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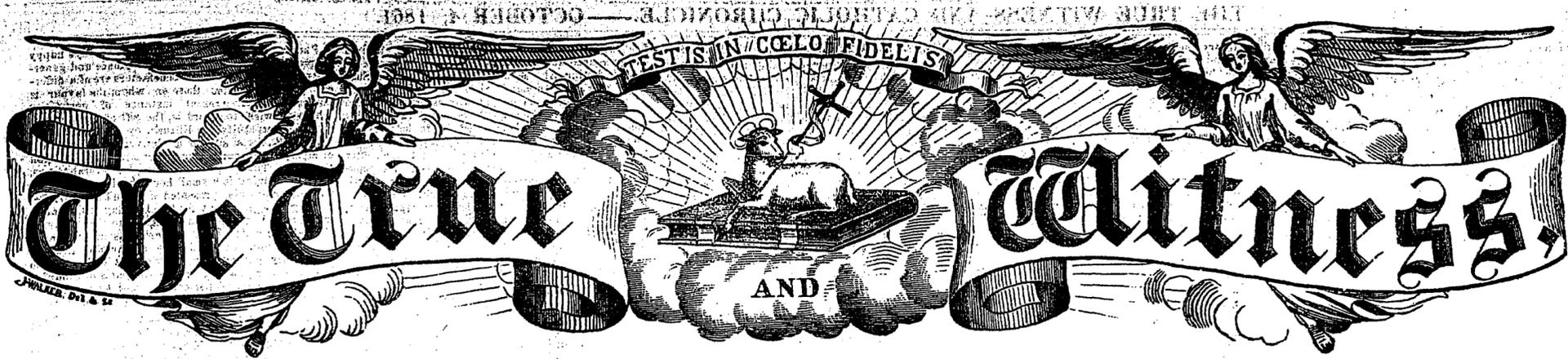
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XII.

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No. 8.

TURLOUGH O'BRIEN;

OR THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER.

CHAPTER XXV.—"BURNT BRANDY FOR TWO."

While this was passing, Sir Hugh, in his lodging, sat in anxious and gloomy conference, with a shrewd and seasoned veteran of the law, Caleb Crooke, and his sour and gloomy companion, Jeremiah Tisdal. A danger at a distance, proverbially a very different matter from a danger at hand, is often, and happily for ourselves, unduly despised; but as the interval in which the thousand and one fortunate accidents, on which we have unconsciously reckoned, may possibly arise, wears fruitlessly away—the dreaded event presents itself at last, in the stern, hard lineaments of actual reality, and often with an aspect as appalling as though it had arrived wholly unlooked for, and with all the heightened terrors of surprise. It was thus that Sir Hugh, now that he began to investigate the details of his own case, and to examine the chances of ruin or escape, with the severity which the near approach of the decisive issue demanded, felt his stout heart shaken, and his once cheerful mind filled with the worst forebodings. His own misgivings were, perhaps, the gloomier, that it was obvious to his now nervously sensitive observation that the honest and intelligent professional adviser, who sat in consultation with him, spite of every effort to appear cheerful and assured, was in reality full of doubts, if not despondency. Sir Hugh sat watching, with absorbed and breathless interest, the varied expression of the crabby attorney's sharp and intelligent face, as though his fortune and his life depended upon its slightest change; while Jeremiah Tisdal recounted coolly and clearly the evidence he was prepared to give.

"Shall I be allowed the aid of counsel?" inquired Sir Hugh.

"Certainly, to sit by and advise you," replied the man of writs and notices; "but his voice must not be heard in court. It is a very hard rule; but you cannot be heard by counsel against an indictment for high treason."

"What think you of the jury?" urged the knight.

"In the heats and perils of these times, men's minds and hearts are alike unsettled and distempered," replied the attorney, "and I rely not on the impartiality of any jury. My sole trust is in the judges, and in the obvious weakness of the prosecution. At the same time I do confess, I would give a great deal that, at any sacrifice of money or property, you could make interest with some great man for a nolle prosequi. But come what may, our trust is in God and a good cause."

The attorney was collecting and arranging the notes which he had taken.

"Mr. Tisdal," he said as he proceeded, "unless I mistake, your evidence will go far to exonerate our honored friend from his present difficulties."

He paused abruptly, for a servant entered at that moment, and brought a small crumpled slip of paper, which he placed in Jeremiah Tisdal's hand.

It was now almost dark, and the Puritan approached the solitary candle which burned in the chamber, and by its light read the following words:

"Little Dick Slash to his old friend, the Captain, greeting:

"I desire to speak to you—so leave your company, and come down with me. If you keep me waiting, I shall go up to you. Choose between these courses; for see you, and speak with you, I will.

"Yours, as you shall treat me, 'DEVERIL.'"

Tisdal read this document over and over again, with such obvious and uncontrollable evidences of agitation, that even Sir Hugh observed the darkened expression which crossed his countenance, as he studied it.

"No ill news, Tisdal, I trust?" inquired the old knight.

"No—nothing—no, Sir Hugh," stammered he, as he crumpled the paper in his fingers, and thrust it deep into his pocket. He walked first a step or two towards the door, then paused irresolutely, and strode to the window, whence he looked sternly and eagerly downward, and along the street, in both directions; then returning, he said abruptly—

"I'm called away, Sir Hugh: I am not needed here further at present. I shall return speedily."

His excited and hurried manner was so remarkable as he uttered these words and moved from the chamber, that Sir Hugh and his attorney looked on one another in silent wonder for some seconds after the door had closed.

"A strange fellow that," said the latter. "He looked as though he were on his way to the gallows."

"He is a strange, gloomy and excitable man," said the knight; "but brave and trustworthy."

"I've known him long, and seen him often tried." As they thus conferred, the subject of their discourse descended the staircase, and needed no guide to indicate the place where his visitor was to be found, inasmuch as he heard the well-known voice of Deveril, in jocular converse with the servant, at the street door.

"Ha, Mr. Tisdal," he exclaimed, assuming, much to the Puritan's relief, a tone of respect, "I am glad to see you, sir."

Jeremiah nodded, and silently walked forth and pursued his way for some time in profound and obstinate taciturnity. At last he turned suddenly upon Deveril, who was smoking lazily at his side, and abruptly asked—

"Well, what is it you want?"

Deveril removed his pipe, and spat upon the ground; and, shrugging his shoulders as he looked, with a half laugh, upon the Puritan, he said,

"Why, what an ill-conditioned churl he has turned out. This comes of your Munster farming, your turf and buttermilk! Why, man, you're scarce fit for civil company. What do I want? Nothing—nothing from you—nothing in the world but your company. You treated me in the country, and I'll treat you in town."

"I don't want your company—I don't want your supper," said Tisdal, gruffly.

"Come, come—you're too savage; rot me but it won't do," rejoined Deveril. "It's better be friends than foes, especially where it costs nothing. Come—I believe I'm the best off of the two, at present; and since I joined the army, and entered his Majesty's service, I've set up as a sort of sly saint, in the same line as yourself, barring that I go to Mass, and you to another sort of service; so take take courage, and remember I have a character now to look after, as well as you. Come, come—we must keep terms; it's better to have a cup of sack than to draw daggers on one another, without a cause. Come along, man; be advised."

Induced by such speeches, and, more than all, by the obvious prudence of avoiding an unnecessary rupture with this man, so long as he was disposed upon reasonable terms to observe a truce, Tisdal moodily suffered his communicative companion to lead him into the King's Head, the inauspicious tavern, among whose dusky chambers we have already followed Deveril.

Behold them, therefore, seated by a blazing fire, in the old panelled chamber which tradition called the 'countess's bower.' A piece of rush matting covered a patch of the floor, beside the hearth, and upon it stood the table with their snug refection disposed in inviting confusion over its white cloth. The candles upon the table, indeed, but feebly lighted up the wide expanse of the deserted chamber; but the flickering blaze of the hearth had dispelled the damps, and sent its ruddy pulsations of fitful light into the most distant corners and recesses of the apartment.

"Sit down in your chair, old bully; choose a pipe, and help yourself out of this," cried Deveril, doing the honors, and chucking his tobacco box across the table to his comrade, while he threw himself into a seat, and glanced at the bright fire with a cozy shrug. "A snug fire," he continued, significantly, "a snug fire, captain, though not quite so warm as Drungunniol, eh?"

"The place is burned," said Tisdal, doggedly; not choosing to understand his comrade's sneer.

"Burned! well, that's no great news to me," rejoined Deveril, crossing his legs, and planting one elbow carelessly upon the table, while he proceeded to chop and shred his tobacco, upon which he smiled the while, as sarcastically as if his conversation was addressed exclusively to it; "no great news, seeing I beheld the bonfire with these eyes, and should, had you but seen out your pleasant frolic, myself have lent a few pounds of grease to the blaze. Come, old Snap, be frank and friendly, and say, in confidence, did you not mean that I should broil in your old tinder-box of a house?"

"How could I help you, blockhead: I had well nigh perished myself," said Tisdal, roughly.

"Aye, indeed? that would have been a blow to the religious world," said Deveril, with a look of concern.

"But how do you satisfy me for my money, comrade; the gold and silver you stole from beneath the crab-tree in the paddock; account with me for that," growled Tisdal.

"Dreams and fancies, friend; the fire has fried your brains, old boy, and these are the fumes and vapors—gold and silver, crab-trees and paddocks," cried Deveril, throwing himself back, and shaking his head slowly; "take care, saint Jeremiah—thy pious rigors, thy austerities and mortifications are fast unsettling thy wits; 'tis all pure fancy, or, if it be anything more, I at least comprehend it not; and what's more," he continued, altering his manner to one of very distinct and decisive significance; "I never shall comprehend it either; to the end of the chapter; so let us turn to something more intelligible."

"And how," continued Tisdal, "how do you defend your cruelty to poor Bligh, my trusty

servant, whom you shut into the house, and committed to the flames?"

"Nay, cried Deveril, with real sincerity 'I know nothing of that; he must have fled into it from the rapparees. I was far away ere then. But was he burned, really and actually burned alive?"

"Burnt to a cinder, poor dog!" said Tisdal.

"Well, he was the stupidest booby, that Bligh—just the sort of fellow to run into a house on fire, and burn himself to tinder," said Deveril.—As he reflected on the adventure, it gradually struck him in so ludicrous a light, that he first chuckled, and then laughed outright, until the tears overflowed his eyes.

"And so," resumed Deveril, as soon as this hilarious explosion had quite expended itself, "the old farm-house and the saintly youth are actually burned to smoke and ashes—dust and charcoal. It was a comfortable old place—devilish comfortable; and you got it, you know, a dead bargain."

Deveril said this in a careless sort of way, and without even glancing at his companion, who rose as if stung with a sudden pain—sate down again, and scowled once or twice quickly upon him, as if upon the point of speaking, but he held his peace.

"Come," said Deveril, "I'm your entertainer to-night; and gibbet me but I'll treat you like a gentleman; rot it, I'll have no mooping. Odd's life, man, we know one another; where's the good of striving to humbug? It's no bite—file against file—so as well let it alone. There's the backgammon board; there's the burnt brandy, and all the rest; and here am I, your old bully comrade, ready to play you a bit, or tip you a stave; or—come, to begin—ladle a glassful, and listen to me, while I tell you the ups and downs of little Dick Slash, since we parted company in merry Lincolnshire."

Tisdal complied in silence, and thus together sate these two ancient companions in iniquity, changed in aspect, and one, at least, not less so in mind, since their old days of sin and riot, and now, after their long separation, once more so strangely brought together by the whims of fortune—there they sate, quaffing 'pottle-deep potations,' from the bowl of burnt brandy—Tisdal's favorite beverage of old—and talking over, with growing interest and recklessness, their old remembrances. Under the influence of the potent bowl, all the superinduced formalities of Tisdal's puritanism gradually melted away and vanished piece by piece, revealing the natural character of the man, until, in all the indestructible vividness and strength of its old passion and daring, the dark and fiery spirit stood confessed. The backgammon board at which they had been playing—for Tisdal had, as we have said, for the nonce forgotten his puritanism—was now shoved aside, and deeper and fiercer grew these ominous revelries. Strange and wild was Deveril's excitement, as, with flashing eye and a face flushed, but not with the glow of intoxication, he ran through his adventures, comic, tragic, and perilous, with a rapidity and a rude fascination of descriptive force which absorbed his old comrade in its interest, and fired him in turn with a corresponding excitement and reckless unreserve (fatal excitement, fatal unreserve); and thus hour after hour flew by, and found them still in deep carousal.

These mad orgies were at their highest and loudest when the inkeeper entered with a flask of brandy in his hand.

"A new flask of brandy, corporal?" said a man, fixing his eye on the soldier, as he placed the bottle on the table, and then added slowly—"and there's more below, whenever you please to want it."

He paused for a moment, looking with steady significance in Deveril's face, and then turning, left the room, without saying another word.

Deveril's hilarity subsided—the blood left his face; a dark and sinister expression gradually gathered upon its unsightly features, deeper and thicker every moment; he drew two or three long breaths, with something between a shiver and a sigh, and rose abruptly from his seat.

"What's the matter—what's gone wrong with you now, you gallow's dog?" inquired Tisdal, in a tone whose surprise, if not suspicion, was ill-qualified by a semblance of rough jollity.

"Nothing at all—a sort of a chill; the room is cold, isn't it?" replied Deveril, with an unsuccessful effort to appear at his ease. "Take some liquor, and never mind me."

Tisdal looked at him doubtfully and steadily for some time; and Deveril's uneasiness seemed rather to increase than diminish as he stooped down, and taking the poker in his hand, began to batter it heavily on the hearth.

"What the devil ails you?" said Tisdal more uneasily, while a vague suspicion of some unknown mischief connected with the incomprehensible movements and conduct of his comrade, began to fill his mind; and, after a pause, he added sternly and uneasily,

"I'll not stay here to see you play the fool;—

so good-night."

"What are you afraid of—eh?" said Deveril, with a ghastly laugh, and striking again and still harder upon the hearth with the massive poker. "Curse your nonsense; what are you dreaming about?—what are you afraid of?"

Confirmed in his suspicion, undefined as they were, Tisdal rose hastily from his seat.

"Don't go—you must not go; you shan't go," cried Deveril, planting himself between Tisdal and the door, and affecting to laugh, while the hilarious cachinnation was horribly belied by the expression of his face. "Why, we've not well begun yet, rot it; you shan't turn tail at this time of night; you're my guest, you know—and I'm master here."

As he spoke he continued to affect a playful jocularly, which, however, did not prevent his companion's observing the deadly expression which lurked beneath it, and remarking also that he clutched the poker with the genuine earnestness of a man prepared to employ it as a weapon of offence.

"Let me pass," cried Tisdal, with the ferocity of thoroughly aroused suspicion.

"Nonsense, nonsense," continued Deveril, in a tone half jocular, half soothing, but which filled the mind of Tisdal with the deadliest fears.

"Let me pass, or by—," cried the Puritan, with something bordering upon desperation, for he was unarmed.

"Holla! Burke—are you asleep?—ere—murder—here," shouted Deveril, at the top of his voice, and no longer attempting to disguise the nature of his intentions.

Pressing his hat firmly down upon his brows, Tisdal grasped the ponderous brass candlestick, and hurled it at the head of his treacherous entertainer. Deveril, by quickly stooping, escaped the missile, which smote the old wainscoting at the further end of the room, with a crash which might have frightened the rats for ever and a day from the countess's bower; and in the next moment the two companions were locked together in desperate and deadly conflict. Tugging and striving, they wheeled and shuffled along the floor; down went the table—cups, glasses, bowl, flagons, and all, rattling and rumbling over the dusty old boards; and down rolled the combatants over the prostrate table, over and over;—and as Tisdal tugged and tumbled in this deadly grapple, in the flickering fire-light, he saw two strange figures, spectre-like, peering at him from the hearth.

"Deveril, Deveril," he muttered, half breathless, "you won't murder me; don't take my life!"

"Burke, Burke!" still shouted the redoubted Dick Slash, "come—will you come, d— you, or I must brain him. Burke—holla, Burke, he's choking me!"

Tisdal heard no more; for, accidentally or otherwise, the heavy poker which they struggled for, descended stunningly upon his head, and in an instant all was dark, dreamless lethargy.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE TUSSELE AND THE EAVES DROPPERS.

Disengaging himself as the soldiers entered, Deveril arose, torn and agitated, and smeared with the blood which flowed plentifully from Tisdal's wound.

"Get candles, will you, some of you," cried Garvey, his shrill voice strained to an absolute screech, in his intense agitation; for if he was alarmed at the violent struggle which he had but just witnessed, he was now doubly terrified at its result, fearing, and as it seemed, not without cause, that the unfortunate Puritan was actually murdered. "Lights, will you?—lights! candles here!"

"Hold your fool's tongue," said Miles-Garrett, gruffly, for he it was who had accompanied Garvey, and with him entered the room from the little closet which we have already described.—"Hold your tongue, will you, or you'll have the whole street up here;" and grasping Tisdal by the collar, he dragged him up into a sitting posture. "He's not dead, and very little damaged either."

"He has mauled me to some purpose," said Deveril, now speaking for the first time since the conflict, and, adjusting his torn shirt mechanically with one hand, the other still holding the ponderous pokers while he gazed in the heavy face of his betrayed comrade. "Every man for himself, and God for us all. Egad, you did not give yourselves much trouble to get my weasand out of his gripe; and I have luck to thank, and not you, gentlemen, that I have a puff of breath in my body."

Candles were now brought in, and Tisdal was placed in an arm chair, and some water dashed in his face. An odd tableau enough the room presented; a great, old, damp-stained, dreary chamber, with a little group standing around one sitting form; Garvey, with a glass of water in his hand, frightened and fidgety, pale as clay; in sinister suspense, splashing the cold showers in the face of their torpid victim, whose grizzled locks and livid features were drenched in blood and water.

Garrett, silent, stern and gloomy, with his strong hand still upon the old man's collar; and Deveril coolly re-adjusting his disarranged attire, and stealing from time to time, a curious look, half shrinking, half ferocious, at the Puritan; and, lastly, near the door, imperfectly lighted, with grounded muskets, stood the broad-hatted soldiers, silent and listless, while their corporal, in grim luxury, chewed a quid of tobacco.—At last, Tisdal opened his eyes, stared wildly round, and attempted to rise, but fell again into his chair, muttering incoherently all the while.

"Thank God, thank God!" whispered Garvey, and the pious ebullition of gratitude, we are bound to admit, was spoken in the genuine sincerity of selfishness; "by the law, sir, there's nothing the matter with him; no murder after all."

"It's dark, sir; dark, sir—to be sure it is—dark—dark; curse the road, and the trees; dark—dark as pitch," muttered Tisdal, staring wildly before him.

"We'll get some more water," suggested Garvey, relapsing into alarm.

"Ay, ay, in the water, was it? A year ago found there, so it was; dangerous bit, sir," continued Tisdal, and then, on a sudden, perceiving Deveril, he said in a tone of alacrity, "Ha, Dick, Dick, little Dick for ever! Dick, Dick at it again!"

"The men may stand on the lobby, I suppose, sir?" said Deveril, hastening to drown the voice of the bewildered Puritan, and addressing Miss Garrett, at whose disposal the soldiers were placed.

"Ay; take them to the lobby," said he; and as the order was obeyed, Tisdal continued—

"Dick, Dick, he didn't hurt you, eh; no, no, no; it's nothing, is it? and, as he spoke, he raised his hand to his head. The sober black of his sleeve seemed to fix his gaze, and with a puzzled look of dismay and horror, he said—

"Dick, Dick, they've found you out; I have often told you, my God, a thousand times, I told you, you'd come to the gallows; is it, tell me, are we blown?" he cried, with a bewildered look, gazing from face to face; "Dick, Dick, stand by me, and we'll have one blaze for it; blood and lightning I man, don't knock under."

He made a frantic effort to rise, but was easily overpowered, and kept in his chair, where he continued to sit in dogged silence, while, minute after minute, one by one, his scattered recollections returned, and slowly resumed their successive connection, until at last the scene in which he had just borne so principal part, and all the occurrences of the evening, in their true bearings, stood fully reinstated and restored before his mind's eye. At length, after a silence of many minutes, he said, in a tone of stern reproach—

"Deveril, you have done for me! You are a blacker scoundrel than I took you for. You once had a notion of honor about you; you're nothing now but a stag—you are not game, what you once were; you're not game."

"Game as you are," retorted Deveril, with an ineffectual effort to appear perfectly at his ease, for spite of his effrontery, there was something so indefensibly unprofessional in his conduct to his old associate, that he felt an emotion almost akin to genuine shame, as he attempted to return his steady gaze of gloomy reproach.

"I might have served you out. I might have blown your fox's head off your shoulders; I might have taken your life as easily as drawing a trigger, when you came to Drungunniol a few weeks ago; but like a chicken-hearted fool, I spared you," continued Tisdal, bitterly.

"Thank you for nothing," replied Deveril, scornfully. "You thought the wild Irish might do it as well. My fox's head, as you call it, saved me there, and no love of yours, comrade."

"Gentlemen," said Tisdal, suddenly rising after a considerable pause, "you have no right to keep me here. I'm no prisoner; I shall leave you now; I'm a free man."

At a word from Garrett the door opened, and the guard showed themselves. Tisdal threw one look of rage and despair at Deveril, and then cast himself again into the chair.

"Well," said he at length, in a tone of sullen, bitter despondency, "what do you want of me? Speak out, and have done with it, can't you?"

"You see, Mr. Tisdal, you had better behave peaceably," said Garrett. "There is nothing to be gained by violence. We are protected, and you in every way in our power; you have been overheard—your admissions and confessions; and so, methinks, a submissive behaviour will best become you, as the reverse will inevitably make your position only the more perilous. You see those soldiers; we, too, are armed; and I tell you fairly, that, except with my permission, you shall not leave this room alive. So, Mr. Tisdal, let me recommend you calmly to submit to what cannot be avoided."

"I'm betrayed and lost!" muttered Tisdal.

"No, no; not lost," interrupted Garvey, with

one of his sweetest smiles of villainy, that is, unless you choose it. No, no, not lost at all.

Mr. Garvey says truly, resumed Miles Garrett, you shall have the choosing of your own fate.

Garvey, meanwhile, was arranging some paper, which, along with a small ink-horn and pens, he took from his coat-pocket, and mounting a pair of spring spectacles upon his nose, he completed his elaborate preparations for writing.

The soldiers withdrew; the doors were closed; and Tisdal was left alone with his three oddly-matched companions.

Half an hour passed, and an hour; and the sentinels who kept watch on the lobby were yet undischarged. They had heard nothing, but the broken hum of voices from within, sometimes raised in vehement expostulations, sometimes in ferocious threats and imprecations, and once or twice was heard a voice as of one whose heart was wrung with agony unspeakable—a bitter, hoarse moan of anguish and horror unendurable.

Then, again, these abrupt, discordant outbreaks would subside into the same level hum, and at times even into utter silence. Thus time wore away until at last the guard of musketeers on the lobby saw the chamber door open, and Dereril came forth.

Well, said he, with a yawn, it's settled after all, and without troubling you, gentlemen. He turns out to be a safer man than we took him for, and no crop-eared Covenant rascal after all, though he has a deuced whiggish sort of slang, and stogery about him; but he's a true man, corporal—a true man.

The corporal, who was somewhat tired of his his occupation, spat through his teeth upon the floor, and giving his quid a new turn, remarked remorsefully that he did not care the butt-end of a burned match if the devil had him.

In the countess's chamber, meanwhile, Garrett was standing by the table reading, with an air of evident satisfaction, the last sheet of several, on which the ink was scarcely yet dry.

They were the sworn depositions of Jeremiah Tisdal. The Puritan himself sat just as we left him, except that his elbows were leaning on the table, and his face buried in his coarse, sinewy hands; so that only his burning forehead and its swollen veins were visible.

So far so well, said Garrett, as he slowly folded the document and carefully placed it in his deep pocket; we have done with you for the present.

Tisdal lifted his arm with an expression of rage and menace, but shame or compunction overcame him and he once more buried his face in his hands, and remained silent.

Pooh! pooh! Mr. Tisdal: what can all you? said Garvey, in his most soothing accents. There, there; why you have done no wrong, and need not be ashamed of any one.

With this remark, Garvey bundled up all his appliances, and hurried after Miles Garrett, who had already left the room.

Garvey, you must see the landlord, whispered Garrett in his ear, clutching him impressively by the arm as he spoke; you must see him and arrange that other business; and, remember, I have no part in it; it is your own affair, mind you, and no business of mine.

I understand, sir, of course, Mr. Garrett, it was my own suggestion, answered the familiar in a whisper as earnest. You can pass out, and I will confer with him; but, somehow, I wish a few of these would stay in the way. He paused, glancing uneasily at the soldiers, who were moving before them down the broad, dim, old staircase. For, to be plain with you, I should not just choose to meet that old Puritan rascal in his present mood alone, and in such a cut throat hole of a place as this.

You're as arrant a coward as ever, said Garrett, contemptuously. Do as you list, but see to it without delay.

Thus speaking, Garrett threw his cloak about him and strode forth into the street, leaving his dependant to manage his *lets-a-tele* with the non-keeper as best he might.

(To be Continued.)

FAILURE OF THE PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

From the Morning News. On Tuesday last there was held in the Rotunda, a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the (Protestant) gospel in Foreign Parts, which was attended by nearly 70 Protestant clergymen, including Archbishop Whately, who presided, Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop-Elect of Nassau, and several of the fellows of Trinity College. We never impudently interfere in the religious concerns of our non-Catholic brethren, nor at all, save only when they affect ourselves, such as when we are called on to support a Protestant establishment hostile to our faith and to our feelings. A question, however, was propounded and its solution proposed, at this meeting, which must interest alike, both Protestants and Catholics. Archbishop Whately asks why it is, with all the learning, zeal, self-devotion, eloquence, earnestness, exemplary lives, and worldly advantages of Protestant missionaries, that the converts made by them are so few. Clearly, his Grace did not intend to confine the application of the question to the sterility of their Mission in Foreign parts, but, we suspect, rather meant it as an apology for its total failure in Ireland, intended it as a commentary, in fact, upon the Religious Returns of the recent Census. Mr. Whiteside, M.P., in a most eloquent and very able speech, proposed to remedy this failure, by the establishment of a Protestant Propaganda, Fide, on the model of that in Rome, the efficiency of which, as derived from personal observation, he lauded in the most generous, glowing, and liberal terms. Without entering upon the tempting field which Archbishop Whately's question, and Mr. Whiteside's reply open up, we shall content ourselves with quoting the following passages from his speech, prefacing them, however, with the real solution of the Protestant difficulty through an anecdote which we give upon authority. The late Sir Thomas F. Buxton devoted a great portion of his life to working the scheme for the conversion of the African tribes, to the funds of which he largely subscribed, and in which humane effort he was warmly assisted by his sister. The fame of the Propaganda attracted the zealous Baronet to Rome, where he called on Dr. Cullen, now Archbishop of Dublin, that he might ascertain, through him, the system there pursued. He frankly avowed to Dr. Cullen the object of his visit, stating that numbers of valuable lives were sacrificed, hundreds of thousands of pounds annually lavished, and missions founded but to fail, conversions being rare, their sincerity doubtful, and their temporary character proved by a rapid lapse into idolatry. With these he contrasted the

extraordinary success of Catholic missions in every latitude and under every clime—a success which the baronet attributed solely to the peculiar training and instruction in the Propaganda. Dr. Cullen called his attention to the fact that the Students were of no higher order or rank, talent, or station, nor was the mode of life or discipline different, in any material respect, from those in any ordinary college. The funds, which had been assumed as of fabulous magnitude, were shown to be only £17,000 or £18,000 a year—in fact, the accounts were submitted to him to audit—and the studies, with the exception of the great diversity of languages, were pointed out as limited to a little theology, a little philosophy, and the usual course of every Ecclesiastical College. All this but increased the more the marvellings of the evangelical Baronet. "Why, then," he asked, "do our Missionaries fail and yours succeed?" "Simply," said Dr. Cullen, "because ours have got a mission from God, as sent by the successor of St. Peter, with whom, and with whose successors, he has promised to be all days even to the consummation of the world, and to whom, and to those appointed by him, He gave the commission, 'Go teach all Nations!'"

On taking the chair, his Grace Archbishop Whately said—You will hear at this meeting, very fully set forth in detail, and no doubt, very eloquently, sufficient accounts of the progress of our missions abroad to afford us encouragement and to call for thankfulness; but I wish to call your attention very briefly to one circumstance of an opposite character. I mean the progress which the Missionaries make in gaining converts to the Gospel is so very scanty and so very low, compared with what took place in the time of the Apostles, and the other first preachers of the Gospel. What is the cause of this mysterious dispensation of Providence, I cannot undertake to explain. Now, we may derive from this unfortunately scanty and comparatively slow progress of the Gospel—we may derive from it strong and striking evidence of the supernatural origin of the Gospel—evidence perfectly within the reach of the humblest enlightened Christian. It has been the fashion in modern days to deride all appeals to evidence as to the miracle set forth in the Gospel—that no miracle was ever could be wrought, and that the only ground for accepting the Gospel by any person of good sense has always been, and must always be, the purity and excellence of the doctrine taught. Now, let us try the experiment. The experiment, in fact, is going on in various parts of the world. The purity of the Gospel doctrine is just the same now as it was in the time of the Apostles. The lives of the missionaries are exemplary—their zeal and self-devotion, the eloquence and the earnestness with which they set forth the promises of grace and the threats of judgment, are just what they always were. Why is it, then, that they have made only perhaps ten converts where the Apostles in less time made more than 100? Why is it that the progress of the Gospel is so comparatively slow? In one respect our modern missionaries have a very great advantage over the Apostles. They come from a more civilized country and a more civilized nation, among those who, though not absolutely savages, are yet far below themselves in knowledge and in skill. They are reverenced for their superior knowledge; they are looked up to as instructors in many useful arts, and in that respect have a vast advantage over the first teachers of the Gospel, who were a despised portion of a despised nation, going among the most civilized and enlightened of all nations in the world. And yet we know that for one convert we make, they made twenty in a much shorter space of time. What is the cause of this? Some cause there must be. Why is it, then, that plain and unlearned men like the Apostles made a hundred converts for us twenty, or for one ten? I may say, and that in a less space of time? It must have been, in consequence of the miraculous powers which they possessed. We are ourselves a monument of it; and here, then, we have, in a circumstance which we cannot but lament and endeavor to remove—we have, in the comparatively slow and scanty success which our society has met with, a decisive proof, that the origin of the Gospel must have been supported by miraculous power (hear hear and applause).

Right Hon. Mr. Whiteside, in the course of his speech, said—Once in my life I was induced to live some time in the city of Rome, and I thought that the greatest institution in Rome, was the institution called *De Propaganda Fide*. I was present once as a ceremony of great interest in connection with that institution; and it made a lasting impression on my mind. It was the annual exhibition of the progress made in training the youthful missionaries in all languages to enable them to traverse the whole world, and spread the doctrines of the Church in which they believed to every part of the earth. It was said, I know not with what truth; that there were fifty-one languages spoken in that meeting. The learned Cardinal Mezzofanti, was then living, and it was said he spoke all those languages. I dare say a great deal of what the speakers said was said to him; for it was quite useless to address it to me as far as I was individually concerned. But just contemplate the wisdom, of that body. There were young men almost of every complexion under Heaven trained in Rome, educated, schooled, disciplined in a system, obedient, tractable, and let me add, healthy in the body, and I have no doubt strong and resolute in the spirit; because it was the habit to take them up the mountains and teach them how to seek for a river, to tread the forest, ascend a precipice, and in short, to train them efficiently for all the work they would have to do. And it is quite idle to say that they were not sincere. (Hear, hear.) Men don't risk their lives as hypocrites. You will always discover whether a man is a hypocrite or not by the life he leads. Men don't go to the ends of the earth to propagate and spread opinions in which they do not sincerely believe (hear hear). Our duty is not to rail at those who differ from us, but to observe their system and see whether under, as we believe, a better and purer dispensation there is not much in it for us to imitate and copy, (hear, hear). Why, I would ask, has Rome the wealth of England? Has she the commerce of England? Has she the power of England? Has she the ships that carry the Scriptures to every part of the world? Nothing of the kind; but she has discipline, energy, system, a resolute purpose, and no matter in what trouble she may be involved, her ecclesiastical system does not change, and those who carry it on never waver in their purpose (hear, hear). I know not whether we have any such system; but I always lament when I remember what my friend the Governor of Sierra Leone told me, that of all the sad sights that man could see there the saddest were the epitaphs that recorded the deaths of our missionaries. They cannot stand against the climate, and they fall victims to the sincerity of their faith. But I can conceive the system pursued in Rome being pursued here, under the instrumentality and direction of the Church of England. I can conceive men—natives of every country that owes allegiance to England—instructed in our faith, strong in body, firm in spirit going forth to accomplish the work which those young men, under the direction of the Propaganda in Rome most ably, and I believe, most zealously perform (hear, hear). You see it is one thing to attack other men, and to impeach their conduct and their principles; and another thing to perform our own duty. I am of opinion that it would be much better for us zealously to perform our own duty, than to deride what is done by other men (hear, hear). We being confidently of opinion that we have a purer and a sounder theory; and a better religion to inspire our actions; if it does not produce that result it will be difficult to persuade other men that we have that principle within us.

The London American takes the side of the North in the present contest, and the South, unwilling to be unrepresented in England, is to have a newspaper started in its interest immediately.—Home News.

IRELAND'S AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS.

COLE, SEPT. Enlargement and remodelling of farmyard bricks and mortar are sure signs of amendment in husbandry. On the Duke of Devonshire's Lismore estate improvement is thus manifesting itself; and the admirable model buildings on the 300-acre farm lately in the hands of his Grace, and now occupied by a Scotch farmer (though there are few tenants not Irish), have done good among the smaller tenantry, as a practical exemplification of the advantage of an adequate homestead. A fixture steam engine has also been lately erected there for driving a thrashing-mill, chaff-machine, &c. Mr. Curry, the agent resident in the Castle, has a small holding, in which he has built another pattern farmyard, surrounded, as we saw them, with most excellent crops of swedes, mangold, corn, and nice well-managed pastures, bounded by neatly-trimmed quicks—quite a refreshment to the eye which has seen for scores of miles little else in the way of fences than endless bank or wall "ditches" with crests of scrubby furze. These sorry fences, however, have their use; they form a shelter for stock on a treeless hill; the furze sown on the top of the artificial bank affords rough trimmings for the fold-yard, and the young shoots are sometimes chopped up as good cattle-food. At some of the farmsteads are fixed horse-works driving a small thrashing-mill; but portable horse thrashing machines travel about, let out at so much per day. Steam engines of small power are being introduced. Field implements are improved, though still of inferior construction. The ploughs (made in the district) are small, of wrought-iron, with cast-iron shares—the common depth of work five or six inches; harrows are depended on instead of scarifiers for cleaning ground after ploughing; but they have little horse-hoes, or drill-grubbers, for mowing between the rows of root and green crops. Weeds are shamefully neglected; they disfigure the depaupered fields, raise their heads high above the standing corn, and being left untouched by the reaper, stand as thistles and docks, gaily ripening their seed and shedding it for future growth, with every wind that blows. And the smaller weeds so thickly cover the ground that a mown stubble a little way off appears like a field of young seeds. There is no doubt that the moisture of the climate brings up a stout crop of these vegetable vermin, in an astonishingly brief time. Wheat is commonly sown broadcast; sometimes on land ploughed in ribs so that the plant comes up in rows a foot or so apart, yet the growing crop is never hoed, but little weeding is done. When cut, the corn is almost universally piled first in hooded shocks, then gathered into numerous field stacks, like managed beehives, little bigger than haycocks, dotted about the field, instead of carried in waggons into large ricks; and these are commonly carted to the thrashing machine. The grain crops this year are short in straw, thin, light, and much still uncut. It is in the green cropping that advance has been made of late years. "The famine"—that mysterious visitation, which, after all its horrors, seems to have established several bases of coming prosperity for Ireland—drove people to the culture of winter, cattle-food in lieu of the mealy esculent on which Hibernian husbandry had reposed, and which was the bread and main wage of "the finest peasantry in the world" and though many little farmers will tell you how they wish the potatoes may give over being black, and these troublesome new crops be needed no more, this very introductory (not gradual, but simultaneous in all districts) is the foundation of all advances made or hoped for. The green crops are carefully drilled and cleaned with the horse-hoe; most farmers put in the seed with two or three rows of guano; phosphoric manure, or "Laws" though enriching their farmyard dung with a little home-grown grain, perhaps, but no purchase of cake, and the chief improvement in detail of tillage management during the last few years is to be found in the management of the indispensable turnip, and the lasting mangold-wurzel. The average yields throughout a wild district are 120 to 140 stones of oats, and 80 to 120 stones of wheat per acre; the latter commonly weighing 61 pounds per bushel when of extra quality. The rent of land on the old red sandstone, claystone, and limestone, occurring in close juxtaposition for miles about Lismore, averages about 15s to 20s; near the towns, for accommodation purposes, 30s, 40s, and upwards; only 10s on the thinner, stony soils on the hills (which are in good tillage, not the sheep pasture of the high grounds); while the belts of permanent grass in the vales, on a rich alluvial loam, are let for 36s, 40s, and even much higher. The landlord pays the tithes; the tenant pays the county cess and half the poor-rate; or rather half the poundage upon the assessment. Under-drainage, executed with the stones, which are so plentiful, is done to a considerable extent; the tenant finding stones, the landlord doing the cutting and filling, and charging 5 per cent on the cost. Shallower drains than three feet have been abandoned; the mains are three and a half feet deep, and a parallel system is pursued, with distances of 18 to 24 feet.

There is no tenant-right here—that is, no paying for the mere goodwill of a farm, but there exist some singular customs with respect to charges for seed and labor. Thus, when a farm changes hands in spring, two-thirds of the wheat growing after a manured green crop are claimed; at the ensuing harvest by the outgoing tenant, an arrangement being usually entered into in lieu of this actual transaction. The general tenure of land used to be by leases for three lives, or for life renewable for ever; the landlord easily receiving his rents from middle-men who sublet to small tenants on their own terms; and it was difficult to be quit of a bad manager from any holding except for actual default of rent. The great potato failure did much towards altering this state of things; a better system has been introduced and, as the long leases fall in, the Duke treats directly with the tenants, so that few such middle-men remain, and the largest part of the estate is now held from year to year. His Grace the late Duke is held in revered memory in the district, and Mr. Curry is highly spoken of for the consideration accorded to an unfortunate man, or in a bad harvest season to a hardworking body of tenantry. There are always plenty of applications for a vacant holding; but preference is always given to sons or heirs; and 21 years' leases are granted when desired. The germ of a local agricultural association has been established in prizes offered for the best-managed farms, best crops, best cattle, at a show held in October, and so on,—the tenantry subscribing and the Duke doubling the amount of their subscriptions.—We should add that his Grace keeps a good short-horn bull, and also an Ayrshire, for improving the stock of the neighborhood.

About Waterford we found wages to be ordinarily 6s a week for a man and 3s for a woman; 2s to 3s a day for reapers and mowers for one or two harvest weeks, without ale or any other addition or perquisite. And from the weekly wages has to be deducted 6d to 8d for a cabin of one or at most two so-called "rooms," on the ground floor. About Lismore average wages are 5s, with cabin rent free; or 6s, when the laborer pays about 30s a year for a hut slated and called a "cottage" with a few square yards of ground for cabbages; the laborers generally renting their homes of the farmers for whom they work. But many workmen are boarded at the farm-houses, having 2s 9d to 3s per week, with three meals a day of bread, suet milk, &c. And much of the work is done by hired hands lodged as well as boarded, the small farmers and their families also doing much for themselves. The diet of the ordinary out-door laborers is wheaten bread, either of whole meal, or of this mingled with the finer quality of bran, so as to be very brown and coarse; but a cheaper food, the Indian corn meal with 10 or 12d per pound, made into "straboun" with the sour milk of the dairies, is more extensively consumed by these hard-living people, held in an "involuntary servitude" to poverty. That a family can exist, and find

food, warmth, and shelter, that infants and children can be reared and clothed, that diseaseless, untroubled, should distinguish the destitute peasantry on Sundays; and that in many cases money can be spent in whiskey and tobacco, is really astonishing; and yet the unions, workhouses have comparatively few inmates, though out-door relief is denied. "Almsgiving, the distribution of money and clothing by those who have made it their profession to look after the corporal as well as spiritual wants of the population; the many benevolent societies, more particularly the large organization of St. Vincent de Paul, and public and private charity in many forms, alleviate distress and sickness to a great extent in the large towns and their environs. In some localities the girls earn their own clothing (with that hooded cloak which serves for shawl, caps, and bonnet, according as they gracefully wear it) by sewing, mending, and by other ingeniousities of the needle, taught them in the convents or National Schools.—But in purely agricultural districts means of relief are rare. It is a common, though not universal thing for a labourer to have a quarter, half, and even up to three-quarters for a whole acre of potato ground; and to this all mysteries as to means of keeping body and soul together are referred for solution. Children scrape manure off the roads; a man sometimes can keep a pig; and for the manure thus brought together a farmer allows his men plots of his potato-land free of rent, in proportion to the quantity of manure they can furnish. The farmer does the ploughing, and the labourer finds seed and manure, and plants and takes up his crop. Sometimes the farmer finds manure, in that case charging a rent of 2s or 2s 6d per acre. But the potato-rot is a terrible disaster to the Irish labourer until the better style of husbandry shall have raised the rate of wages to a much higher scale, the crops here this year being expected from the portions dug to be one-third black. Privations of the most lamentable kind, being suffered by these underpaid hands, to whose honor is due the surprising fact of the paucity of felonies or grosser crimes, forming a main point in the laudation of Ireland's happiness now so much in fashion. What must have been the lower depth of wretchedness eight or nine years ago, when, even in Cork County, a man's wages was only 4s a week, instead of 6s or 7s, as at present?—Cork Times.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A large Catholic church has been commenced on City-quay, chiefly, we believe, for the accommodation of seamen.—Dublin Builder.

A new Catholic Church is to be erected at Lattin, Tipperary.—Dublin Builder.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM IN NEWPORT.—On Wednesday, his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam arrived in the above place from Partry, and was hailed "ten thousand welcomes" by the devoted Pastor, Rev. Richard Prendergast, and his flock. The people seemed by the expression of joy and gladness beaming on their countenance, to have felt delighted in seeing his Grace amongst them, in restored health and vigour. On Thursday the youth of the parish, and others more advanced in years, who had not yet been strengthened by the Sacrament, which enables the Christian to fight courageously against the enemies of faith and man's salvation, received Confirmation at the Archbishop's hands. The number confirmed was nearly 500. In the knowledge shown by them, of the Christian doctrine, they gave cause to the good pastor and his curate, the Rev. J. Conannon, to feel rejoiced that children and people were all so well instructed in the truths of our holy faith. The discourse, explanatory of the sacrament, its nature, effects, the dispositions required in order to receive it with fruit was, with profit, delivered in their own language, to the people, by Rev. U. J. Bourke, St. Jarlath's College Tuam. His Grace, with the clergy of the deanery, and others, were, during his stay, the guests of the hospitable pastor. On Friday his Grace, accompanied by thirteen of his clergy, proceeded to the island of Aohill.—Patriot.

The Times Dublin correspondent writes on the subject of ecclesiastical architecture. It seems that Protestants cannot ever keep in a decent condition the buildings they stole from the Catholics, much less build meeting-houses for themselves.—

The Archbishop of Dublin, in laying the foundation stone of a new church at Bray yesterday, made some remarks which have not merely a local interest. The old church in that now fashionable and rising town, always the centre of an aristocratic district, is one of the most hideous of those bar-like structures which are so common in Ireland, and it accommodates only 600 persons. The church about to be erected, half a mile from the town, on the Fitzwilliam property, where a new road was opened by the late Lord Herbert of Lea, will accommodate 900 persons, and the cost will be about £6,000. The Earl of Meath having made an introductory statement, the Archbishop—whose son, Archdeacon Whately, is the vicar—remarked that it gave him great satisfaction to lay the foundation of this church, particularly because it removed the scandal, not only to Bray but to the Established Church, that such a large and wealthy population should be left year after year without any adequate place of worship. "It was," he said, "a reproach to our Church. We ought to remember that Roman Catholics and all other denominations have to support, entirely at their own expense, their places of worship and their ministers; and what a thing it would be for them to say to us, and to say justly, that we are attached to our Church simply because it is an endowed Church." Other places as well as Bray deserve to be reproached for neglecting to provide suitable places of worship. It must be confessed that the members of the Irish Church, clergy, and laity have been exceedingly remiss and deficient in public spirit in this respect. There is not a parish church in Dublin, with the exception of St. George's, of which we ought not to be ashamed. Even St. Ann's, the Archbishop's own parish church, is without steeple or tower, and looks like a cow with her horns struck off. The parish church of St. Peter's the largest parish in Dublin, stands in a graveyard—an ugly spleenless structure, the interior of which is gloomy and somniferous in the extreme. St. Andrew's Church was burnt down one Sunday morning about a year ago, and the blackened walls stand there to this day untouched, a monument of the zeal and activity of the wealthy parishioners, aided by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. There is, however, a great deal being now done in the improvement of church architecture compared with past times, in which, not only in this respect, but in every respect which concerned the interests of religion, the Protestants were so shamefully negligent that it is almost by a miracle the Established Church was preserved at all amidst the general neglect, apathy, worldliness, and irreligion of its own members.—There are proofs, however, on every side of an extraordinary revival during the last quarter of a century, of which not the least striking and gratifying are those mentioned by Archbishop Whately in his address yesterday. "It is worth while to remark," said his Grace, "that there has been since I came to this diocese a greater number of places of worship built or rebuilt in that short space of time than there had been through the whole of the last century, during which our Church could rest entirely on Government protection, and enjoyed a large portion of revenue of which she has been since deprived." The other denominations of Protestants, too, are now ashamed of the inconvenient "meeting-houses" hid in out-of-the-way places, in which their Puritan forefathers were thankful to be permitted to worship God, eschewing all architectural ornament as an abomination in his sight.

PROSECUION FOR SEDITIOUS.—We are always happy to give publicity to acts of benevolence and generosity, especially when the benefactors are of a different persuasion; from those on whom the favour is conferred. The present instance of generosity which we wish to record is, the gift of five acres of land in perpetuity, in Kilsrush, by Colonel Vandeleur, M.P., for a site for a Convent, for the Sisters of Mercy; thus conferring an everlasting benefit on the poor. These devoted ladies, for several years, have been living in a small house in the town. Col. Vandeleur has also presented a magnificent lustre, making an endowment for the lighting of the same, with one hundred jets of gas, to the Catholic Church, to which on a former occasion, he handsomely subscribed, and gave an acre of ground, beautifully planted, for the site. It is pleasing to have it in our power to relate such acts of kindness amid the gloom of persecution and extermination which exist elsewhere.—Cork Morning News.

PROSECUTION FOR SEDITIOUS.—A charge of rather an unusual nature was brought before the Petty Sessions, at Millstreet, Dublin, on Monday, 9th September. It was against Mr. James Cooper, shopkeeper, Millstreet. The summons was instituted in the name of "The Queen at the prosecution of the Millstreet Constabulary," and was to the effect that the defendant did, "on Sunday, the 25th day of August, 1861, at Millstreet, unlawfully and maliciously post, publish, and exhibit, on the outside of one of the windows of his house, a certain placard containing a seditious libel on her Majesty the Queen, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided." The summons was signed by Mr. F. J. Davys, R.M. The interest excited in the case was, it is needless to say, very great, and the court-house was filled to crowding with inhabitants of Millstreet and the neighborhood. The magistrates presiding, were Mr. McCarthy O'Leary and Mr. F. J. Davys, R.M.

Mr. Bryan Galloway, Sessions Crown Prosecutor, conducted the prosecution; and Mr. Allen, Mallow, appeared for Mr. Cooper.

Mr. Galloway stated the case. He appeared, he said, on behalf of the crown, and by direction of the Government, to apply for informations against Jas. Cooper, for having written and published a seditious libel. On Sunday, the 25th August last, being the day preceding that upon which it was publicly announced that her Majesty was to stop at the Millstreet station, on her journey to Killarney, a placard appeared upon the window of the house of Mr. Cooper, who had a shop in the town. The placard was taken down shortly by the police. Immediately afterwards, however, a second placard was put up, and a copy of this was also taken down by the police. Cooper, upon the first being taken down, went to the police and said that he was the author of it, and wanted to get it from them. They refused to return the placard. He would read the first placard to the bench; it was as follows:—

"Hurray! hurray! hurray! Hurray! for Repeal! Away with the 'Tides' bill! Down with the 'Tides'! Three cheers for the Pope, Christ's vicar on earth! Three cheers for the English who try to hunt him to death! Let these be your watch words, my brave Celtic boys, While to confusion you'll scare all time-serving slaves, You know the dire wrongs that on your country have fallen: To redeem her at once on her brave sons she is calling, Not by blood does she hope those blessings to gain, Nor by slavish jublations, as Royalty passes by train. But by united demands her rights to obtain, All of which in 'one word' are contained in 'Repeal.' Less than which neither now nor for ever will satisfy any honest true Gael." The second one was an exact copy of the above with four additional lines at the foot:— "If to-morrow then is fine, boys, 'I'd have you mind your bay, Not slavishly going about To see the bye play."

Mr. Galloway then proceeded to give the bench the definition furnished by the best authorities in criminal law as to what seditious was.

After the examination of the Police and considerable argument amongst the lawyers, the magistrates retired for deliberation. Upon reappearing, Mr. McCarthy O'Leary said—in this case we have given a great deal of consideration to all the circumstances regarding it, and, as has happened sometimes to juries, there is rather a difference between my brother magistrate and myself. We do not agree in this matter; and, I believe, we must make no rule in the case at present.

Mr. Galloway—That leaves the case open to be brought into this court again, of course, your worship.

Mr. Allen—Well, I hope the proper authorities will not bring it before the court again. I distinctly disavow all reasonable intention in this matter. Mr. O'Leary—it settles the case with regard to this day's proceedings, at any rate.

Mr. Galloway—Oh, of course, sir. This terminated the case, and the court proceeded to the hearing of other summonses.—Dublin Telegraph.

MR. W. S. O'BRIEN AT CHALONS.—John Mitchel, writing to the Irish American, from Paris, on the 7th ult., says—"A few days ago I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. O'Brien. He is, of course, in depressed spirits on account of his late bereavement, and is travelling to distract his thoughts. From hence he went straight to the Camp at Chalons, and spent two or three days there. He was received with great distinction by the Marshal, both as a distinguished Irishman and as a fellow-clanman. Apartments were assigned to him in the Quarter General, and the greatest courtesy was shown in enabling him to see the arrangements of the camp and the exercises of the troops. In short, he felt himself at home in the Marshal's family, and was treated not as a stranger, but as an old friend. On the whole, he is exceedingly gratified by his visit, and felt proud in seeing a Gael of the Carrigrohott branch of his own family in command of fifty thousand of the choicest troops of France. How singular, in this tiresome, commonplace world, to see the old clan-feeling bring together these two Dalcassians by their common associations with the fens and forays of old. For the relations of the MacMahons with the more powerful branch of their family were not always of a peaceful and friendly sort. Yet here on the plain of Chalons, and in the nineteenth century, two men are found to be drawn towards one another by tender reminiscences of the days when a MacMahon rode on a foray and drove a crenell from the lands of Quin, or an O'Brien burned down Carrigrohott, said MacMahon's ears. Mr. O'Brien is now in Strasbourg. He is on his way to Hungary, and afterwards to Poland, with a view of seeing with his own eyes the state of those countries and the movements of the populations."

VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO LOUGH ERNE.—We are informed on good authority that it is most likely Queen Victoria will visit the delightful scenery of Lough Erne next summer, and stop for a few days in that locality. There is no doubt that its picturesque beauties cannot be compared to the sublime grandeur of Killarney; but nevertheless, it possesses features which are worthy the inspection of a Queen. Tourists have described the scenery of Lough Erne in glowing terms, and it is expected that Queen Victoria will visit the place next summer and make it her residence for some days.—Dundalk Democrat.

ARMAGH ASSIZES.—The parties indicted under the party emblem act for hoisting an Orange flag on Lurgan church tower on the 1st August were on Wednesday allowed out on bail of £20 each to keep the peace for twelve months.

The True Witness.

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Also at Mr. Alexander's Bookstore, opposite the Post-Office, Quebec.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 4, 1861.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The last news from Europe is of little political importance, but the failure of the wheat crops in France which is now recognised, may in that easily excitable country entail very serious consequences. The deficiency is estimated at Two hundred millions of dollars, and will have, in part, to be made good from the resources of Canada. This is, in one sense, good news for our farmers, who may expect remunerative prices for their crops.

We have full details of the disaster to the Great Eastern. It seems that her rudder-pin was broken, and that she was no longer able to answer her helm. In consequence she fell off into the trough of the sea, rolled fearfully, carrying away bulwarks, smashing her paddles, paddle-boxes, and everything on board, shipping heavy seas, and running a very great chance of foundering. By good luck and good seamanship she was however brought safely into Cork harbour, from whence she was to proceed to Liverpool to repair damages. Several of the crew and passengers received severe injuries from the heavy rolling of the vessel.

The relative position of the contending parties in the United States has undergone no important change since our last. The Northerners have occupied some posts evacuated by the Confederate troops, and in so doing fired upon one another, and performed other remarkable feats of arms. A regiment called "Colonel Owens Irish" of Philadelphia seems to have been the chief sufferer by this very remarkable manoeuvre.

Our readers are aware that one of the objects of the visit of the Right Rev. Dr. Horan, Bishop of Kingston, to Scotland was to procure the mortal remains of his justly venerated predecessor, the late Dr. Macdonnell, and to consign them to their appropriate resting place in the Cathedral of the Diocese of which the deceased Prelate was the first Bishop.

This pious purpose has been duly accomplished, and the long cherished design of the present amiable Bishop of Kingston has been realised. Of the imposing ceremonies with which this last pious act of respect to a great and good man, whom men of all denominations and origins respected for his sterling worth, his unaffected piety, his unflinching energy, and truly Christian charity, was carried out, we find copious notices in our Upper Canadian cotemporaries, from whom we make the subjoined extracts. The Cornwall Freeholder gives a brief biographical notice of the deceased:—

THE LATE BISHOP MACDONNELL OF KINGSTON.

In the year 1840, the Honorable and Right Rev. Bishop Macdonnell died in Scotland, in the 80th year of his age. His visit to the land of his birth was made in the interest of the land of his adoption; and we can readily believe that if any reflection clouded the hour of the good man's decease, it arose from the fact that Death had overtaken him when far from the people to whose interests he had devoted his holy and useful life.

To-day the men of Glengarry and Stormont, have received with full hearts and grateful memories the mortal remains of their father, benefactor and friend. Born in Glengarry, of a race famed in story; a race brave, chivalrous and high-minded, and at a period when circumstances called forth the noblest attributes of human character the future prelate's childhood was familiar with instances of bold deeds, heroic endurance, and unwavering fidelity. To the moral and physical education acquired in his native fastnesses, a thorough intellectual training was added in one of the celebrated institutions of Spain; and he returned to Scotland, a priest of the Church of his fathers, with his heart overflowing with love for his kindred, and earnestly desiring to ameliorate the condition of his fellow countrymen.

We believe that the venerable bishop came to Canada in 1804, and satiated at St. Raphaels, where he took the place of the Rev. A. Macdonald, Scotus, a good and pious clergyman who emigrated from Scotland with five hundred of his countrymen in 1788. For twenty years he performed the laborious duties of Parish Priest, with zeal and fidelity, deeply venerated by his flock, and loved and respected by Christians of all denominations. His Christianity was too pure to endure the presence of sectarian prejudice, and his Catholicity too real and broad for the existence of bigotry. He lived with those who differed from him in points of faith, in charitable love and fraternal unity, and in his biblical schools he gave instruction to the children both of Protestants and Catholics.

How he devoted himself to the heroes whose services in Ireland were so valuable to the British Empire in 1793; how he followed his countrymen to their savage homes in the dark forests which girded the St. Lawrence, every child in these counties knows. How faithfully he ministered to the necessity of his flock in the great wilderness, how he toiled and suffered, how many he helped to do right and guarded against wrong, how many his warm

sympathies comforted, his mainly sense directed, and generous hands assisted none, will fully know till that day when deeds performed in secret will be proclaimed upon the housetops. In all his relations of life Bishop Macdonnell maintained an admirable consistency of character. His co-religionists may well laud him in his sacerdotal relations. Men of all creeds quote him as an example of the Patriot, the neighbour, the Christian gentleman. His prominent services to his country were gratefully acknowledged by the Sovereign. But when in 1812 his burning words awoke the old heroic spirit in the boys of Glengarry, and sent them forth in defence of the honor and glory of Britain, he did no more than he had done a thousand times in schools and huts and forest glades. It was always his object to cultivate and extend the spirit of manly patriotism and of love for rational freedom, and the empire of our island sires.

At Williamstown, St. Raphaels, St. Andrews, and Cornwall, the sacred remains of the departed Christian hero were received with becoming veneration. As a procession, attended by hundreds of the staunch yeomanry of the County passed the roads once so often traversed by himself, many were the tears shed by venerable matrons whose nuptials he had celebrated, whose children he had baptized. His ashes revived in their minds memories of bright and happy days, of which only the recollection remains. Perchance to some the presence of the dead recalled hours of darkness, days of suffering and sorrow, when he, their father and friend appeared as an angel of mercy and of consolation. Holy were the tears of the aged pilgrims; and whether they flowed from sympathy or from sorrow, they were doubtless mingled with aspirations to join the spirit of their departed pastor in the realms of perpetual peace.

On Tuesday afternoon the mortal remains of the Bishop were brought to Cornwall, attended by an immense train of carriages and horsemen. The Catholic church had been draped in mourning in anticipation of their arrival, and the coffin was placed in the chancel. On Wednesday morning the Mass was celebrated in presence of a very large congregation, by Rev. Mr. O'Connor; and an oration was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Quinlan. The Rev. Mr. Hay and other clergymen were also present on the occasion. At 10 o'clock the corpse was placed in the hearse, and attended by about three hundred people was conveyed to the Railway station, from whence it was taken by train to Kingston, where it will find its final resting place in the Cathedral of that See, over which he so worthily presided, and of which he was the first Bishop. "The memory of the just is blessed."—Cornwall Freeholder.

The remains of the deceased arrived in Kingston on Wednesday, the 25th ult., and were received by a large concourse of citizens; Major O'Reilly's Volunteers, No. 2 Company, furnished a Guard of honor. We are indebted to the Kingston News for the following particulars:—

THE REMAINS OF BISHOP MACDONNELL.—The mortal remains of the late Bishop Macdonnell, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston, arrived from Montreal yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon, and were brought from the railway station to the city with much funeral pomp and solemnity. The memory of the deceased prelate being held in high esteem and veneration, not by Catholics alone, but by all classes in the city, a large number took an active part in the ceremony, while nearly half the population manifested the greatest interest as spectators. The Union Jack on the dome of the City Hall was placed at half mast during the afternoon, and several vessels in the harbour exhibited the same mournful sign. On the arrival of the train and the removal of the remains, a procession was formed, in which the No. 2 Volunteer Rifles (Major O'Reilly's) held the front rank. The men carried their arms reversed, and wore knots of crape on their coat sleeves. Mr. Sutherland, militia storekeeper, acted as file-gunner. Next came the Rifle Brass Band (Mr. Jacobs, leader), also wearing uniform. The catafalque, on which lay the remains of the Bishop, was covered with funeral drapery, drawn by four horses clothed in black. The pall of the catafalque was borne by Messrs D. E. Macdonell, Lynch, Jeremiah Meagher, Peter O'Reilly, M. Rouke and ——. A number of carriages and cabs containing several dignitaries of the Church and about 40 priests followed the funeral car. Among the number who attended were the Roman Catholic Bishops of Quebec, St. Hyacinthe, Three Rivers, Ottawa and Kingston. The Mayor, Alderman Draper, and the City Clerk, who occupied a carriage, might be considered to represent the civic authorities. Mr. James Morton, M.P.P., and other prominent citizens, had places in the procession, which was brought up by a body of children attending the schools of the Christian Brothers and numerous adults.

The procession wended its way to St. Mary's Cathedral along King and Johnson Streets, and during its entire passage from the railway station to the city, it was saluted by round firing from a gun of Colonel Jackson's Volunteer Field Battery planted on the brow of the hill at the junction of the Montreal Road and Ordnance Street. A requiem service was performed at the Cathedral last evening, and to-day at ten o'clock there will be a grand requiem mass celebrated.—Kingston News.

The ceremonies were brought to a close by a solemn Requiem Mass in the Cathedral on the morning of Thursday, the 26th instant. The sermon upon the occasion was preached by the Reverend Mr. Bentley of the Seminary of Montreal. We take the following details from the Kingston Whig of the 27th ult.:—

At an early hour yesterday morning the Church began to fill, and hundreds of persons pressed forward to the spot in order to view the proceedings of the day. The inner roof of the church was hung with black, and the pillars were covered with crape, giving to the whole a sombre and imposing appearance, well fitted for the funeral obsequies of the dead. The aisles were filled with spectators, as well as the central passage towards the altar, and stillness reigned around, so much so, that a pin might be heard drop. The coffin, containing the remains of the Right Rev. Bishop was shrouded in crape, and around it burned wax candles, which threw an uncertain light upon the emblems of death.

After many a solemn chant had been sung, the Rev. Father Bentley, of the Seminary of Montreal, ascended a pulpit which was affixed to one of the pillars, and addressed those present upon the subject of Bishop Macdonnell's life and sacrifices. Eloquently, and with clear and distinct utterance, Rev. Father Bentley spoke of the time when deceased led a humble life in the Highlands of Scotland, and at an early age, having shown talent and uprightness of conduct, he attracted the notice of many eminent persons. In 1762 he became a member of the College of Salamanca, in Spain; and graduated there with great success. In 1786 when the position of the Sovereign Pontiff was threatened by one of the potentates of Europe, the Right Rev. Bishop did his utmost in the service of his Holiness. At the outbreak of the American war, he also rendered important service to the British Government by organizing a body of Catholic soldiers, to whom he acted as Chaplain, and who fought for the glory and the honor of the British flag. In the Irish Rebellion of '98 his services were likewise important to Government. Finding that his devoted body of Catholic warriors could not enjoy perfect security and happiness in Scotland, for the Bishop had with difficulty succeeded in establishing a small church in Glasgow, he applied to Government for a grant of land in some of Her Majesty's colonies, upon which he and his followers might settle. The

Island of Trinidad, at that period, a most unhealthy one, was proposed by Government as a fit place for them to migrate to; but, although the Bishop was offered emoluments, and would have been enriched, had he complied with the premier of England's request, yet, fearing for the health of his beloved brethren, he refused to go to Trinidad. Finally Bishop Macdonnell succeeded in obtaining land for himself and followers in Canada, and thither they emigrated before the war of 1812. It was then, when the braggadocio Americans threatened destruction to Canada, and when the inhabitants of the latter country were prepared to resist the meditated invasion, that the devoted Highlanders, to a man, came forward to take up arms in defence of their adopted country.—In the rebellion of 1837 they and their leader proved staunch supporters of the Government, and rendered important services in quelling the insurrection of the rebels. Bishop Macdonnell, said the speaker, was ever ready at his country's call, and through much hardship and many difficulties, had still faithfully and ploddingly held his way. Here Father Bentley said that although the Catholic Church was not the adopted one in union with the state, yet that it was in no way opposed to the latter, but was one of its pillars. The Government then had every reason to laud the endeavours of Bishop Macdonnell, and to evince gratitude for all he had effected. Father Bentley then spoke of deceased's generosity of character, his zeal as a priest of the Catholic Church, and of his untiring energy as the father of his flock. He went on to show how small the Catholic Church was upon Bishop Macdonnell's advent to Canada; indeed there were only then, he said, about 5,000 members of that Church in the Upper Province, including a few French Canadians. Under his superintendence, the speaker said, the Church grew and flourished until its great champion was elected principal Bishop of it in Canada West. But, though holding such a position in his church as he did, yet Bishop Macdonnell coveted not, neither riches nor preferment, but was rather of a retiring nature, and desired not to be reckoned among the great of the earth. The same self-sacrifice which Bishop Macdonnell evinced in the mountain fastnesses of Inverness-shire, he displayed throughout his life in Canada; he showed likewise equal energy and perseverance. After touching upon the Catholic statistics of Canada at the time of the Right Rev. Bishop's arrival and at the period of his death, Father Bentley again eulogised him and descended from the pulpit. Again the chorists broke forth, and prayers were said for the departed. Other proceedings were gone through, and a short time after one o'clock, the ceremony was over.

GALLOWS GLORIFICATION.

The Montreal Herald had an article on this subject the other day very ably written, and probably in keeping with nine-tenths of the Protestant community. It was called forth by what had passed between the Priests and their wretched penitent, Burns, from the time of his being received by Baptism within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church, until the moment when he expiated the horrid crimes of a lifetime upon the gallows. Our cotemporary does not like the idea that it should be said of this miserable man that, after receiving the Sacraments of the Church, his face shone like an Angel's; it does not believe in a Priest asking for his prayers; and it implies that the unfortunate man was hurried into eternity, deluded into thinking that he had made his peace with his Maker, and that, at the eleventh hour, his calling and election were sure. And yet, the Grace of God at the present day, no more than at the time when the thief on the Cross heard the merciful declaration "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," is not limited, nor is His hand stayed that it shall not save. The columns of a secular newspaper are certainly not the place to enter into a discussion of this nature; and, as we have already said, the great majority of Protestants will entirely agree with the conclusions arrived at by the Herald. The TRUE WITNESS is the only press wherein an Anglican can hope to find access, and, therefore, to this paper is this communication sent. Two of the editors of the Herald profess to belong to a church, between which and that of Rome, it was said of old, there is "only a paper wall (1.);" and it is the object of the writer of this to show that what the Herald calls "gallows glorification"—that is, the promise of eternal salvation held out by the Priest to the truly penitent, and resulting in the quiet, peaceable and believing death of that penitent, is a doctrine of the Church of England as well as of the Church of Rome. We pass over the Sacrament of Baptism—the initiatory rite of admission to the Christian Church; for as infants of a tender age are washed in the mystical waters, and declared to be regenerate, there could be no good reason why it should be denied to the adult, "believing in the Lord Jesus Christ." When the blind man who had been healed, was met by our Saviour in the Temple, and questioned on this subject, his reply was, "Who is He, Lord, that I may believe?" And though a similar question may have been put by unhappy Burns to his spiritual advisers, we may in all charity hope that speaking in their Master's name, they could have so replied to this "babe and suckling" in the faith, that out of his mouth God might have ordained praise. It may startle the editors of the Herald to be told that the principle of Confession and Absolution is fully recognised in the Formularies of the Anglican Church; that its practice on certain occasions is recommended, or rather enjoined; and its practice on other occasions is nowhere prohibited. The only change that took place at the Reformation in respect to the practice of Confession, and the only difference between the Romish and Anglican system is this—That the first is compulsory and periodical, the second is not so. The Romish practice rests on the order of the Council of Lateran (2.)—"Omnis utriusque sexus" &c. "Let every one of either sex, after he shall have arrived at years of discretion, faithfully confess all his sins to his own Priest at least once a year, and study to fulfil the penance enjoined to him—this under penalty of prohibition from the Holy Communion." There is no such law in the English Church; though enjoined in particular cases, confession is not enforced by any penalty, except that of losing the benefit which the proper and timely use of this ordinance would afford. Now in the English Church, confession is enjoined before Communion, to those who cannot prepare themselves. We take it the Herald will allow that Burns came under this category; that he would be of the class invited "to go for counsel and advice to some discreet and learned Minister of God's word;" and from him receive the benefit of absolution. Would any Anglican Bishop or priest, sincerely anxious for the salvation of souls, have rejected this poor sinner when coming to open his grief to him, and under such awful circumstances? If there be any such Bishops or Priests, they would be doing just as the Priest and Levite did, when they passed by the wounded man. But Confession is specially enjoined in the Book of Common Prayer, to the sick; and this man was not only sick, but the very day and hour of his death were known. Almost to a minute it was known when he was to meet his God. And if respecting, those whose illness might be but temporary—who might be raised again from their bed of sickness to renewed strength and vigour—the Anglican Priest has the order which he is sorrow to obey: "Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter;" and then if the penitent humbly and heartily desire it, is to absolve him—how much more strenuously would Confession have been urged in this case, where a partridge of the most revolting character, whose days were numbered, was the sick man in the hands of God's messenger? That Burns did humble himself, that he confessed and was heartily sorry for his sins, we have every reason to believe; and as our Lord did not shrink from the touch of the sinful Magdalen—as He received alike Publicans and Pharisees—so, following in His divine steps, God's Ministers kindly welcomed even this one of the worst of sinners, who had come to him for help. 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THE ORPHAN'S ANNUAL BAZAAR ON TUESDAY NEXT.

The annual Bazaar for the maintenance of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, opens at the large Hall of the Seminary Building, Notre Dame Street, on Tuesday evening next, the 8th inst. We feel that it is almost unnecessary for us to add one word of appeal to this simple announcement, as the good people of this city, Catholic and Protestant, have ever honorably distinguished themselves in assisting this excellent institution.—While many benevolent-minded Protestants have year after year, placed handsome donations at the disposal of the Lady Managers, all classes of our own people have cheerfully contributed according to their means. This is a case which comes home to the heart of every head of a family of every station. Let such reflect for a moment how much care and money it costs to clothe and feed and educate four or five children of their own; and multiply the expense one hundred and sixty or seventy fold, and they will be able to estimate the value of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum to this city. Let them imagine for a moment—which God avert—their own little ones left fatherless, motherless, friendless, and utterly destitute, and then they can estimate the priceless boon of such a refuge to the children themselves. Thus, in this way alone, the claims of this great charity can be fully realised. Those who are always cheerful givers require no exhortation; those who are compelled by a prudent regard to their own means to select a special object of charity, will select this one. Let the unanimous expression be, whoever else, or whatever else, waits or wants, our dear little Orphans, at least, shall not suffer during the coming winter. We cannot close without mentioning the fact that the Asylum has at the present a larger number of inmates than it had at any time during the past year.

THE SOCIETY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD FOR THE REDEMPTION OF THE CHILDREN OF INFIDELS.—THE REPORT OF THIS TRULY GLORIOUS SOCIETY IN NORTH AMERICA, FOR THE CURRENT YEAR, IS BEFORE US, AND TESTIFIES ELOQUENTLY TO THE IMPORTANT SERVICES WHICH IT IS RENDERING TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

We look upon the Society as the appropriate companion of that for the Propagation of the Faith, the former especially recommending itself to little children. Its object is to raise funds to enable Catholic missionaries in heathen countries to rescue the bodies and souls of hundreds of thousands of poor little children annually exposed by their heathen parents to certain destruction. Strongly would we recommend the Society of the Holy Childhood to the consideration of the Catholic community and to persons of all ages.

The friends of the Superior of the Grey Nuns at Ottawa, Sister Bruyere, will be glad to learn that she had arrived safely in Liverpool in company with Sister Laralle.

We read in L'Ordre that His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal has issued a Mandement recommending public prayers to expiate the scandals of the last two elections.

THE DEPARTURE OF BISHOP TACHE FOR RED RIVER.—Bishop Tache, who has been for some time in the Colony, obtaining subscriptions for the rebuilding of the Church and other ecclesiastical buildings, which were some time ago destroyed by fire, is about to return to his See. We understand that the Grand Trunk Company have made arrangements to convey him and his companions over that portion of the journey traversed by their road in such a manner as to make the trip as little fatiguing as possible, and that the American Consul has afforded the Bishop every assistance to remove the difficulties presented by the existing position of affairs in the United States.

We have received the following communication upon the Montreal Herald's comments upon the execution of Burns on the 6th ult. from a Protestant gentleman, a member of the Church of England. With many of the opinions therein expressed, we of course coincide; but there are others upon which we take the liberty of making a few comments:—

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He regarded him, not as he had been, nor as he then was, but as he would be when marked by the Blood of Christ—cleansed from the stains of sin, his soul white as snow, like

that of a newly baptised infant. This is the way in which God—to Whom, the past, the present, and the future are all one—regards those of whom, though their sins are now crimson, yet He knows shall be washed and pardoned. He views them, not as reprobates, but as elect and precious; and though the Minister of God cannot know for certain whether the penitent kneeling before him is one of God's elect, yet he knows that the very act which the sinner is then performing is the best proof that he can have that such is the case. It is on the supposition of true Confession and sincere repentance that absolution is granted—if there be wanting the latter it is null and void. That Burns was truly and sincerely repentant the Herald does not venture to deny. The moment, therefore, Absolution was given, he was a pardoned man (3). And how much is included in these words!—What an inconceivable change has passed over the soul of him who has obtained God's pardon—who is justified by faith, cleansed from his sins, accepted for the sake of Jesus Christ. No wonder that the face of Burns was like an angel's. The Herald might not believe the testimony of the Romish Church as to the blessed fruit of Confession and Absolution; we quote for him; therefore, the testimony of a divine of his own—the Rev. William Gresley, Prebendary of Sheffield:—"A true Confession of sins, accompanied by Absolution, is commonly followed by the most intense feeling of gratitude to Almighty God—a love before unknown—an astonishment at God's mercy—a want of power to realise it. Whereas, before his conversion, the remorseful sinner awoke each morning with a load on his conscience—a sense of the dull, profitless routine of un sanctified labor, or insipid frivolity; now an overwhelming sense of God's infinite love causes him to burst forth into one of those psalms of praise, in which the holy David gave utterance to his feelings of heartfelt gratitude:—"Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven, and whose sin is covered." Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His Holy Name. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." The change of feeling is indescribable. Before obtaining pardon, the sinner was tempted to entertain the harshest thoughts of his Maker. He accused Him of injustice in having placed him in the world without his own consent—in having thrust on him the burden of accountability. He wished he could compromise his hopes of Heaven for his fears of Hell. He would willingly have changed places with one of the beasts that perish. The bird fitting lither and thither, or the very insect, which enjoys a sunny existence for a few short days, and dies, and is no more, appeared to him to have been gifted with a preferable position to his own—doomed as he was to an immortal existence, which he feared would be an eternity of misery.

But now all is changed. Harsh thoughts of God, blasphemous murmurs, infidel surmises, exist no more; his soul is filled with holy emotions of love and gratitude. God's love, which before was doubted, or deemed applicable only to others, is now felt to have been extended to him; the peace which he enjoys is an evidence and earnest of God's love. He feels that it was in mercy that God created him; he believes that for him Christ died—that the Holy Ghost has indeed sanctified him, and taken up His abode in his heart; that he really has a hope, a good hope of Heaven; a prospect of dwelling with angels, of being admitted to the presence of God. Wonderful thought! All these things seem to him great and glorious realities, which before he could not contemplate, or viewed with doubt or despondency. Now hope largely predominates. The great mercy of God in bringing to repentance one so unworthy as himself, is a sure guarantee of this continued love. Why should God have done so much for him if He did not intend to save him; or at least if he had not placed salvation within his grasp? If he is but true to himself, he is sure that God will deliver him from evil. If God be for us who can be against us? He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things. And now, too, he is able to pray. Whereas before, if he prayed at all, it was little more than to beat his breast and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and that without real contrition or desire of repentance; now he learns to shape his addresses, uncouth though they be, yet so as to express his unfeigned gratitude and love. Whereas, before he could scarcely fix his attention for five minutes on holy subjects; now he delights to continue on his knees, calling up every new instance of God's love; recounting His mercies over and over again; supplicating for deliverance from special temptations, which still beset him—interceding for God's mercy to others, for whom before he dared not pray, knowing that the prayer of the wicked is an abomination in the sight of God.

But the predominant impulse in the breast of the pardoned sinner is to devote the rest of his days to God's service. Though well knowing that nothing which he can do can compensate for his past errors; that to begin to serve God now can in no wise make up for having neglected to serve Him before, because he ought to have been serving Him all his life—yet he feels impelled by gratitude to do his utmost to serve One Who has been so merciful to him; to devote his life to doing His Will, and consecrate every faculty to His service.

What has the Herald to say to this—the language of an Anglican divine?

(1.) Were the difference, or wall of separation, betwixt the Catholic Church, or "Church of Rome," as she is styled by our correspondent, and the Church of England, as slight as he supposes, the guilt of the latter in separating itself from, and persecuting the former, would be greater, if possible, than it actually is. But the gulf that divides the two communities is a vast chasm, that cannot, by any human appliances, be bridged over; the wall of separation betwixt them is lofty, solid, and insuperable; and though the Anglican church may still retain many of the

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

PARIS, Sept. 9.—The Patrie of this evening says: We are authorised to declare that all the Powers without exception have acknowledged the truth of the allegations made by the Roman Government in protesting against the assertions contained in the last circular note of Baron Ricasoli.

The Constitutionnel, in an article signed by its secretary, M. Boniface, explains the mission assumed by the French authorities in the Papal States, which, it says, is to make the integrity of the territory of the Holy See respected, and to maintain the neutrality of that territory by barring the frontier to the passage of any armed band.

According to letters from Syria, none of the horrors and disasters which were to have followed the withdrawal of the army of occupation have taken place, and the country never was more tranquil than at this moment. It would be, no doubt, a mistake to see in this tranquillity a beginning of a fusion, or even better understanding, between the different races and religions. It is the effect of exhaustion on all sides after the catastrophe which spared neither Druses, nor Maronites, nor Mahomedans.

This moment of respite, although bought at such sacrifices, may be turned to good account, provided advantage is taken of it to organize the country in a way which may remove, as much as possible, the chances of another collision.

The other day only 10,000 men were, in round numbers, ordered to be added to the army by the transformation of ten battalions of chasseurs into the nuclei of seven regiments of the line. About the same time 120 officers were added to the navy, and the Minister stated, in his report to the Emperor, that the same number would be required next year. A large increase is now about to be made, as I am informed, in the marine artillery, the staff of which has just been augmented by a general of division and two generals of brigade, and which may be taken as the measure of the extension of the number of this valuable corps. Thus week after week, month after month, year after year, we hear from official sources, not public reports, of positive augmentations and reorganisations, with consequent increase of numbers in every arm of the land and sea forces; and yet Lord Palmerston is assailed in anything but mild terms, because he finds it his duty to remark upon the constantly and enormously increasing cultivation of soldiers and sailors in some countries.—Telegraphic Correspondent.

GREAT GUNS.—France is still pushing a head with her fleet of iron ships; and new experiments and discoveries are being made every day. It seems that some new guns have been invented, and experimented upon in a most mysterious manner. The Glorie went out to sea the other day, with this gun carefully packed up and sealed. At sea it was opened, and several trials made in firing with it, after which it was packed up and sealed again, and carried back. The results are kept a profound secret. A new ship, to be called the Magenta, is being completed. Our readers may form some notion of her enormous bulk, when they are told that each iron plate upon her weighs from two to three tons.—Jishman.

FRANCE AND SWEDEN.—The Swedish Mercury says:—Persons have affected lately to attach little importance to the visit of the King of Sweden to the Emperor of the French. This indifference by no means corresponds with the information of diplomatic circles, in which a feeling of uneasiness, which is not without good foundation, exists. It is correct to say that no treaty exists between France and Sweden, which has been signed; but it is equally certain that the bases of such a treaty have been fixed, and the question of signature is one of mere opportuneness. Besides the intelligence which we have from a good source, reports from London, resting on the best information, do not permit us to doubt that England is particularly affected by this state of things in the most disagreeable manner.

M. Dupin, the Procureur Imperial at the Cour de Cassation, never fails to enliven any meeting over which he presides by some witty and sarcastic observations on taking the chair. He presided on Sunday last over the meeting of the Agricultural Committee of Clamecy, held at Lormes, and, faithful to his customs, he discussed not only agricultural, but political subjects.—Alluding to the Exhibition to be held in London next year, he told the farmers of Clamecy that they are expected to supply their contingent.—He had no doubt but that they would meet a most cordial reception in London. The English, he added, when they wish to be so, are courteous, and even coaxing. M. Dupin expressed his certainty that everything will be cordial on each side. Nevertheless, he is not satisfied, that the English should repeat toasts in which it is proposed to conclude some kind of compromise which would condemn France to have for ever a navy inferior by one half as compared with the English navy. True, Frenchmen will never hear such words coolly. He does not know how many ships England will require in order to believe herself in safety—that is her affair. He does not know how many are necessary to maintain the honor and solidity of the French flag, but he fears not to assert that the English shall never force the French to adopt a "formula" to fix limits to the national independence and sovereignty of France.

M. Dupin, warming as he spoke, exclaimed:—What! when we saw the English after the Crimean war, parade in the Channel and boast of having a navy capable of defying all the navies in Europe united, is it not ridiculous on their part to show themselves incessantly uneasy, timid and full of pretended terror at the idea that we might, on a sudden, land an army on their coast and place their existence in danger. But if on our part we were accessible to such fear, what should we not apprehend from that fleet double of ours, mounted by their incomparable Volunteers, particularly if it was backed by one of

those Continental coalitions which the English have not to dread for themselves and which they excel in preparing against us? Mr. Dupin afterwards referred to the law passed during the last Session of the Corps Legislatif, abolishing the sliding scale, which, he said, gives the English a facility of supplying themselves with corn from France, but he added that fortunately for France she is not bound on that question by a treaty of commerce, and that should the price of corn be raised excessively by its exportation, the French Government will find means to remedy the evil. "Salus populi suprema lex esto," said M. Dupin.—"It is not sufficient that the price of bread in Paris is moderate. It must not be too dear in the provinces."—Carr. Times.

PARTIES IN FRANCE.—A special correspondent of the Edinburgh Witness writes:—The faction making most progress at present in France is the Orleans party. The law of last winter which allowed a limited measure of speech has operated in favor of that faction.—Being allowed to declare themselves, they are found to be far more numerous than they thought. They are taking heart and combining; and were any sudden calamity to befall the Napoleon dynasty, a restoration of the Orleans branch of the Bourbons is within the limits of possibility.—It may perhaps startle our readers, but for some little time past we have deemed it quite possible that we may yet witness the restoration of the Bourbons all over Europe for a brief space, and for the last time.

There is another faction making progress in France, and that is the Ultramontane party.—All who know anything of the past history of Romanism in France have heard, of course, of the Gallican Liberties. That party is now a thing of the past; it is completely submerged in the Ultramontane faction. A sense of common danger has brought the two together. The question with the French Papist is no longer, shall we have a National Church, but shall we have a Church at all? The policy of the Emperor they regard as having brought the whole into danger; and, to save the Church, the Moderates have made common cause with the Ultramontanes. The currents of opinion in the nation are various. With some there is a reaction in favor of Popery, and the Churches, of late years devoted almost exclusively to women, are now getting tolerably filled with the other sex. Among literary men the philosophy of Comte is in the ascendant. They hold by Positivism, and believe with Mr. Buckle that the mental and spiritual universe is regulated by laws, working out their products as invariably as those that regulate material things. The great mass of the workmen, on the other hand, believe in the gross atheism of Voltaire. They are in precisely the same moral and mental state as during the famous era of the Revolution. Many of them are as thorough pagans as ever existed in any age or country, savage and untamed as in the days of the Convention, and needing only a like occasion to manifest like propensities. But, on the whole, the material and commercial interests of France are making progress. And religious liberty, too, is advancing. The Emperor is rather a favorite with the Protestant clergy; they find him their friend in the main; and they are making good use in some places, more especially in the south and west of Lyons, of the liberty he is given them. But the leaning to Protestantism is in many cases deceptive. We say deceptive, because it is the liberty of Protestants, and not their religion, which is valued and sought after.

NOTIONS OF DUTY.—The Constitutionnel publishes a long article on the Roman question, from which the following is an extract:—

"Two duties called the French troops into Italy—to protect the Head of the Roman Catholic religion, and afterwards to restore Italy to herself by delivering her from the domination of a foreign Power, whose presence in Italy was the cause of war returning every 20 years, and whose encroachments constituted a real danger for France. One of these two duties has been accomplished—Italy is henceforth mistress of her own destinies, and she holds her fortunes in her own hands; let her pacify herself, and regulate her internal affairs. To attain this end the government and populations have only to persevere in the spirit of patriotic wisdom and firmness of which they have given such signal proofs, and to be well convinced that all discussion will turn to the sole advantage of the common enemy—Mazzini. As to the second of these duties, which may in a certain sense be called Providential, it does not appear to us yet accomplished. Is there any one who will venture to deny this, and to take upon himself to guarantee that, if Rome were evacuated by the French troops, the Sovereign Pontiff would still be in safety, and would enjoy full independence? It has so happened, by a strange fatality, that this twofold mission imposed on France by her political interests, her religious faith, and her historical traditions, forms not a manifestly insoluble difficulty. We feel confident that it will only prove temporary; that fortune, the great efforts of human policy, by at least silencing prejudices, dissipating misunderstandings, and extinguishing passions, will bring about a natural conciliation between two elements which do not in reality exclude each other, and neither of which ought to be sacrificed to the other. While waiting for a solution which we ardently desire, a solution which will put an end to this melancholy conflict between two sacred causes, that of the independence of a people and the independence of religion, we can only applaud the imperturbable serenity of mind of the Emperor, who, resisting the impatience and rashness of both parties, and only seeing in each what is legitimate and worthy of our sympathy, takes care to betray none of the promises he made to Italy and the Papacy, though it would seem impossible to keep those made to one party without falling in those made to the other."

The most painful intelligence from France is the deficiency of the last harvest. The deficiency, it is now ascertained, is much greater than was previously supposed. France, it is estimated, will be compelled to spend forty millions sterling this year to make up the deficiency—an enormous sum, greater even than the failure which last year's harvest entailed on ourselves. The price of flour is rising throughout France. We stated recently that large quantities of flour were being shipped from Liverpool to various parts in France; and we now learn that sixty millions of francs in gold have been sent to Russia to purchase grain. This sad disaster will react upon the English market, and will affect, more or less seriously, all the grain markets in the world. Happily, plenty of grain for exportation is to be had in Russia and on the western shores of the Atlantic. Both Canada and the United States will be importing largely into France this moment this intelligence arrives.

The Times correspondent discusses the policy of

Louis Napoleon as towards Italy, but cannot, although it is a resolution Napoleon III may come to, may be, or may not be, binding on himself, but the Italian Government enters into no compact about it. The basis is accepted by them with no conditions, and, indeed, it is made with none: France has allowed Italy to help herself to the heritage of the Pontiffs, by instalments, by the seizure first of the Legations, then of the Marches and Umbria, always with the understanding that the tide of invasion had now reached the god Terminus, beyond which it could not proceed. The landmarks are now to be once more forced back, removed almost to the walls of a city whose life, when wrenched from the lands under its immediate dependence, would merely be long inaction and agony.

And it is possible, nevertheless, that the Emperor really means what he says and always said, that he intends to save Rome for the Pope. Those who remember his first pamphlet on these subjects are aware that Rome was to be a Levite city, an oasis aloof from worldly passions and political turmoil, whose people were to alternate their existence between the chanting of prayers and the cultivation of its own magistrature, under the presidency of its High Priest, subsidized and protected by contingents in men and money from all Catholic Powers, Rome was to be the only thing in Italy that was not Italian; a sort of universal Mecca, the property and resort of the whole Catholic world.—Such, we all recollect, was the original conception of the great ruler of destinies; such may be his outlook now; and, although his Italian scheme has foundered on all other particulars, he may be, for aught we know, inexorably consistent on this one point. To what extent we may expect the Italian Government and the nation, the Pope and the Roman people, to be full in with his views, is a different question, to be solved by time.

NAPOLEON AND HIS PROPHETS.—There is one Napoleon, but he has a hundred prophets. Some are supposed to be well-known and established ministers and have a semi-official or a semi-demi-official authority. Occasionally the curtain is lifted, and we catch sight of the Grand Lama of all the pamphleteers—seated in a secret cabinet with but a thin partition between himself and heaven—the nearest mortal neighbor that the gods possess. When such as these speak—though the sacred afflatus is not always on them, and they sometimes are as fallible as any other men—we know how to listen. But the difficulty is when an Imperial messenger arrives who has no credentials to present. Napoleon has many prophets whose persons are unknown, whose voices are as indistinguishable as the voices of angels, and whose only name is legion. The oracular divinity sits within his retreat, reads beforehand the decrees of Fate, to which even the gods must bow, and if he cannot influence the issue, at least he can foresee whether it will lead the inexorable logic of facts. A band of invisible secretaries transcribe into their own language what he announces. But there are false prophets no less than true, and there is no distinguishing mark by which to tell the agents of the god.—Spectator.

ITALY.—Even by the Times's own showing the affairs of Italy are in terrible confusion already. In the North reaction, in the South reaction, in the army insubordination, and discontent everywhere. We make some extracts from the letters of its correspondents:

No doubt Mazzini and his friends think now that social schemes which long-constituted communities like England and France shrink from as fraught with eventual subversion to the body politic, should be brought forward by way of experiment, by a nation still yesterday, crushed, divided, and brutified, even while it is yet labouring with the pains of its birth-throes. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Those energies which Italy ought to employ in breaking the might of Austria in Venice and in baffling the wiles of France at Rome, Mazzini would turn to the furtherance of civil conflicts. Italian soldiers, in his estimation, have something to do better than fighting; Italian artisans something to do better than working.—that is to join in spouting clubs, to settle the difference between the Louis Blanc and Proudhon systems, in the meanwhile, to establish a government on the principles of universal suffrage.

I am not able to tell to what extent it may be in the power of these demagogues to do real mischief, but it would seem as if Government had taken umbrage at their proceedings, inasmuch as the delegates to whom free tickets had been promised for the railways and steamers to Florence have been informed that they need not apply for them unless they engage not to allow the Congress to meddle with political subjects.

So long as the action of these industrialists was circumscribed within the limits of old Piedmont, no danger could be apprehended. The Genoese, indeed, at all times, evinced some democratic tendencies, or rather some proneness to give in to demagogic suggestions, but the Piedmontese were the most willing people, the most sober and best disciplined race of men in the world. Matters bore, however, a far different aspect after the annexation of Lombardy and Central Italy, and last year some of the popular leaders at the Milan Congress for the first time attempted to give the association a political character by propounding to the assembled delegates, as a subject fit for discussion by plain and less than half-educated operatives, the vital question of universal suffrage. Their mischievous purpose was baffled by the sound sense of the Piedmontese delegates, and by the wise and firm demeanor of Mauro Macchi, a member of Parliament for Cremona, who filled the office of President of the Congress for the year.—Macchi, however, has been strongly attacked by the demagogic party, so that he has lost every chance of presiding at the Congress which is to meet in the course of this month at Florence, simultaneously with the opening of the Exhibition. Most of the provincial associations, especially in Lombardy, the Emilia, and Tuscany, have chosen well-known Liberals for their presidents. Guerrazzi and Montanelli, Brofferio, and others, are conspicuous among these. Garibaldi's name was, of course, put forward by many a community, and Mazzini was being elected at Parma and elsewhere. Most of the societies, too, have passed resolutions claiming their rights to deliberate on public matters, and declaring the object of the association to be no less political than industrial. Universal suffrage is the very first topic they intend to bring forward for examination.

The hand of Mazzini and Mazzinism is clearly visible in all this. At all times that deluded enthusiast professed that, although the emancipation of Italy was his end, still democracy was the means by which he meant to attain it. The revolution of Italy was to be made by the people no less than for the people. He was hopeless of the upper and middle classes of his countrymen; but the multitude, he said, however ignorant and oppressed, was still as sound as ever at the core, incorrupt, incorporeal. A pure question of nationality, so plain and intelligible, so clearly grounded on the principle that every people should be masters in their own house, was by him complicated with a hundred abstruse and ticklish questions, darkened by mystical theories, and even made subservient to Utopian humanitarian views.—Young Italy lay down with St. Simonianism, headed by Young France, Young Germany, Young Poland, headed Young Europe, set up an altar to "Idea," whatever that was, aspired to an auto-theocracy, a kind of Guesre-Pontifical religion, of which Mazzini himself was to be the supreme magistrate and high priest. Notwithstanding the good strong sense of the Italians, who understood that their real good was, and walked straight to it, regardless of the inspired language of their cracked prophet, not a few of the demagogic notions recommended by Mazzini crept into the country, all the more easily as there is no lack in Italy of a proletariat—people

doomed to want rather by idleness and advice than by legitimate distress, to whose ears Socialist and Communist arguments sound sufficiently plausible, and all the more widely, as their political lessons come almost exclusively from France—a country, where the theories of rights of labor, cheap bread, and the like, have been practically almost consecrated from the throne.

TRIN, September 2.—In the camp of San Maurizio where the Neapolitan soldiers who are treated as deserters, by the Piedmontese, are to be drilled and trained, where they are disarmed and surrounded by two brigades and several batteries, loaded with grape, a mutiny has broken out, which has at last been suppressed after much bloodshed. The brigade, "Modena," has received marching orders for Ancona, where it is to be shipped for Calabria, because the reaction there is still extending. The former member, John Baptist Guccione, Councillor of the Upper Appeal Court, has been stabbed in Palermo as he was entering his carriage.

REACTION IN MILAN.—From the Lombard Frontier Sept. 1.—We have news to-day of the disturbances which broke out yesterday in Milan. Yesterday was the last day for the currency of Austrian coin. On this a tumult broke out in the Borgo S. Gottardo and in the quarter of the Porta Comasina, which assumed so serious an aspect, that the National Guard had to muster and interfere. As usual in all Milanese tumults, the people attacked their masters. The cry was "Ben presto ritorneranno i Tedeschi e la pagatura i sciori!" This is only a symptom of that reaction which has for some time taken root in Lombardy, and has its force in Central Italy and Florence. The Italian papers may say what they like, but the reaction is a fact, and the Republican party in Lombardy is daily losing numbers and weight, and is retiring into the back ground. The Venetians who have lived for some years as refugees in Piedmont are flocking back to their own country. Several hundreds have returned to their duty.

I had once occasion to warn you as to the extreme difficulty of getting at the real truth of Neapolitan news, especially in Naples itself. There are too many parties there interested in exaggerating reports, agreeably to the impulse of their own passions to allow us to come to a correct knowledge of facts.

If public works on a gigantic scale are not commenced directly, Southern Italy during the winter, must be converted into a vast almshouse, or it will become the hotbed of rebellion. Food, food, food!—it is a stomach complaint that menaces the country. At present reactionism is most rife in Terra di Lavoro, Benevento, and the provinces, on the Papal frontier. The traces of the "formation," as the geologist might say, may be found even to the toe of the Boot. This might be expected, but it is very clear that unless the materials were ready at hand, the Bourbonists and the Papalini could do little. Again then, let the Government provide work and food.

The pacification of Naples will leave Turin, Milan, Genoa, and Florence utterly helpless and prostrate. Had the Emperor set the Italians the task of wrenching Venetia from the grasp of Austria inch by inch, had he bidden them summon all the youth of the country to arms to lay siege to the fortresses of the Quadrilateral one by one, had he committed them to a foreign war of ten years' duration, he would not have inflicted so great a calamity on the country as these last ten months of Neapolitan brigandage have done. A duel to the death with her Northern foe would have raised Italy in her own and her neighbors' estimation. It would have given her permanent security in the event of victory; it would have ennobled her fall if she had succumbed; but riot and anarchy, wholesale murder, rape, and arson at Naples cannot fail to have a demoralising effect on the whole country; it will retard the work of unification, force back civilisation, and shake the faith of foreign nations in that Italian unanimity which alone could work out the destinies of the Peninsula.

ROME, Sept. 7.—The official Giornale di Roma of to-day, in its official part, declares the passage relative to Rome in Baron Ricasoli's note to be calumnious, and that it is unworthy of the dignity of the Holy See to make any reply demonstrating the falsity of the assertions contained therein. The Giornale di Roma continues:—"The Pontifical Government has made an appeal to the representatives of the foreign powers at Rome, and to the loyalty of the French army, to testify to the falsity of the insinuation contained in Baron Ricasoli's note."

We (Tablet) have telegraphic accounts of a popular demonstration at Rome, in favour of the Pontiff King, Pope Pius IX., on September 8, the Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady, and also of the celebration at Naples, of the Feast of Garibaldi, on September 7. The Feast of Garibaldi, we are told, was marked by the most extraordinary circumstances. The joy was so universal that Ciadini kept his troops consigned to their barracks, to be ready for action at a moment's notice against the liberated people; and the British fleet was drawn up in the Bay, in grand gala costume, with all colours flying in honor of the French Emperor's unwilling subject, the Nicean buccaner.

The correspondent of the Dublin Telegraph gives the following details of the interview betwixt the Pope and Father Giacomo:—

"The Holy Father addressed Father Giacomo, parish priest, and confessor of Count Cavour:—"We know that to every one who asks you for information on what took place at the death of Count Cavour, you are wont to answer, 'This relates to the sacramental seal of confession, and therefore I cannot say anything.' Not to be exposed to receive from you such an answer, which, made to us, would be an insult, we declare to you that the seal of confession is inviolable, that it is your duty to preserve it in presence of whatever authority, were it even the highest—were it even ours. But at the death of Count di Cavour there were external acts seen by all. The holy Viatium was administered to him, as well as Extreme Unction. This external act of administration of Sacraments required necessarily another external act—retraction—without which you, his parish priest, could not consent to administer to him the Sacraments of the Church. Of the manner in which these external acts took place, we, guardian of the holy discipline of the Church, wish to hear from you an account."

"These were the genuine words of the Pope, which I have learnt have been communicated by the Pope himself to the compilers of the Civiltà Cattolica, that the true statement of the fact might put an end to the disgusting calumnies which have been spread on the subject by the Liberal press. Father Giacomo da Polino answered that he had not exacted such a retraction, because he had not thought it necessary; and thereupon he was prohibited from administering the Sacraments any longer."

NAPLES.—The Opinione, in replying to an article in the Journal de Rome, says that among the bands of Neapolitan brigands there are not only Italians, but Germans, Spaniards, and Irishmen.

"Another English Clergyman," writing to the Union (Protestant) in reference to the state of affairs in Naples, states:—

"Having spent seven months of this year in Italy I can testify to the truth of much that Mr. Lee's correspondent tells us of the state of Naples, especially of the persecution any one suspected of sympathy for the Bourbons is liable to. No one who has been a week in Naples can be blind to the fact that the Piedmontese look upon Naples as a conquered province, and the Neapolitans as a race considerably inferior to themselves, and that the Piedmontese in return are thoroughly hated by the Neapolitans. In the case even of devoted lovers of Garibaldi—those who detest Francis and his cause—I never met with one who did not speak with dislike of the Piedmontese as proud and overbearing; neither is this surprising for the two races are as different from each other as may well be imagined. An incident happened to myself which is significant. I was walking one night about ten o'clock

in Naples, and to my surprise felt myself tipped upon with two or three severe blows on the back, and apostrophised as a beast of a Neapolitan dog. My assailant was a Piedmontese soldier, and his offence was the having inadvertently walked, where he had no right. In the darkness my military friend was unable to see that I was a foreigner, and mistook me for one of the despoiled race whose beautiful capital Sardinia has taken possession of. As to the unfortunate Olegry, 'no insult is too great for them, both in Naples and I am sorry to say almost everywhere in revolutionized Italy. I do not know how many Bishops still remain in the kingdom of Naples, but the five or six Episcopal cities through which I passed were in every case deprived of their Bishops who were either in prison or exile; and since I returned home, the excellent and distinguished Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Riario Sforza, has been added to the list."

"If English people would but open their eyes to the anarchy and wickedness of the present state of things in Naples, it is morally impossible that they could sympathise with a movement so essentially lawless and anti-Christian. A year ago, just before the unfortunate Francis was betrayed into leaving his kingdom, we remember the letter in the Times from 'our own correspondent,' headed 'The Reign of Terror in Naples'; but on the authority of the very same writer the prisons are at this moment crowded with suspected Bourbonists; the peasantry are shot down without mercy by Ciadini's troops; and we are told by a Turin correspondent 'that the harbour and streets of Genoa, the roads and railroads of the great plain of the Po, are swarming with Neapolitans conveyed to North Italy as prisoners,' merely because they do not choose to be what the writer in the Times calls 'Piedmontised.' And yet we hear nothing now of what is in good earnest a 'Reign of Terror,' but on the contrary all this cruelty—perpetrated as it always is, in the name of liberty—is approved and justified, as 'strong measures rendered necessary by the urgency of the case.'"

"I should recommend anyone who is in the habit of attending in England, Gavazzi's 'Lectures on the Reformation of Religion in Italy,' to go and hear one of this gentleman's 'Lectures' in Naples. I did so, and shall never forget it as long as I live. There is little enough of 'religion' in his harangues at Naples whatever there may be in those delivered in Cheltenham, Bath, and Tombridge Wells. He had been repeatedly desired, even by the Piedmontese Government, to leave Naples, but very properly invoking the aid of liberty he declines to do so. At the beginning of the Revolution he used to preach in a red shirt in a large Piazza before the Royal Palace; but the Neapolitans were not long in finding him out, and cried 'Death to Gavazzi.' Since then he has been compelled to confine his oratory to the limit of his own house, where, when he is in Naples, he holds forth twice a week in the evening. I recommend anyone who is devoted either to the 'Bible Society' or the Italian revolutionary cause to go and hear him. I cannot suggest anything more likely to meet this case; for the benefit of ladies I may add that, when I was there, saw three present; whether our countrywomen, Mrs. Jessie White Mario, was one of them I cannot say. But the whole exhibition is most salutary and instructive."

"In truth the state of things in Naples seems to threaten an entire disruption of society. The fullest liberty of the press, granted to a people wholly unprepared to receive it, has flooded the country with the vilest political and religious publications. You may continually see on a stall in the street such a book as 'Life of the Carpenter of Nazareth' by Eugene Sue, close to a neatly bound Bible placed by the pious care of our own Religious Societies. Dumas edits one paper and a reprobate priest another; every shade of revolution has its organ, from the constitutional liberalism of Cavour down to the poignard of Mazzini; and immoral prints and publications meet your gaze at every turn and are even thrust into your hands in the cafes and streets."

Now, I am quit ready to admit, that the Government of the Bourbons was very defective, though there is no question whatever that its evils have been enormously and purposely exaggerated. I believe its great evil, and ultimately the cause of its fall, to have been the power placed in the hands of an ignorant and corrupt police. This has been fully admitted to me even by warm adherents of the fallen dynasty, and is spoken of very sensibly and with much fairness by Miss Kavanagh in her very interesting 'Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies.' But the question, it should never be forgotten, is not whether the old Neapolitan Government was what it ought to have been, but whether the treacherous violation of the rights of nations, the fraud and violence of Sardinia can be justified? It is more the way she has done it even, than what she has done, which is so abhorrent to our ideas of honour and right. Victor Emmanuel's claim to reign over Naples is, and can only be, that he was called to do so by the universal will of the people. He most certainly does not claim to hold it by divine right; if then, it be evident unto all men that he does not reign by the will of the people, but on the contrary has possessed himself of the kingdom of Naples by a series of successful impostures probably unequalled in history, the only basis on which he rests his claim falls to the ground; and when we get sufficiently far off to see clearly and without prejudice, posterity will doubtless characterise the Sardinian invasion of Naples as the triumph of brute force over right, and will vindicate the cause of those who are now howled down by the revolutionary spirit of the day as Legitimists, Reactionists, and enemies to progress, as the cause of religion, order, and truth."

Another communication from Naples, dated 2nd September, gives us (Weekly Register) some further insight into Piedmontese rule. The writer says:—

"All travellers arriving from Civita Vecchia are examined from head to foot in the most delicate manner in presence of a police-officer named Cuzzolongo, appointed by Liborio Romano. The President of Naples Court of Assize, Tofano, has been dismissed for committing theft in the exercise of his functions. Captain Marino Caracciolo, of the Neapolitan navy, who aided the disembarking of Garibaldi at Marsala, and even joined Persani in bombarding Gaeta has been arrested by Ciadini's orders, as suspected of Bourbonism. He is a descendant of Admiral Caracciolo, shot, as a traitor, by Nelson's orders. The Piedmontese have had a severe reverse in the mountains of Benevento; and also, on the 1st Sept. in the neighborhood of Cancello. The 12th regiment of the line is in part destroyed and a part has deserted. The Bishop of Teramo has been arrested; and, on the 31st August Mgr. Girardi, Bishop of Sessa, an old man of 75 years, was violently taken from the house of the Lazarist Fathers and thrown into the prison of S. Francesco."

HUNGARY.—It is asserted that the visit of the Cardinal Primate of Hungary to Vienna will result in the early convocation of the Hungarian Diet on the same electoral basis as hitherto.

The Government, it is said, will take the diploma of October last as the basis of future negotiations with Hungary.

UNITED STATES.—New York, Oct. 1.—The prominent position at Munson's Hill, Fall's Church, and Upton's Hill, which were so suddenly evacuated by the enemy, have been strengthened by large bodies of Federal troops, and our men are now engaged in throwing up strong field works. The advance of our army is slow and cautious. It is believed that the rebel forces are concentrated between Acquia Creek and Manassas Junction, with their right wing on the Potomac. A messenger who has just arrived here from Chain Bridge brings a report that the enemy are in strong force at Leesburg; and that the latter army has been divided, one division having taken position above Washington, and the other below the city.

The situation at Washington is without material change. The exact position of the Rebel army is not known. One report says they are placing it between Aquia Creek and Munson's Junction, with the right wing on the Potomac; another that it is divided into two columns, one above the city, and another below it. The latter statement, however, is not credited at Washington, perhaps because it is difficult to understand what object the Rebels could have in thus dividing their force. The Federal pickets are occupying one end of the village of Falls Church and the Rebels the other, while they are putting up earthworks on a hill at a distance of a mile and a half, which commands this place. Our forces are fortifying points taken possession of on Saturday.

All the reports from Lexington corroborate the opinions already expressed that the rebels intend to keep their main force there, but it is stated that several bodies of troops; from 200 to 2,000, had left there within a few days for the north and west, but it is not known for what purpose. General Fremont is keeping strict silence, but is said to be actively engaged in obtaining the exact number of troops he can command and organizing plans for the approaching engagements, upon the success or failure of which he is to rest his reputation. Increased interest is felt in the approaching battle, as it is supposed it will decide the fate of Missouri.

The Albany Evening Journal says: "Our own great State was asked, over two months ago, for 25,000 men, and yet not over half the quota has been raised. We have too many fire-side patriots."

Professors of Discretion. A Mrs. Bailey was recently arrested in Baltimore for the crime of wearing a sash ribbon, red, white and red, in alternate stripes. Such things were done in Italy a few months ago, but that country is regenerated, and tyranny has found a home in the United States.

The Rev. B. O' Ward, pastor of the Congregational Church in Genesee, Illinois, is engaged in enlisting a company of ministers for the war. He wants able-bodied, unmarried men—preachers of the Gospel of any and all denominations, who are willing to put on "the whole armour," and fight manfully for the Government.

FALLING OFF IN IMMIGRATION.—There has been a decrease of over 21,000 in the number of European immigrants who have arrived at the port of New York to the present date this year, as compared with the arrivals to the corresponding date of 1860—the figures being: in 1861, to the 18th instant, 56,466; in 1860, to the same period, 77,526. Nearly two-thirds (or 13,000) of this falling off is in the Irish element alone—the Germans running behind their number only some 3,000 souls. Up to the month of May the Irish immigration was considerably greater than it was to the same time last year, and bade fair then speedily to attain to something like the volume it reached in the Oceanic flood tide of 1857, and it is placed that month that the great decrease, as compared with last year's arrivals, has taken place.—Montreal Pilot.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL, No. 2 St. Constant Street.

THE duties of this School will be resumed on Monday, 12th August, at 9 o'clock, A.M. A sound English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education, is imparted on extremely moderate terms. The greatest possible attention is paid to the moral and literary training of the pupils. For particulars, apply at the School. W. DORAN, Principal. Montreal, August 8th, 1861.

BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

THE ORIGINAL MEDICINE ESTABLISHED IN 1737, and first article of the kind ever introduced under the name of "PULMONIC WAFERS" in this or any other country; all other Pulmonic Wafers are counterfeits. The genuine can be known by the name BRYAN being stamped on each WAFER. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve Asthma, Bronchitis, Difficult Breathing. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve Spitting of Blood, Pains in the Chest. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve Incipient Consumption, Lung Diseases. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve Irritation of the Uterus and Testis. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Relieve the above Complaints in Ten Minutes. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Are a Blessing to all Classes and Constitutions. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Are adapted for Vocalists and Public Speakers. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Are in simple form and pleasant to the taste. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Not only relieve, but effect rapid and lasting Cures. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Are warranted to give satisfaction to every one.

No family should be without a Box of BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS in the house. No Traveller should be without a supply of BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS in his pocket. No person will ever object to give for BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Twenty-Five Cents. JOB MOSES, Sole Proprietor, Rochester, N. Y. Price 25 cents per box. For sale in Montreal, by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clark & Co.; Carter, Kerry & Co.; S. J. Lyman & Co.; Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Newcastle, C. W., General Agents for the Canadas. 4m. May 30.

PRINTING.

The sagacious business man is as particular about the style and quality of his printing as he is respecting his person, and would no more permit his Bill-head or his Card to be done on the poorest paper, with worn-out type and muddy ink, than he would allow his clerks to insult his customers, or to sell them damaged goods for perfect. The enterprising merchant who prides himself upon the neatness of his store and the quality of his stock, cannot tolerate a botched job, and reasons truly that he is responsible for the appearance of everything bearing his name. The cheapest kind of printing is that which is clear, neat, and inviting,—done upon the best cards or paper, with the best ink. Such printing always gives satisfaction, and if it costs even double that of an inferior kind, is by far the cheaper. You can hand a customer your card, or present him with your Bill, without feeling that your name and business are disgraced; and this feeling will pay you a hundred times over for your outlay. You can ALWAYS get such printing done, at the lowest possible price, by M. LONGBOURS & Co., at the MONTREAL GAZETTE Book and Job Steam-Press Printing Establishment, 36 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH CANADA WEST.

Under the Patronage of their Lordships the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Sandwich, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Detroit, U. S.

THIS College is under the direction of the Rev. Fathers of the Order of St. Benedict, whose Mother-House is at St. Vincent, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, U. S. It is situated in the South-western part of Canada, in the town of Sandwich, only two miles from the town of Detroit, and can be most easily reached by land and water from every part of Canada and of the United States.

There is a Classical and a Commercial Course.—The Classical Course comprises the English, French, German, Latin and Greek languages, together with the other branches of literature which are usually taught in all great Colleges.

The Commercial Course comprises the English, French and German languages, Mathematics, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Geometry and Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, &c., according to the capacity of the pupils. Vocal and Instrumental Music will also be taught, if desired.

Religion is the basis on which the whole plan of education will rest, and propriety of manners and correctness of deportment will be strictly enforced. The Scholastic year commences on the first Monday of September, and ends about the middle of July.

The discipline is strict, but mild and parental. All letters must be submitted to the inspection of the President. The use of tobacco is prohibited. No student is permitted to leave the College, unless accompanied by his parents or guardians, and this will be allowed only on the first Monday of the month.

TERMS, (invariably in advance) Board and Tuition, for quarter of 80 days, \$35 00 Washing, mending, and the use of Library, 3 00 ditto, 3 00 Instrumental Music, ditto, 3 00 Spending vacation at the College, 20 00 No extra charge for Vocal Music. School Books and Stationery, will be furnished by the College at the usual prices. No advancement in money will be made by the College to the students; it is therefore desirable that each student should deposit \$10 at least, for unforeseen expenses.

Every student must be provided, 1st, with three suits of clothes; 2d, six shirts and two flannel shirts; 3d, two long night gowns; 4th, eight pair of stockings; 5th, three pair of shoes; 6th, a white counterpane, two blankets and pillows; 7th, two cotton clothes bags; 8th, four napkins and four towels; 9th, three pair of sheets; 10th, all articles necessary for toilet; 11th, knife, fork, tea and table spoons, and a metal cup. The College opens this year on the first Monday of October. FATHER OSWALD, O. S. B., President. Assumption College, Sandwich, C. W. Sept. 14, 1861.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES, RELIGIOUS OF ST. ANN'S CONVENT, LACHINE, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.

The opening of the Classes will take place on the 2nd of September next. THIS Institution contains in its plan of Education, every thing required to form Young Girls to virtue, and the sciences becoming their condition. The diet is wholesome and abundant. In sickness, as in health, their wants will be diligently supplied, and vigilant care will be taken of them at all time and in all places. Constant application will be given to habituate them to order and cleanliness; in a word, every thing that constitutes a good education, corresponding to the condition of the Pupils. A magnificent Garden and the position of the Establishment on the borders of the St. Lawrence, opposite the Sault-St-Louis, and at only five or six acres from the first Railway Station at Lachine, contribute to offer to the Pupils a most agreeable abode.

COURSE OF EDUCATION. The Course of Instruction contains the study of Religion, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, House Economy, Sewing Embroidery, Music, &c. The same Course of Education is followed in English by the Pupils who desire to learn but that tongue. The Pupils who follow the French Course will have an hour of English Class every day if their parents desire it.

CONDITIONS, For the Scholar year, payable at the beginning of each Quarter. £ s d Boarding entire, with Table Service, 18 10 0 Half-Boarding, 9 5 0 Washing, 2 0 0 Music Lessons (ordinary) per month, 0 10 0 Drawing, per month, 0 2 6 The Pupils of the Village, who do not board in the Convent, will pay yearly for their instruction, 3 0 0 The Convent will furnish Bedsteads, which the Pupils will hire at 2s 6d per year, 0 2 6 The Pupils who desire it will have a Bed complete for, 1 10 0 When the parents withdraw their children before the end of a quarter, nothing will be returned to them unless it be for superior reasons.

COSTUME. The Pupils wear every day a Blue Dress with a Cape of the same colour, they should also have a White Dress. OBSERVATIONS. 1st.—The Pupils generally receive no visits, except on Thursday. 2d.—Every year, there is vacation of six weeks; the Pupils who desire to do so can pass this time at the Convent. COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, Under the control of the Catholic Commissioners of Montreal, No. 19, Cote Street, No. 19. THE RE-OPENING of the Classes of this Institution is fixed for the SECOND OF SEPTEMBER. In virtue of a Regulation passed by the Gentlemen, (the Commissioners) the Monthly Fee will henceforth be payable in Advance. Music and Drawing will be taught at moderate rates. For particulars, address the Principal at the Academy. U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal. N. B.—Pupils living at a distance can have board at the Academy on reasonable terms. 3m.

ST. LAWRENCE ACADEMY

THIS INSTITUTION, conducted by the Priests and Brothers of the Holy Cross, is agreeably situated in the beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence River, about five miles north of the City of Montreal. Removed from the City, it is particularly favorable to health and morals.

The Course includes Reading, Writing, Grammar, Composition, general Literature, Mental and Practical Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Ancient and Modern History, Geography, Book-keeping, Linear Drawing and Astronomy.

The French and English Languages are upon the same footing—both taught with equal care. A Religious Course suitable to the age of the pupils is included.

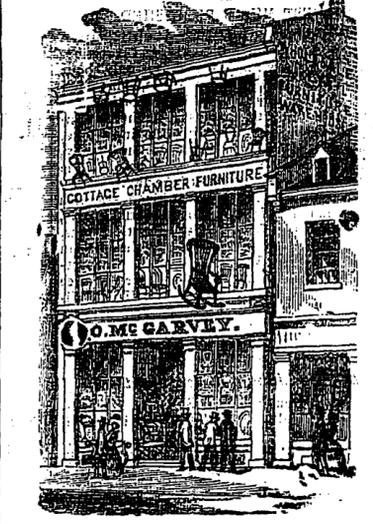
Pupils coming from other Colleges must produce a certificate of Good Conduct and Morals, signed by the President of that College.

TERMS: Board and Tuition, in Primary and Commercial Course, \$60 00 (The house furnishes for the above a bedstead and straw mattress, and also takes charge of boots and shoes, of which each pupil must have two pairs.) Full Board, including bed, bedding, washing, mending, and table service, 100 00 Classical Objects, including Books, Paper, &c., if furnished by the house, 24 00 Instrumental Music, per Month, 1 50 Doctor's Fees extra. Half Boarders for Primary and Commercial Course, per Month, 1 50 Half Boarders sleep in the house, and are furnished with a bedstead and straw mattress.

REMARKS: Every month already commenced must be paid in full without any deduction. Each Quarter must be paid in advance, either in cash, or in notes of from thirty to sixty days. Parents receive every Quarter, with the bill of expenses, a Certificate of the health, conduct, morals, and improvement of their children. The Cleanliness of the younger pupils is attended to by the Sisters, who also have charge of the Infirmary. August 8.

"THE LAMP,"

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, of Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, &c.: devoted to the instruction and amusement of all classes. Containing Sixteen pages in double columns Weekly. Subscription, only 7s 6d a year in advance. The Lamp contains a large quantity of instructive matter, deeply interesting Tales; with BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS, the Lives and CORRECT PORTRAITS of distinguished characters. Views of new Catholic Buildings; Essays by eminent Writers; Poetry of a high character; Reviews of extracts from the newest and most agreeable Books; Abstracts of important Lectures, entertaining varieties; Notes on leading events; Progress of Science, &c., published by the London Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company. The very low price at which this most interesting publication is supplied, places it within the reach of all classes, and it is hoped that it will be found in every Catholic family as no better work can be put in the hands of children. J. A. GRAHAM, 19 Great St. James Street, Montreal, Agent for Canada.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal support extended to him during the past twelve years, would announce to them that he has just completed a most extensive and varied Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE—the largest ever on view in this city. It comprises every article in the Furniture line. He would call special attention to his stock of first class Furniture, such as Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, Oak, Chessnut, and enamelled Chamber Sets, varying in price from \$20 to \$225. Also to his Mahogany, Walnut and Oak Parlour, Dining, Library and Hall Furniture, of various styles and prices, together with 2000 Case and 3000 Wood Seat Chairs, of thirty-five different patterns, and varying from 40c. to \$18 each. The whole have been manufactured for cash during the winter, and in such large quantities as to insure a saving of 10 per cent to purchasers. Goods packed for shipping and delivered on board the Boats or Car, or at the residences of buyers residing within the city limits, free of charge. Also, on hand a large assortment of the following Goods—Solid Mahogany and Veneers, Varnish, Turpentine, Glue, Sand Paper, Mahogany and other Nobs, Curled Hair, Hair Cloth, Moss, Excelsior and all other Goods in the Upholstery line, all of which will be sold low for Cash, or exchanged. All Goods warranted to be as represented, or will be taken back and the money returned within one month. All sales under \$100 strictly cash; from \$100 to \$1000, three or six months, with satisfactory endorsed notes if required. A discount of 12 1/2 per cent to trade, but no deduction from the marked price of retail goods, the motto of the house being large sales and small profits. The above list is but an outline of the Stock on hand, and the proprietor respectfully solicits a visit which is all that is necessary to establish the fact that this is the largest, best assorted and cheapest Stock of Goods in this city. OWEN MCGARVEY, Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, 244 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. April 19, 1861. HORSE-SHOEING, BY JAMES MALONEY, No. 21 Craig Street, adjoining Gavin's Carriage Factory.

PRIVATE TUITION.

J. M. ANDERSON, Professor of Classics, Mathematics, and Commercial Science.

BEGS to notify the Gentry of Montreal and vicinity that he is prepared to qualify at his Classrooms, No. 50, St. Joseph Street.

Young Gentlemen desirous of studying for direct Commissions in the British Army, of matriculating at McGill College, or of entering the Counting-house, on reasonable terms. References.—Rev. Dr. Leach, LL.D.; Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Rector Howe, Captain McGill, Alex. Molson Esq., Hon. Messrs. Dorian and Hulton, and the Revd. the Clergy of St. Patrick's Church. Montreal, August 22nd, 1861. J. M. ANDERSON.

CONVENT OF LORETTO, NIAGARA FALLS.

THE LADIES OF LORETTO, from Toronto, have OPENED AN EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT, at their New Convent at NIAGARA FALLS, and are prepared to receive PUPILS on the 2nd of SEPTEMBER next. The beauty and salubrity of the position—its many advantages, easy of access—the most magnificent view from the Convent overlooking the great Falls and the Rapids, but completely out of reach of the spray—the Museum and Botanical Gardens, open weekly to the Pupils, the grounds very extensive, and beautifully ornamented—the first-class Education which the Ladies impart—the tender care that young Ladies will receive at the hands of the Nuns—the advantage of being able to send to the Convent at Toronto in the Winter your young Lady who may desire it—all tend to render this Establishment one of the best in the country.

Terms, &c., to be known at the Convents—Niagara Falls, Loretto, Toronto, Guelph, and Belleville; and by application to their Lordships, Bishops of Toronto and Hamilton; Very Rev. E. Gordon, Hamilton; Very Rev. J. Walsh, V.G., Toronto, &c.; and also at the College of our Lady of Angels, near Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

The following remedies are offered to the public as the best, most perfect, which medical science can afford. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS have been prepared with the utmost skill which the medical profession of this age possesses, and their effects show they have virtues which surpass any combination of medicines hitherto known. They do not purge more or less good; but this cure such dangerous complaints, so quick and so surely, as to prove an efficacy and a power to unroot disease beyond anything which men have known before. By removing the obstructions of the internal organs and stimulating them into healthy action, they renovate the fountain of life and vigor, and health courses anew through the system, and the sick man is well again. They are adapted to disease, and disease only, for when taken by one in health they produce but little effect. This is the perfection of medicine. It is antagonistic to disease, and no more. Tender children may take them with impunity. If they are sick they will cure them, if they are well they will do them no harm.

Give them to some patient who has been prostrated with bilious complaint; see his bent-up, tottering form straighten with strength again; see his long-lost appetite return; see his clammy features blossom into health. Give them to some sufferer whose foul blood has burst out in scrofula till his skin is covered with sores; who stands, or sits, or lies in anguish. He has been drenched inside and out with every position which ingenuity could suggest. Give him these PILLS, and mark the effect; see the scabs fall from his body; see the raw, fair skin that has grown under them; see the late leper that is clean. Give them to him whose angry humors have planted rheumatism in his joints and bones; move him, and he screeches with pain; he too has been soaked through every muscle of his body with liniments and salves; give him these PILLS to purify his blood; they may not cure him, for, alas! there are cases which no mortal power can reach; but mark, he walks with crutches now, and now he walks alone; they have cured him. Give them to the lean, sour, haggard dyspeptic, whose gnawing stomach has long ago eaten every smile from his face and every muscle from his body. See his appetite return, and with it his health; see the new man. See her that was radiant with health and loveliness blasted and too early withering away; want of exercise or mental anguish, or some lurking disease, has deranged the internal organs of digestion, assimilation or secretion, till they do their office ill. Her blood is vitiated, her health is gone. Give her these PILLS to stimulate the vital principle into renewed vigor, to cast out the obstructions, and infuse a new vitality into the blood. Now springing—the roses blossom on her cheek, and where lately sorrow sat joy bursts from every feature. See the sweet infant wasted with worms. Its wan, sickly features tell you without disguise, its painfully distinct, that they are eating its life away. Its pinched-up nose and ears, and restless sleepings, tell the dreadful truth in language which every mother knows. Give it the PILLS in large doses to sweep these vile parasites from the body. Now turn again and see the ruddy bloom of childhood. Is it nothing to do these things? Nay, are they not the marvel of this age? And yet they are done around you every day. Have you the less serious symptoms of these disorders, are they the easier cured. Jaundice, Costiveness, Headache, Sideache, Heartburn, Foul Stomach, Nausea, Pain in the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Ringing in the Ears, Neuralgia, Gout, and kindred complaints all arise from the derangements which these PILLS rapidly cure. Take them perseveringly, and under the counsel of a good Physician if you can; if not, take them judiciously by such advice as we give you, and the distressing, dangerous diseases they cure, which afflict so many millions of the human race, are cast out like the vermin of old—they must burrow in the brutes and in the sea. Price 25 cents per box—4 boxes for \$1. Through a trial of many years and through every nation of civilized men, AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS have been found to afford more relief and to cure more cases of pulmonary disease than any other remedy known to mankind. Cases of apparently settled consumption have been cured by it, and thousands of sufferers who were deemed beyond the reach of human aid, have been restored to their friends and relatives, to sound health and to the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here a cold had settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glassy eye, and the pale, thin features of him who was lately lusty and strong, whisper to all but him CONSUMPTION. He tries every thing; but the disease is gnawing at his vitals, and shows its fatal symptoms more and more over all his frame. He is taking the CHERRY PECTORAL now; it has stopped his cough and made his breathing easy; his sleep is sound at night; his appetite returns, and with it his strength. The dart which pierced his side is broken. Scarcely any neighborhood can be found which has not some living trophy like this to shadow forth the virtues which have won for the CHERRY PECTORAL an imperishable renown. But its usefulness does not end here. Nay, it accomplishes more by prevention than cure. The countless colds and coughs which it cures are the seed which would have ripened into a dreadful harvest of incurable diseases. Influenza, Croup, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Pleurisy, Whooping Cough, and all irritations of the throat and lungs are easily cured by the CHERRY PECTORAL if taken in season. Every family should have it by them, and they will find it an invaluable protection from the insidious procreant which carries off the parent sheep from many a flock, the darling lamb from many a home. Authenticated evidence of these facts, with directions for the treatment of each complaint, may be found in Ayer's American Almanac, of which we publish three millions, and scatter them broadcast over the earth, in order that the sick every where may have before them the information it contains. Druggists and dealers in medicine generally have them for distribution gratis, and also for sale these remedies, prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

ALTERATION OF TRAINS. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. ON and after MONDAY, the 10th of JUNE, Trains will leave Pointe St. Charles Station as follows:— EASTERN TRAINS. Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Island Pond and all Intermediate Stations at 9.30 A.M. Express Train to Quebec, (arriving at Quebec at 10 P.M.) at 4.00 P.M. Mail Train for Portland and Boston (stopping over night at Island Pond) at 5.00 P.M. Mixed Train for Island Pond and Way Stations, at 8.00 P.M. A Special Train, conveying the Mails, and connecting with the Montreal Ocean Steamers at Quebec, will leave the Point St. Charles Station every Friday Evening, at 10.30 P.M. WESTERN TRAINS. Day Mail Train for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit and the West, at 8.45 A.M. Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Brockville and Intermediate Stations at 5.30 P.M. Night Express, with Sleeping Car attached, for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, at 11.30 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, 6th June, 1861. Ayer's Ague Cure.

MRS. O'KEEFE'S ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLASSES, No. 15 Constant Street.

WILL be RE-OPENED on MONDAY, 2nd SEPT. The appropriation which this institution has met with from School Commissioners, and the parents and guardians of the children attending the Courses of instruction, encourages the hope of a continuation of the usual liberal patronage granted it. Montreal, August 14, 1861.

SHORT HAND. PHONOGRAPHY can be LEARNED in THREE easy LESSONS from a person now in this City, formerly a Reporter to the Press. This method of writing enables us to write as fast as speech by a little practice. Enquire, and please leave address at this Office.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE, NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA.

THIS Institution, placed under the benevolent patronage of His Lordship the Right Rev. Catholic Bishop of Montreal, and of the Provincial Government, is entrusted to the direction of the Clerics de St. Vincent. The Classes will be RE-OPENED on the 16th of SEPTEMBER instant, at Coteau St. Louis, or Mile End, near Montreal. The Course of Studies will last generally from 5 to 6 years, but it may be abridged according to the intelligence of the pupils or the intention of the parents.

The Deaf and Dumb, already advanced in years, or of a dull intellect, shall receive religious instruction only through the mimic language, and this in a few weeks. CONDITIONS.—For Washing, Mending, Boarding and Tuition, \$7 50c. a month, or \$75 a year, in four terms, invariably paid in advance. Parents or Wardens, willing to place their children in this Institution may receive all the information they may desire, by addressing themselves to the Institution. Gentlemen of the Press, either in English or in French, are invited to advocate this charitable institution for the interest of the poor unfortunate Deaf and Dumb.

L'UNIVERSEL. THIS is the title of a daily paper published at Brussels, Belgium, and devoted to the defence of Catholic interests, of Order and of Liberty.

The terms of subscription are 32 francs, or about \$5.33, per annum—for six months \$2.80, and for three months \$1.50—not counting the price of postage, which must be prepaid. Subscriptions must be paid in advance. Subscriptions can be received at the office of L'Universel at Brussels. At Paris at M. M. Lagrange and Cerf, and at London, Burns & Lambert, 17 Portman Square.

All letters to the editor must be post-paid, and remittances must be made in bills negotiable at Brussels, Paris or London. 3m. March 28, 1861. T. RIDDELL, (LATE FROM MR. E. PICKUP,) HAVING commenced Business on his own account, in the Store lately occupied by Mr. Constant, No. 22, Great St. James Street, (Opposite B. Dawson & Son,) Begs leave to inform the Public that he will keep on hand a Large Assortment of NEWSPAPERS and MAGAZINES. Newspapers Neatly put up for the Mail. Also, a Large Assortment of STATIONERY, PENS, INK, BLANK CHECKS, &c., &c. A Large Assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS. POSTAGE STAMPS FOR THE MILLION. Montreal, May 4, 1861.

GUILBAULT'S BOTANIC & ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, 114 Sherbrooke Street.

IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC, WHERE the largest collection of LIVING WILD ANIMALS, RARE BIRDS and MUSEUM CURIOUSITIES, can be seen; and all sorts of amusement is attached to the Establishment. Among the novelties, a SLENDID BABY LION, Can be seen; also VENUS. With the three CUBS, whelped this winter in the Establishment. They are the first raised in confinement in America. Those who have seen them say it is worth a few dollar note to witness this beautiful group, wrestling and playing with the mother. J. E. GUILBAULT, Manager. August 2.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

ALTERATION OF TRAINS. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. ON and after MONDAY, the 10th of JUNE, Trains will leave Pointe St. Charles Station as follows:— EASTERN TRAINS. Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Island Pond and all Intermediate Stations at 9.30 A.M. Express Train to Quebec, (arriving at Quebec at 10 P.M.) at 4.00 P.M. Mail Train for Portland and Boston (stopping over night at Island Pond) at 5.00 P.M. Mixed Train for Island Pond and Way Stations, at 8.00 P.M. A Special Train, conveying the Mails, and connecting with the Montreal Ocean Steamers at Quebec, will leave the Point St. Charles Station every Friday Evening, at 10.30 P.M. WESTERN TRAINS. Day Mail Train for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit and the West, at 8.45 A.M. Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Brockville and Intermediate Stations at 5.30 P.M. Night Express, with Sleeping Car attached, for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, at 11.30 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, 6th June, 1861. Ayer's Ague Cure.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS

Albion—Rev. J. J. O'Rourke.
 Adair—N. A. Oost.
 Aylmer—J. Doyle.
 Bathurst—Rev. J. Cameron.
 Beloeil—Rev. M. G. G. G.
 Belleville—C. P. Fraser.
 Belleville—M. P. Mason.
 Barrie—Rev. J. R. Lee.
 Brantford—W. M. Manamy.
 Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brant—Thos. Maginn.
 Chambly—J. Hackett.
 Cobourg—P. Maguire.
 Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
 Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
 Cyrleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy.
 Dalhousie Mills—Wm. Chisholm.
 Deseronto—J. M. Iver.
 Eganville—J. Bonfield.
 East Hanesbury—Rev. J. J. Collins.
 Eastern Townships—P. Hackett.
 Erasmville—P. Gafney.
 Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
 Farmer'sville—J. Flood.
 Gananoque—Rev. J. Rositter.
 Guelph—J. Harris.
 Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry.
 Huntingdon—O. M'Paul.
 Ingersoll—W. Featherston.
 Kemptonville—M. Heaphy.
 Kingston—P. Purcell.
 Lindsay—J. Kennedy.
 Lansdowne—M. O'Connor.
 Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley.
 London—Rev. B. Bayard.
 Lochiel—O. Quigley.
 Lohorrough—T. Daley.
 Lacolle—W. Harty.
 Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleher.
 Merrickville—M. Kelly.
 New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
 Ottawa City—J. Rowland.
 Oshawa—Richard Supple.
 Prescott—J. Ford.
 Perth—J. Doran.
 Peterboro—E. M'Gormick.
 Pictou—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
 Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
 Quebec—M. O'Leary.
 Resolton—James Carroll.
 Russellton—J. Campion.
 Richmondhill—M. Teufy.
 Sherbrooke—T. Griffith.
 Skerington—Rev. J. Graton.
 South Gloucester—J. Daley.
 Summerstown—D. M'Donald.
 St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
 St. Albanese—T. Dunn.
 St. Ann de la Poutiere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
 St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvay.
 St. Catherine, C. E.—J. Oughlin.
 St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald.
 St. Romuald & Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
 Starnsboro—C. M'Gill.
 Sydenham—M. Hayden.
 Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh.
 Thorold—John Heenan.
 Thorville—J. Greene.
 Tuxnick—T. Donegan.
 Toronto—P. F. J. Mullen, 23 Shuter Street.
 Templeton—J. Hagan.
 West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy.
 West Port—James Kehoe.
 Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy.
 Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarroy.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX,
 IMPORTER OF
DRY GOODS,
 No. 112, St. Paul Street,
 MONTREAL.

HAS constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, &c., &c.

P. F. has also on hand a choice selection of Dry Goods and READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he will sell, at very low prices, Wholesale and Retail.

Also, on hand, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, to be sold WHOLESALE only.

Mr. F. has made great improvements in his Establishment and is receiving NEW GOODS every week from Europe, per steamer. He has also on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail.

April 6, 1860. 12ms.

No. 19,
 Great St. James Street.

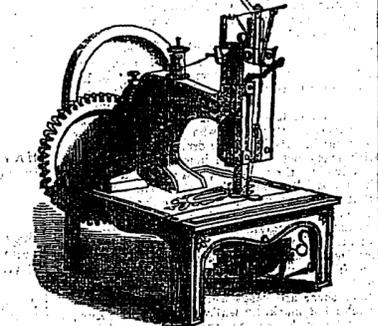
THE Subscriber has received an assortment of Prayer Books, from London, in various elegant styles of Bindings, with Clasps, Rims, &c., bound in velvet, Morocco, and other handsome materials, at prices much below the usual cost of such elegant Bindings.

A supply of Missals and Vesper Books.

No. 19, Great St. James Street.
 J. ANDREW GRAHAM.
 Montreal, Aug. 22.

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

SEWING MACHINES.



E. J. NAGLE'S
 CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
 25 PER CENT.
 UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!!

These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarria.

THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS

have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade—

Montreal, April, 1860.

We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. 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, SHOLES & AMES.
 Toronto, April 21st, 1860.

PURE MEDICINAL COD LIVER OIL,
 Direct from the Manufacturers, and prepared from the fresh livers immediately after the fish are taken. Recommended by the most eminent Physicians as the most valuable remedy in the world for Consumption and diseases of the Lungs. This remedy, so valuable when pure, becomes worthless or injurious when adulterated.

DEVINS' BAKING POWDER;
 A NEW ARTICLE, the best ever introduced, containing none of those ingredients which in other Baking Powders have proved so disastrous to the Teeth, and, in a great measure, the principal cause of offensive breath.

Prepared only by
 R. J. DEVINS, Druggist,
 Next the Court House, Notre Dame Street,
 Montreal.
 August 29, 1861.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.
 (Established in 1836.)

THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale, at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Planations, &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 regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address: **ST. JOHN'S BELL FOUNDRY,** A. M'NEELY'S SONS, West Troy, N. Y.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

THE TRUCED DEALER MONTREAL
 Advocate,
 31 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET,
 MONTREAL.

Will attend Circuits at Beauport, Huntingdon and Soulanges.

W. F. MONAGAN, M.D.,
 Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur,
 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
 No. 71, WELLINGTON STREET,
 Being No. 8 Raglan Terrace,
 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. 32, Little St. James Street.

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

M. F. COLOVIN,
 ADVOCATE, &c.,
 No. 30, Little St. James Street,
 MONTREAL.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co.,
 MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS,
 Successors to the late John M'Closky,
 38, Sanguinet Street,
 North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch—we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges.

We will DYE all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & CO.

No. 19,
 Great St. James Street.
THE CHEAPEST MUSIC.

THE Subscriber feels pleasure in announcing that he is Agent in Canada for the
CHEAPEST MUSIC PUBLISHED.

This Music, published in London, is distinguished for correctness, beauty of Engraving, and superiority in every respect, while it is sold for only about ONE THIRD the price of other Music, viz: TEN CENTS, (6d.), and larger pieces in proportion.

Among others, the compositions of Ascher, Baumbach, Beyer, Beethoven, Gruber, Chopin, Grobe, Herz, Huetten, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Oesten, Plachy, Schubert, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c.; besides, the popular and lighter compositions of the day—English, French, German, and Italian; Songs; and Ballads, Dance Music, Piano-Forte arrangements, Duets, Solos, &c. Music for Beginners, and Instruction Books. Music for the Violin, Accordion, Concertina, Guitar, &c., &c.,—all distinguished for elegance of appearance, correctness, and WONDERFUL CHEAPNESS.

Catalogues can be had on application at
 No. 19,
 Great Saint James Street, Montreal.

A liberal reduction to Schools, Colleges, Professors, the Trade, or others buying in quantities.

STATIONERY of all kinds, BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c., Wholesale or Retail, at Lowest Prices.

J. ANDREW GRAHAM.

ACADEMY
 OF THE
CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME,
 KINGSTON, C. W.

THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry.

The Course of Instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

TERMS:

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

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS,
 KINGSTON, C. W.

Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is most completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.

A large and well selected library will be Open to the Pupils.

TERMS:
 Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (payable half-yearly in Advance.)
 Use of Library during stay, \$2.
 The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July.
 July 21st, 1861.

NEW CLOTHING STORE
BERGIN AND CLARKE,
 (Lately in the employment of Donnelly & O'Brien.)
 Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters,
 No. 48, M'GILL STREET,
 (Nearly Opposite Saint Ann's Market.)
 MONTREAL.

HAVING commenced BUSINESS on their own account, beg leave to inform their numerous friends, and the Public in general, that they intend to carry on the CLOTHING Business in all its branches.

READY-MADE CLOTHING
 CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
 All Orders punctually attended to.
 May 16, 1861.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S



MARBLE FACTORY,
 BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)

WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIPES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen, by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the former prices.

N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada has so much Marble on hand.
 June 9, 1859.

The Montreal Gazette
BOOK AND JOB
STEAM
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
 36 Great St. James Street,
 SUPPLIES
EVERY DESCRIPTION
PRINTING

NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH.

Being furnished with POWER PRINTING MACHINES, besides CARD and HAND PRESSES, we are enabled to execute large quantities of work, with great facility.

BOOK PRINTING!

Having the different sizes of the new SCOTCH CUT and other styles of TYPE, procured expressly for the various kinds of BOOK PRINTING, all CATALOGUES, BY-LAWS, REPORTS, SPECIES, &c., &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch, at moderate charges.

FANCY PRINTING!

Particular attention is paid to COLOURED and ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. The highest style of work, which it was at one time necessary to order from England or the United States, can be furnished at this Establishment, as good, and much cheaper than the imported article.

CARDS

Of all sizes and styles, can be supplied at all prices, from \$1 per thousand to \$1 for each copy.

Particular attention given to BRIDAL CARDS, &c.

BILL-HEADS!

The newest style of Bill-Heads supplied at a very low figure.

SHOW-BILLS!

Country Merchants supplied with SHOW-BILLS of the most STRIKING STYLES.

BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS
 OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY.

Jobs ordered by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post.

A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.

M. LONGMOORE & CO.
 MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDINGS,
 36 Great St. James Street.

PLUMBING
GAS AND STEAM-FITTING

THOMAS M'KENNA
 WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has
 R. E. M'GILL'S
 his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment
 to the
 Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street,
 BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS,
 (Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.)

where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices.

Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.

The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms.

Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has already fitted up in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction.

Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12ms.

D. O'GORMON,
BOAT BUILDER,
 BARREFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.

Skiffs made to Order. Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province.

Kingston, June 3, 1858.

N. B.—Orders 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 thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.

One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.

Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.

One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.

Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.

One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.

Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.

Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

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

For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.

For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.

For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.

For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.

For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.

This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.

Price, 2s 6d per Box.

Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.

For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston—

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1856.

Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE,
 Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum.

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.