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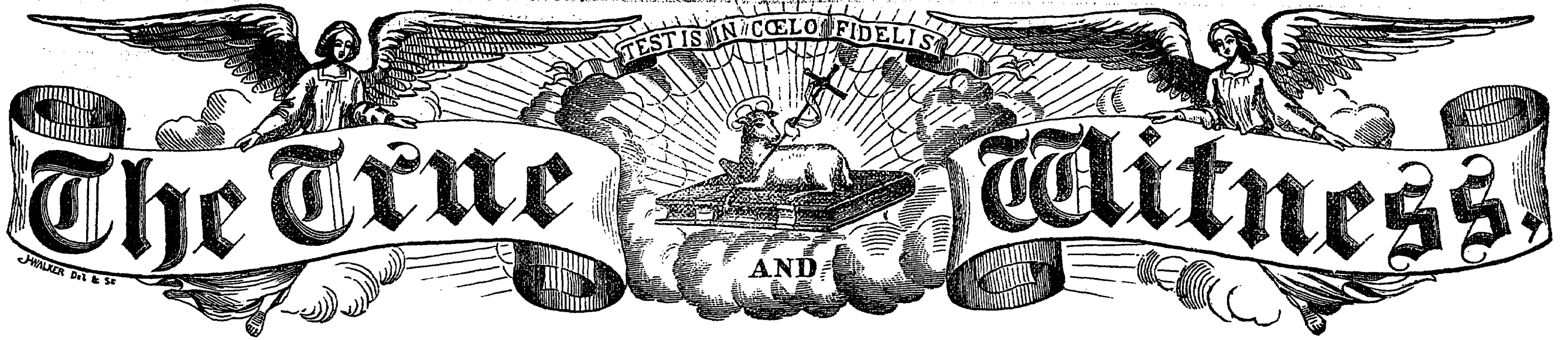
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1860.

No. 9.

SHAWN NA SOGGARTH; OR, THE PRIEST-HUNTER.

AN IRISH TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES. BY M. ARCHDEACON, ESQ., Author of the Legends of Connaught, &c.

CHAPTER XX.

Sir John was striding to and fro in his study the morning succeeding the attack. There was a deeper gloom on his brow, as he flung an occasional menacing glance from the letter he was reading, to his vile agent, Shawn, who was standing near the door, with sullen doggedness in his aspect, except that, now and then, when Sir John's back was to him, there was on his face a villainous leer, as if he were enjoying his superior's annoyance.

"So," said Sir John, in a stern tone, as he halted abruptly, "last night's business will tell finely for me in Dublin, after having received such a rebuff from the Castle already. And you, ruffians, to proclaim that the scum of rapparees were urged on by the scoundrel, priest Kilger, whom you have sullered to loiter about in the district, contrary to your duty and directions."

"But how, your noble honor, Sir John," asked Shawn, sullenly, "am I to hunt the priest down, if they're to get shelter from him that's ped for makin' Protestants, as well as from outspoken an' relapsed papists?"

"Silence, rascal," said Sir John, sternly;—"attempt no lying defence, I have trust-worthy information that you slept under the same roof with Kilger, without attempting to apprehend him. But, by the bones of Black Dick, (an ancestor the baronet was fond of making adjuration by when much excited) if you do not speedily atone for your drunken negligence, by his capture, I will make short work in sending you on as long a voyage as any priest among them."

"To be sure, your noble honor can do just whatever it pleases you to do. But whoever gets you the information about Kilger, I have as sartin evidence that parson Gordon, himself, shelters papists an' relapsed papists, an' that the cottage is still a din for every stragglin' priest to shelter himself in; an' how can I do my duty in fairness, when such doin's as that is put up with?"

"And here comes Mr. Gordon, in time to disprove your assertion, or he shall hear more about it."

The rector was admitted, immediately followed by Ffolliot, while Aaron Andrews, who had accompanied Mr. Gordon, remained in the area abroad, his sturdy independence firing at the idea of standing in the hall till he should be called in.

"Sir John, Sir John," said Ffolliot, bursting out vehemently on his entrance, "these are dreadful times when a man's house is attempted to be burned almost in your very presence—the king's troops are shot at, and a man loses his nearest and dearest relative by a violent death, merely because he was sanguinely and fearlessly loyal in a rebellious and desperate district. But there must be vengeance for this—" he slapped his hand across his brow as he leant against the window for a moment, as if overpowered by grief and vexation, though Sir John shrewdly suspected there was more of retraction in the matter than men, however desperate, should have had the presumption to attack his house, than grief for the loss of a brother, through whose death money was to be gained.

"And vengeance there shall be, Mr. Ffolliot," rejoined Sir John: "though I must be of opinion that, if the proprietors of property could be brought to feel and exhibit the same bold fearlessness which the authorities practice, the cowardly rabble would seldom dare to venture such attacks as that of last night. But how is it, Mr. Gordon, (turning to that gentleman) that your name comes to be mixed up with the sheltering of papists, and thus, in some measure, inciting and encouraging lawlessness?"

"That I would be among the first to prevent and discourage acts of aggression and outrage is so widely known, that it is but a waste of words to assert it now. As regards my acts and opinions in reference to other matters, they have been known to you, Sir John, of long standing; and in that respect, without infringing on existing laws, I shall continue to act as I think befits a gentleman and a Christian pastor."

"And do you think if Christian or gentleman-like to sympathize with such as defy the laws, attack houses and commit midnight murder?" asked Ffolliot, with some vehemence.

"I must claim the privilege of being allowed to form my own estimate of crimes and the causes that produce them, at the same time that I deplore as deeply as any one can, the daring attack on your house, Mr. Ffolliot, and your melancholy bereavement in consequence."

"An' Mr. Ffolliot needn't be too hard on the tenants either, your noble honor," said Shawn, boldly edging in his word, "seem' that his own

son takes good care to visit an' comfort a papist lady purty o'n, as Mr. Gordon could bair witness to, if he liked."

"To tell the truth, Sir John," observed the rector, avoiding all reference to Shawn's allusion, "much as I sympathize in Mr. Ffolliot's great loss, it is not in reference to his concern in last night's unfortunate affair that I have come here this morning. We all know you will spare neither time nor energy to make the offenders expiate their foul and daring crime; and as my time is limited, in consequence of Maria's having received a severe shock through the terrors of the last night, perhaps you will permit me to say at once, that my present visit to you is owing to a serious charge by a parishioner of mine against the troop-serjeant-major in command of the dragoons last night; the charge is the abduction of his daughter, an only child, during the confusion of the proceedings."

"By the bones of Black Dick, the last seems to be a night of adventures with a vengeance. But who is the parishioner?—perhaps it is some scoundrel papist?"

"No, Sir John; he is the industrious and improving proprietor of the foundry, Aaron Andrews."

"Ha! Andrews must be protected, and righted too, if he has been injured. Let the unwieldy parcel of flesh and Captain Aylmer appear before us;—quick—quick."

Shawn flew to execute the message; and he was instantly followed by Ffolliot, who wished to question him, and who felt no interest in the investigation to ensue.

The captain and his subordinate were speedily in the study, into which Aaron also was admitted at the same time.

"Well, Andrews," asked Sir John, on the former's entrance, "what proof have you of the charge you make against this fellow?"

"My maiden, Hetty Matthews, Sir John, hearkened till the whole scheme; and she's ready and willin' to mak an affidavit o' what she overheard at the elm three. She'll swear, moreover, Sir John, that he pursued herself o'fter, till her terror and danger, for more nor a quarter mile, until he fell soose intill a ditch."

"Well, sirrah," said Sir John, "you hear Andrews' charge against you; what have you to say?—aye—sirrah."

The serjeant's jolly, well colored face blazed like a girl's, as, after some stammering attempts, he got out:

"I'm not going to deny, Sir John, that the gal might 'ave a likin' for me, wot was natrel—"

"Bessy Andrews a likin' for sic a porpus?" interrupted her father, vehemently: "sae far fra it, that it was wif' difficult she could be induced to come intill the parlor, when I used, like a fule, t' invite ye in, thinkin' ye wor a God-fearin' and a straight-forward mon, offer ye rescued me fra the rioters on the road, you market night. But gin she ganged wif' ye, wif' her ain consent, ye maun hae resorted till witchcraft for it."

"Why, truly," observed Sir John, a smile flitting across his dark features, "he seems rather an extraordinary Romeo for so fair a Juliet. But, sirrah, did you, in fact, take away the girl, whether with or against her own consent? no equivocation."

"Nay, Sir John. I will not deny that the gal and myself 'ad a parley at the helm tree, and that we'd 'agreed that she should helope with me. But, 'owever she went, I never set a heye on her from that 'our to this, as my comrades can make affidavit on, seein' as 'ow that I was never 'out of their sight, the 'ole time."

"Hearken not till the villain!" exclaimed Andrews, eagerly. "God knows where he has her concealed this moment. O, Sir John, gin I could bring myself to kneel till mortal mon, I wad bend at yer feet, to implore ye to see restored till her father, an affectionate child, reared in the ways of duty and morality, till a villain tempted her fra the path. Remember, Sir John, ye once had barns yersel', and that I'm pleadin' for my daughter—the only child of her mother that was dearer till me nor land nor gold—aye, dear as the apple of my eye."

"If I were certain," rejoined Sir John, started if not affected by Aaron's earnest appeal;—"Aylmer, what has been this fellow's character heretofore?"

"The steadiest and most exemplary in the troop."

"Then he's an impostor, I'll swear till it," said Aaron, eagerly.

"You will excuse the vehemence of poor Andrews, under the circumstances, Sir John," said the rector; "and you know he has always sustained the character of being a man of the most unimpeachable credit and veracity."

scheme of his own, instead of performing his duty like an active and a cautious soldier. At all events, see you that the barracks be minutely searched for the girl, as well as all the haunts of himself and comrades, in the town. I shall have the neighboring locality so strictly searched, that a cat could not remain undiscovered, and if the fellow be found to have been concerned in the abduction of a loyal Protestant's daughter, by the bones of Black Dick, short time shall he have for repentance in this world."

"I seek not the mon's blude, nor his downfall," said Aaron, "let him bot gi' back till me my daughter unharmed, and he shall hae e'en mair gold nor ever he could expect wif' her."

"No, no, Andrews," exclaimed Sir John;—"justice shall not be compromised. If he can restore her to you for money, I'll take care he shall do so without it, or black will be his fate."

"Nay, Sir John," remonstrated the bewildered and crest-fallen serjeant, "you aint agoing to bang a man without judge or jury. I can prove—easily can I—by my comrades, as I'd neither 'and, haet or part in the gals abduction, hatched as I know she was to me, and hankious as I was as we should be joined in 'oly wedlock."

"So much the better for yourself if you are stating the truth. See, Captain Aylmer, that the search be most strict; and let Heaviesides be kept in confinement till you hear from me again."

"It shall be done, Sir John," said the officer, as he departed with his wronged and chopfallen subordinate.

"Now, Gordon," resumed the Baronet, when they were alone, "I would advise you strongly to turn a new leaf in your book, or rather to take a leaf from mine. You see that lenity and forbearance only embolden those rascally mere Irish to outrage and insurrection. Thank God, I, at least, cannot accuse myself of encouraging them by mistaken forbearance."

"Neither does my conscience accuse me for having sympathy for the children of misfortune and suffering, though surely not with the intention of encouraging them to crime."

"Aye, but it has had the effect you see, as outrage is at present limited, in this county, to your district."

"No, no, Sir John, I deny the inference *in toto*. You know that my opinion, of long standing, has been that it is cruelty and harshness that have been the provocations to crime, and that it is the authorities that have need to turn a new leaf, and try to produce order and submission, by mildness instead of severity. But we will not continue to argue where we have no likelihood of agreeing; and I see, by that pile of papers, that you are full of business."

"Yes, yes, we are pretty sure to have abundance of despatches while we have such actors as those of last night, astir. In some of these I have myself got a hard rap over the knuckles for—what you would never have thought of accusing me of—my remissness and want of energy in keeping down popery; and I imagine you may expect a much severer blow unless you change your system speedily."

"Then let it come, Sir John; an approving conscience will be my armor of proof."

The rector and Andrews now made their bows, the latter somewhat re-assured by the zeal with which Sir John, whose dreaded power and untiring vigilance he was well aware of, took up the abduction.

They had been but a short time gone when Ffolliot re-entered, exclaiming vehemently,—"Those Lynchs are certainly a damnable set. Do you know it was one of them, I am informed, that headed the attack last night, in which my poor dear brother—oh!" he put his hand to his face for a moment, as if unable to proceed—"you will excuse my weakness, Sir John; but I cannot speak or think of my terrible misfortune with any calmness."

"Pshaw man," said the baronet, eyeing him sternly, "Its natural we should grieve for the loss of a brother, particularly cut off in such a manner; but we are made of sterner stuff than to faint for it. But which of these Lynchs has been concerned in last night's outrage?"

"Frank Lynch, Sir Robert's cousin, and whom, you will recollect, Sir John, report states to be connected with a band of smugglers."

"Ha! has that wild bird winged his flight to these shores again?"

"It appears so, and I understand there were some seamen—doubtless smugglers—aiding and assisting him also. Those Lynchs are becoming, daily, greater eyesores to the country, and it would add to the security and comfort of every loyal man, if they were completely weeded out of it."

"Why the head of them, Sir Robert, is taking all the means in his power to rid the country and the world fast of his incumbrance; and if he but continues his present career of riot and debauchery, I should fancy the lease of his life, ere another year be past, would be but of little

value, even should the termination of his journey be not accelerated by a bullet or a fall.

"I am by no means so confident of that, Sir John; the Lynchs are a long lived race. And then there's that pale faced hussey of a recusant. Don't you think, Sir John, it would be a great advantage to us both if she were out of the country?"

"Why to you, Ffolliot, it would be an advantage; but I can't see how her existence at all can affect me."

"Suppose, Sir John, she was induced to become a conformist, would she not then be an additional barrier? And I do confess that, as that green boy of mine cannot, you see, be deterred, by threats or entreaties from continuing his visits to her, whatever bewitchment she has thrown over him, I should be most delighted if she were removed. Would to God indeed she were once out of his reach, as his senses would then, of course, return to him."

"Well there is a good deal, Ffolliot, in what you have said respecting her possible change of creed, and which, I will admit, did often strike me before; and as I see what you are driving at, to come to the point at once, I shall not overrule any plan you may have for changing her residence and country, always, providing that no violence or injury shall be offered to a lady born, recusant though she be."

"I would not presume to form a plan without your sanction first, Sir John. It only occurred to me that, if she were conveyed across the sea, she might, without changing her faith, by being induced to take the veil, be effectually debarred from interfering further with your your views or mine."

"A feasible plan enough, I must say; and I bethink me that there is an Ursuline convent near Rheims, the priores of which would, I know, take some pains for my sake. Poor Agnes! had we met earlier, or your haughty friends been less stern and unbending, the world might wear a brighter aspect for us both, and this steeled heart be not altogether rugged and desolate as now?" He strode to the window—put his hand to his eyes—turned suddenly and asked in a tone of much harshness, "Well, Ffolliot, have you any more eligible plan in your eye?" as if ashamed and irritated that any one should witness the burst of emotion he could not for the moment control.

"No, Sir John," exclaimed Ffolliot, delightedly; "your arrangement is just the portion of the plan I could not myself have accomplished, and which will crown the work. No one would take the same pains for me as for you; and I am, I must venture to say, Sir John, too remarkable for my zealous loyalty to have a sincere friend among the recusants, either here or on the continent."

"Then the plan is easy of accomplishment.—But it must be quietly and cautiously carried out, lest that noisy, debauched rector, if he gets scent of the matter, he will make more noise than might be just pleasant. The most delicate part of the business will be to procure a vessel, to convey the girl speedily and secretly to where she can give no more annoyance."

It was then arranged that Ffolliot and Shawn and a party, should visit the cottage the ensuing day, with the double object of searching for Father Kilger and ascertaining the usual position of its inmates.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the evening of the day, the proceedings of which have been detailed in the last chapter, our old acquaintance, Charley Rourke, was proceeding towards the castle in order to consult Sir John respecting an extensive smuggling transaction of which he had received information. His own residence was, as before stated, in one of the suburbs, and he was passing along some plots, through which there was a by-path that shortened his way, when his ear was attracted by the voices of two persons a little in advance of him. One of them struck him as familiar; and passing the parties hastily a few yards, he turned, and, having scrutinized them for a moment, approaching immediately again, said, in a low and laughing tone,

"Why, Master Frank Lynch, though you've deepened your Milesian complexion to a true Creole pitch, you must alter your voice, too, before you can be entirely mistaken; and I would advise you not to depend too much on your transformation, even at this hour, as I can tell you a strict search is abroad;—you understand me. Perch yourself, with your youthful companion, in Madden's hotel, till I see you again in an hour. I have something to say to you, and I would serve you for old recollections' sake."

The pair addressed started; but Charley passed on with a significant motion of the hand, but without further words.

Charley was in general an accepted guest at the castle when the baronet was disengaged, owing to his fund of humorous anecdote, skill in all kinds of sports and games and other social qualities.

On this evening he was, as usual, instantly admitted, and found Sir John with wine, brandy and papers before him.

"Ha, Charley! be seated—help yourself, and tell us what the news stirring in our good borough later than last night's attack."

"Why, Sir John," responded Charley, after having complied with the baronet's request, "the last rumor was—though I fear it's not gospel—that you had turned papist, and that Ffolliot is appointed to the governorship."

"Ha, Ha, you will, I see, like greater and better men, have your jest to the end; but did you meet Ffolliot to-day? That was an awkward occurrence last night, though he's playing off too much grief for the loss even of a brother."

"By the bones of St. Ruth—pardon me for the oath, Sir John—Ffolliot, in getting ten or twelve thousand pounds by old Isaac's fall, ten or fifteen years earlier than he could have calculated on, is little more grieved in reality than would be your humble servant, Sir John, to hear of the demise of one of their high mightinesses, the surveyors general, and that his place fell to Charley Rourke."

"Ha, ha, good! But were you talking with Ffolliot and was he caunting?"

"Yes, Sir John, and he caunted like Parson—(but I won't vex you, Sir John, by naming names); and then the old sinner looked as chapfallen as he did the day I choused him of the prog, six years ago at the shore. Did I ever tell you the story; but you're perhaps in no humor for a story now."

"I'm just in the vein—help yourself again, Charley—as I've had a dose of business to nauseousness for the day; and if you tell it in your best style, you may do more than the wine to sweeten my blood."

"Well then," began Charley, after having emptied his glass with a smack, and filled another without putting the baronet to the trouble of repeating his solicitation, "you remember, Sir John, the remarkable year that the Dutch snigger showed fight and killed some of his majesty's seamen in the bay?"

"Aye, to be sure I do—the year you were brought over the coals for being so terribly visited with loss of sight as to pass by the brandy and tobacco in the broad day-light."

"O very well, Sir John," rejoined Charley, as he emptied and filled again, "I owe you one for that. Any way, Ffolliot and myself were stopping for a few days' sporting at Bob Coghlan's, that, now that he's dead, we may venture to say, made more of defrauding the king's revenue for the last twenty years than all the other men on the coast, though his venison, his fish and his brandy got him the patronage of us all, from the governor (bowing) down to the humble gauger. Well, one evening of great revelry—by the way, Sir John, this brandy is as good as if it was smuggled—the magistrate and myself, in our boastings, made a bet as to which of us should bag the most game in two or three hours of the next day, for Ffolliot was certainly then a fine shot, and I needn't say I could pull a sure trigger myself. However, my intention was not to strive with him then, but to play the skinflint, a prank that would be remembered to him. Accordingly, the next morning, after we had given our heads a plentiful immersion in cold water, swallowed some tumblers of hot milk punch instead of soda-water or buttermilk, and punished a breakfast that would have made a greenhorn stare, after a hard night's work, we prepared to set out on the shooting watch."

"Ye were cool and steady then."

"One of us didn't want to be steady, Sir John."

"Well, Bill Ffolliot, says myself, 'as we're to remain out for three or four hours, surely we'll require some refreshments with us, after the night.'"

"Small blame to you for that idea, any way which is worthy of Charley Rourke," says our host, laughing; "and by Jove you shall have the remains of the decanter and the ham, if you want it, particularly as we're sure to have the port, you know; (the bet was half-a-dozen of port)."

"Oh, disre a doubt," says I, "but we'll all have it at Bill's expense."

"Faith, Charley, you'll have to borrow the price or to run tick for it," says Bill, winking and examining his flint.

"Bebber shin," (may be so) says myself; "but by the piper that played before Moses, I'm under a great mistake, or there'll be an item of half-a-dozen of port added to Bill's six folio'd account. Nuddy, Nuddy, (the boy that was to carry the refreshments) put the ham under,—it can bear crashing,—and the bottle on the top, as it is brittle; put the bread between them and the tow—there, that'll do now."

"But when and where'll meet, Charley?" says Bill.

"It's now past twelve," says myself, boldly; "let us meet at two, hardby the little stream at the tuck mill, to snack. Then let us shoot for

another hour, when, whoever has least game bagged, let him pay the piper; and, as I'm dead sure of having the most birds, and Bill may have some suspicion of the fairness of my shooting, though I have the most perfect reliance on his honor, come with me you, Neddy, as a witness that everything shall be done in the most sportsmanlike style."

"Fair, by Jove, Charley, I must say; as you know you're always suspected," says Bob.

"O, a guilty conscience—you know the rest," says Bill.

"So the arrangement was settled, and we set out well provided with all appliances for the bird murder, Bill taking a direction towards the mountains, while myself, with Neddy in my wake, took nearly the opposite one towards the shore. But when he had reached a furlong or so from the house, 'hallo, Neddy, you numbscull,' says I, 'close up, and let us rest ourselves on that heathy spot, near the stream—'"

"And was that the way you intended to kill your game? But help yourself; story-telling is dry work."

"Yes, Sir John: why this brandy improves with every glass. But I don't wonder at your question. Neddy asked me the same question, opening his eyes as wide as if he never intended to shut them."

"Did you think, you dunderhead," says I, "that I had the least notion of scrambling over bog and ditch, and you, with the scoff, to be along with me, when I made the bet?"

"By 'Gony,' says Neddy, with a shout, "though I always knew your honor to be as full of 'tricks as an egg is o' mate, I didn't think to play so capital a trick, to-day."

"That shows, Neddy," says I, "that you have as little brains as your master, who certainly showed himself no Solomon, to entrust him and brandy to my care. Here, quick—a pull, you blackguard, while I stretch my battered legs on this soft patch of heath;—ho, how it does revive one after a night's spree; and I never felt more bothered than after last night. And so you thought, like an ass as you are, that I was going to harass those legs, that are certainly not the best fitted for hard service, and for a bubble bet, too, for the devil a bird will Bill Ffoliot shoot till he goes back, barring he hits a gull or crow near the house. So here's another pull to his success. Holy Moses, how he will stare and curse when he comes to look for the prog, and find it *not est inventus*. Oh, my poor legs you are surely the worse for the wear to-day."

"Why, to tell God's truth, ah! shame the devil, they wouldn't make a good pair of under-standers, for 'Tom Saltry, the dancing master, at present, your honor," says Neddy, trying to smother his laugh.

"You're laughing, you impudent vagabond," says I, "but here, since this empty snuff-box, and I'll give you a toothful of it, though you don't deserve it; and, while we're resting I'll tell you a story about those same under-standers."

"I gave him the snuff-box full, and told him the story, which you have heard, Sir John.—Neddy, of course, enjoyed it, and, while he was laughing uproariously, I stretched myself on the heath for a nap, directing him to rouse me, should any one come near, and at all events, to waken me in an hour for our snack."

"If I was there, the cat-o'-nine-tails of the trumpeter should have sounded the *reveille* on your bones."

"Neddy was more tender-hearted, Sir John; he remained by me—I wouldn't swear he hadn't another pull at the bottle—while I had a most refreshing nap, I was in the middle of a glorious dream, about brandy and tea, tobacco and promotion, when he woke me for the snack, though, I believe, the blackguard gauged the hour by his stomach, and not by real time. Any way, we had scarcely finished, and I was only in the act of making a clearance of the brandy, which was nearly as good as your own, Sir John, (with a smack) when up comes Bill, disconsolate and lame as a tired hack, after carrying a jovial parson a long day's journey—I mean no disrespect to the Church, Sir John."

"Go on, you privileged vagabond!"

"The devil fire yourself and your fowling," says he, wiping the perspiration off his face and offering at the bottle.

"I'm greatly afraid, Bill, that it's fooling you were to-day, and not fowling," says I, turning down the neck of the bottle to show him that the brandy was gone, like the snow that was last year.

"And did you shoot nothing?" says he, looking as blank as a catpaw, when he finds the nest warm and the bird gone—he had himself a decayed seagull in his bag.

"Shoot! didn't myself and Neddy shoot the contents of the basket down our throats as I introduced; and faith pleasant shooting it was."

"It would have done your heart good, Sir John, to hear how he ramped cursed then. Why he merely came up to a trooper, or—a governor in a rage. But he turned his tail to Bob Coghlan's, without waiting for his dinner and wouldn't look at me for a year after."

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO CANADA.

THE ORANGE RIOTS.

(From the Times Special Correspondent.)

Kingston, Sept. 6.

The Royal tour through Upper Canada has reached as far as this dirty, stagnant little town, on the shores of Lake Ontario. The Royal visit here, though very brief, has been more than sufficiently long to afford a most unfavorable impression of both place and people.

I am sorry to say that my narrative of enthusiastic receptions and grand displays, as far as this city is concerned, has received a very sudden check, and that Kingston, which, with a few other towns in Upper Canada, boasts of having exclusive possession of the feeling of loyal devotion to the Throne, has set an example of insolent disregard of their Royal guest's wishes as has prevented the Prince from landing here at all.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ORANGE ROW.

In cases like these, when so much angry feeling is abroad, it is very difficult to collect impartial or reliable information, but the general facts of the case are much as follows. The new towns of Upper Canada, have, within the last few years, become unpleasantly conspicuous for Orange organizations of the most bitter and intemperate kind, even for these

societies. In Lower Canada, the country round Montreal, and from Montreal down to Quebec, more than nine-tenths of the population are Roman Catholics. In a few towns in Upper Canada the Protestants and Roman Catholics are pretty equal in numbers; while in many, such as Kingston, Toronto, Cobourg, Port Hope, and Belleville, the Romanists are only as 1 to 10 or 12, or even less. As a rule, however, a large majority of the population of all Canada are Roman Catholics. What first led to the introduction of Orange Societies in Upper Canada, none, of course, can tell, though all are painfully aware of the fact, that since their organization, quiet and good-will have almost entirely fled the towns in which they are established; owing to the excessive war of petty bickerings going on between the two parties. Some of the most dangerous fights and disturbances which have taken place in these towns have been owing to the Orange processions and celebrations of the 12th of July; when the Romanists, too, have suddenly preached tolerance for all creeds, and generally enforced their arguments by a free fight with the Orangemen. There had been a comparative lull in these wretched quarrels for the last few weeks, when, most unfortunately, it occurred to the people of Toronto that the occasion of the Prince's landing at that city would afford a signal and favourable opportunity for a grand Orange procession and demonstration. Such an idea once started of course, spread far and wide among the towns most notorious for dissensions between the Orangemen and Roman Catholics. The Toronto people decided upon having Orange arches, and receiving His Royal Highness with a great Orange procession. The Roman Catholics, of course, held meetings to protest against this. Both parties wrote bitter letters to the daily papers; third parties interferred in their journals; and fourth parties put forth opinions in peculiar organs on compromise matters, and, of course, made them worse than ever. A dispute of such a nature, of course, soon reached the ears of the Duke of Newcastle and the Governor General, and the former, as might be expected, at once wrote a letter to Sir Edmund Head, which the Governor enclosed to the Mayor of Toronto, with one equally strong of his own.

THE KINGSTON ORANGEMEN.

Kingston, though merely alluded to en passant, was the first place at which His Royal Highness was to land, and here it was tacitly understood that the question whether the Prince or the Orangemen were to give way was to be tried, so Toronto for a moment fell into the back-ground, and both parties concentrated their attention on this dirty little town. The resolution of the Orangemen here was soon come to. They determined that Orange arches should be erected, and that the Prince be received with an Orange procession in attendance on the Corporation, and with none other. I am assured that this resolution was encouraged to the utmost privately by the Orange leaders at Toronto, who sent constant telegrams to Kingston exhorting them to stand firm, and insist on an Orange demonstration, and that 15,000 Orangemen would be in Toronto to do the same. This stimulated and further urged forward by Mr. Flannigan, Grand Master, a chief butcher of Kingston, and a captain of a troop of Volunteer and very Orange Cavalry, the thing of course went forward duly accompanied, as is usual in such cases, by the strongest protestation of loyalty and the constant assertion that what was being done was entirely for the Prince's own good. Two Orange arches were accordingly erected in the chief thoroughfares through which the Prince must pass. Except as sources of keen ill-feeling, these would have been totally unworthy of note, so poor and paltry were they both in design and execution. The one I saw, and as I am told the best, was merely papered with Orange paper and with a rather handsome model of the Ark of the Covenant at the top. The sides were filled with the Orange Societies' insignia, with portraits of Garibaldi and the Prince, the latter with the motto of "The faith of my forefathers and mine," with portraits of William III., of glorious pious and immortal memory; little banners contained the names of Baker, Walker, and Murray, of Londonderry fame, with scrolls of "No Surrender," and other mottoes equally inappropriate to the occasion. Whether public attention was so much engrossed in the erection of this trophy, which after the Prince's wishes on the subject could only be regarded as insulting, or whether they wished to render it more conspicuous by not erecting others I cannot say, but it is certain that scarcely any other attempts were made at decorating the town, and that the few other arches that were put up, were worse than any he had seen on his way through the woods from Aruprior to Almonte.

Of course the Royal suite soon heard of this wanton discourtesy, and a private intimation, I believe, was conveyed to Kingston that the Orange procession must be given up, or the Prince would not land. The Mayor accordingly issued an order that there would be no municipal procession whatever, upon which the chiefs of the Orangemen met, and encouraged by Mr. Flannigan and Toronto telegrams decided with a good deal of hot-headed talk about giving His Royal Highness a lesson, that they would receive him with an Orange procession, and with such a display only, and that if the Prince did not like it he might leave it and not land at all.

THE PRINCE AT KINGSTON.

The Kingston steamer, with the Royal party, was expected to arrive about noon; but perhaps in order to show to some advantage the scenery of the Thousand Islands (though how that could have been managed I am at a loss to imagine), perhaps with a view of allowing the people of Kingston time to change their minds, the arrival of the boat was much delayed. If this delay was made in the hope that the Orangemen would have better taste and more loyalty than to insist on insulting their young Prince and guest, was made in vain, for by 10 o'clock in the day the obnoxious procession began to muster in all sorts of tawdry finery, marching along to the tunes of the "Boys of Water," and "Croppies lie down." When they had really formed up in a long line to the number of some 800 or 1,000, it seemed difficult to believe that a set so worthless, and apparently so little entitled to the least consideration, could really form their procession in the town and begin a movement of insolent dictation to the Prince which, for aught is known, yet may lead the most unpleasant consequences in Upper Canada. They of course, were all Irish, and all belonging to the working classes. None were without Orange ribbands and cockades, many had the crimson cloaks of the Royal Scarlet Society, as it is termed, and all these faded symptoms of display were more or less stained with the unmistakable traces of dirty tavern wassail, which, in this country at least, forms a most important feature in all Orange organizations. Every third man carried a banner with "No Surrender" mottoes, or painted likenesses of King William, and a large minority had drawn swords, with which they flourished and vapored and marshalled the others, as if about to lead them into action direct. There were plenty of men who acted as chaplains to the Lodges, and who were dressed as much like clergymen as their dirty surplices could make them, with orange bows and orange ribbands over all. Their chief leader, a Mr. Robinson, in a medley costume, went about with others on horseback, haranguing each Lodge, exhorting them to stand by their colors, rather than give way. In making such arrangements the morning passed. The remonstrances and entreaties of the authorities of the town were of no avail; the Orangemen replied that either the Prince or the Orangemen must give way, and it should not be the Orangemen if they stood there for a month.

The spot chosen for the landing of the Prince was at the battery, a small work commanding the approach to the town from Lake Ontario, and surrounded by high stone walls, which prevented its being seen into from the adjoining street. Here the chief authorities of the town were in waiting, and here Captain Flannigan brought down his troop of Volunteer Cavalry, all wearing the Orange

ribband and insignia on their uniforms, the gallant Captain himself being so covered with such tawdry decorations as to look at a distance like a General officer. This innovation in uniform was at once noticed, and Captain Flannigan was requested to take them off himself, and desire his men to do the same; but this he refused to do, and the news of his determination was quickly spread through the procession, and excited general admiration and applause. At last the steamer Kingston came in sight, was received with a Royal salute, and great was the excitement as she came alongside the wharf for every one made sure that the Prince was about to land forthwith, and the Orangemen cheered, not in welcome to the Prince, but solely and entirely for what they rather prematurely considered was their own, undoubted victory over their young guest. But an hour passed, and yet another, and still he did not land. At first it was said he was putting on his uniform, next that he was receiving addresses, then that he would land privately. At last the truth came out in the form of an official verbal intimation from the Mayor to the Orangemen that His Royal Highness would not land to join any partisan procession of the kind; that His Royal Highness would remain till 9 o'clock the next morning to allow them time to think over it, and if the demonstration were persisted in he would leave Kingston altogether. The chiefs of the movement, I am told, upon this held a short council, at which it was determined *nem. con.* that His Royal Highness might quit Kingston if he chose, but that land he should not without the Orange procession to accompany him. With this resolution the procession at last broke up, and horsemen were flying through the town all night, warning the members of the lodges that the Prince might try and land privately at 8 a.m., next morning, and that, therefore, it behooved them to be out and stirring with their procession early. There was a masquerading procession through the town that night, and most of the houses refused to illuminate, and there was an immense amount of drunkenness, and a great deal of loud vapouring, stupid talk about their resistance to the Prince's wishes being supported by their Orange brothers across the water; that the Orangemen in Ireland could shake him on his throne, &c., with other nonsense of the same kind, which angry ignorant men will talk, but which one barely expected to hear from those who claim to be the only loyal subjects in Canada.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday the 3rd, the Orangemen were again at their posts in procession round the battery, and so hour after hour passed till mid-day, and the thing began to wear a ridiculous and undignified aspect. There were the Prince and his party quietly in his boat inside the battery, and there were Orangemen outside standing obstinately in the road, as they had done all the previous day. At last Lord Lyons came on shore to inform the authorities that the Prince would leave in an hour, and to convey to an American company of Volunteers his Royal Highness's regrets that he would not be able to have the pleasure of seeing them at Kingston. The Orangemen, however, only considered this a *ruse* to get them out of the way, and remained as firm as ever. At last the Royal steamer moved out of the battery, and the Orangemen called out that he was going to land privately about two miles below the town. If such a step had been likely it would, one would have thought, have been a sufficient humiliation for the Prince to satisfy even the hot-headed bigots of Kingston. But this was not so, and off they all started at a run to get their procession to the landing before him. They had only the exercise, however, for their pains, for the steamer stood westward up the lake, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

When he was really gone the people were, of course, bitterly angry, though they affected to consider the whole thing a victory and decided triumph for the Orange party. A mass meeting was eventually held, at which some violent language was used against both the Prince and the Duke, and it was decided privately that all the Orangemen of Kingston that could follow to the places where the Prince was likely to land should at once do so, and meet him at the various landing towns with their flags and banners, and try everywhere to compel him to accept their procession, or not land at all. This was done accordingly, and a large party started at once for Belleville, the next town at which the Prince was to disembark. I have just heard by telegraph from that place that there the procession was again formed on the landing-wharf, and that His Royal Highness again refused to land, and went away in the steamer for Cobourg. I am on the point of starting for that town, which I shall reach as soon as the Royal steamer. Telegrams say that the people of Cobourg will not now allow an Orange procession, but to prevent this backsliding a number of the Orangemen at Kingston have gone up there, bent on making a procession at all hazards. I have also had several telegrams from Toronto, and fear, from all I hear, that there is every prospect of a riot at that place. The Orangemen are said to be determined on having their display, and the Scotch Presbyterians I am told are coming in there in large numbers from all parts of the country, bent on driving the Orangemen into the river if they attempt it. These, however, I hope, are only rumours, but, at any rate, I can send no detailed news by telegraph up to the evening of Saturday the 8th. The ball here last night was intended for 2,000 persons, and a magnificent supper was provided. There were 19 gentlemen present and 17 ladies, in a room almost as big as that at Montreal. Of course, it did not last an hour. People were frightened to be alone in such a huge apartment, and all came away.

COBourg, Sept. 7, 9 A.M.

The telegrams which I received from Belleville before I left Kingston yesterday were quite correct as to the Orangemen have again succeeded in driving the Prince from that landing. A number of them travelled over night, and were waiting at Belleville with their banners, bands, and other insignia. If anything were wanting to show the animus of this miserable persecution it was this step. The Orangemen of Kingston have, according to their notions, a right to do what they like in their own town, and, of course, having that place completely under their own control, might dictate whatever offensive ceremonies they pleased, as to the manner in which their guest was to be received. But when they had insisted on their own petty affront and carried it to an extent that drove the Prince away, they might surely have remained content with this most inhospitable and disloyal victory, and left other towns to decide for themselves whether they would allow their Royal guest to land or keep him wandering in a steamboat rejected from the very cities to which he had been invited. But there has been an aviciousness of insult about the Kingston demagogues that was not to be satisfied with merely expelling the Prince from that dilapidated township. It is not every day that men like Mr. Flannigan or Mr. Robinson have opportunities of compelling Royalty to bow before their opposition and turn back from their own town to avoid their insults. It is not likely that they will soon again have an opportunity of insulting another Prince of Wales, so Messrs. Flannigan and Robinson have made the most of the opportunity. The former undertook to go down with Orange banners to Cobourg, while the latter started at once for Belleville, the place where His Royal Highness intended to land yesterday morning. To do the people of Belleville were justice they had abandoned all idea of forcing an Orange procession on the Prince, and the Orange arches which had been erected had been denuded of their partisan symbols. The chief authorities implored the Orangemen not to assemble as Orangemen, and the ladies signed a petition to the County and Grand Masters of the Lodges to the same effect, and that the Prince might be allowed to land. The Belleville Orangemen did relent, and no procession would have been formed but for the arrival of the men from Kingston.

The importation of these firebrands soon decided the matter, and their vulgar declamation about giving the Prince a lesson was, unfortunately, listened to by many of the Belleville deputy grand masters. The result was that an Orange procession was formed on the very spot where the Prince was to land, though I am assured that more than nine tenths of it was entirely composed of Kingston men and supplied with Kingston banners. The Prince's steamer came, His Royal Highness saw the old "No Surrender" and other Orange flags, and, without making any stay at all, the vessel turned round at once and went away to Cobourg. For all any at Belleville knew, the Royal party might have been short of provisions on board, and, in fact, this would actually have been the case but for the care of Mr. Rose, who privately sent a quantity on board before the vessel quitted Kingston. But I almost believe the party might have been half starved before Messrs. Flannigan and Robinson would have furled a single banner or abated one jot of their persevering insolence. Before leaving Kingston the Duke of Newcastle addressed a letter to the Mayor of the town, a copy of which I enclose. I may explain in reference to its concluding paragraph, that the Mayor and Corporation were invited to present their address on board the steamer while at Kingston, but they declined. By some this refusal is stated to have been due to fear of molestation from the Orangemen; if they consented to such an indignity, I am, however, sorry to say that, from all I have heard, I believe it arose from no other cause than that of strong sympathy with the processionists. The Mayor, Mr. Strang, is himself a conspicuous member of the Orange party, while his brother is sent only to Mr. Flannigan in the part he has taken to keep up this unfortunate movement.

No procession was attempted here, but in order to gland up the slumbering energy of the Society, Mr. Flannigan, with the Mayor of Kingston's brother came up by train from Kingston with a number of Orange flags, with which they hoped to arrive in time and find a sufficient number of Lodge men to carry them on to the landing place, and so again drive the Prince away. Their coming and their purpose were telegraphed to the authorities here, and by curious coincidence it happened that the train stopped so long at various stations that it soon got nearly an hour and a half behind time, to the intense annoyance and wrath of Messrs. Flannigan & Co. The result of this untoward delay was that the Prince had been received before the train arrived and so the chance of a further insult to the Royal guest was lost. The display of illuminations, fire works, and arches at this town has been very beautiful. The Prince went to a ball here last night, which passed off most successfully. In an hour or so he will start for Peterborough and Port Hope, en route for Toronto. Before he leaves Mr. Flannigan intends attempting something like an Orange demonstration, which, I fear, may end in his getting his head broken. It is said that all has been satisfactorily arranged at Toronto. I sincerely hope so, but, as some of the Kingston men are going up there, I fear the affair will scarcely pass over without some disturbance. The Kingston leaders have expressed their firm determination to follow the Prince everywhere, an announcement which had greatly raised the wrath of some American gentlemen, who swear that if they come after him to Niagara they will be thrown over the Falls. So bent are the Americans on giving him a good reception, and on consulting his wishes in every way, that I am certain it would cost the lives of half concerned in it if even the semblance of an Orange demonstration were attempted to be forced upon the Prince during his visit to the United States.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

COLLECTION FOR HIS HOLINESS IN THE DIOCESE OF DERRY.—The fidelity and devotion of the Catholics of Ireland to the Supreme Pontiff in the midst of the trials and difficulties by which he is surrounded, must indeed be as consoling and gratifying to him as they are creditable to them. As most noteworthy of the extraordinary efforts made by the people in every part of Ireland to contribute all they possibly could to the Papal Fund, we are truly delighted to find that in the diocese of Derry the collection amounted to the very large sum of £2,611 3s. This would be an exceedingly handsome contribution anywhere, but it is a most magnificent one when we take into consideration that it has been collected in a portion of the country where the Catholic population is smaller and the Protestant larger than in any other part of Ireland. All honor therefore, we say, to the generous and faithful Catholics of the North. —Dublin Telegraph.

OPENING OF THE NEW LOBBY IN OMAHA.—It is delightful to witness the interest that is manifested by the pure old Celtic race in Ireland in the restoration of the sacred edifices of their country, and their enthusiasm and joy on beholding springing up around them, as it were by magic, churches and religious houses, rivalling in splendour those of the former days, from which are diffused plentifully the blessings of refinement and knowledge, and charity and peace amongst all classes of the people. And when it is considered that it was in Ulster that the Gothic storm of the Reformation had blown fiercest, and that in it chiefly were fought the last armed struggles for the faith, and when they look upon the venerable old romantic ruins and churches of the olden time, saddened over the face of the country, where still the ivy arch and crumbling pillar tell the glories of the past, it is no wonder that an oppressed and persecuted race would be filled with delight on beholding the restoration of those sacred edifices, where sheltered from the angry passions and storms which may surround them, can worship their God according to the dictates of their conscience. —And, is it not a theme of well-merited eulogy—the liberality which the over-faithful Irish people contribute towards their erection, supplying, at once, evidence of their great faith and piety? On entering the pretty town of Omaha, the attention of the traveller is immediately arrested by the new and spacious convent which was opened on Thursday last, so auspiciously and with so much éclat. It enjoys all the advantages of a noble site, on one of those numerous pretty little hills which ornament so much the surrounding landscape. It stands close to the railway station, and when its grounds are all arranged with the hand of taste and elegance, as they soon will be, it will form a most agreeable and pleasing object in the scenery. It has been erected, I am told, at a cost of £2,500 from plans by Mr. Hatfield, and it is creditable to Mr. Doolin, for the efficient manner in which he has carried out the contract. —With some other visitors I had the honor of being shown over the different parts of the building by the highly-accomplished Superioress, and we were all most pleased with its arrangements. The apartments are spacious and well lighted, tastefully furnished as convents are, and being well ventilated, will make a happy and healthy home for the nuns and their pupils. —Freeman.

THE NEW IRELAND ACT.—The Northern Whig publishes a comprehensive abstract of the Act for the settlement (it is to be hoped for some time) of the Irish land difficulty, one of the few measures which will make memorable the rather barren Session of 1860. It is only just issued from the printer's, and it will come into operation on the 2d of November in the present year. In a running comment upon its leading features the Belfast paper observes:—"The first point to which we desire to call the attention of the tenantry of Ulster is the fact that this is not a 'Tenant-right' Act and in so far it will disappoint popular expectation. It does not deal with the tenant-right principle directly, but it is, nevertheless, a valuable measure to its extent, and one which Mr. Cardwell is entitled to credit for having passed. Under present circumstances, the

Chief Secretary could not, we believe, have carried a measure to legalize the Ulster custom and settle the tenant-right question on a proper basis. The temper of the late Session rendered such a project unattainable, and, contrary to public expectation and belief, we have therefore no Tenant-right Bill whatever as the result of the recent legislation on Irish land tenure; for the other Act that was passed—the Attorney-General's—was merely one for purposes of consolidation. The chief value of the present measure is, that the principle that a tenant is entitled to compensation for the improvements he effects is at last recognized by the law. Under its provisions improvements can be made either by the tenant or by the landlord, under the control and sanction of a Chairman of Quarter Sessions or a Judge of the Landed Estates Court. Compensation for the sums so expended is to be secured by an annuity of £7. 2s. per cent. for 25 years, commencing on the date of the charging order made by the Judge or Chairman when the improvements have been completed and certified. The second part of the Act has reference to leasing powers, and is very important. It gives the right to grant leases under the different titles of agricultural leases for terms not exceeding 21 years, improvement leases not exceeding 41 years, and building leases not exceeding 99 years (except in special cases), under the conditions set forth in the 25th section of the Act. The most interesting portion of the Act to tenant farmers is that which deals with tenants' improvements,—Part 3. Although the retrospective question is not touched, it is satisfactory to find that henceforth a tenant is to be protected in his interest in the soil created by his own labour and outlay, and that he cannot be turned out of his holding without being compensated for all the money he has spent and the labour he has bestowed in judiciously improving his landlord's property. We notice with satisfaction the significant wording of the last clause of the Act, which plainly refers to the Ulster tenant-right, and expressly provides that this Act shall in no way effect or prejudice that custom."

THE RETURNS OF AGRICULTURE AND EMIGRATION FOR THE PRESENT YEAR.—Owing to the very uncertain state of the weather public attention at this moment is most apprehensively directed to the state of the crops. Mr. Donnelly's report, therefore, possesses a more than ordinary interest this year, the more especially as it appears whilst the result of the harvest is still unknown, and awaited with the deepest anxiety. Opinions on this head have been as variable as the weather—now all cloud, and again all sunshine. The golden mean is always the safest guide according to the adage—*in medio tutissimus bis*. There is always considerable satisfaction and advantage in calculating from reliable sources, and the materials for the Registrar General's report are collected with such care, and by so large and efficient a staff—amounting to 4,000 individuals judiciously selected from the Constabulary and the Police of the metropolis—that we are accustomed to regard it in the light of an indisputable document. Add to this the most important fact of all, that the data furnished to those who are commissioned to obtain it proceed from what may be termed the fountain head in the matter—namely, the farmers themselves, who most readily afford to the enumerators the information they require, though the reverse of this obliging and unreserved disposition is shown by the British and Scotch farmers, the reticence of the latter arising we presume, from a disinclination on their part to let the world around them—their landlords amongst the rest—know how they stand, and what their prospects are. According, then, to the statistics before us it appears that cereal and green crops show an increase of some two or three per cent. on the extent of the same crops last year. In oats and potatoes there has, however, been some decrease, whilst the increase is confined to meadow and clover. This is perhaps attributable to the very great scarcity of hay last year. Compared with 1858, the average under wheat this year is considerably less, though it is somewhat more than last year, but then there was one-seventh at least less wheat sown in 1859 than in 1858. This year's wheat is calculated to cover 469,642 acres, that is about 5,000 acres more than last, and 7,700 less than in 1858. It is difficult to assign a reason for this serious variation, but it is evident that the wheat crop cannot be considered the safest or most profitable one by the farmers, or we should find it at all events occupying the same proportion of land as heretofore. In the oats crop, too, there is a decrease. This has been the case since 1856, when the breadth of land under this cereal was nearly 40,000 acres more than it is now. In barley, rye, peas and beans, there is likewise some decrease; but none worthy of special remark. The entire decline in cereal crops, as compared with those of last year, is computed at 15,225 acres. This is, however, no very large variation from last year's returns, but when contrasted with those of 1858, the falling off is so very large that were it to continue in the same ratio during any succession of years, the agricultural resources of the country would be materially deteriorated. It is more easy to account for the gradual decline in potato planting. The blight has continued to make serious inroads in the crop since it first committed such ruinous havoc in it; and the farmer, therefore, feeling less confidence in it, year after year, and considering the risk too great, has turned his attention to other green crops, the cultivation of which in Ireland has increased considerably of late years—the potato will nevertheless always be largely planted in this country as long as the decrease, to which it has now been subjected for several years, leaves two-thirds of the growth unimpaired. Turnips, which are also a precarious crop, have fallen off likewise during the last four years, whilst the culture of flax has increased about 25 per cent. during that period, and grass and clover exhibit an increase of about 157,000 acres, which will amply compensate the farmer for the deficiencies of last year, and the yield would necessarily have been greater still had not the wet weather militated considerably against it. However, with regard to the greater portion of the crops classified in the Registrar's returns, much will depend on the state of the weather during the remainder of the present and the beginning of the present month. Should it be tolerably seasonable, there will, in all probability, be an average crop, and as from various causes agricultural produce of every kind has run to a price sufficiently high, farmers will, I trust, be able to meet their engagements this year with tolerable ease, and lay something by for the future. We have not yet noticed Mr. Donnelly's returns of stock, which, we regret to find, exhibits a very heavy falling off of each kind, the value being one million and a half less than last year. The Registrar attributes this decline to the inordinate price of fodder during a portion of the year. The actual effect, however, appears to us to exceed the alleged cause, as the price of all kinds of fresh meat rose with the price of fodder, and the farmer was thus compensated, besides receiving an enormous price for whatever fodder he could sell. We have no doubt, however, that the excessive price and great scarcity of fodder compelled numerous small farmers to reduce the number of their stock. As regards horses, the cause assigned by the Registrar no doubt holds good. Turning from this series of calculations regarding the agricultural interests of the country during the present year, as contrasted with the last, we come with a saddened heart to the emigration returns. And here, alas! we find the decrease in our population going on as rapidly as ever. From the commencement of the year up to the close of Aug., a period of only eight months, more than sixty-two thousand emigrants have bidden farewell in two cases for ever to the land of their birth. From Leicester, 10,124; from Munster, 20,639; from Ulster, 19,646; and from Connaught, 6,890. The returns given show further, that during the last ten years one million one hundred and forty thousand nine hundred and eighty-two emigrants have left Ireland. This continual outstreaming of the population is becoming more alarming than ever. How are these losses

of the bone and sinew of the land to be repaired, if year after year at least 100,000 of our people leave us never to return? It is useless to attribute this immense tide of emigration to the famine years, the rash has been fully as great since, and it is continuing still with the same rapidity, though comparative plenty and prosperity have prevailed during the whole of the period embraced in the emigration returns. It seems like the action of the law of attraction and repulsion—Ireland repelling and America and the Australasian continent attracting our countrymen to their shores.—Dublin Telegraph.

THE POTATO CROP.—The reports of the condition of the potato are not improving. A Limerick paper says that the accounts from every district are disheartening. The price per stone was nearly doubled on Saturday. This however, is not the worst sign, for when the blight is ascertained to have really set in prices generally fall, holders being anxious to get rid of their stocks upon any terms. As yet, therefore, people will be slow to believe that "the disease is as universal as in the year 1846-7." Another account from the same quarter says:—"The accounts from the potato fields increase in their alarming character. The description given of the crop in all quarters is that it is fast going; an eight of the quantity sown, it is thought, will scarcely be realized; the market value of the article to-day will best show the apprehension as to its scarcity, 11d. per stone being the price paid. With reference to the potato crop, there is some consolation in the fact that the early intimation which has been given of its failure will enable provision to be made from elsewhere to meet the deficiency. The extensive failure in potatoes this year ought to act as a warning upon farmers, not lightly to be treated, of the folly of their trusting to such an extent to the successful growth of so precarious an esculent. If it should please Providence to permit the continuance of a fortnight's fine weather, it is generally thought that such a quantity of cereal produce will be saved as to secure what is termed an average harvest return." In connection with the expected deficiency in the staple food of the people, it is stated that the Commissioners of the Poor Law Board have sent circulars to the different boards of guardians throughout the county of Westmeath, requesting them (the guardians) to report on the state of the above crop in the various electoral divisions which they represent, stating the progress, or otherwise, of disease, and the probable loss per cent. likely to be sustained.

THE NEW POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Ulster, second of the new steamers built for the mail service between Dublin and Holyhead, is now lying in Kings-town harbour, and was visited by crowds of sight-seers yesterday. She made the run from Liverpool in six hours and 20 minutes—the shortest passage on record. All parties agree in representing the Ulster as one of the finest boats ever built—in fact, perfectly faultless as a piece of naval architecture. The Connaught, the third of the new liners, is expected in harbour to-morrow, and there is every reason to believe that the celebrated communication between the two countries will be commenced on the 1st of October next.

THE DEFENCES.—Extensive works are now in progress at different parts of the old Castle of Carrickfergus, batteries being proposed to mount six Lancaster guns. The masonry of this fortress is of great strength, and when the guns are in position the whole of Belfast Lough will be effectually commanded. A local paper remarks that Lancaster guns, properly served, ought to be able to sink any ship of war that might attempt to pass up the Lough.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER THE EARL OF LEITRIM.—The Evening Mail publishes a despatch, dated Mohill, September 15, announcing an attempt to murder Lord Leitrim—"The inhabitants of this town were thrown into a fearful state of excitement this afternoon by a determined attempt to assassinate the Lord Leitrim. About 2 o'clock, as Lord Leitrim was returning from presiding at a meeting of the board of guardians, and while passing the shop of a man named Murphy, he was fired at, the charge consisting of three balls, which narrowly missed his Lordship. It happened that two policemen were in the neighbourhood at the time, who having observed a puff of smoke issuing from the shop door, entered and found Murphy standing in the front of the shop, holding in his hand a gun which had evidently been discharged only a moment before. It appears that a few days previously Murphy had sent a written challenge to Lord Leitrim, and this circumstance, coupled with the fact of his making the attempt in a public street and at an hour of the day when detection must have been inevitable, leads to the suspicion that the unfortunate man labours under aberration of mind."

IRISH INTERESTS AND IRISH M.P.'S.—A fearful responsibility attaches to the scandalous neglect of Catholic interests by our Irish Catholic representatives. By Catholic "interests" here, we mean the salvation of the souls of Catholics, both children and adults. In the Navy, in the Prisons, and the Workhouses of England, there are thousands of Catholics who are debased from the exercise of their religion even from its all-saving consolations and remedies on their beds of death. There are thousands of children of Catholic parents, educated, in the open daylight, and with the sanction of British law, or with its culpable connivance, in the Protestant creed. Of those thousands of all ages and sexes, a great, if not the greater portion, is either directly Irish or of Irish extraction. In evidence of these startling assertions we refer our readers to the "Workhouse Papers" by the Committee of the English Catholics—to the "Catholic in the Workhouse," as published by Charles A. Russell—to an article in the Dublin Review of this quarter, "The English Poor Law and the Catholic Poor;" and above all, to the "Letters of E. Ryley, of the Tablet." There is a wholesale system of perversion and persecution going on under the very noses of those Catholic Members of Parliament who owe their seats to Catholic constituencies; who have the power even in one short session to remedy all those damning grievances, and yet who close their ears lest the cries of the angels who weep over the loss of so many souls, or the headish yell of the triumphant demons who drag them down with them should disturb their placidity. Verily, a great retribution is in store for all who have a share in this fearful tragedy. Need we turn attention to the mixed system of education in our own country—which is nothing else but a machine for the manufacture of infidelity. Truly are the hearts of men hardened—and, above all, the hearts of Irish Catholic representatives, and these of their constituents.—Tum Herald.

THE ITALIAN FELDSTREIFEN.—All honor to the brave band of heroes who, like the Spartans under Leonidas at Thermopylae, have met the piratical and sacrilegious hordes in their attack on the Holy See, and have given them one check at least in their iniquitous career. The Sardinians issued their fulminations against the preservers of order, and the defenders of the Pope's legitimate sovereignty in his own dominions, and raise the cry of "murder" against them. But was it not murder when they caused the Sicilian clergy and the police to be massacred? Victor Emmanuel, with pharisaical vanity, extols their own virtues, while he speaks with scorn of those whom he designates as foreigners. He will give liberty to the Italians to say what they like, to blaspheme or violate the commands of God if they think fit. They may, for the present at least, act as they please. He himself sets them an example of the grossest licence and injustice, by seizing upon the Pope's dominions, the property of the Church, and everything he can lay his sacrilegious hands upon. In a word, Victor Emmanuel promises to make independent gentlemen of the entire Italian people by allowing them to pillage and plunder what is neither his nor theirs, instead of earning their bread, as Heaven ordained it, in "the sweat of their brow." He boasts that he is an Italian; but he is

no more a native of the States of the Church than Lamorieiere, or any of those who belong to his brave little army. He objects to foreigners being enrolled in the Pontifical army, but he had no such scruples when he engaged Louis Napoleon to aid him in his unprovoked attack on Austria in the late war. Elizabeth of England, Cromwell, and William of Orange promised liberty and Heaven knows what besides, to the English people; but he never hinted at the nine hundred thousand millions sterling to which the national Debt now amounts, and the crime, vice, and misery prevalent amongst so many thousands of the people. Robespierre, too, promised liberty to the French, but he gave them the guillotine, and all the anarchy and irreligion, the horrors and the massacres of the revolution. The end of the Italian movement will be the spread of infidelity and irreligion; but it is useless to think that men can be happy without religion. Religion requires them to curb their passions; it enjoins temperance and frugality; but those who neglect it and give free scope to their proclivities are slaves to them, and the very reverse of freemen in all things. Victor Emmanuel promises to give liberty to the Italians, and Gaetano Vasa promised the same thing to the Delecarlians; yet when he reached the pinnacle of his ambition, he overthrew the popular ladder by which he had attained it. With unparalleled perfidy and ingratitude he made the monarchy, which had till then been elective, hereditary in his own family; degraded the clergy who had given him their support, deprived his subjects of liberty of conscience in religious matters, proscribed the religion of his country; and when the people rose against his usurpations and oppressions, he crushed them with the sword, and ruled them most tyrannically. Can the Italians expect to be better treated, when they consider the means which the idol of the hour, the usurper of other men's rights, has employed to gain his ambitious ends?—Dublin Telegraph.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Rumors are current in the City to the effect that the Government have received important intelligence from China, unhappily of an unsatisfactory character, inasmuch as it is said to consist of accounts of reverses sustained by the Allied forces in an attack upon some of the Chinese strongholds.—Up to the moment of going to press we have no confirmation of these rumors; nevertheless an uneasy feeling prevails on the subject, and an official announcement is anxiously looked for.—Weekly Register.

It is stated in a morning paper of Friday, Sept. 21, that a portion of the Anglo-Garibaldi Volunteers, who left London early in the week, have already shown the white feather. On the arrival of the vessel at Deal, a number of these "expeditionists" seized the opportunity of leaving the vessel and returning to their homes.—ib.

The Scotch papers are complaining of the Duke of Newcastle for encouraging "loose behaviour" in the Prince of Wales. Our readers need not be alarmed—the profligacy complained of is that His Royal Highness took a sail at New Brunswick and a drive at Quebec on "the Sabbath." Scotch Puritanism claims to be the infallible guide of the whole world.—ib.

PROSELYTISM IN PARTHY.—On Tuesday evening a lecture on the Partry Proselytism and persecution was delivered in Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street, by the Rev. Patrick Lavelle, of Partry. There was a large attendance. The Very Rev. Dr. Roskell occupied the chair, and in introducing the lecturer briefly adverted to the persecution endured by the Irish Roman Catholics for a long time past. Mr. Lavelle, on coming forward, was received with much cheering, and was repeatedly applauded throughout his discourse. Having made some introductory remarks as to the object of his visit to Liverpool, &c., he said he stood upon that platform as the advocate of religious toleration, and he believed there was not a man present who would say that he had no right to come forward in that character. He then proceeded to notice his connection with the parish of Partry, which commenced on the 10th of October, 1858, when he confessed, his heart never sank so low as it did on that day, for on entering the church he found that the people were few indeed who went there to worship the Lord God of Hosts. He detailed some of the persecutions suffered by the Roman Catholics of Partry, which was a portion of the estates of the Right Hon. Lord Plunket, a Protestant bishop—efforts to force his tenants and their children to attend his Protestant church and schools, and the evictions consequent upon their refusal, &c. The success of the lecturer's exertions in the parish was the next topic of remark. When he first went to the parish there was scarcely a child that did not attend Lord Plunket's schools, and before two months had passed 500 Catholic children were attending his (the lecturer's) school. He also read extracts from a printed pamphlet containing an abstract of certain evidence taken with respect to the alleged efforts of the Plunket family to proselytise the people of their estates, showing that every possible effort had been made to induce them to forsake the ancient faith of their fathers and embrace Protestantism, those efforts being happily, as he said, quite unsuccessful in the majority of cases, though some of the poor people were compelled, through fear of being turned off their land, to appear to acquiesce in the request of their landlord and his daughters. The lecturer said they heard a great deal about England as the boasted land of freedom, and of the liberty of conscience which every man enjoys here; and he asked from the hands of Englishmen the exercise of the same privileges by the Roman Catholics of Ireland which they themselves enjoyed—he claimed for the people committed to his care the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. Referring to some anticipated or threatened evictions in Partry parish in November next, Mr. Lavelle said if Lord Plunket did strike the blow then, or attempted it, it would be the darkest day for the landlords of Ireland that had ever occurred. In conclusion, the lecturer enumerated the expenses he had incurred in erecting the schools, &c., at Partry, and appealed to the meeting for their sympathy and practical support.—Liverpool Mercury.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.—The son of Mr. Bradbury, of the eminent firm of Bradbury & Evans, of London, printers, and proprietors of Punch and other well known publications, has recently committed suicide in a remarkable manner. He went to Cremorne Gardens and spent the evening in that celebrated place. Towards the close of the entertainment, he procured silver for a tea pound note, and going to the front of the dancing platform, scattered it amongst the crowd. He then called for a glass of grog, and having emptied into it a phial of prussic acid, drank a speech, proposed the health of the company, drank off his glass, and alas! fell dead in the midst of that scene of wild riot and confusion. He was a young man of great ability and promise, and very recently was presented with a gold watch by the Emperor of the French, in acknowledgement of the value of an improvement he had made in printing. It is lamentable to see a valuable life thus recklessly cast away.

COLONIAL GOVERNORS IN CHURCH AND STATE.—A return has been made which shows that our colonies have 46 governors and 36 bishops. They are distributed thus:—in North America we have 7 governors and 9 bishops; in the West Indies, 17 governors and 5 bishops; in the Australasian colonies and New Zealand, 7 governors and 12 bishops; in Africa and Mediterranean possessions, 9 governors and 6 bishops; and in Eastern colonies, Falkland Islands, and Heligoland, 6 governors and 4 bishops. There are 5 bishops in New Zealand, a greater number than in India—which country and the Ionian Islands are not included in this and other returns relating to "colonies." The salaries of the governors of our colonies amount together to about £130,000. Among

them Victoria is the golden governorship; the salary is £10,000 a-year. The governors of Canada, New South Wales, and Ceylon, have £7,000 a year; of the Mauritius, £6,000; of Jamaica, the Cape, Hongkong, and Gibraltar, £5,000; the other salaries are lower and shade down to £500. The incomes of the bishops are much less than named; the highest is that of the Bishop of Barbadoes, £2,500 a-year. Their incomes are almost all provided either from colonial funds or the interest of many voluntarily contributed in this country and placed at the service of the Church for this purpose; but seven—the Bishops of Quebec, Newfoundland, Jamaica, Kingston, Barbadoes, Antigua, and Guiana—have annual grants from the Imperial Exchequer.—Times.

GARIBALDI.—PLYMOUTH, Wednesday.—The screw steamship Melazzo, Captain Goldsmid, which left Gravesend on Sunday for Naples, experienced strong westerly and south-westerly gales in the Channel, and put into this port for coal and water yesterday evening. She has on board 250 "excursionists" for service in Italy, who are commanded by Captain Boyle Minchin, and in medical charge of Mr. W. H. Embing, surgeon. The other officers are Captains Laurence and Hoskings; Lieutenants Alfred, Styles, L'Estrange, Harding, and Edinburgh; Assistant-Surgeon Thorn; and Bosigns Davidson, Edwards, Hayworth, and Roberts. Captain Goldsmid, on arrival at Naples, joins Garibaldi's navy, and passes the charge of the Melazzo into the hands of his chief officer, who brings her back to England.

AN "OPEN BIBLE."—The frequency of red-handed crime in England is one of the great, ugly facts of the day. It startles, shames, and puzzles English society. It has silenced the self-satisfied tone with which we were wont to sum up the multitude of the transgressions of our neighbours. Whether we will or no we must turn our eyes inward—we must face the fact that we are conspicuous this day among the nations, not alone for our wealth, for our commerce, for all the appliances of a prosperous material civilization, but also for the frequency of the worst crimes which stain the fair countenance of humanity. Nor is the quick recurrence of crime the most portentous circumstance. There are peculiar features in the case which, more than this, cause the attentive inquirer to shudder and look grave. In the criminal history of societies it is by no means uncommon to find at given times certain offences cropping up in plenty. Particular circumstances and states of society are fruitful of particular offences. Poverty furnishes a large contingent to the array of crime. Ireland has been marked by the existence of agrarian crime, but then its very name connected it, as with its cause, with the state of the land laws. Rome, too, had its agrarian crime, and its agrarian code. Again in times of discontent, partly social and partly political, the popular feeling makes for itself dark and serious channels in the empire of rude and lawless combinations of men, generally leading to crimes of blood. Italy and Ireland are not the only countries which have felt the ill-springing from secret societies. But with England at the present day the case is different from all these, and the crimes are different. Therein lies the very heart of the danger. It reveals a state of morals low indeed—it discloses the awful fact that the meanest promptings of avarice are often sufficient to outweigh love of wife, of mother, of child, and to induce the use of the subtlest means of death which perverted ingenuity has placed at man's disposal—poison, or to prompt to murder by means less subtle but more brutal still. The recent tragedies of Road, of Liverpool, of Stepey, and that for which Youngman has died on the scaffold, spread over a series of years, would be a foul blot on the character of any people; but pressed close together, within a few weeks, with others less revolting in their circumstances, but equally fatal in their results upon human life, they bewilder and appal. We are usually disposed to think that in England we have existing in full working order those great agents considered calculated to keep down crime.—Here is a great educational system which, albeit failing to reach many many thousands of the people, is yet widespread in its operation. Here, too, is a mighty religious establishment, calling itself the Church of the people, and assuming to minister to the religious wants and to care for the moral culture of the people, supported by great money resources, and maintained as part of the law of the land.—Moreover, England is this day thriving; labour is well paid for; the per centage of pauperism is small; there is little or no class-against-class discontent—all seem to go on pleasantly and harmoniously. There seem, in fine, to be co-existent all the conditions of physical and moral well-being. Yet it is just now that crimes are plentiful—crimes of the deepest dye—crimes not springing from want, nor from heat of blood, but nurtured in the most systematic way, and perpetrated to gratify the weakest suggestions of avarice or of deliberate hate. There is something rotten somewhere. All this show of respectability, moral propriety, all this religious apparatus, all this educational splutter, the spread of enlightenment, knowledge, and so forth, the schoolmaster at home and abroad, and all the rest of it, have not been able to make our country fairly passable in a moral point of view even compared with our (as it seems to us) less favourably circumstanced neighbors.—Weekly Register.

THE TIMES ON ORANGISM.—Exclusive pretensions to any special virtue invite suspicion, and ought to be rigorously tested. They are very apt to mask narrow and selfish passions altogether different in kind from the interests which they affect to represent. Not long ago an almost servile veneration for episcopal authority was a pet idea with a small section of the Church of England, but no sooner did it appear that the majority of the Bench were opposed to extreme views than the language of adulation was exchanged for that of mutiny, and the highest authorities of our Church were addressed by fanatical Churchmen in terms which Dissenters would have scrupled to use. The letter which we publish this evening from our Special Correspondent in Canada records a striking illustration of the same principle. Orangemen, we all know, claim a kind of monopoly of loyalty. All the inhabitants of Great Britain and most Irishmen are loyal, but our tame and homely loyalty differs from Orange loyalty as small beer does from champagne. The ordinary loyal sentiment, deep as it is, can bear to wait for suitable occasions of manifesting itself; the Irish variety, in season and out of season, is effervescent, demonstrative and impetuous. It is refined by antagonism into a piquancy peculiarly its own, and while it loves to appeal to the eye as well as the ear it not unfrequently refuses to be denied till it has broken some one's head. This is the type of loyalty which has propagated itself in Upper Canada. Next to its consummate impudence, the leading feature of the whole transaction is its elaborate unreasonableness. The common decencies of hospitality are violated by the attempt to force on a guest what he is known to dislike. But even Orangemen might have appreciated the peculiar motives which should have deterred them from imposing such conditions on the son of their Sovereign. "What," asks the Duke of Newcastle, in his farewell letter to the Mayor of Kingston, "was the sacrifice I asked the Orangemen to make? Merely to abstain from displaying in the presence of a young Prince 19 years of age, the heir to a sceptre which rules over millions of every form of Christianity, symbols of religious and political organization which are notoriously distasteful to the members of another creed, and which in one quarter of the empire have repeatedly produced not only discord and heartburning, but riot and bloodshed." If the "processionists" could not understand so comprehensive an argument as this, they must have seen that the Prince could not at the last moment stultify the declarations of the Secretary for the Colonies and the Governor-General of Canada. They cannot have been ignorant that reasons of state must govern a Prince's movements, and that even had he been himself an Orangeman at heart, the delicacy of his position must have

prevented his avowing it ostentatiously. Knowing all this, they greedily seized the opportunity of showing off their awkward bigotry before two continents, and of earning the hearty contempt of every one of common sense in England or America.

A HINT TO SIGHTSEERS.—Mr. Cole, who superintends the South Kensington Museum, made a curious statement in the course of his evidence recently before the British Museum Committee. "We find," he said, "that the mere exhibition of pictures to great multitudes exposes them to accidents which would hardly be dreamed of. The public sneeze upon the pictures, and the saliva runs down and positively eats away the surface of them. One of the most valuable of Mr. Mulready's pictures was covered with the coughings and sneezings of the public looking close at the picture, and laughing in the presence of it. We have great difficulty in preventing them expressing the emotions they feel in looking at a picture, and they will touch it; they say, 'Look at that expression!' and the consequence is that they scrape off a little bit of the pigment. We have come to the conclusion that pictures within reach must be put under glass. We have already the experience that glass keeps pictures much cleaner. We all know, that though the public is gradually becoming very well behaved, and is well behaved, still they very much like to touch things. We had a little bit of sculpture, a Mother and Baby, and the baby excited the interest of all the mothers that came to the Museum; they were always measuring their babies by the side of it, and touching it, till it became quite grubby. It happened to be only a cast, but precautions must be taken to prevent things being damaged."

UNITED STATES.

STEAMSHIP "CONNAUGHT" BURNED.—The Connaught sprung a leak on Saturday, and took fire on Sunday morning, about 140 miles from Boston Light. It is reported that all the passengers and crew were saved by the brig "Miami Schiller." She had 50 cabin and 417 steerage passengers; and a crew of 124. All were saved. The passengers saved nothing except the clothes in which they stood.

THE PRINCE AT WASHINGTON.—Without accident the royal party reached Washington about four o'clock. A crowd of thousands of persons, preserving the most excellent order, received him at the depot with the heartiest cheers which he has received in this country. A railing was erected around the entrance to the car, and none but officials—not even reporters—were admitted inside. Gen. Cass, the Secretary of State, accompanied James Buchanan and James Buchanan Henry, the nephews of the President, received the Prince at the car. In a brief speech Secretary Cass expressed the delight and pleasure which it afforded him personally, and as the representative of the President, to welcome the Prince of Wales to Washington. The Prince replied by bowing and extending his hand. The Duke of Newcastle and the Prince's suite were then introduced. The Prince and party then entered the President's carriages, and were driven directly to the White House. At first the carriages had some difficulty in passing through the crowd, but a lane was opened and they were quickly cleared. During the ride the Prince attentively observed the city, and looked with much apparent interest at the public buildings pointed out by Gen. Cass. At the White House the royal party were introduced to the President by Secretary Cass, and then by the President to Miss Lane. Five of the suite, including the Duke of Newcastle and Earl St. Germain, remain there. The rest will be the guests of Lord Lyons. The introduction was purely informal, the President receiving the Prince as a private gentleman. At six o'clock a grand dinner was given by the President, at which the members of the Cabinet and their ladies, Lord Lyons and his Secretary of Legation, Mrs. Senator Sedell, and several other lady friends of the President, were present, the whole company numbering about twenty. The table was most elegantly decorated. In the centre, upon a large golden tray, were seven richly ornamented golden vases, the extreme vases being in flutings and the sides of the tray of lattice work. These were filled with beautiful artificial flowers and grasses. Around these were bouquets of natural flowers in splendid vases, and the appearance of the table, with these decorations and its rich service, was superb. The Prince sat on the right of Miss Lane, at the side of the table and opposite the President, at whose right sat the Duke of Newcastle. All the diplomatic corps are in town and will be present at the dinner to-morrow. Tomorrow evening a beautiful display of fireworks will be given. The White House and grounds have been put in the most perfect order and look most magnificently. During the Prince's visit no person will be allowed inside the enclosure about the building, as it is the President's desire to have the party exposed as little as possible to curious and annoying inspection. Too much importance cannot be attached to this visit, and the American public may congratulate itself that everything here has been conducted with a dignity and decorum not unworthy the first European courts, but with a simplicity and absence of parade truly republican. There is no ball. Washington is not at all, in striking contrast to its appearance during the visit of the Japanese Prince.—N. Y. Herald.

THE LARGEST LIBERTY IN EDUCATION.—In defending a teacher in one of the public schools for conduct which created a difficulty between him and the father of one of his pupils, a Cincinnati paper exposes one of the beauties of our glorious State School system. The School Board has decided that parents cannot at pleasure keep their children from school, but must furnish the teacher with the reason why they do so that he may judge of its fitness. Thus, for example, Johnny Smith's shoes are worn out, and his father will not be able to get him a new pair until his pay comes in on Saturday night. Mr. Smith must not presume to write to the teacher, "I wish to keep Johnny at home until next Monday," but must say, "Johnny's shoes are worn out, and I will not be able to get him another pair this week. If you judge this as a sufficient reason please excuse him." Or, again, little Emma makes a misstep and falls into the gutter, in the morning. The poor child has no other dress fit to wear, but must stay and have that one washed, dried and ironed. The mother may send her in the afternoon, but must not say in her note, "It has been by my directions that Emma stayed from school this morning," but "Emma fell this morning, soiled her only dress, and was consequently obliged to sit on chaises while it was being washed, dried and ironed. Please excuse her." Another might have to be of this form:—"Little Peter's father came home from a political meeting intoxicated and struck him so as to disfigure his face. I would be ashamed to send him to school to-day—please excuse him." Another: "Jane was not at school this morning because Mr. Smith quarrelled with me about spending so much on her dress, and spoke so rudely as to provoke me into saying that I did not care whether she ever had another stitch, whereupon he locked the wardrobe and went out, and she could not get her gown and hat." And so the schoolmaster as agent of the State has a right to exact excuses of the domestic concerns of every family. He must do so in order to see that fathers and mothers do not misgovern their children. He must have a list of each man's goods and chattels, a statement of his health, gains, personal habits, and prospects, an inventory of the wearing apparel in his bureau drawers, or he cannot fulfil his obligation of compelling parents to be discreet in their family relations. Truly we Americans are overwhelmed with blessings. We are the only free people on earth.—What a blessed privilege to have some one always ready to remind the father and mother of parental duty and correct their shortcomings! How glorious a liberty that of telling all our private concerns to a schoolmaster, to say nothing of gossiping with him about the neighbors! How inestimable the blessing of paying liberal taxes to support these overseers of

our family matters, to build great houses, and buy trashy books for nobody to read! In Naples and Rome the exercise of such authority by the government would be espionage and tyranny; but with us (and here let us pause and be thankful) it is the largest liberty, because the majority has willed it. This assumption of authority over parents is of a piece with the State School system. "Children are the property of the State"—(unless colored, whom it is a crime to call property.) The State therefore must see that they are properly trained. We are a logical people. One thing however remains before our consistency is complete, and it should be looked to once. Let the State take care of its own. Let the State buy flour, meal, vegetables, tea and coffee, spoons, knives and forks, plates and dishes, shoes and stockings, trousers and jackets for all the children. Let the state sit up with them in nights when they are sick, soothe them when they are fruitful, furnish them with their candy, apples green corn and castor oil. This will give soundness to the system and make the State the owner of the children in the full and entire sense of the word. Give the system full swing, and let us see all about it.—Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.

SENTENCE FOR THE MURDER OF A SLAVE ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.—The Petersburg (Va.) Express announces that Charles Hudson, upwards of sixty years of age, has been convicted of murder in the second degree, believing killed his slave woman June, on the Fourth of July last. The jury fixed his sentence at eighteen years in the Penitentiary. The Express says: "The evidence in the case was, that on the morning of the 4th of July last, at eight o'clock, one of the hottest days of the past summer Hudson stripped the woman naked as when she came into the world, tied her to a persimmon tree, and whipped her for three consecutive hours with occasional intermissions of a few minutes, until he had worn out to stumps fifty-two switches, and that the bark on the body of the tree was rubbed smooth and greasy by the attrition of the body of the victim. The ground around the tree for seven or eight feet, though it had been freshly ploughed, was trodden hard. One witness testified that he heard at the distance of six hundred yards, the noise of the switch and the screams and cries of the woman. The poor creature was carried the same afternoon only some ten inches beneath the ground, in a rough box, without any shroud."

What has made the Ulster Protestants the sanguinary people they are, is a question often asked. It is not difficult to solve it. They have no true Irish blood in their veins: they are pure Scotch and English Protestants in everything but the place of birth, which they have had to do of right belong to them. Here is the whole answer; it is a triple one: it shows them to be the robbers of Irish Catholic property, to be aliens to the Irish race, and to be inimical to them in religion—three causes sufficient to make any breast a bloody one. The first cause, or difference in race, has always shown itself to be unpropitiated with pure honour wherever it came into collision with its natural foe. It is true that between the various races of men there is a great deal of hatred. The powerful races always, not only oppress, but exterminate the weaker races, if they can. The English and Scotch took the diabolical temper with them to Ireland. From the moment of their arrival there to the present, they have been endeavouring to stretch out of existence everything Celtic in the land. The second cause, or robbery is worse still. Robbers always destroy their victims, when they have their power. They invariably make their lower goods far as possible. If the Orangemen in Ireland have not kept their oath of wading knee deep in Catholic blood, it is because they have not been able to still it. They lack only the arm not the desire. But the third cause, or religious animosity, is the worst of all—especially in this instance, for the animosity at issue is the insatiable of Protestantism, the most dire protestant that ever influenced the consciences of men. Religious intolerance, when the religion is true, is bad; when the religion is notoriously false, and by whom and against a protesting one, nothing but the direct hand of God can prevent it from making men to be fiends. When such a religion is connected with hatred of race and robbery, it is in its proper company. It is the three together that have made the Orangemen what they are—a most sanguinary race of men. Much has been said about a union between the "Orange and Green." The thing is impossible. The robbed and the murdered, the robbers and murderers, can never be united. Neither can the true faith and the false one. The difference in race might be forgotten, but there can be union while the other two facts remain. There are Orange societies in the United States. The Protestant Association of America, inaugurated in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, is an Orange body. Let us hope for a universal reformation, for a large amount of bad blood is in its veins.—Boston Pilot.

THE PRINCE AND ARTHUR WARD.—ARTHUR WARD, the showman, the man of many experiences and unlimited humour, has seen the Prince. The interview between these distinguished persons is supposed to have taken place at Sarnia, and A. Ward, Esq., tells his story as follows:—

"He handed me a cigar and we sat down on the Pizzaro and commenced smokin' rite cheerful. "Well," sez I, "Albert Edward, how's the old folks?" "Her Majesty and the Prince are well?" he said. "Duz the old man take his Langer reglar?" I enquired. The Prince letted and enintimated that the old man didn't let many keys of that hevdige epile in the collar in the course of a year. We sat & talked there some time about matters & things, & bimely I axed him how he liked bein a Prince as far as heed got. "To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sez, "I don't like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin and crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go threw the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, & not be made a show of to be gazed at by everybody. When the people cheer me I feel pleased, for I know they mean it, but if these one hoss offshuls could know how I see threw all their moves and understand exactly what they air after, & knowed how I laff at them in private, they'd stop kissin my hands and fawnin over me as they now do. But you know, Mister Ward, I can't help bein a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself for the perishin I must sum times ockey." "That's troo," sez I, "sickness and the doctors will carry the Queen off one of these dese sure's year born." The time bevin arrove fur me to take my departer I rose up and sez:—"Albert Edward, I must go, but please to doin so—I will observe that you scoot me. Yure a good feller, Albert Edward, & the Ine agin Princes as a general thing, I must say I like the out of yure Gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as yure mother has bin. Be just & be Jesusus, especially to showmen, who hev allers bin abozed sins the days of Noah, who was the first man to go into the Menegery business, & of the daily papers of his time air to be believed, Noah's collockahen of livin wild beests beet anything ever seen since, tho I make bold to doze of his snuiks was ahead of mine. Albert Edward, adoo!" I tuk his hand which he shook warmly, and givin him a perpetoal free para to my show, & also preses to take home for the Queen & old Albert, I put on my hat & walkt away. "Mrs. Ward," I soliloquized, as I walkt along, "Mrs. Ward, of you could see yure husband now, just as he proudly emerges from the presents of the futur King of England, you'd be sorry you kalled him a Beest-just because he cum home tired & nite and would be sorry to be bed without takin off his boots. Would be sorry of trying to deprive to yure husband of the priceless Boon of liberty, Betsy Jane!"

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 12, 1860.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The mails from Europe bear tidings of chequered fortunes in Italy. On the one hand we have to deplore the capture of Ancona with General Lamoriciere, and its gallant garrison. On the other hand, we have cause for rejoicing in a serious defeat of Garibaldi near Capua, with the loss of some 500 killed and wounded, and 200 prisoners; and in the daily increasing animosities between Garibaldi, who would revolutionise on his own account—and the partisans of Victor Emmanuel who desire to reap where Garibaldi has sown. The latter has completely thrown himself into the arms of the Mazzinians who are ultra-demagogues, and his career seems destined to those most disastrously for himself and most ignominiously. With great qualifications as a leader of filibusters, impetuous courage, dogged perseverance, and a good military eye, he is evidently destitute of the talents of an organizer. The storm that he has raised he can neither quell nor direct, and in his own person, he will not give another instance of how much easier a thing it is to evoke the winds, than to compress them again within their cavern.

The Pope has called on France to arrest the progress of the Sardinian troops within his territories, and declared his design, should France remain idle, to abandon Rome. Additional troops have already been ordered to the Eternal City, and the French advanced posts have been pushed two miles beyond the walls. The King of Naples with the remnant of his troops, some 50,000, it is said, is determined to show fight; he has inflicted well merited punishment upon a General Sforza, one of his treacherous and cowardly officers. Lord John Russell has given a warning to Sardinia not to hazard an attack upon Venetia. The weather in the British Islands was at last dates, unfavorable for harvesting operations, and breadstuffs were again slightly checked to advance in price.

The fine steamer *Connaught*, Capt. Leitch, with a crew of 124 men, and some 470 passengers, was destroyed by fire on the 6th instant, when about 150 miles East of Boston. Owing to the skill, courage, and perseverance of the commanding officer, all hands were saved.

A great Orange meeting was held at Toronto on Friday last, at which Gowan, J.H. Cameron, and the turkey of Toronto jail cut a prominent figure, and evacuated a vast amount of rapid nonsense. Having succeeded in making themselves odious to all loyal British subjects, the Orangemen of Upper Canada are now bent upon making themselves as ludicrous as possible.

NEW POLITICAL COMBINATIONS.—The *Globe* is doing a little business in the prophetic line.—Looming in the future he sees a great Protestant coalition against the Papists of the Lower Province. "We venture to state our belief," says the inspired Brown, seated on the three-legged stool of the *Globe* office—"that the chances of a coalition of English against French, of Protestant against Catholic, and therefore of an Upper Canada, instead of a Lower Canada domination for the next parliamentary term, are quite equal to those of any other coalition."

To give even George Brown his due, we should add that he deprecates any such a coalition; and that while perseveringly blowing the embers of strife, national and religious, he professes an ardent longing "to put an end to the dangerous antagonisms of race, religion and locality" which now distract the body politic.—Nothing can be more liberal, more beautiful, than the *Globe's* sentiments, only unfortunately he will not carry them out into practice. "We contend for equal rights for all," says our Clear-Grit cotemporary; "we ask nothing for Upper Canada that we are not willing to give to Lower Canada," exclaims this new apostle of peace and good will. Unfortunately for the *Globe's* entire policy belies every one of its professions; and whilst clamoring for "equal rights" for all, it still means to assert the odious principle of Protestant Ascendancy.

"We ask nothing for Upper Canada that we are not willing to give to Lower Canada."—This is false, Mr. Brown. You and all your party demand for the Protestant majority of the Upper Province the legal right to tax the Catholic minority for school purposes to which the latter are conscientiously opposed; but you are not prepared to admit in the Catholic majority of Lower Canada any such right to impose their will in educational matters upon the Protestant minority of their section of the Province. You claim, and with good reason, separate schools for your co-religionists in Lower Canada; but you are not prepared to accede to the demands of the Catholic minority of the Upper Province for the same privilege, for the enjoyment of the same right to educate their children as they please without interference on the part of the majority. Here is the test which we apply to all your professions of liberality. So long as you avail yourselves of your numbers and political power in the West, to impose a compulsory and odious School system upon the Catholic minority, so long do we know that those professions of liberality are but a snare and a delusion.

Leave education free, and unfettered; recognise and act upon the principle, the only sound principle, that education belongs to the Family and not to the State, apply to the School the same maxims that you apply to the Church, and then, but not till then, will we give you credit for liberality and sincerity in your advocacy of "equal rights" for all.

But this you dare not do. You have risen to power by inflaming the passions of the mob, and by appeals to the passions and no-Popery prejudices of a bigoted and ignorant rabble. You assert for Protestants—being in the immense majority in your section of the Province—the right to tax their Catholic fellow-citizens for the support of schools which—whether rightly or wrongly matters not for our argument—the latter believe to be "dangerous to faith and morals;" you claim for yourselves and your Protestant allies the right to decide how and by whom the children of Catholics shall be educated; you trample under foot their rights as citizens, and as parents responsible to God and to Him alone, for the education of their children; and with malice inveterate in your hearts, but a sickly smile of maudlin plianthropy on your lips, you present yourself before us as the champion of civil and religious freedom. Before we can believe you, or the reality of your repentance, you must retrace your steps, you must swallow all your own words, you must undo all that you and your party of Protestant Reformers have done against our schools and against Freedom of Education; and you must publicly proclaim yourself a convert to the wholesome doctrine, that the State has no right to tax any man for the support of a Church or of a School, of a religious system or an educational system to which he is conscientiously opposed. But this you dare not, cannot do, for by so doing you would break irrevocably and irretrievably with the very political party, with the only political party, to which you are indebted for all your influence. You must be either George Brown, or be nothing; the champion of State-Schoolism *ver* Freedom of Education, or else the baffled foe, prostrate beneath the feet of the despised and long abused "Dogsans."

And herein to the calm on-looker consists one of the most amusing features of the actually existing political complications. George Brown, once the fiery denouncer of "separate schools," is reduced to the most humiliating silence on the School Question, incomparably the most important social and politico-religious question of the day. He dare not now, as formerly, denounce "separate schools," or clamor for the repeal of the clause authorizing their existence; because by so doing he would deprive his *Katholik* friends and supporters of the last miserable shadow of an excuse for their countenance of the enemy of their religion, the scurrilous and obscene reviler of their clergy and religious Sisterhoods. He dare not, on the other hand, declare himself favorable to "separate schools," or betray the slightest disposition to relax in his efforts to impose the accursed and degrading yoke of State-Schoolism upon the Catholic minority, for by so doing he would quickly lose caste with the "Protestant Reformers," and be stript of all political influence. He is therefore constrained to an ignominious silence; he is, as it were, bound over for the time to keep a civil tongue in his head; and most ludicrous is it to watch the manner in which he trims his sails, so as to avoid as long as possible, being taken aback in a squall of popular indignation from one or the other of the two parties on whom he feels that his chances of reaching the long coveted port of a Government situation are dependent. Watch the *Globe* closely, would we say to the readers of that journal whose eyes these lines may chance to meet. Watch and see if it be not as the TRUE WITNESS says; and if it be not true that the *Globe* is now obliged to preserve a most ignominious and dishonest silence on the School Question of Upper Canada.

But especially would we exhort Catholics to note this fact, and to bear in mind that even if George Brown is one whit more favorably disposed to their rights as parents over the education of their children, to-day than he was six years ago, he has as yet given no outward symptoms of that change; and that, as they value their credit for consistency and honesty, as they value the immortal souls of their little ones, and as they fear that great God Who will one day summon them to judgment, so are they bound to treat every enemy of their schools, as the enemy of their Church and their God.

A Catholic of Toronto, who would seem to be grievously tormented by a Protestant, sends us the subjoined communication and requests an explanation:—

To the Editor of the True Witness.

"Sin—I take the liberty of forwarding the enclosed paragraph, taken from page 81 of a Roman work called *Constitutiones Societatis Jesu*, A. D. 1558, published in Latin and English by J. G. Rivington, London, 1838, requesting an explanation in the columns of your journal as soon as convenient.

"The passage has been pointed out to me by a Protestant gentleman in proof of the charges frequently brought against the Order of Jesus, and as a reply to my denial of the principle contained in it being a Catholic one. Relying on your theological experience to clear up the mystery—I remain Sir, &c. Inquirer.

The following is the "enclosed paragraph" referred to:—

"Visum est nobis in Domino, excepto expresso voto quo Societas Summo Pontifici pro tempore existenti tenetur, ac tribus aliis essentialibus—Paupertatis, Castitatis et Obedientie—nullas Constitutiones, vel ordinem ullum vivendi, posse obligationem ad peccatum mortale, vel veniale inducere, nisi Superior ea in nomine Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, vel in virtute sancte obedientie jubere; quod in rebus, vel personis illis, in quibus judicabitur quod ad particularem unius cujusque, vel ad universale bonum multum conveniet, fieri poterit."

With the work published by J. G. Rivington of London we are not acquainted; but we have before our eyes the "*Constitutiones*," pars VI. c. 5, from whence the passage given above is extracted, and which has we believe been frequently cited by ignorant and by malicious persons as an argument in favor of their thesis—that, by the rules of the Jesuits, and at the

command of the Superior, it is lawful to commit mortal sin. This, we have no doubt, is the object with which the passage has been brought by a "Protestant gentleman" under the notice of *Inquirer*; and it is to the refutation of this implied objection against the moral teaching of the Jesuits, and of course of the entire Catholic Church, that we address ourselves.

The misrepresentations of Jesuit teaching proceed we will assume not from malice—for with malice it is in vain to argue—but from ignorance, and from a misconception of the technical meaning of the terms employed by Catholic theologians. Every science has its technical language; the law has its technicalities, and so has theology, and until these have been mastered it is impossible to convey to persons ignorant of the rudiments of law or theology, the meaning of the terms habitually employed without the slightest danger of misconception, by legists and theologians. It is so in this case; and therefore we must define what, in the technical language of Catholic theology is meant by the expression, "*obligationem ad peccatum non inducere*."

All the commandments of God which are of constant and universal force "*inducunt obligationem ad peccatum mortale*," or bind with such an obligation that he who violates any one of them is guilty of mortal sin. So in like manner with the laws of the Church, which prescribe the duties of fasting and of abstinence, of cessation from all servile work, and assisting at Mass on Sundays and other holidays of obligation. He who knowingly and willingly violates any one of these laws is guilty of mortal sin; and in the technical language of theology therefore those laws are such as "*obligationem ad peccatum mortale inducunt*," not because they impose upon any one the obligation or necessity of committing mortal sin, but because the force with which they bind is such that the consequences of mortal sin are necessarily involved in their infraction.

But, on the other hand, there are human laws, rules, and declarations, the breach of which involves necessarily no sin, either mortal or venial; and of these it is said in theology that they are not competent of themselves, "*obligationem ad peccatum mortale vel veniale inducere*." For example. A Catholic enrolls himself a member of some society such as that of St. Vincent de Paul. All these Societies have their rules and regulations which the members are expected to observe; but if it should so happen that these rules are violated or neglected the member guilty of this violation or negligence is not guilty of sin whether mortal or venial, unless he has also transgressed some precept of God or of His Church—because the constitutions, and rules of these voluntary societies, do not superinduce the obligation of mortal sin; "*obligationem peccati non inducunt*."

And this, and this alone, is exactly what is meant by the passage at which *Inquirer's* Protestant friend at Toronto has taken umbrage.—The chapter from which it is extracted is the last of the section, and is—as its heading implies "*Quod Constitutiones peccati obligationem non inducunt*"—intended to define the sense and the extent, in, and to which the previous chapters bind the members of the Society of Jesus. After a preamble to the effect that although it were much to be desired that the Society should in all things strictly adhere to their Constitutions, Declarations and Rules of Living, nevertheless, for the sake of giving security to the conscience of those who, guilty of some breach of those merely temporary human regulations might torment themselves with unnecessary scruples deeming themselves fallen into sin, it is carefully explained, that—with the exception of the vows of obedience to the Pope, of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience—these Constitutions, Declarations and Rules of Living cannot of themselves impose an obligation of such a nature that the guilt of sin, either mortal or venial, would be contracted by him who should violate them; unless in those cases wherein for some special good, the Superior should have seen fit to enjoin their strict observance upon some particular member of the Society. In that case, but in that case only, would the said Constitutions, &c., be able "*obligationem ad peccatum inducere*."

A Jesuit, for instance, should confess once a week according to the rules of his Order; yet, should he only go to confession every tenth day he would not thereby incur the penalty of sin either mortal or venial, unless his Superior had enjoined upon him in particular the duty of adhering to weekly confession. So, too, in many other instances, wherein the breach of a merely human regulation would not, except under the special circumstances indicated above, constitute a sin of any kind; and this because, of themselves—"*Constitutiones peccati obligationem non inducunt*."

We would also refer *Inquirer* to the grammatical construction of the passage for the complete solution of his scruples. According to the English version laid before him by his Protestant friend it runs thus—"That excepting in the express vow by which the Society is bound to the Pope for the time being, and the three other essential vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, no Constitutions, Declarations or any Order of Living, can involve an obligation to sin, mortal or venial, unless the Superior command them (i.e., the *Constitutiones, Declarations, &c.*, aforesaid). For it will be seen that the word "*them*," being in the plural "*ea*," must refer, not to "*peccatum mortale vel veniale*" which is singular, but to the plural "*Constitutiones, Declarations, &c.*" &c. This conclusively disposes of the Protestant objection, which can be of no force unless it be assumed that it is "*mortal or venial sin*" that the Superior has it in his power to enjoin upon or command to his Jesuit brethren.

Our correspondent, if unable to lay his hands upon the original work, *Constitutiones Societatis Jesu*, will also find the obnoxious passage quoted and referred to in "*Rankke's History of the Popes*," vol. 2., under the caption "Progress of the Jesuit Institution." The subjoined is this Protestant writer's comment thereupon in a foot note. We copy from W. Keating Kelly's well known translation, p. 61:—

"*Obligationem ad peccatum mortale vel veniale*," may possibly rather mean the binding force of a constitution, such that he who breaks the latter is guilty of one or the other kind of sin. (The passage thus interpreted would signify—"That no constitution, &c., can force an obligation amounting in its force to the contingency of mortal or venial sin, unless the Superior command those constitutions, &c., *Trans.*") It will at least be confessed that the constitution ought to be more perspicuous; no fault can be alleged against one who shall bona fide refer '*ea*' to '*peccatum mortale vel veniale*,' and not to '*Constitutiones*.'"—*Rankke's Hist. of the Popes.*

Here the Protestant historian frankly admits that by referring "*ea, them*" to Constitutions, Declarations, &c., instead of to "*mortal or venial sin*" the objection against Jesuit morality is at once dissolved. But that the pronoun "*ea, them*" cannot be referred to the antecedent "*peccatum mortale vel veniale*" is evident, because the latter, on account of the conjunction disjunctive "*vel*" or, is singular, whilst the pronoun "*ea, them*," is plural. Its antecedent must therefore be looked for in the antecedent plural—"Constitutiones, Declarations" &c.—and this simple grammatical consideration effectually disposes of the entire question. A Grammar and a Latin dictionary used intelligently and in good faith would of themselves suffice to dissipate the objections raised by the "Protestant gentleman," and submitted us by our Toronto correspondent *Inquirer*—The syntax of the former is as defective as his theology, or he never would have fallen into the grievous error of supposing that the Jesuits can come under an obligation to commit mortal sin.

"Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of Papal domination."—*Macaulay's History of England*, chap. 1, vol. 1.

The vagaries of great minds, and the amount of faith with which they are received by the commonality when Catholicity is concerned, have always been to us a subject of wonder and bewilderment. At times we have endeavored to account for them by a certain illogical monomania in what are otherwise perfectly logical minds; at others, we have explained them as the effects of the *bona fide* prejudices of Protestant education; whilst at others we have been tempted to attribute them to a *malu-fide* endeavour, in spite of the known truth, to uphold the great Protestant Tradition. But, be the explanation what it may, the fact is still a subject of just wonder and bewilderment,—the ease, the simplicity, and apparent candour with which great minds will draw the most illogical conclusions from the most erroneous premises, drawn from the most erroneous first principles when Catholicity is concerned. Of this class certainly is the extract from Macaulay's History of England, at the head of our article. Now, my Lord Macaulay was a great man; in fact, like Falstaff, he may be said to have had "greatness thrust upon him;" not, it is true, like the Shakespearean worthy by the superinduction of fat, but after the manner of pots and kettles, by the addition of a "handle to his name." Yet, in spite of this greatness, although it may not be polite to term the worthy Baron's words *false*, we are constrained to call them *inaccurate*—yea, *exceedingly inaccurate*; in fact the extreme degree of inaccuracy which is consistent with the "*code d'honneur*" for which we would not call a nobleman a liar for the world, or any other sublunary consideration. We have said that the worthy Baron's words are inaccurate—we ought to have said more; they are *inaccurate* as to their first principles—inaccurate as to the premises—and inaccurate as to their conclusions. With regard to his first principle, however, we have no right to meddle with that. If he chooses to uphold it in spite of right reason, he has a legal right to do so, and it is not our business to blame him for it; the more so especially as he holds it in common with the whole Protestant world "*and they are honorable men*." The worthy Baron would have us believe that, in consequence of a supposed superior material prosperity, Protestant nations are superior in civilization to Catholic nations—to use his own example, *the country* around Edinburgh is superior to *the country* around Rome. Now, the Baron is a Scotchman, and in common with the whole Protestant world, though in an uncommon degree being a Scotchman, he worships the "*baubees*"—deeming riches and worldly prosperity to be civilization—the Mammon of iniquity to be the true God of the Christians. This is his first principle, on which his deductions are founded. Now granting for a moment that his deductions are true, let us apply the test of Scripture to the Baron's theology.—The Apostle (we suppose the worthy Baron would admit him as an authority in matters of faith) tells us "*in omnibus Christus*"—in all things Christ. But Mammon is not Christ; for the Gospel (doubtless another authority with the worthy Baron in such matters) tells us we cannot serve two masters, we cannot serve both God and Mammon. It is evident, therefore, whatever the Baron may have thought and written to the contrary, that riches and worldly prosperity are not true civilization—if civilization be as it ought to be—Christianity, duly and truly carried out. The Baron's first principles, therefore, will not hold good with right reason at least, however Protestant prejudices may be in its favor. The Scotchman's theology may be in favor of Mammon for God; and the Protestant world may subscribe to this article of his creed, but they must excuse the Catholic world if it dissents *in toto* from their dogma, and teaches that Christ and Christianity are true civilization and true prosperity. So much then for the Baron's first principles—now for his deductions.

Supposing for a moment this erroneous first principle granted—supposing it proved that riches and worldly prosperity are true civilization, and that the mammon of iniquity is Christ, (God forgive the blasphemy!) how far, pray you, are Protestant nations superior in civilization to Catholic nations?—To take the Baron's own example, how far are the inhabitants (for we presume it is the inhabitants he means and not the coun-

try) around Edinburgh superior to those around Rome? Leaving out of the question the unfairness of the comparison between the country round Edinburgh—a comparatively fertile country—with the Pontine marches around Rome—a country which in all ages has been all but insupportable to human life—(we should have liked to have set down the Baron in the flesh in the very centre of the Great Dismal)—still in order not to shirk the question, we will draw the comparison, substituting in both cases the city for the surrounding country: Edinburgh for its environs; Rome for the Pontine marches. But there is another unfairness in this comparison. My Lord Macaulay, if he had ever turned his attention to the philosophy of history, must, or ought to have known that nations, like individuals, have their infancy—their manhood and their decrepitude old are, and that it is as unfair to compare one nation in its infancy, with another in its manhood, as it would be to compare an aged or infirm lion, with one in its full vigor and strength.—Rome as a nation has had the day of its splendor, whilst (as the proverb assigns to every dog its day) Edinburgh has yet to have hers. If the worthy Baron would do justice in the comparison, he should compare Rome in the height of her Pagan splendor with "canny auld Reekie" when she shall have attained to the height of her "glorification;" and however that proud city may be entitled to the appellation of the modern Athens, we greatly fear that even that modern and Christian Athens will have to yield the palm to her Pagan rival, as long as splendor and worldly wealth and prosperity are to be the units of comparison. Granting however his own terms of comparison, (for when we descend into the arena, we would wish to give our antagonists every advantage in our power, and to fight him with his own weapons) how far are the inhabitants of Edinburgh superior to those of Rome? In drunkenness and desecration of the Sabbath!—If that is civilization—the "*canny loons*" of Edinburgh? certainly are not to be beaten in the whole Protestant or even Pagan world, let alone in Rome, the centre of Catholicity. A drunken Italian is on any day of the week a "*vera avis*," a black swan; but on a Sunday, I doubt me, one could not be found, if the finding thereby would pay a king's ransom. Is this the case in the Modern Athens, whose year is a perpetual Bacchanalia, and where, if the statistics of crime are to be believed, there is more beastly drunkenness on any one Sunday, than probably could be found in the whole Italian Peninsula in one year? It ill becomes a fellow countryman of Forbes McKenzie (with his enlightened legislation) to institute a comparison between the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Rome, unless indeed rioting and drunkenness, and clamoring and impurities be, in this enlightened age, deemed prosperity and civilization; and then indeed the inhabitants of Christian Rome, and for the matter of that Pagan Rome either, would have to yield the palm to the Modern Athens. There has been no Forbes McKenzie Act found necessary as yet for Rome, however imperatively it may have been called for in Edinburgh. But the worthy Baron conveniently forgot all this doubtless, when he made his rhetorical flourish, and preferred poetical diction to stern matters of fact. He was helping to uphold the great Protestant tradition, and was not very particular as to the means employed. If inaccurate, perversion of the known truth, or even absolute falsehood, disguised under a flashy rhetoric, would do it, he cared not, so that the thing were done. Unfortunately for our purpose, we have not the statistical returns of the city of Edinburgh convenient to our hand; but equally unfortunately for the Baron's accuracy, we happen to have those of the city of London, the first Protestant city in the world, at our fingers' ends; and from them we may perhaps be able to glean something about this boasted Protestant superiority in worldly goods. We know and feel that it is rather too bad to bring the Baron's figures of speech down to the vulgar level of figures of fact. To measure his flights of rhetoric with the Registrar-General's quadrant may be like measuring Falstaff's waist with an inch rule; but still truth, and a true tailor's fit, require it; and however humiliating it may be to the worthy Baron's rhetoric, still it must be done. From the last returns of the Registrar-General for the city of London, we find that in London—(the city of nabobs and merchant princes—the city of the richest aristocracy in the world) wherein is held the Court of the most powerful sovereign on earth)—in this city of enormous wealth, we find the appalling fact, that *one in every six* of the population, at their leaving this world, do so at the public expense, *either in the workhouse, asylum, hospital, or prison!* Talk of beggary after that. *One in every six!* Merciful goodness! can it be possible that in any Christian country there can be any parallel to this? To talk of the Lazzaroni of Naples—those jolly fellows, who sing and dance under the blue arch of heaven by day, and at night repose under some clustering vine, or beneath some marble portico of a prince's palace; whilst they agreeably diversify their life by an occasional raid upon some gullible English tourist as often as fortune throws one in their way; they are the very aristocracy of beggary, compared with your London gin-palace poor. *One in six!* dying in abject poverty! God help the London Protestant poor, and my Lord Macaulay's figures of speech!

SACERDOS.

The *Scottish Guardian*, a journal of the exceedingly righteous "butter-wouldn't-well-in-his-mouth" tribe, has a special correspondent of the puritanical or evangelical type in Montreal, who deems it his duty to send home filthy and obscene libels against the Prince. Our Montreal cotemporarys are justly indignant with the cowardly foul-mouthed libeller; and one of them—the *Commercial Advertiser*—insinuates that "comparing the style of the communication with the other false accusations systematically published against the Prince by a journal of this city, there is more than a presumption that the editor of the *Witness* can place his finger on him"—the anonymous correspondent of the *Scottish Guardian*.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, SEPT. 17.—The characteristics of our times are, on one side, unbelief, administration and policy in permanent conspiracy against the Divine authority of the Church; and on the other side the Church deprived of all human aid, hated by all earthly powers, fighting almost alone for the integrity of her doctrine and for freedom of conscience. What will be the issue? Perhaps before I shall have time to finish my letter, the telegraph will have told you whether the heroic Lamoriciere has been able to bear the assault of Cialdini's Sardinians—whether Pius IX. has been able to join him at Ancona, as every Catholic heart that desires rather integrity of the honor than that of the power of the Church must wish. Whether Austria, officially accused by the French Government of having been the sole cause of the annexation of the Emilian provinces to Piedmont, will forcibly oppose the annexation of the Marches. But I cannot make a mistake in pointing out to you on whom the whole responsibility of the present events, that were all foreseen, must fall. The consequences were all plainly involved in the premises. Neither in the letter of Napoleon III. to the Pope, December 31, 1859, nor M. Thouvenel's circular to the diplomatic body in answer to the encyclical letter of Pius IX., nor in the same Minister's despatch to the Duke de Gramont, is there any certain definition of the extent of territory which the French Government intended to guarantee to the Pope. This uncertainty was cleared up by the very definite orders given to Gen. de Noue, which were, in plain English, an invitation to the revolutionary leaders to seize all that was not guaranteed by France. The Italians made all haste to obey the summons, and in so doing, as the *Opinion* frankly says, they "only follow Napoleon's advice," in his incendiary proclamation which he addressed from Milan, not to the Lombards alone, but to "all Italians"—"Unite and organize yourselves under the banner of Victor Emmanuel; follow him in the path which he has so nobly opened to you." The Italians took him at his word, and followed the *galant-omo* to Bologna, to Ancona, to every place where there were grievances to redress—a formula which may carry them a good deal further. So M. Cavour has reason to boast that whatever may be the temporary judgment passed upon his new misdeeds by the Cabinet of the Tuilleries, it will not break off the alliance. Observe, moreover, that Victor Emmanuel says precisely the same as Napoleon III. They both "respect the seat of the Head of the Church," neither of them meddle with the sacristy. If Victor Emmanuel robs him of his goods, it is only for the reason given in the Imperial pamphlet (which you ought to read over again now) to increase his moral influence, and to render him more like the popes of the primitive church. The return of General de Goyon—who cannot resume his command before Cialdini has secured the greater part of his rascally booty—and the recall of Baron de Talleyrand, which is far from a diplomatic rupture, and mere *locus pocus*, a blind to give a temporary satisfaction to good people who cannot see an inch before their noses and dust thrown into the eyes of the French bishops, who are not disinclined to avail themselves of the operation. After all, one thing is certain; that after the interview at Chambéry with Farini and Cialdini, the Emperor was of all men in Europe the least surprised at the Piedmontese invasion of the Marches; he may pretend to be in a towering passion, as he was in a passion about Bologna, but he will never dare to quarrel with the Cabinet, with whom he has made his bargain. The revolutionists have always understood that sooner or later he was to help them in the execution of their diabolic plot against European society. The first part of this plan was war against the Crown. The death of Louis XVI and the revolution of July secured the success of this part of the project. The throne of France was the great realization of the monarchical idea. Twice has it fallen;—twice has Europe looked calmly on the fall of a power of fourteen centuries, without fear of the consequences to herself. The next portion of the revolutionary programme is war against the altar. This, in the eyes of our enemies, is the cream of the whole; but the altar is still standing, God seems to have left the Papal Sovereignty as its last rampart. When this rampart is breached, the fortress will be indefensible, as Sebastopol was after the Malakoff was taken.—Kings and people alike ought to rub their eyes and wake from their sleep. If they sacrifice the Pope, all barriers against the triumph of the revolution will be overturned, and all the institutions which make up our social existence will be destroyed. How can we be so blind when the Evil Genius shows himself in such clear colors? Is it that God lets us be blinded, that we may be punished for our sins? Anyhow, we are on the eve of a general confusion, and this time we can scarcely escape. Austria will either attack or be attacked, Napoleon will interfere, and then the war will be general, or else in a few days the Papal sovereignty will perish; but this power cannot fall like other dynasties, and its fall will occasion that of other Powers which fancy themselves very secure.—*Cor. Weekly Register.*

had made up his mind to die, if needs were, but not to depart. It was even said that measures had been taken to provide him with an instant successor, in case of a misfortune happening to him? It is impossible to say what change may have been wrought in his feelings and intentions by the important events of the last few days, or how far he may be accessible to subtle suggestions of a less resolute line of conduct. He can hardly find encouragement in the stronger light that is now daily thrown upon the real state of the relations between the French and Piedmontese Governments. If, however, he persists in remaining, the French must defend him against Garibaldi, should that leader be so rash as to attack. The *Siecle* would fain deny the authenticity of the proclamation in which Garibaldi spoke of declaring the annexation of Italy from the top of the Quirinal, and it is to be hoped that the *Siecle* is correct, although it does not give its authority, and merely says that the proclamation in question is considered apocryphal. On the other hand, a report has reached me that two more French regiments have been ordered to Toulon, there to remain at the disposal of General Goyon, in case he should deem it necessary to send for them. Presuming these two regiments to be each of three battalions on the war footing, the accession of strength would be fully 5,000 men.

A letter of the 15th instant from Turin in the *Debats* has the following passage:—

"The emotion caused by the recall of M. de Talleyrand begins to calm down. The appointment of M. de Rayneval as *Chargé d'Affaires* has produced a favorable impression. M. de Rayneval is First Secretary of Embassy, and the name he bears forbids the supposition that the mission confided to him is one of pure form."

Now, as I yesterday wrote, official persons here positively deny that M. de Rayneval is left as *Chargé d'Affaires* at all, and say that he is merely "charged with the affairs" of an indispensable nature, such as protection of French subjects, &c., which are often, when a minister is withdrawn, left to the care of the Minister resident of some other foreign Power friendly to both of us at variance. It was reported here yesterday morning that the Sardinian Minister, M. de Nigra, had left Paris. This was true, but he had merely gone for two or three days to Dieppe or Trouville as he did two or three weeks ago, and was expected back at his hotel last night. Another report was that Prince Gagarin, chief of the Russian Legation at Turin during the absence of the Minister, had apprised the *Attaches* that they might every moment expect an order to quit that capital. This requires confirmation, and many persons here are of opinion that, notwithstanding the earnest representations made to Victor Emmanuel's Government by Russia and Prussia, the representatives of those two Powers will not be withdrawn. Between the reports circulated in Paris and others that reach us from Piedmont the discrepancies are so numerous that it is scarcely possible to sift out the truth.

There is no doubt that considerable uneasiness is felt in high quarters here with respect to a collision between the French troops in Rome and Garibaldi's legions. If the friends of the Italian cause regard such a contingency with just apprehension, it is, I believe, equally certain that the French Government would greatly deplore it. Should the French troops, owing to inferiority of numbers come by the worst, I need not expatiate on the painful sensation it would cause in this country, and on the outcry that would ensue for revenge. If, on the other hand, the Garibaldians were beaten, the position of affairs would become hardly less complicated. Indeed, it is impossible to foresee with certainty what either event would lead to, but either, it is certain, would be fraught with perils to the Italian cause, and perhaps to the peace of Europe. The hopes of both being avoided are chiefly founded, it appears to me, on an expectation that the Pope will shortly leave Rome. It may be that, as has been asserted, he is bent on clinging to his capital to the last, but it is well known that he is not remarkable for strength of character, and it is thought probable that the Cardinals will prevail on him to depart. The Sacred College, I am assured, is in no small trepidation. Its members are not confident as to the amount of respect that might be paid to them in the event of war or revolution reaching Rome, and it is believed they are exerting their influence to induce His Holiness to seek an Asylum in Spain or Austria. His so doing would be a signal for the immediate departure of the French garrison. Such, there seems no room for doubt, are the instructions that have been given to General Goyon.—*Times Cor.*

The *Debats* has the following remarks upon the growing antagonism between Cavour and Garibaldi:—

"King Victor Emmanuel has convoked his Parliament for the 21st of October. It is more than probable that Count Cavour wishes to obtain from the Chambers certain decided proofs of confidence calculated to give him the moral force requisite to resist Garibaldi if necessary, and there is no doubt that he will obtain them. The Dictator has hitherto without any great inconvenience, leaned first to one side and then to the other; making concessions to Count Cavour, and then withdrawing them; and afterwards yielding again. He has now arrived at one of those decisive moments, in enterprises like his, when hesitation becomes impossible even to the most wavering minds. The acts of Garibaldi present just now such a character of uncertainty that our correspondent at Turin dreads, not without cause, his warlike ardour; while our Naples' correspondent sees reason to accuse him of having been suddenly transformed into an ultra-Conservative. The cause of this difference of opinion is, that the former only thinks of Bertani, and the latter of the eight regiments which a Neapolitan squadron has been ordered to convey from Turin to Naples. Events will no longer allow of these political oscillations, and Count Cavour is taking his precautions against the day when Garibaldi's will may perhaps be opposed to his. After the flattering hopes inspired in the annexation party by the mere names of Garibaldi's Ministers, the letter to the Palermitans produced an overwhelming effect."

The following is a translation from an article in the *Union* on the royal brigandage which Piedmont is carrying on in the Pontifical States:—

"There is a universal cry against the aggression of Piedmont on the Holy See. The shameful complicity of the Sardinian Cabinet in all the movements of revolutionary brigandage was bad enough, and it led to the expectation of either a Garibaldian incursion into the Roman territory, or that attempts would be made by the intriguers at Turin, following in the wake of the Mazzinian party, to get up partial insurrections there. The responsibility of Count Cavour as regards those matters was seriously engaged in the eyes both of morality and of history; but still the adviser of his Majesty Victor Emmanuel might, at least, decline to accept the public responsibility of the acts done, though he encouraged and prepared them in the dark. But now the scene changes; it is a Government which calls itself regular, the Minister of a monarchy recognized by Europe, which substitutes itself for Garibaldi, and which will do the work of that filibuster with all the solemnities of diplomacy and all the forces of an organized nation. After having insulted justice and law by practising intervention in virtue of the principle of non-intervention; after having outraged sovereignty by pretending to dictate laws to a sovereign state; after having trampled under foot all international equity by addressing to a free, neighbouring, and Italian

monarchy one of those summonses which no one would dare to send to Tacks, he supports with excessive bravado his odious injunction by the invasion of a corps three times more numerous than the entire army of the Prince whom he desires to subject and to spoliolate. Such are the proceedings of the Liberator of Italy; such the conduct of the councillor of the King, the *galant-omo*. Well! we say that Sardinia, in so acting, has gone to the utmost limit of opprobrium."

THE IMPERIAL TOUR.—The *Semaphore* of Marseilles relates the following somewhat amusing incident, which is said to have occurred at the ball given to their Majesties at the Chateau Borelli:—"At the moment when the doors were opened two ladies accompanied by two gentlemen, and duly provided with tickets, presented themselves for admission. The ladies were elegantly attired in white dresses and handsome ornaments, but unfortunately they had not conformed to established etiquette, as far as regarded their head-dress, for they wore bonnets. These appendages, were it true, of the most light and elegant kind, and ornamented with marabout feathers; but they were considered, notwithstanding, inadmissible. The stewards at the door expressed their regret in the politest terms, but, as their instructions were positive on the subject, they could not allow themselves to be softened by the entreaties of the ladies, who retired in great dismay. An old proverb says that when a woman determines on doing a thing nothing can prevent her, and so it was in this case. The ladies, inspired with a sudden idea, went in among some trees which were growing near, and taking off the objectionable articles of dress, despoiled them of their feathers, which they speedily transferred to their own hair. The question next arose what should they do with the bonnets, which were too pretty to throw away. Feminine invention here again came to their aid, for, lifting their ample crinolines, they safely attached the discarded head-dresses within their ample folds, where they were completely unobserved. Thus newly equipped, they presented themselves, and were duly admitted."

ITALY.

SARDINIA.—The Turin correspondent of the *Constitutionnel* writes as follows, under date of September 15:—

"The Parliament is convoked for the 2nd of October. The convocation was decided on yesterday at a Council of Ministers."

"Count Trechi, Aide-de-Camp of Garibaldi, and Dr. Brambilla, in whom the Dictator of the Two Sicilies appears to place unlimited confidence, arrived yesterday evening at Turin from Naples. They are bearers of a letter from the famous General to the King. The audacious warrior in this letter traces the same programme as that developed in the proclamation to the people of Palermo—that is to say, that he shall not regard his mission as terminated until he has arrived at Rome and Venice, and that, despite his ardent desire for immediate annexation, the interests of the continuation of his enterprise are opposed to that measure."

"Garibaldi concludes his letter by saying that he has no confidence in M. Cavour, and that that is the reason he cannot listen to advice sent him from Turin."

PAYING FOR A JOKE UNDER THE CONSTITUTIONAL SCRIPTOR OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.—The Supreme Court of Porto Ferrajo passed sentence on the 5th September in the case of Mr. George Watson Taylor, proprietor of the island of Monte Christi, who was accused of having engaged reactionary demonstrations against his dependants, and uttered the cry of "Viva Leopoldo II." with expressions of contempt towards the reigning Sovereign. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor having placed themselves beyond the jurisdiction of the court by crossing the French frontier, allowed judgment to go by default. Mr. Taylor was found guilty, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment; but the crime of Mrs. Taylor (a French lady) was considered more heinous, inasmuch as she was stated to have said, looking at the portrait of Victor Emmanuel, that he was more like *merchand de best* than a King. For this *jeu d'esprit*, as she perhaps considered it, the Court sentenced Mrs. Taylor to twenty-two months' imprisonment. The four laborers employed by Mr. Taylor, and accused of participating in his political indiscretions, were acquitted.—*Times.*

A letter from Turin, dated the 12th of September, says:—"Despite the security which is felt here, the government is taking its precautions. The ten battalions of the national guard which have been called out will be divided as follows:—Five at Alessandria, three at Bologna, and two at Paris. The *Official Gazette* of this evening publishes the names of their officers. A strong *corps d'armee*, the headquarters of which are at Piacenza, is keeping watch upon the movements of the Austrians. Great attention is being paid to the navy. A portion of the Neapolitan fleet is ordered to Genoa, and the Government has just purchased several large transport steamers. It is not thought that Austria will move till Venice is attacked; but there must be no illusion on the subject sooner or later the struggle must come. The question of Venice will arouse the passions of Italy as soon as the other questions are settled. As regards France the articles in the *Constitutionnel* and *La Patrie* have not the slightest effect. The idea that France cannot separate herself from us if attacked is deeply rooted, and a hostile fact only could dispel it. People may justly possibly be wrong but such is the opinion nevertheless."

A letter from Turin dated 14th September, says:—"The news of the recall of M. de Talleyrand has produced a lively impression here; it is understood that this means something more than an article in the *Constitutionnel*. Nevertheless, political men are not discouraged; they believe, or at all events they say, that France has wished to free herself from responsibility before Europe and before the religious party; but that in reality the alliance is not broken; and that under the shield of that principle, Umbria and the Marches will be annexed as Tuscany was annexed, and, once the fact accomplished, it will be recognized. As, after all, it is well to take the best view of things, it is hoped that the actual attitude of France will result in calming the anxiety of Europe, of stopping Austria, and of allowing time to take Ancona. I give you the reasons, but by no means wish to approve them. Meanwhile M. de Talleyrand is at Nice. It is not known whether he goes thence direct to Paris or not. The secretary who is to act for him *ad interim* has not yet been designated. The *Espero* says that Count Arese leaves this evening for Nice. The Count has for a long time enjoyed the particular esteem of the Emperor, and is usually entrusted with confidential missions to the court of France. The announcement, however, requires confirmation."

The existence of the Papal army, which is only due to the strong recommendations of France and Austria in the Paris Congress of 1856, was at last made the pretext, and only the pretext, of the Sardinian invasion of the Marches and Umbria. M. de Rayneval, the Sardinian Envoy, who carried the ultimatum of Cavour to Cardinal Antonelli, demanding the immediate disbanding of the foreign troops, only reached Rome late in the afternoon of the 10th instant.—Before he had even delivered his ultimatum, the Piedmontese troops had occupied Pesaro and Fano, and 50,000 of them were over the Papal frontiers before the next morning."

In the modern system of warfare it is against our friends that we must be especially prepared. Sardinia has given an example which one day will probably recoil on herself. She begins fighting even while she is pretending to treat diplomatically, and while she is holding peaceful, if not friendly relations, with a foreign Power, she is actively engaged in its overthrow. She would be loud enough in her appeals to Europe if France or Austria were to treat her as she has treated Rome and Naples."

Lamoriciere was evidently unprepared for this act of perfidy, for his small army was divided into in-

significant garrisons, sufficient to keep the peace of the several towns against any internal risings, but totally inadequate to cope with the overwhelming force of Sardinian regulars who backed up the insurgents. Cialdini to the east of the Apennines, and Fanti to the west, led their respective divisions from conquest to conquest, town after town fell into their hands, and the little garrison became prisoners of war. At Spoleto 600 Irishmen had to surrender. In the course of a week Lamoriciere, however, was able to collect the bulk of his army before Ancona, to which place he was closely followed by Cialdini. On the 18th, the Papal General, with 11,000 men, made an attack on the strong positions occupied by the Sardinians, and though he was supported by a column of 4,000 men which made a sortie from Ancona, he entirely failed in his object, and left 600 prisoners and six pieces of artillery in the hands of the Sardinians. The Papal army retired upon Ancona, and the siege of the town has commenced. It is attacked by the united Sardinian and Neapolitan fleets from the sea, and by General Cialdini and his victorious troops on the land side.—Should Ancona fall, the Papal States will have been reduced to the dimensions indicated in the famous pamphlet which contains the Italian programme of the French Government. The last Sardinian report states that "the greater portion of the Pontifical army had capitulated; that the foreign troops will return to their respective countries, and that General Lamoriciere, with a few horsemen, had succeeded in reaching Ancona by passing through the defiles of Monte Casaro." It is added that outside Ancona there is not a single Pontifical battalion.—*Weekly Register.*

THE CAPTURE OF PERUGIA.—A Turin letter gives the following particulars respecting the taking of Perugia by General Fanti:—"The town was defended by about 3,000 men, who fought with great resolution. The garrison had raised barricades in all parts of the town, and occupied the houses, from which they fired upon the Sardinians. Every street was the scene of a conflict, but the assistance afforded to General Fanti by the inhabitants made the struggle much shorter than it would otherwise have been. A considerable portion of the Pontifical carabinieri contrived to escape out of the town, the others retired to the citadel, which could not hold out long. Towards evening the fort capitulated, and the whole of the garrison, consisting of 1,600 men, were made prisoners, as well as General Schmidt, who commanded them."

The gallant band who have fought for the Pope can never be accused of cowardice. At Perugia the garrison consisted of 2,500 Bavarians and 140 Irish. These brave fellows were opposed by no less than 25,000 Sacrilegians under General Fanti, yet they contested every inch of ground, and it was only when they retired to the citadel, and it was discovered that there were only 1,000 survivors, that General Schmidt came to the determination of surrendering.—*Weekly Register.*

CAVOUR AND GARIBALDI.—A letter from Turin, dated the 17th September, says:—"As I announced, the official *Gazette* of this evening publishes the Royal decree convoking Parliament for the 2nd of October."

"The session will be a very short one; it is even probable that it will not exceed ten days. The policy of the Government, as it is actually represented by the Cavour Ministry, will be submitted to the Chambers in juxtaposition with the policy of Garibaldi and his partisans, and the representatives of the nation will be called upon to make a choice between the two."

"Should an imposing majority declare itself in favor of the policy of the present Cabinet, Count Cavour will of course remain at the head of affairs, and I am well informed when I say that the intention of the Count is to act with unflinching energy in the accomplishment of the new duties which a vote of confidence of the Parliament will entail upon him."

"In case a doubtful or hesitating majority should support Count Cavour's policy, he will immediately resign his office to M. Rattazzi, who perhaps might obtain some concessions from Garibaldi, which, under all circumstances, are quite indispensable to prevent the Italian movement entering a fatal path."

"At the present moment not the slightest concession can be expected from Garibaldi. M. Depretis has completely failed in his mission. He has been to Naples to induce Garibaldi to annex Sicily at once to Sardinia. The Dictator will not bear of annexation until the day when what he calls his programme shall have been carried out, which is nothing else than the promise to make Rome the capital of the Italian empire, and to conquer Venice."

"Should he even consent to make some modification in his plans, it would never be—it is Garibaldi himself who has just written it to the King in a letter brought to His Majesty by one of the General's aides-de-camp—except on the condition that MM. Cavour and Farini should leave the Ministry."

"This is the actual state of affairs. From your own judgment as to how replete it is with danger."

Another letter, also dated the 18th says:—"Garibaldi continues to organize his Government in the sense of his own policy. I have already alluded to MM. Pallavicini, Trivizio, and Bertani. M. Cattaneo decidedly goes to Naples as Secretary-General of the Dictatorship. His acceptance is the more remarkable as he declined sitting in the Parliament of which he is a member, so as not to take the oath to the King. M. Cattaneo is the advocate of a federal republic. It is curious enough to see him called for by the party which was the first to hoist absolute unity as its motto."

"The claims of M. Cattaneo to Garibaldi's favour are a violent pamphlet against thecession of Nice and a pronounced antipathy against Count Cavour."

"It is reported that the Annexationist Ministers of Naples will resign. M. Scialoja, and even M. Liborio Romano, are mentioned as likely to do so. It is curious that the principal members of the Government of Naples are Lombards. Lombardy is the province which has provided the greatest number of volunteers to Garibaldi. It is there that the element most hostile to Count Cavour is strongest."

"Now that the kingdom of Naples has been conquered from Francis II., it will be necessary to conquer it again from Garibaldi; but I fancy the political skill of Count Cavour will arrange everything."

"The Dictator still asks for more volunteers, which proves his firm intention of continuing the war. His agents are not stopped but difficulties are thrown in their way."

"Much of the news I yesterday wrote, but without positively affirming its truth, has been since confirmed to me. The convocation of the Sardinian Chambers has been decided upon in great measure with a view to strengthen the hands of the Government by obtaining a vote of confidence. Should this be obtained, the assertion made in a letter from Turin, that the King would then put himself at the head of his army and march upon Naples, must still be looked upon as at least quite premature. Events succeed each other so rapidly that it is impossible to say what a fortnight might bring forth. If the Pope were to depart and the French to follow his example, the Sardinians would at once occupy Rome, but across the Neapolitan frontier there is certainly no present intention of going. Indeed, we have only to reflect an instant on the state of men's minds in Italy, and to consider the pedestal of heroism and enthusiasm on which Garibaldi is elevated, to be convinced how hazardous it would be for the King of Sardinia to place himself in open opposition to him. Loyal and attached though the nation and army may be to Victor Emmanuel, it would be a severe trial to their fidelity to be ordered to march against the Garibaldians.—*Times' Cor.*

The following is the correspondence exchanged between Count Cavour and Cardinal Antonelli, previously to the invasion of the Roman States by the Sardinian troops:—

"Turin, Sept. 7.

"Eminence—The Government of His Majesty the King of Sardinia, could not without serious regret see the formation and existence of the bodies of foreign mercenary troops in the pay of the Pontifical Government. The organization of such corps not consisting, as in all civilized Governments, of citizens of the country, but of men of all languages, nations, and religions, deeply offends the public conscience of Italy and Europe. The want of discipline inherent to such troops, the inconsiderate conduct of their chiefs, the irritating menaces with which they pompously fill their proclamations, excite and maintain a highly dangerous ferment. The painful recollection of the massacre and pillage of Perugia is still alive among the inhabitants of the Marches and Umbria. This state of things, dangerous in itself, becomes still more so after the facts which have taken place in Sicily and in the kingdom of Naples. The presence of foreign troops, which insults the national feeling, and prevents the manifestation of the wishes of the people, will infallibly cause the extension of the movement to the neighboring provinces. The intimate connexion which exists between the inhabitants of the Marches and Umbria and those of the provinces annexed to the States of the King, and reasons of order and security in his own territory, lay His Majesty's Government under the necessity of applying, as far as in its power, an immediate remedy to such evils. King Victor Emmanuel's conscience does not permit him to remain a passive spectator of the bloody repression with which the arms of the foreign mercenaries would extinguish every manifestation of national feeling in Italian blood. No Government has the right of abandoning to the will and pleasure of a horde of soldiers of fortune the property, the honor, and lives of the inhabitants of a civilized country."

"For these reasons, after having applied to His Majesty the King, my august Sovereign, for his orders, I have the honor of signifying to your Eminence that the King's troops are charged to prevent, in the name of the rights of humanity, the Pontifical mercenary corps from repressing by violence the expression of the sentiments of the people of the Marches and Umbria. I have, moreover, the honor to invite your Excellency, for the reasons above explained, to give immediate orders for the disbanding and dissolving of those corps, the existence of which is a menace to the peace of Italy."

"Trusting that your Eminence will immediately communicate to me the measures taken by the Government of His Holiness in the matter, I have the honor of renewing to your Eminence the expression of my high consideration."

"CAVOUR."

The following is the reply of Cardinal Antonelli:—

Rome, Sept. 11.—Excellency.—Without taking into account the manner in which your Excellency has thought proper to have your letter of the 7th inst., conveyed to me, I have directed my whole attention calmly upon the subject you lay before me in the name of your Sovereign, and I cannot conceal from you that it has cost me an extraordinary effort to do so. The new principles of public law which you lay down in your letter would be indeed sufficient to dispense me from giving any answer at all, they being so contrary to those which have constantly been acknowledged by all Governments and nations. Nevertheless, feeling deeply the incalculable cast upon the Government of His Holiness, I cannot refrain from at once noticing the blame as odious as it is unfounded and unjust, pronounced against the troops belonging to the Pontifical Government; and I must add that I find the pretension of denying the right, belonging to the Pontifical Government as well as to any other, of having foreign troops in its service, utterly unjustifiable. In fact, many Governments of Europe have foreign troops in their pay. On that subject it may be expedient to observe that, owing to the character with which the Sovereign Pontiff is invested as the common father of all believers, he ought to be less subject to criticism than any other for receiving in the ranks of his troops all who come and offer themselves from the various parts of the Catholic world, for the defence of the Holy See, and of the States of the Church."

"Nothing is more false or insulting than to attribute to the Pontifical troops the disorders which have taken place in the States of the Holy See.—There is no necessity for asking, for history has already enregistered whence came the troops who have violently constrained the will of the people, and the artifices which have been made use of for throwing into perturbation the greater part of Italy, and ruining all that was most inviolable and most sacred both in right and in justice."

As to the consequences which it has been sought to make weigh on the legitimate action of the troops of the Holy See, to put down the rebellion of Perugia, it would truly be more logical to throw that responsibility on those who, from abroad, have excited the revolt; and you know perfectly well, M. le Comte, where that outbreak was concerted, whence were derived money, arms, and means of all kinds, and whence instructions and orders were sent to the insurgents."

There is consequently reason for representing as calumnious all that has been said by a party hostile to the government of the Holy See, as to the conduct of its troops, and for declaring that the imputations cast on their chiefs by the authors of proclamations of a nature to excite dangerous fermentations, are not less. Your Excellency concludes our painful despatch by inviting me, in the name of your Sovereign, to immediately order the disarming and disbanding of the said troop. This invitation was accompanied by a sort of menace on the part of Piedmont in case of refusal, to prevent the action of the said troops by means of the Royal troops."

This involves a *quasi* injunction which I willingly abstain from qualifying. The Holy See could only repel it with indignation, strong in its legitimate rights, and appealing to the law of nations, under the aegis of which Europe has hitherto lived, whatever violence the Holy See may be exposed to suffer, without having provoked it, and against which it is my duty now to protest energetically in the name of His Holiness."

With sentiments of consideration, I am, &c.,

G. CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

UMBRIA AND THE MARCHES.—The following particulars relative to part of Italy, which is now the seat of war, may be found interesting at the present moment:—"The population of the Marches, according to an official return of the Pontifical Government was, in 1853, 922,700 souls, of whom 176,649 were in the province of Ancona, 110,331 in that of Fermo, 243,104 in Macerata, 257,751 in Pesaro and Urbino, and the rest in Ascoli and Camerino. The citadel of Ancona is situated on the summit of Mount Aringo, upwards of 300 feet above the level of the sea. The town stands on the part of the mountain which slopes to the sea, and its port is formed by little hills which constitute a sort of amphitheatre. The highest of these hills which protects the citadel itself, is the Montagna, upwards of 700 feet above the level of the sea. There is also Mount Guasco dei Cappuccini, which is on a level with the barracks of the artillerymen in the citadel. The western part of Mount dei Cappuccini is occupied by part of the town which extends along the side of the fort, with a bend. In 1849, the Austrians during the war of independence, undertook extensive works, but they soon abandoned them. They supplied the fortress which they left likewise. The entrance to the fortress is well defended, the roads being partly winding and zigzag, and constructed in such a way that a surprise of an enemy can be resisted, however great may be the impetuosity which it is made. The fortress cannot contain a numerous garrison, but the magazines are large enough to hold stores for a long siege; the Place d'Arms is not very spacious, and the powder magazine itself could not resist a sustained bombardment. The fortress is surrounded with a little rampart."

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Ghisholm. Ajala—N. A. Ooste. Ayler—J. Doyle. Amherstburgh—J. Roberts. Anigonish—Rev. J. Cameron. Archa—Rev. Mr. Girroir. Brockville—P. Murray. Belleville—M. O'Dampsey. Barric—Rev. J. R. Lee. Brantford—W. M'Manamy. Caledonia—M. Donnelly. Cavanville—J. Knowlson. Chambly—J. Hackett. Cobourg—P. Maguire. Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor. Compton—Mr. W. Daly. Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy. Douthouse Mills—Wm. Ghisholm. Dewittville—J. M'Iver. Dundas—J. M'Gerrald. Egansville—J. Bonfield. East Haverbury—Rev. J. J. Collins. Eastern Townships—P. Hackett. Ernsville—P. Gafney. Emily—M. Hennessey. Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis. Farmerstville—J. Flood. Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter. Guelph—J. Harris. Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry. Huntingdon—C. M'Paul. Ingersoll—W. Featherston. Kempsville—M. Heaphy. Kingston—P. Forcell. Lansdown—M. O'Connor. Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley. London—Rev. E. Bayard. Lochiel—O. Quigley. Lobbrough—T. Daley. Lacolle—W. Harty. Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleber. Merrickville—M. Kelly. New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy. Ottawa City—J. Rowland. Orillia—Rev. J. Synnot. Oshawa—Richard Supple. Prescott—J. Ford. Perth—J. Doran. Peterboro—E. M'Cormick. Picton—Rev. Mr. Lalor. Port Hope—J. Birmingham. Quebec—M. O'Leary. Rawton—Rev. J. Quinn. Russelltown—J. Campion. Richmondhill—M. Teffy. Richmond—A. Donnelly. Sherbrooke—T. Griffith. Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton. South Gloucester—J. Daley. Summerstown—D. M'Donald. St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay. St. Athanas—T. Dunn. St. Ann de la Pointe—Rev. Mr. Bourret. St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey. St. Catherine's, C. E.—J. Caughlin. St. Raphael's—A. B. M'Donald. St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax. Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh. Thorold—John Heenan. Thorpville—J. Greene. Thurgwick—T. Donegan. Toronto—Patrick Mullin, 23 Shuter Street. Templeton—J. Hagan. West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy. West Port—James Kehoe. Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy. York Grand River—A. Lamond.

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

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

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

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, No. 19, Cote Street, Montreal. Mr. U. E. AROHAMBEAULT, Principal. " P. GARNOT, Professors of French. " F. H. DESPLAINES, " J. M. ANDERSON, Professors of English. " M. KEEGAN, " A. LENOIR, Assistant. THE Re-Entrance of the Pupils of this Institution will take place on MONDAY, 3rd SEPTEMBER, at Nine o'clock in the morning. Religious Instruction will, as last year, be under the direction of a gentleman of the Seminary. Parents are respectfully requested to send their children immediately, in order that no delay be experienced in the Classification of the Pupils. N.B.—The number of the Professors and numerous improvements recently made in the Establishment permit the admission of a greater number of Pupils this year than during the past, and this, too, without any inconvenience to health, as all the Class-Rooms are thoroughly ventilated, and furnished with backed seats. U. E. AROHAMBEAULT, Principal, C. C. Academy, No. 19, Cote Street, Montreal. 3ms August 24, 1860.

PROSPECTUS OF SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE, BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL. THIS LITERARY INSTITUTION is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It was opened on the 20th of September, 1848, and incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament, in 1852. The Course of Instruction, of which Religion is the leading object, embraces the French, English, Latin, and Greek Languages; History, Philosophy, Mathematics, Literature, Commerce, Industry and the Fine Arts. Students presenting themselves for admission should know how to read and write. Those under ten or over fourteen years of age are received with difficulty. Parents receive a monthly report of conduct, application and proficiency of their children. Immorality, insubordination, habitual laziness, and frequent absence present reasons for expulsion. None but relatives, or those that represent them, are allowed to visit the boarders. TERMS OF ADMISSION: For Day Scholars, \$3.00 per month. For Half Boarders, 6.00 " " For Boarders, 11.50 " " Payments are made Quarterly and in advance. Bed and Bedding, Books, Music, Drawing, Washing, and the Physician's Fees are extra charges.—Books and Stationery may be procured in the Establishment at current prices. Washing, \$1.20 per month Music, 2.20 " " Use of the Piano, 50 " " Drawing, 1.50 " " Bed and Bedding, 60 " " Libraries, 10 " " All articles belonging to Students should be marked with their name, or at least their initials August 17, 1860.

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

SEWING MACHINES. F. J. NAGLE'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, 25 PER CENT. UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!! These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarnia. THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:— Montreal, April, 1860. We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind. BROWN & CHILDS. Montreal, April, 1860. We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use. CHILDS, SCHOLDS & AMBS. Toronto, April 21st, 1860. E. G. NAGLE, Esq. Dear Sir, The three Machines you sent us some short time ago we have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of I. M. Singer & Co.'s that we have used. Our Mr. Robinson will be in Montreal, on Thursday next, and we would be much obliged if you would have three of your No. 2 Machines ready for shipment on that day as we shall require them immediately. Yours, respectfully, GILLGATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

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

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

PATTON & BROTHER, NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, 42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL. Every description of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel constantly on hand, or made to order on the shortest notice, at reasonable rates. Montreal, Nov. 1859.

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

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.

B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 30, Little St. James Street.

RYAN & VALLIERES DE ST. REAL, ADVOCATES, No. 14 Little St. Joseph Street, Near the Hotel Due Hospital.

W. M. PRICE, ADVOCATE, No. 28 Little St. James Street, Montreal.

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

M'GARVEY'S FURNITURE STORE, 244 NOTRE DAME STREET. THE Subscriber, while returning thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal support extended to him during the last ten years in the FURNITURE BUSINESS, wishes to inform them that having re-leased his store for a number of years, and made extensive improvements in order to accommodate his daily increasing business, he has just completed one of the largest and best assortments of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, that has ever been on view in this city, comprising every article in the House Furnishing line. To enumerate his Stock would take so large a space, that he will only name a few of the leading articles, with the prices of each:—Parlor Suits, in Rosewood, B W and Mahogany, from 125 to 500 dollars; Chamber Sets in Rosewood, B W, Oak, Chestnut and Enamelled, from 20 to 250 dollars; 200 Mahogany Chairs, upholstered in the different styles, from 3.50 to 9 dol. each; Mahogany and B W Sofas, from 14 to 50 dol.; 4000 Oak and Wood Seat Chairs, of 30 different patterns, some entirely new, from 40c to 4 dollars each; Spring Curled Hair Mattresses, Palm Leaf and Corn Husk Mattresses, from 4 to 25 dollars each; with a very large stock of Bedsteads, of Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, &c., of different styles and prices, from 3 to 40 dollars each; a very large assortment of Marble and Wood Top Centre Tables, Looking Glasses, Eight-Day and Thirty-Hour Clocks, Self-rocking Cradles; an extensive assortment of Iron Bedsteads, Hat Stands, Swinging Cots, Marble Top Saloon Tables, Corner and Portable Washstands and Towel Racks. The above will be found one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Furniture ever on view in this city, and as it has been got up for Cash during the winter, will be sold at least 10 per cent below anything in the city. Please call and examine the Goods and Prices, which will convince all of the fact that to save money is to BUY your FURNITURE at O. M'GARVEY'S, 244 Notre Dame Street,

where all Goods sold are warranted to be what they are represented; if not, they can be returned three months after the date of sale, and the money will be refunded. All Goods carefully packed, and delivered on board the cars or boats, or at the residence of parties inside of the Toll Gates free of charge.—Also, constantly on hand, Solid Mahogany Veneers, Varnish, Curled Hair, and other Goods suitable to the Trade, for Cash or in exchange for First Class Furniture. Cane and Wood Seat Chairs furnished to the Trade, Finished or Unfinished, as may be required. OWEN M'GARVEY, Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, No. 244 Notre Dame Street, near the French Square, Montreal. TWO good CABINETMAKERS and ONE CHAIR-MAKER WANTED. April 26.

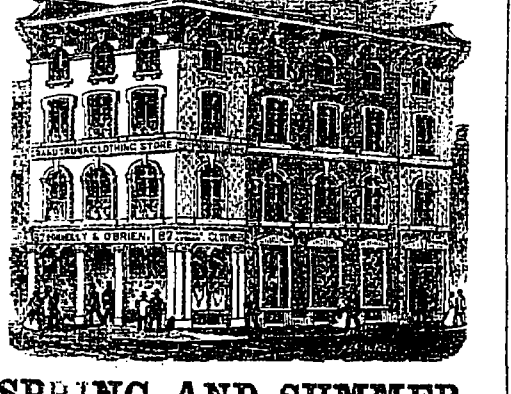
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. ON and after MONDAY, JULY 2nd, Trains will leave POINT ST. CHARLES as follows:— EASTERN TRAINS. Day Express for Quebec, Portland and Boston, at 8.30 A.M. Fast Express Train for Quebec, (arriving at Quebec at 9.45 P.M.) at 4.00 P.M. Mail Train for Portland and Boston (stopping over-night at Island Pond) 4.00 P.M. Accommodation Train for Quebec, Island Pond and all Way Stations, at 8.25 P.M. WESTERN TRAINS. Two Through Trains between Montreal and Detroit daily. *Day Mail, for Toronto, London, Sarnia, and Detroit, at 9.00 A.M. Mixed Train, for Kingston and all Way Stations, at 4.30 P.M. *Night Express Train, (with Sleeping Cars attached) for Toronto, Detroit, &c., at 9.00 P.M. These Trains connect at Detroit Junction with the Trains of the Michigan Central, Michigan Southern, and Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads for all points West. W. SHANLY, General Manager. Montreal, June 27, 1860.

THOMAS WALKER & CO., Wholesale and Retail, WINE, SPIRIT, ALE, PORTER AND CIDER MERCHANTS, 26 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal, BEG to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have just received a well selected Stock of Liquors, and have made arrangement to deliver by Express vans, all Goods ordered at their Stores, free of expense.

TERMS CASH. All Casks, Jars and Bottles, to be paid for or exchanged on delivery. PRICES. WINES. PORT—Finest Old Crusted, 48s 4d 3s 6d Very Fine, 12s 6d 30s 2s 6d SHERRY—Finest Pale or Golden 42s 3s 6d Good, 12s 6d 30s 2s 6d MADEIRA—Fine Old, 15s 0d 35s 3s 6d CHAMPAGNE—Moet's Imperial, 90s 7s 6d Other Brands, 50s 5s 0d CLARET—Chateau Lafitte, 24s 2s 6d St. Julien, 12s 6d 24s 2s 6d

SPIRITS. BRANDIES—Martell's & Hennessy's, 1848, 60s 5s 0d Otard's, Planais, &c. &c. 15s 0d 35s 3s 0d GIN—Best London Old Tom, 12s 6d 30s 2s 6d DeKuyper's Hollands, 6s 3d 15s 1s 3d WHISKEY—Thom's & Ramsay's Scotch, 8s 4d 20s 2s 0d Thin's & Jameson's Irish, 8s 4d 20s 2s 0d Old Rye and Genuine Upper Canada, 4s 0d 10s 1s 0d ALES AND PORTERS. quarts. pints. ALE—Bass & Co.'s and Allsop's E. I. Pale, 15s 0d 8s 9d Montreal, Lachine, Quebec, Kingston, &c., old in bottle, 4s 0d 2s 6d PORTER—Truman & Co.'s and Guinness & Co.'s, 15s 0d 7s 6d Montreal and Lachine, 5s 0d 3s 0d CIDER—Penner's and Devonshire, 12s 6d 7s 6d All Liquors guaranteed genuine and direct importations. Depot for Genuine Upper Canada Rye and Toddy Whiskey. May 31, 1860.

Grand Trunk Clothing Store, 87 M'GILL & 27 RECOLLET STREETS. THE Proprietors of the above Establishment beg to notify their patrons and the public generally, that their SPRING assortment consists of Cloths, Doekings, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, underclothing, with a beautiful selection of Shirts, Collars, Scarfs, Ties, &c., have now arrived. We also beg to draw the attention of the public to our Stock of SUPERIOR



READY-MADE CLOTHING, which consists of the largest assortment, most fashionable styles, best assorted, and cheapest in the City. In consequence of our extensive business, and great facilities for getting bargains, we are enabled this season to offer Goods much lower than any House in our line. DONNELLY & O'BRIEN. Montreal, April 19, 1860.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, & C., FOR SALE, At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. TEAS (GREEN) GUNPOWDER, very fine. YOUNG HYSON, best quality. IMPERIAL. TWANKY, extra fine. BLACK TEAS. SOUCHONG (Breakfast) fine Flavor. CONGOU. OOLONG. SUGARS. LOAF. DRY CRUSHED. MUSCOVADA Sugar, very light. COFFEE, &c. JAVA, best Green and Roasted LAGUIARIE, do. FLOUR, very fine. OATMEAL, pure. RICE. INDIAN MEAL. B. W. FLOUR. DRIED APPLES. CHEESE, American (equal to English.) WINES—Port, Sherry, and Madeira. BRANDY—Plantain Pale, in cases, very fine; Martell, in hds. and cases. PORTER—Dublin and London Porter; Montreal Porter and Ale, in bottles. PICKLES, &c.—Pickles, Sauces, Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Shelled Almonds, Honey Soap, B.W. Soap, Castile Soap, and English do.; Corn Brooms, Corn Dusters; Bed Cord, Cloth Lines, Shoe Thread, Garden Lines, Candies, Lemon Peel, Orange and Citron do.; Sweet Oil, in quarts and pints. SPARCH—Glenfield, Rice and Sated, fair. BRUSHES—Scrubbers and Stove Brushes; Cloth and Shoe Brushes. SPICES, &c.—Figs, Prunes; Spices, whole and ground; Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, White Pepper, Black Pepper, Allspice, Cayenne Pepper, Macaroni, Vermicelli, Indigo, Button Blue, Sago, Arrowroot, Sperry Candles, Tallow do.; Fine Table Salt; Ice Salt in Bag; Coarse do.; Salt Petre; Sardines, in Tins; Table Cod Fish, Dry; do., do., Wet; Cream Tartar; Baking Soda; do., in Packages; Alum, Coppars, Sulphur, Brimstone, Bat Bricks, Whiting, Chalk, &c., &c. The articles are the best quality, and will be Sold at the lowest prices. J. PHELAN. March 3 1860.

THOMAS M'KENNA, PRACTICAL PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER, No. 52, SAINT PETER STREET, (Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets), MONTREAL. BATH TUBS, HYDRANTS, WATER CLOSETS, FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS, &c., Constantly on hand, and fitted up in the best manner. Jobbing Punctually attended to. September 15, 1859.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, (Corner of King and William Streets), MONTREAL, IS NOW OPEN. And under the MANAGEMENT of JOHN RYAN. Mr. Ryan would say to the Friends of this very popular House, that it has been NEWLY FURNISHED not only in part, but throughout; and that he intends to conduct it as a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL; yet prices for transient guests, as well as regular Boarders, will be unchanged. Parties requiring Board, with Rooms, would find it to their advantage to try the Franklin.

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

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR. From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thinder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach. Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humors in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers. One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula. DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in. For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass. For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces. Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston.— ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1858. Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors. ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB, Superiress of St. Vincent's Asylum. ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, Hamilton, C. W.