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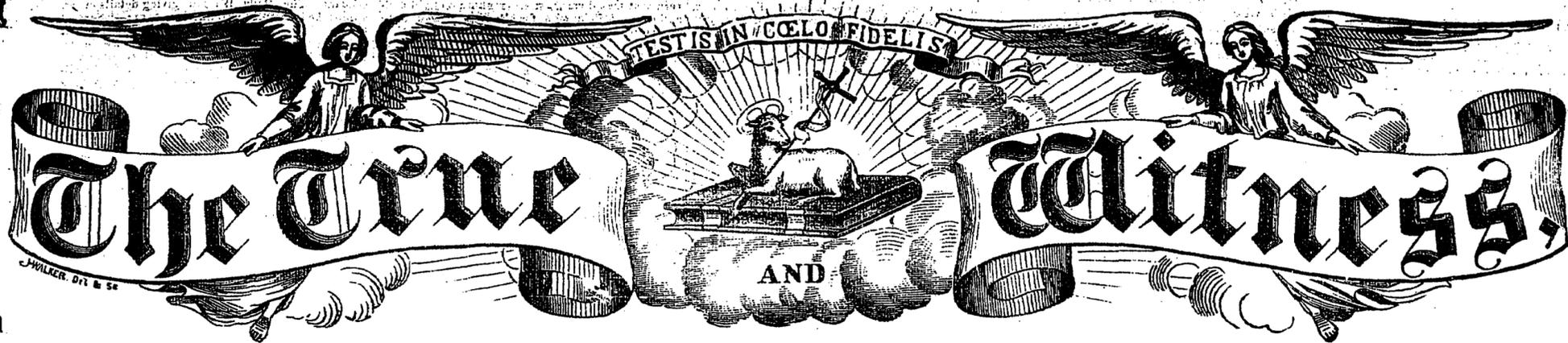
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. X.

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No. 32

A NOBLE REVENGE.

A LEGEND OF THE CRUSADERS.

CHAPTER I.

Day was declining; already the mists of the evening were gathering in the valleys, when a horseman, who had been for some time skirting the shores of the Mediterranean, plunging at length into a deep and winding ravine, whose lofty sides were thickly clothed with pines—Both horse and rider gave signs of a long and fatiguing journey; but in spite of his well-worn mantle, soiled helmet, and arms rusted with rain, the countenance of the young cavalier appeared radiant with happiness. With eager joy he spurred on his steed, casting, as he went, looks of leader interest around him, as though he recognised at each fresh turn of the road some dear familiar object, and ejaculating to himself with a sort of rapturous emotion, indicated no less by the smile that played on his lips and the tear that glistened in his eye. When he reached a certain point in the road, he stopped—it was before a little image of Our Lady placed in a half-ruined niche; there, joining his hands devoutly together, he cried aloud:

"O Mother of Mercy, thanks to thy tender care, I once more behold my beloved country. Here, as I departed for the Holy war, I made my vow before thee; and here, as is meet, I promise to perform it. On this spot will I raise a chapel and hospice for pilgrims; hither will I myself come each year to visit thy holy image, and on the same day will I relieve with great devotion thirty-three poor men, in honor of the thirty-three years which thy dear Son lived with thee on earth. O Virgin, ever blessed, have pity on me!"

With reason might Berenger d'Elvaz thank the Lord, whose almighty hand had delivered him out of so many perils. He had gone to the crusades as a faithful vassal of St. Louis—Wounded at Mansoura, he had endured a hard captivity in the house of an Egyptian emir, nor had he recovered his liberty till the King of France had paid a million bezants of gold for his followers' ransom, and surrendered Damietta in payment for his own freedom; and now, at last, he had returned over sea to his own dear land of Provence, and to the home of his fathers, so fondly remembered. He was returning, it was true, a poor knight, possessed of nothing but his own good sword, but abundance awaited him in his father's halls; he was wearied and worn with travel, but what affectionate solicitude would not his mother and his sister lavish upon him! He pictured to himself their joy, and in imagination anticipated his own. He thought of the ancient retainers who had known him from a child; he forgot not even his poor faithful dog, who, perhaps, already had instinctively divined the near approach of his master.

"Come, Valiant," said he to his horse, "let us push along; a few steps further and we shall be at home. Once there, a good stable, plenty of fodder, and careful grooming will be yours. Push on, then, Valiant, my brave steed!"

The docile animal set himself to a canter, and soon the young traveller beheld through the increasing darkness the tall, shadowy outline of the castle of Elvaz. His heart leaped within him at the sight; but he observed with surprise that no light glimmered through the narrow windows, nor a sound could be heard from the ramparts.

"They are in the northern hall," said he, as if to re-assure himself; "my father is playing chess with the chaplain; my mother and sister ply the distaff; the valets are busy somewhere. I will soon make them hear me."

So saying, he took the horn that hung at his belt, and sounded the once familiar notes by which he was wont to announce his return from the chase. No answer. Seized with impatience, he rode on; the drawbridge was down in spite of the lateness of the hour. Berenger crossed it. Beneath the dark vault over which rose the belfry tower, he found neither servants nor men-at-arms. He shouted; the echo of the ramparts alone replied. He advanced into the court, and all around him was silence, darkness, absolute solitude.

"Good God!" he cried, "what has happened?"

At this moment the moon struggled through the thick mantle of clouds with which she was enveloped, and poured a flood of light upon the castle. Berenger gazed around him, struck with a secret and indefinable terror; and it seemed as if the life-blood froze in his veins when he beheld the scene of desolation that was now disclosed. The castle was a ruin; the roofs were uncovered, the windows displayed their gaping recesses, stripped of glass and hangings; masses of rubbish strewed the pavement of the court in every direction; fragments of richly-carved furniture, costly armor, broken ornaments; parchments with large waxen seals attached, lay scattered on the ground; fire and pillage seemed to have spared nothing but the massive walls, which themselves bore the mark

of flames. At this sight, Berenger leaped from his horse, and, almost beside himself with terror, opened a window, the fastenings of which some hostile hand no doubt shattered, and entered the armor-room, where once he used to tilt with his father and his old retainers.

"My father!" he called aloud; "my father! where are you? My mother! Alice, my sister, answer me!"

"Holloa! who calls?" replied a voice which proceeded from a corner of the vast and gloomy hall.

Berenger rushed to the spot whence the sound seemed to come, stretched out his hands, and encountered the arm of a man clothed in a coarse garment of goat's hair.

"Who are you?" cried the young knight;—and he dragged the unknown to the window, through which the beams of the moon were falling.

The two looked into each other's faces.

"Is it you? is it indeed you, my lord?" said the man, as he fell at the feet of Berenger.

"You are still alive! Do you not know me? I am James Lerouge, the goatherd, once the companion of your sports."

"Yes, I know you, my poor James. But—tell me—what has happened? My father, my mother, my sister—in the name of God, where are they?"

The man drew back; then, with a look of the deepest horror, answered, as he grasped the young man's arm:

"Your father, your mother, and the Lady Alice, are all dead—slain by John de Melfort, the ancient enemy of your house. They lie buried in the chapel."

Berenger's knees tottered under him; he supported himself against the wall, and fixed his haggard eyes upon the goatherd.

The latter resumed:

"It was believed that you had perished at Mansoura. Melfort, no longer fearing your return, fell upon us. Vassals, men-at-arms, all were massacred. My lord was slain defending his daughter; your sister was pierced with an arrow, and your venerable mother died of grief. The wretches pillaged the castle, leaving the bodies of their victims without burial, but the monks of St. Benedict laid them in consecrated earth. For myself, I was left for dead in a corner of the court yard; but I recovered from my wounds, and continued with my flock to inhabit the place in which I had been bred. I never believed that you were dead; I looked for your return, and, besides, I had something to say to you."

"What?" said the young man eagerly.

"John de Melfort has a castle, a wife, and a daughter. Revenge is sweet."

Next day broke fair and bright; a man clothed in a white habit, and wearing a scapular on which shone a shield of gules and gold, was approaching along the path that led to Elvaz. He walked with a firm step, seeming to contemplate with delight the leafy thickets, the banks covered with wild thyme, the ripples of the sparkling stream which ran babbling along its rocky bed, and repeating from time to time, in an under tone verses from the psalms, as though using the strains of the royal prophet to sing the praises of the Lord of all. Stopping under the walls of the castle, he cast his eyes over the ruined towers, and said to himself:

"I will go into the chapel and pray a moment over its deserted tombs."

He crossed the drawbridge, no longer guarded by men-at-arms; he entered the courtyard, and appeared struck with astonishment on beholding a young man standing with his back against the ramparts, and gazing with a mournful countenance on the havoc that surrounded him. The monk approached, and moved by a lively feeling of compassion, thus addressed him:

"My son what dost thou alone in this deserted spot? The masters of the castles are no more; but you look pale and wan—are you ill, tell me? If you are hungry, I have bread and figs in my wallet. If you are ill, I am somewhat of a leech."

Whilst the good religious was thus speaking with a tender earnestness, Berenger slowly raised his head, and casting on him at once a look cold and calm, said in a low voice, more terrible than the wildest cry of despair:

"I am Berenger d'Elvaz!"

"What, my dear son!" exclaimed the monk, "are you then alive?" Alas! it has been God's will to lay most heavy trials on you; yet, doubtless, He has given you the strength and faith to bear them. But why remain here? You have relations, you have friends, who will rejoice to welcome you. I pray you, my son, leave this melancholy place, where everything conspires to awaken your grief."

"Never will I leave this castle," was Berenger's emphatic answer.

The monk, though still young, had long since sounded the lowest depths of man's heart. He knew well how a smooth brow and a placid smile

would often cover the bitterest and most excited feelings, and the fiercest passion disguise itself under a tranquil mien, as the burning volcano lies concealed beneath its veil of snow. Taking, then, the young man's hand, and fixing on him his dark eyes, mild yet penetrating, he said:

"My son, you will not leave these ruins because you are nursing, not your grief, but your revenge; and there, where you stand, you meditate less upon your father than on John de Melfort."

And what if I meditate requiting him the evil he has done me—would it not be just?"

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay it," saith the Lord. No, my child, it is not just to intrench on the rights that belong to God, and by an untimely and violent death to rob the sinner of the day of repentance which God might perchance have reserved for him. I say to you, from that God will be your judge, vengeance is not yours; and again I say to you, from Him who is your Saviour, 'By patience shall ye find peace to your soul.' When you have made your enemy's hearth, will you find your own restored? When you have plunged the sword into the breasts of his wife and daughter, will your mother and sister rise again from the dead? When you have burdened your conscience with the load that now oppresses his, will your own be more light?"

"My father," interposed Berenger, "you are a man of peace; you cannot understand me."

"My son, before I was a monk, I was a man of war like yourself; before I put on this frock, I wore the breastplate and belt of a knight; I felt the excitement of worldly passions. I speak to you then, as one who has had experience of human glory; and I tell you that, if to your blinded eyes there be certain grandeur in an insatiable revenge, there is that which is infinitely grander and more noble in the generous forgiveness which triumphs, not over an enemy prostrate at our feet, but over the haughty passions of our own hearts."

"But, father, you do not understand me;—leave me."

"My son, my brother, I will not leave you; for the hour of despair is no time for good resolutions. God has sent me hither, blessed be His divine providence, which does nothing in vain!"

"But know you," cried Berenger, impatiently, "you who want me to forgive like a coward—know you the evil this man has done me? Do you know that, after two long years of hard captivity, I return with a heart bounding with hope and joy, longing for love, full of overflowing with the tenderest affection for my aged parents and my young sister; and, thanks to this Melfort, find, instead of my father's hearth, you three tombstones? Did he not revenge on a few poor vassals, an old man, and two women, the wrongs of his ancestors? and shall I not render him wo for wo, pang for pang? I tell you that all night as I paced these deserted courts, by the side of the graves where all I love lie buried, I heard dear familiar voices crying 'Strike and avenge us!' and I will obey."

"No, my son, your grief deceives you; I knew those for whom you mourn. Your father was a just man, your mother a noble and pious lady, your young sister an angel of innocence; they have entered into the rest of the angels, and they pray for pardon on their murderer;—they heap upon his head, not the burning coals of vengeance, but the riches of a glowing charity. Oh, no, blessed souls! it is not revenge you ask of the Lord; you ask but to see your enemy pardoned, and throned in glory with you for all eternity. But your child, your brother, still bound with the cords of the flesh, cannot understand you."

"Your words grieve me," said Berenger, "and yet your voice is that of a friend." "Ah! doubt it not, my brother; that grief of which you have made me sole confidant, binds us together forever. In the name of the friendship with which you have inspired me, grant me one favor. Our monastery is not far from hence—deign to accept its hospitality; our house shall be your home; there you will find fathers, brothers, ready to welcome you; and your projects, whatever they be, will ripen in silence and reflection. Leave this dreary place, and come to the abode which the Lord offers you."

"Who are you? and what is your name?"—asked the young man.

"I am a knight of Our Lady of Mercy," replied the monk, "and my name is Peter Nolasco."

CHAPTER II.

Ten years have passed away. The Order of Mercy possesses a commandery at the gates of Montpellier, from which, as from an advanced post of charity, issues forth from day to day the valiant chivalry of the Cross to defend the countries of Europe against the Saracens, or, more heroic still, to rescue their victims from their hands in the very heart of their baggios, and amidst the sands of the desert. It was towards this retreat, whose white walls were conspicuous from afar, that about midday a young girl, might

be seen directing her steps, accompanied by a youth and an aged serving-man. After crossing the drawbridge, they stopped under the donjon-keep, from the summit of which waved the banner of the order; there they spoke a few words to a sentinel, who pointed out the way to the cloister. The youthful inquirers paused, as if awe-struck, at the entrance of that wide enclosure, where already some of the brave companions of Peter Nolasco and Raymond of Pennafort were taking their peaceful and glorious rest.—Their modest tombs rose in the centre of a court; around, under the vaulted cloister, walked in silence a number of knights and priests, the former wearing their white tunic and mantle, the latter having their habit of the same snowy purity, embroidered with the arms of the King of Arrogan—a token of the affection borne by that truly Christian prince for the noble order of Redemption. Nothing disturbed the quiet seclusion of the place, save the measured fall of their foot upon the pavement, and the rustling of their long robes of serge, as they paced continually to and fro.

At length a priest perceiving the maiden and her companions, approached them. He was a man still in the prime of life; but his sorrow-stricken brow, and his hair prematurely sprinkled with grey, seemed to mark him as one who had in the world encountered wrongs and sufferings such as had left wounds in his soul, which time as yet had but imperfectly healed. In a voice full of sweetness he asked:

"Maiden, what seekest thou?"

"Alas, sir!" she answered, "we are two unhappy children, well-nigh orphans, I might say, though our father and mother are both still living. One is a captive among the Saracens, and the other is dying of anxiety and grief!"

"Your father is in slavery?"

"Yes, sir. He had gone to Barcelona to receive a legacy bequeathed him by a friend of my mother's, and was returning in confidence to Provence, when the galley in which he had embarked was taken by the Barbary corsairs.—Resistance was vain, the infidels carried him off into slavery; and we have reason to believe that he is now in Tangiers. My noble father a slave!—put up for sale!" Tears and sobs interrupted her words, and her brother wept at seeing her weep.

"Compose yourself, my child," said the monk, "your father shall be redeemed."

"Ah, noble sir, we shall count nothing too costly for his ransom. See; my mother has given me her jewels, her bracelets, and her rings; we will pledge our lands,—everything we possess. If only you consent to go to my father's rescue, we will put into your hands a sum more than sufficient for his redemption; we have faithful vassals, too, and tried friends, and there is not one amongst them but would contribute to the deliverance of the Lord of Melfort."

"Melfort, did you say? Melfort!" cried the monk. "Your father's name is—"

"John de Melfort, sir. If you are of Provence, you know it is no ignoble name."

"I know it!" said the monk, in a low stern voice; "I know it, alas too well!"

He turned away; his eyes for an instant gleamed fiercely; the next moment he raised them to the crucifix which hung in the middle of the cloister:

"O great God," he muttered, "and do such fierce passions reign in a soul which Thy grace has vanquished? The voice of this child rouses in my soul feelings of hatred and revenge which I deemed stifled forever! My father, my mother, my sister, what will you have me to do? Blessed souls, what is it you ask of me?"

He stood for some time silent, his eyes fixed on the divine crucifix; then, turning towards the children, he said, in a voice of inexpressible sweetness:

"I will myself go in search of your father, and, if it please God, will restore him to you.—I pray for me, a miserable sinner."

A few hours after a monk, habited for a journey, was receiving on his knees the benediction of Peter Nolasco, the General of the Order, who, as he embraced him, said:

"Go, dear son, and spare neither your blood nor your life in the service of your neighbor.—Go, servant of Christ, follow in your Master's steps; forget not your vows, which oblige you to remain yourself in chains to deliver a Christian from captivity. Brother Berenger, farewell!"

The watchman on the top of the tower of St. Victor's Abbey, at Marseilles, had just given warning that several vessels were on the point of entering the harbor; crowds were hurrying to the quay, and trying to distinguish the respective barks by their rigging, or their general trim, as they ran before the morning breeze. In the midst of the bustling, noisy throng, yet somewhat apart, might be seen a little, silent group; it consisted of a lady, wearing the black dress and head gear of a widow, a young girl, who clung timidly to her mother, and a handsome boy twelve or thirteen years of age, who from time

to time played carelessly with a tall greyhound by his side. An old servant stood behind them, and all were following eagerly with their eyes the white sails, which approached nearer every moment. The outline of the rigging was distinctly visible, sharply defined against the sky. The forms of three vessels in particular were now clearly discernible; and soon the spectators could distinguish the colors of the flags displayed at their bows.

The practiced eye of a master-pilot at length recognised the leading vessel: "Praised be our Lady of La Garde! 'tis the Happy Bark; she comes from Palermo, and brings news of Monsieur d'Anjou, husband of Beatrice of Provence."

"And the second," broke in another, "is the sloop St. Mary; she comes from Smyrna, with fruits and perfumes."

The two ships thus announced rapidly entered the roads, amidst the acclamations of the crowd. The third still lagged behind in the distance, laboring heavily, as it seemed, against the wind, which had become less favorable.

The widow and her children stood anxiously watching her; though the poor lady would say, "It is of no use expecting, my children; it is God's will to try us."

"Mother!"—suddenly exclaimed the boy, "look!—I see it clearly;—'tis the holy standard that floats on that galley!"

The widow turned pale, and pressed her hand upon her heart, fluttering between hope and fear. She gazed out upon the waters, the flag unfurled itself in the breeze, and she saw plainly on the white ground the arms of Arrogan, with the device, "Redemptionem misit populo suo"—He gave redemption to His people."

"It is the St. John the Baptist, the galley of the Redeemers!" cried the people.

"Great God!" said the widow, "is it possible? Holy Virgin! let me not be disappointed of my hope."

Still she gazed; and on the deck she beheld a man in a white habit.

"My mother," cried the young girl, "it is he—it is the priest!"

"There is a captive on board. Hurrah!—hurrah!" shouted the mariners and people, whose attention was now strongly excited; "thanks to our Lady of La Garde! He shall hang up his chains at her altar."

The lady tottered to the water's edge; a mist came over her eyes; she dared not look up, dreading not to behold her husband, so long and fruitlessly expected; but the exclamations of her children and the shouts of the people forced her to raise her head. The vessel was close upon the quay; a man was landing from it, wretchedly clad, his feet and hands loaded with chains; but his countenance,—'twas he! She uttered a cry, made a few steps forward, and felt swooning with joy into the arms of the captive.

He strained her to his heart, and extended his hands to bless his children, who, kneeling at his feet, were endeavoring to loosen the fetters which he had but just resumed; then, turning towards the monk, who was at that moment leaving the galley, he cried:

"My wife, my children, if you love me, love and bless this good religious; to whom I owe my liberty, my life. Let all who love Melfort honor and bless this man of God." Then, as the monk strove to move away, he grasped him by the arm and in a still louder voice, cried:

"He sought me out on the verge of the Great Desert, whither my masters had carried me; he found me dying of the black plague. All had abandoned me; but, undeterred by the loathsome disease, he installed himself as my nurse; he cured me by his skill, or rather by his loving and tender care. The barbarians declared my ransom-money insufficient; he offered to remain himself in my stead; but this I called God and His blessed Mother to witness that I would not suffer. And this he did: and now—hear me, my son—I bid every one who bears the name of Melfort be henceforth the friend and servant of the Holy Order of Mercy."

As he concluded, a man wearing a cloth gown and cap, pushed his way through the crowd, and said abruptly, "You are the lord of Melfort.—Do you know the name of your deliverer, messire?"

"He is called Brother Berenger; but what other name he bears I know not."

"I will tell it to you, then. His name is Berenger, Lord of Elvaz—Elvaz! do you hear?—Ah, my master, my dear lord," added the man, bathing the monk's hands with his tears, "I knew you."

Melfort had started back as if thunderstruck; he gazed at the monk with a sort of terror, as though the dead had suddenly stood before him. "Berenger d'Elvaz!" he said, at last, "can this be so?"

"Be so!" cried James Lerouge (for he it was), "I should have known my lord amongst a thousand. I was his serf, his liege-man; he freed me, and amply provided for me. I am now

a free man, and a burgher of the town: to him I owe all. "And I too," said Melfort, falling on his knees before Berenger...

"Kneel not to a sinner, my brother," said Berenger, raising his hand from the ground; "let us forget the past, and pray God to forgive us for all we have done against each other."

"It is your forgiveness I implore, that I may hope to be forgiven by God," answered Melfort; "but know, that from the day on which, to avenge my father's wrongs, I laid murderous hands upon your kindred, I have never had one peaceful night; the very prosperity which heaven bestowed upon me was bitterness to my heart. I shall believe myself pardoned only when you have forgiven me."

"Let this embrace be the pledge of my friendship," said Berenger, as he threw his arms round the hereditary enemy of his house; "and now come to the altar, where I am about to offer the Adorable Victim, and receive the pledge of the mercies of your God;—come, follow me."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

BISHOP'S PASTORALS.—Most of their Lordships in their Lenten Pastorals allude to the Present position of the Holy Father and to the proposed tribute from the Irish Nation to His Holiness.

The Bishop of Cork says:—The offices of the Church, will, no doubt, be constantly and numerously attended according to your accustomed piety. But, whether joining in public prayer or united in family devotions, let your petitions incessantly ascend before the throne of Grace, that the Lord may defend the Church in the trials which now beset it, and that He may strengthen and console the great Pastor of the whole flock, whom His Providence has constituted the Vicar of His Divine Son, as well as the guide and support of the faithful committed to his care, under the injustice, calumny and treachery with which he is assailed by professed enemies or pretended friends.

The Bishop of Down says:—We will bear in mind that we are contributing to support his difficulties. Christ's Vicar on earth—to sustain Catholicity against infidelity and heresy—to maintain oppressed innocence and virtue against anarchy and impiety—in a word, to defend the cause of Christ and His Church in the person of His Vicar, against His and her enemies. Who can refuse to contribute his mite to so holy a cause? I am bold to affirm from what I know of you, that none of you will; and that you all, of every age and state, and condition, will vie with each other to see who shall contribute most, according to his means and ability, on the 26th of February, the first Sunday of Lent. Happy, indeed, will it be for every person who can happily himself with the remembrance of having contributed on that day according to his ability, to sustain his Holiness Pope Pius IX. against his enemies, and the enemies of Catholicity.

The Bishop of Ferns:—The heart of every good Catholic throughout the Christian world is oppressed with grief for the unmerited wrongs heaped upon the Common Father of the Faithful. From every every corner of his wide domain, his children have hastened to lay at his feet the expression of their filial devotion and affectionate condolence. This universal sympathy has undoubtedly served to soothe his affliction and to soothe the anguish of his soul; but it has not checked his persecutors in their godless career.

THE POPE'S FETTERS.—The Times Correspondent exceedingly complaisant that Dr. Callen's scheme for replenishing the Pope's exchequer, has been a triumphant success in the diocese of Dublin. Banknotes and gold were as plenty yesterday in the almost countless chapels of the metropolis as copper and small silver on any ordinary Sunday of the year.

STRENGTH WITH THE POPE.—The subjoined letter, from Cardinal Barnabo, has been received by the Lord Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, in reply to an address forwarded by his Grace to Rome, on the occasion of the county Tipperary Catholic meeting, which was held some time since in Thurles:—

"Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Lord—in reply to an epistle from your Grace, given on the 14th day of January last, enclosing a letter for our Most Holy Lord the Pope, to be presented in your name to the same Most Holy Father, I have to say that I did myself most willingly perform this duty in a recent audience of his Holiness. It moreover becomes my agreeable duty to assure you of the special consolation which the Supreme Pontiff experienced from the illustrious proof of love and devotion, towards himself and the Holy See, given by your Grace, as well as by the clergy and people committed to you. Wherefore his Holiness, in token of the paternal love in which he holds you, imparts his benediction, to be applied to yourself and the whole flock of your diocese. And I pray God that He may long preserve you safe and well."

Rome, House of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, the 4th of February, 1860.

Your Grace's obedient servant, AL. C. BARNABO, Prefect, CAPTAIN A. B. THIBAU, Secretary. R. F. L. PATRICK, Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel, Thurles, Ireland.

LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN ON THE TRIBUTE TO HIS HOLINESS.

We publish a most gratifying letter addressed by His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin to the Committee charged with the management of the proposed tribute to His Holiness. His Grace is evidently delighted with the result of the collection, and he compliments the Committee in graceful but not exaggerated terms on the very marked and triumphant success which has attended their exertions—a success which so clearly refutes the ridicule and discouragement cast upon it when it was first suggested.

65 Ecclesie-street, 29th Feb., 1860. Gentlemen.—Though prevented by a severe cold from assisting at your meeting this morning, I cannot refrain from congratulating you on the success with which last Sunday crowned your proceedings. The clergy and the laity—the poor and the rich, in every parish and district—have acted with unparalleled generosity. Perhaps, no one ever witnessed so decided a manifestation of true Catholic faith and such devotedness and attachment to the Apostolic See. It is not, however, the extraordinary amount of the collection with which I have been most delighted, but with the spirit and fervor displayed in the words and prayers of the people. Undoubtedly, God in His providence will amply remunerate their sentiments and sacrifices, by imparting to them, their families, and their country, His choicest blessings. Their conduct reminds me of the early Christians, who in their fervor brought all that they possessed, and laid it at the feet of the Apostles.

As it is desirable that an accurate account of occurrences so edifying should be preserved, I trust that, when drawing your proceedings to a close, you will crown your good work by the publication of a small volume containing the subscriptions, with a list of the contributors as far as they can be ascertained. In after times it will be a source of pride to children yet unborn to find the names of their fathers and their friends registered in that list, and to refer to the generous faith with which they had assisted the Vicar of Christ in his trials and difficulties. As soon as this publication will be ready we can send a publication of it to his Holiness to be deposited in the Vatican archives.

When writing to you some few days ago I expressed a hope that the collection in Dublin would show how little weight the Catholics of this city attached to the charges made by Lord J. Russell, of ignorance, corruption, and despotism against the government of Pius IX., the best of fathers, to his people, and the mildest of sovereigns. I have not been disappointed in my expectations, and Lord John Russell may now read in the proceedings of last Sunday how little attention is paid to his words. It is extraordinary that a Minister of State, carried away by his hatred of Catholicity should adopt the tone of a Cumming, or a McNeill, or some fanatical expounder of the prophecies, forgetting the dignity and the responsibilities of his office. In one of his official despatches this noble lord tells us that three millions of the Pope's subjects are pining to be freed from his rule, thus converting into violent rebels and fiery demagogues women, children under ten years of age—nay, sucking infants, for the entire population of the Pontifical States, comprising, men, women, and children, bishops, priests, friars, nuns, scarcely exceeds three millions. His lordship's imagination must have been greatly heated by bigotry or by the perusal of Cumming's prophecies when he ventured to write and to submit to the censure of the world a dispatch more worthy of the master of an Orange lodge than of a Minister of Foreign affairs. Truly, "Iniquitas mentis est sibi."

But, leaving Lord John Russell treading in the footsteps of his predecessor, Lord Malmesbury, to encourage rebellion against the Pope, and to carry out the instincts of the founder of his family, well described by our great countryman, Edmund Burke, I trust that Ireland will persevere in the course on which she has entered—will continue to present to the world the spectacle referred to by a former distinguished representative of her Majesty's government in Ireland, Lord Normandy, of the masses of the people protecting the rights of property, and inculcating obedience to lawful authority, whilst ministers and statesmen are patronising rebellion, spoliation, and communism, and giving an authoritative circulation to principles subversive of every legitimate government. Believe me to be, with great esteem, your devoted servant,

PAUL CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin.

THE DOMINICANS.—The Freeman states that the Dominicans of Ireland have forwarded to Rome the sum of £260 being the contribution of this ancient province of the Order of Preachers (including the nuns of Sienna, Drogheda, and the J.M.J., Galway), to the fund for the Holy Father.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—A collection for the Catholic University was simultaneously made last Sunday in all the parishes of the archdioceses of Cashel and Emly, which was eminently successful. On Monday evening, professor Robertson delivered a most instructive and eloquent lecture last evening at the Catholic University in the presence of a crowded audience of ladies and gentlemen, and students. The subject selected by the learned lecturer was one which excited much interest, particularly as it served as an admirable continuation of a subject on which Professor Robertson showed on a former occasion his intimate knowledge; with the past history and social condition of Spain, when dealing with the periods of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the two succeeding Philips. The subject of this present lecture was "the History of Spain" from "the peace of Utrecht" to the termination of "the war of Independence." During the course of the lecture, Professor Robertson was frequently applauded, and on resuming his seat the approbation was loud and general. Dr. Ellis moved, in suitable terms, a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was seconded by Dr. McSwiney amidst loud cheers. Professor Robertson returned thanks, and the proceedings terminated.

The sum of £60. was collected at the Cathedral, Thurles, on Sunday, in aid of the Catholic University.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan attended on Sunday last at St. Mary's, when the sum of £240 was collected for the new cathedral of Limerick.

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. MANNING, P.P., CUSKER.—We regret to record the death of the above rev. gentleman, which took place after a short illness at Cusker, county Clare, on Tuesday last. The Rev. Manning had been for some time curate in Nough and Ennis; and in the discharge of his duties he was zealous, indefatigable, and exemplary. His death is regretted by his brethren in the ministry as well as by all who knew his worth.—Limerick Reporter.

The steamer Liverpool had been wrecked on a passage from Liverpool to Cork. All on board about 50 drowned.

KNIS RETURNED.—Captain Stackpoole was on Monday returned, without opposition, for the borough of Ennis.

MAYO.—The Connaught Patriot states that the Archbishop and clergy of Tuam are taking steps to procure the triumphant return of Mr. Moore for Mayo at the first opportunity.

DROGHEDA.—Mr. McCann, M.P., has written to the Nation to say there is no truth in the report that he is about to resign his seat for Drogheda.

CORK ADDRESS.—REPLY OF THE HOLY FATHER.— Pope Pius IX. to the Right Rev. William Delany, Bishop of Cork.—Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction. We have received from you a letter of the 14th of the month of December, which has afforded us no ordinary consolation amidst our very great cares and bitter trials, as we derive, from the tenor of that letter, the repeated assurance, if such were wanting, of your and their singular devotedness, attachment, and veneration towards us and this Chair of Peter; the document also manifests the heartfelt grief shared alike by you and your flock, on account of the tribulations in which we are plunged by the designs and intrigues of those unprincipled men who, in their hatred of the Catholic Church and this Apostolic See, are leagued together in plotting the overthrow of our temporal sovereignty, and of the patrimony of Peter, and the utter violation of all rights, human and Divine. We are deeply and sensibly affected by the generous sympathy displayed by you and the faithful Catholics of Cork, which is entitled to our warmest praise, and well calculated to awaken and augment our paternal love towards you and them. Cease not, venerable brother, jointly with the faithful, not only of the city, but of the whole diocese, to put up your fervent prayers to Almighty God, that He would deign, in His great mercy, to rescue His holy Church from so many calamities, and to aid and console us in every tribulation of ours; and that He would exercise His power and mercy in bringing back the deluded enemies of His holy Church, and of this See, into the path of truth, righteousness, and salvation. But since you are well aware of the most ruthless warfare, excited against our holy religion, by the mischievous activity of wicked men, at this disastrous period; and since you cannot be ignorant, venerable brother, by what wild and monstrous opinions, and by what vicious and unhalloved artifices of every description, men prompted by hostile feelings are endeavoring to mislead and delude the minds and hearts of all, and detach them utterly from our divine religion—we therefore earnestly charge you that, in reliance on heavenly aid and by the prompt and indefatigable exertion of your well-known zeal and ability, you would strenuously vindicate and uphold the sacred cause of the Catholic Church. Be most vigilant also, in providing for the safety of the flock entrusted to your care, and never relax your zealous efforts to detect the fallacies, to refute the errors, and to repel the assaults of those who are hostile to our religion. In conclusion, it is peculiarly gratifying to us that we are enabled to lay hold of this occasion to reiterate the expression of that special regard and goodwill which we are ever glad to testify towards you; and as a pledge thereof we so impart, with the full affection of our heart and true paternal love, our Apostolic Benediction to yourself, venerable brother, and to all the faithful clergy and laity of the city and diocese of Cork. Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, this 12th day of January, in the year of Our Lord 1860, and of our Pontificate the 14th. Pius, P. IX.

THE LEGAL APPOINTMENTS.—The Right Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald was sworn in on Tuesday one of the Justices of the Court of Queen's Bench at the Lord Chancellor's residence. The following is his valedictory address to the electors of Ennis:—"The Queen has been graciously pleased to select me to be one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, and my accession to that high office has determined my political connexion with the borough of Ennis. I have enjoyed the distinguished honor of being chosen on six different occasions to represent you in the Imperial Parliament, and during my connexion with you, of many years' duration, I have received at your hands kindness, consideration, and forbearance. In now expressing my gratitude for all the favors you have conferred on me, permit me to add that, whatever my position in life may be, I will ever refer with pride and pleasure to that period during which I was member for Ennis. Conscious of my own many failings, I venture to express a hope that my accession may prove a more efficient representative than I have been, though I feel I cannot be more zealous or faithful. And now, with heartfelt grief and regret, I bid you farewell, but believe me that it is with the sincerest sincerity I declare that I will never cease to feel the deepest interest in your welfare and in the prosperity of Ennis. Your faithful and attached servant, J. D. FITZGERALD.

The successor of Judge Fitzgerald, Captain Stackpoole, is an advocate for a full measure of tenant right, in favor of separate education, an extension of the franchise and the ballot, and with regard to the Italian question, he is for maintaining in their integrity the dominions of His Holiness the Pope, and deprecates any foreign interference that would deprive him of any portion of his ancient patrimony.

The promotion of the Right Hon. Richard Deasy to the Attorney-Generalship has given general satisfaction; and as a signal proof of the estimation in which the learned gentleman is held, even by Protestants, we may mention that at the commemoration held on Tuesday in the University of Dublin, the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him.

The appointment of Mr. Sergeant O'Hagan to the Solicitor-Generalship was generally expected owing to the position he held at the Bar and in society, and has given universal satisfaction. The Freeman, remarking upon his nomination, says—His position at the bar, where he is universally respected, his popularity with the country, and the sterling virtues which have enabled him to ascend to the highest position, whether as a lawyer or a citizen, without the slightest sacrifice of that independence which he has maintained and cherished throughout his honorable career, qualify him for still higher distinctions than even that to which, so fortunately for the country, Mr. O'Hagan has succeeded. We believe there are, now or ever have been, few men more popular than the Solicitor General, and that his future career will not detract from the regard in which he has been held by all classes, we may assume from the universal approbation which has hailed the appointment.—There is, perhaps, no stronger test of the value of personal character than the esteem of that portion of the community in which it has been formed, and which has watched its progress. Applying this test we find public opinion in the north unanimous in its appreciation of Mr. O'Hagan and approval of his elevation. At the same time we should not be in-sensible to the part of the Government in selecting Mr. O'Hagan at such a crisis. They deserve credit for the firmness they have displayed, and we rather think that to the Earl of Carlisle more especially is owing this popular election. The important Irish measure, which it is understood will soon be introduced into Parliament, will require the presence of the Solicitor-General in the House of Commons, but whether that event is to take place in the present or the next session, we are convinced Mr. O'Hagan's appearance in the House will not detract from the reputation he has acquired at the bar, while the rights of the Irish people will find in him an able, judicious, and consistent advocate. Our contemporary the Nation is not surprised at his selection, but observes of Mr. O'Hagan's appointment, many will hear with more regret, under the circumstances, while few Irish Catholics will readily permit themselves to blame one so long endeared to them by his worth, his integrity, his genius. For the Bench he had long been marked out by the inevitable course of circumstances and by the unanimous accord of the nation. That position he could not fail to reach by the mere force of a moral and intellectual excellence that had already raised him to a rank in the estimation of his countrymen beyond the patronage of a minister to bestow. He had no necessity to dash the natural satisfaction of his countrymen at his first step towards the eminence they had always hoped for him, by making it under the evil auspices of the present hour. It still, however, remains to his honor to be said, that he sought for the favor of

the Government by no parliamentary servitude—the common path to such preferment. It is true the Government may deem themselves under no light obligations to such a man for allowing himself to be ranked with them on the side of the nation's education, and against the voice of the nation's majority of Ireland; and this may have been for him the Parliamentary servitude has been for the nation. But all this can at best be but surmise or probability, while it is right to recollect the possibility of having advanced, in explanation of his recent step, circumstances less unfavorable than those that now present themselves.

Of the minor appointments, Mr. Lawson obtains the Sergeantancy, and retains his position as law adviser—thus making sure his ground for the next vacancy among the law officers. The Chairmanship of Kilmalsham, we understand, has been offered to Mr. Robert Andrews, Q.C., and accepted. This change creates a vacancy in the East Riding, but who is to succeed Mr. Andrews is as yet undetermined. The death of Mr. Georges, late Assistant Barrister for Fermagh, has placed another Chairmanship at the disposal of the Government, which has been conferred upon Mr. Coffey.

UNUSUAL MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETEXTS.—A letter has appeared from the Rev. W. H. Plunket, nephew and private chaplain of the now notorious Right Honorable and Right Rev. Exterminator, calling on "the friends of the cause of Missionary Labour in Ireland" for hard cash to carry on the work of Evangelism in the benighted regions of Mayo and Galway. He very shrewdly cautions his "friends" not "to estimate the results of missionary labour by the number of converts," as very clever indeed he! He knew well the number of converts was almost nil. He knew well that in Oughterard, Clifden, Partry, Achill, Louisburgh, the "numerous" converts made by famine during its awful visitation fell back again into "Romanism" the very moment the visitation passed away. In fact, except in Partry alone, there is hardly a vestige of "conversion" throughout the length and breadth of Western Connaught, and even in Partry at this moment only four heads of families, two of these being helpless widows remain to attest the progress of the "missionary" Gospel. After twenty years' hard work—ploughing and harrowing, and shaking golden seed—only four native families to show for the thousands upon thousands lavished on the task! And, worse than all this, two of those have appealed to the priest to take them back, only asking some place of shelter during the winter! Nay, not merely this, but even in Partry, in face of the dreaded landlord, twenty-two souls have come back to the horrid errors of Romanism during the last twelve months. Now, while he is thus losing every day, we defy Mr. Plunket to name the second "convert,"—(at this moment we are quite sure about one half-witted girl)—he has gained for the last six years. For six years, the missionary work at a dead loss—nay, the gains of famine, now almost completely vanished! Yet he has the assurance to call upon the public, who imagines he has gained us all over, to endorse a parcel of persons (not bigamists, of course, or seducers, like the Rev. Harry Lloyd Bickerstaffs or Reay), to preach to empty benches, or, as of old, to find the goose hatching in the pulpit! Let him show value for money expended, and then ask no more.—Nation.

REFORM DEMONSTRATION.—In accordance with a requisition numerously and influentially signed, and addressed to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, a meeting of the citizens of Dublin, favorable to Parliamentary reform, extension of the suffrage, abolition of the freeman franchise, and vote by ballot, was held on Friday night in the Queen's Theatre, "to petition Parliament to establish the franchise of the city upon a sound liberal basis." The attendance was most numerous and respectable; the building was densely crowded in every part, and a large number of those present consisted of the industrial and artisan classes, who evinced a warm interest in the proceedings. Dr. Peckles, Q. C. moved, and Dr. Gray seconded the following resolution:—"That no measure of Parliamentary reform can be considered satisfactory that does not largely extend the elective franchise to the industrial and artisan classes." This resolution having been carried, Alderman Reynolds moved—"That the poor-rate valuation is not a just basis for the Parliamentary franchise, and that a rental, at the rate of not more than five pounds yearly, should be the foundation of the franchise." Mr. T. Parker, operative carpenter, seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried. Alderman Curran proposed the next resolution, as follows:—"That no long as the poor rate shall continue to be the basis of the occupation franchise, every man in occupation of premises rated to the relief of the poor ought to be entitled to be registered as a Parliamentary elector."

A CHRISTIAN BISHOP AND HIS TENANTS.—Lord Plunket bears the title of a Christian Bishop. He claims to exercise powers apostolic—in fact, to have inherited the mission of St. Paul. Well let us see. Were St. Paul a landlord, would he banish and drive to misery sixty families, who paid their rents and taxes regularly, though they would not deny the teachings of their faith? This is the test. It is blasphemy almost to institute the hypothesis, yet here have we a Christian bishop ready to apply the crowbar to nearly sixty dwellings, to whose inmates his lordship can have no other objection than that they prefer their religion to his. Now we hope the country will look to this at once. It has been too long silent. Other matters indeed have engrossed attention; but when such acts as these occur at our very doors, it would be a crime in us to fold our arms and be still. These judgments, fully sixty in number, are to be tried on the 9th inst., in the town of Castlebar, County Mayo. On the issue depends a great deal—not merely the happiness and the very lives of the poor faithful tenants who are to be made the immediate victims, but the example of success attending such a cruel proceeding. If Lord Plunket be allowed to banish his tenants with impunity, though they owe neither rent nor taxes, and if every tenant who resists the attempt that may be made to proselyte his offspring is to become homeless, homeless, and hopeless, we do not see why every bigoted landlord of Ireland should not try an experiment so worthy of the enlightenment of the Nineteenth Century, thus carrying out the counsel of the Times, that they should be the Evangelists of the Irish. Were public spirit in its normal state, such acts could not be even attempted. In no other country could they be even dreamed of. But with us any individual whom chance of fortune raises from poverty and obscurity can in broad day light heartlessly trample upon the most cherished rights of our Catholic people. We therefore beg most earnestly to recommend these truly hard cases to the country, to the press in the first instance, and then to the people. Father Laville cannot, unaided, carry out such an unequal struggle. We will remember how nobly the country ran to the aid of John Byrne, of Enniskeen, whose case was of a similar nature. Here, however, are sixty Byrnes, and the Colonel Lewis of Partry claims to be a Right Reverend Father in God. We at least do our duty in again calling attention to the subject, trusting, entreating, and hoping that our call will not be in vain.—Dublin Telegraph.

FUNERAL OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF ANIMAGH.—The funeral of the late Mr. William Murray, "the oldest inhabitant" took place on Wednesday, and was large and very respectable. His remains were interred by the side of his wife, who has been dead some forty years. Mr. Murray was fully 113 or 114 years of age, and some of his friends say more. His one child a gentleman in this city that he remembered the year in which the present style was changed, which would have his age at least 113 years.—Drum's Guardian.

The representative for the borough of Clonmel John Bezwel, Esq., has given another donation of £20 to the Sisters of Charity for the sick poor.

If "Revivalism" is declining in Ireland, the curse and bane of that country—"Orangeism" is in the ascendant. The Daily Nation, in giving details of an unprovoked assault on Catholics—says, "A Saracen Orange demonstration was witnessed in the streets of Drogheda, on the 19th inst. The Orangeists, who were accompanied by a large number of the North of Ireland militia, were met by a large number of Catholics, who were armed with sticks and stones. The Orangeists were driven back, and our religious feelings have been revived, and our religious antipathies have burst forth once more in renewed activity. We trust that the Executive will see at once the necessity of controlling this disloyal society, and restraining any further manifestation of that fierce hatred towards Catholics, which is their especial characteristic.—Weekly Register.

PREPARATIONS IN GALWAY FOR THE NEW SHIPS.—For the last week men were busily employed in clearing the site for the sheds which the Atlantic Company are about to erect at the docks, for storing goods intended for shipment by the vessels of the line to America. This accommodation was much required. Passengers' luggage, instead of being scattered around the place of embarkation, can be safely stowed in those sheds, and removed from thence on board the tender to be conveyed to the ship. Passengers also, while waiting to embark, will be protected from the inclemency of the weather. This is an earnest to the laboring classes and tradesmen that other works will follow, and that the permanency of the Packet Station is beyond all cavil.—Once our harbor bill receives the royal sanction, public works will follow one another in rapid succession.—Galway Mercury.

A CALUMNY REBUTED.—The following extraordinary statement is extracted from the Derry Standard, and, as the facts are fully borne out in the reports of the official investigation published in all the other local papers, it would be but a simple act of justice that this strange version of what seemed to be an inexplicable piece of barbarism should obtain its share of public attention:—"When the report of the alleged destruction of sheep upon Mr. Adair's mountain of Gartan found its way to the public a short time ago, the Standard was the first journal in Derry to demand a searching investigation, as we had good reason for distrusting both the fact reported and the careless manner in which matters of a similar kind have been frequently disposed of.—On Thursday last the required investigation took place at Churbhill, near Letterkenney, before Mr. John Stewart, J.P., of Gartan-house; Mr. John Chambers, J.P., of Fox-hall, Letterkenney; and Mr. Theobald A. Dillon, Esq., Donegal. James Murray, Mr. Adair's land steward, was examined, but all the account he could give was that in October last he had 492 sheep, and in January he could find only 375, and allowing 20 to have died from natural causes he concluded that the remainder had been maliciously destroyed, as there was a bad feeling in the country against Mr. Adair." In his cross-examination this witness repeatedly contradicted himself, and was proved by other witnesses both to have concealed the truth and to have shown no anxiety to aid the police in searching for the missing sheep, while a considerable number of skins about which he had kept silence were found in his house. The police, it will be recollected, discovered among the mountains the bodies of between 60 and 70 of the missing animals, which had evidently perished from the inclemency of the weather; and Sub-Inspector Hensworth repeatedly offered to produce testimony to the extraordinary fact that on a former occasion a man in Mr. Adair's employment had been seen hunting down sheep with dogs and burying them in a hole! It is needless to go length into the details of this case, which, during the proceedings, members of the bench did not scruple to characterize in strong language, adapted to their conviction of its merits. The following is a copy of the decision adopted by the magistrates, viz.:—"The Bench are unanimously of opinion that no sheep belonging to Mr. Adair were maliciously injured or done away with; and, through the able assistance of the sub-inspector and the constabulary under his command, we find that 63 sheep have been found dead from the inclemency of the weather, as there was no mark of injury on them." This startling transaction will, we hope, have the effect of inducing future caution in regard to missing animals for whose malicious destruction no rational motive can be assigned on the one side, while a very obvious temptation may exist on the other."

TENANTS' COMPENSATION.—The following passage occurs in a letter from Mr. Maguire, M.P., to the Cork Examiner:—"I take this opportunity of disabusing your correspondent, Mr. Edward O'Sullivan, of an impression which a certain phrase of mine—"sham"—has evidently made upon his mind. I did not at any time say that a bill without a valuation clause would be a sham; but I did say, at a meeting of the League, in Dublin, that if I took charge of the League Bill with the declaration of my belief that Parliament would then consent to give a compensation clause a retrospective operation, I should be guilty of a fraud upon public credulity, and that I would not lend myself to a sham. At one time—now about six years since—a retrospective clause, with a limited operation, passed the Commons; but the bill was lost in the Lords, mainly through the opposition of Lord Clanciarde, and the more artful hostility of the Dukes of Newcastle and Argyll. In fact, the clause—the 14th—was well damaged by Sir John Young in the Lower House, and given the coup de grace in the Upper. Then—even then—there existed a formidable section of a betrayed party; but at the time I used the word to which Mr. O'Sullivan has alluded, the number of the "Independents" was small, and not capable of forcing on an unwilling assembly, an obnoxious, though a just, principle of compensation. The result of the subsequent division when the leaders on both sides—Lord Russ, then Irish Secretary, and Lord Palmerston—openly denounced retrospective compensation, and assured against the second reading of the bill an overwhelming majority, fully vindicated my refusal to pretend to a belief which I could not entertain. I would be glad to see many things in a Tenant Bill; but I know enough of the past, its bitterness, its disappointments, and its disasters, to reject, or counsel the rejection, of a measure which contained in it real good, and gave to our people even an instalment of substantial justice."

THE DUTIES OF THE VICEROYALTY.—The inaugural banquet of the new Lord Mayor (Alderman Carroll) was honored last night, as usual, by the presence of the Lord-Lieutenant. On his Excellency's health being proposed he responded rather briefly, the greater portion of his address having reference to a recent speech delivered in another place by Mr. Burns Osborne, in which the hon. gentleman made some allusions to the Irish Viceroyalty. Lord Clanciarde observed:—"With respect to myself, I find that an old and very agreeable friend of mine has recently complained that I invest the office which it is my high honor to hold with not a sufficient degree of solemnity and gravity. (Laughter.) I confess that this is not the precise charge which I would most readily have expected from that quarter (hear, hear), and to the real force of such a charge I feel this—that time has been within the fresh memories of most of us, in days of national gloom and disaster, when the shrill wail of famine or the low moan of fever rose in almost every street, and thrilled through every hovel—when unwholesome produce rolled on the untended field, and the graves scarcely sufficed for the neglected dead. I know that predecessors of mine were constant to give long hours by day and by night to the toil of devising remedies for enormous evils, and for lightening the sufferings of a stricken population. (Hear, hear.) Burnos, when to speak comparatively at least, and admitting fully that there are still causes of great individual suffering and privation, any, moreover, that in certain districts, limited, I am justified in saying, the occurrence of outrage and of crime still calls forth daily vigilance, yet, looking to the condition of the country general-

ly; now that, under the blessings of Almighty Goodness, the sore pressure and the dark blot of the old evils have been lightened or removed, now that the earth renews her harvest and the plough draws fatness from the soil, now that the rewards of industry are daily increasing, that our workhouses are all but emptied, and our gaols greatly thinned of their inhabitants (hear, hear) now I feel that, as we are told by your own poet, Erin has a smile as well as a tear in her eye (cheers), I know that I am not lowering my position (cheers), but acting up to all the requirements, by the fullest sympathy with every pulse of your gladness as well as of your sorrow. (Hear, hear.) And, be the subject matter which calls forth your successful energies what it may—be it the improvement of your agriculture, the extension of your trade, now about, I hope, to receive a greatly accelerated impulse (hear, hear), the spread of your education, the spell of your music, the progress of your architecture, the fame of your literature, or the feats of your heroes—endowing all with your will and nature, I bask myself in the brightness to which I know that I myself can contribute. The only overt crime I find alleged against me is that I opened baths and washhouses. (Laughter.) Well, I confess I am ready to do so any number of times again. (Hear, hear.) I hope it will not be thought a mortal sin that I am engaged in putting up a drinking-fountain; nay, moreover, I shall hail with the utmost pleasure the time—though, of course, I do not breathe a syllable about the most proper means of accomplishing it—for bringing into all the streets, and households, and rooms of Dublin a capacious supply of pure and wholesome water (hear, hear); and, if I should not be thought to be diving too low, I have no scruple in wishing the utmost possible prosperity to the penny banks of the city. (Loud cheers.) But to rise to subjects more imposing, or picturesque, at least. There embarked, within the last week, from the quays of this city a cavalry regiment, entirely raised and equipped in Ireland, the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, which, I am informed by competent authority, will be able to pass muster with the proudest and oldest cavalry regiment in the British service. (Cheers.) With respect to individual Irish enterprise, have we not recently welcomed the return from his voluntary service of enterprise and daring of the valiant young McClinton? (Cheers.) And no later than to-morrow will the venerable University of Ireland, hard by, assign her proudest honors to the illustrious Sir John Lawrence. (Cheers.)

LOUGH CORRIE TRAFFIC.—We are gratified to learn the traffic upon Lough Corrie is rapidly increasing. On Tuesday, the lake steamer Father Daly brought down a full and very valuable cargo, consisting of fourteen head of fat cattle, twenty-five fat sheep, fifty-five large pigs, for the Dublin market. All were, on arrival, transmitted to the city per railway. Mr. James Burke, of Cong, had also a large quantity of very superior oats on board, and in the stores at Cong a quantity of merchandise remains, which the Father Daly could not ship upon this trip. It is gratifying to find that at this season the average traffic has been kept up.—Galway Vindicator.

LANDED ESTATES COURT.—A Parliamentary return just issued states that 416 petitions in all have been presented for sale in the Landed Estates Court, Ireland, from the date of its institution to the present time. Thirty-four petitions (including one comprising a rental of about £10,000 a year, which has been dismissed by order of the court) have been presented for the sale of property above the value of £10,000, the approximate capital value being £1,177,950.—Three hundred and eighty-two petitions were for the sale of property not exceeding the value of £10,000, the approximate capital value being £894,316. The number of petitions for confirmation of the title was six.

A case of an extraordinary nature is likely soon to occupy the attention of our law courts. A lady (the wife of an ex-M.P.), who brought an immense fortune to her husband, has left her home, owing, it is said, to family disputes; she is at present, with her suite, staying at a fashionable hotel in Dublin. The case is considered a great gossend in the hall of the Four Courts, as the leading men of the bar are all retained. The greatest efforts have been ineffectually made by friends to hush the matter up. We understand that an eminent Dublin firm are engaged for the gentleman, and that a solicitor connected with this city conducts the case for the "lady fair."—Kilkenny Moderator.

"England does not produce eggs enough—*Ireland has her own use for hers.*" These words we copy from a recent number of the Times. They convey a cruel and brutal sneer, and we have read them with equal pain and shame. Is there never to be an end in the columns of the journal which professes to be (and is, unfortunately, accepted by Europe as) the special organ of English opinion—an end, we say, of these gross and ribald jests at the sufferings of our Irish brethren—the sufferings of that intelligent nation whose very miseries (produced, alas! by our British rule) have made it all the more morbidly sensitive? The occasion of our contemporary's joke was a harmless one enough. The writer of the article from which we have copied this sentence was complimenting Mr. Gladstone on his proposed legislation as regards newspapers; he went on to advocate (as we understand him) an arrangement with Keogh for the abolition of restrictions on export and import of linen and cotton rags; and he could not suffer even the occasion offered by so indifferent a subject of insulting a sensitive (because so long-suffering) people to pass without venting his bile upon them. All this is very bad, very wicked, and very mischievous; for even unjust legislation itself does not tend more to exasperate a people like the Irish than does this galling sore which the literary gad-flies of the Times love to keep ever stung and bleeding. We are not at all astonished to find foolish brutalities of this kind angrily and passionately resented by our Irish contemporaries.—It is not a class or a party merely that is insulted by these stupid and unchristian jests; it is a whole nation; and even the most un-English of the Irish newspapers respond to the insult with angry retort. Accordingly, it does not surprise us in the least that even the Dublin Evening Mail, the organ of the extreme Tory and Protestant party in Ireland, replies to the silly and unmanly sneer of the Times in the following terms:—"Now this is, as we said, ill-natured, especially when it is recollected that the rags which poor Ireland must wear out, as here intimated, to gossamer, are imported for the most part from Manchester; and the linen rags which we could once supply in abundance—the very best of all materials for paper—were taken from us by a partial and iniquitous British legislature. It becomes the pampered minions of English exclusiveness to sneer at the raggedness of a people who, if justly treated, ought to be as wealthy and well-clad as their more favored neighbors. It is neither decent nor wise to cause these sarcasms, especially when it is notorious that the same injustice which keeps Ireland in rags, taxes these rags to the very uttermost farthing which it is possible to extract from them." Who can quarrel with the Irish press for language like the foregoing, when insults so foolish and mischievous are flung at our Irish fellow-subjects. Heaven knows, if rags are abundant in Ireland, and if the unfortunate Irish peasantry and artisans have "their own uses for them," the fault is with our legislators who have not given that ill-treated nation a fair scope for the development of its fine resources. If, as our Roman correspondent said the other day, we, by the legislation which afflicts her with a detestable Church Establishment and most oppressive land laws, have helped to create, and, therefore, as Englishmen, anxious for the reconciliation of the two countries and the softening of the sufferings of the Irish people, do we most sternly protest against these unmanly and brutal

sneers in which the writers in the Times so often criminally indulge at the expense of a people whose past wrongs, and present injustices, give them a right to be more than ordinarily sensitive of insult.—Weekly Register.

THE TOURNAI NUMBER.—A man of the name of Smyth, a "Convert" in Lord Plunket's employment, has been arrested for this murder, on information sworn before the magistrates of Ballinasloe. but has been discharged owing to insufficient evidence.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, LIMERICK BY THE FOUNDER, THE VERY REV. DR. O'BRIEN.—I am sorry to be obliged to allude to the occasion of this disastrous injustice—I will not say the cause: I mean Napoleon III. I had admired him long and defended him ardently. As a writer, I had gone out of my way to illustrate the beauty of his policy, and as a speaker, I have more than once publicly proclaimed my confidence in his integrity. Nay, when my dearest friends saw in him the masked enemy of Rome, I saw only the embarrassed friend of France that waited his opportunity. I believe I have been the last priest in Ireland, among those who hoped in him, to surrender the Emperor of the French; and I wish to do so publicly. I called on my country to give him time; I now declare that the Catholic conscience of Ireland can no longer tolerate him. He has earned our repudiation, and our prayer that God may convert him from a course which leads to his doom, through the tears and miseries of multitudes; and that the Holy Father may be defended from a friendship that seems to threaten Rome with more evil than hefel her from the Vaudois or the Goth (cheers). The Times newspaper, a few weeks ago waxed pleasant upon the change in popular sentiment in Ireland. This singular organ taught the English people that we cheered the Emperor because he was to be the "liberator of Ireland." It could not understand why we cared for him as the promised protector of Rome. His character has changed, or his policy is too selfish; and the road which it travels is too filled with woes to humanity before it comes to recognize justice and right. Therefore it was that Ireland changed in his regard, and is not likely again to trust him (loud cries of hear and applause). Even still I am quite convinced that Rome is not the enemy at which Napoleon aims. Let us not discuss his objects. It was the occasion of the Pope's embarrassment—and he now lays down principles to perpetuate the evils which he, of course foresaw. He has suppressed every effort to direct the public mind in France according to the principles of right and justice; and he has given unlimited license to those who assail the Holy See. He has struck the Universities—even while pronouncing the name Pope Pius, and the shadow of extinction is on *L'Ami de la Religion*. He has warned the Correspondent, and done his utmost to paralyze the exertions of the prelates themselves. He is destroying the public conscience of his country, and awakening a spirit which thinkers say he will never be able to restrain. The strength of revolution stayed his progress, and mastered his myriads at Solferino—and the revolution may do the same thing again. He may only wish to possess Savoy and Nice as a preparation for pushing forward to the Rhine. He may only seek treaties of commerce which will obtain him coal and iron easily, while he becomes perfect in every department of defence and assault (hear, hear). He may be only amusing or enjoying English stationers, while they imagine he will allow them to make a kingdom in Italy too strong for himself. He may be looking forward to Eastern complications or solving some of them in his own favor while Lord John Russell's eyes are fixed on the Pope. He may, when he has the work which the Church's suffering, are intended to subserve accomplished, then give his respect, and restore the chief of the church; but God will never permit him to drag Pope Pius through that Gethsemane of woe. When he imagines he has triumphed he is near his fall. It will be Barbarossa—Phillip, Napoleon the First repudiated to test the immortality of the Holy See. When the feelings which I express shall have seized two hundred and fifty millions—when Catholics proclaim him a persecutor and Protestants will not trust him—when those who now favour him shall find they may condemn him, he will practically remember the advice in the "Secret Memoirs," alluded to by the Holy Father, the advice of the founder of his dynasty—"Let my descendants beware of how they touch the Catholic Church." Dr. O'Brien resumed his seat amid loud and long-continued cheering.

The noble generosity of the Irish people, remarkable as it has ever been, has never been displayed in a more righteous cause than in that which has evoked such a demonstration of devotion to the Holy See, expressed unmistakably by the collection of no less than Fifteen Thousand Pounds on Sunday last, in the Diocese of Dublin alone. In England, there is a strongly expressed desire to follow such a glorious example. We should mention that an address from the Diocese of Liverpool, bearing the signatures of 52,360 Catholics of that diocese, has been forwarded to the Holy Father. We hope soon to record the commencement of a vigorous movement for raising an English tribute to His Holiness, which shall be worthy of the Catholics of this country.—Weekly Register.

THE JUDGES OF IRELAND.—The Common Law Bench now shows seven Catholics to five Protestants. Catholics—Chief Justice Monaghan, Judges Ball and Keogh in the Common Pleas; Chief Baron Pigot and Baron Hughes in the Exchequer; Judges O'Brien and J. D. Fitzgerald in the Queen's Bench. Protestants—Chief Justice Lefroy and Judge Hayes in the Queen's Bench, Barons Green and F. Fitzgerald in the Exchequer, and Judge Christian in the Common Pleas.

GREAT BRITAIN. THE CHURCH AND THE EMPEROR.—We (Weekly Register) have been honored by receiving the following important letter from the Lord Bishop of Birmingham:—"Birmingham, Feb. 22, 1860. "Dear Sir—I have just the circular of the Minister of Public Instruction, addressed to the Prelates of France. This is the fifth document which the Emperor of France has launched through his ministers, against the Church, in the space of a few days. "It may be as well at once to note the extreme subtlety of method with which that autocrat is striving to silence the faithful voice of the Church, and to justify his conduct in the same breath, that subtlety strives in vain to conceal the violence which it endeavors to smooth over. "First, the Emperor silences the Catholic press by the strong hand, so that neither Pope, Bishop, Priest, or Layman can be heard through that channel. Next, he commands his prefects to stop the circulation of pamphlets, and to silence the pulpit, 'moderately, but firmly.' Now, through the Minister of Public Instruction, he exhorts the Bishops to be silent, and to silence all beneath their jurisdiction. Meanwhile the Emperor proceeds in his controversy with the Pope, through the very documents which impose this silence on all sides through his Foreign Minister, through his organs in the press, and through the licence given to the infidel press. "The document I have just read resumes whatever has been put forward, most hostile to the liberties of the Church, and most insulting to the Pope and the religious sense of Catholics. "As to the Sovereign Pontiff himself, the Emperor has, to suit his convenience, divided into two distinct persons; one of these persons is Pius, the Italian King, the other, Pius, the Pontiff. In the pamphlet 'The Pope and the Congress,' the Emperor was not so clear-sighted. There he maintained that the temporal power of the Pope is, in the eyes of religion, 'essential for the exercise of his spiritual power'; but since then, the Emperor has made progress—he says, that the Church has nothing to say to Pius, the temporal Sovereign—that to defend the

Pope's temporal Sovereignty, is to interfere with what belongs not to the Church, but is for himself and diplomacy exclusively to handle.—I remain, dear Sir, your faithful servant, "W. B. ULLATBORNE."

MR. POOLE AND THE CONGRESSIONAL ST. SARANAH.—After some considerable silence, we bear again of this case. The Union is "pleased to find that notwithstanding the discouragements and impediments which they have met with from the bankruptcy of his solicitor, and allies, he succeeded in bringing his appeal before the Privy Council." The preliminary questions, as to the right of appeal, under the 1st and 2d Vict., c. 108, will, we are told, be first brought to a hearing. Should that be decided in the affirmative, the main question may come on in June.

THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC.—In very few of them, indeed, is the backbone of the moral character so perfectly straight. The same names recur, generation after generation, in the same attitude, on the Pope's Temporal Power, on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, on the Veto, as Government Spies on the Bishops, or on O'Connell or on Keogh, as Seceders from the Committee when its vigor in their mean eyes resembled violence; and, if one could only go back a generation or two before, as occasional apostates, going to the Protestant Church once or twice a year, to keep some small morsels of estate tacked to their titles. The present generation has seen Mr. Montagu Bell, a Lord of the Treasury, 'slinking' from the Lobby, and turning his back on his Church and on his country; nay, may see him today boasting publicly among his colleagues that he is not bound by any absurd pledge to the cause of the Whigs, who have requested Lord Palmerston to interfere in the affairs of His Holiness. The last generation saw Mr. William Bell, a satisfied spy on the Catholic Bishops and the Catholic Committee.—But the great ancestor of this now noble family was that John Bell of Bermeath, Esquire, to whom, in the year 1690, was granted by William and Mary "a Pardon of the Outlawry, which had been pronounced against him at his own request, in order that he might more effectually serve their Majesties in enemies' quarters." Surely this is the very model and ideal of the genealogy of a Catholic Whig. But the most hideous hypocrisy in the world is the air of sanctity with which this party, generation after generation, is played. No doubt, when Jonathan Swift moralized over that noble unfortunate Earl, who carried coals to a penny a bag, on the quays of Dublin for his honest livelihood, there were many miserable Catholics, who persuaded themselves that they were serving the Church in the most effectual manner, by speaking, acting, and living, so that not the keenest Commission of Discovery could ascertain whether they were recusants or not. When a Catholic Minister continued to hold his office under the Durham Letter, he pleaded, not that he loved his salary, and wasn't particular, but that he did it by the advice as a Bishop and for the good of the Church. To-morrow, no doubt, if a Catholic Whig were offered a special mission to assist the Marchese Peppi in the partition of the Legations, he would not merely take it, but expect to be considered a better Catholic for taking it.—Tribune.

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY.—Talk as we may, there are few of us yet who have got over our uneasiness about this curious commercial treaty. In the weaker days of the greater Roman empire, when diabolical rulers grasped the helm of the State with feeble hand, and Rome's conquering legions, utterly disorganized, were no longer accustomed to conquer, it was the custom to buy off the hostility of the Northern invaders with large sums of money. Is it not a startling fact, suggestive of public distrust and unconfidence, that so many people believe that we (or our rulers) have consented to this commercial treaty as a bribe to buy off the hostility of France? For our relations with our great Continental neighbors present some extraordinary features. It is stated again and again that France is the only nation in the world whose enmity we have any cause to fear; and certainly the only power from whom we may, in any contingency, dread an attempt at invasion. At the same time it is announced that with France we are on the closest terms of alliance and intimacy.—On that alliance and intimacy, our statesmen must assuredly place the highest value; for to secure it, they give France their coal and iron duty-free to complete as rapidly as possible all her military and naval works, offensive and defensive, and fill all her arsenals with all the munitions of war, whilst they get in return only some cheap wines which people won't drink, and a prohibitive duty on the manufactures of Great Britain. Yet look at this grim and startling fact; whilst we learn of this wretched French alliance, we enormously increase our wretched public expenditure, and spend Thirty Millions sterling to defend our shores from the apprehended hostile invasion of the friendly Gaul. So marvellous an anomaly as this the world has never seen before.—Weekly Register.

JAMMOON.—We throw up our caps and shout for the general prosperity, and read our own City Articles, and swell with pride and glory that "we" are so rich; but we should be puzzled, if we had not this paper before us, to know where this swarm of golden sovereigns are hid. These columns, however, tell the tale. There are two classes of citizens in this country who have taken tremendous slices out of the great sum total from which the others have only drawn modest shares. The ironmasters have got no less than thirteen millions of this foreign trade, but the cotton-spinners have, after utilizing all the many millions of these islands, succeeded in pocketing from the foreign trade all the profits upon no less a sum than £48,208,441! Here is a pleasant sum to revel and roll in and to take toll from? We have found then the hive to which all those golden bees have flown. There, far away in the north—there, in those flats over which in ancient days old Ocean rose and fell, sometimes carrying his tray up to the foot of the Cheviot peaks, prostrating the primordial forest and creating by the waste he made those coal beds which are now more precious than gold—there, where the tall chimneys would dwarf the old Saxon giants, where the sound of the piston strikes never ceases, and where the frequent square factories gleam from their many windows all night long and give appearances of a general illumination—there it is that all this gold has gone. It is gathered by an industrious race with sharp instincts for their special mission, which is to make calico and to amass gold; frugal in their habits, and not too delicate in their tastes; capable of great efforts of ostentatious magnificence, but well remembering that habitual thrift is the great secret of growing rich. Here we reckon such other by what they save, and not by what they spend; by what they have, and not by what they have given away. Here is a community powerful by their riches and powerful by their industry of purpose. Their interests are always represented as the great interests of the nation, and well paid and well patronized apostles go forth from them fiercely compelling all men to cry with them, "There is but one commercial faith, and Manchester is its prophet."—London Times.

THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.—The Times says the House of Commons has been roused from a slumber, which neither a Commercial nor Parliamentary Reform can wholly dispel, by a passage of arms on the annexation of Savoy. Both Lord J. Russell and Lord Palmerston were called on last night to say something on the state of Italian affairs, and the former spoke as a man who suffered from a governmental struggle between what was due to his own convictions and respect for a great ally. He could only protest against the language of his Birmingham friend and the acts of our French ally. By the time the deed is consummated, the House will probably go more deeply into the question, whether, or not, it should have been done.

The Herald repeats that the Emperor's speech is a deliberate defiance. The Emperor knows well that Savoy will never become a French Province willingly, and that Europe will never sanction the fatal ascendancy over Italy which he now aims at. Everything depends on the decision England will give.—We trust that Lord Palmerston will recollect that he is an English minister, and that he will take the course which our honor and our interests alike point out.

The Daily News in an article on the correspondence about Savoy, says despatches published supply abundant food for thought; and we can only hope that, reflecting on the impression they cannot fail to make in Europe, the Emperor will give one proof of his sagacity, and renounce a project which, whatever its immediate result, must exercise a prejudicial influence over the remainder of his reign.

The Chronicle thinks Lord John Russell put the matter of Savoy in its true light.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The Board of Trade have just issued a return of the number of railway accidents and of persons killed or injured thereby during the half-year ended the 31st December, 1859. The returns, which comprise all accidents in the United Kingdom, state that, the total number of accidents was 36, the total number of killed, 9 and of injured 236. Out of these 36 accidents three were from collisions between passenger trains; 13 from collisions between passenger trains and other trains or engines two from passenger trains running off their proper line through points being wrong; seven from passenger trains getting off the rails; one from the bursting of the boiler of an engine of a passenger train; two from the breaking of the axles or wheels or machinery of engines breaking or getting out of order; two from trains running into stations at too great speed; three from collisions between goods trains; and two from the bursting of the boilers of engines of goods-trains. Out of the nine persons killed by these accidents, five were servants of the company. The total number, however, who have met their deaths on railroads during the last half-year, including the above 9, is 117, which number are distributed:—16 passengers by their own want of caution, 52 servants of companies or of contractors from their own misconduct or want of caution, 13 killed while crossing at level crossings, and 24 trespassers, of whom three were cases of suicide. It must be borne in mind that these accidents are spread over an area of 10,001 miles of railway—viz., 7,309 miles in England and Wales, 1,265 miles in Scotland, and 1,427 miles in Ireland. The number of persons killed for the corresponding period of 1858 over 9,534 miles of rail was 133, showing a decrease in the half-year just passed of 16 over an increased space of 457 miles.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PERSECUTION OF THE FRENCH CHURCH.—Louis Napoleon is not disposed to do things by halves—albeit his Italian campaign, 'crowned with a series of brilliant victories, did not, to use a somewhat vulgar saying, "go the whole hog." But when he has noble quarry, such as the Head of the Church, his Prelates and Priests, he is a very Skellock, and exacts his pound of flesh most Hebraically. Whilst his Excellency M. Thouvenin is transmitting verbose and insidious missives to the Eternal City, M. Rouland, 'amuse, entertains himself and the worst enemies of Catholicity with caustic philippics against the French ecclesiastics in general. Mesty manuscripts, obsolete ordinances, and excerpts of the revolutionary era in France are raked and rooted up, to make out a bill of pains and penalties and against the Clergy, and to fulminate *nerfrettement* against them, similar to those which have straggled, suffocated, or utterly silenced the voice of truth and warning in the pulpit, the Papal encyclics, and the episcopal addresses. Their Excellencies the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Public Worship, are Lords Paramount, and can do what they choose with the nation's liberties, civil and religious. Riloquence may still exist in gallant France, but it must be the eloquence of silence; the *vox populi* and the *vox Dei* must be measured by the Imperial standard, and should either fall short, or exceed that arbitrarily prescribed extent, it must be hushed for ever. This is all very well as long as it lasts. There is nothing now in the attempt to enforce such a state of things, but if success crown the attempt there will be something new in it. We are beginning to lose faith in the maxim that experience of the past is the best guide for the future. The nephew of the first Napoleon has that experience set more clearly before him than any other ruler, yet he turns his eyes away from it, despises the lessons which it teaches him, and re-acts the very part, commits the very errors, and—we grieve to say it—is proceeding fast to the perpetration of the very crimes that hurled the founder of his dynasty from a throne to a prison—from a glorious Empire to a barren rock, separated from the rest of the world by vast oceans. *Quem Deus perdere vult, deprimit mentis.*—Dublin Telegraph.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN OLD CAPEBONNER.—Few persons who have been in the habit of attending the guard mounting on St. James's or of assisting at the reviews in Hyde Park, can have failed to remark the dog "Bub" belonging to the Scots Fusilier Guards, whose portly form and decorated breast have already (since his return from the Crimea) attracted considerable attention. This distinguished character, after serving all the dangers and vicissitudes of the Crimean campaign, met with an untimely end on Thursday last, whilst marching at the head of the regiment, when he was run over by a cart and killed on the spot. A drummer was sent back with his body to the Buckingham Palace guard (near which the accident occurred), and many were the expressions of regret on the part of both officers and men, as "Poor old Bub" was carried past the battalions. He was looked upon as a comrade by all, and in the minds of many he was associated with the most stirring scenes of the Russian war. A short resume of his career and services may possibly not prove uninteresting. Like many others who have earned a name in the glorious annals of the British army, Bob was of humble origin, his ponyhood having been passed under the roof of a butcher in the neighborhood of Windsor. He, however, early gave token of a decided penchant for a soldier's life, and in the spring of 1853, when the Scots Fusilier Guards were quartered at Windsor, he was frequently caught in the barracks and taken home by his master. Bub had, however, made up his mind to "follow the drum and when the Fusiliers marched to Cobham, he accompanied them, a recognized member of the regiment. Here he first gave promise of that excellence which afterwards distinguished him as an "old campaigner." Always set on the field or on parade, not a veteran in the army had a better notion of taking care of number one when the duties of the day were over. No Zouave was his equal at individual entering. On the embarkation of the army for the East, Bub was the first on board the Simoon troopship. Here his brilliant career was nearly put an end to. "Whose dog is that?" asked the first lieutenant, and no particular owner coming forward to claim him, the order was given to throw him overboard; but before this order could be carried into effect, it was explained that he belonged to everybody, when he was kindly allowed to remain, and became as great a pet on board ship as he had been on shore. He disembarked with the Fusiliers in the Crimea, and was present at the Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman, and rarely missed going into the trenches. He would run after the round shot and shells, as they fell, and his escapes were extraordinary. At the conclusion of the war, "Bub" returned to England with his regiment, and was present with the *decorés*, when the Queen, first welcomed them on their return to Aldershot. He marched into London with the Brigade in 1856, and has since that time merely followed a routine of home service, mounting guard with his battalion, and though essentially the soldier's dog, he presided occasionally to accompany the Captain of the Queen's Guard in his rounds.

PROTESTANT ORIGIN.—The following horridly picture of life in the great metropolis of Protestantism, we find in a London Protestant paper, the Atlas:—"Visit the lower parts of Westminster, or Seven Dials (such that it is bad still exists there, though Kensington has of late years received some of the evil), or Shoreditch, or Whitechapel, and make use of eyes, ears, and nose, and what result can be arrived at other than that it disgraces civilization lives in its midst, 'rears its monstrous head,' and, unseen except by few, shakes its threatening hand? Look at the people as they crawl lazily in and out of the gin shops, or stand at the doors and cellars of the houses in which they vegetate. The rags, half disclosing what we dread to think is human flesh; the dirt, clothing what otherwise would be unclothed; the emaciation and evident physical misery—terrible as all this may be, it carries little warning with it compared with that glaring out from the faces of this dreadful mass of humanity.—These faces are absolutely awful. They are ugly beyond all known forms of living ugliness. They are ferocious, sensual, daring, yet cunning; not a ray of mental light shines in their features. But that the women are more heinous than the men, it would be difficult to distinguish, for in the sexes even in dress (if rotten rags deserve such a term) the difference is slight. As we look at them and shrink, instinctively away, it is impossible to help wondering how any creature of their own kind, however degraded, however miserable, could by any means sufficiently accustom themselves to the sight of each other as to exist and herd together as they do.

A CHANGE.—Sir Andrew Agnew (the son of the once famous "Sir Andrew Agnew," as he was termed) has given notice that he will, on the motion for going into committee on the Roman Catholic Charities Bill, move, that this house will, upon this day six months, resolve itself into the said committee.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company had adopted the report of the Board of Directors, and agreed to raise £20,000 to make an attempt to reascend the cable, or recover as much of it as possible.

On Sunday the disturbances at St. George's East seem to have undergone a milder form. There was inside and outside the church some 300 policemen.—There were several fits of coughing during the evening service, but they did not come to that description of it which called for the interference of the police. The Rev. T. Richardson, has been elected lecturer of St. George's-in-the-East, in succession to Mr. H. Allen. He is incumbent of a district church in the neighborhood, and although a Low Churchman disposed to work amicably with Mr. Ryan King.

Last week the Rev. Henry Garrat, Curate of the Parish Church, Chesterfield, was committed to take his trial on a charge that he being a trustee of certain monies (£18 3s. 9d.) belonging to the Church Missionary Society, did appropriate the same to his own purposes.

Public attention has been ostentatiously drawn to a movement (inaugurated by several well known Dissenting ministers, and some few synodists belonging to the Establishment) in which a prominent feature is the singular spectacle of midnight meetings in a locality of questionable character. The subject is one which we cannot discuss in these columns. It is sufficient for us to state that an every-day experience proves that the Catholic Church alone has received a Divine mission to reach the fallen, and that without the consolations which the Catholic religion has ever ready for the repenting sinner, all the persuasive eloquence of the most unaged platform orators will be unavailing, even although it be accompanied, as in the present case, by the seductive influence of "tea and toast," or, as in the case of many of the temptations of our own poorer brethren, of snuff and blankets. The most encouraging writers on the present movement, while recognizing the motives of its promoters, admit that their energies are misapplied and their zeal misdirected.—Weekly Register.

COST OF CHINA EXPEDITION.—The vote which will be required in the year ending 31st March, 1860, to defray the expenses which will be incurred for naval and military operations in China, beyond the ordinary grants for army and navy services by the year 1853-50 amounts to £250,000.

We are authorized to state that Mr. Hope Scott and Mr. Sergeant Bellamy, on behalf of the infant son of the Duke of Norfolk, do not intend any longer to contest the title of the Earl of Shaftesbury and Talbot to the Shaftesbury estates, and that all former litigation is now abandoned.—Weekly Register.

LORD BROUGHAM AND MR. GLADSTONE.—A very significant compliment to Mr. Gladstone's oratory, and a very striking incident in itself, appears not to have been noticed by our London contemporaries. We mean the presence of Lord Brougham within the walls of the House of Commons for the first time during very nearly thirty years—that is, since he left it, in 1830, to become Lord Chancellor. It is pretty well known that Lord Brougham left the House of Commons to reside over the House of Lords, with the utmost pain and reluctance—that his own most earnest desire was not to accept any office which necessitated the abdication of his position nominally and titularly higher only at the most urgent entreaty and virtual command of his party. Since his removal he has never once been known to enter his auditor within those walls which had so often echoed with his eloquence. On Friday night, for the first time, he overcame this remarkable reluctance; and then, too, for the first time, it is understood, he heard the man who now occupies the position he himself so long held, untrivalled and undisturbed—the greatest orator in the British House of Commons.—Lord Brougham was seen to listen intently during the whole four hours during which Mr. Gladstone spoke; and is known to have expressed the highest admiration of the speech, as a masterpiece of clear and skillful statement and persuasive rhetoric.—Scotsman.

The actual mitre of Thomas A'Beckett is in the possession of Cardinal Wiseman, and is to be seen in perfect preservation at his house in York-place. It is low and angular, and composed of white silk, embroidered with gold flowers and scroll-work, with a broad band of red silk down the centre and round the margin. It is remarkable that the ties or lappets are worked in different patterns. The mitre had been preserved amongst other relics in the cathedral of Bang, and was presented by the archbishop of that see to Cardinal Wiseman in 1842.—There is still, we believe, at Seas another mitre, of a somewhat more elaborate pattern, which, also, is reported to have belonged to Thomas A'Beckett.—Morning Chronicle.

A Correspondent writes to the Union:—"Are you aware that several of the St. George's rioters, finding their designs last Sunday foiled by the presence of the police at the parish church, turned their attention to a Wesleyan chapel in the vicinity, where they created considerable disturbance? So much for Sir G. Lewis's opinion that the 'peculiar practices' at St. George's are responsible for all that has occurred there."

ANOTHER ORIGINALLY IN TROUBLE.—The Rev. East Frederick Thomas Ribbons, master of the grammar school, and chaplain of the union workhouse at Leek, Robert Moore Stowler, and Bliza de Berriere, were on Saturday committed by the magistrates at Leek for maliciously conspiring to obtain possession of the illegitimate child of Hannah Mellor, by the reversal of a verdict, and to cause such child by unlawful means, namely, by clandestinely and fraudulently leaving it at the Leek union workhouse, to become chargeable to the common fund of the union. The evidence disclosed the most awful immorality.

There had been an explosion at the Barradon colliery, causing the death of 80 men and boys.

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1860

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The veil that has so long concealed the grand "Napoleonic Idea" from mortal gaze, has at last been partially withdrawn, and it is now given to us to catch a glimpse, at least, of its features. We now know what was the "idea" for which France forced Austria to war; that that "idea" was merely the territorial aggrandisement of France by the annexation of Savoy; and that the professions of disinterestedness whereof, at the commencement of the contest, Louis Napoleon was so lavish, were but the ordinary cant in which hypocrites invariably indulge when meditating some stroke of surpassing rascality.—France wants Savoy; and therefore in despite of justice, and in violation of all existing Treaties France will annex Savoy—let the other Powers of Europe say what they will. Such in substance was the meaning of Louis Napoleon's speech at the opening of the French Legislative Chambers. We should be thankful that the arch-dissimulator has for once been pleased to speak out frankly; and we should be the more thankful, since it is not easy to see how his avowed intention of despoiling his accomplice in rascality, Victor Emmanuel, of a slice of the latter's hereditary dominions, can fail in bringing about a rupture betwixt the two. "Tis a trite proverb that, "When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own;" and without laying ourselves open to the imputation of being too sanguine, we may venture to indulge the hope that a quarrel betwixt two such consummate rogues as a Louis Napoleon and a Victor Emmanuel, will tend to the advantage of the Pope, and contribute towards the maintenance of the integrity of the States of the Church. The Emperor, it is true, graciously condescends to throw a bone to the dog, in the shape of a permission to his former confederate to annex Parma and Modena; but it is doubtful whether even this will reconcile Victor Emmanuel to the robbery about to be inflicted upon him—seeing that he is told that he must abandon his nefarious designs upon Tuscany and the Romagna. The former, as from the beginning seemed probable would be the case, is to form a kingdom, or nucleus of a kingdom of Central Italy, for the benefit of a Napoleonic cousin; whilst the destinies of the latter are for a season, to be left to the decision of the French autocrat. Such is the last "phase" or manifestation of his "idea" that Louis Napoleon has been pleased to give to the world.

How the other Powers of Europe, how Great Britain especially, will accept this bold enunciation of Imperial policy, remains yet to be seen; but it cannot be doubted, that, no matter how delicately soever diplomatists may treat it, it is a defiance to Europe, an undisguised menace to Prussia, and an open profession of contempt on the part of Louis Napoleon for all existing European Treaties. It has already provoked an animated discussion in the British Parliament; and by the last accounts it has not been very favorably received by the people of Italy, and those most immediately interested therein. That it will ultimately lead to a general European war is by no means improbable; and the rumor to which the Times' Paris correspondent gives circulation, to the effect, that all the men and officers on furlough, the Imperial Guards not excepted, are ordered to join their respective regiments immediately, would seem to indicate that Louis Napoleon had made up his mind to this contingency. Perhaps it is well that it should be so; that by a bitter discipline, Great Britain and the other Protestant Powers should be taught the important lesson, that the integrity of the Papal States is as essential to the peace of, and the balance of power in, Europe, as to the independence and autonomy of the Catholic Church; and that even to gratify their hatred of the Pope and the "Man of Sin" it is very dangerous for them, or any of them, to countenance either France or Austria in their projects for secularising or annexing the dominions of the Sovereign Pontiff. If, in a spiritual point of view a Pope is essential to the Catholic Church, which in its essence is Papal, so also in a secular point of view, and under the existing political order, is his Temporal Sovereignty indispensable to the liberties of Europe, and the independence of the Italian Peninsula.

The domestic news is of little interest.—The Budget, the Commercial Treaty with France, and the Savoy question, form the all-engrossing topics of public discussion. The report that the Prince of Wales will sail for Canada about the end of May is confirmed. At Cork, the newly appointed Attorney General Deasy had been elected by a majority of 2,000 over his opponent Lord Cambden.

HIS HOLINESS POPE GEORGE BROWN 1ST, AND THE CATHOLIC MEETING AT TORONTO.—It was not to be expected, hardly to be desired, that Pope Brown should have allowed the late meeting of the Catholics of Toronto to express their sympathy with his rival Pius IX, to pass unnoticed, unrebuked. His Holiness of U. Canada necessarily looks upon such an assertion of independence of his spiritual authority, by those whom, since the era of the "Protestant Reform Alliance" he treats, not so much as his "natural allies," as his "natural subjects," with extreme disgust; as a symptom that, even in U. Canada, his spiritual authority over Catholics is not absolute; and that in spite of his arrogant claims to their allegiance, there are moments when even those claims are slighted, and when Pope George himself is discarded for another, and still mightier potentate.

Accordingly we are not surprised to find the Globe criticising the proceedings at the late demonstration of Catholic feeling. Indeed had that journal passed it by in silence, we should have felt serious doubts as to its propriety;—for as an invariable rule, admitting of no conceivable exception, we may take it for granted that the action of Catholics which attracts the praise, or disarms the censure of His Holiness Pope George 1st, is an act of treason to the Church, a piece of scoundrelism in which no Catholic gentleman would participate. The Catholic may always feel assured that he is in the path of duty when he is assailed by the Globe; just as if he wins the smiles of the "Protestant Reformers," or extorts a word of praise from George Brown, he may at once suspect that he has been guilty of some act of inexpressible turpitude. We would therefore respectfully congratulate the Catholics of Toronto upon having elicited the hostile criticism of the Globe, and provoked the malevolence of Pope George Brown.

In other respects his "fling" at his rival Pius IX. is scarce worth notice. As a specimen however of the contradictory nature of the charges which an enlightened Protestantism urges against the "Man of Sin" it may at the same time prove both instructive and amusing:—

"It may be true, as Bishop Lynch said, that the men in Rome who create the disturbances are a mere clique of rowdies; escaped ruffians from the dominion of temporal princes; it may be true that the Pope's lenity to their; his tender heartedness; his extreme sensitiveness; his love-ven for murderers, liars, and brigands—Antonelli included—prevents him decapitating as many as he ought, and that he thereby perpetuates a source of continual anarchy. Even granting this to be the case, it does not exonerate him,—for the ruler who is too good to keep his people in order, we should imagine is better without people at all. With all due deference to Bishop Lynch, however, we cannot accept his version of the matter. We have a clique of rowdies in Toronto, but we keep them in order with a few police.—We do not require the assistance of French troops. The late slaughter at Perugia, too, tells sadly against Pius IX's tender feelings. We fear he would like the Emperor of France or of Austria to restore the revolted provinces, even though tens of thousands fell in the struggle—at least he seems very anxious that the attempt which would inevitably involve such a calamity, should be made."

Mark the inconsistency of the above! If the Pope exercises the God-like prerogative of mercy, he is condemned as unfit to rule, because he is "too good." If he employs, as a Sovereign Prince, the only means at his disposal for defending himself and his dominions against filibusters and brigands, he is denounced as a slaughterer; it is cited as an argument against his "tender feelings"—as if the Sovereign of Catholic subjects had no right to enforce obedience to his legitimate authority, by the same means as those of which without scruple all Protestant Governments avail themselves to reduce rebels to obedience. And what was this slaughter of Perugia? to which Pope George refers us as an instance of Popish cruelty, and Pius IX. want of clemency.

An armed band of Tuscan filibusters, aided by a handful of rowdies at Perugia, took possession of the town; tore down the Papal standard, and set the Pope's authority at defiance. The Pope ordered a body of his troops to reduce the place; but as a precaution, and in the hopes of averting bloodshed, he sent Signor Latranzi, a high judicial officer, a native of Perugia, and one therefore likely to be favorably received, to treat with the filibusters, and rebels, and to induce them by assurances of pardon to evacuate the Papal territory, and to return to their allegiance. This humane offer was rejected by the garrison of Perugia: they declared their intention to maintain possession by force of the city, and fired upon Signor Latranzi and his escort. Under these circumstances an attack was ordered; and advancing gallantly upon the fortifications, the outer wall was quickly carried by the Papal troops, and a hand to hand conflict in the streets of the town commenced. This conflict—the most harassing species of warfare to which soldiers can be exposed—was carried on for some time; the filibusters and insurgents keeping up an incessant fire upon the Papal soldiers, from the windows of the houses which they occupied, whilst from the tops of the same houses missiles of every description were hurled upon the heads of the advancing troops. Of course the latter did not allow themselves to be thus cut up without resistance; they fired upon the houses, and their defenders; killing several of the latter, amongst whom were two women—for many prostitutes were active on the side of the filibusters—and it is said that, in one instance, a child was wounded. However musket balls are no respecters of persons; and this, if true, may be deplored, but cannot be charged as a crime to the troops. From an hotel in which a Yankee named Perkins was stopping, several shots were

fired by the landlord and his servants, whereby an officer was wounded, and one or two of his men were killed. The troops stormed the house, and very properly bayoneted the landlord and the other combatants on the spot; but with a discrimination most creditable to their discipline and gallantry—a discrimination which under analogous circumstances no troops of any other service would have imitated—they offered no violence to the women, and other non-combatants whom they found in the house, and wherein, as a "place of arms," according to the ordinary laws and customs of war, every life was forfeited.—Upon the whole forty-nine or fifty-one, for accounts differ, of the garrison of Perugia were killed, and a greater number wounded; whilst the losses of the storming party were nearly as severe. The Tuscan filibusters and Perugian insurgents having been expelled, order was at once restored. The only excesses on record, were the pillage of two shops, and the breaking of some furniture, with the alleged loss of six portmanteaus, and we believe eight carpet-bags, by Perkins, the Yankee aforesaid. Upon the whole we know not which most to admire; the courage, the discipline, or the humanity of the Papal troops; and when we contrast their conduct in a place taken by storm, with that of British soldiers in similar circumstances—at Badajoz, at Ciudad Rodrigo, for instance, or still later in India—we feel abashed at the stupendous impudence of the Great Briton who presumes to speak about the "massacre of Perugia." Never was a town taken by storm so leniently dealt with; never, under such trying circumstances, did troops ever display such humanity, such scrupulous regard for the rights of property and respect for the honor of woman, as did the brave soldiers of Pius IX. who drove the Tuscan cut-throats out of Perugia. This is the reason, no doubt, why so many ludicrous falsehoods have been propagated by the British and Yankee Protestant press, respecting the affair. We have not time or space to notice them in detail; but we may mention one, which we are assured had a great effect. To intensify Protestant horror at the barbarities of the Pope, the Papal troops were represented as having thrown children into the Tiber. This is as if, in a description of the storming of Madrid we were to be told that the storming party threw the garrison into the Ebro. But we need not dwell upon the subject; Protestant lies upon the subject of Popery are like the father that begets them—"gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

But what we should like to know is the Pope to do when foreigners invade his territories!—when, encouraged by foreign help, rowdies, his subjects, take up arms against him? Has not the Sovereign of the Papal States the same right to maintain order and to assert his authority as has Queen Victoria? and if he has, is not the responsibility of the blood shed in restoring order, on the heads of those who provoked the combat? These questions would we suggest to those who feel inclined to censure the Pope for employing force to reduce the revolted Perugians.

And yet this case of Perugia, wherein the employment of force to expel Tuscan filibusters, and to reduce rowdies to order, was so perfectly legitimate; and wherein force was employed so mercifully, and with such tender discrimination—this case of Perugia, which for the gentleness and leniency of the victors to the vanquished is without a parallel in history—is the only case that the malevolence of the Globe, or the unscrupulous mendacity of Pope George, can venture to urge against Pius IX! To such miserable plights, to such vile falsehoods are the enemies of the Holy Father reduced, that even "Protestant Reformers" cannot make out the semblance even of a complaint against him, except by citing an act which might justly be cited in the case of a mere secular Prince, as an unprecedented instance of clemency towards rebels, brigands, and cut-throats.

It is probable that these were the acts of the insurgents themselves when in retreat.

LIQUOR LAWS.—On Wednesday, the 14th inst., the Hon. Mr. Cameron brought the question of a law for prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors before the attention of the Legislative Assembly; and a Bill, based on the proposition, that it is expedient to make fuller provision for regulating the retail of intoxicating liquors, was introduced, and read a first time.

In the course of his prefatory remarks, Mr. Cameron contended, we think erroneously, that the amount of drinking in a country was proportionate to the number of licensed drinking shops. He appealed, in support of this strange proposition, to the moral condition of Scotland; which, "next to Sweden, was the most drunken nation in the world." Here we are at one with Mr. Cameron; and as we have on more than one occasion been severely taken to task by our Protestant contemporaries for our assertion that Scotland, the most thoroughly Protestant country in Europe with the exception of Sweden, was at the same time, with the solitary exception of Sweden, the most immoral country in Europe—we are very happy to find our condemned opinion publicly endorsed by the Hon. Mr. Cameron in the Canadian Legislature; for it requires not a lengthened argument to prove that the "most drunken," must also be the most "immoral" nation. We trust therefore, that our aforesaid Protestant contemporaries will admit that they have been unjust towards the True Witness in taxing it with falsely accusing the moral character of Scotland; seeing that Mr. Cameron, from his place in Parliament, reiterates, word for word, and without censure, the charge which has exposed us to a tempest of indignation from our Protestant brethren of the Press.

With regard to Mr. Cameron's deductions from the fact of the great amount of drunkenness unfortunately prevalent in Scotland, we entirely differ with the honorable gentleman. We attribute that drunkenness neither to a defect in the law, nor to the number of licensed drinking houses; but on the contrary, we attribute the large number of drinking houses kept open in Scotland to the drinking propensities of the peo-

ple.—The latter we look upon as the cause; not as the effect, of the traffic in spirits; and from our experience in other countries, we hold to the opinion, that, the moral habits of a people remaining the same, the amount of drinking amongst them will remain the same, no matter what fiscal regulations with regard to the licensing of drinking houses may be imposed by the Legislature. This view is amply confirmed by the facts connected with the sale and consumption of intoxicating liquors in the adjacent States of the American Union; in which the experiment of diminishing drinking, by prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, has been fairly and extensively tried, and has most signally failed.

The Hon. Mr. Cameron, like most of the well intentioned advocates of Prohibition, proceeds upon the assumption that the sale of intoxicating liquors is the consequence of the license system; and that but for the licence to sell granted by government, the traffic would never have existed. It seems to us a self-evident truth that the license system was but a financial scheme for raising revenue from a pre-existing traffic; that it did not create drinking houses; but that finding them in existence, it subjected them to a process which compelled their owners to contribute directly to the revenue; and which, at the same time, indirectly subjected them to a special surveillance of the Police. Of course this action of the Legislature cannot be defended, if, like certain houses of infamy, a tavern or place where alcoholic beverages are sold, is essentially evil; but, if on the other hand—as many contend is the case—the sale of liquors is not necessarily a sin, though from its frequent abuse it is too often the occasion of sin, then indeed we do not see that it is fair to attribute the sin of encouraging drunkenness to the government which, for revenue purposes, levies a tax upon the sale of ardent spirits.

For the simple fact is that, were the license system to be abolished to-morrow, every man would have the same right to sell gin or whiskey, that he now has to sell tea or sugar. The abolition of the license system, therefore, to be beneficial must be immediately succeeded by the system of Legislative prohibition on the sale of intoxicating drinks. Now without discussing the right of any government to impose such a prohibition; admitting its right to say to its subjects—"you shall not drink wine, or brandy, or beer"—the question still presents itself—"would such a prohibition have any effect whatsoever on the quantity of liquor sold and consumed?" We fear that it would not; and that its only effect would be—so long as the unhappy passion for drink obtains amongst the community—to call into existence a swarm of unlicensed, illegal vendors; who would carry on their dangerous trade exempt from all surveillance; and who, to the business of the liquor traffic, would add that of receiving stolen goods. A Prohibitory Law would, of course, drive all respectable, and conscientious men out of the trade; but that trade would not, therefore, necessarily be abandoned. It would merely be transferred to the hands of reckless unprincipled scoundrels, who, by selling an inferior article, at the old rates, would compensate themselves for the increased risks to which their illicit dealing would necessarily expose them. In line, we look upon drunkenness and prostitution as two monster evils, which alas! human legislation is utterly incompetent to grapple with. We do not, for ourselves, believe that any quantity or quality of legal enactments can sensibly diminish, or modify the amount of drunkenness in a community, so long as its moral tendencies remain unaltered; but we do greatly fear that well-intentioned, but rash legislation upon the subject, may add to the crying evil of drunkenness, in particular, a disregard for law in general, and generate, as it were, a habit of looking upon a breach of that law as a capital joke. Such we know to be the case, in some of the neighboring States where Prohibitory Laws are in force; and where every "ladger" for evading those laws is treated as not only harmless, but as a laudable exercise of human ingenuity.

Most happy, however, shall we be if the result of Prohibitory Legislation in Canada shall consist of us entertaining erroneous opinions on this very important subject; most cheerfully would we co-operate with any one who should devise a scheme for suppressing drunkenness.—For this reason we are most willing that Mr. Cameron's Bill should have a fair trial; and sincerely hope that, on a question so closely affecting the dearest interests of the community, no spirit of faction or party may be allowed to oppose obstacles to the beneficent intentions of the legislator. We do not, we confess, expect much good, from the mode of treatment which he recommends; but so great is the evil which it is designed to meet, so fearful are the ravages of the disease it is intended to cure, that we are willing to give him and his prescriptions a full and unprejudiced trial before pronouncing sentence upon them.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MONTREAL.

Brightly and warmly morning dawned on the Anniversary of Erin's time-honored Patron Saint. At an early hour, to the spirit-stirring strains of their national airs, the sons of St. Patrick mustered in their appropriate places in front of the St. Patrick's Hall, and in the order announced in our last. The Procession having thus been formed, with banners streaming in the breeze, and bands playing, it proceeded to the St. Patrick's Church to celebrate with due religious rites the hallowed festival.

Pontifical High Mass was sung by His Lordship Mgr. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal. The music was of Mozart's Twelfth Mass; and the sermon for the Day was delivered by the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and one of the clergy especially attached to the Irish Congregation of Montreal. The Preacher chose for his text the following verse from Exodus—12. xiv.

"And this day shall be for a memorial to you; and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord in your generations with an everlasting observance."

From this text the Preacher delivered a most eloquent and appropriate discourse, to which the crowded audience listened with wrapt

attention.—The following is an outline, or synopsis of what the reverend gentleman said:—

The Rev. Mr. O'Farrell said—it was in this form, beloved brethren, that the Almighty, addressed the Jewish people on the eve of their deliverance from the land of Egypt. For years they had groined beneath the most cruel bondage, and their task-masters had multiplied their labors and sufferings. Their strength was exhausted by excessive toil; their substance plundered by strangers, and the only liberty that remained to them (because it could not be taken from them) was that of pouring out their tears in the sight of the Lord, and uttering their prayers to the Most High, that He would deign to be mindful of their condition and send them a liberator and deliverer. God was at length touched by their prayers; Moses was sent; great powers were confided to him; signs and wonders were multiplied. But in vain the waters of the Nile became blood, and in vain darkness enveloped all the land of Egypt. The heart of the King was hardened; but what avails the power or wickedness of man when exerted against the might of God? The Angel of destruction will pass through the land; and, in order that he may distinguish the Jewish people from the idolaters who surround them, the Paschal Lamb is slain, its blood sprinkled on the door-posts, and the Angel of Destruction as he passes in the silence of the night sees the blood and knows that he can claim none within. This day, then, said the Lord, "shall be for a memorial to you; and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord in your generations, with an everlasting observance. It shall be an anniversary of your deliverance from bondage, and a memorial of all the favors which I have loaded you; and when your children shall inquire the reason and significance of this feast, you shall make known to them what the Almighty did for their fathers." May not the words of the text, my brethren, be appropriately applied to you on this solemn feast which we are assembled to celebrate? may they not be applied to you in the same sense as to the Jewish people? And when your children ask you why you celebrate this feast, you can say that your fathers groined for years beneath a slavery far worse than that of the Jews under the Egyptians; that they groined under the slavery of sin and hell, and bowed down before dumb things; that the darkness of Pagan superstition and idolatry, more horrible than the Egyptian darkness, brooded over the land, till God raised up Patrick like another Moses to dissipate this darkness and illumine their minds with the gentle light of Christianity, and make them free with the freedom of the children of God. And this day shall be for a memorial to you; and your children shall hand down the same traditions and observances, throughout all time and in every climate. So long as the generations of Irishmen exist—wherever an Irish heart beats with gratitude for the sending of St. Patrick—so long shall this day be hallowed and sanctified as an anniversary of past favors from above. Yes, this day shall remain as a proof and as a monument to show that the faith of Patrick is still preserved pure and undefiled by the Irish people for the space of fourteen hundred years. See, brethren, what a glorious spectacle is visible to-day throughout the universe. By what we behold here we only see a specimen of what is being done in thousands of cities and hamlets. This vast edifice filled with this pomp which accompanies our sermon—these ornaments that decorate our temple—these banners that float around the altar—these strains of sweet music—these shamrocks which we wear on our bosom as emblems of our nationality—all these are characteristic of the manner in which our brethren, throughout the world celebrate this day. In every country, no matter how separated, we are all one to-day; in our affections, in our sympathies, in our remembrances, in our hopes; whether we dwell amidst the snows of Canada, or wander through the sands of India, or traverse the prairies of the Far West, we are all Irish to-day and proud of the land from which we sprung; proud of the faith from which we sprung; proud of the faith for which we so long suffered; and proud of our fathers who resisted with such glorious constancy all the efforts of our tyrants; proud of the past, though chequered with sorrow; proud of the present, though gloomy with apprehension. Filled with these sentiments and animated with these convictions we will resolve, with the assistance of the Most High, to preserve our faith pure and undefiled, because on to-day our chief happiness depends; and also in celebrating this feast of our common father we will endeavour to crush out all our strife, and division, and reach out our hand to every true son of Erin, determined to stand to each other in weal and woe; and never cast away any son of Ireland till he has proved himself unworthy. The motto of our feast, then, shall—"Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will." Among the many advantages which this celebration brings with it, there is one on which I mean to dwell a little as it is calculated to counteract the tendency of our age and country. Society may be divided into two great classes, each distinguished from the other by sentiments and convictions. We may call these two classes the men of the past; and the men of the present. The former are ever dreaming of the days long departed; the latter live only for the present. Both of these classes are in extreme peril to be good members of society we must not be wholly men of the past, as we would then be unable to discharge the duties of life; nor wholly men of the present, seeking only the means of temporary enjoyment, and in danger of being carried away by the all engrossing spirit of money-making. Living wholly in the present and forgetful of the past; a man's affections can take no deep root in anything; and all those memories which awaken the gentlest and the noblest feelings are set aside, as unsuited to those who have to make their fortune. But with the thinking man both the extremes of which I have spoken will be avoided. He will, of course, labor in the present; but at the same time he will not forget the past, for he knows he will thus learn lessons of wisdom and experience, and regulate his life by the virtues of his predecessors. For a purpose like this St. Patrick's Day seems to me admirably adapted; it is a feast of the past as well as of the present; it is full of memories and recollections; full, too, of actualities; it brings the past before us for our instruction; it vivifies and sanctifies the present; it neither makes us dreamers in the day of labour, nor materialists, money-gainers, or worshippers of Mammon. It brings the past and the present into holy union; and corrects the faults of one by the good qualities of the other; thus, like two sisters, the past and the present work hand in hand together, to give us a happy future. It is not necessary to dwell long upon the history of Ireland's conversion; for the subject has been so often treated of before that a brief sketch will suffice. You all know how, even in the days of Paganism, Ireland enjoyed a certain religious pre-eminence as the chief seat and centre of Druidism, and so it was distinguished by the Greeks and Romans, as the "Sacred Isle." For four centuries after Christ these superstitions were untouched, and Ireland was worshipping the gods she brought probably from Phœnicia. At length the Pontiffs—to whom many a nation is indebted for the blessings of Christianity—turned their attention to Ireland, and Palladius was chosen for the mission; but success did not crown his labours and Patrick was appointed to succeed him; and he who had suffered so much in that country in childhood was now coming back to return good for evil, to restore them to liberty instead of the bondage with which he had been loaded. He knew the opposition he would encounter, he must remember Palladius, and also that wherever the Gospel was preached that it was always in the blood of the martyrs the seed was fertilized. Ireland though she enjoyed a twinkling of light, yet sat in the darkness and shadow of death. Her mild mythology, as far as we can discover, had caught some rays from the principles of justice, which were reflected on her people. But all at once the day star beamed upon them;

...eyes were turned to the reddening East; and though, perhaps, the mist rising from the ocean had obscured the light before, they were now prepared to welcome that brilliant orb that rose above their horizon...

St. Patrick's the present day. For Ireland is the Abdiel of nations. Faithful found Among the faithless, faithful only she Among innumerable false, unmoved, Unshaken, unseparated, untorned, Her loyalty she kept, her love, her zeal; Nor number, nor example, with her wrought To swerve from truth, or change her constant mind Though single...

quent sermon, and both energetically and beautifully did he dwell on the wrongs and the virtues of the Irish Catholics, both in their own country and the land of their adoption. After High Mass the Society, together with the male portion of the congregation, formed again into procession and marched through the principal streets of the town, and returned to the residence of the Rev. Rev. President, where, after some cheering for old Ireland, for the land of our adoption, for the President, and other officers of the Society, thus quietly dispersed and cheerfully returned to their homes.

POPEY IN LOWER CANADA. Meetings to express sympathy with the Sovereign Pontiff, have been held in many of our Lower Canadian parishes. We believe that the Address of the Catholics of Montreal has been generally adopted at these several assemblages.

The Question Settled—Those eminent men, Dr. James, Clark, Physician to Queen Victoria, and Dr. Hughes Bennett, say that consumption can be cured. Dr. Wistar knew this when he discovered his Balsam of Wild Cherry, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, PRESCOTT. To the Editor of the True Witness. Sir—At the Annual Meeting held in St. Patrick's Hall on Tuesday the 13th inst., the following were unanimously elected Officers-Bearers for 1860:— Daniel Conway, Esq.,—President. Captain Joseph Dissett,—Vice-President. Mr. Farrel Feeny,—Treasurer. Mr. Thomas Keely,—Cor. Secretary. Mr. Francis Culhane,—Rec. Sec.

THE MISSION.—Since the commencement of the holy season of Lent, a special Mission, by the Reverend Lazarist Fathers, Hennessey and McGinnis from their institution of Notre Dame des Anges, near Niagara, has been conducted with marked success at the St. Patrick's Church of this city.

St. JOSEPH'S SOCIETY.—Monday last being the Festival of St. Joseph, the members of this excellent charitable Association celebrated the day by a public procession, and a special High Mass at the Cathedral. They were accompanied by bands of music; and by their numbers and good order gave a very gratifying spectacle.

There is a boy here that hath five barley loaves, and two fishes, but what are these amongst so many? The Montreal Herald notices as "A Bad Sign of the Times," the place-hunting mania, unfortunately for public morality, so rife in Canada; and cites as an instance, the annexed paragraph from the Toronto Colonist, wherein we are informed that there were no less than "Fifteen Hundred" applicants for six situations as mail-agents with salaries of \$500 per annum.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT TORONTO.—Our co-religionists, the sons of St. Patrick celebrated the Day by a High Mass at the Cathedral; but from prudential motives, imposed upon them by their peculiar position, and the rowdy nature of the great portion of the Non-Catholic population amongst whom it is their hard lot to dwell, there was no public Procession. This was, no doubt, a wise exercise of judgment on the part of the Irish Catholics of Toronto; who are the best, indeed the sole competent judges as to how, and with what demonstrations their National Festival should be celebrated.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN PERTH. To the Editor of the True Witness. Sir—The anniversary of the Patron Saint of Ireland was celebrated here on last Saturday with the strongest national feelings, as well as with the highest emotions of religion and gratitude.

On Saturday last, when we celebrated the festival of our Saint, full many were the old men's eyes that glistened, and many the matrons' hearts that throbbed with joy on beholding around their exiled children still existing in the fond remembrance of Saint Patrick, and his cherished people. From early dawn Irishmen and their sons were seen to wend their way to the old church of this place.

The Journal de Quebec announces the death at Paris, on the 18th ult., of the Reverend M. Leon Gingras, Director of the Seminary of Quebec. The reverend gentleman, who visited Europe in the month of May last year, in the hope of recovering his health, was a native of Quebec. He was ordained Priest 21st August, 1831, and devoted the rest of his days to the service of his God and his Redeemer.

A FULL COURSE OF INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE USE OF CATECHISTS.—By the Rev. JOHN PERCY. D. & J. Sadler, New York and Montreal. This very valuable treatise on the Catechism is accompanied with the formal approbation of His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, and of several other distinguished Prelates of the Catholic Church, as well in Great Britain as in the United States.

Our Kingston correspondent's report arrived too late for this week's issue. Shall appear in our next.

"HOLE INANES" OR THE "OMNIBUS GATHERUM." (COMMUNICATED.) A Dialogue "in omnia rebus" between Preceptor and Discipulus. (Continued.) Preceptor—In the Greek Church, the bread and wine are carried with great pomp and devotion to the altar of Sacrifice. The Celebrant, together with his ministers, proceed in procession through the Church beginning at the side whereat the men are seated.

TO LET. SEVERAL COTTAGES & HOUSES, situated on Wellington Street, West. An excellent BUSINESS STAND, suitable for Hotel and Boarding House, and Two Houses for Business in course of erection. A large Pasture Field with or without a Cottage. Apply to FRANCIS MULLINS, Point St. Charles.

Information Wanted, OF THOMAS QUINN, Longnough, Co. Galway, Ireland; he sailed for Philadelphia in 1849; his father Daniel Quinn, now living in Melbourne, Australia, particularly wishes to hear from him. United States papers will confer a great favor by copying this.

Wheat.—No transactions; \$1.15 to \$1.17, according to quality, could be obtained for Spring Wheat. Flour is very dull again. The price is \$5.15 to \$5.20 for Superfine; Fine to No. 2 unbranded is \$4.50 to \$4.85;—no No. 2 offered. Fancy and Extras continue without change. Oatmeal \$4.25 to \$4.50. Pork.—Mess \$18 to \$18.50; Prime Mess \$14.25 to \$14.50; Prime \$12 to \$12.25. All of these qualities are rather scarce. Beef.—Nothing doing. Butter continues to accumulate, and the price cannot be quoted over 12 1/2 to 14c.; but it is impossible to sell a quantity, all the dealers being overstocked. Consigners should not draw for over 10c even on good Butter.

NOTICE. CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK. THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HONORARY DIRECTORS OF THIS BANK will take place at its OFFICE, on MONDAY, the SECOND DAY OF APRIL next, at ELEVEN o'clock, A.M.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, MONTREAL. A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place in the St. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING the 26th March, at EIGHT o'clock, for the purpose of enabling Members in arrears to QUALIFY themselves to VOTE at the Annual Election of Officers, and for the transaction of other business of the greatest importance.



JUST RECEIVED, BY D. & J. SADLER & CO., 30 Gross fine Cocon Mission Beads, 5 " Mission Medals, 30 " Small Medals, assorted, 500 Small Lace Pictures, 150 Silver Pictures, 300 Silver Medals, 100 " Crosses, 30 Gross Common Beads, 3 " Sculptures. Together with a variety of other Catholic articles FRAMED RELIGIOUS PICTURES.

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DONEGANA HOTEL. VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE. PIER GLASSES, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, CHINA, GLASS & EARTHENWARE, LINEN NAPERY AND CUTLERY, HORSES, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, AND OMBUSSES.

MONDAY, THE 2nd OF APRIL, And following days, THE WHOLE OF THE SPLENDID FURNISHING OF THE DONEGANA HOTEL, NOTRE DAME STREET, Consisting of: Very Handsome Mahogany Wardrobes, Mahogany and G.W. Wardrobes and Book-Cases, Mahogany and G.W. Drawers and Ottomans, Mahogany Centre, Side and Card Tables, Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, Damask Curtains, Pier Glasses and Gasoliers, Velvet and Tapestry Carpets and Oil Cloths, Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Wines, Tumblers, Champagne and D. centers, Dinner, Dessert and Breakfast China Sets, Knives, Forks and Cutlery. Together with— The Beds, Bedding, and the Furnishing of Eighty Bedrooms Also, A very Superior-Toned PIANO And— Two Pair of well-matched HORSES Carriages, Sleighs and Ombuses. Sale each day at TEN o'clock. BENNING & BANSALOU.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE FRENCH LEGISLATURE.—The following is from the Times Paris correspondent of the 1st instant:—

The French Chambers were opened this day in the Great Hall of the Louvre, and with the accustomed ceremonial.

The Emperor took his seat on the throne, having on his right Prince Napoleon, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, and Prince Joachim Murat, and on his left Prince Lucien Murat and Prince Napoleon Lucien Bonaparte—the new Most Serene Highness, who has not as yet left Paris for Italy, as reported. The Grand Master of the Ceremonies then, in a loud voice, requested all present to be seated—a request with those who were fortunate enough to have seats at once complied with. Those who had only standing room of course remained in statu quo.

The Emperor deviated on the present occasion from his ordinary practice of reading his speech standing; he remained seated during its delivery owing to fatigue, or to slight indisposition. But his voice was as distinct as ever, and it reached every corner of the hall.

THE SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR.

Messieurs les Sénateurs,

Messieurs les Députés,

On the opening of last session, relying upon the patriotism of France, I endeavoured to fortify your minds in advance against the exaggerated apprehensions of a probable war. To-day I have at heart to reassure you against the anxiety caused by peace itself. That peace I desire sincerely, and shall neglect nothing to maintain it.

I have only to congratulate myself on my friendly relations with all the Powers of Europe. The only points of the globe where our arms are still engaged are in the extreme East; but the courage of our sailors and of our soldiers, aided by the hearty assistance of Spain, will doubtless soon lead to a treaty of peace with Cochinchina. As regards China, a serious expedition, combined with the forces of Great Britain, will inflict on her the chastisement of her perfidy.

In Europe difficulties approach, as I trust, their termination, and Italy is on the eve of constituting herself free. Without referring to the long negotiations which have been dragging along for so many months, I shall confine myself to a few principal points.

The dominant idea of the Treaty of Villafranca was to obtain the almost complete independence of Venetia at the price of the restoration of the Archdukes. That transaction having failed, despite my most earnest endeavours, I have expressed my regret thereat at Vienna and at Turin, for the situation by being prolonged threatened to lead to no issue. While it was the object of frank explanations between my Government and that of Austria, it suggested to England, to Prussia, to Russia, measures the whole of which clearly prove on the part of the Great Powers their desire to obtain a reconciliation of all the interests.

To second these dispositions it was necessary for France to present that combination the adoption of which would have the greatest chance of being accepted by Europe. Guaranteeing Italy by my army against foreign intervention, I had the right to assign the limits of that guarantee. Therefore I did not hesitate to declare to the King of Sardinia that, while leaving him full liberty of action, I could not follow him in a policy which had the fault of appearing in the eyes of Europe a desire to absorb all the States of Italy, and which threatened new configurations. I counselled him to reply favorably to the wishes of the provinces which should offer themselves to him, and to respect in principle the rights of the Holy See. If this arrangement does not satisfy everybody, it has the advantage of reserving principles, of calming apprehension, and makes Piedmont a Kingdom of more than 9,000,000 souls.

Looking to this transformation of Northern Italy, which gives to a powerful State all the passes of the Alps, it was my duty, for the security of our frontiers, to claim the French slopes of the mountains. This reassertion of a claim to a territory of small extent has nothing in it of a nature to alarm Europe and give a denial to the policy of disinterestedness which I have proclaimed more than once, for France does not wish to proceed to this aggrandizement, however small it may be, either by military occupation or by provoked insurrection, or by underhand manoeuvres, but by frankly explaining the question to the Great Powers. They will doubtless understand in their equity, as France would certainly understand it for each of them under similar circumstances, that the important territorial rearrangement which is about to take place gives us a right to a guarantee indicated by nature herself.

I cannot pass over in silence the emotion of a portion of the Catholic world; it has given way suddenly to such inconsiderate impressions, it has given itself up to such passionate alarms. The past, which ought to be a guarantee for the future, has been so much overlooked, the services rendered so much forgotten, that I needed a very deep conviction and confidence—an absolute confidence in public common sense, to establish in the midst of the agitations endeavoured to be excited that calm which alone maintains us in a proper path.

Facts, however, speak loudly for themselves. For the last 11 years I have sustained alone at Rome the power of the Holy Father, without having ceased a single day to revere in him the sacred character of the chief of our religion. Another side the population of the Romagna, abandoned all at once to themselves, have experienced a natural excitement, and sought during the war to make common cause with us. Ought I to forget them in making peace, and to hand them over anew for an indefinite time to the chances of a foreign occupation? My first efforts have been to reconcile them to their Sovereign, and, not having succeeded, I have tried at

least to uphold in the revolted provinces the principle of the temporal power of the Pope.

After what has been already said, you see, it is not yet over, how it is still permitted to hope for a speedy solution. The moment seems, then, to have arrived to put an end to these anxieties, which have lasted too long, and to seek for the means of inaugurating with boldness a new era of peace in France. Already has the army been reduced by 150,000 men; and this reduction would have been more considerable but for the Chinese war and the occupation of Rome and Lombardy. My Government will immediately present to you a series of measures, the object of which is to facilitate production, to increase, by affording the means of living cheaply, the prosperity of those who labor, and to multiply our commercial relations. The first step to be taken in this path was to fix the period for the suppression of those impassable barriers which, under the name of prohibitions, have shut out from our markets many productions of foreign industry, and constrained other nations to adopt an annoying reciprocity with regard to us.

But something still more difficult still impeded us. It was the little inclination for a commercial treaty with England. I have therefore taken resolutely upon myself the responsibility of this great measure. A very simple reflection proves its advantages for both countries. Neither the one nor the other assuredly would have failed within a few years to take, each in its own interest, the initiative of the measures proposed; but then, the lowering of tariffs not being simultaneous, they would have taken place on one side and on the other, without immediate compensation. The Treaty has done nothing more, than to anticipate the period of salutary modifications, and to give to dispensable reforms the character of reciprocal concessions, destined to strengthen the alliance of two great peoples. In order that this treaty may produce its best effects I invoke your most energetic co-operation for the adoption of the laws which will facilitate its practical adoption.

I call your attention, before all things, to the means of internal communication, which by their development can alone permit us to compete with foreign industry; but, as periods of transition are always those of suffering, and as it is our duty to put a stop to uncertainty so hurtful to our interests, I appeal to your patriotism for the prompt examination of the laws which will be submitted to you. By liberating raw materials from all duties and reducing those which weigh on articles of common consumption the resources of the Treasury will find themselves severally diminished; nevertheless the receipts and disbursements of the year 1861 will be balanced without any need of an appeal to credits or a recourse to new taxes. In sketching out to you a faithful picture of our political and commercial position, I have wished to inspire you with full confidence in our future prosperity and to associate you in the accomplishment of a work fruitful in great results.

The protection of Providence, so manifestly on our side during the war, will not fail to a peaceful enterprise whose object is the improvement of the lot of the greatest number. Let us continue, then, firmly our path to progress, without allowing ourselves to be arrested either by the menaces of selfishness, or by the clamours of parties, or by unjust suspicions. France menaces no one; she desires to develop in peace, in the plenitude of her independence, those boundless resources which Heaven has given her, and she will not awaken gloomy susceptibilities, since out of the state of civilization in which we are that truth springs day by day with greater force which consoles and reassures humanity—that the more a State is rich and prosperous the more she contributes to the riches and prosperity of others.

The following letter has been addressed by the Count de Chambord to one of the most eminent of those who in France have advocated the cause of the Papacy:—

Verice, Jan. 27.—You have just rendered, Sir, to religion and to society a service for which I feel the necessity of thanking you. A dark policy believed the moral sense to be weakened, and opinion sufficiently kept down, to venture, under a vain appearance of zeal and affected meekness, to justify, encourage, and promote, after having formally promised to prevent, an odious act of spoliation, the inevitable consequences of which would be to establish everywhere force in the place of right. In truth, what possession is the more ancient, more legitimate more worthy, even by its very weakness, of all respect, more frequently guaranteed by treaties, more generally proclaimed as necessary for the tranquillity of the world, than the temporal dominion of the Papacy? How can we do otherwise than recognize in this work of ages a decree of Providence securing to the chief of the Church the principal source and venerated centre of Christian civilization, the spiritual independence which is necessary for the fulfilment of its holy and salutary mission? Who but must feel that to annul a right so sacred is to annul every other right? To despoil the sovereign in the person of the successor of St. Peter is to menace all sovereigns; and to overthrow his throne, which has stood a thousand years, is to sap the foundations of every throne. It is sad to see France thus made use of as the instrument against her own conscience, her heart, her traditions, and all her interests, in order to carry out attempts which can end only in new convulsions. Thus, in this common danger to the voice of episcopacy, which has raised the cry of alarm, or joined other voices, no less courageous, no less zealous, in support of the cause of right and liberty, confounded and attacked at the same time as they are in their august representative the Pontiff-King. But no one has done so with more energy, reason, talent, and eloquence than M.—, and I have read, not without being deeply affected, what he says at its close to a Pontiff so meek, so confident, so generous, and now so tried by affliction. (The Count de Chambord here quoted a passage from the pamphlet alluded to, which encourages the Pope to resist, and to defend his rights, and with them the rights of the weakest sovereign.)

May those noble and touching words be heard by all. How much to be regretted is that, under the pressure which now keeps down in the depths of the heart the most noble sentiments, the absence of a wise liberty, abandoning to the mercy of arbitrary will all rights and all principles, leaves without defence, without protection, without guarantee, the dearest interests of France, of religion, and of society.

Receive the expression of my gratitude.

HENRY.

The following is the petition addressed by the Emperor by the three Deputies, M. M. Guerville, Lericier, and Koller, and the publication of which in the

Bretagne caused the suppression of that journal:—

Sire, Your refusal to receive us afflicts us profoundly. We came from the most distant points of France with the one hope of hearing a word from your mouth which might calm the alarm of our population. Notwithstanding all the circumstances which have produced and maintained that alarm, we cannot share it. We cannot lose the confidence we placed in the elevated sagacity of your Majesty, and in the solemn engagements contracted in your name before the Legislative Body and all France. At present the impossibility in which we are placed of accomplishing our wishes and those of our constituents causes uneasiness to ourselves, and seems to confirm the apprehension existing in so many hearts devoted to your Majesty. In fact, if any body is devoted to you, Sire, it is the Catholic population of Brittany, of Alsace, and of the rest of France. Their faith inspires them with that respect for authority which is the most solid defence of thrones. In protecting the Holy See you inspired them with an affection, and a confidence which insured our future prospects and those of the country. For, in the midst of institutions and interests which are liable to change, religion alone appeals to the hearts of the people—it is that which founds and perpetuates empires. Catholic faith, Sire, has an enemy which you know; that enemy is revolution—revolution, whose defeat constitutes your power—which has since so frequently threatened your life, and which now lets loose in Italy, flatters itself that it will shortly restore its fatal empire everywhere. On seeing it attack itself to the Sovereign Pontiff—the most ancient representative of authority, of right, and of true liberty, honest men are confounded. They feel that if it is permitted to touch the States of Pius IX. nothing else will be held sacred—nothing that may not be conquered by it. Sire, revolution is pressing you to deliver up to it the throne which is the foundation of all others. The Church adjures you to defend it, and to defend yourself. Between these two parties there is no room for hesitation. May your Majesty weigh the consequences of this determination, and not abandon the policy which which the greatness of France has been ever bound up! France has had the remarkable privilege of founding the temporal dominion of the Pope, and every time she has tried to touch her own work she has inflicted the most terrible blows on herself. It is consequently not for the Church that we are alarmed, for she has promised which will not fail her. It is for our well-beloved country—it is for you, Sire—it is for your dynasty that we deplore the uncertainty which prevails at the present moment, and which by being prolonged would separate all sincere Catholics from you. Sire, an attempt may be made to deceive you. The enemies of order and of your Government only are delighted. Your real friend are in sadness. We have the honor to be of the number, and we are, with the most profound respect, Sire, your Majesty's very humble and very obedient and faithful subjects.

L. DE COURVILLE, Deputy of the Gotes du Nord.

VICOMTE ANATOLE LERICIER, Deputy for the Charente Inférieure.

E. KOLLER, Deputy for the Haut-Rhin.

On Feb. 17, M. Rouland, Minister of Public Instruction, addressed a circular to the Archbishops and Bishops of France, asserting in the most positive manner the claim of the State to decide without appeal what are the limits which divide the jurisdiction of the Church from the jurisdiction of the State. That there are two jurisdictions, and that it belongs to the State to fix the limits of the jurisdiction of the Church, is the position now maintained. The "Times" exclaims with delight—"Why, this is Protestantism!" and, indeed, it is.

The steps of the French Government are understood by some to indicate the intention of suppressing the religious orders, banishing the Jesuits, and preventing any of the French Bishops from going to Rome without the permission of the State. Others again argue that these steps indicate that the Emperor is convinced that the spirit which he has raised against himself throughout Christendom is too formidable to be resisted. They infer that he is about to yield, and that he is about to retrace his steps under cover of these menaces. For ourselves we persevere in our determination to indulge in no speculation either way. The Emperor's intentions are immaterial. It was by speculations on the Emperor's institutions and assurances that they would prove at last to be benevolent, that the Irish people were treacherously misled for months till their own hearts and their own instincts rebelled against the deception. It is our business to control the Emperor's acts without minding his intentions. If we can prevent him from doing harm, we can afford to despise his evil intentions; but the way to do this is to resist his evil acts, to teach him to fear their consequences. When we see a man with a musket levelled at our Father's head, our business is to knock him down. He may prove afterwards, if he can, that the piece was not loaded.—Tablet.

An address has been published by the Bishop of Autun and Chalon on the present discussion, which is not less energetic than any that have yet appeared from the Episcopacy. The Bishop says:—

How can we be silent and slumber in false security when on all side endeavors are being made to pervert public opinion, and to turn aside the just themselves, if that were possible, by perfidious utopian schemes? We plainly tell you, well-beloved brethren, mistrust those sacrilegious pamphlets, the authors of which call themselves sincere but independent Catholics, and yet commence by trampling under foot the censures of the Church against the despoilers of the Holy See. Mistrust those daily papers which spread in our towns and in our country districts the poison of revolutionary doctrines with calumnies invented by demagogues against the wise and paternal government of the Holy Father. Mistrust those men who call themselves independent Catholics. Eighteen centuries ago the Saviour depicted them—Miserere vobis propheta. The enthusiastic approbation of heresy and of the enemies of the Church, tells loudly enough what ought to be thought of their theories, which are as perfidious as they are senseless.

How times are changed—let Whigs and infidels ponder on it—we may know from the fact, also communicated through the columns of the "Times," that in this diocese of the Marais-la-Vie, the people in response to the Encyclical Letter of their King and Father, are offering week-day Masses for his triumph and the triumph of the Church over which God has placed him.—Tablet.

A tolerable jeu de mots is circulated in official circles; *On vient de supprimer la petite Bretagne, en attendant la suppression de la Grande Bretagne.* This would lose its salt in English so we give it in the vernacular.

The suppressed *Univers* has made its appearance under another title. M. Taconet, its proprietor, has purchased a small semi-daily paper, published in Paris, called *La Voix de la Vérité*, and has obtained the leave of the Government to change it into a daily paper, with the new title *Le Monde*. No. 1 of this revival of the *Univers* appeared on Saturday last, printed in precisely the same type and manner as its able predecessor. Its articles are signed by Messrs. Chantrel, Rapert, and Barrier. But we miss such names as those of M. Louis and Eugene Veuillot, and Coquelle. We are told that in authorizing the new paper, the Government stipulated that these writers should be excluded from its editorship. We cannot but wish success to our new communion in arms, in our very militant part of the service of the Church.—*Weekly Register*.

There is this difference between anti-Christ and Louis Napoleon: anti-Christ's hostility to the church will be a fanaticism, and absorbing passion, for the success of which he will readily, like Sannone, pull down the world upon his head. Louis Napoleon, perhaps, would pull down the Church for his own interest; but he would not sacrifice the last of his own interests for the ruin of the Church. So far

from feeling a fanatical hatred to her, he probably respects her, and would certainly pay a heavy price to ensure her allegiance to him; but he is utterly ignorant of her principles, and cannot enter into her views, and is perhaps as profoundly surprised at the turn which she has taken against him as the Catholic sponsors for the goodness of his principles are mortified at the turn against her which she has given to his policy. He is probably as annoyed at the hostility of churchmen, as the directors of a railway company at an ecclesiastical society which threatened to throw out their bill because they violated a disused burial-ground, or removed the last remains of a ruined abbey. Neither Louis Napoleon nor the directors can understand the metaphysical and æsthetic opposition to their utilitarian and very disinterested schemes.—*Weekly Register*.

ITALY.

Pisemon.—By a Royal decree, the Electoral Assemblies are convoked for the 25th of March, and Parliament is to meet on the 24 of April.

I may to-day affirm more positively the accuracy of the leading facts mentioned in my letters of Sunday and yesterday. The propositions for the "settlement of the Italian question" reached M. Cavour, at Turin, yesterday morning, and his reply, said to have been received, will be in time for the opening of the French Chambers, which will take place with the accustomed ceremonial at the Louvre to-morrow. These propositions are, as you are aware, the abandonment of the annexation of Tuscany to Piedmont, the Tuscan people being allowed to select their own sovereign, with the exception I have noticed. With respect to the Duke of Genoa, it is not so certain that this young Prince will be a Candidate. The Duchies of Parma and Modena are to be annexed to Piedmont and Victor Emmanuel will also administer the Romagna under the suzerainty of the Pope, if the Pope accept it, and, if not, I suppose without it. I omitted to mention on Sunday that in case this arrangement were not accepted by the Piedmontese Government the French army was to be recalled from Lombardy. This looks like a menace; but whether the army returns to France or marches to Tuscany is not stated.

I have already said that one of the exceptions in the choice of the Tuscans was Prince Napoleon, the son-in-law of King Victor Emmanuel. Prince Napoleon is by etiquette a member of the Imperial family, and therefore stands in the list with those who were proposed to be excluded, from their relation to a great reigning family. But it may be as well not to forget what was hinted on Monday last about another prince who is related to the Emperor, but is not of the Imperial family, for it seems the distinction is important. He is, as you know, a son of the late Prince Charles of Canino—his name is Lucien; he was invited to come to France a few months ago, and he has since got the title of "Most Serene Highness." It was whispered a few days ago that he may be the candidate for Tuscany; and it is to-day rumoured that he was to have left Paris for Florence yesterday. I do not refuse to the Emperor the credit of sincerity when M. Poniatsowski and other such agents went to Florence to do what St. Patrick was more successful in Ireland—to bring the natives to a sense of their situation. Unfortunately, the Tuscans were not so amenable to reason as King Leogaire and his Druids. They would not have their fugitive duke back at any price. It may have been at this moment that the thought of the young prince occurred to the Imperial mind, for it is probable that from the date of the preliminaries of Villafranca to the present hour, the Emperor's resistance to the annexation of Tuscany to Piedmont has not abated. The Tuscans are free to choose, with restrictions, which, however, do not hamper them so much as Figaro's liberty of the press; but it is not so certain that if the young Prince Lucien Bonaparte becomes by any chance a candidate, the popular voice will proclaim him.

To the propositions comprised in the note sent to Turin, it is announced that M. Cavour's acceptance is known, but with the addition that the various populations—Tuscans, Modeneses, Parmesans, Savoyards, and Nizards, shall be consulted by means of universal suffrage—but universal suffrage fairly and truly carried out. This sounds suspicious, but M. Cavour apparently thinks that as "by a jagot of jagots," there may be two sorts of universal suffrage.—*Times*, of 29th ult.

The Pope and his Discontented Subjects.—The new French paper, *Le Monde* successor to the *Univers*, publishes the following:—

We have received the following from Rome, dated Jan. 23, with reference to the so-called manifestation attempted on the previous Thursday by the Revolutionists, and to the measures taken by General de Cavour to put it down:—

A stranger who, walking through the streets of Rome last Thursday, would have beheld the display of military forces, and would then have proceeded to Monte Pincio, would have beheld the strangest contrast. There the Pope, surrounded by a crowd of the people, received a tribute which it is given to no other man in the world to receive. Some threw themselves at his feet, and passionately kissed them; others piously touched the hem of his garments—some said, "You are our father and our King, say you will leave us;" others exclaimed, "Lunght anni! Lunght anni! Pà!"

"Pias IX., with joy in every glance, with a smile on his lips, raised them up, allowed them to touch his sacred hands, saying, 'My dear children, won't you let me walk?' and all felt that the amiable and holy Pontiff was happy in being thus surrounded. I heard among the groups voices that said, 'Povero Santo Padre! don't you think he looks very much altered?' 'It is to be wondered,' said others, 'when they do all they can to injure him? They want to serve him like the other Pops.' 'Bah!' exclaimed an old man, 'the Lord can't allow an old man like me to see the same thing three times over. Pin Nonno will get afoe out of it! The Madonna is on his side.' 'Oh there is no doubt of that.' 'I remarked above all an old beggar woman, because she reminded me of the woman in the Gospel crying to Jesus, 'Blessed be the womb that bore thee!' The poor old Romans followed the Pope, repeating incessantly, 'May the Lord bless you, Santo Padre! may the Lord bless you!'

"While I beheld the crowd clustered at the feet of Pias IX., I thought of the crowd of conspirators, paid by Revolution, whose banner bore the sword of General de Cavour was keeping down, and I said to myself—These are, indeed, the two powers that dispute the empire of the world. On the one hand Religion supported by faith and love; on the other Revolution, inspired by the genius of impety and hatred, ripe for mischief of every kind, for the most atrocious violence, and yielding only to brute force."

The *Milan Gazette* states that several priests have been arrested at Bergamo on the charge of "having openly preached revolt against the King's authority," which means, of course, that they support lawful and legitimate authority and not that of usurpers.

The Tuscan Government, by a decree of the 23rd, appointed a commission for the purpose of a better distribution of the revenues of the Catholic Church in Tuscany among the secular clergy. The commission is instructed to send in a list, in August next, of all the priests whose revenues is less than 800*l.* per annum.

The Pope Gained Ground.—The Pope is gaining ground in Italy. Ever since France laid serious claim to the Duchy of Savoy, the hearty support which Lord John Russell previously gave to the Italian insurrectionists has been exchanged for a very mitigated form of consular approbation, and for recommendations to do things decently and in order. In fact, the Emperor of the French has given the direction which English agents were preaching to the subjects of the Pope in Italy a sort of practical application of which our revolution-loving Government had not the remotest idea when it allowed our noble Minister for Foreign Affairs to receive secretly agents

from the revolted subjects of the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany? While professing neutrality, our Government was charmed with the proposed secession of the Romagna from the Pope to form part of the dominions of the King of Sardinia! It did not seem to matter a fig to Lord John Russell that the Pope was most hostile to such an arrangement; and called it treason and robbery. But when it stood revealed that Savoy was to part company with its old sovereign, and be henceforth united with France, the whole aspect of the question assumed a different hue. Lord John saw that his bigotry had betrayed him into a false position; and that Napoleon had only made use of the Romagna conspiracy to commit England to the principle of advocating the absorption of Savoy by France. We have now before us a return made to the House of Lords on Thursday of the dates of all communications between the Secretary of State and Her Majesty's Ambassadors at Paris on the subject of the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France, from the accession to office of the present ministry; and we find the number of such communications: from the 4th of July last to the 13th inst., both days inclusive, just twenty-three—seventeen of them being written in January and February. Indeed, the growing anxiety of our Government is shown by the fact that ten letters were written in the first thirteen days of the present month! Now, why should not Savoy and Nice have the same rights of revolution accorded to them as Tuscany and Romagna? They belong geographically and linguistically to France. The inhabitants speak French, and have a much right to sell their allegiance to the Emperor as the Romagnols have to pocket the bribes and receive the emissaries of the King of Sardinia. Neither Victor Emmanuel nor Lord John Russell fathomed the designs of the French Emperor, when they rubbed their hands and thought it such fine sport to plunder the Pope. But when he had sufficiently committed them, he then let them into his little secret about relieving a friend of a strip of his only estate, which he had discovered would suit him, Napoleon, exactly. We can readily imagine how angry Lord John is at finding himself thus outwitted and out-generated. And in proportion as he objects to the French occupation of Savoy does the Emperor now lead towards the Pope, who is slowly recovering his hold upon the revolted States of the Church. We expected from the first it would be so, because we know that that the whole of the Italian revolution was the work of strangers, and of the Secret Societies. Now no revolutions are worth a button which owe their existence to the corrupt influence of foreign gold. If Sardinian influence was withdrawn from Florence the Grand Duke might return to his palace next week, with the certainty of being received with loud cheers by his late subjects. Indeed, there are thousands of small landed proprietors of Tuscany who mourn the disappearance from among them of one of the most enlightened promoters of agriculture and of the fine arts in Italy.—*Hull Advertiser*.

A CONTRAST.

Passing by Sardinia and the British Whigs—and not condescending to bring the name or the acts of the Pope into such disreputable company—let us look for a moment at the contrast between the French and Austrian Emperors, and ask to which of these potentates, if the world were in its senses, it would yield its tribute of admiration and of help. We will not look back to the partly doubtful and partly disgraceful antecedents of the French potentate. We will not call him a parricide, or remind him of the progress of hypocrisy, perjury, and bloodshed through which he made his way to absolute power. In the same spirit of charitable forbearance we will overlook his closettings with Count Cavour at Compiègne, when they planned the Sardinian marriage and the Milan programme, and all the carnage which was to repay the former and be the basis of the latter.—We pass all this over to look at two Emperors concluding terms of peace at Villafranca. And, viewing the conduct of each from that starting-point, we ask to which of these men ought England—the fountain head, as all the world knows, of truth and honour, and every other virtue—to award her admiration. We all remember the terms of the Treaty of Villafranca. Lombardy was given up; an Italian Confederation, with the Pope at its head, was to be constituted; the Grand Dukes were to return to their Sovereignties; and a general amnesty was to be granted. It was hardly necessary for the Emperor of the French to proclaim his desire to ameliorate the condition of his subjects, for was he not the Apostle of Liberty, and what better moment could be selected to give effect to his generous desires than that in which Fortuna had enthroned him upon Victory? Yet in the first fervor of success he amended political offenders, cancelled the warrants to the Press, and indulged the Parisians in a pugnat on his entry into Paris. But the Emperor of Austria was by nature and family tradition a despot; and when in his manifesto, published immediately after the treaty, he said that the blessings of peace were "doubly precious" to him because they would enable him "to found in a durable manner the internal well-being and the external power of Austria by the happy development of her moral and material forces, and by ameliorations conformable to the spirit of the time in legislation and administration," the "enlightened" gave him no credit for sincerity, nor believed that he would keep his word.

But how does the case stand now, and what is the contrast between the puerile Emperor and the legitimate one—between the elect of the popular will and the monarch reigning by right divine? The Emperor of Austria has kept his word, and more than kept it. He has emancipated the Protestants under his rule by concessions which we would to heaven our English and Irish Catholics could obtain from our Whig rulers, but which they steadfastly refuse us. Finding that his generosity has not killed the measure of expectation, he has re-upped the question, and has committed to the Hungarian Deputies the task of proposing amendments to the patent of September, and has given them his promise that in a legal way their legitimate wishes shall soon be fulfilled. He has projected a plan by which every province will receive a separate constitution and administration, according to the wants of the different nationalities. And since the commencement of the present year he had removed one after another the Jewish disabilities till there remains scarcely a shadow of distinction between Jew and Christian.

To none of these reforms did he pledge himself specifically. Yet they are *faits accomplis*—phrases dear to French and British Liberals. How has he acted in Italy? Has he sought to evade the treaty of Villafranca? No. He has fulfilled it to the letter. He has ceded Lombardy without cavil or subterfuge. Venice was to have a constitution when it became part of the Italian Confederation. But the Confederation is not yet formed; and even if he desired to give Venice the reforms he has given to his immediate possessions, the intrigues of the Italian Anarchists prevent him. He has acted, then, with truth and honor. Submitting to defeat, he has risen above it, and has displayed the grand spectacle to a degenerate age of a monarch fulfilling a vague promise with unexampled liberality, and resisting, defeated as he is, the clemency of his conqueror, backed by his own ancient but now treacherously. The Emperor of Austria has given to his subjects more of—we will not say constitutional, for that term has become infamous, but of—paternal generosity than he promised them. How has the Emperor of the French—whom the freedom-loving British nation no longer trusts to his heart of hearts for the open market he promises to its wool and cotton—how has he acted?

Where is the Italian Confederation? Gone. Where is the Honorary Presidency of the Pope? Gone. Where is the Grand Duke who was to return to his parricide's throne? Not returned to them yet. Where is that General Amnesty to which he pledged him-

self? We find instead of it a despotism more rigid and relentless than ever. The Press, the Church, the University, the Brethren suppressed; upwards of thirty avertisements supplying the place of those which in the first rush of vanity and elation he cancelled; the Bar silenced; except on the condition of a slavish subservience; the Bishops warned of the coming wrath; the Prefects throughout France commanded to put in force against the Church the law that the Revolution of 1848, of which this Imperial hypocrite was the venemous spawn, enacted against Socialists and blasphemers. Is this honor? Is this justice? Is it a policy which deserves the approbation of honest men? Is it decent in English statesmen to invite closer bonds of amity with such brazen infamy, and by doing so, show to the world that this grand nation, so powerful and so boastful of its love of truth and virtue, values the increase of its exports and imports far above considerations of honor? It is not decent, but it is the fact. And we have this week read in the columns of the leading English journal the urgent advice tendered to that French Emperor whom in days still recent it denounced in terms of the most inordinate abuse, to imitate the illustrious Henry VIII, and exalt himself more glorious than ever over the Church's ruin. Alas for human wickedness, the evil spirit is willing but the beggarly flesh is impotent. Infidels, like wise, have but their day. And when the last printer's devil in Printing House-square carries the last libel or panegyric, as circumstances may require, on Napoleon to the composer's room; and when French parvenues and British Whigs are gushing their teeth in despair, the Catholic Religion and all who are faithful to its Divine Head and His Vicar on earth, will pursue their appointed course, not in- duced indeed as the flesh and the devil, British Whigs and parvenue Emperors have power—but in- destructible.

There then is the contrast between Louis Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria. Profession and lies on one side, Truth on the other.—London Tablet.

Lord John Russell's Bill extends the franchise to 210 occupancies in counties, and 40 in boroughs. Twenty-five of the smallest boroughs are to have one instead of two members, and the seats thus gained are to be distributed between the most populous counties and boroughs of Ireland and Scotland, which get two additional members each. A corresponding reduction is to be made in the franchise, but the present representation is not to be disturbed. Liberal journals are not satisfied with the measure.

The Stork gunboat, tender to the excellent gunnery-ship at Portsmouth, proceeded yesterday up Portchester Lake and made practice at short range with solid shot from her eight-inch pivot gun upon an iron plate affixed to the side of the old Briton frigate. At the conclusion of the firing the plate, which appeared to be upwards of four inches thick and about six feet in length by four in breadth, was carefully covered up with canvas. The result of the trial, however, was precisely the same as on former occasions of the kind, the third shot from the gunboat, breaking the plate and driving large portions through the frigate's side, stranding the deck with broken pieces of iron.

NOTICE TO FEMALE TEACHERS.

THE SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS of the Parish of St. JULIENNE will require, on the First of July next, a FEMALE TEACHER; one who will be able to instruct in both English and French. Address by letter, prepaid, to A. H. De Cassin, Secretary-Treasurer. March 9, 1860.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. ALTERATION OF TRAINS.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, March 19th, Trains will leave POINT ST. CHARLES as follows:— EASTERN TRAINS. For Quebec and intermediate Stations at 11.00 A.M. For Portland and Boston, stopping over night at Island Pond, at 5.00 P.M. Night Mail for Quebec, (Mixed Train from Richmond) at 5.00 P.M. WESTERN TRAINS. Mail Train, for Toronto and Principal Stations, at 8.15 A.M. Mixed Train, for Kingston and all Way Stations, at 8.30 A.M. Night Express Train, for Toronto, London, Saris, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Milwaukee, at 6.00 P.M. This Train has Sleeping Cars attached, and form close connections at Detroit Junction with the Express Trains of the Michigan Central Michigan Southern, and Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT POINT SAINT CHARLES AS FOLLOWS: From Toronto and all Western connections, at 10.30 A.M. From Kingston and Way Stations, at 9.15 P.M. From Toronto and Principal Stations, at 12.30 A.M. From Quebec (Mixed Train with Mail) at 7.30 A.M. From Island Pond, with Boston and Portland Passengers, at 12.00 A.M. From Quebec and intermediate Stations, at 5.30 P.M. W. SHANLY, General Manager. Montreal, March 10, 1860

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

A THOROUGH English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education is imparted in this Institution, on moderate terms. As the strictest attention is paid to the Moral and Literary Training of the pupils attending this School, there are none whose conduct and application are not satisfactory allowed to remain. For particulars, apply to the Principal at the School. W. DORAN, Principal. Jan. 6, 1860.

DRY GOODS. St. Lawrence House, 93 St-Gull Street, Second Door from Notre Dame Street.

JOHN PAPE & CO. HAVE just OPENED one Case of LADIES' CHEMILLE HAIR NETS, all colors. Montreal, Oct. 27, 1859.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE RISKS taken for this Old Established Office, on as equally as favorable as other First-Class Companies. M. H. GAULT, Agent. October 13.

DR. WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.

Balm of Wild Cherry. Realizing the true sense of responsibility attaching to the Editor of and Publisher of a widely-circulated Journal, we should deem it little less than a crime to recommend any medical compound (the real virtues of which we could not conscientiously endorse. This balsamic compound has become a household name, and all persons who suffer, and have in vain attempted to cure their Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, or Pulmonary Complaints, make use of this unequalled remedy. The following Certificate from a distinguished gentleman is equally conclusive: From Rev. Henry Wood, formerly Editor of the Congregational Journal, Concord, N. H., more recently American Consul at Beyroot, Syria, and now Chaplain in the Navy. Concord, N. H., March 2. Messrs. SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Gentlemen:—Two years ago a sudden and violent attack upon my Lungs confined me to my bed for several weeks, and when I recovered, I was so much oppressed by difficulty in breathing, that I was often unable to sleep or rest upon a bed by night. The suffering was extreme, and judging from the inefficiency of the remedies used, I supposed the disease incurable. Being persuaded to try a bottle of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, without confidence in its efficacy, I found the difficulty almost entirely removed before one bottle was used up. Sympathy with my fellow sufferers induces me to make this public statement, and recommend the article to others similarly afflicted. With respect, yours truly, HENRY WOOD. None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper. Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston; and for sale at Wholesale, by Lyman, Savage, & Co.; Carter, Kerry, & Co.; S. J. Lyman, and by Druggists generally.

THE TOILET COMPANION is the name by which Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., at Boston, designate the neat and convenient case in which the famous chemists and perfumers put up their superior preparations for toilet use, viz., "Kalliston," "Cocoalins," "Oriental Tooth Wash," and "Florimel." Kalliston is an article the ladies already regard as an indispensable preparation for promoting the healthy condition of the skin and beautifying the complexion. The Cocoalins, containing a large proportion of Coconut Oil, imparts to the hair a glossy appearance, invigorates it, and gives it a healthy growth. The Oriental Tooth Wash arrests decay of the teeth, cures canker, hardens the gums, and imparts fragrance to the breath. Florimel is a delicate and enduring perfume, of exquisite odor, and so pure as not to discolor the lightest fabric. These preparations are not only of approved usefulness, and all that they profess to be, but also remarkable for a delicacy of perfume and healthy purity, very seldom met with in articles which are sold at such moderate prices.—Louisville Democrat.

PIANO FORTE TUNING. JOHN ROONEY, PIANO FORTE TUNER, (Formerly of Nunn & Clark, New York, and recently in the employ of S. T. Pearce.) BEGS leave to inform Mr. Pearce's customers, as well in Montreal as in the country, and neighboring towns, that he has commenced TUNING PIANOS on his own account; and trusts by his punctuality and skill to merit a continuance of that patronage which was so liberally extended to Mr. Pearce. All orders left at Messrs. B. Dawson & Sons, Great St. James Street, will meet with strict attention. March 3, 1860.

FOUR DOLLARS REWARD.

LOST on Sunday, the 26th February, in St. Lawrence Main Street, a Lady's MINK GAUNTLET.—Whoever leaves it at the Office of this paper will receive the above Reward.

SYSTEM.

EVERY great movement is usually the result of systematic action. The sudden and impulsive efforts of men will sometimes carry out the object in view, but seldom are such results to be recognised by a permanency of character. The laws were established on and are administered by system; cities are built, countries marked out, roads formed, farms cropped and harvest saved, all by certain processes or systems. Remove system for one week or one day and mark the result; but you cannot, for it is the very life of society. Without order and system the various grades of society would commingle into one confused mass; the worse dress would be stirred up, and those wild passions left loose would spread terror and disorder everywhere. System governs the army and the civil codes without which no nation could stand; it is the lever by which individuals and nations rise to their proper positions; it controls the steam and directs the vessel's course; it built the pyramids amidst a deluge of sand; it makes signals under the wide Atlantic; and that prodigious structure which lies across the great St. Lawrence, resting on its mighty piers, enveloped in sheets of iron, bolted, and locked perhaps till the end of time, is one of the greatest triumphs of system associated with genius and art, of which this age can boast. System is as essential to commerce as it is to engineering, architecture, or navigation. The excellent system that is observed in the Business Departments at the CLOTH HALL, Notre Dame Street, is a proof of its application in the commercial, as well as in the higher walks of professional and scientific pursuit.

THE CLOTH HALL, 292 Notre Dame Street, (West).

The system is strictly One Price. Each piece of Cloth or Tweed, &c., has the lowest price distinctly marked in plain figures. Gentlemen will save considerably by visiting this establishment, the Latest Styles in the Gentleman's Dress Department are now exhibiting. J. IVERS. March 8.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, (Corner of King and William Streets.) MONTREAL, IS NOW OPEN.

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

WANTED, A SITUATION as TEACHER of a E. C. School, by a person of long experience, who holds certificates of recommendation of the most unexceptionable character for competence and morals. A letter addressed "To Teacher," in care of Taux Wiggins, will meet with prompt attention.

CAST STEEL CHURCH BELLS.



THE Subscribers having been appointed AGENTS for CANADA, for the sale of CAST STEEL CHURCH and FACTORY BELLS, are now prepared to execute Orders for them to any extent that may be required.

These Bells are made by Messrs. NAYLOR, VICKERS & CO., of Sheffield, England. They have a pure, melodious sound, peculiar to steel, owing to the elasticity of the metal the sound penetrates to a great distance.

Cast Steel Bells are much lighter than those made of ordinary bell-metal of the same size, and are consequently more easily rung; and owing to the density and also to the well-known strength of the material, it is almost impossible to break them with ordinary usage.

These bells have been successfully introduced in some of the largest cities and towns in the United States and Canada, for Fire Alarms, Churches, Factories, &c., and being sold much cheaper than Composition Bells, this fact in connection with their lightness, strength and sweetness of tone, cannot fail to commend them to public favor.

Cast Steel Bells combine, therefore an improvement in quality and power of tone, with greater facility for placing and ringing them, from their diminished weight and a very material saving in price.

CHIMES CAST TO ORDER WITH GREAT ACCURACY. Every Bell is warranted for one year, with proper usage, in any climate. Printed Circulars, with descriptions, recommendations, prices, &c., will be furnished on application to PROTHINGHAM & WORKMAN, Montreal, Agents for Canada.

January 7.

M. TEEFY, MONROE HILL POST OFFICE, C.W.

COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, &c., AND GENERAL AGENT.

INFORMATION WANTED OF MARIA MOORE, a native of the county Westmeath, Ireland, who left Montreal about 4 years ago, by her Brother, William Moore. Address to this office.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Re-established in 1826.]

The subscribers have constantly for sale an assortment of Church, Factory, Steamboat, Locomotive, Plantation, School, House and other Bells, mounted in the most approved and durable manner. For full particulars as to many recent improvements, warrants, diameter of Bells, &c., send for a circular. Address A. MENEELY'S SONS, Agents, West Troy, N. Y.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, NO. 19 COTE STREET.

PROGRAMME OF INSTRUCTION IN THE COMMERCIAL ACADEMY OF CATHOLIC COMMISSIONERS, MONTREAL; UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal. MR. P. GARNOT, Professor of French. MR. J. M. ANDERSON, Professor of English.

The Course of Education will embrace a Period of Five Years' Study. FIRST YEAR. TERMS—ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH.

Religion; English and French Reading; Calligraphy; Mental Calculation; Exercise in the French and English Languages; Object Lessons in French and English; Vocal Music.

SECOND YEAR. TERMS—ONE DOLLAR 50 CTS. PER MONTH.

Religion; French and English Reading; Etymology; Calligraphy; The Elements of French and English Grammar; The Elements of Arithmetic; The Elements of Geography explained on Maps; Sacred History; Object Lessons in French and English; Vocal Music.

THIRD YEAR. TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER MONTH.

Religion; French and English Reading with explanations; Etymology; Calligraphy; Arithmetic, (with all the rules of Commerce); English and French Syntax; Sacred History; Object Lessons in French and English; Vocal Music.

FOURTH YEAR. TERMS—TWO DOLLARS 50 CTS. PER MONTH.

Religion; French and English Reading, with explanations; Etymology; Calligraphy; General Grammar (French and English); all the rules of Arithmetic; Geography: History of Canada, under the Dominion of the French; the Elements of Algebra and Geometry; Natural History, ancient and modern History; Object Lessons in French and English; Book-keeping (single entry); Vocal Music.

FIFTH YEAR. TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER MONTH.

Religion; Elocution, English and French; French and English Literature; Calligraphy; Book-keeping by Double Entry; Commercial Economy; Geography; History of Canada under the rule of the English; Natural History; Ancient and Modern History; Geometry; Algebra; Notions of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; Vocal Music.

N.B.—As the most important lessons are the first of the morning exercises, parents are respectfully requested to send their children early to the school, so as not to deprive them the benefit of any of their lessons.

Parents will be furnished with a monthly bulletin, stating the conduct, application and progress of their children. The Religious instruction will be under the direction of a Gentleman from the Seminary, who will give lessons twice a week in French and English. Should the number of pupils require his services, an additional Professor of English will be procured.

The duties of the School will be Resumed at Nine A. M., on MONDAY next, 22d current. For particulars, apply to the Principal, at the School, U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND."

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," a rare Companion for the Winter Months.

Every Pianist, Every Singer, Every Teacher, Every Pupil, Every Amateur.

Shoold procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Piano Forte Music, costing but 10 CENTS a number, and pronounced By the entire Press of the Country, to be "The Best and Cheapest Work of the kind in the World."

Twelve full-sized Pages of Vocal and Piano Forte Music for TEN CENTS. Yearly, \$5; Half-yearly, \$2.50; Quarterly, \$1.25. Subscribers to "Our Musical Friend," or order it from the nearest Newsdealer, and you will have Music enough for your entire family at an insignificant cost; and if you want Music for the Flute, Violin, Cornet, Clarinet, Accordion, &c., subscribe to the

"SOLO MELODIST," Containing 12 pages, costing only 10 Cents a number; Yearly, \$2.50; Half-yearly, \$1.25. All the Back Numbers at 10 Cents, and Bound Volumes, containing 17 Numbers, at \$2.50 each, constantly on hand.

C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., 107 Nassau Street, New York.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order with your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the result of a torpid bowels. Some of sickness is a creeping upon you, and should be arrested by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and in a few days the blood will be purified, the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles some where in the body, and obstructs the circulation of the blood into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles some where in the body, and obstructs the circulation of the blood into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles some where in the body, and obstructs the circulation of the blood into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease.

As a Family Physic. From Dr. E. H. Carter, New Orleans. Your Pills are the prince of purgatives. Their effects are so mild, but very certain and essential in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the treatment of disease. Headache, Sick Headache, Poul Stomach. From Dr. Edward Hoop, Baltimore. I have used your Pills for the purpose of all that I could find. They have cured me of my biliousness, and I have been able to do my duty for several years. My mother has been long and easily afflicted with biliousness, and she has cured her ailment with your Pills, and she has cured her ailment with your Pills, and she has cured her ailment with your Pills.

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P. F. WALSH, Practical and Scientific Watchmaker.

HAS REMOVED TO 178 NOTRE DAME STREET, (Next door to O'Connell's Boot & Sho Store.)

CALL and examine his NEW and SPLENDID assortment of Watches, Jewellery, and Plated Ware. P. F. Walsh has also on hand the BEST SELECTED and most varied assortment of FANCY GOODS, Toys, Perfumery, Chaplets, Rosaries, Devocives, and other religious and symbolic articles.

Buy your Fancy and other Stationery from P. F. WALSH, 178 Notre Dame Street, of which he has on hand the VERY BEST QUALITY.

Best Special attention given to REPAIRING and TIMING all kinds of Watches, by competent workmen, under his personal superintendence. No Watches taken for Repairs that cannot be Warranted.

BUSINESS DEVICE: 22 Quick Sales and Light Profits. Nov. 17, 1859.

FIREWOOD. 1000 CORDS OF FIREWOOD.—Pine, Hemlock, and Tamarack—at \$2 per Cord. F. B. M'NAMEE.

FIRE BRICKS. 5000 FIRE BRICKS for Sale, Buckley Mountain, Hamany's and Carr's manufacture. F. B. M'NAMEE, St. Antoine Street.

WHITE PINE. 100,000 FEET of Square 20,000 feet of Flat and Round Rock Elm. 10,000 feet of Flat Red and White Pine 2000 Superficial Feet 2 inch Flooring 5000 do 1 and 2 inch Flooring. Parties intending to build will find this the best seasoned timber in market. F. B. M'NAMEE.

FOR SALE. 3 TONS of assorted HOOPE IRON, 1, 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 2, 50 barrels of Best American Cement 300 Empty Cement Barrels. F. B. M'NAMEE.

THE Subscriber has two pair of BOB SLIGHS for hire, capable of carrying 50 tons each. Parties having large barrels, heavy castings, or wooden houses to remove, should call and see them. January 26. F. B. M'NAMEE.

MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE. IN this splendid free stone building, one of the most beautiful of the country, there is given an education entirely destined to prepare young persons for commercial business, by teaching them particularly Arithmetic and the English and French languages. A crowd of English and French pupils from the cities and counties are now studying without distinction of origin or religion. The boarding is at a very low price.

CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT. THE subscriber has in course of construction a number of FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, the name of Wheeler & Wilson's patent, which he intends to sell cheaper than any that have been sold heretofore in Canada. All who intend to supply themselves with a good cheap Machine, will find it to their advantage to defer their purchase for a few weeks until these Machines are completed. In price and quality they will have no parallel, as the subscriber intends to be governed by quick sales and light profits.

WANT FOR THE BARGAINS. F. J. SAGLE, Sewing Machine Manufacturer, 265 Notre Dame Street. Oct. 20, 1859.

ACADEMY OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON, C. W. THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time habits of neatness, order and industry. The Course of Instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.

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

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C. W.; Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. F. J. HAZEN, Bishop of Kingston.

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

TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays in full yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July, July 21st, 1858.

WHERE IS PATRICK LYONS? INFORMATION WANTED OF PATRICK LYONS, who left Montreal for New York about nine years ago,

