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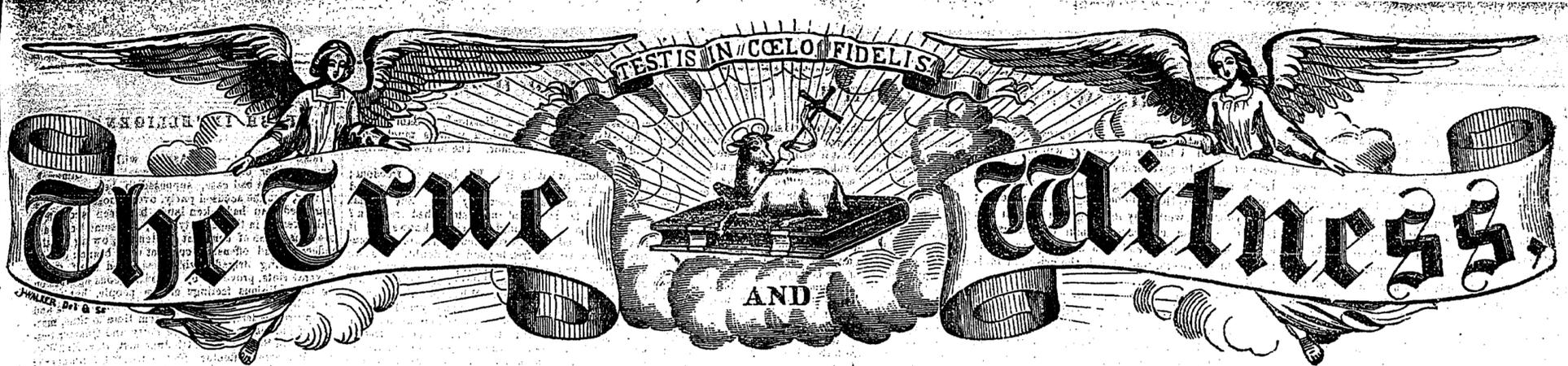
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THE PROPHET OF THE RUINED ABBEY.

By the Author of "The Cross and Shamrock." CHAPTER I.

On a Sunday morning, in the month of May, in the reign of the third George, a year or two before the close of the war of American Independence, there appeared a stranger among the worshippers at the humble Catholic chapel of Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, Ireland. At what hour he entered this house of God on this delightful morning, or whether he took refuge within its peaceful precincts during the gloom of the previous night, cannot now be satisfactorily ascertained; but, certain it is, that the first living object which old widow Power, who lived near the chapel gate, saw on her going into the chapel, was a gentleman prostrate in prayer before the altar—and during the past forty years, the widow never once failed to have her fifteen decades of the rosary, for the repose of her husband's soul, said long before sunrise! The first impression of the pious widow Nora was, that it must be one of the clergy who was praying before the sanctuary at such an early hour, and with a due sense of the impropriety of distracting the fervent suppliant, she knelt down in the very porch of the church, and commenced counting her beads.

But when the glimmering twilight of dawn melted into the broad morning glory of sunrise, it was evident that the stranger was not a clergyman. He was dressed in a suit of superfine blue-black broadcloth, consisting of a long-skirted dress or body coat, embroidered long vest, reaching almost to the thighs, with deep lapelled pockets, and loose pantaloons strapped beneath a well turned and polished boot. A stock or tie of dark green velvet, fitting close to the neck, with a beaver hat, somewhat of a conical shape in the crown, and light buff buckskin gloves, completed his costume. His physical appearance was of rather a remarkable mould. He was about 5 feet eleven in height, of flush and sanguine complexion, firmly built, and apparently of great strength. His face was large and full. His mustachios on the upper lip, the only beard he wore, of a sandy hue, but thick and gracefully shaped. His forehead ample, rather than high, and surmounted by a crop of curling, dark chestnut hair. His eyes were not large, but extremely sharp and penetrating; his nose rather prominent and slightly aquiline. His mouth seemed made more for giving utterance to quick, stern decrees than for the graceful charms of persuasive eloquence.

In a word, his beautifully arched eyebrows, his oval chin, and all the other prominent points of his figure, were in perfect keeping with the pleasing regularity of his features, and he could not fail, in any discerning society, to be complimented on being an 'elegant gentleman,' or a 'fine man,' according as the phraseology of different classes may term it.

The appearance of this stranger, remarkable though he was, kneeling at the rails of the sanctuary, did not create much curiosity among the worshippers at this humble temple of God, taught as they were to regard it as sinful to gaze or be distracted in the church, and wholly intent in offering their sincere homage to the Redeemer, whose real and personal mysterious presence occupied their souls, and rendered them, while sheltered under the same roof with their Creator, insensible to all created things.

Although our stranger was unobserved or unheeded by the humble occupants of the damp clay floor of St. Declan's church, he did not escape the observation of the two venerable clergymen who officiated at the three services of that Sunday.

Having received the most holy sacrament at the first Mass, he continued still unmoved in the same place during the second service, his mind apparently absorbed in his devotions. The third service at noon had now commenced; and at the Communion, when the senior pastor of the church, a man of venerable age and saintly appearance, bearded of that large congregation, in a voice trembling with emotion, that they would offer up their prayers for the temporal and eternal welfare of his friend, Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, who was under sentence—just sentence—of death, in a neighboring county, the strong frame of the stranger was observed to tremble; the color left his manly cheek, and he had to lean back to the wall for support.

A thrill of horror, at this announcement, pervaded the congregation, for the reverend victim of a British persecution was well known to them all. He had served them for a time as a curate, or vicar, and his benevolent acts were familiar to household words at every fireside in the large parochial district of Dungarvan.

Loud sobs and tears now burst from the large assemblage within and around the church. Even the aged pastor himself was carried away by the contagion of the common grief, and was obliged to go back to the vestry to recover his self-possession.

Now would be the time, thought the stranger, to raise this large body of men into action, and conduct them to the rescue of the convicted priest, or marshal them in array against the enemy of their country. Here was a chance that, in his plans for the freedom of the beloved land of his nativity, he often wished for. The influence of the officiating priest, he thought, would be of no avail to repress the manly passions that glowed within the bosoms of that great crowd.

The blood rushed back to his face; he instinctively placed his hand on his hip, as if to grasp the sword that usually rested there, for he belonged to a regiment of French Chasseurs;—when the angelic face of Father O'Healy, now appeared returning from the vestry, and the chant of the *Dominus Vobiscum*, responded to the choir, fell on his subdued ear.

The piercing eye of the venerable pastor now encountered that of this enthusiastic young man, who felt as if his very soul was read in that glance. His elevated feelings were brought down to that cool temperature of reason, passion was repressed, grief softened, and peace and resignation became established paramount in a breast in which religion had not lost her sway, though the dwelling of the loftiest patriotic feeling.

After the last gospel, the aged priest, putting off the chasuble, turned around to the congregation, and, in a voice of mingled authority and sweetness, exhorted the large multitude in and around the chapel (the windows of which were raised during the service) to patience and resignation under the sad afflictions which Heaven permitted this unhappy land to be visited with, for some good end. He gently chided them for these manifestations of sorrow for any temporal affliction so unseemly in the house of God.—'Your tears will do no good, my good people. Be calm. Weep not for a martyr, for it will only detract from his glory. But, pray that the will of God may be done. He, and He only, can send a deliverer.' He begged of the people not to expose themselves to punishment and imprisonment, by discussing the subject of the approaching execution in meetings or assemblages, whether in houses or out of doors; represented it as nothing but madness to attempt any thing like a resistance to the law, however unjust, or to think of rescuing his reverend friend while he was guarded by several thousand British troops.

During the priest's exhortation there was an evident feeling of disapprobation manifested among the greater portion of the people, especially those outside the open windows of the chapel, who were principally from the neighboring parishes, and now began to exclaim, 'That will never do.' 'Father O'Donnell must not be hanged like a dog.' 'No more peace preaching,' exclaimed another.

These murmurs becoming louder and more violent, the parish priest, seeing no present chance of allaying the excited feelings of the people, beckoned to the choir to play, and putting on his chasuble, and taking the chalice off the altar, he returned to the vestry.

The large assemblage slowly dispersed, and moving off in parties of from five to fifty, discussed various plans and organizations for the rescue of Father O'Donnell; but, for want of a leader, their plans were inefficient and impracticable—mere unmeaning speculations.

After having finished his thanksgiving, and after the evacuation of the church and churchyard by the people, the Rev. Dr. O'Healy sent one of the young lads, who assisted at the altar as acolyte, to request the stranger, whom we may as well now, as afterwards, call by his name, Mr. Charles O'Donnell, to speak a word with him in the vestry. It was then, after a few words of explanation, that the priest could account for the weakness manifested during the service, by one who was no other than brother to the parish priest of Cloughmore, under sentence of death.

'How happy I am to see you, my dear child,' said the kind-hearted old gentleman. 'Alas! that your visit to your spiritual father (for it was I who baptized you) should be occasioned by such a melancholy and heart-rending event as the murder (for it is nothing less) of my best living friend, your dear brother.'

'Well, it must be borne up against with fortitude, if it cannot be averted,' answered O'Donnell.

'Averted! there is not the slightest hope of that. The Government wanted a victim, to strike a salutary terror, as they call it, into the minds of the people, as well as the most influential priest, in all Ireland. You heard of the paltry charge on which he was convicted.'

'Yes; for marrying a Protestant gentleman to a Catholic heiress, was it not?'

'That was the sole accusation; but I really think your being in the service of the French monarch caused them to be more inexorable in his regard. Bless you, there were many petitions forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant, and several noblemen interested themselves on his

behalf, but all to no purpose. The whole affair, between you and me, was plotted at headquarters.'

'I shall be able to see him, at any rate I hope.'

'On my word, I doubt it. And, to speak my mind openly, my dear friend, I am greatly afraid if they find out who you are, you won't soon return back to France to your regiment. How in the world did you come here at all? If those mustachios on your lip are noticed by any of the British garrison in this town, I am afraid you are a gone man.'

'As to fear, reverend father, I have none.—And as to telling how I came into your loyal borough of Dungarvan, my oath of allegiance to my superiors forbids me to disclose the secret of my conveyance hither, till after the accomplishment of the object I have in view, with God's assistance.'

They now reached the humble presbytery of the venerable pastor and of both his younger assistants, where a substantial lunch was ready, to which they sat down, after a long fast, both by the priest and his visitor. During the conversation of the evening, nothing struck the aged pastor so much as the imperturbable gravity, and apparently unfeeling coolness of his new acquaintance. He spoke not a word for hours, nor did he join in the discourses of the pastor and his vicars, save in answer to their questions. In fact, his mind appeared absent, or rather, was so intent on the chief thought that engrossed it, that the ordinary remarks of his educated companions, as having no reference to the subject that engaged his attention, seemed to find no access to his intellect. This unusual reserve was at once perceived by the reverend gentlemen whose guest he was, and they had too much experience and knowledge of human nature not to suspect that this sudden and mysterious visit, after an absence of many years, of Charles O'Donnell, portended something more serious than a visit of condolence to his beloved brother on the eve of his death. The two senior clergymen now retired for the night, leaving the parlour to the captain and the Rev. John Murphy, between whom, because they were formerly schoolfellows, a very confidential and protracted conversation was carried on, from the two temporary cot and sofa beds in which they preferred to rest for the night. That most exact timekeeper of nature, the cock, had now proclaimed the hour of midnight, and the conference of the former schoolmates was terminated by the stealthy visitation of lazy sleep.

CHAPTER II.

Next morning, 'at the rising of the lark,' two horsemen might be observed riding out from the town above mentioned, on the Tipperary road, at a pretty smart pace. The one was our acquaintance, Mr. O'Donnell, and the other an apparently good-natured, portly-looking gentleman of middle age, the senior curate of Doctor O'Healy. He was a Mr. Fogarty by name, and was chosen as the guide of the captain in preference to the younger curate Murphy, from the well-known fact that the former's attachment to the government, and 'law and order people,' was above suspicion, and his presence would certainly save the stranger from any impertinent interference by the local authorities or spies, while the company of Father Murphy, who was looked on as half a rebel, would be sure to excite suspicion, and probably lead to his arrest. The travellers were silent, while passing through the main streets of this ducal borough; but after having passed beyond the rows of wretched huts and dunghills, which constitute the well-known *faubourgs* of Dungarvan, they entered into animated and earnest conversation.

'My dear gentleman,' said the priest in a patronizing and authoritative tone, 'you are only thrusting your own head into the halter, rushing on to your own doom prematurely and unadvisedly, while your rash course cannot be of the least service to my reverend friend, your dear brother. You will be recognized from your resemblance to the priest, and the well-known fact that you are captain of a French regiment of cavalry will render you, in the present state of the country, liable to imprisonment or death as a French spy.'

'You mistake altogether, reverend sir, and are vainly alarmed. This last circumstance, on the contrary, will be a protection to me. Do you imagine that the British Government, with the recollection of the seven years war yet before their mind, and the rumours of foreign invasion sounding in their ears, will dare to put a captain of French chasseurs to death; and that while all the American colonies are in arms against their tyranny?'

'I assure you they will do so, if you are detected as Charles O'Donnell under the assumed *nom de guerre* Chevalier St. Victor. Don't you know that if they regard you as spy, they may put you to death by the common law of nations; and your being a British subject and having transferred your allegiance to a prince at

war with England, will subject you to death by the law of the land?'

'I am aware of the iniquitous pretensions of Britain regarding allegiance, and have some idea of barbarity of her cruel laws: but I will risk all, my character in being accounted a spy, aye, and my neck, rather than suffer my poor innocent brother to die like a felon on a common gallows.'

'But, my dear sir,—' 'Pardon me, Mr. Fogarty; I have resolved to save my brother, or die in the attempt, and I feel a sort of presentiment of success. In the mean time pray for me, if you are not willing to assist me by your counsels. And if you hear of my execution, have the charity to say a mass for my soul. Good-bye. Come no farther. I know the route well. *Au revoir*.'

'*Adieu* chi?' responded Father Fogarty, with a polite bow, and they separated in opposite directions.

The road from the seaport of Dungarvan to the inland town of Cloughmore leads the traveller in a north-western direction, intersecting a fertile plain running at the base of the Comeragh Mountains, and afterwards gradually ascending the sides of these sloping hills, till you reach the summit of this bare range; and passing between the two bold peaks of Knockineldown, brings you by a rather precipitous, though a safe road, into the very bosom of Tipperary. The views that now presented themselves to the observant eye of our traveller formed a pleasing contrast with the wretched huts of the poverty-stricken suburbs of the borough of the English duke.—Hedges of fragrant and smiling Hawthorn formed the road-fences for many miles. These hedges were so thick, that the smallest bird, the very wren, could hardly penetrate them, and here and there were seen little turrets, castles, pyramids, arches, and other artistic ornaments, into which the skillful pruning-hook of the nurserman had carved this beautiful plant. On either side of the road, flocks of sheep with their yearlings were resting at the feet of the wide-spread beach and ash, or on the bare limestone rocks which protruded here and there, to avoid the heavy dew which had fallen on the rich grass that grew on these splendid pastures. The skylark, after having paid her homage of song at the gates of heaven, fell dazzled and wearied to the ground. Yellow-beaked blackbirds and speckled thrushes poured forth their eloquent music from the tallest branches of the ash or elm; the chorus was taken up by whole swarms of goldfinches, green-linnets, and other less remarkable warblers of the woods. Here the voice of the laughing cuckoo saluted our salutary traveller from the bosom of a smiling pear-tree; and there, from the deep grass of a meadow, the grave and warning croak of the corn-crake fell on his ear.—Here a numerous herd of cattle, browsing leisurely on the sweet grass of a clover meadow, met his view; and in another field, inclosed with high stone walls, was the warren of some titled lord, where the nimble-footed quadrupeds, vulgarly called hares and rabbits, disported and frisked.—Now a large covey of partridges would shoot over his path; and anon, the sudden starting of the woodcock would interrupt his musing. In a word, everything that the eye could light on, or the senses perceive,—the balmy air fragrant with the evaporations of a thousand honeyed blossoms, the rich verdure of the trees and the fields, and abundance of well-fed and high-bred cattle, the plenty and variety of the game, the taste displayed in the planting of trees and pruning of hedges, as well as the absence of those miserable huts which constituted the suburbs of the ducal borough, all, all proclaimed to the traveller or stranger the unrivalled beauty of the scene, and the prodigality of nature in the bestowal of her choicest gifts on this part of God's earth.

'Great Creator of all things!' he said, in an audible exclamation; 'what a land hast thou given this people! Here all that can delight the eye, charm the ear, or gladden the heart, and all thy gifts, O great Lord of heaven and earth!—Here is a terrestrial paradise, yet the missionaries of British Parliaments and laws desecrate and desolate thy sacred soil, O holy Ireland! How long, O Lord, how long!'

It is impossible for one who visits Ireland at this season of early spring, not to be struck with the natural beauty and fertility of the country. The mildness of the winter leaves the country as green, and greener, as far as the grass is concerned, in the month of February, than many other lands in June. The labourers of the husbandman are seldom or never interrupted by frost or snow, and there is little or no need of his having to shelter his flocks under a roof. He has not to dig a well to supply him with water, every field being provided by nature with springs of purest water for the refreshment of man and beast. The numerous peat-bogs of the country supply the Irishman with a cheap, healthy, and inexhaustible species of fuel, which the ingenuity of modern science has converted into candles fit to adorn the tables of kings, by the unrivalled

brilliance of their light. The lakes and rivers of Erin swarm with countless species of rare and wholesome fish. The mountains, woods, and plantations, and, indeed, the farms in the most populous districts, are literally alive with game of feathered and quadruped species; not to speak of the mineral resources of this land, the treasures of which are profusely distributed in all the provinces and minor divisions of the country.

It is no wonder that the consideration of these things occupying the mind of the captain, caused him gradually to curb the pace of his spirited steed; and it took him a full hour to pass over this part of his journey, which, at his best speed, it would take him but a few minutes to accomplish. The glorious orb of day began now to show its cheering countenance, and the mists which enveloped the mountain summits gradually stole away, retiring to the low retreats of their origin, or melting into thin vapor before the august presence of the day-god.

The captain, after a moment's pause to look back on the fair scene he had passed over, now set spurs to his steed, which, with a speed almost equal to the rapid flight of a bird, bore him over the smooth surface of the well-gravelled road, and he was soon lost in the shadows of the dark Comeragh. As he advanced towards the mountains, his pace became necessarily slower, and here again he began to muse on the altered scene. When on the level and fertile plain, he observed that there were but few cottages or houses of the peasantry, whereas in this mountain district they were very numerous. At a distance of about a mile apart, there were a few cottages which, from their appearance, with white-washed fronts and glass windows of six or eight panes each, as well as from four or five stacks of hay and oats, one might take to be the residence of a farmer or tiller of the soil; but the chief dwellings of this district consisted of small huts of dry-built or wattle-and-daub, about 8 feet square, with a door in the centre, no windows at all, thatched with heath, and having a chimney made of wattle plastered with mud, to carry off the smoke. Here and there, as he advanced, he observed as many as a dozen or fifteen such huts, clustered together on the top of a hill, or at the foot of one of the ridges of this marshy range. As he approached one of these wretched hovels, he could see the face of a man peering out at him over the half-door; a bareheaded and barefooted boy or girl would here and there be seen running into the 'house' with an armful of turf to make the morning's fire or cook the morning meal;—but with the exception of these occasional sights, this dreary and melancholy district presented no signs of life, nor these hovels, that they were inhabited, except that were concluded from the tall and graceful spires of light-blue smoke which now began to raise themselves aloft to the clouds, with their heads drooping aside like shy peasant-girls, as if ashamed, and regarding it as unworthy that such humble emanations as they should be allowed to mingle with the gay and fantastic clouds of heaven. The appearance of a 'gentleman,' and especially one on horseback, riding at such a rapid rate, and wearing mustachios on the lips, was sufficient to alarm the poor dependant tenants-at-will of this region. If he were on foot, instead of being mounted on a splendid horse, or, if, instead of broadcloth, he were clothed in the frieze and corduroy of the peasantry, he would not have passed over a region of fifteen miles without being kindly accosted with 'God save you,' or 'Good-morrow,' of the peasant;—but he should have as many invitations as there were huts to the poor hospitality of the breakfast-table. The only living beings that seemed to take any notice of our horseman's advance were the unfriendly cur-dogs which escorted him from hut to hut, with many an angry snarl; even they seemed to recognize him as belonging to the hostile race, whose visit to these parts was likely to be of very unequal advantage to either man or beast. He had now, after a ride of four hours, left the Comeragh in the rear, and reached the highest elevation of the road at the base of the well-known peaks of Knockineldown without meeting with a single individual, when he drew up his rein and halted, to renew his acquaintance with these old scenes of his boyhood, as well as to enjoy the splendid prospect which presented itself to his view from this wild spot. Turning to the south, all the county of Waterford and Cork, with the Blackwater and the ocean, ravished the eye with the variety and grandeur as well as the extent of the view.—Turning to the north, Tipperary, part of Clare, Kilkenny, and King's and Queen's counties, were commanded by the view. On the south, the cities of Waterford, Youghal, and Dungarvan, appeared smoking on the shore, as if they were emerging from the ocean. On the north, the fine town of Clonmel, the 'faire city' of Kilkenny, with several other towns, glittered in the sunshine which clothed them in silver hues. The 'Sublime Giltmore,' the queenly 'Sleabha-na-mo,' the sedate 'Keeperhill,' and the irregular and sixty-looking range of the 'Devil's Bit,' with the 'Sa-

carload, McIlindly, of Kerry, were also embraced within this panorama of nature. While standing in this commanding spot, one of the most interesting, if not the finest in Europe, the captain's attention was arrested by a loud masculine but melancholy voice, issuing from the rocks that on one side border the small circular lake that lies between the eastern and western peaks of Knockineldown. The tune was quite familiar to his ear, but he could only catch at a few of the words of the ditty, which was the well-known *Shim-ban-bodht*.

God save you, sir, said the tall peasant, who now made his appearance above ground, evidently embarrassed, and blushing at the thought that his rude voice should be heard by such a skillful ear as he fancied the stranger must be possessed of, in judging of the music and measure of the above very patriotic lay.

God save you, kindly, friend, said the O'Donnell. What do you call this mountain?

You must be a stranger, then, if you don't know that this is Knockineldown. There is Waterford in the south. Here is Tipperary, darling Tipperary, on the north, and Kilkenny east, Clare west, Cork south west, and, in fact, all Munster and a good deal of Leinster is here in prospect, answered the bold peasant.

I find you have a taste for music. What song is that I heard you sing just now?

Oh, nothing but a bit of nonsense, answered the frizzle-coated peasant. I seldom or never attempt to sing, though I have got a second half that can give you a bit of rebel song well enough, to shorten the winter's night.

The captain could not help noticing the independent bearing and language of this countryman, who never once made use of the word 'your honor,' or even 'sir'; but, on the contrary, talked to him as if he were his equal, a thing very unusual at that day, or even yet, in Ireland, where every little squire looks on it as an unpardonable insult, if he is not 'sirred' and 'honored' by every bareheaded peasant whom he has condescension to admit to his presence.

A rebel song, repeated the captain, after a few moments' pause. You don't call yourself a rebel, do you?

The stalwart peasant looked at him with a scrutinizing glance, and seeing him unarmed, and concluding from his accent that he was no foreigner, notwithstanding his mustachios, answered—

I may be as good a rebel as yourself, every bit, for I can't believe you belong to the redcoats. I am not an actual rebel, however, tho' God knows it is not for want of cause or good will.

But your song had some allusion to the landing of the French, and expressed a fear for the safety of the yeomanry. Do you not belong to a yeomanry corps?

No, friend; nor never can or will be. Is that any crime in your eyes, may I ask?

Well, to be candid with you, no. I belong to the proscribed race and creed, for the destruction of which the English government seems solely to exist.

Ha, ha! I knew that well, said Terence O'Mara, for this was the name of our stalwart peasant.

But did you hear, continued O'Mara, 'sure you did, what is going to take place down in that town yonder to-morrow! The parish priest is going to be hanged, ay, hanged like a dog, for no other crime but that he is a good and faithful pastor. I tell you the truth, sir.'

Could there be nothing done to save him?—said the captain.

I do not know, answered O'Mara, cautiously.

I cannot say what may be done.

Will the people of this great county of Tipperary stand as idle spectators, while their pastor is swinging from the gallows like a felon?

How can I tell? said the peasant, fearing he had betrayed himself. But see here, young gentleman, he said, drawing a sword from under his riding-coat, and grasping the reins by the left hand, 'tell me who you are at once, and what is your errand, or you die instantly, and that bottomless lake will be your grave. Come, speak at once, or prepare for death.'

Well, I am brother to this Father O'Donnell whom you seem to love so much, and determined, if I can, to save him from the ignominious halter of the Saxon.

Forgive me, captain, I know you now. Forgive me, I pray you on my knees, exclaimed the brave O'Mara.

Rise up, friend, I beseech you. So far from having anything to ask forgiveness for, I applaud your caution, and admire your courage. Give us your hand; O'Mara, I suspect, is your name. You are the man of whom the Rev. John Murphy gave me such a high character.

Yes, I am the man, Terence O'Mara. But what can we do for your brother, our dear pastor? Here is my plan. I have about five hundred of the neighboring farmers' sons enrolled in body, and pledged to break open the goal and rescue our pastor to-night; and if we fail in that, go in disguise to-morrow to the place of execution, and with concealed pistols and daggers, make a rush on his ruffian captors and rescue him, or die in the attempt.

Five hundred young men, you said.

Aye, that exactly.

And what is the number of the enemy; I mean the redcoats in the town?

Two thousand, at least, besides the militia or yeomanry.

I fear your force would never effect what you have resolved on.

What is to be done, then? I am sure I will never survive to-morrow if Father O'Donnell is hanged, or I will escape after the slaughter of some of his executioners.

We must try stratagem in the business. See and get him out of their hands first, and then fight afterwards, if necessary.

Aye, but how can that be done?

I cannot tell you, as I do not know whether or not my plan will succeed. Let me see how were your followers to be brought together?

By signal. We light a fire on the left peak of this two-headed mountain, to tell the boys to stay at home and the right peak blazes to call them to arms.

Well, if I succeed in my strategy well and good; but if I fail, a messenger will meet you here at dusk to give order about the signals. Let's see, if my messenger does not arrive an hour after night, that will be a sign of my success; stop your followers, by lighting the fire on the left; if, on the contrary, a man with a white crape on his head instead of a hat, appear, summon your followers, and attack the prison at midnight.

All right; it shall be done as you say. Success to the brave. God be with you. Stay, one word more. When you advance about two miles, turn to the left, at the base of the hill, and by crossing over the river mile below the bridge, where it is fordable, you will guard against interruption and annoyance from these rascally yeomen, who are scouting around the highways in all directions. Here, take these pistols.

No, thank you. My mission was begun peacefully under the auspices of holy religious personages, and I will carry it out as it began, leaving the issue to Him who is able to save the unarmed as well as the armed. I will follow your instructions regarding the by-road. Farewell for the present. He spoke, and was instantly out of sight on his way to the home of his childhood, and the scenes of his earliest recollections. (To be Continued.)

PASTORAL OF HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. DR. MACHALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

TO THE VERT REVEREND AND REVEREND THE CLERGY, AND TO THE FAITHFUL OF THE DIOCESE OF TUAM.

St. Jarlath's Tuam, Feb. 27, 1862.

Venerable and Dearly beloved Brethren,—The Church, continually solicitous for the salvation of its children, takes care to awaken their attention to those particular times and seasons, in which God's grace is dispensed in greater abundance. Among those seasons Lent holds a conspicuous place, being known as the acceptable time, and its days being deservedly called the days of salvation. In their weary passage through this vale of tears, the faithful have frequent opportunities of being refreshed and strengthened by the waters of life which, through the channel of the sacraments, are springing up on their passage. Now, however, these fountains of grace are more accessible than at any other season; the devotion of the people is animated by the exhortations of their pastors, and hundreds who have felt a distaste for the heavenly manna, or who, perhaps, like the prodigal child, wasted all the rich inheritance of their baptism, and were reduced to feed on the husks of swine, are now seen striving to return to their father's home, to be cheered with the abundance which they had left, and restored to the blessing which they had forfeited. To the rigorous fast which is prescribed and practised in this holy season, the faithful are to unite more frequent and fervent prayer, as well as more abundant alms. By the fast they will mortify and subdue the deeds of the flesh, that deadly enemy by which man is continually encompassed, and which, if not watched and conquered, will make him the victim of its corruption. By prayer, they will elevate their souls to God, meditating on the bliss which is prepared for those who fulfil His commandments, and by such meditation, fortifying themselves against the misfortunes and persecutions to which they may be exposed. And by alms-deeds, that virtue which has, in a special manner, sprung from the prolific bosom of the Catholic Church, they secure the gratitude and prayers of their suffering fellow-creatures, and cancel the sins into which they may have fallen.

We have all frequently recorded our conviction of the evils of the mixed system, and warned the faithful against its dangers. We have denounced the godless colleges and the model schools, kindred institutions springing from the same unwholesome root. Yet, supporting the Commissioners who are encouraging these model schools, and have been erecting them at immense cost, there are several Catholics, nay, ecclesiastics too, perplexing the people with the strange inconsistency of practical encouragement and verbal condemnation found in the same quarter. Such strange ambiguity of conduct and of language, however frequent among those who are versed in state councils, cannot be reconciled with the simple maxims of the Catholic Church. It disowns the dishonest and deceitful policy of being at once the censurers and supporters of the same evil system.

In our last Pastoral we required that henceforth no teacher, from this diocese, either male or female, should go to be trained in the Metropolitan Model School, the most active centre of all the evils of that mixed education so frequently condemned. This is yet but an essay of the extent to which we mean to carry our opposition to that unwholesome system and its executive central Board of Education. Unless it be upturned at the root it is in vain to strive to lop off all the branches which it is ready to shoot forth with a more deadly fecundity. It is in vain that you war against Godless Colleges or Universities, while you leave their noxious parent, the Board of National Education, untouched. Witness its recent unblushing attempt to connect in closer alliance the National Schools with the Godless Colleges, by turning the masters into proselytising agents for the support of those infidel institutions. It will, no doubt, be asked whether Catholic ecclesiastics continue to be members of such a hostile and aggressive Board, or whether Catholic laymen lend their aid as Commissioners to carry on, in defiance of the ordinary, a system of education in such intimate connexion with the colleges condemned by the successor of St. Peter. To their co-operation the continuance of this obnoxious system is to be attributed; for, were those Catholics who appear to be sleeping at their posts, and thus enabling the vigilant enemies to carry on their proselytising schemes with the concurrence of those sleeping partners; were they at once to retire and raise their warning voice against its enormous evils, your National Board would not survive this season, nor could any ministry last that would refuse the people of Ireland one of the most sacred of all rights—a free Catholic education.

As it is difficult to estimate the value of a purely Catholic education for our children, the evils of any other cannot be sufficiently deplored. To those who receive it, a mixed education becomes a two-edged sword, capable of evil as well as of good, and opener of the former, and in consequence of its use being more under the direction of masters practised in mischief, and zealous as well as skillful in its propagation. This cannot be more strongly exemplified than in the contrast between the disciples of both regarding the value of purity, which is not only the charm of domestic life but the chief ornament of Christian Society, and the best proof that its firmest stay is found in an habitual observance of the divine law. It is unnecessary to dwell on the contrast between the modest deportment of the one and the licentious carriage of the pupils of both schools, arising from the reverence which the one are taught to feel for this virtue, and the profane levity with which its observance is ridiculed by the others. The consequence is, the supply of a profligate literature in every form, to inflame the worst of passions and to minister to a corrupt taste. By those who are not taught its evils, such literature is devoured with avidity, and it becomes a stumbling block in the way even of those who are warned of its dangers. That the utmost reverence is due to the young, was a maxim even among the wisest of the Pagans. It is necessary, then, to guard their ears against immodest conversations, and to keep improper productions out of their way. It is deplorable with what want of due consideration for the interests of morality, subjects are admitted into some public journals—nay, treated with minute and disgusting detail, which never

should meet the public eye, and should be exclusively confined to the studies or practices of the medical profession. We trust that it will be quite unnecessary to advert again to this subject, and that parents seasonably warned, will not suffer the precious virtues of their offspring, to be lost or tainted, and their faith impaired in those mixed schools and colleges, that are so fatal to both.

We hope, too, that out of this diocesan fund, hitherto confined to elementary schools, we may in future be enabled, to apply a portion to the extension and improvement of our colleges, and to the purchase of such books and instruments as may be necessary to illustrate the sciences that are there taught. We are the more sanguine in the increasing value of this fund, employed as it is in that free and independent diocesan education, always so dear to the Church, and because we are forbearing from trespassing on your slender means, by an inconvenient multiplicity of applications. The only collection of paramount obligation, to which we should feel it our duty at any time to call your attention, is one for the Holy Father, as long as he continues to be robbed of the revenues of those dominions, which have been rightfully called the patrimony of St. Peter. From your noble generosity on more than one occasion, we are certain that an appeal in behalf of our common Father, will never be made to the faithful in vain. At present, however, it would be unseasonable, placed, as numbers are, from the failure of the potato crop, which to them was the staff of life, on the very verge of starvation. The intense destitution which is daily more widely spreading, is afflicting enough; but what aggravates the evil, is the unfeeling indifference shown to the famishing people by those who, in a particular manner, are bound to relieve them. But notwithstanding this cruel indifference, there is found a source of great consolation in the spirit of charity that has reached us from distant regions, and especially those of America. From Montreal and Kingston, and Quebec and Toronto, the bishops, clergy, and people have been rivalling each other in their charitable efforts, and have already sent us near two hundred pounds, to help to mitigate the sufferings of the people. This is a large sum, no doubt, and an evidence of the great generosity of those who sent it; but, spread over an immense surface, and broken to meet the crying starvation of thousands, one is reminded of the words of Philip, the Apostle: "quid inter tantos," "what among such a starving multitude?" Now, take notice further of the strange inconsistencies of those who are so stubborn in controverting the existence of the famine. They own, because there is no denying it, the failure of the potato crop. What is there then left with the poor people of Ireland to feed on, unless that, with the malignant affection of Satan's reverence for our Redeemer, they may be desired to convert the stones into bread to appease the pangs of hunger. It is not thus the good Catholics of Canada felt, or spoke, or acted. They knew that there is a mysterious fecundity in the alms of the Church; and, whilst the taxes, wrung by law for the relief of the poor from the poor themselves, are diminished by more than one half, by the cost of their corrupt management, before they can reach the victims of destitution; the blessing of the loaves and fishes on the mountain, descends on charities of the Church, and multiplies them an hundred fold.

On the coming Good Friday the passion sermon is, as last year, to be preached in the Irish language, during the ceremony at mid-day, in the several churches, for the benefit of the numerous congregations that assemble on the occasion.

We beg now in conclusion to call your attention to two paramount and obvious duties.

First.—Though their zeal in attending to the sick and the dying is well known, we implore of all the clergy to redouble their assiduity in visiting and consoling them during this season of terrible trials and privations. And as the mortality is daily on the increase, we require that they take down an accurate account of all the deaths that will occur in their respective parishes until the end of the present year, and send those documents to us in the first week of next January.

Secondly.—We request the fervent prayers both of the people and of the priests at the altar in behalf of the several benefactors who have so charitably assisted us in mitigating the severe destitution of so many of our people. Such men have come to our aid from France, England, and Scotland, as well as from our own country. But we request your special prayers in behalf of the bishops, clergy, and people of Canada for their commiseration for the poor of Ireland. Whilst you invoke every blessing on those our distant brethren, cease not to implore the Father of mercies that he enlighten the understandings, and move the hearts of your rulers to know and to feel for your destination. To them you will repeatedly, and firmly, and respectfully make known your wants, demanding protection for your lives in return for your support of the state, by sharing in all its burdens. On all occasions allowed by the Rubric, the clergy will add to the Collect of the Mass the *Oratio pro Papa*, and *pro quacunq; tribulatione*, until they receive further explicit instructions. And before or after Mass, the faithful will offer up a Pater and Ave Maria for the same pious intention, to protect the Holy Father from his enemies, and our poor destitute people, from the horrors of hunger and of pestilence.

We remain, beloved brethren, Your affectionate servant in Christ. J. JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

NEW ENGLAND CIVILIZATION.

(From the Antigonish Casket.)

"It is meat and drink to me to see a clown." We can afford to laugh freely at the vainglorious boasting when it evidently proceeds from shallowness—its legitimate source, and is calculated to delude no one. Nothing amuses more than a notorious braggadocio strutting about with a slouched hat hitched to his bump of self-esteem, his hands thrust down to his elbows into his breeches' pockets, tossing his head quite majestically, chewing his mighty quid of tobacco, making sad grimaces at all foreign countries, but triumphantly "guessing his own nation to be the greatest on the face of the earth by a long chalk and the most enlightened too." "Stumping the universe" and other kindred slang phrases pronounced by a genuine Yankee buffoon and applied exclusively to Yankee liberty and Yankee civilization are invariably followed by peals of laughter from an enlightened audience. There are on the other hand men of worth and ability, whom we honor and we are pained exceedingly when we find them descending from their lofty position and taking their place among common braggarts; for we learn from experience as well as from Shakspeare:

"That every braggart shall be found an ass."

This sentiment of distress we have seldom felt more keenly than while perusing the last number of the celebrated Dr. Brownson's "Review." There he repeats in almost every page and in every variety of phraseology that "The American is the most advanced civilization the world has yet seen—the farthest point in advance as yet reached by any age or nation" and that in respect of civilization the Yankees or New-Englanders are "the advance-guard of humanity." Nothing could tend more to make us feel disposed to endorse the unjust phrase of a rash contemporary that Americans are "expatriated villains" than such intolerable language. The vaunted superiority of the Social and political constitution of the United States, and of its efficient arrangements to secure practical and impartial freedom to all, its ridiculous hubbub and must move the scorn of every British subject whenever it is asserted in sober earnest. With us freedom is a glorious reality; in the States it is often little better than a dead letter. Their laws may be very good, but when their Executive is too weak to enforce them, they are to all intents and purposes of no avail whatsoever. "The

confessions of a deposed Minister" in Sam Slick's Clock-Maker are characterized with as much sense and truth as wit and humor. The following extract is to the point:

"Freedom, what is it? We boast of freedom; tell me what freedom is. Is it havin' no kings and nobles? Then we are sartainly free. But is that freedom? Is it havin' no established religion? Then we are free enough, gracious knows. Is it havin' no hereditary government or vigorous executive? Then we are free beyond all doubt. Yes, we know what we are talkin' about; we are wise in our generation, wiser than the children of light—we are as free as the air of heaven. What that air is prbaps they know who talk of it so flippantly and glibly; but it may not be so free to all comers as our own country is. But what is freedom? A colt is free, he is unrestrained—he acknowledges no master, no law but the law of nature. A man may get his brains knocked out among wild horses, but still they are free. Is our freedom like that of the wild horse and wild ass? If not, what is it? Is it in the right of openly preaching infidelity? Is it in a licentious press? Is it in the outpourings of popular apathy? Is it in the absence of all subordination or the insufficiency of all legal and moral restraint? I will define it. It is that happy condition of mankind where people are assembled in a community; where there is no government, no law, and no religion, but such as are imposed from day to day by a mob of freemen. That is freedom."

Were we disposed to reason a priori and forget these facts of which all impartial minds acquainted with the history of the United States are persuaded, and overlook the stone-blockade, the applauded rascality of Seward, &c., &c., we would find it extremely difficult to believe, that the civilization of the neighboring Republic could be superior to that of all other countries. Indeed what cause might be assigned for so remarkable a phenomenon? Should we look for it in the character of the people or is it to be found in the nature of their governmental constitution? It is well known those who originally emigrated to the United States and constituted their entire population were far from being recognized as the most civilized of the different countries from which they hailed. From such raw materials sprang men scarcely less uncivilized than their sires and their heirs. This Babel of nationalities would naturally be imbued with few feelings in common. They might strongly and perseveringly worship the almighty dollar, hate kings and nobles, and display other traits of character very compatible with low-bred minds, but they could not be expected to coalesce suddenly, harmonize and effectually conspire to outstrip all others in the race of civilization. Dr. Brownson not only admits but bitterly deprecates the past and present injurious effects of civilization (even when composed of the most gifted men of other nations, on his pet civilization. Accordingly to him the Puritans of New England are the genuine philosopher's stone of civilization and would have long ere now attained to the term of human progress had not their energies been partially paralyzed by their necessary contact with the inferior civilization of foreigners. The descendants of the Pilgrims are simply a fraction of the population of the United States, but they are, quoth he, "the brains, the head, and the heart of America;" to these must we look for the sufficient reason of the supereminence of the whole country's civilization. This modest language naturally recalls the remembrance of the sterling stock, which has produced and infused its own spirit into the incomparable citizens of Yankeeland. The character of the Puritans as represented by historians, who strongly sympathized with their sufferings, admired their energy and palliated their foibles, can scarcely persuade us that they were men of such enlarged views, generous aspirations and superior enlightenment as to make them the suitable pioneers of the advance-guard of humanity." Savagery and stubbornness, we are told, were the chief characteristics of that fierce, gloomy and revolutionary sect. Nothing met their approbation except what seemed to countenance the indulgence of malevolent passions. The law of love as portrayed in the pages of the New Testament found no response in their unfeeling bosoms. The Old Testament, on the contrary was far more acceptable to them because it contained the history of a race selected by God to be the ministers of his vengeance and could therefore be more easily distorted to suit their wishes. Their preference for the Old Testament displayed itself in all their sentiments and habits. They baptized their children by the names of Hebrew Patriarchs and warriors. They turned the Christian Sunday into a Jewish Sabbath. They gleaned their jurisprudence from the Mosaic law and imbibed precedents to guide their ordinary conduct from the books of Judges and Kings. "The prophet who bowed to pieces a captive king, the rebel general, who gave the blood of a queen to the dogs, the matron, who in defiance of plighted faith, and of the laws of Eastern hospitality drove the nail into the brain of the fugitive ally, who had just fed at her board and who was sleeping under the shadow of her tent, were proposed as models to Christians suffering under the tyranny of princes and prelates. Morals and manners were subjected to a code resembling that of the synagogue when the synagogue was in its worst state. The dress, the deportment, the language, the studies, the amusements of the rigid sect were regulated on principles resembling that of the Pharisees who, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacteries, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath-breaker and a wine-bibber. It was a sin to hang garlands on a Maypole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hurt a stag, to play at chess, to wear love-locks, to put starch in a ruff. . . . Learning and eloquence were regarded by the new school of Protestants with suspicion, if not with aversion. Some precisians had scruples about teaching the Latin grammar because the names of Mars, Bacchus and Apollo occurred in it. The fine arts were all but proscribed. The solemn peal of the organ was superstitious. . . . Half the fine paintings in England were idolatrous and the other half indecent. The extreme Puritan was at once known from other men by his gait, his garb, his lank hair, the sour solemnity of his face, the upturned white of his eyes, the nasal twang with which he spoke, and above all by his peculiar dialect. Hebraisms violently introduced into the English language, and metaphors borrowed from the coldest lyric poetry of a remote age and country and applied to the common concerns of English life, were the most striking familiarities of this sect, which moved the derision both of Prelates and libertines." Such were the original colonists of New England, the forefathers of the present Yankees; and whether they are to be regarded as "the advance-guard of humanity" or rather as "expatriated villains" is a question the solution of which we leave to the reader. We will merely say, that judging a priori, the foregoing facts are calculated to convince him, who would thoroughly study civilization in its most advanced type and form, that there are many more promising subjects for his anatomy than "the brains of America." But is a republican form of Government more conducive to the complete development of civilization than limited monarchy? No; nay that the reverse is the case is demonstrated by reason and experience. We purposed to prove this proposition but want of room bids us forbear in the mean time, and so we are forced to conclude with a very slight tho' polite bow to Yankee civilization. —Au Revoir.

Time—Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the window; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for his own.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

IRISH SOCIETIES.—The Assizes will conclude, in a large number of counties, this week. In Limerick there was one bad case, supposed to be an agrarian murder, but the accused party, over whose head the pallid man had taken land, has been acquitted. Mullaskerry, in that county, has, for some time past, been the scene of constant excitement, owing to the indecent and offensive conduct of a branch of the Evangelising Brigade, which has fixed itself there. Several riots, provoked by the outrageous aggression on the religious feelings of the people, habitually made by the proselytising agents, both parsons and Scripture-readers, have, from time to time, matters of judicial inquiry before Petty and Quarter Sessions. On Sunday, the 14th June last, Rev. Mr. Waller, Protestant Rector, first attracted a number of the Catholic townspeople and peasantry to the front of his Missionary Depot, and then publicly exhibited to them a blasphemous placard, upon which the people attacked himself and his depot, and the police, whom he had pre-adviced of his intended proceedings, came to the rescue, and arrested several of the assailants. Six men and eleven women of the party were tried for this riot at the Quarter Sessions, in Rathkeale, but discharged, as the Jury disagreed; but now on their trial at the present Assizes, in Limerick, a conviction has been obtained, the result of which is that these seventeen unfortunate creatures, who had been openly and deliberately goaded into crime, are imprisoned, the men for six and the women for three months, with hard labour. Baron Hughes, before whom they were tried, in his charge, thus comments upon the infamous conduct of the Protestant clergymen:—

Baron Hughes.—"Gentlemen of the jury: The prisoners at the bar—consisting, I believe, of six men and eleven women, are charged with joining in a riotous and unlawful assembly, in which the Rev. Mr. Waller was assaulted. At present we have nothing to do with the assault that was committed on Constable Jacob Taverer (as that is the subject of a distant indictment), except so far as the assault on that man would give a character and tone to the nature of the assembly which is charged with the riot. It would not become me, sitting here for the purpose of administering the laws of the kingdom, which have been enacted solely for preserving for the benefit of Queen, Lords, and Commons, the general peace of the country, to pass by a portion of the evidence which has been given in the course of this case without some observations. The Rev. Mr. Waller appeared on the table as a witness here. His calling and appearances indicated at once the position of a gentleman, and I have no doubt he possesses all the qualifications of a scholar. He is a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church, with a cure of souls in the immediate neighbourhood of the village of Pallaskeeny. And that gentleman has told you, in this open and public court, that at twelve o'clock on the 14th of June, he proceeded to the barrack (having had some previous communication with the police respecting their duty with regard to the exhibition of placards), and he then told the constable in charge there that he would give him three hours to consult his superior officer, and that at the end of those three hours he would hold forth the placard in reference to which he had been in communication. Gentlemen, he further tells you that at three o'clock he carried out the intimidation, if not the threat, he had given, and by his authority the placard in question was exhibited; and so surprised was I that any one occupying the position of a gentleman, not to say a Christian clergyman, would pronounce the opinion I then heard, that I especially noted it. I was told that while the mob was outside that house, he (the Rev. Mr. Waller) was aware that the exhibition of that placard by his authority would increase the excitement. Gentlemen, it is my duty to denounce such conduct as involving the guilt of exciting to a breach of the peace. But gentlemen, the question now before us in the guilt or innocence of the prisoners in the dock; and though I do express the strongest condemnation of the conduct of Mr. Waller on that occasion, our duty is with the prisoners, respecting the unlawful conduct in which they are now implicated. No one who heard the evidence can doubt that a riotous assembly took place in the town of Pallaskeeny on that day. No one can doubt who heard the evidence of the police and the Rev. Mr. Waller, that it was got up for the purpose of intimidation—for the purpose of disturbing the peace of the village and the peace of the village and the district."

For this charge, Baron Hughes, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the punishment that he has incurred the deep displeasure of the *Daily Express*, which devotes a leading article to an attack on him. In Longford and Meath there was little or no criminal business at the Assizes. In Roscommon, Judge O'Brien said, "The number of cases for trial at the present Assizes is only nineteen or twenty, and, with the exception of two of man-slaughter, the others are of an ordinary class, and not of an aggravated character." In Louth, Justice Fitzgerald said:—

"The calendar is of the lightest character—it represents but six cases requiring any special instruction or observation from me. I feel pleasure in thinking that this truly represents the state of the county, which presents every evidence of peace."—With scarcely an exception, these have been the statements of the judges in all the counties.—Cor. of the *Weekly Register*.

The intrepid individual who holds the post of Chief Secretary in Ireland has just informed the world that he has no intention of resigning a very profitable situation. If the gallant baronet is defective in his knowledge of the moral code by which gentlemen are governed, he, at least, understands the value of money, and will not readily throw up a berth which is worth, per annum, some six thousand pounds, good current coin of the realm. We are by no means surprised when we find the "right honourable" official (for even he is legally qualified to claim the sounding title) loudly declaring that no "calumnious and malicious attacks" will force him to give up his place. We frankly confess we had some thought that, after the exhibition in the House of Commons, this man would have resigned the Secretaryship. His position was so unenviable that even he might have wished to seek retirement for a while. But we were mistaken: the Chief Secretary has a skin thicker than the sevenfold shield of Ajax—he takes foremost rank among the pachydermatous class of animals. But what will the man do? Inevitable as he seems to be to public scorn, he can hardly dream of coming back to Ireland. He had been sufficiently obnoxious to ridicule here already. His famous rides on the outside car had set all men laughing at him as a lunatic. His insolent abuse of the venerable dignitaries of the Catholic Church in Ireland had roused general indignation. At his familiar intercourse with the bowling Orange 'Prentice Boys in Derry, and the proselytising gatherings in Dublin, there was mingled anger and amusement. His vulgar attacks on landlords and priests alike, for joining to relieve the starving poor, stamped him as a silly crack-brain. The ludicrous failure of his notable scheme to crush the Catholic University and found a fourth Queen's College, in a county where the three already in existence have nearly as many professors as pupils, provoked general mirth. But his conduct in Parliament, and the revelation of the man "in his true character," made by the O'Donoghue, crowned his career with a notoriety that any honourable Irish gentleman should shrink from with horror. Surely, this man can hardly come back to Ireland.—*Dublin Irishman*.

OUT-DOOR RELIEF IN IRELAND.—From an able letter on this subject, addressed to J. F. Maguire, Esq., M.P., by the Very Rev. J. Maher, Carlow-Graigue, we make the following extracts:—"To arrive at just conclusions on this subject we must take a comprehensive and yet a brief view of our present condition. Ireland, which is sometimes called, and not improperly, the right arm of England, has lost within a few years (from 1846 to 60) one million of people by starvation with all its frightful horrors. It has lost more

than a million by emigration—men, young and vigorous, seeking in foreign climes to escape the sad fate of their brethren at home; and it has lost a third million (I believe I do not exaggerate) by what is called the clearance system—landlords lay waste, for their pleasure or their profit, for their whims, or more frequently from prejudice, whole districts in a day. These facts, which nobody denies, which cannot be talked away, nor written away, nor concealed from European cognizance by the reckless assertions of an Irish Secretary, give to our insular miseries the character of an imperial question. "This decrease of population," observes D. O. Heron, Q. C., in an able paper on Irish statistics, "as regards the original numbers, and as regards the historical features of the case, there being neither civil war nor religious persecution; is perfectly unparalleled in ancient or modern times." It is, alas! too true, that our wretchedly overgrown population has gone very far to exterminate the peasant, the bone and sinew of the kingdom. It has trampled them out of life, or frightened them out of the country. It has weakened, to an extraordinary degree, the once vigorous right arm of England. And all this, be it observed, has been effected without violating any law known to the British constitution, simply because it has enacted no effective law for their protection. And after losing a population larger than that of several of the continental states, the remnant of our peasantry is now suffering more than any people in Europe from the sheer want of the lowest necessities of life—of food, of raiment, of lodging. The stranger visiting our shores, from whatever country he comes, turns with horror from that hideous equal misery which everywhere meets his eye. We look on with less emotion, as being long accustomed to the saddening, degrading spectacle. In these circumstances of our people, the question arises—shall we change or modify, even for a while, the system which wrought such deadly havoc amongst us? and the poor law guardians reply, "No change," "no out-door relief," the only change which could be made, as the law now stands. The great objection, and indeed the only objection, to afford such relief as would save the destitute, is that the increased taxation necessary for such a purpose would weigh down the farming classes, especially the small landlords, who are already in a very tottering condition. But are there no means of arranging between landlord and tenant so as to preserve the latter, except by exterminating the poor? It is too soon to raise the heartless cry of ruinous taxation whilst the poor's rate is generally not more than from four to eight pence in the pound unless in those electoral divisions which include some town or village. You may impose any other burden on the exhausted resources of the farmer; you may raise his rent ten or fifteen shillings an acre; increase the tithe-rent charge, to support the church, not of the people; levy county cesses with reckless indifference. In 1853 they amounted to £879,328; in 1859 they reached the sum of £1,059,647, being considerably more than double the amount of poor-rates, which for that year were only £413,712. All this may be done, no matter how it weighs down the tenant class, without disturbing or alarming the conscience of poor law guardians or landed proprietors; but an additional 6d in the pound to sustain the poor who are said in mockery to have the first claim on the land, would, it is asserted, involve the empire in universal ruin, and beggar Ireland. Sir, I do not believe it; no upright man in England believes it. They give relief to one in every twenty-three of the population, and they are not beggared. They support the aged and infirm of every destitute class; they cherish the widow and the orphan at their own fireside, thus relieving the labouring people of that burden; and they are not beggared. We, on the other hand, suffer the people to die out—we should be nine millions, we are less than six—believing if we did any more, we would at once check the prosperity of Ireland. The English Poor Law Commissioners, residing in Dublin, declares in their evidence before Parliament last session their opinion that a sufficiency of relief was at present given in Ireland. Upon this point Messrs. Power and Senior, the heads of the commission, have been unanimous and most emphatic. They knew, when giving this evidence, that one in every twenty-three of the population received relief in England, and that six out of every seven received it under their own roof, without being dragged from the care of their own relations. They knew also that on the score of old age and infirmity, and on that alone, one in every fifty-six of the English population received aid at their own fireside; whilst in Ireland relief in the same form and on the same account was administered to only one in 26,500.—They knew all this, and they thought it quite good enough for the Irish. They knew also to what a fearful extent the population had been reduced, whilst the rates in the country districts were little more than was required to pay officials and other establishment charges; and with these facts impressed upon their minds they coolly assert "that adequate relief is given in Ireland, and that the administration of the laws was very satisfactory to the Commissioners." Looking into *Thom's Directory* for the year 1861, I find that the maintenance of the poor, not including establishment charges in the following ten unions, comprising a large pauper population—Viz, Dundergall, Dunthanghy, Gortin, Killeel, Killala, Leitrim, Louth, Dunthanghy, Newtownhamilton, Oughterard, and Stranorlar, cost £2,972 3s 8d, whilst the united salaries of two Poor Law Commissioners, Messrs Power and Senior, amount to £3,200, thus paying more to two English officials, whose duty it is to see that the poor are properly cared for, than is paid for the food of the entire pauper population of ten distressed unions. This is an extraordinary fact, but, no doubt, very satisfactory to the Commissioners. What matter whether Lazarus receives a crumb from the rich man's table, or goes away empty, provided Commissioners pocket their thousands annually.

SMITH O'BRIEN AND SIR ROBERT PEEL.—It was rumored that William Smith O'Brien had condescended to challenge Sir Robert Peel, for insolent language in reference to himself; and we find the following statement in the *Cork Examiner*:—"Smith O'Brien is accused of having challenged Sir Robert Peel after he, Smith O'Brien, knew that Sir Robert Peel had placed the affair with the O'Donoghue in the hand of his 'friend,' Lord Palmerston. There is not the least truth in the accusation. No man knows better than Sir Robert Peel that Smith O'Brien wrote to him long before the interview which Major Gavin had with Sir Robert's noble 'friend.' The moment Smith O'Brien was made aware of the gross, wanton, and unprovoked attack upon him, that moment he wrote to Sir Robert in language which, to use a popular form of expression, would have 'provoked a saint.' Nothing could have been more contemptuous, or more calculated to lead to a hostile encounter, if not to a combat *a l'outrance*. We can state, as a fact of which we have personal knowledge, that this defiance was addressed to Sir Robert Peel before Sir Robert was waited upon by Major Gavin; and we can also state that it was known that such contemptuous and exasperating challenge had reached his destination several hours before the gallant Major had the memorable interview with the Premier. So that we are in a position to say that the accusation which is now sought to be fastened upon Smith O'Brien's honor has its origin either in ignorance or in malice."

THE COOK GRAND JURY.—We and the public are now pretty well acquainted with the state proceedings which have been paraded as an excuse, by one set of High-Sheriffs for endeavouring to perpetuate the memory of Protestant ascendancy, and by another for fearing to offend the Protestant aristocracy of the county. We are told *ad nauseam* of the qualification required; and we are sometimes informed, indeed, that station is an essential particular to be considered in the selection of gentlemen to serve on the county grand jury. But these trivialities are easily disposed of. The legal qualification for the office of a grand juror is that he must be a £50 freeholder; or that he must have a leasehold profit rent of £100 a

year. Are Catholic gentlemen possessed of this much means so rare in the county of Cork? A zealous Catholic High Sheriff could not find more than three? "Oh, but station you know." They must be highly respectable, or they would not be entitled to meet the Protestant gentry. Well, how is station to be determined? We should think the magistracy of the county ought after a pretty fair list of those entitled to rank as gentlemen, and to meet or mix with any society whatever. In this rank, there are in the county Cork no less than sixty-four Catholics. And out of these sixty-four but three could be found by a Catholic High Sheriff of sufficient respectability to mix with those twenty of the gentlemanly faith whom he has selected. Though the law has abolished the necessity of a property qualification for the office of magistrate; yet, as a matter of practice, and with scarce an exception, we are aware that, in order to be recommended for the commission of the peace, it is necessary to be possessed of a qualification considerably higher; in fact, three times the amount; necessary to qualify as a grand juror. But, unfortunately, in the eyes of some people, a Protestant with a hundred a year is a vast deal more respectable than a Catholic with three.—*Examiner*.

The Dublin *Evening Post* has the following in reference to the grand jury panel of Roscommon:—"The construction of the grand jury panel is a subject of judicious remark amongst the Liberals of this county. Gentlemen of liberal opinions, Protestants and Catholics, were treated with great discourtesy; and the late High Sheriff, Captain Balfe, was altogether excluded from the panel contrary to all precedent." But there is this annoying difference, that while Catholic gentry, in the other counties we have named, have to complain of unfair treatment from persons of a different religion, and because of that difference, in the county of Cork the brand of social inferiority is placed upon them by one of their own faith.

Of Major O'Reilly we speak thus, simply because this may be regarded as his first entrance into politics, and the right road taken now means the right course for all time. But he is not unknown in Ireland. His name stirs the National enthusiasm from shore to shore of our island. He led our faithful countrymen in an hour of peril, and in the service of a noble duty; and the verdict of Europe's best soldiers and bravest sons has fixed on his name and theirs a wreath of fame. Such a man has a proud career before him, following the path he himself has traced, as we have read it here. A gifted scholar, he has talents that would adorn any senate in Europe; a man of lofty courage, fearless, and intrepid, the descendant of an ancient and honored family of Irish race, and proud of his lineage, Myles William O'Reilly is a man of whom Ireland has a right to expect a noble and a useful public life.—*Nation*.

The Canadian *News*, of the 6th, says:—"We learn with pleasure that Lord Palmerston, with his characteristic generosity in the management of his Irish estates, has given instructions to his agents to find out those of his tenantry desirous of emigrating to Canada, and afford them not only the means of going, but also provide them with the necessary tools, &c., to enable them on reaching their new home to commence work. It is unnecessary to say that many have already availed themselves of this noble offer, and that many are arranging to follow. Every information regarding Canada is now in great demand in Ireland, and the labor of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, who are so sedulously supplying it gratuitously, are worthy of all praise. The Government agents, Mr. J. Donaldson, of Londonderry, and Mr. Charlton, of Cork, are both actively engaged in making known in their several districts the greater advantages Canada presents to intending emigrants than any other of England's colonies and with their united efforts, added to those of the Secretary of the company referred to, we shall be much disappointed if the results of the Irish emigration of the present season be not of the most satisfactory character. It is of course impossible at this early period to state the numbers of Irish families likely to settle in Canada during the current year, but we learn from very reliable authority that they will not fall far short of 15,000 souls."

THE MARRIAGE REGISTRATION BILL.—Sir H. Cairns' Bill has the following provision for Mixed Marriages according to Catholic rites. *Requisites to Marriage*.—A marriage may be solemnized according to the rites of the Catholic Church between persons of whom one only is a Catholic, by virtue of a Registrar's certificate of publication of notice, or a Registrar's license, as follows:—1. By a person in holy orders of the Catholic Church. 2. In the place of public worship named in the notice, (being a building set apart for the public performance of Divine service, according to the rites of the Catholic Church. 3. Between the hours of eight in the morning and two in the afternoon. 4. With open doors. 5. In the presence of two or more credible witnesses, besides the person in holy orders officiating, and not otherwise or elsewhere. If any person wilfully solemnize a marriage, or pretended marriage, according to the rites of the Catholic Church, between persons of whom one only is a Catholic, otherwise than according to the present provision, he shall be guilty of felony.

THE REV. FATHER DALY.—The Rev. Father Daly arrived in Galway on Thursday evening by the nine o'clock train from Dublin. We were glad to perceive the journey to Rome has not had the least effect upon him, as he appeared in the enjoyment of excellent health. We understand he waited upon his lordship the Bishop, on Friday, who read to the rev. gentleman the letter forwarded to his lordship upon the case at issue from the Cardinal Prefect. We believe the announcement we made, that the reverend gentleman has determined to submit to the authority of the Bishop, is perfectly correct. This will be pleasing intelligence to all good Catholics throughout the country. The case between Father Daly and his lordship is just where it commenced. There was nothing done in the matter at Rome, beyond the Cardinal Prefect's placing the affair altogether in the hands of the Bishop. We believe his lordship, not wishing to set of himself, is consulting some of his episcopal brethren on the subject, and that we shall soon have the happiness of announcing the restoration of Father Daly to his clerical dignities and duties in the diocese.—*Galway Vindicator*.

Unhappily, there is little doubt of the substantial accuracy of Mr. Maguire's statements. The counter statements of the Irish Secretary may be true, but it cannot be that they are exclusively true without shaking our faith in something more precious than statistics. The one set of statements are specific and direct—the other, for the most part, general and inferential. Mr. Maguire's statistics—as invaluable as Sir Robert's—are used to support and explain the facts stated on personal authority. Sir Robert uses personal statements to eke out the effect of his statistics. It may be quite true that the per centage of pauperism throughout Ireland is lower than in Lancashire, or even in Norfolk; but it cannot be untrue, as is reported by Roman Catholic prelates and priests, Protestant landlords, and Poor Law guardians, that relief committees in Galway have afforded help to thirteen hundred distressed families; that in four towns of the county of Sligo the number of persons thus succoured amounted to upwards of eight thousand; that the labourers are glad to earn sixpence a day; that in Carlow, Wexford, Pardonstown, Clonmol, Clonay, Kanturk, Kilmara, Bandon, Mallow, in short, throughout the smaller towns and villages of the west and south-west of Ireland there is general distress and in some cases absolute destitution. These are statements too authoritative and precise to be set aside as groundless, or even discredited as exaggeration; because the Irish Secretary has information that in these or other places there is an excess upon the average of applications for admission to the workhouses, or upon the rate of mortality, nor upon the price of potatoes, oatmeal, or Indian corn. Still less ought we to be satisfied from

the returns of crime that there is an absence of distress, or from the self eulogies of landlords that there is no claim for parliamentary inquiry. Poor-law guardians and sanitary inspectors are not to be put in comparison, much less in competition, with ministers of religion and resident proprietors, for accurate knowledge of the inner life of a district. The death of a labourer's wife from absolute starvation, in a Norfolk village, some time since, disclosed the existence of an amount of silent suffering of which no one outside the village, or above the poor woman's own rank, had any suspicion.—Only the poor themselves, and those who are unobtrusive visitors of their cheerless homes, know how much can be borne without loud complaining or even an audible sigh. The poor of England and Scotland, both urban and rural, have a deep dislike to apply for parochial relief; but were there absolutely, as in Ireland, no alternative but the workhouse or starvation at home, we fear there would be as many in the latter case as in the former. It is at least a poor return from the Irish Government for the exertions of local charity to adduce the effect of those exertions as evidence that they were not needed. But for the relief committees, death might have become in many a homestead and hovel, absolute famine—the death rate have received a frightful augmentation—and a cry of indignant horror from all England have answered to the wail of distress from Western Ireland. To suggest, as does Sir Robert Peel, that the promoters of these committees are nothing better than ecclesiastical demagogues and political agitators, is far more dishonourable to himself than to them. To contribute, collect, and administer relief funds—to assist small farmers whose rents are in arrears, whose crops have failed, whose houses are well nigh without food or fuel—to succour labourers whose few bits of furniture are in pawn, and whose wages, if they get any, are three shillings a week—may possibly be an offence against a viceregal court and an optimist aristocracy, but can never be confounded by any Christian people with devices of treason and sedition. As little to Sir Robert Peel as to the Earl of Carlisle would any man attribute insensibility to distress. But while the Lord Lieutenant is wrapped in sentimental reveries, and the Secretary is indulging his vivacious temperament in a series of political duels, it seems too certain that large districts of Ireland are relapsing into the condition which preceded and produced the catastrophe of 1847. Whatever explanation may be given of the facts quoted in the Returns of the Irish Registrar-General—a decrease in five years of one-third of the cereal produce of Ireland, uncompensated by an increase of green crops or live stock, or, rather, aggravated within the last two or three years by their decrease—the present significance of those facts is alarming. If they cannot be confuted, if they cannot be promptly accounted for, let them be rigidly investigated. Let us obtain an accurate and intelligible view of the general condition of Ireland; and thence descend to the scrutiny of local particulars. Those storm-bound islands of the western coast, between which Sir Robert so properly established steamboat communication—those scattered districts for the use of which he obtained waggons built for the roadless Crimera—that mountain-side of which he was told that its thin population were in deep distress while food was selling cheaply in the cities of the plain—are instructive monitors of a truth too apt to be forgotten. A country cannot be governed on a doctrine of averages, or a faith in statistics, nor by an administration of jaunting-cars. Grievances must be sought out, complaints must be listened to, redress and relief must be afforded, till a contented people rejoice in that prosperity which is the true glory of a government.—*Morning Star*.

LONGFORD ELECTION.—The proceedings at the nomination were, on the whole, conducted with remarkable good humor, with none of the anger and violence that often distinguish contested elections. The High Sheriff, Captain Walter Nugent, did all in his power to obtain a fair hearing for the speakers on each side. The Hon. King Harman, the largest proprietor in the county, proposed Colonel White, and said that his father and family had represented the county for 40 years, and he thought it a singular thing that they went to Brussels for a man to oppose him, a stranger who could not know the wants of the country like one of its own gentry. Major Blackall seconded the nomination in a lengthened speech, in which he defended the character of Colonel White against false attacks made upon him in a placard, which he rather indiscreetly read, giving his opponents who had the wits all to themselves, an opportunity of repeating those insults with derisive cheers and hisses. He, however, demonstrated the inconsistency of the Roman Catholic clergy, who supported Colonel White at the last election, then fully acknowledging his transcendent claims to the gratitude of the Roman Catholics, and now denouncing him as utterly unworthy of their confidence. Major O'Reilly was proposed by Mr. McCann, whose exciting speech was frequently interrupted by shouting and uproar. Mr. Cody, J.P., seconded the nomination of Major O'Reilly.

There being no other candidate, Colonel White rose to address the assembly, and was received by cheers and counter demonstrations, which lasted for several minutes. He said the question at issue was the independence of the county, the right of the majority of the electors to choose their own candidate, without being dictated to by a few and having a stranger forced upon them. He denied that he ever pledged himself not to take office. He promised to stand aloof from any Government not disposed to do full justice to Ireland. He believed Lord Palmerston's Government was disposed to do it justice, and of this fact it was his province to judge, not of the man to judge for him. He had never said he was a Conservative nor sat on the Conservative benches. Mr. Lefroy introduced him to the House merely as a private friend. As a member of the Government he would act independently. He did not want the emoluments of office, and he would resign it if Lord Palmerston did not do justice to the country. He would vote for a charter to the Catholic University, and use his influence with the Government in favour of one, promising to support everything that would secure the civil and religious liberty of his Catholic constituents. Major O'Reilly was received with loud and prolonged applause. On his breast he wore the Papal medal for the Italian campaign, and the Grand Cross and Star of the Order of Pins. He delivered an effective speech, remarkably moderate in its tone, and respectful towards Colonel White, and the Conservative gentry of the county, whom he described as excellent landlords, expressing his assurance that they would exert no undue influence in the present contest. A show of hands was then called for, and was given in favor of Major O'Reilly, when the proceedings terminated. The following was the gross result of the two days' polling:

O'Reilly.	White.	
First Day	1,085	791
Second day	385	98
	1,470	889

Great majority for O'Reilly—581.
Total number of votes polled during the two days—2,358.—*Times Co.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

AMUSING SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Mr. Whalley has delivered himself of a comic no-paper speech, which provoked great fun in the House. He quoted some "pot-house" songs as specimens of the disloyalty of Papists; but when urgently requested to "sing" to sing the said songs in order that the House might better judge of their merits, the member declined the invitation. We find the following report in the late papers:

THE MAYNOUTH ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.—Whalley asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland

whether he took and what measures to ascertain whether the address of condolence lately presented to her Majesty, purporting to emanate from the president, superiors, and students of Maynooth College, did, in fact, emanate from those persons. It represented that body to be actuated by loyal feelings, whereas, it was known the students of Maynooth had nothing to do with the address, and that it was a forgery. The hon. member then produced a "blue-book," and went on to say, that he would next read the house a song, which one of the witnesses deposed to as having been very popular when he was in the institution. (Here Mr. Whalley was assailed with loud cries of "sing, sing," and peals of laughter, which were continued for several minutes, and in which Lord Palmerston, Sir G. C. Lewis, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer were observed to join most heartily.) The song, said the hon. member, begins thus:—

"Columbia's banner floats on high—
Her eagle seizes on its prey;
Then, Erin, wipe thy tearful eye,
And cheer thy hope on Patrick's Day."
(Laughter.)
Yes, and—
—cheer thy hope on Patrick's Day,
(roars of laughter, and renewed cries of "sing")
But you have not heard the whole, for the song goes to say:—
The toast I'll give is Albion's fall.
And Erin's pride on Patrick's Day."
(shouts of laughter and cries of "encore.")
I say, Sir, that, having read these extracts, I have perceived sufficient evidence to show the disloyalty of the college, and I therefore, ask the Right Hon. Baronet whether it was not an actual forgery, and a mere pretence and insult to her Majesty, and calculated to deceive public opinion in this country (laughter and ironical cheers below the gangways)?
Sir R. Peel.—Sir, I have no reason whatever to doubt the loyalty of the college (hear, hear); and as to the authenticity of the address, I hold in my hand a letter from the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, who is a personal friend of my own, and in which, writing to my right hon. friend, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, he says, "I have sent herewith the dutiful address of the members of this college on the occasion of the lamented death of his Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, and I venture to express a hope that you will present the same to her Majesty in testimony of our sorrow at the recent calamity which has descended upon her" (hear, hear). This, Sir, I think is a complete answer to the charge of the hon. member for Peterborough, and disposes of the whole question (loud cheers).
Mr. B. Osborne (who spoke from below the gangway at the ministerial side of the house)—Sir, I will not stoop to characterise the taste of the hon. gentleman which has led him to drag before the house a question touching an address of condolence to her Majesty on her recent bereavement (hear, hear). That is a question which the hon. gentleman must settle between himself and his fellows whom they next climb that tower in Denbighshire which he has consecrated to the defence of Protestantism and the overthrow of Maynooth (laughter). I must, however, warn the hon. gentleman that he is endeavoring to play off one of his old tricks here, which he has already exhibited in public in Scotland and in Ireland. The hon. gentleman goes about with that great "blue book" in his hand reading those extracts and quoting that song (laughter). I was myself in Dublin last autumn when Mr. Wintley was announced to preside at a meeting at the Rotundo. I saw his name inscribed in the bills in great red letters, and having some curiosity to go see the proceedings I was fortunate enough to obtain a ticket (laughter). The hon. gentleman attacked the Roman Catholic clergy, and the Roman Catholics of Ireland generally, and charged them with disloyalty and everything else he could think of that was opprobrious, and I can only say that it is a truth of the torberance and good humor of the Irish people that they allowed him to leave Dublin in a whole skin (hear, hear, and laughter). There was, of course, tremendous cheering at the meeting, and a good deal of laughter, the latter predominating, as it does here, but I believe the British House of Commons is too sensible to allow a mantle which has descended from the respectable shoulders of the hon. member for North Warwickshire (Mr. Spooner) to be dragged through the kennels of Peterborough (loud cheers). I do hope that, as there is a lack of other business this session, that if Maynooth is to be again discussed, the noble lord at the head of the government will give us the whole of tomorrow to it (laughter). Sir, I cannot find language too strong in which to deprecate these insulting questions with reference to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, more especially when they are supported by the state arguments and forgotten songs with which the hon. member for Peterborough "stars" it in the provinces (hear, hear, and laughter).
Viscount Castlereagh.—As one of the trustees of Maynooth College I rise to protest against the language which has been used this evening by the hon. member for Peterborough (cheers). The statement contained in the anonymous extract or letter from a newspaper which he has read is false, and I have the best reasons for saying that the allegations contained in it are not consistent with fact (cheers).
DISHONESTY OF THE "TIMES".—On Friday the *Times* published a circumstantial account, furnished by its Turin correspondent (the notorious Gallenga) of an attempt upon the life of the French Ambassador at Rome, by three assassins (Gallenga's disciples in that line), one of whom confessed that they had been suborned to murder M. de Lavalette by a "Legitimist, Clerical, or Bourbon Committee." Nothing could be more precise than Gallenga's detail of all the circumstances connected with the alleged attempt—the arrival of the ambassador at his palace—the crowding at the carriage door—of the three assassins—"one a Belgian, another a Bavarian, the third a Neapolitan runaway"—the last of whom "arowed his intention to murder the French diplomatic agent" (sic)—the energetic conduct of the French Chasseur, "who, drawing his cutlass, laid hold of one of the three suspected persons"—(he did not surround the three, as Jonathan Wild would have done)—and the escape of another, the third having been captured by another servant,—their being "armed with revolvers and daggers" and the actual appointment of the day of trial viz., "last Saturday" Well, it turns out to be all a fabrication, and here comes the dishonest part played by the *Times*. On Friday last, as already mentioned, it published Gallenga's letter, giving the foregoing details,—and on the same day all the other morning papers, except the *Times*, published the unqualified contradiction of the whole story, by the semi-official French Journal, the *Patrie*. Thus Gallenga lies about a "Legitimist, Clerical, or Bourbon committee" hiring assassins to murder the French ambassador at Rome just a clear day's start of the truth in the columns of the *Times*. The motives for this dishonesty are clear enough.
The annexed is the Resolution of the House of Commons on the subject of Colonial Defences:—
"That this House [while fully recognizing the claims of all portions of the British empire to Imperial aid in their protection against perils arising from the consequences of Imperial policy] is of opinion that the colonies exercising the rights of self-government ought to undertake the main responsibility of providing for their own internal order and security."
The London *Times* in an editorial expresses its approval of this Resolution:—
"That the Colonies, having local Legislatures, should also have their own military establishments, and should maintain them, is by no means inconsistent with their having the assistance of any necessary amount of naval and military Imperial force in case of Imperial war. To us the arguments seem conclusive that it would be better, when the Empire is at peace, that they should not be a soldier of the Emperor's Army in any of our great Colonies. It is, we think, a powerful argument in favor of this con-

clusion that when the time shall come that some one or more of the democracies we are now rearing shall break away from us it will be to the interest of all that it should go in peace, and not after a conflict.—If there be English troops and English fortresses in the country, military honor will require a struggle, and we shall part in hate and in bloodshed, as the States of America are now parting. If there be no English Army, there can be no contention, except among themselves, and the consciousness of the power to effect the act of folly will probably for a long time yet to come prevent it. It is neither just nor pleasant to us to do this unnecessary office of defence. We cannot afford either the waste of life or the waste of money, and we should be acting quite within our right if we were to recall every soldier during this general peace, and leave our Colonies to their own ample resources for their defence. This was admitted as frankly last night by Mr. Chichester Fortescue from the Treasury benches as it was urged by Mr. Mills and Mr. Baxter. But what is theoretically right is often practically impossible. No Minister dares do this under the responsibility which weighs upon him. It is very easy to demonstrate that the Colonists of the Cape of Good Hope and of New Zealand are able to protect themselves from the Caffres and the Maories. But if, acting on this abstract truth, any Minister had left these Colonies bare of troops, and a great calamity had come upon them, what would be his fate when the news arrived in England? It is easy for three millions of Canadians to secure the principal points upon the Canadian frontier, but what Minister could contemplate without dismay the popular indignation that would be excited by the news that Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec were in the hands of the Federalists? These things cannot be done roughly and suddenly. They must be brought about with the consent of the Colonists themselves, by showing them the justice of the cause, and by firmly withholding all interference in their intestine quarrels and all encouragement to unnecessary local wars. It is very hard if great communities of Englishmen cannot, after they have grown into a State, keep their own police and hold their own against the neighbouring savages. Thus the House of Commons seem to have thought last night; and, the members being all of one mind in favour of the re-annoying, and almost equally unanimous against any immediate action, left the House to be Counted Out.—*Times*.

SHIPS AFOAT.—On the 1st of February last the British navy afloat comprised 414 screw and 111 paddle steamships, of which fifty-seven were ships of the line, thirty-seven frigates, twenty corvettes, and 185 gun boats. The number of effective sailing ships afloat was 110, nine of them being ships of the line, fourteen frigates, and seventy-nine mortar boats. At the same date there were fifty-five steamships of various kinds building, of which twenty-one are iron ships.

SARDINIAN REVELATIONS.—The Duke of Maddaloni, who recently resigned his seat as a member of the Italian Parliament at Turin, has just published the draught of a speech prepared for delivery on moving for a committee of inquiry into the state of the Two Sicilies, on the 20th of November, 1861, but which the impatience of the Chamber, instigated by the government, prevented him from carrying. The Duke was one of the old Liberal party, and was twice exiled from Naples for his participation in measures regarded as treasonable by the ministers of the late King Ferdinand, and his successor, now in exile in Rome. He was also the friend of the late Count Cavour, whom he describes as an "illustrious gentleman," and the "most amiable man that he ever knew." His testimony, therefore, as to the state of things in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies may be accepted as trustworthy. Now, the following is the Duke of Maddaloni's description of what the Piedmontese have done in and for Naples:—"They have corrupted all that remained of morality; they have broken and dispersed the resources and the riches amassed during ages; they have plundered the people of their laws, their bread, and their honors; they would even have robbed them of their God if it had been given to human power to contend with God.—They have steeped in blood every corner of the kingdom in the struggle with an insurrection which they have rendered very cruel. The Piedmontese Government have taken from the Bank the money of private persons, and scattered the public funds, to satisfy the avidity of sycophants. It dissolves the academies, it destroys public instruction. It casts discredit upon justice by the known corruption of the tribunals. It leaves the provinces to be governed by ferocious plunderers. It imprisons, it exiles, it casts into misery the most profound, not merely the friends and servants of the late government, but their relatives, and even persons bearing the same name. Everywhere it substitutes falsehood for truth." We are not surprised that the partisans of a government against which these charges were made should raise a great outcry against the noble person making them. In answer to the shout about "Gaiti," the Duke reminded the assembly that Italy was united under Tiberius and Odoacer, while being "afflicted with blood." No fewer than thirteen towns in Naples were recently delivered up to pillage and fire; innocent people were deliberately shot in their houses, in the streets, and in the open fields, without any form of trial or any proof of guilt. An order was given and executed to shoot all men found wearing velvet waistcoats, as they were sure to be brigands; and scores were shot, ignorant that they owed their death to a garment common to the peaceful inhabitants of whole districts. The Duke's conclusion is, that a government guilty of the crimes committed by the Piedmontese ministry cannot stand—that slipperiness of the blood upon which it has been built will ultimately precipitate it into utter ruin. He prophesies that a day will come when the whole of Italy will rise against Piedmont, and when a government, with "the curse of Cain on his head," will have vengeance taken upon it. Strong and strange language this to proceed from a conspirator against the Bourbons, and who expresses no regret for the part he took in conducting to the expulsion of Francis the Second from Naples. But we believe the facts to be exactly as he states them, and that he has in no respect exaggerated the horrors of the Piedmontese rule in Naples. Now, in Southern lands injuries like these are not forgotten. However the popular vengeance may seem to sleep, it will be sure to awaken, regardless of all theories about the unification of Italy.—*Hull Advertiser*.

A NICK NAME FOR A LOCAL PREACHER.—THE HONORABLE OF PARLIAMENT.—The Liverpool Co. Magistrates have convicted a man, named Thomas Wood, for having obtained a situation as gardener, by means of a spurious character, and sentenced him to two months' hard labor. During the hearing of the case it transpired that Woods was a Primitive Methodist preacher; a married man with two children whom he had deserted, and came to Liverpool with a young woman. Several letters and MS. sermons were found on him when apprehended. The sermons were headed "The Lamb of God," "The Abundant Entrance," "The Lost Son," &c. There were also some numbers of a *Halfpenny Gazette* a publication commencing with the warning illustration of "Henry Rivers on the Threadmill," heading a tale entitled "The Six Stages of Punishment; or the Ladder of Crime." There was also a chart of the "reverend gentleman's cranium," with a "Note of the leading characteristics of Mr. Thomas Wood, Gloucester, Nov. 1861, by E. T. Craig, president of the Hallamshire Phrenological Society." Wood had strong affections, much industry, ardor, strength and activity, both of body and mind; temperament and muscular system good, considerable power for business pursuits, self-reliance, great latent energy, combatsiveness and determination—which urge you to overcome difficulties, ardent attachments, great practical power to deal with plans and the construction of buildings if you were ready to study geometry and architecture.

The *Times* thinks that the Federal victories will lead to separation and peace.

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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G. W. CHURCH, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH Lord Derby's notice in the House of Lords, and the action consequent thereupon of the Ministry, have compelled the Sardinian Government to recall its atrocious order, and even to disavow it, its injunctions were but too faithfully carried into execution.

The recent changes in the composition of that body are looked upon as important. Ricasoli has broken down in attempting to carry out the programme bequeathed to him by Cavour; and amongst the reasons assigned by the Times' correspondent for the resignation of the late Sardinian Ministry, is the disgust of Ricasoli at the recent protest of the British Government against Sardinian atrocities in the Kingdom of Naples.

A compromise has been effected between Louis Napoleon and the Corps Legislatif in the Montauban dotation affair. The former announces his withdrawal of the obnoxious proposition, whilst signifying his intention to introduce a general measure for enabling him to reward distinguished military services.

At Rome all was quiet, though efforts had been made by the National Committee, zealously seconded by their constant allies, the prostitutes, to get up a demonstration in the Corso.

up, and it is rumored that, in the Spring, they will be headed by the King of Naples in person. The war in the United States still lingers on. The telegraph and the press being entirely under the control of the Washington authorities, publish reports of the most "glorious victories," which may be true, but which are as likely to be false.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

This body met on Thursday, the 20th inst., and the proceedings of the day were limited to the elections of Speakers for the two Houses. In the Council Sir Allan McNab was chosen, and in the Assembly, M. Turcotte the Ministerial candidate was elected by a majority of 66 to 53, over his opponent, M. Sicotte.

On Friday, at 3 p.m. his Excellency delivered the following speech from the Throne:—Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly.

Since this Legislature last met, Her Majesty and her subjects have suffered an irreparable loss in the death of the Prince Consort.—It is not necessary for me to remind you that this illustrious Prince, though born, and in a great degree educated in a foreign country, was truly British in thought, feeling, and action; while the spirit of universal benevolence by which he was animated caused him to devote the great intellectual abilities with which nature had endowed him, and the stores of acquired information with which, by his own industry, he had filled his mind, to the promotion of every well-advised plan for the moral and material improvement of his fellow-creatures of all nations and races.

Circumstances have occurred during the past autumn and winter which gave an opportunity for exhibiting, in a most striking and satisfactory manner, the sentiments of reciprocal attachment which exist between the inhabitants of every creed and race, and their fellow-subjects in the Mother Country.

I have to congratulate you on the blessing of an abundant harvest in the past year, and on the continuance of a satisfactory condition of our trade, notwithstanding the partial derangement to which it has been subjected by the effects of the civil war, now unhappily raging in the United States.

I have directed papers to be laid before you, shewing the extension by the French Government to Canadian built ships of the privileges in French ports already enjoyed by ships of British build. This cannot be advantageous to the shipbuilding interest, and affords a fresh proof of the friendly feeling which underlies the alliance between England and France.

I would ask your careful consideration for a measure which will be submitted to you, for the purpose of securing a proper administration of Bankrupt estates in Upper Canada; and also for one having for its object the establishment of well regulated Gaols and local Penitentiaries throughout the Province.

I have directed papers to be laid before you, which shew that the Imperial Government entertains no objection to the establishment of a free commercial intercourse between the different provinces of British North America, if the governments and legislatures of these provinces can agree as to the basis upon which such an arrangement shall be carried into effect.

I have seen fit, during the recess, to issue a commission to consider the present condition of the militia force of the Province, and the propriety of amending its organization and improving its efficiency. The report of that commission will be laid before you; and I would bespeak for the recommendations it contains, and the Bill which will be necessary in order to carry the recommendations into effect, your most careful and favorable consideration.

Other measures of public usefulness will also be submitted for your consideration. The accounts for the year which has just closed will be forthwith laid before you, and will, I trust, be found satisfactory.

I have to ask from you the supplies necessary for carrying on the service of Her Most Gracious Majesty for the current year; and I have directed that these Estimates shall be framed with all the economy consistent with a due regard to efficiency.

I take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the good-will and kindness which have been shown to myself on the occasion of my assuming the government of the colony.

The Constitution has committed to your hands the guardianship of the interests of this great Province. I commend to your earnest impartial and diligent care the several matters which may be brought before you; and I fervently pray Almighty God so to direct your counsels, that your acts may conduce to His glory, the honor of our Sovereign, and the prosperity and happiness of the people of Canada.

On Saturday the Houses of Parliament again met and adjourned to Monday; on Monday they met again and adjourned till Wednesday; on Wednesday they met, and adjourned till Thursday; but no business of any kind was transacted beyond the giving notice of certain intended motions.

We have been authorized to state that the "Tom Moore Club" are making arrangements to celebrate, on the 28th of May next, Moore's Anniversary, with a Musical and Dramatic entertainment.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN KINGSTON.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Kingston, March 22, 1862.

Sir—Our friends, I believe, would not be satisfied unless a description of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in this city appeared in your columns. The celebration of the Day is no longer a novelty in Canada, for every town and city has its St. Patrick's procession, composed of Irishmen, who vie with each other in doing honor to the great National Festival.

At ten o'clock precisely the procession was formed by the Grand Marshal, Mr. Thomas Howland, assisted by Mr. Halligan. The Volunteer Rifles, No. 2 (Major O'Reilly's corps) formed in front, headed by the Rifle Band; the Volunteers, besides their dark green uniforms, wore their handsome shakos with green plumes, and appeared, as they always do, to great advantage; the beautiful silk flag presented to them some two years adding much to the appearance of the Company.

The Irish national festival was duly celebrated in Camden. The St. Patrick's Society of Camden is in a very flourishing condition, and turned out in great strength on St. Patrick's Day. Over four hundred members assembled at Centreville at nine o'clock in the morning, headed by an excellent band of music, and marshalled by Messrs. Peter McLaughlin and Michael O'Dea, marshals, in procession to the Catholic Church, where High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. McIntyre in honor of the day.

The weather was very fine (a very unusual circumstance) and the sun which shone out with great brilliancy, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, displayed to great advantage the gorgeous banners—the green and gold forming a beautiful coloring in the sun's rays.

The procession reached the Cathedral at eleven o'clock (being one hour, owing to its length, in going from the City Hall to the Cathedral) where a Grand Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston, assisted by the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, President of Regiopolis College, as Deacon, and the Rev. Mr. Sauve, as Sub-Deacon. There were also present the Very Rev. Angus Macdonell, V.G., who is never absent on St. Patrick's Day, and who, although a Scotchman, loves the Irish, and has proved a warm hearted and true friend of theirs; the Very Rev. Patrick Doherty, V.G., and Chaplain to the Society; the Rev. Mr. Stafford, Pastor of Wolfe Island; the Rev. Mr. Matte, the Rev. Mr. Quinlan, and last, though not least, the Preacher of the Day, the Rev. Mr. Quinlan, of Nova Scotia, who is now on a visit to Dr. Horan to recruit his health, which has been impaired for some time.

The Bishop of Kingston who is the son of an Irishman, and "more Irish than the Irish themselves," in his desire to honor the Festival of St. Patrick, was robed in the costly vestments brought by him from Rome last summer, and only used by him on great Festivals of the Church. The decorations around the altar, and everything that could lend splendor and effect to the grand ceremony, evinced the desire of our beloved Bishop, to shew to the great mass of people who filled the Cathedral from the chancel to the door, the importance of doing honor to the great Apostle.

After the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. Quinlan ascended the pulpit, and delivered a sermon remarkable for its power and eloquence. The Rev. gentleman was already celebrated as a preacher, and numbers who did not otherwise unite with us in the Day's celebration, crowded every nook and corner of the Cathedral to hear him pronounce the panegyric on St. Patrick. I am glad that they did not go away disappointed. To judge of the effect of the sermon you should have been that vast immovable crowd of persons with faces turned toward the preacher, and watched the play of their features as the Rev. gentleman portrayed in a polished and graceful language the virtues of the great Apostle—the principles he inculcated in the Irish heart; the devotion to God's Holy Church, which they ever displayed—their zeal, their charity, their patriotism, their love of country, their sufferings. All low thrilling were the tones of his voice as he dwelt on the decadence of Ireland's ancient glory, and

what the children of St. Patrick had suffered for their attachment to the "Old Faith." The effect cannot be described. It was delightful to hear him pay a graceful tribute to our beloved Bishop and to this faithful people for their noble beneficence in behalf of the poor of Ireland; it was a tribute well deserved, for in no portion of the Queen's dominions was a more generous liberality displayed than by the people of His Lordship's Diocese. We envy the people of Nova Scotia for having so gifted a Pastor; and it is the prayer and hearty wish of the thousands of Irish Catholics who heard him that day, that he soon may be restored to health, and that his visit may be prolonged, to delight and instruct us with his learning and teaching.

After Divine service, the procession passed through the principal streets of the city to the Town Hall, where the people were addressed by the President of the Society, J. O'Reilly, Esq., D. Macarow, Esq., and several other gentlemen of the Society. The remarks of Mr. O'Reilly, who is a great favorite with his countrymen, were received with much favor, and during the delivery of his speech were frequently applauded. Mr. Macarow also made a capital speech, which was received also with much favor.

The proceedings, after several pieces of National music had been performed by the Wolfe Island Society's Band, cheers given for Her Majesty the Queen, for our Irish Governor Lord Monck, the President of St. Patrick's Society of Kingston, the President of the Society of Wolfe Island, for Mr. Hugh Crowley, and the Marshals of the Day, were then brought to a close, and the vast multitude dispersed to their homes.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN WOLFE ISLAND.

On the morning of the 17th instant the members of the St. Patrick's Society of this place, assembled in good numbers at the Township Hall, to celebrate the Anniversary of their Patron Saint. Being formed into Procession by their Grand Marshal, Mr. P. Dawson, they, under his guidance, and headed by their own Band, proceeded to Kingston to take part in the Procession there, to which their numbers formed a very creditable addition. Indeed too much praise cannot be given to the members of this Society for the efforts they have made through the past year to organise a Band; nor to Mr. Crowley, their President, who has left nothing undone for its advancement.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN CAMDEN.

(From the British Whig.)

The Irish national festival was duly celebrated in Camden. The St. Patrick's Society of Camden is in a very flourishing condition, and turned out in great strength on St. Patrick's Day. Over four hundred members assembled at Centreville at nine o'clock in the morning, headed by an excellent band of music, and marshalled by Messrs. Peter McLaughlin and Michael O'Dea, marshals, in procession to the Catholic Church, where High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. McIntyre in honor of the day. After the first gospel, Mr. McIntyre addressed the assembled multitude, in earnest and eloquent terms, on the duties of Irishmen in their adopted country, commending their patriotism and love of country, and also the liberality displayed in the recent relief extended their fellow countrymen at Home, and stated that it was only another evidence of the deep interest the Irish emigrant takes in those he left behind him in his own beautiful Isle. Canada owes much to the Irish settlers, for it was owing to their stalwart arms and incomparable industry, that the backwoods of Canada had been cleared and cultivated. Camden thirty years ago was almost an impenetrable wilderness, where the first Irish settler built his log shanty and made his first clearance; now there are cultivated farms and comfortable houses, which would vie in productiveness and comfort with those in the most favored counties of England. He begged of his people to duly honor the day by cultivating kindly feelings with their fellow colonists and neighbours, and hoped that none would desecrate the honored festival of St. Patrick, by acts of violence or intemperance.

At the conclusion of Divine Service the procession reformed, and returned to Centreville, where they were addressed by their President, Patrick O'Dea, Esq., who delivered a speech remarkable for its good taste and patriotism. He congratulated the Society on the creditable turn out made by them, and although the storm of the day prevented many from attending, who would otherwise be present, nevertheless it must be admitted that the celebration of the day shewed, that his countrymen were rapidly increasing in wealth, intelligence and respectability.

The President then proposed three hearty cheers for our Gracious Sovereign, the Queen, which was received with much enthusiasm, and repeated again and again, evincing the loyalty and deep attachment the Irishmen of Camden entertain for Her Majesty.

Cheers were also given for "Old Ireland," His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the President, and several prominent members of the Society. In the evening over one hundred and fifty persons sat down to a very substantial dinner, prepared at Mr. John Whelan's Inn, Centreville. The President, Patrick O'Dea, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Whelan spared no expense in his endeavors to please his guests, and richly deserved the praises bestowed on him for his exertions. The dinner was all that the most fastidious could wish for, and gave the utmost satisfaction.

The following toasts were given, and duly professed by the chairman:

- "The Queen" God bless her.
"Three times three and one cheer more."
"The Day, and all who honor it."
Responded to by William Whelan, Esq, in a patriotic speech.
"The memory of the Prince Consort"—drunk in silence;
"The Prince of Wales, and the rest of the royal family";
"The Governor General our distinguished countryman"—received with much cheering;
"The Army and Navy"—responded to by one of the militia officers present;
"The memory of Daniel O'Connell"—drunk in solemn silence;
"The land we love, and the land we live in"—responded to by Mr. Curran, in a very able and eloquent manner;
"The Militia of Canada, ever ready to turn out in defence of our homes and our altars"—Captain Whelan responded in a very energetic and loyal speech, his remarks being received with hearty applause;
"The Agricultural and Manufacturing Interests of Canada"—responded to, in suitable terms, by Mr. Braas.
A number of volunteer toasts were also given, and speeches and songs followed in rapid succession until a late hour, when the large assembly retired to their homes, delighted and pleased with the happy manner in which the whole proceedings of the day were conducted.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT PERTH.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—It is with much pleasure I send you a brief account of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day at Perth, because, it was one of which Irishmen should feel proud, and one which reflected much credit on the Office-bearers and members of the Society, especially, and, in fact, was an honor to all who took any part in it. Without any exaggeration, the number in the Procession amounted to about from 500 to 550, which was small, no doubt, compared with those of other years; but we must bear in mind that the day previous was very stormy, and the roads completely blocked up in several places in the country, so that those living at some distance had no possibility of coming in, though ever so anxious, to assist in celebrating the Day. But the lack in numbers was more than fully compensated, by the good order and regularity of the Procession, as it is generally acknowledged that there never before was a Procession in Perth that had such an imposing effect on the minds of the spectators. The members of the St. Patrick's Society having assembled at the Catholic School-house, a little before Mass time, formed into rank, and walked two deep to the Church, preceded by their Band, playing the soul-stirring air of St. Patrick's Day. Having entered the Church, their already elated sensations were soothingly borne aloft on the scale of sublimity by the sweet and harmonious notes that flowed from the Church organ, at the hands of one of the favored sons of the Muses, the accomplished and excellent musician, M. Du Mouchell. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father O'Connell of Richmond, whose fine, manly Irish voice had more charms in it for the hearts of his hearers, than all the music which the art of man can invent, and which it is possible only to conceive. The sermon of the Day was preached by the Very Rev. Vicar-General himself, who, though feeling unwell at the time, delivered a very powerful and eloquent discourse—to give even a faint synopsis of which, I acknowledge my own inadequacy; suffice it to say, however, that it was one such as an Irish Priest, who is second to none in his love for religion and country, is capable of on such a national occasion.

After Mass, the Procession was again formed in front of the Church. The children of the Catholic School, with their little flags, and neatly dressed Marshall, occupied the van—their clean appearance and smiling countenances being faithful mirrors of the innocence and purity of their tender hearts; next in order came those of the congregation, who voluntarily joined the Procession, being non-members; and, let me here remark, that these were principally the sons of Irish farmers, whose warm, comfortable, homemade clothing, square, broad shoulders, and healthy sun-burned faces, indicated that they were the real material that would be required in case of an invasion for the defence of Canada, and not those puny-limbed, pale-faced, hob-gobbling newspaper scribbling editors of Perth, who have sneered at, and ridiculed them, for no other reason but because they were Irishmen and Catholics. Then followed the St. Patrick's Society, with their splendid, gorgeous banners floating in the breeze, and their highly colored band discoursing exquisite music, upon whom too much praise cannot be lavished for the manner in which they performed their own part of the day's proceedings. After parading the principal streets of Perth to their hearts' satisfaction, the Sons of Erin found themselves once more in semicircular arrangement in the presence of the Very Rev. J. H. McDonnagh, V.G., who, in company with the Rev. Mr. O'Connell, was waiting in readiness to receive them, on the balcony, from which, on this, as on other occasions, he failed not to address them and give them his blessing. Having given three cheers for the Day we celebrate, three cheers for our most Holy Father Pope Pius IX., three cheers for our Sovereign Lady the Queen, three cheers for the Very Rev. Mr. McDonnagh and the Rev. Mr. O'Connell, three cheers for the President and officers of the St. Patrick's Society, and the Society, and three cheers for our separated brethren, the assembly separated, not without reiterated charges from their Very Rev. Pastor to go home quietly and peaceably, as becoming Catholics and Christians. So the Day passed off in Perth, without anything to diversify the scene, but the pranks of one or two Orange rowdies, who tried to raise a quarrel in the evening, and I believe, fared worse themselves.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT BROOKVILLE.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—Our glorious National Anniversary was duly celebrated, in true Irish style—religiously, reverently, and joyously—by the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society of this town on last Monday. The weather, for some days previous, was certainly anything but encouraging for any outside display; nothing but snow; look upward, you beheld snow falling in flakes, accompanied with chilling high winds; look for roads, and you saw piles of snow; in fact everything was overclouded with snow, and still down it came at a furious rate, making every one tremble at the gloomy prospect for St. Patrick's Day. Any men, but Irishmen, would have abandoned the idea of attempting an out-door celebration. But, Mr. Editor, the Seventeenth of March never yet found the Irish in a cold temper as it was coming, and the Sons of the Emerald Isle of Brookville were determined to honor the Irish Festival-Day of 1862 even at the risk of battling with the storm-king snow.

Fears were entertained that the Prescott St. Patrick's Brass Band, who had been engaged for the occasion, would be unable to get up—and indeed it was not unreasonable to think so, as the Grand Trunk Railway was completely blocked, and to undertake to drive twelve miles through so much snow, was a task beyond accomplishment. Such then was the aspect of affairs on Sunday night the 16th March, 1862. It was really saddening to think that the festivities of Monday should be thus clouded—the Day so fondly anticipated, now likely to be dulled by the fierce blasts of the storm. Poor humanity, how little you know of the future! On Monday morning about seven o'clock.

* This last fact was stated by the Marquis of Normanby in the House of Lords on the 7th inst.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

The debates in the French Senate were brought to a close by M. Billault (Ministre sans portefeuille) on the affairs of Italy and Rome, and in reply to the violent tirade of the notorious Plon-Plon, M. Billault spoke as follows:—

Gentlemen, Senators, the Government understands that, in a question which so closely concerns both conscience and politics, public opinion is seriously occupied; but the Government could not understand that to judge the present, to presume the future, we should forget the past. Sensible statesmen will understand that the past necessarily binds the present and influences the future.

Let it suffice for the present to proclaim with M. Thouvenel that it is the interest of great social questions that the Head of the Church should be maintained upon the throne occupied by his predecessors for so many centuries. We confidently refer ourselves to France to see this opinion respected, and we are prepared to second it with all our power, to assure the incontestable triumph of a principle which we regard as the basis of all social order.

As regards Rome, continued M. Billault, the reserves made by France have been perfectly understood by the Italians. A third incident presented itself. The Italian Government seeks for a combination between itself and the Court of Rome, which may give to the new kingdom that Roman capital to which so many popular manifestations aspire.

M. Billault then came to Prince Napoleon's speech:—"I have listened, gentlemen, with that attention which they deserved to the powerful arguments of an illustrious orator. In those arguments I recognise principles and tendencies which the Government of the Emperor cannot accept. The hon. speaker has observed that he cared very little whether the Minister Commissary of the Government approved them or not (Prince Napoleon bowed in assent); that he knew very well it would end by his sharing the Emperor's views. The views of the Emperor, gentlemen, are those which I express. I have special powers to declare as much to you. If you compare the policy advocated by the illustrious speaker with that of the Emperor you will find a marked difference. The illustrious speaker has observed that the Emperor's idea from the beginning was Italian unity. Italian unity was now a fact which he would be sorry to see disturbed, but his idea was, when he first sent his eagles across the Alps, the enfranchisement of Italy from foreign domination. What he wished for was, the confederation of all the Italian States united under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father. When the Emperor took his glorious flag on to Italian soil, it was unity by the confederation of the Italian States which he wished to realize; it was not to dethrone Sovereigns, to destroy the power of the Holy See, to confound everything in the formidable and complicated problem of Italian unity; he went there for one sole and glorious object, profitable at once to France as to Italy,—to enfranchise the people from a foreign domination, to break the Austrian yoke from off their necks. I well remember with what eagerness he expressed himself after his return from his glorious campaign. 'Do you think that it was not without regret that I have left my programme uncompleted, and that, instead of enfranchising Italy from the Adriatic to Venice, I have stopped on the Mincio? Central Italy was not then considered.—It was the west against the East, and against Aus-

trian domination that our Army advanced. I now come to the possibility and consequences of an evacuation of Rome. The illustrious orator alludes to said, 'How ought my Government to act?' Various Senators.—'Our Government.' M. Billault.—'Decidedly, so. In his speech, the Prince repeatedly said, 'my Government,' 'my Sovereign.' Prince Napoleon (turning to the reporters' gallery).—'Please to notice this interruption.' The immediate result of the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome (continued M. Billault) would be an insurrection in that capital. The temporal power of the Pope would go to an end; the spiritual power would go with it. I doubt even if the lives of the Pope and of the members of the Sacred College would be safe. What a scandal for Christendom! In virtue of what right are we at Rome? Is it not by an exceptional violation of that principle of non-intervention which we have proclaimed throughout the rest of Italy? Grave motives of a superior order have rendered this exception necessary. But how can we say to the other Powers, 'We have protected the Pope for 10 years, but we protect him no longer; we protected him yesterday, we prohibit you from protecting him today?' ('Hear, hear,' and great sensation.) Before adopting so radical a resolution all the consequences ought to be calmly considered. M. Billault pointed out 'negotiation' as the only means. He admitted that Rome was the great obstacle; the King of Italy was willing to negotiate. M. Billault then quoted a despatch from Count Rossi to M. Guizot, dated July 28, 1847:—

The catastrophe (it says) can only be adjourned, not avoided, and the question of the fall of the temporal power of the Pope is simply a question of time. ('Hear, hear!' from Prince Napoleon.) 'It was said here the other day that this question was ripe; that it ought to be settled. The Government of the Emperor knows perfectly what it wishes and what it does not wish.' Prince Napoleon.—'Let it state its wishes.'

M. Billault.—'It has done so, and will repeat the statement. It does not wish to see reaction which by invading the revolted provinces would hand them over, bound hand and foot, to the Holy Father. It does not wish for evacuation, which would hand over Rome to revolution, would lead to the fall of the Papal power, and cause profound trouble throughout the whole of the Catholic world. It wishes to conciliate the two extremes. It does not wish to sacrifice either of the two fundamental principles of the policy of France.'

M. Billault sat down amid loud cheering. The paragraph was put to the vote and adopted. The ensemble of the Address was then put to the vote. The result was:—

Table with 2 columns: Ayes, Noes, Majority. Ayes: 122, Noes: 6, Majority: 117.

The Senate then adjourned. The suspension of M. Ernest Renan's course of lectures at the College of France, by order of M. Rouland, Minister of Public Instruction, must rank as a great political event.

M. Renan is a Protestant of more advanced school, and his appointment to the post of Professor of Oriental languages at the College of France gave much annoyance to the Catholic party, who looked upon it as an outrage to religion. We find the following notice of this affair in the Paris correspondence of the London Times:—

The Monitor publishes an order signed by M. Rouland, Minister of Public Instruction, suspending M. Ernest Renan's course of lectures at the College of France, for that, "in his discourse delivered on Saturday last at that college, at the opening of the course of lectures on the Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Syriac tongues, M. Renan professed doctrines which affect Christian belief, and which may produce deplorable agitations." M. Renan was originally destined for the clerical profession. He spent some years as an ecclesiastical student in the College of St. Sulpice, in Paris, but quitted that seminary before taking orders. He subsequently devoted himself to the study of the Oriental languages and of Bible literature. He has the reputation of being an able, if not a profound Oriental scholar, and has published several works of much interest and research. He obtained the Volney prize in 1847 for an essay on the Semitic languages, and another in 1849 for a work on the Greek of the Middle Ages. He obtained from the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres a literary mission to Italy in 1849, where he collected materials for a work on the Hispano-Arab philosopher Averroes, who was the first to translate into Arabic the writings of Aristotle. In 1850 he was appointed one of the keepers of the manuscripts of the National Library, and in 1856 was elected member of the Academy of Inscriptions. He has besides published Essays on Comparative Philology, which appeared in various periodicals, and were afterwards published in a collected form under the title of Essays on Religious History. He was very lately employed on an antiquarian mission in Syria, and the results of his labours still appear in the form of reports in the Monitor. The merits of these various works in a literary point of view is pronounced by competent judges to be very great, and to show an amount of erudition of no ordinary kind. On the other hand, M. Renan is said to have carried his speculations on revealed religion, and particularly on Christianity, to the utmost limit; indeed, almost to the negation of a Divine Being. His recent appointment to the Chair of Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Syriac, at the College of France, produced a certain degree of sensation in the press, especially in what are called the religious journals. The opinion as to his peculiar views on religion was so general that the Minister of Public Instruction thought it necessary to calm the apprehensions of those whose sons were to benefit by the lessons of the Professor, by declaring that M. Renan would not, in the course of his lectures, emanate doctrines tending to disturb those principles on which a belief in revealed religion, irrespective of sect, reposed; but that he would strictly confine himself to ancient languages and history in a literary point of view. Still, the feeling was very strong, both against and for him. The fact of the clerical journals having thought proper to sound the alarm was sufficient to call forth a counter-demonstration from their opponents. An immense crowd mustered in the streets leading to the college on Saturday last, and with loud exhibitions of party feeling. In fact, M. Renan, on his first appearance as a lecturer, had to be protected by squads of police, who, with some little difficulty, succeeded in obtaining a hearing for the Professor, who was cheered a good deal by his friends. In order that you may form some notion of the character of the lecture, I give the following passages from it:—

"Amid the enormous fermentation in which the Jewish nation was plunged under the last Assyrians the most extraordinary moral event of which history makes mention occurred in Galilee. A man, incomparable, and so great that, though here everything must be judged in a point of view of positive science, I would not contradict those who, struck by the exceptional character of his work, call him God, effected a reform in Judaism—a reform so profound, so individual as to be a creation in every part. Reaching the highest religious point to which man ever attained, coming to look at God face to face in the relations of a son with his father, devoted to his work, with a total forgetfulness of everything else and an unselfishness which has never been practised so highly; finally the victim of his idea, and made Divine by his death, Jesus founded the eternal religion of humanity, the religion of the mind, disembarrassed of all priesthood, of all worship, of all observances, accessible to all races, superior to all castes,—in one word, absolute. The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says the affairs of the students has become rather serious. A great many arrests were made on Sunday. The Independence and the Nord were seized to-day on ac-

count; it is supposed, of the details, relating to the excitement of the students. The Travaux, a literary journal, directed by students, has published a number with a black border. The Correspondance says that arrests have been made in the provinces as well as in Paris. At four o'clock this afternoon a strong body of police made a descent upon the office of the Courrier du Dimanche, seized papers, and arrested several clerical compositors. The Courrier is said to be an organ of the students. The odious invention alluded to by the Monitor, is that a student was killed in an affair with the police. The students have got into their heads that the assumed invention is a fact, and they intend to go in procession to the cemetery, where, it is said, their confere was buried. The arrest of the ring-leaders will prevent any procession. There were reports that any demonstration of the kind would be put down, not by the police, but by the military force.

The Globe correspondent says there is a very uneasy feeling prevailing in Paris just now. The correspondent of the Star says the excitement caused by the dismissal of Ernest Renan is growing every hour hotter. The police are aroused to the fullest possible degree of watchfulness, and students are hourly summoned before the Commissary. The classes in the Sorbonne have been temporarily suspended, lest anything of an outbreak should occur. The Monitor of the 3rd instant says:—"Culpable intrigues having excited the students to manifestations based upon an odious invention, the Minister of Public Instruction has informed the Vice-Rector that the students or scholars who should take part in any riotous assemblage shall be immediately expelled from the Academy of Paris, and deprived of their academic inscriptions."

After a long period of repose Paris is once more agitated by a threatening movement which may have serious results. The origin of this agitation, which is said to cause deep uneasiness to the authorities, is but ill understood; and this uncertainty is itself a dangerous symptom. The alienation of Catholic feeling from the Emperor's Government and dynasty has undoubtedly shaken the basis on which his throne rests, so that a comparatively slight shock might now suffice to overthrow a structure so laboriously raised. The policy which aimed at conciliating the revolutionists is at length shown to be as shallow as it was devoid of principle. The revolutionists are ready to seize on any pretext to turn on their imperial patron; and but for their wholesome dread of military repression would, perhaps, repay his patronage by depriving him of his crown and life. The present critical state of things has been brought about by a variety of causes—the distress of the working classes, the admitted extravagance of the Government, and, above all, the dissatisfaction of the Catholic masses with the conduct of the Emperor to the Pope. General Montauban's donation, and M. Renan's dismissal are mere straws that indicate how strongly the popular current sets against the Imperial Government.—Dublin Telegraph.

MARCH 5.—In to-day's sitting of the Corps Legislatif, a letter from the Emperor was read, sincerely deploring the misunderstanding which had arisen upon the question of the rejection of the bill for Gen. Montauban's pension. The Emperor adds—The rejection of this bill could involve no difficulty, as the laws are now discussed with regard to the intrinsic objects, and not with a view to overturn ministers.—But in order to re-establish the mutual confidence which ought ever to have existed between the legislature and executive bodies, the government will withdraw the present bill, and introduce another destined to reward exceptional military services in China. The reading of the letter was followed by shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!'

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN FRANCE.—PARIS, March 2.—The Monitor of to-day states that the Nantes journal Esperance du Peuple has received a first warning for containing a correspondence conceived in an inimical spirit, and making a manifest appeal to passions most hostile to the established order of affairs. The Monitor also announces, that the France Centrale has received a second warning for the propagation of false news calculated to excite hatred and contempt of the Government.

M. M'Sheehy, responsible editor of the Union, appeared yesterday before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, charged with exciting hatred and contempt of the Government by the publication of an article commencing "Liberty of evil; that is the whole theory of the Revolution," and M. Laurantie, the writer of the article, M. Dubouison, printer of the journal, and M. Carion, director and printer of the Emancipation of Cambrai, into which the article was copied, were charged as accomplices. M. Benoit supported the charge, while M. Derrier defended the accused. The tribunal condemned M. M'Sheehy and Laurantie to two months' imprisonment and 2,000f. fine each; M. Carion to one month's imprisonment and 500f. fine, and M. Dubouison to 500f. fine.—Times Cor.

The authorities have been for some time past on the track of guilty intrigues, and have just ordered the arrest of the ring-leaders. The matter has been referred to the Tribunal. The following singular anecdote is furnished by the Paris correspondent of the Morning Star:—"A very curious anecdote circulates throughout Paris, which has had no small effect in making a great many of the deputies vote against the Emperor, but whether they have or have not reason for believing it is not in my power to determine. If true it bears some analogy to a great turning point in French history, a bracelet, or rather two bracelets, being the cause from which it sprung. The story goes that the English correspondents who said that the French looted for some time previous to the arrival of our soldiers the imperial palace at Peking, were correct in their assertions; and that General Montauban filled his pockets from the caskets of the Chinese empresses. Amongst the most precious of the spoils appropriated to his private use, were the two necklaces, one of which was made of a very rare kind of dark grey pearl, and the other of diamonds, emeralds, and gigantic rubies. On the return to Paris of the victor of Palikao, he, not very well understanding the value of jewellery, made a present of the pearl necklace to the Empress, who, not liking the setting, sent it to her jeweller to be broken up, and also desired him to let her know its value in money. The jeweller is said to have supposed that money was scarce at the Tuilleries, as it was during the financial crisis that he received the message, and he offered for the precious ornament 1,800,000 francs.—Notwithstanding his reputation for coarse rudeness that makes him so disliked in Paris, Montauban meanwhile gave a further proof of his devotion to the ladies, and proceeded to the hotel of the newly-arrived Duke of Malakoff, to whose wife he offered the other necklace, which rumour says is still more valuable than the one made of grey pearls. The duchess, who understood the value of such things better than the would-be donor, said she could not accept it till she showed it to the Duke, who, when he saw it, went straight to the Tuilleries and displayed it there, at the same time demanding what he was to do. The Emperor is reported to have said,—"Since the Empress has accepted another nearly as valuable, I don't see why the duchess should not do likewise," and the duke accordingly put it in his pocket. Some conversation then took place as to the enormous value of the gems, which was duly repeated to their former possessor, who was by all accounts on the verge of despatch at having thus so simply let a fortune slip through his fingers. A benevolent busybody is generally supposed to have in turn told at the Tuilleries all about the intense anguish which the general suffered, to the great amusement of the Emperor, who, to indemnify him for his lost property, proposed the donation that has got him into the false position in which he now is. This anecdote is implicitly believed by several deputies who express themselves as being deeply insulted at being made the means by which "Madame Malakoff's necklace should be paid for." On the other hand, I have been assured by some who have many

opportunities of being well informed that there may be a little foundation in this piece of Paris gossip, but not sufficient to justify all that has been said on the subject.

ITALY.—The scheme presented by the Commissioners to the Chamber of Deputies guaranteeing to every one full liberty of conscience and of profession, the domestic exercise of his religion, and the right to choose his belief according to his own free conviction. The enjoyment of civil and political rights is not to be dependent on religious profession, nor to be subject to any restriction on that account. Difference of religion will not form a civil obstacle to marriage. Professors of all beliefs are equally admissible by law to all dignities of public employment. Every church or religious society has the right publicly to carry out its worship; the law grants to all churches and to religious societies this legal right. There is to be no State privileged religion.

Le Nord publishes the following:—"At Berlin political matters are beginning to look very serious. The attitude of the Chamber of Deputies in questions of foreign policy tends to exercise a pressure upon the Government which the latter wishes to cast off. Thus the Committee of the Chamber having, with the exception of one vote, unanimously adopted the proposition relative to the recognition of the kingdom of Italy, Councillor Hebke, in the name of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, declined to take part in the deliberations, because the Government could not consent to subject its foreign policy to the influence of Parliament."

There are those who think that the resolution of Ministers arose altogether from an internal disorder, a dissension among the members of the Cabinet.—The Tuscan party among them, and especially Peruzzi and Bastogi, are said to have been wounded by some rather pungent sarcasms which fell from the lips of Cordova in the heat of an extremely able and eloquent speech delivered by the Minister on Thursday last, in support of his own Bill for the extension of the gold currency into those provinces where hitherto only a silver currency legally existed.—viz., in Naples and Tuscany,—a measure which the Tuscan party opposed upon what Cordova described as old-fashioned "Chinese and Japanese" views. To this must be added the defeat suffered by Bastogi in the Senate, where his Bill for the Reorganisation of the Exchequer Court (Corte dei Conti) was wounded in its most vital principles. Were these the only reasons for the Minister's retirement this would hardly amount to a crisis, as the Cabinet would remain sound at the head, and Baron Ricasoli would still have it in his power to reconstitute an Administration by a rimpasto, or new combination, similar to that which occurred early in the spring of last year when Cavour was anxious to rid himself of some obnoxious colleagues.

Other persons, however, think that Ricasoli himself finds his position untenable, and has long been anxious to quit it—first, on public grounds, for it is supposed that his speech in answer to the Boggio interpellation on Tuesday last has been a political plunder, especially where he said that he considered the Committees of Provision, or Mazzinian Committees, useful, in so far as they contributed to keep up the public spirit, an expression which won him the applause of the Left and seemed to submit him to the rather subversive notions of that party. There is no doubt also that the telegram which yesterday conveyed Lord Russell's observations that the event of the alleged proclamation of an Italian General in the South turning out to be authentic, he (Baron Ricasoli) would deem it his duty to remonstrate with the Italian Government, greatly wounded and indisposed Ricasoli's proud mind. The Baron was heard to ask what an English Minister would have said had any foreign Government deemed it expedient to remonstrate with him on the rather severe measures said to have been adopted to quell the Indian mutiny of 1857.

That the resignation is now before the Sovereign is an undoubted fact; but, if these last comments upon the event have any good ground, it seems rather clear that a reconstitution of the Ministry under Ricasoli has become somewhat impracticable, and a Rattazzi Administration, either with his former friends or in league with Farini, Minghetti, and other used-up and, in the public estimation, somewhat damaged statesmen, has become inevitable, though a dissolution of Parliament may also be the unavoidable consequence of their first appearance in the Chambers. Mayhap a new Parliament will bring forward new men. The present Chamber was elected under the influence of Count Cavour, almost at his dictation, and consisted of men who would follow him stoutly and almost passively, in the conviction that he could never lead them wrong. His successors have clearly lost the track that led so plain before him, and it may, perhaps, be necessary that the nation should, in its turn, take the lead, and point out through a new batch of its representatives, and under altogether altered circumstances, its real views, intentions, and aspirations.

Garibaldi has had a conference with Signor Rattazzi.

JACOBINISM TRIUMPHANT.—The Trieste Gazette contains a correspondence from Milan, in which it is declared that a general persecution of the priests is taking place in Lombardy. At Milan, Brescia, Bergamo, Lodi, and Crema, says the letter, many priests, known to be faithful supporters of the Pope, have been insulted and subjected to personal violence.—At Leghorn, a canon, after a sermon in which he had spoken in favour of the temporal power of the Pope, was set upon by a furious rabble, and so grievously ill-treated that one of his eyes was knocked out, and his recovery was looked upon as almost hopeless. Many priests, out of fear of popular excesses, have fled from Lombardy to Switzerland and Venetia. Every morning, in Milan, placards appeared upon the walls bearing the words, 'Death to the Pope!' 'To the gallows with Antonelli!' and the like inscriptions; and on the public squares preachers excited the people against the Pontiff, and in favour of a crusade against Rome.

The Patrie says we believe that we are able to say that the programme adopted by Signor Rattazzi will follow in the interior a form of policy capable of resisting the influence of secret societies. Signor Rattazzi, in his foreign policy, will oppose the agitations relative to the Roman question, the solution of which can only be arrived at peacefully and with the concurrence of France. Signor Rattazzi has also decided to take the initiative in all European combinations which may bring about a diplomatic solution of the Venetian question. In order to stop the popular manifestations against the Pontifical Government, General Goyon had occupied the Corso with 3,000 French troops, marching in lines as if on the field of battle. Cavalry were stationed opposite the Piazza del Popolo, and the Piazza Barberini. This display of military force was disapproved of. Monsignor de Merode has discovered the secretary of the Roman National Committee. He is stated to be one Penazzi, at whose domicile important documents have been found, including a list of patriots, and letters from a French officer of high position to a lady who was in connection with the Committee. Thirty-six persons in all have been arrested. An assembly of 20,000 persons sat on Thursday, on the forum to protest against the

Carnival patronized by the Government. Great irritation was displayed.

AUSTRIA

Religious Liberty.—The scheme presented by the Commissioners to the Chamber of Deputies guaranteeing to every one full liberty of conscience and of profession, the domestic exercise of his religion, and the right to choose his belief according to his own free conviction. The enjoyment of civil and political rights is not to be dependent on religious profession, nor to be subject to any restriction on that account. Difference of religion will not form a civil obstacle to marriage. Professors of all beliefs are equally admissible by law to all dignities of public employment. Every church or religious society has the right publicly to carry out its worship; the law grants to all churches and to religious societies this legal right. There is to be no State privileged religion.

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POLAND

A letter from Warsaw states that persecutions and outrages are getting more and more frequent. The soldiers are still bivouacking in the streets, and pounce on every one that come in their way. The other day they seized a poor man who was going for a doctor to attend his wife, she being on the eve of her confinement. His prayers and protestations were of course unheeded; and when, two days after, he was liberated, he found both mother and child at home dead. Not satisfied with imposing upon the unfortunate Poles a government which authorizes the performance of such atrocious deeds, Russia actually insists upon forcing its charity upon them. A short time ago the Emperor ordered a sum of about £3000 to be distributed among the poor of Warsaw by the police. Many refusing to accept this boon from the hands of their oppressors, they were called to the police office. One, a bootmaker, with seven children, who was not aware of his having been entered on the list of those entitled to the Emperor's bounty, on being informed that he was allowed 15 roubles, refused to take it, saying that it was true he was poor, but he did not want nor had he asked any one to relieve him. This speech cost him dear; he was taken to prison as a revolutionist, and his wife and children would have starved had not some charitable persons taken care of them.

How THE ITALIAN "PLEBISCITE" WAS TAKEN.—The Times' correspondent has admitted that the plebiscite, or popular vote, in favour of Victor Emmanuel, Annexation to Sardinia, and Italian Unity, was a humbug, as all plebiscite are. How this "humbug" was effected at Modena, we know from the "Revelations of a Secret Agent of Count Cavour," published by the Baron of Ricasoli. Here are some details:—

The elections which took place a few days afterwards resembled very much the scene I have just described. We had the registers brought to us that we might prepare the list of electors; we made out all the bulletins. For these first local elections, as afterwards for the annexation vote, only few electors presented themselves to take any part in it; but at the moment of closing up the urns, we threw in the bulletins naturally on the side of Piedmont; not of course, quite all; we left out some hundreds or some thousands, according to the population represented by the college. It was necessary to try to keep up appearances, at least abroad; for on the spot they knew pretty well what was going on. Let no one exclaim "impossible." I do not exaggerate a tittle. Why even in France, where the people are accustomed to electoral proceedings, where the formation of the bureau is regular, where a number of persons really interested and jealous of their rights surround the urns, even in France, similar false practices in the result of the scrutiny are not without example. One can, therefore, well understand why these sad manoeuvres and tricks should succeed in a country entirely new to the exercise of universal suffrage, and when, in fact, the general indifference and systematic abstraction wonderfully aided these frauds, by taking away the only effectual check. At the same time we acted in such a way as to render all guarantees of publicity and surveillance which the law offers to the electors, in practice perfectly illusory. Before the vote was opened, agents of the police, and disguised Caribbeers choked up all the entrances to the Hall, and it was from among these impartial persons that the president of the bureau and the scrutineers were always chosen. We were, therefore, not crippled in that regard. In some colleges, however, this wholesome introduction into the use of the bulletins of the absent, which we called "completing the vote" was done with so little care, that upon the proclamation of the result, it was found that there had been more voters than electors inscribed. No reflection could be made to the process-verbal. As for the bulletins negative or hostile to Piedmont, necessary to give an air of sincerity to the vote we reported them ourselves to the electors. I can speak with truth as to what regards Modena, for everything was done relating to it under my own eyes and by my direction. I may say the same thing with respect to Parma and Florence.—Revelations of a Secret Agent of Count Cavour.

UNITED STATES

CONVERSION.—The Rev. W. A. Leach, late minister of the Episcopal Church at Leo, Mass., has recently been received into the Catholic Church.—N. Y. Tablet.

The N. Y. Tribune gives prominence to the fact that a Union man has been found by its correspondent in Arkansas. His name is Thos. Williams, and he has been twenty years a severe sufferer from rheumatism, which prevented his impressment into the Confederate service.

Seventeen divorces were granted in one county in Vermont, at the recent term of the Supreme Court, and thirteen of the petitioners were women. The New York Herald of the 18th instant says:—"We shall never allow the Powers of Europe to build up a Monarchy side by side with our Republic to undermine it; and if they do not speedily desist from the attempt, we will not only drive them out of Mexico, but from every portion of the North American continent and all the islands which geographically belong to it. Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Among the letters found in the rebel camp on Roanoke Island was one from a young lady in the South to her lover in the rebel army, in which she says:—"I hope we shall see each other again here; but if we do not, I hope we shall meet in heaven, where there will be no Yankees." Of the results of the civil war is the alarming increase of pauperism in the United States. In Great Britain, with a population of about 22,000,000, there are 900,000 persons receiving parish relief; in the State of New York, with a population of less than 4,000,000, there are 314,797; the number having increased 90,000 since 1850. Pauperism in Great Britain is 4 per cent of the population, and in New York 8 per cent. Gen. Beauregard, has issued the following proclamation to the Army of the Mississippi:—"Head-quarters Army of the Mississippi, Jackson, Tenn., March 6th. Soldiers, I assume this day the command

of the army of the Mississippi, for the defense of our homesteads, liberties, and to resist the subjugation, spoliation, and dishonor of our people. Our mothers and wives, our sisters and children, expect us to do our duty, even to the sacrifice of our lives. Our losses since the commencement of this war, in killed, wounded and prisoners, are now about the same as those of the enemy. He must be made to atone for the reverses we have lately experienced. Those reverses, far from disheartening, must nerve us to new deeds of valor and patriotism, and should inspire us with an unconquerable determination to drive back our invaders. Should any one in this army be unequal to this task before us, let him transfer his arms and equipments at once to braver, firmer hands, and return to their homes. Our cause is as just and sacred as ever animated men to take up arms; and if we are true to it and to ourselves with the continued protection of the Almighty we must and shall triumph.

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INFORMATION WANTED, OF MICHAEL HENNESSY. When last heard from, in 1856, he was in Ogle County, Illinois. Any information concerning him will be most thankfully received by his wife, MARY HENNESSY, St. Rochs, Quebec.

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The Title and Table of Contents suggests the character of this work, which the Rev. Author designates in the following Dedication: "This Treatise on the Sacred Infancy of our Most Dear and Blessed Redeemer, is laid with the most Tender Devotion, the most Humble Confidence, and the most Reverential Worship, at the Feet of Saint Joseph, the Spouse of Mary, and the Great Foster-Father of our Lord." The name of the distinguished Author, whose Works have already become so popular in England and this country, as well as on the Continent, where they have been translated, and met with an immense sale, is sufficient to invite attention to this past production of his genius, learning and piety. Like Father Faber's other Works, it abounds in passages of rare learning, exquisite beauty, graceful imagery and most tender piety. To at least many of the 50,000 who have read his other Works, particularly his "All for Jesus" this last production of his genius, and still more of his deep, active love for that same ever blessed Saviour of men, will be a more than welcome visitor; an offering better than treasures of gold and silver; if any were at this moment, when thrones are crumbling, and actions are falling to pieces or being humbled to the dust, it is in the stable, and by the crib of the Babe of Bethlehem, that the proud and the wise of the world may learn the worth of the saying: 'Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity; except to love God, and to serve Him alone.'

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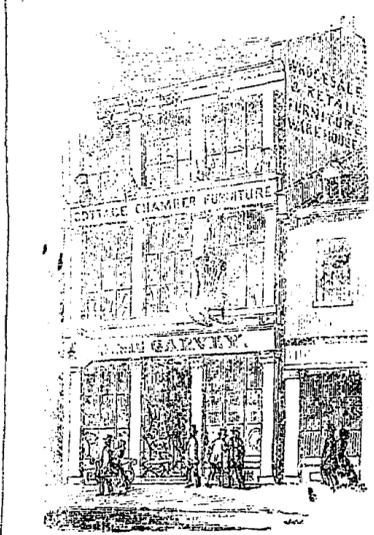
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If they are sick they will cure them, if they are well they will do them no harm. Give them to some patient who has been prostrated with bilious complaint: see his bent-up, laboring form straighten with strength again; see his brow clear, and his eyes bright; see the flowers of his bloom in health. Give them to some suffering whose foul blood has burst out in scrofula till his skin is covered with sores; who stands, or sits, or lies in anguish. He has been drenched inside and out with every potion which ingenuity could suggest. Give him these PILLS, and mark the effect; see the sores fall from his body; see the new, fair skin that has grown under them; see the late cancer that is clean. Give them to him whose arthritic humors have planted rheumatism in his joints and bones; move him, and he screeches with pain; he has been soaked through every muscle of his body with liniments and salves; give him these PILLS to purify his blood; they may not cure him, for alas! there are cases which no mortal power can reach; but mark the relief which crutches now, and now he walks alone; they have cured him. Give them to the lean, sour, haggard dyspeptic, whose gnawing stomach has long ago eaten every smile from his face and every muscle from his body. See his appetite return, and with it his health; see the new man. See her that was radiant with health and loveliness blasted and too early withering away; want of exercise or mental anguish, or some lurking disease, has deranged the normal organs of digestion, assimilation or secretion, till they do their office ill. Her blood is vitiated, her health is gone. Give her these PILLS to stimulate the vital principle into renewed vigor, to cast out the obstructions, and infuse a new vitality into the blood. Now look again—the roses blossom on her cheek, and where lately sorrow sat joy bursts from every pore; her cheeks are rosy, her eyes bright, and her own, sickly features tell you without disguise, and painfully distinct, that they are eating its life away. Its pinched-up nose and ears, and restless sleepings, tell the dreadful truth in language which every mother knows. Give it the PILLS in large doses to sweep these vile parasites from the body. Now turn again and see the ruddy bloom of childhood. See the sweet infant, who has been wasted, its own, sickly features tell you without disguise, and painfully distinct, that they are eating its life away. Its pinched-up nose and ears, and restless sleepings, tell the dreadful truth in language which every mother knows. Give it the PILLS in large doses to sweep these vile parasites from the body. 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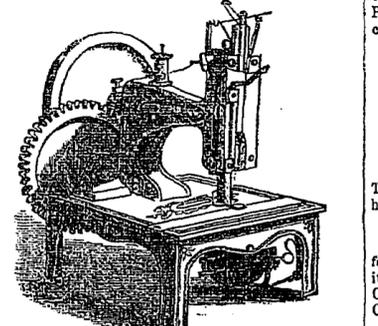
O. J. DEVLIN, Notary Public, 32 Little St. James Street, Montreal.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX, Importer of DRY GOODS, No. 112, St. Paul Street. HAS constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, &c., &c. P. F. has also on hand a choice selection of Dry Goods and READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he will sell, at very low prices, Wholesale and Retail. Also, on hand, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, to be sold WHOLESALE only. Mr. F. has made great improvements in his Establishment and is receiving NEW GOODS every week from Europe, per steamer. He has also on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail. April 6, 1860. 12ms.

No. 18, Great St. James Street. THE Subscriber has received an assortment of Prayer Books, from London, in various elegant styles of Bindings, with Clasps, Rims, &c., bound in velvet, Morocco, and other handsome materials, at prices much below the usual cost of such elegant Bindings. A supply of Missals and Vesper Books. No. 19, Great St. James Street. J. ANDREW GRAHAM. Montreal, Aug. 22.

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

SEWING MACHINES.



E. J. NAGLE'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, 25 PER CENT. UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!! These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarnia. THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION. TESTIMONIALS have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:— Montreal, April, 1860 We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind. BROWN & CHILDS. Montreal, April, 1860. We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use. CHILDS, SCHOLLS & AMES. Toronto, April 21st, 1860. E. G. NAGLE, Esq. Dear Sir, The three Machines you sent us some short time ago we have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of L. M. Singer & Co's that we have used. Our Mr. Robinson will be in Montreal, on Thursday next, and we would be much obliged if you would have three of your No. 2 Machines ready for shipment on that day as we shall require them immediately. Yours, respectfully, GILLCATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

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

Ayer's Cathartic Pills. PUBLISHED BY MURPHY & CO., 183, Baltimore Street, Baltimore. December 6, 1861.

T. G. DE LORIMIER, 31 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. 71, WELLINGTON STREET, Being No. 8 Raglan Terrace, MONTREAL, O.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. 32, Little St. James Street.

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

M. F. COLOVIN, ADVOCATE, &C., No. 59, Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co., MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS, Successors to the late John M'Glosky, 38, Sanguinet Street, North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch—we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges. We will DYE all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted. DEVLIN, MURPHY & CO. No. 19, Great St. James Street.

THE CHEAPEST MUSIC.

THE Subscriber feels pleasure in announcing that he is Agent in Canada for the CHEAPEST MUSIC PUBLISHED. This Music, published in London, is distinguished for correctness, beauty of Engraving, and superiority in every respect, while it is sold for only about ONE THIRD the price of other Music, viz: TEN CENTS, (6d.), and larger pieces in proportion. Among others, the compositions of Ascher, Baumbach, Beyer, Beethoven, Cramer, Chopin, Grobe, Herz, Hunte, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Oesten, Plachy, Scholhoff, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c.; besides, the popular and lighter compositions of the day. The Stock embraces Music of all kinds—English, French, German and Italian, Songs and Ballads, Dance Music, Piano-Forte arrangements, Duets, Solos, &c. Music for Beginners, and Instruction Books. Music for the Violin, Accordion, Concertina, Guitar, &c., &c.—all distinguished for elegance of appearance, correctness, and WONDERFUL CHEAPNESS. Catalogues can be had on application at No. 19, Great Saint James Street, Montreal. A liberal reduction to Schools, Colleges, Professors, the Trade, or others buying in quantities. STATIONERY of all kinds, BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c., Wholesale or Retail, at Lowest Prices. J. ANDREW GRAHAM.

ACADEMY OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON, C.W. THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry. The Course of instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR. BOARD AND TUITION.....\$70 00 Use of Bed and Bedding.....7 00 Washing.....10 00 Drawing and Painting.....7 00 Music Lessons—Piano.....28 00 Paymen is required Quarterly in advance. October 29.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C.W. Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston. THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages. A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils. TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays in half-yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July. July 21st, 1861.

NEW CLOTHING STORE. BERGIN AND CLARKE, Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters, No. 48, M'GILL STREET, (Nearly Opposite Saint Ann's Market), MONTREAL.

HAVING commenced BUSINESS on their own account, beg leave to inform their numerous friends, and the Public in general, that they intend to carry on the CLOTHING Business in all its branches.

READY-MADE CLOTHING CONSTANTLY ON HAND. All Orders punctually attended to. May 16, 1861.



WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY, BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)

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

The Montreal Gazette BOOK AND JOB STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, 36 Great St. James Street, SUPPLIES EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING WITH NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH. Being furnished with POWER PRINTING MACHINES, besides CARD and HAND PRESSES, we are enabled to execute large quantities of work, with great facility.

BOOK PRINTING! Having the different sizes of the new SCOTCH CUT and other styles of TYPE, procured expressly for the various kinds of BOOK PRINTING, all CATALOGUES, BY-LAWS, REPORTS, SPEECHES, &c., &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch, at moderate charges.

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

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

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

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY. Jobs ordered by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post. A share of public patronage respectfully solicited. M. LONGMOORE & CO. MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDINGS, 36 Great St. James Street.

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

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

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

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

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR.

160 DOZEN LUBIN'S PERFUMERY, JUST RECEIVED; Winter Blossom, Jockey Club, Milledale Kiss-me-Quick, &c., &c.,—2s 6d per Bottle. A large and choice assortment of Silver-capped and other Fancy Smelling Bottles, Vinarettes, &c.; Hair, Tooth, and Nail Brushes; Combs, &c., of every description and price; Fancy Soaps, in boxes, for presents. SYRUPS. Gruger, Lemon, Pin-apple, Orange, Sarsaparilla, &c., in Bottles, 1s 3d; Quart Bottles, 1s 6d; equal, if not superior to any in the city.

R. J. DEVINS, CHEMIST, Next the Court-House, Montreal.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Established in 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Planations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other their new Patented in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address A. MENNELLY'S SONS, West Troy, N. Y.

BOSTON PILOT & IRISH AMERICAN For Sale at T. RIDDELL'S every week. Subscriptions received for DUBLIN NATION and other Irish papers.

TO THE REVEREND CLERGY, CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS, BOOKSELLERS, &c. An Extensive Stock of about \$50,000 worth of Books and Stationery, SELLING OFF AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH!

In consequence of the present Unsettled Condition of National Affairs, the undersigned have concluded to REDUCE their present EXTENSIVE AND VARIED STOCK OF CATHOLIC, SCHOOL AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

PAPER, STATIONERY, RELIGIOUS ARTICLES, &c. Comprising a Large and Varied Stock of FOREIGN BOOKS, viz., Liturgical Works, Missals, Breviaries, &c., &c., Theological, Aesthetic, and Devotional Works, in the Latin, French and English Languages, which they are now prepared to SELL OFF, by Wholesale or Retail, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH. Such as may desire to avail themselves of this opportunity, will do well to call, or send early orders. MURPHY & CO., Publishers, Booksellers, Importers, Printers, &c., 183, Baltimore Street, Baltimore. December 6, 1861.