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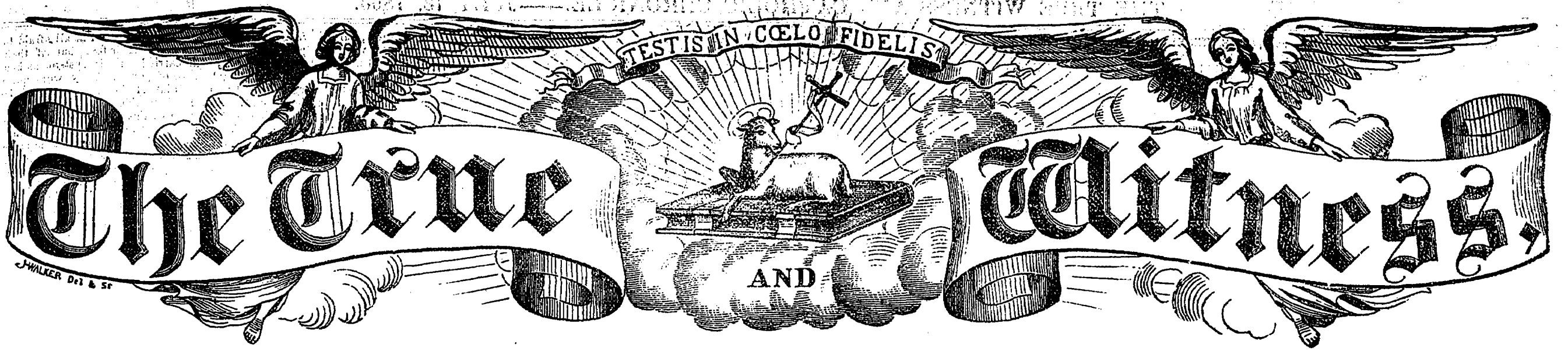
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. X.

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No. 48.

CAPTAIN PATRICK MALONY; OR, THE IRISHMAN IN ALABAMA.

(From the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER VII.—PATRICK IS AGAIN PROMOTED.

Captain Sanford did not forget either Patrick's honesty, or his firmness in resisting the temptation to drink, and, in spite of, or, perhaps, in consequence of, his own free habits, he thought more of the sobriety than of the honesty. He was honest himself, and knew the value of honesty; but though he also knew the value of temperance, he could not resist the temptation to drink, unless there would be some disgrace attending the indulgence. Then he could be as careful as any body; and, at home, with his wife and daughter, he never forgot his duty to be a gentleman. On the Emperor, it was another affair.

Patrick now took his meals in the cabin, with the other officers of the boat.

"Patrick," said the Captain one day at dinner, when he had been rather free in his morning potations, "can't you sit down to the table and eat your dinner, without making those motions?"

"It's the way I've been taught to ask a blessing, sir," said Patrick, or Mr. Malony, as he was now called.

"Asking a blessing is all well enough," said Captain Sanford, "but what is the use of the signals? You don't ask a blessing by telegraph."

The Captain knew well enough that Patrick made the sign of the cross. He had seen it made by Priests and Religious, who always travel free on southern steamboats, and by some lay Catholics, though not always by the latter. "I hope there is no harm in making the sign of the cross," said Patrick.

"It's a cursed Popish superstition," exclaimed the Captain, warming up with his old Presbyterian bigotry and some choice Monongahela whiskey.

"If you don't want me to do what my religion requires on your boat, Captain, I am ready to be put ashore at the next landing."

The Captain flushed a deeper crimson; but in a moment his more generous nature got the better of his bigotry. He reached across the table, and took Patrick by the hand.

"Thar!" said he, shaking it heartily, "you may say your prayers in your own way. It's a free country, and every man has a right to have his own religion and practice it. You just look out for the boat, and be as much of a papist as you've a mind to."

For a considerable time the Captain was as neutral in religion as some of our newspapers.—At home he went to the Presbyterian meeting sometimes, with his wife and daughter, and he paid a good pew tax, but it was generally allowed that he hadn't religion enough to hurt him.

Patrick made many friends, not the least valuable of whom were the priests, who were always welcomed with courtesy by Captain Sanford, and particularly those of Mobile and Montgomery. Sometimes it was the venerable Bishop of Mobile, one of that noble band of French missionary priests, who have shared with those of Ireland and Germany the great work of planting the Catholic Faith in our Republic.

In two years, Patrick was again promoted.—Mr. Morse, the first mate of the Emperor, had an offer to take charge of a new boat, as Captain; so our hero became first mate, with, of course, a higher salary, and additional consideration. Captain Sanford stuck to the river, but trusted the management of the boat almost entirely to Patrick, who by this time had worn off his slight brogue, improved in his manners, perfected his education, and was as handsome and manly a fellow as one could find in Alabama, and many a free from the bad habits than one in a thousand. Where nearly all drank, and many to excess, he was rigidly abstinent. Where the air was thick with tobacco smoke, he never touched a cigar. Where men, claiming to be gentlemen, were chewing and spitting by the hour, and making every place around them a nuisance, too disgusting to describe, his lips were pure. The roughest deck hands, and the most stupid negroes, learned to obey orders without an oath or a blow.

"My first mate," said Captain Sanford, "is a gentleman!" and he said it with a generous emphasis. He was also something better, if it is not the same thing. He was a Christian. He never forgot that he had to sustain the honor of his religion. He was a brave, consistent, practical Catholic. At the Cathedral at Mobile, and at the little Catholic church at Montgomery, people knew when the Emperor was in, without looking in the newspapers. After his religion, Patrick was anxious to do honor to the country of his birth, and to that of his adoption.

The times grew darker in Ireland. The cloud of misfortune was settling over her. Her proud sister, England, as the last manifestation of a persecution which had endured for centuries, was about to stand serenely by, and see

millions of the poor children of Ireland perish, without putting forth a hand to aid them. One act of England's Parliament—one stroke of the pen of Queen Victoria, would have saved the lives of a million of her Majesty's subjects—and they were left to perish. It was then that England filled the cup of her iniquities; and from that hour dates her humiliation and retribution.

Patrick found a pretty cottage in one of the sweet valleys of Montgomery. He sent for his mother and family by a cotton ship coming to Mobile, and had the pleasure of taking them up the Alabama on the Emperor, and introducing them to their future residence, in that city of palatial villas and gardens of roses. And there our friend Patrick had his comfortable, genial, and elegant home, while the steamer was loading at every trip.

CHAPTER VIII.—PATRICK GETS INTO A CONTROVERSY.

Captain Sanford and his first mate grew every day more friendly and confidential. Their only subject of difference was that of religion. The Captain was just as ignorant, and almost as prejudiced, as ninety-nine hundredths of all Americans are in regard to the Catholic Faith. He had not all the gross and stupid and vulgar prejudices of the most fanatical know-nothings.—He would not have credited the "Revelations of Maria Monk," if he had had the curiosity to read them. He would not have believed that the Bishop of Montreal and his clergy assisted the good nuns of the Hotel Dieu to murder one of their number. He did not believe that all Catholics are either knaves or fools, for he knew many that were both good and wise.—He did not believe that Priests are vile and immoral men, and nuns bad women. Such stupid and horrible slanders were quite out of the range of his bigotry; still he had strong prejudices against "Popery," as he preferred to call it, and considered it a system of error, superstition and idolatry. And he wanted very much to get such a fine, honest, fellow as Patrick Malony, to abandon that "persuasion." So he used to talk with him on the subject, sometimes by themselves, and sometimes assisted by the clergymen of various denominations who were his occasional passengers.

"Mr. Judkins," said he, to the Rev. gentleman of that name, "allow me to make you acquainted with my first mate and right hand man, Mr. Patrick Malony."

The Rev. gentleman graciously extended his soft white hand.

"Malony is a good fellow," said the Captain, in his usual frank, out-spoken way, "but then he is one of those infernal Papists. I wish you would try to convert him."

"Well, I shall be very happy to be the means, in the hands of Providence, of enlightening him, and turning him from the error of his ways," said the Reverend.

"And I shall be very happy to be enlightened and put right," said Mr. Malony.

"Thar! you see he has good dispositions enough," said the Captain. "He talks thar, but somehow he always gets the better of me in an argument. I suppose I am not so well posted in my scripture as I ought to be; but every man to his trade."

"Yes, yes," said the Reverend; "well, let us begin: what branch of the subject shall we take up?"

"I think," modestly suggested the gentleman about to be converted, "that it is best to begin at the beginning."

"And where do you conceive that to be?" asked the clergyman.

"The basis of faith, I should think."

"Well, there's no difficulty about that, I suppose; the basis of the Christian faith is the Bible."

"But what makes you believe the Bible?" "Because it is the inspired word of God."

"Who tells you so?"

"It tells me so itself."

"Testimony to one's self don't go far, you know. But the Bible is composed of forty odd different books, all of which, you say, were inspired. Now will you give me some plain, infallible authority, to prove to me that I must receive the Gospel according to St. Matthew?"

"Yes, I can. 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God,' &c."

"But you beg the very question at issue. I want you to prove to me by unquestionable authority that this one Gospel is Scripture."

The Reverend gentleman was hard aground. "Thar it is," exclaimed the Captain, excited as usual. "You can't argue with these infernal Papists. They are as cunning as the devil. I never saw a minister of any denomination that an intelligent Papist couldn't shut up in five minutes."

"But won't you admit that the Bible is the word of God?" asked the Reverend.

"Perhaps I will; but just now it is your business to prove it so. But suppose I did, you are no better off."

"Yes I am. Because Christianity, or the Church is founded on the Bible."

"You mean that the Christian Church is founded on the Old Testament?"

"Well, no; not exactly; the Jewish Church was founded on the Old Testament, and the Christian Church on the New."

"Take care, Mr. Judkins, take care. You will be in trouble now," cried the Captain, who foresaw another snag ahead.

"Will your Reverence be so good as to tell me how many books of the Old Testament were written when the Church of the Mosaic Dispensation was organized?" said Patrick.

"He has you thar; I told you so. You can do nothing with these Papists—they are all infernal Jesuits," cried the captain.

"Or, if that is too difficult, have the goodness to tell me what portions of the New Testament were written when the Christian Church was organized?"

"Well, there was none, of course; we all know that," said the reverend gentleman, a little nettled.

"Then it appears, in each case, said Patrick, very quietly, "that the Church was formed before the Scripture. The Scripture was given to the Church. The Church, then, was not founded on the Scripture. That seems tolerably clear, I think."

"Well, yes; that seems to have been the order of events; but what is your inference?" said the puzzled reverend.

"Why, that the Bible was given to the Church, which is its witness, and has been its preserver, and is its only authorized interpreter."

"And what church do you mean?"

"Is there more than one? Did Christ establish more than one church to be the pillar and ground of truth?"

"Ah, but the question is, which is the church He founded?"

"I can have no doubt on that point. It is the one that has existed from the beginning. It is the one to which the Scriptures were given, and by whom their canon was defined. There is but one church—holy, Catholic, and Apostolic."

"Thar it is. I tell you it's no use talking with these papists. I have been over this ground often enough," said the captain, with impatience.

"Of course, there can be but one true church, and here are fifty sects, each claiming to be the one, and none of them are older than John Calvin. You can't prove a book of the Bible to be genuine, if you don't go back to the old Catholic Church for authority; and that authority is good for nothing unless the church is infallible, and the church must be infallible, because it would not be the pillar and ground of truth if it wasn't; and God wouldn't form a church to lead us into error, which it might if it were fallible. That it is. Thar's no use in talking. I'd give a hundred dollars to find a Protestant minister that could answer my mate, Patrick Malony. The cursed papists are overrunning the country, and all our denominations put together, if anybody could put them together, can't hold a candle to them. Try another glass of this punch, Mr. Judkins; it will be good for you."

The captain and the parson took their mild toddies, and Patrick went forward to attend to a landing, for which the pilot had just given the signal.

CHAPTER IX.—MR. MALONY MAKES A PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE.

But Captain Sanford's conversations were not all of this polemic character. He sometimes talked to Patrick about his family.

"You will have to see Mrs. Sanford one of these days, my boy," said he; "and my gal, Ellen. She's the prettiest gal in Alabama, and I mean her to have the best education. She's going down to Mobile for a finishing, and then you'll see her. Take care, you rascal, and don't go to falling in love with her."

"I hope not," said Patrick.

"You hope not? what do you mean, sir.—Don't you think my daughter is good enough for any body to fall in love with, let alone an impudent young Irishman?"

"No doubt, Captain; I meant that it would be a misfortune for me to be involved in a hopeless passion."

"That's a fact; and well thought of. So look out. She'll go down next trip, and whar do you think she going?"

"I don't know, indeed, sir; to some fine school in Mobile, I presume."

"Well, I'll be hanged if my wife isn't going to send her to a Popish convent, just out of Mobile. No other school will answer, now-a-days. Nothing else is fashionable enough. I've given my consent, because I couldn't help myself; but if she dares to turn papist, I'll disinherit her."

"And if she does, Captain, that'll be a very trifling consideration."

"Now, don't make me mad, Patrick, because I like you. Ellen will be along with her traps next week, and you will prepare to be on your best behavior."

Patrick was on his guard; but he was not prepared for the vision of grace and loveliness that tripped over the gang plank, as he stood by, to receive the passengers.

"Mr. Patrick Malony, my first mate, that you have heard me speak of, Ellen, my dear;—Mr. Malony, my daughter, Miss Sanford."

Patrick made his best bow; the little lady opened her hazle eyes wide, and then saluted him cordially, and ran up to the cabin.

"Well, Ellen, my dear," said the Captain, when they were under way, and were walking on the promenade deck; "what do you think of my young Irishman?"

"Why, papa; I was so surprised. He is a gentleman!"

"A good, honest fellow, dear; but an Irishman and a Papist; notwithstanding. He was a deck hand on this boat."

"But what a manner he has, papa; and he looks so intelligent."

"Oh! yes, he is smart enough. Just talk with him and draw him out. But don't talk about religion. He always bothers and provokes me, when we get on that subject. On everything else, we get along first rate. Why couldn't the fellow have been a Protestant, of some sort?"

"Why, papa, do you think he would be any better, if he was a Protestant?" asked the young lady, with perfect simplicity.

The captain shrugged his shoulders, and said "I don't know about that; only we shouldn't have it to quarrel about; and he couldn't always twist me round his fingers in an argument."

Ellen took the first opportunity to carry her father's suggestion into practice. Their relative positions allowed her to take the initiation.

"Ah, Mr. Malony," said she, the first time they met, "are you going to carry us down the river safely?"

"We shall do our best, Miss Sanford, and be careful in proportion to the value of the freight we carry."

"I suppose that must pass for a compliment. Are your countrymen as gallant, Mr. Malony, as they have the reputation of being?"

"I hope so, Miss Sanford; Irishmen are generally faithful to their religion; and admiration of the fair sex is a part of it."

"What, of Popery? Papa says you are a Papist. Do Papists worship?"

"Haven't you always heard that they worship the Blessed Virgin and the Saints?"

"And all womankind for their sake?" said the lady; "but what am I doing? Papa says I must not talk with you on religion. He complains that you always bother him in your arguments."

"That is no wonder," said Patrick. "If he were a Catholic, and I a Protestant, I should be in the same predicament."

"Is that it? I wish I knew. What objection can papa have to my knowing what Catholics really believe?"

"He fears that you may become one."

"And so I would, if I was satisfied their religion was the true one. I'm sure I don't know what I ought to believe."

"You are going to a very good place to learn, Miss Sanford."

"Oh, to the Convent of the Visitation; only papa would not consent to my going until he had placed me under the strictest injunctions not to read a Catholic book, or listen to Catholic instruction."

Still, you cannot avoid being a witness of Catholic piety and devotion. Its spirit will penetrate your heart in spite of your ignorance of Catholic doctrines. Whatever your father may say, I shall take the liberty to pray for your conversion."

"That is very kind of you. Do you wish me to lose my patrimony and be cut off with a shilling?"

"If it were to be so, Miss Sanford, how infinitely would you be the gainer."

"Oh! do you think so?" she said, with a deep feeling. "I thank you, Mr. Malony, for being so frank with me. Shall you really pray for me?"

"I shall pray for you every day, my dear young lady, that you may have the true faith;—God can take care of all the rest; and even convert your generous and noble-hearted father."

This subject was not renewed. Miss Sanford walked on the deck, as the steamer glided through the forests, fragrant with jessamine;—she played and sang in the cabin; she chatted with her father, so proud of his child, and so happy in her society that he forgot his customary habits and amusements.

When they arrived at Mobile, and Miss Sanford was about to go on shore with her father, she approached Patrick and held out her hand.

"Good bye, Mr. Malony," she said; "I shall not forget you. I know more of you than you think; and I hope to know you still better."

"And I," said Patrick, "shall not forget you, nor my promise. God bless you!" He raised

her hand respectfully to his lips, and they parted.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the captain, when he came on board again, "those nuns have got a beautiful place out there, and they seem like nice sort of ladies. I don't see but they are as good as the Sisters of Charity."

"And why not?" said Patrick.

"Well, I don't know. It seems unnatural for women to live so. Why don't they get married and bring up families?"

"Do all women get married in this country?" asked Patrick.

"No. Thar's plenty of old maids and old bachelors, too, for that matter."

"Well, Captain, suppose a dozen or two of these old maids should get together to educate young ladies, take care of orphans, attend the sick, and do good to the poor, would there be any harm in it?"

"By Jove, no! It would be the most sensible thing they could do. Enough better than spinning street yarn and talking scandal."

"Ah! you rascal, you are always catching me in some contradiction."

CHAPTER X.—HOW IT ALL CAME OUT.

The time approached for Miss Sanford to return to Montgomery. Her beautiful image had mingled for many months in our hero's prayers, making her memory sacred to him. And he was not forgotten by the frank, warm-hearted girl.—When she came on board, Patrick was surprised at her improvement. She seemed taller, more dignified, more womanly; while she had lost none of the gracious frankness of her character.

Next to her father, she seemed glad to see Patrick; who, on his part, had not lost, by his added experience. There was a secret sympathy between them; a harmony of feeling, that words, perhaps, would have failed to express. They talked of the nuns, their system of education, the studies she had pursued—they approached, but did not touch the prohibited subject. Still the time passed very sweetly. If they stood silent, watching the landscape by day, or looked up to the stars, in the soft Southern night, and had no words, it was because they needed none.

On the last day of the trip, a rival steamer was seen approaching. Captain Sanford had some old friends on board, and had taken more wine at dinner than was agreeable to his daughter. Patrick was always saddened to see his benefactor give way to this infirmity.

The passengers were looking at the steamer, which was slowly but perceptibly gaining on them, and were excited, as they always are, with the prospect of a race.

"James," said the captain to the engineer, "are you going to let the Sultan pass us?"

"Not if we can help it," said the man who lived with the machinery.

"Help it? The Sultan pass the Emperor? I tell you they can't do it, and they shan't.—Fire up, and give us more steam."

He went on deck; the passengers were getting interested. "She gains," cried one. "No, she don't," shouted another. "Are you going to let her beat the Emperor?" asked a third.

"Oh, papa," cried Ellen, "you are not going to race. 'Dear papa, don't.'"

"You're a little goose. What do you know about steamboats? Mr. Tyler, does she gain on us?" he shouted to the pilot.

"I guess she does, a little, Captain."

"Stir up the fires there, you rascals," he shouted to the deck hands; "pile in the wood; you are not giving her half what she'll carry."

The men worked; the furnaces roared, the boat groaned, as she dashed through the water, and the two escape pipes blew off their clouds of steam in alternate sulen roars.

Patrick tried in vain to calm the Captain, and induce him to allow the Sultan, a new and faster boat, to pass. But he had taken some brandy in addition to his wine, and was now in a state of high excitement, in which most of the passengers participated.

Still the Sultan was gaining on them. Captain Sanford rushed below, and ordered the fireman to smash several barrels of rosin and shovel it into the furnaces. The black smoke, followed by lurid flames, burst from the smoke pipes. The boilers quivered all over with the added strain, and the Emperor shot away from the Sultan.

"For God's sake, Miss Ellen, go aft," said Patrick, as he came near where she was standing. She gave a look of anguish and alarm at her father, and started towards him. "It will do no good," said Patrick, firmly. "Your place is aft." As by instinct she obeyed him, and ran aft. The next moment there was a deafening explosion; a horrid rush of scalding steam; wild shrieks of pain and despair; and all the forward part of the Emperor was flying through the air. Many were instantly killed, many severely scalded, and many were blown into the river.

Ellen had got well aft, at the moment of the explosion, and was thrown overboard, but not injured. Patrick, who was in her vicinity,

sprang into the water, caught her as she rose, and sustained her. The current carried them down from the boat, which did not all at once lose her headway.

Captain Sanford was not thrown from the wreck, but received by the sudden shock, severe internal injuries. His first thought was for Ellen. "O my God!" he cried, "I have murdered my child; save her! half my fortune to the man who will save my daughter!"

The daughter was safe! The arms of a strong swimmer, nerved by a brave heart, supported her, until he caught a piece of the wreck, buoyant enough to hold them up. The Sultan, in a few minutes was along-side her now demolished rival; her officers, crew, and passengers doing their utmost for the wounded and miserably scalded.—A boat put off and rescued Patrick and Ellen, and those who had not sunk in the river.

When they came into the cabin of the Sultan, a melancholy scene presented itself. Many were moaning and writhing in pain: a physician, who chanced to be on board the Sultan, did his best for the wounded, and better still, as it seemed, two Sisters of Charity, from the New Orleans hospital, on their way to their Mother House at Emmetsburg, gave their most tender and skillful ministrations.

Poor Captain Sanford! The shock to his body was not greater than that to his generous mind. It was terrible to have been the cause of so much suffering. His sole comfort was to sob on the bosom of his child, as she came to him all dripping from the water; and to thank the gallant man who had saved her life.

The Emperor caught fire, and burned to the water's edge. Captain Sanford, his daughter, and her rescuer, went in a carriage to the plantation. Arrived at home, Captain Sanford soon felt that he could not survive the shock. It was too much for a constitution broken down with long continued habits of excess.

Patrick said he, one day, as our hero was watching by his bedside, "you saved my daughter's life. Do you love her?"

"Yes, Captain, as my life, and better."

"You should marry her if you were not a papist. Just give up that nonsense, and take my daughter and my fortune. I have sworn that no papist shall have either."

"Captain," said Patrick, slowly, and with emotion, "God knows I love your daughter. I would risk my life for her a thousand times. But I could not take her on your conditions, if you were worth millions, or the whole universe.—What shall I profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? No, Captain, not only must I be a Catholic, live a Catholic, and die a Catholic, but your daughter must also be a Catholic, before I would marry her, if you gave your consent, and dearly as I love her."

Captain Sanford looked aghast at this declaration. Then he mused a long time in silence. At last, he said in a soft, tender voice:

"Patrick, my dear boy; I give it up! You have conquered. Will you send for Father Dalton?"

Oh, joy to the heart of Patrick Malony. Father Dalton was the Catholic Priest at Montgomery. In ten minutes a faithful negro was in the carriage, and on his way to bring him.

"Now, Patrick, my son," said the feeble old man, twenty years older than a week ago, "call my wife, and Ellen."

"They came in a moment. "Eliza," he said, faintly; "Ellen, my darling, your poor old father has been a hard, bad man; your God forgive me! I have sent for Father Dalton. I am going to be—a Papist?"

"O, my father! thank God for that," exclaimed the beautiful girl, throwing herself on her knees, and covering his hands with kisses.

"I knew you would be glad," said he, with a faint smile. "You have been more than half a Catholic, this long time."

"It is true, my dear father."

"Now you shall be one entirely. And we will pray that your mother too will join us."

They waited in quietness and great joy, until Father Dalton came. The frank old Captain made his confession, and profession of Faith.—Many conversations with Patrick enabled him to do so, without further instruction. Then he received conditional baptism. His strength now failed so visibly, that Father Dalton lost no time in administering the last sacraments of the Church which he received with tears of contrition and the most edifying devotion. He rallied a little and gave some directions about his business, then grew faint. He drew his wife to him, whispered to her a moment and kissed her tenderly. Then he placed Ellen's hand in Patrick's, and said, "Farewell, my children; God bless you; God bless you all; pray for me." Father Dalton received the prayers for a parting soul. Before they knew it, he had fallen asleep.

It wants but little to complete our story. Mrs. Sanford and Ellen were received into the Catholic Church, to the great joy of some, and the wonder and consternation of others. Patrick took command of a new boat, built to take the place of the Emperor, and there was no more popular steamboat Captain on the Southern waters than Captain Patrick Malony. Passengers lay over two or three days to go with him, which is the tallest kind of a recommendation.

In a year from the death of Capt. Sanford, there was a double marriage at the little Church at Montgomery, for Norah had also found a sweetheart in a respectable young merchant of that flourishing city. Captain Patrick Malony now lives on his estate, with the happiest family circle, so far as my knowledge extends, in Alabama.

Father Murphy, who is getting old, spends most of his time with them, instructing the people of this and the neighboring plantations, among whom he has established so successful a mission that there is no fear at all of any insurrection, and freedom and slavery have become but names, and are matters of no sort of consequence.

The last I hear of Capt. Malony, there was a strong requisition to induce him to represent his district in Congress; and it would not surprise me to hear any day of the election of the HONORABLE PATRICK MALONY.

(Concluded.)

THE REBELLION AGAINST THE POPE AND THE RISINGS OF THE IRISH CATHOLICS AGAINST THE ENGLISH ENEMY COMPARED.

(From the Dublin Telegraph.)

The old risings of the Irish Catholics against the English enemy are marked by features which render them not only wholly unlike the Italian revolution of our day, but stamp them with a character essentially and entirely opposite to the character of that march of sin and ruin. I confine myself now to the rebellion of the Papal States; because, to omit other weighty reasons, it is to that exclusively our questions refer, and also because in that alone we, as Catholics, have not only a special but a personal interest. In the first place, the ringleaders in that rebellion are notoriously enemies of the Church. They are, with hardly an exception, if there be even one exception, avowed and furious infidels. Their hatred to the Christian priesthood, as such, is so intensely malignant, that it often seems, and perhaps is, nothing else than the supernatural frenzy of demoniacal possession. The present assault on the temporal authority of the Pope is an assault on religion and the Church.

Of course I cannot, in a brief document like this, exhibit to you a photograph series of the devil's cabinet ministers. But I will strike off a few features suggesting, with abundant accuracy, the full lineaments that mark that accursed crew—*ex parte Heracleum, ex unguis satanarum.*

You have heard of the Siccardi Code, which, about ten years ago, became law in Sardinia. From a Protestant point of view, and on the fundamental principles of Protestantism, an unexceptionable code, not unworthy the statute book of England's Henry VIII. or Elizabeth. But, though an excellent Protestant code, it was a direct and formal violation of the solemn concordat entered into between the Pope and the King of Sardinia just nine years before. It was a direct and formal violation of the laws of God and of His holy Church. It was a direct and formal step to the utter ruin of the Catholic faith in that hitherto Catholic country. It was an essentially anti-Catholic code, and as such repeatedly and publicly denounced and condemned by the Sovereign Pontiff.

According to Catholic principles, as maintained by Catholic theologians, as expressly proclaimed by the Church herself, all who shared, and especially all who took an active and prominent part in passing those laws, incurred the guilt of mortal sin, and fell under the ban of excommunication. According to the same principles and the same teaching, a priest administering sacraments to one thus guilty, and refusing to repent of his guilt, would, by the very fact commit a grievous sin of sacrilege.

Santa Rosa, one of the Sardinian Cabinet which introduced the Siccardi laws, fell not long after into a dangerous illness. The parish priest was sent for, but acting on the instructions of the Archbishop of Turin, (Franzoni, brother to the late Cardinal Franzoni), declined to administer sacraments to the dying man unless he repented. Rosa flatly refused to retract or repent in any form, and so died "that he might go to his own place." Of course the Catholic rites of interment were withheld.

For this, and for this alone, for refusing the Sacraments of the Church to an open, obstinate, excommunicated, sacrilegious schismatic, for not giving the holy thing to a dog, the Archbishop was forthwith dragged by an armed band from his palace, imprisoned, and finally expelled from the Sardinian territory, never to return. The parish priest, who was a member of a religious society, was also expelled; and every single member of the community to which he belonged, dragged, like malefactors, from their quiet retreat, and expelled with him.

Need I add one word of comment to this little sketch of "patriotism" and "constitutional liberty?"

The King of Sardinia is himself a huge rock of scandal to his whole kingdom, a reeking dunghill of lust. With the impudence that marks such characters, he dared some years ago to appear in the presence of that august lady, who, by her exalted moral virtue and the unblemished purity of her life, rules our hearts with a sway far stronger than that of the strong power by which she rules our actions. The havoc which this Goddess King and his Goddess ministers have made in all holy things is appalling. There are not less than twenty Episcopal Sees at this moment vacant in his dominions. Infidel and immoral books are scattered by millions among the people. A writer in the Quarterly Review, five years ago, (Number 163, page 45, June 1855), was not ashamed to state, as a matter of boasting, that he himself purchased the works of Mazzini in Piedmont. Mazzini, the sworn enemy of all order, of all religion; Mazzini, the apostle of anarchy, assassination, and atheism, is one of the permitted instructors of the young mind of Italy; and the great organ of English Toryism is proud of it and applauds it.

A small volume was last year published in London, named "The Vicissitudes of Italy." It is a vehement defence of the Italian revolutionists, spiced, of course, for the English palate, with the usual amount of malignant and brazen slanders against the Pope and the Priesthood. I will give you one short extract from this precious volume, the testimony of a reluctant and hostile witness. Speaking of a band of assassins who infested Ancona during the reign of the "patriots" in 1849, he says—"Their sanguinary rule weighed with indescribable oppression. A secret and self-constituted tribunal, self-styled the Infernal Association, decreed each day the victims of the ensuing night; and every returning morning it would be known that two or three, nay five or six, had been added to the ghastly list of wounded and slain. A population of thirty thousand covered before its mandates. A complaint, a word in favor of the Pope, an expression of impatience, was a death-warrant. It was vain to seek redress. The governor or 'preside' of the town, Mattioli, a creature of Mazzini's, was himself suspected (only suspected!) of abetting these revolting crimes. Persons repairing to him to ask justice for their murdered relatives found the most notorious of the assassins familiarly surrounding him in his audience-chamber." (Page 182, second edit.) The writer states that Mazzini suffered this "state of things to continue. . . . under the miserable delusion that it would inspire the retrogrades with salutary terror." Only "suffered," though, in the very same sentence, the writer says that he "was now absolute in the direction of the country." Only "suffered!" Why, it is notorious that the principle of assassination is as much an integral element of Mazzini code, as trial by jury is of the British constitution. "Take one fact stated by M. de Conelles;—'I have not,' says he, 'counted all the dead, but melancholy investigations have passed through my hands, Zambiacchi, in one day (in Rome during the absolute reign of Mazzini) caused fourteen priests to be put to death without trial, and buried without prayers.'"—(A Lecture on the Roman Question, by the Right Hon. W. Monsell, M.P., p. 17—an admirable essay, by the way, which should be in the hands of every Catholic in Ireland.)

Another little volume (a translation from the Italian original) has been published in London only a few weeks ago—"The Autobiography of an Italian Rebel." The writer's name is Ricciardi—whether a name, like Danton's, tolerably well known in the revolution, I cannot say. He tells the story of his own life and the development of his character, from the earliest recollections of memory. I will transcribe a few short sentences (out of a large number which I had marked), indicating what sort of persons Italian revolutionists are, and how they grow. Remember the man is his own witness, and glories in being all that he is, and doing all that he has done.—"No sooner did I put my little feet on the ground [in childhood] than I became a little devil incarnate."—[Page 1]. "My rebellious temper, instead of softening with years, had become more determined."—[Page 10]. "I never believed in miracles."—[Page 11]. "Humility was never reckoned amongst my virtues."—[Page 28]. "It had al-

ways been revolting to me to kneel before a priest."—[Page 49].—In extracts from papers written by him before his twentieth year, he argues against the existence of God—pages 37 and 38. These are quite enough.

Thank God, there is no market among us for publications of this kind—infidel and atheist works manufactured at home or translated from foreign languages, like that work of Strauss, in which the Gospel of our Lord is turned into a mass of myths and contradictions. These works are published in England and sold in England. They do not sell here; among Catholics here they are unknown, unless, perhaps, to some theological ogre like myself, who sends for them to garnish his den with their gnawed remains. According to the testimony of one of the most respectable Protestant clerical authors of the present generation, there are five millions of atheists among the laboring and artisan classes; and England has supplied more recruits to the ranks of Mormonism than all the world besides.—[Conybeare's Essays, pp. 100 and 366.] An Atheist or a Mormon in Ireland would be as great a wonder as the giant Blunderbore, or the great sea serpent. With all the faults and follies justly or unjustly imputed to us, we are still a thoroughly Christian people: like St. Paul, we "have kept the faith." The dew of heaven which St. Patrick's prayers brought down long ages ago, still glistens fresh and pure on the virgin soil of green Erin. *Eslo perpetua.*

This is the first mark of the beast of Italian revolution. It is essentially anti-Christian and anti-social.

In the second place, the rebellion against the Pope is a rebellion against the oldest and most clearly legitimate sovereignty now existing on the face of the earth. This proposition requires no proof. I do not recollect to have seen its truth questioned even by the Times.

In the third place, the Italian revolutionaries are based on this principle professed and maintained:—That every people has a right, if it so wills, of cashiering its supreme government; in other words, that rebellion, if willed by the whole majority of a people is always lawful. As on a former occasion, so on this, I am addressing myself to Protestant theological principles or prejudices. I leave to Protestant churches to define their own tenets. But according to Catholic principles, this doctrine is anti-Catholic.

So much for the doctrine. As to the fact, it was tolerably clear from the very first, and its fresh evidence turns up as becoming every day clearer and clearer, that not the whole, nor a majority, nor anything approaching to a majority of the people of the Romagna rebelled against the Pope; that the rebellion was, in large towns mainly (in most large towns there is a permanent deposit of rottenness), in the country parts exclusively, or almost exclusively, the work of the threatened stiletto and the proffered gold. Two thousand foreign assassins in Rome during Mazzini's dictatorship, the thirty thousand inhabitants of Ancona covering under a handful of assassins—these are facts likely for many a long day to haunt the imagination and unsettle the nerves of an unwelcome people, like those of the Papal States.

In the fourth place, the rebellion against the Pope is a rebellion against the mildest, the most just, and most paternal Government that now exists or ever did exist in this world.

I know what a yell of derision such a statement would meet with from the Times and its fellow "trumpeters of sedition." But I state what I believe to be the truth; and I will not soften down one strong word, or repress one strong sentiment, in declaring that truth and clinging to it. Give me evidence to convince my reason, and I will yield to that. But to the roar of ten thousand or ten million of English Protestant throats I will not yield one "not a jot or tittle" of my convictions. I have looked everywhere for an authentic statement of the facts. I have stuck my spade into every diggin' I could get access to. I have worked hard and honestly to find even one real nugget of evidence, but I have found nothing that did not crumble into dust at the first touch of reason. I have read speeches of Lord Derby of Lord J. Russell, of Lord Palmerston, of Lord Shaftesbury (I think that is the name), and of I know not how many other lords and commoners. I have read everything that fell in my way, and I have gone out of my way to come at things to read. Denunciations without end, abuse without end, declamation without end—all this I have met over and over and over again, but not one single authentic statement of facts to substantiate the charges made against the Pope—not one—not even the ghost or shadow of one. I will not surrender my reason because ten millions of Bulls (five millions of Atheists among them) are, with their loud chorus of howlings, deafening the earth and trying to disturb the order of the heavens. The noise will die out when God wills, like other great noises we have heard or read of; but live or die, it shall not be my rule of belief.

Read the Times! I have read it. His chief Italian correspondent on Roman affairs is an infidel and one of the Mazzini band. This mercenary adventurer this shipboard scribbler, this trafficker in daggers and deism, is, on the Roman question, the great oracle of Protestant England. From him the millions who believe not one word of the Apostles' Creed take their Creed about Rome, and swallow it wholesale. I believe in God, and therefore I don't believe in Blue-iskin, or Bill Sikes, or Gallenga, or any other "top sawyer" of Jonathan Wild, Old Fagin, or Mazzini.

Then, when I find, as I have found, this same Times month after month and year after year, uttering such stupendous lies regarding Catholic Ireland—when I find, as I have found him so misrepresenting the known truth regarding a country living under the same government with him, and almost touching his own shores—when I find, as I have found him so systematically lying on events passing beside him, what trust can I repose in his statements of fact regarding a distant Government, to which he is "alien in language, alien in religion, alien in blood" and against which every instinct of his heretic soul burns with an ungovernable and audacious frenzy of satanic hate?

There are other marks of the beast, but I for the present content myself with the four enumerated. And now I affirm and proceed to demonstrate that the wars of the Catholics of Ireland against Protestant England not only do not bear those marks, but bear the directly and diametrically opposite marks.

The insurrection of 1798 was the last Irish revolt; for no one, I presume, would think of classing under that category the very foolish outbreak of 1848. I commence by stating my humble opinion—though arguments by no means contemptible may, I admit be advanced against me—that the Catholics of Ireland were at the period of '98 subject not only de facto but de jure, to the English crown. Now of those engaged in that rebellion there were two distinct parties, on whose conduct two distinct and entirely different judgments must be pronounced. First come those who originated and organized the movement, and subsequently became its chief directors. These were almost to a man Protestants, and nearly all from the most Protestant parts of the only province in Ireland in which the Protestant party is numerically strong, the Province of Ulster. On the rest I will offer a few brief notes. Firstly—The insurrection was disapproved of by the whole body of the Catholic priesthood and Catholic gentry, with exceptions so few as not to be worth counting. Secondly—So far as Catholics were engaged, it was confined to a section of the province of Leinster, and a very small section of Ulster. Its roots first struck in Protestant soil; and it gained no strength in the almost exclusively Catholic provinces of Munster or Connaught. Thirdly—In those quarters in which the Catholics did rise, on the Protestant Government of the lies the whole guilt of kindling the revolt—the Catholics took up arms in pure self defence. They were goaded on by systematic barbarities seldom paralleled outside Irish history. A brutal and undisciplined rabble of soldiers, quartered on the people,

insulted them, robbed them, butchered them, buried the Catholic houses of worship, as will and with impunity. You remember the words of the illustrious Gratian (a staunch Protestant), when he spoke of the camp of the rebel and the camp of the Minister—the greater rebel of the two. Lord Gosford presiding at a meeting of the magistrates of the county of Armagh, December 28, 1795, thus addressed them:—"It is no secret that a persecution accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this country. Neither age nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence in the late disturbances, is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection. The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with is, a crime indeed of easy proof—it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic Faith or an intimate connection with a person professing this faith."

Where have we heard, or in what story of human cruelties have we read of more than half the inhabitants of a populous country deprived at one blow of the means as well as of the fruits of their industry, and and driven in the midst of an inclement season to seek shelter for themselves and their helpless families where chance may guide them? This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this country. These horrors are the testimony of the Protestant Governor of Armagh, who, in the same speech declares himself an unending enemy to Catholic emancipation. Truly, and not more truly than manfully, has Lord J. Russell (a staunch Protestant I guess) written:—"The Irish rebellion, so wretchedly provoked, so rashly begun, and so cruelly crushed in 1798.—(Memoirs of Moore, vol. 1, Preface page 18.)"

It is difficult to determine at what period all Ireland became subject to the English crown, and began to owe allegiance, as a Christian duty, to that crown; at what period England ceased to be the enemy, and commenced to be also the legitimate ruler of Ireland. Certainly not before the reign of James I. The rebellion, as it is commonly called of 1641 was not a rebellion. It was a defensive war in a cause, just, sacred and holy. It was a war engaged in by the Irish Catholics in defence of their properties, their religion, and their lives, against a band of murderous rebels, against injustice and oppression, greater than which the hand of man has never executed, or the mind of man devised. Listen to the great English historian, the late Henry Hallam, a staunch Protestant:—"The primary cause of the rebellion are not to be found in their [the two Lords Justice, Parsons and Borlase] supineness or misconduct [they were far from supine], but in the two great sins of the English Government—in the penal laws as to religion which pressed on almost the whole people [the whole Catholic people], and in the systematic iniquity which despoiled them of their possessions. . . . It became a desperate contention whether the majority of the nation should be trodden to the dust by forfeiture and persecution, or the Crown to lose everything beyond a nominal sovereignty over Ireland.—(Constitutional History, vol. 2, pp. 386, 388.)"

The rising of '41 was contemporaneous with the struggle between the revolutionary party in England and Charles I. Throughout, the Catholic Confederates proclaimed their allegiance to Charles. Their leaders were to the very last in frequent communication with his trusted agents. In one of his great perils they forwarded to him a contribution to the value of £30,000. The device on their official seal was "United for God, for the King, and our country." Their oath of confederation contained these words:—"I further swear that I will bear faith and allegiance to our Sovereign Lord King Charles, his heirs and successors, and that I will defend, &c. The enemies against whom the Confederates rose were the small Protestant Ascendancy faction of the day, the public enemies of the Catholics and of the King.

Apply the marks of the beast to the conflict of '41. It was a war waged not against the Christian religion, but for it and against its enemies. It was a war waged not against the legitimate King, but against armed rebels to the King. It was a war not based on heretical principles, but on principles and feelings purely Catholic. It was a war not in favor of tyranny, but against the most abominable tyranny—that tyranny which, before and after the war, for more than two hundred years, pressed upon unhappy Ireland like an overcureing canopy of fire—that tyranny which, for more than two hundred years, turned the stream of her history into one long unbroken river of blood. Not less just was the cause of Catholic Ireland then, than is the cause of the Papacy now against the excommunicated rebel and robber King of Sardinia. And substituting the name of "Plus IX." for that of the great Irish chieftain, the children of those who then fought against the enemies of God and His Church, might, at this day, flocking to the banner of Peter's successor, charge again the same old foe with the same old war cry that stirred the hearts and nerved the arms of their gallant fathers—

"For God, and our Lady, and Rory O'More."

I am no admirer of the Stuart dynasty. Taken as a whole, and known, as the members of it are now known, by the light of history, they appear to me to have been not only an infatuated but a heartless and worthless race. But with their personal character, the character of the Irish risings is in no way mixed up.

I suppose I need not waste many words on the next great rising of the Irish Catholics, or rather the next great rising against them, in the rigid usurper, Cromwell. If the Catholics had been able to take and had taken him, and banged him on the highest tree, they would have done but very inadequate justice on one of the most canting and blasphemous hypocrites and sanguinary tyrants whose names have blotted the pages of history. "This [the conquest of Ireland] was achieved by Cromwell and his powerful army, after several years, with such bloodshed and rigor that, in the opinion of Lord Clarendon, the sufferings of that nation, from the onset of the rebellion [rebellion!] to its close, have never been surpassed but by those of the Jews in their destruction by Titus."—(Hallam, ibid, page 389.)

I have exceeded my prescribed limits, but, luckily, very little need be said on the next and last great rising of the Irish Catholics against a foreign enemy, and that little the great Dr. Johnson (another staunch Protestant) has, nearly ninety years ago, said so forcibly as to leave me nothing more to do than transcribe his words—"Dowell—'Pray, Dr. Dilly, how does Dr. Leland's History of Ireland sell?' Johnson (bursting forth with a generous indignation)—'The Irish are in a most unnatural state, for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics. Did we tell them we have conquered them, it would be above board; to punish them by confiscation and other penalties, as rebels, was monstrous injustice. King William was not their lawful Sovereign; he had not been acknowledged by the Parliament of Ireland when they appeared in arms against him.'"—(Dowell's "Life of Johnson," at anu, 1773.)

William conquered, and his conquest was closed by the Treaty of Limerick. In the first article of this treaty it was stipulated that the Catholics should "enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of Charles II." These words, if they mean anything, mean that no new penal law should be enacted. Now, how did the great model nation carry out this article? Listen to Edmund Burke, another staunch Protestant, witness:—"All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression, which were made after the last event (the subjugation of Ireland by William, in 1691) were manifested the effects of hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors de-

lighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke. They were not of their fears but of their security. They were carried on this system looked to the irresistible force of power. They were quite certain that no complaint of the natives would be heard on this (the English) side of the water, with any other sentiments than those of contempt and indignation. Their cries served only to augment their torture. . . . In England, the double name of the complainant, Irish and Papist) it would be hard to say which singly was the most odious) shut up the hearts of every one against them."—(Letter to Sir H. Langrishe. Towards the close of the same letter he says of the same bloody code, that it was "as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement, in them, of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

I must end here. I have written a long letter, and yet I have considered only the first of your two questions. Your second question, which would require a letter probably much longer than the present. I fear it will be utterly out of my power to answer. My whole heart and soul are with the cause of our Holy Father. But "non omnia possumus omnes: the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." For the last fourteen months, besides the discharge of my heavy official duties here, I have been incessantly engaged in pushing through the press, revising manuscripts and proof sheets, and to a great extent composing, the first volume of my long-announced "Tractatus de Ecclesia Christi," eight hundred octavo pages of scientific theology in the barbarous Latin of the schools. I am worn and worked out, and must lie fallow for a time.

Hark! another roar of agonised rage from the Times! Cerebrus has become stark mad. The Pope's Irish Brigade has dazzled the brute's eyes and turned his head. Just as I was laying down my weary pen the number of yesterday arrived, with a leading article on Ireland and the Pope. Such gigantic lies! such blood-thirsty ferocity! The spirit of Oliver Cromwell, of Titus Oates, of Anarchus Gloats, of Marat, blended into one breath in every line of this ruffianly assault on the Vicar of Christ and the Catholics of Ireland. He pictures to his imagination the Holy Father encircled, and beleaguered with fire and sword. He pictures the Irish Catholics who are emigrating to Italy swept away by famine or pestilence, or the assassin's dagger, or any other swift destruction. The idea becomes a reality to his diseased fancy. He dances and shrieks, and howls in mad triumph about it, like a wild Indian. He takes it to his hairy breast and presses it against that lump of seething brimstone which serves him for a living heart. Ha! heretic dog, heretic demon, "fire and steel" become your lips, when speaking of Catholic Ireland. For more than two hundred years your bloody code of "fire and steel" worked hard, "went well," like Marat's guillotine, for the utter ruin of creed and our race. But you find that you have robbed and murdered in vain. You at first taunted us that we only met together and shouted. When we sent our money, you taunted us that we dare not fight in defence of the Head and Father of our Church. And now when there appears some movement in this direction astir, you open your black jaws, and bark out from your noisome kennel, curses hot and heavy, and invoke upon us the old Protestant apostolate for Ireland, "fire and steel" and speedy death. This is what maddens you, to find that God is stronger than "fire and steel"; that "after ages of bondage and slaughter, the old Celtic race, and the old faith of Peter and of Patrick are still here, strong as ever, and day by day growing stronger and stronger; a pure and noble priesthood living in the hearts of a faithful and chivalrous people, united together as one body with one spirit, and again, as of old, ready in the old cause to suffer and to die. *Eslo perpetua.*

God save the Queen, and hurrah for the Pope.

Farewell, PATRICK MURRAY, Prof. Theol. College, Maynooth, June 6th, 1860.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONVERSION.—CAPPQUIN, June 13.—In addition to the happy results of the mission, of which I forwarded you brief account yesterday, I have now to inform you of the conversion of Mr. Peard, solicitor; a gentleman of great legal attainments and high social standing. On Sunday last the Rev. Mr. Cook of the Oblate Fathers, received him into the holy Catholic Church. The conversion of this gentleman has caused the greatest delight to the Catholic inhabitants of this district, in which he is well known and respected.—Cor. of Freeman.

THE IRISH NATIONAL PETITION.—This important demonstration of the unbounded desire of the Irish people to obtain for themselves and their posterity the blessings of Home Rule, is being most successfully worked in various parts of the country, but there are many places which have as yet given no signs of life. This should not be so, and we trust will not continue so. One or two active men in any locality could set the work on foot and so assist in forwarding it. At present the petition has at least 20,000 signatures attached. The Cork petition measures over 30 yards of paper, well filled with the names of intelligent and strong men. We are overpowered with letters approving of the movement and reasoning powerfully in its favor, but to print them all would be out of our power, and we must only suggest to the writers to "work, work, work."—Nation.

DEATH OF MR. COMMISSIONER MURPHY.—Mr. Commissioner Murphy, of the Insolvent Debtors Court Dublin, died at his residence in Kensington, early on Sunday morning (the 17th). The learned commissioner had been poorly for some few days, but his death was not expected. He resumed the sittings of his court after the late holidays, and only sat one day. He complained of an affection of the throat, and on his being unable to attend, the Chief Commissioner heard the cases allotted to him until Wednesday last, when Mr. Nichols, the senior barrister was appointed by the Home Secretary to sit in his absence, and has since continued the sittings. For the last few days the complaint of Mr. Commissioner Murphy assumed the form of a tumour in the throat, and as it could not be reduced, congestion of the brain was the result; he was seized with prostrations, and became unconscious, and expired early on Sunday morning in a tranquil state. The deceased commissioner represented Cork for about twenty years, and resigned on being appointed Commissioner of the Insolvent Debtors Court in 1853. He was a member of Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1833.—Express.

THE IRISH QUESTION.—It is with no ordinary delight that we have perused the new French pamphlet on "La Question Irlandaise," which has just been published simultaneously in Paris and Dublin. The author of this striking and admirable brochure is one of the most distinguished of Parisian journalists, a principal writer of the Imperialist and semi-official journal La Constitutionnel, and one who has often before shown his good will to Ireland. The appearance of a pamphlet with such a name, under such auspices, is in itself an event of European interest, an interest which is greatly heightened by the extraordinary ability which characterizes the writer's views, and the wonderful accuracy of his information upon purely Irish subjects.—Morning News.

THE POPE'S IRISH BRIGADE.—It was arranged by some young gentlemen belonging to Galway to have left by Friday night's mail train en route for Rome. Their arrangements not being perfect, the journey is postponed for a few days, and we are informed that some of the candidates for military distinction are relinquishing the prospects of a distinguished collegiate career. We believe there are about thirty young fellows ready to start.—Galway Vindicator.

THE O'CONNELL FAMILY.—Mr. Daniel O'Connell, of Derrynane Abbey, grandson of "the Liberator," after having completed his course of study under Mr. Hanson, the eminent British architect, and improved his observation by inspecting the best specimens of church architecture in classic lands, has determined to commence his profession in Dublin as an architect. No one will dissent from the opinion that it is most creditable to the good sense of the young gentleman that he desires to devote his active and intelligent mind to practically useful objects, although possessing an independent patrimony. Mr. O'Connell fills this year the office of High Sheriff of his native county of Kerry.

"MACMAHON KING OF IRELAND."—A pamphlet bearing this title has been published in Paris by the Government Bookseller, in which the author declares that "Ireland wants a man, and that MacMahon is the man for her; a General fit to carve a crown for himself in Green Erin." Well, more power to his Majesty! If he approaches our shores, of course there will be a "scrimmage," a "row," perhaps a battle. And, to tell the truth, John Bull seems to be inviting the great French General or somebody else to pose on the country; for he proposes to spend only £120,000 in fortifying Cork, and leaves Bantry Bay, Dublin, Waterford, Clogher Head, Carrington, and several other places open for the landing of an invading force. In Dundalk we have one gun to dispute the passage of an enemy. But, seriously speaking, these French Pamphlets mean something, and we request our countrymen to reflect seriously upon them. The publication to which we now allude is sold by the Government Bookseller, and that is significant of its having emanated from a high quarter. Thousands will ask what is its meaning; to which we reply, you must interpret for yourselves.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

THE PAPAL BRIGADE.—"It is eight years," writes an Irish gentleman in Rome, "since an eloquent and energetic young Kerry Priest—now the Rev. John O'Connor, D.D.—suggested, to a high dignitary in the Eternal City, the establishment of an Irish Brigade, for the protection of the Holy Father, undertaking to send a large contingent from his native country." The suggestion of the Rev. gentleman, even in the opinion of the *Times*, is likely very soon to become an accomplished fact; and so far as Kerry is concerned, Dr. O'Connor has certainly not been inactive, for letters before us state that he "has been the very first who took with him a party of dashing young Kerry men—sixty in number—to Cologne, whence he forwarded them to their destination, eliciting from the agents in London—what he, no doubt, and his brother clergymen in Killarney, Tralee, and other parts of the diocese (who have so actively co-operated with him) will be glad to hear—a statement to this effect that 'Kerry led the van, and led it well.'" Indeed, when the Rev. Doctor arrived at Malines, we learn from one of the letters upon which we have drawn for our information, "there were but ninety-four from all Ireland over." Subsequent to the embarkation of the detachment which accompanied the Rev. Doctor, we learn that one hundred and twenty young men, averaging six feet in height, have, independently of others, left Kerry for Italy; and we are informed that fifty or more, of the same standard, have left Tralee within the last two days. A remarkable feature in the movement, so far as Kerry is concerned, is, that the hundred and twenty young men just referred to are, for the most part, the sons of comfortable farmers. Indeed, an instance has come under our own observation, in which one of the richest farmers in the county volunteered to send out one of his sons, paying his expenses, and expressing his regret that his five brothers could not accompany him. This class of men were, it is but right to say, totally opposed to the Phoenix movement, and to understand that, comparatively, very few engaged in that visionary project are to be found among the recruits of the Papal Brigade. As our duty, however, is to record facts, irrespectively of their bearing, we mention that the letter now lies before us which contains the following passage:—"Purcell Sullivan, to whose physique two years have added much of the fine elements of a soldier, has, with the men under his charge, given great satisfaction. His steadiness has been remarkable; and I have no doubt that he will yet do credit to the old land that bore him. Kerry men have distinguished themselves in former brigades, as Pontenoy could tell. Our O'Connors, O'Connell's O'Sullivan, O'Elligotts, Barrys, Mahonys, and a host of gallant Celts, distinguished themselves in every battle-field in Europe." From Limerick we learn that a large body of recruits have gone out, with the Rev. M. Shannon as Chaplain.—*Trillick Chronicle.*

VOLENTIERS FOR IRELAND.—We learn from the columns of a Conservative, and eminently loyal contemporary, the *Irish Times*, that a meeting, "most numerous and respectfully attended," was held in Dublin, on Wednesday evening, to ask (oh! Lord!) of the foreign English Government to enrol here, in this great and noble city, a volunteer corps for the defence of Ireland, similar to those which have been organized across the Channel for the defence of the shores and cities of England. We learn furthermore, that the representative of the alien English rule in Ireland—Mr. Cardwell—has politely informed the originators of that "loyal" meeting that "in the existing state of the law," the Queen of England, as advised by her ministers, cannot, and will not, sanction the establishment of volunteer corps in Ireland. Yet more than this: we glean from our contemporary that the meeting, humbly and complacently submitting to this "subjugation" at the hands of the obscure Englishman, whom the foreign government has made practical ruler of the "Irish," did, after sundry laudatory speeches, and without the least seeming apprehension (God help us!) of the unpardonable insult put upon their country, agree to petition their Anglo-Saxon masters for the repeal of that "existing state of the law," and for leave to enjoy that inalienable right of freemen—the right of carrying arms. Is it not a fearful spectacle this?—that, at the very moment when some two hundred thousand Englishmen are invited and encouraged to bear arms, to wear uniform, to meet, to drill, to learn the use of the rifle and the small sword, that they may be able some day to defend the shores from the possibility of invasion, an English subordinate of the English Government, ruling here despotically (with the help of "arms acts" and "coercion bills"), should be enabled to say to the Irish people that England will not suffer them to arm in their defence, though all the world were in arms against us. A fearful spectacle, did we say? No, thank God, not that after all; but a spectacle for Irishmen, even in their present degradation, grimly to laugh at. For it proves that England is still the murderer who fears the haunted house; that still she trembles at the inextinguished national spirit of the Irish people.—*Trillickman.*

A FRENCH ARMY IN IRELAND.—Some little scraps of truth regarding the condition of the people of Ireland have made their way to the House of Commons. On Monday night, Mr. Blake made before the assembled senators a few statements which, however disagreeable to them and unpalatable, as he confessed, to himself, were nevertheless so many downright facts—his every one acquainted with the circumstances of this country will admit. He said:—"The people of Ireland felt it was utterly useless to appeal to the English Parliament to enable them to live a true and free life, on their native soil." That is a true statement. The Irish people of today may wish the British Parliament as a public office in which to register their protests against the injustice and oppression they are compelled to endure, but hope from that Parliament they have none. If any such ever existed it vanished long ago, never to return. The honorable member continued:—"And the consequence was that they were looking elsewhere and trusting to other means to obtain that

justice which their own Government denied to them."

"At this the honorable senators shouted 'oh, oh!' but such shouts in no way affected the truth of those remarks. Mr. Blake went on and told them something more:—"He could tell them from his knowledge of Ireland that if they allowed things to go on as at present, and confirmed the Irish peasant in the belief which he now very strongly entertained, that nothing would be done to secure to him the fruits of his soil—that if a French invading force landed in the country, if even thirty thousand men, the British flag would not be flying in any part of the Island in a fortnight afterwards."

"We believe those remarks to be substantially true.—Should the French land in Ireland an army of 30,000 men, and proclaim—as they certainly would proclaim—not anarchy, not spoliation, but order—that is to say, real order in the place of the disorder which now exists—and law, that is to say just law, with protection and security for life and property—should they do these things, declaring not the annexation, but the independence of Ireland, under a French protectorate—then, indeed, was British power in Ireland at an end. And with that power would end Ireland's long agony. On the day of that landing, famine would fold her black wings and fly from the land for ever; emigrant ships would cease to bear away our people into exile; the labors of the crowbar brigade would terminate, and notice to quit would disappear into the infernal pit, never more to harass and afflict the people of Ireland. From that day we should have no further legislation hostile to the faith and morals of our people; we should have no more strife between the followers of different creeds. From that day Ireland would become one nation; strength and vigour would come into her wasted limbs; she would arise and cast away the chains and the rags she had so long been compelled to wear; she would break the begging box her tyrant had put into her hand, and instead of a mendicant, become a benefactress."

The House of Commons cheered derisively when Mr. Blake spoke of the speedy disappearance of the Irish flag, which would follow the landing of thirty thousand Frenchmen in Ireland. But those who derided the idea cannot have considered the question. If they think it well over they will not laugh when next they hear it.—*Nation.*

IRISH OPINION IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.—In speaking last week of the present condition of the Landlord and Tenant question, we noticed with approval some sentences addressed by the O'Donoghue to the hostile legislature, in which that gentleman still condescends to sit. We have always held ourselves bound to express our recognition of any good thing done, or good word said, however small, by any Irish member, however little entitled to our confidence, in the assembly in question; and if we had seen last week a full report of the observations said to have been made by Mr. Blake of Waterford, on the same occasion, we should have gladly included him in the commendations we felt bound to address to his colleague of Tipperary. In Mr. Blake's paper, the *Citizen*, of last week, a full report of his speech appears; and we are not in the least surprised that the London (from which our Dublin morning papers copy) should have suppressed such sentences as those which follow. Alluding to the impossibility of England obtaining recruits among the discontented and notoriously disaffected peasantry of Ireland, he says it "can be accounted for by the enormous amount of the able-bodied men who have left this country for America, not one of whom, let me tell you, but carries in his heart a deep feeling of hatred against the Government whose culpable indifference to his welfare has driven him from his native land, and may lead some day, when opportunity offers, to a terrible retribution. And certainly the feelings of those who remain behind cannot be much better, compelled as they are to labor without reaping the benefit of their industry, and must lead them to look elsewhere, and to other means, to obtain that justice, cruelly and determinedly refused them by their own Government. [Loud cries of "No, no," and cheers.] Hon. gentlemen may doubt this," Mr. Blake is reported to have said, in continuation, "but do you think when I and others of their representatives tell them, year after year, that we can obtain nothing for them, that they will continue to look to this house or to your Government for their rights? No; I tell you that already their thoughts and hopes are turned in another, and to this country, a hostile direction [no, no.] I firmly believe it, and I say it with regret [!—&c.] And I raise my voice not in an exulting but in a warning spirit. And before I sit down I will tell you another fearful [!] truth of which I am well convinced from my intimate knowledge of Ireland and the people; that if a French invading force of even thirty thousand men were to land in Ireland to-morrow, the British flag would not be flying in any part of Ireland in a fortnight after [derisive laughter!!!] Now upon these expressions we have only to say, that the statements thus made are perfectly true; and that such statements are precisely what ought long ago to have been manfully made in the House. We shall not inquire into Mr. Blake's object in making them, nor into his opinions on the matter at all. But we are glad to find such an indication of public opinion in Waterford as Mr. Blake's speaking at all affords us.—*Irishman.*

FORTIFICATIONS.—A Royal commission has reported on the subject of "National Defences," and recommended the expenditure of eleven millions eight hundred and fifty thousand sterling on sea-coast fortifications. Of that sum of money, just one hundred and twenty thousand pounds are to be expended in Ireland, and of that one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, Englishmen will be certain to carry off the better part—while Ireland will have to pay more than her share of the entire expenditure! That is the way we pay for our connection with England!—*Nation.*

REMOVAL OF IRISH BORN POOR.—From a Parliamentary return on this subject, published at the instance of Mr. Joseph Ewart, one of the members for Liverpool, it appears that the total number of paupers, who became chargeable to Irish unions during the year ending 25th of March last, on being removed from England or Scotland, amounted to 853. Of these, fifty were removed to Belfast, ten to Dundalk, ten to Londonderry, and four to Newry. The return also states that, out of the fifty removed to Belfast, thirteen are at present receiving relief in the union.

REMOVED DEATH OF DELANY.—We have heard that Delany, who had been absconding since the murder of Mr. Ely, died recently, and in the vicinity of the scene of blood—in fact, at his own house. If our information be correct, Delany, after the occurrence, made his way in safety as far as the Silvermeads, about five miles from this town, and took refuge in the works, continuing concealed under ground day and night, unless when he would occasionally venture out of his hiding place for a short time with some of the miners. Here he remained until a week or two past, when he took ill with fever of a dangerous type, and his malady assuming an alarming appearance, he was removed to his own home, where he is said to have died a few days ago. We do not vouch for the accuracy of the foregoing report, though our informant attaches considerable weight to it.—*Neagh Guardian.*

DESTITUTION IN ERIS.—In consequence of the denial of distress existing in Eris, the Protestant doctor of Kilcomman has written to the *Times*, saying:—"Were it not that our committee have been enabled to dole out some scanty pittance of relief to 900 families, starvation would before this have committed havoc among us. As it is, dysentery, swelling of the limbs, and fever—the usual attendants of famine—have appeared in many villages, and unless the funds of our committee (comprising Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy and laity) be soon and largely increased by the generous contributions of the wealthy and humane, epidemic in one type or another will commit ravages among a people already predisposed to fall an easy prey to its assaults. I may mention, as indicative of the deep distress here prevailing, that the Romish hierarchy of this diocese (Killara) have been obliged to forego all idea of a collection for the Pope; and that priest and parson, despite of their mutual religious and political jealousies, have met on the broad platform of charity in generous rivalry as to who shall do most for the poor."

and trouble the air with her powerful voice, but the moans of Ireland shall be heard. And when England will take the liberty of inspecting the dungeons of a king, that king can answer him; Turn back, and in Ireland see strewn about the bleached bones of thousands of human creatures, the dead of hunger the victims of artificial famines! Turn your eyes back once more and behold those vessels carrying away an entire people who renounce living under your philanthropic sceptre! When England will call for on one side the secularization of an ecclesiastical government, and on another for privileges for Christians in a Mahometan country, Rome and Turkey will answer her: Look back and see in Ireland that monstrous intolerance, an Anglican clergy richly supported by the money of poor Catholic Ireland. When England shall blame Austria for not giving back to Hungary her liberal institutions, Austria can answer: Let England give back to Ireland her independence and her Parliament. And Austria, as well as Turkey, Rome, and Naples, would be right.

La Question Irlandaise.

This pamphlet and an English translation of it have appeared simultaneously in Paris and Dublin. We have no means of knowing who the writer is, but from certain indications we conjecture that M. Henri Marie-Martin, of the *Constitutionnel*, is the man. The initials "J. P. L." sufficiently establish for Irish readers the identity of the translator. There is nothing new in the brochure itself: its arguments and illustrations are chiefly derived from recent writings of Mgr. Dupanloup, M. l'Abbe Perraud, and Mr. John Mitchell, all of which, except the last (which we notice to-day), have been already brought under the observation of our readers. But it is not the less certain to make a deep impression on public opinion in France, and is likely to influence indirectly even Imperial policy. The translation is well executed, but it scarcely does justice to the trenchant terseness of the original. The difference of idioms, however, sufficiently accounts for this. The character of the publication will be best understood from the extracts we append:—

THE IRISH QUESTION.—In England the very existence of an Irish question will be disputed. Official speeches and the British press now fully agree on the fact that, owing to the enlightened and generous care of the Government, Ireland is at present in the enjoyment of great prosperity. With fewer Irishmen in Ireland, we are gravely told the country is more happy; and they add, this is the advantage and a most providential effect of the famine and of emigration. From this it is evident that we may expect from the British press a sharp reprimand. We shall even be taxed with "ignorance," that being the polite treatment every Frenchman receives who dares to speak of English affairs otherwise than in trumpeting their praise. Such an anticipation shall not, however, prevent us from proceeding. Notwithstanding all the confidence with which the official language of England inspires us, and the statements of the British journals, we have some reason to doubt that the people of Ireland are quite contented, and that the country is really prosperous. For instance, people die of hunger in this "happy" country; and this is not a story of the past, one of yesterday; it is the fact of to-day. For even now, as fourteen or fifteen years ago, the sorrowing wail of misery, the cry of anguish, rings in our ears, accounts reach us of the population of entire villages being reduced to such a state of wretchedness that they are begging for food, asking for "boiled turpings and a little salt" to support life; that some are forced to feed on sea weed, and others are actually perishing in the pangs of hunger. These scenes of sorrow are to be witnessed in the county of Mayo, in the county of Kerry on the sea coast, and in the mountainous districts of the West. Yes, famine reigns once more in that prosperous Ireland! Strange indeed! Why, has not this country actually the happiness of being governed by those who call themselves our masters in the science of political economy? England should surely know admirably well how to give Ireland a prosperity of reality, not one of cruel falsehood. And yet, "if in our times that monster of barbarous ages, famine, seeks for a prey in Europe, it is by a singular fatality Ireland alone that it chooses."

POSITION OF THE IRISH PEASANT.—What is the position at present of the Irish peasantry, whom past ages show us to have been systematically devoted to a complete extermination? Is the odious legislation which condemned to death a whole people on the very land which was taken from them, still in vigour? Is the proprietor of the land in Ireland always forced by law to oppress unto extinction the conquered race? Let us at once declare that he is not. But if the strict obligation of driving the Irishman from his farm exists no longer, the legal right or enablement is still in the hands of the landlord. In one word, the law no longer says, "thou shalt evict;" but it still says, "thou mayest evict;" and tradition adds: "by taking advantage of this right you will be meritorious in the eyes of Protestant England." That is why we so often read, even in the English papers, of so many evictions (that is the word) taking place. The peasant or Irish tenant has not, then, ceased being at the mercy of his master. He is called "tenant at will," being at the caprice of the owner of the soil, or the "landlord." The tenant holds nothing—not even the house or the hut he himself built, and from which he may be at every moment driven without receiving compensation. Alas! Had he wrought and developed in his farm the most costly improvements—had he spent on it not only his labour, but his savings—all he had in the world—his future prospects and those of his family—he might, from one moment to the other, even when he has paid his rent regularly, receive "notice to quit," and be forced to abandon everything without being paid back one single penny! It is the landlord who legally profits by all the improvements; he can send away, when he chooses it, his tenant, who owes him nothing! This position of the Irish peasant, at the mercy of his landlord, cannot be compared to any other in the world. It has been a hundred times over proved that the serfs of the middle ages, or the serfs of Russia in the present day, were treated infinitely better. The serf is, at least, attached to the soil; he must feed him; he is not exposed to death by hunger while the land he tills grows a crop. In Ireland, the landlord has no legal duty to fulfil towards his tenant. Nothing prevents him from turning him away; that is, from condemning to death the peasant and his family. For, for those wretched people there is no other alternative but this: to emigrate (and to emigrate money is necessary), or to die by the roadside; unless, indeed, that horrible prison which is called Workhouse should receive them, and reserve for them a more lingering death in mournful slavery! The slaves of America themselves are less to be pitied than the "tenants at will" of Ireland. Life at least is assured to the Negro slave. The condition of the Irish peasant is, then, without another example on the face of the globe. Civilized Europe offers nothing that even approaches it. It is said that the Ryot of India (another British subject) presents alone, but not in every respect, some analogy with the Irish tenant. Who will be astonished that under such a system, in which the peasant is deprived of all security, the culture of the land should be so backward? who will be surprised that discouragement should weigh upon the minds of a whole population thus treated for centuries!

A WARNING TO ENGLAND.—We have said what the happy results of a truly just and sincerely liberal policy should be for Great Britain as well as for Ireland. Let England reflect on them! In the time in which we live it is no longer possible for a nation to retain another in servitude and suffering without raising up against herself the indignation of the world. It is, above all, no longer possible to enjoy at the same time the benefit of oppression and the advantages of a reputation of liberality. The complaints of a people are heard to-day from one end of the earth to the other. Neither the loftiest mountain nor the murmuring noise of two oceans can prevent the cry of anguish of nationalities from reaching ears that sympathize with their sufferings. If a prince could have forgotten himself so far as to say one day: "The Poles are as little deserving of our sympathy as the Irish;" in Europe, fortunately, as a man of superior mind, Lord Macaulay acknowledged Ireland and Poland are universally considered as two sisters in misfortune. Great Britain may in vain throw between Ireland and us her majestic shadow

and trouble the air with her powerful voice, but the moans of Ireland shall be heard. And when England will take the liberty of inspecting the dungeons of a king, that king can answer him; Turn back, and in Ireland see strewn about the bleached bones of thousands of human creatures, the dead of hunger the victims of artificial famines! Turn your eyes back once more and behold those vessels carrying away an entire people who renounce living under your philanthropic sceptre! When England will call for on one side the secularization of an ecclesiastical government, and on another for privileges for Christians in a Mahometan country, Rome and Turkey will answer her: Look back and see in Ireland that monstrous intolerance, an Anglican clergy richly supported by the money of poor Catholic Ireland. When England shall blame Austria for not giving back to Hungary her liberal institutions, Austria can answer: Let England give back to Ireland her independence and her Parliament. And Austria, as well as Turkey, Rome, and Naples, would be right.

REPEAL OF THE UNION.—The Union is, then, in reality, Ireland governed by foreigners; to her own prejudice, and for their profit only; it is Ireland forced to export what she should consume, and to import what she should fabricate, that is to say, condemned to periodical famines and perpetual misery. The Repeal of the Union, it is the Irish Government in Ireland; it is to have in Dublin not only a court, but a House of Lords and a House of Commons, that is the residence of the proprietors of the soil, and consequently a rich society, which would bring back luxury and prosperity; it would be Ireland developing all her resources, creating for herself natural industry, possessing a most important commerce, and feeding all her children. In one word, a nation recovering, with its liberty, the natural conditions of her existence, and all the advantages of life. England, who admits in Italy the rights of nationalities, and the authority of universal suffrage, who applauds the insurrection of Sicily, and subscribes for Garibaldi, has no right to refuse the claims of Ireland. And yet, if Ireland can obtain nothing! We do not yet call for an intervention on the part of Europe, to call back for Ireland her own national institutions. Europe cannot occupy itself with everything at the same time. But we believe that in no case, amicable remonstrances would be more justified than in favour of this country, so cruelly treated, and which, in spite of her long day of sorrow, possesses still a powerful vitality. The cause of Ireland, more than that of any other country, deserves that Europe should apply to her, adopting them, these noble words:—"L'interet de la France est partout ou il y a une cause juste et civilisatrice a faire prevaloir." It may be that the political situation to-day may not be favourable to the hopes of Ireland; but the time may come. Ireland thinks so; Ireland expects so. It is enough to have shown that there will be for Europe, when Europe wishes it, an Irish Question.

GREAT BRITAIN.

NATIONAL DEFENCES.—The *Daily News* says the scheme of the Commissioners is undeniably one that involves a very great augmentation of the land force of this country, and would not only be valueless but dangerous without that measure. The questions to be considered are—whether the men, without whom the fortresses would be useless, have been provided; or whether the fortifications themselves could not be dispensed with? It is by making it certain that foreign aggression will be unprofitable and disastrous to the aggressor, that we shall most assuredly prevent invasion. No accumulation of barracks and stores will do so. The rifle and artillery volunteer movement has already done great service in this respect, and it is capable of still further development; but it must either become more popular in its elements, or some cogent organization adapted to the necessities and even the taste of the great body of the community must supply its place. It is above all necessary to beware of supposing that, in the hour of need, we can safely trust to anything but the courage of the nation and the skill and spirit of its leaders. The *Times* publishes a letter from Colonel Jebb on the defence of London. There are six or eight roads by which an enemy must advance, and it is to the particular points where these roads intersect the defensive lines, and have to ascend a steep hill or pass through a low gorge or defile, that attention is directed. The *Times* says it is imperative on Lord Palmerston to submit to Parliament for adoption the report of the Commissioners on National Defences. The decision and the responsibilities, however, must rest with the House of Commons and the country. The *Times* adds:—"All we are now asked to consider is, whether we shall fortify our dockyards and arsenals, or be exposed to sudden attack. If the dockyards can protect themselves, the fleets will be at liberty to extend their protection along the coast, and to damage the enemy."

LORD OVERSTONE ON THE RESULTS OF INVASION.—The replies of Lord Overstone to queries put to him by the National Defence Commissioners as to his opinion of the probable effect of the occupation of London by an invading army has been published. His lordship says:—"I cannot contemplate or trace to its consequences such a supposition; my only answer is 'must never be.'" Lord Overstone does, however, state at considerable length his impression as to the results of an invading army occupying London and being in possession of the centre of our governmental and financial systems. The case being put, private property being respected, the occupation being purely military, Lord Overstone thinks that in that case, suppose there would exist a prevalent feeling that the fatal blow had been struck, that the deep humiliation had been sustained, that the means for gratifying his exactions are under the command of the enemy, that the means for further and effectual resistance are doubtful, why the calamities attending it are certain and overwhelming. Lord Overstone fears that the efforts of a country thus humiliated, paralysed, dispirited, and divided in opinion would not lead to any satisfactory result. Our riches, the complicated nature of our social and monetary system, the limited extent of our country, the necessity of internal order and confidence by the maintenance of our manufacturing population would, it is feared, be found to render a prolonged conflict upon our own soil, perhaps impracticable, at all events fatal to all that constitutes the power, the well-being, and the happiness of the country. These considerations, Lord Overstone says, show the great inducement we have to make our system of national defences complete.

The Lords have rejected by an immense majority (128 to 31), the Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates. The Parliamentary business of the Commons has been comparatively unimportant. Progress is being slowly made with the Irish Tenure and Land Improvement Bill. The Catholic Charities Bill came on for discussion on Thursday night. Such inordinate hostility was exhibited by the Newdegate faction in opposing its progress, that the Home Secretary was compelled to state that such conduct was not calculated to raise the character of the House in public estimation.—*Weekly Register.*

EMIGRANTS FOR ROME.—On Tuesday last a friend of ours walking into the station of the Laneshire and Yorkshire railway, Tithebarn-street, saw ranked there in half military, half civilian fashion, a group of stalwart men. They were unmistakable Irish; yet they could not be 'barristers,' for many of them wore broad cloth, and had manifestly not been accustomed to manual labour. Enquiry told him that those men had just arrived from Ireland, that they were 175 in number, and that all were booked for Hull. As two gentlemen, apparently foreigners, appeared to have the management of the party, an enquiry was made of them whether the party was bound, and one of them replied very courteously that they were all en route to America as emigrants, but intended to proceed by

way of Antwerp. At the same time a meaning smile passed across his face. The tickets being had, and the train ready, the band took up their places in the carriages, and, as they shot from the station, gave a cheer that caused the iron roof to rattle. They were going to Rome. The Dublin correspondent of the *Times*, in noticing that 100 young men left Sligo on Tuesday for Liverpool, remarks as curious that some of the party had 'no baggage but a handkerchief or a little bundle.' It was the first time we ever heard that baggage was indispensable to a soldier. They can fight very well without it.—*Liverpool Northern Press.*

"GOEK AND BULL?" STORIES.—"The Vansittart case" has been a fruitful theme for our Protestant contemporaries, the majority of whom are of course checking heartily at the easy gullibility of our scribes. The Police officials, we need hardly observe, were only too well pleased to second the "popery" zeal of the enlightened Norwich magistrates, the chief of whom, according to the letter of a correspondent, appears to be better adapted to occupy some Reformatory or Bethel pulpit, than to dignify with his presence the mis-called seat of justice. It is amusing how readily the police have helped to contribute a chapter to the book of romance unfolded by the Norwich Protestants. Thus the imaginary Foreign Priest, Father Gugioli, is now transformed into the Police description as "Father Eugene, a Roman Catholic Priest of the Jesuit persuasion." This mysterious stranger, whom no one but young Vansittart has ever seen, or heard of, is no longer an Italian but a Spaniard. The "handsome reward" has, however, hitherto, failed in producing any such person, notwithstanding the most diligent search.—It is even said that eight policemen started from Norwich on the search throughout England, and that others sought in vain for proofs of his visit there.—*Weekly Register.*

EVANGELICAL SWINDLING.—A formidable case of insolvency, or something worse, has occurred in London—the breaking down of a society called the "United Kingdom Beneficial Fund Association," supported by the Bishop of Oxford and a number of Clergymen. On the strength of high names a number of poor people were induced to purchase small annuities in this society, and several charitable persons have purchased annuities in it for poor people in which welfare they were interested. The principal in each instance was received, but the annuities have not been paid, and in some cases, in others two and even three years in arrears of the agreed payments, without any prospect, so far as appearances go, of things becoming better. The magistrates of the Police office, Sir John, has been very interesting himself for these poor people, but it is clear from what has transpired, that the capital of the society is gone, and nobody left with "powder and shot." It is a heavy responsibility attaching to men of position who lend their names to build schemes of this kind without proving their foundation, or calling upon the result. Cases of equity and justice more than this are hardly possible to imagine.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, LONDON.—The papers report that there was another force disturbance on Sunday evening. The preacher was the Rev. W. H. South of Harlow. He preached solemnly and eloquently to the congregation, but he was accused and laughed at throughout. Once he told his reason, asserting that they were sending him to him and to the words of Christ, and that for a number of years he had been to be quiet. Some stones were thrown, and the men were renewed, and continued until Mr. South descended from the pulpit. The stones and shouts, as they left the church, were assailed by groans, hisses, and laughter.

The London *Times* gives us a graphic picture of the havoc which the late war has produced in the south.—"The number of men who have been drowned or mangled or maimed in the 'younglings of the hills' and in the 'sons of the vale' of the south, who in ordinary seasons produce wealth in abundance, and who all winters, have been given away to hospitals, who would accept them as a gift. The price of meat has flown up in a point at which it is placed beyond the reach of any sane and sensible class. Under the usual condition of the south, with its long ranges of sheep with exports to the north, England is now expelling its population to Scotland." This is gloomy and terrible picture, and it is, we fear, untragic to come. But our contemporary derives comfort from the operations of freetrade.—"The farmer of the banks of the Rhine, and the Belgian grower of wheat, now vying for the British markets. Not many years ago a few months of rain, a spout harvest, and a reform bill would have represented to the minds of a shrewd agriculturist the ground work of a fatal and ruinous system. Now, at least, it is a blessing, and one which may be suffering distress in some part of the hardness of the times is well aware that the Government of the country is willing to do with its misfortune."

"PENITENTIARY PRISONS AND THE PRESS."—Under this heading appears the following article in the *National Standard*, an Irish-American paper:—

In our last number we published some regulations which the prison Governor of Aldington, alluded to in our last number, had published. These regulations were most Polish in their scope, going so far as to prohibit the chaplain from all communication with Roman Catholic prisoners. We mentioned serious doubts as to the truth of the prison assertions, as the Governor has no power to make any such rules; and Mr. Oakley has since been obliged to confess that he was mistaken as to the intention of the chaplain; and, doubtless, all the other assertions have an equally good foundation. We know nothing about the new Governor, but we do know much about Col. Sir Joshua Jebb, K.C.B., the Director-General of Prisons and we unhesitatingly assert that he never could have approved such thoroughly Polish Rules, which were also in direct violation of the regulations for the government of convict prisons, approved by the Home Secretary of State. Sir Joshua Jebb is a Christian man and a Protestant; and, whilst we would not tolerate any unfairness towards Romanists, and would strictly and rigorously administer the law, we are satisfied that he would not support any one in efforts to undermine the influence of the chaplain, or to deprive the poor prisoner of the opportunity of escaping the visits of the intrusive Romish priest. For many years he has discharged with honour and fidelity the difficult duties of his office, and we trust that he may long continue energetically and wisely to prosecute them. It is a good thing that governors have no power to make rules, but that they "depend on the higher authorities." But Mr. Oakley was not, we believe, mistaken; he had a reason for the course he took. The supposed concessions of the Governor of Pentonville would be placed as a precedent for other prisons; and the active Popish priest would thus get the entire control over Roman prisoners. Such tricks are by no means uncommon among the followers of Loyola and the disciples of Ligouri. Priests in Ireland will forge wills, steal children, and concoct letters from boys in Reformatories; and in England the same spirit animates the perverts to Popery. Mr. Oakley may desire to exercise his his "spiritual power" in our goals and workhouses; but we trust that our "higher authorities" will not be induced, for any political or other motives, to gratify the wish of these men, whose aim is to hand us over to the tender mercies of Pius of Perugia.

In reproducing the foregoing, the *Salisbury Gazette* makes the following creditable observations:—"It appears to us neither forcible nor becoming to speak of a gentleman and a scholar, and a conscientious man to boot, as 'the priest Oakley.' These polemical graces only serve to alienate men of taste and good feeling from the active service of truth, and to generate that latitudinarianism which accounts for two-thirds of the success which error obtains."

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1860.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

By the last dates it would appear that no new movement had been actually commenced by Garibaldi, who was reported as busily occupied in organizing the Sicilian levies, and preparing for an attack upon Messina. Naples itself was beginning to give signs of great agitation; placards of a most inflammatory description, urging the people to revolt, were in circulation, and the City had been declared in a state of siege. Refrains and concessions had been offered by the King, but these came too late. No Government can treat or negotiate with its rebellious subjects with arms in their hands, and live. It must either conquer or die, for there is for it no other alternative; yet the chances of a successful appeal to arms seem to be slight for the Neapolitan Bourbons. The insurrection is openly and actively countenanced by Sardinia; it is looked upon favorably by France; whilst Austria and Russia, though no doubt well disposed to support the King of Naples' tottering throne, are too remote, too much taken up with their domestic affairs, to be able to lend him any very effective assistance. That the insurrection will therefore prove successful is more than probable, though in case of its success, what will be the fate of the Neapolitan Kingdom is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. Annexation to Sardinia is of course the policy of the Cavourites; but it is not probable that Louis Napoleon will countenance another annexation to the dominions of a neighbor who, in case of war might prove a very formidable adversary. At Rome all remained quiet, though it cannot be doubted that a successful insurrection in the Southern part of the Peninsula would seriously affect the position of the Sovereign Pontiff. Many rumors are afloat as to the designs of the French Emperor; of his sympathies with the Neapolitan and Sicilian insurgents; and his adherence to the policy sketched out by M. About, of "Rome and a Garden" for the Pope.

The domestic news was of little interest.—There had been a great Review of the Volunteers before the Queen in Hyde Park. Upwards of 20,000 men marched and counter-marched in the most gallant manner imaginable, at the aspect of whom the spirit of the Great Briton rose immensely, and an invasion was pronounced no longer practicable. Perhaps the *Times*, and others, crow too lustily about so small a matter, thereby provoking the jeers and jibes of their sarcastic neighbors on the other side of the Channel; but there can be no doubt that, if put to it, the Volunteers would fight well, and approve themselves no contemptible opponents to the regular army. Unfortunately, however, for Great Britain, so conscious is its Government of its injustice towards Ireland, that it dare not appeal to the military ardor of the Irish, as it appears to the loyalty of its immediate subjects in England and Scotland. The Irish volunteer indeed, but not for Queen Victoria; not to protect the shores of Ireland against Louis Napoleon, MacMahon, or others of his captives—but for Pius IX., but to defend their Church against the menacing attacks of Cavour, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and the banded hordes of revolutionists and infidels whom Great Britain applauds, and indeed subsidizes. Amongst the other memorabilia of the week we may also mention a discussion in the House of Commons on Orangism. Mr. Maguire called the attention of the Chief Secretary for Ireland to the circumstance, and asked what steps government had taken, or were about to take, to repress the nuisance of Orange processions. Mr. Cardwell replied that it was true that these hateful displays had occurred in some parts of Ireland; but that magistrates had been exhorted to vigilance—that additional police were quartered in the districts most infested by Orangism—and that from these precautions he trusted the peace of the country would be preserved.

The steamer *Malabar* with Baron Gros, Lord Elgin, and their respective suites on board, had been wrecked in a violent squall in the harbor of Galle. No lives were lost, but the papers, the ambassadors' credentials, and a large amount of gold on board at the time, went down with the ill-fated vessel.

LETTER FROM THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, IN REPLY TO THE ADDRESS FROM THE CATHOLIC BISHOP, CLERGY, AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston has received the following letter from His Holiness Pius IX., in reply to the Address forwarded to Rome from the Faithful of the Kingston Diocese, which we have great pleasure in laying before our readers:—

"Venerable Brother—Health and Apostolical Benediction:—

"We have lately received your letters of the Month of March last, which certainly were of no small comfort to Us, in the great troubles and bitterness with which We were oppressed. For by those same letters We are assured, more and more, what, and how great, are the piety, love, and reverence which you, your Clergy and faithful Laity bear towards Us, and this Chair of Peter; and how great your grief, pain and indignation, because of the most iniquitous and sacrilegious attempts upon Our Civil domain, the supreme authority of this Holy See, and the Patrimony of the Blessed Peter, made by men who in their hostility to the Catholic Church, and to this Holy See, have not scrupled to trample under foot all laws, human and divine.

"Most agreeable to Us was the expression of those your sentiments, and the sentiments of your faithful people, which assuredly are worthy of all praise, and clearly make manifest the charity towards the Catholic Church with which you burn, Venerable Brother, and the zeal with which your faithful people study the interests of that same Church. Continue therefore, together with your Clergy and Laity, to offer to Almighty God your most fervent prayers, that He will deliver His Holy Church from so many and so great calamities, and that from the rising to the setting of the sun, He will increase and ornament her with still more illustrious triumphs; that He will help and comfort Us in all Our tribulations; and that by His infinite power, He will deign to bring back to the paths of truth, justice, and salvation all the enemies of His Church and of this Holy See.

"And since, Venerable Brother, you clearly perceive in what an arduous conflict our most holy religion is engaged in these evil days, we doubt not that, aided by the divine help, because of your exemplary piety and episcopal zeal, you will fight the battles of the Lord strenuously, and that with ever increasing alacrity and vigor you will fearlessly defend the cause of that religion; wisely and prudently watch over your flock to preserve it from evil; and that you will detect the multiplied frauds of the adversaries, refute their errors, and repel their shafts.

"Lastly, be assured how great is Our fatherly love towards you: of which, as a most certain pledge, We desire you to accept the Apostolical Benediction which, with the warmest affection of Our heart, We give to you, Venerable Brother, and to all the Clergy and Faithful committed to your care.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, this Fourteenth day of June, 1860, and in the Fourteenth year of Our Pontificate.

"PIUS P. P. IX."

THE ATTEMPTED PROSELYTISM IN NORFOLK.—For the last month Protestantism has been stirred to its remotest depths by these magic words. A vast conspiracy against Protestant truth had—so it was reported—been brought to light; an interesting, innocent, but deceived youth had been snatched from the jaws of Jesuitism and perdition; the wiles of Rome, the Mother of Harlots, had once more been manifested to the world; and an Italian priest, wearing a long black cloak, a slouched hat, and whose life was spent in continually crouching under hedges, lying in wait for little Protestant boys, was to be apprehended and brought to justice.—Great was the moaning of the old women in the conventicle; loud and terrible was the thunder of the *Times*: whose echoes, taken up, and reverberated by the smaller fry of the evangelical press, carried terror into the bosom of many a Protestant family on the banks of the far St. Lawrence. The editor of the *Montreal Witness* was in dismay, and still kept peering about, lest haply some Italian priest in long black cloak, and with a slouched hat, should pounce upon him unawares, and make a Papist of him on the spot. The fair daughters of "Our Zion" were alarmed exceedingly.

And now alas! it turns out that all this virtuous indignation, all these indignant protests, all these nervous tremors were uncalled for; that "The Attempted Proselytism in Norfolk" must henceforward rank amongst the class of stories known to the profane as "Stories of a Cook and of a Bull;" that the "Italian priest with long cloak, who crouches beneath hedges," is but a creation of the poet's brain; and that the reported victim of the nefarious designs of Papal emissaries is at best a very silly, if not a very depraved lad, who promises, if he continues as he has commenced, to outshine the evangelical Maria Monk herself as a champion of the Holy Protestant Faith. But we must lay the story before our readers, as a specimen of the stuff out of which "No-Popery" cries are cunningly fabricated; premising that every particular by us narrated is duly set forth in the evidence before the magistrates by whom the case was investigated.

On, or about the 9th of June last, a youngster, 16 years old, of the name of Vansittart, the son of Mr. Vansittart, a member of Parliament, and a professor of evangelical Protestantism of the extreme "Low Church" brand, ran away from the school of the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, a Protestant minister at Rackheath, with whom the lad had been placed by his father, in consequence of having previously manifested some Romish proclivities.

The run-away shaped his course for Norwich, distant about five miles from his school; and asking his way to the Catholic chapel, was directed by a policeman to St. John's chapel, in charge of a Rev. Mr. Dalton, Catholic priest. Young Vansittart introduced himself to Canon Dalton, told his story, expressed a desire to be admitted into the Catholic Church, and exposed his state of impecuniosity to his reverend auditor.

The latter, believing Vansittart to be in good faith, and taking pity upon him, lent him six shillings, and put him in communication with a Mr. Beha, a Catholic watchmaker—in order that the lad might raise money upon a watch which he had with him, and which he wished to dispose of. The story he told the priest was, that the watch belonged to a schoolfellow, with whom however he had left his own watch, a superior article, in exchange.

In the meantime, the Rev. Mr. Hodgson having discovered the flight of his pupil, pursued him to Norwich. Here he met Canon Dalton, who at once came up, and volunteered information of the place where the young runaway was to be found. The Rev. Mr. Hodgson professed himself much pleased with this conduct of the Romish priest; declared that the latter had behaved in a very handsome manner; and acting upon the information received, went at once and took bodily possession of his absconding pupil, to whose father he also wrote, acquainting him with the circumstances.

Down came the elder Vansittart to Norwich, boiling over with indignation against Romanism in general, and the Romish priest Dalton in particular. Of the latter it was determined to make an example; and so father and son taking sweet counsel together, a charge of conspiracy was duly concocted, and laid before the Norwich Bench of right worshipful Protestant magistrates; to whose horror-stricken ears the lad Vansittart, the victim of Romish wiles, and deep-laid Jesuit schemes, did his wondrous tale unfold. Being sworn, the interesting youth thus deposed:—

"That he had been instigated to run away from school by a disguised Italian priest of the name of Father Giugini, or Enguine, whom he had encountered on the 5th of June, clad in a long black cloak, with a slouched hat, and hiding, or crouching behind a hedge near the school at Rackheath, and whom he had previously known at Brighton. That the said disguised priest, whom he—Vansittart—believed to belong to the Jesuit persuasion, kissed him at parting on the forehead, and said to him "Addio carissimo," having previously compelled him to take an oath upon a "relic or charm," never to divulge the particulars of this mysterious interview. Acting upon the counsels of this disguised Italian priest of the "Jesuit persuasion," Vansittart ran away from school, and put himself in communication with the Rev. Canon Dalton of Norwich. This was the lad's story, affirmed upon oath, before a Bench of Protestant Magistrates; who at once concluded that this Giugini with the long black cloak and slouched hat, who crouched beneath hedges, and pounced out upon Protestant boys, was a fellow-conspirator of, and acting in concert with, the Norwich priest. Proceeding upon this luminous conclusion, they held the latter to bail, and issued their warrant for the apprehension of the mysterious Giugini.

At all this fuss the Catholic community laughed "consumedly;" for they knew—what, if they had not been the victims of their Protestant traditions the Norwich magistrates might easily have suspected—that from beginning to end, Vansittart's deposition was a lie, and that there was no such Catholic priest as Giugini or Enguine in Great Britain. Nevertheless, the warrant for the latter's apprehension was issued. The police were ordered to be on the alert throughout the United Kingdom; to keep their eyes open for a long black cloak, and slouched Italian hat; to peer cautiously under all hedges, lest disguised Jesuits might be lurking therein; and, in general terms, to "comprehend all ragamuffin" suspected of Popery. Such in substance was the charge of the Norwich Dogberry and Verges to the detective police of Great Britain.

But it so happened that, of the latter, there was one, Mr. Hitchman, who had his suspicions, his doubts, his qualms, as to the credibility of young Vansittart; and who, whilst the Great Briton, from John-o-Groat's to Land's End, was nervously waiting for tidings of the capture of the disguised priest of the Jesuit persuasion, formed the shrewd guess that, except as an unrealized idea in the brain of either the elder or the younger Vansittart, this mysterious Giugini had no existence whatsoever. Meantime, many persons had seen, or—what in the eyes of intelligent Protestants amounts to the same thing—believed, or thought that they believed, that they had seen Giugini in the flesh. One cried, "Lo! he is here;" and another cried, "Lo! he is there;" and so there was hurrying to and fro. At last came tidings—this time there could be no mistake—that Giugini was to be found officiating in a Chapel in London. 'Twas the Chief Constable Hitchman was at once dispatched, together with young Vansittart for the purpose of identifying the criminal; and the result of the wild goose chase was, that Mr. Hitchman's suspicions about the truth of Vansittart's story were confirmed. He cautioned the latter of the dangerous consequences of perjury; and young Vansittart moved to compunction by the dread of transportation, at last made a clear breast of it, and confessed to the Chief Constable that the whole story about the Italian priest of the Jesuit persuasion, &c. &c., was a lie from beginning to end. Whether it was instigated by his evangelical father does not yet appear.

This materially altered the aspect of the case; and so when it again came up before the Norwich magistrates, on the 26th ult., a strange scene took place. Mr. Sergeant Ballantine for the plaintiff—Mr. Vansittart (sen.) appealed strongly, but in vain, to the Protestant prejudices of the Court. He argued that the conduct of the priest Dalton was "most tolerable and not to be endured;" and that proselytism, or the conversion of Protestants to Catholicity was a crime so serious that the law was bound to punish the actors thereon. As a specimen of Prottyrant law, Protestant logic, and Protestant justice, we copy from the London *Times* the concluding passage of this learned Protestant advocate's address to the Court. Conscious that in open Court, his client was about to be proved by his own lips a perjured liar—Mr. Sergeant Ballantine thus delivered himself:—

"Any how the boy had been haunted by Roman Catholic priests and had sought the mass and other ceremonies of the Roman Catholic worship. The conduct pursued by the defendants was such as he

(Mr. Ballantine) was bound to say would not be endured in this country and must be put down by the strong arm of the law. It might be that the boy had sought them, but they ought to have exercised a sounder discretion and not inculcated ideas which must be destructive to the peace of families. He ventured to say that whatever a man's religion might be, if he was a man of honor, honesty, and decency, knowing his duty to his neighbor and determined to perform it, he ought, under the circumstances under which Master Vansittart came to Canon Dalton to have restored the boy to his legal protector; and he contended that it was a crime of the most grievous kind to assist a boy to act in disobedience to his father. There was no difference between Catholics and Protestants as to their equal rights as citizens; but when medals were put into children's hands as symbols of the Immaculate Conception; when priests assumed titles to which they had no claim whatever; when boys, instead of having their reason appealed to, had their fancies addressed; and when misery, disunion, and discontent were introduced into families, so that the framework of society was shaken to its very base, it was time that those who dared thus to so interfere should know that the law was strong enough to reach them, and that punishment awaited them."

Mr. Woollett replied for the defendant, the Rev. Canon Dalton. He argued that, even were the facts deposed to, true, no case had been made out against his client; that the only Act in point, only made it criminal to induce children under 14 years of age to leave their parents, and Vansittart was more than 16 years old; and that, supposing the matter to have happened in Ireland, and that a Catholic pupil of that age had been enticed from Maynooth, and received into a Protestant Missionary Society, the law would not have given its aid to his Catholic parents to compel him to return to Maynooth, or to punish the missionaries by whom he had been persuaded to leave the Romish College. He taunted his opponents with their refusal to produce Chief Constable Hitchman to testify to the Giugini story; and then from the lips of young Vansittart himself, proceeded to prove that story an infamous lie. We copy from the London *Times* the report of this strange affair, so that there may be no doubts as to the value of the lad's evidence:—

Master Vansittart was accordingly sworn, and examined at great length by Mr. Cooper. It is unnecessary, however, to repeat his examination in chief, as it was merely a recapitulation of the circumstances to which he deposed at the last sitting, with the important exception that no allusion was made to the Italian priest who was said in the first instance to have visited the young gentleman surreptitiously at Rackheath.

Cross-examined by Mr. Woollett—I was 16 the 1st of May last. My mother died when I was quite young. It was my intention to stay with Mr. Hodgson when I first came to his house. I was induced to leave because I again got some Catholic notions and wished to be a Catholic.

Mr. Woollett—Had you any communication with any Catholic priests at Rackheath?

Witness—No. (Sensation.)

Mr. Woollett—Did you see any Catholic priest on the 5th of June.

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Had you seen on that day any person disguised with a long cloak and with an Italian hat on?

Witness—I had.

Mr. Woollett—Did you believe him to be a Catholic priest?

Witness—No. I had not seen him anywhere else before the 5th of June: I saw him then on the drive leading to the rectory at Rackheath: I had no conversation with this person: can't tell exactly when I met him: can't swear to the exact time, but it was between 10 and 12: was in Mr. Hodgson's private grounds and saw him passing on the road. (This will account for the otherwise unexplained fact that such a person as has been sought for by the police was noticed, as stated in *The Times*, by several persons at Rackheath.) Had no conversation with him except that he said "Good morning."

Mr. Woollett—Now, I shall specially put to you.—Did you ever see that person at Brighton?

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Did that person say anything to you about "not leaving our faith?"

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Did he make you swear upon a relic that you had not seen him?

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Did he kiss you on the forehead and say "Addio carissimo?"

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Have you stated all this before?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—In this Court?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—Had you taken an oath to tell the whole truth?

Witness (coolly)—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—Did you go with a policeman to London to identify this Italian priest?

Witness—Yes. I named him as Father Giugini, or Buguino. I said I had seen him at Brighton. I went with Mr. Hitchman, the chief constable of the Norwich police, to London, for the purpose of identifying a person. We went to a chapel, and a person was there pointed out to me. I did not at first say it was the man, but I said it was like him. Mr. Hitchman did not then caution me.

Mr. Woollett—Be careful: did he caution you as to your being sure it was like the man?

Witness—I am not certain about that: won't swear he did not caution me; I said it was not the man; the chief constable did not point out to me another person.

Mr. Woollett—Did you give the chief constable a particular description?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—And did the chief constable then point out another person?

Witness—No. Before that we had been into the house of a person to make inquiry, but we thought the other was the man.

Mr. Woollett—You say, "we" thought?

Witness—No; Hitchman thought.

Mr. Woollett—Then, you did not think anything about it?

Witness—No.

Mr. Woollett—Why, you knew he was not the man.

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—Didn't the policeman tell you that the information he received from you was all false?

Witness—Yes, at Rackheath; he said that afterwards.

Mr. Woollett—And was it not false?

Witness (with continued coolness)—Yes, I mentioned a person named Delgarn, or something like that as the individual who introduced this Italian priest to me. I mentioned this to the chief constable.

Mr. Woollett—Was that false?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Woollett—When did you first make a clean breast of this, and say it was all a falsehood?

Witness—Before Mr. Hitchman at Rackheath, nearly a week ago. I left school at Rackheath, at 6 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, June 9. I had a bag with me containing some shirts and clothes. It is about five miles from Rackheath to Norwich. I walked about half the way, when I met with a gardener whom I knew named Gillingwater, who lives in Rackheath. He drove me to Norwich into the market-place, and there I got out. I had some conversation with this gardener; I told him I was com-

ing to Norwich from the Saturday to the Monday—two or three days. I did not tell him what my object was in coming to Norwich. I will swear that I had been in Norwich only once before when I was driven through it in passing to Rackheath. When I got out of the gardener's cart I asked a policeman the way to the Catholic chapel. He said there were two Catholic chapels in Norwich, and asked me which I wanted. I said it was of no consequence which. He said, "There's one in St. John's, Maddor-market." I said that would do, and he showed me the way to it. I did not know where it was. I had heard of the chapel in Willow-lane. I have said that I was directed to it by the priest whom I said I saw at Rackheath, but I heard it mentioned at Mr. Hodgson's. I don't recollect by whom. I inquired the way to the chapel in St. John's, Maddor-market; of another person passing by. I went up some steps leading to Canon Dalton's house, and was just turning back when I heard a tap at the window: said to Canon Dalton I had run away from school because I wished to be a Catholic. Did not say I was kept at school against my will; said that I had friends in London and that I knew the Bishop of Southwark: said also I had Catholic relations, but don't recollect whether I mentioned them: mentioned Mr. Bowyer's name to Canon Dalton, and said he was a distant relation of mine.

Mr. Woollett—Mr. Bowyer is a very well-known Catholic gentleman.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine—Yes; he has written a letter to the *Times*.

Mr. Woollett—So has your client.

Witness—I said that I knew Bishop Grant. I had been sent by one of the Jesuits to Bishop Grant when I was in London. He was a person named Rowe. Saw Bishop Grant at his place in St. George's Cathedral; said to Canon Dalton that I knew Bishop Grant; that I had an aunt, a Mrs. Vansittart, at Rome; and that I had relations in London, mentioning my uncle, Lord Vaux of Harrowden. I had just told Canon Dalton that I wished to be a Catholic; and then he asked me whether I had any Catholic relations, and whether I knew any priests. I told Canon Dalton, also, that I intended to communicate with my father when he saw that I was determined to become a Catholic. I don't recollect whether I said I had no money. I said that I had got a watch, but I declined to take the money he offered to advance, as I did not know when I should be able to repay it. He said something about a relic of the Immaculate Conception. I think he said it was a relic or charm. (Laughter.)

Mr. Woollett—Didn't he say it was a medal? (Laughter.) Will you venture to say, upon your oath, that he used the word charm?

Witness—He said it was a relic or charm. I can't recollect which. I told him I was going to give my companion my watch in exchange for his, and that mine was the better one. I suggested to Canon Dalton, when we went into the streets that we should take a cab, because I was afraid I should be detected. Canon Dalton said, "No, you can walk well behind me." I did not on more than one occasion wish to get into a cab. We walked on the public pavement by the side of the market. I don't know whether it is the most public place in Norwich, but there were a number of persons about. I left Canon Dalton once for a few moments. I fancied I saw some one, and went back a little way.

Re-examined by Mr. Sergeant Ballantine—I have never been sworn upon a relic. Mr. Hitchman, the chief constable, told me that if I didn't tell the whole truth at once I should be put in the lock-up for perjury.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine—I believe you have been inquiring whether you could be transported?

Witness—Yes.

Mr. Sergeant Ballantine—Was that in relation to this person whom you have described?

Witness—Yes.

Of Canon Dalton's share in the transaction, and of how far he was aiding and abetting in keeping back the young Vansittart from his natural guardians, the reader will be enabled to judge from the perusal of the *Times* report of the boy's schoolmaster's evidence upon this important point:—

The Rev. F. H. S. Hodgson, rector of Rackheath, was next called, and deposed—Master Vansittart, never expressed the slightest discontent at my treatment of him while he remained with me. I never had any occasion to treat him with severity. I frequently spoke to him upon the subject of the impressions which were upon his mind. Up to the time I heard he was missing I had not the slightest idea that he was leaving me. I learnt his absence from my house between 7 and half-past 7 in the morning of Saturday June 9. In consequence of that I came up to Norwich, and went to Canon Dalton's house about half-past 10. I learnt nothing then about the boy. I made inquiries at the Gate-house, and afterwards went and mentioned the circumstance to the Mayor. I ultimately saw Mr. Dalton, and from what he said I went to the shop of the Behas, where I found the boy. He was sitting at a dinner table in a room at the back of the shop. I told him he was a very foolish boy, and asked him what he had been thinking about; but I don't recollect what else I said to him.

Cross-examined.—Canon Dalton came up to me and told me where the boy was to be found. He said to me, "You are looking for a young gentleman; I can tell you where he is, he is at Mr. Beha's in St. Stephen's." At that time I didn't know where the boy was. I had been hunting for him all the morning. In the first instance I expressed myself most satisfied with the manner in which Canon Dalton acted. I said I was bound to say that Canon Dalton had given every information.

Mr. Woollett—Didn't you say that he had acted in a very handsome manner?

Witness—That is rather more than I could undertake to say at this time.

Mr. Woollett—But didn't you say so?

Witness—I took no note of the words myself, but I have no doubt they were reported with perfect correctness. Canon Dalton said he had been to the police station to give information.

Re-examined.—At the time I expressed myself satisfied with Canon Dalton's conduct, I was not aware that he had taken a watch to dispose of. Canon Dalton had said "I hope you won't mention my name in this affair; it gets us into trouble, and we don't like this kind of thing," upon which I said I would let every one know how honorably he had behaved. I should have spoken to him longer, but Mr. Hitchman pulled me on one side and said, "We had better be going or the boy will be off." I believe Canon Dalton gave information on the subject at the police station about a quarter to 1 o'clock.

And so, in spite of their manifest desire to make out—right or wrong—a valid charge of conspiracy against the Popish priest, the zealous Protestant Magistrates of Norwich were compelled to dismiss the case; contenting themselves with a little parting fling of insolence towards the victim whom with regret they were obliged to let go free. Thus ended the "Norwich Conspiracy Case" in a bottle of smoke; though we are not prepared to deny the existence of a very serious conspiracy indeed, of which however, the Rev. Mr. Dalton was very nearly the victim, and of and in which we strongly suspect that the two Vansittarts—father and son—were the authors and the prime agents. This however is only an hypothesis; but what is certain is, that the case of "Vansittart *versus* Giugini, the disguised Italian priest of the Jesuit persuasion," is another and striking instance of the dangers of the "Lie with a Circumstance"—a species of

lie however to which Protestants of the evangelical or Titus Oates stamp, are still inveterately addicted.

Under the caption "Increase of Immorality in Ireland," the Montreal Witness copies a paragraph from a late number of the Dublin Nation; wherein the latter mentions as a melancholy and startling fact, "the increase of bastardy in Ireland" as evidenced by the report of the Poor Law Commissioners.

We will not, in the face of the assertions of the Nation, contest the fact that there has of late been a decided increase in the numbers of illegitimate births in Ireland; but the conclusion which we thence draw differs in many important respects from that to which the evangelical writer in the Witness so confidently and so illogically jumps. We believe, in spite of the statistics of the Nation, that were the full particulars of this increase of bastardy in Ireland given to the world—its causes, the districts where that increase has been most rife, and the class of society amongst whom the moral taint has most strongly declared itself—the Catholics of Ireland would have no cause to tremble for the reputation of their people, or to blush for the morals of their fellow-countrywomen, who—in spite of the sneers of the Witness, and the statistics of Whig Poor Law Commissioners—are without exception as justly notorious for their chastity and purity, as the women of Sweden and other ultra-Protestant communities are infamous for their uncleanness, and disregard of all the obligations of divine law.

In support of our position we would respectfully beg leave of our cotemporary the Witness to make a note of the following highly suggestive fact. "That the great increase in bastardy in Ireland is, in point of time or chronologically, coincident with the 'Great Ulster Revivals.'" Speaking of this disgusting outbreak of fanaticism in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS we have, on more than one occasion, alluded to its probable results; and amongst these results we invariably and confidently predicted a great and startling increase in the number of illegitimate births. These anticipations have we see been fully verified by the facts of the case; and it would have been in better taste, and more consistent with the truth, if our cotemporary, instead of heading his extract from the Dublin Nation, "INCREASE OF IMMORALITY IN IRELAND," had given it to the world under the more appropriate caption—"AWFUL CONSEQUENCES OF THE GREAT REVIVAL."

Nor is this view of the case—of the Belfast Revivals and their immediate consequences—peculiar to Catholics, for we find it strongly and unequivocally expressed by some of our Protestant cotemporaries. In the Echo of the 28th ult., we find given a most significant extract from another Upper Canadian Protestant paper—apparently the Canadian Church Press—which we transfer to our columns, and most affectionately recommend to the serious and prayerful attention of the Montreal Witness:—

"There were twelve cases of seduction lately tried before the Assistant Barrister at a place in the North of Ireland, the centre of the Revivals."

Which—to avail ourselves of a highly poetical figure of speech—"fully accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut." There, where the Revival mania has mostly raged, have seduction cases, and, as a necessary consequence, illegitimate births, mostly increased. There is, in short, an immediate and invariable connection betwixt that peculiar form of "hysteria," which the animal excitement of the Revival generates amongst nervous females, and impurity, well known to, and often commented upon by, physiologists.—That connection manifests itself strongly under the form of "bundling," or promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, for which the Methodists of Wales have long been famous, or rather infamous; it was well known to the idolatrous nations of Asia of old, and bore fruit abundantly in the obscene rites of the worshippers of Astarte, of which the disgusting orgies of a Belfast "Revival" in the XIX century are but a feeble copy; and it is conspicuously displayed in the melancholy fact—recorded by the Dublin Nation, and most imprudently recopied by the Montreal Witness—of a great increase, during the last eighteen months, in the number of illegitimate births in Ireland. We repeat it—the Montreal Witness, as an advocate of Evangelical Protestantism, was most imprudent and unfortunate in calling attention to the fact, that the great increase of bastardy in Ireland was synchronous with the "Great Ulster Revivals."

WASHING THE ORANGE BLACKAMOR WHITE.—This singular operation has again been attempted—without indifferent success—by Orange Lodge No. 4. "Nassau Loyal," Mr. Gowan being the scrubber, and the chief scrubbers being a Rev. Dr. Ireland, assisted by "James Burns, Esq., merchant, and Mr. Ex-Councilman Purdy"—for so at least are the worthies designated by the Toronto Colonist.—Much soap, of the soft kind, much hot water, and no end of friction, have been employed by the indefatigable scrubbers; but with what results may be inferred from the following paragraph which we take from the Colonist—a journal commonly believed to be more than usually amenable to Orange influences:—

"We publish"—says the Colonist—"this morning, by request, an Address to O. R. Gowan, Esq., from the members of Loyal Orange Lodge No. 4. In publishing this Address, we beg leave to say, with due deference to all parties concerned, that there is a point at which praise degenerates into mere fulsome adulation, revolving to common sense, provoking criticisms far more damaging than any good which the original can possibly do, and thereby entirely defeating the object in view."—Toronto Colonist.

As a specimen of the (soft) soap employed upon this most interesting occasion, we would desire respectfully to submit the annexed as a specimen, to the inspection of an intelligent public:—

"To suppose that a public man, so prominently useful, could escape annoyance would be to discover an ignorance of the history of all the wise and good that have lived to benefit and bless mankind. The bright orb of day, while illuminating and fertilizing our planet, by the very effulgence of its rays calls

forth from the swamp and marshes which spot its surface, those dark and noxious exhalations which for a time becloud his glory. . . . The roseate hue of health with which nature paints occasionally the fairest skin, seems rather to invite than repel the annoyance of the black fly and mosquito."

The operators having in this style well lathered their interesting subject, next tried the effects of the "pious" or "religious dodge" upon him:—

"We trust that any annoyance you have felt will only serve to stimulate you to continue your exertions to promote the public good, and that you may be long spared to serve your fellow-men, and to advance the prosperity of the land of your adoption; and that when called from it you will be found in Christ—not having your own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is of the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

What kind of righteousness Mr. Gowan's may be, it is not for us to determine. It is not—if we may hazard a conjecture—"of" or by "the law;" for certainly his late appearance in the Law Courts has not greatly enhanced his reputation for righteousness. It must then we suppose be "of faith"—that kind of "righteousness" whereof Luther was an admirer, and which is by no means incompatible, according to the Father of the Reformation, with the habitual indulgence of very carnal propensities. This however is not for us to determine; only—we must confess it—the allusion to Christ, in connection with the hero of the late investigation before the Toronto Police Court, does sound in our ears much like cant, which, according to Carlyle, is the "materia prima of the devil."—Verily we should greatly have rejoiced to have heard the unctuous snuffle wherewith Brothers Snawley and Tadger, and Ex-Councilman Purdy delivered the above passage. At all events, whether the above named worthies have washed their blackamoor white, or merely dingy brown, is now a matter of secondary importance. They have invested him with an odor of sanctity, which will cleave to him in the Lodge, in Parliament, or in—whithersoever his fate may lead him.

Of Mr. Gowan's feelings during the operation, it is not permitted to us to speak; only it would appear as if it had given rise to some not inconsiderable amount of mental confusion. In his reply to the Address, for example, he is reported as saying, in allusion to the girl so extraordinarily, and so conveniently for him, spirited away:—

"The two poor dupes of wicked duplicity have, as I am informed, already disappeared from the public gaze."

See now what an excellent thing is Orange integrity! He does not know as a fact—how should he, good, innocent, much-injured man?—that the girl has disappeared, or has been decoyed away; only he has heard a rumor to that effect; he has been "informed" that she is not to be found, and that her evidence is not forthcoming!!! There's innocence, there's simplicity, for you with a vengeance. O! Mr. Gowan! do you take the public for fools!—Do you really think that they have not formed their own opinions, and on good grounds too, as to by what agencies, and why, the "poor dupes of wicked duplicity" have disappeared from public gaze? It is, to say the least, unwise on the part of the members of Orange Lodge No. 4, Loyal Nassau, to direct the attention of the public to the late notorious failure of justice in Upper Canada. They should be content with the fact, that their chief is amongst them a free man, and unwieldy of justice—a fact which he owes to his Orangeism and his Protestant Faith, which in this instance has made him whole. With this we say the Orangemen of Upper Canada should be satisfied.

THE POWER OF INTERCESSION.—According to the evangelical theory, it is highly derogatory to the honor of God, to believe that the spirits of the just made perfect, that the Saints in heaven with Christ, can, by their prayers, render service to their fellow-creatures on earth; but that a sinful man can by his prayers open the kingdom of heaven to his fellow-sinners, is, according to the same evangelical theory, a doctrine full of comfort to man, and glorious to God. We find, for instance, in the Toronto Christian Guardian an article under the caption—"The Power of Intercession"—copied by our Methodist cotemporary from another evangelical journal, in which this strange theory is strikingly brought out. Speaking of some Protestant minister of the name of Dr. Livingstone, an ancient Christian lady is made to observe that:—

"If I was ever brought into the Kingdom of God, it was owing to the intercession of Dr. Livingstone."

Now when a Catholic attributes to the prayers of the Blessed Mother of God the same efficacy, or degree of power, as that which the Methodist attributes to one of his preachers; or applies to her the title of "Janua Caeli," as the means through which he was "brought into the Kingdom of God, he—the Papist—is accused of rankest idolatry, and of detracting from the merits of the atonement once offered on the Cross. Yet, without conscientious scruples, without any fear of thereby infringing upon the special prerogatives of Christ as the one mediator betwixt God and man, Methodists virtually attribute to their preachers what they refuse to the Blessed Virgin, and the glorious company of saints and martyrs. This singular inconsistency is worthy of notice, and must be accounted for on the hypothesis that, amongst Methodists, a Dr. Livingstone is a far greater and more influential person than the Mother of our Redeemer, or any of those poor creatures who in a dark and ignorant age laid down their lives for Christ. Spiritual pride underlies, we believe, the Protestant opposition to the Catholic doctrine of the "Intercession of Saints"—in lieu of which our separated brethren have adopted the doctrine of the "Intercession of Sinners."

Yesterday was the notorious 12th of July when Orangeism runs riot, and all rascaldom keeps high holiday. Up to the time of going to press, we had heard however of no outrages committed, no blood shed by the "Scarlet Brethren." We hope that we may be able to say as much in our next issue.

THE EXAMINATIONS.—During the past week our several educational Institutions have concluded their scholastic year with the usual interesting ceremonies. These institutions are so well known to, and highly appreciated by, the public not of Canada alone, but of North America, that a word of panegyric would seem almost an impertinence. We may be permitted to record however our unqualified admiration of the noble and successful efforts of the Ladies of the Congregation—of the Father Professors of St. Marie's College—and of the Reverend Directors of the Montreal College, towards promoting the intellectual progress and spiritual welfare of the youth of both sexes. To these Institutions Canada owes a debt of gratitude, which it seems impossible to liquidate, except by our earnest prayers to the Giver of every good and perfect gift that He will deign to bless them yet more and more, and to extend still more widely their sphere of usefulness.

We would remind our readers that on Wednesday next takes place the Annual Pic-Nic of the St. Patrick's Society. Every precaution necessary to assure the comfort of those attending it, has been taken by the Committee; the spot selected is one of the most charming in the vicinity of the city; and the fact that the proceeds of the Fete are to be applied to a most deserving Charitable Institution should still further stimulate our friends to crown by their presence the labors of the Irish National Society of this City.

STRANGE DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.—A correspondent of the Toronto Colonist gives an account of a visit to a Methodist "Camp Meeting" at Penetanguishene in Upper Canada, and describes the queer exercises, spiritual and muscular, in which the brethren indulged. Having given a lively picture of the "small table, covered with white cloth, and supporting a brown jug, with two glasses, and a common platter with bread," wherewith and wherewithal a travesty of the Eucharistic Sacrifice was duly performed—the correspondent continues as follows:—

"The elders received the elements first at the hands of the minister who still used our service. After this, one of them prayed in his own language, kneeling first on all fours and afterwards gradually raising himself as he grew more emphatic."—Toronto Colonist

This is "Muscular Christianity" with a vengeance.

MRS. MACKAY'S DIRECTORY.—We find the subjoined notice of this useful publication in the Montreal Pilot, and heartily endorsing what the latter says, we transfer it to our columns:—

THE MONTREAL DIRECTORY.—Mrs. Mackay has sent us the nineteenth edition of this very valuable work of reference to the commercial and business man—the stranger, and, indeed every one requiring information regarding the whereabouts of our citizens. It is got up with her wonted care; and coming from the printing establishment of Messrs. Ower & Stevenson, we need scarcely say the type looks well. Many hundreds of additional names have been added and a great quantity of other valuable information supplied. We regret to learn that the work is not patronized as it ought to be, and that Mrs. Mackay, whose husband originated the directory, barely reaps from the subscriptions enough to pay her expenses. In a large and wealthy community such as this, we ought to have no complaint of the sort. The book is so indispensably useful that every one should have it; and if but half our merchants purchased a copy, the publisher would have no reason to complain that her efforts for the public good were unappreciated.

CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Pursuant to previous announcement, the Church of "St. John the Evangelist," recently erected in this town, was consecrated on Sunday last, by the Right Rev. Dr. Farrell Bishop of Hamilton assisted by Mr. Liverman, Dean of the Diocese and Rev. J. Ryan, P. P., of Oakville. A large assemblage were present among which were noticed a fair sprinkling of Protestants, who apparently witnessed the ceremony with intense interest. After the Consecration, which occupied but a short time, and was performed according to the ancient usages and customs of the Church of Rome, Pontifical Mass was celebrated by his Lordship and Associates, a portion of the Choir from St. Mary's Church Hamilton, under the leadership of Messrs. Cherrier and Vischer, singing the Chants and Responses, in a style we are not accustomed to hear in these parts. His Lordship read a chapter from the Scripture apropos to the occasion, and delivered a lengthy discourse, in a very feeling and eloquent manner, explanatory of the doctrines of the Church, and exhorted his flock to diligence in the observance of the same, and in carrying out peace and harmony among themselves and with the rest of mankind, when the services was concluded in the usual form—the Protestant portion of it, or those unaccustomed to such exercises, being highly pleased with the Bishop's address, as well as the imposing ceremonies of the Mass and Consecration. The Choir deserves special notice, and those who failed to hear it, have lost a musical treat, as its performance was really delightful.—Milton New Era.

TROUBLE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The new Bishop of Huron, Dr. Cronyn, is at war with John Toronto. The latter has a pet College, whence heterodoxy is banished by some of the tests, which are gradually being exploded in the institutions where they were first devised. But in secular learning it does not flourish in so striking a manner as to enable Trinity to compete successfully with the University. In spite of the godless character of this latter institution, Bishop Cronyn sends his son there, in common with a majority of churchmen who wish to give their sons a College education for lay professions. More than that, he has ventured to express a somewhat contemptuous opinion respecting the style of teaching at Trinity. Bishop Strachan is not the man to allow a challenge of this kind to pass, and he has declared that Bishop Cronyn's censure is an atrocity. We are looking out for Bishop Cronyn's rejoinder.—Montreal Herald.

The Mining Fever rages "with increasing virulence." Half the people are "prospecting." Every corner is filled with "specimens." There is little doubt we are rich in minerals but people should not make fools of themselves, by abandoning legitimate business for the uncertainty of the mines. If we have twice the wealth of California, a mining fever will not pay. Some parties have already made a landing. People must understand the business to prosecute it successfully. Experienced miners may do well, where "green-horns" are ruined. We were shown yesterday specimens of fine gold obtained from quartz on the premises of Mr.—Sir Wm. Logan, we understand, has pronounced it genuine, and an experienced and disinterested California miner assures us that the quartz found in Granby exhibits indications of great richness. In the meantime let us keep an eye on it, but keep cool.—Waterloo Advertiser.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.—We are happy to learn that in the townships north of this city the fall wheat has escaped the mildew, having suffered but slight damage. Mr. McDougall, M.P.P., informs us that he has made a careful examination of several fields in his neighborhood, (York Mills,) and estimates the loss from the attacks of the mildew at less than five per cent. The spring wheat, now largely sown in these townships, will probably escape altogether, unless the period during which the fly deposits its eggs is much more extended than Mr. Fitch and other observers have supposed. The fall wheat between the Rigdes and Lake Ontario was seriously injured by spring frosts. Many fields were ploughed up and sown with spring wheat or other grain. The produce per acre will not, therefore, fall much below an average, either on account of spring frosts or the mildew. The dangers yet to be encountered are rust and wet weather in harvest. Against these, and especially against the former, no precautions can protect the crop. The use of machinery, however, which is almost universal, has reduced the risk of loss from wet weather to a minimum. The crop may now be allowed to stand until it is so ripe that it can be carried to the barn almost immediately. It is not so necessary to expose the cut grain for six or eight days in the field, when the weather is favorable, as it was when the scythe and the sickle were the only implements available to the harvester. The recent rains have greatly benefited all spring crops in this neighborhood, except hay, which will be light. The root crops, especially Swedes, carrots, and rutabagas, has failed in many places, owing to the dry weather that followed the sowing of the seed. The latter kind of turnips must be made to supply the deficiency. All kinds of fruit will yield abundantly, and upon the whole, we think we may now congratulate the country upon the prospect of a harvest considerably above the average. Let prices maintain their present range for a few weeks longer, and the farmers of Canada will be able to pay their debts, the country merchants will then be able to pay theirs—the mechanic, the tradesman, the professional man, will feel the animating impulse, and the whole country wear a more joyous aspect.—Toronto Globe.

THE MIDWINTER.—The editor of the Berlin Telegraph has seen some specimens of wheat infected by this plague.

THE LUMBERERS' WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The lumberers propose to man a hundred canoes, each crew in uniform, and banners flying at the stems. The largest canoe will be for the Prince, and thus escorted they will convey him the length of Lake Duchesne and back again. This will indeed be a reception worthy of His Royal Highness.—Ottawa Citizen.

A STRANGE STORY.—A WOMAN TIED IN THE WOODS FOR TWO DAYS.—We are told that on Thursday last a strange and nearly fatal circumstance, or rather train of circumstances, happened in the Township of Dover East, in the vicinity of the Dover and Chatham Town Line, which well nigh ended fatally for at least one of the parties concerned. As the story was detailed to us it seems that in the quarter referred to, there resides in the bush, a nest of degraded and disreputable characters, consisting of two or three men and a number of girls, the latter named Hackett. This locality has borne a bad name for some time past, and is frequented by the very scum of Christendom. On the day above mentioned, it would appear that a general tournament took place in the vicinity of the Hackett's lodgings and a general light ensued between the females and males, and hard blows and harder words were exchanged on all sides. The upshot of it was, however, that two of the men present took one of the Hackett girls off into the wood and there tied her to a tree. Here she was left for nearly two days, when she was discovered by a Frenchman who was passing that way towards his home. Of course relief was at once offered, and speedily the female was released from her unpleasant position. But, much to the Frenchman's surprise, just as he was going away, he heard the crack from a rifle and a rifle ball whist past his body "which vera much scared me." Without stopping to take a second thought, or attempting to parley with the ruffian, Mr. Kind Frenchman took a bee-line home, where he shortly arrived and related the details of his exciting story and hair-breadth escape to a wandering and surprised auditory. Next time he goes from home, no doubt he will take a wider circle than he has been wont to do when passing by Madam Hackett's bush residence in Dover. Shall not the authorities look into this matter and if possible break up the den of infamy said to exist in the locality above referred to?—Chatham Planet.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Normanby, J. M'Donald, 10s; St. Isidore, — Maurice, 12s 6d; Blackpoint, N. B., G. Hayes, £1; Lochiel, J. B. McMillan, 10s; L'Acadie, E. Conroy, 10s; Quebec, R. C. M'Dougall, £1 5s; Gaspe, J. J. Kavanaugh, 12s 6d; St. Anicet, F. Gervier, 8s; Chatham, L. Dempsey, £1 5s; Buckingham, T. Burke, 5s; Barrie, C. M'Brice, 5s; Sherrington, W. O'Meara, 6s; Niagara, P. Clarke, 10s.

Per T. Donegan, Thngwick—J. Conroy, £1 10s 3d. Per P. Hackett, Knowlton Falls—C. Moran, £1 5s. Per P. S. McHenry, Hamilton—Captain Nelligan, 10s; John Bain, 5s.

Per M. O'Leary, Quebec—J. P. O'Meara, 15s; D. M. Blighan, £1 10s; T. Corrigan, 5s; J. Dolaney, 15s; C. M'Donnell, 15s; J. Short, 6s 3d; J. Bolger, £2; M. Hawkins, 15s; Dr. Fitzpatrick, 15s; R. Gumble, 15s; J. O'Neill, 7s 6d; J. Leonard, 15s; T. Lane, £1 17s 6d; R. Temple, 13s 9d; J. Ryan, 15s; Valcartier, J. Lannon, 6s 3d; Stoneham, J. Enright, £1 5s.

Per G. Busby, Sherrington, £1 5s.

Per Rev. E. Bayard, London, J. Kearns, 10s.

Per P. Doyle, Toronto, Self, £3 6s 6d; P. Walsh, 10s.

Per R. M'Cormick, Otonabee, J. Doras, 10s.

Per P. Purcell, Kingston, P. Braugan, 12s 6d; Rev. D. Matte, 10s; R. Cody, 12s 6d; H. Mason, £1 5s; D. A. M'Donnell, £1 11s 3d; Barrfield, D. O'Gorman, £1 5s.

Per G. L. African, Boston Falls, T. Doyle, 5s.

Per P. Ferrout, Montreal, Cork, Ireland, D. Spillane, 10s; M. O'Driscoll, 10s; Young Men's Society, 10s; Society of the Immaculate Conception, 10s.

Per Rev. Mr. Brettagh, Trenton, W. M'Phaul, 10s; H. O'Rourke, £1.

The following Commercial Review has been taken from the Montreal Witness of Wednesday last.

At last we have been favored with copious showers which, though too late to benefit the hay crop, will do incalculable good to the pastures and vegetation generally. In the Western portion of Upper Canada the rains have been so frequent that farmers fear they may not have the opportunity of securing their ripe wheat in good condition; but the crops generally give promise of an almost unprecedented yield.

Wheat.—We hear of no transactions in wheat or other Grain.

Flour has been freely offered at \$5.35 for No. 1, July inspection, but not fresh ground. For fresh ground \$5.40 is asked. The inferior grades and higher qualities remain without animation, and without change of price. We would once more repeat our caution that the prices we give are wholesale prices. Any one wishing to buy a few barrels of flour or oatmeal, will invariably have to pay from 15 to 25 cents over our quotations, that being the dealer's profit.

Oatmeal is very dull at \$4.35 to \$4.40.

Butter.—The price remains at 12 to 13 cents for fair to good store packed. Shippers decline to give more than 13 cents for any, and say there is no prospect that they will be able to give more. The Hay crop, however, is said to be light in Britain, on account of deficiency of rain, and it is almost a failure in Lower Canada and the Eastern States on account

of deficiency of rain. There is no demand for Butter in tannets, the markets being still well supplied by farmers. A shipper offers 15 cents for No. 2 inspected, and 17 cents for No. 1. Let those who have really good Butter that will stand inspection, send it on and get these good prices. The weather is now cool.

Pork.—Mess has advanced to \$20, and is scarce. There is no demand for Primo Mess, and little for Prime. The demand for Out Meats is fair, without change in price.

Ashe.—The advices from England by last mail are more favorable, the price of Pots having advanced to 29s 6d. This leaves a good margin at present prices here, though there appears to be no active competition in this market. The sales to-day are at 28s 9d for first Pots, 29s 9d for inferiors, and 30s for Pearls.

Dyspepsia is one of the prevailing diseases of this country. This is owing both to climatic influence, and the habit of eating our meals too rapidly. In spite of these adverse circumstances, disease rapidly disappears by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters.

The greatest remedy of the day is unquestionably PENNY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, for the instant relief of all pains, scalds, bruises, &c. and for pains in the stomach and bowels; it is used with encouraging success in sudden attacks of cholera and cholera morbus. Sold by druggists.

Died. In this city, yesterday, the 11th inst., Mrs. Flanagan, wife of Patrick Flanagan, aged 56 years.

A GOOD STEREOSCOPE, With Six Beautiful Views, for ONE DOLLAR.

GRAHAM & MUIR have received a large assortment of superior STEREOSCOPES and VIEWS, which they offer for Sale at much lower prices than usual.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS, VERY SUPERIOR, in handsome Mahogany Cases, only SIXTY CENTS a Set and upwards. A supply received by GRAHAM & MUIR, 19 Great St. James Street.

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH NOTE PAPER, Tented, only FIFTY CENTS a BOX, of Five Quires, Black Bordered, and other Note Papers, with Envelopes to match—at equally low prices.

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THE Subscribers respectfully announce, they are exclusive Agents in Canada for the extensive and well known CATHOLIC Publishing House of EDWARD DUNIGAN & BROTHER, New York. The Trade can now be supplied from the Warehouse of the Subscribers,

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on as liberal Terms as can be obtained in New York, thus saving the expense of importation. Although the publications of Dunigan & Brother are acknowledged to be superior in style, their prices are not higher than those of any other Publisher.

Catalogues can be had on application. GRAHAM & MUIR.

NOTICE.

I WISH to inform my Customers and the Public, that I am still in SANGUINET STREET, and that I do not wish them to be deceived by such false statements as have appeared for some time in several of the French papers of this city. And I have no connection with any other Establishment in this city, only in Sanguinet Street.

JOHN McCLUSKY, 38 Sanguinet Street.

July 12.

TEACHERS WANTED,

FOR the Parish of St. CANUT, C.E., a FRENCH and an ENGLISH TEACHER, qualified to Teach the usual branches taught in a Country School. Address, (post-paid) stating Terms and Qualifications,

"THE COMMISSIONERS, St. Canut, C.E."

July 5.



ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, ANNUAL GRAND PIC-NIC.

THE Officers of the Society have much pleasure in announcing that their ANNUAL PIC-NIC will take place at

VAUDREUIL.

On WEDNESDAY, the 18th of July;

And in order to afford an opportunity to the Working Classes to participate in the festivities of the day, arrangements have been entered into with the Grand Trunk Rail Road Company, for the conveyance of visitors, at an extremely moderate charge.

It is in contemplation to introduce a variety of Games of a novel and pleasing description, a synopsis of which will be advertised upon the completion of arrangements.

The strictest care will be exercised by the Employees of the Company; and it is almost superfluous to observe, that every attention will be directed by the Committee of Management to the entertainment of those who countenance the proceedings.

The Cars will START from the Depot at POINT ST. CHARLES, at HALF-PAST SEVEN A.M., arriving at Vaudreuil about Nine; leaving there in the Evening at half-past Six o'clock.

There will also be a TRAIN at THREE o'clock P.M., for the accommodation of parties unable to leave in the morning.

TICKETS, 2s 6d each; Children under 12 years half-price.

WM. BOOTH, Sec. Soc.

On the occasion of the above Excursion of the St. Patrick's Society, DINNER may be had at TRUSS-LER'S HOTEL, Vaudreuil Station, for all who will have purchased Tickets therefor, up to 10th inst, and which are for Sale with the Members of the Committee of the St. Patrick's Society.

Tickets, 37 1/2 cents. D. A. BEAUSEJOUR.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE BADEN MEETING.—It is said that M. Thouvenel is about to issue a diplomatic circular directing, to a certain extent, and explaining the result of the meeting at Baden-Baden.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News writes:—"I have cogent reasons for believing that it was an utter failure—a fiasco. However strict may be the secrecy kept in regard to the suggestions made to the Prince Regent of Prussia by Napoleon III., at the interview acceded to in pursuance of the importunate solicitation of the latter, it will, I have no doubt, be universally admitted within a very few days that 'nothing' has been done, or is to be done, in pursuance of them. That the Prince Regent, who only consented to meet the Emperor when so much pressed that it would have been discourteous to have refused, did not mean to modify his policy in obedience to French dictation, is sufficiently indicated by the last semi-official article in the Prussian Gazette, which, enveloped in much polite but unmeaning phraseology, has this significant phrase—that Prussia has no 'new objects' in view. Now, it is certain that the Emperor's intention was to propose to the Prince Regent a course of policy, not merely new, but widely differing from that which he as a German sovereign has been hitherto following; and it is, I believe, equally true that the proposals, whatever they were, have been rejected. Within a few minutes of the Emperor's arrival in Paris this morning he summoned a Council of Ministers, and at this council it was resolved that the government press should be ordered to sing a song of peace in every possible tone. There is, therefore, reason to believe that the designs upon the Rhine are suspended sine die. Since writing the above, I hear that the Emperor, on arriving in Paris this morning, told M. Periere that peace was assured, and that he might confidently go on with all his great undertakings."

At a Council of Ministers, held at Fontainebleau, under the presidency of the Emperor, M. Thouvenel, Minister for Foreign Affairs, read the circular note which the French Government is about to address to the Powers who signed the final Act of Vienna, in order to demand their recognition of the new settlement of the French frontiers, resulting from the accomplished fact of the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France. This note summarily recalls the circumstances under which the annexation was accomplished—viz., the spontaneous cession of those provinces by the King of Sardinia and the free expression of the wishes of the inhabitants by universal suffrage. M. Thouvenel expresses his confidence that such an act, accomplished in conformity with the generally admitted principles of public right and international law, will obtain the adherence of Europe—the more so because France is ready to renew before the European Areopagus the assurance that she intends to assume the obligations resulting from Article 92 of the final Act of Vienna, referring to the neutralised districts of Emmenthal and Chablais.

The note then proceeds thus:—"The good faith of the policy of France, and the friendly interest which she has always shown in regard to Switzerland, offer the best guarantees for the faithful accomplishment of such an engagement."

M. Thouvenel, in conclusion, distinctly hints that the Court of the Tuileries will not consent to any lessening (amoindrissement) of Savoyard territory in favor of Switzerland, although France accepts the European conference on the subject.—Times.

THE CESSION OF SAVOY.—The Sardinian Cabinet, having officially communicated to the Federal Council of Switzerland the cession of Savoy and Nice to France, a new note has been addressed to the different Powers protesting against the cession of Northern Savoy to France.

The Globe's Paris correspondent says of the late rejoicings in Paris for the acquisition of Savoy and Nice:—"Not a single ambassadorial residence gave any sign last evening of participating in the public illumination which blazed in front of Government offices, and indeed generally all over Paris. Austria, Russia, Prussia were dark; Piedmont was mournful as the Roman Nuncio's censements; Lord Cowley did not sport even a dark lantern; America 'knew nothing'; and at the Swiss Legation—No light from the battlement burned." The Te Deum at Notre Dame was unattended by the diplomatic body without exception."

We find the following in the Paris correspondence of the Express:—

"The Bishop of Amiens, while obeying the orders of Government in directing that a Te Deum should be sung for the annexation of Savoy and Nice, took the opportunity—or rather went very much out of his way—to call the attention of the faithful of his diocese to 'other frontiers equally dear to their hearts,' and to the necessity of preserving the 'small remains' of the temporal power of the Pope. Money being the great desideratum at Rome, the prelate particularly recommends the Roman loan to the attention of pious seekers of good investments, and he takes upon himself to say that the Government will allow the loan to be brought out in France, and will place no impediments in the way of voluntary gifts. In order, however, to prevent 'any pretext for agitation or malevolent constructions,' the bishop abstains from ordering any collection either in churches or private houses."

Of another Bishop the Paris correspondent of the Times writes:—

"One of the prelates whom the Minister of Public Instruction directed to have a Te Deum performed on Thursday, in thanksgiving for the annexation of Savoy and Nice, is said to have addressed to his clergy in substance, if not literally, to this effect:—'I authorise you to chant a Te Deum, in compliance with the order of the Minister.' This laconic epistle did not please at head-quarters. The prelate in question was remonstrated with, but he simply replied that he could do no more, as he considered the annexation of Savoy and Nice to be merely compensation for the dismemberment of the States of the Church for the benefit of Piedmont. Such is the story current. If it be incorrect the Minister will, I suppose, contradict it."

Since the Emperor's return from Baden, the troops

which were concentrated on the Eastern frontier of France have been withdrawn.

Napoleon will not recognise the annexation of Tuscany and the Romagna to Piedmont. The French Government has given its consent to a loan in France for the Pontifical Government.—The sum required is 25 millions of francs, to be raised by public subscription at 5 per cent interest.

Great fevers are entertained in France for the harvest. Prayers are ordered by the Bishop of Rennes for fine weather.

Advices from Marseilles state that the corn trade continues very active there, but prices had slightly declined. The harvest is most promising in all the countries on the Mediterranean, and a further decline in prices is expected. It is said that the fruit has seldom been so promising in France as this year.

The following paragraph appears in Duillier's Paris Correspondence, distributed in the French departments:—

"A speech made by Prince Albert has been received from London. This speech was delivered *oprasus* of the rank of Colonel of the Grenadier Guards offered to the husband of the Queen. It would not be easy to be more unskillful or more imprudent than the Prince was on that occasion. The defects of France and the triumphs of England were displayed in it with an ostentation of the worst taste. All that would be of no consequence if such speeches were not calculated to excite ancient hatreds between the two people, and to prepare events of which the sagacious men of the two countries would prevent the return."

NAPOLEON III. AND PRUSSIA.—A pamphlet, by Edmond About, entitled "L'Empereur Napoleon III. et la Prusse," has just appeared. The writer does not, as had been expected, demand the natural frontiers of France; he even protests very strongly against any such pretension. But he preaches to Germany union by means of sacrifices—that is to say, he calls on the petty princes to unite under the Prussian flag. He, however, recommends that course subject to the condition that the Government of the Prince-Regent, shall adopt a policy in strict accord with that of the Emperor Napoleon, to which he gives the greatest praise. The pamphlet terminates by a violent denunciation of Prussian bureaucracy. We append an extract or two:—

"Whether the Germans know it or not, the friendship of a nation like ours is at present of a certain value. The time is no longer that when the majority of the French, despised of their political rights for the sake of our interests and the oppression of our friends. It is no longer the speeches of a vain opposition in the Chambers, nor by the cries of children in the streets, that France manifests her good will for those she loves; it is by acts. Soldiers have been seen to hasten to the furthest quarter of the Black Sea to attend the fall of the Ottoman Empire, while her diplomatists demanded of Turkey herself the civil and religious emancipation of the Christian population. The deicide has not been forgotten of the Molda-Walachians, who were united into a nation, and endowed with all political rights, by the sole influence of our friendship, without the shedding of blood. Italy, the august mother of our civilization and of our arts, has entered under the auspices of France, on the road of independence and unity. Our armies opened the path in which she now walks alone under the direction of Piedmont. If God grant that this great work shall be accomplished, and that a nation of twenty-six millions of men shall be organized at our gates, France will take no offence. Faithful to her generous traditions, she will sacrifice her private susceptibilities to the general good and to the future of peace, for European order cannot be solidly established except on the day when there shall be no longer nationalities oppressed nor kings insupportable to their people."

"Since the accession of Napoleon III., and particularly since the annexation of Savoy, German publicists, perhaps even German princes, have pretty loudly manifested an unjust mistrust of the French policy. They will absolutely have it that we have a plan for annexing the Rhenish provinces and encroaching on the German soil. This ill-founded fear is expressed with so much clamor, and repeated with such obstinacy, that it might suggest to us bad thoughts if we were less just. It is certain that if you nestled in the street the mildest and most inoffensive of men, and if you said to him, 'Sir, you mean to give me a slap in the face; it is in vain for you to say no; I am well informed that you mean to give me a slap in the face; do not swear to the contrary; I would not believe your oath; you intend to give me a slap in the face, but I am stronger than you, and I by no means fear you; I would crush you as I would a fly, and I defy you to give me the slap in the face; the most inoffensive and mildest man would end by finding excellent reasons for giving what was asked of him, and the slap in the face would fall of itself on the cheek of him who provoked it."

Speaking of some German publications which he says tend to the assassination of Napoleon III., M. About says:—"If Orsini's criminal attempt had been successful, the world would have assassinated the future Emperor of Italy, and done more harm than good to his country. And so, if these writers had raised up a second Orsini, they would have deprived Prussia of a most useful ally, and one whose destiny, perhaps, is to render Prussia the greatest services, provided that she will lend herself a little to his inspirations."

The Constitutional in an article signed by its chief editor, M. Grandguillet, strongly refutes the opinion that the pamphlet entitled "Prussia in 1860" emanated from official inspiration.

As we have often observed, the annexation of Savoy and Nice is a grievance to Europe rather than to Sardinia, and is itself dangerous rather for the precedent it sets than for any augmentation of strength which the change may confer on France. It is, indeed, no light thing that a powerful empire should, by a secret and craft which are now not denied, negotiate the extension of its territories as the price of a war alleged to have been begun only on ground of justice and humanity. It is no light thing that the design should be denied on authority even when on the point of being carried out, and that when once avowed it should be defended on the ground that a King has the right to transfer any province to any neighbour—a doctrine which nations that are parties to general treaties can never allow, and which would permit the Sultan, in spite of the Treaties of 1856, to cede the fairest regions of his empire to the Czar. But the objection to such a transfer should come from Europe; the Italians have no ground for complaint, and we, so far as Italy is concerned, may be content to acquiesce in what has been done. The fact is that Napoleon has taken advantage of his achievements in Italy to induce the Sardinian King to make the cession, and this has shown Europe that France will no longer be bound to its old frontiers. But Italy has nothing to complain of in this. France, though threatening to Europe, has not been unjust to Italy. The Sardinian kingdom has purchased territory at a very cheap rate. Savoy may be a picturesque province and Nice a pretty district, but they are but a small price to pay for the fine plains of Lombardy, for Florence and Bologna and Modena, with their appendages. Then, it must be considered that the Savoyards were willing to be sold. Paris has always been the capital of their affections, the place where men can pick up half-franc pieces in an abundance which Lombardy and even Turin know not, and whence it is possible to journey to the foggy, but gold-metropolis, of these isles. A few of the better class in Chablais and Faucigny may have been sufficiently imbued with Swiss principles to retain some affection for the Parthenonian institutions which the possessed as members of the Piedmontese monarchy; but these are not many, for the love of free institutions in the Savoyard breast is far weaker

than the love of doing a good business with the neighboring French departments, and enjoying the advantage of French protection abroad. Nor on the other hand, was Italy sorry to let them go. She feels more exclusively Italian now that the existence of a semi-French Alpine province has been annulled. She is now all herself, and able to carry on with effect the work of getting rid of her bad Sovereigns, and uniting under the one she approves. The opposition in the Sardinian Parliament, after all, only amounted to this—that there was a party which desired to have Central Italy without paying the price which had been agreed on for it. Can one doubt that if it had been put to any of the dissentient members whether he would give up Florence in order to retain Savoy he would have been as anxious to get rid of the mountaineers as Cavour himself?

The only value that the transaction now has for us is that it rubs off all the gloss from the conduct of both the allies. France, it is proved, will not refuse valuable payment for her services, and Sardinia is ready to join her in concealing designs which might give umbrage to Europe until they are ripe for execution. The balance of power may not be much endangered by the cession; Switzerland may not be really more at the mercy of an enemy; Italy may not be more easily invaded; but the Treaties of Vienna have received another rent, and France has gained a province and broken through the understandings which confined her to the frontiers of 1815.—Times.

GERMANY.

The one-absorbing topic of this week all over Europe is, of course, the *ferve* held by the Emperor of the French, at Baden, on the German side of the Rhine, to receive the Sovereigns of Germany, in order to some personal communication with them upon the interests of the two great nations whom, properly, the Rhine divides. The Emperor of the Gauls desired a frank interview with the Regent-King of Prussia, not yet Emperor of the Germans. Better, in these days of national ideas and popular sovereignty, a frank interview, face to face, than to resort to the superannuated forms of tedious diplomacy and "state" of heraldic buffoonery of the days of "legitimate privileges" and dynastic "rights." And the Prince of Prussia so far agreed with the Emperor, that popular Sovereigns should be their own Ministers in the last resort, that he responded, frankly enough for a German, to the imperial invitation; but upon a condition, however. The head of the long-climbing House of Brandenburg wants to be "Emperor of Germany." That title formerly belonged to the rival House of Hapsburg; but the grandfather of the present Emperor of Austria was the last to bear it, having descended, in 1806, from the title of Francis II. of Germany, to that of Francis I., Emperor of Austria only. And in fact for many years the Hapsburg family have not been German, in the sense of the nationalists of Northern and Central Germany, while Prussia has always taken the lead as the political representative of the ideas of the race. The ambition of the Sovereigns of Prussia is, therefore, a very natural one, and it is an ambition now so deeply sunk in the Brandenburg soil that there is nothing which the family would not suffer or do for its realization. Nor is there anything in the realization of that ambition (legitimate as it is, so far as it is founded now on the realization rather of the popular dream of National Unity than on any merely selfish plans in the interest of any one family), inconsistent with the policy of the Emperor Louis Napoleon—as the readers of the very thoughtful pamphlet, "La Coalition," of which we gave a full translation the other day, cannot fail to have clearly seen. Only France must have her "compensation" and her "material guarantee," by the cession of the old Rhine-frontiers of the Empire.—Irisman.

The interview at Baden brought about an understanding between Austria and Prussia regarding the organization of a military contingent, and the constitution of the German Confederation.

The Princess Frederick William.—The approaching *outrage* of Her Royal Highness the Princess Frederick William is watched with great interest by the inhabitants of this city, with whom the Princess is, and ever has been, a great favorite. The event, it is rumored, will be honored by a visit of the Princess's august mother, and though nothing is as yet known officially about this latter arrangement, the Berliners are already making preparations for a worthy reception of both the gracious ruler of the British Isles, and the as yet unknown "little stranger" of the *Königliches Schloss*.—Berlin Correspondence of the Court News.

BELGIUM.

L'Universel considers it absurd in Lord Palmerston to assume so enormous amount of virtuous indignation about the bombardment of Palermo, seeing that he himself menaced to bombard Athens, if a certain miserable indemnity were not paid to Don Pacifico. In 1848, also, when the Government expected an insurrection in Dublin, the English Government had every preparation made, both by land and sea, to bombard the city at the first signal of revolt.

It recalls to his mind also how English gentlemen not merely *shriek* (since he exclaims against the policy of Sicily), made the *Brahmins* in India swallow meat and be defiled with blood before blowing them from the cannon's mouth.

Did the government of England refrain from bombarding Delhi and Lucknow? Did they spare the inhabitants, men, women, or babes, when they got possession of them? No! no more than, fifty years before, they spared the altars, women, and maidens of Ciudad Rodrigo, which they had come to—"save" and to protect!"

L'Universel might have added many more instances of English atrocities—has Denmark forgotten the barbarous bombardment of Copenhagen?

ITALY.

We have no improvement to chronicle in the treatment of the Bishops by the Sardinian Government. The Bishop of Piacenza is still in prison, and a number of priests are stated to be now undergoing solitary confinement. The Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa also remains in custody uncondemned, untried, unaccused before any tribunal, as the *Armonia* expresses it. Lady Sussex Lennox has written a letter from Arezzo in Tuscany to the *Armonia*, in which she says:—"The poor priests of this diocese are persecuted by the Government under the accusation of having collected for the Holy Father, while it was I who made the collection, but privately, among friends. The poor people having heard of it, came up with their contributions without their having been asked for a penny; and if it had not been for the police, more than a thousand dollars would have been collected for His Holiness in a few days, and in small localities, instead of the 225 dollars which I had the honor of laying at his sacred feet."

Mr. Franzoni, Archbishop of Turin, has addressed from his place of exile at Lyons, a letter of condolence to Cardinal Corsi, Archbishop of Pisa, now in the hands of the Sardinian Government. The Venerable Prelate speaks of the present age as joining perfidy to hypocrisy, and as obstinately waging a most cruel and enraged warfare against the Church.—Weekly Register.

Let not the reader ask of what is the Bishop of Piacenza accused, for neither we nor the Keeper of the Seals himself can answer the question. The riot which occurred in Piacenza on Corpus Christi Day can certainly not be imputed to him, for his Lordship was then absent, and gave no orders of any sort respecting the affair. He is a prisoner in Turin and an exile from his diocese; that is the fact. The reason of the fact is unknown, because there is none we will not add a word to this statement, unless to ask whether it is not right that the priests should sing *Te Deum* for this new sort of liberty?—*Armonia*.

ROME.—In these days of consummate impudence

it is not surprising to be told that a Note has been sent to the Pontifical Government by Cavour's Cabinet, claiming the return of all Piedmontese volunteers in the Papal army, as well as that of all soldiers and prisoners from the Romagna. The delay granted to the Pope to come to a decision was to expire on the 26th inst., after which the Piedmontese army was to invade the Marches, while Garibaldi invaded Naples. As for the Piedmontese they would be speedily accounted for by our Irish friends at Macerata.—Weekly Register.

General de Lamoriciere during his recent journey through the States of the Church, alighted hungry and uneasy at an inn, where he was privately informed there was a conspiracy to poison his food.—Without further concerning himself, he sent for the landlord, and said—"I am told you mean to poison me; do so you please, only I give you notice that the landlord of any hotel where I am seized with the slightest cholera will be immediately shot." After this he ate heartily of the dinner set before him; went to bed and slept far more soundly than his terrified host.—French Paper.

A letter of the 14th says that the police had found on some of the walls of Rome placards bearing the inscription "Vive Henry Fifth." They are supposed to emanate from enemies of the papal government, who hope to compromise it by leading France to believe that Rome is the centre of a legitimist conspiracy.

A letter from Rome to the "Gazette de Lyons" says:—"Each day sees an accession to the number of those young volunteers whom a religious self-devotion rouses from the pleasures of domestic life and who range themselves under the orders of General de Lamoriciere. So great is the emulation, that a company of infantry or a squadron of cavalry is scarcely marked out before its ranks are filled. The Noblesse of Brittany are chiefly conspicuous. I saw to-day M. Frederic de la Billais, cousin of General de Goyon, and M. de Monquiu who have just enrolled themselves in a company of Chasseurs a Pied. Count Olivier de Kermel signed to-night his enrolment in the same corps. This young gentleman was brought here by his brother-in-law, M. de Cathelineau, grandson of the Christian hero, known as the Saint of Anjou—a family devoted to martyrdom, intrepid champions of religion, whom it was natural to expect to find in this arena."—Tablet.

NAPLES AND SICILY.—Naples is reported as on the eve of revolt. The King has dismissed no less than five generals. Meanwhile as nationalities are to be the order of the day, the *Helios*, of Athens ventures to predict that when Sicily is free, the time will come for also emancipating the Ionian Islands.

The King of Naples is ill. It is asserted that the Neapolitan Council had resolved to grant a constitution, a general amnesty, a free press, to make an entire change in the Ministry, and to form an Italian alliance with Piedmont, &c., but the King's assent was wanted.

It is reported that the Russian and Spanish legation had threatened to withdraw unless the Sardinian Government stopped the revolutionary expeditions to Sicily.

The common lands of Sicily have been appropriated by a decree of the self-appointed dictator Garibaldi. They are to be divided among the heads of poor families, and every one who shall have fought for the country. They are all to be divided equally; only the soldiers who shall have fought for the country are to pick and choose the lots they like best. The heads of poor families are then to draw lots for the remainder. In every commune where the commune where the common lands are more than sufficient the soldiers shall get double shares. Whenever they are insufficient the deficiency shall be made up by appropriating the domains of the State and the Crown lands. These common lands of Sicily which are thus confiscated at the expense of the present community and of future generations, make the wealth, the comfort and the resource of most of the parishes, and exempt the inhabitants from municipal taxes. The law is the Agrarian law of Gracchus—it is fundamentally revolutionary. First, we take the common lands of the parishes, then the domains of the State, then the Crown lands. How long says M. Henri de Riancey in the "Union" shall we keep our hands off private property, the property of the enemies of independence, the satellites of reaction, &c. The decree, says M. de Riancey, is sufficiently eloquent; it needs no comment. What more is wanted. Have we not here the revolution in its naked atrocity, all disguise flung off? One country—Italy. One King—Victor Emmanuel. One hero—Garibaldi. Yes, and one revolution, always and everywhere the same, with its barricades and its massacres, its horrible reprisals, its "milliard sur les riches," and its distributing of the domains of the State. It is time to take a side. There is no more room for shuffling or double dealing policy. For or against the revolution—for or against the barricades—for or against the redistribution of property—that is now the question.

Various theories are alloted to account for the triumph of Garibaldi over the Neapolitan army.—Among others a correspondent of the *Indice de la Religion* mentions that General Lauro is seventy-two years old, and that there were neither victuals or stores for the army at Palermo, nor any ambulances for the wounded. In the Neapolitan army no one ever retires on half-pay, so that there are regiments commanded by colonels of seventy-five, and captains seventy years old. The common soldiers fought with the greatest determination, but were in despair at being so badly led.

Some of the Continental papers, less implacably hostile to the House of Bourbon than our English Lights, branch a theory which will be received by all Liberals with indignant scorn. They say that the King of Naples himself ordered the execution of Palermo from motives of humanity to prevent the further destruction of life in his rebel city. The city had risen in insurrection and it could only be subdued by the most ruthless severity. But its possession is not considered of such sufficient importance in a military point of view to make its recovery by the Royalists at any cost a matter of necessity. On this view the King of Naples means to hold Messina, and considers rightly that the decisive struggle for the possession of Sicily can be fought under more favorable circumstances at Messina than at Palermo. Meanwhile the French Emperor has "entered into engagements," which make it impossible for him to allow the Constitutional Liberties of Sicily to be conceded by the King under the guaranty of France.

Sicily is disposed of as far as Garibaldi, Lord Palmerston, Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel, and the Devil are concerned. They have made their arrangements and among them the constitutional liberties of Sicilians under their lawful Sovereign find no place, even with a guaranty from France.

A piratical craft with filibusters and ammunition of war on board, bound for Sicily, has been captured by a Neapolitan frigate. The telegram tells us that the British Minister has protested and demanded redress "in the Queen's name. On Thursday night Lord Granville, being questioned by the Marquis of Normandy, neither admitted nor denied this new disgrace."—Tablet.

From Sicily we have a confirmation of the capture of two steam vessels by a Neapolitan frigate. They had on board 800 men, 25,000 muskets, 32 cannon, two million pounds of powder, and a large sum of money. Two other vessels bearing the American flag, having on board together about 1,800 men have however, entered the harbor of Cagliari, and are awaiting the arrival of another large vessel, with a further reinforcement for Garibaldi. The ships which were seized carried the flags of America and Sardinia. They were conveyed by the *Fulminante* to Gela. It has been stated that the Sardinian Ambassador had demanded the restitution of the two steamers and their passengers, and that Mr. Elliot, the English Ambassador, had supported this impudent demand. Later advices, however, throw doubt upon this statement.

The National Guard are to occupy the different positions in Palermo during Garibaldi's operations against Messina. The organization of troops and marines is progressing at Palermo.

TURKEY.

If one-half the statements received this week from Turkey be correct, there can be no doubt that the bigoted tyranny and imbecility of the Turkish Government is rapidly precipitating the Turkish question to a crisis. The disturbances are now reported as almost general, and likely to lead to complications, by the antagonism of French and English influences—the French flag protecting the Maronites, *alias* the Catholic Christians, while the cause of the Druses (Musulmans) is understood to have the support of the English.

ROMANTIC LIFE OF AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN.—A Constantinople correspondent speaks of meeting there an English physician, whose life has been a complete romance from the time when, 1824, he landed, burning with enthusiasm for Greece, and attended Lord Byron's death, at Missolonghi, to the present moment, when, after separating from his first wife, a Catholic, who ran away from him, and is now an inmate of a Turkish harem—losing by death his second, a Greek, who at the time of his marriage with her, was a widow with two children—he now finds himself the husband of a Protestant lady, descended directly from the old Huguenots, and the father of four different sets of children, who belong to as many different religions, of whom four are Protestants, two are Greeks, two are Catholics, and one, a grown-up young man, is a Mussulman, and an officer of the Turkish service! The whole family is a universal "alliance" of some kind, whether it be "Evangelical," or not.

CHINA.

The steamer *Alabar*, having on board Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, had been wrecked in the harbor of Galle. No lives were lost. The steamer in the ship was lost, and both Embassadors lost their credentials and all their papers, and would be delayed at Galle until the 6th of June.

Canton dates are of May 6th. The reply from the Chinese Government to the last communication from the British Ministers, had been received. The Chinese were actively preparing to resist.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND THE GARIBALDI SUBSCRIPTION.—Two applications were made on Monday to the Sheffield magistrate with a view to prevent any assistance being rendered by the people of Sheffield to the insurrectionary movement in Sicily. The applicant was Mr. Isaac Ironside, who for a number of years occupied a prominent position in the corporation and some other public bodies of Sheffield, as a man of ultra-democratic principles, and as an ardent sympathiser of "oppressed nationalities." The first application was that the magistrates would take steps to prevent the holding of a public meeting advertised to be held at the Town Hall the same evening, under the presidency of Mr. Councilor Elliott, for the purpose of rendering "moral and pecuniary support to the workers in the cause of Italian unity."

The second application was for a summons against a young man, named Sharmun, for "illegally promoting a subscription to aid the Sicilians in their insurrection against a government on terms of amity with England." It appeared that Mr. Ironside, some weeks ago, applied to the magistrates by letter, for a summons or warrant against Sharmun, submitting to them a correspondence in which the young man had subjected him to the "unparalleled insult" of asking him to become a supporter of a "horde of brigands" in a system of piracy, plunder, and assassination. Being recommended by the mayor to apply to the government on the subject, Mr. Ironside enclosed the correspondence to the Home Secretary requesting him to take proceedings in the matter. Sir G. C. Lewis replied, "If you think fit to lay an information against any person whom you charge with a violation of the law the magistrates will, no doubt, entertain it, but her Majesty's government does not propose to interfere in the matter to which the correspondence relates. He (Mr. Ironside) now, therefore came before the bench to lay such information. The extraordinary statements contained in the correspondence and in the remarks with which Mr. Ironside urged his applications excited some merriment. Mr. A. Smith, the magistrates' clerk, said a diversity of opinion prevailed in high quarters as to the law on the question, and he consequently was not prepared to advise the magistrates either to take steps to prevent the holding of the public meeting or to grant a summons against Sharmun. If a summons were granted against Sharmun, it would be impossible to obtain the necessary legal evidence to make out the charge without the aid of government, who had intimated that they would not interfere in the matter. The Mayor expressed his admiration of Garibaldi, and his sympathy with the Sicilians. Mr. Ironside said the insurrection was instigated by Russia for her own purposes. That the Mayor of Sheffield should wish success to such a cause was an evidence of the judicial blindness which had struck the age. You are all traitors together, added Mr. Ironside. The magistrates refused to accede to the application.—Daily News.

The alleged massacre of Perugia is objected to the Sovereign Pontiff, the bombardment of Palermo is considered as a sufficient reason for depriving the King of the Two Sicilies of a portion of his dominions. And these two Sovereigns are held forth for public indignation because the Whigs choose to call them tyrants, and circulate stories of cruel oppression practised upon their subjects. Of these stories no proof is offered. They are therefore to be regarded like the stories of the Indian mutilations which were spread abroad for the purpose of exciting the English soldiers to inhuman ferocity, and of justifying that ferocity afterwards. The Italian stories rest on the same foundation. The Whigs are bent upon the dethronement of the Bourbons, and the captivity of the Pope, but before they can effect their purpose they must discredit them by lying stories and infamous inventions. What succeeded in India may succeed in Italy. It certainly requires no small degree of impudence to denounce the bombardment of Palermo, when nothing was said of the bombardment of Paris by the present Emperor of the French. The King of the Two Sicilies may not bombard a rebel town when English troops bombard Delhi and the revolted towns in India. The Indian bombardment was perfectly lawful, but that of Palermo is unlawful. Her Majesty's Ministers are so shameless as to condemn in others what they did themselves, and would do again if the occasion arose.—London Tablet.

RELIGION OF THE JAPANESE.—The religion of Japan is Buddhism. The priesthood is very numerous and divided into a great variety of sects. It is related of the Ziogoon Nobunungu, who reigned at the time the mission led by St. FRANCIS XAVIER was sent to Japan, under the protection of the Portu guese, that upon a request being made by the prince to expel these foreign missionaries, he inquired how many religions there were in Japan. "Thirty-five," was the answer. "Well," said he, "where thirty-five sects can be tolerated, we can easily bear thirty-six; leave the strangers in peace." Temples, of large and magnificent structure, are frequent, attached to which are large staffs of bonzes, both male and female. In their prayers they make use of praying-machines, in which an iron ring revolves with a great clatter, which is supposed to attract the attention of the particular god to whom they are praying. They have all sorts of deities, and their temples are dedicated to a single one of these; usually. As a general rule, their priest or praying men, are held in great respect.—Boston Transcript.

A NEW PROTESTANT SECT.—A new sect has been established in Michigan, who call themselves Wynobanians. The feature which principally distinguishes them is that of washing each other's feet; and it is done in this wise. After an extempore prayer, the elder of the congregation strips off his coat or peels, according to the new vocabulary, g-ds on a towel, and proceeds to wash the feet of the member nearest to him, who, in his turn, washes the feet of his neighbor, and so on. The sisters perform a like service for each other. The clean feet feature of this sect is to be commended, and we hope it will triumph over the other sect to which it is in opposition, whose principal feature consists in never washing hands or feet. A distinguished sister of the unwashed, when accosted with, "Why, how dirty your hands are," replied with evident satisfaction,—"What would you say if you could see my feet?"—No! no! if we must choose between the two sects we prefer the Wynobanians.—Boston Pilot.

A few months since (says the late T. Hood, I was applied to myself to contribute to a new journal, not exactly gratuitously, but at a very small advance upon nothing, and avowedly because the work had been planned according to that estimate. However, I accepted the terms conditionally; that is to say, provided the principle could be properly carried out. Accordingly I wrote to my butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of cheap literature and the interests of the reading public, that they should furnish me with their several commodities at a very trifling per centage above cost price. It will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher.

"Sir, Respecting your note. Cheap literature be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other peepel. And if so be you or the readin' publick wants to have meet at prime cost, you must buy your own beast-esses, and kill yourselves.—I remanes, &c., JOHN STOKES."

ONE WAY TO ESCAPE A LECTURE.—One night, after having kept up a frolic until a late hour, Colonel Jones reached home, when he found his wife waiting for him with a countenance that foretold a storm.—The Colonel, whose face never blanched before an enemy, quailed before the just indignation of his better-half. Instead of going to bed, he took a seat, and resting his elbows on his knees, with his face in his hands, seemed to become completely absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as "poor Smith! poor fellow!" His wife kept silent as long as possible, but at last, overcome by curiosity and anxiety, she inquired in a sharp tone: "What's the matter with Smith?" "Ah!" said the Colonel, "his wife is giving him fits just now!" Mrs. Jones was mollified by the joke, and her wrath dissipated.

RATHER COOL.—"There has been a slight mistake committed here," said the house-surgeon, "of no great moment, though—it was the sound leg of Mr. Higgins which was cut off. We can easily cure the other—comes to the same thing."

"Dora, what did you do with the tallow?" Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning? "Please, Mamma, I baked the griddle cakes with it." "You did! I thought you had wasted it!"

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.

THE PAIN KILLER.—Rev. T. Allen, writing from Tavoy, Burmah, Jan. 5th, 1857, says: within the past four years I have used and disposed of above five hundred bottles, but am now out. Please send me a fresh supply (through the Mission Rooms) as soon as you can, say two hundred bottles. I dare not be without it myself, and there are endless calls for it, both by Burmans and Karens. I always take it with me into the jungles, and have frequent occasions to use it, both on myself and others. One night, while sleeping in an open Zayat, I was awoke by a most excruciating pain in my foot. On my examination, I found that I had been bitten by a Centipede. I immediately applied the Pain Killer, and found instant relief. In less than one hour I was again asleep.

Rev. Mr. Hibbard, writing from Burmah to his father, says: I have used Perry Davis' Pain Killer for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, and for the sting of scorpions, with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hand on it in the dark, if need be.

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston; and for Sale, at Wholesale, by Lyman, Savage & Co.; Carter, Kerry & Co.; S. J. Lyman, and by Druggists generally.

Among the many restoratives which nature has supplied to relieve the afflictions of humanity there is no more favorite one for a certain class of diseases than the "medical gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree; not however valuable it is, its power to heal, to soothe, to relieve, and to cure, is enhanced ten fold by scientific and judicious combination with other ingredients, in themselves of equal worth. This happy mingling exists in that

"Combination and a form indeed!"

Of medicine known as DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, whose value in curing Coughs, Colics, Bronchitis, Whooping-Cough, Croup, Asthma, Pulmonary Affection, and Injurious Consumption is inestimable.

HOME TESTIMONY. Boston, April 18, 1852. No. 48 Union St.

Ma SETH W. FOWLE.—Dear Sir:—Your invaluable medicine, I can truly say, has literally snatched me from the grave. Last July I was attacked by a sudden cold, which resulted in a very severe Cough, with violent pains in the Side and Chest. I became so much reduced, that my friends frankly told me that I must die. At this crisis, I heard of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and immediately sent for a bottle. The effect produced was indeed wonderful. My physician, one of the most respectable in Boston, who had previously told me that a cure was hopeless came in, and I informed him what I had taken. He examined the Balsam, and advised me to continue the use of it, since which time I have continued to improve daily; and the same physician who had given me up, told me, a few days since, that I might live many years.

Respectfully, MARY ROWE. We can cheerfully testify to the truth of the above statement, Mrs. Rowe having been an inmate of our family.

WILLIAM DENNETT. MARTHA DENNETT. None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and for sale by Lyman, Savage & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, wholesale agents for Montreal.

J. MAHER.

31 SANGUINET STREET, WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he will

REMOVE ON THE FIRST OF MAY NEXT, to No. 8, St. Claude Street,

Near the Bonsecours Market, where he intends to carry on his former business, with, besides, suitable accommodations for travellers and country people.

MAGNIFICENT EDITION OF HAYDOCK'S CATHOLIC BIBLE.

THE Subscribers are issuing in Numbers, price 25 cents each, HAYDOCK'S unabridged CATHOLIC FAMILY BIBLE. The Work will be completed in 38 Numbers, and will contain 25 splendid STEEL ENGRAVINGS. This superb edition of the Bible has been honored by the approbation of the Holy Father PIUS IX., by Cardinal Wiseman, and Forty of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States and the British Provinces, including His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec.

Part First now ready; the others will appear in rapid succession. GRAHAM & MUIR.

Dedicated to, and Honored with the Suffrages of, His Holiness PIUS IX.,

THE LIFE OF THE B. VIRGIN MARY, And of Her most Chaste Spouse Sr. JOSEPH, and Holy Parents St. JOACHIM and Sr. ANNE.

NOW Publishing, and will be completed in 20 Numbers, the most beautiful Edition of the LIFE of the B. VIRGIN ever issued. Written by Monsignor Gentileucci, Chamberlain of Honor to His Holiness. Each part will contain a splendid STEEL ENGRAVING and several fine WOOD CUTS.

Part First now ready—price 25 cents—the remaining Numbers will soon be issued. GRAHAM & MUIR.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, Devotional and Historical Catholic Works, will be found at 19 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

Prayer Books in various Bindings; superbly Bound Prayer Books, in VELVET, at reduced prices. GRAHAM & MUIR.

June 28, 1860. THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE,

Has opened his office at No. 31 Little St. James St.

A YOUNG LADY provided with a Diploma from the Catholic Board of Examiners in Montreal, and with warm recommendations from an English family in Upper Canada where, for three consecutive years, she instructed the children of the family, is again desirous of forming a similar engagement. She is competent to teach French, and English, the Elements of Music, Crochet Work, &c. &c. Apply to C. B. at the residence of M. A. Boucher, No. 300 LaGauchetière Street, Montreal.

TO SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

WANTS SITUATION, by a Lady, to TEACH a SCHOOL, or to give instructions in a Private Family. She has a Diploma from the Catholic Board of Examiners for Montreal; and is qualified to impart a sound English Education. Apply to the True Witness Office, Montreal, C.E.; or to M. C. HEALY'S Commercial School, No. 95, St. Lawrence Main Street, Montreal. June 14, 1860.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF CATHERINE HUNT, native of Cloghen King's County, Ireland; she was in Kingston about 4 or 5 years ago. Any information as to her whereabouts will be thankfully received by her brother, PETER HUNT, West Farnham, C. E.

INFORMATION

IS anxiously solicited regarding two children, DAVID, and DENIS SHEEHAN, aged respectively 12 and 10 years, when they came out with their widowed mother, from Cork, in 1854, and were detained by sickness in the Quarantine and Marine Hospital. They were forwarded from Quebec to Montreal, on the 24th November, 1854; and sent next day from thence to Cornwall, to their mother, who has never since heard of them. Any information sent to the Rev. J. S. O'Connor, P.P., Cornwall, will give consolation to an afflicted and bereaved parent. Editors of papers would do an act of charity, by giving the above a few insertions.

WANTED,

A SITUATION as TEACHER in a Catholic School, by a person who can produce the highest Testimonials as to his qualifications as an elementary School Teacher, from the Catholic Board of Examiners, Quebec. Address, post-paid, to "J. O. B.," at True Witness Office. June 6th, 1860.

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTING, MERCHANT TAILORING, And General Drapery Store, THE CLOTH HALL, 292 Notre Dame Street, (West).

Best West of England Black Cloths. Black Cassimeres, Tweeds, Doekskins. Silk Velvet and Marseille Vestings. Roudy Made Garments for all Seasons. Gentlemen's Gloves, in Silk, Kid, Lisle, &c. Gent's Half Hose Merino, Cotton, & Lambs' Wool. Gent's Ties, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Braces, &c. Gentlemen's Linen Collars in the various Styles. Gent's Fancy Regatta and Linen Fronted Shirts. Vests, Pants and Drawers in Merino and Cotton. Umbrellas, Portmanteaus, Travelling Scarfs, &c.

IN THE MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Orders will be executed according to the Latest Fashions, with much care and despatch, at the same time consulting the peculiar wish of each Customer. Full Summer Suit completed in one day. Full Dress Suit within two days from the time ordered. Hosiery for Ladies, Gent's and Youths, of all sizes and qualities. Linens, Flannels, Towelling, Long Cloth, Muslins, Parnsols, &c. J. IVERS, Proprietor. June 21.

NOW PUBLISHING, IN PARTS, (8VO. DEMI SIZE) A THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON ALGEBRA.

First Part Just Ready. THE WHOLE, when issued, will be found to be a complete and comprehensive Volume on the Science. For Sale at the Booksellers', and at the TRUE WITNESS Office. Price 2s 3d, or 55 cents. April 19, 1860.

JOHN McCLOSKEY'S MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS, 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, Woolens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woolen 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.

With respect to the change that has taken place in the above Establishment, it has been done only for the better management of the same; and I wish to inform the Public that I have not retired from the business, as has been circulated through the City in hand-bills. I am still the head Manager, until further notice. JOHN McCLOSKEY, 38 Sanguinet Street.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

[Established in 1826.] BELLS. The Subscribers have constantly for sale BELLS, an assortment of Church, Factory, Steam-BELLS, boat, Locomotive, Plantation, School-BELLS. House and other Bells, mounted in the most approved and durable manner. For full BELLS, particulars as to many recent improvements, warrantee, diameter of Bells, space BELLS, occupied in Tower, rates of transportation, BELLS, &c., send for a circular. Address A. MENEELY'S SONS, Agents, West Troy, N. Y.

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 Hats and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail. April 6, 1860. 12ms.

DRY GOODS, St. Lawrence House, 93 McGill Street, Second Door from Notre Dame Street.

JOHN PAPE & CO. HAVE just OPENED one Case of LADIES' CHEMISE HAIR NETS, all colors. Montreal, Oct. 27, 1859.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

EASTERN TRAINS. ON and AFTER MONDAY, July 2nd, Trains will leave POINT ST. CHARLES as follows:— DAY EXPRESS, for Quebec, Portland and Boston, at 8.30 A.M. For Portland and Boston, stopping over night at Island Pond, at 4.00 P.M. Night Mail for Quebec, (Mixed Train from Richmond) at 1.00 P.M. On Friday Evenings Passengers for Quebec can leave Montreal at 6.45 P.M., by the Special Train, connecting with the Montreal Ocean Steamships, instead 5.00 P.M.

WESTERN TRAINS. Two Through Trains between Montreal and Detroit daily.

Day Mail, for Toronto, London, Sarabia, and Detroit, at 9.00 A.M. Mixed Train, for Kingston and all Way Stations, at 4.30 P.M. Night Express Train, (with Sleeping Cars attached) for Toronto, Detroit, &c., at 9.00 P.M. These Trains connect at Detroit Junction with the Trains of the Michigan Central, Michigan Southern, and Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads for all points West. W. SHANLY, General Manager. Montreal, May 4, 1860.

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.

Ayer's Ague Cure.

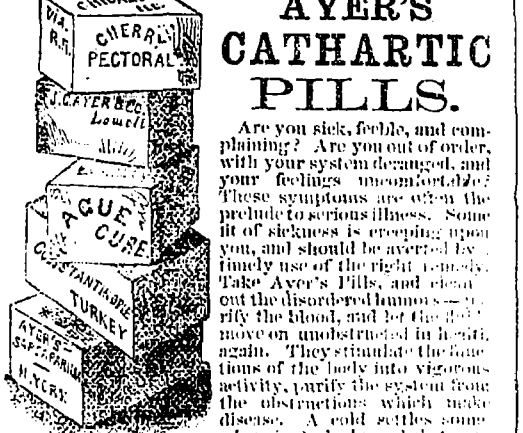
"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND."

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," a rare Companion for the Winter Months. Every Pianist, Every Singer, Every Teacher, Every Pupil, Every Amateur, Should procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Piano Forte Music, costing but 10 CENTS a number, and pronounced By the entire Press of the Country, to be 'The Best and Cheapest Work of the kind in the World.'

Twelve full-sized Pages of Vocal and Piano Forte Music for TEN CENTS. Yearly, \$5; Half-yearly, \$2.50; Quarterly, \$1.25. Subscribe to "Our Musical Friend," or order it from the nearest Newdealer, and you will have Music enough for your entire family at an insignificant cost; and if you want Music for the Flute, Violin, Cornet, Clarinet, Accordion, &c., subscribe to the

"SOLO MELODIST," Containing 12 pages, costing only 10 Cents a number. Yearly, \$2.50; Half-yearly, \$1.25. All the Back Numbers at 10 Cents, and Bound Volumes, containing 17 Numbers, at \$2.50 each, constantly on hand.

C. E. SEYMOUR & CO., 107 Nassau Street, New York.



AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS. Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be arrested by timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and clear out the impurities from the system, and you will find the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs the functions of the body into vigorous activity, just as the same obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs the functions of the body into vigorous activity, just as the same obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs the functions of the body into vigorous activity, just as the same obstructions which make disease.

As a Family Physic. Your Pills are the prince of purgatives. Their effect is so quick and certain, and their action so gentle, that they are the best medicine for the family. They are the best medicine for the family. They are the best medicine for the family.

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach. DEAR SIR, AYER: I cannot answer you what complaint I have cured with your Pills better than to say that I have cured every one I have tried. I have a great dependence on an efficient cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believing as I do that your Pills stand at the best we have, I of course value them highly.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints. Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of bilious complaints than any other remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Relax, Worms. Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alternative effect upon the Liver makes them especially valuable when given in small and frequent doses. Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood. DEAR SIR: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Fits, &c. Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of constipation. If either of our friends has such an affection as I have, they should join me in pronouncing it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is the precursor of more serious and dangerous affections. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew more and more, until by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

DEAR SIR: I have been entirely cured by your Pills. I have been cured by your Pills. I have been cured by your Pills. I have been cured by your Pills. I have been cured by your Pills.

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P. F. WALSH, Practical and Scientific Watchmaker, HAS REMOVED TO

178 NOTRE DAME STREET, (Next door to O'Connor's Boot & Shoe Store.)

CALL and examine his NEW and SPLENDID assortment of Watches, Jewellery, and Plated Ware. P. F. Walsh has also on hand the BEST SELECTED and most varied assortment of FANCY GOODS, Toys, Perfumery, Chaplets, Rosaries, Decades, and other religious and symbolic articles. Buy your Fancy and other Stationery from P. F. WALSH, 178 Notre Dame Street, of which he has on hand the VERY BEST QUALITY. Special attention given to REPAIRING and TIMING all kinds of Watches, by competent workmen, under his personal superintendance. No Watches taken for Repairs that cannot be Warranted.

BUSINESS DEVICE: Quick Sales and Light Profit. Nov. 17, 1859.

FIREWOOD. 1000 CORDS of FIREWOOD.—Pine, Hemlock and Tamarack—at \$3 per Cord. F. B. McNAMEE.

FIRE BRICKS. 5000 FIRE BRICKS for Sale, Buckley Mountain, Ramsay's and Carr's manufacture. F. B. McNAMEE, St. Antoine Street.

WHITE PINE. 100,000 FEET of Square 20,000 Feet of Flat and Round Rod Elm 10,000 Feet of Flat Rod and White Pine. 2,000 Superficial Feet 3 inch Flooring 5000 do do 1 and 2 inch Flooring. Parties intending to build will find this the best seasoned timber in market. F. B. McNAMEE.

FOR SALE. 3 TONS of assorted ROOF IRON, 1, 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 2, 2 1/2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50 Empty Cement Barrels. F. B. McNAMEE.

THE Subscriber has two pair of BOB SLEIGHS for hire, capable of carrying 50 tons each. Parties having large boilers, heavy castings, or wooden houses to remove, should call and see them. January 26. F. B. McNAMEE.

MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE. IN this splendid free stone building, one of the most beautiful of the country, there is given an education entirely destined to prepare young persons for commercial business, by teaching them particularly Arithmetic and the English and French languages. A crowd of English and French pupils from the cities and counties are now studying without distinction of origin or religion. The boarding is at a very low price.

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. TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$70 00 Use of Bed and Bedding, 7 00 Washing, 10 50 Drawing and Painting, 7 00 Music Lessons—Piano, 28 00 Payment is required Quarterly in advance. October 29.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C.W.; Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Huron, 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 (payable 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, 1858.

CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT. THE subscribers has in course of construction a number of FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, the same as Wheeler & Wilson's patent, which he intends to sell cheaper than any that have been sold heretofore in Canada. All who intend to supply themselves with a good cheap Machine, will find it to their advantage to defer their purchases for a few weeks until these Machines are completed. In price and quality they will have no parallel, as the subscriber intends to be governed by quick sales and light profits.

WAIT FOR THE BARGAINS. B. J. NAGLE, Sewing Machine Manufacturer, 265 Notre Dame Street. Oct. 20, 1859.

COLLECT YOUR ACCOUNTS IN DUE SEASON. THE undersigned gives Solvent Security and respectable reference. P. TUCKER, Collector of Accounts, 53 Prince Street.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm. Ajala—N. A. Goste. Aylmer—J. Doyle. Antwerp—J. Roberts. Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron. Arichat—Rev. Mr. Girroir. Brockville—P. Murray. Belleville—M. O'Dempsey. Brock—Rev. J. R. Lee. Brantford—W. M'Namany. Caledonia—M. Donnelly. Canonsville—J. Knowlson. Chambly—J. Hackett. Cobourg—P. Maguire. Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor. Compton—Mr. W. Daly. Curleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy. Dalhousie Mills—Wm. Chisholm. Dewittville—J. M'iver. Dunas—J. M'Gerrald. Egansville—J. Bonfield. East Haverbury—Rev. J. J. Collins. Eastern Townships—P. Hackett. Erinsville—P. Gafney. Emily—M. Hennessey. Franpton—Rev. Mr. Paradis. Farmersville—J. Flood. Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter. Guelph—J. Harris. Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry. Huntingdon—O. M'Faul. Ingersoll—W. Featherston. Kemplville—M. Heaphy. Kingston—P. Purcell. Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley. London—Rev. E. Bayard. Lochiel—O. Quigley. Lohorouh—T. Daley. Lacolle—W. Hart. Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleher. Merrickville—M. Kelly. New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy. Ottawa City—J. Rowland. Orillia—Rev. J. Synnott. Oshawa—Richard Supple. Prescott—J. Ford. Perth—J. Doran. Peterboro—E. M'Cormick. Picton—Rev. Mr. Lalor. Port Hope—J. Birmingham. Quebec—M. O'Leary. Rawdon—Rev. J. Quinn. Renfrew—Rev. M. Byrne. Russelltown—J. Ompion. Richmondhill—M. Teofy. Richmond—A. Donnelly. Sherbrooke—T. Griffith. Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton. South Gloucester—J. Daley. Summerstown—D. M'Donald. St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay. St. Alonnes—T. Dunn. St. Jean de la Poudre—Rev. Mr. Bourrett. St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey. St. Catherine's, C. E.—J. Oaugblia. St. Raphael—A. B. M'Donald. St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax. Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh. Thorold—John Beenan. Tinguick—T. Donegan. Toronto—Patrick Mullin, 23 Shuter Street. Templeton—J. Hagan. West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy. West Port—James Kehoe. Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy. York Grand River—A. Lamond.

M. P. RYAN, No. 119, COMMUNION STREET, (Opposite St. Ann's Market,) WHOLESALE DEALER IN PRODUCE, PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c. TAKES this opportunity of informing his many friends in Canada West and East, that he has opened the above Store, and will be prepared to attend to the sale of all kinds of Produce on reasonable terms. Will have constantly on hand a supply of the following articles, of the choicest description:— Butter Oatmeal Teas Flour Oats Tobacco Pork Pot Barley Cigars Hams B. Wheat Flour Soap & Candles Fish Split Peas Pails Sait Corn Meal Brooms, &c. June 6, 1860.

ENGLISH PRIVATE TUITION. MR. KEEGAN, ENGLISH and MATHEMATICAL TEACHER, will attend Gentlemen's Families, Morning and Evening, to give LESSONS in any branch of English Education. Address—Andrew Keegan, 47 Nazareth Street, Montreal. City references, if required.

REMOVED. THE undersigned begs to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has REMOVED his INSURANCE OFFICE From Saint Francois Xavier Street, to No. 192, SAINT PAUL STREET, in the Upper part of Messrs. Lamothé & M'Gregor's Store. J. LEANDE BRault. May 31, 1860.

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

R. PATTON, CUSTOMER BOOTMAKER, No. 229, Notre Dame Street, RETURNS his sincere thanks to his kind Patrons and the Public in general for their very liberal patronage during the last Seven years; and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. R. P. will, in future, devote his whole attention to WORK MADE TO ORDER. Now is the time! Montreal, April 19, 1860.

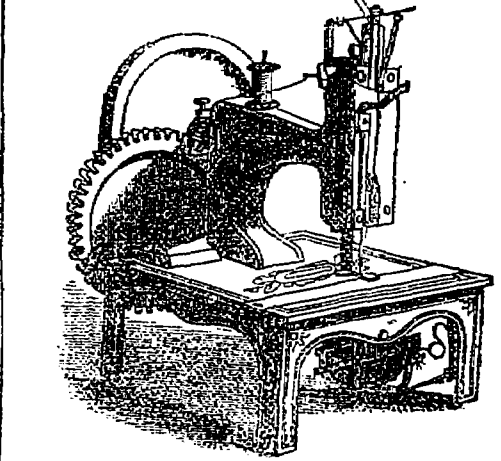
ADVERTISEMENTS. ASTHMA.—For the INSTANT RELIEF and PERMANENT CURE of this distressing complaint use FENDT'S BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES, Made by C. B. SEYMOUR, & CO., 107 NASSAU STREET, N. Y. Price, \$1 per Box; sent free by post. FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

CAST STEEL CHURCH BELLS. THE Subscribers having been appointed AGENTS for CANADA, for the sale of CAST STEEL CHURCH and FACTORY BELLS, are now prepared to execute Orders for them to any extent that may be required. These Bells are made by Messrs. NAYLOR, VICKERS & CO., of Sheffield, England. They have a pure, melodious sound, peculiar to steel, owing to the elasticity of the metal the sound penetrates to a great distance. Cast Steel Bells are much lighter than those made of ordinary bell-metal of the same size, and are consequently more easily rung; and owing to the density and also to the well-known strength of the material, it is almost impossible to break them with ordinary usage. These bells have been successfully introduced in some of the largest cities and towns in the United States and Canada, for Fire Alarms, Churches, Factories, &c.; and being sold much cheaper than Composition Bells, this fact in connection with their lightness, strength and sweetness of tone, cannot fail to commend them to public favor. Cast Steel Bells combine, therefore an improvement in quality and power of tone, with greater facility for placing and ringing them, from their diminished weight and a very material saving in price. CHIMES CAST TO ORDER WITH GREAT ACCURACY. Every Bell is warranted for one year, with proper usage, in any climate. Printed Circulars, with descriptions, recommendations, prices, &c., will be furnished on application to FROTHINGHAM & WORKMAN, Montreal, Agents for Canada. January 7.

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

SEWING MACHINES. F. 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 Sarria. 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. F. 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. R. 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 J. 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, GILGATE, 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 " with extra large shuttle. 95 00 Needles 80c per dozen. EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED. All communications intended for me must be prepaid, as none other will be received. B. J. NAGLE, Canadian Sewing Machine Depot, 265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Factory of Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills. PATTON & BROTHER, NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, 42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL. Every description of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel constantly on hand, or made to order on the shortest notice, at reasonable rates. Montreal, Nov. 1859. B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 30, Little St. James Street. RYAN & VALLIERES DE ST. REAL, ADVOCATES, No. 14 Little St. Joseph Street, Near the Hotel Due Hospital. W. M. PRICE, ADVOCATE, No. 28 Little St. James Street, Montreal. M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 54, Little St. James Street, Montreal. FRANKLIN HOUSE, (Corner of King and Williams Streets,) MONTREAL, IS NOW OPEN. And under the MANAGEMENT of JOHN RYAN. Mr. Ryan would say to the Friends of this very popular House, that it has been NEWLY FURNISHED not only in part, but throughout; and that he intends to conduct it as a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL; yet prices for transient guests, as well as regular Boarders, will be unchanged. Parties requiring Board, with Rooms, would find it to their advantage to try the Franklin. D. O'GORMON, BOAT BUILDER, BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W. Skiffs made to Order. Several Skiffs 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.

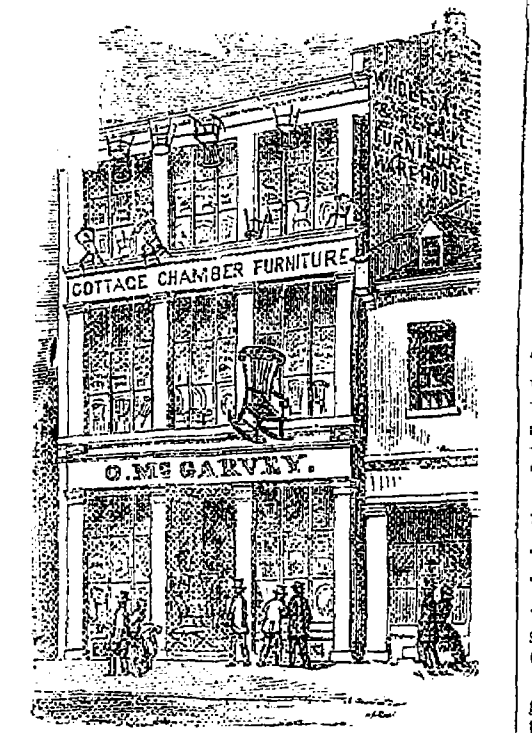


THOMAS WALKER & CO., Wholesale and Retail, WINE, SPIRIT, ALE AND PORTER MERCHANTS, 26 St. Francois Xavier Street, MONTREAL. BEG to inform their friends and the public generally that they have just received a well selected stock of liquors, and have made arrangement to deliver free to any part of the city all goods ordered at their stores. PRICES. WINES. PORT—Finest Old Crusted..... 48s 4s 0d Very Fine..... 12s 6d 30s 2s 6d SHERRY—Finest Pale or Golden 17s 6d 42s 3s 6d Good..... 12s 6d 30s 2s 6d MADEIRA—Finest Old..... 15s 0d 36s 2s 0d CHAMPAGNE—Moe's Imperial, Jules Munn & Co's. 90s 7s 6d CLARET—Obateau Lafitte and St. Julien..... 10s 0d 24s 2s 0d SPIRITS. BRANDIES—Fine Old, 1848..... 60s 6s 0d Otard, Dupuy & Co's..... 15s 0d 36s 3s 0d GIN—Best London Old Tom..... 12s 6d 30s 2s 6d DeKuyper's Hollands..... 6s 3d 15s 1s 3d WHISKEY—Thin's & Ramsay's Scotch..... 8s 4d 20s 2s 0d Thin's & Jameson's Irish..... 8s 4d 20s 2s 0d Old Rye and Genuine Upper Canada, 4s 0d 10s 1s 0d RUMS—Finest Old Jamaica..... 10s 0d 24s 2s 0d ALES AND PORTERS. ALE—Bass & Co's and Allsop's E. I. Pale..... 12s 6d 7s 6d Montreal, Lachine and Quebec..... 4s 0d 3s 6d PORTER—Truman & Co's and Guinness & Co's Stout..... 12s 6d 7s 6d Montreal and Lachine Porters..... 5s 0d 3s 0d CIDER—Penner's, &c..... 12s 6d 7s 6d All Casks, Jars and Bottles to be returned or paid for on delivery. Depot for Genuine Upper Canada and Toddy Whiskey. May 31, 1860.

THOMAS M'KENNA, PRACTICAL PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER, No. 62, SAINT PETER STREET, (Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets,) MONTREAL. BATH TUBS, HYDRANTS, WATER CLOSETS, FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS, &c. Constantly on hand, and fitted up in the best manner. Jobbing Punctually attended to. September 15, 1859. JOHN ROONEY, PIANO FORTE TUNING. (Formerly of Nunn & Clark, New York, and recently in the employ of S. T. Pearce.) BEGS leave to inform Mr. Pearce's customers, as well in Montreal as in the country, and neighboring towns, that he has commenced TUNING PIANOS on his own account; and trusts by his punctuality and skill to merit a continuance of that patronage which was so liberally extended to Mr. Pearce. All orders left at Messrs. B. Dawson & Sons, Great St. James Street, will meet with strict attention. March 9, 1860. NOTICE TO FEMALE TEACHERS. THE SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS of the Parish of St. JULIENNE will require, on the First of July next, a FEMALE TEACHER; one who will be able to instruct in both English and French. Address by letter, prepaid, to A. H. De Caussin, Secretary-Treasurer. March 9, 1860.

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 itching of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers. One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula. DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula. KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as 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 Scabs: 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, Superiress of St. Vincent's Asylum. ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, Hamilton, C. W.

SPRING AND SUMMER. 1860. Grand Trunk Clothing Store, 87 M'GILL & 27 RECOLLET STREETS. THE Proprietors of the above Establishment beg to notify their patrons and the public generally, that their SPRING assortment consists of Cloths, Dressings, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, underclothing, with a beautiful selection of Shirts, Collars, Scarfs, Ties, &c., have now arrived. We also beg to draw the attention of the public to our Stock of SUPERIOR READY-MADE CLOTHING, which consists of the largest assortment, most fashionable styles, best assorted, and cheapest in the City. In consequence of our extensive business, and great facilities for getting bargains, we are enabled this season to offer Goods much lower than any House in our line. MONTREAL, April 19, 1860. DONNELLY & O'BRIEN. GROCERIES, SUGAR, &c., FOR SALE, At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. TEAS (GREEN) GUNPOWDER, very fine. YOUNG HYSON, best quality. IMPERIAL. TWANKEY, extra fine. BLACK TEAS. SOUCHONG (Breakfast) fine Flavor. COGNOU. OOLONG. SUGARS. LOAF. DRY CRUSHED. MUSCOVADA Sugar, very light. COFFEE, &c. JAVA, best Green and Roasted LAGUIRIE, do. do. FLOUR, very fine. OATMEAL, pure. RICE. INDIAN MEAL. B. W. FLOUR. DRIED APPLES. CHEESE, American (equal to English.) WINES—Port, Sherry, and Madeira. BRANDY—Planat Pale, in cases, very fine; Martell, in hds. and cases. PORTER—Dublin and London Porter; Montreal Porter and Ale, in bottles. PICKLES, &c.—Pickles, Sauces, Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Shelled Almonds, Honey Soap, B.W. Soap, Castile Soap, and English do.; Corn Brooms, Corn Dusters; Bed Cord, Cloth Lines, Shoe Thread, Garden Lines, Candies, Lemon Peel, Orange and Citron do.; Sweet Oil, in quarts and pints. STARCH—Glenfield, Rice and Sated, fair. BRUSHES—Scrubbers and Stove Brushes; Cloth and Shoe Brushes. SPICES, &c.—Figs, Prunes; Spices, whole and ground; Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, White Pepper, Black Pepper, Allspice, Cayenne Pepper, Macarone, Yermicella, Indigo, Batton Blue, Sago, Arrowroot, Sperm Candles, Tallow do.; fine Table Salt; fine Salt in Bag; Coarse do.; Salt Petre; Sardines, in Tins; Table Cod Fish, Dry; do, do, Wet; Cream Tartar; Baking Soda; do, in Packages; Alum, Copperas, Sulphur, Brimstone, East Bricks, Whiting, Chalk, &c. The articles are the best quality, and will be Sold at the lowest prices. J. PHELAN. March 3 1860.



FURNITURE BUSINESS. The Subscriber, while returning thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal support extended to him during the last ten years in the HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, that has ever been on view in this city, comprising every article in the House Furnishing line. To enumerate his Stock would take so large a space, that he will only name a few of the leading articles, with the prices of each:—Parlor Suits, in Rosewood, B.W. and Mahogany, from 125 to 500 dollars; Chamber Sets in Rosewood, B.W. Oak, Chestnut and Enamelled, from 20 to 250 dollars; 200 Mahogany Chairs, upholstered in the different styles, from 3.50 to 9.00 each; Mahogany and B.W. Sofas, from 14 to 50 dollars; 4000 Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, of 30 different patterns, some entirely new, from 40c to 4 dollars each; Spring Curled Hair Mattresses, Palm Leaf and Corn Husk Mattresses, from 4 to 25 dollars each; with a very large stock of Bedsteads, of Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, &c., of different styles and prices, from 3 to 40 dollars each; a very large assortment of Marble and Wood Top Centre Tables, Looking Glasses, Eight-Day and Thirty-Hour Clocks, Self-rocking Cradles; an extensive assortment of Iron Bedsteads, Hat Stands, Swinging Cots, Marble Top Saloon Tables, Corner and Portable Washstands and Towel Racks. The above will be found one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Furniture ever on view in this city, and as it has been got up for Cash during the winter, will be sold at least 10 per cent below anything in the city. Please call and examine the Goods and Prices, which will convince all of the fact that to save money is to BUY your FURNITURE at O. M'GARVEY'S, 244 Notre Dame Street, where all Goods sold are warranted to be what they are represented; if not, they can be returned three months after the date of sale, and the money will be refunded. All Goods carefully packed, and delivered on board the cars or boats, or at the residence of parties inside of the Toll Gates free of charge.—Also, constantly on hand, Solid Mahogany Veneers; Varnish, Curled Hair, and other Goods suitable to the Trade, for Cash or in exchange for First Class Furniture. Cane and Wood Seat Chairs furnished to the Trade, Finished or Unfinished, as may be required. OWEN M'GARVEY, Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, No. 244 Notre Dame Street, near the French Square, Montreal. TWO good CABINETMAKERS and ONE CHAIRMAKER WANTED. April 26.