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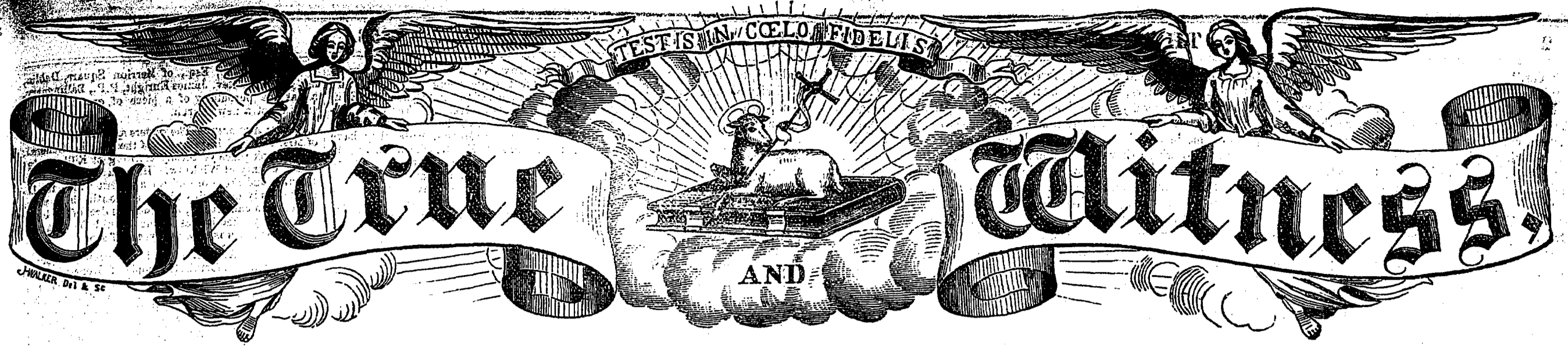
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. IX.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1858.

No. 11.

AN ADVENTURE.

I was the only passenger of the creaking stage, which started from "Black Heath Hotel," on that stormy, bleak autumnal night.

All day a drift of clouds had rested on the horizon, and a strange sound, mingled with the beating of the sea against the rock-bound coast near by, as though the wraiths of storm-tost mariners, wrecked off that windy shore long years before, steered phantom vessels through the weltering waves, and hailed the earthly schooners as they passed, with words of solemn warning.

It was a night to waken all the wild remembrances the spirit treasures up.

Old tales of robbery and murder grew vivid and distinct in every horrible particular, as if the pages from whence my childhood culled them, were once more before me.

As I thought of the lonely journey which lay before me at such an hour, and through such desolate and dreary scenes, my heart grew faint with terror.

It was necessary that I should journey in that night's-coach, in order that I might meet the morning train of cars, at the F— station.

Circumstances had detained the person who should have been my companion, and miles still lay between me and my expectant friends, consequently I was alone that cold October night, awaiting my departure in the parlor of the hotel. The apartment in which I awaited the moment of my departure, was large, and low, roofed, wainscoted with wood of almost ebon blackness.

In the huge chimney-place the flames roared fiercely, as the great oaken logs piled up in its recesses kindled on after the other. Two tall candles flared away on either end of the high wooden mantelpiece, throwing vermilion tinges on the japanned sides of an ancient tea-caddy, in the form of a temple.

Above hung a large and exceedingly cosmopolitan landscape, representing a Swiss cottage surrounded by palm trees. A lake of deepest blue in the foreground across which a Chinese bridge led to a building which was either mosque or belfry, as the imagination of the spectator wandered from homely scenes to the country of the Musselman. Among these varied scenes wandered a highly complexioned Indian gentleman, armed with an immense bow and arrows, who was apparently meditating on the propriety of making game of a crimson-crested phoenix, perched on the branches of the tallest palm-tree.

This work of art was the chief pride and boast of the worthy hostess of the Black Heath Hotel, who now sat before the fire with her dress folded upon her knees.

How round, and rosy was the matron, how fat, and fair, and dimpled. Gazing on her portly form, one almost forgot it was possible to be thin.

As my eyes turned from the dreary prospect without the diamond shaped panes through which I had been gazing, and fell upon the comfortable form of this good lady, imparadised in the warmth and security of that glowing hearth, I dreaded more than ever the discomforts of the dingy stage. Nor were my spirits raised by her kindly-meant condolences.

"Laws a massy," she said, it's an awful night, a most as dark as the one when black Grimes murdered the pedlar, just down the road here.— Did ye ever hear tell about it? they say it was in all the city papers, so of course you have. But that wasn't so terrible as the time he killed poor little Peggy, who lived out at service in the village. You see she was goin' home with her wages, [she was just about your age, Miss] and folks think he killed her because she wouldn't give up peaceable. Oh, he vss an awful fellow, that black Grimes, I assure ye.

I expressed a hope that Mr. Grimes would not fancy my unhappy self as his next victim, and was much relieved by receiving the information that he had experienced capital punishment not long since.

"Though," continued the good lady, "there's as bad as him along the road, and they do say his ghost walks every night along by the old elm trees, where he used to lay in wait for the travellers, and the farmers, going home from market."

This was comfortable intelligence, especially at this moment, the driver made his appearance at the door, wiping the froth of his last glass of beer from his lips, and announced that—"he was ready, and so was his horses."

Making the best I could of it I arose, and wrapping my cloak around me, I entered the rattling vehicle. My trunk was strapped on behind, my portmanteau stowed under the seat.— The driver, and a boy who assisted him climbed to the roof, and with a crack of the whip we were off, the landlady nodding farewell from the glowing window of the hostel, until it was hidden from sight by our descent into lower ground.

Let no one ever laud the old fashioned stage-coach in my presence, jolting, creaking, rumbling, rickety tortures, they must have been invented by some member of the inquisition to dislocate

the bones of all poor sinners who ventured into them.

An hour or more had elapsed, and our course was uninterrupted. A feeling of security began to replace the fears I had cherished at its commencement. My mind wandered to past scenes and distant friends, thence through the misty mazes of the unknown future, and then a drowsy lull crept over me, and I left the world for dream land.

I was aroused by a sudden jolt. The stage had stopped. The rain no longer rattled on its roof. A pale and watery moon struggled thro' the windy clouds above, showing two great elm trees with interlacing boughs, beneath which stood a man, wrapped in a heavy cloak, and wearing a slouched hat which nearly concealed his features.

Ghastly and strangely gaunt looked that draped figure in the dim moonlight.

Was it black Giles' wraith, or a living robber scarcely less terrible in that midnight loneliness? I trembled.

Nothing of air was this which stood with out, a living, breathing mortal. A common every day passenger he proved, for after a short colloquy the door was opened, and he stepped in and took his seat.

The light of the little lamp within fell full upon the stranger's form and face. While the seat which I occupied lay more within the shadow, so that apparently, he did not at first observe me, but believed himself alone, for he muttered to himself, and sat staring at nothing in a way which made my blood run cold.

He was a tall, thin man, apparently young in years, but with a hollow, careworn face; his eyes were black and piercing, and about his neck and temples hung rippling masses of jet black hair.

So long he sat wrapped in meditation, with his head sunken upon his breast that I tho't at last that he had fallen asleep, and wrapping my shawl more closely around me drew yet further into the shadow.

The movement seemed to attract his attention. He turned, arose, and snatching the little lamp from its place held it so that the light fell directly upon me.

"Oh!" he said, in a low, freezing whisper, "oh! a woman!" and then replacing the lamp subsided into silence. But the look with which these words were accompanied, and the tone in which they were uttered told all.

I was alone with a maniac!

The carriage was rattling rapidly on, there were no visible means of attracting the driver's attention. Should I scream for aid no one would hear me but my terrible companion. My only hope was that he might forget me, and in this hope I sat silent and motionless as was possible.

Nevertheless, in fifteen minutes at the farthest, the man again rose, and again took down the lamp and flung its light upon my face.

"A woman," he repeated, "a woman, young, lovely, and possessed of a good heart, madam, I beg your pardon, but is your heart good?"

I sat aghast!

"You need not answer," he continued, "I know you have. A good, true, constant, pure young heart, that is the kind what I am in search of. Madam, will you give me this good, true, constant, pure young heart of yours?" He replaced the lamp and waited for a reply.

"It is much to ask of a stranger, I am well aware," he continued, "but listen and I will tell you why I want it: I have been alive three centuries. I shall live another. The first century I was a boy—a boy with long, glossy, gold brown hair, for I remember well how my mother used to curl it round her finger. When this is done, and I go to Heaven, I shall have such hair again. I remember chasing butterflies, wading ankle deep in rain pools, or running barefoot along the green delicious grass. Ah! for a whole century I was a boy. I shall never know anything like it again until all the centuries are over.

"The second century had begun, and my hair had lost its gold and was dark as it is now, when I first met her. I remember when I met her, but not how. I think she rose one evening with the moon. I always think of moon and her eyes at the same moment, and this must be the reason.

"That second century was a very happy one. She sung to me songs she had learnt of the angels, and we used to walk together in the garden of Eden, (I know it was there, so you must believe me) hand in hand by starlight.

We were married then also, the music of the bells married us. I remember hearing it, it rose and swelled up the air, and died away in a low sighing prayer, and we were married. I had two friends, one came from the sunset of the first century. The bells that married us rang the other into life. Music, mirth, and wine, the time seemed made of these, until I forgot how or why I was far away in another country. Then one night when it was dark my first friend came to me, quickly stealthily, he told me something; he

had letters in his hand which she had written.— Don't ask me what was in them, I will never tell you, never.

"That night I was riding homeward I rode so fast that the echo has not died away yet, listen I hear it now."

And as he paused, the tramp of horses' hoofs fell on my ear, above the rattling of the coach wheels.

"I rode on," he continued, "I came to her home and found that it was all true. She was not an angel, no she was worse than a demon.

"You did wrong to love her," my friend had said to me, "she has a bad heart."

"I thought of this a long time, and then I sought her chamber. She slept, oh! how beautiful she was. She was an angel, my friend was right. It was only her heart that was bad, she was perfect.

"As I knelt there I made a great resolve, I would take away that bad heart and give her a good one.

"I would do it while she slept, and when she awakened how she would bless me for the good pure heart I should have given her. I had a dagger in my belt, and I took it out and slow, softly, so that she would not waken, I cut away that bad evil heart which had grown there so strangely, a lock of hair not mine, but the friend's who was rung into life by the bells which married us, lay upon the heart, and I threw them both together into the river which ran beneath the window.

"She is laying now white, and cold, and still upon her couch waiting for her heart, the pure new heart I have been searching for, and now that I have found it, I will have it if I tear it out. Give me your heart, quick, quick, your heart. The echo of my horse's hoof are growing louder, and she is waiting there without a heart," and the maniac drew a dagger from his breast, and sprang toward me.

But at that moment the stage stopped. Two horsemen dashed up to the window, opened the door and dismounted, the maniac hastily alighted and ran towards the trees, after reaching which, he turned brandishing the dagger, and rushed towards me as I was descending the steps of the coach. It was a moment of terror, but happily the officials arrived in time to seize, and secure the wretched being ere his fell purpose was consummated.

"Hope you aint frightened, Miss," said the driver. "I hadn't no idea this here gentleman was looney, or I wouldn't her give him a lift.— They've been arter him all day. He's been crazy, and killin' his wife, that's all about it. All right then."

With the morning sun I was among my friends, but never in all my life shall I forget that terrible night on the Black Heath road.

THE VILLAGE BRAVO.

Nearly every country village has its "bravo." We do not mean "an assassin," nor "a man who murders for hire," as Worcester explains the word; but we mean the one man to whom all must give way—the man who can "whip anybody in the town"—the great big animal who thinks his position enviable, and who is envied by men with little bodies and littler brains.

Our village had its bravo, at all events; and a perfect type of his class he was, too. His name was Jonathan Burke, though I never heard him called Jonathan but once, and that was before a justice's court. Jack Burke was his name "the world over," as he often said. He was a big burly fellow; six feet and two inches tall; with broad, massive shoulders; great long arms; and a head like a small pumpkin. His face was characteristic. A low receding forehead; small pug nose; thick, heavy lips; and a broad, deep chin. His eyes were of a light grey, verging upon a cat-like green, while his hair, which was coarse and crisp, was of a burnt, sun-dried color, neither red nor flaxen, nor yet of a dark hue.— The only feature in the whole man which tended to detract from his herculean proportions was the flat, or rather hollow, appearance of his breast. To one skilled in anatomy, or physiology, it would have been at once apparent that he had but little of what is generally denominated "bottom," and that a long continued physical effort would have reduced his "wind" to a weak point.

Jack Burke was born and reared in our village, and ever since he had begun to go to school he had been the terror of all unlucky wights who chanced to cross his path.— He beat his companions without mercy and took delight in being feared. As he grew older he became more insolent and overbearing, and at the time of which we write he was disliked by all the decent people of the place. His voice was loud and coarse, and it broke in upon all circles which might be gathered near him.

And then this bravo did not possess that spirit of generosity usually betrayed by those who happen to be giants in size and strength. He was,

on the contrary low and mean, taking delight in tormenting the weak, and even laying out his full strength upon those not half his size. In short he was a coward as well as a bravo. He forced himself upon all our little gatherings, and seemed to take delight in stalking about, and realizing that none of us could "put him out."— He was now twenty-two, and was fast forgetting all of useful knowledge he had ever gained at school.

Among the recent accessions to the population of our village was a young doctor named William Granby. He was a small pale-looking man, not over five feet ten inches in height, and quite slim in frame; but the man who studied him closely would have seen that his paleness was the result of long confinement over his studies, and was more, after all, a delicate fairness of the skin than the want of health. And it would also have been seen that his light frame was a very muscular one, and most admirably moulded and put together.

William Granby was what the girls of our village called a handsome man, and none of the youth envied him the flattering encomiums he received from the female portion of our community, for as we became acquainted we loved him for the manly and generous qualities we found in him. He was a warm friend and noble opponent.

And Granby had proved himself an excellent physician, too; and though he had been in our village but a year and a month yet the confidence reposed in his skill was far greater than had been reposed in the ancient blisterer and phlebotomist who preceded him.

One day some of us went into his study—he was unmarried, but being only three-and-twenty, of course not a bachelor—we were invited in as we walked down by his boarding place, and were pleased to accept the invitation. His study was a gem of a place for comfort, and among the articles not absolutely necessary for the study of his profession we detected a rifle; a set of boxing gloves; a pair of foils; a pair of heavy wooden broadswords; while upon the floor were a pair of dumb bells. I wondered what these latter were for—surely not for the doctor's use, for I could do nothing with them, save to hold them in my hands, and swing them about at an angle of some forty-five degrees, and I was much heavier than he was.

I asked him what he did with them. "Oh," he said, "smiling, "I exercise my muscles with them;" and as he spoke he took them up and raised them at arms' length, and held them some time, his fine breast rounded out like a Roman cuirass. Then he threw them up, and out, and around, handing them as though they had been mere toys. It seemed impossible that so small a body could contain so much strength, but he assured us that he had gained it all by practice.— He had labored for years to develop a muscular system, in which he had been lacking when a child. And he also said that by keeping his muscles well hardened and developed, he was better able to bear the fatigue of his profession, which called him from his rest often for several nights in succession.

We were making arrangements for a grand picnic in our village. The girls were making pies and cakes of all sorts and shapes, while we youths were preparing two tables, and clearing up the grove which was just outside the village, and on the bank of the river.

The day at length came, and the sun smiled from a cloudless sky, and a fresh breeze came sweeping up the river bearing a grateful coolness upon its bosom.

We reached the ground in due season, and only one thing came to mar the pleasures of the occasion. Jack Burke made his appearance upon the ground, in a shabby, dirty suit, and with an insolent swagger. A chill ran through the whole crowd. Many of us would gladly have helped put him away, but we shrank from meddling with one who was so strong and gigantic, and withal, so reckless and merciless in his wrath. We saw the thin delicate lips of the doctor quiver as he noticed the filthy fellow swaggering about, but he said nothing then.

One of our party was a youth named David Singleton. He was a quiet, good-hearted fellow, and beloved by all. He had waited upon Mary Livingston to the picnic. Mary was a pretty, blue-eyed maiden of eighteen, and that she loved David right fondly, we all knew just as well as we knew that David loved her.

It so happened that Jack Burke had offered, on several occasions, to wait upon Mary, and she had as often peremptorily refused him. He had professed to like her, and had made his boast that he would have her yet, and if David Singleton dared to put his arm in the way he'd drop him!

On the present occasion Jack was not long in seeking Mary's side. David was nervous and uneasy. He was a light, small framed youth, and looked with dread upon the giant who sought to annoy both him and his fair companion.

Mary asked Burke to go away; and as she spoke she turned shuddering from him.

"I shan't go away," the burly brute returned. "If you don't like it, you may lump it!"

"Come, Mary," said young Singleton, trembling, "let's leave him."

"You will, eh?" cried Burke, seizing her by the arm, and drawing her back.

The affrighted girl uttered a quick cry of alarm, and Singleton started to his feet, quivering at every point.

"Miserable brute!" he exclaimed, "let her go!"

In an instant Burke leaped up, and swore he'd "whip the youngster within an inch of his life!"

In an instant all was alarm and confusion; but in the midst of the clamor arose a clear, clarion voice—

"Stand back! Stand back every one of you! Back, I say—and give me room!"

The way was quickly cleared, and the young doctor leaped into the open space, his bright eye burning keenly; his face flushed, and his slight, handsome frame erect and stern.

"Fellow," he thundered, "leave this place! Take your foul presence hence at once. Do you understand? What a miserable coward, to insult a girl! Shame! Shame! But go! go!"

For a few moments Burke was completely dumb-founded. There was something in the tones and bearing of the man before him, and in the strangely burning eye that beamed upon him, that awed him for the while. But he measured everything by its weight and size, and the courage of the brute soon came back to him.

"Who are you?" was his first remark, at the same time shaking his bullet head threateningly.

"I am the man who ordered you to leave this place! Your presence is very offensive. You were not invited, and if you had any decency you would not be here!"

"Look here, my fine daudy!" bellowed the brute, "just you say I aint decent agin, and I'll spile that lady-like face of yours, almighty quick."

There was a quiet smile upon the doctor's face as he replied—

"Your very course now shows that you are devoid of all decency. A decent man would not stay where he knew his presence was offensive."

With a fierce oath Burke raised his huge fists and darted forward. We would have interfered, but Granby sternly ordered us back.— Still we were fearful. What could the small gentlemanly physician do against such a giant?

But we were undeceived. Upon Burke's first advance, Granby nimbly slipped on one side, and with a quick motion of his foot caught the giant's toes, and sent him at full length upon the ground. Like a mad bull Burke sprang to his feet, and while the curses showered from his lips he started upon Granby as though he would have annihilated him at once. Calm and serene the young doctor stood, and as the brute came up he adroitly raised his left elbow, and passed the huge, dirty fist over his shoulder, and at the same moment he planted his own fist full upon Burke's face with a blow that knocked him completely from his feet. That blow sounded like the crack of a pistol, and was struck by a man who knew how to throw all his power to the best advantage wherever he wished to use it.

Jonathan Burke arose like one bewildered, and so he was. But in a few moments he recovered his senses, and leaped towards Granby again.— This time the doctor performed a feat that was as surprising as it was effective. Like a thung of steel wire and finely tempered springs, he jumped up and forward, planting both his feet upon the giant's breast! Burke fell like a log; but his breast was heavily boned, and he was soon on his feet again.

"Look ye," cried Granby sternly, "you have seen enough of me to know that I am not to be trifled with. Now go away and you shall go unharmed save that one black eye. But if you trouble me more I shall most assuredly hurt you. I have given you warning."

"I'll lick ye afore I go; if I don't—"

We will simply add that the remainder of this sentence was composed of fearful oaths, and that, while they yet quivered upon his lips, he clenched his fist and darted forward.

This time the doctor received him in a new fashion. He stopped every blow madly and clumsily aimed at him, and began to rattle in a shower of knocks upon his face and head, and breast, and arms, and body, that soon completely bewildered him. On they came—heavier and heavier—thicker and faster—each one cracking like a pistol, and planted exactly where it was aimed. In a very short time Burke was not only entirely exhausted, but his whole body, above the waist, was beaten till the flesh was black and contused. He bellowed like a calf for mercy.

"Will you leave the place at once?" demanded the doctor.

"Yes."

"And will you promise not to annoy Mary Livingston again?"

"Yes."
"Then,"
"The fellow left the ground, and when he was gone the young doctor, who had not even got a scratch, cried out in a ringing happy tone—
"Come, boys and girls, now to sport. I'll go and wash my hands, and then join you."
Ere long the cloud was gone, and the day ended amid cheers and smiles, and happy songs. Everybody might have been jealous, had everybody wanted to, for everybody's girl flirted and made love with the doctor all day long; but everybody loved him and honored him, so everybody was not jealous.

Within a week Jonathan Burke left our village, never to enter it again. He could not stand the sneers and gibes that were cast upon him, nor could he bear to see those who had witnessed the summary punishment he had received. It was a glad day for our village when he left it, and the doctor never gave a more effective nor a more valuable purge than he did when he purged the place of that incubus.

One thing more; within a week every young man in our village had a pair of dumb bells, and such another swinging, and dinging, ringing, and flinging of cold iron for the development of muscle was never seen before nor since I venture boldly to assert.

REV. DR. CAHILL
ON THE LIBERTY AND TOLERATION OF ENGLAND.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)
The constant boast of Englishmen at home and abroad is, that the political liberties and the religious toleration of England, surpass in perfection the national constitutions of all other countries in the world. This predominant idea, inherent in the mind of Englishmen, is paraded through their parliamentary legislation, through their national press, through their literature, through their dramatic compositions, their music; and its ramifications extend from the cabinet council and the court festivities, through the entire long chain of all official bodies and civic reunions down to the parish school and village tea-party. It is a most useful impression, as the nation will not conspire to overthrow a constitution which they love so much. The universal population are taught from their infancy, and are impressed with the predominant feeling that the unalloyed liberty, and the unfettered toleration of English laws and customs, are on a scale of perfection which has never been equalled amongst mankind. Concomitantly with this universal persuasion they are also made to believe that the tyranny, the intolerance, and the grinding domination of all Southern Europe have reached a point of debased, grovelling, crushing degradation which has no parallel in the world; and these two impressions, so opposed to truth and to each other, renders the character of an untravelled Englishman, the very essence of overwhelming presumption at home, and of unendurable insolence abroad. The education which has imparted and given strength to this false and antagonising mental training, may be called the school of prejudice, which prejudice is scarcely if ever removed, even in the presence of facts which furnish proofs to the contrary, palpable as existence, evident as the light of day.

There are two spectacles of two human creatures so singular in their contrasted characters, that they must be seen in order to be perfectly understood and believed; and these two cases are an Englishman for the first time out of England in Naples, and a Neapolitan for the first time out of Italy in London. When the foreigner learns from English government reports that within the ten last years in Ireland, seventy-five in every hundred cabins of the poor have been thrown down; that the power thus employed to banish, exterminate and kill three-fourths of the labouring poor of Ireland, has been the result of bill passed in the English parliament. When he discovers that juries are actually packed by the Sheriff, and poor law officers, poor law guardians, swamped by magistrates appointed by the Chancellor. When he sees the civil service, the army, filled by the sons of an exclusive class, all the lucrative places in the State occupied by one favoured denomination. When he is informed that the Universities are closed against millions of the population, and that admission to honour, emolument, and distinction in these seminaries of learning, can only be obtained through hypocrisy and apostasy. When he beholds in London, conventicles of Deism openly established, the Protestant Churches empty, Religion converted into a trade, a trick, a mockery, a scourge. When statistical criticism presents to him the astounding fact that six millions of persons over fourteen years of age, never attend any place of worship on Sundays, that three-fourths of the children in Poorhouses are illegitimate. When he reads the speech of Lord Macaulay, stating, "that the English are savages in the midst of civilization, pagans in the midst of Christianity," When he finds out that the State Church enjoys an annual revenue of eight millions and a half pounds sterling; that tithes are exacted from classes who do not belong to the Anglican creed, who abhor its doctrines, who loathe its idolatries, who despise its ministers. When he hears that the cure of souls is put up to public auction, that Parishes, like bullock farmers, are offered to the highest bidder, and that the gospel is made the subject of avaricious traffic. When he observes men of public disreputable character, hired by the day to preach; going into the houses of the poor, into the garrets, the cellars of the victims of poverty, disease and affliction. When he looks at this class of abandoned men offer food, and clothes, and money, and employment, provided the poor forlorn wretches in return will crush out their conscience, forswear their creed, and commit blasphemy to God and perjury before man. And when the Italian is made to understand that by this bribery the Anglican Church is supported, by this perjury the Anglican creed is propagated, and by this sacrilege the Anglican God is worshipped, I fancy it will not be difficult to foresee, that when the Southern foreigner will have given a cursory view of the unparalleled "perfection" of English Liberty and toleration and religion! he will pronounce England to be

the incongruous country, which, foreigners of all classes, Ambassadors, Generals, Statesmen, Historians have generally defined her, namely, "A Nation where a generous, honest, and brave people are made the dupes of a plundering Lay church; and where they are converted into the Executioners of exclusive laws, worded in mock liberality, but administered in the unappeasable spirit of party revenge. The Neapolitan will, beyond all doubt, leave the English shores with an impression, which no time can efface, that in Education, in the framing and administration of laws, in Religion, England surpasses in exclusion, in intolerance, in injustice, in political deceit and persecution; all the Nations of the Earth.

On the other hand, John Bull in Naples is a decided and, indeed, a political curiosity; there is no doubt that his generous nature, which I freely admit, will at once yield to truth when he discovers it. But, till this desirable consummation will arrive (in some cases hardly attainable) he is a source of real misery to himself. During the first few days, in this city of Romanism, tyranny, priestcraft, and police treachery! he looks in vain for the sibri and the spies of whom he heard so much in Exeter-hall; he is surprised not to meet at every turn, men dragged to black, underground prisons, chained and handcuffed; he is astounded that he is not followed in the streets by monks with cowls on their heads, stilettos under their cassocks, and dogging the Englishman to stab him in some secret street. He is surprised that he beholds no scandal of priests and nuns as he has so often read in the London press; and it is a mystery to him, when he sees the churches filled with devout congregations.— Whenever the King rides out he notices no troops of cavalry with drawn swords riding like men in battle before and after their Royal Master: on the contrary, King Bomba, whom he had himself so often ridiculed, moves slowly through his subjects. The populace cheer him, take off their hats, salute him, and many, very many go on their bended knees as he passes.— Religion there is dressed in simple robes, lives on humble fare, is content with moderate revenues. The Gospel there holds no public offices to administer bribery, no courts to reward perjury. Hypocrisy there is not robed in a surplice, nor does vice there preach from a pulpit. The church there has no public auction of the eight beatitudes, no licensed sale of the ten commandments; no public mart where the Cross is kept by an insurance company of ministers, and hired out by the job to the highest bidder! John is astounded to see the universities open to all, in all the departments of science and the arts, and without one penny fee! John cannot comprehend why he sees no men shot or guillotined, reads no account of hundreds seized at night, banished to the galleys, or beaten to death with sticks! Through all his travels and examination he sees the entire city peaceful, its inhabitants happy, religion fostered, law respected, the poor contented; and the only disturbers of the public tranquillity are an English faction, hired with vast resources to decry the Catholic Church, to bribe the vicious, to stimulate the wicked, to ridicule the laws, to encourage rebellion, and to overthrow the State. If he live long enough in Naples to become acquainted with the good and the virtuous, he will return home a changed, a converted man; but if his stay be short, and his companions be wicked, he will come back worse than when he first left England, having the additional belief in his incongruous mind, namely, that Naples is a den of infamy and tyranny; but that the police, the priests are so perfect in perfidy, they have the art of concealing their chains, and victims, and prisons, and galleys from the knowledge of the public! And so, John returns to London to tell his travels and make speeches at Exeter-hall, and publish statements such as one daily reads in the London press, but which in point of fact are a continued series of malignant falsehoods: a continental pabulum, daily supplied to the London market: a forged correspondence to decry Catholicity abroad, and thus to justify its persecution at home. International intercourse will very soon silence this shameful forged foreign correspondence so long carried on in the English press: and public exposure is a sure though a slow means of forcing England to change her parchment laws into real practical legislation, and make the administration of these laws be the vehicle of impartial justice, in place of the instrument of social torture.

The best proof of the statement here made in reference to England, can be read in the pitiable rancour expressed by all the leading British journals against the late visit of Cardinal Wiseman. So degrading to themselves has been this universal fear towards one Catholic Bishop, that they have represented themselves before Catholic Europe as a nation of frogs, dreading the approach and presence in their fens, of so huge and so overpowering a creature as one Roman Cardinal from the Vatican. With one exception, one brilliant exception, which Catholic Ireland should never forget—namely, the learned Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, all the rest of Protestant Ireland ran away and hid themselves within closed doors in their own houses, during the triumphant tour of this eminent Ecclesiastic. The Universal Orange press stood at a distance barking at him along the line of his route, as curs snarl at the lion when beyond the reach of the king of their race. The whole Biblical history of England, degrading as it is, has nothing so utterly mean, shabby, and debasing as the late mixture of timidity and hatred evinced by Protestant Ireland towards a Catholic dignitary, whose passage through this country has been marked only by distinguished learning and piety. In the pulpit, on the boards of the lecture room, at the festive board, theology, eloquence, science, and good breeding, seemed to wait on him as willing charmed handmaids: while the voice of millions of devoted Catholics rent the skies with the universal acclamation, that his purity of character had covered with honor the religion he professed, and had even added dignity to the altar where he worshipped. The palaces of kings have rejoiced in the absorbing visit of the far-famed Archbishop of Westminster: and the festive board of more Emperors than one has owned in royal courtesy, the graceful presence of Cardinal Wiseman. This is no place to speak of his ac-

knowledge profound erudition, his perfect command of European and Oriental languages; or the wide range of his philosophic studies. All those who have read the annual reports of several learned bodies of Europe, need not be told that the name of the English Cardinal stands at the head of their lists in science and literature; and that stereotyped editions of the imperishable productions of his ready pen, are published in all the countries of Europe, where the strict impartial criticism of the press, acknowledges that throughout every page of the works, essays, letters, &c. of Cardinal Wiseman, profound learning, finished style, and cultivated taste, struggle for the mastery. And not the least remarkable feature in the aggregate of the Cardinal's character and accomplishments, is his natural condensation, his childlike familiarity, and his winning simplicity of manner.

The Orange press of Ireland, the sectarian journals of England, can never recover the disgrace of their vulgar ribaldry against this eminent man. And what will Catholic Europe say, when they will have learned that at the public Civic dinner of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the English Lord Lieutenant, the Protestant Archbishop, the Chancellor, the Commander of the Forces, the Judges, and the whole Staff of the Castle, sent apologies sooner than show their diminished heads in the presence of the successor of St. Thomas a'Beckett. Their apologists will, of course, assert that it is not the fault of the individuals: that this conduct must be ascribed not to feeling, but to the state of the law. Be it so; but this declaration only serves still further to strengthen the positions advanced in this article—namely, that English laws are the essence of exclusion and intolerance: and that although they are worded in mock liberality, they are administered in the spirit of insult, persecution, and revenge. When the conduct of this Dublin Castle, referred to, shall have been made known in Austria, Bavaria, Naples, all Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal, the inhabitants of these various countries, already aware of the bigotry of England, will have their former impressions additionally strengthened—namely, that the lies of English Correspondents, the perfidy of English historians, the deceit of English legislation, and the crushing bigotry and inappeasable persecution of the Anglican Church has no parallel in the modern history of Europe.

Thursday, September 23.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A year or two ago, when I wrote on the subject of a Charter for the Catholic University, it seemed hopeless to expect that the Catholic Members could be induced even to ask for it. We were wont in those days to prophesy of better times, and to bid men look for their coming "when the Whigs are out of office." They are out of office now (may they long continue so!), and that which seemed impossible is now considered safe and easy. It is as bad to be over-sanguine as to be unduly despondent, but no one can fail to see that everything in Ireland points to the beginning of a new era. Hope and life seems to have suddenly returned. A healthy political action re-appears. The real leaders of the Irish people, their Bishops and Clergy, are once more heard suggesting and approving of efforts for the people's good. Many objects have to be gained and much has to be done, but that the present moment is the time to set about it is at last admitted, and that is half the battle.—*Tablet*.

The following letter from the Lord Primate has been received by Mr. Blake, M.P., who has promised his grace all the co-operation in his power on the important subject to which it refers—

"Armagh, September 21, 1858.
"Sir—I have been requested to invite your attention, and that of the other Catholic Members of Parliament, to the importance of pressing the Government to grant a charter to the Catholic University of Ireland. The matter has already been mooted in an address of the rector and professors to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and if this step be followed up by the early and energetic support of the Catholic members, I think it would probably be successful.—The precedent of the charter granted to the university of Quebec, and the aid granted recently to the Scotch Universities, together with the fact that the Catholic University has been mainly supported by the noble exertions of the people of Ireland, in order to supply themselves with the higher education, certainly affords the Catholic University a strong claim to be recognised by the State.—I have the honour to be, sir, your's faithfully,
"JOSEPH DIXON.

"John A. Blake, Esq., M.P., Waterford."
The Archbishops of Ireland have taken their departure from Dublin. The Apostolic Delegate has proceeded to Rome, where he will remain until Christmas. With regard to the subject brought under the consideration of the four archbishops, a clergyman from Connaught has written to the *Freeman*, stating:—"It is not true that the archbishops met to confer on matters connected with public education. They met in order to carry out the commands of the Holy See, requiring of them to appoint provisionally a president of the Irish College, Paris, in the room of the late president, Dr. Milley. It is not true that they met to confer with his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen. They met as the four archbishops of the Irish Church, whose authority has been, and ever shall be, co-ordinate. Dublin was chosen by themselves as the place deemed most convenient for all to meet in."

The *Leinster Journal* says:—Gentle and Catholic reader! it is the hour for rejoicing. Christ's Vicegerent on earth are amongst us—the Jesuit Fathers are in Tallamore! Our town this moment presents a spectacle which no language of ours could adequately describe. We are lost in admiration at all we have seen and witnessed—our hearts are too full of heavenly enthusiasm to describe a spectacle which is destined to be for ever memorable in the brightest pages of our Catholic history. The Mission is progressing most gloriously, and already producing its fruits. The admirable arrangements perfected by the Very Rev. Dr. McAlroy are the admiration of all.—Our Chapel is nightly crowded almost to suffocation—the side galleries groan beneath their weight.—Hundreds daily surround the Confessional. It would appear as if the just and merciful God had set down His special graces and benediction upon our population.

CONVERSION.—Mr. Sherlock, officer of Inland Revenue, at present stationed in Thurles, has become a convert to the Catholic Church.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

We (*Kilkenny Journal*) have been informed that Miss Peel, a near relative of Sir Robert Peel, has contributed the sum of £40 towards the erection of the new Church of Tramore. Miss Peel is a convert to Catholicity.

The Archbishop of Dublin has most generously forwarded an unsolicited donation of £5 towards the new church of the Immaculate Conception, Wexford.

The Torr-View Hotel, Kerry, has been purchased for a Roman Catholic college.

SACRED HEART CONVENT, ARMAGH.—This magnificent structure is fast approaching completion; and will be finished one of the first Conventual Educational Establishments in Ireland. The good Sisters will be enabled, owing to the energy with which the spirited contractors, the Messrs. McGaughy, have carried out the designs of Mr. Bourke, architect, to open their classes, at Mount St. Catherine, almost immediately. Owing to the very ample accommodation afforded in this truly noble Convent, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart will be able to accommodate upwards of one hundred boarders, together with being able to carry out in its entirety the system of Education as pursued at the Parent House, Rue de Valenciennes, Paris, and which has earned for the Order of the Sacred Heart, as an Educational Order, perhaps the first character in the world. The advantages now offered to the Catholics of Ulster by having amongst them such an Order and such a system of Education will, it is hoped, be thoroughly appreciated, and there is no necessity of sending our young Catholic ladies to France or Belgium when they can receive exactly the same education at home. This applies to the boarding school, but inasmuch as the Catholic Church in her wisdom ever wishes to provide for the poor of Christ, so the good Sisters have nobly set to work to found, in connection with their boarding and day schools a poor school where the poor children will receive the great blessings of a moral and religious education. The interesting ceremony of laying the first stone of these Schools took place on Saturday last, the ceremony having been performed by his Grace the Primate.

The new Catholic Chapel of Araglin, Cork, was consecrated on the 19th ult., by the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Ross.

THE LATE DR. ROBERT CANE.—Few men, who entertain any attachment to Ireland as the country of their birth, could have heard without emotion of the death of Dr. Robert Cane, of Kilkenny. His name has been so long identified with every movement that would tend to raise her dignity amongst the nations, whether it were in the freedom of her people, in the preservation of her historic records, in the loving study of her antiquities, or in the jealous guardianship of her treasures of archeology, that his loss must be looked upon as a serious blow to the very nationality of Ireland. The sorrow felt for the untimely end of a man such as he, cut off at the age of 52 years, at the moment when his hopes for his country were most ardent, and his exertions most energetic, will receive additional poignancy from the fact, which we now learn for the first time, that he has left his family in circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment. Generosity such as his, patriotism such as that associated with his name, caused him to sacrifice his own interests to the succour of his fellows and the cause of his country; and the abruptness with which he was hurried from the sphere of his mortal labours, forbade him the opportunity of making an adequate provision for those most dear to him. We are sure it will be heard with extreme sorrow that the circumstances of his wife and children are such as to threaten the necessity of parting with his library, the accumulation of years of literary labour and study, his paintings, the numismatic and archeological collections, which he toiled to amass, in order to illustrate Irish history, and that even the honorable testimony to his worth and talents—the service of plate presented to him by his fellow-citizens of all creeds and classes, at the conclusion of his year of office of Mayor of his native city, runs the risk of being brought under the hammer of the auctioneer. An effort has been made, however, to arrest a spoliation, which, for the honour of our country, we hope would be looked upon with shame. Some generous men have come forward—many of them widely separated in religion and politics from Dr. Cane, but admirers simply of his high character and the genuineness of his national feelings,—and inaugurated a subscription intended to prevent the sacrifice. The names which have been communicated to us, are those of persons chiefly resident in or near the city of Kilkenny; but we trust that such a recognition of the claim given by honour, worth, sterling patriotism, and talents, wholly devoted to the public service, will not be confined to a mere locality. His reputation and his services were the property of all Ireland, and the gratitude for these should only be bounded by the limits of the country, nay, perhaps we should say, ought be felt wherever the Irish race have found a resting-place. Let all who desire to show that Irish patriotism is not a dead thing, but a spirit which can wake a sympathetic chord in Irish bosoms, co-operate with those who have commenced a national tribute to the fame and the virtue of Robert Cane, of Kilkenny.—*Cork Examiner*.

The *Dublin Mercantile Advertiser* learns that arrangements have been made, in pursuance of certain recommendations of the Queen's College Commissioners, which are likely to prove satisfactory as regards the future working of these institutions. In the promotion of those arrangements the *Advertiser* believes that Lord Naas, the chief secretary, has acted with proper feeling and fair consideration towards the parties whose interests are concerned, and with due care for the welfare of the colleges. It is well that any one has been found charitable enough to cast oil on the troubled waters. The Queen's Colleges (Belfast excepted) have not of late made any marked progress in public estimation, and the authorities cannot too soon see the urgent necessity of putting their houses in order.—*Times*.

DUBLIN SEPTEMBER 29.—Since the Tenant Right Meeting and Banquet, in Mill-street, County Cork (the report of which reached you too late for last week's *Tablet*), at which the Bishops and Clergy of Cloyne, Cork, and Ross gave public and eloquent utterance to the wishes of the people of that great country on the all-important question of Tenant Right, there is little news of general or even of merely local interest to report. Ireland, "in the memory of the oldest inhabitants," never was so tranquil; the illustrious chief, Captain Rock, is dead,—the midnight legislation of the Whitefoot, the Caravats, and Shanavests, has been at last "prorogued," if that wild parliament has not been actually "dissolved," and those composing it have either emigrated or taken themselves to more useful occupations; and the correspondents of the Protestant Press are sadly at a loss for the reappearance of any of the various raw-head-and-bloody-bones heroes, whose imaginary exploits they used to chronicle with such gusto. Even the Orangemen of the north have ceased to go out to shoot their Papist neighbours.—There is not "a ripple on the popular wave." Not that quiescence of the people is to be construed into an approval of the state of things; they are as dissatisfied as ever, if not as disaffected, and only bide their time for making a more vigorous push. Meantime the land is yielding its abundance, and the produce of the land is realising high prices; consequently the farmer is getting his head above water, and beginning to enjoy a little prosperity, and the shopkeepers, and all the various classes who depend for the means of a comfortable existence upon the prosperity of the agriculturist, are better off than they have been for many years past. Whether this prosperity is a mere chromatic glow, deceptive and evanescent, or the ruddy flow of returning health to the pallid face of long-sorrowing Erin, I cannot take upon me to pronounce. There has certainly been a step made in advance in the establishment of regular steam-communication between Galway and America, by which goods and passengers are transported more quickly, cheaply, and safely to the Western World, than by any other route. Although this may never lead to the realisation of the poet's prophecy of the time when Ireland should resume her national independence, with

"Her back to proud Britain, her face to the West," yet the establishment of Galway as an Irish and American packet station, is an advance which all sincere lovers of Ireland pray may never suffer a retrograde movement.

CHANCELLOR, Esq., of Merrion Square, Dublin, has given the Rev. James Bright, P., Ballygarry, a lease in perpetuity of a piece of ground for the erection of a new church.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The papers announce the death of Mrs. Edmund Hayes, wife of the Solicitor General, which took place yesterday morning at Killiney, house, county of Wicklow. Her death resulted from tetanus, and arose out of an accident which the lamented lady met with about a month since, when her clothes caught fire, and she was dreadfully burnt before any effective assistance could be obtained. The deceased was about 40 years of age.

DONEGAL.—Another turn of the screw is about to be put on the unfortunate people of Donegal! The landlord party want to get the Donegal relief fund, or they want to strip the people of the clothing furnished by the relief committee, they want, in plain fact, to exterminate them! A government organ has not following coolly-peened paragraph which, were it not for circumstances with which the landlords cannot interfere, might be a sentence of death to hundreds of the peasantry.—"We understand the government is about to issue a warrant for the levy of £1,545 arrears now due for expenses of the extraordinary police force up to the 8th of August last, and that a further expense of about £380 a quarter is still going on for police; also that the sum of £400, or thereabouts, is ordered by the county treasurer for collection, on presentments for compensation for sheep destroyed since the time of last levy." As for this destruction of sheep, we have already said, and we repeat, that so long as the owners are "compensated" with three or four times the value of the wretched animals, so long will this mysterious destruction continue. But we rejoice to say that relief, for no inconsiderable number of the fleeced and persecuted peasantry, is at hand. Mr. Durbin, the gentleman appointed by the Australian committee to superintend the emigration they have organized of a number of the most destitute of these oppressed and plundered people, paid us a visit at The Nation Office on Thursday, and is at present, we dare say, in Donegal, making the arrangements necessary to carry out that noble scheme of permanent relief, that most touching act of national love, that proceeding which will be an honour for ever to the Irish race. Often before have sorrow and suffering brought into view some of the glorious qualities of the Irish heart—its constancy, its chivalry, its affection—but this is a demonstration powerful and beautiful as any. Here is evidence of a bond finer yet longer and stronger than the Atlantic cable, binding together the fragments of a scattered race—here is a sympathetic link between kindred hearts, which time or distance cannot injure! From this island radiate such delicate yet indestructible threads all over the world, and assuredly the day will come when everyone of them will thrill with good tidings, and the promise they shall bring will be—the grand, final, and complete relief of all Ireland.—*Nation*.

JUSTICE FOR IRELAND.—The adoption of Competitive Examinations for Indian Appointments excited no alarm; for people in general did not perceive that it had any bearing upon the question of "Justice to Ireland." A few were more long-sighted; and we will remember its importance being pointed out to us by an Irish gentleman at the time. The event, however, has opened men's eyes; and the *Saturday Review*, which devotes especial attention to Indian affairs, has already sounded the alarm. "What," it cries, in doleful tones—"what is at present the result of recruiting the Indian Civil Service by competition instead of nomination? Simply this. We are substituting Irishmen for Scotchmen in the Civil Government of India." Well, so far there seems no great harm if educated Irishmen take the place of Scotchmen in Indian connections. The *Saturday Review* endeavours to explain the want of success of the English by saying that Oxford and Cambridge did not send candidates; well, this shows that the English Protestant has hitherto been a privileged man, and that the opening of a particular branch of the Public Service gives to Ireland something more nearly approaching to an equal chance. But Oxford and Cambridge are not England; and he does not show any reason why the immense mass of Englishmen, who are as much excluded from Fellowship as any Irishman can be, have not succeeded as well as they in this Examination. The *Saturday Review* has all along been opposed to the Examination system, and naturally regards this result as confirming its worst anticipations. For our part, we have neither shared its excessive fear, nor the entire confidence in the new system felt by many of our contemporaries. We have seen too much of University Examinations, and the men who have carried away the palm in them, to allow our regarding University honours as an absolute proof of great superiority. Some of our most distinguished men have notoriously failed to obtain them—sometimes because they did not study to devote themselves to the painful line of study which they required (Lord Macaulay was an example), others from accidental circumstances. Still on the whole, it is notorious that our University honours have been distinguished men in after life; and success in the Examination, after all due allowance for cram, at least proves good abilities, and a considerable degree of self-control and diligence at an early age. This does not imply that the man is a prodigy; but neither was a man a prodigy under the old system because his family had a commanding interest in the East Indian Directory. The *Saturday Review* argues that the result of the Examination proves nothing for the superiority of Irish talent and diligence, because the English Universities have not estimated the prize at its true value. He does not tell us why the Scotch, who notoriously do know all about it, and who have seldom been wanting in eagerness to obtain good situations in any part of the world, have given up to Ireland the prize which has so long been their own. Not certainly from any want of power to appreciate their own interests, or any indifference to it. Be this as it may, the result of the experiment is, that, explain the fact as it may, England must either abandon the experiment of Competitive Examinations, or make up its mind to see Irishmen in positions from which they have hitherto been successfully excluded.—*Weekly Register*.

THE LINEN TRADE.—The increase of orders in the hands of the more extensive firms in the white goods trade has caused additional enterprise in the finishing department. All bleach fields in the vicinity of Belfast are in full work, and several are obliged to employ extra hands to meet the requirements of clients on the other side of the Atlantic. Cuba promises to be a very extensive trade in the national staple, and the Brazils are taking large quantities of medium and low-priced linens. Canada shows only a small amount of business, but a great proportion of the trade with that colony is carried on across the frontier, and consequently, goes to the account of the United States.—*Banner of Ulster*.

In the various ship yards of Belfast there are three vessels almost ready for launching, all of them of large tonnage—namely, a clipper Indiaman of 1400 tons, built by the Belfast Ship-building Company, Queen's Island; an iron clipper Indiaman of 1000 tons, on Messrs Hickson and Co's slip; and a clipper barque of 600 tons, in Messrs McLaune and Son's yard. Mr. A. Connell has also a new schooner in a forward state.—*Belfast Mercury*.

EXPORTATION OF CATTLE.—It is often a matter of wonder to many where all the cattle come from that are exported from Belfast from time to time, and no doubt, the same remark is equally applicable to every other Irish seaport. Without following the inquiry further, it is enough to know that great trade in the exportation of cattle is daily going on between Belfast and England and Scotland. Fat stock, which stock, and young stock are constantly shipped here; and we are within the mark, we are sure, when we say that from 1,800 to 2,000 head of cattle leave our port weekly. Last Friday night, for instance, one steamer alone, for Morecambe, took away upwards of 200 head of young stock.—*Belfast Mercury*.

The Harvest.—Mr. James Olapperton, a practical agriculturist, in a report supplied to the *Lantern*. ... The face of the country is still studied ...

The Crops in Ulster.—The northern papers generally continue to report favourably of the prospects of the farmers. The weather in that quarter had been somewhat broken of late, but the prevalent opinion still is that the harvest of 1858 will prove highly remunerative. ...

On the night of the 9th ult., the village of Daranona, county Westmeath, was brilliantly lighted with gas extracted from turf. The people crowded to the village, and expressed their admiration by many hearty cheers.

A new Conservative paper, the *Constitution*, is about to be started in Wexford.

The End of a Government Commission.—The Northern Whig announces the close of the Government inquiry into the municipal state of disorganization in Belfast in these terse terms:—“Everything has an end—even a Government commission of inquiry into the perplexities of Belfast municipal difficulties. ...”

There are few parts of the United Kingdom that are so thoroughly unknown and out-of-the-way as the western parts of Kerry; indeed, until Valentia was fixed upon as the European terminus of the Atlantic Telegraph, this part of the world was as little known and as little visited by people from England as the wilds of Siberia. ...

A Schooner from the American Lakes.—It was stated a few days ago in the *Express* that an American vessel, called the *Harvest*, had arrived at Cowes, with a cargo of carpet brooms, walking sticks, and fancy American woods, consisting of bird's-eye maple, red cedar, and walnut-tree. ...

Additional Reinforcements for India.—Notwithstanding the large number of troops detached from this country to India during the present year, amounting altogether to upwards of 25,000 men, orders have been received by the commandant of this garrison for another large body of reinforcements to be held in readiness to embark for India, for the purpose of augmenting the Queen's forces now serving in the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay presidencies. ...

the finest in Europe. A scheme for constructing a railway between Killarney and this place has lately been set on foot, and it is warmly supported by all the landed proprietors of the West of Kerry, it will, in probability, be soon carried out. ...

GREAT BRITAIN.

COAST DEFENCES.—The British government is very busy erecting defences in various places on the coast of England, and making some little improvements in the few that exist on the coast of Ireland. ...

EMIGRATION.—In 1857, 212,875 persons embarked at the ports of the United Kingdom in order to better their condition by removal to a more prosperous and a happier land. This is a large increase upon 1856 and 1855, when 176,554 and 176,807 emigrated respectively. ...

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Additional Reinforcements for India.—Notwithstanding the large number of troops detached from this country to India during the present year, amounting altogether to upwards of 25,000 men, orders have been received by the commandant of this garrison for another large body of reinforcements to be held in readiness to embark for India, for the purpose of augmenting the Queen's forces now serving in the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay presidencies. ...

87th Regiment, 40 men; 80th Rifles, 18 men; 73rd Regiment, 16 men; 42nd Highlanders, 10 men; 93rd Highlanders, 12 men; 13th Light Infantry, 14 men; 48th Regiment, 92 men; 3rd Buffs, 168 men; and Royal Artillery, 148 men; the whole of the above to embark for Calcutta. The following proceed to Madras: 1st Royals, 12 men; 44th Regiment, 30 men; 60th Regiment, 55 men; 60th Rifles, 12 men; 74th Highlanders, 14 men; 68th Light Infantry, 116 men; 69th Regiment, 18 men; and 91st Regiment, 50 men. ...

That movement in the English Church towards Catholic doctrine which, never altogether inoperative, has of late taken such large proportions, has been attended with incidents which merit recapitulation and reflection. Under the mild and sympathetic rule of Dr. Inge, it commenced with exalting the authority of “our Holy Fathers, the Bishops”—It has resulted by a pretty general denial of their jurisdiction, and a claim to the free exercise of the Priestly office under the alleged commission conveyed in Ordination. ...

There are Catholics who object to Catholic newspapers, that they contain a mixture of politics and religion. Let us have a Catholic newspaper they say but let it deal with politics and literature; religious questions are quite out of place. It seems as if persons of this taste were likely soon to be obliged to leave off reading newspapers, for the religious element fills a large and an increasing portion of every journal and makes a large and an increasing element in the politics of every country. ...

Both Statesmen and Politicians and, consequently both the Press and the Public, find themselves obliged from week to week to devote an increasing attention to “Catholic affairs,” which in most countries have only of late years been deemed worthy of such exalted notice. We all know and see daily how much interest our Protestant Contemporaries in the United Kingdom are kind enough to take the doings of us Catholics. ...

the Catholics of Europe to deprive mankind of civil and religious liberty. There is no doubt that something is going on almost everywhere, and that the Protestant mind is everywhere in that state respecting the Pope which Carlyle describes the Revolutionary mind of France to have been in 1793, respecting Pitt, the enemy *du genre humain*. ...

PROTESTANT ENLIGHTENMENT.—While the philosophers of the empire in synod assembled are celebrating their jubilee over the conquests of science, while schoolmasters are wrangling over the true tests of education, and electricians are threading the very ocean with their wires, our columns, in reflecting impartially the images of actual life, have presented also other and widely different traits of the age in which we live. ...

THE LAST STORY OF A PRIVATE LUNATIC ASYLUM.—A few days ago, a lady of fashionable appearance alighted from a carriage, and entered a large drapery establishment, not one hundred miles from the Elephant and Castle, where she selected a parcel of goods to the value of nearly £100. ...

are you, and what is this place?” were next asked by the panting creditor almost in one breath. “This is a private asylum for lunatics, and I am the keeper,” coolly observed the man, “and unless you can manage to draw it mild, I shall put you into the strong room.” ...

MISREPRESENTATIONS REFUTED.—The Hon. and Rev. F. N. Clements has, it appears, been delivering a lecture of abuse against Catholics and Catholic Ireland, which elicited the following letter from a Catholic layman to a Yorkshire paper, the editor of which admitted it on the ground of its temperate tone:—“Sir—For the sake of fair play, if for no other reason, bear with me while I venture a few remarks on Mr. Clements's lecture on the 19th inst., as reported in your last number. ...”

Sept. 21st, 1858. A CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

An essay, and an instructive one, might be written upon the conversions of public men. In England, ever since statesmanship became a science, our great men have always been changing their sides; some have even accomplished the feat of being of both sides at once. ...

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 22, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Anglo-Saxon arrived at Quebec on the 19th instant. Breadstuffs dull. — Later dates from Lady Franklin's Arctic yacht Fox, mention that the expedition had safely crossed the middle ice of Baffin's Sea, and was in a fair way of accomplishing the object of the enterprise. Lord Derby was suffering from a severe attack of gout. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, prompted by the Canadian Ministers now in England, was giving special attention to the plan for the federation of the British American Colonies. — The London Shipping Gazette is informed that Lord Bury leaves Galway in a week for British North America, with instructions from the Colonial Office, to obtain the opinions of the Legislature and people of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, on the subject of confederation.

INDIA.—Troops were actively engaged in all parts of the country. Serious disturbances amongst the recently raised levies in the Punjab. Mutiny broken out among the troops of Sungher Sing. Several successes gained by the British in Oude. By the end of October an army of 25,000 Europeans and 10,000 natives will be collected at Cawnpore. Lord Harris, Governor of Madras, is very ill.

Brownson's Quarterly Review, October 1858, contains the following articles:—

- I. Conversations of Our Club.
II. Catholicity in the Nineteenth Century.
III. Alice Sherwin, and the English Schism.
IV. An Exposition of the Apocalypse.
V. Domestic Education.
VI. Literary Notices and Criticisms.

We should have been better pleased if, instead of treating the important question of education, and the relative rights of the Parent and the State, in the light and desultory manner that he has adopted in the "Conversations of Our Club"—the Reviewer, speaking in his own name, had favored us with his own views thereupon; and shown us how those views might be reconciled with the explicit and oft-reiterated declarations of the Catholic Church upon the same subject. Imaginary "Conversations," such as those to which the Reviewer treats us, may be very convenient, if the writer's object be to shirk the real merits of the question at issue to conceal his own opinions, and to distort or suppress the arguments of his opponents; but upon such an important, and to all Catholics such a vitally interesting question as that of Education, we cannot but think that the Reviewer would have done better if he had spoken out boldly the opinions which he entertains, and which we think he has partially suppressed, knowing them to be irreconcilable with the principles laid down for our guidance by our divinely appointed spiritual rulers.

We must, however, make great allowances for Dr. Brownson. He is a firm and zealous Catholic no doubt, and of his transcendent abilities there can be no question. But he is also a New Englander by birth and education, and not altogether exempt from the prejudices of race and early associations. We, therefore, do not wonder that "State-Schoolism," which is of essentially Yankee origin, and to which his fellow-countrymen are so warmly attached, meets with more tender treatment from his hand, than it would receive from others not subject, in their childhood, to the deleterious influences of Yankee "Common Schools," and of Yankee democracy in their maturer years. The tendency of such a social and political system as that in which the Doctor has grown up, is to squeeze all manhood, all independence of thought, of speech and action, out of its victims; and to engender amongst them a far greater respect for what is popular, than for what is true. And though no doubt since his reception into the Church, the Reviewer has, to a considerable extent, emancipated himself from the bondage of his earlier years, he has not yet altogether acquired the tone and manners of one who was free-born. Democratic despotism, is of all despotisms that which most deeply and permanently marks its unhappy subjects.

There can be no doubt too that of all its peculiar institutions, there is not one more prized by Yankee democracy, than that of its "Common Schools." In the words of a living writer, the "Common School" is one of the stones of the great Yankee mill wherein thousands of bad or lax Catholics are annually ground into good Protestants; and it is for this reason, above all, that it is so highly valued and jealously protected by Protestant democracy. The "Common School" is the chief and most effective instrument of Protestant propagandism, in the nineteenth century; and that it is so is a fact well known both to Protestants and to Catholics. Hence the support given to it by the former, and the opposition offered to it by the latter; and whilst his Catholicity prompts the Reviewer to condemn it, his strong New England prejudices, and his subservience to Yankee public opinion, get the better of his Catholicity, and elicit from him a qualified approbation of a system of education which both reason and revelation repudiate, as dangerous to

faith and morals, and as a gross invasion upon the divine right of the parent over the child.

For after all this is the question at issue. To whom does the child in the first instance belong? to the Parent or to the State? to the Family or to Society? The Catholic asserts the rights of the Parent over the child as against the State; and in the "Conversations of Our Club," is very unfairly represented by O'Flanagan and Winslow. The New Englander stands up, under the name of Father John, for his "Common Schools," and has of course no difficulty in knocking down, one after the other, the men of straw who present themselves as the advocates of "Freedom of Education."

Yet even Father John, who contends for the right of the State to educate the child, virtually admits the impossibility of devising a system of State education which shall not do violence to the rights of the parent; for he says:—

"The State is bound to keep its public schools free from sectarianism, or in other words, such as shall not interfere with the religion in which the parent chooses to bring up his child"—pp. 437, 438.

But this is impossible; for there is scarce a branch of elementary education into which the religious element does not enter largely, and which does not present very different aspects, according as it is studied from a Catholic, or Non-Catholic stand-point. The alphabet, and the simple rules of arithmetic might indeed be got over without difficulty; but the moment we get into the domain of History or of Geography, we cannot avoid stumbling over the rock of offence; we cannot, if we would, keep clear of the shoals of religious controversy. Besides, irrespective of the positive teachings given in "common" or "mixed" schools, their moral atmosphere is tainted; it is not good for the Catholic child that, at an age when he is most susceptible of ridicule, he should associate with those who hold him and his religion in derision, and who point the finger of scorn at him as a little "Popish Paddy Boy." Boys at school learn far more from one another than they do from their teachers; and it is therefore incumbent upon Catholic parents to pay more attention even to the character of their children's school companions, than to that of their schoolmasters. As against the State the right of the parent to determine not only by whom, but with whom, his child shall be educated, is absolute, because this right of the parent is in this instance but another form of expression for his duty towards God; and it is because every compulsory system of "State-Schoolism" robs the parent of this divine and absolute right, that we reject it as tyrannical, as well as "dangerous to faith and morals."

One fallacy runs throughout the reasoning wherewith the Reviewer attempts to bolster up the cause of State-Schoolism. It is this—that, if the State does not foster education, and render its support compulsory upon the people, their children will grow up altogether uneducated.—Now how far this may be true of the Protestant portion of the population, we pretend not to say; but judging by their past, we hesitate not to say that it is altogether false as applied to the Irish Catholic portion, who form the chief ingredient in the Catholicity of the United States. With the Irish Catholic, the desire for education was always so strong, that it required all the penal laws of Great Britain to keep it in check. By those laws education was prohibited in Ireland under the severest penalties; and yet even that hell-begotten code could not damp the Irish zeal for learning; and the thunders of the Protestant Legislature were as ineffectual against the Popish schoolmaster as against the Popish priest. Why then should we fear that, amongst the children of such parents, the cause of education would be allowed to languish, even were it left for support entirely to the working of the Voluntary principle—and if the State were to adopt towards the school, the same policy that it has adopted towards the Church?

By the adoption of this policy, the Catholics of the United States would, in every respect, be the gainers; for they would be released from the burden of supporting the State Schools, and would thereby be the better able to contribute liberally to the support of their own schools. Of the disadvantages to which the children of Irish Catholic parents are at present subjected, one of the speakers in "Our Club" gives the following details:—

"Save in the large cities and towns, where Catholics are numerous and have votes"—(and where for the most part, thanks to the zeal of the Episcopacy and Clergy of the United States, Catholics have their own schools)—"little fairness or justice is done to the Catholic child, especially if the child of foreign-born parents. The children of the laboring Irish suffer a great deal."—p. 440.

Of course they do; and the consequence is that being thus exposed in their youth to all manner of ill treatment and ridicule, they too often grow up ashamed of their national origin, and of the religion of their parents. This is the complaint that Catholics here in Upper Canada, where the social position of the Catholic minority is very analogous to that of the Catholic body in the United States, urge against being compelled to pay for "common schools," whose atmosphere

"In the above we find a satisfactory answer to the naive question with which the "Conversation" opens—"why do the Catholics of this country so generally oppose the Common Schools, established and supported by the public?"—p. 425.

the Reviewer shows, is unfitted for the preservation of a healthy Catholic constitution. Those schools may turn out first-rate Yankees, we admit, and will find favor in the eyes of those who think it of more importance that the child should be a good "natyve," than a good Christian; but we hardly expected to find the chief Catholic publicist on this Continent giving them his support, in opposition to the express teachings of the Pastors of the Church, both in Europe and America. Great, therefore, as is our respect for Dr. Brownson, and deep as is our sense of the services he has rendered to the cause of Catholicity, we cannot but express our regret at the qualified approval that he gives to a system of education which all that is most liberal and religious in the Protestant world has loudly condemned, as a curse to every country where it has been introduced.

Of the other articles in the Review before us, we cannot speak too highly. When his national prejudices are hushed, the staunch uncompromising Papist enforces our respect, by the vigor and earnestness which he displays in vindication of the privileges of the Holy See. Especially does he insist upon the essentially "Papal" character of the Catholic Church; that without the Pope there is and can be no Church; and that the only effectual defence against heresy and schism consists in a bold unflinching defence of the Chair of Peter. A brief notice of "An Exposition of the Apocalypse"—a work of which the Reviewer speaks highly—is succeeded by an admirable article on "Domestic Education," which is worthy of the attentive perusal of all Catholic parents; and the number concludes with the usual Literary Notices and Criticisms of recent publications.

Num, et Saul inter prophetas?—has the Montreal Witness cast in his lot with the friends of "Freedom of Education? Almost were we inclined to answer in the affirmative, when our eyes rested upon an editorial of our cotemporary's issue of the 13th, under the caption of "The Education Question." A ray of light has indeed dawned upon the poor creature, and a vision, faint indeed, but still a vision, of truth has presented itself before his unaccustomed eye—under whose influence he breaks out in the following strain:—

"If the State then can upon this ground legitimately supply and direct education, it may with apparently equal propriety include religion."—Montreal Witness, 13th inst.

Here then is one point gained, that we have forced our opponents to admit the perfect analogy betwixt the Church Question, and the School Question; and the essential identity of "State-Churchism" with "State-Schoolism." The logical and consistent man who supports the latter, must inevitably support the former; and he who like the TRUE WITNESS, condemns the one, must also, if logical and consistent, pass the same sentence upon the other.

So far we agree then with the Witness; but our cotemporary is altogether wrong in asserting that we have "raised the cry of Voluntary Education in order to get rid of Common Schools." This is not true; for as we have never ceased to repeat, we do not look upon the "Voluntary Principle," as applied either to the religion or education, to the churches or the schools, of the people, as desirable per se; and have always contended that it is the duty of the State, and is in the interests of society, that the former should undertake to make material provision for both School and Church; provided only that it does so in such a manner as to do no violence to the conscientious scruples of any of its citizens.

The Witness, however—and in this respect his error is generally shared by his brother Protestants—confounds two things that are essentially distinct. He always assumes that it is one and the same thing, for the State to make material provision for, and to control and direct, the religion or education, of the people. For the first we contend, as perfectly compatible with our right as citizens, as parents, and as Christians; but the latter, or control over either school or church, we altogether refuse to the State; preferring, if no other alternative be left us, to dispense altogether with State assistance than to give the civil magistrate the slightest authority either in religion or in education.

By "Freedom of Religion," we mean the perfect independence of religion of all State control; and we use the words "Freedom of Education" to signify the same thing—viz., the total emancipation of education from the shackles of the State. But because not controlled by it, does not therefore follow that neither Church nor School should be assisted by the State; which of course, in giving its material assistance, would have the right of insisting upon certain conditions to be observed by those to whom that material assistance was given. Thus, in Lower Canada, the State gives material assistance to the Church by giving its aid to enforce the payment of tithes, and other dues, to her Ministers; yet does not this imply any right on the part of the State to direct or control the religion of the Catholics of Lower Canada. Nay! rather than submit to such a degradation, to such a profana-

tion of holy things; which the hands of the civil magistrate should never be allowed to touch, we feel assured that our noble and high-minded clergy would renounce all State assistance, and throw themselves for support on the voluntary contributions of their people. Thus we see in Lower Canada that the State does give material assistance to religion, without pretending, in virtue of that material assistance, to control or direct it. Now we contend that what is, may be; and that what has been done for the Church, may also be done for the School.

Thus the State, despairing on account of the discordant views upon the proper nature and the legitimate objects of education amongst its subjects, might, and should abandon the insane attempt to enforce upon them one "common" school system; which cannot be satisfactory to all, and must indeed be most galling to many. But it would not thence follow that the State should withdraw all material assistance to the cause of education; or that all the schools of the country should be abandoned to the action of the "Voluntary Principle" for their support. A grant in aid, impartially distributed under certain conditions, would meet all the exigencies of the case; and the State might thus promote the intellectual progress of its citizens, without infringing upon the principle of "Freedom of Education."

We said "certain conditions;" for of course in giving its material assistance, the State would have the right to exact the performance of certain duties by those schools, in favor of which its assistance was given. The State would have of course the right to exact from every school claiming a share in its annual grant in aid of education, proofs that it had been kept open and in operation during a specified number of days.

That it had been attended throughout the year by a minimum number of pupils:—

That a minimum of secular education had been therein given. And—

That there had been nothing taught therein contrary to the natural law, or good manners.

Every school—Catholic or Non-Catholic—complying with these terms, and adjuvating satisfactory proofs thereof, should, upon our hypothesis, be entitled to share in the State grant in aid of education, in proportion to the average annual attendance of pupils, as compared with the average attendance on the other schools throughout the country, putting in their claims for a share in the said grant. By the adoption of some such plan, we contend that the rights of the parent to the sole control over the education of his child, and the selection of its teachers and school associates, would be preserved in their integrity; the sacred cause of "Freedom of Education" maintained unimpaired; and, at the same time, very effectual material aid given by the State to the intellectual improvement of its citizens.

We would therefore beg the Witness clearly to understand that it is not as admirers of "Voluntarism," either in religion or in education, that we attack the "common" school system, and seek its destruction; but because it is a tyrannical invasion by the State on the right of the parent and the family; because it is an outrage upon civil and religious liberty; and because it is altogether of pagan growth—a fragment of that accursed social system which once obtained throughout the Gentile world; of which a Lycurgus and a Plato were the apostles; and which it is the great object of our modern socialists and republicans to substitute for that system of Christian civilisation for which we are indebted to Jesus of Nazareth.

At the same time we confess that, as freemen, as parents, and Catholics, rather than allow to a Non-Catholic State the slightest control, direct or indirect, over the education of our children, for whose souls we are responsible to Almighty God with our souls—rather we say, than sanction any such usurpation of our divine right as parents to the sole control over the education of our children, we would cheerfully dispense altogether with all State assistance, and fall back on the Voluntary system pur et simple—imperfect though that system be in many respects. Only and in this we agree with the Witness, it should be really "Voluntary"—that is, unaccompanied with any restrictions upon the right of the individual to do what he thinks fit with his own. To this of course the Witness would not agree, for with him, freedom means restriction upon Catholics to dispose of their own property; and it is because we have so little faith in the honesty or intelligence, in the good faith, or love of liberty, of a considerable portion of our Protestant fellow-citizens, that we shrink from advocating the application of the Voluntary Principle to Canada.

If language be given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts, and to envelop the truth in obscurity almost impenetrable, it must be admitted that the Minerve makes a good use of the talent confided to it. Thus we asked our cotemporary in our last—how it was possible for a sincere Catholic to give a conscientious support to a Ministry, the members of which had voted for a measure embodying, as is admitted by the Clear Grit press, "the whole" of Mr. Brown's anti-Catholic policy; and who sanctioned the gross insult offered by the Governor-General to the

Catholics of Canada, when he officially received the Orange deputations of Toronto on the 12th of July, '56? Hereupon our cotemporary replies to us in the following rignarole, which we translate to the best of our ability:—

"In the first place, we avow frankly that we do not believe our cotemporary open to conviction in political matters; however, we will tell him that if a sincere Catholic can judge betwixt 'the good' and 'the bad,' he can equally well distinguish betwixt 'the bad' and 'the worse,' and make his choice when necessary. Now we must have a Government, and with our constitution this must be a Government of party. A sincere Catholic should then choose betwixt the contending parties, and give his support to that which to him seems the least bad. The TRUE WITNESS calls himself a sincere Catholic, and has lately adjudged all political parties to be equally bad, equally corrupt (with the exception of the Irish who are not all corrupt, as witness the late elections).—If he is convinced of what he says, where is the reason of the change he demands? If the party which desires to obtain power, after the overthrow of the present Ministry, is not better than the last, it is not in the interests of the country to hasten a change. Thus even with the opinions of our cotemporary on political parties, we understand not his desire to overthrow, before public opinion is reformed, and an honest party formed. This would be to escape from Charybdis into Scylla, and nothing better. But we who have the presumption to be as sincerely Catholic as our cotemporary, do not look upon all parties as equally bad; we believe in the good intentions of the Ministerial party, and we have more confidence in those who having at first voted for Mr. Drummond's Bill, afterwards obliged that gentleman to drop it, having foreseen the consequences, than in those who voted with M.M. Brown and Dorion for restricting the rights of religious corporations, to take away the right of bequeathing property to those corporations, and for the establishment of a system of Mixed Schools throughout the Province. As to the act of the Governor-General alluded to above, we sincerely believe that Ministers were never called upon to approve it, and still less so the entire Ministerial party."—Minerve, 19th inst.

It will be seen from the above that our cotemporary does not even venture upon an excuse for the support given by the members of the present Ministry to Mr. Drummond's infamous Incorporations Bill; but contents itself with urging the plea, that, if the said Ministry be bad, their successors would be worse; and that if the present administration be a Charybdis, that of Mr. Brown would be a Scylla. Now, admitting this to be true, for the sake of argument, it would merely follow that the present Ministry should be tolerated as a necessary and inevitable evil; not that it could be "conscientiously supported" by the sincere Catholic.

But we do not think so meanly of Lower Canada—we do not believe that it is so destitute of able and honest men, as to conclude that if the members of the present Ministry—(whom by implication the Minerve admits to be bad)—were to be consigned to their pristine obscurity, it would be impossible to replace them; and we have too much respect for the Minerve's fellow-countrymen to admit that there is no alternative possible betwixt a Brown and a Cartier administration, or, as the Minerve would say, betwixt Scylla and Charybdis.

But even if there were no other alternative, we contend that the cause of religion and public morality has more to fear from a Ministry composed in part of bad or time-serving Catholics, than from the most rabid Clear Grit administration that could be formed; and though we defy any one to cite a simple passage in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS wherein we have spoken favorably of Mr. Brown's short-lived Government,—though we have always denounced an alliance with him as neither possible nor desirable—we frankly admit that we cannot forbear from smiling at those silly old women, who imagine that, if Mr. G. Brown were in office, the Church, founded by Christ Himself upon a Rock, would be in danger. However, we all know that it is not for the Church, but for their salaries, or anticipated salaries, that the "friends of order and good principles" manifest so much nervous trepidation.

On the other hand, a Ministry supported, or apparently supported by Catholics, is capable of doing a great deal of harm, by making Catholics contemptible for their venality in the eyes of the Protestant world, and by engendering amongst the former a disregard for the rules of common honesty, and the obligations of an oath. Thus when a Brown, or an avowed enemy of the Church, votes for a measure like that embodied in Mr. Drummond's Incorporations Bill, we are perfectly indifferent; because Protestants cannot thence draw any conclusions derogatory to the honor of the Church and her Ministers.—But it is different when the same measure is supported by men who call themselves "friends of order and good principles," and who are held up before the public as the "representative" men of the Catholic community. For, argue Protestants, and quite logically—"What a set of consummate knaves and swindlers these Romanish Bishops, Priests, and Nuns must be, when such good Catholics, and men so respected by the Catholic laity—as the Honorable M. Tardiffe and his Ministerial colleagues, deem it necessary to impose legal restrictions upon the right of individuals to dispose at their pleasure of their own private property." Such restrictions are necessary, argues the Montreal Witness; and it is in the votes of our excellent Catholic representatives, the "friends of good principles," that our evangelical cotemporary finds the proofs of that necessity.

Nor is it any excuse of the conduct of those representatives that, after having supported the mea-

sure publicly, they intrigued against it secretly. By so doing they were guilty of what the Italians would call "a double treason," and have pronounced sentence upon themselves.

Does it not therefore flow logically from the premises that—according to the preamble to the Clergy Reserves Bill—it is desirable to abolish the tithe system as at present existing in Lower Canada?

Upon the official reception of the Orange Lodges of Toronto by the Governor General on the 12th of July, '56—and the consequent sanction thereby given to a most dangerous secret "politico-religious" society—the *Minerve* prudently says little; but would fain have us believe that Sir Edmund Head is alone responsible for the disgraceful act; whilst the *Mirror*, another Ministerial organ, contends that the *Ministry*, and the *Ministry alone*, are to be held accountable for it.

In the same way, seeing that the present Ministry have the power, and that it is their duty to rebuke and punish the wanton insolence of Mr. Sheriff Corbett towards the Irish Catholic Clergy of Canada—and seeing that they have refrained from doing this their duty—we contend that they are morally responsible for his insolence, and we trust that they will be so held by our Irish friends; upon the principle clearly laid down by the great Roman orator, that the official who suffers wrong doing, is fully as guilty as the actual perpetrator.

Finally, in reply to the *Minerve's* insinuations of inconsistency against this journal, we would remind it, that we are fully justified in testing the acts of those who call themselves *par excellence* the men of "good principles" by a far higher standard, than we would apply to those of men who make no such professions; and that we have the right to exact from the former, a far more strict account, than we would dream of asking from the latter.

Does not the tithe system, as existing at present in Lower Canada, imply something more

than a semblance of connection between "Church and State?" Does it not therefore flow logically from the premises that—according to the preamble to the Clergy Reserves Bill—it is desirable to abolish the tithe system as at present existing in Lower Canada?

The *Minerve* reproaches us with having reproduced an article from the *Gazette*, containing an error with reference to M. Dorion; who, according to the former journal, is a member of the *Institut Canadien*. We take our cotemporary's word for the fact, and hasten to correct the erroneous statement which we copied from the *Gazette*; and a Ministerial print, therefore hostile to M. Dorion's candidature, and therefore to be supposed trustworthy, when making admissions favorable to that gentleman.

ECCLIASTICAL.—On Sunday, 10th instant, at the close of the Annual Retreat of the Ecclesiastics of the Seminary of Quebec, His Lordship the Bishop of Thio, Administrator of the Archdiocese of Quebec, conferred the following Orders:—

Subdeacons—M.M. Jos. Hudon, Narcisse Gauvin, Ebear Souldard, Ls. Halles, Jos. A. Bureau, Frs. Magl. Founier, Honore Lecours, Pierre Paradis, Jos. Dion, and Ed. Desners. Minor Orders—M.M. Aug. Bernier, Thos. Bannon, Prime Girard and Narcisse Gauthier.

THANKS.—The Ladies of Charity of the St. Patrick's Congregation have the great pleasure of announcing that the nett proceeds of "The St. Patrick's Orphan Bazaar" amounted to \$2,888; and beg to return their best thanks to their generous patrons for a result so far beyond their most sanguine expectations.

POPEY IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.—The *Intelligence*, published in New Brunswick, complains that "the danger is truly great" from the increase of Popery. It adds:—

"Romanism is advancing with rapid strides, and is assuming an air of defiance. The same thing is true of Romanism in Nova Scotia as in New Brunswick. It must be obvious to the most casual observer, that arrogance and assumption have become the peculiar features of the leaders and representatives of Romanism in these provinces; and that the least opposition to their aggressions is only the prelude to tirades of abuse and defamation."

DIocese of Toronto. To the Editor of the True Witness. Toronto, Oct. 18, 1858.

DEAR SIR—On the 4th instant, there was witnessed in Toronto a brilliant ceremony which afforded a great intellectual treat to such of our citizens as take any delight in godless education; I allude to the laying of the coping stone of the Toronto University and University College. As might be expected, grand speeches were made on the occasion. These orations were, in general, remarkable for inflated words, meaning nothing, or, at least, asserting what was utterly false and absurd.

Is it not written—would we ask the *Minerve*—in the Statute Book, "that it is desirable to abolish all semblance even of connection between Church and State?" Does not the tithe system, as existing at present in Lower Canada, imply something more

obsolete. He knows that not only the whole Catholic body, but the members of the Anglican Church, a large proportion of the church of Scotland; he knows that a large number of the most enlightened among the different denominations have solemnly protested, and daily protest, against the great hubbub—the godless schools. Dr. Ryerson is fully aware that, at this time, separate schools are established everywhere; not only among Catholics, but also by the church of England, and even by the Methodists, in different parts of the country.

On last Friday, 15th inst., five young ladies were admitted to their religious vows, in St. Joseph's Convent. His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese presided on the occasion. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up by the Very Rev. J. M. Bruyere, V.G. It was followed by an excellent and appropriate discourse by the Rev. Mr. Rooney, Pastor of St. Paul. At the conclusion of the ceremony, His Lordship addressed some pathetic remarks, on perseverance, to the newly professed Sisters. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded the ceremony.

DEAR SIR—You are certainly aware that a large meeting was convened here on the 14th inst., for the purpose of expressing sympathy for the late Brown-Dorion administration, and for other matters. You will certainly not devote much of your attention or labors to the purely political part of this affair; but inasmuch as this party, known as the Brown-Dorion party—the persons who compose it, their antecedents, their principles, and their intentions—have a bearing upon religion, and particularly upon a religious question, that is the vital question of the day—you will not let this matter pass unheeded.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—On Monday last, in Dalhousie street, Griffintown, Margaret Gavin, widow of Daniel O'Doherty, departed this life at the advanced age of 100 years. The deceased was born in the Parish of Kilmacrennan, County of Donegal, Ireland, in 1758, and continued, till about eight days preceding her death, to superintend the management of her household with as much diligence and activity as a maiden of 21. Her mental faculties, as well as her vision, were as perfect as those of her grand-children, and as each successive Sunday morning dawned, she was to be seen wending her way to the House of God, unassisted, there to practice the pious exercises of the Catholic Church, in which she had, long ago, been taught in the famous land of the O'Donnells.

Lord Napier did not, as was expected, visit Toronto, after stopping at Niagara. The Great Western Railway Company sent their Directors' car to convey him in, if he should so choose, but he preferred taking the New York route, and is now, probably, in that city.—*Globe*.

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hering to it, and by following out the secondary principles flowing from it, will the Brown-Dorion party be able to gain the advantage over their unprincipled and wily adversaries; but it is especially the duty of the prominent Catholics of all parties to prove themselves honest, able, and active; for their fellow-religionists look up to them for justice.

When will men take warning by the solemn lessons of history? When shall the reckless spirit of radicalism cease to wield its withering influence over British territory? We are induced to submit these stirring interrogatories to the enlightened Conservatives of Snobtown in view of recent events in our Canadian possessions. It would appear that a member of the Canadian Commons named Brown has been for nearly seven years engaged in secret treason against his Sovereign.

THE MINISTRY OF THE DAY, of which Mr. McDonald was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Alley, who we may observe, is considered to be the orator par excellence of the House, the Prime Minister, obtained Her Majesty's consent to fix the seat of Government at Ottawa. The huge manufacturing city was eminently fitted for the intended dignity, being situated about midway between Toronto and the celebrated Falls of Niagara, thus affording equal advantages to both sections of the Province.

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son was found a letter, addressed to some person in King, which indicated who he was and what his business was in this city. The letter was signed "J. Ounningham," and this name was found marked on some of his linen, and partly written in pencil on a box of clothes which he brought along with him.—It was dated the 12th instant, and had been written at Painesville, Ohio. It announced the writer's intention to leave that place for Toronto in search of employment, and requested the person to whom it was addressed to send him letters to individuals whom that person knew in the city, in the hope that they might aid him in the object he had in view. To all appearance, he had been employed in the dry-goods business. How the unfortunate man came to be shot is at present a mystery. Circumstances would lead to the inference that it occurred accidentally, but he may have committed suicide, or he may have been murdered. When the body was found the deceased had on two coats, and the outer one was buttoned, if not the two. The shot had passed through neither of these, nor the vest, but there was the mark of it on the under clothing.—Under the body there was a pistol—one of the kind which does not require to be cocked, but will discharge by the simple use of the trigger—and in his pockets a number of bullets, a bullet mould, a box of caps and ramrod. These were all of the size to fit the pistol, and no doubt belonged to it. Unless there has been foul play, of which we have not yet heard there is any evidence, these facts would seem to lead to the conclusion that the deceased was accidentally shot by himself in an endeavor to remove the pistol without unbuttoning his coat. If he committed suicide, he certainly did it in a most awkward fashion; and if he was murdered, the murderer displayed a vast deal of cunning and an extraordinary degree of boldness in order to remove suspicion. The above facts being reported to Dr. Hallowell, coroner, that gentleman at once summoned a jury to inquire into the matter. No evidence was, however, received, it being deemed advisable that a *post mortem* examination should first take place. Dr. Small was deputed to discharge this duty, and the inquest was accordingly adjourned until to-day.

RESULTS OF THE POST MORTEM EXAMINATION.—Since the above was written, we have learned the result of the *post mortem* examination. It has developed an extraordinary fact, and one which raises the grave suspicion that the deceased was murdered. It appears that the ball entered about four inches from the navel and about an inch and a half to the left of the median line, perforated the anterior and posterior coats of the stomach, and lodged in the posterior lobe of the left lung. Two openings were found in the lung, and hence it is supposed there were two balls. But one only was found, and this does not fit the pistol found under the deceased, or the bullet mould found in his possession.—*Toronto Colonist*.

Births. In this city, on the 27th ult., Mrs. M. M'Shane, of a son. In Ottawa City, on the 13th inst., the wife of Mr. J. F. Caldwell, of a son.

Died. In this city, on the 15th inst., Isidore Mallon, Esq., Surveyor of Her Majesty's Customs, for this port, aged 33 years. A native of Ballymahon, County of Longford, Ireland. Deeply regretted by his family, and a large circle of friends. In this city, on the 16th inst., Thomas O'Connell, aged 44 years, a native of the Queen's County, Ireland.

In Indian Loreto, on the 14th instant, at the residence of his father, after a lingering illness of three years, John Donnelly, aged 26 years, only son of Mr. Daniel Donnelly.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES. October 19, 1858. Flour, per quintal, \$2.90 to \$3.00. Oatmeal, per do., 2.50 to 2.60. Wheat, per minot., 90 to 1.00. Oats, do., 40 to 45. Barley, do., 90 to 95. Peas, do., 90 to 95. Beans, do., 1.60 to 2.00. Buckwheat, do., 75 to 80. Potatoes, per minot., 0 to 0. Onions, per bag, 75 to 80. Beef, per lb., 7 to 15. Mutton, per quarter, 1.00 to 1.75. Pork per 100 lbs., (in the carcass), 6.00 to 7.00. Butter, Fresh, per lb., 20 to 25. "Salt, per lb., 14 to 15. Eggs, per doz., 15 to 17. Cheese, per lb., 10 to 15. Turkeys, per couple, 1.40 to 1.50. Geese, do., 90 to 80. Fowls, do., 50 to 60. Hay, per 100 bbls., 6.00 to 8.50. Straw, do., 3.00 to 5.00. Ashes—Pots, per cwt., 6.00 to 6.00. "Pearly, per do., 7.00 to 7.00.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE

PARIS, SEPT. 27.—Prince Napoleon left Paris yesterday by special train for Warsaw, accompanied by several officers of his household. He is expected back on the 5th or 6th of next month. A less important incident occurring at a season when politics are in a lull—when the Court is far away at the seaside—when our most distinguished politicians are justifying, and when no scandals of any note abroad—would excite curiosity among the news-mongers of the Bourse and the boulevards. Military manoeuvres on a large scale are to be executed, under the eye of the Czar himself, on the plains of Warsaw, and the Prince who stands in such close relation to the Imperial Throne must not miss the opportunity of witnessing as a friend the simulated war which he saw in reality, and as a foe, in the Crimea. Some believe that the journey of his Imperial Highness is simply an act of courtesy in the name of the Emperor, his cousin. Had the Czar been at Brussels, or Turin, or Bern, or London, or Madrid, it might be understood, but Warsaw is rather distant from Paris. Then we are told of matrimonial views, of which Prince Napoleon is the object, and for which the Czar's influence is most desirable, and most potent when German Princes and Princesses are to be matched. On the other hand, it is rumored that the Prince has gone to Warsaw to invite His Russian Majesty to pay a visit to Paris. It is said that when the Emperor Alexander received a similar invitation last year he softened his answer on that occasion by stating that he might visit France on some future day. Every one knows the anxiety of the Emperor of the French to see foreign Sovereigns at his Court. It is perhaps one of the weak points in his character. It would seem that he is hardly considered a bona fide monarch until this craving is satisfied, and the presence of the Emperor of All the Russias in the capital of the French Empire, dwelling under the same roof, and partaking of his bread and his salt, would be a triumph to his vanity. To overcome any repugnance of the Muscovite Autocrat to figuring at the Tuilleries would be a great point gained. We were but half satisfied with the flying visit of the Grand Duke Constantine, who no doubt thought it an act of condescension on his part to come even alone. What a triumph, then, if the Czar, and especially the Czarina, accepted an invitation from his bon ami and frere! Whether Prince Napoleon is really intrusted with such a mission I do not affirm, though I should not be surprised if he were. There is another version more popular among those who profess to see very far into the future. These, of course, treat with contempt the ordinary explanation of a mere act of courtesy from one absolute Sovereign to another. They believe that the journey of Prince Napoleon is for no less an object than promoting an alliance between France and Russia, of which the Mazarins and Richelieus of the day have already laid the foundation, and which the Imperial Prince is expected to complete. The Russian tendencies of some eminent statesmen may be all they are described, and they may think that Russia or France is the only country for a thorough gentleman to live in.—But I have some reason to suspect that if any one were to be charged with such a mission Prince Napoleon is not the man. Unlike some of the master-minds who are vulgarly thought to have a great part in the direction of State affairs, the sympathies of the Prince are, to all appearances, far from Russian. His real sympathies he makes no secret of, and these are not at St. Petersburg. The Prince has invariably appeared most anxious to maintain the alliance with England, and on a very recent occasion expressed himself to that effect when the rumor to which I allude reached his ear. I cannot say whether his visit to Warsaw is at all connected with politics; if it be, I am assured it relates to Turkey, or Italy, rather than to a Russian alliance.—Cor. Times.

It appears that besides the works undertaken at Cherbourg and Brest, others are to be executed in all the other Atlantic ports. Plans have been drawn out, and credits fixed, for putting all of them in a respectable state of defence. The sums which will be expended for Havre will amount to about 150 millions, of which 80 will be at the charge of the Minister of Marine, and 70 of the port. The town of Havre will really realise the necessary sum by the sale of the land. The military port of Dunkirk will be put into a state of defence by the outlay of 17,000,000fr.; and 7,000,000fr. are to be devoted to Dieppe; and 1,800,000fr. to Fecamp. Works will be afterwards executed at Calais and at Boulogne.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—The correspondent of the Manchester Examiner writes:—"It may be worth mentioning for just what it is worth, that I was told the other day by a friend who has just returned from the south of France, that it is whispered at Biarritz that the Empress Eugenie is again in a condition to afford hopes that the Imperial dynasty of France may cease in due course to hang on the single life of the young prince. There is no doubt but the birth of another prince is the object of the Emperor's most ardent desires."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AT THE RIFLE.—The Empress Eugenie is known to be an accurate marksman, rifle in hand. In the Department du Nord (the West Riding of France) the ladies have scorned conventional formalities, and in the list of game licences several of the leading lady-fashions at Valenciennes have taken out a shooting warrant, and fill their reticules with red-legged partridges.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—In an old house of the Rue Thievenot, there has lived for many years a remarkable person:—The dressmaker of the Countess du Barry, once the famous mistress of Louis the Fifteenth. This aged lady, born in 1757, worked for the Countess up to 1793, when the ill-starred favourite went on her last walk to the scaffold. She lives in good circumstances, having an income of 15,000fr. Of fourteen children to whom she gave birth, three only are living, the youngest of whom is seventy-five years old. Her diet is very simple, consisting of two meals a day, with only water for drink. In February, 1848, at the outbreak of the revolution, she had chairs and tables placed in the yard of her house, and entertained the insurgents and all who would be her guests. On being asked why she did so, she answered, "Ca me rajeunait joliment, ca me rappelle 1789." M. Rataille, a friend of the old lady, is about to publish her biography in one of the weekly Paris journals.—Atheneum.

LACORDAIRE ON THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.—The current number of Le Correspondant contains a terminal oration, addressed by the great religious orator of France, to the students of the College of Sorbonne. He aims in it at fortifying the minds of his youthful auditors, of whom the majority are heirs to landed property, against Socialist theories. He prefaces an exhortation as to the duties of proprietorship, with an eloquent refutation of the wild notions constituting what is called communism; a doctrine that, ten years ago, so nearly unhinged French society; and which appears still to possess, to a lamentable extent, the minds of the masses. As is usual with Continental errors and follies, those theories appear likely to gain ground here just as they are beginning to be exploded in the country of their birth. We have, somewhere, heard mention made of "Catholic Socialists," but the Church, although she permitted and even enforced by a miraculous penalty the community of goods under the exceptional circumstances of the primitive ages, and has perpetuated the principle in the religious state—the continuation of primitive charity; yet has never countenanced, in a political sense, any interference with individual proprietorship. In France the Church is the uncompromising opponent of the theory that the land belongs to the State, and ought to be held by it, as in trust for all the citizens at large; and the theory which embodied in the startling formula, "La propriete est le vol" banded men of all parties into the phalanx of order in 1848-9; and, in fact, gave birth to the pre-

sent Imperial regime, with its iron security and its uneasy compression. For ourselves, the arguments of the Catholic orator may seem unnecessary; but it may be neither useless or uninteresting to have them briefly sketched out:—Socialism is very plausible; its books are widely circulated amongst our working classes; and at the next recurrence of any serious stagnation in trade, and consequent diminution of employment and of wages, we shall probably hear more of its teachings, and their results.

Lacordaire argues that the possession of land by individual citizens is the source of the ideas of patriotism, of domestic ties, of civil liberty, and of the chief security that mere human arrangements can give for the purity and stability of religion. "Man dies, but the earth is undying. Ages and generations write no wrinkle on its brow." As Adam saw it, so we saw it. It is always young in its antiquity, the more fruitful the more it gives; inexhaustible source of sustenance, of wealth, and of beauty, it still bears out the apostrophe of the Roman poet:—

Satura, magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus, Magna virum.

Parent of men, because the land influences in a wondrous manner the human heart, engraving thereon the lineaments of manly strength and virtue. "Thus it is a grand thing to possess land: that man should, even on God's earth, set his foot, and say this soil is mine; nay, that even from the cold obstruction of the tomb he should be able to dictate its possession, and live again in his heirs! Such is the right of proprietorship. A right it is; and, as Bossuet has said, 'There is no right against a right.' Why is it a right? Who made it so? God, or man? necessity, or the will of lawgivers? Those should be able to reply who have property to maintain, and its duties to fulfill.

There is no nation without proprietorship in land. The first act which makes a people gives them a property in land—a territory; in other words, takes from the whole human family a portion of its heritage, and makes it exclusively theirs. Their possession of it is the condition of their nationality. A nation unable to hold by force of arms the territory it calls its own has ceased to be a nation. National proprietorship is the basis of patriotism; if it be a wrong, then patriotism is based upon a wrong. Destroy national proprietorship, and a nation has no country. It becomes a mere vagabond horde, to roam on the face of the earth with its cattle and its tents. Even where it halts, the ground, for the brief space it sojourns, must be its property."

GERMANY.

The protracted and now avowedly permanent incapacity of the King for affairs has brought about a crisis in Prussia which, in itself unavoidable, may be immediately productive of immense results. The degree to which the Prussian Government of late years contrived to lower itself in consideration by abject vacillation and an utter want of dignity has rendered public opinion abroad so listless to the political situation of the country that now it is little aware of the peculiar circumstances of the moment. There is no doubt that their satisfactory solution can and must be mainly affected by the personal character of those who may hold the reins of power from the authority attaching to the Sovereign in Prussia, partly out of loyalty and partly through the constitution; but it would be a mistake to suppose such a satisfactory solution, if brought about, to be merely the result of inspiration from above on a dead and apathetic mass. There is a strong and widely disseminated opinion in favor of reform as involved in the adoption of a consistent and national policy.—This feeling has of late not been much manifested in public efforts, for it found itself precluded from becoming dominant in the old Chambers, which were packed by Court influence, while loyalty disinclined to revolutionary means, and confidence in the Prince of Prussia's manly sense encouraged hope in the future.

ITALY.

The French garrison at Rome is to be reinforced by a detachment of cavalry and a battalion of Chasseurs. This is just what was wanted to make that garrison a complete army-division, ready to take the field, instead of doing garrison service. The measure, therefore, cannot have been adopted from an apprehension of an outbreak at Rome. It can only have reference to eventual complications with States whose territory borders on the Papal States—say Austria or Naples. That the relations between France and Austria have not improved of late is a well known fact. The Danubian Principalities have already proved too tempting for their rival diplomacy, and, for aught we know, Italy may prove the same in a short time. But who, in these bickerings, is the actual aggressor?

There is good reason to believe that the assertion, that the French garrison in the Eternal City is about to remove to Civita Vecchia, is without the slightest foundation. The account given of a conflict between the Roman and French soldiers is set down here as a gross exaggeration. That there have been brawls is very possible. Indeed, where large numbers of men are collected together, and where wine shops are abundant, it would be surprising if scuffles did not occasionally take place. Even at Versailles, near Paris, duels and regimental fights among the men of different corps have been of frequent occurrence. It would, therefore, be more than could be expected were such little tiffs not to occur at Rome. But, to magnify them into events of political importance is an absurdity.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS TO CHINA.—A letter from Rome, in the Brussels Independence, states that the opening of China to Christian Missionaries is the absorbing theme in Rome; and the Pope, it is added, is about to organise a grand collection throughout Catholic Europe, on behalf of special missions.

RUSSIA.

The Vienna correspondent of the Times alludes to the difficulties attending the emancipation of serfs in Russia. It is a financial as well as a political question. The writer says that if the slaves are not soon emancipated they will take the matter into their own hands, and persons well acquainted with their character anticipate excesses if their expectations are not completely realised.

The great question of the Emancipation of the Russian Serfs makes little progress. It is the Emperor's will that the mighty social revolution shall be peaceably accomplished within the next twelve years. But the difficulties are immense. On the one hand, the mere notion that their condition is about to undergo a change, unsettles the minds, and fires the imaginations of the Serfs; and in various provinces symptoms of the most alarming kind have appeared already. Emancipation is no unmixed good when the emancipated classes lose the advantages of their former state without the knowledge or the means of availing themselves of their freedom.—Some will murmur at the change as altogether beneath their expectations, and complain that they have been defrauded. Some will clamor for the ancient order of things under which they were at least secure of food and clothes and shelter. The population directly affected by the measure amounts to three-and-twenty millions, and there is a further difficulty for which the advisors of the Czar have as yet devised no remedy. The taxes of Russia are paid by the landed proprietors, and the value of the landed property depends upon the number of their Serfs. How shall they pay taxes when the source of their wealth is cut off? The Emperor Alexander has claim upon the sympathies of the civilised world for his good intentions, but with millions of Serfs waiting for emancipation, and thousands of landed proprietors who see their ruin in the measure, he is of all Potentates in the least enviable position. The French papers magnify the destinies of Russia, and advocate a close alliance between it and their own country. The Russian territory is extended by acquisitions from China, Russian commerce is developing in the Mediterranean, Russian diplomacy is busily

engaged at Warsaw; but there is no portion of the world in which Great Events which may easily prove Great Disasters, are so probable as in Russia.—Globe.

SWEDEN.

THE CHOLERA IN SWEDEN.—Letters from Stockholm state that the cholera is raging there. On the 18th Sept., there were 74 new cases, and 31 deaths. Up to that date there had been altogether 511 cases, and 217 deaths. The authorities had ordered that the dead from cholera should be buried beyond the city walls.

INDIA.

The following message has been received at the East India-house:—

"East India-House, Sep. 28. "TO J. D. DICKINSON, ESQ.

"Supplement to Mr. Secretary Edmonstone's Message, dated Aug. 26, 1858.

"On the 26th of August Sir Hope Grant sent a force across the Goomtee at Sultaopore, and occupied three villages in his front.

"Benares Division.—Captain M'Mullen, with his Sikhs, fell in with rebels at a village near Reateen Ghazee, Pooken district, on the 23rd August, and drove them out, killing and wounding 60.

"Allahabad Division.—Captain Dennehy, with a detachment of regulars and a party of military police, came up with Wunjab Singh, of Rewa, at Bearroh, on the 28th August, and killed about 200 of his men.

CENTRAL INDIA.—The Gwalior rebels, after their defeat on the 14th of August, fled in a south-easterly direction, giving out that it was their intention to enter the Bombay Presidency viz Mundisore. However, on finding this line of retreat was menaced by the force from Neemuch under Colonel Franks, they turned north towards Bheelwarra. On the 28th of August reached Jalpa Patteen, which they surrounded after some days' fighting with the Rana's troops. They obtained possession of the town, which they have plundered. The Rana fled, and is now in Colonel Lockhart's camp at Soonsneer. Soonsneer is 55 miles north of Cojein. A column under Colonel Hope left Indore on the 3rd instant to support the one which had been previously despatched under the command of Colonel Lockhart, Her Majesty's 92nd Highlanders. The rebels are in full possession of Patteen, repairing defences and throwing up breastworks on the roads approaching. Adil Mohamed has moved from Jerouge, and taken possession of Poorassa; the movement threatens Balsah, and towards Goojerat. A small force from Ahmedabad attacked and dispersed a body of Munkranees and Bheels at Mandeli on the 22d of August. The rest of the Bombay Presidency is quiet.

"D. L. ANDERSON, Secretary to Government. "Bombay Castle, Sept. 7, 1858.

"P.S.—The following message, dated Kurracliee, September 4, has just been received:—

"Major Hamilton writes from Moorats (?) that at noon on the 31st ult., the 69th and 62nd Native Infantry and the Native Artillery, all disarmed, broke out and tried to seize the guns and arms of the Fusiliers. They were repulsed, great numbers slain, and the rest driven from the cantonment to jungles towards the river. Our loss was four men of the Royal Artillery, and, regret to say, Captain Miles, of the Fusiliers. Major Hamilton heard of the intended outbreak in time to warn the military authorities. He had with the Police Battalion, already arrested 90 of the fugitives."

"D. L. ANDERSON, Sec. to Government. "Bombay Castle, Sept. 7.

"Received at Malta, Sept. 28.

"V. MONTANARO."

Canton is not to be evacuated until after the complete execution of the treaty—so far, that is to say, as regards the entire payment of the indemnity to England and France.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Atlantic Telegraph, and all that relates to it—the best kind of rope to be used, the best means of getting it down, and the best way to work it when it is down—the whole scheme, in fact, seems to be slowly drifting back again into those realms of theory and speculation from which it has only so recently emerged.—Already there are many competitors and projectors in the field, some to work the old rope, some to make a new. It is not cheering to find that public attention is almost instinctively directed to the consideration of the latter project, and that to the hopes and expectations of the majority, the present wire—laid at such a cost, and with such risks—is already regarded as virtually lost and useless. Among those who have come forward with remedies for overcoming the difficulties of the Atlantic, in case a new rope is required, is Mr. Rowett, who, that there may be no mistake about the matter, expresses himself as willing to contract to lay the rope from Valencia to Newfoundland—everything included—for as small a sum as £182,000, or some £200,000 less than the capital expended by the Atlantic Company. Such an offer has naturally directed some attention to Mr. Rowett's plan, which is simply that of a rope-covered electric wire instead of the old mode of proceeding by a wire-covered rope. Mr. Rowett's idea is to have the conductor well and safely insulated with gutta-percha, and then simply enclosed without further preparation in the strands of a common hemp cable about an inch in diameter. A piece has already been made—not with a view of displaying what would be necessary for the Atlantic depths, but to illustrate the peculiar advantages which such a mode of construction gives over the wire cable.—This specimen is certainly as light, as flexible, and as strong as could be desired, and these three qualities must be the very sine qua non with all future Atlantic telegraphs. The cost of such a cable would be only, as Mr. Rowett alleges, £86 per mile, its weight about 9 cwt., and its breaking strain 4 tons, or nearly twice as much as could ever come upon it while being submerged—no matter what the state of the weather, or how the vessel might be plugging.—To this particular rope, as we have said, a certain amount of attention has lately been directed, owing no doubt, to Mr. Rowett's offer to take it in working order across the ocean to America for a regular contract price per mile. But, beyond the feeling due to an offer of such magnitude, and made with such confidence of success, neither the proposal nor the rope deserve the notice they have attracted. Mr. Rowett's idea of a rope-covered wire is by no means a new one, and, what is more to the purpose, the cable is almost without exception far inferior in most important requisites to others that were designed some time before this was thought of. It is light, strong, and flexible, but so are all such ropes, and so even is the present Atlantic cable (if we may still call it so) in a very high degree. The difference between Mr. Rowett's rope and others of the same kind is, that in the former no adequate protection is given to the gutta-percha, and never can be given by his method of stranding the hemp, whereas with all others this important point is carefully considered and provided for. For these and for other reasons which show the cable to have been designed and constructed by a person unacquainted with what a submarine telegraph requires, it is of its kind an inferior cable, though it has certainly done good service in directing attention to the general question of rope-covered wire, for the purpose of deep sea telegraphy. All the experiments in very deep seas tend to show that the principle of a rope-covered wire is the right one, after all. For any depth under 1,000 fathoms a wire rope is the best and cheapest; for great depths, 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms, it becomes the dearest, because the worst and most difficult to submerge. No man who has ever seen a deep sea wire laid but must have been convinced that covering the rope with wire was only making a difficulty which required all the costly apparatus of paying-out machines, breaks, and check tackle to contend against, and which in but too many instances it has been impossible totally to over-

come. Any one who has ever crossed the Atlantic would engage to pay out a piece of common wire-cord—without breaking it, from Ireland to America; because in such a case there would be no strain on it, and it could run out as fast as it chogs. This ought to be the principle in which all very deep sea ropes should be laid down everywhere. A rope-covered wire, light enough to be very cheap, and because light therefore strong—with such a coil running from a steamer going 10 miles or so an hour, a dozen cables might be laid across the Atlantic in a twelvemonth if no other difficulties exist. It has been urged that such ropes, if moved by currents at the bottom of the sea, would chafe through at once; but, besides that this objection applies equally to wire, there exists proof positive that in the greater depths of the ocean the water is as motionless as bottom as the rocks on which it rests. During the soundings taken by the Gorgan shells of the most delicate texture, and so small that it was impossible to perceive them without the aid of magnifying power, were brought up. Yet these shells, even to their finest ridges, were uninjured, and had evidently lain without movement in those tremendous depths for ages. Another proof is that whenever the strain upon the sounding-line prevented bottom being at once discovered, and some 100 or 120 fathoms more line were payed out after the lead had touched, it was always known to the foot what surplus had gone over, as the line invariably sunk on the spot where the lead had grounded, and came up in a tangled mass like a ball of cord. Such results could never have been obtained had there been any motion far below the surface. But a question arises with regard to rope-covered wire, and, indeed, submarine cables of all kinds if laid at very great depths, and that is how far the pressure or weight of the superincumbent mass of water affects the gutta-percha insulator. We may doubt the question whether water increases in density or whether it is compressible, but none can deny that it has weight, at least, and that this weight comes upon the bottom of the ocean and whatever rests there. The very minute and perfect shells being found at the bottom does no more to disprove such a supposition than an empty egg-shell shows that there can be no such thing as an atmospheric pressure of 15lb. to the square inch. In both cases the pressure of water and air is equal inside and out. But in the case of the gutta-percha insulator it is not so, and the water pressing with immense external force would penetrate in many places where the guard hemp was at all injured, and so gradually permeate the substance of the gutta-percha as to reach the copper wire and seriously weaken its conducting powers. We do not say that such an action does take place, but it is even possible it would at once do away with the feasibility of such rope-covered wires as Mr. Rowett proposes. In any case his plan of constructing his rope is, as we have said, inferior to many others of the same kind.

CONVERSION OF AN ASIATIC POTENTATE TO ROMANISM.

Although late events in the East have brushed up the popular knowledge of geography, we fancy most of our readers will be considerably puzzled by the announcement in to-day's paper that "a son of the King of Cambodia, one of the divisions of the empire of Annam, has been converted to the Church of Rome." Annam is scarcely known to the European world, though the name of Cochin China, the principal province of the empire, is perfectly familiar to us; but who the potentate may be whose son has just become a Christian, we profess ourselves wholly ignorant. However, it is but right to wish the Church of Rome joy of its illustrious convert. The event is not so unimportant as might at first be supposed; for, notwithstanding the zealous and devoted labours of missionaries of all the churches of Christendom, the progress of the true religion in the East is admitted to have been hitherto remarkably slow. That an Eastern Prince should have been induced by its servants to abjure Paganism is therefore a signal victory for the Church of Rome; while, at the same time it shows how strong is the influence which Western civilization is beginning to exercise in those countries from which it has till now been excluded. One cannot but think that the comparative success of Roman Catholic Missionaries, of which this conversion is a striking instance, ought to teach our Protestant Churches to make better choice of instruments in the work of converting the heathen. It is pleasant to rail at the Jesuits, but certainly the thorough training in the art of governing mankind by means of superior knowledge, which the disciples of Loyola undergo, fits them to encounter and overcome the difficulties of a Missionary life. We are fully convinced that it requires a gentleman to convert a savage, and that the polished eloquent scholar who can adapt himself to the ways of those whom he seeks to rule, and yet make manifest to them by his conduct his superiority in manners and morality, will easily drive out of the field the ardent but ignorant Missionary, who is so intent on preaching the Gospel that he is heedless whether or not he gives offence by blurring out, at all times and seasons, fierce anathemas and denunciations of all that his hearers hold sacred. Now, although there are many Protestant missionaries who are by no means obnoxious to the reproach that they have undertaken a work to which they are unequal, yet, as a body, they appear to command less respect than is paid to their Roman Catholic rivals; and in Mr. Wingrove Cooke's letter from China there are one or two anecdotes which painfully show how easy it is for missionaries, whose intellect has not been sufficiently cultivated to keep them out of such danger, to adopt the low tone of morality that is prevalent among those whom they seek to convert, and thus to bring humiliation upon their order. But this event not only suggests reflections of interest to the religious world, it is also of some political importance. There is no gaining the fact that missionaries, despite their peaceful profession are often the pioneers of conquest. The spiritual advisers of a Sovereign who has just been reclaimed by them from heathenism, and who is naturally devoted to the man who has plucked him from the burning, have in their power the whole management of the temporal affairs of the kingdom. When this power is placed in the hands of disciples of the ambitious encroaching Church of Rome, it is not to be expected that they will have the humility to attend slowly to their own special duties. The only Roman Catholic monarch who has any influence in the East is the Emperor of the French:—and to him the missionaries of China and Cochin China look for support and countenance. In conjunction with the English, the Emperor Napoleon has made war on China, not like us Mammon-worshippers, to extend the trade of France, for France has no Chinese trade, but to protect and encourage the missionaries of the Catholic faith. Gratitude for his disinterested exertion would alone induce these missionaries to do all they can to spread the fame of the Emperor among their converts. In China they cannot hope to effect much to his advantage for some time to come; but this conversion of the Prince of Cambodia seems to open out a path for the advance of French influence in Annam. Singularly enough, it happens that just at this time a French expedition is fitting out, or perhaps has sailed, against Cochin China. The ostensible object of the expedition is to avenge the murder of some missionaries by the natives; but it is just possible that, when they find the living missionaries getting on so well and are so powerful at court, the French may be persuaded not only to forgive past offences, but to accept a territorial cession from the ruler of Annam, in token of the sincerity of their friendship.—Manchester Guardian. (Protestant.)

CHRISTOFORO BUONO CORA.

Christoforo Buono Cora, the foreigner who has, under the above title, exhibited himself for some time past in the Ashburnham grounds Cremorne, appears in England to test the advantages of a dress which is stated to be impervious to fire, and which will preserve the body though in actual contact with flame. The mode of proceeding adopted by the exhibitor is as follows:—"Two iron cages are framed to intersect each other, about fifteen feet long, by opening or doorway. These are completely surrounded and covered with light brushwood, which is dried, and when the whole becomes as it were one body of flame, he coolly enters, traverses the several narrow burning avenues, passing in and out at each opening with apparent ease, and perfectly unharmed. During the period of performance takes place the heat of the fire is so great that none of the visitors can approach within a distance of 90 feet, and then only by partially shading the face. The public are not in any way restricted as to examination or point of sight, so that no deception can be practised; and it would appear that M. Cora has proved what he has asserted, 'that life and action can be maintained without injury in the midst of fire.' The exhibitor has served in the Neapolitan army, and has spent much of his time in Egypt, where his attention was drawn to considerable loss of life and property from fires which appeared to him to admit of a remedy. Repeated experiments during four years resulted in a success for which he was very handsomely rewarded by Said Pacha; but, becoming involved in political intrigues, he was necessitated to take refuge in England, where he seeks to benefit by an invention which certainly seems calculated to be of considerable importance. The dress is of a light, portable material, made in a sacklike form, over a portion of which is worn a kind of hood, with glasses to shelter the eyes.—Star.

A somewhat remarkable meeting was held, in St. Martin's Lane, on Thursday, the 23rd ult. A considerable number of English and French democrats assembled together on the invitation of 'the Central International Committee,' to commemorate the establishment of a Republic, and the overthrow of monarchy in 1792. The hero of the recent State trial, Dr. Simon Bernard, presided, but both he and M. Felix Pyat, the principal orator of the night, spoke in French, so that the majority of the audience could not understand them. M. Pyat depicted the present state of France in very dark colours. Only one Englishman spoke, (and he was a Scotchman), a Mr. Mackay, who attributed the failure of the first French revolution to the murder of the 'immortal' Robespierre by the middle classes, and expressed his distrust of the leaders of the revolution of '49—Lamartine, Louis Blanc, and Ledru Rollin. According to the speaker Louis Blanc ought to have shot Lamartine, and, as he did not do so, he has forfeited the confidence of all the democrats. It is but right to say that the meeting did not sympathise with Mr. Mackay's ultra views, and true in expressing their probable stood in a minority of one.—Star.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On Friday, the 24th ult., the Bishop of Oxford's commission to investigate the charges against the Rev. Richard Temple West was opened in the Town Hall at Reading. The Commissioners were Dr. Phillimore, Chancellor of the Diocese; the Ven. James Randall, Archdeacon of Berkshire; the Rev. J. Austen, Leigh, Vicar of Bray, and Rural Dean; Mr. Charles Sawyer, of Heywood Lodge; and Mr. J. Hibbert, of Braywick Lodge. The enquiry excited intense interest; the Court was crowded with the resident clergy of the neighbourhood; among the former were Mr. J. Walter, M.P., of the Times, Mr. P. Grenfell, M.P., and several County and Borough Magistrates. Mr. Cripps appeared for the complaint, Mr. Coleridge for the defence.

Mr. Cripps having stated the case, called Mrs. Arnold, who, on cross-examination, admitted irregularities of life sufficient to justify the surmise of her neighbourhood that she had probably broken all the commandments but one. She admitted also that the Rev. Mr. Shaw, the instigator of the prosecution, was paying her bills. The rest of her evidence, as well as that of Mrs. Ellen, varied little from the accounts our readers have already had before them.

Mr. Coleridge, in an eloquent address, commented with force on the manner in which public opinion and its organs had dealt with this case. He declared that Mr. West emphatically denied that he had ever alluded to confession in the interrogatories he put to Mrs. Arnold, or thought of or wished it; or that he had ever advocated or practised a system of habitual confession. He contended that even if they believed the woman's evidence, there was no ground for further proceedings, and that had it not been for the prejudices which were fanned by the public press, the charge would never have arrived at its present importance. Mr. Coleridge dwelt with particular severity on the articles in the Times, from which he read extracts; and having concluded his address, during which he was frequently interrupted by the cheering of the audience, he proceeded to call witnesses for the defence.

Mrs. Lucy Lawrence Curden proved that Mrs. Arnold had told her Mr. West "was just the right sort of person to visit a sick person," that he had gone through the Commandments with her, and that she had told him what she had done, adding, "I always think when we do anything wrong, the least we can do is to tell it; I always tell my children so." She said she had received comfort from Mr. West's visits; that she liked him better than the previous Curate, though she liked him; that he did not say a word about Confession or Absolution, nor that she could not go to Heaven unless she was confirmed; nor that she was not to tell her husband.

Mrs. Ann Smith gave similar evidence, contradicting Mrs. Ellen's statement that Mr. Arnold seemed upset after Mr. West's visit. She stated that Arnold was at home during Mr. West's last visit but one to his wife.

Jane Winch deposed that Mrs. Arnold had told her "it was a d-d lie that Mr. West had given her half-a-crown, or had told her not to tell her husband," but that it was a made-up tale between Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Ellen, who were offended with her for sending her child to All Saints' Church to be baptised.

Thomas Miles said Mrs. Arnold had told him that what she had said was not true; that it was a d-d lie, and she would tell Mr. Gresley so. He added that Mrs. Ellen had urged her not to have her child christened at Boy-n-hill, but at Bray Church, or Cawley Corner Church, in which case Mrs. Ellen would stand godmother. He would not believe Mrs. Ellen on her oath.

Thomas Martin would not believe Mrs. Ellen on her oath.

Frisilla Woodford deposed that Mrs. Arnold had said to her, "They say he talked improperly to me, but I never said so."

Captain Lee said Mrs. Arnold was his tenant; she had told him she was not crying on account of any questions Mr. West had put to her, but from pain.

The Rev. Mr. West was then called, and stated the particulars of what passed between him and Mrs. Arnold in his visit to her. He said, "When I had explained to her the spirit of that Commandment, and she denied having broken it, I told her that it contained more than the letter." He denied having said that if she was not confirmed she could not go to Heaven, or that she was not to tell her husband.

The Commissioners, after the replies of the learned counsel, retired. In half-an-hour they returned, and stated that they were unanimously agreed that there was no case for further proceedings. The charge rested solely on Mrs. Arnold's evidence, which was, moreover, rebutted by credible testimony.

A PROMISING HUSBAND.

A farmer, residing not one hundred miles from the picturesque village of Henbury, having persuaded his fair one to fix the day attended last week at the parish church to have the ceremony performed. Lacking courage, however, to meet the great event on strictly temperance principles—for to some timid bachelors the marriage day possesses almost as many terrors as would the day of their death—he fortified his spirits with those yet more deadly. The result was he not only drove away his bashfulness, but also his clearness of perception,

and fear of consequences. On arriving at the church...

UNITED STATES.

BLESSED, N. Y.—The Clergyman who attends this place...

A HOPFUL CONVERT.—Our Baptist neighbors, we understand...

We find the following excellent sentiment in the New Orleans Catholic Standard...

The President Buchanan arrives at a hotel, thoroughly travel-soiled...

The Reverend Mr. Mott, of Rutland, Vt., must have attended the Free Love Convention...

PROTESTANT PULPIT DESACRATIONS.—An evil, of no small magnitude, is gradually arising in this place...

CONSCIOUS NOT SIMPLICITY.—A paragraph from the Baltimore Sun has been travelling the rounds of the press...

GIRLS IN COLLEGE.—Some of the reformers in Michigan have started the idea of admitting young women to college...

The trouble with the brood that has flocked to New-York from New England is, that they believe every action of men should be squared and dictated by legislative enactments...

UNION OF THE CLERGY.—A Union Clerical Association has been formed in Philadelphia. It embraces all the evangelical ministers...

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized...

George W. Curtis, author of the Populphar papers, told, in a recent speech the following story. It changed to be the fortune of a gentleman of considerable dignity...

AFFECTIONATE LETTER TO AN ABSENT WIFE.—Ladies whose liege lords are tarrying in this city during their absence in the country...

The following paragraph will we hope prove interesting to our fair readers:— A SCARCITY OF LADIES.—The latest intelligence from Victoria contains a statistical return of no little interest to ladies...

"It is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is only the female mosquito that torments us."

The great strengthening and tonic medicine, is Hoffman's German Bitters. It gives you an appetite, it makes you feel well...

CURE FOR DISEASED LIVER. HONESDALE CO., PENN., Jan. 10, 1850. Mr. Seth W. Fowler, Sir: You are at liberty to use the following statement for the benefit of the afflicted:

INFORMATION WANTED, OF PETER HART, and family, who left the town of Granby, County of Shefford, Canada East, eight years ago...

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C.W. Under the immediate supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Moran, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word...

CONVENT OF ST. MARGARET, (Under the Direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross,) AT ALEXANDRIA, GLENGARRY, C.W.

THIS INSTITUTION, situated in a healthy and agreeable locality, is now OPEN for the admission of BOARDERS and DAY-SCHOLARS.

THE course of Education embraces every useful and ornamental branch suitable for young Ladies. Difference of religion is no obstacle to admission, provided the pupils conform to the general regulations of the House.

ROBERT PATTON, 229 Notre Dame Street. BEGS to return his sincere thanks to his numerous Customers, and the Public in general, for the very liberal patronage he has received for the last three years...

UPWARDS OF TWO THOUSAND VOLUMES on Religion, History, Biography, Voyages, Travels, Tales, and Novels, by Standard Authors, to which Constant Additions are making at J. FLYNN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, NEWSPAPER and REGISTRY OFFICE, No. 105 GILL STREET...

W.M. 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...

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Established in 1826.] BELLS. The Subscribers have constantly for sale BELLS, an assortment of Church, Factory, Steamboat, Locomotive, Plantation, School-BELLS. House and other Bells, mounted in the most BELLS, approved and durable manner...

EVENING CLASSES. THE PROFESSORS of the MONTREAL ACADEMY have OPENED their EVENING CLASSES in their Rooms, BONAVENTURE HALL. Those desirous of availing themselves of their Course of Instruction, can enter on moderate Terms.

ENGLISH EDUCATION. Mr. KEEGAN wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal that his EVENING SCHOOL (under the Patronage of the Rev. Mr. O'Brien) is NOW OPEN in the Male School-house at ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, GRIFFINTOWN, for Young Men and Mechanics...

JUST RECEIVED FROM PARIS. By the Subscribers, SEVERAL CASES, containing a large assortment of PRAYER BEADS, SILVER and BRASS MEDALS, HOLY WATER FONTS, CATHOLIC PICTURES, &c., &c.

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SADLIER & CO.'S SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS OF NEW BOOKS. ROME, ITS RULES AND ITS INSTITUTIONS. By John Francis Maguire, M.P. Royal 12mo., 480 pages, \$1 25.

PATRICK DOYLE, AGENT BROWNSON'S REVIEW, AND "THE METROPOLITAN," TORONTO. WILL furnish Subscribers with those two valuable Periodicals for \$5 per Annum, if paid in advance.

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ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORR, Superiorea of St. Vincent's Asylum.

TESTIMONY OF A PRIEST. Rev. T. CHAGNON, Assistant Vicar of the Parish of St. Cyrien, Naperville, C. E., states as follows:— He had for many years been the victim of that most distressing of maladies, DYSPEPSY.

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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 humors). 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.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.

For Scabs: these come by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; they 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.

For Scalds 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 Sore Throat: 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.

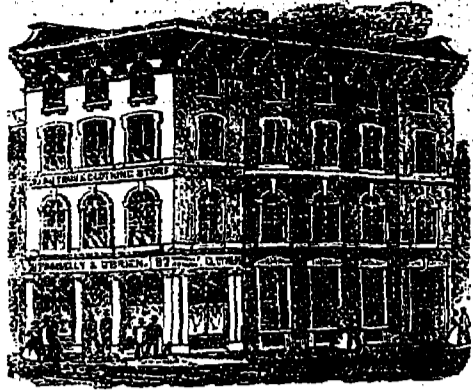
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AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

- Alexandria - Rev. J. Chisholm.
Adala - N. A. Coale.
Aylmer - J. Doyle.
Amherstburg - J. Roberts.
Antigonish - Rev. J. Cameron.
Archie - Rev. Mr. Girroir.
Belleville - M. O'Dempsey.
Brack - Rev. J. B. Lee.
Brockville - P. Furlong.
Brantford - W. M. Manamy.
Cobourg - M. McKenny.
Cannonville - J. Knowlton.
Clamby - J. Hackett.
Cornwall - Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
Compton - Mr. W. Daly.
Carleton, N. B. - Rev. E. Danphy.
Devittville - J. M'Graw.
Dundas - J. M'Gerrald.
Egansville - J. Bonfield.
Eastern Townships - P. Hackett.
Frampton - Rev. Mr. Paradis.
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