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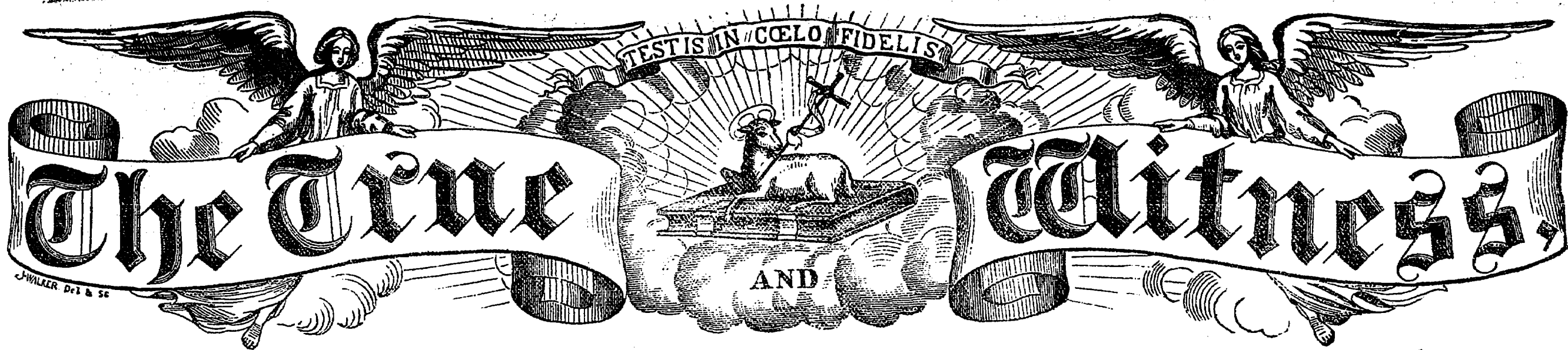
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THIODOLF THE ICELANDER.

BY BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

CHAPTER XL.

The following days passed in warlike exercises, which the people—already used to wonder at the strength and dexterity of the *Væringers*—now flocked to witness in much larger numbers, since Thiodolf far surpassed all his brave brothers in arms in throwing of spears, wrestling, and all the martial games which were most esteemed.—He had soon so mastered the manner in which here the troops were led to the field, that nothing remained for him to learn; and Helmfriid often took pleasure in entrusting the management of the different manoeuvres of the whole *Væringers* squadron to his youthful friend; he himself the while sitting by as only a pleased spectator, on his splendid Persian horse.

At length the noblest of the city came daily on horses and in chariots to the place where the *Væringers* were exercised, and took delight in the brilliant appearance of the young leader. The report of him even reached the emperor, who decided that his northern body-guard, in their increased splendor, should hold a mock fight in his presence, and in that of his daughters and the other noble ladies of the court.

"Thiodolf," said the *Væringers* chief, "since the emperor would see us in our full knightly pomp, put from thee, for my sake, that rough bull's head helmet. There are helmets now in my armory from which thou mayest choose.—Follow me, and take that which pleases thee best."

But that Thiodolf altogether refused. "If I may not keep my helmet of skin," he said, "at least I alone shall forge myself a new one. I have enough gold and silver remaining of my tribute money from *Zante*; and as to jewels, friend *Bertraan* will surely lend me what I want."

The merchant of *Marseilles*, who was present, readily held out to him the carefully preserved casket; and as readily did Thiodolf accept it, as he had now the word and good-will of the leader.

For many days Thiodolf was seen incessantly hammering and knocking in the forge; and his songs, also, were heard far beyond the wall of the *Væringers* fortress. At last, on the evening before the review, he came to his chief, with a new and almost entirely golden helmet in his hand, and asked, "How does this please you?"

"Put it on, my boy," said the old man. And when the new helmet shone on the youth's brow, it still looked like a bull's head, but most beautifully worked out of precious metals. The face of the animal looked fiercely and boldly out from the gold plates in front, the silver horns rose majestically above, two costly diamonds shone in the hollow of the eyes, and many rubies and emeralds sparkled in the fastenings and clasps.

"Thou art a wonderful man," said Helmfriid. "Thy work as a smith pleases me well; but thou wilt look strange in it to many people."

"If it but please you, dear master," answered Thiodolf, "those who do not like it may look away. Have you any other commands to give?"

Helmfriid smiled and shook his head; and Thiodolf hastened forth to make the most careful and skillful arrangement for his Icelanders on the morrow.

The early glow of morning rose out of a moist refreshing autumnal mist. The grass glittered with many colors on the level space at the summit of the hill, where the *Væringers*, in two large bands, one commanded by Helmfriid, and the other by Thiodolf, had placed themselves for the mock fight. A deep and broad stream divided the field, and some bridges, passable to man and horse, were thrown across it. It had been arranged for the knightly sport, that Helmfriid was to strive to win a passage over the water in some one spot, and to bring there suddenly an overpowering force before Thiodolf could collect one equally strong to defend the threatened bridge. The emperor, and the lords and ladies of his court, took their position on Helmfriid's side, partly out of respect for the glorious old age of the *Væringers* chief, partly also that his being the attacking, not the defending party, the pursuit of the riders, and the hurling of spears of the foot-soldiers, were less likely to turn to wild disorder.

At the glance of the emperor, the piercing sound of a trumpet gave the signal to those who rode around him; the northern horns of the *Væringers* gave a joyous answer; and the fight began.

Many riders sprang from one side of the stream to the other, together with the light-armed foot-soldiers; and they threatened each other in many skillful evolutions, till at length they let fly their lances against their opponents. This seemed at first rather serious play to the Greeks; but they soon perceived that the lances flew so boldly among the ranks only because each man was satisfied that his adversary was skillful enough to avoid the blow, or else to receive it on his shield. The difference between this and a real fight was merely, that they called out before they threw their lances, and also shook them long in the air,

in order to draw their enemies' attention. And at times lances flew gayly through the air without any warning, but then they only pierced deeply the sward, giving plain proof of the strength which had hurled them.

In the mean while the leaders, with keen sharp glances, held their position on the highest ground, as if on opposite watch-towers; the squadrons were directed partly by their looks, partly by the signals which they gave with their silver horns, partly by the orders of swift messengers.

Now collecting in the little valley, or drawn out behind bushes, the troops of Helmfriid ran and glided as if growing out of the ground, to make a sudden attack on one of the bridges;—but as suddenly a detachment of Thiodolf's men appeared in a spot where none looked for them, and the assailants paused, threw their lances, and returned, each party retaining its first position.

Already the ladies, and those about the chariot of the emperor, began to fear that for this day the young *Northman* would only show his skill as leader, not his knightly prowess; for Thiodolf remained almost motionless on the hill, while in Helmfriid could be discerned more and more traces of that fiery impatient temper, which the fight on the *Linden Hill* in *Norway* had first aroused in him.

The old hero, with increasing excitement, gave his war-cry, and rode rapidly backwards and forwards among his troops, singing some verses of the songs of the North, and not able to stay himself from flinging spears with his own hand amongst his adversary's ranks. The eyes of the spectators were more and more fixed on him.

Then the fight so far changed as to appear to give a proof of Helmfriid's superiority. His troops rushed so quickly and unexpectedly towards a bridge, that Thiodolf was unable to oppose an equal force to them. The attacked were borne back from the bridge, Helmfriid passed, and the contest appeared decided.

Thiodolf blew loudly on his silver horn, till its shrill tones seemed to pierce through the uproar of the fight; and immediately his horse and foot troops, collecting from all sides, formed themselves into a long line, which, upon Thiodolf's joyous cry of "Forward, Northmen!" rushed behind their young leader over the nearest bridge to the opposite bank, and there so promptly, and in such good order, drew out against the troops of Helmfriid there posted, that they seemed overcome by this bold and unlooked for attack, and knew no longer which way they should turn; while Helmfriid, with all who were with him on the other side, hastened to recross the bridge, that he might not with divided forces twice meet with an overwhelming opposition.

But this movement, unprepared, and begun in confused haste, was not effected quick enough.—It was easy to see that Thiodolf would surround and defeat those left behind sooner than Helmfriid could pass the bridge; and the court spectators rejoiced at this brilliant display of the young *Northman's* dexterity; the ladies did not turn their eyes from him, their hearts beat with impatience for the noble knight to complete his bold undertaking; the emperor himself leaned forward in his chariot with kindling eyes and approving gestures. When suddenly the detachment led on by Thiodolf, with the rapid movements of an eagle, to a narrow pass overgrown with bushes—

which it was necessary to gain in order to complete the victory—made an unexpected halt.—The spectators saw this with astonishment, the emperor almost with alarm, as he had taken so decidedly part with the young chief; he hastily commanded one of the courtiers to ride off and bid the youth to complete his victory. The messenger galloped quickly over the plain, and having reached Thiodolf, he found him standing as a barrier at the entrance of the pass, and keeping back his own too fiery warriors with words and threats.

"Forward, forward!" cried the impatient Greek to the troops. "Let none move from this place!" cried Thiodolf with his voice of thunder; and made a sign to the Greek, deeming him too unimportant to waste a word on him, to get out of the dust.

"In the emperor's name!" cried the courtier. "Ay," said Thiodolf, "that truly changes the case; you must then come nearer. Do so, and look hither."

He pointed to the pass, where women and children, who had come to see the fight had before taken up their position, thinking that no danger could befall them in this safe place, and that the noble sport could here be viewed in quiet. Now, they were all running and shrieking in wild confusion. Children fell screaming over other children; and while their mothers tried to carry them off, they found their way barred by other mothers. "It is no matter," cried the Greek; "forward! Why are people so careless in these reviews? Victory is more important than their safety."

"Halt!" cried Thiodolf to his troops; adding, to the Greek, "Return whence you came." He, desirous to have the emperor's command

executed, cried to the troops, "I am Michael Androgenes, the imperial chamberlain. Forward!"

And he made a movement as if he himself would spring into the pass. The women and children screamed with terror. Then Thiodolf rode against the chamberlain, so that he and his horse fell together, saying, as they both rolled in the dust, "Now, it would ill please you if I let my iron-hoofed troops rush over you. See you now, we must never forget how we care for our own lives, when we so boldly speak against the bodies and lives of others. Or shall I cry, Forward!"

The abashed chamberlain gathered himself up, and went away somewhat limping.

In the meanwhile Helmfriid had again collected his forces and taken the bridge, so that Thiodolf now on his side seemed completely surrounded. It was much too late to break through the pass, which was at length clear; the only open spot led to a broad foaming part of the stream, far from all the bridges. And near there the chariots of the court were standing, as the difficulty of the passage seemed to secure them from the troops.

But thither Thiodolf turned the rapid course of his riders and foot-soldiers. A cloud of dust arose round the chariots of the emperor's followers; and the Icelanders gave their wild cry, the women shrieked fearfully, the courtiers seemed bewildered, and Thiodolf's glancing form flew close by the Emperor's chariot. "Boldly through, my northern heroes!" he cried; and immediately the stream was covered with swimming men and horses; the chariots were untouched only a thick dust remained, through which it might be seen that Thiodolf repeatedly plunged back into the water to assist with his powerful arm wearied swimmers and sinking horses.

CHAPTER XLII.

The troops on both sides were again in their position, the imperial trumpets sounded a halt, nobles of the court rode up to the two leaders, bringing the command that they should make their troops pass in review before the emperor. The chamberlain, Michael Androgenes, would not carry the message to Thiodolf for the second time, and hastened to become the messenger to Helmfriid's squadron.

The northern trumpets sounded; at the well-known national notes, the soldiers formed into two well-ordered divisions; Helmfriid, with his defiled first, Thiodolf closely observed the actions and demeanor of the old *Væringers* chief; he rejoiced to see that after Helmfriid had passed, saluting the emperor, he returned and took his place near the royal chariot, while the troops went slowly on their way back. "Now," thought Thiodolf, "I can, at my ease, look on that noble prince, and, better still, on those delicate ladies."

As the turn came to him, and he had saluted with a warrior's greeting, all eyes were turned on him with friendly curiosity; and amongst them, two of rare beauty, belonging to the fair angelic face of a young maiden whom Thiodolf saw on the left hand of the emperor. Now he was heartily glad to have to remain beside the chariot. Hardly had he passed it when he wheeled round his Arab horse, urging him so impetuously back to the appointed place, and then checking him so suddenly that the foaming horse reared high in displeasure, and, for a moment, threatened to fall back with his armed burden. Thiodolf's calm look rested on the lovely face of the maiden; he saw the rosy cheeks blanch in terror;—he heard a warning cry, soft as a silver bell, pass the fresh lips; and he stroked his charger's slender neck, as if to thank him. The emperor asked him why he had not made his way through the pass.

"Mighty lord," answered Thiodolf, "I would rather have slain my noble horse with my own hand, than have driven him over those women and children, who had so confidently and fearlessly collected there to see the sport. It was a very sad sight when they all cried and ran about. I was not joyful again till I saw them in safety on the hill, and beginning to laugh."

"You are a very soft-hearted soldier," said the emperor with a friendly smile.

"Yes," answered Thiodolf, simply; "very much so with my good friends, but more especially with women and children; a true-hearted man would not crush a flower needlessly."

The emperor stretched out his hand towards him and presented him to the two ladies who sat with him in the chariot. Then Thiodolf learned that the lady at the right of the emperor was his daughter Zoe; the blooming beauty at his left, who had so fixed the eyes of the youth, and who now smiled on him with a sweet blush, was also called Zoe, and was the emperor's niece. Thiodolf then received the command to appear at the noon-day repast in the palace; and at a sign from the emperor, he sprang away, courteously greeting, and put himself again at the head of his troop, which had defiled past. As they now returned into the city, and he had rejoined Helmfriid, he said:

"I pray you, dear master, how is it that the Zoe who is the emperor's daughter, can be the companion of such a blooming, lovely child as the other Zoe at the emperor's left hand? They do not look at all well together. Winter and spring are better, as once when aunt *Gunnhilda* sat by little *Malgherita*; but such a mournful autumn as that good, elderly Zoe, compared to her brilliant niece, truly that looks very cheerless."

"You must complain of that to heaven, who has placed them both near the emperor," answered Helmfriid, smiling. "He waited long for the throne in vain expectation, and only ascended it a few years ago when he was already aged; he seems to have cast the joyless clouds of his existence upon his daughters. The eldest *Eudoxia*, has already entered the cloister; the youngest, *Theodora*, is her austere pupil, and only appears at court on great festivals, as to-day, perchance, at noon; Zoe, the second, is drawing towards a sad, solitary old age, although she is looked upon as heiress to the throne; for who would try to win the affection of the grave sorrowful princess?"

"I know not," said Thiodolf, "and in truth I care very little. You must tell me of the young, blooming Zoe, who has a good right to bear that name, since the Greek word means 'life.'"

"She!" answered Helmfriid, "she is but a distant relation of the emperor, and has no hope of succeeding to the throne."

"Ah! my dear, brave master," said Thiodolf with a sigh; "you are surely become very old. You would certainly never have given such an answer on the *Linden Hill's*."

Helmfriid frowned, as if in anger; but suddenly looking at his golden shield, which Thiodolf had restored to him, he only said, "Thou strange boy!" and shook his head, smiling.

Both heroes adorned themselves splendidly in the *Væringers* fortress before they went to the royal feast; they carefully polished their arms, and put on yet more costly belts and scarfs than they had worn at the review. Then they gravely took the road to the palace.

The two princesses, who were called by the same name of Zoe, sat near each other at the sumptuous table, on the right hand of the emperor; on the left, his other far more pale and grave daughter, *Theodora*. The place of the young chief, Thiodolf, was at some distance from the emperor and the noble ladies; but as the sovereign frequently addressed his speech to him, and he answered in his strangely expressed but powerful and sometimes graceful language, he appeared to be the centre of the whole company. The young and blooming Zoe often turned her bright looks upon him, and in their sunshine flowers seemed to spring up in his heart, so that he could not forbear thinking of the songs and tales so dear to him of his native island.

"Zoe wishes to hear some of your northern songs," said the emperor, speaking of his daughter.

But Thiodolf, as often as his name sounded, thought only of the young Zoe, and he answered with gay spirits:

"O mighty sire! whatever of delicate flowers may spring up in our valleys, belong surely to the lovely princess."

The elder Zoe bowed graciously towards the *Northman*; and as he bent his head to the younger, who sat near her, no one was aware of the error except perchance the young Zoe herself. At a look from the emperor, a lute was brought to the youth, and he began to sing as follows, taking care that it should not fare with this delicate instrument as with *Haroun's* in *Achmet's* castle:

"Life! thou source of all existence—
Breath of God! mysterious flame!
Many a language hath attempted,
Far and near to give thee name."

Thou knowest what the *Northman* calls thee;
Vital! saith the *Roman* song;
But the Greek in tenderer accent,
Zoe! sighs with silver tongue."

As the northern speech of the *Væringers* was now generally understood at the court, the emperor and the ladies seized the graceful meaning of the song, and again the two princesses behaved as before. The eldest bowed to Thiodolf, Thiodolf to the younger, who read well in his kindling looks to whom the song applied; she looked down smiling, and the other guests remained in their error; for as all the courtiers had eyes only for the heiress of the throne, they supposed that it must be so with every one. It happened that Thiodolf let fall a look on the face of the pale princess *Theodora*. She was gazing very earnestly at him, and appeared almost like a vision recalling thoughts of death and eternity, which, visible only to one, came suddenly between him and all the joys of a feast. Thiodolf looked down in confusion, and gave away the lute.—Soon after the guests rose from table. Thiodolf, in a half-dreamy state, wandered out towards the dwelling of *Pietro* and *Malgherita*. The blooming figure of the fair Zoe floated before him, and every kindly word, every sweet smile or greeting

which she had addressed to him, returned like sunshine to his mind; but then it seemed as if *Theodora* came and spread with her pale hands a large black mantle between him and the beautiful princess, concealing her from him.

"That which is stirring in me to-day," cried he, impatiently, "must be known to him whom Christians call the devil!"

"Are you swearing?" said *Bertraan* with a smile, as he accidentally met him from a neighboring street.

"Ah!" cried Thiodolf, "any time would be fitter than this to speak with you, who are bright as sunshine, and calm as noon-tide. I am little better than distraught."

He hastened past hurriedly, and *Bertraan* looked after him with a smile:—"Thou wilt soon find rest, thou true foamy sea. It is Heaven's best gift when it sends storms to try and purify the like of thee."

Pietro and *Malgherita* the while were intent with wondering looks on a picture which had come to them in a mysterious manner. And even when Thiodolf had joined them, they could not turn away from its contemplation. They silently made a sign to him to approach, and turned the torches so that he could the better see the picture. After the first glance the guest remained no less dazzled and amazed than the hosts. What first caught his eye was the figure of *Isolde* in a pilgrim's dress bending at the gate of a large convent as if praying for admission. But at the gate stood a pale, austere woman, from whose mouth came out the words, "The house of the Lord is open to the lowly; but iron bolts shut out the proud. Return, my daughter, when thou art changed." And in another part of the picture *Isolde* was seen in a dark, dreary dwelling, praying before a crucifix. Implements of work around her showed how she spent the time which was not directly given to work. From her mouth came the words, "Lord, if I am to go down as low as I once raised myself high, whether then shall I sink?" When by degrees the gazers on the picture could express themselves in words, it appeared, that a pretty dumb maiden had, in the morning, brought the picture and immediately vanished.

"That *Isolde* has painted the picture," said *Malgherita*, "there can be no doubt. Even from childhood the spirit of our great forefather has shown itself in her, not only by her proud and earnest character, but by the skill over pencil and brush which she has inherited.—See how these figures are drawn, so bold and distinct, so free and so correct, so powerful in every feature. My friends, no one in the world can thus paint *Isolde*."

"O *Isolde*!" said Thiodolf humbly and bending down his head, "hast thou to remind me of these things? Well didst thou say, I was not worthy of thee. But thou, glorious sun, again risest in my heaven, and all delusions of night give place."

Pietro and *Malgherita* understood not his words; and he only answered to their questions, "All is now right again; but truly it had well nigh been very wrong. Shame, that a *Northman's* heart could beat so lightly and childishly."

Then he looked with a steady gaze on the picture, and cried out: "The pale woman who sends *Isolde* away from the convent-gate is truly and indeed the Princess *Theodora*. *Isolde* must be in *Constantinople*. Dry thine eyes, *Malgherita*; in a few days she shall be once more beside us."

CHAPTER XLIII.

The noble lady was not found so soon as Thiodolf had expected; far otherwise. In spite of every effort, *Isolde* remained as invisible as ever, and her friends began to doubt whether she had not sent that picture of her history to *Malgherita* out of some far-distant country. A deep sorrow began to twine itself round Thiodolf's existence, the deeper because he reproached himself with having forfeited the blessing of finding *Isolde* by the levity with which he had looked upon the Princess Zoe. Even now he could not always, when invited to court, as often happened, meet the eyes of the lovely lady without a beating of the heart; but he checked this by paying assiduous attentions to the elder Zoe. Yet the younger knew, by some wonderful instinct, who was the real object of them.

At this time, whenever Thiodolf showed himself in the streets of *Constantinople*, the citizens thronged round him, and often greeted him with loud words of approbation; for the gentleness with which he had protected the women and children in the narrow pass, drew towards him the love and honor of all hearts, and the very fearfulness of his giant-like stature only contrasted more beautifully with his kind and gentle disposition. It often happened that some of the children whom he had saved would run out of the house-doors and spring towards his horse.—Then he would lift one or other of them with safe dexterity before him on the saddle, and make his Arab horse curvet to delight them. He was the darling and the talk of the whole people.

His great master, Helmfred, rejoiced heartily at this, and also at his more manly and mild behaviour at court, which his silent, inward sorrow helped him the more readily to acquire.

One day he went to Pietro's dwelling, holding in his hand his skates ready for use.

"There is nothing to wonder at. If I only use them to glide like an arrow over the ponds of the city! And a good piece of the Proponis I should think must be covered with ice, even if it does not freeze all over."

"It is just as if this country had no love for me. She either answers me with bad alluring songs, or she says nay to all I ask and beg of her."

He went to a window and looked wistfully up to the Pleiades, which were now rising in the darkening sky over the roofs of the city.

Suddenly Pietro stood still, seized his companion's arm, and cried out, "I am greatly deceived, or she yonder, in the colored turban, is the dumb maiden who brought us the picture of Isolda."

The falcon eyes of the Icelanders caught immediately the figure that was pointed out to him, but she disappeared at once in the twilight and the crowd of people, and vanished apparently in one of the neighboring streets.

"She can only have gone down to the sea, or towards the church of St. Sophia. Take that away, brother, and I will take this, and he who can get sight of the strange figure, let him follow her unperceived to the house whither she goes."

Thiodolf had not gone far in the street which leads to St. Sophia's church, when he saw the colored turban again shine in the star-light, not far from him.

"Dear child," said Thiodolf, "thou canst express thyself most persuasively; but the happiness and welfare of my whole life bids me follow thee."

The maiden wrung her hands in sorrowful anguish, and knew not whether to stay or to go on. When suddenly a tall, veiled figure stepped between the two, and said to Thiodolf: "Thou bold man of war, back! I am the Secret Helper."

The shudder which had seized the youth at the midnight burial of Glykomedon passed over him now as if again called up. Yet he stood firm, and said, "Who art thou, Secret Helper? and what hast thou to do with me?"

"Who am I?" was the answer; "ask all Constantine. What have I to do with thee?—Bold man, thou wilt know it, alas, but too often!"

Thiodolf turned away trembling inwardly, and meant to depart; but he felt the hand of the Secret Helper holding him back by his mantle.

"Thy solemn word of honor," answered the veiled figure, "that thou wilt never again attempt the same pursuit as to-day. It ill becomes a knightly warrior like thee."

In shame and awe he gave the required promise, and hastened to fly back to the Væringers fortress, unwilling to show himself again that evening to Pietro and Malgherita.

While the two men were following their strange track, Malgherita, resting on the cushions of her sofa, slept, but her sleep was painful and bewildered. Whether what she saw during the time belonged to dreams or to reality seemed never clearly to be made out; but she related as follows, and affirmed that she had seen it with her own eyes:

"Dost thou know in fair Provence The noble baron's donjon keep?"

Piety flames it cast aloft, Then became a blackened heap. "He himself—that baron bold— To the fire his home resigned; Half impelled by grief and ire, Half by his determined mind."

"What, my grandsire, hast thou hid Here within these castle walls? Now the chilly morning air Whistles through these mouldering halls."

"Now the consecrated stone, Lo! the baron he hath broke; And the ancestor hath smelt Deadly fumes of flame and smoke."

"Hurrah! hurrah! up flares the fire, Down the ancient fortress falls! Would ye know what there is found? Seek it not! avoid the walls!"

"Off the baron's moody ghost Wandering through the courts doth go, Think he thou on Malgherita? Well thou know'st—what thou dost know."

Then the frightful figure drew some more discordant sounds from the lute, and went out with uncertain steps. Pietro on his return found Malgherita in the shivering of a fever-fit.

The soothing light of the next morning restored the terrified lady to her senses, but her mind was possessed with an abiding terror.—Pietro hoped to gain information from Bertram which would make the assertions of the apparition vanish into mere mist, and he hastened to him.

Unhappily, instead of contradiction he met only with a fearful confirmation. The merchant had received news from Marseilles how the castle of the great baron had been burned some months before.

It was also stated that the baron himself had kindled the fire in his nightly researches after the prophecy of his ancestor, and that he must undoubtedly have perished in the falling ruins of the dreaded arched walk.

REV. DR. CAHILL ON THE PHOENIX SOCIETY. (From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

During the month of last December, before the Government had made even one arrest among the members of the Phoenix combination, it will be recollected by the readers of the Catholic Telegraph that the writer of the present article foretold literally the fate which has since that time befallen the wretched dupes of this insane confederacy.

These silly young men are not to be found in the army, or the navy, or the police, or the magistracy, or the grand jury, or even in the law officers of the Crown; no, not at all; their enemies, their deadly enemies, their most peridious enemies, are to be found amongst themselves.

I introduce these remarks and historical facts in order to give an additional warning against future illegal societies, future wild confederacies, as well as against the inevitable treachery of bribed accomplices. Those forewarned miscreants will, for one shilling, put their accomplices on a spit; and for eighteen pence turn them and roast them at the fire.

should be felt by every man in the empire; and the public indignation should be raised to the highest point within the legitimate boundary of the Constitution.

Some of the most eminent liberal Protestants of Ireland, and several leading Protestant journals of England, have, in the strongest language, denounced the universal rejection of Catholics, to which Mr. Whiteside carried his privilege of challenge at the Tralee trial. Again, the Government organ, when interrogated on this point, some few days ago, in the House of Commons, replied, that the Attorney General received no such instructions from Lord Derby's Administration: so that outside and inside the Parliament: in the press on both sides the Channel; and in public and private liberal society, Mr. Whiteside is set down on all hands as the sole responsible actor in these Orange-colored trials.

I said just now that I would fain discharge the Government from all blame in these questionable trials. In the first place, the present Cabinet, argued by the Lord Lieutenant, have rendered important services to the interests of Ireland in establishing the Packet station in Galway; they have again given official sanction to our Catholic Military Chaplains at home and abroad; and they have granted, in conjunction with the Indian Government, a respectable annual stipend to our Bishops and Priests in the four Presidencies of the East.

Mr. Whiteside virtually declares that the Catholics of Kerry, Belfast, Cork, and elsewhere cannot be trusted on their oaths in a jury-box; and he further equally implies that the Protestants may be relied on to break their oaths in any case where Catholic persecution may be desirable. While in the same week, and under the same circumstances, Lord Eglinton condemns his first officer; and Lord Derby disowns his official conduct.

But the blood of Lucretia has at length been spilled: and the nation is likely to be thoroughly roused at the increasing audaciousness of these Souper officials; and at the misapprehension of our public institutions. The great cases which are likely to bring the law officials and the Poor Law Commissioners to the right use of their senses have been started in Tralee and in Galway. The Catholics of Kerry are engaged in a solemn national duty; and the men of Galway have entered into a noble contest.

public censure (if merited), you are wanting to your own character as well as to the honest zeal which you are bound to employ against one of the worst growing judicial evils of Ireland. April, 1859. D. W. O.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION IN KERRY.—TRALEE, APRIL 12.—A meeting of the inhabitants of the county Kerry was held this day in the corn market of Tralee, for the purpose of protesting against the insult offered to the Catholics of Ireland by the conduct of the crown officials at the recent trial of Daniel Sullivan, in setting aside all the Catholic jurors on account of their religion.

NILKENNY CORPORATION.—TERRANT RIGHT AND THE BALLOT.—At the monthly meeting of the Kilkenny Corporation held on Monday, Dr. Campton, T.O., spoke as follows:—"I have been requested to call the attention of this council to questions of great public interest, which are at present occupying the minds of the people—namely, Tenant Right and the Ballot; and as these questions are not merely connected with the prosperity of every man in the community, whether professional or mercantile, I think I am only performing a simple duty towards all classes by introducing a question, the settlement of which cannot fail to be of national advantage."

The Catholic feeling of this county is in active operation in anticipation of the approaching elections. Five highly-influential and numerously-attended meetings of the clergy and laity of the five deaneries of Clonyne and Coachford have, lately, been held in their various localities. Various resolutions were come to, and addresses made at these assemblies, the tone of the whole being in support of the popular interest, and the principle of Independent Opposition.

ADDRESS OF MR. GEORGE HENRY MOORE.—Mr. Moore has addressed the electors of the county of Kilkenny in the following terms:—"Follow-Countymen!—The intimation which I have received from men of high worth and estimation in your country will, I hope, absolve me from the imputation of presumption in soliciting your suffrages."

It is in contemplation, says the Downpatrick Recorder to apply to parliament for a bill to run a line of railway from this town to the main line of Newry, so that the inhabitants of the County of Down may have direct communication by rail with the metropolis.

DANIEL SULLIVAN OF BONANE—KILKENNY, WEDNESDAY.—At a few minutes before nine o'clock this morning, Daniel Sullivan, of Bonane, arrived at the railway station in a covered car, escorted only by Constable Walker and two sub-constables. The manacles were removed from his feet before he left the car, but the handcuffs were retained. A number of the local constabulary were in waiting; but as no one expected that the prisoner would be removed in so short a time after his sentence, the only persons on the platform were the officials. He wore the dress of a convict, resembling that used by the paupers in some of our workhouses, but of a far inferior quality.

County Cork.—The Freeman boastfully says:—"In Cork county, with its sixteen thousand electors, all the candidates are Liberal. No nominee of the County Club has ventured even on an address. The struggle will lie between Mr. Scully and Mr. O'Grady for Sergeant Denay is perfectly safe, though he will have to undergo the troubles of a canvass and the expense of a contest."

County Westmeath.—Mr. Pollard Urquhart, who represented Westmeath in the Parliament of 1852, again presents himself to the electors. The re-election of Sir Richard Levinge is said to be certain.—Should there be a contest, therefore, we apprehend it must be between Mr. Magan and his former colleague in the representation, Mr. Urquhart.—Longford Gazette.

The Representation of Tipperary.—Two brief years have been numbered with the mysterious past, since the O'Donoghue came amongst us with nothing but the prestige of an honorable name; but there was a chivalry in his bearing, a dash of patriotic romance in his appeal to the people which at once enkindled a wild enthusiasm in his favor, his independence and honesty were instinctively felt, and he was warmly adopted by a trusting and a generous people.

There is yet no appearance of any practical opposition to the sitting member for Dundalk, says the Newry Examiner. Mr. Bowyer arrived in Dundalk on Thursday evening, and was escorted to Sibthorp's hotel by a large number of persons. A German band was in request, who discoursed some national airs. The honorable member addressed a large concourse of persons in vindication of his parliamentary policy, and was frequently cheered while doing so.

A PRETTY QUARREL AT STAMBS.—There is a very fierce quarrel going on at present between two sections of the Irish parliamentary party of independent opposition—or, to speak more correctly, between Mr. George Henry Moore, whom some admiring friends amusingly call "the leader of the Irish people," and some journalists and others who have ventured to incur his wrath by defending the vote against coercion "nummery" Russell given by the oldest, ablest and honestest members of the Independent Opposition party. Our readers are aware that little Lord John, the petty, tricky, anti-Catholic, anti-Irish Whig lordling, introduced a resolution as an amendment to the Derby Reform Bill, with the sole object of putting the Derby Government out, and of getting in himself. Now, the Derby Government had solemnly promised the Irish independent members that they would introduce a Tenant-right bill immediately after Easter; and they held out hopes besides that a Charter would be given to the Irish Catholic University.

STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.—Mr. J. Orrell Lever, M.P., the founder of the Galway line of steamers, and one of the directors of the South Wales Railway Company, met by arrangement on Thursday, at Milford Haven, a numerous and influential party of leading gentry, merchants, and ship owners in the county of Pembroke, and the honours within that county, for the purpose of developing measures to enlarge and establish the steam communication between South Wales and the South of Ireland, and also with London, Lisbon, and South America. For some time past these projects have been the subject of great consideration amongst the mercantile men in South Wales, and on this occasion a strong desire was evinced for their success.

It is in contemplation, says the Downpatrick Recorder to apply to parliament for a bill to run a line of railway from this town to the main line of Newry, so that the inhabitants of the County of Down may have direct communication by rail with the metropolis.

The sum of £1,205 has been raised in aid of the proposed memorial to the late Augustus O'Brien Stafford, M.P. The committee have contracted for the stone and timber work at Limerick Cathedral for £800, and for the stained glass for £400, which works are now in progress. About £400 more is required to complete the designs of the architect.

DANIEL SULLIVAN OF BONANE—KILKENNY, WEDNESDAY.—At a few minutes before nine o'clock this morning, Daniel Sullivan, of Bonane, arrived at the railway station in a covered car, escorted only by Constable Walker and two sub-constables. The manacles were removed from his feet before he left the car, but the handcuffs were retained. A number of the local constabulary were in waiting; but as no one expected that the prisoner would be removed in so short a time after his sentence, the only persons on the platform were the officials. He wore the dress of a convict, resembling that used by the paupers in some of our workhouses, but of a far inferior quality. On coming out of the car he gave a wistful look in the direction of Mangerton and Trec, which separate Kilkenny from Kenmare, as if to take a parting glance at those well-known mountains. Then turning suddenly round, as if overpowered by the recollections which they conjured up, he walked quickly to the platform, and shortly after took his place in a small third-class carriage together with his escort.—His destination is Mountjoy Convict Depot, Dublin. Your reporter was wrong in stating that Daniel Sullivan was a married man. It was the wife of John D. Sullivan who fainted in the gallery on hearing the sentence.—Cor. Tralee Chronicle.

"No Quarter."—Immediately after the application of the Attorney-General for a postponement of the State Trials at Cork had been made and granted, an application to admit the prisoners to bail until the next assizes was put forward by the prisoners' counsel. It was opposed by the Attorney-General, on the ground that the Court of Queen's Bench was the proper place for such a motion; and, the Judge concurring, the application was refused. We believe there are few honorable and fair-minded men in the country who expected that the application, when

brought before that tribunal, would be resisted by the Crown. But the proceedings of Tuesday and Wednesday last in the Court of Queen's Bench, have shown that the persecution to which the long incarcerated and yet untried young men have been subjected, is relentless, and that it will stop at no point beyond which it can possibly make any progress.—Fair trial, or fair play before trial, is not for them—their fate is to be crushed and beaten down with every weapon in the Crown armory as long as ever it is found possible to keep them in confinement for the purpose of undergoing such treatment. No one even pretends to doubt that these young men, if released on bail, would not be forthcoming to take their trial at any time appointed, but the Law Officers of the Crown will not permit that they shall receive their wasted health in the midst of their native air, or bring back to their cheeks by even a few weeks of liberty the color that has fled from them during their long, solitary and gloomy incarceration—they will not permit that those untried and therefore presumably innocent young men shall have a few weeks at home to endeavor to retrieve their shattered fortunes and regulate the affairs of their families from whom they were torn away with so much brutality and such ferocious haste on one stormy night in last December—they will not permit that those young men should receive for even a short time the much needed care and attention of their friends and escape for that limited period the degrading discipline and disgusting diet of the government prisons. No, if her Majesty's law authorities in Ireland can effect it, in prison, though unconvicted and untried, yet debared from the society of friends and relatives, and shut in by high stone walls and iron gratings from the roads and fields that they know are gleaming in the sun outside them. All this is done in Ireland for the English Government, while English sympathy for Italian freedom and for the sufferings of Neapolitan exiles is being freely manifested, while English newspapers grow pathetic over the woes of Lombardy, compelled to wear the yoke of a foreign nation, and while money in abundance is being subscribed to forward the arms of rebels on the continent whose hands are raised even against governments purely and entirely national and native to the soil. This is the villany and the hypocrisy of England! But it is seen through and appreciated at home and abroad. The Attorney-General in his address to the court found it easy enough to make jokes at the expense of the young men for whose prolonged imprisonment and torture he was contending, and concluded his discourse by saying that he hoped his proceedings "would have the effect of restoring the youth of the country to the possession of their senses which they had lost under the teaching of their schoolmasters." But we can assure him that the lesson he is teaching on behalf of the British Government to "the youth of the country" is one that is not likely to benefit his employers. If cruelty and barbarity, legal persecution, false swearing, jury-packing, mock trials and judicial murders, would enlighten our people as the beauties and advantages of English sway in this country, we should have nothing now to learn on these points. We have had such "schoolmasters" as Mr. Whiteside long amongst us; but "the young of the country" could never be flogged into an acceptance of their teachings; and, exert himself how he may, Mr. Whiteside's present attempt at their instruction will fail to produce the effects that he expects from it.—Nation.

THE IRISH GOVERNMENT AND JURY PACKING.—The Irish branch of Lord Derby's Government has been from first to last thoroughly bad, and if the constitutions in that portion of the kingdom enjoyed anything approaching to freedom of election, the ensuing returns from Ireland would, without doubt, show a marked diminution of his lordship's supporters. During the last year the ghost of the old Orange regime has been re-animated, and that foul and malignant spirit, working through the congenial minds of Mr. Whiteside and his colleagues in the Castle, has labored night and day to neutralise the healing influence that were rapidly bringing something like tranquillity and content to the people of Ireland.—The dormant bigotry and intolerance of the faction which esteems it a birthright to trample on the people, because they are Catholics, and which still deems it reason to have admitted them even nominally to equality of political franchises, woke up and became rampant, under the wave of Lord Eglington's wand, and every engine of the administrative and judicial power that it was possible to apply has since been devoted to make the people feel that they are aliens to English law and justice. On what other hypothesis can the conduct of the Irish law officers in these Phoenix conspiracy trials be accounted for? The mode in which these trials have been conducted is a disgrace to English law, and it will be felt abroad to be a bitter comment on the indignation we have all been giving vent to against the Neapolitan government, and the lively sympathy we are now showing with its victims. We pass over the midnight arrests in Kerry, Cork, and Belfast, the arbitrary detention and the secret jail examinations all so repugnant to our English notions of justice. We come to the facts of the trials. Three weeks ago Daniel Sullivan was placed in the dock at Tralee.—The Attorney-General prosecuted in person. The chief evidence was that of an approver, given under the inducement, as he admitted, of the government reward. The jury could not agree, and Sullivan was ordered back. Last week he was again placed on his trial. In the interval the foulest libels were published in the Orange papers against the jury, and the authorities were determined that the next time a box full of the right sort should be empanelled.—In these cases the sheriff is usually a ready and willing tool in the hands of the Crown, and knows how to make up a jury list. There were, however, eleven Roman Catholics on the list, and on this second trial every one of those eleven was peremptorily challenged by the prosecution, and an exclusively Protestant jury was empanelled. The plan and the purpose were evident. To call the proceeding a trial would be a mockery. The prisoner knew it, and in a letter temperately and reasonably conceived, which we printed two days since, he withdrew all defence. The result was a conviction, and a sentence to ten years' penal servitude. Now we are not arguing, nor do we intend to argue for a moment, the innocence of this man. All we affirm is that he has not been fairly tried. According to the letter as well as the spirit of the law, the jury ought to be "indifferently chosen"; but instead of that, we find that it was carefully selected—that the Roman Catholics on the first jury were assailed publicly as having disregarded their oaths, and that Roman Catholics were sedulously excluded from the second. Is this trial by jury? Is it not rather the establishment of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland in its most repulsive form? If Irish Roman Catholics, accused of political offences, are to have only Protestant prosecutors, Protestant judges, and Protestant juries, would it not be a hundred times preferable to abolish the form of English law, and let the proceeding stand in its naked deformity? The plea set up is that Roman Catholics would convict for such offences. We do not believe it, and we can easily understand the burning feeling of indignation with which Irish Roman Catholics must receive this outrageous imputation. But what lies at the root of that plea? Why should Roman Catholics or Protestants either convict unless after a legal trial and upon the evidence? Ah, that does not enter into the system of ideas which the Orange faction in Ireland embodies. With them every Roman Catholic, the moment he is accused, and indeed before he is accused, is at once and summarily branded as guilty; and the same men who forbid, by an excess of abused authority, Roman Catholics from receiving a prisoner upon the legal evidence, ineffectually condemn him before hearing any evidence at all. Once for all, if the Roman Catholics of Ireland are to be stigmatised as perjurers by profession, and excluded from the constitutional

right of sharing in the administration of the law as jurors, let it be so stated, and let Catholic Ireland be governed by the Protestant executive as a conquered people. That is exactly what the present Irish government would like, if it dared to avow it. And its intolerance is of a part with its policy. When Mr. Daniel O'Connell, on Tuesday evening, asked for some information respecting the second trial of Sullivan, and the exclusion of Roman Catholics from the jury, the nobleman who bears the title of Chief Secretary could say nothing but that so many were summoned, so many challenged by the prisoner, and so many set aside by the crown. As to the rest of the affair he knew nothing. He knew nothing! And it is for this cultivation of ignorance in his office, for this easy nonchalant impudence, that Lord Nass is paid the handsome salary of £6,000 a-year. The remainder of the story of these Phoenix trials is quite a piece with the plan which ensured Sullivan's conviction. There are many more young men in Tralee jail, arrested at the same time, on the same information, and charged with the same offence.—Why have these not also been put on trial—if a trial it is to be called? They are all in the eye of the law innocent men, and yet the assizes have been adjourned, the crown, without reason assigned, declining to proceed at present, and the court, of course, rejecting application for bail. Some of them are in bad health, their friends are all of humble means, but in jail they must lie till it be the good pleasure of Mr. Whiteside to re-appear in Tralee and pack another jury. The same with the Cork prisoners arrested long since, and true bills found against them three weeks ago; but it does not suit the Attorney-General to prosecute just at present, so they too may lie in jail and rot. At Belfast one trial has been had, and although Protestant spirit runs high in that town the evidence (still that of approvers) failed to satisfy the jury, and a second trial is now pending. Mr. Whiteside is in a mighty great hurry to get on with it, contrasting strangely with his neglect of the poor Corkonians. The attorney for the accused, who are too poor to fee counsel, applies to be heard in support of his affidavit to postpone the trial, there being a prospect of obtaining important exculpatory evidence; whereupon the Attorney-General objects, and, as far as the report may be relied upon, actually dictates the law on the point to the presiding judge (a Derbyite appointment), who wisely confesses that he doesn't know anything about it, and who concludes the argument by this wise announcement, "If I am of opinion that there are sufficient grounds for postponement I will accede to it." There! If that does not stop the mouth of Mr. Rea, and satisfy the accused, they must be blind to the beautiful impartiality of the bench.—Star.

ALLEGED SEDITION IN DUNDALK GAOL.—A case of alleged sedition in connection with the Phoenix society was to have been heard at our petty sessions on yesterday; but it was postponed for a fortnight to have it tried in the presence of more than one justice of the peace. The accused is the schoolmaster in the Dundalk Gaol, a young married man named James McCann, who has been in the situation for several months. It appears that one of the turnkeys found a written paper in the accused's room or his coat pocket and on making further search in the place, a letter on the national system of education was discovered, and another document containing a written complaint against a turnkey named Johnston. The first document was written with a pencil, and consisted of the form of oath used in the Belfast ribbon clubs, as sworn to by the informers. The board of superintendants was summoned to meet, and the schoolmaster was called before them. At first he denied that the document—the ribbon oath—was in his hand-writing, but subsequently he admitted that it was; but that he had only copied it from a Belfast newspaper which contained a report of the ribbon trials, and we learn that he produced a copy of the Morning News, in which he made a pencil mark round the oath as printed in the evidence. He was admitted to bail. The accused is a well conducted young man, and has borne an excellent character.—Dundalk Democrat.

ARREST OF DALTON AND THOSE WHO BELONG TO THE INFORMERS.—Upon the disclosure of the secret investigations held in the County Jail, it was universally believed that the crown officials must have had other information upon which to found their case for the prosecution than that given by the approvers. This was evident from the fact that the informations of both these individuals were given until three or four days after their arrest, and the crown, taking into consideration their caution, as well as their zeal would hardly have ordered the arrests to be made without having some other evidence of the criminal proceedings of the prisoners than what chance might turn up. Some time after the secret proceedings were published it coaxed out that a person named Dalton was very much wanted by the police of Belfast, and that the case on the part of the crown would be greatly strengthened by his forthcoming.—In other words, that the man who gave the information to Mr. Tracy which led to the arrests was called by the above name, a stucco-plasterer, residing in Eliza Street. The police hunted for him not alone in Belfast, but throughout the greater part of the province; but he could nowhere be found although as much as £100 was privately offered for his arrest. It was currently rumored that he was gone to England, and the search was given up.—The Crown consequently being obliged to put these dependance solely, as far as the informer was concerned on the evidence of the two approvers. During the past week, information was conveyed to the authorities that the "foreigner" as he was called during the late trials in the County Court-house, had been seen in the neighborhood of his accustomed haunts, in the immediate vicinity of Cronac Street. On Thursday, more specific information was given in the whereabouts, and Constable Caning (a very active policeman), with Sub-Constables Britain and Wm. and John Carruthers went as quietly as possible to the place to which they were directed.—12, Eliza Street. Four policemen walking directly towards any particular spot would of course create a good deal of attention to their movements, and the particular door by which they wished to effect an entrance was barred and bolted against their admission. This was circumstantial evidence that they were upon the proper scent, and they lost no time in dashing through the kitchen and yard of the next house, the front door of which was open. With all speed they scaled the wall which divides the two yards and in that of "No. 12" they saw tracks, which left no doubt that some person had just made his exit, pieces of the back wall having been torn down. Having no doubt whatever that they were upon the right "trail," the constables, in a state of great excitement, pursued through yards, over roofs of houses, until at last they concentrated themselves round a pig-sty. There, built up in a house of straw, as if it had been his residence for some time, was the veritable conspirator. Sub-Constable Carruthers caught him by the hair of the head, but immediately let go his hold, when from beneath the cover a large pitchfork made its appearance, pointed in the direction of his face. A scuffle ensued, which left the pitchfork in the possession of the constable as a trophy of his victory. Dalton ran, and an exciting chase followed, but he was cleverly captured, and taken to the Police-office, amid the shouting and grinning of an immense crowd, and will find likely, at the next assizes that he has been entangled in the net which his

We are happy to inform our readers, says the Galway Express, that another fine vessel has been added to the list of the Atlantic Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company's Mail Steamships. The magnificent powerful steamship *Albatross*, has been purchased at a large figure, and is intended to sail from this port on the 30th inst., instead of the *Circassian*, which left on the 18th inst., with the *Prince Albert's* passengers.

THE IRISH IN AUSTRALIA.—We referred recently to the fact that during ten years the Irish in America had remitted no less than ten millions sterling to bring over their relatives to join them, and this without any facilities afforded by a government agency, or any contribution from public funds in aid of their liberality. The Irish in Australia exhibit a similar national sympathy and relative generosity; for the immigration agent reports that they exceed all other people in the use they make of the remittance regulations, and in the amount they subscribe towards bringing out their relatives. The English and Scotch would seem to be either less acquainted with the facilities afforded by these regulations, or to have fewer friends willing to come out, or else to care less about them. In order to diffuse information as to the nature of these regulations, a pamphlet giving all the requisite information has been forwarded to all the clerks of the petty sessions throughout the colony, so that even those in the far bush can acquaint themselves with the facts if they think proper. The sums subscribed in 1856 and 1857 were sufficient to provide passages for 5,720 souls. The amount subscribed in 1858 will probably be sufficient to pay the passage of about 3,000.—Sydney Herald.

THE WAR.—Speaking of this great coming event the *Neary Examiner*, which, by the way, had lately an able and powerful article on the massacre of the disbanded Indian regiment, writes as follows:—What share England is to play in this fearful struggle, time alone can tell. She will in all human probability sooner or later take a part, and of course against her old enemy—France. In this bloody business the Irish are only interested inasmuch as they are made to bear their portion of the taxes which war creates, and that a large number of the soldiers fighting for England are Irishmen, who are certain to receive a full share of the hard knocks that will be going, which perhaps will be considered, as usual, sufficient glory to justify the small share of the promotions which fall to their lot when the fighting is over. We confess to much regret at seeing two such powers as France and Austria at war. If battles must be fought, we would prefer another field, and another occasion, and other belligerents; and we would advise England to put her house in order at home, before she goes on a fighting crusade abroad. No doubt, she would wish to humble France—she knows that the French have not forgotten Waterloo. She knows that there is felt in France a deep sympathy for the Irish Catholics. She knows that her treatment of them is most unjust, and that she is actually driving the people into secret societies, and then getting packed juries to convict them. This is not a good way to prepare for a foreign war, by making rebels of her people at home, and systematically excluding the Catholic portion of them from every piece of emolument, whilst every other creed and party, not excepting even the vile Orangemen, are treated with favour and confidence. It will not surprise the world if a day of reckoning comes for this, and if the Catholic flag then folds over the Gable of Dublin.

Mr. Mousell has done an important service in moving for a full return of the public money paid out of the consolidated fund, and by annual Parliamentary grants, to that vast job, the "godless colleges" in Ireland; and the number of persons who have passed through them. A more conspicuous and judicious failure never was exhibited to the world. A failure whatever be supposed to have been the object in view. If the object had been bona fide, the improvement of education; it would have been a failure, for nothing has been done that way. The real object was to undermine the Catholic religion by subjecting the rising generation of the middle classes to a non-Catholic education; but this has failed nearly equally. Some souls have been perilled, perhaps some even lost; and we do not forget that the value even of one cannot be measured by money. But when it comes to a question of public expenditure, it will hardly satisfy the English public as the result of spending many hundreds of thousands, if there are four youths who would otherwise have been good Catholics, and who still bear the Catholic name, should be found to have lost all earnest belief in any religion whatever. That would be "paying dear for our whistle." We shall go next week into the details of this document. Meanwhile, electors, alike Catholics and Protestants, should call upon every candidate to put a stop to this monstrous and profligate extravagance.—Weekly Register.

STATUE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN DUBLIN.—There is preserved in the Carmelite Church, in Whitefriar-street, Dublin, a very interesting sample of ancient sculpture—a statue of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms, the size of life, carried in Irish oak. The style of this most curious monument is dry and Gothic; yet it has considerable merit. There are some circumstances relative to the preservation of this statue, preserved by tradition, which may probably interest the reader. It was originally the distinguished ornament of St. Mary's Abbey, at the north side of Dublin, where it was not less an object of religious veneration than of admiration for its beauty.—See *Archdiocesan Monasticism*. Its glory however, was of but short duration. The storm of the Reformation came. The noble Abbey was given to the Earl of Ormond, for stables for his train, and the beautiful statue was condemned, and as it was supposed, consigned to the flames. One half of it was actually burnt, but it was that moiety which when placed in a niche, is not much missed; the other part was carried away by a devout person to a neighboring inn-yard, where, with its face buried in the ground, and the hollow trunk appearing apertures, it was appropriated, for concealment and safety, to the ignoble purpose of a bog-trough! In this situation it remained until the tempest had subsided, and the ignoble rage of the iconoclasts had passed away, when it was restored to its original use in the humble chapel of St. Michael's parish, (Mary's-lane), which had grown up from the ruins of the great monastery to which the statue had originally belonged. But during the long night of its slumber in obscurity, a great change had taken place in the spirit of the times, more dangerous to its safety than the abhorrence of its iconoclastic enemies. No longer an object of admiration to any, except the curious antiquary, it was considered of little value by its owners. The ancient silver crown which adorned the Virgin's head was sold for its intrinsic value as old plate, and melted down, (this crown is generally supposed to have been the identical one used at the coronation of Lambert Simnel in Christ Church, Dublin) and the statue itself would probably have followed the fate of its coronet, had it not been rescued by the Very Rev. Doctor Spratt, of the Carmelite Church, in which it is at present deposited. The statue now stands at the epistle side of the high altar.

At Kilbeggan petty-sessions, County Westmeath, on Saturday last, informations were taken against eight or nine persons from the neighborhood of Horseleap and Streamstown, for having fire-arms in their possession without being duly licensed, these places being in a disturbed and proclaimed district. The arms were in good order, and were discovered on a search made by Sub-inspector Healy and a party of police. The informations have been returned to the next quarter sessions at Moate, and the accused admitted to bail.

Between nine and ten o'clock on Saturday night, the body of a man was found on the Dublin and Drogheda Railway line, at a place known as New-bridge, about half a mile distant from the Drogheda station. The party who discovered the mangled corpse paid intelligence to the railway officials, and Mr. Murray, the superintendent here, had it removed to the terminus to await a coroner's inquest. It is supposed he lost his life from being on the line while the down evening mail train was passing, as his head and limbs have sustained shocking mutilation. The name of the ill-fated deceased is John Whearty, a weaver, belonging to this town.

THE O'DONOGHUE AND THE CANMAN.—Just like what he'd do.—As The O'Donoghue, M.P., and a couple of friends were, some short time since, returning late to Thurles from the hospitable residence of the Rev. D. E. Lanigan, P.P., of Kilkmoon, and while passing along through the Felix Mountains, not a house within miles of them—the very wildest part of the country—they discovered a farmer named John Bourke, from Upperchurch, with his horse and cart upset on the roadside, and completely helpless, he being all alone. Seeing the danger the poor man was in, like the Good Samaritan, the young Chief-tain of the Glens immediately jumped out of his carriage and worked like a "brick" and with the aid of one of his fellow-travellers, had the horse and cart safe in a few minutes. When Mr. Burke saw himself and horse safe, and was told who his deliverer was, woe, delight, and gratitude were the natural results. No wonder, indeed, that this dashing young member should be so intensely popular as he is—so near and dear to the hearts of the people of bold and gallant Tipperary.—Tipperary Advocate.

We (Evening Post) regret to learn that an attempt to murder Mr. Murphy, widow of George James Murphy, of the Grange, County of Meath, Esq., (who died about a year since), was made on the evening of Friday, the 15th inst. Mr. Murphy was sitting in her drawing-room after dinner, when two shots were discharged at her. A number of slugs perforated the windows, and lodged in different parts of the architecture of wood-work. Luckily no injury was inflicted. Mrs. Murphy is named executrix and trustee in the will of her husband, after whose death, she, of necessity, reduced his establishment, and, amongst others parted with one of his herds. We understand that two persons are in custody charged with the commission of the offence.

On the night of Sunday last, says a correspondent of *Saunders' News-Letter*, the house of a farmer named Patrick Fay, situate at Kilmalady, near Clara, King's County, was attacked between twelve and one o'clock by a party consisting of at least twenty men. The only men in the house were Fay and his son-in-law. The family were in bed, when they were alarmed by the crashing of the windows and breaking the outer door from stones flung at them. With credible and courageous resolution Fay and his son-in-law armed themselves with a pitchfork and an iron tong and stood within the door, which they so defended as to prevent their assailants from effecting an entrance. The party thereupon went off, vowing that they would pay a future visit and with better preparations, when they would accomplish their revengeful intentions towards Fay and his family. Fay and his relation received several cuts and bruises, and some of their furniture was smashed by the stones which were thrown into the house. There was good light, the moon being near the full, and consequently Fay and his family were enabled to identify some of the party against whom they lodged informations on the following day. Three of those so charged were subsequently arrested by the police at Clara.

ARCHBISHOP M'ENROE'S VISIT TO GWEEDORE AND CLOUGHANREILY.—On Saturday morning, the 9th inst., this venerable and eminently distinguished ecclesiastic, who has lately returned from Australia to Ireland, after an absence of some twenty-seven years, passed through Strabane and Bettelshannon, en route to Gweedore and Cloughanreily. Since his arrival in Europe he has been but a few weeks altogether in Ireland, but such was his desire to see those districts, which are now, on account of their ill-treatment and poverty, of as world-wide notoriety as the land of Goshen was of old, and such his humane anxiety to bring comfort and hope and glad tidings from the rich and prosperous country he left behind him to the homes of mourning and wretchedness in the "Wilds," that he bent back the natural impulse of his own feelings, the instinctive yearning of the human heart to hurry himself to his own "sweet home" in the Sunny South, the scenes of his childhood "long, long ago," and of his early missionary labours, and, instead, hastened on a mission of charity to the Black North, there to administer consolation to the children of affliction in the far West of Donegal. With this most benevolent and philanthropic intention, the venerable Archbishop M'Enroe reached Cloughanreily by the mail car on Saturday evening, where he was welcomed with a hearty *cordiale saluto*, and hospitably entertained at his cottage by the Very Rev. Hugh M'Fadden, P.P., V.P. the vicar of the parish, a genuine, honest, sterling, and warm-hearted Irish priest. On the following day (Sunday) the Archbishop attended the mid-day mass at Gortaburk, where the neat white walls of the parish church rise up amidst the most picturesque scenery against the bold outlines of the surrounding mountains—those huge pillars of light and darkness that guard the faith and purity of this people of God in this wilderness, and where a large congregation was assembled to hear him. On the Archbishop's appearance, after the Holy Mysteries were over, on the platform of the altar to address them, a hush, hush, deep-toned, and sonorous, of benedictions in the Celtic tongue, upon the venerable and saintly figure before them, stirred the lips of that vast multitude. He could not help expressing his surprise at the absence of all comfort in their clothing, and at seeing numbers of old and infirm persons without shoes amidst the inclemency of the weather (the day being extremely cold and chilly), with only thin garments to cover the rest of their persons; his admiration at their spirit of self-denial and active faith that brought them to the foot of the altar under such privations and sufferings; and his earnest and heartfelt sympathy with them in their sorrows and afflictions. He wanted no further proof of the abject poverty and distress of these districts than the miserable appearance of the congregation then present, who were, even in their holiday attire, when pride and shame struggle to conceal our real poverty, and when a sense of decency makes an effort to appear better than one's circumstances really are, so bare of every comfort in the way of either warm or decent clothing. This good and venerable priest, with feelings of manifest emotion—feelings gushing fresh and warm from his heart, and telling of its tenderness and charity—proceeded to speak on the pious solicitude of fathers and mothers for the faith and morals of their sons and daughters, who were compelled by ill-treatment in their native land to abandon the homes of their birth, and throw themselves beyond their parental control in emigrating to Australia. He told them, however, to be consoled, to throw aside their uneasiness, for that under the goatherd cross, the influence of our holy religion were being combined to assure good Christians, as Noah's rainbow, that they would no longer perish in a deluge of infidelity or immorality—that good and zealous men had laboured hard and successfully to build up in that far off country fences against either danger, and that apostolic and holy missionaries were there, the "salt of the earth," to save and preserve their youth. Knowing, as he did, the securities that religion was raising up for the Catholic faith in Australia, he had no hesitation in holding out to them every encouragement to emigrate; they would then materially better their own worldly prospects, they would thus scatter in the southern regions the good seeds of the "pure old faith," which could not but quickly spring up and ripen into a glorious and plentiful harvest, producing a hundred fold. The instructive and highly important discourse of the venerable archbishop was listened to with profound respect and attention, and cannot fail to produce the most salutary effect by removing some erroneous impressions on the public mind in this and other quarters of Ireland, respecting the state of religion and society in Australia. After sermon, the venerable archbishop, accompanied by the Rev. James M'Fadden, visited Co. Donegal, where he was met by the zealous and patriotic Father M'Gon, the worthy and truly Irish-hearted P.P. of the district, who most cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained him. Without counting the trouble and inconvenience of this venerable old man minutely inspected and ex-

amined the miserable patches of land, on which exclusively, the peasants, since the mountain pasturage was taken away, are compelled to subsist. His good and benevolent heart was grieved and deeply moved at the wretchedness and misery that met him on all sides. He has only one opinion on the subject—that, deprived of the mountains, the inhabitants of this district cannot, absolutely cannot, live in their old homes. He has travelled the greater part of the inhabited globe, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, the Indian Islands, &c., but nowhere has he witnessed anything approaching the degradation, the misery, and sufferings of the peasants in Gweedore. He saw the treatment of the convicts at Sydney, when it was a penal settlement, but questions if it were not merciful in comparison to the inhuman and barbarous treatment which these poor harmless peasants experience at the hands of their territorial task-masters. But, as he intends giving the public the impressions this visit to the Wilds has made on his mind, it would be out of place further to anticipate them at present. On Monday evening, Father John Doherty, P.P. of Mevagh, honorary secretary to the Gweedore and Cloughanreily Relief Committee, invited Archbishop M'Enroe, in the name of the people of Donegal, back to a public dinner, when and where the committee, in their own name, and in that of the peasants relieved, intend paying a public tribute of respect to the venerable Archbishop, and giving public expression to their deep sense of gratitude to the generous people of Australia. Archbishop M'Enroe has kindly consented to gratify the desire of the committee. At no distant period—as soon as it suits the convenience of the Archbishop—the Gweedore and Cloughanreily Relief Committee will make arrangements to entertain him in a manner becoming their own intense feelings of gratitude for the response given to their appeal, in a manner worthy of the exalted and distinguished guest they purpose entertaining, not of the noble and charitable people he represents. On Tuesday Morning, Archbishop M'Enroe, accompanied by Father John Doherty, left en route for Belfast—the Gweedore and Cloughanreily districts, his heart full of pity and sympathy for the distressed and misery he witnessed, and thoroughly convinced that unless some steps be taken by the humane and charitable public, the Galls of these Wilds are as doomed as the Red Indians of America, or the Wiyans of Australia.—Irishman.

GREAT BRITAIN
Warlike preparations were going forward rapidly in England. At Woolwich there was great activity. The Government had chartered the *Comard* steamer King, and a number of other vessels, to convey troops and ammunition to the Mediterranean. There were rumors of a proclamation calling for 10,000 men for the navy. War preparations were being generally demanded at Lloyd's. The Parliamentary Elections had commenced, and were progressing quietly. There was great panic in London, and Consols fluctuated excessively.

The Rev. St. G. Baker, the honorary secretary to the parliamentary committee at Newport, England, had, in the course of a lecture, that the estimated population of England and Wales is 18,000,000. One of these, 100,000 individuals annually, passed through prisons; and from that circumstance it was calculated that the total number of people living in crime amounted to 180,000. With regard to this, however, several opinions are held, some being in favor of a much higher figure, while others put it down as excessive. But taking that indicated as nearly correct, and knowing that about 20,000 persons were confined in prison at one time, it resulted that 10,000 were always moving at any one time busy about their work of crime.

PROTESTANT VANDALISM.—Only a few weeks since a disgraceful outrage was perpetrated by an unknown agent in All Souls' Church, Langham-place, the object of the sacrilegious outrage on that occasion being a beautiful painting, forming the chief ornament of the altar, which was so mutilated as to be nearly destroyed, and we have now to chronicle the progress of brutal vandalism of the same character, but if anything of a more daring and atrocious nature, which was on Friday last, carried out to have been perpetrated in the vestry-chapel of the parish. It would seem that as on the previous occasion, service was performed in the Church on Thursday evening, and after service was over, and the congregation departed, the organ went round the second building, and being finding everything in apparent order, left early, fully locking the outer door and gates as he retired. However, upon entering the church yesterday morning, a very altered state of things presented themselves. A beautiful painting by Benjamin West, &c., representing the activity, which that saint performed in 1743, and subsequently presented to the congregation, in commemoration of his having completed his career in that parish, and residing there forty years (all this being set forth on the picture) had been nearly obliterated by means of some cheap instrument, the heads of the persons being in fact entirely erased. There were appearances of attempts having been made to cut the picture and tear it into pieces, as in the outrage at All Souls' Church; but this had failed, though the painting being executed on wood; and so the process of obliteration of the figures was resorted to. Across the paintings was scratched, "Learn to worship God and destroy rubbish." Several other acts of mutilation were perpetrated, which are thus described by the *Margaret Mercury*:—"Walt's monument, on which has been written with the same material—'No business in a Church.' Lord Tighmoulth's monument has the headings of the Tighmoulth's case defaced, with the following described thereon—'Dirt not wanted in a church.' First communion tablet over the communion underlined, and two first lines of second door with some blunt instrument. Col. Fitzgerald's monument—'Head of house defaced, and the following written—'Learn your horses to smoke, you have made asses of yourselves.' Pipes in horses' and monkey's mouths, accompanied with 'All monkeys smoke.' Mr. Curwain's monument—under the portrait was written, 'What an old guy' with other remarks. Fairlow's monument—Headings defaced. Curwen Lion's head destroyed, with the following underneath—'Your Herald's College is a college of fools.' Vardill's monument—Headings defaced with 'rubbish.' On another monument, a pipe placed in the head, with gunnion and 'rubbish.' In the fly leaf of the church prayer book, left open on the ceiling of the altar was written—'Tell that villain the Pope or Welsh priest shall die or toll in my domain—Your friend, the Comet. Send Cardinal Pooleman to Rome. What does the Prince of Fools do there?'—On a letter on the vestry-room table was written 'Read for yourselves.' Our contemporary also says:—"All the writing is executed by one hand, in a good bold style, and everything denotes that the rude hand of destruction was prompted either by the ultra feelings of an iconoclast or a madman, as no evidence of any other object or robbery is apparent. As no admission to the church could be obtained without force, it is presumed that during Divine service, held from seven till nine, on Thursday evening, the offender secreted himself in some part of the Church, and having adroitly escaped the observation of the pew-keepers, who always overlook the Church after service, waited for their departure, and then commenced his fell work. After which he forced the vestry room door, taking his departure through the window, by cutting the cord which fastened the casement, and it is supposed escaped over the wall into Nottingham news, as marks of heavy boots are distinctly traced.

There is a story of Lord John Russell's children playing together in Kensington Gardens, and one of them being overheard to say to another, "Do you know what the Queen calls papa?" "No, I don't." "She says he is a mischievous little man."—Union.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1859.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Persia arrived at New York on Wednesday, confirming the tidings brought by the Adelaide. The flames of war are again kindled in Europe. Sardinia has at length succeeded in provoking Austria to active measures against the revolutionists and "Red Republicans" of the Italian Peninsula; and Austria, the most truly Catholic and Conservative Power of Europe, has in self-defence been compelled to draw the sword, and at the last dates, was marching against her foes, and the sworn foes of the Papacy. On the other hand, France likewise was hurrying up her troops to the aid of Sardinia, and in support of the infamous Cavour policy; and the next steamer will in all probability bring us tidings of a bloody conflict.

In the mean time it is confidently asserted,—though the assertion is not fully confirmed,—that a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, has been concluded betwixt France and Russia; wherein the latter engages to send a fleet to the Mediterranean, and to declare war against Austria, within fifteen days after the latter shall have invaded Piedmont. Under these circumstances it seems almost impossible that the neutrality of Great Britain can be long maintained. Against her will, she will find herself engaged in the conflict, and taking a place in the battle field by the side of the Germanic Powers. In the mean time the greatest activity prevails in the dock-yards and naval arsenals. The elections for the new Parliament were proceeding quietly.

SMITH O'BRIEN IN CANADA.

TORONTO.

This distinguished gentleman arrived in Toronto from Niagara on Tuesday, 3rd inst., and was received with all honors by his fellow-countrymen of that City. The Hon. C. Alleya met him on the wharf; and by members of the Legislature of all parties, every mark of respect was tendered to the illustrious visitor. On Wednesday evening he was waited upon by a large body of citizens, and presented with the following addresses.

First in order came the Address of the St. Patrick's Society, which was presented by J. Moylan, Esq., the worthy President of that institution:—

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—The members of the St. Patrick's Association of Toronto, made aware of your brief visit to this city, avail themselves of the occasion to extend to you a cordial welcome to the metropolis of Canada. Had they not learned that from your first landing in America you had steadily refused to take part in the demonstrations with which your countrymen from one end of the Continent to the other would gladly have hailed your presence, they would have been only too happy to have received you in a more public manner. But though less enthusiastic in form than they could desire, they beg you, Sir, to believe their welcome is not the less cordial, heartfelt and sincere.

"Your name has been for years a household word with your countrymen in this Province; and our only regret at this moment is that the arrangements for your journey do not allow of more time for the manifestation of those feelings of strong Irish attachment towards you, which we cannot but consider as honorable to those who entertain them, as we believe they must be gratifying to yourself.

"In many of your writings and speeches, both when a member of the Parliament of the Empire and since, you have shown your kindly feelings towards Canada, and your appreciation of the blessings of civil self-government which we now happily enjoy. And, Sir, when you return to the ancient home of your ancestors beside the Shannon, we trust among other souvenirs of your American tour, you will sometimes call to mind the honor in which your name is held, and the gratitude with which your patriotic services are remembered, by your emigrant countrymen on the Canadian shore of Lake Ontario.

"Signed on behalf of the Society, JAMES G. MOYLAN, President."

Mr. P. A. O'Neil, of the Mirror, then stepped forward and read the following

"ADDRESS OF THE PRISONERS "For an address from Parliament to the Queen for the return of William Smith O'Brien from exile.

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—In the name of seventy-five thousand Irishmen, of every creed and denomination, who, during the session of the Canadian Parliament held in the year 1856, by a fearless exercise of the right of petition, procured the passage of a resolution for an address to the Queen, praying that her Majesty would be pleased to decree your return from exile to your native land, on the occasion of this your first visit to the metropolis of Western Canada, we bid you 'Cae'd milliu faltha.'

"As we did not hesitate to give expression to our sympathy with your sufferings and the sufferings of your family when you were far away from your ancestral home, so now that you are restored to the full enjoyment of your liberty, we do not hesitate to express our joy—a joy which we do the more readily express, as it gives us the pleasure of welcoming to our shores the most noble son of the illustrious race of Inchiquin.

"It gives us also much pleasure to reflect, that to whatever part of these Provinces you may direct

your steps, you will find yourself surrounded by friends and countrymen. Whether on the lower shores of the rugged St. Lawrence, or in the prosperous country of the lakes, you will be met everywhere by hundreds of Irishmen, of every shade of politics and religious belief, who took an active part in obtaining from the Legislature of Canada—the freest and finest colony of Great Britain,—an expression of sympathy with your trials and vicissitudes, that are unequalled in her history.

"May your progress, therefore, in this country, be a source of real pleasure to yourself as your presence undoubtedly is to the seventy-five thousand Irish Canadian sympathizers in whose name we now address you.

The following address was presented by the President of the Hibernian Society:—

TO WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ.

"Sir,—The Hibernian Benevolent Society beg to tender you a hearty welcome, and feel proud of witnessing in our midst an honored son of Ireland. Though distant from our shores we have not been unmindful of her interests and prospects, and foremost in the minds of noble minds we have believed you with pride and reiteration the firm advocate of civil and religious liberty. In you, Sir, the Irish people have both a kind father, and a wise preceptor; and the same enthusiasm, the same exalted respect, that was tendered to the immortal Grattan is a tribute that crowns your brow from millions of your countrymen in every hemisphere.

"We wish you, Sir, health and happiness, and a safe return to your native land and honored family.

Mr. William Eager, of Hamilton, presented the following address, signed by the Mayor, G. McKinstry, Esq., and a large number of the citizens of that place:—

TO WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,—In the absence of a St. Patrick's Society in Hamilton, and having ascertained only a few minutes ago that you are visiting Toronto, and propose leaving Western Canada to-morrow, we respectfully congratulate you on your arrival in this the adopted land of so many of your fellow-countrymen. We regret, on behalf of very many Irishmen, that a better opportunity has not been afforded to express those feelings of love and attachment which are entertained towards you as a worthy and distinguished son of our father-land, and a true impregnation of a nationality which has its representative in every quarter of the globe.

"We depute Mr. William Eager to present you this token of our esteem and regard."

Mr. S. O'Brien then came forward, and in an eloquent and appropriate speech returned thanks for the expressions of good will contained in the addresses; and feelingly alluded to his fellow-laborers in the cause of Ireland's independence, and who had been also his companions in suffering and exile. Wishing his hearers all happiness, he proposed three cheers for fatherland; and retired bearing with him the good wishes of all who had assisted at this imposing reception.

Some little confusion was occasioned by a drunken blackguard known as Tom Ferguson, an Orange Member of Parliament, but a kick and cuff dexterously administered, soon silenced the fellow. Fire works, and a band of music brought to the ground by the "Hibernians," contributed to the display; which in every respect seems to have been worthy of the Irish of Toronto, and of him in whose honor it was designed. When Mr. O'Brien had retired, Mr. McGe appeared on a balcony in front of the hotel, and delivered a very elegant address to the crowd assembled below; in which he alluded to the courteous behaviour of M. Cartier to their illustrious countryman.

MONTREAL.

From Toronto, Mr. O'Brien continued his tour by way of Ottawa and Prescott to Montreal, where he arrived about 7.30 p.m. on Saturday; and was received on the wharf by the President of the St. Patrick's Society, together with the officers of that institution bearing their collars and insignia, and by a dense crowd of people. By these he was escorted in a carriage with four horses to the Donegani Hotel; where after having been introduced to the members of the deputation by their President, and to the members of the deputation from the St. Patrick's Literary Association, he was presented with addresses from those bodies.

B. Devlin, Esq., President of the St. Patrick's Society, read the following, as the address of that Society:—

"RESPECTED SIR,—In the name of the St. Patrick's Society, and your fellow-countrymen residents of Montreal, we bid you heartily welcome to this city; and rejoice that we have the opportunity of personally tendering to you the tribute of our respect and admiration for your disinterested patriotism, and untiring efforts to promote the honor and interests of our common country.

"Not in words only has that patriotism manifested itself; but in deeds also, and in self-sacrifice, and in heroic endurance.

"You, Sir, have played no inconsiderable part in the national history of Ireland. Your name is enrolled amongst those of her many heroes and martyrs; and enshrined in the memory of a grateful people, will be handed down to posterity in company with those of a Sarsfield and a Grattan, of a Curran and an O'Connell.

"You may feel assured that your life-long struggles for the amelioration of the lot of our fellow-countrymen at home, are acknowledged and appreciated by Irishmen all over the world; and speaking in the name of the Irishmen of this city, we may boast that by none have these efforts been more fully acknowledged and highly appreciated, than by those who now have the honor to address you.

"We have watched your career with interest, whether in the Senate House, or in the land of exile.—With pride have we hung upon your eloquent indications of our country's cause; and keenly have we sympathized with you in your hour of bitter agony. It remains for us, then, only to express our firm conviction, that those sufferings shall not have been in vain; and that that brow whereon has already been set the martyr's crown, shall yet be decorated with the victor's laurel wreath.

you, Sir, have done so much for Ireland's glory, and Ireland's prosperity.

B. DEVLIN, President of St. Patrick's Society. St. Patrick's Hall, Montreal, May 7th, 1859.

In the name of the St. Patrick's Literary Association, Mr. Walsh, the Secretary of that Society, presented Mr. O'Brien with the following address:—

TO WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN:

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—Your countrymen by birth inhabiting the chief city of British North America have received, with a common and general joy, the tidings of your coming amongst them.

Like other communities they cannot silently suppress their congratulations on finding you in their midst; and if your own will and wish were not so repeatedly expressed elsewhere, they would have sought the honor of extending to you a more public and festive reception.

In this general joy, the St. Patrick's Literary Association, dedicated to the dissemination of knowledge amongst its members, has thoroughly shared. As an Association we cannot but remember your long-continued efforts to diffuse popular information, both in connection with the "Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge," in your addresses to numerous Institutes, and your writing in the Press and otherwise.

As a non-political body, we ground our gratitude on these services which you have rendered to the cause of intelligence and sound principles; and on these we confidently class you as among the foremost promoters of societies similar to our own. One of the objects our Association has most at heart, is the cultivation of a taste for Irish history and the belles lettres of our beloved father-land. In pursuing that pathway the names of your famous ancestors, arrest our attention in every age; and it is an additional pleasure for us to rise from the perusal of those chronicles where their acts are recorded, and to hail the living representative of the patriotism and courage, to do, and to suffer, which have made their names immortal. Permit us, Sir, in conclusion, to extend to you our most cordial welcome, which, we are well assured, will be spontaneously echoed by the whole body of our respective citizens, irrespective of creed or nationality. (Signed, on behalf of the Association, by the Committee.)

Mr. O'Brien then came forward, and addressing the assembled thousands, delivered a most impressive discourse; in the course of which he earnestly impressed upon his Catholic fellow-countrymen in Canada the wisdom, and duty, of cultivating a friendly intercourse with their French brethren, to whom they were united by the bond of a common faith. This advice will, we hope, have a good effect coming from such a quarter; and it is in substance identical with that which we, in our humble sphere, have constantly endeavored to impress upon our readers; for an alliance of the closest nature, betwixt French and Irish Catholics is, we contend, essential to their common prosperity. We regret that the pressure upon our columns prevents us from giving Mr. O'Brien's speech in full; but we may add that it was rapturously applauded.

The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Devlin, President, and Mr. Doherty, ex-President of the St. Patrick's Society. After which—with three lusty cheers for Ireland, three more stunning cheers for Smith O'Brien, and a similar expression of good will towards Mr. Devlin—Mr. O'Brien made his bow, and retired. In the course of the evening he was serenaded by the "Young Irishmen" of this City, who also presented him with an address couched in the following terms:—

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ.,

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—The young Irishmen and sons of Irishmen of the City of Montreal have the honor to greet you. As citizens of Canada we bid you welcome to our shores; as Irishmen we hail in you the illustrious representative of our fatherland. Permit us to say that we cherish your example and your precepts; admire your honorable feeling and patriotic devotion to our native land; and shall labor to perpetuate amongst us, in this our adopted country, that intense love of Ireland and the indefatigable zeal for her welfare which distinguished you.

As young men, we approach you with that respectful deference due to your age and position. But patriotism knows no distinction of age. When the years of life sit lightly upon your brow, and bright prospects smiled upon you, you loved Ireland not the less. As you matured in age that love diminished not, and you fought for her; and years of cruel exile from family and friends and country were the sad consequences of your devotion. And now that mature manhood, and a life of patriotic self-sacrifice, have furrowed your brow with anxious watching, your love is as intense and devoted—your zeal as ardent—as when the first bright prospects of nationality for Ireland, and freedom and an honored home for her children, pervaded your arm.

You are with us but for a moment, and we are eager to assure you that in your deepest affliction you have had our tenderest sympathies; and that our warmest affections and gratitude shall ever accompany you. And when you return to the Old Land—whither, mayhap, the majority of us shall never again behold—may we not hope that this humble token of our affection shall not be forgotten—and that, from the love of a grateful people, your sons shall learn to perpetuate the glory which adorns your illustrious name.

That your years may be long and happy to cherish your honored family, and watch with paternal affection over our afflicted country, is our fervent prayer. (Signed by the Committee.)

Mr. O'Brien then came forward, and having replied in suitable terms, wished his friends good night, and retired.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. O'Brien left Montreal for Quebec. He was escorted to the steamboat by the President and Officers of the St. Patrick's Society, and a Company of Irish Volunteers, headed by Prince's Brass Band; and having once more addressed the crowd, and returned his thanks for the kind reception awarded to him in Montreal, at 3.45 p.m. he embarked on board the steamer, and amidst the hearty and prolonged cheering of his fellow-countrymen, took his final departure from Montreal. Mr. O'Brien will be the Hon. Mr. Kierzkowski's guest for a day or two; and after his visit to Quebec, he will proceed to Portland and New York, whence he will sail for Europe about the 27th inst.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN IN OTTAWA.

(Communicated.)

The hearts of the Irish citizens of Ottawa

were gladdened by a visit from their distinguished fellow-countryman, Wm. S. O'Brien, on Friday last. He arrived by the afternoon train, accompanied by the Hon. Mr. Kierzkowski, and put up at Campbell's Hotel. Mr. O'Brien was immediately waited upon by his old and valued friend Mr. Gartlan; by whom he was subsequently introduced to his Worship the Mayor, and to others of the citizens, in whose company he visited Barrack Hill, the Chaudiere, and the principal points of attraction in the vicinity. Late in the evening the St. Patrick's Association held a meeting, at which an address of congratulation to Mr. O'Brien was drawn up, and passed amid enthusiastic acclamation. This document, a copy of which I subjoin, was formally presented to him on the following morning at the Railroad Depot; to which he was conveyed in a splendid carriage, drawn by four grey horses, followed by a numerous escort of his admiring fellow-countrymen.

The following is a copy of the address alluded to in the above:—

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—We, members of the St. Patrick's Literary Association of Ottawa, hasten to offer you our most cordial welcome on this your visit to the Metropolis of United Canada.

"Your oft expressed repugnance to public demonstrations, on your tour through America, prevents us from offering you a more suitable reception on this occasion, and one more befitting your noble name, and exalted rank in the list of Irish patriots.

"Your magnanimous and self-sacrificing defence of your country's rights, your long suffering for her cause, must ever endear you to Irishmen, whatever air they breathe, or whatever clime they inhabit.

"We have watched with anxiety your struggles for the amelioration of your country; we bitterly deplored your exile and suffering in her cause; and we heard with pleasure of your restoration to your afflicted family and country.

"In conclusion, Dear Sir, we beg to assure you, that this your first appearance amongst us, will not soon be forgotten; and hoping the satisfaction you may derive from a view of the Ottawa scenery may be equal to the pleasure your presence gives to us, we have the honor to subscribe ourselves your affectionate friends and fellow-countrymen.

"Signed on behalf of the St. Patrick's Association,

P. Devlin, 1st Vice-President; M. Ronayne, 2nd do.; P. Brit, Corresponding Secretary; W. Finly, Recording do.; Dr. Gartlan, and J. L. P. O'Hanly.

To Wm. Smith O'Brien, Esq., Ottawa, May 7th, 1859."

RECEPTION OF SMITH O'BRIEN AT PRESCOTT.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

SIR,—With much pleasure I send you a short account of the reception given to W. S. O'Brien, Esq., at Prescott. We had but a few hours' notice, that the noble-hearted patriot was to pass through Prescott, on his way to Ottawa; and for that notice we are much indebted to P. C. Murdoch, Esq., a genuine Irishman; who spared no pains in circulating the news, and in making the necessary preparations to receive in a worthy manner his heroic fellow-countryman. On his landing at the wharf, the St. Patrick's Brass Band, ever ready on such occasions, played that beautiful air, "The Exile of Erin." Thence he was accompanied to the Commercial Hotel, by numbers of Irishmen of every grade and denomination, who vied with each other in their expressions of respect and gratitude to the patriotic advocate of Irish liberty. Eminently distinguished amongst our citizens in welcoming Smith O'Brien, was the Rev. E. P. Roche, our Catholic Pastor; whose enthusiastic address and kind hospitality to his much admired countryman were readily accepted. The President of the St. Patrick's Society was then about to present him with a hurried address, when Mr. O'Brien intimated to him that he had not then time to receive it; but that he would be very happy to do so the next morning on his return from Ottawa. Accordingly, the next morning at 9 o'clock, Mr. O'Brien on his arrival from Ottawa was again received by the Rev. E. P. Roche, P. C. Murdoch, Esq., B. White, Esq., Mayor of Prescott; D. Conway, Esq., President of St. Patrick's Society; and other gentlemen of distinction. The band played "Garryowen," and several other National airs. He was then escorted to the hospitable residence of the Rev. E. P. Roche, where he partook of a welcome *dejeuner a la fourchette*. He then came forward on the terrace in front of said residence, where many gentlemen from town and country were assembled, amongst whom I noticed, in addition to the forementioned, the Hon. Mr. Kierzkowski, M. Papineau, Wm. Patrick, Esq., M.P.P., J. S. Gillman, Esq., Michael Tracy, Esq., James Sweeney, Esq. The following address was then read and presented to him by D. Conway, Esq., on behalf of the St. Patrick's Society:—

TO W. SMITH O'BRIEN, ESQ.

"Most Worthy Sir,—We, the members of the St. Patrick's Society, of Prescott, feel extremely proud of the present happy opportunity afforded us, to testify to you, in as brief a manner as possible, our sincere, unfeigned respect, and our approval of the true patriotism manifested by you on several past occasions; when you, Sir, with the true spirit of the patriot, endeavored to raise our unfortunate country to the position which she ought to occupy amongst the other nations of the earth. We, therefore, in union with all the other true Irishmen of Prescott, and its vicinity, present to you, this day, the warmest affections which it is possible for the hearts of Irishmen to bestow upon the self-sacrificing lovers of their common country. And, illustrious Sir, we further wish, that you, on your return home, would give our fellow-countrymen to understand, that although we are separated from them by the waves of the broad Atlantic, still our sympathies are with them; that still our feelings are in perfect union with theirs; that our hearts still glow with the same burning desire for the legislative rights, for the civil and religious liberties of our native land; and that we fondly hope that the day is not far distant when Ireland shall again raise her drooping head, and again become one of the Great Nations of Western Europe. (Signed, on behalf of the St. Patrick's Society of Prescott.)

D. CONWAY, President.

Mr. O'Brien, having received the address then tendered to him, extemporaneously replied, with all the courtesy of the true gentleman, in a style of language, and dignity of manner that, by the brilliancy of the sentiments he expounded, and the cogency of the political truths he impressed on the minds of his hearers, would have embellished an oratorical essay of the deepest study. The eminently renowned Patriot is not merely an accomplished orator, but also a consummate dialectician.

I must fail to give you even a fair synopsis of his eloquent reply on this occasion, as it was not committed immediately to paper by any one present. His most earnest wish, he said, when he first entered on his American tour, which he designed to be not only for him a tour of pleasure but one of information, was to pass as privately and unnoticed as he conveniently could, keeping in view the special objects of his travels:—He most anxiously desired to eschew all popular excitement in his regard. This his first formed course, he found, as he travelled through the different States of the Union—and since his arrival on Canadian soil, was not adapted to the different circumstances that environed his path. He felt himself constrained to acknowledge and reciprocate in public the cordial greetings, and the generous sympathies tendered him by his warm-hearted fellow-countrymen on various occasions. He felt elated at the prosperity that shone around his compatriots; whose industry, intelligence and temperate habits, united with self-government—the essence of true liberty—elevated many of them to the highest eminence of social worth and political trust.

It was that those blessed results might accrue to his beloved country from wise legislation, and the impartial administration of just laws and equitable rights, that he strove in junction with the other brave and fearless compatriots, when they and he were remorselessly sent into exile. He did not now, after all his experience, and the long endurance of the penalties adjudged to the course he then adopted and pursued, change one iota of the principles that prevailed with him. With respect to the separation of Ireland from England it is, and ever was, with him an abstract question of policy which he desired not to discuss, but rather waive. When he joined the Repeal Association in 1841, he contended only that Ireland should be conceded a government similar to that which Canada has—a Responsible Government—a Government that can, if mal-administration dare to disgrace its beauty, be made subject to the wisdom and electoral influence of the people; and thus might the political gangrene be exfoliated. This princely Patriot then thanked in the most affectionate language, the truth and liberty-loving members of the Provincial Parliament, who had the kindness to vote an address to Royalty for his release from bondage, and the release of of his brave co-exiles, his colleagues in council and in condemnation.

I felt truly happy as an Irishman to see one of those worthy members present on this occasion—I mean the Hon. Member for South Grenville—who certainly must have felt flattered by the charming encomium pronounced on him and his confederates in that deed of generosity.

The highly gifted Irish Patriot concluded his eloquent reply by urging upon his fellow-countrymen the absolute duty of observing, with rigid caution, temperance; a virtue that inevitably proves to be the stepping ladder for many who are otherwise endued with talents and abilities by Providence, to the loftiest position that State or Nation has in trust for the honorably ambitious of her aspiring sons; as the contrary vice daily proves itself the barrier to every honor that society holds dear. With many thanks again expressed to his very numerous audience, the noble scion of a royal race, closed his observations.

J. M.

LECTURES OF THE ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

On Thursday evening 5th inst. the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell gave another lecture upon the Church in Ireland, before a crowded audience in the City Concert Hall. Of the splendid discourse by him delivered, we present our readers with the following brief outline:—

He proposed, he said, to treat of the fortunes of the Church in Ireland, subsequent to the English invasion. To that period he had assigned the name of "The Martyrdom of the Irish Church;" as indeed it was in truth, a period of martyrdom; of cruel unremitting persecution on the one hand, and of patient Christian endurance on the other—unparalleled save in the annals of Paganism. The period included within this evening's discourse extended down to the days of Oliver Cromwell, and Archbishop Plunkett.

Into the reasons for, and manner of the death of the latter he would not now enter. Suffice it that he died a martyr. He was the head of the Church in Ireland, and became thus a mark to her enemies. Before the invasion of the English, the Irish Church needed not the color red in her ceremonies, for she had as yet produced no martyrs. She had given to the world, saints, holy virgins, devout monks; but no martyrs in the strict sense of the word. No red spot marked her calendar; no trace existed in her annals of a bloody conflict, or of a sanguinary triumph.—This, which was the peculiar glory of the Irish Church did not please her enemies. We have, upon this matter, the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis, an English writer who came over to Ireland with Henry II.; who one day conversing with a Prelate, remarked, that no Bishop in Ireland had died for the faith. The answer was a sharp one. "True," it was replied; "none of our Prelates have as yet suffered by the hands of the people, for our people have not yet learnt to be so wicked as to stain their hands with the blood of their pastors. But henceforward there will be martyrs amongst the Bishops; for a people has come amongst us who despise authority, who will destroy the people, usurp their lands, and leave them nothing.

Time proved the truth of the prediction, for the records of history show how severe was English rule in Ireland. The latter was now to have her martyrs, and indeed to surpass all other nations in that respect.

From the invasion, to the so-called Reformation, a period of 300 years had elapsed; during which time one faith was professed by the invaders of the soil, and by those to whom of right that soil belonged. This in some degree tended to mitigate the bitterness of feeling betwixt the two oft-contending races. But after the Reformation their mutual hostility was inflamed; to hatred of race was superadded the hatred of religion. Persecution for the faith increased; and

men, whilst prating of liberty of conscience, sharpened the sword. The Irish were now called upon to fight, not only for their country, and their lives, but for their altars; and it is this contest which forms the subject of this evening's reflections.

The subject may be a painful one, though to the lovers of Ireland it has many bright and cheering aspects; and we must rejoice that in the defence of their ancient faith against the tyrant, they were successful. His object was to give a true picture of Ireland's church during her days of struggle; to prove that of her Prelates none had ever abandoned the faith; and to show how much Ireland's constancy in suffering, had done for the cause of truth. If compelled to speak sometimes harshly of the Reformers, his words should be attributed not to hatred, but to the nature of the facts which he had to lay bare before them. For when he saw the cruelties that had been perpetrated, he could not but express warmly his sentiments as to those cruelties. He spoke not against Protestants of the present day, for they have often shown tolerance to Catholics; and he had no design to make them responsible for the cruel deeds done by their predecessors;—nor should it be forgotten that, amongst the foremost defenders of Ireland's rights, were to be found men of a different faith from that of the majority of Ireland's people.

In his last lecture he had shown by what artifices the English had first obtained footing in Ireland; and perhaps for the cause of humanity it would have been well if their dominion had been at once established; for thus many a cruel struggle would have been prevented. The strife of races was however protracted for centuries.—The policy adopted by the invaders kept the races apart, and tended to make friendship impossible between them. When the Irish of the Pale requested to be governed by the laws of England, their request was rejected; for English laws impartially administered, would have stopped the plunder and extortion in which too many delighted. Sometimes in their career the English were repulsed; and when the invaders saw that they could not overcome the Irish by force, they set tribe against tribe, chief against chief; hoping that their foes would, by their mutual dissensions, do the strangers' work of destruction. The most cruel and arbitrary laws were enacted. It was made high treason to stand sponsor for an Irish child—to admit an Irishman into a monastery—to speak the Irish language—to retain a family name—to wear the national costume—to let the hair or beard grow in long flowing locks—may it was declared treason to graze an Irish horse upon Irish ground. Indeed some of the Statutes, horrible though they be, border on the ridiculous; but the spirit that dictated them may be understood from other laws passed for the suppression of the "mere Irish." By the laws of the Pale it was decreed that no punishment should be awarded for the killing of an Irishman, unless the latter was the subject of the Lord; in which case a fine was to be inflicted. The lecturer cited the case of the murder of an O'Driscoll by a Norman; whereupon the slayer, being indicted for homicide, pleaded that O'Driscoll was a "mere Irishman" and not in the peace of the Sovereign Lord. But it having been shown that the deceased was a subject, his slayer was sentenced to pay a fine of three marks—the value set upon the life of an Irishman. Facts like these show how bitter was the struggle in which at this period the Church was engaged. A system of separation was established between professors of the same creed. An Irish monastery might not receive Irish brothers, or give them an asylum; and it is no wonder that men, imbued with so little of the true spirit of Christianity as were the Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland, so quickly and easily fell a prey to the heresies of the Reformation. Not but what there were faults of discipline in the Irish Church; and Irish Churchmen were sometimes to be met with in stations incompatible with their sacred functions; and thus though when the first blast of persecution sounded, she was not altogether without blame, yet the trumpet sounded but to purify her, and to call forth a display of unsurpassed heroism.

The Reformation was the signal for the new persecution. Till then there had been hatred of race; but now a new element of evil was to be introduced. Here the lecturer rapidly glanced over the main incidents of the great religious revolution inaugurated by Luther; and its adoption by the Sovereigns and Parliament of England. In the reign of Mary, the Catholic Church was again restored, and the Mass celebrated. But obedient to her successor, England soon relapsed into heresy.

The eighth Henry attempted to introduce the new form of worship into Ireland, but in vain.—The Irish people fought long, earnestly and successfully. Some Protestant writers attribute the strength of their opposition to their hatred of the English; but this is no satisfactory explanation of the fact of that opposition; nor is there in history another example of a people preserving their nationality and their faith, under such trials and persecutions. Some other feeling than mere hatred of English rule must have been at work; for hatred is a human passion; and as such must surely have been quickly overcome in the unequal conflict. Passion, or fear, or any other human interest would have prompted the Irish to pursue a different course from that which they adopted. It would have prompted them to obedience, to submission, and would have pointed out the uselessness of opposition to the tyrant. Actuated by human motives the Irish would have yielded to human motives; to motives of self interest, and material advancement. No; not hatred, but love of Him Who is Love, of their Father Who is in Heaven, inspired them. He heard their prayers; He it was who filled them with courage; and infusing His grace into the hearts of the people, enabled them to remain true to the faith once delivered to them by St. Patrick.

The lecturer then traced with a bold hand the progress of the Reformation in Ireland; the persecution of the Catholic Hierarchy, the plunder of the Churches, monasteries, and ancient shrines. It was the part of the policy of the enemy to destroy with one blow, Ireland's nationality and Ireland's faith; but occasionally fear of the great

chiefs, of an O'Neill in the North, and of an O'Brien in the South, compelled him to give the Irish a respite.

But Elizabeth determined on their ruin. Desmond was driven into rebellion. Cruel was the war carried on against the Geraldine; villages were set on fire; the humble cabins of the peasants were burnt to the ground, so that neither for man nor beast was there shelter. Men, women and children were put to the sword; and in the words of the historian, "such was the havoc and devastation perpetrated, that one might travel days together without seeing a single man or beast."

The princely house of Desmond was almost extirpated; and their hereditary lands were distributed amongst the greedy enemies of the Church. Chieftain after chieftain was goaded into rebellion, and similarly treated. At last the national standard was unfurled, and the Irish determined to strike one blow for their country and their Church. In Ulster, the Irish prevailed.—At Blackwater, the English were defeated, and again at Benburb and Yellow Ford. Repeated defeats roused to fury the Queen of England, and Lord Mountjoy was sent over to take command in Ireland. He introduced a new system of warfare; a system of warfare at which humanity shudders. The Irish, at last overpowered by numbers, succumbed. O'Neill was the last who submitted, stipulating however for the free exercise of his religion. The last flames of civil war were quenched in the blood of the martyrs, whose sufferings it would be at once painful, and yet consoling to record. The Bishop of Meath was cruelly tortured; his boots were filled with combustible matter, and he himself was smeared over with pitch, and then set on fire. Others were still more barbarously treated.

Under the Stuarts the persecution continued. Charles I. harassed the few remaining Irish landed proprietors with "law commissions" to inquire into titles; schools for the perversion of Catholic children were established. The Catholics petitioned for a relaxation of the penal code; offering large sums of money for the boon. The King took the money, but refused relief. The day of retribution came at last. Again the Irish flew to arms; and Catholic Ireland rose once more to do battle for the right.

To put down this brave effort of a persecuted people, the English Parliament sent a large army to Ireland. Sir Phelim O'Neill died on his march to encounter Cromwell, whose forces were everywhere triumphant; and whose name is doermed to an unenviable immortality by the treacherous massacre of Drogheda. The "curse of Cromwell" settled on the land; the living almost envied the lot of the slain; whilst over 40,000 of Ireland's best and bravest were sent like slaves to the West India Islands, there to die of toil and disease. The Irish were finally driven into Connaught; where alone the children of the soil, and the adherents of the Catholic faith could find a refuge. For the rest, the land was a wilderness. Houses, churches, the dwellings of man and the temples of God, were involved in one common ruin. No priests were allowed to remain; nor were there any to administer the consolations of religion to the sick and dying. Such was the desolation to which the Church was reduced in Ireland, and over which Oliver Plunkett presided with the glorious title of Primate of Ireland.

Thus step by step, have I traced, said the lecturer, from the abundance of materials presented by history, the fortunes of the Church in Ireland during the middle of the XVII. century. In another discourse it will be my task to show how after the long night of persecution, day dawned at last; how gradually the penal laws were relaxed, and link after link of the heavy chain was broken; until Emancipation was at last achieved, and the constancy and fidelity of the Irish people were at length rewarded.

The above is but a brief, and necessarily a very imperfect sketch or rather outline of the Reverend lecturer's discourse; which, listened to with profound attention by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the City Concert Hall, was, at its close, greeted with loud and long-continued rounds of applause.

We have noticed with pain and surprise, that in the several articles devoted by the *Freeman* of Toronto to the discussion of "political alliances," he abstains altogether from any allusions to the most important question of the day—we mean of course the "School Question."

Our position is this. We contend that, with the Resolutions of their Catholic Institutes, and St. Patrick's Societies staring them in the face, the Irish Catholics of Canada cannot, without a gross dereliction of principle, and a shameful renunciation of their pledged faith, enter into a political alliance with any party, that will not, as a preliminary condition of that alliance, pledge itself to carry out a Catholic School policy for Upper Canada. The *Freeman*, on the other hand, tells us about—"economic principles of government; retrenchment and a final stoppage to public plunder; extended colonization; vast forests levelled and made tributary to man;" and adds that "these are principles which we have 'in common' with the Opposition."

Yes! but what about the School Question? for that after all is the question of questions.—What principles "in common" with the Opposition, have Catholics upon this great and all-important question? This is what we desire to know; and upon this point the *Freeman* observes a strange—(shall we call it a prudent?)—silence.

Show us a party, no matter by what name called, who on the School Question hold opinions identical with ours; and who will pledge themselves to exert all their political influence to carry out those principles, and to embody them in the Statute Book. With that party, but with no

other, will we, or can we without becoming pledge-breakers, and swallowing our own words, contract a political alliance.

Is there such a party amongst the Opposition members of Upper Canada? If the Toronto *Freeman* asserts that there is, the *onus probandi* rests with him. If he cannot prove that there is such a party in actual existence, we must conclude that there is no such party; and must therefore still adhere to our oft-expressed opinion that, until such a party be formed, the Catholics of Canada cannot, with either profit or honor to themselves, abandon the policy of "Independent Opposition."

The *Freeman* talks to us about purely secular questions, with which, as a Catholic, not a secular journalist, it is not our province to deal; and upon these questions there may be many principles in common betwixt many Catholics and the Opposition. But upon politico-religious questions we contend that the case is different; and as the soul is of more importance than the body, so we contend that, until the *Freeman* can point out a party in the State, which, upon the chief politico-religious questions of the day—the School Question for instance, and that of Religious Incorporations—holds principles in common with us he has no right to ask us as Catholics, to ally ourselves with men with whom upon all that is most important to us, we hold no "first principles in common." If the *Freeman* is a Catholic journalist, he should speak as a Catholic; he should give precedence over all other questions, to those questions which most immediately affect, not the material, but the moral and spiritual interests of Catholics. This he does not do. He insists upon the distribution of Government patronage; he waxes eloquent upon "vast forests" to be "levelled and made tributary to man;"—he is in earnest upon matters of finance and retrenchment; but upon the great question; that which to us is, and to every Catholic should be, all in all—the question of "Freedom of Education," he, in his articles addressed to us upon the subject of political alliances, is silent as the grave.

What are we to understand by this? Is then the School Question to be thrown overboard, or treated as a question of secondary importance? Have the Catholics of Upper Canada forgotten so soon the resolutions of their Catholic Institutes—to oppose by all means in their power all men, all parties, who would not do them justice on the School Question? If the *Freeman* be the exponent of Catholic opinion in Upper Canada, it would almost seem as if such were the case; for as we have said above, he never so much as alludes to that question in his many articles upon "political alliances."

We ask from him then a plain, straightforward answer, to a plain, straightforward question.—"Are you prepared to contract a political alliance with any party, without making full and immediate justice to Catholics on the School Question, the essential condition of that alliance? a prominent article of every political treaty?" In the infamous Brown-Dorion coalition, to which we were invited to become parties, that question was treacherously disposed of; we demand, therefore, and with reason, that before becoming parties to any political alliance whatsoever, full assurance be given us, that, as the terms, or essential condition, of that alliance, it be expressly stipulated: That the School Laws of Upper Canada be at once reformed according to the well understood, and clearly expressed wishes of the Catholics of that section of the Province; that the autonomy of Lower Canada be scrupulously respected; that equality of representation in the Legislature, betwixt the two sections of the Province, be maintained intact; that our religious, charitable, and educational institutions be protected from all aggression; and that all secret politico-religious societies be discontinued by the State. When the Toronto *Freeman* shall have shown us the party in Upper Canada willing to accept and faithfully abide by these conditions, with that party, but with no other, will we ally ourselves.

And above all, on the School Question there must be no temporising, no ambiguity of expression; for upon this point "no surrender" is our motto. We must have no concessions we say; no more rascally propositions to make enquiries into the State School systems of Ireland, Prussia and Belgium; with the view of making provision for needy place-hunters, and staying off, *sine die*, the discussion of a delicate subject. We must have a plain straight-forward "Yes" or "No" to our demands. With those who hesitate to answer "Yes"—or who more honestly answer "No," to those demands for justice on the School Question, we will not ally ourselves; for we cannot do so without falsehood, and gross dereliction of principle.

Look—we say to the *Freeman*; here are the very words of the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal; embodying the principles upon which they acted at the last election;—and setting forth the policy which they then solemnly adopted, and a faithful adherence to which they have the right to exact from their representatives:—

Resolved:—"That this Society considers the state of the Catholic minority in Upper Canada, to be a most unjust one with regard to State Schoolism; and that we refuse our support to any government, or to any individual at the hustings, that will not procure or pledge themselves to grant the same privileges to the Catholic minority in Upper Canada, that are possessed by the Protestant minority in Lower Canada."

Resolved:—"That we will use all the constitutional means in our power to induce every lover of civil and religious liberty throughout Canada to unite with us in carrying out the objects of the foregoing resolutions."—Passed Unanimously, November 22nd 1857.

How then—if we be not pledge-breakers and liars—how can we ally ourselves with any party, or with any individual, that will not publicly pledge themselves, or himself, on the School Question? How then can we support any set of men who shall not have first given us their solemn assurance of their determination to do us full and immediate justice? The thing is impossible; and come what may, we at least will be faithful to our once plighted faith; we at least will not so far degrade ourselves as for mere secular or material considerations, to ally ourselves with any man or men, who shall not previously have approved himself, or themselves determined to promote our moral and spiritual interests; and to deliver us from the burden of an impious and demoralising School law. Others may change; but we cannot, even if we were so inclined; we would not, even if we could. We leave the game of tergiversation and dereliction of principle to others; content to abide by our old principles, even when adherence to principle is considered old-fashioned, and is unpopular; and if all others around us change, still, please God, it shall be our boast that we are the same to-day that we were yesterday, and what we shall be to-morrow.

Finally, therefore, we would request of the *Freeman* to tell us clearly and unambiguously, what he has stipulated on the School Question with those to whom he wishes us to give our political allegiance?

THE "GENERAL WITNESS"—Undeterred by the fate of his predecessors in the art of "parading the prophecies;" and the contempt with which the crude and idle divinations of Keith, Elliott, and other writers of a similar stamp, are treated by all intelligent and educated persons—our Montreal cotemporary in a late issue hazards some Scriptural interpretations of his own; and kind creature that he, she, or it is,—(for we are doubtful as to the editor's sex, though many assert confidently that the editor is an old woman)—applies the prophecies of Daniel, and those contained in the Apocalypse, to the events now transpiring in Europe; drawing thence the consoling reflection that the days of the Papacy are numbered; that the Man of Sin is about to be hurled from his seat; and that the Mystery of Iniquity is at last about to be unveiled. Her reasoning is unexceptionable, except in this one trifling particular, that it is based upon false data, and mere ridiculous assumptions. Thus she assumes that the "time, times, and half a time," the "three years and a half," and the "twelve hundred and sixty days," all signify the same thing, viz., a period of 1260 years. Next our amiable friend makes the important historical discovery that the Papacy was established "about"—(Protestants are not very particular as to a century or two)—"about the year 600; and thence, she concludes that, as 1260 added to 600, make 1860—so the period fixed for the destruction of Antichrist—i.e., the Pope—is nigh at hand. Wherefore she calls upon the daughters of Zion to break forth into singing, or such other nasal palmody as they may deem most befitting the occasion; and excites the young men of the Little Bethel to rejoice.

Now considering that the Papacy was established, not about the year 600, but by Christ Himself, and in the year 33 of our era, we cannot but suspect that there is some error in our cotemporary's calculations which essentially detracts from the value of her results. May not—we suggest it with all diffidence by our cotemporary—may not the mystic figures by her extracted from the prophetic records, bear some mysterious and as yet inexplicable reference to the large sums of money out of which the saintly directors and managers of a certain fraudulent *Savings Bank*, now happily defunct, swindled the depositors therein? This hypothesis—for we only put it forward as an hypothesis—we respectfully submit to our cotemporary, and the saintly fraudulent bankrupts, her fellow-laborers of the Holy Protestant Faith.

THE REMOVAL TO QUEBEC.—The Upper Canadian journals do not seem well pleased at the speedy removal of the seat of Government to Lower Canada; and the spirited action of the Ministry—to whom all praise is due for their determination to keep faith with Quebec—has provoked a good deal of tall writing from the champions of Anglo-Saxon Ascendancy. The fact is, however, fortunately accomplished; and in the course of the summer the requisite preparations will be made for holding the next Session of Parliament amongst our friends at Quebec. Though not an ardent admirer of the Ministry we cannot but respect the firmness with which they encountered and defeated the factious opposition of the Legislative Council.

The Bishop of Toronto arrived in Montreal for his Episcopal City on Tuesday. Mgr. De Charbonnel is, we are happy to say, in excellent health, in spite of the many cares and labors imposed upon him by his exalted position.

A full report of the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell's concluding lecture, delivered yesterday evening, shall appear in our next.

The N. Y. *Tribune* contradicts the report that Sickles is engaged to lecture before the Bible Society, and the Magdalen Association.

A HOAX.—A silly trick was played off at the expense of the public on Monday last, through the instrumentality of the Vermont and Boston Telegraph Line. It was announced through this channel that the steamer *Persia* had arrived off Cape Race, with news of a battle betwixt the Austrians and Sardinians; a report which in a short time was discovered to be utterly destitute of foundation. The authors of the hoax are at present unknown.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our Cobourg friend's letter too late for insertion this week, but shall appear in our next.

We (*Quebec Vindicator*) have much pleasure in transferring to our columns the following item from the *Londonbury Journal* of the 13th ult. This is one of the practical modes by which Irishmen can prove their love for the Old Land:—

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The Rev. Mr. Stephens requests us to acknowledge the receipt of £5 from Rev. Professor Campbell, St. Anne's College, Co. Kannonaska, Quebec, C. E.; contributed by himself, Hugh O'Neil, Wm. Kirwan, Thos. McGreevy, Patk. Lawlor, J. O'Doherty, Jas. Rocket, John Lane, Lawn Stafford, John O'Leary and John Flanagan, to assist in the purchase of Stained Glass for the East window St. Basilian's Church, now in progress at St. Johnstone.

We take great pleasure in calling the attention of those who may wish to procure New Garments to Mr. Gareau's Clothing Establishment, No. 271 Notre Dame Street, as being the best and cheapest, and where purchases may rely on being served with punctuality and attentiveness.

SIMON'S AGENCY TO DR. HINGHAM.—On Saturday afternoon, as Dr. Hingham was crossing a bridge over the Little River, near Redpath's Sugar Factory, his horse fell, owing to a defect in the roadway of the bridge, and the Doctor was thrown. The consequence, we regret to say, was a very serious dislocation of the shoulder, which will require some weeks of confinement before a cure can be effected.—*Herald*.

Rev. D. P. Livoerraco, Editor of the *Chicago New Current*, says of Mr. Brown's Branchial Treatise:—"We have frequently had occasion to test the efficacy of Brown's Branchial Treatise, and have invariably found them to answer the purpose for which they are recommended. Through our influence, others have tried them, and always with the most beneficial results, and so from our own personal experience and observation, we know them to be a superior remedy for colds, coughs, and bronchial complaints. No family should be without them, and every public speaker will find them absolutely invaluable. The two distinguished divines of our country, Henry Warr Beecher, and E. H. Chapin, bear testimony to their excellence, as our readers can see by getting a box of the Lozenges."

Married.—In the St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. J. Conolly, Mr. Patrick Lynch, eldest son of P. Lynch, Esq., late Alderman in the City Council, to Catherine Margaret, daughter of Mr. Angus McDonnell, Glengarry, C.W.

At Baltimore, on the 10th instant, Robert J. Darragh, son of Hugh Darragh, Esq., Montreal, to Jane, only daughter of Thomas Dougherty, Esq., of Baltimore.

At Quebec, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. McGahey, Mr. Michael Graham, Guller, of New Liverpool, to Miss Margaret Sidley, of Quebec.

Died.—In this city, on the 12th instant, Mary Eliza Cecilia Mahony, the beloved wife of Thomas McGreevy, Esq., aged 22 years and 8 months. Her funeral will take place on Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock, from her late residence, Mountain Street, and proceed to the Parish Church, from thence to the Catholic Cemetery.

At Cobourg, C.W., on Tuesday, 10th inst., Mr. Michael McKenny, aged 45 years. The deceased, who was a native of the County Fermanagh, Ireland, leaves behind him the reputation of a true Irishman, an honest citizen, and a sincere Christian, and his memory will long be fondly cherished by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. May his soul, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

DR. ANGUS MACDONELL,
181^{1/2} Notre Dame Street.
(Nearly opposite the Donaghai Hotel.)

ERIN GO BRAGH
A LECTURE will be delivered at the BONAVENTURE HALL, on TUESDAY EVENING next, the 17th inst., by Mr. P. W. BLACK, on "IRELAND and her NATIONALITY."

PRINCE'S BAND will be in attendance. Doors open at half-past SEVEN o'clock. Lecture to commence at EIGHT o'clock precisely. Tickets 25 cents; to be had at D. & J. Sullivan's Bookstore, and at the door of the Hall the evening of the Lecture.

TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES.
MR. MATHEWS has been Teaching at the Model School, Montreal, for the last two years, where he has given universal satisfaction, and is prepared to stand an examination on any, or all of the following subjects: English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Trigonometry, and Natural Philosophy. He can produce excellent Testimonials, and will shortly require a School. Apply to the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, C. E.

MONTREAL MODEL SCHOOL,
Near the Corner of Craig and St. Constant Streets.

Mr. W. DORAN,Principal.
" T. MATHEWS, Assistant English Master.
" J. M. DESROCHES,French Master.
For particulars apply at the residence of the Principal, 227 Laguchetiere Street, near St. Denis Street, or at the School.
May 12.

IMPORTANT TO
FARMERS AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.
NEW SEED WHEAT FROM SCOTLAND.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have received, per last Steamer from Liverpool, samples of 3,000 Bushels Scotch Fyte WHEAT, to arrive by first vessels. This Wheat has been selected for them with great care, and is imported expressly for Seed. Samples may be seen at their Office, and all other information obtained, if, by letter postpaid, addressed to

GREGORY & CO.,
37 Commissioners Street,
Montreal.
April 28, 1859.

FURNISHED BED ROOM, with use of Sitting Room and partial BOARD, if required. Address, "M. G.," True Witness Office.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

WAR FEELING IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the Globe says that the dislike of the French masses to a war with Austria, or any other war, is most gratuitously assumed.

PLOT AGAINST THE EMPEROR.—The Star Paris correspondent says:— "In spite of the gigantic efforts made by the police to maintain the strictest secrecy upon the subject, the fact of another conspiracy against the life of the Emperor has got abroad, and once more served to spread consternation amongst us on conviction of the insecurity amid which we live."

"On the very morning before the representation of Meyerbeer's new opera, an anonymous letter was received by the Prefect of Police, purporting to come from a person high in office, but whose allegiance to the Marianne enabled him to be certain that an attempt was about to be made to assassinate the Emperor on the occasion of his visit to the Opera Comique. The letter described the personal appearance of the individual who had drawn the lot which designated him as the instrument of the vengeance of the Marianne, gave his name at full length, told that he came from Lille where had been held the meeting wherein had been debated the subject of this execution, and furthermore went on to say that the personal character of the assassin being weak, and he being subject likewise to religious exaltation, it would be easy task to work upon these religious scruples, and the most important relations be thereby obtained. The writer was of opinion that the assassin would most likely be found in the nearest church during the greater portion of the day, and so it proved sure enough. Upon the description furnished by the anonymous correspondent, the individual was arrested in the church of the Petits Petres, at about four o'clock on the day in question, and carried off to the Prefecture, where he was submitted to an interrogatory which lasted over three hours, and from which, as had been anticipated, the most terrible revelations were extorted, which are said to have filled the witnesses present with the greatest amazement, not only at the audacious perseverance of the Marianne, but at the utter ignorance in which the police, in spite of its vigilance and numerous spies, must ever remain concerning the machinations of this dreaded association. The arrest of several letter-carriers belonging to the Bureau N. has given rise to the report of the discovery of a foyer of conspiracy amongst the honest employes in that line of business, but I believe this measure to be merely a precaution, in consequence of the warning letter to the police having been posted at that identical office."

The Times says:—"The present Emperor of France is not a self-denying man, he could digest half-a-dozen crowns without the smallest inconvenience. The French, too, understand thoroughly how to organize dominion won by force of arms. See what Italy was when Eugene was at Milan and Joachim at Naples! The gift of the Frenchman might be freedom, independence—call it what you will—but it was given in the sternest form, and not without a price.—When Italy was free and French, where were all the works of Italian art and the monuments of her ancient glory? In the museums of Paris.—What was the history of the Italian Conscripts? Segur tells us that some 100,000 of these children of the South were buried in the snows of Russia when the First Napoleon took a fancy to march to Moscow. We do not say this from national prejudice, nor even as imputing much blame to the French conquerors of those days. What a nation has won by force of arms it will apply to its own purposes and use for its behoof. There is nothing in modern history which should weaken the moral to be deduced from the old traditions of the human race. Give him the power, and the present Emperor of France will just do what his uncle did before him."

The Daily Telegraph says:—"Louis Napoleon is truly in a curious position for one who aimed at being the Dictator of Europe; he stands probably, at this moment, without a friend amongst the states of Europe, as he stands personally almost without a friend in France. He has espoused a cause which he cannot support, and Piedmont must discover his weakness; he has threatened Austria, and she returns his menaces with interest; he has tried Russia as a set off to the dreaded power of England as arbiter of the peace of Europe, and there is little doubt now that the Czar has repelled his advances and left him shivering in his isolation, making vain appeals to Germany to believe his intentions honest, and in terror lest the Ministers of England should be compelled to tell the House of Commons—'We have done all we can; we have tried all means of preventing war; we have met with sympathy from Austria, from Prussia, and from Russia; but we have failed to obtain that of our faithful ally who reigns over France, and who says 'his empire is peace!'"

The Civil Tribunal of Lyons has lately decided a case without parallel perhaps in justiciary annals.—An old man named Father Crepin, named as his universal legatee, the wife of a Swiss, or bedell, at the church of St. George, Lyons. The estate is said to be worth millions. Crepin was a miser beyond all men. He hired the services of Madame Fabre, at ten francs a year, less than three farthings a day.—Thinking he was unduly extravagant in hiring a servant he engaged to board and lodge with Madame Fabre, at the rate of three-pence-half-penny a day. For this sum she fed him, washed and mended for him for seven years. Father Crepin died at last, and left the wife of the Swiss his universal legatee. The natural heirs disputed the will, but the Civil Tribunal of Lyons held it good and valid, and sent away the Swiss and his wife rejoicing, with the millions of Father Crepin, the miser.

An alliance is said to have been entered into by France and Russia. A French loan of 50,000,000 francs had been announced. French troops were entering Piedmont, and great warlike activity prevailed throughout France. England and France had protested against the conduct of Austria. An offensive and defensive alliance between France and Russia is reported to have been concluded on the 22d ult. The announcement caused great excitement.

The Paris Constitutional and the Daily News deny the reported alliance between France and Russia.—The latter says the document signed is a mere convention. The Times professes to give the provisions of the treaty, and draws the most threatening consequences from them, regarding the alliance as a menace to England, inasmuch as Russia guarantees the services of her fleet in the Mediterranean and Baltic, in addition to the army of observation on the Austrian frontiers. It was reported that Denmark had concluded a treaty offensive and defensive with France.

The Patrie says:—The Emperor and Prince Napoleon will leave on Wednesday evening, the 27th, to join the Army. The Aide de Camp, who will accompany them have been already appointed. Troops had arrived at Toulon, intended to commence the formation of a camp to consist of 40,000 men. The Regiments which had quitted Paris were enthusiastically cheered by the people as they departed. Canrobert had gone to assume the command allotted to him. The imperial guard had been placed on a war footing; 50,000 French troops were expected to be in Italy by the 1st of May. The French troops were landing at Genoa in large numbers. They were most enthusiastically received.

The three provinces of the Society of Jesus, in France, number 700 missionaries on foreign missions. FRANCE AND SAVOY.—The following is an account of the alliances which have taken place between the house of Savoy and that of France:—Amadeus VI. married Bonne de Bourbon, sister of Joan, wife of the Dauphin Charles, who was afterwards Charles V. King of France; Amadeus VII. called the Red, married, in 1376, Bonne de Berri, daughter of John, Duke de Berri; Amadeus VIII. married, about 1401, Mary daughter of Philippe the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; Philippe III. called Lackland, married, in 1433, Marguerite, daughter of Charles de Bourbon, Duke of Auvergne; Emmanuel Philibert, called the Iron-Head, married, in 1559, Marguerite, sister of Henry II. King of France; Victor Amadeus I. married, in 1693, Françoise of France, daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans; Victor Amadeus II. married, in 1684, Anne Marie d'Orleans; lastly, three children of Victor Amadeus III. (son-in-law of Philip V., King of Spain), married into the family of the elder Bourbons; Mary Josephine, in 1771, to Louis Stanislas, Count de Provence, brother of Louis XVI., afterwards Louis XVIII.; Mary Theresa in 1773 to Charles Philippe, Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.; and Charles Emmanuel, Prince, and afterwards King of Piedmont, in 1775, to Mary Adelaide Clotilde of France, sister of Louis XVI.

BELGIUM.

The Belgian ministry has succeeded in defeating, by 65 to 33, a bill brought in by the Catholic party for small territorial districts for bustings. The ministry followed up this success by a clause providing that votes should be taken in alphabetical order, and not in parishes. The expected effect of this measure will be to place the electors at the mercy of the organised mobs of the infidel party.

AUSTRIA.

The official Vienna Gazette publishes the communication which calls on Piedmont to reduce her army to a peace footing—to disband her volunteers, and within three days to give a positive answer to these requirements—in conclusion, it emphatically threatens to resort to arms in the unfortunate event of Piedmont not acceding to Austria's demands. The three days allowed by Austria to Sardinia, expired on the 29th ult. The Austrians were expected to cross the Ticino at any moment. In an extraordinary sitting of the Federal Diet at Frankfurt, on the 25th, the proposal of Prussia to keep the principal Federal Contingents in readiness and to take all necessary steps for arming the federal fortresses, was agreed to. The German Diet had decided to keep the principal Federal contingents ready to march, and to arm federal forts.

The conduct of Austria most favorably contrasts with that of both her enemies. It is no small testimony to the Cabinet of Vienna that its conduct has been characterized by the Leader of the British House of Commons with the assent of all his hearers except Lord Palmerston and Mr. T. Duncombe, as distinguished by a spirit of dignified conciliation throughout the whole of the negotiations. The record of this straightforward and conciliatory conduct is found in the sympathy even of those who dislike the Austrian system of government, while the warmest partisans of Piedmontese liberalism are shocked at the recklessness and the selfishness displayed by Count Cavour in his recent policy. The Edinburgh Review says, there is not a lot to be bit in the case of Austria. She menaces no neighbor; she does not covet the possession of others;—all she desires is the peaceful enjoyment of her own. If Lombardy and Venice are now a portion of her territories, that is not her fault, but her misfortune.—They were forced upon her, solely against her will, by the Congress of 1815, for the express purpose of guaranteeing Italy against future French domination as Sardinia was enlarged at the same time for the very same reason. The Bourbons, seeing that France had never gained anything but loss from interference in Italy, gladly assented to the arrangement. An Imperial Bonaparte cannot be expected to entertain much love for stipulations entered into in direct contravention of the whole policy which the founder of his race had pursued. France, however, is bound by the treaty of Vienna, unless her ruler retracts his declaration at Bordeaux, and proclaims the resuscitated Empire to mean war of aggression and aggrandisement; and it is hard to believe that Napoleon III., unless he has lost his strong reasoning powers, will thus throw down the gauntlet to Europe. Let him but honestly and frankly declare for peace, and the question whether or not Sardinia shall at once disarm, is not worth a moment's consideration. Austria can always defend her own territory from Piedmontese invasion, and clip the wings of Sardinian audacity.—Weekly Register.

A correspondence, addressed at Vienna to the Havas agency, says: that if war breaks out in Europe the Western Provinces of the Turkish Empire will avail themselves of the impossibility for the Government to be assisted by any of the European powers, to shake off the yoke of the Turks.—Ami de la Religion.

RUSSIA.

According to the new Prussian Gazette, the Russian Government had taken resolution to place the Corps d'Armee of General Suders on a war footing.

The Cabinet of St. Petersburg had declared its intention not to advance so long as Germany also refrains from doing so; otherwise a corps of observation would be placed on the Austrian frontiers.

ITALY.

SARDINIA.—The King of Sardinia had issued inspiring proclamations to the army, saying he regarded the Austrian ultimatum as an insult, and treated it with disdain.

The Piedmontese were to defend themselves at Sosis, and there wait for the French.

The King of Sardinia had gone to join the army at Alexandria.

The Tuscan army had called on the Grand Duke to join France and Piedmont, and declare war against Austria. He declined and fled, and Tuscany had declared in favor of a military dictatorship.

NAPLES.—Disturbances had taken place at Palermo, followed by numerous arrests.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

Sir, By pointing Europe to two sources of disturbance, Austria in Italy, and the Papal States, the Emperor of France has given an impetus to revolution for Austria is the only strength in Italy.—I do not except Sardinia the revolutionary; nor the French troops in Rome, because they came with a revolutionary manifesto from the President who as Emperor has only shown the persistency of his ideas. These ideas it is useless to discuss. Catholics in England deceive themselves if they imagine that reforms in the Papal administration, or non-intervention by Austria, will mend the matter. The Romans are reaping French sowing—infidel revolutionary opinions, spoliation, and consequent taxation. The baseness of the people, dread of the stiletto, greedy corruption and fear, prevent the first conditions of any government, honesty among officials, and a firm police. Mazzini boasted that society should through the agency of the secret societies crumble of itself at a signal given. Much has been prepared that way. Much by Bible and tract distributors, and other spies of infidelity. You see men at Mass through superstition, or as a blind; the heart is not there. Out of doors, panics show the weakness of the executive and the well-disposed. Instinct teaches the disaffected that the Pope is not a man of the sword, and that Rome to be materially great, must get rid of religion. From the Mazzinians, with their public banquets among the ruins, statues and apostrophes to old Rome, to the Sicels, which would send him a pensioner to Jerusalem, death to the priesthood, and end to the Pope of Rome, are a sine qua non. They know that the ecclesiastics, men of education from every rank in life, have administrative abilities; and that the notion of substituting the Roman nobility, who have neither talents nor pluck, or the rapacity of laymen more meanly born, is a farce; a farce to end in a tragedy for the benefit of the Red Republic. And for a time the sons of the torch and the dagger may thrive; and that reign of terror, which Palmerston praised as good government, come again to pass. If the Romans have not faith in their religion and the Pope, they cannot be ruled by him. If those who have faith are worthless in action and without sinews to defend the Pope and themselves, they must suffer. The energetic minority will prevail, and the French revolution be worked out in Italy. I take no account of armies whose masters may at any moment be paralysed by death. The vital forces of the population are revolutionary. In Tuscany men speak openly of the abdication of the Grand Duke.—They want the youngest son, whose age and easy nature may seem to their purpose; as, indeed, any cry or change is to revolutionists a gain.—At Pisa excited youths, who are ready enough with their knives, may be seen giving imaginary stabs whilst waiting for the hunt, which they expect to begin at Leghorn. Some weeks ago, you might have seen a class of men, strangers to the town, once seen never to be forgotten. The fixed look, half-lust, half-sneering cruelty, noting everything from the shadows of the slouched hat as though it noted nothing, reminds you of the Homeric kunoits.—The signs exchanged between apparent strangers, curious groupings, wary conversations, threats of death painted at night upon the houses especially of the clergy, an indefinite but evident uneasiness, neglect of the police, government orders torn down, warn the observer that the demons of revolution are abroad and danger not far off. The tears of the religious, the sowl at the monk, vacant faces at sermons, impudence in the churches, insults to the better-dressed, rank upon rank tramping at the torch-light funeral, songs yelled out at dusk and through the night, men well dressed consorting with the rabble, indicate whence the danger is and to whom.—Between seven and eight at night a report like a cannon brings crowds into the streets, some through curiosity, others with remarkable unconcern; young recruits stroll about, bodies of young men move with a kind of method. It was a bomb. Who fired it? Nobody knows; and in a little town, with plenty of swaggering gendarmes and comfortable soldiers, society is left to agitation and nothing done to detect and punish. As in '48, when twenty lads from Leghorn roned about the quays stiletto in hand, shouting death to whom they would, and people shut themselves up in their houses—so now the like cowardly indifference. Can a race whose national weapon is the stiletto, whose onset is from behind and generally in the dark, win liberty or k e p it? Do they deserve it? Sardinia boasts that she is free; how, and to whom? In the mountain districts between Pisa and Genoa the terraced slopes with corn sown in handbreads exhibit long and patient toil. The beggar children swarm after your coach; faces gant with misery peer in for alms; the villages are wretched. When you see the country, you would think that a Christian government would thank the hermit, the monk, or priest that would live there and do something to console the poor. If there were no convents, it would plant them, not destroy. In the mountainous country near Rome the intense heat of the sun, fevers and malaria, are against toil: yet the people work, and hardly too, and I never remember to have seen misery ingrained such as I saw along this road; nor did I ever see a vetturino in any part of the Roman states so restless and watchful if man or child approached the luggage behind. It was characteristic, too, that at the frontier the Tuscan official refused a fee whilst the Sardinian taxed the passport and asked for more as grace, and the customs' people claimed their sop for their formality.—On the Riviera you might suppose some Iconoclast parson had travelled to Chiaveri. The little marble images of the blessed Virgin were almost all decapitated, and mostly the infant Saviour too. A child in the mother's arms is horrible to the unbeliever. He has his objects of veneration. Near Genoa, a gay painted villa presented three statues with the names, Garibaldi, Ugo Bassi; the third escaped me. The old lady with her grey hair and distaff who stood with her two sheep to say a prayer by an image that had escaped mutilation, was surely out of date. Chiaveri had its hero worshippers.—Above the town the Stations of Christ's Passion were in ruins. The waiter called me to the window to witness the entry of eighty vagabonds from Parma. As many had been welcomed the day before. They were marched with flags and music straight to the military depot; part for Garibaldi, part for the army of Piedmont. These are the emigrants of Cavour; a subterfuge worthy of a face which appears in the print shops with the mixed cunning and insolence of an Italian mercer. One of these men was a minister. "You don't mean to say a priest?" "Yes; priest, minister—as you like." "Then one of the priestly canaille we have had in England, who go and get married." I soon learned that my informant had compared Martin's and Diodati's bibles, and found them word for word the same; had his crochets about the second commandment, and thought every creed, Pagan or Mohammedan, all right so long as a man believed in a God; and I believe he was correct in his assertion that half the people will change their religion. Sardinia is free indeed to the defiler of the temple and the rebel. At Genoa, one of the local papers was pointed out as containing a curious argument in verso. The Emperor is asleep. The shades of the Bonapartes enter. Napoleon lectures him. Murat riddled by Croatian balls. Napoleon II. made lean and effeminate; the family and France call out for blood. Then come threats how Italians deal with perjured kings; Brutus, Pieschi, Orsini with his bomb. The Congress is to close with another at Turin in which only the martyrs of Italy shall intervene. This stuff, redolent of blood and the stiletto, is welcomed in a country where the assassin is held as a hero. But, out of Italy, I say again, no man will believe in liberty which destroys religion and boasts of murder. The citizen sentinels look odd enough. The regular infantry have a saggid and sullen look, as if they did not much relish the prospects before them.

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The war cry is in Naples as strong as in any part of the peninsula, and the very fact that all court war, with its ten thousand horrors, so enthusiastically is the strongest proof that could be adduced of the conviction of the public mind that the sufferings of the country may be safely attributed to Austria. It is not in Piedmont or Lombardy alone that this detestation of Austria exists, but one meets with it even at the very extremity of the Peninsula. There must be strong cause for a sentiment so universal. The general question, then, the Neapolitans are disposed for the time to sacrifice all questions of internal reform, or to regard them at least as secondary, though an agitation for the Constitution is again beginning. There is a publicity, too, about the popular excitement which has not been witnessed for a long time. The hand is loosening which kept the reins of power so tight. A Government is dying, a crisis is approaching, and the apprehension with which it is expected calls off the attention of those in power from the speculation and excitement of the public. Indeed, they have become so courageous now as to propose to petition for a Constitution or to make peaceable demonstration in its favour.—Corr. Times.

INDIA.

The Times correspondent says things have become so peaceable throughout India that there is little to say respecting movements of rebels. A grand entertainment was to be given to the following regiments previous to their departure for England—14th Dragoons, 65th, 86th and 78th Regiments of Foot. The greater part of the correspondence is devoted to financial topics and the new customs tariff.

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THE NATIONAL ITALIAN SOCIETY.—The Cologne Gazette publishes a document which it describes as the "secret instructions of the National Italian Society," and signed G. Garibaldi, Vice-President, and G. Farina, Secretary. Articles 1 and 2 of this document are thus conceived:—"1. As soon as hostilities shall have commenced between Piedmont and Austria you will rise in insurrection to the cry of 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel for ever!' 'Down with the Austrians!' 2. If an insurrection be not possible in your town the young men capable of bearing arms must leave it and must go to the nearest in which an insurrection may have succeeded or may have the chance of succeeding. Choose in preference the towns situated in the vicinity of Piedmont." Art. 4 recommends the adherents of the society not to be the first to fire on the Hungarians or Italian soldiers, but on the contrary to employ all means to win them over to the Italian cause, to receive as brothers those who may desert, &c. Art. 9 states that a permanent court-martial will be established to judge within twenty-four hours persons guilty of acts of hostility to the national cause, or against the life and property of peaceable citizens. It says also:—"The secretary will not permit the establishment of clubs or political journals, but will publish an official bulletin recording all important facts. He will maintain the most severe discipline in the militia, and will be without pity to deserters." "The secretary will not permit the establishment of clubs or political journals, but will publish an official bulletin recording all important facts. He will maintain the most severe discipline in the militia, and will be without pity to deserters."

ROSES.—The departure of volunteers, which had hitherto been inconsiderable, now begin to increase rapidly. 250 young men have left Perugia for Piedmont. A seditious plot took place the day before yesterday among the students of Bologna, and the troops were obliged to fire upon them. It is stated that several persons were wounded. Austria is increasing the garrison of Ferrara.

The Prince of Wales is still at Rome, where he passes his time in visiting the various persons and places of celebrity, princes in their palaces and artists in their studios. Major Teasdale, late of Kars, has succeeded Captain Grey as Esquerry to the Prince. On the 17th ultimo Jerusalem was astir, it having been rumoured that the Prince of Wales would visit that city, and preparations on a grand scale were made for his reception. He did not arrive, however, till next evening, when he was received in the greatest state, amid the firing of cannon and the acclamations of the people. Next morning, he visited most of the places of interest in the neighborhood of the city. On the following Monday, the 23rd, he departed for the Dead Sea.

The Roman correspondent of the Daily News apprises us that the indecent and irreverent conduct of the English and American visitors at the Roman churches has at length brought down an official censure. It appears that it is the custom of the Government at Easter to issue cards of admission for ladies to privileged seats. "I am informed (says our authority) that this year a delicate hint is to be inscribed on the card that more orderly conduct than has on some occasions been displayed will be desirable. The King of Naples is dying, and the most unjustly maligned and foully slandered of European Sovereigns is passing from this world. The great conspiracy against truth which has been so laboriously maintained so long, even before his death, proves insufficient to conceal the fact that the dispositions of the dying King are such as would be edifying in the most exemplary Christian. The persevering attempts to represent him as a monster hated by his subjects, are yielding to sullen admissions that he dies, not only respected and regretted, but beloved, nay, more, that his death will be a misfortune to his kingdom. The day is not far distant when many a writer will wish that he could boast with us, that he had never lent his pen to propagate malignant libels against Ferdinand of Naples.—Tribune.

The war cry is in Naples as strong as in any part of the peninsula, and the very fact that all court war, with its ten thousand horrors, so enthusiastically is the strongest proof that could be adduced of the conviction of the public mind that the sufferings of the country may be safely attributed to Austria. It is not in Piedmont or Lombardy alone that this detestation of Austria exists, but one meets with it even at the very extremity of the Peninsula. There must be strong cause for a sentiment so universal. The general question, then, the Neapolitans are disposed for the time to sacrifice all questions of internal reform, or to regard them at least as secondary, though an agitation for the Constitution is again beginning. There is a publicity, too, about the popular excitement which has not been witnessed for a long time. The hand is loosening which kept the reins of power so tight. A Government is dying, a crisis is approaching, and the apprehension with which it is expected calls off the attention of those in power from the speculation and excitement of the public. Indeed, they have become so courageous now as to propose to petition for a Constitution or to make peaceable demonstration in its favour.—Corr. Times.

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French force once in England, Portsmouth and Plymouth seized, and the Channel made clear for French reinforcements, what is there to prevent England being held by an enemy long enough for the destruction of her empire and the dictation of an ignominious peace? This is the argument of foreigners who dislike us no more than all foreigners do, and have no wish to see French power increased in Europe.

UNITED STATES. VESSELS IN THE NAVY.—At the close of the present summer the American Navy will comprise ten ships of the line, ten frigates, twenty one sloops of war, three brigs, one schooner, thirty-seven screw steamers of different grades, nine side-wheel steamers of different grades, three store ships, and five receiving ships: total ninety-nine vessels.

Table with columns: Name, Place, Amt. Due. Lists names of subscribers and their locations and amounts due.

Table with columns: Name, Amount. Lists names of donors and their respective contribution amounts.

LETTER FROM NORTH CAROLINA. DR. SETH W. FOWLE. Dear Sir,—I have been more or less troubled with a severe pain in the left side, accompanied by a very bad cough, and a raising of blood, probably a quart or more.

JOY TO THE WORLD! DEAR SIR:—I feel that it is a duty I owe to suffering humanity that I should give a relation of the great benefits I have derived from the use of Perry Davis's Pain Killer.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA, CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, &c. PREPARED from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair.

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MONTREAL ACADEMY, Bonaventure Hall. THE next Term of this Institution commences on MONDAY next, 2nd MAY, under the Professorship of Mr. P. FITZGERALD.

EDUCATION. MR. M. C. HEALY will OPEN his SCHOOL on MONDAY next, 2nd MAY, in St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, No. 95, in the School-house lately occupied by Mr. ANDERSON.

HOW GIRLS LIVE. ONE OF THEMSELVES. A most interesting, lively and agreeable Tale of American Social Life. Send Orders to 371 Broadway, New York.

PRIVATE TUITION. MR. ANDERSON, sincerely grateful for past favours, begs to notify the gentry of Montreal and vicinity that, in consequence of his recent appointment to a Professorship in the Montreal Model School, Gate Street, his Classes for the Private Tuition of Young Gentlemen for entering the Army or Matriculation in McGill College, will from 1st May next, be held in the Rooms of advanced Instruction.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, &c. FOR SALE. At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. TEAS (GREEN). GUNPOWDER, very fine. YONGE (HAYSON), best quality.

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE. A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness it is without a rival. It prevents the hair from falling off. It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.

P. P. P. PARK'S PAINFUL PLASTERS. They soothe pain; protect the chest; they extract the congealed impurities and soreness from the system, and impart strength. They are divided into sections, and yield to the motion of the body.

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- Bellefleur—M. O'Dempsey.
- Brock—Rev. J. R. Lee.
- Brookville—P. Furlong.
- Branford—W. McManamy.
- Cobourg—M. McKeany.
- Casnoville—J. Knowlson.
- Chambly—J. Hackett.
- Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
- Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
- Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy.
- Dawidville—J. M'iver.
- Dundas—J. McGerrald.
- Egansville—J. Bonfield.
- Eastern Townships—P. Hackett.
- Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
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- St. Albans—T. Dunn.
- St. Ann de la Pointe—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
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- St. Raphael—A. McDonald.
- St. Remi—H. M'Gill.
- St. Romuald d'Elechemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
- Thorold—John Heenan.
- Tinwick—T. Donegan.
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R. P. having a large and neat assortment of Boots and Shoes, solicits an inspection of the same, which he will sell at a moderate price.

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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
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In its plan of Literary and Scientific Studies, it will combine every advantage that can be derived from an intelligent and conscientious instruction in the various branches of learning becoming their sex. Facility will be offered for the acquisition of those Ornamental Arts and Sciences, which are considered requisite in a finished education; while propriety of Department, Personal Neatness, and the principles of Morality will form subjects of particular assiduity. The Health of the Pupils will also be an object of peculiar vigilance, and in case of sickness, they will be treated with maternal solicitude.
The knowledge of Religion and of its duties will receive that attention which its importance demands, as the primary end of all true Education, and hence will form the basis of every class and department. Differences of religious tenets will not be an obstacle to the admission of Pupils, provided they be willing to conform to the general Regulations of the Institute.

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Book and Stationery, (if furnished by the Institute),	2 50
Washing, (for Boarders, when done in the Institute),	5 00
Use of Library, (if desired),	0 50
Physicians' Fees (medicines charged at Apothecaries' rates),	0 75
Italian, Spanish, and German Languages, each,	5 00
Instrumental Music,	8 00
Use of Instrument,	3 00
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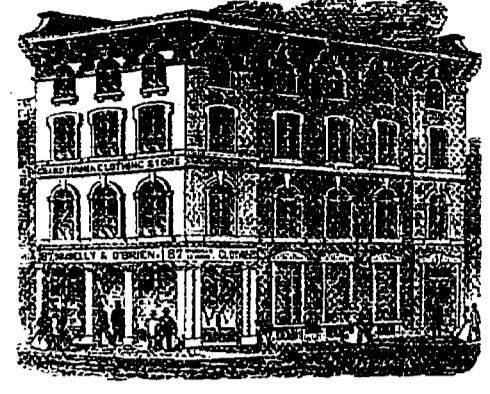
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GENERAL REGULATIONS.
The Annual Vacation will commence the second week in July, and scholastic duties resumed on the first Monday of September.
There will be an extra charge of \$15 for Pupils remaining during the Vacation.
Besides the "Uniform Dress," which will be black, each Pupil should be provided with six regular changes of Linen, six Table Napkins, two pairs of blankets, three pairs of Sheets, one Counterpane, &c., one white and one black bobinet Veil, a Spoon and Gobelet, Knife and Fork, Work Box, Dressing Box, Combs, Brushes, &c.
Parents residing at a distance will deposit sufficient funds to meet any unforeseen exigency. Pupils will be received at any time of the year.
For further particulars, (if required,) apply to His Lordship, the Bishop of London, or to the Lady Superior, Mount Hope, London, C. W.

1859. SPRING AND SUMMER. 1859.

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The Proprietors of the above well-known
CLOTHING & OUT-FITTING
ESTABLISHMENT,
RESPECTFULLY announce to their Patrons and the Public generally that they have now completed their SPRING IMPORTATIONS; and are prepared to offer for Sale the
LARGEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST STOCK
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READY-MADE CLOTHING & OUT-FITTING
(All of their own Manufacture)
EVER PRESENTED TO THE CANADIAN PUBLIC.

Their Stock of Piece Goods consists in part of—French, West of England, German, and Venetian BROAD CLOTHS, and CASSIMERES; also fancy DOESKIN; Scotch, English, and Canadian TWEEDS, &c., &c.
The choice of VESTINGS is of the newest Styles and best Qualities.
Their Out-Fitting Department contains, amongst others articles, Fancy Flannel Shirts; Australian and English Lambs' Wool do.; every description of Hosiery; White, Fancy French Fronto, and Regatta Shirts; Shirt Collars, &c., of every style and quality.
Also a great number of French, English, and American India Rubber Coats—Reversible and otherwise.
The whole to be disposed of at
ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.
To give an idea of how cheap we sell our goods, we here state the price of a few articles:—
Black Cloth Coats from \$4.00 to \$25.00
Tweed, Do. " 1.50 to 12.00
Vests, " " 0.75 to 8.00
Pants, " " 0.75 to 10.00
N.B.—A Liberal Discount made to Wholesale purchasers.

DONNELLY & O'BRIEN,
87 M'GILL STREET,
Montreal, April 14, 1859.

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PASSAGE CERTIFICATES,
PER SABEL & SEARLE'S FIRST CLASS LINE of Packet Ships, from LIVERPOOL to
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Rates and information will be furnished on application. All letters must be pre-paid.
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MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS
JOHN McCLOSKEY,
Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer.
28, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years, and now solicits a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality.
He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woolens, &c.; as also, scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Morcen 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.
N.B.—Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer.
Montreal, June 21, 1853.

NOTICE.

MONSTER SALE

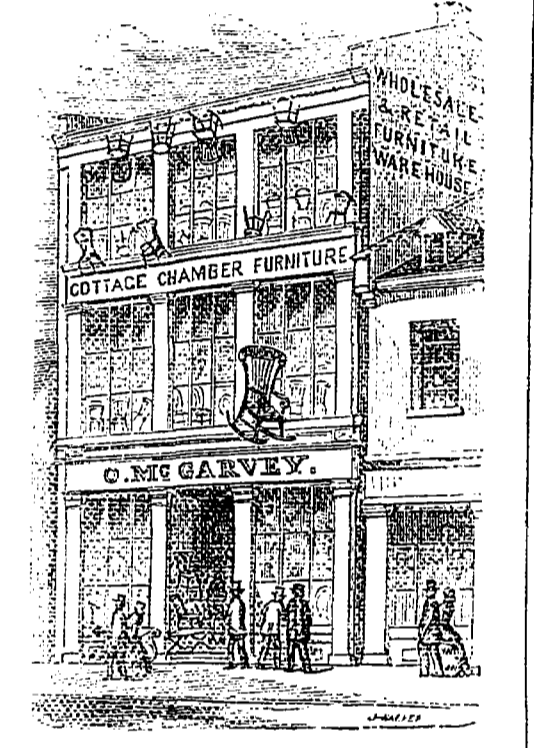
SIX THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH
OF
DRY GOODS.

THE
ST. LAWRENCE MART COMPANY,
MAIN STREET,

Giving up Business on the 1st of May, the lease having expired, has commenced to
SELL OFF

From THURSDAY, the 14th of APRIL, THE ENTIRE STOCK of FANCY and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, part of which is the Spring importation, consisting of Delaines, Cobourgs, Cassimeres, Silks, Satins, Poplins, Bareges, Pelotes, Muslins, Prints, Mantles, Parasols, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Sewed Muslin Work, Table Linen, Sheetting, Towelling, Blankets, Counterpanes, Carpeting, Rugs, &c. A large assortment of Superfine Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, Shirts, Collars, Neck Ties, Braces, &c.

The Establishment has closed for a time to re-mark the Stock at a reduction of One-Third, and in some instances One-Half, so as to effect an entire clearance; and as there are but two weeks to close out the Entire Stock, the greatest possible dispatch will have to be carried out in all the departments till the closing day of sale.
The Goods are marked in plain figures, and no second price made.
Hours of Business from half-past nine o'clock in the morning, to seven o'clock in the evening.
No parcels will be sent till after business hours.
ST. LAWRENCE MART COMPANY,
St. Lawrence Main Street.
April 13, 1859.



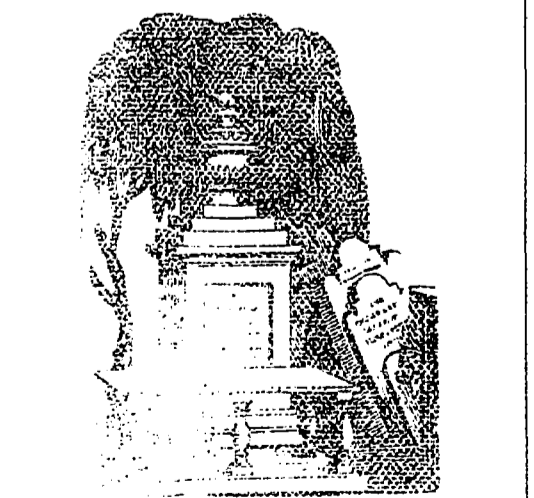
THE most important news of the season—the greatest excitement being felt from the fact being made known—is that

McGARVEY'S LARGE STORE

IS NOW OPENED,
with an entire new Stock of the choicest styles of **PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE**, at prices that will be found lower than ever before offered, as he has availed himself of the advantage of purchasing his Stock during the winter for cash, and securing the best Goods in the market for prices that would astonish all. He would call special attention to his large assortment of **PARLOUR, CHAMBER and DINING ROOM FURNITURE** of Black Walnut, Mahogany, Oak, Chestnut, and Enamelled Furniture, from \$29 to \$175 a set, and a large Stock of Mahogany, Black Walnut Centre Tables (Marble top); also a splendid ornamented Centre Table, representing William Tell shooting an apple off a boy's head, Washington, Indian Chiefs, and containing 7, 69 separate pieces of wood.

Those in want of such goods will best consult their own interest by calling at 244 Notre Dame Street, and examining his Stock. All goods warranted to be what they are represented, if not, they can be returned within one month after date of sale and the money will be refunded. All goods delivered on Board the Cars or Boats, or at the residence of parties who reside inside the Toll Gates free of charge.
OWEN MCGARVEY,
244 Notre Dame Street, near the French Square,
Wholesale and Retail.
April 14.

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



WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVESTONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above-mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition.
N.B.—W.C. manufactures the Montreal stone, if any person prefers them.
A great assortment of White and Colored MARBLE just arrived for Mr. Cunningham, Marble Manufacturer, Bleury Street, near Hanover Terrace

REMOVAL.

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

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS,
KINGSTON, O.N.;
Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.
A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils.
TERMS:
Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (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.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alternative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:—
SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TUMORS, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, SYPHILIS AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA OR TIC DOULOUREUX, DEBILITY, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION, ERYSIPELAS, ROSE OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation, of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or any thing else.
During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. And we think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.
Price, \$1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for \$5.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR THE CURE OF
Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetters, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.
They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.
Price 25 cents per Box; Five boxes for \$1.00.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these remedies, but our space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the above complaints, and the treatment that should be followed for their cure.
Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations they make more profit on. Demand Ayer's, and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.
All our Remedies are for sale by
Lyman, Savage, & Co., at Wholesale and Retail; and by all the Druggists in Montreal, and throughout Upper and Lower Canada.

GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY

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

THE undersigned Agent for the above Company is prepared to receive applications, and grant Policies. The Company insures all description of Buildings, Mills, and Manufactories, and Goods, Wares, and Merchandise contained therein.
Mr. Thomas M'Grath has been appointed Surveyor to the Company. All applications made to him will be duly attended to.
AUSTIN OUVILLIER, Agent.
Montreal, October 8, 1858.



COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, ASTHMA, CATARRH, any irritation or Soreness of the Throat, INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or Cough Lozenges.
To Public Speakers and Singers, they are effectual in clearing and giving strength to the voice.
"If any of our readers, particularly ministers or public speakers, are suffering from bronchial irritation, this simple remedy will bring almost magical relief."
CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN.
"Indispensable to public speakers."—ZION'S HERALD.
"An excellent article."—NATIONAL ERA, WASHINGTON.
"Superior for relieving hoarseness to anything we are acquainted with."—CHRISTIAN HERALD, CINCINNATI.
"A most admirable remedy."—BOSTON JOURNAL.
"Sure remedy for throat affections."—TRANSCRIPT.
"Efficacious and pleasant."—TRAVELLER.
Sold by Druggists throughout the United States.

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 Pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder-humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.
Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when given 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 Scabs on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such relief that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acid 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, Superioress of St. Vincents Asylum.
ANOTHER.
Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphan in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One is 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.