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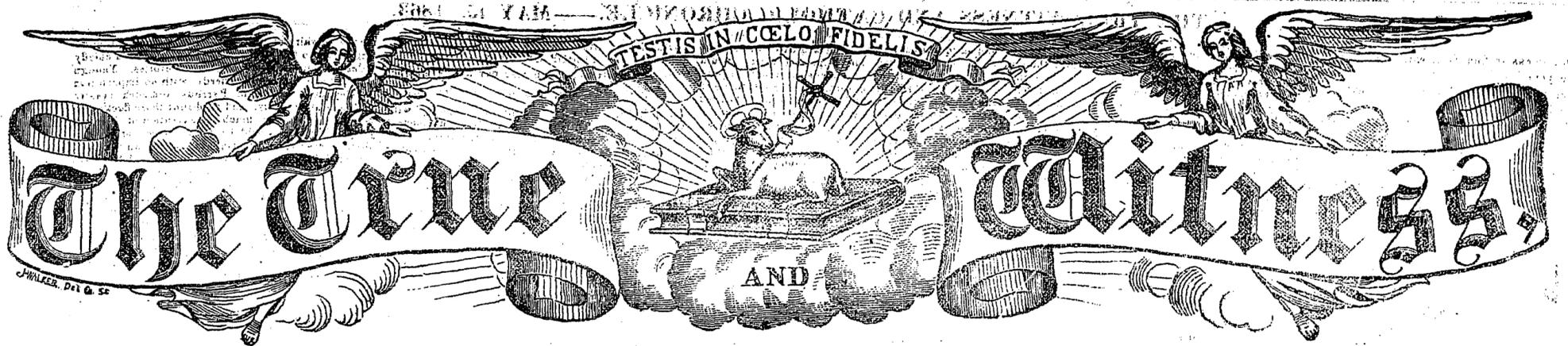
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

A TALE OF CASHEL.

BY MRS. J. SADLER.

CHAPTER IX.—UNCLE HARRY HAS AN ADVENTURE.

At the Chapel-door in Cashel on the following Sunday, there was a crowd gathered, after last Mass, discussing, of course, the murder of young Mr. Esmond. There generally is a crowd after Mass, I am forced to confess, at every Church and Chapel-door, discussing all manner of topics, but on the day in question the crowd was even greater than usual, and there was no diversity in the subjects under discussion—all were chattering away for dear life on the one-engrossing theme of the murder—all the more engrossing for being horrible, and, moreover, mysterious. Many were the wild and strange rumors already afloat in relation to the murder and its probable causes, for people will have causes for everything, and where there are none on hand, they will make them to order. Some would have it that Pierce had an old spite against Master Harry since one day long ago he was out following the hunt as a game-boy, and the young master said or did something to him that was rankling in his mind ever since, till he got the chance of being revenged. Others always knew, they said, that there was something very bad in that Jerry Pierce, whilst others went farther still, and said, with a sagacious wink, or a shake of the head, that there was 'a bad drop in them Pierces, altogether.' This capped the climax, the more so as it was something entirely new, for the Pierces, though poor cottiers from father to son, had always been in good repute with their neighbors, and this was the first actual blemish on their fair fame. But there are always people ready, on such occasions, 'to help the lame dog over the stile,' as they say in Ireland, which means in plain English, to speed an ill story on its way. 'When a man's down, down with him,' is the common order of things, and that in more countries than our dear Celtic Ireland. There are lame dogs in every country, and charitable people in abundance to 'help them over the stile.' But to our story.

The Dean himself had spoken for a full hour after Mass on the awful crime just committed in their midst, the disgrace of which fell, he said, on the whole community, until such time, at least, as the murderer was brought to justice. He had warned the people against aiding or assisting in concealing him from the officers of the law, saying that his crime was of the most revolting character, without one extenuating circumstance to lessen its enormity in the sight of God or man. He had paid an affectionate tribute to the virtues of the deceased gentleman, and spoke even with tears of the loss he was to the whole country both as a landlord and a magistrate. 'When young Harry Esmond,' said he, 'was on the bench, the poor man always knew he had a friend that would see justice done him; and, as a landlord, said he, 'where will you find his equal?—which of you, his tenants, ever went from his office-door with anything but a blessing on your heads? Well, he is gone—this upright magistrate—this kind, easy landlord—this honorable, noble-hearted gentleman is gone from amongst us—cut down in the pride of his manhood, in the bloom of his youth, like a young tree lightning-blasted. And alas! alas! that I should have to say it!—cut down by the hand of violence—the red hand of murder—oh horrible, most horrible it is to think of, for if people slay their friends and benefactors, what can be said in their favor? Nothing, nothing, they close the lips of their friends, and make their name odious to those who know them not. Murder is always abominable in the sight of God, and on no account justifiable. There are times, however, when people will pretend to make excuses, and soften down the horror of the crime by alleged provocation of one kind or another—but here, as you all know, there is, or can be no palliation of a deed which stands out in the calendar of crime as a black and brutal murder. As for the perpetrator of the deed, may God convert him, and bring him to a sense of his wickedness before justice overtakes him, as it surely will, even in this world, if there be a just God in heaven! And mark well my words—the man or woman that has acted or part in concealing that unhappy man from the officers of justice will be accountable for it before God and the laws of his country.'

This discourse, as may well be supposed, had made a deep impression on the minds of all, and, in fact, closed every heart against the murderer. And so, as I said before, every tongue was loud in condemnation of the crime, and in showing cause for its commission. All at once a little old woman in a red cloak, with the hood drawn over her face, stumped out from the midst of the crowd, and stood on the open green with both hands resting on her stick, regarding the

different speakers with a strange expression of scorn on the only part of her face that was visible beneath the hood. After listening a few moments longer, she broke out into a shrill, desirous laugh that immediately drew all eyes to her strange figure, and stranger attitude, and it so happened that the clatter of voices ceased at once, and a hush fell on the so-lately noisy crowd. 'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the hag again, 'much you all know about it—just as much as the crows that are makin' game of you up yonder in the trees. Ugh, ugh, ugh! go home about your business, I'd advise you, and let the poor boy alone that never done you any harm!—Ugh, ugh, ugh! isn't it funny to hear people talkin' of what they know nothin' about? But I tell you again—and she raised her stick, and pointed it at the crowd—let Jerry Pierce alone, or ye'll not be thankful to yourselves.'

Away she hobbled, leaving her hearers bewildered and confused, for a whisper had run thro' the crowd while she spoke—'It's the fairy-woman of the hill! Christ between us and harm.' A heavy shower of rain could not have dispersed the crowd more quickly than the sound of that woman's voice, but as they scattered in all directions through the town and the adjoining country, groups might be seen here and there with their heads together, and in low, cautious tones might also be heard as the parting salutation—'So it's best take care, anyhow, and not anger her.'

In the course of that Sunday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Esmond of Rose Lodge paid a visit to their widowed niece with whom Aunt Winifred had been staying ever since the fatal night that had quenched in blood the light of Esmond Hall. Mary Hennessy and Bella Le Poer were also there, to Mrs. Esmond's greater consolation, for their tender and judicious kindness was balm to her bruised and broken heart. No visitors were as yet admitted, save only the nearest relatives, and the house, late so full of life and animation, was gloomy as a funeral vault. The very servants, as they glided around in their deep mourning costume, were grave and sad as mutes at a funeral, and the merry voices of the children were hushed and silent. As for the fair mistress of the mansion, no smile had yet crossed her visage, and but few words escaped her bloodless lips, as she lay from day to day in her high-backed chair, a pale drooping flower, fading slowly away in the sight of the two devoted friends who watched her with more than sister's love. As on that first dreary night, the presence of Uncle Harry seemed somehow to discompose her; tho' she evidently strove to hide her disquiet, fearing, doubtless, to give him pain. But her tell-tale features refused to keep the secret, and the old man's keen eye speedily detected the emotion she vainly sought to repress. Declining Mrs. Esmond's faint invitation to remain for dinner, he rose abruptly, saying to his wife:

'Come, Martha, it will be night before we get home.' He glanced at the timepiece over the mantel. 'Why, how is that, Henrietta—your clock is not going?'

'No,' said Mrs. Esmond, with more energy than she had of late manifested; 'it stopped, I suppose, when Harry's heart did, and it shall never go again—at least, while I am its owner.'

'What! do you mean to say it stopped at that hour, on that night?' and he pointed to the hands.

'My eyes saw it.'

'Great God! it was about the very moment—and the old man leaned on the back of a chair for support, his eyes still fixed on the timepiece. 'You think so, uncle?'

'There is not a doubt of it,' said Aunt Martha, her face pale as ashes. 'It was about eight o'clock when he left our door, and half an hour would likely have brought him to—the fatal spot.'

'True—most true,' murmured Uncle Harry, as if to himself.

'But tell me, uncle,' said Mrs. Esmond, with a spasmodic effort, 'how it happened that it was your horse my poor fellow rode—at the time—instead of the roan mare he took from here?'

'Oh! that, my dear, is easily explained,' Uncle Harry carelessly replied. 'The roan got lame with him on the way, and when my groom came to examine how it was, he found that a nail in one of the fore-shoes had pierced the hoof, and the animal was in downright pain, so we had to send directly for the blacksmith to take off the shoe, and a hard job it was to get it off. Of course Harry had nothing for it but to leave her behind, and take one of my horses.'

'No danger of that, Winny,' said her brother maliciously; 'my chance of getting you off my hands is small enough now without taking so unnatural a means of spoiling your beauty. Good-bye, Henry, my poor child, try and keep up your heart as well as you can.'

'I will, sir,' was the dreamy, listless answer, as the mourner received and returned Aunt Martha's kind farewell greeting. As for Miss Esmond, she stiffened herself to the rigidity of a colossal poker, and, not deigning to notice her brother's parting nod, extended the long fingers of her right hand to her sister-in-law, saying as she did so:

'Well, Martha, my dear! though he's my brother, I must say that you have got the greatest bear of a husband in all Tipperary. You have indeed.'

At another time this little manifestation of temper on the part of Aunt Winifred would have given much amusement, but there was none to notice it then, and in grave silence the party separated.

The early night was already close at hand when Mr. Esmond stepped into the gig where his wife was already seated. As he took the reins from Mulligan, he placed a half-crown in his hand, which Mulligan acknowledged by a very low bow and a 'Long life to your honor, and safe home, sir.' Then lowering his voice, he added—'I'd make the bay step out, your honor, if I was you—there do be ghosts and things abroad after dusk, and you're a lonesome bit of a road before you! Safe home, sir!' he said aloud, and making a sign to Mr. Esmond to say nothing, he hurried off to open the gates, then bowed again as the gig rolled out on the high road, and distinctly uttered the words—'Take care!'

'What did Mulligan say, my dear?' asked Mrs. Esmond when they were fairly started.

'He said to-morrow would be a fine day,' replied her husband with characteristic gruffness, as he leaned forward to apply the whip to the shining flanks of his horse, though the animal needed no such hint to make haste home.

Mrs. Esmond made no further attempt at conversation, and the ill-matched pair were whirled along for a mile and better through the chilly air of the winter evening, without again exchanging words. Both were wrapt apparently in their own thoughts, and gloomy thoughts they were, too, for neither could forget that about the same hour less than a week ago, one near and dear to them left his home in happy unconsciousness that he was to see it never more.

As the evening shades fell colder and darker on the wintry landscape, the sense of loneliness began to press on the stout heart of Mr. Esmond, and he was glad to break the silence that he now felt oppressive. He addressed some trifling observation to his wife, but had not yet received an answer when the horse, slyly at some object on the road-side, turned up his ears, tossed his head, and began to prance in a backward direction that was anything but safe, seeing that a gravel pit full of yellow muddy water bounded the road at that particular spot.

Mrs. Esmond's scream of terror frightened the animal still more—back—back he went, notwithstanding the desperate efforts made by the strong arm that was urging him forward—back—back he reared till the wheels of his gig were within a foot of the water edge—Mrs. Esmond, crying, 'Holy Mary! Mother of God! pray for us!' was about to throw herself out of the gig, at all hazards, when a tall man appeared at the horse's head, laid hold of the bridle, and with one jerk, and a soothing 'Wo! wo!' drew the frightened animal out on the road, the gig lumbering heavily at his heels.

The fervent thanksgiving that escaped from Mrs. Esmond's ashy lips was for once echoed by her husband, with a hearty acknowledgment of the timely assistance that had saved them both from an awful death.

'You have saved our lives this night,' said he. 'Undher God, sir, undher God,' put in the tall man, stooping to pick up a bag he had thrown from his shoulder.

'Oh! of course—of course—that's understood. But who and what are you? tell me that before you go, for if I live I'll reward you well.'

'I'm not goin' yet,' was the answer; 'I'll walk a little ways farther with you, for fear the baste might shy again, or something.'

'But who are you? what is your name?'

'Well! my name isn't worth your honor's knowin', but I'm the poor man that asked charity from you there back o' the hill, and didn't get it.'

'My God!' murmured Mrs. Esmond in an audible whisper, and she pressed close to her husband as the tall beggarman appeared at her side of the vehicle.

Mrs. Esmond said no more, and the sturdy beggarman trudged along, staff in hand, by her side, keeping pace with the horse even at a brisk trot. The few belated stragglers who passed along one way or the other, exchanging a brief salutation with the self-appointed guide, passed cheerily on, most of them whistling some lively air as if to counteract the sombre influence of the hour.

On and on went the gig, and on went the tall beggarman beside it, bag on back and staff in hand. The one half of Mr. Esmond's homeward road was already passed, when the horse turned up his ears again, glanced fearfully at one side of the road where stood an old limekiln, its rude masonry partly concealed by the overhanging branches of a huge alderbush. In an instant the beggarman had hold of the bridle and his strong arm speedily brought the scared animal to subjection. A slight noise was heard as it were in the kiln—a dark form was visible for a moment, one word issued from the throat of the man at the horse's head—the word was 'Remember!'—in the twinkling of an eye the figure vanished, and the horse sped lightly on his way. Mrs. Esmond breathed more freely, she knew not why.

A little farther on, the beggarman stopped, and laid his hand on the rein. 'You'll soon be at home now, Mr. Esmond,' said he, in his deep guttural tones; 'the baste won't shy any more, I'm thinkin', so I'll be biddin' you good night, and it's one advice I'll give you, never refuse a poor man or a poor woman a charity when they ask it for God's sake—an' listen to what I'm goin' to say, your honor,—he leaned over the wheel, and spoke in a whisper—'you're the last man in Tipperary that ought to be out after nightfall. Now go your ways!'

'But, my very worthy fellow,' said Mr. Esmond, 'will you not tell me to whom I am so deeply indebted this night?'

'Maybe you wouldn't thank me if I did,' said the man gruffly; 'ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. Go on now, as fast as you can, or maybe there's worse than a quarry before you—an' mind what I tell you—be merciful to the poor, or their curse 'ill fall on you where I can't save you.'

Bounding like an antelope over the ditch, he disappeared, and it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Esmond's bay flew home at a gallop.

The first act of Mr. Esmond after reaching home was to send post-haste for the Dean and Attorney Moran. Pending their arrival dinner was served, but seldom was meal less honored at the well-appointed table of Rose Lodge.—The old gentleman was far too much excited to think of eating; with his bushy brows knit together, and his sharp grey eyes fixed in moody thought, he sat leaning back in his chair, scarcely deigning to answer the repeated entreaties of his wife to eat something.

At last, seeing that the lady had finished her very slight repast, he said, pushing back his chair with characteristic brusquerie—'If you're done now, Martha, I wish you would have those things removed. I wonder how people can eat under such circumstances.'

Mrs. Esmond made no reply—she was indeed a most submissive wife, at all times; the dishes were removed, and fruit and wine placed on the table. The old gentleman drank off a glass of Madeira, then looked at his wife and said—

'That was a confoundedly queer chap, that beggarman—didn't you think so, Martha?'

'I really can't say, my dear, what I thought of him, or of anything else at the time, I was so frightened.'

'What?' said the husband ironically, 'at the prospect of a cold bath? Well, I own it was not over inviting such a night as this. But you know that chilling prospective was only for a moment.'

'Was there no other danger but that of the quarry?' said Mrs. Esmond pointedly.

'Oh, true—there was the limekiln—but that needn't have shocked your weak nerves, seeing that there was no fire in it. They couldn't roast you, you know, without fire—ha, ha, ha!'

A second and a third glass of the sparkling Madeira had somewhat exhilarated the old man's spirits though his humor was still bitter.

'I am sorry, my dear,' said Mrs. Esmond quietly, 'that I can't compliment you on your wit. Now I think I wasn't the only one whose nerves, weak or strong, were shocked on this occasion!'

'Of course not, my dear; there was the horse—'

'Well, what was it that frightened the horse first and last?'

which he was wont to epigrammatize by grammatical comparison as weak—weaker—weakest.—But for reasons sufficiently clear to herself, Mrs. Esmond was more than usually susceptible to his pointless sarcasm.

'Harry,' said she, with much earnestness of look and tone, 'if I were alone, I, for one, would not have been afraid of either the living or the dead.'

'Zounds, madam, what do you mean by that?' cried her husband fiercely.

'No blustering, Harry, no blustering,' said his wife calmly but firmly, 'what I mean to say is this, that my fears were for you—drawing back, and pointing at him with her finger—not for myself. I feared that the blow might fall this time where it was meant to fall before!—You understand—I see you do—I will, therefore, leave you to your own thoughts, which may, in your case, be the best companions, commending to your further attention the old adage—'it is all paying with edged tools.''

Before Mr. Esmond had recovered the effect of this stunning blow, the door-bell gave intimation that one or both of the anxiously-expected visitors had arrived, and Mrs. Esmond vanished by another as the Dean and the man of law entered at another.

Mr. Esmond, recovering by a violent effort from the stunning effect of his wife's home-thrust advanced with outstretched hand to greet his guests.

'Well, Mr. Esmond,' said the Dean, when having warmed his hands over the fire, he turned and faced his host, 'you see we have promptly obeyed your summons, though, as regards myself, I would rather have waited a little, seeing that I had but just returned from a sick call, some three miles away.'

'I'm very sorry, indeed,' said Mr. Esmond, 'but my business is very urgent, and would not by any means wait.'

'Well, what is your business?' and the Dean exchanged a significant glance with Moran, who had coolly taken his place at the table for the refreshment of his inner man, 'what is your business, sir? It must be of grave importance when you send in all haste for the priest and the lawyer.'

'It is of grave importance—the very gravest importance, Dean M'Dermott!' emphatically said Mr. Esmond, as he threw himself back in his chair opposite the Dean, and looked first in his face, then in Moran's, to see how they took this startling announcement. 'Do you know that I have discovered the existence of a conspiracy?'

'A conspiracy, Mr. Esmond?' cried his hearers simultaneously.

'Yes, a conspiracy—a conspiracy against me—Harry Esmond, of Rose Lodge—a conspiracy to take away my life—to murder me!'

'Bless me, Mr. Esmond, you astonish me,' said the Dean. 'What Moran would have said we know not, for it so happened that he was seized just then with a troublesome fit of coughing that made him very red in the face, and obliged him to apply his handkerchief to his eyes very suspiciously often.'

'I thought I should astonish you,' went on Mr. Esmond, wholly absorbed in his own ideas. 'But you will be more astonished when I tell you that I have a strong suspicion, almost amounting to certainty, that my poor nephew fell a victim to this same diabolical agency.'

'Ah, indeed, and what reason have you to think so?' The half credulous look vanished from the Dean's massive features, and Moran's cough suddenly ceased to trouble him.

'Sit down, Dean, and I'll tell you all about it, then let you and Moran judge for yourselves.'

The details of the evening's adventures were listened to with much interest by the two gentlemen, a glance of surprise being exchanged between them at certain points of the narrative.

'Now what do you think of that?' said Mr. Esmond in conclusion. 'Am I, or am I not justified in thinking that there is a conspiracy on foot to murder me, as my nephew has been murdered, in cold blood—in fact, to exterminate the Esmonds? What say you, Dean? what say you, Moran?'

The priest shook his head and replied that he did not see how that followed from the premises.

'You would have much trouble to make out your case, my dear sir, in a court of law,' said Moran. 'For my part I see no proof, whatever, of a conspiracy in what you have been telling us.'

'Indeed? well, I must say that your faculties are more obtuse than I ever supposed they were. And you, Dean, I am astonished that you do not see farther into this affair. Now, what is your opinion of that beggarman?'

'Why, upon my word, Mr. Esmond,' the Dean replied in the caustic tone he could well employ at times, 'upon my word, I think him a very fine fellow, and that, on your own showing—'

You don't mean to find fault with him, do you, for saving your life? Saving my life, indeed! I tell you that was all a sham! Then your horse must have been in the fault.

'Pshaw! the horse who frightened the horse? Tell me that now.' 'Why, perhaps, the beggarman—or his bag?'

'Yes, that may do for the quarry; but then there must have been another individual, with or without a bag, in waiting at the linekiln.'

'Very true, Mr. Esmond, very true,' and the Dean began poking the fire with a meditative air, while Moran took out his note-book and wrote, more, apparently, to satisfy the self-opinionated old man than from any necessity there was to commit the affair to paper.

'Humph! humph!' soliloquized Moran as his pen flew over the paper with professional rapidity; 'let us see now how the case stands. Mr. Esmond deposes that being on his way from Esmond Hall to Rose Lodge, his horse took fright, and by a retrograde movement towards a stone-quarry in the vicinity would have precipitated deponent and his wife thence, had not a beggarman, minus bag, caught hold of the bridle, and persuaded the obstinate animal to resume his onward course. Is not that right, Mr. Esmond?'

'Perfectly correct, sir, perfectly correct!' 'Whereas said beggarman, plus bag, walked by the side of the gig till a certain linekiln was reached, where and when deponent's horse took fright again, when said beggarman, with felonious intent, as deponent saith, did again take forcible possession of the reins, and enunciating the remarkable word 'Remember,' whether addressed to the horse or some unknown individual deponent saith not—not having the fear of God before his eyes, did feloniously lead the animal some distance on his way, then and there feloniously betaking himself to parts unknown, all which facts doth clearly indicate in the mind of this deponent, a dangerous conspiracy against his life—an I still correct, Mr. Esmond?'

'Yes—on the whole—but—ahem!' pulling up his collar, and establishing his head therein with a vehement jerk, 'pray, Mr. Moran, what is your own opinion of the matter?'

'My opinion,' said Moran gravely, 'is, that you owe your life twice to that same beggarman during that short journey!'

'And yours, Dean?'

'Precisely the same as Mr. Moran's—no reasonable doubt can be entertained that your life was in danger from some concealed enemy, and that you owe your safety, and perhaps that of your wife, to the protecting presence of that mendicant—'

'Oh, hang the mendicant!' angrily broke in Esmond; 'if I don't clear the country of these sturdy bang-beggars before I'm many weeks older, never call me an efficient magistrate—that's all!'

'Well, Moran, after that we may go, I think,' said the Dean rising, as did Moran, both looking the indignation they felt; 'we have learned two useful lessons to-night, one of which is never to save any one's life without permission asked and received: the other is, never to obey a summons from Rose Lodge without a written certificate of actual necessity. A good evening, Mr. Esmond.'

And declining all entreaties to remain longer the gentlemen mounted their horses and bade adieu to Rose Lodge.

(To be continued.)

HENRI MARTIN ON IRELAND.

Les Antiquités Irlandaises. Notes de Voyage. Par Henri Martin. Paris.

[BOOKCLOSING NOTICE]

The extreme picturesque beauty of Ireland—a land for which nature has done so much and man so little—along with the rich fertility of the soil, and its untrival advantages of seaboard for trading purposes, seem to have struck M. Martin with surprise. Ireland is synonymous on the Continent with famine, misery, and desolation; but he found, to his astonishment, a country rich to excess in all the natural gifts that could make a nation great and a people prosperous; and he records, in terms of wonder and admiration, his impressions of "the vast bays, the bold capes, the grand harbours of the Western coast, worthy of comparison with those of Brest or Toulon, where whole fleets might anchor safely"—magnificent portals to the ocean highway between Europe and America, through which might pass the commerce of two worlds. He saw the Shannon, "rolling in majesty for sixty miles before it meets the ocean; and lakes as large as inland seas; and the exquisite river Lee, flowing on amid scenes of beauty which Europe could not surpass;" yet, amidst all this prodigal wealth of nature, he saw the people dying out from want and hunger—perishing off the face of the earth, because they cannot find the means to support life. Here was a startling problem for the French philosopher—a problem well worth the study of all philosophers of this advanced, enlightened nineteenth century, who behold the population of the most fertile country of Western Europe steadily diminishing at the rate of a million a decade. But M. Martin's principal object of study was antiquities—the existing past, and not the perishing present. He proceeded onwards to those wonderful temples of antiquity—New Grange and Dowth—which, from an examination of all known on the subject, he believes to have been built by the Tuatha de Danann race of kings, as royal sepulchres, and he pays a just tribute of praise to "the extraordinary exactitude with which Mr. Wilde has described the sepulchral chambers in his Catalogue of the Antiquities of Stone." He finds an extreme analogy between the symbols and ornamentation of the celebrated cavern of Gavr Inis, in Normandy, and those of New Grange, and calls them "dialects of the one sacred language." These symbols—the serpent coils, circles, irregular spirals, and other mystic forms and groups of lines, all manifesting some definite but mysterious idea—demand, he says, a fuller investigation from the erudition of all Europe—"Whether religious or astronomical, one sees in them the original principle of all Celtic ornamentation, from Scandinavia to Italy." Here, in this tomb of New Grange, we stand face to face with the thoughts of our first fathers, but given in symbols that none can now decipher—symbols that still continued to pervade all decorative art, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, even for hundreds of years after this mysterious race had passed away from continental Europe, and lain down to rest in Ireland in those eternal tombs.

and antiquities of Ireland. England cares for neither; if she did, O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry would not have been left to live, on the miserable stipend allotted to them by government, nor left to die in the prime of their mental powers—broken-hearted from over-work, over-anxiety, and absolute want of the means for the proper support of their families. The recognition, therefore, and friendly sympathy of other lands have a peculiar value for the learned men amongst us who still toil in the dreary furrows of Irish antiquarian research. Though weided, and even discouraged many a time by opposing influences and the want of free, generous State support, yet it shows them they have not altogether laboured in vain, and thus they may be stimulated to future exertion.—Nation.

WHIG BISHOPS.

The curious controversy made popular by Dr. Colenso is not very particularly interesting to us, but rather wearisome, and even antiquated, for our ancient Doctors more than a thousand years ago were pestered by similar objections, which they answered when they thought it worth their while, and we have entered upon their labours, and the Faith still lives. Learned heathens and captious heretics took their places at the devil's wheel, and ground his chaff which they afterwards offered to the Faithful as wholesome meal. Even Julian the Apostate, Emperor though he was, found himself sentenced by his relentless master to the same irksome task, and produced such objections to the sacred Book as he could forge out of his Imperial brain. Porphyry the scientific, and Galen the doctor, tried their willing hands at the same works, but they never made much of the matter; and their labours, quite as valuable as those of Dr. Colenso, are now regarded merely as monuments of human stupidity, the loss of which nobody regrets.

The Protestant public is concerned in this present trouble more than we are; our share in the matter lies in endurance of the outrage done to the Sacred Writings, and in making what reparation we can for the insult. If a Catholic were to enter directly into this controversy he must either labour to prove the first principles be holds, or accept those held by the African doctor of the University of Cambridge. Dr. Colenso has much to learn before he can master the elements of the controversy he has stirred up, and it is hopeless to expect of him in his present position that he should go again to school, from which like most boys he probably came out with more pleasure than he went in.

One singular fact in this dispute is the respectability of those Anglican Bishops who some 16 years ago were regarded by their brethren with as much dislike as Dr. Colenso is now. At that time the Whigs were ostentatious in their preference of tainted and suspected men; they went up into their watch-towers, looked over the country carefully, and if they could find a Whig whose opinions in theology were Whiggish also, they preferred him to a man, or a bishopric as the case might be. They had been satisfied until then with a Whig, and had not regretted the reputed orthodoxy of the man they promoted; but at that time, for some reason or other, they eagerly sought for men of doubtful reputations, with a leaning to heresy of a more decided complexion than was generally to be met with. It is quite true that they had always been unlucky in their men, and had always to explain and defend their appointments; but it is equally true that they always had an explanation to give, which if not satisfactory to the objectors was such as to make them silent. The Whigs preferred men who were either scientific or learned in some lore useful to them, and these matters, whatever they might be, whether geology, political economy, or natural history, were always put forward as the reason of the appointment, and not particular heresy which distinguished the man preferred from his fellows. But about 16 years ago the Whigs took up another discipline for the National Establishment, and scourged it with heresy undisciplined by any scientific attainment.

At this time matters are changed: the notorious heretics of those days have abjured silently their ancient errors, and have conformed to the more tranquil temperament of their religion. They never obtruded their opinions after they came into power, and persecuted none of those who had attempted to persecute them. They are now conspicuous, not among the friends of Dr. Colenso, where they were naturally expected to take their place, but among his enemies: implacable and wrathful. So far they are right, no doubt, for they understand and accept the burden of their position, and correspond to its responsibilities. Dr. Colenso has reason to complain of them, but nobody else, and even he perhaps may admit that he has been too hasty, and that he has not properly counted the whole sum of motives which influence men in their condition.

So again, as time goes on, Dr. Colenso will modify his views, re-examine his principles, and re-arrange his ideas. Anglican controversies are very hot and sharp, but they are not long-lived. The hard-hearted Bishops of his religion who now denounce him, and interdict him from preaching within their jurisdiction will look back with wonder at their zeal, and marvel at their own haste. Dr. Colenso's book will be forgotten, like many others of like character, and he himself will not wish it remembered. Scientific people, better versed than he in German obscurities will probably think but indifferently of his discoveries, and this will help the non-scientific world towards the desired oblivion of view which ought never to have been presented to an Englishman. In this country people are sceptical not from conviction, but from weariness, and they avoid all theories on the subject of their unbelief. They take their pleasure in scientific pursuits, and only incidentally reveal their unfortunate state. They are like men labouring under an incurable disease which they hide, and make no show of their hopeless condition. Dr. Colenso has published his views, and that fact alone is enough to convince us that the theory he holds he will not hold long. He has been amazed by the novelty of the notions that have come across his path, and in an unlucky hour yielded to the temptation of print. Let men have patience with a man condemned to be an African divine, and the wild society of the Nats. His enemies who now denounce him might have done much more for him had he done more for them. It is much more easy to be a quiet Bishop at home, than in a distant country where there is no House of Lords, nor an Archbishopric of Canterbury glittering pleasantly in the Prime Minister's eye.

Dr. Colenso has written a book, which is not good but he takes his stand on 'on the first principles of the Reformation,' and the rights of an Englishman. He is unassailable in his own communion, and, therefore, men had better leave him alone. He does only what his predecessors have done, and what his contemporaries are doing, though they seem to think that he has done too much. He and they alike reject the true revelation of God, and the critics he offers on the Sacred Books is involved in the heresy he holds. We, in the Church, may look on, waiting the end—we cannot help the matter. Dr. Colenso is not worse than Craemer, or Laud, or Tillotson: he will do, perhaps, less mischief than they did; perhaps, he may even give up his views, for, while a man lives, there is hope of him and so long as he permits us to hope better things, he is so far better than Hooker, and Bramhall, and Bull, and others who repudiated the Catholic Faith, and wrote against it with more skill than this unhappy Bishop of Natal.—London Times.

JUVENILE SIMPLICITY.—'Spell cat,' said a little girl of five years of age, the other day, to a smaller one of three years. 'I can't,' was the reply. 'Well, then,' continued the youthful school mistress, 'if you can't spell cat spell kitten.'

The attempt to make omelets out of 'egg' coal has been abandoned.

IMPORTANT LETTER OF THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

St. Jarlath's Tuam, Feast of St. Anselm, 1863.

My Lord, —Notwithstanding the flippancy with which the assertion is repeated, the boasted conquest of Ireland is a historical calumny, refuted by the so many records of violated treaties. Of those treaties the perfidious infractions were not more disastrous to the natives than disgraceful to the foreigners. As long as the memorable stone monument remains on the banks of the Shannon, it will continue to attest the ratification of Limerick's Treaty, as well as its flagrant violation. But, though foreign conquest has not subdued our country, it has been left prostrate by a foul combination of foreign and native corruption; and those latter years have been witnessing a revolution more fatal to the Catholic people of Ireland than its wars ever inflicted. Those wars turned the land into a desert, whilst those who waged them burned the harvest and trampled on the laws of nations, by enlisting famine and pestilence as the efficient auxiliaries of their baffled armies. Yet, amidst all those horrors, which the English soldiers themselves could neither witness nor describe without deep emotion, the Irish, still unconquered, continued to cling with unabated hope to the land of their nativity. How striking is the contrast presented now to the nations! You have achieved a conquest to Ireland hitherto attempted in vain. You have overcome that attachment to native land which lies deep in the hearts of every people, savage or civilized, and in none more than in the hearts of the children of Ireland, particularly endeared by the fertility of the soil, the beauty of its scenery, and, above all, by the hallowed influence of religion, which made home a sanctuary of the domestic virtues. If we except some of those exalted men, who, like the patriarchs of old, rose superior to the claims of country or of kindred, and were content to devote themselves in any clime to the service of their God and the benefit of mankind, there was no people on earth more tenacious of the land of their birth and their affections. It required a force stronger than that of arms to sever the ties that bound so closely this people and their country. And yet severed it is during this lovely and genial month to such a degree as has been seldom witnessed in any other State or under any other government in ancient or modern times. The railroads that traverse the country, the seaports to which the fugitives are hurriedly flocking, are the witnesses of this frightful and compulsory emigration. There is no question about the state of the country to which chance or the accident of trustworthy companions may direct their steps.—Be it covered with perpetual snows, or torn with intestine warfare, or accessible only by a most perilous navigation, no matter, provided they can leave a land which God had so peculiarly blessed, but on which the misdeeds of men seem to have left their blighted malediction. This migratory mania is not now confined to any one class. It has seized the old as well as the young, and none more contagiously than the latter, whose tender affections for home have been already seared and withered by the chilling and continual hardships which they have been enduring from their infancy. The Irish people, left to themselves, without any laws to adjust their mutual relations as landlords and tenants, save the capricious and cruel instincts of an undisciplined self-interest, are no longer bound into any cohesive society, but, like Arabs, leave their former settlements, and the land from which they are thus driven becomes often waste and unprofitable as the lands of the desert. During the late rainy and stormy springs the people made astonishing efforts to crop their little farms. The failure of the coming harvest disappointed all their hopes, and sunk them into the deepest destitution. Had they seed to crop their lands during this promising spring, they might still struggle on, buoyed up with the hope of a remunerating harvest. But the seed which they hoped to reserve for the spring they have been in thousands of instances obliged to sell at a low price in order to meet the last November's rents of the landlord.—Should this irremediable condition of certain classes in society continue, it will soon be equally ruinous to all—the weak, the indigent landlords being always the first victims, only to afford a higher place in the ruin to the other classes who are sure to succeed them. It is high time to endeavor to save them all by a just and provident legislation. Landlords have their liabilities to meet, as well as other classes. But it would be mercy to them to restrain their expensive propensities within proper bounds, which cannot be indulged without an amount of liabilities too heavy for the most exorbitant rentals and the bowed-down tenantry to bear. The inevitable consequence is, that the evil soon recoils upon themselves, plunging them into a companionship of misery with the poorer class. No prudent landlord who could afford to be forbearing, would take from an industrious tenant, in the shape of rent, the seed that was necessary to crop his farm. It is contrary to the first principles of reproduction which the Almighty has established in the vegetable as well as animal world, giving seed to every green herb and vegetable, that it may produce fruit according to its kind. Can any landlord reasonably expect a large rent from the most industrious tenant, whilst he is deprived him of that seed destined to be reproductive in a way to remunerate both the owner and cultivator of the soil? If this seed, or its price, be necessary for his land at variance with the dictates of nature. He may, it is true, as he often does, insist on the seizure of the entire produce, not excepting the seed, or the surrender of the farm, forgetting at the same time that his interest suffers no less than that of the tenant from the harsh alternative. In all contracts founded on mutual advantages and obligations, no one party should be the exclusive sufferer; and it is only in Ireland, under its present system of social laws, or rather social lawlessness and injustice, that one could propound the cruel theory that the rich landlord is to be entirely exempt, and the poor tenant to bear the whole weight of adverse and tempestuous seasons. Were it not that this theory, so opposed to every principle of private and public right, is at this moment reduced into normal practice in Ireland, so many of the small farms of this country would not remain uncropped, nor would their despairing occupants be flying, as they are now seen, as from a land of irremediable pestilence. Such is the tragical close of the artificial and long-continued cry of Irish prosperity. Such is the result of crediting the interested statements of those who incessantly reported that the country was prospering, while its people, the mainstay of the prosperity of every country, were perishing. This farcical repetition of Irish prosperity from the officials of an English government cannot mislead any but those who are willing to be deceived. Notwithstanding the recent sufferings of Lancashire, England is prosperous; and to secure and increase her prosperity all the efforts of the government are zealously directed. As Ireland, in political parlance, forms at present a portion of the United Kingdom, the compliment of prosperity is courteously extended to the starving sister on the principle that the honorable titles of the aristocracy are most graciously bestowed on the poor young scions who share but little of the substantial wealth of the peerage. How long a people, no less famed for their keen intelligence than for their love of freedom, will remain content to find their dire destitution insulted by such ironical representations, is a question worthy of the deep consideration of her Majesty's ministers. You may fancy the prosperity of the empire will be promoted by multiplying the flocks and herds of Ireland to give more animal food to your own favored population; but remember that the millions of Irishmen who are displaced to make room for the quadrupeds are transporting their household resentments to other lands which are sure to be inherited by their descendants. Recollect, too, that those fat bullocks would be but miserable substitutes

for the chivalry of the Irish soldiery to which, though ungrateful to this moment, England has been chiefly indebted for its most brilliant victories. Though you were to estimate the herds with an importation of elephants, the age of Pyrrhus and such beastly auxiliaries is gone by, and no doubt those flocks and herds that engage so much the attention of Her Majesty's Viceroys, would be found rather prejudicial than otherwise; by securing, in case of an invasion, a plentiful commissariat to the enemy. A few days more and the sowing season will be over, and the genial heat of May will be wasted on barren fields, from which, if now cropped at a trifling expense, a vast amount of national wealth and domestic comfort would be reaped. It will not be argued that respect of which England is so jealous from foreigners, that her nearest dependency, and one of the most fertile islands in the world, is partly waste from want of seed, whilst the rich are at a loss for a proper investment for millions of superfluous capital. You may rejoice in the progress of that policy of the extermination of the Irish race, so long pursued by Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William, then carried on more violently, but now more vigorously, by the systematic operation of cruel laws. Recollect, however, that the effect of the starving exodus that is now sweeping its inhabitants from the land, must be a reaction which will first those that remain with a tenfold attachment to the country, and who, from a conviction that all those evils are springing from bad laws, will strive, as the only safeguard against their recurrence, to secure the restoration of their native legislature.

I have the honor to be, Your lordship's faithful servant, J. JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

MEETING OF THE DEANERY OF WESTPORT, DIOCESE OF TUAM.—At a meeting of the Deanery of Westport, Diocese of Tuam, held at Westport, on the 7th day of April, 1863, the Very Rev. J. Fiannely, P.P., Chairman; the Rev. Michael Carly, P.P., Secretary, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved,—That never, in the course of our experience, have we felt so grave and so melancholy a responsibility as that which devolves upon us this day; of proclaiming to the world the deplorable continuance of the sufferings which our respective flocks have been enduring for the last three seasons of dire distress—a distress which falls to the lot of no other people on the face of the earth, and which has no parallel, even in this country, if we except the disastrous seasons of '46, '47, and '48.

Resolved,—That it is most repugnant to our feelings, and that we consider it most humiliating to our national pride to be obliged, on each recurring season, to intrude upon the attention of the public of every clime and country, the doleful rehearsal of the sufferings and wrongs to which our people are obliged to submit. But we candidly appeal to the verdict of every honest man, and ask, Where is our alternative? When we see around us every day hundreds of our fellow-countrymen—made to God's own image and likeness—steeped in the most abject poverty, pining away in misery, and on the very verge of the grave from the lingering process of gradual starvation. All of which our afflicted people endure with the heroic patience of martyrs, if not the crouching subserviency of arrant slaves.

Resolved,—That there are thousands of poor in this extensive Deanery in the deplorable condition above stated, without clothing, without food, without credit, without seed, without means to crop their holdings, and who, if not relieved by employment or otherwise, will either die of want or become permanent burdens upon the community at large, but who, if now assisted, would most likely, in a short time, be able to live independently on their own industry and become the mainstay and support of society of every grade and station.

Resolved,—That as a proof of the desperation of the people, we have only to appeal to the countless numbers who are daily flocking to the emigrant vessels of every port in the three kingdoms, flying from this land, the land of their fathers, the land of their birth and affections, as from a plague spot, to seek a home and a shelter in another, truly hospitable country; now, unfortunately for the oppressed poor of Ireland, plunged in all the horrors of a destructive civil war. But the Irish emigrant prefers to make any and every sacrifice to that of dying of hunger in this neglected, ill-governed, and persecuted country.

Resolved,—That whilst, as Ministers of the Gospel, we preach patience to our flocks, we cannot, but deplore the cold indifference, if not cruel neglect, with which the people are treated by those whose duty it is to sympathize with them in their afflictions; that we unhesitatingly express our conviction that the landlords of Ireland are to blame for the periodical misfortunes of the country; that though they acknowledge in theory the grand maxim that property has its duties as well as its rights, they as a class, in this part of the country, never reduce it to practice; that they exact rents in hundreds and thousands of pounds; that not one shilling of these rents ever comes back, either to improve the soil, to foster industry, or reward the meritorious; that the only word of encouragement for the careworn tiller of the soil is—"Quit, or pay." That in discharge of a stern duty, we now raise our warning voice, and respectfully, but earnestly, beseech them to take counsel in time, and in this season of undoubted distress, to come to the aid of their exhausted tenantry, and thereby advance their own interests, and prevent the country from becoming a barren waste and a howling wilderness.

Resolved,—That the present Whig Government of England deserves our unqualified censure for their cruel disregard of the sufferings of the Irish people; that they have promptly relieved English distress, whilst they have permitted the Irish people to pine away in the most appalling misery, unaided, and unpitied; that such conduct is so flagrantly partial that we can scarcely suppose ourselves as acknowledged subjects of the same Queen, or entitled to any of the privileges of the British Constitution; that we, therefore, call upon every honest Catholic voter in Ireland, in the name of our starving fellow-countrymen, to stand erect, as men, and to be prepared, with next election every nominee of the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs—the uncompromising persecutors of our race and religion at home and abroad.

Resolved,—That to the conduct of the members who misrepresent this country in the English Parliament, we attribute all the heartless indifference of both the landlords and Government; that those would-be representatives have lost the confidence of their constituents; that their own opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, we assure them that they make false calculations if they expect their support on future occasions; that the people will not be led like slaves to the hustings; that they see they are abandoned in their day of distress; that the Catholic Priests and people feel there is an unholy alliance between the landlords and the Whig Government of England to exterminate the Irish race and Catholic Religion—that in this warfare they are determined to risk all—that we therefore pledge ourselves to co-operate with our fellow-countrymen, in rescuing the representation of this country from the hands of those who neglect the people, and sympathize with their oppressors, and to use all our influence and exertion to return to the next Parliament those only who will acknowledge no English party, and who will fearlessly adhere to the strict policy of independent parliamentary action, opposition to every ministry, no matter whether green, blue, or orange; Whig, Tory, or Radical who will deny to this country those measures of justice, by which alone it can become prosperous, independent, and happy.

Resolved,—That whilst we have so much to de-

ple, so much to censure, it is cheering to reflect that our suffering people have friends at home and abroad, whose generous sympathies have never been wanting in the day of distress, who have heard the voice of their wailing sent over the deep, who close not their ears against our plying cries, and harden not their hearts against our appeals—but who with full hearts and liberal hands pour forth their contributions to relieve their fellow man in their extreme distress. To those bountiful benefactors, we tender the full meed of our warmest thanks, especially to those in Canada, the United States, and Australia, who have entrusted their bounties to the care of our revered Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Mac-Hale, whose powerful advocacy has arrested the attention of the civilised world to the wrongs and oppression of the faithful people of Catholic Ireland.

AID FOR PARTHY—PROSELYTISM.

To the Editor of the (Dublin) Nation.

Mount Partry, 14th April, 1863.

Dear Sir—Permit me to acknowledge, through the Nation, the following timely contributions for the relief of the suffering poor of this devoted district: £8 from His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, per the Very Rev. Dean Waldron, of Cong; £8 7s from John O'Keane, Esq., San Francisco, California; £1 from Mr. Michael O'Connell, Tipperary; and 5s from Mr. James Fitzsimons, Delgany. The fact—the fearful fact—of wide-spread distress being now established, and at length admitted, even by the voice of Viceroys and Chief Secretary, it would, in my opinion, be labor lost to dilate on its general extent in any special parish or locality. Throughout the length and breadth of south and west the angel of famine is abroad, and in many instances is certain, before summer is over, to make sure of his victims. But in Partry, side by side with the gaunt spectre, strides the ill-omened emissary of proselytism—not that ordinary thing which buys and sells the soul of man for a certain amount of soup, meal, or habiliments, but the still more formidable power with which even the above appliances are only of a secondary character, and which employs the "notice to quit," the "ejection," the "bom-bailiff," the apostolical daughter, the whole machinery of landlord authority to enforce the argument of soup at the hands of the "Scripture reader." Lord Plunket still keeps up his staff of four "Scripture readers," five "teachers," and any amount of "Irish readers," in the vain effort to seduce or coerce the poor faithful tenants into an abandonment of their only consolation—their fathers' faith.

Yet, after eighteen years' exertions with famine and pestilence, and the 'crown' and the 'red coat,' and the 'black coat' all on his side what are his gains to-day?—two families—Martin Conway and Tom Moley. These, with several others, found out their Popish errors during the famine of '47.—But these alone are now "The last rose of summer" in his lordship's garden; and for this precious acquisition the 'societies' and the pious, penitent, ladies of England have paid perhaps not less than £15,000. Even still a sum of £400 in round numbers comes annually into Partry from these deluded sources, allowing £40 each to the teachers and 'Bible readers,' £70 to the missionary clergymen, and the balance of £90 more to the invisible 'Irish teachers.'—Yet, sir, with all this lavish expenditure, sustained by the terrorism of the landlord, not even one convert has Lord Plunket been able to make amongst his tenants of Partry within the last thirteen years, while he has lost all he had ever procured with the above-named exceptions. As for his schools, they are now a humbug and a farce. In one of them he has the son of his herd, a man of the name of Levy, from Westmeath, with the daughter of an old caretaker, Staunton. In his other school he has not even one child, or has not had since I entered this parish. My reason for making these observations now is to show forth, as far as I can, the delusion practised on the English people at the present moment, by the appeal made to them for £50,000 to permanently endow some twenty missionary stations in Western Connaught. It is a shameful, a barefaced humbug.—I remain, yours truly,

PATRICK LAVELLE.

P.S.—Let it be well understood I make no account of 'settlers' introduced from the north or other places. Lord Plunket can claim no more credit for them than he is entitled to for the eviction of Catholic tenants whose place they take.

P. L.

DISTRESS IN CONNEMARA.—To the Editor of the Nation.—Dear Sir—I must again trespass on your charity to present our grateful thanks to the benefactors of our suffering poor. I hope God will bless you, dear Sir, for your kind advocacy of the cause of His afflicted members, and your unflinching patience under so many and repeated applications. I feel that you and our other known and unknown benefactors would feel deeply consoled could you witness the wretched objects of charity relieved through your bounty. This day a poor man came to the Convent in a starving state, looking for work.—When I gave him a small sum to satisfy his present deplorable want, he said, 'Ah, but if I had a few days' work I might send this to the children.' The poor father felt more for his starving children at home than for himself. Hundreds are subsisting on turnips, shell-fish, and other believe themselves well off when they can procure a single meal of Indian meal food in the day. This state of fearful want alone obliges me to claim your charitable indulgence for my repeated applications. Should we, through the medium of the charitable, be able to assist our poor people through the months yet to pass before the incoming of the harvest, God may then remove, or at least abate somewhat the present suffering of the poor.—I remain, dear Sir, yours ever gratefully and obliged in Christ,

AMELIA WHITE, Superioress.

Convent of Mercy, Clifden, Connemara, April 14, 1863.

THE BRAND OF GAIN.—Our readers will doubtless remember that a few months ago we called attention to a "Proclamation" in Mooney's Express of San Francisco, signed by Mr. Mooney himself, offering a reward of 500 dollars to whomsoever would slay a certain landlord in Ireland, duly named; furthermore, announcing that whoever should shoot or kill an Irish landlord would be welcomed, protected, and rewarded in California; and concluding by declaring that "one Beckham was worth fifty Smith O'Briens." We denounced this abominable doctrine and the mercenary who propounded it. The Irish national journals with scarcely an exception executed the infamy as heartily as we did ourselves. It seems, however, as our national contemporary the Tipperary Advocate announces in an article which we quote elsewhere, that the redoubtable Mr. Mooney has addressed a monster 'reply' to the editor of the Nation, defending and reasserting the murder creed. A sterling Irish nationalist resident in California has written to us by the post which brought Mr. Mooney's lustration, a letter from which we gather a vast store of 'useful knowledge,' touching the assassination apostle and his doings in California and other parts. It seems that the reputable broad sheet in which Mr. Mooney gazettes his proffered rewards of "500 dollars for the head of an Irish landlord" was defined, or rather lay in a trance, for some five weeks, when the idea seized the admirer of Mr. Beckham to try a start once more on the strength of a sensation "letter to the Editor of the Nation," who had dared to denounce the murder doctrine. 'Whoever would wish to free Ireland,' says Mr. Mooney, 'let him buy a copy of this day's Express and send it to a friend in Ireland.' Help us friends to clear the atmosphere of Ireland. It is to be charitably hoped that a great many persons thus adjured bought copies of Mr. Mooney's Express of that day; and that the suspended existence of that journal will have been restored upon a new lease of a month's duration. But it is to be hoped also that that every one who read Mr. Mooney's 'reply' crossed himself as if a demon had risen on the path be-

fore him. In this document the writer delivers himself as follows:—"You have dubbed me a prophet or landlord assassination; I accept the distinction. Let them look out. It is the intention of many a valiant Irishman to return to Ireland to shoot down the inhuman scoundrels whose acts we have noted and whose names we have registered. You have aspersed me, sir, because, as Secretary of the Saint Patrick's Brotherhood of this city, I signed an address which recommended to the people of Ireland to refuse rents as a measure of defensive agitation against the rack-renting, house-lavelling landlords. I now defend that address. I reassert, proudly, its admonitions to the oppressed tenant farmers, cottiers, and laborers. I recommend my countrymen to shoot the landlords house-lavellers, as we shoot robbers, or rats, at night or in the day, on the roadside or in the market place." The Editor of the Nation declines to hold controversy with wretches of that description. That he should be the object of their hatred and calumny is only a pleasurable proof that he does his duty as a faithful sentinel of the national cause; guarding it from dishonor or stain. This Mooney pleads that O'Connell once proposed a vote of thanks to him, and that in former times he obtained insertion for his letters in the Nation. That may be. Lucifer was once amongst the best. Many are the respectable modes of 'raising the wind,' from bank swindling to abduction; but rarely human depravity could fall no lower than trading on the notoriety which public laudation of murder is supposed to bring, duping and betraying even the assassin himself; for, we need scarcely assure our readers that should any follower of Cain hold out his bloody hand for Mooney's 'reward of 500 dollars,' he would find that, abhorred by all, and trusted by none, the 'prophet' could not raise five hundred cents.—Dublin Nation.

ANOTHER ASSASSINATION AT GLENVEAGH.—Londonderry.—Yesterday morning intelligence of a very startling character reached this city by way of Letterkenny. It related to Glenveagh—a district of Donegal which has been rendered painfully notorious by what has taken place on the Adair property. The nature of the feelings existing between Mr. Adair and his tenantry are so well known that there is no necessity for going into particulars on that subject, or adverting to the wholesale evictions effected on the estate; but everybody will recollect the assassination of James Murray about two years ago. This man was land-steward to Mr. Adair, and he was brutally murdered, not far from his own house, by some person or persons who have for so far eluded the authorities. The news which came from Letterkenny yesterday was that Murray's successor, Adam Grierson, had met the fate of the former land-steward. By some it was reported that he had been shot dead, while others believed that the victim was still alive, although wounded mortally; but this, at all events, is true—that Adam Grierson was met on Friday night by a man who discharged the contents of a pistol into his body. From all I can hear Grierson cannot survive. The circumstances of the case, as well as I have been able to gather them, can be briefly stated. Grierson was coming home, alone, about eight o'clock on Friday evening. A man came up to him, when the victim was nearing his own residence, and presented a double-barrelled pistol. The assassin immediately fired one of the barrels, and the charge, which was of slugs, entered Grierson's abdomen. Grierson did not fall on the moment, and his invading murderer, seeing that the first shot had not done its bloody work, stepped back a pace or two, and fixed a new cap on the nipple of the second barrel. It is to be presumed that the cap originally on it had fallen off, or that an ineffectual attempt had already been made to fire a second shot. When the fellow was preparing to complete the murder, Grierson stooped, in the effort to lift a stone; but he fell to his knees, and, as he looked up, he saw the assassin running away. Possibly, the murderer thought he had finished him. Grierson, however, managed to crawl home. The alarm was raised, and the police turned promptly out. Medical assistance was procured as soon as practicable, but I hear that, on an examination of the wounds, the doctor has declared that the unfortunate man cannot survive. In the meantime, Grierson, has been able to identify the person who fired at him, and a peasant named Francis Bradley has been arrested. He was taken into custody at five o'clock yesterday morning, in consequence, no doubt, of Grierson's statements; and it is added that Bradley has been fully identified by the dying man. The latter is represented as swearing positively to Bradley's identity. This Bradley is said to have been the occupier of one of the cleared out houses. The next occupant was a person named Campbell, and it is not long since his house was burned down. So the story goes, and it may be as well to mention it. One would rather not allude to anything discreditable to a man in Grierson's present position; but, at the same, I do not see how I can properly omit referring to some matters which are public property. This, then, is the Adam Grierson whose license to carry arms was revoked by the Lord Lieutenant about two years since, owing to an outrage in which Grierson was the principal actor. He had made a most serious attack on a number of country people, and had actually fired a gun or pistol at some of them. He was sent to jail for the offence, and bail would not be taken till application had been made to the Court of Queen's Bench. At the next assizes Grierson pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. I hear that latterly he has not held the same situation that he formerly did on the Adair estate. He had left the house which he had occupied at first, and was living nearer Gartan. Some assert, and it may be quite true, that he had not been in Mr. Adair's employment of late. Grierson is a married man, with a large family. It is said that he was about leaving for Australia, but delayed his departure owing to his wife's confinement. There is a very prevalent misconception here, confounding Adam Grierson with Dugald Rankin, probably from the coincidence of both having been connected with Glenveagh, and of both having been before the courts charged with improperly using firearms. Rankin, as it may be remembered, was shepherd to Murray, the murdered land-steward. This Rankin was tried at the Omagh Assizes for firing a pistol at an innkeeper in Strabane. The prisoner was acquitted. The nature of Grierson's trial, which took place at the Lifford Assizes, I have already stated. I have no means of ascertaining whether poor Grierson is yet alive.—Northern Whig.

DEATH.—Authentic information has been received that Adam Grierson, late land-steward to Mr. Adair, of Glenveagh, died of his wounds yesterday evening. An inquest was to be held to-day, but is believed to have been postponed.

EXECUTION OF DENIS DILLANE.—Limerick.—This morning (Tuesday) at seventeen minutes before nine o'clock, Denis Dillane, convicted at the assizes of being an accessory before the fact of the murder of Mr. Francis Fitzgerald, Kilmallock, was executed in front of the county jail. Long before the hour appointed crowds of persons assembled to witness the terrible spectacle which was about to be presented. At half-past seven o'clock one hundred and twenty of the Constabulary, under the command of Sub-Inspectors Hamilton, Evans, and Maize, arrived, and took up their position. The moment the unhappy culprit, who was accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. O'Sullivan and Conway, St. John's, made his appearance on the trap, a loud murmur ran through the spectators, many of whom uttered a prayer for mercy for the soul which was about to abandon its earthly tenement. He, as may be naturally anticipated, exhibited great nervousness, but paid the greatest attention to the exhortations of the clergyman—one of whom carried a crucifix, which he kissed several times. After remaining on the trap with the unhappy man for three or four minutes, the clergyman stepped aside, and the hangman, whose face, as usual, was covered with gauze, after having

adjusted the fatal noose, put it round his neck. The next moment the bolt was drawn—the third victim in the Kilmallock tragedy fell, and his spirit winged its way to the unerring Tribunal. The facts in connection with the murder of Mr. Francis Fitzgerald having been long since known to the public, it is scarcely necessary on our part to allude to them. It will be remembered that, subsequent to the arrest of Beckham, the authorities placed the two Dillanes in custody, believing that they, in consequence of the dispute regarding the £5, incited him to the commission of the murder. The evidence adduced at his trial having established the charge upon which he was arrested, he was sentenced to death. Since his conviction he has exhibited the strongest signs of repentance. He was attended this morning by the Rev. Messrs. O'Sullivan and Conway, who remained with him up to the time of the execution. Mass was celebrated in the cell in which he was confined, and which he assisted in the most devout manner, and partook of the Holy Communion. He ate no breakfast, but said that he would be satisfied with what the Lord would give him. He expressed himself most grateful to the officers of the prison, especially the governor and Dr. Gelston. His wife and children visited him on Monday, and had him a final farewell. Dillane was sixty years of age, and here an excellent character previous to his connection with this lamentable transaction. There were no members of his family present at his execution.—His body, after remaining suspended for three quarters of an hour, was cut down and buried in the same grave in which the remains of Beckham and Walsh were deposited.—Morning News Cor.

THE FUGITIVE (BLACK MICK) HAYES.—The search after Hayes has been again renewed by the police with surprising energy. The quiet village of Knockany and the houses in the neighborhood were ransacked a few nights ago by the Oola police without finding their object. The authorities still are of opinion that he is in the country—while Constables Grace and Roughton are supposed to have gone to America in search of him.—Limerick Reporter.

One of the slanders of the English press against Irish "patriots" and "agitators" is that they care for no freedom but that which they seek for themselves. This taunt was frequently thrown at us during the Italian revolution, but those who made use of it must have known that it was a falsehood.—Irishmen looked on the Italian revolution, not as the uprising of an oppressed people for national rights, but as the plundering scheme of an ambitious monarch. Now, however, in the case of Poland, an opportunity is presented to us of showing how thoroughly and deeply we sympathize with a gallant people engaged in a bold struggle for the independence of their country. The Poles are battling with a mighty power; they have no allies amongst the governments, they can effect no loans in the money markets, but they have asked of all those who sympathize with their efforts to aid them by gifts of money, whereby they may buy steel and gunpowder, and necessities for their wounded men. Ireland, though poor she is, will not be deaf to that appeal. Organized collectors will, we are sure, be got up in various parts of the country, and among the Irishmen in the towns of England and Scotland, and we shall soon be able to remit to the Polish Committee at Paris a sum which, though it may not be large, will yet, when the painful circumstances of our country are considered, be a strong testimony of love for the Ireland of the Continent from the Poland of the Ocean.—Nation.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF SOLICITATION TO MURDER.—On Saturday morning, at Dublin, the trial commenced of Joseph Harcourt, aged about 30 years, a tutor, who was indicted for that he, on the 15th Feb. last, did solicit Wm. Smith and Wm. Graham to destroy the life of Mr. Isaac Wightman Dickinson, of Ashgrove, Newry. Mr. Sergeant Sullivan said: The prisoner was charged with having solicited two persons named in the indictment to murder Mr. Isaac Dickinson, of Ashgrove, Newry. It appeared that the prisoner, some time ago, had been tutor in the family of Mr. Dickinson, who lived at Ashgrove, Newry. It would unfortunately appear in evidence that Mr. Dickinson did not live in happy relationship with his wife. On the 14th of February last the prisoner Harcourt was in Dublin, and about 12 o'clock that night he, in company with a person named English, called at the house of William Smith, in Fownes's street. He was introduced to Smith as a Trinity College man. Smith recognised him immediately. The prisoner, in company with Smith, left the house in Fownes's street, went to several beer-houses, and spent the greater part of the night together. Nothing very remarkable occurred during their conversation, except that the prisoner referred to some 'shooting business,' which had brought him to town. The prisoner was eating at Mr. Walsh's hotel, Fleet street, and he invited Smith to breakfast with him on the morning of the 15th. Smith accordingly went to the hotel to breakfast, but the prisoner was absent. Smith then went to Foster-place, where a person named Wm. Graham resided. He found the prisoner there. The prisoner and Smith then went to the hotel to breakfast: after breakfast a conversation of an extraordinary nature took place. The prisoner told Smith that 'there was a man near Newry of the name of Dickinson, who did not live in good terms with his wife.' His entered into particulars which would be detailed in evidence, but the short and the long of it was that he appeared to be thoroughly acquainted with the relationship existing between Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson and actually told him that in case Mrs. Dickinson survived her husband she would be entitled in her own right to a considerable sum of money. He also expressed his surprise that Mr. Dickinson had not been 'popped' long ago. If Smith were telling the truth the prisoner actually proposed to him to go down to Newry and shoot Mr. Dickinson. There was not an absence of motive on the part of the prisoner. Smith said he went back from the hotel to Foster-place, and on the way the prisoner proposed to Smith that he should practise shooting at Rigby's gallery, so that he might be an adept in shooting. They left Foster-place in company with Graham, and went back to Walsh's hotel. A remarkable conversation then occurred in the prisoner's bedroom; and if Graham was to be believed, his statement would fully corroborate the statement of Smith. The prisoner then went to Newry, and returned to Dublin on the 21st. He met Graham that day, and had a conversation of a still more remarkable character with him. He asked Graham if Smith could be depended upon to shoot Dickinson. He entered into a long statement about Mr. Dickinson. He stated that he was in the habit of being about Mr. Dickinson's demesne, armed with a revolver, that he had got prussic acid, which could not be administered because of the unfriendly relationship which subsisted between Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson. If Graham was speaking the truth the prisoner most unquestionably renewed the solicitation on that occasion, and explained how Mr. Dickinson could be fired at. The prisoner was to have him engaged at a game of chess near the window when the deed was to be done. A knowledge of these facts having been conveyed to the authorities, Graham was arrested on the 2nd of March. When arrested the prussic acid was found in his house at Newry, and also a revolver capped and loaded. Upon the 27th February, and the evening of the 28th the prisoner was seen in Mr. Dickinson's shrubberies at a very unreasonable hour, and in a manner that attracted marked attention on the part of the constabulary. It would appear that upon Mrs. Dickinson's marriage settlement a considerable sum of money, a charge on Mr. Dickinson's own property, and the lady's own fortune were to revert to her absolutely in case she survived her husband. Evidence was called in support of this statement. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

STANDISH THOMAS O'GRADY, Esq., Limerick, has authorised his agent, James O'Grady, Esq., Erin, to grant an abatement of 25 per cent. to his tenants.

"CHURCH MISSIONARY ARROWROOT."—It is fully three years since we suggested to the parties who are spiritually enlightening the Irish masses of Scripturally-prepared soup, strabout, oatmeal, cabbage, and sorboth, the idea of bottling and packing some of those wonderful substances, so that they might be disposed of in the shops, and taken about by converts whose faith is apt to grow weak when they are at any distance removed from the kitchen of the mission. We remarked that if the missionaries could find corn, meat, and vegetables some strong religious properties—some influence hostile to the "Romish Church"—it was surprising that they did not conduct their missionary enterprises in somewhat of a scientific manner. We said—"It is only those profoundly gifted persons that have been enabled to see how a present of a new pair of shoes to a bare-footed Irishman can awaken doubts in his mind as to the infallibility of the Catholic Church—how a dogma can be overturned by a frieze coat, and the authority of a council disproved by three yards and a half of flannel. It is only they that are able to estimate, and that know exactly, how much spiritual life may be derived from a basket of cabbage, and how much righteousness may be boiled out of a calf's head." And then we expressed our surprise that the saving properties of these things were not reduced to extracts and essences and sold in a convenient form—like cod-liver oil. Here is an extract from the article, giving a hint which we now find has not been unattended to:—

"We shall not be surprised if some one of these days we learn that a central manufactory has been set up in London for the preparation of a saving soup, which may be had in air-tight cans, containing any quantity from a pegg to a half a gallon. We expect to see the article duly advertised before long in the newspapers; and on every dead wall in the country a placard, announcing in large letters that the 'Genuine Irish Church Mission Soup, carefully prepared by a clerical committee, is an unfailing corrective for Popish errors, removing with a beautiful rapidity every trace of superstitious practices, and giving to all who use it regularly a plump skin and a Protestant spirit—may be had at—"

Well, this idea of Church Mission nutriment has been realised almost to the letter. One of the Protestant journals of Dublin has been advertising within the past week, "Church Missionary arrowroot," sold in packages, and to be had right opposite the office of the Missionary Society, in a town in Ireland which we shall not name. Here is the advertisement, deprived only of a few particulars, the publication of which would largely concern the shop man:—

CHURCH MISSIONARY ARROWROOT of Superior Quality, From the Missionary Settlement, Sierra Leone, Price One Shilling per Pound. Sold in Packages only, by the Agent, Family Druggist, (Opposite the Office of the Missionary Society.)

We do not know whether the "missionaries" now congregated in Dublin are supplied with any quantity of that fortifying edible at the "free breakfasts" which some charitable laymen have provided for, or at least have offered to, them. But of course they are nourished with it, whoever is the purchaser. Physically and intellectually their powers might flag, their theology might get confused, their holy zeal might diminish in the Rotundo while drawing the long bow, and spinning those exceedingly tough yarns, if their souls had not been strengthened in the morning by a package or two of that missionary arrowroot. Really, this peculiar growth is a grand discovery, and it must soon have a great effect in the religious world. We shall not wonder if henceforth we find Protestant clergymen very zealous about the conversion of the heathen, and very active in getting away to foreign parts to preach their doctrines. Hitherto, the wives and families of these men were somewhat of a stay to them, but for the future it will only be necessary to give Madam and the babies a proper quantum of "Church Missionary arrowroot," to fill them with roving propensities, to loose their tongues, and to give them a wonderful desire for the propagation of the Gospel as it was in King Henry VIII. Laymen, and women too, will, we suppose, partake of it, and what state of society we shall have afterwards remains to be seen. Meantime it is clear that an important beginning has been made. If arrowroot can be grown with a missionary spirit and strong Protestant principles in it, there is no reason why carrots, and cauliflowers, and potatoes, with similar properties, should not be produced. Be of cheer, oh ye soup missionaries. Things have been going badly with you of late; your falsehoods are being found out, your importunities for money have become tiresome to your dupes, your preaching has been of no avail, your labours are barred, your soup, your Indian meal, your old clothes, your tracts, have not changed the religion of the Irish people; but there is hope for you yet—one medium of conversion remains to you in "Church Missionary arrowroot."—Dublin Nation.

SUCIDE OF A CLERGYMAN.—As the Rev. Samuel H. Mason, L.L.D., for many years connected with the Ecclesiastical Commission, 24 Upper Merion-street, where he resided, was coming over from Holyhead in the Ulster this morning, he was observed, when the vessel was close to the Kish light, deliberately to step overboard. A sailor at once jumped after him, and the vessel was stopped and a boat lowered, but Mr. Mason had sunk in the swell before either could render any assistance. Mr. Mason left a letter for the captain, requesting him to give up his luggage to his friends.—Mail.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, April 23.—The Daily News observes the present difficulties of Earl Russell in maintaining our position as neutral, and says that, openly and constantly as it has supported the North against the South, the government at Washington are grievously mistaken if they suppose that there is any party in this country who will counsel submission to any invasion of British rights. It is suspected that the American officers are acting upon secret instructions, and the letter which Mr. Adams addressed to the captain of one vessel gives some countenance to the suspicion, but the British government must be allowed time to examine into the allegations brought forward before they can be asked to renege their measures. The aid which British merchants supply to the South is an inconvenience to which all belligerents are more or less subjected, but it furnishes no good ground for absolutely excluding British vessels from commerce, and if any such attempt is now being made by Admiral Wilkes, the British government will not hesitate to renege against it, and, if necessary, put it down.

THE SPY SYSTEM IN LIVERPOOL.—It is currently reported that the Head Constable of Liverpool, acting under instructions from Government, is employing detectives Cousin, Skaffe, Smith, and Horne to go about incog, and obtain information respecting suspicious vessels; and also to watch the movements of leading Confederates. It is alleged that these detectives have already attempted to bribe the employees of certain firms. It is understood that the Mayor was first called upon to initiate this spy system, but declined, and that it is done against the wishes of the Watch Committee.—Times.

At the Commission Court on Saturday Joseph Harcourt, a young man of rather respectable appearance, wearing a large brown moustache, was placed at the bar, and charged with the crime of soliciting two men to murder a gentleman named Dickinson, who resided near Newry. The trial, which lasted during the entire day, resulted in the conviction of the prisoner, who was sentenced to penal servitude for ten years.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCAHIRE.—Emigration is being to be more generally looked to as a remedy for the distress. The subject was brought before the Mansion House Committee last week by a deputation from the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, who presented a memorial from the collecting committee of the parish, urging that the operatives of Lancashire, though eminently grateful for the liberality of their countrymen, have already been kept in a state of reluctant idleness beyond the period when beneficence and demoralisation begins; and expressing their opinion that the time has come for exchanging measures of palliation from week to week for the application of a radical and permanent remedy in the shape of a comprehensive scheme of emigration. The deputation were assured that the subject should receive the serious consideration of the committee, and after they had withdrawn, the Lord Mayor expressed himself strongly in favor of emigration under proper safeguards. This expression of opinion met with very general concurrence among the committee, and it is now only a question with them, whether they will probably decide at the next meeting, whether they will vote some considerable sum to assist Lancashire people to emigrate from the fund now at their disposal, or invade public subscriptions to a special fund for the purpose. An influential meeting, has been held at the Manchester Town Hall, at which a resolution was passed in favor of assisting those of the unemployed to emigrate "whose training and habits adapt them to the exigencies of colonial life," and a committee was appointed to take further measures.—Guardian.

A letter from Mr. Adeler, M.P., appeared in the Times of Monday, stating that £10,000, has been voted by the Legislature of Canterbury, New Zealand, for the purpose of assisting the Manchester operatives to emigrate thither. Mr. Adeler adds that if the people of Lancashire hesitate to accept the money, there are plenty of persons in Warwickshire who will be glad to get it. From the report made to the Central relief committee at Manchester it appears the list of the unemployed continues to diminish. Mr. Farnall reported a decrease of upwards of 4,000 as having taken place last week. Much of this we presume is owing to the advance of spring and the abundance of out-door employment; we fear it is in a very small number of cases to be attributed to the re-opening of mills.—Standard.

DR. COLLENS.—The following letter from Dr. Colenso, relative to the recent letters of the Protestant Bishops prohibiting him from preaching in their dioceses, has been published in the Times:—

Sir,—As I find that all the Bishops who have prohibited me from preaching in their diocese go upon the assumption which was stated in their general address, that I am unable to use the prayers of the Liturgy or to discharge the duties of my Episcopal office, I beg you to allow me to give a distinct and public contradiction to that assumption.

I beg further to point out that the general assertions or insinuations of heresy which are made against me in their letters are contrary to the recognised principles of our Ecclesiastical Court. It is not enough for a Bishop to make a general charge of heresy even in the case of an incumbent in his own diocese. He is bound to specify the particulars of his offence before he can take any measures against him. As the Bishops are now proceeding, I cannot but regard them as acting in a way which has not been seen or tolerated in this Church and country since the days of Bonner and Laud. I am untried and unheard. No definite charge has yet been made, though proceedings are threatened against me. Yet the Bishops venture in public and official documents to accuse me of scandalous, dishonest, and heretical conduct, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has already pronounced judgment upon me without a trial, though he would himself be the judge before whom my case would have to be heard, should I have to appeal from a decision of the interior court.

In short, I may be right or wrong in my theology; that is a question which I must leave to be settled by time and investigation. But meanwhile I stand upon my rights as an Englishman, and I protest against a course of conduct which is as illegal as it is contrary to the first principles of the Reformation.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NATAL.

London, April 11. On Sunday week a lady lost her dog in Edinburgh, and having forgot her dog-whistle, she hastily asked a man she met to whistle him back. In her hurry, however, she had not remarked his unsteady gait and bloated face, and was not a little surprised when, instead of giving a "whistle loud and shrill," he whizzed out with severe gravity—"This is no a day for whistling men!"

ANOTHER TELEGRAPH MIRACLE.—Prof. Wheatstone, says the Glasgow Herald, has just perfected a most extraordinary and valuable improvement in telegraphs—a private letter-printing apparatus working by itself, so that no clerk or attendant is required. A merchant can now lock up his counting-house, and on his return find every message carefully recorded in legible type during his absence by this beautiful little machine. The specimen of the printing we have just seen is all that can be desired.

THE COAL AND IRON DISTRICTS.—It is rather surprising to record that the emigration from the coal and iron districts of South Wales at the present time is larger than has ever been known. At several of the principal works as many as 30 have left at one 'pay,' and not a week passes without a few leaving. The majority of the emigrants are able bodied young men, and it is more surprising still to mention that the destination of nearly all of them is New York, or some other part of the once United States. Higher wages and ready employment are the reasons given for emigrating, but as the state of things in the Northern States is so well known among our working population, the matter has naturally created suspicion, and it is feared that agents are at work holding out inducements to the emigrants with the view of making them eventually useful in the prosecution of the war against the South.

FORGEY OF FEDERAL "GREENBACKS" AT SURFIELD.—The Manchester Guardian states that on Saturday a Sheffield engineer, named Edwin Lines, and one of his workmen, named Light, were arrested by Sergeant Spital, of the London detective force, and Inspector Airey, of Sheffield, on a charge of forging Federal Government notes. It appears that for several months past the American Ambassador has been aware that large numbers of forged "greenbacks" were being made in this country and sent over for issue in New York and other cities. Shortly before Christmas the police were communicated with, and the present apprehension is the result of cautiously prosecuted inquiries.—Star.

DEATH IN THE BLOOD.—Yes, it is in the blood that the seeds of disease and death are engendered. Attack them there with that mightiest of all detergents, Bristol's Sarsaparilla, and you are safe. No matter what the complaint—whether scrofula, erysipelas, cancer, salt rheum, fever and ague, liver disease or bilious remittent fever, it is through the blood alone that the exciting cause can be reached. This great anti-poison neutralizes the acid matter in the veins from which the most terrible disorders spring, and by which they are fed and aggravated. It strikes at the hydra coiled in the venous system, and exterminates it as surely and as swiftly as Hercules destroyed the hundred headed serpent of which mortal detempers are the antitype. Bear this in mind all who suffer, for it is religiously true. Sold by all trustworthy druggists. Agents for Montreal, Devins & Bolton; Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harrie, H. R. Gray, and Piesant & Son.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1863.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The situation in Europe has undergone no important change since our last. Poland is not subdued, and no positive or reliable news as to the ultimate intentions of the Great Powers have as yet been made public. In Italy the government of Victor Emmanuel is surrounded with difficulties, its finances are in a state of bankruptcy, and the suppression of the insurrection in the Kingdom of Naples is an event apparently as remote as ever. Our readers will be glad to learn that the health of the Sovereign Pontiff is excellent, in spite of all that the Liberal press has said to the contrary.

There have been great events on the Rappahannock since our last. We left General Lee engaged with the invading army near Chancellorsville on Monday, 4th inst. On Tuesday General Hooker finding himself defeated on all points determined upon a retreat, and fell back across the Rappahannock, thus bringing the campaign to a speedy and inglorious termination. The losses on both sides must have been great, but as yet we have no authentic information on these points; only we learn with deep regret that the gallant Confederate Gen. Jackson was severely wounded, and has had to submit to the amputation of his left arm. We trust however that he may ere long be again in the saddle, leading on his brave troops to victory. It is impossible for any man not to admire the skill of the Confederate leaders, and the pluck of their little band of soldiers. Outnumbered, oppressed by fearful odds, yet are they always victorious on the field of battle, and the heroism of the Southerners in defence of their liberties has not been exceeded by that of any community mentioned in history.

On Saturday a report was circulated by the Yankee telegrams to the effect that General Keyes had advanced upon Richmond from York Town and had captured the Confederate capital. This was however contradicted on Monday; but upon the morning of the same day General Hooker again crossed the Rappahannock with his entire force, and proceeded in search of the Confederates under General Lee. The conscription is we are also told to be put in force immediately, and the first essay is to be in the State of New York. Whether the people will submit to it we cannot yet say; but we have heard rumors of an intention to resist the draft, and it is hard to believe that the people will much longer tolerate the vile military despotism which Abe Lincoln and the Abolitionists have set up.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—The debate on Mr. J. C. Macdonald's motion of want of confidence was brought to a close on Thursday night, by a division which resulted in a majority in favor of the motion, and against the Ministry of five—the numbers being 64 to 59. Immediately after the result of the division was declared, it was moved by Mr. S. McDonald, and seconded by Mr. J. A. McDonald that the House be adjourned until Monday. The motion was carried unanimously, and the House adjourned.

On Monday evening, Mr. J. S. Macdonald offered the Ministerial explanations. It was their intention, he said, to proceed with the more pressing business of the country as quickly as possible, and having obtained the necessary supplies, to adjourn with a view to an immediate dissolution. These explanations did not satisfy the Opposition; and Mr. Cartier, noticing the absence of the Lower Canadian Ministers from their places, put the question to the head of the government—whether it was his intention to go before the country with his present colleagues, or resort to a change of personnel in the Ministry? Mr. J. S. Macdonald refusing any further explanations on the subject, M. Cartier moved that the House do adjourn. This led to a warm debate; and on a division the Ministry were again defeated by a majority of eleven—the numbers being, for Mr. Cartier's motion 55, against it 44. The House then again adjourned till Tuesday.

On Tuesday the Houses having assembled the Speaker and members of the Legislative Assembly were summoned to attend the Governor General in the Chamber of the Legislative Council, when after several Bills had been assented to by his Excellency, Parliament was pro-

rogued with a view to an immediate dissolution, and general election. The Governor General made the following speech upon the occasion:—
H. M. Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:
Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

The course of events has shown that it is not possible to conduct in a satisfactory manner the public business of the Province under the existing conditions of the Legislative body. Within the last year two successive administrations have failed to secure the confidence of the Legislative Assembly. I shall therefore endeavor to prorogue this Parliament with a view to its immediate dissolution in order that I may ascertain in the most constitutional manner the sense of the people upon the present state of public affairs. The pressing importance of various questions connected with the trade and industry of the Province and with its internal improvement and defense demands that its time shall be lost in convening a new Parliament.

In bidding you farewell, I desire to express my earnest prayer that the constituencies of this Province may be guided by an All-Wise Providence in the selection of representatives, whose judgment, forbearance and patriotism may enable them to cooperate with me in my efforts to maintain the honor of our Sovereign, and to promote the happiness of the people of Canada.

In the mean time a *replacage* of the Ministry is going on. The Lower Canada section have all resigned, and Messrs. Dorion, Holton, Letellier, and Huot are spoken of as their successors. Mr. Drummond it is also said will come in as Attorney General. Some changes in the Upper Canadian section of the Ministry are also hinted at. Mr. Foley is, so it is rumoured, to go out, and Messrs Mowatt and Wallbridge are to come in.

COMPARATIVE MORALITY.—This is the heading of an article copied by the *Montreal Witness* of the 6th inst., from an English journal, the *Morning Advertiser*; in which the writer attempts to establish, from official statistics, the fact that Protestant communities are more moral than Catholic, and that consequently Protestantism must be from God, and Catholicity from the other party.

To this mode of argument no Catholic can possibly object. There is, and can be, no more infallible proof of the origin of any religious system, than that derived from the morality of the people subject to it. The argument *per se* is unanswerable; and if we demur to the conclusions of our Protestant contemporaries, it is solely because we contest the accuracy of their statistics. The statistics cited by the *Morning Advertiser* from the eighth Report of the Registrar-General of Scotland, are, in so far as the morality of that land of psalm-singing and Puritanical Sabbatarianism is concerned, perfectly conclusive. They show that illegitimacy is on the increase in that Bible-favored land, and that for the year 1862 it has advanced from one in eleven, to one in every ten of the present population.

But even this gives but a very imperfect idea of the amount of impurity, and of the extent to which the illicit commerce of the sexes prevails in all parts of Scotland, and not in the large cities merely. The peculiarities of the Scotch marriage laws greatly tend to keep down the reported number of illegitimate births; while the practice of child-murder, which may be almost reckoned as one of the Protestant fine arts, still further tends to conceal the hideous and constantly increasing immorality of the most Protestant country in Europe. Still with all these drawbacks, the actually reported illegitimate births for 1862 were as nearly as possible 10 per cent of the whole—or 10,234 out of 107,138; a state of things for which the *Morning Advertiser* pretends to find an explanation, if not an excuse, "in the large proportion of young men who leave Scotland to seek their fortunes at or about the usual time for marriage," and the "excessive use of ardent spirits." Physiologists might be inclined to call in question the soundness of our contemporary's deductions; but the moralist will find no difficulty in admitting that a community excessively addicted to the vice of drunkenness, must also be pre-eminent for its disregard of the laws of chastity as well as of those of temperance. Indeed, in the same issue of the *Montreal Witness* as that from which we have already quoted, we find the following important admissions respecting the constant connection of one form of vice with another:—

"Wherever drinking abounds, the Sabbath is desecrated."—*Witness*, 6th inst.
And again:—
"When the Sabbath was neglected, all other Commandments, and indeed religion itself was neglected."—*ib.*

So that, as by the admission of the *Morning Advertiser*, the apologist for the impurity of Scotland, the "use of ardent spirits" in that country "is excessive;" and since according to the *Witness*, "where drinking abounds the Sabbath is desecrated;" and "where the Sabbath is neglected, all other Commandments, and indeed religion itself was neglected"—it follows as a logical consequence from these premises, that in Scotland, all the Commandments and religion itself are neglected. Q.E.D.

In support of this conclusion, we may be permitted to cite here the language of Protestant witnesses as to the fact of the general irreligiousness of Scotland, and the contempt of God's law which characterises its intensely Protestant population. According to the Duke of Argyll, the annual

consumption of "ardent spirits alone" was seven millions of gallons, more than three gallons for every man, woman and child in the kingdom; and from the Trade and Navigation Returns for 1862, quoted by us in our last, it appears that not less than 4,400,271 gallons of home made ardent spirits, were in that year consumed "as beverage." The excessive use of ardent spirits in Scotland which the *Morning Advertiser* deplores, is therefore established beyond the possibility of cavil. Of the general immorality and irreligiousness of the Protestants of Scotland we find the following admissions in the Scotch Protestant press. Thus, some years ago the *Edinburgh Advertiser* told us that "those masses of ignorance, vice, socialism, and infidelity which swarm in all our large towns—who vitiate all that is virtuous in their vicinity and person, and threaten the welfare, the very existence of society—are on the rise among us, is indisputable. They are in fact a feature of the age." The following are some further extracts from the same Scotch paper:—

"Dr. Buchanan of the Free Church has revealed not merely the existence (that every one saw for himself) but the appalling magnitude of the evil in our western metropolis. . . . Upwards of 250,000 human beings in one city with no possible means of entering a church. In a parish of 12,000 people not 700 copies of the Bible—of the Bible which may be bought for sixpence! Yet in the same parish—may in a single district of this same parish—there are a hundred and fifteen low drinking-houses, and three and thirty brothels."—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.

Lord Aberdeen, an unexceptionable Protestant witness, bear testimony to the same effect. In a public discourse delivered some years ago in Aberdeen, he stated that it appeared from statistics that in Scotland for the last twenty years:—

"The increase of crime has been six or seven times in an increased ratio to that of the population."

That:—
"It has been assumed that more than 500,000 of the population of this country are living without God in the world."

And, finally, that when all deductions, all allowances were made for possible errors in statistics, and official documents, the result,

"Leaves such a state of intemperance as I believe, was never witnessed in any civilised country in the world."

These facts, we say, all asserted upon Protestant testimony, fully bear out the thesis of the *Montreal Witness* as to the necessary connection betwixt excessive drinking and contempt for all religion, and all the Commandments of God without exception. Again, if further evidence be needed, we will quote the words of *Blackwood* on the same subject:—

"If there be any truth in evidence—any reality in the appalling accounts which reach us from the hearts of the towns, there exists an amount of crime misery, drunkenness, and profligacy, which is unknown even among savages and heathen nations."—*Blackwood Magazine*, Sept. 1851.

And to conclude, for we would not wear out the patience of our readers, we may again be permitted to cite the evidence of the Protestant Actuary of the Standard and Colonial Life Assurance Company, Mr. Thomson—who in a pamphlet which he published a short time ago, and which in April of last year received the formal approbation of the Royal Society of Edinburgh—deposed as follows:—

"In more than one county in Scotland, out of every seven persons you meet, one is probably illegitimate."
"Female chastity is scarcely known, and certainly not appreciated."

By way of evading the force of these facts, the *Morning Advertiser* undertakes to show that, bad as Scotland is in respect to morals, Catholic countries are worse; and thus he does, not of course, by citing the official returns of illegitimacy in Catholic Ireland—but by appealing to the asserted immorality of certain large cities on the Continent, such as Paris, Brussels, Munich and Vienna. The Protestant apologist must be conscious of a bad cause, or he would not have recourse to such a flimsy, to such a palpable fraud as this. Admitting for the sake of argument, that his statistics of illegitimacy in the above named four great Cities are correct—though like a true Protestant he carefully abstains from citing his authority for them—what follows therefrom? why this. That Scotland as a whole, is not so immoral, not quite so bad, as are certain large cities on the Continent; but it would not follow that his statistics afforded any test for determining the comparative morality of Scotland and Belgium, or that of Scotland and Bavaria. The logic of our Protestant contemporaries is as that of one who should ascertain the existing proportion betwixt the number of licensed taverns, and of the population in Montreal, and thence conclude that the same ratio betwixt taverns and population obtained throughout the Province. Were a writer upon Canada to fall into such an error, inadvertently, we should laugh at him as a fool; were he to avail himself of it as an argument to establish the drinking habits of the Lower Canadians, we should write him down a knave.

But why do not our Protestant contemporaries if they seek only after the truth, compare Protestant Scotland with Catholic Ireland? This would be a fair comparison, but it would not suit the purpose; for unfortunately for their theories Catholic Ireland is, and by the testimony of Protestant writers, as gloriously distinguished for the purity of her women, as Protestant Scotland

is notorious for its drunkenness and impurity. If we would really ascertain the moral effects of Popery, of the Confessional and of the Sacrament of Penance, justice demands that we should study the conduct of those who most generally and constantly avail themselves of that Sacrament, and who most faithfully adhere to the precepts of Popery. If, after this study, it should appear that the masses of Brussels, of Paris, of Munich, and of Vienna, that the denizens of the brothels, and the frequenters of the places of debauch of those large cities, were far more strict and devout practical Catholics than are the chaste Irish—far more regular in their attendance at the Confessional, and more frequent in their reception of the Sacraments than are the latter—then indeed a strong, a very strong case against Popery and the Confessional would have been made out. But should it upon examination appear that amongst professing Catholics, the most immoral were invariably those who in their practice the most closely approximated to Protestants—who, like Protestants, never submitted to the discipline of the Church, like Protestants never fasted, and like Protestants never knelt down before a priest to confess their sins—then indeed the argument in favor of Popery, and of the beneficial moral effects of the Confessional would be complete. We should then be able to retort upon the *Witness* and others of that stamp, in the following terms: "True—there is fearful immorality in Paris, in Brussels, in Munich and in Vienna; but this is so, not because the masses of the populations of those cities are rigid Catholics, but because they are practically Protestants—because without having given themselves the trouble of making with their lips a formal Protest against the Church, they content themselves with setting all her precepts at defiance, and keep aloof from the Confessional and the Sacraments." A bad Catholic is in fact indistinguishable from a good Protestant; and so completely is this the case that, if Protestants meet a stranger in hotel or steamboat who eats meat on Fridays, who tells obscene stories about priests and nuns, who swears, drinks and makes a beast of himself generally, who laughs at the rites and ceremonies of the Church, and who rails against the practice of confession—they all at once and without further question put him down as one of themselves—as a genuine staunch Protestant, and perhaps an Orangeman.

But why again, we ask, should Protestants in England look for the moral effects of Popery to the large cities of Continental Europe, the corrupt masses of whose populations have thrown off their allegiance to the Church; when Ireland whose people are still strictly Catholic, and whose statistics are made up by a Protestant Government, lies at their very door? Why again do Protestants in Canada not form their conclusions as to the comparative moral effects of Catholicity and Protestantism from the criminal statistics of the Province, and the moral aspects of Lower and Upper Canada respectively? Here are some figures which cannot be too often placed before the public, because they declare in clearest language what are the moral effects of Popery, and what those of Protestantism:—

CONVICTS IN THE PROVINCIAL PENITENTIARY.	
From Upper Canada (Protestant)	542
From Lower Canada (Catholic)	222
	764

And if we enquire as to the religion of these 764 convicts, we find that 464 are Protestants, and 296 Catholics.

These figures show that, social, political, and material conditions being nearly the same in the two sections of the Province, the criminality of the Protestant section is far more than two to one of that of the other or Catholic section.—These facts are we contend conclusive.

It is indeed almost superfluous to argue the question as to the moral effects of the Confessional with Protestants; for they, even when reviling it, do not believe in the truth of their own denunciations. They know by experience that the criminal classes amongst Catholics are recruited not by the frequenters of the Confessional, but by those who never approach it; and when in the Imperial Parliament it is proposed to appoint salaried Catholic chaplains to the Jails and Penitentiaries for the moral reformation of the Catholic inmates of those institutions, not even a Whalley or a Newdegate dare oppose the motion upon the grounds that the ministrations of the Romish priest have a deleterious moral influence, as they would do if they really believed that confession, and the reception of the Sacraments tended to harden the heart, and to confirm the sinner in his evil ways. If, as the Protestant journal cited by the *Montreal Witness* pretends, "confession and absolution can remove both modesty and remorse," how is it that amongst Catholic women the frequenters of the Confessional are not the most immodest, and the most hardened in guilt? and that those who keep away from it entirely are not the most chaste, and the most irreproachable in their lives?—How is it, short, that the harlots and street-walkers, who never, from the first of Jan. to the 31st of December, approach the confessional, are not the purest and the most modest of

their sex? The charges of our enemies are self-destructive; for remorse, keen remorse for sin, the feeling that sin is a burden too heavy longer to be borne, coupled with an earnest desire to lay down that crushing burden at the foot of the Cross, can alone induce either man or woman to submit to a practice so repugnant to mere human nature, and so revolting to human pride, as is confession. Without remorse there could be, there would be no confession; and it is sin, and not confession of sin that is destructive of modesty.

SERIOUS RESULTS OF AN "OPEN BIBLE."

—One of the most ordinary consequences of Bible reading amongst Protestants is an obfuscation, or darkening of the intelligence. The effect is much the same as that of an over-dose of opium, or of any other powerful narcotic; and the symptoms of the disease are in many respects identical with those of the later stages of inebriation, or stupefaction caused by the inordinate use of tobacco. The victim of one and the other, of too much opium and of too much Bible, may be easily recognised by his wandering eye, his incoherent babbling, and the general prostration of his intellectual faculties.

We regret extremely that the editor of the *Echo*, a very low Anglican journal of this city, has been "took very bad" in this way. The poor man has, it seems, of late been endeavoring to interpret the obscure prophecies relating to the second advent of Christ; and, as might have been anticipated, the effects have been very serious indeed. He has read and studied himself into a state of coma, or rather of extreme perplexity and bewilderment, from which it will take some time, much care, and good treatment, for him to recover. We should, in his case, recommend a course of *Punch*, to be followed by the administration of some of Dickens' novels, or other works of light and improving literature.—The patient's Bible, in the mean time, ought to be strictly closed; and his attendants should be most careful to prevent him from troubling his head about the "number of the beast" or the "man of sin." Spiritual horrors—a disease akin to *delirium tremens*—might be the consequence of neglecting our salutary admonitions.

The case of the editor of the *Echo*, as described by himself in his issue of the 16th ult., should be a warning to all young people, and to all old women of both sexes, not to attempt the interpretation of the Apocalyptic Vision of St. John, and to leave the second advent of Christ in the hands of God. See what a pitiable mental state our poor evangelical contemporary has got himself into by not attending to this sensible advice. He says, speaking of the last result of his researches and study of his "open bible," that, "after reading many books, and not having time or power to enter further into the question for ourselves, we, with many others, become first bewildered, and then indifferent."

This bewilderment, followed by indifference, is a very common, and quite natural consequence of excess in Bible reading; and others, as well as the poor young man of the *Echo*, are suffering from the effects of rashly attempting to interpret the mystery of the Woman, and to make out the number of the Beast. Not to speak of Tribulation Cumming, and other well known followers in his footsteps, we see the announcement of a new work, by a Rev. Mr. Baxter of the Episcopal Church—wherein it is satisfactorily proved that Louis Napoleon is the "personal Anti-Christ;" that he is just going to make a seven years' covenant with the Jews, and to commence the final period of 3½ years of great tribulation, or Napoleonic persecution. All these things the writer proves by ten good reasons sufficient to convince the most sceptical. If this be the product of biblical studies and of an "open bible," Papists have abundant reasons for being thankful that their studies of the written word are pursued under a safe guidance; and that their Bible is illuminated by the light of the Catholic Church, the sole guardian and interpreter of Holy Writ.

It is not often that Protestants go down upon their knees and take to confessing their sins; but when they do anything in that line of business, they find it far more convenient to confess other people's sins, than their own. So Mr. Jones being took pious, can moralise most beautifully over, and most pathetically bewail, the folly and extravagance of his next door neighbor Mr. Walker; and in return Mr. Walker will groan in spirit as he gives God thanks that he is not as other men are, and not a *dead* something or other sinner, like that skinflint Jones. It is a very pleasant pastime that of confessing other people's sins. With a goodly show of godliness you can indulge in a large amount of malevolence, and give vent to your spite against your more prosperous and well-to-do neighbors. It is far more convenient than is the Romish practice of confession, where every man confesses his own sins only, and bothers not himself with recounting the misdeeds and short-comings of others. The Romish practice requires as an essential preliminary, a penitent spirit, and a long and rigid self-scrutiny, or examination of conscience; the Protestant mode of confession exacts only from those who adopt it, a censorious and somewhat malignant spirit,

together with a taste and capacity for prying into the affairs of others, and a keen eye for the follies and vices of one's friend, relatives, and acquaintances generally.

We had a very fair specimen of this Protestant mode of confession the other day in the United States, on the occasion of what was called the East Day; when, in compliance with instructions to that effect from poor old Abe and his Ministers, the Yankees assembled in their several meeting-houses, to make confession of their national sins with a view of averting, if possible, the divine anger. The Witness gives an account of these confessions, from which it appears that the said Yankees deplored greatly the sin of slavery of which their Southern enemies had been guilty, and which, so the Northerners doing gratuitous penance for the sins of the Southerners declared, must be abolished. After this every man went home to his own place greatly refreshed, and with his mind perfectly at ease, fully convinced that he had done the patriotic thing towards his country, and the civil thing towards God Almighty—Who, so he expected, would forthwith exterminate the rebels, and rain down fire and brimstone upon Richmond and Charleston.

Now was not this a much easier and pleasanter process for the Yankee than would have been that of a confession of his own sins? Was it not much more agreeable and edifying for the Yankees to bewail the iniquities of those sinful Southern slaveholders their enemies, than to make public acknowledgment of their own particular vices—the utter want of honesty and truthfulness, and the disregard of chastity and modesty, which are the especial characteristics of the great Yankee nation? It is true that these things may—if there be a moral governor in this world—have had something to do with the reverses and disgraces which of late the people of the Northern States have had to endure; but then fashionable sinners, wealthy New York sinners, whose fortunes have been accumulated by a long series of what Yankees call "smart tricks," and benighted Europeans stigmatise as "frauds," could hardly be expected to make either public avowal of their rascalities, or restitution of their ill-gotten dollars. Still the farce, such is the force of habit, of confession, and humiliation must be duly enacted; and for this purpose nothing could be more opportune than the sins of the slaveholders. These the Yankees could confess, because they were other men's sins, and it is always a more pleasant task to call attention to the mote in a brother's eye, than it is to pull out the beam from one's own eye. So the Yankees did penance in their meeting-houses; and having duly bemoaned before heaven the exceeding sinfulness of their Southern foes, flattered themselves that they had balanced their accounts in Heaven's chancery.

VICTOR HUGO AND THE PAPACY.—This is the heading or superscription of a paragraph in the Montreal Witness, setting forth how Victor Hugo has written to a knot of revolutionists at Pisa, prophesying that the Pope, or "Man of Sin," is to be speedily suppressed in the interests of civilisation, the Revolution, and the Holy Protestant Faith, of which Victor Hugo is the zealous, though somewhat obscure apostle.

We congratulate our separated brethren on their ally. As a man may be known by the company that he keeps, so a cause may be judged of by its champions, and by its foes; and it is meet, or in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that the writer of impure romances, should be the friend of the Revolution in Italy, and the sworn enemy of the Pope; and that evangelical Protestantism should welcome as an ally one who makes no secret of his contempt for all Christian dogma, and whose respect for natural morality may be estimated from his extravagant laudations of impure sexual connections, and his labored apotheosis of strumpet-dom. In the eyes of the man to whom the prostitute is virtuous and pure, the Pope—as the representative and guardian of that religious and moral order which the author of Les Misérables wages incessant war—must be the most hateful; and thus the hostility of Victor Hugo is but the tribute which the devil, by the hands of his servants upon earth, pays to the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Again, we say, we wish evangelical Protestantism joy of its ally and champion Victor Hugo; and we are well pleased that its press should parade his name before the world. As in the last century, all the infidels, all the libertines, all the strumpets, and all the Protestants of Europe combined together to put down the Jesuits, so in this century do we find the same classes united against the Pope, and the Temporal Power. Infidelity and impurity still find their "natural allies" amongst the professors of evangelical Protestantism; and the Catholic should heartily thank God that on the great question of the Papacy, the literature of the brothel, and that of the conventicle are always to be found in perfect harmony. Yes! Thank God that it is so now, as it was in the beginning, and as it ever will be. Thank God that the foremost enemies of natural morality are also always the foremost assailants of the Holy See; and

that Victor Hugo, and the other purveyors of the obscene garbage on which the Liberals of the XIX. century delight to regale themselves, are accepted by evangelical Protestants as the champions of their cause, and hailed as fellow-laborers doing the work of their common father, who is the devil.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have again received a communication from Stanislaus Rosa commenting upon the imperfections of Mr. Scott's School Bill, and therefore implying the necessity for a renewal of agitation upon the subject. With all respect for our correspondent's intentions which are excellent, and for his arguments which are plausible, we think it better, at the present moment, not to give publicity in the TRUE WITNESS to his objections. In the first place, it seems to us that it is unjust to condemn a measure which has not as yet been tried, and which many, we believe, of our Upper Canadian friends are willing to accept as a fair settlement of a long dispute; and in the second place, we are certain that it would be imprudent, and would injure our cause in the eyes of Protestants, were we to betray a captious spirit, or to appear, even as if looking out for faults, and more anxious to find occasion for fresh quarrel, than to accept terms of peace. Mr. Scott's Bill may not be all that is required, all that Catholics have a right to ask for, or even all that they may yet be compelled to ask for. But let us, before passing judgment thereupon, try to make the best of it: let it be our business to show our separated brethren, that we deprecate agitation, that we earnestly desire to live on the most friendly terms with them, and that, only when duty compels us to do so, and then most reluctantly, do we engage in strife.

Our correspondent will note that we do not call in question the soundness of his theoretical objections to Mr. Scott's Bill, and that we admit that practical evils may thence ensue. It will be time however to rush to arms, and to recommence an agitation, when those evils shall have made themselves felt, and these theoretical objections shall have assumed a practical shape.—Then, should the gloomy anticipations of our esteemed friend be realised, the proper time for renewed agitation will have arrived; and then we can assure him that the TRUE WITNESS will be as prompt as others to demand full justice for the Catholics of Upper Canada. In the mean time, until the Bill shall have had a fair trial, and the persons most immediately interested therein shall have had time to give a verdict upon its merits, we think that the most prudent course is to refrain both from praise, and from censure; from praise, because, should it turn out ill, we should hardly be in a position to condemn a Bill which we had ourselves praised; and from censure, because, as the proverb says, "it is quite time enough to wish the devil good-morning when you meet him."

We would call the attention of our readers to an advertisement in our columns, from a gentleman of high classical attainments; in which he expresses his desire to obtain a limited number of pupils with whom to read classics and mathematics. His terms offer many advantages; and we are sure that no young gentleman leaving College, and desiring to prepare himself for the Laval University, could do better than to avail himself of this. The highest references are offered to parents and guardians, as may be seen by the advertisement.

LOSS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.—We find in the Montreal Herald of Tuesday some further details concerning this ill-fated vessel, which will interest our readers. From the force with which the ship struck; it seems that she must have been running at great speed when the breakers were first discovered:—

The arrival of the Blood Hound, on Sunday morning bringing a number of the immigrants and some first cabin passengers as well as a portion of the officers and crew of the ill-fated steamship, enables us to give a somewhat detailed account of the loss of the vessel together with some features of the scene of the terrible calamity.

On the morning of Monday the 27th April, all were cheerful on board the steamship Anglo Saxon in the prospect of a speedy termination to a pleasant voyage. On the Saturday night previous a concert had been given by several accomplished ladies and gentlemen, and on Sunday the usual exercises and repose were observed. On Monday the ice had been cleared and an open sea was supposed to be ahead, but the atmosphere was foggy. The course was given so as to pass 17 miles to the South of Cape Race as the captain thought. At a few minutes past eleven the cry of "breakers ahead" sent a thrill of dread to the hearts of all who understood the sense of danger to the mariner conveyed in these two words. The engines were immediately reversed by order of Captain Burgess, but the fog had permitted too close an approach to the low rocks to render this effective. The vessel struck with a force that took every body off his feet, and the vessel drove broadside on the rocks. The sea broke with tremendous force, and the ship ground herself down on the rocks very fast. All was confusion on board every body having rushed on deck in the anxiety to be saved. Efforts were made to secure the vessel on the rock, there being great danger that the sea would lift her off into deep water where she would go down like a log. Two boats were manned and being loaded with the first-class passengers, pulled away with the design of seeking a more accessible landing place. Three other boats were also lowered and were filled with passengers, while every effort was being made by the captain and officers to land the passengers on the rock by means of a basket and sling. Capt. Crawford and the Surgeon went in one of the two first boats, in the direction of Cape Race which was found to be about four miles to the South of the wreck. The Hon. John Young and

lady with all their children but the youngest which was in the arms of the Stewardess Mrs. Perry, were placed in the fourth boat launched. Mrs. Perry with the child was lowered by means of a rope into the fifth and last boat by the first officer who observing that the ship rolled outwards from the rock with a motion that indicated she would swing off sprang into the water as the boat was pulling away and was picked up by her. Two remaining boats could not be lowered as they were on the leeward side of the vessel where the rocks prevented their being launched. Capt. Burgess and the second and third officers were still on the deck busily engaged in landing the terror-stricken passengers on the rock. The vessel rolled fearfully on the rock grinding in her hull, and lurching every roll. At last she partially righted and with a more sudden and terrific roll she threw the unfortunate wretches who still crowded her deck far into the sea, and swinging off the rock went down at once, leaving the sea covered with struggling and terrified human beings, who clung wildly in their agony at whatever floated near them and promised the slightest support. But the waves soon swallowed those who had not secured a fragment of wreck substantial enough to support them and although the waves broke in unobated fury those who witnessed the scene felt that a toll had taken place—the toll of death the subsidence of the terrible struggle for life in which hundreds of human beings an instant before participated.

The condition of the apparently fortunate ones who succeeded in getting into the boats was by no means enviable. The three boats last launched were still in sight of each other although the fog continued, and it was concluded to lash them together for safety and to prevent separation. For seventeen hours, without food, with but little clothing in the cold Atlantic wind, and from 11 o'clock that night for several hours exposed to a cold and drizzling rain the rescued (?) remained in these open boats until half-past three on Tuesday morning when the lights of the "Dauntless" became visible through the fog. Signals had been made by lighting small paper torches which were waved in the air. The reception of the "Dauntless" was an enthusiastic one without doubt; the cold and shivering unfortunate actually arousing themselves to give three hearty cheers.

We said Captain Burgess with his second and third officers stood on the deck until by the last pitch and downward surge of the steamship they were washed into the sea—the captain and his second officer going down never to rise, while the third officer succeeded in reaching a raft on which nine or ten other had escaped from the sinking vessel. On this frail structure in a rough sea these men spent eighteen weary hours of agonizing suspense until rescued by the "Dauntless," a name that will ever be associated with their terrible danger and joyous deliverance.

The passengers landed on the rocks were not slow in making their way to Cape Race, where they arrived before either of the two first boats that left the wreck. As the first boat reached the Cape after seven hours exposure, they discovered the second boat at sea just visible by the aid of a telescope. A boat was at once sent to their assistance, which was timely indeed for they had to be towed ashore, not a man among them being able to move an oar from cold and exhaustion. From Cape Race the Dauntless conveyed the shipwrecked people to St. John's, where the citizens acted with zeal and promptness in ameliorating their sad condition. Changes of clothing, nourishing food and medical treatment and nursing were among the processes by which the good people of St. John's expressed their sympathy. Major General Doyle supplied the sufferers with changes of clothing.

Those of the immigrants who arrived in this city have been sent forward towards their destination by the Messrs. Allan, Agents for the line.

The Quebec correspondent of the Montreal Gazette very skillfully exposes the dishonesty of the Montreal Witness' strictures upon the Bill lately introduced by M. Sicotte for amending the Lower Canada school law. The Witness, of course, sees only through Protestant spectacles; and therefore every measure appears to him distorted, and wears the aspect of an aggression upon that faith of which he is the eloquent and erudite champion. The writer in the Gazette endeavors, we fear ineffectually, to correct the erroneous views of his evangelical contemporary.

He writes:— I see that the Witness attacks with a good deal of bitterness the bill introduced by Mr. Sicotte to amend the Education law for Lower Canada. The chief grievance of its charge is that it extends the already large discretionary powers of the Superintendent. This, of course, is a fair matter of debate. But the Witness also complains of the proposed changes in reference to 'Dissentient' schools, and represents them as everywhere Protestant, and the bill, therefore, as aimed by Catholics against Protestants. Now, surely the writer is very ignorant if he is not aware that there are dissentient Roman Catholic schools in Lower Canada, and that Roman Catholic dissentients number nearly as many as Protestants, and any measure doing harm to dissentients would affect them as much as Protestants. It is a pity that any journalist can regard such questions only through Protestant or Roman Catholic spectacles. The writer complains also that non-resident dissentients are hereafter to be compelled, before their taxes applied to the support of a dissentient school, to declare themselves to desire it. The law now directs all their taxes to be handed over to the Commissioners, not to the dissentient trustees. Their case is to be improved, therefore, not rendered worse. The Witness absolutely mistakes the purport of the 14th section, which provides that the grant shall be divided between common and dissentient schools, not according to the taxes levied as now, but according to the heads of families adhering to common or dissentient schools. The Witness says that the division is to be made according to the number of children in school. Such are some of the distortions which induce jealousy of all things Roman Catholic have led the Witness to put upon this measure.

An esteemed correspondent, writes to us as under from Corunna:—

"Allow me to bring to your notice a circumstance that may interest you and your readers. At the last meeting of our Township Councilors, a petition to the Legislature against Mr. Scott's School Bill was voted by a majority of three to two. The chief instigator of this step was, of course, the Anglican minister, or school superintendent withal, who has done all that was in his power to introduce Protestant prayers, and Protestant Bible reading into our common schools, which receive one half of their support from taxes extorted from Catholic rate-payers. It was alleged in the council that our Catholic laity were opposed, or indifferent to Separate Schools, and this charge was made by Mr. Miller our Postmaster and a common councilman. When this came to be debated about, our worthy priest who could not believe that his people held the sentiments attributed to them, called on his congregation to speak out, and to make their opinions known, as it was indecorous that that task should be left to a man who was but a mere tool in the hands of the Protestant minister. Our priest proposed therefore, that whoever desired to give an explicit, and emphatic denial to the libel brought against the entire Catholic congregation, should, immediately after Mass sign a petition in favor of Mr. Scott's Separate School Bill.

In consequence of this recommendation the names of the petitioners were taken down at the church door; and I know of only one man, calling himself a Catholic who did not sign the document, and he by public account is a half Methodist already; at all events he has not set foot inside our church since the 1st of November last.

This is one instance out of a thousand of the candor of our separated brethren, and of the much talked of discrepancy of opinion betwixt the Catholic clergy and laity on the subject of Separate Schools.

Yours truly, VINDEX.

We find the annexed paragraph (communicated) to L'Ordre of Friday last. We comply with the request of our contemporary by translating it for our columns, though we have no knowledge whatever of the facts to which it alludes:—

"If we are rightly informed, the project of a Bank is at this moment in contemplation by our Irish compatriots. That Bank will for a social reason have 'Bank of St. Patrick of Montreal.' We cannot too strongly express our good wishes for the success of our active, and enterprising fellow-citizens, who when the interests of their nationality require it, are so unanimous. We beg of the TRUE WITNESS to be the bearer of our solicitation and of our sympathies for the speedy and complete success of so fine and so glorious an undertaking.

"We hope that the French press will be unanimous in approving this project, which will powerfully contribute to develop the interest of that people."—L'Ordre—Communique.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION. To the Editor of the True Witness.

The usual half yearly public examination of the Picton Catholic Separate School came off on Saturday, the 25th ult.

Amongst the spectators were the Rev. Mr. Lawlor, J. B. Denton, Esq., Co. Superintendent, and the Trustees of the School. The examination was conducted in a sound and effective manner, without ostentation or parade; the questions being the very best that could have been put, for at once exhibiting the abilities and eliciting the general knowledge of the pupils.

The catechism classes were first examined, and the answering was of the most satisfactory character, showing them to be perfectly familiar not only with the letter, but with the spirit of the Christian Doctrine. The secular examination then commenced—the junior classes being first examined in the every day order of business, and acquitted themselves most respectably.

The senior classes came next and the readiness and facility with which questions on the higher order of subjects, such as Grammar, Geography, Mensuration, Geometry, &c., were answered, displayed an amount of information in these several branches which called forth the warmest approbation of many of the visitors, and certainly reflects great credit on their very efficient Teacher Mr. Furlong.

There are at present 114 pupils registered on the Rolls of this School, amongst which may be observed a large proportion of the names of children of different religious denominations which speaks highly for the general character of this School in a town like this where there is so much competition.

At the conclusion of the examination some of the gentlemen present addressed a few words of kindly approval to the children, complimenting them on their answering, and expressing a hope that their progress in the future might be as steady and as certain as it had been in the past.

The children all looked neat and clean. The School-room has been lately enlarged and furnished with a set of new desks and seats through the generosity of the Rev. Mr. Lawlor, which adds much to its appearance and convenience.

Yours truly, Mr. Editor, SPECTATOR.

ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The Regular Meeting of this Society, was held on Thursday evening May 7th, when the following gentlemen were elected office bearers for the ensuing 6 months:—

President—Mr. Thos. Brennan. 1st Vice President—Denis Murray. 2nd Vice President—Wm. B. Leitham Secretary—Felix M. C. Sady. Asst. Secretary—John Quinn. Treasurer—Myles Murphy, re-elected. Collecting Treasurer—Robt. Smyth. Asst. Collecting Treasurer—Wm. Cunningham. Grand Marshal—Thos. Boves, re-elected.

COMMITTEE OF ENQUIRY St. Ann's—Thos. Duggan and Christopher O'Brien. St. Antoine—James Quinn and John J. O'Leary. St. Lawrence—Andrew Connors and Maurice Murphy. St. Louis—Thos. Carvery and Richard O'Connell. St. Mary's—T. J. Donovan and Edward Moran. St. James—Michael Clune and John Connolly. East—Thomas Harvey and John Lawlor. West—Thomas Phelan and Michael Wilkinson. Centre—Thos. Norton and John McDonnell, jr.

Mr. P. J. Dunne, of the Great Western Railway Saloon, C.W., was found on Wednesday last dead in a shallow pool of water at Port Huron, having apparently been murdered after having been robbed of two travelling bags and all the money on his person but \$3 and a-half in Federal currency. The American coroner summoned a jury and held an inquest, the result of which was a verdict of "Found Drowned"; the coroner then took the money found on deceased as his perquisite, and proceeded to a large beer saloon to play euchre, and celebrate the occasion.—Commercial Advertiser.

A gentleman travelling from the Niagara Suspension Bridge to Hamilton, the other day, on the Great Western Railway, lost his purse, containing \$71, on the cars. The person who sweeps out the cars at the Hamilton station found the money, and immediately handed it over to the Station Master, who returned it to the owner. The act deserves to be recorded, as an instance of honest conduct in these degenerate times.

A BULL STORY.—A good story is told of a shrovd but not over honest stock-raiser in Canada, who took the first prize at an agricultural show for a bull on which he had fixed a handsome pair of horns from a dead animal, whose skin he had pulled off artificially in various places to conceal defects, with numerous other deceptive contrivances, which he had learned, he said, by watching his wife, from time to time, as she made her toilet for a ball or party.

We are happy to learn that the Irish citizens of Toronto are about to unite together for the purpose of raising contributions for the relief of the poor of Ireland. A public meeting will be called at an early day. It is to be hoped the Irishmen of this city will manifest their sympathy for their suffering countrymen in a liberal and substantial manner.—Toronto Freeman.

The spring fleet are dropping into port very slowly. Over 400 vessels have sailed from English ports many of which are now due here: They are doubtless detained in the ice off the banks. Between the 15th and 25th, we will probably have a great rush of arrivals, when the business of the season will commence in earnest.—Quebec Daily News.

A Kingston paper says hand-bills are posted in that city calling for laborers and miners to go to the Lake Superior mining district. This is said to be most probably, a recruiting manoeuvre for the Federal government.

The members from all parts are rushing back to their constituencies. A correspondent informs us that Messrs. Huntington and O'Halloran were on the train of the Shefford Railway yesterday afternoon. Those who are going to contest seats must now be on the alert.—Montreal Gazette.

MYSTERY.—On Monday morning, a young man named Michael Mercym, son of the watchman at McDougall's saw mills, discovered a human skull and an arm in the yard of the mills. The flesh was stripped from the arm down to the wrist, the hand being still covered by the external integument.—This is, in all probability, the key to some hideous and mysterious tragedy, peculiar to large cities, just relieved of the presence of a graduating class of thirty or forty medical students.—Montreal Herald.

The intensity of the season, the scarcity of fodder, and the want of rain have led to the loss of a large number of stock in the Counties of Leeds and Grenville. Several farmers have lost all their stock, after having brought them through the winter. Unless the ensuing season proves a favorable one very many of our agricultural community will be reduced to poverty.—Brookville Monitor.

At the York and Peel Assizes, sentences of death has been passed upon Robert Coulter, who it will be remembered, was lately surrendered under the Assburton treaty, a true bill having been found against him for the murder of an old man named James Keny.

To MINISTERS AND LAWYERS.—Constant use surely injures them. Bryan's Pulmonic Waters can be carried in your pocket, neat, handy, and soothing to the irritated lungs. Try them. 25 cents a box.

Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Glare & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co. Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

Married, On the 28th April, in Saint Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Dowd, George Bury, Esq., to Kate, youngest daughter of William Brock, Esq.

Birth, At Valleyfield, C. E., on the 7th inst., the wife of Owen O'Reilly, of a son.

Died, In this city, on the 11th inst., Mary McGuinn, wife of M. O'Meara, and sister of the late Right Rev. Dr. McGuinn, of Derry, Ireland.

In this city on the 8th instant, Stephen Kelly, aged 42 years, a native of Boyle, County Roscommon, Ireland.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, May 12, 1863. Flour—Pollards, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Middling, \$3 to \$3.50; Fine, \$3.80 to \$4; Super. No. 2, \$4.10 to \$4.25; Superfine, \$4.35 to \$4.40; Fancy, \$4.55 to \$4.65; Extra, \$4.85 to \$4.95; Superior Extra, \$5.15 to \$5.50; Bag Flour, \$2.40 to \$2.50.

Oatmeal coarse and in demand; per brl of 200 lbs, about \$5 to \$5.25. Wheat—U. Canada Spring, 92 & 96; U.C. White Winter, nominal, \$1.00 to 1.25; U.C. Red, 1.25 to 1.50.

Peas per 60 lbs, 75c to 80c. Oats per 40 lbs, 55c to 60c. Ashes per 112 lbs, Pots, latest sales were at \$5.00 to \$5.75; Inferior Pots, \$6.00; Pearls \$6.10 to \$6.15.

Butter per lb, medium, 11c to 13c; fine, 12c to 13c; choice, 14c to 15c. Eggs per doz, 9c to 9c.

Lard per lb, fair demand at 7c to 8c. Tallow per lb, 7c to 8c. Cured Meats per lb, Smoked Hams, 5c to 7c; Canned do, 7c to 9c; Bacon, 3c to 5c; Shoulders 2c to 3c.

Pork per brl, Old Mess \$10.50 to \$11; Thin Mess \$9.50 to \$10; Prime Mess, \$9.50 to \$10, little offering; Prime, \$9 to \$9.50. New Mess, \$12.00 to \$12.50. Beef: Prime Mess, \$9.50 to \$10; Prime, unsaleable. —Montreal Witness.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Greenwood, C.W.—R. Lendon, \$5; Dalhousie Mills, Jas. O'Kavanaugh, \$2; St. Charles, C.E., Patk. Laverty, \$2.50; York River, C.W., D. Kavanaugh, \$2; Drummondville, Miss Poyari, \$2; St. Sophie, Rev. Mr. Payette, \$2; Ottawa City, Patrick Kennedy, \$2; Coteau Landing, John Birmingham, \$2; Alexandria, J. E. McDonald, \$7.75; Mainstone, Michael Twomey, \$4; Princeton, Michael Hurley, \$1.25; Westport, Rev. J. Foley, \$5; St. Laurent, Rev. Mr. St. Germain, \$4.50; Corunna, Rev. Mr. Bonnat, \$2; Low, M. O'Malley, \$2; Welland, Daniel McKenly, \$1.

Per Rev. J. J. Chisholm, Alexandria—M. McDonald, No. 15, Leon, Kenyon, \$2; Don Kennedy No. 8, Conon, Kenyon, \$2; D. P. McDonald, St. Raphaels \$2.50.

Per A. B. McIntosh, Chatham—Rev. Mr. Ferrard, \$2; M. Forhan \$9.50; Edgeworth, James Kerr, \$11.25. Per J. Foley Norwood—M. Shea, \$2; W. McCarthy, \$2.

Per E. McCormack, Peterboro'—Ottawa, J. Slattery, \$2; J. Crawley, \$1; South Douro, J. Leahy \$1.

Per J. J. Murphy, Ottawa City—T. Morrow, \$2.50; C. S. Sparrow, \$2.50; P. O'Meara, \$2.50; Nepean, R. Hawley, \$2.

Per Edw. Stott, Fournerville—J. Puxton, \$4. Per W. Chisholm, Dalhousie Mills—Angus McDonnell, \$2.

Per J. Brennan, St. Johns—J. D. Mullin, Farnham \$5. Per P. Doyle, Toronto—Daniel Spillane, Meadowdale, \$1.

Per F. O'Neill, Antrim—W. Owens, \$1; Pakenham, M. O'Brien, \$5. Per A. D. McDonald, St. Raphaels—John McDonnell, \$2.

Per D. F. McDonald, Quebec—Rev. Dugald McDonald, Tignish, P. E. Island, \$2.

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.



AN ADJOURNED MEETING of the above SOCIETY will be held on TUESDAY EVENING next, the 19th instant, at EIGHT o'clock precisely, at their Hall, No. 14, Little St. James' Street.

By Order, J. McGrath, Sec. Montreal, May 15, 1863.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION.

A GENTLEMAN (M.A.) desires to give private lessons to young Gentlemen or Ladies in any of the following branches: Latin, Greek, Mathematics, the English and French languages and literature.

He would also form classes to meet at his house.—He is permitted to refer to Mgr. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal; Very Rev. M. Granet, Superior of St. Sulpice, to the Rev. Mr. Campion at St. James' Church, and the Rev. Mr. Bakewell at St. Patrick's.

For further particulars, address R. A. Bakewell 364 1/2 St. Catherine Street, or box 872 Post Office. Montreal, May 17.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1863.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, April 11.—It is asserted that the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit the Emperor at the Palace of Fontainebleau towards the middle of May.

The following is the full text of the semi-official article in the *Constitutionnel* on the Polish question:—

"We have refrained from expressing any hasty opinion upon the last two measures adopted by the Russian Government. We have thought it advisable first to place before our readers the various appreciations of the European press, waiting our turn to express our own views on the decree of sequestration and on the decree of the amnesty. It must be admitted that these two measures imply a contradiction. Yet, as we have but very imperfect information on the bearing of the first ukase, we may be allowed to entertain the hope that the first decree does not annul the second beforehand, and that the Russian Government does not withdraw with one hand what it offers with the other.

"The amnesty may, therefore, be considered by itself—not, it is true, with absolute certainty, but at least with serious presumptions. Everything leads to the belief that the Act of the 12th April is not an empty promise, but that it is a sincere idea and a generous inspiration.

"After the defeat of Langiewicz we were the first to pronounce the word 'amnesty.' We were the first to say that brute force could only put down resistance, and that the Emperor Alexander II. ought to have a nobler ambition—that of quieting the public mind and of disarming resentment.

"But, while applauding the Act of the 12th April, and sincerely congratulating the Russian Government at having given this proof of generosity and of power, we put the question to ourselves—What will be the consequences of this amnesty? And we put that question with some anxiety, as blood still continues to flow in Poland, and Europe is still disturbed.

"The Russian Government promises an amnesty to all those who will lay down their arms. This is well. But, will the amnesty be extended to those who have been the victims of that law of recruitment against which the public indignation of all Europe has been aroused, and which has been branded with the name of transportation?—to those who have been torn away from their homes and transported to the extremities of the Empire?

"Will the amnesty obviate that state of things which was the chief cause of the present insurrection, or does it provide a remedy? If the institutions which are promised are the same which existed on the eve of the rising which has already cost so much blood to Poland and to Russia, and which caused that rising, what change will have been made? What reforms will have been accomplished? Where are the guarantees which Europe expects for preventing the return of another sanguinary and lamentable crisis?

"Let us not, however, come to a hasty conclusion that the decree of the 12th April is a useless act and a dead letter. The amnesty testifies to the noble and enlightened sentiments of the Emperor Alexander II. We would fain believe that it is the first step in the path advised to him by the great powers, who jointly advocate a friendly policy which will permanently insure the internal tranquillity of Russia and the peace of Europe.

"The amnesty is not a solution: it is the hope of a solution."

The Paris correspondent of the *Express* says he thinks it is not too much to say that the Emperor Napoleon is seriously revolving in his mind the possibility of a war with Russia. For some time past the word at large has been laboring under a similar misapprehension; but the difficulties are so enormous that the Emperor will not move unless he can carry with him some of the Great Powers, and to obtain their co-operation is well nigh impossible.

THE POLISH QUESTION.—The Paris correspondent of the *Times* speaks of increasing apprehensions on account of Polish complications. It is reported that the Emperor spends hours over the maps of Prussia, Poland, and Russia.—There is also a report of an Italian vessel, suspected to be laden with arms and munitions of war, having been lately seen in the Baltic, and given chase to, but ineffectually, by a Russian ship-of-war, and of explanations demanded at Turin.

The Poles in Paris speak most confidently of the impossibility of the Emperor of the French avoiding war with Russia, and the instructions to the Committee of Warsaw, from Frenchmen who must know on what authority they speak, are to avoid encountering the enemy in any force; to content themselves with harassing and surprising him; and, above all, to hold on till the favorable moment comes for France to pick a quarrel with Prussia, for which, of course, any pretext will serve.

The *Morning Herald's* Paris correspondent reports increasing distrust in the maintenance of peace. All the iron-clads ordered to be got ready are directed, by a later dispatch, to rendezvous at Cherbourg.

The *Globe's* correspondent says there continues a very decided feeling that Russia may leave France no admissible alternative save a warlike demonstration in the Baltic, if not actual hostilities.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—While Lord Palmerston is spouting in Scotland, insulting every Catholic people about "the incubus that still weighs," on the capital of the Catholic world, and expressing "his belief that error and wrong are not everlasting," &c., the brethren the principal friends and agents of Mazzini from Turin, Genoa, Florence, Bologna, &c. hold a lodge in Milan to forward the designs and hopes of the English Minister. At the first meeting Mazzini declares himself profoundly convinced that the state of health of Garibaldi leaves small room for hope, and in the interests of the Italian Re-

volution he points out the necessity of nominating another "generalissimo." Opinions are discordant regarding the only two proposed—Sir-tori and Nullo. To avoid the difficulty it was decided that Garibaldi should be named "generalissimo" with the power of selecting his "alter ego."

In the second meeting it is announced, "that there must be a change of system. If those who are in power remain opposed to us on the day upon which we enter Rome, it will be necessary to change in a great measure the present order of things. The day upon which we enter Rome, we shall not only have made Italy, but we shall have destroyed the Papacy." That the wishes of Lord Palmerston and Sig. Mazzini shall coincide surprises none, but what astonishes all is that his Lordship can obtain even one Catholic vote in the House of Commons, and it is constantly asked here, "Is Catholic Ireland losing the Faith, or do her faithful people know that their representatives as far as they are concerned have sold them and the interests of the Vicar of Christ, to the Whigs?"

The report that Sig. Farini had left the Lunatic Asylum is unfounded. It is so far from being the case, that the last measures of restraint have been applied. The wrath which some newspapers have exhibited at the very natural reflection universally expressed that the hand of God seems to have punished in an undeniable manner those who more particularly and for the time being have personified the iniquitous Italian Revolution, may be calmed when they turn to some of the antecedents of Cav. Farini and learn those of the new mad-house Novalesa.—For eight centuries, Novalesa (at the foot of Mont Cenis, near Susa) was one of those grand Benedictine Convents which (with thousands of others throughout Europe) formed in a wild and desolate region, one of the great strongholds for the defence of religion and civilisation, which the Church only was able to create against tyranny and barbarism. In the first attempt of the Piedmontese Government to plunder the hallowed domains of the Church, it was the same Cavalier Farini who, then Minister of the Interior, upset this great Christian Sanctuary, ejecting its inmates, those holy and ascetic men, that he might prepare an asylum for the madmen of the "Kingdom of Italy," and in the all-wise decrees of heaven, for the maniac-Minister Cav. Carlo Farini.

The Parliamentary sittings recommenced on the 9th and the discussion on the supplies for the Ministry of the Interior occupy the Chamber.—On the same day the King left for Tuscany.—The official journals announce great ovations in honor of His Majesty; but private correspondence shows the real value, and that they will subtract, or as the Italian expression has it, "will eat" (mangiaranno) no small amount out of the Turin Treasury. It is a species of consolation that Victor Emmanuel has never yet had a "cheer" in the other Italian States that was not purchased by the same means.—*Correspondent of Tablet.*

M. Pisanelli, Minister of Public Worship at Turin, has issued the following circular to the prefects and attorneys general of the kingdom:—

TURIN, March 24.—It has been doubted whether the omission of the august name of the King in the prayers which, according to the Roman Catholic Liturgy, it is the custom to recite in the religious service of Good Friday and the Saturday following, constitute an offence lying within the compass of the penal laws. The Government of the king, while it wishes the rights and dignity of the Crown to be respected, does not intend to encroach upon the ecclesiastical power on those matters that are within its strict competency. The undersigned, therefore, considers it his duty to signify to you, Sir, that, according to the rules of the Catholic Liturgy, it is not customary to name any person in the prayers, even though invested with a civil dignity without the consent of the supreme ecclesiastical authority, and a special rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Rites; or else, failing this rescript, unless a tacit acquiescence has acquired the force of a lawful custom acknowledged and admitted by the competent ecclesiastical authority. Now, as it does not appear that any such consent has been granted for all the provinces of the kingdom, the omission of the King's name in the prayers above alluded to cannot be looked upon in the light of an offence on the part of ecclesiastics, except in case the tacit consent, resulting from lawful custom, can be proved. It is hardly necessary to observe that the case of mere omission is very different from that in which the name of a fallen civil power, the recognition of which would be in contradiction with the national suffrage and integrity of the kingdom, were pronounced in the said prayers. Please to act according to these instructions. PISANELLI.

ROME.—The *Europe of Frankfurt*, and the *Journal des Villes de Paris*, state that His Holiness Pius IX. has addressed two letters—one to the Emperor of Austria, and one to the Emperor of France, on behalf of the Poles. In these letters we are told that the Pope reminds the Emperor that eleven millions of Polish Catholics have been forced to deny their faith and to become Schismatics. That out of these eleven millions there are great numbers who desire to re-enter within the fold of the Church, like the Bulgarians, but that they are prevented by the tyranny of Russia; and the Pope concludes with a glowing appeal to the Catholic Powers, whose business, he says, it is to intervene in favor of the Poles to terminate the long and terrible oppression under which they are in danger of succumbing.

The Roman correspondent of the *Monde*, writing on the 8th inst., relates that in one of the public audiences given by the Pope to a large number of foreigners, the Holy Father, after having addressed them in French in a very moving discourse, was retiring, accompanied by a few Prelates of his household, and going through the crowd, he gave his hand to kiss, and allowed the faithful to kiss his feet, and to stay his progress by their filial demonstrations, while he addressed to each one words of kindly sympathy. On arriving near a group of ladies, Pius IX. said to them, in his usual considerate manner, "Are you not French?" "No, Holy Father," answered one of them, with a strong British accent, "we are English." "And do you belong to the good religion?" said again the Pope, with that archness of expression which is so peculiar to him. "We are Protestants." "Well, now, God has allowed you to come into my presence, that I may tell you that the abode of truth is here, I wish that the blessing which I have given in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, may enlighten your souls, and show you the way of salvation." The Pope then went on. These ladies, the elegance of

whose dress showed them to be rich tourists, felt a blush rising on their cheeks, and one of them, more impressive than the others, could not repress her tears of emotion.

Did Pius IX. know the sufferings inflicted on the Catholics in St. Peter's and the Sixtine Chapel by the greedy curiosity of Protestant English women? Did he mean, by the words which he addressed to these ladies in so fraternally familiar a manner, to give to all their female co-religionists a gentle warning as to their behaviour? On the 7th inst., three Pontifical gendarmes, who were patrolling in the province of Viterbo, near the line which the Piedmontese are pleased to call their frontier, were assailed by nine armed men, who came from the usurped province of Spoleto. One of the gendarmes was killed, and the two others were wounded. The assailants then crossed over the Tiber again in all haste, having, however, left one of their number on the scene of conflict. The Pontifical Government has endured, with great forbearance, the continual and open violation of its territory by Piedmontese bandits and soldiers during the last three years. Already many of the Pope's subjects have been robbed and murdered, owing to the harbouring of these ruffianly Piedmontese soldiers within sight of Rome. The Cardinal Secretary of State is now said to be decided on protesting loudly against such acts, and on recording in a note to the French Ambassador the numberless assassinations and robberies committed since Castelidardo, to the prejudice of the States and subjects of the Pope, whom France pretends to support. Every insult thus inflicted on the Holy See, recoils on the honour of the flag which pretends to protect it, and the duty of France is clearly either prevention or punishment. A telegram, dated from Rome, April 11th, states that Cardinal Barberini, recently made Secretary of the Briefs of His Holiness, is dead.

The return to Rome of the Queen of the Two Sicilies, long delayed by the state of Her Majesty's health and the advice of her physicians, has at last taken place. Queen Marie Sophie embarked from Marseilles on the 11th, on the frigate which the Queen of Spain had placed at her disposal. A great crowd and many carriages attended the Queen of Naples to the place of embarkation with every mark of devotion and sympathy.

An accident of a singular nature threatens the railway from Rome to Civita Vecchia. It consists of a subterranean flame, a sort of incipient volcano, which has shown itself at the place called Mont-des-Pietres, seven kilometers from Rome. The focus of the flame is on the slope on the right-hand side of the railway in going from Rome to Civita Vecchia. The space occupied by the crevasses which give forth the sulphurous exhalations is about 20 meters in length by 10 in width. The temperature of the surface of the soil is remarkably high, so that at certain points it is painful to remain standing for a few moments, even with strong shoes. In penetrating the soil to the depth of a meter the rock is found to be incandescent and visibly red in open day. This ignited rock is a clayey state, rich in ligate and in fossil vegetable deposits reduced to a bituminous state.—*Express.*

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—The following letter has appeared in the *Standard*:—

Sir,—It is refreshing to hear the truth from the lips of a Liberal, and the novelty of the emotion adds to the piquancy. Still greater is the value of the confession when it emanates from no less distinguished a supporter of Italian unity than the cousin of Carlo Poerio, Paolo Imbriano, who, as an exile of 1848, is scarcely a suspected witness, and whose employment as Minister of Public Instruction under the late Ministry, and his present charge of inspection of the public libraries, belie the suggestion of his being inimical to the established Government. It is refreshing, I repeat, to hear the public statement of such a man—a man who swears to the principles of 1789, and declares that "all men are equal before the law" to the effect that "although the violence and cruelties of the Piedmontese are indispensible, the Royalists are without the pale of the law." Such is the verdict of Signor Imbriano, publicly expressed during the 'brigandage' meetings in Naples, and acted on during two years and a half with a pertinacity and purpose which leave nothing to be desired by the most ardent advocate of exceptional measures. The *Official Gazette* of Naples has become a register of cold blooded murder, and its statements are not open to the charge of exaggeration which might be advanced with an appearance of foundation against the Bourbonist press. The numbers are naturally pared down, rather than increased, to its own discredit, and yet within three weeks there are 43 executions for political offences, if the hill-side fusillade of a reactionary peasantry, taken in some suspicious act, can be dignified with a name which implies something of judicial formality. A short shrift and a crack of the rifle, and all is over. The official journal chronicles a 'fucilazione di briganti.' The commandant of the district is praised as well deserving of Italy. The lieutenant in command of the firing party gets his epaulettes after a few like deeds of heroism, and, if he is rather more zealous in the man (or woman) hunt than his fellows, is decorated with the Cross of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, (the latter Saint forming a most appropriate patron for the finance of Italy, by the way); and La Marmorata's report goes back to Turin to be stamped with the approbation of a senate of philanthropic denunciations of Bourbon tyrants, and the laudation of honourable members of an English House of Commons, whose verdict on the atrocities committed by Russian soldiers in Poland would lead us to look for a like censure of parallel facts in Southern Italy. An amnesty is, thank Heaven, to be given to the Poles, and they are to enjoy virtual self-government. If one-half the boon is to be denied to Naples for the purpose of centralising every sort of administration in a sub-Alpine city, where Italian was not spoken fifty years since, and whose inhabitants are even now barely intelligible in the Two Sicilies, at least let some word of remonstrance go forth to prove to the world that Englishmen do not confine their sympathies to the oppressed people; that the fusillade, the packed jury, the dictated verdict, the subversive judge, the chain gang, and the crowded prison for political offences are as alien to her feeling and her policy in 1863 as they were in 1851, and that the newly-created kingdom of Italy can only enjoy the suffrages of English moral support on condition of conformity to the usages of civilised nations. Can there be a bitterer satire than the late speeches in the Italian Chamber passing a calm and dignified censure on the massacres of Michow and Lublin, and adding the weight of the remonstrances of the fifth great Power in favor of an amnesty? The Italian beam needs extraction as much as the Russian mote, and no better basis can be afforded than the urgency with which the *onorevoli* have pressed such a measure on the Czar, who it appears is more inclined to accede to it than the liberal monarch of Italy one and indivisible.

The churches are in many places now added to the list of goals, the ordinary prisons being insufficient to contain the reactionaries. At San Fily and Montalto two large churches have been lately converted to this novel use. At Catanzaro there are 600 political prisoners, all in the greatest misery; and as most of these are Liberals of Aspromonte there may be some chance of awakening that sympathy for them in the minds of the godfathers of Italian unity which is steadfastly refused to men whose sole crime is loyalty. There have been three communications already of the sentences of Garibaldian prisoners, and though I should be the first to deprecate a merciful construction of their offence, knowing, as I do, how entirely that offence had up to the last moment the connivance of the authorities to the point of enticement in the prisons for the attack on Rome, it is not the less just that the reactionary prisoners, who have as yet found no mercy, for whom no word of hope, of pardon, of toleration, has gone forth, should be sharers in the act of clemency which has been so often promised, and of which the perform-

ance is so tardy. No efficient advocate has risen up to denounce such injustice at the bar of the one free arena of public discussion—the English House of Commons—among the supporters of Lord Palmerston; and unless such a measure as will ensure a cessation of cold-blooded murder and causeless arrests in Southern Italy is pressed on the cabinet which traded on its denunciations of arbitrary power in the former reign, the government of Turin, growing bolder by impunity, will renew the worst scenes of 1861 in the autumn of 1863. What was the pretext for overthrowing the Government of Francis II? That it was an arbitrary and tyrannical one. Do the persons who advance this as a reason for the treachery of Liborio Romano, the desertion of Parnano and Muzante, the bribery of Cavour, and the open piracy of Garibaldi, the flagrant protection given to the revolution by Lord Russell and his agents, consider that the case is mended by the substitution of the present regime? Listen to the words of Nicciardi, in the Turin Senate in the debate of the 15th of November, who, speaking of the Government of Ferdinand II., says—"It was so scrupulously observant of law and justice that after a complete victory of the 15th May, 1848, (the Poerio affair) none of the deputies were arrested save those in open rebellion and known enemies to their sovereign who had attacked the supreme authority." Such testimony is scarcely suspected, coming from such a source; and when we remember how much virtuous indignation was wasted on previous facts, which are as dust compared to those now daily enacted without a comment, we can but wish there were such a thing as political consistency. It is in their journals alone that the voice of an oppressed nation has found vent; it is from their chiefs alone that a word of remonstrance has proceeded in deprecation of cruelties so cowardly and so repugnant to every better instinct of manhood, that it is only a resolution to ignore and suppress the truth that could have prevented their denunciation by men of every possible and varying conviction. It is to the Conservative party alone that men of Royalist principles, and supporters of order in Europe can look for any sympathy in the long and terrible struggle they have fought gallantly and lost nobly. It is only to men who can feel for a suffering lower class that the miserable peasantry of the Two Sicilies can look for protection against extermination.—Public opinion can do much if efficiently led and directed. It can stop the daily fusillades; it can free thousands of prisoners detained on suspicion; it can break the chains of the countless reactionaries doomed to the galley, and it can insist on an observance of the primary laws of humanity and Christian policy in the case of a power over whom it holds a just and legitimate influence. England did not create the kingdom of Italy to deliver over the South bound hand and foot to the tender mercies of Turin. She has made herself sponsor for the change of meters, and the least she can do is to see that it is a change for the better; the responsibility is far too grave a one to be declined, and the last to do so should be Her Majesty's present advisers, who have constituted themselves philanthropists at large to oppressed nationalities too long to decline the task now.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
Naples, April 2. ANGLICUS.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, April 13.—The Reichsrath will assemble in the middle of the month. The Transylvanian Diet will also meet shortly afterwards. Langiewicz has declared to the authorities that he can no longer be bound by his parole. It is expected that we will therefore, be placed under the stricter guard.

VIENNA, April 14.—A fresh attempt on the part of some Russian Cossacks to violate the Austrian frontier has been frustrated by Austrian hussars. Several of the Cossacks were taken prisoners.

A telegram dated Vienna, April 16, says:—The Polish question threatens to assume greater complications. In anticipation of an unsatisfactory answer from St. Petersburg, Austria is said to be preparing a circular note for her ambassadors at the different foreign Courts with reference to her attitude regarding Polish affairs. Mr. Hennessy, M.P., has had an interview with Count Rechberg of considerable duration. The hon. member while in Paris was received by the Emperor Napoleon. He is proceeding to Cracow.

POLAND.

In Poland up to the present moment, there are no signs of the amnesty being accepted. The Revolutionary Committee are more active than ever, and the *Czas* announces a number of new victories over the Imperial troops, and the formation of three fresh bodies of insurgents in the Government of Ploek, under the command of Padleuski.

The news of a dozen Russian churches having been burnt in Lithuania points to the probability of a religious war, in which some ten or twelve millions of Lithuanian-Polish peasants would be found fighting against the Russian Government, and making common cause with the Polish nobility and middle classes. They were commanded to change their religion, and beaten until they obeyed; and since the persecution of 1833 the Russians have always congratulated themselves that in Lithuania at least, they were firmly established, whatever might be the case in Poland Proper. It now appears that, owing to these very persecutions, Lithuania is the only part of the ancient republic in which the peasants have made common cause with the upper classes.

CRACOW, April 14.—News received here from Russia states that the Czar's amnesty has had an immense effect in redoubling the intensity of the insurrection. Every one wishes to set out, even without arms, to join the movement. At Konin the insurgents have gained a victory over the Russians. At Straszow an engagement has taken place between the Russians and a detachment of Poles under Major Polacki. Another large detachment of insurgents, under Andrzejewicz, has appeared in the district of Marianopol.

RUSSIA.

Three great Powers sent a representation to the Russian Government couched in most friendly phrase. The Emperor has anticipated the friendly intervention, and has taken so unwisely high a ground, that we should not be surprised if it were to provoke a note of a somewhat more pre-emptory description. At all events, it has had the effect of fanning the slumbering embers of the insurrection into a fresh fire. An Imperial manifesto, issued, by way of increasing its graciousness, on the Russian Easter Sunday, grants an amnesty to all Poles who shall lay down their arms and return to their allegiance by the 13th of May; and actually orders the maintenance of precisely the same state of things under which the insurrection was so brutally provoked.—*Weekly Register.*

which the Emperor Alexander has already given so many proofs, and will recognize in her wisdom the necessity of adopting measures which will place Poland in a position of lasting peace.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE STALEYBRIDGE RIOTS.

To the Editor of the *Tablet*.

Sir,—A great deal has been said and written of late on the now notorious riots at Staleybridge, and a systematic attempt has been made in Parliament and in the Press to throw the whole blame of these unfortunate occurrences on the Irish portion of the inhabitants of this town. It would be useless in me to attempt to disabuse the public mind in this matter, but I should be glad if you would allow me to state a few facts which may tend to place this riot in a proper light before your readers. This morning's pressing occupations at this time have hindered my doing earlier. It will be a satisfaction to Catholic savages they have been represented.

As is well known, on the 20th ult.; there was much excitement in the town arising from the dissatisfaction caused by changes introduced by the Relief Committee. This excitement resulted in a riot, in which much damage was done to property in various parts of the town. Several boys and young men were apprehended and committed to Chester Castle for trial. These youths have been held up to the public as the ringleaders and instigators of the riots, and because they were chiefly from the Sister Isle, the Irish inhabitants of Staleybridge have been represented as the only turbulent people in the cotton districts; the riots have been termed an Irish row on English ground, and the press of every shade of opinion has concurred in removing the odium from the Lancashire operatives and heaping it upon the Irish immigrants.

In answer to this, I will merely quote a few sentences from the charge of Mr. Justice Mellor, as reported in the *Manchester Guardian*. The learned Judge said that—"This was one of those unfortunate cases in which the parties who had been most active in the destruction of property had contrived to throw the blame on other persons, and escape from the punishment themselves. He should have been very glad indeed if those who were the leaders in the attempt to demolish the house could have been pointed out and apprehended."

Further on he says:—"He was happy to state that the gravity and importance of these riots diminished in importance the more they were examined. He believed that what began in a disorderly and riotous attempt to demolish a dwelling house, had been reduced, so far as the prisoners were concerned, to an offence of a very mitigated character. The sentences passed upon the prisoners were exceedingly lenient for the *prime movers* of a riot; and Mr. Justice Mellor directed that these youths should be kept apart from the other prisoners in the goal. No doubt this would be to prevent them from infecting other inmates of the prison with a turbulent spirit, and perhaps organising a riot within the walls of Chester Castle.

Hitherto, I have confined myself to the first day of the riots—Friday. On Saturday, after the so-called ringleaders had been despatched to Chester, the excitement continued, and towards evening increased. The town was filled with constables from the neighboring districts; special constables were sworn in, and a troop of hussars paraded the streets. Notwithstanding all this, all the provision shops were visited in succession by the mob, some of them were broken open, and all were laid under contribution. All the bread on the premises and other provisions were demanded and carried off by the mob. No attempt was made by the authorities to stay this plunder, and not a single arrest was made. On Monday the populace visited the neighboring towns of Ashton, Duckfield, and Hyde, where the same scenes were enacted in broad day light. At these latter places some few were arrested, and the papers noticing these remarked that the persons arrested were mostly English. In the face of this we are gravely told, and are asked to believe, that these disturbances were the work of a handful of Irish lads and lasses, and that the operatives generally took no part in them, nay, that they disapproved and disapproved of them? If so, what were the magistrates, the military and police authorities about? I cannot imagine a greater condemnation of their conduct than this supposition involves. No sane and impartial man will believe that a few ill disposed persons could have kept these towns in the state of terror and disorder in which they were for so many days, unless they had been supported by a strong feeling on the part of the inhabitants generally. No doubt there were great numbers who disapproved of such violent acts, and I know myself, and can vouch for the fact, that these lawless proceedings were condemned as strongly, and regretted as much by the great majority of Irish Catholics as by any other section of the population.

Hoping that you will excuse the length to which I have felt compelled to extend these remarks, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
W. BRUCE.

St. Peter's, Staleybridge, April 13, 1863.

TO THE DEBILITATED AND DECRETED.—For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, fast living, constitutional decay, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is *Foster's Celebrated Stomach Bitters*. When the fire of life seems to be absolutely dying out in the system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, this mighty restorative seems, as it were, to lift the sufferer out of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and re-invigorate both the frame and the intellect. An old farmer, in the Valley of the Missouri, writes thus to Dr. Hoagster:—"I can compare the operation of your Bitters upon me to nothing but the effect of a rain after a long dry spell in the fall of the year. The rain falling on the meadows starts the second crop of grass, and your whole some medicine seems to have started a second crop of life and spirits to me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful preparation. Ladies of weak constitution, or whose strength has been impaired by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful tonic, and it is administered with great success in marasmus or wasting of the flesh, in young children. In fact, it is a much safer and surer cordial for the nursery than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

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H. BRENNAN, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, 195 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite the Seminary Clock.) AND No. 3 CRAIG STREET.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES!

BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS THE ORIGINAL MEDICINE ESTABLISHED IN 1837, 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 a 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 Traveler should be without a supply of BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS in his pocket.

person will ever object to give for BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Twenty-Five Cents. JOB MOSES, Sole Proprietor, Rochester, N. Y. 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. Price 25 cents per box. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Newcastle, C. W. General Agents for the Canadas. Feb. 6, 1863.

BRISONS SARSAPARILLA IN LARGE QUART BOTTLES



The Great Purifier of the Blood, And the only genuine and original preparation for THE PERMANENT CURE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND CONFIRMED CASES OF SCROFULA OR KING'S EVIL, OLD SORES, BOILS, Tumors, Abscesses, Ulcers, And every kind of Scrofulous and Scabious eruptions. It is also a sure and reliable remedy for SALT RHEUM, RING WORM, TETTER, SCALD HEAD, SCURVY, White Swellings and Neuragic Affections, Nervous and General Debility of the system, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Dizziness and all Affections of the Liver, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fevers, Chills and Fever, Omb Ague and Jaundice.

It is the very best, and, in fact, the only sure and reliable medicine for the cure of all diseases arising from a vitiated or impure state of the blood, or from excessive use of calomel. The afflicted may rest assured that there is not the least particle of MINERAL MERCURIAL, or any other poisonous substance in this medicine. It is perfectly harmless and may be administered to persons in the very weakest stages of sickness, or to the most helpless infants without doing the least injury. Full directions how to take this most valuable medicine will be found around each bottle: and to guard against counterfeits, see that the written signature of LANMAN & KEMP is upon the blue label. Sole Manufacturers, LANMAN & KEMP, Nos. 69, 71, and 73, Water Street, New York, U.S.

We have appointed Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, J. Gardner, K. Campbell & Co., A. G. Davidson, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, and H. R. Gray, as the Agents for Montreal. Feb. 26, 1863. 12m

M. KEARNEY & BROTHERS, Practical Plumbers, Gasfitters, TIN-SMITHS, ZINC, GALVANIZED & SHEET IRON WORKERS HAVE REMOVED LITTLE WILLIAM STREET, (One Door from Notre Dame Street, Opposite the Recollet Church)

WHERE they have much pleasure in offering their sincere thanks to their friends and the public for the very liberal patronage they have received since they have commenced business. They hope by strict attention and moderate charges, to merit a continuance of the same. N.B.—K. & Bro. would respectfully intimate that they keep constantly on hand a general assortment of PLAIN and JAPANNED TIN WARES, and materials of ALL KINDS connected with the Trade; and with a more spacious PREMISES, they hope to be able to meet the demands of all who may bestow their patronage on them. Jobbing punctually attended to.

O. J. DEVLIN, NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE: 32 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.

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

P. J. KELLY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, No. 38, Little St. James Street. Montreal, June 12.

CLARKE & DRISCOLL, ADVOCATES, &c., Office—No. 126 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite the Court House.) MONTREAL.

H. J. CLARKE. N. DRISCOLL. J. J. CURRAN, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, Office—No. 40 Little St. James Street.

THE PERFUME OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE!



MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

THIS rare Perfume is prepared from tropical flowers of surpassing fragrance, without any admixture of coarse essential oils, which form the staple of many "Essences" and Extracts for the Toilet. Its aroma is almost inexhaustible, and as fresh and delicate as the breath of Living Flowers.

WHAT ARE ITS ANTECEDENTS? For twenty years it has maintained its ascendancy over all other perfumes, throughout the West Indies, Cuba and South America, and we earnestly recommend it to the inhabitants of this country as an article which for softness and delicacy of flavor has no equal. During the warm summer months it is peculiarly appreciated for its refreshing influence on the skin and used in the bath it gives buoyancy and strength to the exhausted body, which at those periods is particularly desirable.

HEADACHE AND FAINTNESS Are certain to be removed by freely bathing the temples with it. As an odor for the handkerchief, it is as delicious as the Otto of Roses. It lends freshness and transparency to the complexion, and removes RASHES, TAN AND BLOTCHES from the skin.

COUNTERFEITS. Beware of imitations. Look for the name of MURRAY & LANMAN on the bottle, wrapper and ornamented label. Prepared only by LANMAN & KEMP, Wholesale Druggists, 69, 71 and 73 Water Street, N. Y.

Agents for Montreal:—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, A. G. Davidson, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, and H. R. Gray. And for sale by all the leading Druggists and first-class Perfumers throughout the world. Feb. 26, 1863. 12m.

WILLIAM H. HODSON, ARCHITECT, RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and parties about to Build that he will open his Office in May at No. 43 St. Bonaventure Street,

where he will continue to prepare Designs for every description of Building at moderate charges. Measurements and valuations promptly attended to: Montreal, 30th April. 2t

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER! 50,000 ROLLS, At 5 cents, 7 cents, 10 cents, 12 cents, and up to 50 cents per Roll.

WINDOW SHADES IN GREAT VARIETY. ROBERT MILLER, (Late R. & A. Miller) 60 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal. 1m. April 30.

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCOO STREET, KINGSTON. An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER. SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative, of wonderful efficacy in Disease of the STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. PROTECTIVE PROPERTIES: Prevents Fever and Ague, and Bilious Remittent Fever; fortifies the system against Miasma and the evil effects of unwholesome water; invigorates the organs of digestion and the bowels; steadies the nerves, and tends to PROLONG LIFE.

REMEDIAL PROPERTIES: Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick and Nervous Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Sea-Sickness, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex, arising from Bodily Weakness, whether inherent in the system or produced by special causes.

Nothing that is not wholesome, genial, and restorative in its nature enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind; no deadly botanical element; no fiery excitant; but it is a combination of the extracts of rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is well to be forearmed against disease, and so far as the human system can be protected by human means against maladies engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure water, and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has been found infallible as a preventative and irresistible as a remedy. Thousands who resort to it under apprehension of an attack, escape the scourge; and thousands who neglect to avail themselves of its protective qualities in advance, are cured by a very brief course of this marvellous medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being bled with quinine for months in vain, until fairly saturated with that dangerous alkaloid, are not unfrequently restored to health within a few days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of DYSPEPSIA and in less confirmed forms of INDIGESTION. Acting as a gentle and painless aperient, as well as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the CONSTIPATION superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretory organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Lowness of Spirit, and Fits of Languor, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes. The agony of BILIOUS COLIC is immediately assuaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it, the return of the complaint may be prevented.

For Sea-Sickness it is a positive specific—either removing the contents of the stomach, and with them the terrible nausea, or relieving the internal irritation by which the disposition to vomit is occasioned. As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Constitutional Weakness, Premature Decay, and Debility and Decrepitude arising from Old Age, it exercises the Electric influence. In the convalescent stages of all diseases it operates as a delightful invigorant. When the powers of nature are relaxed, it operates to re-enforce and re-establish them.

Last, but not least, it is The Only Safe Stimulant, being manufactured from sound and innocuous materials, and entirely free from the acrid elements present more or less in all the ordinary tonics and stomachics of the day.

The fact is well known to physicians that the basis of all the medicinal stimulants of the pharmacopoeia is fiery and unrefined alcohol, an article which no medication can deprive of its pernicious properties. The liquors of commerce are still worse. They are all adulterated. Hence the faculty, while universally admitting the necessity for diffusive tonics, hesitate to employ those in common use lest the remedy should prove deadlier than the disease. During the last twenty years, the quality of these articles has been continually deteriorating, and it is notorious that the fluids which bear the names of the various spirituous liquors are flavored and fixed up with corrosive drugs, to a degree which renders them dangerous to the healthy and murderous to the sick. Under these circumstances, medical men are glad to avail themselves of a preparation absolutely free from those objections, and combining the three invaluable properties of a stimulant, a corrective, and a gentle laxative. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are therefore held in high estimation by our most eminent practitioners, and bid fair to supersede all other invigorants, both in public hospitals and in private practice. No family medicine has been so universally, and it may truly added, deservedly popular with the intelligent portion of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S., and Sold by all Druggists. Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, A. G. Davidson, Picault & Son, and H. R. Gray.

PURE NATIVE WINES. THE SUBSCRIBER offers for SALE a PURE LIGHT WINE made from the NATIVE GRAPES of Worcester County, Mass., by Mr. S. H. ALLEN, of Shrewsbury. It will not be found to satisfy the lovers of heavy foreign Wines, which, even when genuine, are highly fortified with Alcohol, to prepare them for exportation, and in the majority of cases are only skillful imitations, made from neutral spirits, water and drugs; but those who have drunk the pure light German Wines, or the Chablis Wine of France, and have a taste for them, will appreciate such as is offered by the subscriber. Invalids who require a mild, safe stimulant; good liver who like a palatable dinner wine; and officers of Churches, who desire to procure a well authenticated and surely genuine article for Communion purposes, are respectfully solicited to purchase it. Any person desiring to do so will be at liberty to apply Chemical tests to samples of any of the stock on hand. GEO. E. WHITE, 55 CHEE Street, New York.

J. M'DONALD & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 316 ST. PAUL STREET, CONTINUE to SELL PRODUCE and Manufactures at the Lowest Rates of Commission. October 2.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

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

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in. For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass. For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces. Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1866. Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors. ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB, Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum. ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, Hamilton, C. W.