will be made if required.

They will also be prepared to attend to all OUT-DOOR SALES entrusted to their management, and will spare no pains to give satisfaction to all who may favour them with their patronage.

J. PATTERSON & Co.

D. O'GORMON,  
 BOAT BUILDER.

BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.