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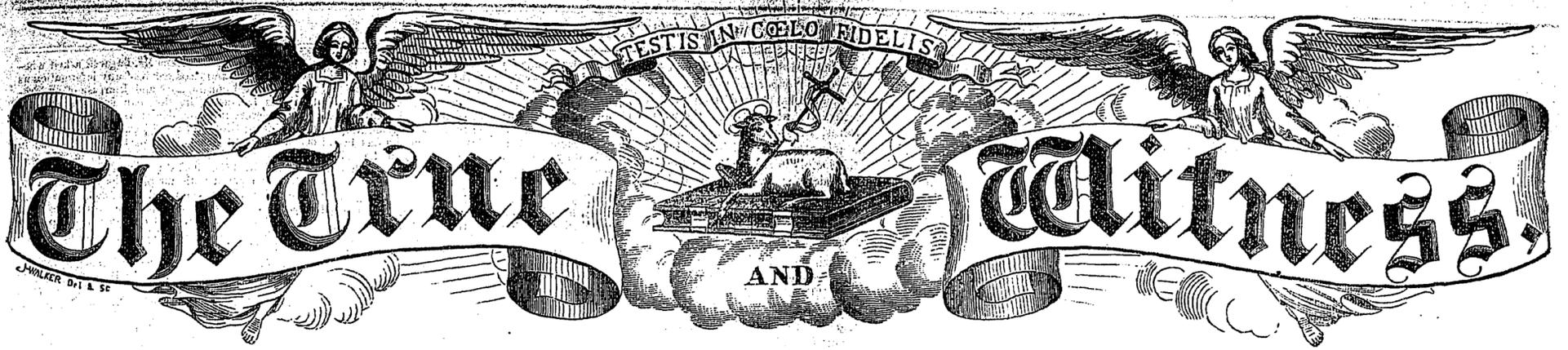
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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REV. DR. CAHILL

ON SPOONER'S MOTION FOR THE DISEMPOWERMENT OF MAYNOOTH.

There is a limit beyond which even bigotry cannot advance: and from clear indications of the public feeling in reference to Mr. Spooner's coming motion on Maynooth, we may fairly anticipate that the endurance of the House of Commons can be pushed no farther by the anti-Maynooth bigots. According to all probable calculations, Lord Palmerston's Government will have an overwhelming majority on this question: and thus a check will be given to an annual exhibition of religious animosity which is the scandal and disgrace of England. It is fortunate that Spooner's malice is so foolish. He must know that if Lord Palmerston were defeated by one vote of a majority in the commencement of the present session, he should retire from his position at a time when the Government requires his services under circumstances of unusual national responsibilities and embarrassment. The Premier, therefore, must put forth all his energies to hold place: he must employ the most stringent whip in the power and at the command of the Cabinet, to prove the omnipotence of his popularity to meet the coming foreign difficulties of his administration: and hence the demented Spooner has challenged him to the struggle, at the very moment when he holds the reins of office with a firmer and a more potent hand than any of his ministerial predecessors during the last half century. Spooner being accustomed to the field of battle on this solitary casus belli, and having staggered the columns of his opponent in the last Parliament, he hastened to follow up the favorable blow in the present session: but he forgets that he goes to fight new men, standing on new ground, animated by new feelings, and governed by new motives. Poor Spooner, therefore, with the old clique, old Drummond, old Whiteside, and ranged under the old tattered Orange colors, will meet a defeat within six days which will demonstrate that in order to preserve for some time longer the Church establishment, and to secure the throne from impending peril, England must abate her bigotry: and by justice and conciliation secure the peace of the empire, and aid the progress of our national resources.

The grievous bigotry of England during the last ten years has lessened her character all over the world, and has aroused the continent of Europe against her in a defensive religious warfare. When her Bibles hold up their multiform creed to foreign nations, they point to the deserted London churches: when the bigots laud and applaud their Protestant Bible, the foreigner bids them "look over their shoulder" at the savage iniquity and the brutal crimes of their population: and when the Souper British parade the perfection of their laws and the high standard of their liberties, the stranger points with the slow finger of scorn to the exterminated Catholics, to the millions of wandering broken-hearted emigrants, and to the red fresh graves where the persecuted children of Ireland sleep in premature death, in every foreign country, to escape the terrors and the oppressions of England. Only listen to the logic of these bigots when they cry out against the sin of endowing Maynooth, while not a word of reproach is uttered against Belfast, where they praise, honor, and endow the men who teach that "Christ is not God," or who, in other words, unteach Christianity! This is the conduct which has brought shame on the honor, the truth, and the Christianity of England: and until this insane tyranny under the garb of religion be entirely eradicated, England will stand in every country in Europe as a byword of scorn, and as a nation where human liberty is written on Parliamentary parchment, but where real practical oppression may be read in the unmistakable cruelties of the deserted village, the withering poorhouse, or the crowded emigrant ship, or it may be heard in the lamentations of the transport bulk, where poverty and not crime has bound in penal chains the faithful friendless children of Ireland. These words, and this description are very distasteful to the modern ruffled advocates of cattle shows, the perfumed orators at railroad unions, the sycophants at Lord Mayor's dinners; but my words in this case are as true as the lessons form the Gospel which I preach: and can be touched one thousand times over, in burning evidence before God and man, by the living and the dead.

Although the Catholics are convinced at this moment that Lord Palmerston and his powerful adherents will defeat Spooner's motion by a vast majority, yet they indulge in no language of triumph over the Whitesides and the Hamiltons of Ireland. We thank the Government for sustaining this our National Ecclesiastical Institution: and while we know that the annual grant to that College is an act of justice and of expediency on the part of the Government, we accept it with unfeigned acknowledgment, and, I may say, with national gratitude. I only speak for myself, and for a certain large class with whom I am fortunate enough to agree on this point, when I say

that although (in the event of the withdrawal of the grant) Ireland would willingly, as she has ever done, educate her clergy: and although France, Austria, Italy, Naples, and America, would decidedly open at the present time, their colleges and universities to the Irish students, yet for the cause of religion, for the sake of the peace of the empire in which we live, and from the allegiance due to the throne by which we are ruled, I should far and away prefer the grant given by our own Government, with the sanction of our own laws, to the subsidy collected from even the united Catholic countries of the world. The withdrawal of the grant in our times would be the renewal of the worst penal disabilities: and foreign contribution to our students would be the commencement of domestic distrust and secret suspicion, which might end in internal revolutions and civil war. It is decidedly the clear wisdom of the Government to continue this paltry sum to Ireland; and it is the evident policy and the stringent duty of the Irish to receive it with the propriety of men who, while believing it to be a debt of national justice, receive it, under all the circumstances, as a boon of English kindness.— Besides, the days of all Protestant ascendancy are fast drawing to a close; the union of church and state may be very soon found to be a very dangerous connexion to the throne: and if the Catholics, and the Dissenters, and the Scotch, and if the infidel millions of the English were calculated and numbered, it would be discovered (if the strict truth were told), that the old Protestants are only a fraction of the census of Great Britain and Ireland. And when the hatred to tithes, the contempt for the English clergy, and the unendurable enormous revenues of the church are duly considered, the high probability is, that the reigning family of England may find it necessary, sooner than is generally supposed, to disengage royalty from an alliance hateful to the people, oppressive to the nation, and destructive of the very gospel, which it was framed to propagate, maintain, and advance.

If Lord Palmerston would condescend to take a lesson from the humble individual who writes this article, I would place his lordship in a position to render incalculable service to the cause of religion, and to the advancement of social happiness in Ireland. The suggestion which I would venture to give would be to institute an inquiry into the following points:—

Firstly—What are the names of the Converts said to be made in Ireland by the Protestant Clergy: what is the amount of money paid to each: where do they live: and what becomes of them in the years succeeding their conversion? This inquiry will be most interesting to the men who contribute so many thousands to the work of the Reformation. And it will be looked for with breathless anxiety by the Irish Catholics, as we can never see one convert; and we think that these creatures must partake of "the fate of all the old pins and umbrellas," having all disappeared without any human being in Ireland knowing where they are, or what must have happened to them!

Secondly—Let it be ascertained what are the names of the Ministers who preach the Gospel on Sundays, or, in fact, on any day. In all their printed sermons the subjects selected are, "Purgatory of Rome," "Image worship," "Saint worship," "Mariolatry," "Romanism sanctioning perjury, rebellion, murder of enemies," "Romanism breaking allegiance to the throne," "Keeping no faith with Heretics," &c. This inquiry will develop the remarkable fact, that the Protestant Pulpit is the seat of the grossest lies against Catholicity, the focus of infuriate Orangeism, the hotbed of an open social malice, and the workshop where the Clergy forge brands, to be carried in flaming fury through the land, igniting the worst passions of religious animosity. And if this be the Sabbath worship to God, we need not be surprised at the hostile feeling of their week day Gospel congregations.

Thirdly—Let it be ascertained what is the population of Protestants in each Diocese in England; and let it be hinted that, according to this English scale, four Protestant Bishops would meet all the official responsibilities of Ireland.— If, in place of examining Convents of Nuns and inquiring into the discipline and studies of Maynooth, a Commission were opened on the subjects referred to, it would be found that a body of evidence (which would startle all Europe) would be elicited; and which would most accurately account for the present bigotry of Ireland; for the absence of Christianity in the working classes, and for that amount of hypocrisy and social hatred which makes the Protestant church what the Continental journals have already designated it, namely, "the diseased scum of an atrocious impiety." I venture to say that if Lord Palmerston, on the defeat of Spooner's party, would aid in passing a fair Tenant-Right Bill, would check the lies of the Bible Societies, and would reduce the Protestant pulpit within the bounds of truth, honor, and social decency, he would soon be the most popular, as well as the most powerful, MI-

nister who has ever, perhaps, wielded and guided the destinies of England.

May 14, 1857.

D. W. C.

MODERN NEGROMANCY.

(Translated from the Civiltà Cattolica.) (CONTINUED.)

III. "PSYCHOGRAPHY" AT MUNICH.—In the month of December, 1854, at Munich, where the American table-speaking had already been introduced some time previously, it happened one day in a circle of friends who met every now and then to interrogate the tables, one of the party was suddenly pointed out by the tables and declared to be chosen by the spirits to write their oracles. This was a certain young woman of the name of Maria Kahlhammer, 25 years of age, who enjoyed the reputation of unspotted integrity of character. She immediately began to make trial of her new powers and found that she succeeded admirably; and from that moment the table was abandoned and she became the regular organ of communication between the spirits and the assembly. When the assembled people wish to interrogate the spirits the medium sits down before a great table, and holding a pencil, she abandons her hand to the invisible power which has to guide it. No sooner is the demand pronounced than the pencil is seen all of a sudden to place itself in motion, and to scribble the answer with great rapidity, accumulating letters upon letters without any interval or stop, until it signs a cross, if it be at the end of a member, or three crosses if it be at the end of the whole sentence, which is often very long. In this writing operation the arm of the young woman is sometimes tranquil, but sometimes it is agitated by vehement convulsion, showing visibly, as some say, in the violent vibration of its muscles, the hidden agent by which it is possessed: which violence is especially evident when the interrogator is incredulous or disposed to deride, and when the spirits interrogated are of suspicious temper. The pencil also not only writes the answers and signs the fac-simile of the writings of the dead, when it is guided by the hand, but sometimes it appears to go on writing of its own accord, even without being held by the hand. This new faculty of writing "oracles under the impulse of the spirits was not a privilege granted to Maria Kahlhammer alone, but was soon after communicated to another young woman, named Crescenzia Wolf, of the age of 20 years, who says that from the time of her childhood she has been favored with marvellous visions. In fact, she pleased the spirits so much that they promoted her in a very short time to a more elevated and intimate degree of communication, no longer writing their answers by her hand, but proffering them through the instrumentality of her mouth. An angel ("ater an ullus," who knows? perhaps neither one nor the other, but only some mere piece of human imposture) an angel, say the "Acts of Psychography," then enters into possession of her body, and moves her tongue and voice according to his own intention, without her having any knowledge at all of what is going on within her: because in that interval, her own spirit being disengaged from the body, goes wandering about through other worlds, when it encounters strange adventures, and sees wonderful visions, of which, however, it preserves no recollection as soon as the subject returns to ordinary consciousness. It is true, nevertheless, that in the act of the extacy the angel who possesses her relates all that happens to her during her mental voyage, to those who are present, whilst she herself, by the motion of her person and of her hands, and the expression of her countenance, which is always extatic but changes according to the affections, acts, so to speak, the pantomime of that narration. On the departure of the angel the spirit of the young woman returns immediately into full possession of her, and entirely resumes the use of its own body. The coming on of another of these fits is always exactly foretold to a minute; and this fit, in the spiritualistic language of that part, is called Permutation of Spirit (Geistes-Vertauschung). It is clear that these phenomena do not greatly differ from those which have taken place in many other places. Maria Kahlhammer who, as the writer of the departed souls, has given the name of Psychography to this matter, is nothing else than one of the writing mediums, to use the language of the United States, and Crescenzia Wolf is a speaking medium. But what renders the Bavarian Psychography singularly remarkable, is the peculiar and special feature which it took from its very beginning, and has always maintained ever since. This feature is that it is not only religious, but it affects to be exquisitely Catholic and all fervor of piety. The spirits of Munich are very different from those of Geneva. The Archangel Raphael, the soul of Socrates, of Origen, of St. Augustine, of Hohenlohe, and other less illustrious persons hold a very different language from that which we have lately heard

spoken by the Geneva Pseudo-Christ. Besides that they never speak of anything except of matters of religion and things sacred, without entering for a moment into politics or profane trifles, the sentiments which they express seem to spring forth from the pure fount of Catholic faith and morality. They condemn the errors of Protestantism one by one, forcibly recommend frequenting Holy Mass and auricular confession, inculcate devotion to the Blessed Virgin, openly defend the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception; and as regards the authority of the Church, venerate it deeply as infallible in matters of the faith. With this gloss of Catholicism, which, at the outset especially, was more apparent and less clouded by shades of suspicion, Psychography acquired a reputation in Bavaria, and made more proselytes than any other school of spiritualism. To this was added, that its first cultivators and champions, though there were some Protestants and Jews among them, were men remarkable for a moral and religious tenor of life, at least that apparent religiousness which easily associates itself to the various credences. Besides this, in these its first fervors, Psychography succeeded in making several conversions. Catholics who for 10, 20, or 30 years had neglected every religious duty, after being roused by these prodigies or touched by the discourses of these spirits, began to think earnestly of their souls, and with a general confession commenced a new life. Atheists and libertines, who for years and years had lived in the contempt of religion and of every virtue, on seeing the world of spirits thrown open before them with such new and speaking wonders, and the existence of that future life demonstrated, which they had been all along denying, immediately changed their belief and their manners, which conquests as on the one hand they emboldened the spirits, who took advantage of them to confirm their authority; so on the other hand they misled and dazzled the eyes of some persons otherwise zealous and sincere Catholics, who honestly came to the conclusion that God had really entrusted to these spirits this new kind of mission, and had raised them up in His Church to regenerate a corrupt world. But heavy shadows soon began to cloud these fine appearances, and however little talent a person might possess in the discernment of spirits, he was able to feel certain, judging from the language and bearing of this sect, that the spirits, whatever might be their origin, did not come from God. The principal subjects of their revelations are two: one is the describing the world of spirits, narrating their occupations, grades, offices, and adventures; the other is, the announcing and declaring the mission which they say they have received from God, for the approaching end of the world. As to the first point, their system does not generally differ from that of the American spiritualists, and has no few traits of resemblance with the dreams of Swedenborg and the Mormons. According to the latter systems, the soul released from the body puts on for a time another ethereal body, and goes on ascending (if it is not kept back by the world below) from step to step, from star to star, from sphere to sphere, purifying and perfecting itself for all eternity; and the configuration, the order and office of these spheres is accurately described with the proper names of each of them. More striking is the other subject of their revelations, the mission of the spirits: in it consists all the marrow of their doctrine, and the most characteristic feature which distinguishes the spiritualism of the Bavarian Psychography from that of all the other schools. The principal points of it are in brief the following. In 150 years (so say the spirits) there is to be one only Shepherd and one Fold, and then the earth will again be a paradise. We are sent to prepare the way for this universal conversion, by regenerating the Church and purifying it from so many spots which externally defile it, not only in the faithful people, but especially in the clergy, and giving to her again a splendour so brilliant that she will attract to herself the love and devotion of all living. But an object so difficult would not be possible to attain without the greatest miracles. Now this is just that great miracle reserved by God to these last times, greater than the human race has ever witnessed in all past ages; that is to say, the spontaneous and sensible communication of angels and the souls of the dead with men, and the free passage between the two worlds, the invisible world of spirits and the visible world of those who are "in the way" on earth, who were before separated by an impenetrable barrier. This sovereign counsel of the Most High begins now to place itself in action by means of "Psychography," and a new era of the world begins now to open. But whilst God on the one hand sends good spirits to accomplish this holy mission, Lucifer on the other hand, dreading the effects of it, has unloosed his devils on the earth in great numbers and more furious than ever, in order that they may seduce the world with similar wonders. And the worst of it is, that the devils have been quicker and

more active than the good spirits, and have been the first to occupy the field. Hence arose that sudden and noisy invasion of the table-turning and table-speaking which was made some years ago, with all their portents, and which are altogether diabolical inventions which have sprung up solely to destroy it before its time, and so render our mission vain. But we shall triumph in the end. Twenty years has God granted to "Psychography;" and when this time of grace shall have expired, the communications with the spirits will cease. Maria Kahlhammer and Crescenzia Wolf are the instruments chosen for this work and a few others with them. Besides them, those who arrogate to themselves this power and set up as "Psychographers" are only writers of devils, who desire nothing else than to enter into their bodies and make of them the instruments of their deceits. This then is what the spirits say, who, faithful to their great mission of purging and reforming the Church, do not spare preachings, rebukes, and invectives. In matters of faith they find her indeed incorrupt and incorruptible, but in point of morals she is defiled with infinite defilements. In the clergy, and especially among the hierarchy, the spirits see only pride, luxury, tyranny, worldly views and cares, through which they entirely come short of their divine vocation. Since they do not cease to inculcate upon them, the two capital duties which are incumbent upon them now: which are, to purge themselves of all worldly dross, by renouncing honors and wealth (the usual cry of all the innovators who have pretended to reform the Church from Arnold of Brescia to Vincenzo Gioberti), and secondly to acknowledge the divine mission of the spirits, by favoring them with all their power. If the clergy refuses, the work of God will be entrusted to the laity. And should the latter be wanting to their vocation, the women will step in and carry the divine work to a glorious termination. The emancipation of the female sex (a matter so favored also by the American spiritualists) will be universal. They will become the priestesses and apostles of the new church; the world of men will be astounded, but will not be able to resist the power with which the women will fight the battle of the true faith throughout the world and with triumph.

The hostility of the spirits to the clergy became still more fierce and implacable, when so far from yielding to them the clergy commenced an open war with them. To the severe admonitions which Cardinal Reischach, Archbishop of Munich, fulminated against Psychography and its oracles, declaring them to be a tissue of deceits, errors, and follies, contrary to the doctrine of the Church, and announcing that its authors deserved excommunication if they should not repent of their errors, and that its followers and encouragers committed the grave fault of rebellion against the Church; to these admonitions, we repeat, the spirits replied with bitter complaints, not without insults and threatenings. But as they still wished to maintain some show of Catholicism, they went on defending themselves from the sentences of the ecclesiastical authorities, sometimes with ambiguous declarations and retractations, sometimes appealing to the private judgement of the "true" faithful, and complaining that the Bishop judged them without examination, or that he examined them according to the Scriptures and the laws of the Church, instead of having recourse to the scientific rules of physiology and metaphysics; sometimes, lastly, invoking the judgment of the Church, which is not found in the union of three nor of ten nor of a hundred pastors, but in a universal council, or in the ex cathedra definition of the Pope, to whose decisions alone we are obliged to bow: in fact, they had recourse to all those subterfuges, deceits, and sophisticating, artifices, which were practised in so masterly a manner by the Jansenists of the 17th and 18th centuries; so that you would think that in the Bavarian spirits you saw alive again the shades of Quesnel, Arnauld, Nicole, Sainteyran, and the other Portroyalists of not very holy memory. But notwithstanding these brave bearings, notwithstanding the supereminent authority which they attributed to their mission, the spirits yielded ground, and at the first intimation of the ecclesiastical censure the two inspired prophetesses became silent. At the last meeting the spirit of Socrates, who had shown himself one of the most riotous against Episcopal authority, in taking leave of the faithful, praised the obedient behaviour of his interpreter, and proposed it as the model for their imitation: said that the spirits would cease for a given time from writing; but, however, at least in cases of singular need, they would continue to speak by their accustomed organ; and finished by threatening vengeance against every one who should cross their work; tremendous vengeance which you will see, he added, with your own eyes. At the arrival of the new Archbishop who in August, 1856, succeeded Cardinal Reischach in the See of Munich, they Psychographers seemed to conceive some

hope of better fortune; but they soon found themselves deluded, for in the very first Encyclical Letter, which their new pastor addressed to the clergy and people of his diocese, inculcating upon them firmness in faith and obedience to the true Church, he clearly confirmed all that his predecessor had sentenced against the dangers of Psychography. This then had now no other hope left to it, except in the judgment of Rome, in presence of some supreme tribunal. Several Bishops of Germany had already denounced the revelations published by the innovators of Munich, and to which the innovators themselves had come to defend their own cause. The revelations are contained in two books, published in German; and the first of which is entitled: "Mittheilungen seliger geister im Jahre 1855 durch die Hand der Maria Kahlhammer, im Rapport der mittheilungen des heiligen Erzengels Raphael durch den mund des Crescentia Wolf, Herausgegeben von Joseph Friederich;" and the other is entitled, "Mittheilungen des heiligen Erzengels Raphael im Jahre 1855 durch den mund der Crescentia Wolf, im Rapport mit den Mittheilungen seliger geister durch die Hand der Maria Kahlhammer. Herausgegeben von Johann Schwegkent." Now, our readers are already aware what has been the decision of the Holy See, and that these two before-mentioned books were inserted in the Index of condemned works by the decree of the 12th of June 1856, published in the following October. What has been the effect produced on the believers in Psychography by this summation? According to the latest news which we have read of them in the *Deutschland* of the 19th of October and 16th of November, many of these misguided people have submitted their judgment, and it seems as if the authors themselves were beginning to change their minds, not however confessing their error, but extending it and trying to give new interpretations to those more severe statements which called forth the condemnation. Thus, to that frequent and rash cry of the "Seer," "Away with you, O infancy of the Chair of Peter," is now added in explanation, that there is an allusion here to a future time in which the Chair of Peter will be occupied by so terrible a power that the priests themselves will be obliged to raise that cry; that this power is Freemasonry; and that against this God has raised up the Seers and Psychography, to unmask it, to follow it up and destroy it. But however that may be, and whatever may be the new phases which this delirium of the Bavarian Psychography will put on in future, that which we have here related is more than sufficient for our intention, which was to fill up by means of it that slight picture which we have undertaken to draw of modern necromancy. If we had said nothing about the "Neospiritualism" of Munich, which has made and is still making so much noise in Germany, one of the most singular and characteristic features, would have been wanting; and besides this, the appearances of Catholicism which it has taken and wishes to preserve, render it worthy of special attention to Catholics. Having now exposed, in this and the preceding article, the principal facts belonging to modern necromancy, it remains for us to find out its causes and hidden principles, by seeking among the different explanations of them which have been hitherto proposed that which is the true one; and this we shall do, as far as our powers permit, in the following article.

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH SOUPERS.

We copy the following really able and remarkable paper from the *Union* a Protestant paper. It appears that John Bull is at last beginning to sicken of humbug and hypocrisy:—
 "The merry month of May!" How many bright thoughts and happy reminiscences are called forth by the very sound of its name! *Nunc formosissimus annus*. Now is the first great outburst of nature's yearly resurrection. A deeper green has begun to clothe the hedges, and the cowslip and primrose blossom under the genial influence of a warmer sunshine. How many little revellers were dancing last Friday round the maypole, or singing their May-day carols through the village, garlanded with the flower-wreaths of returning spring! Happy they to whom that blithesome ritual is not a past remembrance, but a present joy!
 But there is another class, not of children (at least in years), who turn with cold aversion from the maypole, the garland, and the song; and honour the merry month with another and far less innocent observance, not in the vernal meadows, but on the platforms of Exeter Hall, and in the pulpits of Evangelical London. They are not playing at King and Queen, but at Pope and Protestant; and we fear a very costly expenditure of wasted time, perverted energies, and shipwrecked charity, is annually absorbed in that pet May recreation of the religious world. But, perhaps, it may be said—why not leave them alone to play out their antics by themselves? Is it not better to ignore where we can neither sympathise nor respect? Now, this would be true enough if the mischief of these periodical agitations ended with the actors in them. We may pity the hallucination of a venerable dignitary who sets out with his wife on a mission to convert the Pope; and can appreciate the adventurous spirit of the gentleman who, having a turn for the romantic, combines the pleasures of foreign travel with a dissemination of the "authorised version" among the Spanish banditti. Nor have we any desire to add one ingredient of bitterness to the hopeless confusion of the adde-brained intellect which has exhausted itself in the attempt to demonstrate that the name of Pio Nono or Dr. Pusey contains the mystical number of the Beast. But the case is very different when these enthusiastic ladies and gentlemen insist on obtruding their vagaries before the world, and ask us to pay for the indulgence of their eccentricities. When the Strand is daily swarming with a portentous collection of white chokers, and the precincts of Exeter Hall blocked up with aristocratic carriages—when we read daily accounts of eloquent addresses, wonderful revelations, waving of pocket-handkerchiefs,

and fair devotees fainting in the exuberance of their pity or their zeal—we are naturally tempted to ask, *Cui Bono?* What is the appreciable result of the eloquence and the hysterics? What is there to show for the ostentatious guinea-subscription lists? That a huge mass of squalid misery and appalling heathenism lies untouched round the very doors of these Exeter Hall apostles, who deplore so feelingly the superstitions of the Irish Papist, or the sufferings of the niggers, we know but too well. But let that pass. What have they accomplished in those departments which they have specially claimed as their own? Has all the zeal evaporated on the platform; or, has the money it elicited produced its money's worth? We fear not.
 Let us examine to-day one of those many societies which are so noisily sounding their trumpet before them just at present—that for "Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics." And we will test it, not by the description of its opponents (though we believe there is much justice in their account) but by a standard which certainly cannot be objected to as unfair—viz., by its own estimate of its operations and its success. We have before us the report for the year ending May 2nd, 1856, (this year's not being yet published), and a remarkable document it is. One thing, however, deserves to be mentioned at the outset as matter of unqualified satisfaction, for it appears to show that the merits of the society are beginning to be better understood. We allude to the statement contained in the report, that the annual subscriptions had fallen in the last year from £39,000 to £29,000.
 The machinery by which the society appears mainly to depend, consists of sermons, "controversial classes," mission schools, distribution of Bibles, and, last but not least, handbills and placards. And it is on the extent of the machinery that they rely rather than on its results. It is not their number of converts that they point to, but to the number of classes and placards, as though there were some occult sacramental efficacy in the sight of a printed paper or the hearing of a Protestant discourse. We have conscientiously waded through a mass of the wearisome "Summary of Missionary Operations," and this is the conclusion forced upon us by the perusal. Thus we are told in one place, "Since September last we have posted 4,500 controversial placards, and circulated no fewer than 91,000 handbills;" but of converts not a word. Again: "In the neighborhood of Dublin, during the year 1855, our Scripture-readers made nine hundred and sixty-six visits to Roman Catholic families, besides meeting others in seven hundred and sixty-nine visits to Protestant families." In Kinsale and the adjoining parishes "the number of controversial sermons preached since the 29th September, 1854, to December 16th, 1855, is one hundred and forty-one. Three hundred and seventy-one Romanists are known to have attended; and"—what think you, good reader, is the result?—"at least four conversions have resulted!" This, however, is four more than we generally read of. Two more quotations on this subject we will add, which are still more confirmatory of our view. One is from the Report of the Kilkenny Missions, which comprises two counties:—"Although our number of converts is few, there is a widespread spirit of inquiry among the people, which will one day, I trust, result in an important change. A vast number of placards have been posted during the year, and of handbills distributed; and, though many of the former have been torn and defaced, yet crowds might be seen reading them." From Kilkenny let us turn to Cork:—"To sum up the work of the year: there have been thirty-five controversial sermons; eighty-three other sermons and lectures delivered; three hundred and sixty-four controversial meetings held, at which 25,736 persons attended; 12,386 families visited, or 30,697 persons; of these 2,831 families and 7,906 persons were *new*. At the schools there was a gross attendance of four hundred and fifty-three children, and one hundred and nine of a daily average. There were forty-one Bibles, thirty-nine Testaments, and one hundred and three portions (l), besides 3,050 placards, and 178,150 handbills circulated;" but how many converts, our deponent saith not. So much for the machinery and its results. Send about "readers" (12s. a week being their lowest pay) to stick placards, scatter handbills, "visit" so many families, and talk controversy to so many persons, and the work is done! It is a labor of hope at least, if not of charity. Moreover, we are told with great exultation that "ninety-eight Bibles and six hundred and twenty-one Testaments have been distributed" in a certain militia regiment; but, if we ask for the result produced, we are merely reminded of the promise, "His word shall not return unto Him void."
 If our readers are curious to know the character of the placards and "classes" to which so wonderful an efficacy is ascribed, we believe the former are usually headed with some such title as "Who is the Virgin Mary?" "What is the Mass?" "Is Christ in Heaven?" "Who am I to confess to?" &c.—on which follows a string of garbled quotations from the New Testament to support the particular view intended to be taught. Of the teaching of the controversial classes a remarkable illustration is afforded in the report:—"Two lads of respectable appearance" at the Townsend-street class in Dublin, "were greatly struck with the argument that suicide is countenanced in the Book of Maccabees" (!). They seem, in consequence, to have deserted their old faith; but "have not made their appearance at church—i.e., at the Protestant service. We have seen already that the placards are in many instances defaced. There is an amusing story which illustrates the use made of the handbills and tracts. A kitchen-maid being reprimanded by her mistress for not lighting the fire in time, replied that she had so long trusted to her "morning bundle of controversy" for the purpose that she had made no provision against the non-arrival of her tract-distributor that day!
 There is, indeed, one other kind of machinery, and that we suspect not the least costly, to which most of the so-called conversions which are effected are probably owing. It is not ex-

actly bribery. That was tried for a time at the Mission schools—or "Souper schools," as their opponents not ungenerally termed them; but it was rather too clumsy a way of doing the work. We read, however, of a poor Roman Catholic shoemaker who tolerated the "visits" and "arguments" of the society "reader," because his boy had been provided for by a Parson, and his girl by a good lady. And, again, of numbers (we quote from an extract in the report) who "are stowed away in all directions; sent to England; put off to remote parts of the country; trained in their model schools for teachers and Bible-readers; placed in situations; apprenticed to trades." All this needs money.
 And now for a few comments before we conclude. First, as to the machinery of the society. It is not by placards, controversial classes, and tracts, that nations or individuals are converted. It was not thus the Apostles preached, or the Church's Missioners went out to convert the world. Conceive St. Paul sticking placards on Mars' Hill; or St. James scattering Christian handbills in the court of the Gentiles at Jerusalem? But while such a process is powerless to build up, it may be very powerful to destroy. A clever placard may insinuate scepticism, while it will never touch the soul. An "inquiring class" may make keen controversialists, though it will never make practising Christians. Many may be driven from the confessional who will never be brought to the Protestant church. This, of course, will be in itself considered a gain by those who calmly tell us that "the Redeemtorists are the betrayers of the Redeemer; and we must not forget that Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss"—(Report, p. 29)—and whose principle, we believe is—as it has sometimes been stated at their meetings—"that no Roman Catholic can be saved." But, for ourselves, we must rejoice that so elaborate a machinery has produced such a ludicrous paucity of results; though we greatly fear the number of "converts" is far from being the measure of the mischief done. The society will have much to answer for in the case of those whose faith it has shaken in a religion they knew to be Divine, while it has failed to supply any other faith in its place. To us such a work appears very like that which is ascribed to the "Tempter" and the sin very close upon that which, when it is wilful, we are told shall never be forgiven.
 And if, from the operations of the society, we pass to their results, how miserably inadequate they appear! Cannot the Protestant public of England find some better investment for its missionary zeal than the funds of a society which estimates its successes by the number, not of its converts, but of its placards? Why, we have heard of 6,000 confessions being received during a three weeks' "mission" of the Redeemtorists in London among those very Irish from whose ranks some five or six "conversions" are with difficulty extorted by fifteen months of preaching, visiting, schooling, and placarding, in Kilkenny or Cork! Let us grant, for argument sake, that it is desirable to undermine the faith of a nation proverbial for its faith throughout Europe; let us assume that the first step in their moral reformation is to tear them from the confessional, which has so remarkably, by universal consent, preserved their chastity. But what then? Are the "Souper schools" the machinery for doing it? Does this society accomplish its task? No! happily it does not. And in the few cases of seeming success, we fancy the old story holds pretty good:—"And so you are become a Protestant, Paddy?" "Yes, your honour." "And you mean to live a Protestant, Paddy?" "Sure, your honour." "And to die a Protestant, Paddy?" "Now, Our Lady and St. Patrick defend me, no, your honour."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The papers announce that the bulls for the consecration of Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel, have reached the most Rev. Dr. Cullen, the papal delegate in Ireland. The bull for the translation of Dr. Keane from the see of Ross to the Diocese of Gloyne has also been received by the same authority. Dr. Leahy is, or was vice-president of the Catholic University. There is no great likelihood of his election being set aside by the Holy See.
 MAYNOOTH IN THE COMMONS.—On Holy Thursday, the Lords took a holiday in honor of the day. The Commons would have followed the example, but a rule enables any member to stop the putting a motion after a quarter to six on Wednesday, and the mystic moment being passed, the tribune veto upon the holiday in honor of the Ascension was interposed by Mr. Spooner. Strange enough for so religious a man but we suppose "the better the day the better the deed." Besides, a sermon is, according to Protestant notions, the highest celebration any day can receive; and the longer the sermon, the higher the festival.—Now Mr. Spooner "preached high sermon" for more than two hours before the reluctant Commons, or, to speak more properly, before the Liberal side of the House, for the Conservatives absented themselves almost to a man. During the greater part of Mr. Spooner's speech, the Opposition benches were occupied only by two members. They came thronging to the division (like Thalaba's magicians into the Domdaniel caverns at the sound of the enchanted bell), yet, after all, they could muster only 91; and both sides together, though they had divided 406 the moment before Mr. Spooner rose, were only 216 at the end of his homily. Those stern souls who sat it out, forcibly reminded us of the sentence pronounced by Sydney Smith on the peccant Dean of York, that "he deserved to be preached to death with wild curates." For ourselves, notwithstanding, our indomitable resolve we must plend guilty to having slept through a great part of the predication. Yet the scene was really curious, and would admit of more remarks than time would now allow. The House, no doubt, was decidedly against Mr. Spooner. The *Times* comments as follows:—"The culminating point of a rough run between Dover and Calais is not a pleasant thing, nor is the tenth spoonful of an electuary of which treacle is the basis very delightful to the palate. Mr. Spooner, too, when on the subject of Maynooth, rather pulls upon the jaded attention of his hearers. He comes upon one with the effect of that awful lurch which is implied in our first illustration, and of that tenth spoonful of treacle more directly enunciated in the second. What can a man be made of who year after year perseveres with a proposition which has been so frequently rejected by the majority of reasonable and honorable men throughout the country, and which is marked with so many Parliamentary scars? One is sick of Mr. Spooner in his Maynooth mood as of a barrel organ which plays the same tune for years, or of anything which is a monotonous and ever-recurrent bore. Last night he was at the old work again, and last night his proposition was again rejected, without any Ministerial opposi-

tion; and by a majority of 125 to 91. It is not to be supposed that twenty persons in the country will read the report of his speech which will be found in our Parliamentary notice of this day. Two only of his own party were found to sit it out. We can spare our readers all trouble upon the subject by the simple announcement that the Maynooth motion has been negatived by the new Parliament, which has also shown its appreciation of it by rejecting it almost without debate."—*Weekly Register*.
 The Ministers' Money (Ireland) Bill, providing for the abolition of the tax, has been read a second time by a majority of 313 votes to 174. Mr. Napier, Mr. Whiteside, Sir Frederick Thesiger, and Mr. Walpole, with the Tory party at their back, opposed the Bill. As the amount in question was only £12,000 a year, the importance of the measure depends upon the recognition of its principle. And we can see no other principle on which the Bill can be justified, than that it is a hardship and an injustice to tax Catholics for the maintenance of the Protestant Church Establishment. Now, it is quite evident that the application of this principle should not stop at the Ministers' money but that it should be extended to the *Regium Donum* and the Irish Church Establishment, in which case we need not say there will be no difficulty on the part of Catholics about the surrender of the Maynooth grant. As a mere matter of argument upon Whig and Tory premises, we think the latter had the best of it. The tax was originally imposed in the days of Charles II. upon Protestant property for the maintenance of Protestant worship. Much of the property has since come into the hands of Catholics, subject to the charge upon it. There is no difference in principle that we can see between this tax and the tithe retenantage; and the Tories, who would retain both, and we, who would abolish both, are equally logical. The inconsistency is on the part of the Whigs, who take part against the Tories on the question of the Ministers' money, and take part against us on the question of the tithe retenantage. We do not dispute that if the Irish Church Establishment had a rightful existence—that is, if the Irish Church Establishment were not a creature of the State, wickedly and unjustly set up for the injury and spoliation, not for the instruction and benefit of the people; and if its property were its own—that is, if its property were not held by it at the will and pleasure of the State, from which it received it, the State having itself gained possession of the bulk of it by robbing the Catholic Church and people, we should listen with favour to the cry of spoliation and revolution. As it is, we are glad that some Protestants perceive in the measure (though they object to it upon that very ground), a recognition of the principle that it is right to relieve the Catholics of Ireland from taxes for the benefit of a Church which they repudiate and abhor, and which they would rather pay money to abolish than to maintain.—*Tribune*.
 The *Dublin Evening Post* calls attention to the fact that Mr. George Henry Moore has again most strangely mismanaged the Tenant Bill, of which he has undertaken the conduct:—"The hon. gentleman has deliberately given notice of the Bill for the 25th of May, being the day on which the Queen's birthday is celebrated, and consequently there will be no House. This is mere mockery. In 1856 he fixed the second reading for the 22nd of April, the day of the great natural review, when, as he knew, there would be no House, and the measure was indefinitely postponed. As the case now stands, the motion for leave to introduce the Bill cannot be brought forward until after Whitsuntide holidays, which will render the case quite hopeless this year.
 A meeting was about to be held in Belfast—Mr. Sharrman Crawford presiding—to consider the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of a tenant's association, for the purposes of organisation in Ulster.—*Northern Whig*.
 THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN FOR 1858.—Alderman John Campbell is to be nominated to fill the office of Lord Mayor during the year 1858 by Alderman D'Arcy, D.L., seconded by Alderman Farrell, J.P. John Gray, Esq., M.D., will be put in nomination by Town Councillor John Martin, seconded by Town Councillor Hugh Kelly.—*Saunder*.
 A deputation of the Dublin Town Council have waited on Dr. Gray, proprietor of the *Freeman*, to request he would allow himself to be nominated for the majority in the ensuing year. He has acknowledged the compliment in grateful terms, but being obliged to decline the honor, owing to the pressure of his duties as a journalist.
 There were but two sales on Tuesday in the Encumbered Estates Court—one of an estate in the county of Limerick, the other of house property in the city of Dublin. The sum realised for both was about £10,000. The extensive estates of Mr. Vincent Scully, situate in the county of Tipperary, will shortly be brought into the market. The rentals are in course of preparation, and in a few days or so all the particulars will be made public.
 THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.—The county of Louth will hardly be recognized in the following sketch of its present condition, supplied by a local paper:—"Two of the great receiving houses of human misery and crime in our county are now, comparatively speaking, but very thinly populated. Our report under the head of the Dundalk Union indicates a wonderful decrease of pauperism, while our large county gaol has few tenants. There are only 37 prisoners in custody, of whom there is not one for trial at assizes, and only two for trial at quarter sessions. Out of this must number deduct three debtors and one half-dozen consigned 'to durance vile' for a few weeks from our petty sessions and police courts. Petty larcenies and petty debts constitute the sum total of the crime of the county. No agrarian murders, no highway robberies. During villany is at a sad discount in our county." In connection with the social revolution the Irish journals continue to speak in terms of despondency of the rapid progress of the population drain. The *Sligo Journal* of yesterday says:—"Week after week our town is thronged with emigrants, and though it is evident from their decent appearance that they belong to the most comfortable class of peasantry the shopkeepers and traders profit very little by them, as in nine cases out of ten they wait till they arrive at Liverpool to provide themselves in stores and necessities for the voyage. Every steamer that leaves here for Liverpool is crowded to excess by those people, en route for the States of America—very few for the Canadas or Australia. Every thinking mind must come to the conclusion that some important screw must be loose somewhere in our social machinery to provoke this voluntary exile and expatriation."
 One of the Kerry papers has the following statement respecting the progress of the population drain in that quarter:—"We learn from many quarters of the kingdom that, notwithstanding the present prosperous state of Ireland, emigration on an extensive scale is going on—an emigration that embraces some of the very best of the working classes, particularly in the rural districts. Already have four large vessels sailed from Tralee for Transatlantic ports, with emigrants, chiefly young farm servants of both sexes; and two others are announced to leave before the close of the current month. Besides this emigration direct from the county town, people are every week leaving different parts of Kerry for America via Liverpool. Nor must we omit to notice in connection with this subject that a different class of emigrants are leaving our country for Australia in no small numbers—we refer now to the younger sons of the more comfortable farmers, healthy young fellows who prefer to try their luck at the diggings rather than wait the weak chance of getting a farm at home during the present fierce competition for land. These men are likely to turn out a superior class of emigrants for the gold colonies, and to be the pioneers of an extensive emigration from the class to which they belong—the class that is, if we are to judge from the competition that exists for the occupation of land in this county, the most in excess of any in the south of Ireland."

In the House of Commons Mr. Bagwell asked whether the government had received any information as to the reported continuance and increase of emigration from Ireland. Mr. Hobsman said that the government were in possession of very precise and accurate information on the subject. In 1852 the number of emigrants from Irish ports was 100,922; in 1853 it was 173,148; in 1854, 140,555; in 1855, 91,914; and in 1856, 90,781; showing a decrease of 1,133 as compared with the previous year, and a decrease of 49,774 as compared with 1853. The population on the 1st of January of the present year was 6,047,403, against 6,077,285 on the 1st of January, 1856; and since the year 1821 the population had decreased by 754,934.
 THE MAGISTRACY.—The Lord Chancellor has, on the recommendation of the Right Hon. Lord Fermoy Lieutenant of the county, appointed Thomas Godfrey, Esq., M.D., of Brown Hill, Co. Cork, a magistrate of the county of Cork. Looking to the exclusive political complexion which has hitherto characterized the Co. Cork bench, and the high position which Dr. Godfrey occupies, not only in the medical profession, but as a consistently Liberal Protestant, in the esteem and regard of the Catholic clergy and people of the Co. Cork district especially, we consider his appointment as one of the most necessary and popular appointments yet recommended by Lord Fermoy.—*Cork Examiner*.
 IRISH PARTIES.—To those who are not intimately acquainted with the state of political sects in Ireland, a few words on the subject may not be uninteresting. We shall begin with the Tories. As a party, they are dead in Ireland; and even as a party they are not what they were some years ago in that country. To judge of Irish Toryism at present by the English or Scotch standard would be a great mistake. In the recent election for Mayo, the Archbishop of Tuam and his clergy favored Mr. Palmer, a Tory, in preference to Mr. Guseley Higgins, a Catholic Whig; and Mr. George Henry Moore, a Catholic Whig, was elected as the popular representative for the county. At the other end of the island, precisely the same thing happened at the same time. In the city of Waterford, Mr. Hassard, a Tory, went hand-in-hand with Mr. John Blake, an Independent Oppositionist, and both were elected in preference to two old Whig Catholics, Sir Henry Barron, and Mr. Carew O'Dwyer. In Tipperary, Major Massey comes out from the old Tory class, avows himself a Radical, and even places himself under the leadership of Mr. Moore. In Clare, Mr. McNamara, Calcutt, and in Westmeath, Sir Richard Levinge, adopt the same policy under the same leader. Lord Francis Conyngham, also, declared for Tenant right and Independent Opposition, and was accordingly elected member for Clare on those principles, and his lordship wrote a few days ago to the Secretary of the Tenant League, stating his intention to be present at the recent conference of that body if he had received their circular in proper time. In Limerick, Colonel Dickson and Mr. Adair, both *Quoniam* Conservatives, also, offered to contest the county on Radical principles, and were only prevented from doing so by the lateness of the hour at which they commenced their canvass. In Tipperary, nearly all the Tory landlords—Lords Donoughmore, Gleigall, and Hawarden—voted at the recent election for the popular candidate, the O'Donoghue of the Glens, the grand-nephew of O'Connell; while, in Wexford, Mr. Tottenham, the Tory, goes out to meet Mr. McMahon, the radical and popular member for the county, and drives him in his carriage into the town of New Ross amidst the acclamations of the people. Let not the Catholics of this country, then, be at all surprised that Tories are preferred to Whigs in many parts of Ireland, for the former are becoming converts to the popular cause, while the Whigs are as "base, bloody, and brutal," as in the days when O'Connell so denounced them—the agents of corruption and the insidious enemies of the people. The Whig fiction in Ireland is, without doubt, still very numerous. It consists of needy lawyers, like Mr. William Keogh; scoundrelly panting for plunder, like Mr. Edmund O'Flaherty and John Sadler; Catholics like Sir Thomas Redington and Mr. Hughes, who would think it no shame to hold office under Lord John Russell while he was denouncing their religion as the mummies of superstition, and passing the Titles Bill against their Bishops; and parvenue Knights, sneaking through the halls of the Castle to catch a glimpse of "respectable society, like Sir Timothy O'Brien. Every man in Ireland devoid of public principle is a Whig—every man who would put his soul and his country up to auction for the highest bidder, and thank God that he had both a soul and a country to sell. Had as the English Whigs are, their followers in Ireland, the corrupt Sallier-Scully-Keating-Keogh-Reynolds-Pat. Somers crew, render them still more odious in the eyes of the people. The Catholic gentry, also, are for the most part Whigs. If they have not already got, they expect a few tail-coats, such as J.P., or D.L., and forthwith they sneer at the "mere Irish," and their nationality, and become the sleekest "West Britons." Like the Parliamentary Renegades who betrayed the country, they climb up the skeletons of the people to emolument and honors, and then crush to the earth those who raised them to that position. In all Christendom, or Heathendom, there is not a rotterer, or more worthless class, than what are called the "Catholic Soles of Ireland, or what we should rather term, the Irish Sepoys of the Whigs. And it is because of this Sepoyism—this native treachery—which the Whigs so industriously cultivate, that this party are held in such detestation by the great mass of the priests and people of Ireland. It was a Catholic Whig that packed Protestant juries against the State-prisoners in '48; it was a Catholic Whig that riled Smith O'Brien's portmanteau, and read the private letters it contained, some of them from the most venerated of Irish Bishops, among whom we may mention the late Right Rev. Dr. Maginn; it was a Catholic Whig that prosecuted the saintly Father Petcherine, and another Catholic Whig that denounced him in open court as a "fanatic;" and it is Catholic Whigs who are supporting that Government which even Dr. Cullen has declared to be "always hostile to Catholicity." It is no wonder, then, that Whiggism is in bad odour in Ireland. There is only one party in the country in which the people have any confidence, and that is the party of Independent Opposition. The Whigs state that the policy of this party is to vote black white against the Minister; but let the Minister introduce a Reform Bill, or an increase of the Maynooth Grant, and he will find that the party of Independent Opposition will be found in the same lobby with him on such an occasion. But where the question is simply a vote of confidence in the Government, they will be prepared to vote against it, as long as the Minister refuses to concede Tenant Right, the Charter of Irish prosperity. This is precisely what the Tories do at present. This is precisely what the Whigs do when the Tories are in power; this is precisely what Cobden and Bright did during their struggle for free Trade, and which ultimately led to success. The Tenant League is the embodiment of this organization. It has the confidence and support of the great mass of the Irish priesthood, for they knew that the rooting of the people to the soil, by giving them security of tenure, is the great hope of the country. Within the last few weeks nearly fifty of the Catholic priests of England have become members of this body; and we hope that the Catholic clergy of Scotland will go and do likewise.—*Glasgow Free Press*.
 HOW IRISH BEAVERIES IS REWARDED.—On the 11th instant, the whole of the troops belonging to the provisional battalion at Chatham were marched to the lines, under the command of Lieutenant M. Phillips for the purpose of witnessing the presentation of a French war medal, which had been awarded by the Emperor of the French to private John Byrne, 52d Light Infantry, late of the 18th Royal Irish, for distinguished conduct while serving with the allied forces in the Crimea. The Battalion having been formed into two columns, the latter from the Horse

Guards, directing the presentation of the medal, was read by Captain R. Roney, the adjutant, after which it was handed to private Byrne by Lieutenant Colonel Phillips, who made an appropriate speech. Private Byrne, when in the ranks of the 18th Royal Irish, behaved with great gallantry in the attack on the Redoubt on the 18th of June, going out under a heavy fire and bringing in a wounded soldier, who, however, afterwards died. During the whole time he was in the Crimea Byrne was never absent from any of his duties for which he has a medal, and has now volunteered to proceed to India. (But John Byrne remains a private still.)—Nation.

The Limerick Chronicle says:—“A gentleman in the vicinity of Nenagh has saved £5,000 and upwards by the prudent foresight of his amiable wife, who, on hearing that her husband had purchased 20 shares in the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank some years ago, impudently hid so urgently to give them up, by appealing to the future interests of their family, that at the first available opportunity he disposed of them to the manager at a loss of £20.”

The Society for Irish Church Missions to Catholics is in its eighth year. Its anniversary meeting was presided over last week by the Earl of Cavan. The report stated that the society had received increased support during the past year from Irish subscriptions. The society was one of those which lost money by the failure of Strahan, Paul, and Bates. Its total income is declining since 1854. One of the speakers, the Rev. J. N. Griffin, asked his hearers to credit the following story:—“A Catholic farmer, who had been in the habit of attending controversial meetings, at length finding that his Priest could not remove the doubts which had arisen in his mind, declared that he would no longer go to chapel. The Priest said nothing. But what followed? A few months ago the farmer retired to bed and fell asleep. He was awoke suddenly by a sensation of pain and suffocation, and as soon as he recovered his consciousness he distinctly felt that he was held by the throat by a hand which was attempting to choke him. With the instinct of self-preservation he seized the hand, and found that the hand that was grasping his throat and the knee that was resting upon his breast were the hand and the knee of his own wife. (Sensation.) And he solemnly believes that the partner of his bosom, with whom he had lived for years on terms of love, and friendship, and affection, and with whom he had never had a single cause of quarrel—whom he believes that the mother of his children had urged on by the Priest to strangle him in his bed.” (Unprecedented sensation.)—Guardian. The above is a fair specimen of the lie “evangelical.”

The Tipperary papers have a correspondence, which has passed between John McMahon, Esq., and Lord Palmerston, in reference to the irritating proceedings of the Protestant Church Missions. In reference to the grossly insulting nature of the tracts distributed by the said firm to the public peace, Mr. McMahon says:—“I firmly believe neither the Queen nor any of her advisers would tolerate such conduct, and I think it is only necessary to call your lordship's attention to it, in order, if possible, to prevent a repetition of it, and by having orders issued to the reverend gentlemen engaged in Irish Church Missions, to confine their zeal and Church teachings inside the walls of their churches—to cease from giving circulation to such papers, tending as they do to excite discord, and likely to lead to most disastrous consequences.” The reply of the Premier is as follows:—“Lord Palmerston presents his compliments to Mr. McMahon, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his letter, dated the 27th ult. Lord Palmerston wishes to remind Mr. McMahon, that any representation as to acts done in Ireland, and conceived to be illegal, should be addressed to the Irish executive.—To J. McMahon, Esq.”

Ireland, to her eternal honour be it said, although she is the most redundant fountain of emigration in the world, has never yet sent a single member to the Mormon community. Whence, then, is this monstrous association, whose members already amount to more than three hundred thousand, exclusive of its Negro and Indian slave element, supplied? Partly from Germany, chiefly from England; fifteen thousand people principally women, are said to have emigrated to Utah, ten years since, from the port of Liverpool alone. Mormonism is recruited from the off-scouring of the most Protestant countries in Europe; nor is this to be wondered at, when the tendencies of a system are considered—a system which, by permitting the weakest and most uneducated minds to form their own conclusions upon the moral laws which constitute the ground work of religion, naturally tends to creating a chaotic state of life, in which the desire of gratifying the appetites becomes the most predominant force. Nothing is more certain than that thousands of individuals who have joined the degraded Mormonite community, received the elements of their religious education in the Protestant Sunday and day schools, which abound in the manufacturing districts of England. Catholicism, whether here, or in any part of Europe, has never added a single individual, male or female, to the Satyr herd of Brigham Young. From time to time the emissaries of this nefarious sect have appeared in this country: but so strong was the natural repugnance of the people against the monstrous doctrines ventilated by those apostles of sensuality, that they were glad to effect their retreat with a whole skin, and before the feelings they had outraged, had time to explode to their detriment. Truly, indeed, did Grant say “the genius of the Irish people is affliction.”—Nation.

THE PROSLYTIZING CRUSADE.—(From the Limerick Reporter.) History has no parallel to the demagogical excesses perpetrated in the midst of a Catholic community of the Irish metropolis, by persons who arrogate to themselves the exclusive right of private judgment, and who make the welkin ring with their professions of admiration in sustenance of their perfect freedom of thought and action in religious matters. Neither under Nero, Dioclesian, Aurelian, Leo Isaacurus, nor any other of the Pagan or Jewish persecutors of the early Christians do we find anything like the devilry demonstrated by certain crusaders in Dublin at this moment, who seem to buoy themselves up with the notion that they can, with perfect impunity, out-do all the irreligious iniquities perpetrated since the foundation of the Catholic church, and mock and trample down the feelings of Catholics all over the world, by a crime which the furious Iconoclasts of the 8th century would blush to identify themselves with, and which Dominian, with all his violence, rage and insatiable cruelty, would tremble to dream of, if he but possessed the opportunities which those men in Dublin possess, of ascertaining the truth and of being guided by its sacred and solemn dictates. The Roman Emperors delivered up the bodies of the Christian martyrs to the dens of wild beasts, or the torments of boiling oil, fire, or the rack. They did not presume to pollute the Christians' rites, or sacrilegiously to outrage the most cherished of their doctrines. In Dublin, however, men who have the means of becoming acquainted with the Catholic Faith—who cannot excuse themselves on the ground of mere ignorance, who profess to respect some of the doctrines of Christianity, however badly they may practice the noble principles of toleration—who proclaim they are friends to liberty, and who boast of their affection for tracts and for the Bible without note or comment—these men, according to the following extracts from the Freeman's Journal, have stirred up a storm of indignation throughout the metropolis which it will take some time to allay, and which, terrible as the causes in which it has its origin are, can scarcely be wondered at, when we reflect on the countenance and support the crusade receives at the hands of men in high station who ought to recoil in horror from hell-conceived malice such as this:—“The cause of the great excitement which has been disturbing the peace of the city for the last three weeks, has arisen out of the following wanton

and sacrilegious outrage!—On the 25th of March last—the Feast of the Annunciation—a disciple of the Oomoo, proselytizers went into the Church of St. Nicholas, Francis-street, and approached the altar rails for the apparent purpose of receiving the Holy communion. Immediately after receiving it from the clergyman, he left the church, and taking the sacred elements out of his mouth, placed them in his handkerchief, but finding that they had become too moist and had adhered to the handkerchief, he went off to one of the Catholic Church of St. Audeon, High-street, and received the sacramental elements a second time. On this occasion he contrived to succeed in his diabolical purpose, and for eight or ten days he went about amongst his pious brethren showing the consecrated elements and boasting of his cleverness. He also exhibited them at a bible meeting which was held at the Wesleyan Chapel, Stephen's Green. After a great deal of trouble and anxiety, the Rev. Mr. McCabe succeeded in getting them back, and they are at present deposited in the Church of St. Nicholas. It was the remembrance of this terrible sacrilege that influenced the people on Tuesday night last, when they attacked the lunatic Rooney, as they saw him rush to the altar, believing at the time he was a Souper. Such is the state of feverish excitement under which the people are labouring, that it is feared the devotions ordained by the church must be suspended, as it requires nearly all the time, influence, and persuasion of the clergy of the parish to prevent the people taking the law and vengeance into their own hands, for the sacrilegious outrages and insults offered to their holy religion.” “No course of conduct (says the Freeman's Journal,) is better devised to cover all Protestantism—the charitable and the uncharitable—the liberal and the bigotted—the moderate and the aggressive with hatred and horror. What would the people of England think if a society of Catholic clergymen was organized in Ireland, and sent over to insult, abuse, and revile Protestantism and Protestants in their chief towns, not only at the doors, but in the very chancels of their cathedrals? And what better right has England to inundate this country with revilers of the national religion? If the outrageous conduct of Proselytism be not restrained though we see no hope except in the repressing influence of the Protestant Episcopacy, and very little in that—we are likely to have society again shaken to its foundations, and the very worst form of religious animosity and unneighbourly hatred revived in unfortunate Ireland.”

THE SOUP MOTS, DUBLIN. Dublin has been the scene of some tragi-comic disturbances, betwixt the “soupers” and the Romanists. Little boys have been arrested, charged with singing and selling ballads, wherein the “soupers” are contemptuously spoken of, and the Reverend men of the Irish Church Mission are held up to derision. For these offences the said little boys have been fined and imprisoned by the Dublin Dogberies. We copy from a Dublin paper, two or three of the cases therein reported: which are not only amusing but instructive, as showing that there is one law for the Romanist and another for the “Souper.” The latter may, and do hereby, insult Catholics with the grossest calumnies, and with perfect impunity—for who ever heard of a “Scandaler” being sent to jail for denouncing their church as the great Harlot and the Mother of abominations?

HEAD POLICE OFFICE, May 18.—James Molloy was charged with using abusive and insulting language to the Rev. H. R. Halahan, incumbent of St. Nicholas Without. Mr. Halahan stated that about nine o'clock on the previous morning he was proceeding to Luke's Church for the purpose of reading service at a funeral which was then just approaching, when the prisoner a lad about fourteen years of age, cried out ‘Souper,’ with the object of creating a disturbance. He then ran away, but was captured by Mr. Halahan and given into custody of Police Constable Crowthers, 147 A. Mr. Magee called attention to the 5th Victoria, which authorized imposing the penalty of 40s. or one month upon any person making use of abusive or insulting language, or behaving in a manner calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, and stated that in future he would give any person brought before him the full benefit of that sentence. As the prisoner, however, was young, and his conduct was to a certain extent, the result of ignorance, he would fine him 20s. or, in default, one month's imprisonment.

Anne Fagan was charged with shouting and using abusive language at Patrick street. It appeared from the evidence that shortly after two o'clock, as the congregation was coming out of church, the prisoner commenced to sing aloud the following elegant couplet:— ‘Soupers, soupers, ring the bell, Soupers, soupers, go to hell!’

She was taken into custody by Police Constable Luby 98 A, and was fined £1, or one month's imprisonment.

Peter Beiney was charged by Police Constable Treley, 103 A, with hawking and vending publications of an exciting and irritating character.

It appeared that between seven and eight o'clock on the night of Saturday, the 16th inst, the prisoner was attracting public attention by crying out what professed to be the contents of documents which he was selling headed—‘The Proselytizers—Public Excitement’—in which a narrative of the circumstances attendant on the disturbances of the Coombe, was put forward. The prisoner, however, did not confine himself to their actual contents, but heightened the attraction of his wares by such phrases as these—‘Attempt to burn Francis-street Chapel’—‘Conspiracy of the Proselytizers to assassinate the Rev. Canon McCabe, &c.’ He was followed by a large crowd, who were much excited by the exaggerated statements thus put forward.

The prisoner was ordered to find bail for his future good conduct, or in default to undergo seven days' imprisonment. Subsequently, however, he was allowed to stand out on his own recognizance, when it appeared that he was unable to read the papers which he was calling out. Police Constable George Doherty, 104 A, charged Martin Power with singing upon the public thoroughfare on the 16th instant, at Back-lane, between three and four o'clock, a song entitled, ‘The Devil amongst the Soupers,’ which was calculated to excite the passions of the multitude. He was taken into custody and brought to the station-house, but having been let out upon bail by the inspector, did not think it necessary to attend the following morning at the police office. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, but up to the time the court continued to sit he had not been taken into custody.

Amongst the string of ballads found in his possession at the station-house was one from which we take the following extracts:—

Four loaves in the week and two shillings Is given to them the'll eat, But who'd sell his soul to the devil, Even though he's in hunger and want? When a shopkeeper's goods are ill gotten He sells them off cheap I'll be bound— So the Church of the Soupers being rotten, They pay for believing its sound. The ballad was headed with a carefully executed portrait of a soupy kitchen, and the chorus chimed in appropriately as follows:— With your canting, and ranting, and scheming, Ye hypocrites!—ain't ye afraid? O give up your lies and your souping, And take to some honest trade. William Young was charged with creating an obstruction at Castle street. Police Constable 160 A, deposed that he saw the

prisoner carrying a large placard through the street calculated to provoke a breach of the peace, upon which was printed in large letters—‘This day, Part II, Protestantism in a galloping Consumption, by the Rev. Father Marshall.’ When the prisoner saw him approaching he walked on and turned down the head of the placard. He did not refuse to move on, but did so of his own accord. Mr. Magee said as he did not refuse to move on the warrant had been issued upon the day before, in consequence of a charge preferred against him of singing songs of an irritating nature at the Coombe, he was brought up on Tuesday, and the constable deposed to having heard him sing the famous composition entitled ‘The Devil amongst the Soupers.’ This remarkable effusion opens with the following strain:— Sometime ago, in the regions below: There was fear and consternation: For heresy fast was losing its grasp On the holy Irish nation. So the imps of sin were all gathered in. A meeting most hideous and hateful: To try and devise, by scheming and lies, Some way to seduce the faithful. chorus.

(Good people all, both great and small, Smiths, carpenters, and coopers, Did you ever hear tell of the council in hell, And the Devil amongst the soupers. The ballad went on to say that it was determined by the devil to open a shop on the Coombe, with a view of ‘seducing the faithful,’ and proceeded:— When the imps heard this, they began to hiss, For that is their cheer down their sirs; And they cried—here below, our friends we'll know, When they take in that shop a share, sir. The prisoner being only fourteen years of age was fined 5s, or in default of payment fourteen days' imprisonment.—Saunders.

GREAT BRITAIN. Another large bank defaulter is reported. Mr. Henry Salmon, agent to the Commercial Bank of Scotland, in Falkirk, has absconded, after making free with the funds of the establishment to the extent of £30,000. SINGULAR RAILWAY INCIDENT.—On the arrival of the two o'clock train from Liverpool at Rugby, on Wednesday morning, it was discovered that a lad, about nine years old, was secreted under one of the first class carriages. The lad, who appeared much exhausted, stated that he had escaped from the parish authorities at Manchester, who were about to send him to his native country (Ireland), and managed to hide himself above the beam of one of the axles of the carriage. The carriage went, in due course, to Liverpool, and after the passengers had all alighted, was shunted into a tunnel, where it remained some hours. At this time the boy states that he endeavored to make his escape, but found the tunnel so dark that he returned to his old hiding place. The same carriage was again required for the mid-night train to London, and on his arrival at Rugby, the lad was discovered to be unhurt, but suffering very much from exhaustion and cold. On Wednesday, as Prince Albert passed through Rugby, the above circumstances were related to Sir George Grey who, at the wish of his Royal Highness, made the boy a pecuniary present.—Chester Courant.

THE MAY MEETINGS.—The May Meetings seem to be below the average in dullness this year. They share in the flatness of the parliamentary season. The reports of their proceedings are never very interesting; but it would be difficult to find anything in the newspapers so hopelessly dreary as a string of anniversary gatherings, as they are given at length in this May's Record. Numerous as they are, and various as are the professed objects of their supporters, you can get no variety out of their speakers. Go where you will, the same ubiquitous chairman meets you; the same roll of well-worked platform orators; the same set form of speech, with its unctuousness and slovenliness, its bit of flattery and its bit of jocoseness, its pointless anecdote and its cut-and-dried simile, all stale, and dead, and wearisome to an intolerable degree, and giving you a feeling of painful humiliation when you read it, to see to what nonsense and absurdity men can accustom their lips and ears. It is wonderful how audiences can go on, May after May, listening in hot and crowded rooms to the repetition of all this formality and affectation, and even think it excitement. And it is wonderful that men of sense and self-respect can find themselves, time after time, getting up with absolutely nothing to their hearers, and beating their jaded and exhausted brains to produce a half-hour of rapid and sickly declamation, and not at last lose patience, and burst out into a good healthy laugh at the solemn absurdity in which they are acting a part.—Guardian.

The list of subscriptions towards Lady Franklin's expedition now amounts to £1,500; but it is understood that, in order that she may be enabled to meet all the expense, Lady Franklin has sold the property in Australia which belonged to her late husband, and may thus be said to have put all her fortune into this last adventure of Arctic research. The Atlantician announces that the plan of Lady Franklin's Arctic Expedition is now arranged. A glance at any recent map of the Arctic regions shows that nearly the whole area east and west of the outlet of the Fish River has been swept by government searching expeditions. Apart, then, from the fact that Esquimaux reports point to a very limited locality where the great Arctic mystery lies concealed, we are warranted in hoping that a search within an area embracing not more than 370 miles of coast may be rewarded by the discovery of the Erebus and Terror:—“Captain McClintock proposes to make his way down Prince Regent's Inlet, and thence through Bello's Strait to the field of search; or, should the ice permit, to proceed direct to it, by going down Peel Sound, which he has good reasons for believing to be a strait. If prevented by the ice from passing through Bello's Strait or going down Peel Sound, he will abandon the idea of taking his ship through these channels, and leaving her in safety in Prince Regent's Inlet, will proceed to search for the Erebus and Terror by slugging parties, so successfully used in the late expedition, in conducting which Captain McClintock particularly distinguished himself. We regret to say that a strong memorial, recently transmitted from the United States, praying our Admiralty to send the Resolute on a final searching expedition, has failed to arouse sufficient sympathy with a cause now stirring all England.”

OUTRAGES BY ‘TURN-OUTS.’—Some ‘turn-outs’ at Manchester, Sheffield, and other parts of the manufacturing districts, have recently thrown explosive bottles through the windows of their employers, or of fellow-workmen refusing to join them. ANOTHER POISONING CASE.—A little girl, four years old, has been poisoned at the village of Belah, in the parish of Allan, about five miles from Truro, the crime having been committed, as supposed, by the mother and grandfather of the child. Grace Beard, the mother, formerly lived as servant with Mr. Gridlock, an auctioneer, at Truro, but lately she has been residing with her father, John Beard, at Belah. The child died suddenly in April last, and at the inquest a verdict of natural death was returned. From circumstances which subsequently transpired, however, the body of the child was exhumed, and an analysis having been made by Mr. Herrepath, of Bristol, that gentleman discovered arsenic. The mother, on being taken into custody, said that her father sent her to Truro on the 1st of April to procure some poison, but that she did not know what she did with it, though

she believed that she had murdered her child with it, and had accused her father of having done so. The grandfather, who is described as a dissolute old man, denies having sent his daughter for poison. The supposed motive for the crime on the part of the mother is that she wished to get rid of this illegitimate child, as she was about to be married to a young man named Champion. Both prisoners have been remanded. Thomas Fuller Bacon having after the trial on Thursday, been removed to Stamford, was examined before the magistrates on Saturday on the charges of having poisoned his mother. The case was adjourned till Wednesday. Mrs. Bacon has made a full confession that she murdered her children with her own hands.

A SCOTCH SABOTEUR.—A thief who broke out of jail in Aberdeen the other day, on being recaptured, told the policeman that he might have escaped, but he had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday.—Dundee Advertiser.

“NOSSETER A SOCIUS.”—It is believed that London thieves accompany the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon to the provinces. That gentleman preached to an immense congregation at Isleham, Cambridgeshire, on Friday last, on which occasion many robberies from the person were committed. One lady lost a handsome gold Geneva watch.

Oh for another Hercules, or St. George of Cappadocia, to hunt down and destroy our political nuisances? What is the use of all our K. G.'s if they cannot rid Parliament of the dragons and other monsters that devour its time and strength? They reappear as regular as the Sphinxes and Minotaurs that beset the gates of some unfortunate city, and would not depart without their complement of youths and maidens or well-to-do respectable travellers. There is always to be a Bill for the abolition of some ridiculous or useless oath, and the admission of a useful and honorable class of citizens; it is always to pass the Commons, whom it does a little concern, and always to be preached and prayed out of the Lords, who have nothing to do with it. The same force of alarmed patriotism and outraged piety is always to be acted over again with the same tones and the same grimace, and men who never did any good besides, and never will, annually quiet their conscience with this paltry persecution. When this dreary scene has been acted for the fiftieth time there stalks in another relic of the antediluvian world in the shape of a Maynooth debate. Gaunt and grim, the survivors of an extinct race crush their way through the common sense and humanity of these later days, trampling, rending, and rolling over the gentler feelings and the kinder influences of the modern creation. Is it impossible to nose this Leviathan, and send him back to his muddy deep? Can neither strength nor artifice now avail, at a time when we have two hypochondriacs in the Regent's Park, and whales, sea lions, and sea devils are ordinarily advertised for show or for sale? It can only be a question of hooks and nets, spears, and harpoons. Certainly, if these crusades had any hope of a successful and quiet termination, if there were fair reason to anticipate that in a few years the Papists or the Jews could be either exterminated or captured, or so humbled as not to lift up their heads or wag their tongues for the next 30 years, we could scarcely have a word to say against the crusade. Success is an argument that speaks for itself, and notwithstanding the old sneer about “making a solitude and calling it peace,” we should not be too curious to inquire into the means by which we had been delivered from the annual Maynooth debate and the annual Oaths debate. But our modern persecutors, not being allowed the use of dungeons, grills, fetters, pliers, cords, stretchers, iron boots, and other implements of orthodoxy, make very poor work of it. They only nibble and scrape, and, as they have neither teeth nor tails, their nibbling and scraping becomes muzzling and fumbling, disagreeable but harmless. They only take up time; they occupy, distract, molest, and generally annoy the Legislature, like some of the smaller animals which disgust rather than hurt, but are not the less nuisances. But nuisances of this sort, like the giants and monsters of the medieval epic, only require a little courage and momentum to put an end to them. One step in advance, or one touch of the spear, so as to be in earnest, is enough to kill. Now, here is the Oaths Bill. Unless something be done, it will be thrown out in the Lords, as heretofore. There will be as many ‘non-contents’ as before, and no more ‘contents.’ It is the latter figure that is to be treated. Lord Palmerston has a great majority in the Lower House, immense popularity, and generally a winning cause. Why, then, can he not deal with this as with the China question, and have the younger Lords, and even the newly-appointed bishops, laid under admonition? The opposition is nothing but a hollow flimsy, hypocritical prejudice, if it be indeed worthy of that name. There is not one single text in the Bible to favor the exclusion of Jews from a Christian Legislature, while there are many texts establishing the perfect lawfulness of Christians fighting in the same ranks with Jews, holding office together with them, paying their taxes, receiving their taxes in return, and finally sitting in the same councils with them. You might just as well expect to find a text in favor of extracting a Jew's teeth to get at his money, or making him wear a yellow garb, or spitting on him, or holding pork to his nose, or calling him a dog, as in favor of excluding him from any portion of a Christian Legislature. You may, indeed, find texts in the New Testament to color Transubstantiation, Purgatory, the Invocation of Saints, and so on, but not one even coloring the doctrine that a Christian must not deliberate and act with a Jew on a question of taxes, of peace and war, of arts and sciences, of sewerage and drainage, or such temporal matters. In point of fact, there happens to be no religious community with which the State has more dealings, in proportion to its numbers, than the Jews. England and all the Christian Powers of Europe have the most important transactions with the Hebrew capitalists, and these occasions we have no doubt of their honor or their patriotism—that is, their disposition to make sacrifices, if necessary, for the welfare of the country wherein they dwell. It is sufficient for the purpose, however, that we make them pay taxes like other men; and on every principle of justice and consistency we should allow them to be represented by their own people in the expenditure of those taxes—confessedly the chief business of Parliament.—Times.

A MODERN HERO.—We cut the following from a letter published in the New York Times:—“Those who have any sympathy for General Walker in his fall, unless they are lost to even the common sentiments of humanity, will have their sympathy somewhat modified on becoming acquainted with the following facts, which I have from a high official source—a gentleman who cannot be mistaken in what he relates:—On the 20th day of April, while Gen. Walker, without the knowledge of his men, was negotiating his capitulation, knowing that he was to surrender the next day, one of his soldiers, contrary to a general order, went outside of his lines. He shortly after returned, having only gone out to get a bottle of aquadente. Walker called him up, when he acknowledged his fault and prayed for forgiveness. “If you have any message to send to your friends,” said Walker, in his mild, but sarcastic way, “you had better prepare it, for at sundown you die.” Punctually at sunset a platoon of soldiers were drawn up for the execution, and just as the order was given to fire, the soldier appealed to his comrades, “Boys you wouldn't shoot a fellow soldier for such a thing as that, would you? They raised their rifles and fired over his head. The poor fellow broke and ran, when he was brought to his knees by Lieut. Col. Rogers, an Irishman, who figures in the list I send you, by a pistol shot. Stepping up to the man while in this position, Rogers placed his revolver at his forehead and blew out his brains! May be there isn't a hell.—There ought to be, if there is not.”

The Burdell case is more hotly fought on the question of the possession of the property than on the detection of the murderer. Mrs. Cunningham presents new and singular evidence in her behalf. The New York Herald says:—“Property to the amount of \$100,000, or to \$150,000 is dependent on the issue of this suit. If Mrs. Cunningham establishes her marriage, she becomes entitled to a third of it; and if, as rumor says, she is in the position in which ladies like to be who love their lords, and can squeeze up dates satisfactorily, she will get the whole. As is usual where money is concerned, the eagerness manifested to decide the right to this succession is much greater than that displayed in the effort to vindicate the justice of the country. An immense number of witnesses will be examined, both on behalf of the blood relations and of Mrs. Cunningham, whom the delicate scruples of the District Attorney did not allow to be produced on the murder trial.” The Board of Aldermen of New York, less prompt than just, have offered a reward of \$2000 for the discovery of the murderer of Dr. Burdell.

THE LOUISVILLE RIOT.—The Know Nothings of Louisville have had another feast of blood. They have dragged the negroes tried for the murder of the Joyce family, and acquitted of the charge, forth from the prison and hanged them. The Sheriff, after firing some blank cartridges at the mob, discovered that further resistance was useless, and opened the prison door to the mob. Mayor Filcher, the mob elected ruler of the city, tried to soothe his associates by a speech, but was struck in the face by a boulder and carried home severely wounded. Riot remained rampant for one day and night, as it had virtually ruled in that city ever since law was trampled under foot, in 1854, and left lying there stained with the blood of Irish poor. Through its ballot-box and its most influential newspaper, Louisville has assumed the responsibility of the murders of Bloody Monday. The blood is on a party of her citizens, and occurrences like the late riot demonstrate that its cry for vengeance is not unheard on high. Let them repent of the wrong, retract their culmen, discontinue the slanders in their midst, punish the murderers, and their otherwise inevitable doom may be averted. But even “Americans” cannot resist the rule of God.—Cincinnati Telegraph.

THE KNOW-NOTHING RIOT AT WASHINGTON.—The “Plug Uglies” of Baltimore and other infamous gangs whose motto is, that Americans should rule America, have again been disgracing the capital and the country by a murderous attack upon the voters at the municipal election in Washington city. These demagogues did not, however, succeed in carrying in their candidates, but the democrats elected a majority of the city council, and the collector and registrar. A despatch dated on Monday states that the Plug Uglies, numbering fifty wretches, upon arriving from Baltimore, divided their forces, and part of them made a demonstration at the first precinct of the 4th ward, and another at the 2nd ward polls. At the latter place their interference soon caused a row, and fifteen or twenty shots were fired. A young man named John Ouseley was shot in the knee. The citizens of this ward then turned out with arms and drove the rioters off. At this time a desperate row had commenced at the first precinct of the 4th ward, the “Plugs,” being reinforced by the “Bip-Laps,” and “Chinkers” of Washington city. A terrible attack was made on the anti-know nothing voters, with pistols, howie knives and stones, and they were driven from the polls. R. B. Owen, one of the commissioners, had his hand shattered by a pistol shot. A Klotter received a spent ball in his forehead. An Irishman was dreadfully beaten, so that his features cannot be recognized; and several others received slight pistol shot wounds. Capt. Goddard, of the police, had a strong force on the ground, but was driven back. The mayor called on the President for a military force. The “Plug Uglies” then repaired to the engine house of the Amocstia company, near the navy yard, procured a small cannon or swivel, and marched to the battle ground. They were passed by two companies of United States mariners, under Capt. Tyler, also marching to the scene of riot, who were hailed with hoots and yells. The Plugs drew up with their cannon in front of the market house on King street fronting Seventh street. The mariners formed and ordered it to disperse. Word was sent to him that if the marines didn't leave the ground, a difficulty would take place. An order was then given to “charge” and the marines took the cannon amid a volley of pistol shots from the Plug Uglies. The mariners returned the fire, principally directed to the westcoast corner of the market house. Five men were killed and seventeen wounded. Mr. Allston, a grocer was shot dead. The cannon was captured, and Twenty or thirty of the Plug Uglies escaped on the 3 p.m., train for Baltimore, and quiet was restored.

DOING BUSINESS.—The President of the recent exploded New-castle (Pa.) bank said, on his examination in court: “We were doing a fine business, but had not much to do it on. I suppose we were running on what we owed!” Cool enough!

MONS NOSSENER.—The Detroit papers relate that a young man, by the name of Rogers, was recently missing in that city, and that the tomfoolery of calling his spirit, by “the Spiritualists,” to reveal what had become of his body, was resorted to! The call was promptly answered, of course, and the ghost revealed that it had been ejected from its earthly tenement, in a certain building where there was just then being held an exhibition of wild animals. Its body, continued the accommodating ghost, could not be found, as it had been fed to the caged beasts in that building, and devoured by them; and that human evidence of this fact might not be wanting, said ghost avowed that the larger bones of his late body—such, we suppose as the beasts could not devour—had been hidden under the floor of the building, where they might be found. Armed with this bill of ghostly particulars, a party invaded the building in question, and searched in every part without success. The floor was taken up, and careful search made beneath it, but neither the promised bones, nor any other evidence that young Rogers had been there, either in whole or in part, was obtained; and so the chase had finally to be given up. The body of Rogers, the papers add, was subsequently found in Detroit River, and gave no indications of ever having been eaten by the wild beasts, as related by its ghost; while, to every appearance, all its original bones were still in their proper anatomical places.

SUDDEN DEATHS OF PRIESTS.—The Rev. Valentine Felder, a Priest of Newark, about 30 years of age, was almost instantly killed by being knocked down and run over by a car of the 2nd Avenue line, at the corner of Oliver street and the Bowery. The fatal accident happened on Thursday the 28th ult. Mr. Felder was a German by birth, and we learn, highly esteemed for his sacerdotal worth. We believe his remains were taken to Newark for interment.

THE REV. MICHAEL O'DONOVAN, Pastor of the Catholic Church at Goshen, expired, after a very short illness, on Sunday, May 24th. Mr. O'Donovan was a native of Ireland, and about 40 years of age. We have learned no other particulars of the deceased.—N. Y. Freeman.

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The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1857.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Legislative campaign in the new Parliament has commenced in good earnest. Many important measures have already been brought forward, and, upon the whole, the evangelical party do not seem to have gained much by the last general election.

The Times throws out a significant hint to the Spooneers, the Newdegates, and the other "No-Popery" fanatics, of what they may expect from the present House of Commons, if they attempt to renew therein their annual onslaught upon Maynooth. "It has been proposed"—says the Times—"to compound with the Roman Catholics by a round sum of money—half a million or so—or an endowment in land, so as to take Maynooth altogether out of the reach of its Parliamentary assailants. Such a measure—it adds—is not likely to be proposed if the Anti-Maynooth party will only be so good as to be quiet; but, if it is proposed, it is likely not only to be carried, but to lead to other measures in the same direction." Rather, in fact, than submit to the intolerable nuisance of a Spooner's or Newdegate's harangues, the Legislature will accept the alternative of giving a permanent endowment to the adherents of the "Scarlet Woman" in Ireland, to "anything," as the Times says, "to settle, or banish the controversy, and send the disputants to tear one another to pieces somewhere else." For this Session, Mr. Spooner's Bill has been rejected by an overwhelming majority.

Lord Palmerston has introduced his Bill for admitting Jews to Parliament, and for an alteration of the oaths at present exacted from members. It is proposed to do away with those clauses which abjure all allegiance to the lineal descendants of James II.; to modify those which confine the Protestant succession to the heirs of the Princess Sophia of Hanover; and to omit altogether the concluding words—"on the true faith of a Christian"—thereby enabling Jews to take the oaths. The second reading could not come on till the first week in June; when the Bill will probably pass the House of Commons, but, as usual, will be thrown out by the Lords. A vote for a marriage portion of £40,000, and an annual allowance of £8,000, for the Princess Royal, on occasion of her union with the Prince of Prussia, has been carried in the House of Commons with but little opposition.

The debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Fagan's motion for the second reading of the "Ministers Money" Bill gave rise to an animated debate. This obnoxious and iniquitous tax, was imposed in the reign of Charles II., in the most Catholic districts of Ireland, upon the property of corporate towns; in which, by another barbarous enactment, worthy of Protestantism, Catholics were robbed of their lands and houses on account of their religion. During the short time that King James II., held his court in Ireland—after having been driven by the revolt of his mercenary English soldiers to seek safety in flight—the Act of Charles II., was repealed; but upon the conquest of the country by the Anglo-Dutch under the Prince of Orange, it was again enacted, and has been in force ever since. The only defence offered for this monster iniquity, was that it was a tax imposed upon property in certain corporate towns; and that, as by another law, all Catholics had been despoiled of their property in those towns, it was a tax upon Protestant property exclusively, and therefore no injustice to Catholics. The House showed its sense of these flimsy attempts at argument by its vote, which was—for the second reading of Mr. Fagan's Bill, 313; against it, 174. Majority against "Ministers Money," 139. This we hope is the "beginning of the end," of the monster grievance of Ireland, and the standing disgrace of the XIX century—the Protestant Church of Ireland as "By Law Established."

In the House of Lords, there has been a long and interesting debate on the Ministerial "Divorce Bill," or Bill for legalising Bigamy; the second reading of which was carried by 47 to 18. To their credit be it said, one or two of the Anglican Bishops opposed the Bill, upon the ground that marriage was from God, and therefore indissoluble. Dr. Sumner, the Protestant Primate, however, opposed the details only, and not the principle of the proposed measure; and voted for its second reading, with the proviso that he should still feel himself at liberty to oppose certain of its clauses in Committee. He supported his position by the condition of the Protestant States on the Continent, where the facilities of divorce had resulted in so great a depravity of morals, that the people of those countries were now crying out for a return to the ancient order of things; and though he did not hold marriage to be an indissoluble contract, he argued that the right of marrying a second time, during the lifetime of the first partner, should be restricted, in cases of adultery to the innocent party. Thus the Protestant Primate conceded all that the advocates of the Bill demanded—viz., an acknowledgment that the civil

power has the right to put asunder those whom God has joined together.

Lord Lyndhurst was for assimilating the marriage laws of England to those of Scotland; and showed how at present, a Protestant can have two legal wives in the British Islands. "Take the case," he said, "of a man who marries in England, then proceeds to Scotland, where he is divorced and remarries. He then comes back to England with his Scotch wife, whither he is followed by his divorced wife, who appeals to the Ecclesiastical Court for a restitution of conjugal rights. She succeeds, and restitution of conjugal rights is awarded to her, while the man has also his Scotch wedded wife. Anything more anomalous cannot be conceived." His Lordship might have added, that this anomaly is the necessary consequence of tampering with the Divine Law; and according to which marriage is a religious, and therefore, an indissoluble contract.

The Duke of Norfolk and the Catholic Peers announced their determination to oppose the infamous Bill at every stage; but though they may succeed in impeding its progress during the present session, there is little doubt that it will be carried in a subsequent one, and that thus Polygamy will become a legalised British institution. The next step will be to give the benefits of this precious Protestant privilege to all the Colonies and dependencies of the Empire; for we cannot see how that can be refused to the people of Canada, which has been accorded to their fellow-citizens at home.

The following facts, cited during the debate by the Bishop of Oxford, illustrate forcibly the moral effects of the license of divorce in Protestant countries. "Between 1820 and 1830," said His Lordship, "in a population of 12,000,000, there were 3,000 divorces in Prussia, or 27, to each 100,000; and if they struck out that part of Prussia in which the Catholic religion prevailed, they would find there was one in every 247 married couples, divorced within a year." The Bishop of London, one of the evangelical batch, supported the Bill, in spite of these startling facts; and thus no longer can the Church of England boast that—whatever the practise of its laity—according to the theories of its Prelates, the marriage tie is sacred and indissoluble. The Tablet gives the following analysis of the obnoxious Bill—

"The great feature of the Bill introduced by the Lord Chancellor is the enactment that it shall henceforth be lawful for all persons who are united in lawful wedlock to contract a second marriage in the lifetime of their husbands or wives; provided, in the case of a husband, that he can prove before a tribunal constituted for the purpose, that his wife is guilty of adultery; or in the case of a wife, provided that she prove that her husband has committed adultery, accompanied by incest or gross cruelty, or wilful desertion for two years. And so unrestricted is the license which it is now proposed to establish as of common right, that an adulterer is to be allowed to contract a valid marriage with his paramour, and by this means not only is a barrier against infidelity removed, but an actual inducement and reward is provided for the criminals. Another feature of the Bill is, that the action for criminal conversation, which has long been admitted to be a national disgrace, is not only retained; but the excuse which has hitherto existed for it as being a step in the procurement of a separation, a mensa et thoro, is withdrawn; and the action for pecuniary damages on the ground of matrimonial infidelity is to follow, instead of to precede, the sentence of divorce. As to the debate itself, it was chiefly remarkable as an exposure of Protestantism, and a vindication of the Catholic Church and its doctrines in the mouths of Protestant Bishops and Peers. To this part of the subject we shall again recur. But it is impossible to doubt, if only the obnoxious provisions of this Bill, those, namely, which provide for the remarriage of divorced parties, can be eliminated in committee, that the discussion must produce on every reasoning mind an increased respect for the Catholic Church, and an increased aversion and contempt for the Establishment."

In justice, however, to the supporters of this Bill for legalising Bigamy, it must be observed that they are but carrying out the policy of the Fathers of the Reformation in England, as was clearly shown by the Lord Chancellor, in moving the second reading of the Bill. He cited the work known as the "Reformatio Legum Anglicanarum," a work composed by a Commission with Cramer at its head, and appointed by Henry VIII., for the purpose of getting rid of the restraints which Popery imposed upon the animal passions of the community. In this work, the divines of the Reformation assigned a great many other sufficient causes for divorce—in plain English, for legalising bigamy—besides adultery, Desertion, hatred, and many other causes justified in the opinion of these worthies, the dissolution of the marriage tie, and the contracting of fresh sexual unions; and this opinion is now cited as authority in the Imperial Legislature. With these facts staring us in the face, it is impossible to refrain from laughter, when we hear one sect of Protestants declaiming against the immorality of their brother Protestants in Utah, and volunteering to pull out the mote from the Mormon's eye, regardless of the beam in their own.

Some rather serious riots had occurred in Dublin in consequence of the long continued insults of the "Soupers" and "Swaddlers," and the consequent retaliation of the outraged Catholics. Some account of these will be found in another place.

From the Continent of Europe there is nothing of any interest to report.

The Provincial Parliament was prorogued on Wednesday, after a long Session, during which honorable members have taken good care of themselves.

A PROTESTANT CRUSADE.

BRIGHAM YOUNG TO BE SUBDUED.—Under this caption, we find the following significant paragraph going the rounds of the American papers, and credited to the New York Courier and Enquirer:—

"The force destined for the conquest and re-annexation of Utah, will consist of about 2,500 men. It will probably be under the command of Gen. Harney. The command will concentrate at Fort Leavenworth as soon as practicable, and will move westward as soon as the subsidence of the June floods renders the passage of the rivers practicable. Col. Sumner and the 2d Dragoons will accompany the expedition. The arrangement of the details of the movement is made by Gen. Scott, who says if he were young enough he would prefer the service himself."

We are not disposed to contest the propriety of this vigorous action on the part of the Government of the United States; but we may be permitted to point out what a full and perfect vindication it affords of the active measures adopted by the Catholic countries of Europe in the thirteenth century, to suppress the heresies whose existence menaced the liberties and civilisation of Christendom. If to put down Mormonism by force, be a good work in the nineteenth century, a still more righteous work was it in the thirteenth, to extirpate the filthy brood of "Bulgars," or Albigenes; compared with whose unmentionable vices, even the licentiousness and polygamy of the more modern Protestant sect, seem but amiable weaknesses. Indeed it is almost an insult to the Mormons to institute any comparison betwixt them, and the early Protestants of Southern Europe.

But leaving out of sight altogether the infamous doctrines, and unnatural practices of the latter, no one acquainted with the history of Christendom during that long doubtful struggle which, in self defence, and for its very existence, it was, through many centuries compelled to maintain with Mahomedanism, will venture to deny the justice, or contest the policy, of the crusade against the Bulgars. The Albigenes, it is now universally admitted, were in constant league with the enemies of the Cross; and furnished to the common enemy of Christian civilisation the means of carrying out his design of planting the Moslem standard upon the soil of France. It was as the allies of the Saracens, and as traitors to the cause of European civilisation, that the Christian soldier of the thirteenth century turned his arms against the perfidious Albigenes. In storming their strongholds and laying waste their fortified places with fire and sword, stout Simon de Montfort was engaged in a warfare purely defensive; and therefore in a just and holy war if ever a war was just and holy; for if it failed in rescuing Jerusalem and the Holy Places from the grasp of the infidel, it at all events delivered the long menaced South of Europe from the dread of Moslem supremacy.

And yet it is the fashion of Protestants to rail, in one breath, against the cruelties of the medieval crusaders against the "Bulgars," and in another, to invoke the aid of the secular arm against the Mormons. General Harney, if he succeeds in compelling the latter to submit to the American government, and in putting down the open profession of polygamy, will be extolled by his Protestant fellow-countrymen as a public benefactor; whilst he who was a tool in the hands of God wherewith to chastise the abominations of the Albigenes—whose sins, ranker than those of the doomed cities of the plain, had long called to heaven for vengeance—and to confound their deep laid plots against the liberties, the civilisation, and the religion of Europe, is habitually denounced in those pleasant works of fiction, known by the name of "Protestant History," as a heartless bigot and a cruel persecutor of the people of God. The honest man, however, the intelligent and educated man, whether Catholic or Protestant, will act differently; and whilst recognising the right of the American government to subdue the Mormons by force, if necessary, will also recognise the fact, that whatever causes of complaint may exist against the followers of Joe Smith and Brigham Young, they are neither so many nor so serious as those which provoked the crusade against the Albigenes, and the allies of the Saracens, in the thirteenth century.

On Sunday next, immediately after the eight o'clock Low Mass at the Parish Church, will take place, weather permitting, the usual Procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The following is the route appointed for the present year.

Upon leaving the Parish Church, the Procession will pass along Great St. James Street to Hay Market Square; then up St. Radegonde Street to St. Patrick's Church. Leaving St. Patrick's Church, it will return by Lagouchiere Street, down De Bleury Street, along Craig Street, and up St. Joseph Street to the Parish Church. His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal will officiate.

On Sunday last, His Lordship the Bishop of London, C.W., celebrated in the chapel attached to the Episcopal residence, the anniversary of his consecration as first Bishop of that See. His Lordship the Bishop of St. Boniface, Mgr. Tacse, preached in aid of the funds for the "Society of the Propagation of the Faith," and

a large body of the Clergy from the Seminary and the House of the Pères Oblats, assisted at the imposing ceremony. In the evening, Mgr. Pinsonneault delivered an eloquent discourse in the same chapel; and the services of the day closed with a solemn Salut and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We learn with pleasure that the domiciliary visits of His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, for obtaining subscriptions towards the new Cathedral, have been attended with the most splendid success. It is hoped that the first instalments of the sums subscribed will be paid in during the course of the present month. A meeting of all the members of the Committee will be held very soon; and the gentlemen who were appointed on that Committee at the General Meeting, held some time ago in the Bishop's chapel, are earnestly requested to attend.

DEATH OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

It is with deep sorrow that we have to record the loss of our good and beloved Bishop of Kingston, Mgr. Phelan, in the 63rd year of his age, and after a busy and useful life spent in the service of his Redeemer. Many an eye will be dimmed with tears, and many an Irish heart oppressed with grief at these sad tidings; for if ever there was a man profoundly and universally loved, that man was his Lordship the late Bishop of Kingston.

Mgr. Phelan was a native of Ireland. He was born in the Diocese of Ossory on the 1st of February 1795, and emigrated to Canada whilst still very young. His studies were made at the College of Montreal, where he received Priest's Orders on the 26th September 1825. On the 21st of the following November, he was received as a member of the Sulpicians, with whom he remained till the 14th September 1842. In the month of February he was raised to the See of Carraha in partibus infidelium, by His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI, and named Co-adjutor to Mgr. Gaulin, whom he succeeded as Bishop of Kingston upon the death of the latter, upon the 8th of last month, and whom within a few weeks he has followed to the grave.

Indefatigable in his labors for the good of his flock, His Lordship was always regardless of himself. No one ever better exemplified in his own person, the words of Our Lord about the "Good Shepherd" who gives his life for the sheep; for it was in the zealous discharge of his Pastoral labors that Mgr. Phelan contracted the disease which terminated his useful career, and has left the Diocese of Kingston without a Bishop. A cold caught during his recent Visitation, and aggravated by exposure during the funeral obsequies of his predecessor, brought on Pleurisy, under which His Lordship rapidly sank; and at about ten o'clock on Saturday evening last, having received the last Sacraments of the Church, he resigned his spirit into the hands of Him, whose faithful servant he had been for upwards of thirty years. News of his approaching end had been transmitted by telegraph to Montreal on the Friday immediately preceding; and it is a consolation to know that the last rites of religion were administered to him by the hands of our saintly Bishop, who left this early on Saturday morning, and arrived in Kingston on the afternoon of the same day.

It is not easy to describe the sorrow which this great calamity has caused—not to the people of Kingston alone, but throughout the Province—amongst Protestants, as well as Catholics; for by all men of all creeds and countries, was the deceased respected. On Sunday morning, when the death of their Bishop became known to them, one cry of grief arose from the faithful of Kingston, a crowd of whom had collected around the doors of the Palace. The vessels in port hoisted their colors half mast high; a mark of respect which was continued until at 8.30 a.m. on Thursday morning, when his honored remains were consigned to the vault that had been prepared for them in the Cathedral.—R.L.P.

In our next, we will present our readers with an authentic memoir of the deceased Prelate;—believing that a simple record of his life and actions, is the highest eulogy that can be pronounced upon him, who is now in the presence of the Sovereign Judge Who has promised that even the cup of cold water given in His name shall not go unrewarded.

A very interesting letter appears in the Annals of the "Propagation of the Faith," from Mgr. Maigret, Vicar Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands, giving an account of the progress that has been made by the Missionaries of the Catholic Church amongst the Sandwich Islanders, in spite of the persecutions to which the former have constantly been exposed from the hostility of their Protestant neighbors—who, since 1820 have had almost undisputed possession of all things, spiritual and temporal, in the Islands; and who ruled with despotic sway over the souls and bodies of their wretched and degraded dupes. It is to be hoped that a brighter day is now about to dawn upon the Island "World of the Pacific."

To what a state Prostitution and Protestantism, Syphilis, and Methodist Missionaries, had in a

few years, reduced the people of the Sandwich Islands, is well known to the world from statements published by Protestant ministers themselves; who still boasted of their success as one of the "noblest triumphs" of Christianity in modern times. It is sufficient to say, that, in a very few years, the native population, under the combined influences of the causes above mentioned, dwindled away from about four hundred thousand, to less than eighty-one thousand in 1849. "Rotten with disease," and the slaves to every degrading vice, the unhappy victims of Protestant philanthropy, would soon have been improved off the face of the earth, but for the salutary change wrought upon them by the Catholic missionaries; who, after many cruel trials, and many a repulse, have at length succeeded in obtaining a firm foothold upon the Sandwich Islands.

The first Catholic Missionaries who visited these Islands in 1827 were forcibly seized upon, and with brutal violence transported to California. In 1837 they again returned; but as the natives were still completely under the control of the Methodist Missionaries, they were a second time driven away by brute force. Not discouraged, they returned yet a third time to the charge against Prostitution and Protestantism; and this time, by the timely interference of the French Government, were secured against the further malice of their enemies. Since then the Sandwich Islands' Mission has continued to prosper, notwithstanding the unremitting hostility of the Protestant ministers, and the threats, at their investigation denounced by the local authorities against the adherents of Popery.

"On our arrival," says the writer of the letter published in the March number of the Annals of the "Propagation of the Faith"—"there was a general explosion of ill-feeling, and an incessant fire of invective was kept up from every direction, and in every point of the archipelago—on land, on sea, in the houses, in the temples, in the public squares, on the highways, in camp-meetings, in books and in papers. Nothing was to be heard but sarcasm and insult. The watchword was—'No Popery' in the Sandwich Islands—down with the children of Anti-Christ—all who go over to the side of the Pope shall be regarded as rebels and traitors, they shall be expelled from their lands, lose their places, and shall be reduced to mendicancy."

These threats were followed by prompt execution. As the Rev. Missionary tells us, Catholic churches were burnt, Catholic schools pulled down, and their inmates dragged by force to Protestant schools. Converts from amongst the natives were driven off their lands, deprived of employment, and thrust into prison. Everything seemed to prognosticate the speedy extirpation of the hated religion.

But God is stronger than the devil; and the Catholic Missionary may now in his turn laugh at the threats and unfulfilled prophecies of his adversaries. A few facts will show how matters stand.

In the first year of the Catholic Missions, the number of Baptisms did not exceed 2,328; at present, upwards of 28,000 are annually admitted by the life-giving Sacrament, into the Catholic Church. Seven or eight churches, a College, and an educational institution directed by twelve Sisters from France, attest the rapid progress made by our Holy Faith, under the most discouraging circumstances; and give good reasons for hoping that these fair regions of the Pacific, over which the devil has long been master, and which have alternately been a prey to heathenism and Protestantism, are about to be reclaimed from their long desolation, and included within the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts.

THE "NEW YORK FREEMAN" AND DEMOCRACY.—In the first fervor of his passion for "democracy," our respected cotemporary seems almost inclined to forget what is due to Catholicity; and so anxious is he to uphold a pet theory, that he is altogether unmindful of those stubborn things, which prosaic people respect, and speak of as facts.

He tells us that "the age is democratic;" granted; that "the future is democratic;" granted also, but what then? Does it follow that the Catholic is to alter his language, and to remould his faith, in order to suit the tastes of the "age" and to conciliate the "future"? Does it follow because the "age is democratic," that therefore we are to fall down and worship before the many headed beast? The New York Freeman knows better; he knows that if "the age is democratic" and "the future democratic," that the "age" is also Protestant, and the "future" infidel. Our controversy with him is not as to whether the tendencies of the age be democratic; but whether these democratic tendencies be such as the Catholic, or the friend of liberty, can heartily approve of. We say that they are not; because the democratic movement of the age is as hostile to individual liberty, as it is to the independence of the Church; and because, judging the "democratic future," from the democratic present, and the democratic past—by the acts of the democrats themselves in 1792 and 1848—we have no reason to believe that that "future" will be a whit less hostile to liberty and Catholicity than was the past or than is the present.

"Democracy" may—as our cotemporary says—"affirm that the highest political civilisation is that where men govern themselves, by their own law;" but nevertheless "democracy

affirms a lie" unless it make this affirmation with a very large reservation. Men are not fit to govern themselves, by their own laws, unless at the same time, they are governed by the laws of God as revealed through His Church; men are not fit to govern themselves so long as they themselves are the slaves of their own passions, of ignorance, and of infidelity. Just in proportion as men recede from the Church, and throw off Catholicity, do they become unfit to govern themselves or others; and therefore is it, that the "very lowest political civilisation is that of a non-Catholic community, where men govern themselves by their own laws." In such a community there may be wealth and material progress—railroads, steamboats and electric telegraphs; but there will be neither true liberty, nor Christian civilisation.

Of the democratic tendencies of the age, and of what non-Catholic democracy would do every where, if it had the power, we had a remarkable example but the other day in democratic Mexico. An excommunicated governor attempted to profane the sacred rites of the Church by his unhallowed presence; the officiating Prelate, and his assistant Priests resisted this outrage; and for their fidelity to their God, were rewarded with robbery, exile and imprisonment. Thus, here, as in France—in the XIX as in the XVIII century—does democracy attempt to ride rough shod over the Church. Shall the Catholic then do homage to the tyrannical monster, and flatter its rank breath?—shall the children of the Church fawn upon, and lick the hand, upraised to smite their mother? God forbid.

As to whether an elective, or hereditary head of the executive be preferable—and after all this is the sole point of difference betwixt Monarchical Government, as it is in Great Britain, and a Republican form of Government—it is not worth while disputing. In a country like the United States, with no powerful neighbors, and consequently exempt from the necessity of keeping on foot a large military establishment, the elective principle is, perhaps, to be preferred. In Great Britain, on the other hand, which from its geographical position, and its political relations with other countries, must always maintain a large standing army, the elective principle would be, as the history of the world shows, an impossibility. The successful general, the head of the army, the holder of the sword, would always be Imperator, and the head of the State; and therefore, as a barrier against inevitable military despotism, we prefer the hereditary principle for ourselves. In other respects, Great Britain is no more monarchical than are the United States: "one man power" is as much unknown in England, as in the State of New York; the Queen has less political power than the President.

By maintaining however, the "monarchical element" in our Canadian constitution, we maintain our connection with Great Britain; and by maintaining our political connection with Great Britain, we avoid the misfortune and degradation of Annexation with the United States. Were it for no other reason than, than this of keeping Canada politically, and socially, distinct from the neighboring Republic, the Catholic should labor to maintain the "monarchical element" in our institutions; knowing this, that if ever our Church be robbed, our Bishops and Clergy ill-treated, or our Religious persecuted, it will be from the democracy that the blow will proceed; and that it is the same enemy that even now threatens to deprive us of all personal liberty, by incalculating the slavish maxim, that the will of a brute majority can make law, and that the child belongs to the State, rather than to the parent, and the Church.

POOR LAW v. CATHOLIC CHARITY.—An American paper, the Worcester (Mass) Transcript tells the following story of how the indigent sick are treated by Protestant Poor-Law Officials:—

"An old man named Markham was found by the roadside in Palmer, last Monday week, suffering intensely from the ravages of the small pox. The burning sun beat on his bloated and swollen features; he was unable to speak, and almost insensible to his hard condition. It was not till he had been taken over the hills to the hospital in Monson, and received the refreshing charities of that institution, that he was sufficiently restored to tell his mournful story. He lived in Wilbraham, and, as soon as the marks of his malignant disease appeared, he had been moved by order of the Overseer of the Poor to the limits of Palmer, and left by the roadside to perish."

But for our Popish Convents, our Sisters of Charity, and Ladies of Loretto, against whom poor George Brown does rage so furiously—similar scenes of disgusting brutality would be common in Canada. One of the two—Poor Laws, or Popish Nunneries—we must have; and of what the latter are worthy, the story of the poor old man given above is a fair specimen. In England indeed, we believe that similar, and even worse acts of atrocity are perpetrated every day of the year, and with the sanction of the laws; we have therefore no intention, by giving insertion to it in our columns, of attacking the Protestant institutions of the United States in particular. This, no British subject if he is wise will attempt, for the cry "look at home," and the unspeakably miserable condition of the poor in Protestant England, should never fail to call the blush of shame to the cheek of every honest

man, and to check any contemptuous allusions on his part to the treatment of paupers or criminals in other lands. At its worst, a Neapolitan dungeon—even allowing the truth of all the diatribes of the Protestant press against King Bomba, as they call him—cannot be worse than a Protestant Poor-house; neither is there any Catholic country on the face of the earth, where the vilest criminals are so harshly dealt with, as are the paupers of Protestant England.

We have received the first number of the New York Tablet published by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., and cannot speak too highly in its praise. It professes to be a Family Journal; and as such will, we have no doubt, be a welcome visitor in every Catholic family, which can appreciate the many advantages to be derived from the perusal of a well conducted journal. The present number contains the commencement of a tale from the pen of Mrs. Sadlier, our talented townswoman.

The Treasurer of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the liberal donation of ten pounds, from the 1st Company V. M. Rifles, through their Secretary and Treasurer, F. F. Blackwood, Esq. The value of this generous gift is much enhanced by the fact that the company unanimously resolved to forego their annual dinner, in order to devote twenty pounds of their funds, in two equal donations, to the relief of the orphans.

The Treasurer of the "Montreal Protestant" Orphan Asylum acknowledges, with many thanks, the receipt of the handsome donation of forty dollars from the 1st Company of Volunteer Rifles, by the hands of Mr. J. T. Blackwood, being a part of the funds usually appropriated to the annual dinner of the Company.

NOT CREDITABLE.—The Quebec Gazette of the 6th instant, cites as "not creditable" to the Upper Province, "that besides the large quantities imported, about 3 gallons of proof whiskey on an average were consumed in 1856 by every man, woman, and child in Canada West." The Hamilton Banner, a violent anti-Catholic paper, thus moralises on the rapidly increasing immorality of the Upper Province:—

"Is it possible that during the year 1856, the quantity of proof whiskey manufactured in Canada increased from 2,679,200 gallons in 1855, to 3,267,381 gallons in 1856, besides inferior spirits which were manufactured, and that 2,448,613 gallons were made in Upper Canada, giving an average, in addition to large quantities imported, of about three gallons of proof whiskey for every man, woman and child in Canada West!!! So it appears from a return presented to the Legislature on Tuesday last. And we fear the proportion for the city of Hamilton will be still greater than that indicated for the whole of the Province. The progress of crime and bloodshed still holds on with unmitigated and startling audacity, as our columns this morning give too good evidence."

Who after this, will dare to call in question the efficacy of "Common Schools" and secular education, to repress crime, and promote the cause of virtue and morality?

RATHER EXPENSIVE.—From a statement given by the New York Freeman, it appears that the annual expenditure of Protestant Societies in New York amounted for 1857, to the sum of \$1,971,808. In the State of Massachusetts the jail expenses during the five last years have amounted to the sum of \$1,383,379.

LETTER FROM DR NICHOLS.

The following communication from Dr. Nichols, whose conversion to Catholicity has attracted so much attention of late, will be read with interest, and we are sure, with pleasure, by Catholics;—because of the truly Catholic sentiment of submission to the Church which breathes throughout. We offer no comments this week, but shall venture upon a few remarks in our next. Meantime, we would beg of our correspondent to acquit us of any want of clarity towards him; and to believe us when we assure him, that our constant prayer is, that he may henceforward remain steadfast in the profession of the Faith which he has embraced, and may continue to employ the talents with which God has blessed him, in the cause, and for the honor, of our holy mother the Church:

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR—A friend has had the kindness to send me a copy of your paper of May 23, containing a criticism of the "Letter to our Friends and Co-Workers, and a censure of the Boston Pilot for its publication." I do not wish to question the justice of your criticism or censure. The letter has, doubtless, grave faults of expression; for which my only excuse is ignorance. You, born and educated in the bosom of the Church, may well be charitable to the imperfect utterances of a new convert, or one who only hopes and believes himself to be such.

In the exercise of this charity, I beg you to allow me a few words of explanation, which may prevent injurious misconceptions. And, first, I send you herewith a copy of our letter, as originally printed, with the permission of the eminent Archbishop of Cincinnati, who has been personally cognizant of all the circumstances connected with our baptism. Mrs. Nichols has never been a public medium, nor acted as one, but in the circle of our family and intimate friends. No "incantations," or "diabolic rites," were ever made use of. The members of the circle, at their meetings, came into a state of silent, humble, and prayerful contemplation; and after the appearance of Catholic Spirits, the sign of the Cross was made upon each member of the circle, and a humble interior prayer offered, that no evil spirit or teaching might be permitted to come to us. The Spirits—good or evil—who instructed us, while we were in profound ignorance in the dogmas of the Catholic Faith, were, so far as we can see, the direct, and, under God, the only means of our conversion. In my ignorance, I know not by what

authority any pronouncement them to be evil spirits; have not been pointed to any such decision. The Encyclical Letter on the abuses of Magnetism does not appear to touch our case in any particular. We believe, with entire confidence, that the care of the Church respecting magnetism, necromancy, and modern Spiritualism, is a holy care. We acquiesce in all her requirements, in humble obedience. Still, your difficulty with regard to the Devil teaching Catholicity, is our's also; and therefore, we wish to be lieve in the judgment of a Reverend Father, to whom we submitted a careful transcript of the doctrines taught us, and who told us, when we had, as yet, no means of information, that "every item was of Catholic Faith." His words to us were—"I by no means think or believe them (the teachings) to be from an evil principle." He also stated to us his belief that the Lord, seeing our desires for the truth, might have thus vouchsafed to lead us into His Church. Did not the real Samuel appear once at the bidding of a witch, to the King of Israel? Is the Lord's arm shortened, that He cannot save those who honestly desire His salvation? Are there not persons in every nation, who belong to the soul of the true Church, but who are in ignominious ignorance?—Cannot the same God who caused the true Samuel to appear anciently, also cause a true Saint to appear to persons most earnestly desiring the best good, though in great darkness?

As to the doctrines taught us, commending themselves to our reason and highest sense of right, we state a simple fact; and we humbly thank Almighty God, that His Church is Catholic enough to reach men by Faith and their reason, or by reason and their Faith. The constitution of our minds, and all our habits of thinking and feeling, were different from those of Catholics, who have had the blessed privilege of being born and nurtured in the Church. Our forms of expression may seem to such un-Catholics; but we trust that the matter expressed is not anti-Catholic.

We know well the disorders and diabolism in modern Spiritualism; and we rejoice in the care and discipline of the Church in this, and all that concerns us. We do not need to renounce necromancy; for we have never practised it. We have only been willing to receive truth and good, in what seemed the best way open to us, until we were brought into the Holy Catholic Church. Now, we seek our salvation in holy obedience to her requirements.

You have "painful doubts" of the reality of our conversion. There may come times of temptation, when the same doubts may assail us; but what can we do, but to leave the whole matter to Our Lord and His Church, striving to live to the end in holy obedience.

That there are many honest persons, sincere seekers after truth, having earnest desires for the highest good, among those with whom we were lately connected, we fully believe. We hope and pray that many of them will be brought into the Church; and it is hard for me to believe that those who have had the unspeakable privilege of being born in that Church, and who have corresponded to its graces, will hastily conclude that humble, earnest seekers after truth are diabolically led, or hallucinated, when brought within its pale, even though the means may appear extraordinary, or even miraculous.

It may be well to lift up a warning voice against the disorders of Spiritualism; well to try new converts with the imputation of diabolism, or the scourge of doubt; but they will remember their Blessed Lord was scourged, and of whom it was said, "He hath a Devil, and is mad;" and they will only take deeper root in His Divine Life, and have more of the sympathy of charity, for those who are being led in like manner to the foot of the Cross.

We were not hasty in accepting, or professing the doctrines so miraculously propounded to us. They were first written out, and submitted to a learned Father of the Society of Jesus, who pronounced them, in every item, of Catholic Faith. Later we read the books recommended to us by our Jesuit Fathers and Directors; and although the modes of expression chosen for our instruction differed somewhat from those of the books, we saw no difference in doctrine; and these forms and illustrations seem to have been chosen in the blessed wisdom of Catholic adaptation to the state of our understandings at that period. Humbly and joyfully we have accepted this Faith. We have asked, and received admission into the visible Church of God; and we hope, by His grace, to live ever in obedience to its requirements.

We devoutly believe that it was the Blessed Saint FRANCIS XAVIER, whose name we took in baptism, who instructed us in our ignorance, and led our trembling footsteps to the Cross of our Blessed Saviour. But if it has pleased Almighty God to compel a malignant demon to assume the guise of His holy Saints, and teach the truths of His Holy Church, then so much the greater miracle, so much the more an exercise of His Almighty power. I confess that this thought is repugnant to me. I wish to believe that he who has instructed us in the way of salvation, is the Saint whose prayers I invoke; but if the Church should be guided to a contrary decision, I shall bow in obedience to its authority.

But, may I ask—where do you find the authority that makes you decide that it is impossible that St. Francis Xavier, who gave his whole life to the instruction and conversion of infidels, should appear to us, and teach us the way of salvation? Has he less love for infidels now, than in his life on earth? Has he less power to work miracles, or are we so much more unworthy, or less in need than the thousands whom he converted to the truth? Has he any less burning love for sinners?—Is he less the Apostle to infidels? I assert, as a fact, that a supernatural intelligence, purporting to be the Spirit of St. Francis Xavier, while we were all in entire ignorance, did instruct and lead us to the belief of doctrines pronounced to be "every item of Catholic Faith." Having so instructed us, he directed us to seek baptism, and the oral direction of the Church; and to that direction he has left us. We had been instructed in purity of life, temperance, and chastity, and we believed, in God and immortality. These were what I may have improperly called the goods and truths of our former state. I believe that these instructions, and a corresponding discipline, were given us, as a preparation for the reception of higher truths.

Dear Sir, we wish to be in unity with, and in utter obedience to, the Church of God. We love its Divine ordinances—its holy Sacraments. We give ourselves, and the poor remnant of our lives, wholly to this Faith, to which we have been brought in the infinite mercy of God, without thought or wish of our own; because out of that dense ignorance which envelops all Protestant and infidel minds. We have abandoned every other idea. May we not crave the charity of those who, by the Grace of God, have had no need of such means as seem to have been necessary for our salvation; who were born in a Church, to which a merciful Providence has brought us, and to which we look as the only source of consolation and hope.

Yours, in obedience,
T. L. NICHOLS.

DEPARTURE OF HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR FOR ENGLAND.—Our worthy Mayor left on Monday morning en route for England. He sailed in the Arabia, from New York, on Wednesday. Mr. Starnes' visit is strictly on private business, but it happens opportunely for the interests of his constituents and fellow-citizens, as we understand, he has been charged with the memorial to the Colonial Minister from our City Council, in reference to the selection, by Her Majesty, of a Provincial Seat of Government. While he will be in London to afford Her Majesty's advisers personally any information they may desire on the subject of the claims of Montreal to that much coveted distinction.—Herald.

RATHER RICH.—The following reply of the Earl of Oxford to a deputation of "Swaddlers" of the Norwiche Bible Society, requesting him to stand President to their annual meetings, is too good to be lost. His Lordship sent the subjoined reply to their Secretary:—

"Sir,—I am surprised and annoyed at the contents of your letter; surprised, because my well known character should have exempted me from such an application—and annoyed, because it obliges me to have this communication with you. I have long been addicted to the gaming table, I have lately taken to the turf, I fear I frequently blaspheme, and I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was well known to you and to your society; notwithstanding which you think me a fit person for your President. May your hypocrisy be forgiven, but I would rather live in the land of sinners, than with such saints. I am &c., (Oxford.)"

Hardly a day passes over but we are pained by one or more applications from respectable young men newly arrived in the Province, vainly seeking for situations. In some cases their funds are exhausted, and they know not where to turn for food and shelter; and men of education would gladly turn to any labour which would give them bread. Some who had the means have returned to England, and many less fortunate would be glad to follow their example. Hundreds of clerks and shopmen have been induced by the falsehoods published in the "Canadian News" and other organs of the Grand Trunk to try their fortune in a country which does not furnish sufficient employment for those now here; and the result has been ruinous to them. We know instances in which such young men landing with from £20 to £30 in their pocket, have gone the round of the cities in Upper and Lower Canada, finding in all of them more applicants than situations to be filled; and finally returned here broken in spirit and exhausted in purse to contemplate the certainty of want in a strange land, or to accept the alternative of crime.—Commercial Advertiser.

RECORBER'S COURT, GENTLEMANLY AMUSEMENT.—John Hussey, 22, and Samuel Tyson, 21, Ensigns in the 39th Regt., were brought up this morning charged with having wrenched knockers from doors in Craig and Sanguinet Streets, on Friday night.

From the evidence of Constable McCall, it appears that the police received instructions to keep a sharp look-out for parties who have for some time disturbed the peaceable inhabitants of this city by their midnight depredations. Accordingly, whilst walking along St. Denis Street, between one and two on Saturday morning, the Constable observed two suspicious looking gentlemen, with window-blinds in their hands, walking from St. Louis Street in the direction of Craig Street. Shortly after he heard them say "Let us go up this street" (meaning Sanguinet Street). Before doing so, however, they left the blinds against a fence. The Constable followed them at a distance, and observed that they made for a house belonging to Mr. Leblanc, the lawyer; but as some person was standing at the window with a lighted candle, they retreated—left in front—as far as Dubord Street, and thence to St. Denis Street, where they made a sortie, and broke a bell handle, after which they retreated in a zig-zag manner to Craig Street, in which they commenced examining the different houses, previous to the grand assault. Having arranged their plans, and cast a "longing lingering look" in all directions to see if there was any sign of the enemy in sight, they commenced operations with a blank movement on to a house belonging to Mr. Prevost, the knocker of which they quickly wrenched off. Having performed this movement in a most gallant manner, and to their own satisfaction, they hastily made a retreat to the tune of "We won't go home till morning," in the direction of Sanguinet and Craig Streets. At this crisis the enemy first showed himself, and threw them into a complete state of disorganization. Police Constable McCall immediately challenged them, and inquired the object of their visit at such an unseasonable hour, when they laughed heartily, and said, "Do you know who we are?" The Constable replied that he did not, but requested them in the Queen's name, to accompany him to the station house, to which they consented. Having arrived there, they were searched, when two well-handled and two knockers were found in the possession of Ensign Tyson, with his companion, locked up for the remainder of the night. The Court considered the charge proved, and regretted that two gentlemen holding Her Majesty's Commission, and who should therefore protect and defend the property of the citizens,—should be the first to destroy it. As an example to others, the sentence of the Court was, that they pay a fine of 25 each. The fine was immediately paid, when the two gallant gentlemen hastily beat a retreat, and disappeared.—Montreal Herald.

SABBATH BILL.—As was to be expected Mr. Brown's paper the Globe, is "sorely exercised" at the result, and "improves the occasion" by venting his malice and uncharitableness against the Protestants, who voted in favor of Mr. Ferris' "hoist"—publishing their names, in large capitals and "compounding" them to his (the Globe's) "Broad-Protestant" friends among their constituents. The Globe thus clearly demonstrates how false and insincere were all Mr. Brown's reiterated statements in the House, that it was not on religious, but upon moral, political, and social grounds that he sought to coerce the conduct and actions of others. The falsehood and hypocrisy of such statements are very effectually exposed by the simple fact of his, this, picking out the Protestant opponents of his bill, for the especial condemnation of his supporters, in and out of the House. If Mr. Brown's motive was not, essentially, a religious one, why allude to the religion of his opponents?—Why hold them up to the condemnation of their co-religionists?—Commercial Advertiser.

The existence of the state of affairs which has been exhibited by the disclosures before the Railway Committees, joined to a widespread and fairly grounded belief, that these are the common incidents of every chapter of our Railway history; and to the impression which is strongly rooted in the minds of the people at large that the Halls of Parliament are the great arenas of rascality, and the members of them as a mass utterly unprincipled, corrupt, and contemptible, is dangerous to the safety of society, to the permanency of our system of Government, and to the hope of our future nationality.

The corruption which originated in the highest, descends to the lowest ranks of society, and we cannot be surprised to find the constituencies selling their votes to the highest bidder, when they know that the purchaser calculates to coin the position he pays for into gold at the earliest opportunity. The country wants an entire change of representatives; all the railway politicians, the mob of directors, promoters, contractors and the like should be discarded, now and for ever.—Commercial Advertiser.

NO CONNECTION BETWIXT CHURCH AND STATE.—At the meeting of the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, which has for some days past been sitting at Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of this city, moved that a petition be presented to the Governor General, praying that he would appoint a day of Thanksgiving, to be observed annually sometime in the fall of the year. The motion was made in order that the members of all Christian denominations should have, at one and the same time, the opportunity of shewing forth their praise for mercies vouchsafed. But it was objected to on the ground that Government had nothing to do in Church matters, and that its interference in this respect should neither be solicited or encouraged. The majority of the Synod seemed to think that this was the proper view to take of the matter.

and an amendment, negating the motion, was carried, after a reverend gentleman had capped the climax by suggesting that instead of a day of thanksgiving, the Governor should be requested to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer, on account of the sins of His Ministry. The latter motion, if it would do any good, is certainly as necessary, if not far more so, than the former.—Transcript.

The Montreal Herald asks "What must men think of the self sufficient editor of the Witness, who refusing all right of free judgment to those who differ from him, and do not believe they are "making light" of any Divine command in performing any necessary secular duty, or indulging in any innocent recreation on Sunday—who do not believe that the Lord's Day of the Christian is like the Sabbath of the Jew, founded on a Divine command, but upon a time-honored—and which time has proved to be a most useful and most judicious—rule of the Christian Church Catholic—condemns them as not only "ungodly" and "iniquitous," but, because they will not trim their conscience at his dictation, holds them up to his readers as being men who are "never safe from falling into the grossest wickedness," and who, if not so now, "will become regardless of character and principle." Can His Holiness the Pope make any higher claims to infallibility, in matters spiritual, than this Protestant Editor?—whose views in reference to the Sabbatharian, and consequently the Divine character of the Christian festival of the Lord's Day, although they may possibly be correct, and by those who hold them should be conscientiously acted upon, are, nevertheless, in direct opposition to the opinions and teachings of such men as Luther and Calvin, and Paley, and Arnold. But it is vain to appeal to the reason of those who hold all men to be "ungodly," "iniquitous," and "grossly wicked," who differ from them in their interpretation of their common rule and guide in all matters spiritual—the Holy Scriptures. Well may we ask such modern pharisees, in the words of the Apostle to the Gentiles, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?"

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Sergeant William Eiden and Private Garrett Whelan of the 5th Regiment, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat between Kingston and Wolfe Island on Friday afternoon, while proceeding to net out station. Both were good soldiers, the former bearing the French Emperor's decoration received on the Queen's birthday for distinguished conduct in the Crimea. The latter was also in the Crimea. Both served in India and were present at the battles of Moolker, Perofschah and Sohran, in the campaign of the Sutledge. The bodies have not yet been found.—Commercial Advertiser.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—A gentleman named G. B. Pascoe was killed on Thursday evening while walking on the track of the Great Western Railway near London. He was lately from England, and came from Montreal to London. At the time of the accident he was returning from a shooting excursion, and was supposed to be in liquor. Deceased was only 21 years of age, and supposed to be respectably connected.—H.

A man by the name of Robt. Miller was run over by the up train, at Woodstock, on the same evening. His legs and one arm were cut off by the train passing over his body. He lived but a short time after.—H.

\$4,252 STOLEN FROM A BANK CLERK.—A reward is offered by the Bank of British North America for the restoration of a parcel containing bank notes and cheques to the value of £1063, which was lost or stolen Thursday morning, under the following circumstances. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, Mr. Robinson, clerk, left the British Bank, as usual, to exchange at the other city banking institutions their notes and securities. When he went from the building he had a parcel in his hand for the Bank of Upper Canada. He proceeded along St. Peter Street which was thronged with persons at the time, and arriving opposite the Quebec Bank, thinking he felt a hand in his pocket, he turned round, and discovered that the parcel for the Bank of Upper Canada was gone. No one was seen near him at the moment and it is supposed his pocket was picked before he reached the spot where he first missed the money. Mr. Robinson has been in the service of the British Bank for many years, and is a highly respectable citizen, with whom the public sympathize on account of his heavy loss. Payment of the cheques has been stopped; the notes are principally \$1 and \$2 bills, the total amount of which is £266,150.—Quebec Chronicle of Tuesday.

Births.
On the 8th inst, the wife of Henry Starnes, Esq., of a daughter.

Died.
At Carlton, on the 19th ult., of liver complaint, Sarah Carrigan, the beloved wife of James Farrelly, aged 67 years, a native of the County Monaghan, Ireland, deeply and deservedly regretted by a large number of friends and acquaintances.—May her soul rest in peace.

JOHN COLLINS,
Auctioneer,
LAND AGENT AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
245 Notre Dame Street, 245.

STRICT personal attention to OUT-DOOR SALES of all kinds of MERCHANDISE, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, FARMING STOCK and REAL ESTATE.
Montreal June 11.



A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place in the St. PATRICK'S HALL this EVENING, (Friday), the 12th inst., at 8 o'clock precisely, for the purpose of electing new members, to receive a report from the Library Committee, and to make arrangements for the procession on the following Sunday.

By order,
WM. WALLACE O'BRIEN,
Recording Secretary.

Emigrant Agency for St. Patrick's Society,
35 Common Street,
DR. M'KEON'S OFFICE,
WHERE EMIGRANTS on arriving will receive gratuitously all information concerning Lands open for Settlement, wages of labor in Montreal, &c., and where Employers in search of hands may apply with advantage.
STEPHEN FURLONG,
Sub-Agent.
June 12.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

The Times Paris correspondent speaking of the little interest that the people, generally, take in politics, says:—"But the most unfortunate symptom is the absence of all interest on the part of the people in the elections. The people seem utterly careless about the exercise of their rights, and if the Legislative Corps was named in toto by the Emperor I doubt whether it would make any difference. That such is the feeling—or rather, the absence of all feeling—on the subject is shown by the reports of the Prefects of departments; and it explains why hardly any exertion is necessary on the part of the Government to secure a triumph. The difficulty now is to make the electors come forward in something like respectable numbers. The system has certainly succeeded in rendering torpid all political life in France. How long such a state of things will last it is difficult to say. It will require some extraordinary event to rouse the public mind from its lethargy, but when roused the awakening will indeed be felt. For the present every attempt to awaken the people to anything like political activity is at once encountered by the high hand of authority. The Siecle published, a day or two ago, an article exhorting the voters to exercise their rights, and to reject the counsels of those who would have them abstain from the ballot. It showed that, considered as a political demonstration, such conduct was as insignificant as it was unpatriotic; that it was but the admission of defeat, and that it furnished the most powerful arguments to the opponents of a liberal suffrage. It advocated the nomination of men representing moderate views from the greater probability of success, and it warmly recommended its own political friends to show that they are not deficient in civil courage, the want of which would prove the political infirmity of France. There was nothing very subversive in this language—nothing in it dangerous to a system which, we are told, is based upon such solid foundations. Nevertheless, the Siecle has received an admonition, not officially, but in a private way, to refrain from such exhortations. I believe, however, that this excessive sensitiveness is found more in those who surround the Emperor than in himself. The men who were not long ago, the clamorous advocates of liberty bordering on lawlessness, are now startled at the shadow of anything that bears a remote resemblance to it. They have helped to stamp out the last spark of its existence, and are now afraid of the ghost of their victim. The Emperor is mortified at this general apathy—he would prefer a little animation, not much certainly, but at all events, sufficient to show that his system has not utterly annihilated political life in France. They who are under him think differently.

The Courier de la Drome announces the death of His Lordship the Bishop of Valence, on the 16th of last month.

At a fancy fair in Paris, the Princess P kept a stall. A gentleman approached, then turned away again, as if hesitating to purchase, but returned to the Princess's invitation. "You will not," he said, "sell what I want." "We'll see—what is it?" "The lock of hair falling on your shoulder." The Princess took up a pair of scissors, cut off the hair, and demanded 500fr. The gentleman paid the money, and, hastening away with the treasure, showed it in triumph to an intimate friend. "Ah," said the confidant, "you have been robbed, my friend; the Princess carries a wig!"

SPAIN

The Spanish squadron which has been fitting out for the last three months at Cadix, preparatory for an expedition against Mexico, has set sail for the West Indies. It is composed of six ships. They carry 2,450 troops, thoroughly equipped. This force is commanded by Generals Mendimata, Santiago, and Parrido.

ITALY

ROME, May 14.—The Pope's progress through his States naturally forms the principal topic just now in Rome. Oration and acclamations are now greeting the Pope on every side. At Spoleto the officious zeal of the Archbishop, Monsignor Arnaudi, was near proving extremely inconvenient to the Pope. The prelate had prepared his own equipage for His Holiness's use in the town, but the carriage was so antiquated that the Pope had no sooner set his foot upon the step than that necessary appendage gave way, and His Holiness would have fallen with his face on the floor of the vehicle had he not saved himself with his hands. As it was, he displayed his amiable disposition by good-humouredly going round to the other side of the carriage, where he found the steps in rather better condition. The Pope's liberality was abundantly experienced by the poor of his quondam diocese, and amusing anecdotes are related of his friendly recognition of former acquaintances.

TORIN, May 16.—It has been positively decided by the Sardinian Government to send a representative to Bologna to compliment His Holiness the Pope on his arrival there, which is expected to take place about the 21st of this month. The person selected for this duty is the Cavaliere Boncompagni, the Sardinian Minister at the Court of Florence, Modena, and Parma.

NAPLES.—The following is an extract from a letter of the Times's correspondent:—"I have already mentioned that the King of Bavaria was said to have undertaken, either at the instance of his Royal brother of Naples or spontaneously, to intervene as a friend between the latter and the Western Powers, I hear again from various sources that not only is such the case, but that the chances of an arrangement are fair. The Nord denies that the King of Bavaria has been "authorized" to take any such step. It is very probable that there is no official intervention, but it appears certain that he has had several confidential communications with King Ferdinand, and that he has broached the subject since his arrival. I cannot say what concessions the King of Naples is disposed to grant, or whether the friendly offices of King Maximilian will bring about a reconciliation.

A private letter from Naples, of the 10th ult., mentions that for some days hopes were entertained in that city of the resumption of diplomatic relations with England; that Lord Clarendon appeared to have manifested a desire to that effect, but that "the exigencies" he put forth have prevented the realization of these hopes. "The King of Naples," the letter says, "caused it to be made known in London that, in his eyes, they implied an idea of intervention, which was inconsistent with the dignity and the interests of an independent State—an inter-

vention opposed to the principles professed by the English nation itself, and contrary to the preceding declarations of the Western Powers."

GERMANY

A letter from Vienna states that the Emperor will not confine his measures of clemency in favor of the Hungarians to the amnesty granted, to political prisoners and refugees, but will also restore them their landed property, confiscated after the revolution and administered since that period by a special commission. It is believed that the value of the landed property sequestered in Hungary amounted in 1850 to nearly 40,000,000fr.

RUSSIA AND PERSIA

In the treaty concluded between Russia and Persia, the former renounces all claims to the money which Persia owes, and, in return, obtains two pieces of land, one on the Caspian, and the other in the eastern part of Persia. Both of them for strategic reasons, are of the highest importance to Russia.

The Emperor was highly satisfied with the general who made the treaty. This cession of land and other intrigues connected with it, may account for the proceedings against Persia.

It is said that a conference will be held in Paris, composed of representatives of the various powers who have signed treaties of commerce, with Persia, in order to agree to an arrangement which will apply to all the consular agents in Persia. The conference will take place during the stay of the Persian ambassador in Paris.

CHINA

The news from China by the Overland Mail is not important. The dates are to March 30th. The steamer Zenobia had arrived from Madras with troops, and the steam-sloop Inflexible and gun-boat Starling had also arrived from England. The Raleigh had likewise arrived from Singapore, and was looked for hourly. No active operations had been undertaken by Admiral Seymour, nor, beyond the occasional discharge of a rocket or two at the ships of war, had anything occurred to break the monotony. A most daring and successful attack had been made upon 17 armed junks, by two boats manned by only 22 officers and men of her Majesty's steamer Hornet. The boats were in charge of Lieutenant Brock and Mr. Brown (mate). After a sharp fire of about 20 minutes, the pirates began to jump overboard, and run for the hills, when the boats dashed in and boarded them. Two of the enemy were found dead, and from the appearance of the blood on their decks, many must have been wounded. Their being nothing of value on board, the junks were burnt and the guns destroyed. The successful boats had only one man seriously burnt by a stink-pot. Disturbances had broken out in Ho-How and Kaisow—the tea districts.

The 'Iorclan' affair is extending into a grand crusade of Christendom against the Celestial empire. Various reports on the subject have intimated that other powers would intervene besides France and England. Although the United States do not join in an entangling alliance; they send a commissary and a squadron. Sardinia is reported to be paying suit and service for her tenure in the councils of Europe by sending a naval contingent to the joint fleet. It must be on purely disinterested or political grounds, since Sardinia has no interest in the tea trade. Perhaps because Sardinia is expected in the waters of China, Austria also is to appear there; and Spain, it is said, will again send an armada round the Cape of Storms, to assist in this grand crusade.—Nation.

THE HALF SIR

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER III.

Clermont.—Boy, marshal him. Boy.—With a truncheon, sir? Clermont.—Away, I beseech you. I'll make him tell us his pedigree, now.—Ben Johnson.

What Irish fashionable life was at the period when Hamond first found himself in possession of his uncle's property (soon after the Union), is no longer a question to be solved by the Irish novelist. Few persons, we apprehend, will open these volumes who have not already been made aware of all its varieties, by a writer who was the first to put the sickle into the burthened field of Irish manners; in whose footsteps we follow, like Chaucer's gleaner, at a long interval, with fearful and hesitating pace, casting our eyes around to gather in the scattered ears which remain after the richness of her harvest.

One observation, however, we understand, may be added to what Maria Edgeworth has already recorded of the circle of Irish fashion—that, although it is necessarily composed of far inferior materials to that of the exclusives in the sister kingdom, it is a matter of lesser difficulty for wealth to pay its way into the region in the latter than the former, pride—mere family pride, is one of the grand national foibles which yet remain unshaken by the inroads of modern intelligence; and no internal or external wealth will compensate for the mental or corporeal poverty of his ancestors. This feeling (which is not without its uses when confined within rational limits) is frequently carried beyond the bounds of absurdity, and exercises an influence among all classes, from the gaudy mob stagers in a castle drawing-room, to the group of frieze-coated "follers," or clansmen, who talk over the deeds of their ancestry by a cabin fire-side. Dazzled and delighted as he was on his first introduction to a rank in which he found those refined feelings and delicate miseries of common occurrence, which in that which he had left were not understood, or laughed at as affectation, or (worse than all) pitied, and stigmatized by the odious title of nervous irritability—delighted, we repeat, as he was at first sight of a mode of life so congenial to his heart, he soon found in the original sin of his low birth, an occasion of deeper and more real suffering than any which he had yet endured. In order to illustrate some of the observations which we have made, perhaps the reader will allow us to shift the scene for a few moments, and omitting a detail of the minor occurrences which filled up the time of Eugene for some months after his benefactor's death, introduce ourselves at once into the drawing-room of a family from whom we may learn something of his fortunes.

It was an extensive, elegantly furnished apartment, indicating rank as well as fashion and wealth. A work-table, tastefully littered with scraps of picnic needle-work, not substantial enough to incur the suspicion of utility—just sufficed by contrast to temper and modify the general air of leisure and luxury which pervaded the room, and to redeem from the imputation of absolute idleness, two very young ladies, whose soft white fingers escaping from the confinement of a half-handed jean glove, were wandering in busy idleness among sections of frills, laces, &c., while the fair companions, relieved from the observation of other eyes and ears, were coming over the secrets of their girlish hearts in amiable confidence. One of them was a blonde of a quite sedate carriage, almost treading on the skirts of lethargy. The other, a finely formed girl, with full black eyes, hair cut short and clustering all round the head (a fashion not yet gone out of use), a forehead on which the seal of a noble house was as distinctly set, as if the arms had been emblazoned upon it; and features which even in silence seemed to move in restless sympathy with the animation of a restless spirit. On the cover of her ivory work-box the name "Emily Bury," was prettily inscribed, and a morocco-bound prayer-book, near her companion, showed the words—"Martha O'Brien," impressed in gold letters upon the cover.

"Well, Martha, are you a better archer than I, after all," said the dark-eyed girl; "here, while I have been toying about the target with a hundred strings looped upon my bow, you with your single

one have shot the shaft and hit the very centre of the mark. So I must be your bridemaid!"

"You must not envy me, Emily."

"Envy you, you silly girl! Hand me those scissors, please. I pity you. You have just done like a child that swallows its sugar-plum at a mouthful, and then cries to find it gone. The women ought to send you to Coventry, for giving up the sex's privilege. Do you think we were made only to drop like ripe peaches into a man's mouth, as he lies lazily in our shade, gazing his admiration?—to be crunched into a sober wife at the very first word! Don't stare so, child—there's nobody listening to us."

"That's well at any rate. I must tell you a secret, Emily. Your beaux all find your pride intolerable. You are getting the name of a coquette."

"Am I?—I'm glad of it. The wretches! They would deny us even that brief day of sovereignty—that little holiday between the drudgery of obedience to parents and obedience to husbands. Ah, Martha, you will say that I am a wise girl before you have worn caps with ears for many months."

"I wish Mr. O'Neil heard you."

"O! he'd be delighted. He's a true Irishman. He likes a proud woman, even though her contempt should fall heaviest upon himself. There never was a man who lived so entirely upon the possession of his friends as Mr. O'Neil. He is a poor man himself, he admits, but then he is the poorest of his own family—he is an uninformed blockhead, he will allow you, but then he has such 'bright' people, relations of his—he does not deny that he is a worthless, dissipated wretch, but all the rest of his family are so respectable and so big-minded. In fact, you would think, to hear him speak, that he was proud of being the scrape-grace of his own house—the only black sheep in the fair flock of the white-sheeced O'Neils."

"Well, there is another young gentleman, Eugene Hamond—"

"Quite, gentleman—"

"There again, Emily! You wonder that I should charge you with injustice—A blush?—Fie! you malicious creature! to hit me on the top of the finger with that heavy scissor! But seriously, Emily, you use poor Hamond very cruelly. If he heard you say such a cutting thing as that last, I know but little of the gentleman, or you would see but little of him afterward."

"Oh, indeed, he's perfectly welcome to do what he pleases. I don't think him so vulnerable, however. I will try him a good deal further yet. You would not suppose that underneath all that amiable timidity and embarrassment which makes him stammer in his speech—look! pale and vexed—answer with a quivering lip to my common-place questions—start at my least motion—seem absent—and forget to turn my music-leaves and praise my singing (for true love is scrupulous)—beneath all this, I say, you wouldn't think that I have discovered one of the proudest and most violent natures that ever made a bad husband. At the last Tabinet ball, he had got, and grew all on a sudden so pathetically eloquent that I was about to give some queer answer, when young Lord E— and passed us, and bowed to me. I smiled of course, and turning again to Hamond, got such a look! "O my honor, I'm sure I heard his teeth chattering! O ho! my gentleman, thought I, your humble servant. You will wait for my answer until I have taught you something first, or learned more of you myself."

"But how long do you intend to make this game last, Emily?"

"Till I find myself a lover, Martha; when the pastime tires me, I may perhaps run to a corner, and be checkmated quietly. But I never will, like you, let my opponent get a scholar's mate before I make three moves."

"Well, there may be danger still in all this cleverness. What if your adversary should give up the contest in despair? There are no forfeited stakes to comfort you."

"Pshaw! the worst he can do would be to make it a drawn game. Besides, are there not plenty of people who would be happy to take up the conqueror?"

"But would the conqueror be happy to take up them?"

"No insinuations, pray. I may punish you as I have done before. But really, Martha, I have no pride, upon my honor; and the little secret I told you about Eugene the other day, might show you I have not."

"You needn't blush so, Emily. Do you suppose I actually suspect you of such folly? I merely wished to warn you of the consequences of seeming to be influenced by it. And, once again, mark my words for it, Eugene Hamond will not bear any goading on the conscious side."

"We'll try him a little, however; you don't know him so well as you think. Was he not greatly improved by his trip to the country?"

"He does look very well. He's one of the handsomest young men I know, really. His hair is beautiful—"

"And his eyes—"

"And such white regular teeth!—What he'd give to be listening to us now!"

"Here, Martha, you must finish your lace yourself. I'll work no more—I must practise. Did I show you the last song Hamond gave me?" And removing the green covering from a magnificent harp which stood near the window, she suffered it to rest against her shoulder, while she ran over the prelude of a simple Irish air, previous to accompanying herself in the melody of which she had spoken. Its subject was the imaginary lament of a young Canadian emigrant over the grave of his young wife.—

The tie is broke, my Irish girl,
That bound thee to me,
My heart has lost its single pearl—
And thine at last is free—
Dead as the earth that wraps thy clay,
Dead as the stone above thee—
Cold as this heart that breaks to say
It never more can love thee.

I press thee to my aching breast—
No blush comes o'er thy brow—
Those gentle arms that once caress'd,
Fall round me deadly now.
The smiles of love no longer part
Those dead blue lips of thine;
I lay my hand upon thine heart—
'Tis cold, at last, to mine.

Were we beneath our native heaven
Within our native land,
A fairer grave to thee were given,
Than this wild bed of sand.
But thou wert single in thy faith
And single in thy worth,
And thou should'st die a lonely death,
And lie in lonely earth.

Then lay thee down and take thy rest,
My last—last look is given—
The earth is smooth above thy breast,
And mine is yet untriven!
No mass—no parting rosary—
My perished love can have—
But a husband's sighs embalm her corse,
A husband's tears her grave.

A soft hesitating knock at the hall-door startled the fair minstrel, who blushed, and fetched her breath while she half rose from the silk-cushioned stool. "Tis his knock, indeed," said the firmer of the ladies. "His knock always says, 'Let me in, if you please,' as plainly as O'Neil's says, 'Let me in.'" "Tis the most modest sound that was ever extracted from mere brass, decidedly."

When love in a young heart his dwelling has taken,
And pines on the white cheek, and burns in the veins,
Say how can the reign of the tyrant be shaken—
By absence? by poverty? sickness? or chains?"

No—these have been tried, and the tempted has come,
Unmoved through the changes of grief and distress,
But if you would send him at once to the tomb,
You must poison his hope with a dose of—success.

"Admirable! Excellent!" exclaimed a voice outside the door, which, opening at the same instant, gave to the view of the surprised and (so far as one was concerned) disappointed ladies, the gay and rakish person of the author of the last song. He made a bow to Miss O'Brien, a low bow to Miss Bury, and seemed determined, as it was a rare occurrence in his life to receive a compliment, particularly from a lady, to entertain it with all the solemnity and importance of manner which became the occasion.—

"Miss Bury's execution is killing, isn't it?" he went on addressing himself with a pick-pocket smile to Miss O'Brien—

"Such as only her musical tongue
Could give to such numbers as mine."

"Pon my word, Mr. O'Neil, my conscience won't permit me to let you remain in error. I assure you—I mistook your knock—"

"Now, do you hear this, Miss O'Brien?" said Mr. O'Neil, interrupting her, "here's a poor fellow that hasn't a civil word thrown to him by anybody once in a year—and well!—well!—it reminds me of what an ancestor of mine, Sir Maurice O'Neil, said to Lord—"

"O you told us that before," said Miss Bury.

"There's more of it! Well, whose knock did you take it for?"

"Mr. Hamond's," said Miss O'Brien.

"What Hamond? Anything to the Hamonds of Loughmore? They're the only decent Hamonds I know. A grand-uncle of theirs, old David Hamond, was married to one of the O'Learys of Morne—very good family—I recollect my grandmother saying—"

"He is no relative of theirs."

"Who then?"

"You might have seen at the Castle."

"Oh? what?—the yong nabob? Oh, cut him by all means—he's one of the rabble—mechanic. He's only fit company for the tagrag and bobtail of the gentry, fellows like myself, who are the disgrace of their family. I might take up with such a fellow for an evening, because he had money and I had none; but I would not like that any of the wealthy members of my family should tolerate him. Enough for such a vagabond as myself to be seen in such company."

"Oh you speak too hardly of yourself, Mr. O'Neil; we all know that your family is one of the best in Ireland."

"My dear ma'm, surely I know it is—and that's the reason I speak. Why, bless you, Miss Bury, I have relations that wouldn't know me in the street! Simple as I sit here, there's not one of my family that wouldn't be ashamed to be seen speaking to me in any public place. There are few besides me here that to say. We were eighteen or twenty of us, at my cousin Hurry's in Kerry some months since, and, I protest to you, without any bragging, boasting, or vain-glory, I was the shabbiest and the poorest of the company. Would you believe that now?"

"I could hardly believe that you take occasion for vanity out of such a circumstance."

"Vanity! my dear!—it's my pride and glory! and why not? Am't my relations my own family? Supposing that I am at all respectable in my own person, which I grieve to say is a very doubtful case, even to those that know little of me, isn't it a great thing for me to say that there is none of my name below me? If a man deserves any additional respect on account of his family, surely the higher they are above himself the greater his accession of honor?—What credit could I receive from a fellow who was below me? Ay, you laugh—as much as to say, that would be a precious lad—'but doesn't it make out my point? I felt more proud the other day when my uncle Richard cut me at the Castle than if I had got a dukedom."

"There's the true Sosa, Emily," said Miss O'Brien, as another pattering summons, still more gentle and insinuating than that which was used by Mr. O'Neil, on ruse, was heard to echo through the spacious hall. Presently after, a rich, though rather languid voice, heard in parley with the servant, proved Miss O'Brien's second conjecture right. It was Eugene Hamond. He was shown up.

The ladies received him kindly, but formally. Mr. O'Neil stood as straight as if a poker were substituted for his spine. It was laughable enough to observe the air of cold repression with which this man, who confessed himself worthless in every respect, and was destitute alike of mental as of corporeal advantages, stood up to receive the accomplished, elegant, and unassuming plebeian who now stood before him. Eugene did not heed, nor scarcely observe this—but the deportment of the ladies touched him more nearly. In order to make the reader perfectly enter into his feelings on the occasion, we shall shortly explain the relative position in which both parties were placed.

Eugene Hamond's determination to alter his station in life, and endeavor to naturalise himself in a rank above his own, had not been hastily considered, or resolved upon from no better impulse than that of an idle vanity. Naturally gifted with a quick eye, and ready apprehension of the peculiar tone of any grade of society into which he happened to be thrown, he required but a very brief acquaintance with the world, to enable him to discover all the difficulties and mortifications he would have to encounter in the undertaking, and he weighed these long and seriously against the advantages which he proposed to himself from the change.

"I admit," he said within himself, as he mused by his afternoon fire, over the kindness and the slights which he had met with in the course of the morning—"I admit that for the interests of society in general, and for those of morality, and of religion itself, it would be much better that all men should remain in that rank in which they were born, or at least that nothing less than a development of capabilities, absolutely wonderful, should entitle them to seek a place above their fathers. If distinctions of rank are in any degree useful or commendable; it is necessary they should be maintained even to exclusion, unless in a very few instances, when the applicant for admission brings an ample equivalent in some one great and beneficial quality to the fortuitous superiority of those whose acquaintance he cultivates. I admit all this. But the case is otherwise—that system of absolute and unrelenting exclusion is not maintained, and the question is, whether my case is not peculiar enough to justify me in seeking for an additional infraction. My poor friends must not be my companions—that is clear. The accident of my infancy—my disposition—my education—habits—all have conspired to place a wall between me and the humble life from which I sprung, which I cannot, and would not, if I could, overlook. Circumstances have fitted me for another station, and that station is left open to me. It is true that I shall meet, as I have met, many a cold repulse in the attempt, but there are, likewise, many over-balancing delights.—Those smiles, so ready, so sweet, so winning, so hearty, or seeming hearty (and that for me, whose chief wish is to steer clear of the asperities of life, would answer almost as well as the sincerity itself) so courteous, and so kind—their brilliant trifling and refined pleasantry—are these nothing; to the favored and initiated? I will make the trial at all events; and if I fail—if the cold eyes and staring, unmoved faces that glance like horrid spectres upon the path of the young and unacknowledged fashionist should multiply upon mine, why then, farewell happiness and high life, and welcome once again, my lowly cot and homely Munster village!"

He did make the trial; and he soon found that the difficulties which he had anticipated were not so fleeting nor so easily surmounted as he thought they might be. The encouragement which he met with was much more than sufficient to have established a blunter and less vulnerable nature in perfect peace in the new region; but Hamond's was one which would make no exertion for itself while it took fire at the slightest act of neglect from others. He seemed to expect that all should agree to drag him forward in spite of himself, and consequently made very little account of concessions, which were estimated at a value by those who conferred them. A hankering consciousness clung about his manner and his conversation, even in his intercourse with those families who were best disposed to receive him as an equal; and it was scarcely to be expected, that while he seemed bent upon carrying the recollection of his low origin always about him, other people should endeavor to forget it for him. Besides, it was not very agreeable to his new friends to find that they must always speak under a restraint in his presence—that they could hardly venture on a jest, or a sly speech, whatever were the subject of it, without finding Mr. Hamond's spirit up in arms to discover whether there were any offence intended towards him. He began to feel the consequences of his suspicious and sensitive temper—people shunned him—some gently, some promptly and without apology, some in pure pity, some with marked contempt, and some in apprehension. Then the suspicion of the truth broke upon him; he saw others of far inferior pretensions to himself, by a little assurance of manner and an indifference to the fest-wounds of neglect and accidental coldness, succeed in fastening themselves upon the fair eminence, on the crumbling and uncertain brink of which he was yet tottering, in the anxiety of hope and fear; and he made an exertion to imitate their example, and to assume an easy callousness of heart, until, at least, his hold should be made permanent and secure. But he miscalculated his capabilities most egregiously. A more hideous and painful spectacle, perhaps, cannot be met with in the every-day occurrences of society than that of a person of incorrigible timidity and reserve, assuming, or attempting to assume, by absolute violence, the appearance of perfect ease and unconscious openness. If Hamond's gentle embarrassment and absence of manner rendered him a burthen to his companions before—his new demeanor—his strange familiarity—his queer embarrassed laugh—his ill-timed joke that made everybody look serious, and his intrusive dogmatism of remark, absolutely astonished, frightened, and disgusted them. Having once convinced himself of the expediency of doing violence to his own feelings, he knew not where to stop, and on passing the boundary which his own heart prescribed to him, he trampled without discrimination, and, indeed, in absolute ignorance, upon those which custom and decency had marked out for his observance.

He was once more compelled to retire in disgrace into his natural self; and almost began to entertain thoughts of quitting the field in despair for ever, when a new and strange accident—strange to him, though of very usual occurrence in the history of the human heart—prevented or delayed his retreat. A titled beauty had proudly declined the honor of dancing with him at a fashionable party, and he was silently stealing through the company, with the intention of getting everything ready for his departure for home on the next morning—when, happening to cast a hurried glance aside, he perceived, in the aperture between the concoid of a gentleman's nose and the rosy rotundity of a marchioness's cheek—a soft black eye, in the distance, directed full upon him, with an expression of the tenderest interest; his poor forlorn heart had ever experienced since it had been cast upon the busy wilderness of fashion.—There never was an eye—not in Ireland; no, not even in Munster, nor in bright-eyed Limerick itself—that did its owner yooman's service like that one. It made as swift work of Eugene's heart as (the reader will pardon our sacrificing elegance to strength)—as a pavior's rammer might have done. It was an eye that had been following Hamond in silence throughout the evening with a kinder closeness of observation than mere commiseration might suggest; and was now, at the particular moment when it came in direct contact of intelligence with his own, filled up with the gentlest concern. On inquiry, Hamond discovered that it was the property of a lady of high birth, and (of course) fine accomplishments; her name that of the fair songstress to whom we have lately introduced our readers.

From this moment the whole object of Hamond's life was changed. He no longer courted the patronage nor heeded the neglect of fashion—and only stole quietly through its bye ways to secure himself a place at the side of her who now appeared to him to constitute its sole attraction and adornment.

"I was mistaken in it," he said, in his distant and impatient; "this proud world is not made for me, nor I for it. I will return to the condition from which I was taken, and divest myself as speedily as possible of those unhealthy luxuriations of feeling, which my poor uncle, in endeavoring to make a forced plant of me, little calculated on producing. But before I return to the ways of plain and honest nature, I will endeavor to pluck out of this rank and unweeded garden, that single rose for the decoration of my humble heart."

That little rose, however, happened to be a great deal more than that he apprehended. Although he was not long in ascertaining that he had made progress in the good opinion of Miss Bury, which might have satisfied even the voracious craving of a sensitive love like his, yet there were many annoyances equally disagreeable to both parties, which mingled in the delicacies of their intimacy, and retarded that perfect union of spirit which is ever necessary to the gratification of a heart that is at all dainty in its affections. Emily had betrayed some lack of self-knowledge, when she declared to her friend Martha, that she had no pride. She had not enough to enable her to master her passion for her plebeian lover—but she had quite enough to feel annoyed and humiliated by the slights which were continually thrown on him and in her presence. On these occasions, when Eugene attempted to resume the conversation which had been so disagreeably interrupted, he would find Miss Bury a little reserved and lukewarm, and could sometimes trace the shadow of an inward frowning upon her brow. His own pride took fire at this, and frequent and mutual embarrassment was the result. At length, grown absolutely weary of this flickering acquaintance and difficulties of their flickering acquaintance, Hamond manfully made up his spirit to the resolution of disavowing or untying their fortunes for ever.

It was with this intention he now sought an interview with her at the house of her guardian—Martha O'Brien's father. The settled determination of his purpose had suddenly quelled all the protracted balulence of the many impulses on which his peace had been tempest tossed for the last year, and he entered the room with a composure of eye, a steadiness of frame, and a natural elegance of address, which surprised his quick-eyed friends, and puzzled himself not a little. He thought it strange that he should be thus, without an effort acquire in a moment what he had been many months toiling to accomplish in vain; and at the moment, too, when he had resigned himself to the belief that he never should attain it.

After a few unmeaning observations on the popular topics of the day—the general mourning for Lord Nelson—the last Castle drawing-room—and other matter, Miss O'Brien, acting from the impulse of a strong feeling, proposed a turn in the garden to Mr. O'Neil, who had done nothing but sit upright and stare at Hamond's Hessian boots (Wellingtons were yet stumbling in the womb of time) and utter a cold "Ha!" whenever the latter directed himself particularly towards his side of the room. The generalist obeyed the lady's summons, and bowing to Miss Bury, brushed unceremoniously by the plebeian, and left the apartment.

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES. Table with columns for commodity (Wheat, Oats, Barley, etc.), unit (per bushel, per bag, etc.), and price.

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