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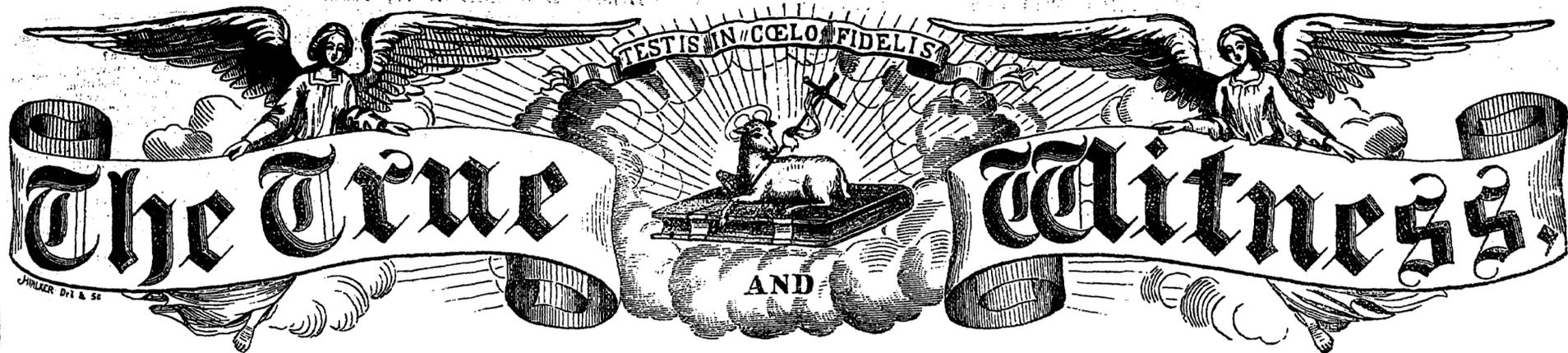
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. IX.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1858.

No. 18.

"THE KNOT:"

A TALE OF POLAND.

(Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadlier.)

CHAPTER IV.

Having tenderly embraced his daughter, the Count looked after her as she left the room, with a melancholy and abstracted air. But speedily recovering himself he turned calmly towards his friends:

"It is time for us to separate," said he, "and you may all yield without apprehension to the soothing influence of sleep. I am now going to give my orders to Valentine, and will have it so arranged that this Russian troop shall be closely watched, and on the least manifestation of danger from them, they shall instantly be put to the sword, as they do not, I believe, number more than forty. To-morrow will be our grand day, and I hope the last rays of its sun will gild our national banner as it proudly floats from the summit of the great tower." Then turning to the Priest, he went on: "You will, I am sure, father, offer up the holy sacrifice for us before dawn, in the chapel. Till then, may God protect us all!"

The party then separated, each being desirous of obtaining some repose ere the fatigues and dangers of the morrow set in. Raphael alone remained behind, requesting the Count to favor him with a few moments' conversation.

"Most willingly, my dear friend," replied the Count, walking back with him towards the fireplace. "Speak now—I listen."

"Now that we are on the eve of great events which concern us all alike," said Raphael, in a voice which he vainly sought to render steady, "will your lordship permit me to open my mind to you? I have long aspired to the hand of your daughter, though fully sensible of my own unworthiness of such an honor. Encouraged, nevertheless, by your lordship's unvarying kindness and attention, I now venture to ask whether you will or can favor my suit, and permit me to speak more freely to the Lady Rosa than I have yet dared to do?"

"My dear Ubinski," exclaimed the Count, pressing his hand with paternal affection, "I will not hesitate to tell you that your proposal gives me very great satisfaction, and be assured that if it be unsuccessful the fault rests not with me.—Yes! I most sincerely wish that my daughter may view the matter as I do, for I should assuredly welcome the day that would give you to me for a son."

"My dear lord!" said Raphael, with unfeigned delight, "how can I ever prove to you how deeply grateful I am for your unmerited partiality?"

"I am just going to tell you that, Raphael," rejoined the Count quickly, "in anticipation of those misfortunes which will inevitably attend us in the prosecution of our designs, I have already offered up myself and all that I possess to the uncertainty of a stormy future. This I have judged it my duty to do as a soldier and a Christian, yet am I still haunted by one sad thought, which, at times, almost unmans me. Indifferent as I am to my own fate, I am full of anxiety for that of my daughter, since, if I am destined to fall, what will become of her?—who will watch over and protect her?—who will devote himself to her happiness?—who, in fine, will love her like her old father?—nobler yet by her mind than by her birth, lovelier a thousand times by her virtues than by the charms of her person? Who can set a proper value on my priceless child? Such are the questions I have often asked myself;—and, Ubinski, notwithstanding the difference between our political opinions, I have found but you in all the range of my acquaintance, with a heart sufficiently pure and a mind sufficiently elevated, to ensure the happiness of my daughter! You may then judge how great is my joy when you propose yourself for her acceptance."

"Ah," exclaimed Raphael, fervently, "if I have no other merit whereon to found my claim, I have at least that of a profound sense of Rosa's inestimable worth, and if I only succeed in winning her affection, I can promise, in all sincerity, that my whole future life shall be devoted, after God, to her happiness. But the main point is, my dear Count, can I have any reasonable hope that she will receive me as a suitor?"

Here Raphael stopped short—his conversation with Stanislaus suddenly recurred to him, and not even the paternal friendship of the Count was able to dispel his fears.

"To-morrow, my dear Ubinski," said the Count after a pause, "to-morrow you shall have a decided answer, for after all, the decision rests with my daughter. In the meantime, you know, you can count on my good offices."

Raphael then retired, and he was scarcely gone, when Casimir entered, and approached his father with a somewhat mysterious air. "I am charged," said he, "with an embassy which, under our present circumstances, may appear strange, yet as I have promised to lose no time, I must go through with it at once: in a word, father, (for this is no time for idle discourse) my

friend Stanislaus seeks, through me, your permission to address my sister."

"Indeed?" exclaimed the Count, more than a little embarrassed by this second application. "It is even so, father! and I need not, I am sure remind you that this proposal is not to be lightly treated, since Stanislaus is unexceptionable as to family and fortune, and possesses, besides, many brilliant qualifications."

"Undoubtedly," replied the Count, "but you can conceive my perplexity when I tell you that Raphael has just this moment preferred a similar petition."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Casimir, surprised as his father had before been.

"We have then to make a choice, and the necessity is truly a painful one to me. However, it is not for us to decide—the matter rests, of course, with your sister. In the meantime, tell me frankly what is your opinion; laying aside all prepossession for either one or the other, and speaking conscientiously, which of these young noblemen would be best calculated, think you, to ensure the happiness of our dear Rosa?"

"As you have put the question so directly, my dear father, I must candidly acknowledge that notwithstanding the numerous advantages enjoyed by Stanislaus, I have more faith in the nobler and more stable character of Raphael."

"Ha! now I see that you do indeed desire your sister's happiness," said the Count, as he embraced his son, "and your opinion is precisely mine."

"And yet, father, when Stanislaus constituted me his envoy, and while giving me my instructions, he gave me to understand, by all sorts of round-about ways, that he has some reason to believe himself tolerably sure, as far as my sister is concerned, so that it is only your consent he believes wanting to make all right."

"Ha! the case begins to wear a graver aspect," said the Count, in a pensive tone. "However, we shall see how it is. I shall go and talk with Rosa on the subject, and I know she will not deceive me. As to yourself, Casimir, you will await me in my sleeping apartment, where there is a bed prepared for you for to-night. Valentine and his son will keep guard on the door, and as all our people are warned to be on the alert, we can have them around us on the slightest appearance of danger. These precautions were all necessary, I can assure you; for treachery is around us under one form or another. Go, then, and await my coming, but be prudent and watchful. I conjure you, for we know these Russians too well to doubt that there is a price, ay! and a golden one, fixed on your head."

Count Bialewski traversed with a slow step the corridor which led to the apartments of his daughter, reflecting, as he went, on the two proposals he had so lately received, and asked himself what objection could he seriously propose in the event of Rosa's declaring in favor of Stanislaus. He had long since remarked the particular attentions of these two young men, and had made the character of each his peculiar study. This investigation was anything but favorable to Stanislaus, who, with all his striking advantages of face, and form, and manner, appeared to the Count to have a certain flexibility of mind and lightness of principle which might seriously compromise the happiness of his daughter. In Raphael, on the contrary, he had early discovered a high and noble mind, together with the most unending sense of rectitude as displayed in all his actions. Raphael's whole soul seemed wrapped up in the loveliness of virtue, and likely to make any sacrifice rather than tarnish that bright ideal. But yet, if Rosa was no longer free to choose, what was to be done? Must he suppress the yearning tenderness of his heart, and exact from her a rigid submission to the calculating views of age? And, moreover, Stanislaus, with all his failings, was not without numerous virtues, and was there not every reason to hope that even those faults and foibles would disappear in time before the bright example of Rosa? It might well be, and yet the Count could not think, without a sigh, on even the probability of such a union.

Full of doubt and anxiety he knocked at Rosa's door and was instantly admitted. She had not yet gone to bed, and was kneeling before a crucifix, engaged in her evening devotions. The Count made a sign that she should not disturb herself, and taking his place in front of the fireplace, he continued to reflect on what he should say to Rosa. Let us then profit by this opportunity, in order to survey the apartment, which was of ordinary dimensions, and might be considered as Rosa's boudoir or work-room. Everything around bore testimony to the taste and refinement of the presiding genius. The compartments of the carved oak wainscoting were adorned with drawing and painting, in which were easily discernible the peculiar genius of Rosa.—A piano stood open at the further end of the room, and on it lay some of the best compositions of Beethoven and Rossini. A large glass case set in between the two windows contained the library, consisting for the most part of the

great French literature of the seventeenth century, together with a crowd of names ending in *ski*, and well known beyond the Vistula. On either side of the fire-place was ranged flower-vases containing plants of various kinds in full-blossom, which, at that inclement season, spoke volumes for the attentive care bestowed upon them. It was a scene wherein the elegance and luxury of a lordly dwelling were mingled with the simplicity which Rosa best loved, and perhaps the greatest charm of the apartment was the perfect neatness and good order everywhere visible. It was there that Rosa, as mistress of the mansion, was wont to receive her lady visitors. And now, in order to complete the picture, we have but to glance at Rosa herself. She was, as we have elsewhere said, somewhere about twenty; her figure was tall and slender in its proportions; her features regular and well-formed but chiefly remarkable for the serene and noble expression by which they were animated. Indeed, the whole contour of the face, shaded by soft bands of fair hair, and with its deep blue eyes, was singularly soft and feminine, yet they would assuredly have been mistaken who would thence infer that Rosa's mind was such as generally accompanies such a conformation. Physiologists and romancers may say as they will, but it is nevertheless true that though to all appearance Rosa was gentle and even fragile, yet education had made her both courageous and firm. She had been so unfortunate as to lose her mother while yet in the first years of life;—but the loss had been amply compensated by the devoted affection of her father, who had early learned to look upon her as his greatest earthly consolation. He had made her from her very infancy, the object of unceasing vigilance, and of the tenderest care, and not even in those years when he had served in the Polish and in the French armies, did he for a moment forget his daughter, or entrust her to mercenary attendants. At a later period when, after the fall of Napoleon, the generosity of the Czar Alexander had permitted Poland to breathe more freely, and her children to live again in comparative tranquility, the Count retired to his estates, and devoted himself more exclusively to the education of his daughter. In this, his favorite employment, he had been latterly ably assisted by the Abbe Choradzo, a man whose talents and acquisitions were only exceeded by his fervent piety.

It was no way surprising that the mind of Rosa should have been even strongly influenced by the military life which she had shared with her father, and hence it was that while tenderly alive to the wants and sufferings of others, she could look on the most pitiable scene, and with her own hands give relief to the sufferer, and yet preserve an almost stoical coolness. Neither darkness, nor solitude, nor the din of battle, could disturb the firmness of her soul. She had been her father's companion in many a toilsome journey, and was wont to keep close by his side, smiling and calm, though mounted on a fiery charger. She associated herself in all her father's patriotic views, and this not only by her prayers and good wishes, but also by that active sympathy which follows events with eager interest, mourning for the disappointment and rejoicing in the probability of success, leaving nothing undone for the furtherance of the cause that might beset a modest and a high-souled woman. Yet were all these lofty aspirations bent down and regulated by the strong and tutelary law of religious duty, and Rosa was all the more ardently devoted to the sublime faith of her fathers, for that the Russian clergy and the Russian government had made, and were making, every effort to calumniate and defame it. Such, then, was Rosa; and who can wonder that she was the darling of her father's heart, or be surprised at the rivalry of Stanislaus and Raphael?

Rosa was praying, as we have observed, when her father entered, but she very soon arose and approached him.

"You have something to say to me, I perceive, my dear father," she said. "Tell me, is Casimir safe?"

"Oh, have no fear on that head, my child;—your brother is beyond danger. The business of which I would speak to you, though grave enough, it is true, yet concerns yourself first of all."

"Concerns me, father!—how—what do you mean?"

"Yes, just yourself!—and in order to save you any unnecessary suspense, I shall at once come to the fact, or rather facts. You are already aware that it was not my intention to bestow you in marriage until you had attained the age of twenty-one. We have often conversed on this subject, and with the less pain that we had always agreed that your marriage would in no case separate us, and would give me but a son the more to love. Now there is a mighty struggle at hand, in which I must necessarily run some risk, and my mind would be comparatively easy and free from care had I but the assurance that I had secured for you a protector on whose

honor and affection I could fully rely. Be not surprised, therefore, that I now introduce the subject, and I will add that it would give me a very sensible pleasure if we could now decide on him who is to be the future protector of my Rosa;—besides, I have two proposals to submit to you, which require, of course, an immediate decision as far as they are concerned."

"Proposals!" repeated Rosa, with a smile and a blush.

"Even so," replied the Count, "and it is precisely those same proposals which embarrass me more than a little. But, after all, as it is for you and not me to decide on their respective merits, I hope to get through the difficulty with your aid. Two young noblemen, of distinguished rank, have proposed for your hand—you know them, and have known them long—it is Raphael and Stanislaus. So now, what think you?"

"And you, my father?" stammered Rosa,—"what is your opinion?"

"I, my child!" returned the Count, "I have nothing to say but this, that my sole desire is to see you happy, and to know how best that happiness may be secured."

"It is—it really is, most perplexing," said Rosa, musingly.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Count.

"But yet—"

"Hear me, Rosa," interrupted her father, "I am fully aware that the matter requires mature consideration, and would, therefore, advise you to postpone your answer till to-morrow. I should, however, remind you that you are not called upon to enter into any sort of engagement, and the question only is to decide between two rival candidates. I should imagine that it is not so very difficult. Only decide—and if you do accept either of these noblemen, you shall have as long time as you may desire before the irrevocable vow is made. Good night, then, my dear child, I shall now leave you to your reflections."

"No, father, no—do not leave me yet!" exclaimed Rosa, in visible confusion. "You know I never willfully conceal any thing from you, and now, if I am indeed called upon to make a choice so unexpectedly, you will not refuse me the benefit of your counsel?"

"I am only too happy, my dear Rosa, in the consciousness of possessing your confidence," replied the Count, embracing his daughter as he spoke, "and if my advice can indeed aid you in this momentous affair, it will be freely and sincerely given. I must confess that I am really anxious to know whether either of my young friends, or which of them, has obtained a place in your heart, for on this information depends, in a great measure, my present and future peace of mind. Speak, then, my daughter, and fearlessly open your heart to your father."

"Alas! my father! you are then about to see a poor, weak heart exposed!" murmured Rosa, and she hid her face in her father's bosom.

CHAPTER V.

"I am quite sure, Rosa," replied the Count, "that you have nothing to reveal which can alter my opinion of your rectitude and purity of heart."

"Spoken like the kindest and most indulgent of fathers," murmured Rosa, "but you shall see. In the first place, then, my dear father, it is long since I perceived the rival assiduities of these noblemen, and as far as Stanislaus is concerned, I must acknowledge, to my shame, that I have but too often given him room to believe that his attentions were very pleasing to me. Stanislaus is, as you know, full of life, and spirits, and has, moreover, an extraordinary talent for drawing one into those conversations which, although trifling and light in their nature, are apt to excite the imagination, and when managed by one so adroit and skilful as Stanislaus, may be easily made to serve his purpose, giving to others the impression that two young people who laugh and chat away so merrily together, must have a good understanding between them. Then, on the other hand, Stanislaus has no equal in those nameless attentions which are generally supposed to be all-powerful with our sex, and I cannot, and may not, deny, that he has made himself exceedingly agreeable to me,—and—may even have acquired a certain influence over my mind, so that—"

Here Rosa made a dead pause,—her cheeks were dyed with a crimson blush, and she evidently knew not how to finish the sentence.

"—So that," said the Count, with a smile, catching up the unfinished sentence, "you have on the whole, shown a pretty strong preference for Stanislaus, and are disposed to favor his wishes?"

"No, no, father!—no such thing, believe me!" cried Rosa, with surprising quickness and vivacity.

"Then what am I to think, dear Rosa! after what you have said?"

"Nay, hear me to the end, father, before you form your judgment—I wish to show myself as I really am, so that you can the better give me your advice when you have heard all. At the

same time that Stanislaus was paying me those dangerous assiduities, I could not avoid seeing the respectful attention of Ubinski, and I can truly say that I early became convinced of the immense difference between the two; the one was, to be sure, witty, gay and satirical;—but the other was noble, and serious, and benevolent. Raphael, it is true, never soared aloft, as Stanislaus often did, on the wing of enthusiasm, but when called forth by circumstances, he invariably proved himself for removed from all narrow and selfish prejudices, and in fact as possessing one of those lofty minds which truly enable our kind. Hence it was that in his presence I often reproached myself for giving way to those frivolous amusements, and blasphemy as I thought of how he must regard them. At such moments Stanislaus fell immeasurably in my estimation, and, in short, I could never say of him what I have ever thought of—of—the other.—Ah! father! with what entire confidence can a woman lean on the arm of one like Raphael, and how natural it is for her to love one so every way noble—one of whose virtues she has so much reason to be proud! Such, then, is my opinion of these young noblemen, and now, my dear father, you can decide for me—at least, I hope so."

"Then my opinion is, that you have only suffered Stanislaus to catch hold of your imagination, while Raphael has reached your heart, and most worthy he is of any woman's love."

"I am truly rejoiced to hear you say so!"—Rosa exclaimed, with artless fervor.

"And why not decide at once in Raphael's favor?"

"Ah! I was afraid that I could never be worthy of him," said Rosa, in a subdued voice, "and I feared, besides, that I had, although unintentionally, given Stanislaus too much encouragement to draw myself out with fitting grace."

"Have you given him any sort of promise?"

"Never—never, father! nor any thing that even could interpret as such. No, the only thing wherewith I have to reproach myself is the not having shunned those occasions which brought us in close connexion with each other, particularly as my indiscretion in those matters may seem to denote a preference which I never really or seriously felt. The truth is that the exquisite charms of his manner and conversation have at times induced me to pay him too much attention—more than he deserved. Yet I solemnly repeat to you that I have never regarded him with that admiration—that that deep feeling with which I have long looked upon his rival."

"My dear child," said the Count, with affectionate gravity, "you must neither be surprised nor afflicted by those apparent contradictions which seemed to have troubled you more than enough. They are in perfect accordance with our poor, weak nature, seeing that we cannot help being dazzled and attracted, it may even be by a brilliant and specious exterior; but the rational and thinking mind easily discerns the real character beneath all its glittering and meretricious ornaments, and despising the hollow cheat, it turns with intuitive respect and admiration to where it discovers true merit and unostentatious nobleness. And I must say, Rosa, that you have thus shown considerable penetration. Stanislaus is, beyond all doubt, brilliant and accomplished, but is far too much devoted to pleasure ever to become a great man;—he is, indeed, one of those who entirely depend on chance, and may turn to good or evil, just as circumstances happen. Raphael, on the contrary, will on every possible occasion, prove himself both high-minded and upright—and will be sure to be one day a distinguished man. For my part, though our political opinions are entirely different, I would have no hesitation in confiding to him my dearest earthly treasure—am I then to understand that you authorise me to give him a favorable answer?"

"You know we are not to be separated, father!" cried Rosa, as she threw herself on his neck, giving no more direct answer to his question.

"Oh! that is understood!" returned the Count, with a gratified smile. "And now, my sweet child, farewell till to-morrow."

Whilst the Count seeks his own chamber, after having ascertained that all necessary precautions had been taken against a surprise from the Russians, let us penetrate, for a moment, to that of Stanislaus. Reclining on a sofa, with his feet extended in front of a bright fire, he was carelessly glancing over some papers which Firley, his steward, had presented for his inspection.—This Firley was apparently between forty and fifty years of age, in stature but little above the middle size, with a florid and rather jocular countenance, and a pair of quick and restless eyes, whose habitual expression was that of sly cunning.

"Firley," said Stanislaus, with a yawn, as he put away the last of the documents, "can you tell me why I have entrusted to you the management of my affairs?"

"Why, my lord! it was, I suppose, in order

to get rid of a boat of troublesome details which would be entirely unworthy the notice of a nobleman of your rank. "You speak like a book, my good fellow— but why, then, do you bore me to death with these wretched scrawls of petitions and bills, and the Lord knows what? Surely I have other things to attend to, and you know it."

guised hand, and with numerous orthographical errors (wiful, of course) as though it came from a servant, and addressed to the officer in command of the Russian detachment. The note was left unsealed, and ran as follows: "The wretch of whom you are in pursuit is still in the castle. I warn you, however, that your party is not strong enough to arrest him.— So you must immediately procure a larger force. This comes from "A FRIEND."

It was late when Raphael threw himself on his bed, and he was only awake next morning by a light tapping at his chamber door. "Who is there?" he asked, as he hastily donned his garments. The answer was "Count Bialewski."

spotless character. This class in the crowd of distinguished converts who have, within the last few years, at incredible sacrifices, joined the Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland, where they now exult as it were the pulpits, give brilliancy to our schools, and add ornament to the very altar. These men have long filled the highest chairs in their own universities, or enjoyed the most worthy positions of wealthy emolument in their churches; but having been trained in the deepest researches of Ecclesiastical erudition, they saw the glaring errors of their faith, and without a moment's hesitation they resigned their chairs or benefices, severed the strongest bonds of kindred and home, and by one bold courageous effort embraced the ancient creed of Augustine, of King Alfred, and the early Heretics. They are the perfect practical expression of Bossuet's historical idea: they read the early records of Henry, of Somerset, and of Elizabeth: they studied Craumer and Ridley; they were acquainted with the death of Sir Thomas More; they were ashamed of their Protestant forefathers; they grieved over the religious fury, and the political atrocities of these past days of apostasy, of plunder, and sacrilege; and they have nobly done their duty in abjuring the past, edifying the present, and sanctifying the future.

We now come to a fuller exposition of the Puseyite doctrine of the Confession. Question—What is the Confession? Answer—It is to accuse ourselves of all our sins to a priest, in order to obtain absolution. Question—How must we make our Confession? Answer—To kneel down by the side of the priest; to make the sign of the Cross, and ask his blessing; saying "Father, give me your blessing; for I have sinned"; and then we must accuse ourselves of all the sins since our last Confession. (The party Confessing is afterwards to do the penance given him by the priest.)

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REV. DR. CAHILL.

THE LAST TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT ABOUT TO END IN CATHOLICITY.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

Of all the changes which have been successively adopted by the Anglican Religionists during the last three hundred years, the present movement of the Tractarians is the most remarkable. It is a national symptom which points to a closer resemblance to Catholicity than any religious development (as they call it) hitherto discovered in England; and whether we consider the High Church Party, with whom it has originated, or its widely spreading doctrines, or the avowed learning of its advocates and professors, the whole case of this movement is one of the deepest importance to British and Irish society. The past history of England furnishes astounding facts in reference to religion. In the reign of one monarch, from the year 1533 to 1547, the Catholics of that country not only permitted the confiscation of the Church property of the kingdom, but actually joined in the sacrilege and shared the plunder! And in the lifetime of a second sovereign, from the year 1558 to 1603, almost all England, with the exception of Lancashire and some few aristocratic families, changed their creed, and embraced Protestantism! Neither the German States, nor Denmark, nor Sweden, nor Holland, nor Switzerland, made such a multitudinous change of religion, within such a brief period, as Great Britain; and hence if passion, prejudice, bribery, and fear, produced in that nation such a wholesale desertion of the old faith, in times that are passed, it cannot be reasonably doubted that the same nation, by the contrary influences of reflection and reading (independently of grace), may be brought to retrace their steps, to acknowledge their past mistake, and to seek re-admission into the ancient Church of their ancestors. I think it was Bossuet, who, arguing from the records of past church history, has remarked "that the nation which left the true faith, by being corrupted by the perverse learning of a false philosophy, have never returned to the old fold: while those who had deserted their creed from the passion or the prejudice of the passing hour, have often, in succeeding time, repented of their apostasy, and re-embrace the doctrines of their fathers." The idea of Bossuet clearly is, that an apostasy arising from political disunion, or from animal turpitude, is viewed with shame by a reading posterity, and is, therefore, abandoned and reversed by their more scientific descendants: while a recantation of religion made by the indoctrination of a false philosophy, leaves, as it were, no indictment of shame, no argument of ignorance in the original perpetrators; and, therefore, their posterity seldom repent of an act which they cannot consider as justly criminal, or fairly chargeable, to the conduct of their ancestors. Bossuet, therefore, asserts that the records of church history present one class as re-converted and reclaimed; while the second class generally persevere in irrecoverable error.

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IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ARCHBISHOP CULLEN.—The Freeman's Journal of the 11th ult., states that letters from Rome have been received confirming the announcement made some days since, that it is the intention of the Pope to raise the Archbishop of Dublin to the dignity of a Cardinal.

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The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 1858.

THE MORTARA CASE.—Gradually the facts of this much talked of affair are coming to light; and every fresh revelation tends to confirm us in our original opinion, that the statements of the Protestant press thereupon are utterly unworthy of credit.

We were assured for instance that the child was dragged from its parents, and confined in a Christian College against its will. Very minute details were given of its conversation with its parents, and of its promises to adhere faithfully to the Jewish law; and our sympathies were challenged in favor of a child of tender age, taken away from its parents by force under ecclesiastical or civil authority, in order to be made the subject of a mechanical conversion. To all this we replied that the child in question was already heart and soul a Christian before ever the Roman tribunals interfered with him; and that it was certainly not against the child's will that he is now in a Christian place of education.

This our reply, made upon the faith of statements in the *Univers* and other European Catholic Journals, is now fully corroborated by the "Foreign Correspondence" of the *London Times*, a journal which cannot be suspected of any "Romish" proclivities. In that correspondence then, we find under date November 17th, the following paragraph, which we think is conclusive as to the falsity of the assertions of the Red Republican press in one important particular. The *Times*' Paris correspondent under the above date writes as follows:—

"The following letter has been received in Paris from Rome, dated the 13th instant:—I return with regret to the Mortara affair, of which I have already spoken several times. This affair appears to be about to enter into a new phase in consequence of the semi-official explanations given by the *Civiltà Cattolica* in its last number. The question of facts is there explained in all its details, and the theological question is treated *ex professo*. This article is destined to create a great sensation in the world. It will certainly serve as the basis of the discussion which cannot fail to be continued on this matter. I wished myself to examine whether all that the review asserts is true. I have seen the boy. I have interrogated him, and I must acknowledge that he declares himself to be a Catholic in his heart. He even says to every visitor that his intention is to enter the ecclesiastical state."

Here then we have the confession, reluctantly extorted—"I must acknowledge"—that the story about the application of force to compel the child to profess Catholicity is false; and that he is as we said, "a Catholic in his heart."—Perhaps, as the facts of the case are more thoroughly ventilated, it will in like manner appear that the assertions as to the application of force to the parents are equally false; and that the version of the affair as given by the *Univers* and its cotemporaries is in all essential respects the true one. At all events we have enough now before us to shake our confidence in the statements of the democratic and Protestant organs of both Europe and America.

It may be interesting to our reader to learn that they need not travel as far as Rome to find a case in almost all respects analogous to that which we have just been discussing. We have here in Montreal the case of the children of a Catholic mother, who have been torn by force from their only surviving parent, and incarcerated by sentence of our Law Courts in a Protestant Orphan Asylum, in order to be made the victims of a "mechanical conversion" to the Holy Protestant Faith. In vain has the poor mother remonstrated against this outrage upon her natural rights as a parent over her children; in vain do the children protest against the violence done to them—their sense of which they have already manifested by effecting their escape from the prison in which they are confined, and returning to their mother. The law is inexorable; and the unhappy children of a still more unhappy mother are, in order that they may be coerced into a renunciation of the Catholic faith and a profession of the Protestant heresy, torn once more from the arms of their natural and apparently legitimate guardian, and are now closely immured within the walls of a Protestant institution. These things are done in our midst, and provoke no comment; but the rumor even of an outrage not more gross, perpetrated upon a Jewish child, sets the whole Protestant community in an uproar.

We give the above case as it has reached our ears, and without any intention of arraigning the decision of our Law Courts. It is their duty,

not to make law, but to administer it; and there may well be reasons for their decision of which we are as yet ignorant. This we state, lest we be suspected of a design to prejudice a case which may yet come before the tribunals, for whose decision we feel bound to wait.

The *Montreal Gazette* of Monday last gives the following extract from a speech delivered by Mr. McDougall, and reported by the *Spectator*, as an indication of the intended policy of Mr. Brown and his political friends, on the subject of "Representation by Population," and the "School Question":—

"Representation by Population, it was said, has been abandoned by Mr. Brown. This was not the fact. Whenever members of the Brown-Dorion Ministry had spoken publicly they had always said that was one of the measures they meant to introduce, and to stand or fall by. It was true that 'checks' had been spoken of. He was quite willing to give all the checks Mr. Dorion had demanded. Of course no Lower Canadian member could vote for Representation by Population unless his constituents were guaranteed from adverse intrusion. He never asked that Lower Canada should be forced to change its institutions at the dictation of an Upper Canada majority. (Hear.) The majority of the people here were Protestant; there they were Catholic, and had sectarian institutions. Doubtless articles had appeared in leading reform journals which seemed to aim at forcing Upper Canadian institutions on Lower Canada. But this was impracticable and ought not to be carried out. When we could persuade Lower Canadians that we were right and they were wrong let them change, not otherwise. The only checks that could be introduced, therefore, were to provide that a majority from one section of the Province should not force legislation upon the other. Another subject which formed part of the Brown-Dorion policy related to the School question. He was opposed to giving public money for other than public and non-sectarian purposes. (Hear.) It was Mr. Brown's intention to have changed the existing system in accordance with this view. And it was a great achievement that the Brown-Dorion Government had laid hold of this difficult question, and discovered a basis on which it could be settled to the satisfaction of all parties. He was not prepared to state the particular enactments they propose to accomplish this object. That Government had not had time to agree upon details, but this was determined upon, that the School system of the country should be national and not sectarian. And measures were to have been taken to prevent any tampering with any one's religious feelings."

Hereupon our Montreal cotemporary addresses to us the following queries, to which we shall do our best to give plain and unequivocal answers. The *Gazette* asks us—1st—If we are prepared to accept the above programme, and thereby abandon the cause of our co-religionists? 2nd—If the TRUE WITNESS will support Messrs. Brown and McDougall in that abandonment; and allow Mr. Brown to abolish separate schools in the Upper Province?

Without offering any opinions, as to how far Mr. McDougall's speech contains a fair statement of the intended policy of the Brown-Dorion Ministry; or as to whether they ever had any well defined policy at all, beyond putting their opponents out, and getting themselves in, we can answer frankly for ourselves, that we will never support, and will always, to the utmost of our abilities, oppose, every Ministry, no matter of what men composed, that does not make justice to Catholics on the School Question a plank of its political platform, with which it is determined to stand or sink.

2. That we will never support, but will always oppose, every Ministry that attempts to impose upon the people of Lower Canada a system of representation that would imperil their autonomy; and we may as well add that we believe that, no matter with what "checks" or guarantees accompanied, the system of "Representation by Population" would ultimately prove fatal to that autonomy. "Checks," or guarantees, might indeed be engrossed upon parchment, and embodied in statutes; but in practice would prove utterly worthless to protect Lower Canada against the encroachments of an Upper Canadian majority; and for this simple reason that there would be betwixt the two sections of the Province, no third party, capable of enforcing their faithful observance. Not in what men promise to one another, but in what they can be compelled to perform, lies the only security for the weaker. Now Upper Canada, in case of its obtaining a share of the representation larger than that of the Lower Province, could give us as a guarantee for its non-interference with our right of self-government and the integrity of our peculiar institutions, nothing but its word; and we are free to admit—as the diplomatists say—that we like not the security. Our last word therefore upon this matter is—"Equality of Representation" or "Repeal of the Legislative Union." To no other alternative will we ever listen.

On the School Question we will be equally explicit. We will accept of no solution of that question as satisfactory, which does not make the fullest provision for the separate education of Catholic and Protestant children. No conceivable modification of the "common" system, no pledges, or guarantee that the faith of pupils shall not be interfered with, no uniform or national system in short, will we accept; nor will we ever cease to oppose every Ministry that does not make separate schools and the "separate" system in its integrity, a plank of its political platform. This also is our ultimatum on the School Question, from which never will we recede one inch. We may be defeated, but never will we surrender or yield one iota; never will we consent to listen even to any terms of compromise. In the mean time we will take what

we can get; but if in anything short of our full demands, we will accept of it only as an instalment of a debt due, and long unjustly withheld; and we also assure the *Gazette* that we will never cease to urge upon the Catholics of Canada the duty of agitating for their rights, and of opposing every Ministry that refuses or delays to do us justice. If therefore Mr. Brown and his party have the design, in case of their obtaining office, to maintain a common, uniform, or national system of education, as opposed to a separate system, they may be sure of the hearty, constant, and uncompromising, even though ineffectual, opposition of the TRUE WITNESS.

Lastly, we always will oppose to the best of our abilities, any and every Ministry that gives, directly or indirectly, any official encouragement to any secret politico-religious society. With these explanations we trust that the *Gazette* will feel satisfied; and that it will give us credit for being sufficiently frank and explicit in our replies to the several queries it has addressed to us.

The *Montreal Witness* quotes a well-known Protestant work, "*Seymour's Evenings with the Romanists*," to show that the number of illegitimate births in Roman Catholic countries far exceeds that of Scotland; and asks us what we "think of Rome where every third birth appears to be an illegitimate one?" according to the statistics given in the aforesaid evangelically mendacious work.

Of Rome we need scarce give our opinion; but we will frankly tell the *Witness* what we think of its authority, Mr. Seymour the writer of "*Evenings with the Romanists*"—and that is, that in our opinion he has not been surpassed for cool unblushing mendacity by any Protestant Minister, since the days of the Reverend Titus Oates, the illustrious Confessor and Martyr of Evangelical Protestantism. Entertaining therefore this opinion of him, and rejecting altogether his statistics, we do not feel ourselves called upon to refute the false conclusions which from those false principles our cotemporary pretends to deduce.

The *Witness* will however please to bear in mind that for our statistics of illegitimacy in Protestant Scotland and Sweden, we are indebted, not to the statements of "Romish" and hostile authors, but to the documents furnished us by Scotchmen and Protestants. The *Witness* cannot therefore contest their truth; for it is a universally recognised principle that every one is a good witness as against himself. Our cotemporary might justly object to an argument based upon "Romish" statistics as to Protestant illegitimacy; but when, as in every case where those statistics are cited by the TRUE WITNESS, they proceed from, exclusively, Protestant sources of information, he cannot, even if he would, refuse to accept them.

We cite those statistics, not as the *Witness* insinuates, because we "take great delight in describing the immorality of Protestant countries;" but in confirmation of our thesis that Protestantism is, by its very nature, unfavorable to the cultivation of the moral virtues of chastity and temperance by those who have the most fully adopted and consistently carried out its principles; and in refutation of our cotemporary's reiterated assertion that Catholicity in general, and the Confessional in particular, are productive of vice, and immorality.

We argue that, if the practice of Confession as enjoined by the Catholic Church, be conducive to crime, those communities and those individuals who are the most given to the practice will invariably be the most impure and intemperate; and that, on the other hand, the contrary virtues will be found to flourish there where confession is least known. Do facts, as furnished us by reliable statistics—that is by statistics which both Protestants and Catholics recognise as authentic—support this hypothesis? We insist that they do not.

In support of our position then we appeal to the statistics, not of foreign countries, but of the British dominions; not to statistics compiled by tourists or interested parties, but extracted from official documents, and given to the world by Protestant writers. We take, in short, the statistics of the comparative morality of Protestant Scotland, and of Popish Ireland, from exclusively Protestant sources; and from these statistics we show that, whilst the purity of the latter, where the Confessional is thronged, is such as to extort the reluctant praises of the English Protestant, the impurity and licentiousness of the other, where the Confessional is unknown, are universally admitted facts. Hence we conclude that, as the Scotch are not naturally, morally inferior to the Irish, the cause of their moral degradation must be looked for, not in the natural, but in the supernatural order. If the *Witness* admits our premises—that is Protestant statistics—it has no right to contest our conclusions.

For instance, how will the *Witness* reconcile the following facts, furnished to us by a Protestant, and strongly anti-Romish periodical—the *Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology*—with its favorite thesis that Romanism is unfavorable to morality. Our extract

is from an article on "*The Moral Pathology of London*," in which, treating of the vice of great cities, and its causes, the writer delivers himself as follows:—

"There is a section of the nether class—the street Irish—which although found in the same haunts, and exposed to the same struggles for existence, and to the same temptations and vice, differs greatly in the character of its morality from the ordinary members of the class. In the heart of London the emigrant Irish preserve almost intact the peculiar traits which distinguish them in their own country. They retain in a great measure their prejudices against the English, their warm attachment to their own family, their habits of herding together and of feeding on the coarsest food, their excitable passions (which often lead them to break the law) and their ready wit and tongue. The majority of the Irish are Roman Catholics, and they keep their hold of Romanism and that blind faith in the priest, which is only found—at least in this country—amongst the most ignorant professors of that religion. But the chief moral characteristic of the street Irish as compared with the remainder of the nether class, is their freedom from wantonness.—The females retain their virtue in the deepest sinks of vice; and the testimony is general that when the Irish females do fall into immoral courses, it is from the unfavorable influences to which they are exposed by constant association with vice."

Our readers will here recognise a peculiar feature of the poorest and most Romish classes of the "*London Poor*," that was also much insisted upon by another writer upon the habits, and modes of living, of the London "*street-folk*;" and from the whole tone of the article, and its scarce concealed sneer at the "*blind faith*" of the "*Roman Catholics*," no doubt can be entertained of the writer's freedom from all partiality in favor of "*Romanism*." The facts then as stated by him—the chastity of the poor blinded Romish females, under the most unfavorable social conditions—cannot we think be disputed.

And yet if Romanism be what the *Witness* says it is; and if the influences of the Confessional be so morally deleterious—we have here one of the most extraordinary, indeed inexplicable moral phenomena on record. We have a "*Romish*" people, driven by their poverty into "*the deepest sinks of vice*" and blindly attached to a most dangerous and immoral practise (daily examination of conscience, and confession of their sins to a Romish priest), "*retaining their virtue*" whilst all around them are sunk in wantonness and impurity. We find in short the same contrast betwixt the Protestant and the Catholic, in London, as that which distinguishes the Romish females of Ireland, from the Protestant women of England, Wales, and Scotland. How comes it then, we ask the *Witness*, that if Romanism be so unfavorable to morality, we invariably find that those who are the most blindly attached to it, and most faithfully adhere to its precepts, are in spite of their ignorance on many points, in spite of their social disadvantages, and in spite of the dangers and temptations to which they are exposed, precisely those who, by the admission of Protestants, are the most remarkable for "*retaining their virtue*?" This is a phenomenon which requires to be explained; and most happy shall we be, if the *Witness* will favor us with his interpretation thereof.

Our cotemporary will see that in comparing Protestant with Catholic morality, we confine ourselves to the statistics of the British Isles; and we do so, because in the first place those statistics are easiest of access and of verification; and in the second place, because the social and external conditions of the Catholic and Protestant populations in the British dominions are very similar, any difference that may exist being in favor of the latter. We know, of course, that there is much immorality on the Continent of Europe; but we know also that it prevails mostly there, where the people are least "*Romish*," and have the most abandoned the peculiar practices of Romanism. In Paris, in Vienna, there is, of course, much debauchery; but if our cotemporary will enquire, he will find that it obtains chiefly amongst those classes who do not go to Confession, who do not approach the Sacraments, and who in short, though nominally Catholics, do most closely in their habits resemble Protestants. Now if the theory of the *Witness* were correct, the most faithful in fulfilling the precepts of Romanism, the most assiduous frequenters of the Confessional, and the most fervent communicants would be the most abandoned; whilst the indifferent, whilst those who least practised the duties of their religion would be the most pure, and remarkable for their exemplary conduct. That such is actually the case is what the *Witness* has to prove, or else he must abandon his thesis as untenable.

A friend objects to our inconsistency in asserting the validity, whilst admitting the illegality, of the baptism of the infant children of Non-Christians without the consent of their parents. "How," he asks, "can that be done validly which is illegally done?" We will endeavor to explain.

It is illegal to kill; and yet if Mr. Jones applies a pistol to Mr. Smith's head, and discharging the weapon blows the latter's brains out, Mr. Smith is validly, though at the same time illegally, killed. A jury would sit upon him and find him dead; his friends and relations, if he had any, would no doubt take advantage of the circumstances to bury him; nor would any sane person contest the validity of Mr. Smith's death, even though they might stoutly maintain its illegality. So with illegal baptisms, or baptisms prohibited, as in the case of the infant children of Jews, or other Non-Christians; the act is illegal, but if done, is valid nevertheless.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The inaugural session of the St. Patrick's Literary Association took place on Thursday, 25th November last, in the Hall of the Association. The President, Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, Esq., M.P., occupied the Chair—the Director, the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, at his right.

Mr. Edward Murphy being introduced to the assembly, read a paper on "Comets," which was prepared with much ability and research. He commenced by giving a short history of the most remarkable comets which have appeared in modern times; dwelling at some length on that of 1835, commonly called "Hally's Comet;" its return to the sun every 76 years, was predicted by Hally in 1682; and his computations were fully verified, by its having twice appeared since that date—namely, in 1758 and 1835; thus proving the soundness of the principles on which the astronomy of Comets is founded, and the extraordinary accuracy which has been introduced into astronomical calculations. Mr. Murphy closed this part of his paper, with some interesting remarks on the magnificent Comet which lately visited us.

After making a few observations on the physical constitution of Comets, Mr. Murphy went on to discuss the probabilities of their ever coming in collision with our earth; and proved from the mathematical calculations of Arago, and others, that of 281 millions of chances, there is but one which could produce a collision between a comet and our earth. This important calculation of probabilities should be borne in mind by alarmists and timid people. He concluded his paper by an examination of the question—Whether comets, in passing near the earth on their approach to the sun, have any influence in producing climatic changes, and other atmospheric phenomena on our globe? This question he discussed briefly; showing that, while comets can have no influence in producing the famines, pestilences, wars, and other dreadful evils, with which in former times they were charged, still that as this universe is one great whole, and all its parts bear a certain relation to one another, comets may possibly produce a certain slight effect on our globe; but what that influence may produce, has not yet been ascertained.

Mr. Murphy, at the close of his paper, expressed his regret at the shortness of the time allowed him for preparing it; as it prevented him from making diagrams of Comets, and their orbits, which would have materially assisted him in elucidating so abstruse a subject as that of the Cometary Worlds. He concluded by thanking the President for the honor conferred on him in calling upon him to prepare the first paper, read before the members of the St. Patrick's Literary Association.

Mr. John P. Kelly next came forward, and declaimed in a very eloquent manner an extract from Nott's speech on the criminality of duelling. He was loudly applauded.

Mr. Thomas J. Walsh was then introduced, and pronounced a discourse appropriate to the occasion. He commenced by alluding to the favorable circumstances under which the inauguration took place. The bright vista which it held forth—the amelioration in a social position to which we might look forward as the result. The presence of gentlemen, who had so often borne the first prizes of literary excellence;—of youth eager to enter on the same noble career;—the plaudits ready to encourage their success;—and the apologies with which experienced knowledge would cover the imperfection of their first attempts—all warranted him in accepting the most flattering anticipation which hope presented. He then sketched rapidly the advantages which the cultivation of literature confer; and allayed the fears of those who might be sceptical on that point, by bringing before them the example of the great nations of antiquity. He then continued: I must remind my juvenile associates that waving corn-fields do not here invite the sickle; that the pendant vine does not present her spontaneous gifts to be gathered; that here the Nile does not flow to leave, amidst her alluvia, the seeds of spontaneous and luxuriant vegetation. Labor must prepare an incult soil. We must submit to the toils of the spring, to gather the riches of the autumn. Ceres does not bestow her gifts on idle hands. Does not the sailor dare the tempests of the deep, and cast his frail bark to the mercy of the angry waves? When terrific death strews the field with the shattered fragments of his comrades in arms—when war puts on all the horrors of ruthless destruction, does not the soldier seek to inscribe his name on the records of the glorious at the cannon's mouth? And shall we be at liberty to choose a path for ourselves, where unwon rewards will enrich us at our request? Not so the great names of history have been won; not without days of toil and painful vigils, did Cicero ascend the Rostrum, and wield at desire the people assembled in the Forum Romanum. Where Demosthenes has written his reputation, he has written the story of his patient labors and industry. Not by supine inaction did Cujacius, Budæus, Joacim, Rheticus, Cupernicus, Ubaldi, &c., inscribe their names in the temple of fame. Literary men are not, more than others, exempt from the penalty entailed upon us by our first parents: "And in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread." But here refreshing zephyrs will cool the parched brow, and the lofty palm and laurel will spread their shady verdure; and the lyre of Apollo, tuned on Helicon, will make our labors easy.

Here Mr. Walsh recited several beautiful passages from Horace and Cicero; expressive of the high esteem in which those authors held the pursuit of letters, and of the pleasures and advantages to be derived therefrom. He concluded, by saying:—

Gentlemen, the short duration of our session is the common property of the Association; and I will not, therefore, by unjustifiable protraction, abuse the kindness which has called me to this tribune. But certain impressions which this assembly makes on my mind, shall I express them? If so, I must say that we owe much to the venerable gentlemen who came to afford this youth their protection. We know, in the words of Mentor: "La Jeunesse est presomptueuse, elle se promet tout, et croit n'avoir jamais rien a craindre; elle se confie legerement et sans precaution." You have sailed seas yet unknown to us; you have

seen presumptuous companions of your voyage dash their foundering barks against the latent rocks. The tempestuous winds you have seen arise, and through a darkened horizon, under a starless sky, with the loss perhaps of an oar and rudder, your little vessel triumphantly crossed over the yawning chasms of the deep; and now enjoying the security of the port, and the rewards of your toils, you can say, but not without a feeling of compassion—

"Save Mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem."
Gentle breezes, a tranquil sea and serene sky, invite us in our turn to the deep; but we know that Northern storms, the mournful Hades, the rage of the South winds, the tempestuous attendant on the setting Orion, may intercept our path. Shall shattered sails, broken oars, cordage, floating planks driven to the shore, announce a calamitous shipwreck; or shall we, like you, enter joyfully the port?

Mr. Walsh sat down amid loud and prolonged applause. The other business of the meeting having been disposed of, the meeting adjourned.

On Thursday evening, the first public lecture of the Association was given in the Bonaventure Hall, by the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell of the Seminary, on the Ecclesiastical History of Ireland.—The Hall was densely crowded, and their reiterated bursts of applause showed how well the efforts of the reverend lecturer, for their entertainment and instruction, were appreciated. On the platform we noticed the Very Rev. Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, together with several other clergymen, Mr. McGee, the President, and other office-bearers of the Association. Having been introduced by the President, the Reverend lecturer spoke as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—To speak of the glories of our own old land—to enumerate some of her eminent children, to point out some of the beautiful gems which shine most brightly in the coronet of fame and on the pensive brow of Erin, is the reason why we have assembled here this evening. [Great applause.] It will not, I am sure, appear strange to Irishmen that an Irishman should love to speak about the old land. [Applause.] There is a spell in one's native land, a power in the sound of her name, which acts like magic on the soul—which makes the heart of the coldest burn with a holy fire—which, when whispered into the ears of the exile, calls up all the recollections of his childhood, hopes once glorious now vanished, hopes once bright and glowing now darkened and now dimmed. It is a sad, strange, feeling, this love of our native land, which accompanies us through all the stages of our career, which gives the glory of its own hue to our thoughts and inspirations. It is not the situation or advantages of one's country, that thus awakens in the soul the love of fatherland. The Swiss mountaineer stops not to examine if his country is as vast as the Empires around it—but he loves it because it is his native land. We love the memory of our country because it was the dwelling place of our fathers, the centre of our affections, the home of our childhood; but above all for the holy religion which was bequeathed to us. [Applause.] We now live in a strange land, and many are the duties we have to perform towards it, but our affectionate attachment for the land of our adoption will not be diminished by the love we still bear for the land of our childhood. The Irish soul is large, so large that it can find place for love for Canada as well as love for Ireland. [Applause.] Many are the ties which bind us to the old land, but the Irish Church is the strongest. If we turn over the pages of Ireland's annals we will find two distinct histories—the history of the state, and of the church. The former saddens the latter consoles. In the first we see the names of many a gallant man who has served to give glory to our political history. We can recollect the battles of Clontarf, the Blackwater, the Yellow Ford and the Pass of the Plumes—we can recount the names of O'Neill, O'Donnell, Sarsfield and O'Brien; but these recollections after all, though they may console, cannot conceal from us a long succession of woes—disensions, disunion, and distrust—sorrows brought on their country by her own children. These names of Ireland's great are but like a few silvery stars that shine in the universal darkness, make it more visible, or they are like some lone torches which serve to render the wilderness still more bleak and desolate. I say this not that I wish to diminish the glory of these warriors, or tarnish the laurels they won so well. No, no, I love them with all the ardor of an Irish heart; but only regret that their number should have been so small—that their heroic fire did not enter in more instances the hearts of their fellow-countrymen—that their patriotism failed to unite all as one man against the common enemy. [Applause.] But, happily, this is not the whole of Ireland's history. There is one portion, at least, which we can contemplate without blushing for our forefathers—the history of the Irish Church. [Applause.] We can all admire the beauty of proportion and the solidity which characterize that great edifice. Little, possibly, at the beginning, day by day it went on increasing, till the whole land was filled with the fruits of its institutions. This, then, is a theme that bears no shame with it. The Church has prospered in spite of every enemy; it has been cemented with the blood of the faithful, and the gore of the martyr. [Applause.] The Irish Church yet preserves the faith she received from her founder. Patrick is the leading figure around whom we will group all the other figures of this sketch. [The reverend lecturer here announced his intention of dividing his sketch of the early Irish Church into three parts; beginning, in the first place, with St. Patrick and, in the second and third place, on some future occasions, finish with St. Lawrence O'Toole, and Archbishop Plunkett, last Roman Catholic Primate of Armagh, and last martyr for the faith in the British dominions.] The lecturer then went on to say—"This evening I have no pretension to teach you anything new; but I desire to recall what you may have heard or read about the old land. I desire to awaken within your hearts a love for your fatherland, and I hope that, whilst contemplating the different scenes through which our country passed, we will feel our hearts delighted, when we reflect that we hold the same doctrines for which our fathers have bled, and I hope we will recognize it to be one of our choicest blessings, that we possess the illustrious men who kept our faith alive during the sufferings of fourteen hundred years. [Applause.] In the first ages of christianity, when the greatest part of the known world was subject to the power of the Romans, when Britain itself was forced to become a Roman Province, Ireland remained in the full enjoyment of her freedom. Protected by her insular position and free from the intestine tumults of the Romans, Ireland never saw a foreign foe upon her shore, or a foreign banner floating on the breeze. Ireland was then known in the extremities of Greece and even on the borders of Asia, by the name of the sacred isle. It is difficult to know why Ireland was thus distinguished. Some imagine the name Erin is a corruption of the Greek adjective 'Eras or 'Eras, signifying safety. This is hardly satisfactory. It was by the Latins, probably, and not by the Greeks, that this name was given to Ireland. Others think it came from the fact that Ireland was, at the time, the chief centre or favourite resort of the Druids, the priests of the nations of Celtic origin. All the manners of the ancient Irish prove that their religion was druidical. For instance their sacred groves—their cairns, their barrows—artificial heaps of earth from

which judgment was rendered, their rocking stones, which the point of the finger or a breath of wind could move, but which no strength could displace—their piles, like those of Stonehenge, in England—their Ogham characters, evidently the mysterious writing of the Druid Priests—their round towers of which so much has been said, but so little is really known, most likely, however designed for fire temples, or for the worship of the sun—in fact, the very language of the people which presents the singular phenomenon of having its alphabet, in every letter, representing a different tree—a circumstance only to be accounted for by Druidism—all these facts prove that the Island was, at the early age of which I speak, under the guidance of the Druid Priesthood. At the present time some of the days of the year bear Druidical names; the first of May being yet called La Baal Thina, the day of Baal's fire. From all these facts you may deduce the belief that Ireland was called "Sacred" because it was the centre of Druidism; but Ireland in either the belief she held or the religion she now possesses, has equally won the title of "Sacred." [Applause.] Some say that St. James and St. Paul visited Ireland; but by this it is meant, we have proof that, before the arrival of St. Patrick there were to be found in Ireland many Christians, especially in the South of the country. Palladius preceded Patrick as an Apostle to the Irish nation. He was ordained by Pope Celestine, and sent to Ireland in the end of the year 430, or beginning of 431. Success did not crown his labors. Patrick left Rome and sailed for Ireland. At his appearance Druidism fell, and Ireland was christianized. As the fire traverses the prairie when the summer sun has scorched the grass, as the lightning leaps from the cloud, and announces the thunder, so did the fire of Christianity proceed from St. Patrick, consuming, vivifying and beautifying. [Loud applause.] Scarcely had the new faith been introduced than it took deep root in the soil; and under its branches, overspreading the land, many a weary soul has found rest. The same old tree is still to be seen in the fields of Erin—its foliage may be less rich and less luxuriant, but its tendrils still cling as fondly round the national heart as when Patrick first planted it. [Applause.] With learning Patrick introduced science: knowing that knowledge could never be opposed to divine revelation. Patrick founded monasteries in the country—in fact every monastery was in itself a school. In the fifth century there were in Ireland not less than eight schools of high reputation. In the sixth century monasteries were multiplied, schools were more than trebled—the four most distinguished being Clonard, Clonfert, Glomacnois and Bangor. In the school at Bangor there were, at one time no fewer than 3000 monks. Two distinguished saints at this time appeared—Columbkille and Columbanus. The first was created apostle of the North-western Picts; to the second Scotland stands indebted for the light of the gospel. The schools established at Iona by Columbkille has kept its fame during twelve hundred years. Columbanus was the great scholar of his time, and for his learning and his piety was celebrated over Europe, and was compared by a foreign writer to the sun that illumines the world from east to west. His learning he received in Ireland. Speaking of Lismore school the venerable Bede says that many young men came to it annually from different countries of Europe, and received everything gratuitously. The learned lecturer went on to comment upon the researches of the Irish scholars of that day; and narrated the experiences of the two Irish priests who, leaving for France, having nothing to sell, proclaimed they would sell wisdom. The lecturer detailed how they were brought before Charlemagne, and by him entrusted with the education of the French youth. So famed were the Irish scholars of that date, that French and Italian schools were proud to receive them, though often reproached that they had to depend upon the acquisitions of strangers. (A laugh.)—I like to dwell upon themes like this one; because it presents to us the old land—marks of a civilisation possessed by Ireland amid the clash of foreign conflict; when the ferocious Goths, the fiery Franks, and the Huns, fiercer than either, flung themselves upon the other nations of Europe to devastate and destroy. [Applause.] Ireland, at that time the sentinel of Europe, stood by the lamp of religion and science and kept it burning. [Applause.] I like to ponder on what these Irishmen have done and the trophies they won so nobly;—

Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing look through the waves of time,
For the long faded glories they cover.

[Applause.] It will make us love our native land the more, when we think of her glory and greatness when the Franks were struggling for Gaul, when the Saxons were battling for Britain, when Mahomed taught his creed, before Venice had emerged from her obscurity. [Applause.] She is not pre-eminent now; but her future may be as glorious as her past. Our native land may rule when those who now sway supremacy shall have perished. [Applause.] By trying to imitate the men of the times of which we speak, we will render ourselves worthy to be called their countrymen. And, in dark days that may await us, inspired with their piety and their example, we may be able to look our calamities in the face, and come off conquerors. Let us then ponder over the glory of our country, and the blessings she received in the days gone by—let us try to imitate the example of her children, and be grateful that her sons were so renowned in the days of the early Irish Church—

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have long been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
The rev. gentleman concluded his lecture amid loud and prolonged applause.

We see by our Irish exchanges that the Rev. Mr. Flannery of St. Michael's College, Toronto, who has been for some time sojourning in his native town of Nenagh, was entertained at a public banquet, given by his old friends and fellow-townsmen to testify their respect for him previous to his return to Canada. The health of the Venerable and illustrious Bishop of Toronto was proposed with enthusiasm; and in returning thanks, the Rev. Mr. Flannery delivered himself in the following terms; which we transfer with much pleasure from the Nation to our columns, as showing the high esteem that is deservedly entertained for Mgr. Charbonnell, not only in Canada, but in Europe:—

"The Rev. Mr. Flannery responded, he said:—As I see no person in the room whom I can recognize as a Torontonian, although I know there are several gentlemen present whose nearest relatives and dearest friends have experienced Mgr. de Charbonnell's pastoral kindness, I feel it my pleasing duty to respond to a toast to me so gratifying, and which I know will be a source of delight for hundreds of Nenaghmen in Canada [cheers.] Bishop de Charbonnell, it is scarce necessary for me to say, has gained a world-wide reputation for all those shining virtues and that indefatigable zeal which distinguish the missionary and the apostle. It is well known and well proved, as Father Scanlan has just remarked, that Bishop de Charbonnell loved the Irish in his heart. It is a well known fact, and it ought to be chronicled in the history of the Irish emigration to America, that, in the year 1847, when dire pestilence had declared itself in every vessel, and a raging fever was making such havoc among the suffering victims of landlord despotism—when those ocean heaves

(as Doctor Cahill has appropriately designated them) were depositing on the quays of Montreal their plague-stricken tenants, Doctor de Charbonnell was there to succour them—to lift them, dying as they were, in his arms, and bear them to a house of refuge, to pour into their hearts the oil of consolation and hope, pointing out heaven to their fading eyes, and telling them that they were dying martyrs to their God [cheers.] And I believe sincerely in my heart that they were martyrs [renewed cheers.]—Many other instances of his devotedness to his Irish flock, and to the people in general, might be cited here. I will merely mention the fact that when Frederick Lucas [God rest his soul!], was suing at Rome for perfect liberty to the Irish priesthood of interfering in politics—the Bishop of Toronto declared himself heart and soul with those priests and those bishops who were ready to stand by the people [hear and loud cheers.] I myself have more than once heard Dr. de Charbonnell say that he would seek no greater glory on this earth than that of being imprisoned, or of dying for his Irish flock [cheers.] It was his indomitable energy, his tireless exertions, his unswerving fortitude and perseverance that obtained for the children of Irishmen in Canada West, the blessings of a separate, unmixed, and unadulterated Catholic education. All your model schools, your so much boasted normal schools are poisoned with an infusion of heresy or indifference, which their chief superintendents, or local inspectors, nearly all Presbyterians, so cautiously and silently instil into them. Bishop de Charbonnell, in battling so successfully against that infidel system of State schoolism, and in obtaining even government patronage for separate schools in the bigoted province of Upper Canada, has set to the hierarchy of every nation an example of zeal, well deserving of imitation [cheers.] In his name, in the name of your fellow-countrymen in Canada, I thank you—and I am perfectly confident that it will give the greatest possible pleasure to Dr. de Charbonnell, to learn that his name was so enthusiastically honored in the heart of Ireland, the patriotic country of Tipperary [great cheers.]"

To the Editor of the True Witness.
Brantford, Nov. 30, 1858.

Sir—In reading over the columns of the invaluable TRUE WITNESS, it frequently appeared strange to me that so few corresponded with you on matters of religion from the Western Province of Canada; and lest you, Sir, or the numerous readers of the esteemed TRUE WITNESS should suppose that Catholicity in towns, &c., in the West is not progressing as prosperously as in towns, &c., in the East of the Province—I beg leave to transmit a brief information from the Town of Brantford.

About 14 years ago the Catholic congregation of this town met in a small shanty to assist at the Divine Service on Sundays; at that time they were about 20 in number. A few years after, they erected a small frame building, and about nine years ago enlarged it so as to be sufficient to accommodate 600 persons.

It appears necessary now, and it has been in contemplation by our Pastor, the Rev. J. Ryan, during some time past, in order to meet the wants of his increasing congregation, to build a brick church. A very beautiful design has been submitted by Mr. Thomas, Architect, of Toronto, which is intended to seat 1500 persons. Means have already been commenced to carry out the intended good work;—the first of which was a Lecture delivered in our church here last September, by the Rev. Father Naughton, O.M.J., of Buffalo, at which a handsome sum was realised.

On the evening of the 23rd inst., a Soiree was held in the large Hall of the Kerby House of this town; and notwithstanding the unfavorable change of the weather, a large number were present, and about 500, consisting of members of the different denominations of Christians in this town, sat down to tea. Here I borrow a few words from the Brantford Courier, the proprietor of which was present:—

"The tables were laid in a most excellent and elegant style; those of Mrs. McManamy, Miss Donahoe, Miss Sage, Mrs. King, Miss Farrelly, Miss McQuillan, Mrs. Nolan, Miss Costello, Miss Golden, Mrs. Clarke and Miss Clarke, the Misses Trueax, Mrs. Mathews, and Mrs. Doonward—were groaning beneath the good things of this life, some of which were decorated with cakes of tremendous size, which were disposed of during the evening by a tirage au sort."

During tea, the Misses Filgiano, of Paris, delightfully entertained the company by choice music, performed at the piano.

His Worship the Mayor of Brantford, M. W. Pruyt, Esq., ably filled the Chair, and addressed the meeting in a very appropriate speech; after which he called upon the Rev. J. Ryan, local Pastor, to explain the object of the meeting, which he did in his usual eloquent style; carrying the memory of his audience back to the altars, &c., erected by the Patriarchs, to the ancient Temple of Jerusalem, and more particularly to the zeal manifested by the Jews to rebuild the said Temple after its final destruction under Titus.

The next who addressed the meeting was the Rev. F. Laufaber, S.J.; he spoke eloquently of the building of Churches and Convents generally. Then followed Alfred Digby, Esq., M.D.; Wm. Mathews, Esq., ex-Mayor of Brantford; George S. Wilkes, Esq.; Doctor Henwood; E. Harris, Esq., and T. L. Mackintosh, Esq.; all of whom, although Protestants, spoke highly in favor of Catholicity.

Theophilus Filgiano, Esq., S. Dentist of Paris, his young sons, and some little children from the Nuns' School here, at intervals sang some beautiful pieces, which called forth rapturous applause.

A vote of thanks having been unanimously passed to the Committee, to the Ladies and gentlemen who helped to furnish and arrange the tables; to the gentlemen on the platform, and to the Protestants generally, for their generous patronage—the company retired highly delighted with the manner in which the proceedings had been arranged and conducted.

It was admitted by all that it was, without exception, the best attended Soiree that has taken place in Brantford for many years past; and will have the good effect, besides uniting Protestants and Catholics, heretofore so much divided by politics, to add about Two hundred and fifty Dollars more to the fund for the building of the new church.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
A CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. J. Wilkinson, R. B. Office, Caughnawaga, will hear of something in his advantage by calling at this Office.

SEPARATE SCHOOL AGITATION.

At the preliminary meeting, held in Alexandria on the 15th ult., to take into consideration the condition of the Separate Schools of Upper Canada—a Resolution was passed, to the effect, that it was expedient to form a Committee to advance the cause of "Freedom of Education" in Canada West, by petitioning Parliament to amend the existing Separate School Law.

Whereupon a Committee was formed, composed of Messrs. Angus McDonald, Geo. Harrison, Alexander McDonald, Alexander M'Phee, Hugh McDonald, E. O. McMillan, Allan Grant, Archibald Grant, and Patrick Curran; for the purpose of taking ways and means of carrying out the design of the meeting.

The Committee having held correspondence with eminent individuals on the matter of Free Education, a meeting of its members was called on the 30th ult.; at which meeting a requisition was drawn up, requesting the Trustees of the Alexandria Catholic Separate School to call a meeting of the supporters of the Separate School, to consider the nature of the Separate School Law of Upper Canada, and to devise means of having the said law amended.

Pursuant to such requisition, a public meeting was held in the Separate School House on the 1st inst. Mr. George Harrison being called to the Chair, and Mr. D. McGillis being requested to act as Secretary.

It was moved by Mr. Patrick Curran; seconded by Mr. A. R. McDonald:—

"That it is the opinion of this meeting that a Petition should be sent to Parliament at its next Session, praying for an amendment of the Separate School Law."

Moved by Mr. Alexander M'Phee; seconded by Mr. Allan Grant:—

"That this meeting do approve of the proceedings of the Committee formed at the preliminary meeting of the 15th ult.; and that the said Committee enter into a further correspondence with distinguished persons in the Upper part of the Province, for the purpose of obtaining an united movement in favor of an amendment of the existing Separate School Law."

Moved by Mr. Archibald McDonald; seconded by Mr. A. R. F. MacDougall:—

"That the aforesaid Committee do draw up a Report on the present Separate School Law; showing forth the reasons for which it is necessary to have the said law amended."

Moved by Mr. John N. Williams; seconded by Mr. Laughlin McKinnon:—

"That the aforesaid Committee do draft, get signed, and sent to Parliament a Petition, praying for an amendment of the Separate School Law."

The above Resolutions having been unanimously carried, the meeting adjourned till Wednesday, the 8th December.

D. McGillis, Secretary.

To the Editor of the True Witness.
Alexandria, Nov. 26th, 1858.

"Know ye not, who would be free,
Themselves must strike the blow."

Byron.

DEAR SIR—It being sufficiently ascertained, that the present administration is against any amendment in the Separate School Laws; and it being well known that nothing satisfactory, in that way, can be expected from Brown and his party, we are now bound, as consistent Catholics, to exert ourselves immediately on our own behalf, and on the behalf of our posterity. It is incumbent upon us to seek for redress for the educational evils of which we complain, through the Legislature. For, in duty to ourselves, we should not hold back, at a critical moment, from the assertion of our right, in such a manner as to make the legislators of the country attend to our call. If one party will not look to the educational disadvantages under which we, Catholics, labor; and if another party keep silence concerning those same disadvantages, because they cannot remove them, it would be in us treason towards ourselves, to shut our mouths, to remain inactive, and to allow either those who will not, or those who cannot do us justice, to administer our political affairs. As matters are in the unfortunate condition in which we find them, on account of the iniquity of the ruling religious denomination of Upper Canada, we may be certain that no present, nor future party will spontaneously endeavor to free the education of Catholics from existing shackles; unless the exertions of the Catholics bring so great an influence to bear upon the workings of party, as to make them all feel, that we must be fairly and satisfactorily dealt with. There is no need of recurring to first principles to show that a people laboring under such a difficulty, are necessitated to make use of repeated efforts to free themselves from the burthens that may lie upon them. For, neither from Heaven, nor from the powers of the earth, do we always receive for a first asking, what we pray for. We are not, therefore, justified in relinquishing the object of our petition, because we do not obtain it at once; but we are bound to agitate unceasingly till we have gained our request. Certainly, it is an anomaly, that a portion of the people of a constitutional free country can be suffering from a law that may be constitutionally and easily amended; but as it unfortunately happens that we have to live with a majority who will not willingly do the minority justice, it unavoidably rests upon us to labor strenuously, rather than to plead reasonably with such a people as the greater number of the Protestants of Upper Canada prove themselves to be. This, then, is the moment for the Catholics to stand up, and to tell all parties that we are not to be trifled with; that we are not to be passed by in silence, whilst we are, in matters regarding education, unequal to others in the eye of the law. The advocates of Common schools may tell us, that we could be on the same footing as they are themselves, by conforming to their system; but we can tell them that we hold the instilling of true religious principles into the minds and hearts of children, as the first requisite of a Christian education. If they wish to infuse false principles, or none at all into their children, let them do as they please; but we will have our educated religiously as we think fit; and as we contribute, in proportion to our numbers, equally with Protestants towards sustaining the Government, we will in like proportion have an equal share of the public monies allotted to support the

rising generation, whilst receiving instruction.—Let us promptly and properly prepare to demand this of the Legislature in its next session. To do so, it is necessary to agitate the question in dispute, by public meetings in every parish of the Upper Province, and by petitions to Parliament; and wherever vacancies occur in constituencies, by joining the candidates who pledge themselves to favor an amelioration of the Separate School Law, if returned to Parliament. But especially we must give aspirants to office to understand, that if they should possibly obtain office under existing circumstances, they must not expect to be left in the peaceful possession of their situations, should they not be prepared to grant us our due. For any administration would meet with its death, if it were not able to grapple with the difficulties of the School Question—the one that most interests us; and knowing our interests and our rights in this matter, we will not lie under even the appearance of an indignity, by having our rights and interests slighted.

Yours, &c.,
CORRESPONDENT.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT SHERBROOKE.—Monday morning a singular accident occurred at Sherbrooke. When the Portland train was expected in a snow plough was dispatched across the bridge, which spans the St. Francis at that place, drawn by an engine behind, and propelled by a second engine behind. Soon after they had left the station, one of the men employed there came running back, saying that the bridge was broken, and this turned out to be the case. The most remarkable part has still to be told. The snow plough and the hindmost engine were precipitated through the chasm into the river, but though there were three men upon the second engine, they were fortunate enough to escape unhurt. The first engine had cleared the danger.—The driver, it appears, heard something that alarmed him on getting upon the bridge, and put on steam so rapidly as not only to drive his engine over the part about to give way under him, but to jerk the couplings apart. But for this latter piece of good fortune, the engine would probably have been dragged down by the weight of the snow plough, and the following engine. But while the men who were thrown down through the break escaped with a few bruises, a man on the engine which escaped was unfortunately killed. The same jerk which broke the couplings, threw him down between the foremost engine and the tender, so that the wheels of the latter passed over his body, and of course killed him on the spot. It seems to be a Providential circumstance that the mischief was before the Portland train came up; otherwise it is to be feared that a much greater loss of life would have resulted from it. The Portland train was, of course, stopped on the east side of the bridge, and the passengers brought across the river, and put into carriages on the western side.

We shall do ourselves the pleasure of replying to the several articles which our cotemporary the Courier du Canada has done us the honor of addressing to us. It gives us much pleasure to find that in almost all important points we agree; and that the chief difference between us is as to the mode of carrying out and applying our common principles.

Our Valcartier subscribers are respectfully informed that their papers have always been regularly forwarded from this office; and that the cause of their non-delivery must be looked for in some of the intermediate Post-Offices. We are pursuing the necessary enquiries.

No change in the markets since our last.

Remittances next week.

Births.

In this city, on Saturday, 4th December, Mrs. William Fitzgerald, of a son.

At Melbourne, Eastern Townships, on Friday, the 25th of November, Mrs. John Delaney, of a daughter.

In Montreal, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Robert A. Becket, of a daughter.

Married.

At Lake Beauport Church, on the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. George J. McGill, R.A., Mr. James Hamilton, of Osprey, C. W., to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. John Taylor, of Lake Beauport; also, Mr. James Sprout, of Osprey, to Esther, second daughter of Mr. John Taylor.

Died.

In this city, on Tuesday, Dec. 7, Mr. John McWilliams, Printer, aged 26 years.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held in the St. Patrick's Hall, on MONDAY EVENING next, 13th Dec., at half-past Seven o'clock, to discuss the first subject for debate.

By order,
R. MSHANE,
Sec. Sec.

WANTED.

A FIRST-CLASS TEACHER, for the PRESCOTT ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOL, to whom a liberal salary will be given, if approved of Application to be made to the Rev. EDMUND P. ROCHE, personally; or if by letter, post-paid. Prescott, 4th December, 1858.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.

The following letter, from a well-known Architect of Montreal, speaks volumes in favor of the OXYGENATED BITTERS, as a medicine for those whose occupations are of a sedentary nature.

MONTREAL, Nov. 26, 1854.

Gentlemen,—I am happy to be able to send you my testimony in favor of the Oxygenated Bitters, and intended to have done it before this, but have been prevented by professional engagements.

I feel great pleasure in recommending it to all suffering from imperfect digestion, sick-headache, acidity, or any derangement of the stomach, from which I have suffered very severely upwards of twenty years. From the recommendation of one of my friends, I was induced to try one bottle, and find myself so much benefited by its use, that I do not think it necessary to continue it any further.

You may use this, Gentlemen, as you think proper and permit me to remain,

Yours, very truly,
JOHN ATKINSON.

SMITH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents everywhere.
For sale, in Montreal, at wholesale, by Lyman Savage & Co., 226 St. Paul Street; also by Carter, Kerry & Co., 184 St. Paul Street; by Johnston, Beers & Co., Medical Hall, Great St. James Street; and S. J. Lyman, Place de Armes.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Nov. 17, 1858.—Until a day or two hence, it had been fully expected that M. de Montalembert's trial would take place to-day; however, with great difficulty the parties interested have obtained a week's respite, in order to allow M. Berryer to return to town in due time to prepare his defence for his illustrious client. I say with great difficulty, for direct application was made in this case to the Minister of Justice himself by M. Dufaure, one of the counsel, and the question of adjournment became a matter of long debate between the Minister and the Procurator-General. I beg to draw your attention to this fact alone, as it strongly indicates the change of feeling which has come over the French magistracy, since the recent changes in the political constitution of the country. I well remember the time when, if such an application had been made to the chairman of the court, he would have keenly resented in the name of his brother-judges any interference of the Government in such matters. Now, however, it appears the simplest thing in the world that a Cabinet Minister should decide whether a Court of Justice is to grant or not, a delay of this kind, whenever a political prosecution arises. I make no comment upon the subject—leaving your readers to draw the conclusion—and simply state the fact, because such things are often more telling than whole volumes of dissertations.

In the meantime, it becomes more and more evident that the Government's particular object has been to bring writers and politicians of every rank and description under the sway of their religious laws concerning public safety, which were enacted at the beginning of the present year. The Press, whether periodical or not, will thus be placed under a sword of Damocles, ever swinging over its head. For this reason the Prosecutor for the Crown will insist more particularly on the charge by which the Court is accused of having incited his countrymen to rebel against the present institutions, and to civil war. The other heads will, on the contrary, be probably given up. Having once gained this victory over such a powerful opponent, the question of penalty will be a secondary object, and the Crown be satisfied with a fine of a few thousand francs, or a month's imprisonment. Thus, France really lives under a state of martial law, and of course the continuation of such a periodical as the Correspondant must depend on the most trivial circumstances, viz., on the servility of some petty subaltern catering for the good-will of his superiors.

In the meantime, public, or rather private, opinion in Paris shows itself more and more averse to the prosecution, which it proclaims impolitic. And when I say in Paris, I do so intentionally, as it shows how little the affair has been printed in the provinces.—Two days ago I happened to meet with some gentlemen coming up from different parts of France, not one of whom, however, knew anything about the trial, or the article in question. Of course, a circumstance so different from what would be the case in England will take you by surprise; but it tends to show more than anything I know of how strictly the law of silence is prescribed to, and observed by, the French papers. Indeed, England is far more busy than France about the affair.

This leads me to notice an article in last week's London Press upon the subject. Among the most ludicrous ideas that can enter a man's head, that sapient paper has certainly hit upon a crotchet which beats them all. The keen-sighted editor has found out that M. de Montalembert "contrives to extract matters to make flap-doodle for Englishmen, whatever their politics, and whatever side they may take, for one single purpose. And, pray, what is that?—The exaltation and advancement of the Papal Church is the end, and England, it is hoped, may yet be the means. Evidently, M. de Montalembert's dominant idea is, that liberal political institutions like ours are better calculated to advance Papacy, than any connected with pure and absolute monarchies. He only values us in proportion as he thinks we might be made available for the advancement of his Church, and of her dominant order."—The writer of the above lines has evidently sifted the Count's mind to the bottom, better than he could do himself, and he will be highly grateful for the boon. It would be needless to dwell upon the fine feeling and exquisite taste which are transparent through every line.

I will take advantage of the postponement of the trial, to send you a few lines relative to the bitter warfare which is going on here against the Church. Its language and sentiments strongly remind me of what took place during the Revolution of 1848. The affair Montara is but a pretext, and the information I have been able to gather allows me to affirm that the infidel papers have concerted the part they are each to play on the present, as well as on any future occasion. Every fact, every opportunity of crying down Catholicity is boldly, audaciously taken hold of for the common purpose.

The Press takes the lead in these attacks. Formerly the property of the notorious Emile de Girardin, it now belongs to a banker named Milhaud.—There are Jews, besides a motley crew of infidels of every hue, among its usual contributors. Its chief editor, M. Gueroult, was formerly a Saint-Simonian—a doctrine which seems still ranking within his breast. In one of his late articles he endeavored to show that the clergy, and Rome in particular, are far below the level of modern civilisation, and must, in time, be thrown overboard. Christianity itself is of so expansive a nature, that, sooner or later, it must vanish into a cloud, somewhat like the misty dogmas of Pere Enfantin, though but too material in their practical consequences. M. Veullot was, as usual, not slow in retorting the attack in his best manner, when lo! M. Gueroult finds nothing better than to call his opponent the "Polignac of Catholicity," evidently implying by these words that the editor of the *Univers* is to be our religion what that Minister was to the Government of the Restoration.

In the midst of the hostile army we find the *Siecle*, whose name alone is sufficient to testify its tendencies. Of late, however, it affects a show of indulgence and benignity to the Pope, who is positively beneath his mission. What a pity that the old Gallican Church does not still exist with that fine spirit of independence which broke forth so gloriously under Louis XIV., when it enjoyed those liberties so truly called by the Unitarian Sisonidi downright servitude. There was progress—there was civilisation for you! How worthy such a free Church to be extolled at the expense of the Universal Church!—No quarrelling with Governments, no bickering, no ignorant monks—but all harmony, love, and true Christianity! Who would not envy such a lot—such a go-between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. Delightful picture! And what a pity that the French clergy is not disposed to hatch a nice pet of a schism! In the meantime, we must endeavor to foment it, for our great doctor, Eugene Sue has it in these words:—"But it is downright impossible to make people turn Atheist at once—we must begin by making them Protestants—after all, it is a beginning."—*Paris Cor. Weekly Register.*

A mixed Commission, composed of delegates from the various Ministerial departments, is to be named for the purpose of determining the amount of money to be exacted from the Portuguese Government by way of indemnity for the owners and captain of the now famous slave Charles et Georges. M. Walewski really takes too much trouble; he need not have recourse to the formality of a Commission, either pure or mixed; he has only to tell his figure, and Portugal will pay it. By the way, it is, I understand, boasted a good deal in political circles here that the Emperor's letter to his cousin-on-the-African "free engagement" question has done more service to Lord Derby's Cabinet than to any one else. "I am not sure that some people do not think that the great aim of that document was to save your Ministers from Parliament. If this be so, Lord Malme-

bury ought to feel truly grateful to his old friends. The King of Portugal will probably think the case a hard one, but what of that? It will be a lesson to him never again to undertake the thankless task of obstructing French slaves. It is said that the Paris evening papers have been "invited" not to publish extracts from the King of Portugal's speech on the opening of the Chambers.—*Cor. Times.*

A new pamphlet has appeared in Paris entitled—"L'Angleterre et la Guerre," which it is probable will not be prosecuted, as it is filled with the most fulsome praise of the Imperial institutions. The author pretends to prove mathematically that England has neither men nor money, nor, in fact, any means to protect herself against the attack of a powerful neighbor. Rational men ask to what good purpose can such a publication tend? It is very well known that a great deal of distress prevails in France, that the country requires peace, and that she will not rush into a war to gratify a silly pamphlet. It is calculated that if all the pamphlets published within the last few years in France on, for, and against England were collected, they would form a column as high as that in the Place Vendome.—*Times' Cor.*

CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN FRANCE.—I was much struck, in the course of my rambles through a large portion of the French territory, with the general and remarkable appearance of abundance and plenty which seemed almost everywhere to prevail. The whole country, whether westwards as far as Cherbourg, or through the central provinces and the south, and back again by the eastern departments, literally teemed with its fruit of increase under the beneficent influences of a highly productive season; and it was impossible to mistake the general air of bien-être and contentment which pervaded all classes of the population. Bread, that staff of life, in the fullest sense of the term, to the Frenchouvrier and on which he may still be said almost to breakfast, dine, and sup, has once more sunk even below its usual level as to price, while in quality it far surpasses what for some years past its consumers in the provinces have been accustomed to. Loaves of the dimensions of King Arthur's round table were of such lightness and excellence that you might lift them between your finger and thumb; and the tariffed priced of household bread, of unexceptionable quality and fabrication, rarely exceeded twenty-five centimes, or 2½ d. the kilo, of about 2½ lb. English weight. It did one good to see the prodigious wedges of their favorite material with which even the poorest laborers sat themselves down in the shed at noon to recruit after a long morning's exposure to the broiling sun of the plains of the Bourbonnais or La Bresse. It was wonderful too, to observe how small a portion of animal food still sufficed among the rural population for the consumption of so vast an amount of farinaceous matter, and how a bit of sausage no bigger than your thumb was eked out to the end of a loaf a hundred times its dimensions. Nothing seemed wanting to complete the satisfaction of the consumers save a somewhat ampler supply of their favorite beverage in the shape of vin ordinaire. But, unfortunately, for the last few years there has been small danger of these poor fellows incurring the blame of Prince Hal's sarcasm of "one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack." The allowance has fallen far short of what climate, habit, and the nature of their food alike render essential. At present, however, the abundant promise of the vineyards enables them to supply its place by a sort of vin de menage, or wine juice, which is manufactured by pouring water upon grapes and slightly pressing them as required. Baskets of fruit of a common quality were every where selling in large quantities for this purpose, the price varying from two to three francs for a basket as large as one could manage to lift from the ground with both hands. The absence of wine is also much compensated for this year by the unwonted abundance of fruit of every description. The appearance of the early morning markets was altogether extraordinary in this respect. No further south, for instance, than Orleans, the luxuriance of the fruit season displayed itself most remarkably. The market-places were literally rendered impassable by the piles of grapes, peaches, melons, and other descriptions of fruit which lay strewn in heaps on every side, and were offered at prices which would have made the occupants of Covent-garden stare. The peasantry were streaming over the bridge of the Loire into the city, bearing on their backs huge panniers of grapes hanging down in rich clusters, and telling their own tale of the difference of climate and sunshine between *la belle France* and our own land. Even fruits which are usually of a somewhat scarce description appeared this year to be equally abundant and attainable. Peaches were particularly fine, and of astonishing cheapness. I bought one in the market of Orleans for four sous, measuring six inches and a half in circumference, and of a beauty of growth and appearance, and of a flavor, which rendered it fit to set upon the table of a prince. Good specimens were selling commonly at the rate of two for one sou in detail, and still lower to wholesale dealers.—*Cor. of the Guardian.*

PORTUGAL.

THE KING'S SPEECH.—LISBON, Nov. 5.—The King, accompanied by Her Majesty the Queen, opened the Cortes yesterday with a very short speech, containing the following reference to the recent disgraceful proceedings of the French:—"Friendly relations have not [since last session] been interrupted with the nations with whom we are allied. A serious misunderstanding, however, arose between my Government and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, in consequence of the capture of the French ship Charles et Georges in the waters of Mozambique. This question being taken from the field of right, in which my Government sought to maintain it, my Government, having exhausted the resources in which the letter of the treaties authorized it to have confidence, was obliged to cede to the peremptory exaction of the delivery of that vessel and the liberation of the captain."

All the documents relating to this deplorable conflict will shortly be laid before you, and upon their examination I hope you will approve the proceedings of my Government, and relieve it from the responsibility it was forced to incur."

PRINCE ALFRED AT LISBON.—Some sensation was caused here on Sunday by the landing of Prince Alfred, who had arrived in the river the previous afternoon on board the Euryalus. Although Her Majesty did, I believe, at first express her wish that no reception should take place, and that the Prince should be in no wise distinguished from the other officers of the ship, she, it is said, yielded to the instance of the King of Portugal, who was determined to make a return at the first opportunity for the manner in which he had been received at the English court. A royal barge was sent alongside the Euryalus, and everybody was astonished at the alacrity with which the sailor Prince bowled down the ladder and got into the barge. When the barge reached the arsenal, where a regiment of the line was drawn up as a guard of honour, the Duke de Terceira, with several other Portuguese noblemen, the British ambassador, the other members of the legation, Mr. Smith, Her Majesty's consul, all en grande tenue, waited to receive him. The Prince demeaned himself like a little gentleman, as he is, but looked about as if rather bothered, and frightened with all the display and formality. He soon, however, ensconced himself in the royal coach sent for his reception, and was rapidly whirled away towards Necessidades behind six spanking greys. A large crowd was assembled at the gates of the arsenal, where I saw the British minister, Mr. Smith, our consul, and Major Dowell, respectively pointed out to inquiring Portuguese bystanders as Prince Alfred of England, probably on account of the imposing effect of their uniforms. The sailors of the Euryalus have an anecdote amongst them to the effect that two of the midshipmen during the voyage blackened Prince Alfred's face while he was asleep in his berth, in the spirit of mischief for which these young gentlemen are notorious.—The Prince made no complaint, but was up like a skylark before gun-fire next morning, and cut away the hammock-strings of the two young gentlemen who had served him so, taking the law into his own hands in true sailor fashion.—*Letter from Lisbon.*

NORWAY.

Another case of religious persecution has occurred in Norway. M. Lichte, a Catholic priest, of Christiania, has just been condemned to a fine of 20 rix-dalers, for having allowed a Protestant lady to abjure her faith, and having inscribed her on the list of his flock, without obtaining the consent of the Lutheran clergy.

INDIA.

Successful actions were fought near Lucknow on the 4th, 5th, and 8th of October, in which the rebels are described as utterly purposeless and disorganised and said to have been destroyed in great numbers.

The Bombay newspapers report that, in spite of the disturbances, the country continues to enjoy an extraordinary degree of commercial prosperity, and that trade is increasing in amount, and improving in profitability, at a rate almost incredible. The accounts of the state of health among the soldiers are very satisfactory.

AUSTRIA.

On Saturday week the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna presented, in person, to the Emperor, an address from the Ecclesiastical Council of Austria.—His Majesty, in reply, said that by means of a concordat, he had removed the impediments which prevented the development of the beneficial agency of the Church, in full confidence that the bishops would make use of the rights granted them with zeal and care. Every sign which was given of this expectation being fulfilled gave him true pleasure; and therefore, said the Emperor, "I am well pleased to hear that you are intent on giving a firm and properly-considered basis to the development of great activity in the Church." His Majesty added, "I am, above all, pleased to see assembled in council, for the first time, the bishops and prelates of this province; relying, as I do, fully on their attachment towards myself and my throne, I am gratified to find your Eminence at the head of the council, having often experienced in many most critical matters your unshaken fidelity and your great wisdom. I sincerely hope that God will bless the mission which you hold from Him." Upon this speech the *Univers* observed, "What will the calumniators of Catholic Austria say to such a noble declaration, which evidences most clearly and eloquently a great fact."

RUSSIA.

Some time ago we learnt that the Emperor Alexander had used "strong language" to the nobles when at Moscow, but it is only now that His Majesty's speech has been published in Russia. According to the *Journal of the Ministry of the Interior*, the Czar spoke as follows:—"It is always agreeable to me, gentlemen, to have to express my thanks to the nobles; but it is contrary to my character to say what I do not think. I always speak the truth, and, consequently, am unable at this moment to say that I am obliged to you. You will recollect that two years ago I spoke to you in this very room, and told you that, sooner or later, there must be an alteration in the serf system; and that it would be much better for the change to begin from above. It appears that a wrong sense was given to my words. I took the matter into serious

consideration, and, after having weighed it well, I resolved, with the help of God, to proceed to action. When, as a consequence of the declarations of the St. Petersburg and Lithuanian Governments, my ukases were published, I fully expected that the Moscow nobles would be the first to speak. They were not the first; they were not the second; they were not even the third. Their silence was the more painful to me, because I am proud of having first seen the light of day in Moscow. I loved Moscow when heir to the throne, and I love it still as my native place. I have made known to you the fundamental principles of the proposed changes, and I will not depart from them. [Here the Emperor read some of the more important passages from the ukases.] I love the nobles, and consider them the principal supporters of the throne. I wish well to all, and do not intend to wrong you. I am always ready to give you my support, and it is in your interest that I now propose doing something for the welfare of the peasants.—Recollect that the eyes of the whole nation are directed towards Moscow. I am prepared to do everything in my power for you, but you must render it possible for me to stand up for you [für Sie einzustehen.] Do you understand me, gentlemen? I am told that the Committee has already done a great deal, and I have read an analysis of its report. There is much that is good in it, and I particularly remarked the part which bears reference to the *Gehofte* [farms and farm buildings. It must be well understood that I mean not only the building, but all the ground which appertains to it. Gentlemen, I repeat that you must act in such a way that I can give you my support.—May you deserve the confidence which I repose in you.]

Few Russian serfs can read, but rumour has a thousand tongues, and the publicly expressed sentiments of the Emperor must soon be known from one extremity of the empire to the other.—*Correspondent of Times.*

CHINA.

The *Ami de la Religion* of last Tuesday states, in its news from Cochinchina, that the intelligence of the martyrdom of Mgr. Marti, Vicar-Apostolic of Central Touquin, is, unfortunately, confirmed. He was beheaded, and his head and heart afterwards publicly exposed. It is to be feared, from intelligence gained from the natives, that two priests of the foreign missions have fallen into the hands of the persecutors, and, if so, their martyrdom, has, doubtless, taken place. We find the following in the *Moniteur*:—"France has vainly attempted since the commencement of the present century to reopen relations with Cochinchina. The pitiless severity with which our missionaries have been constantly treated has led our vessels of war to the coast of the kingdom of Annam, but their efforts to enter into relations with the Government, or to obtain any mitigation of the violence complained of have been unavailing. In 1856 the Emperor's Government charged a special agent with a mission to Tourane to make a fresh attempt to overcome the blind obstinacy of the Court of Annam, but that agent was not even permitted to land, and he was compelled to quit the coast without being able to transmit to Hue the message of which he was the bearer. These attempts were generally followed by fresh persecutions against the missionaries still more rigorous than the ones previously practised, and a bishop, M. Diaz, was put to death, after having undergone the most frightful tortures. The Emperor's Government could not allow its overtures to be thus laughably rejected, or that its solicitude should be made a cause for persecution, and an expedition was resolved on. The Spanish Government, which had similar grounds of complaint against the Court of Annam, eagerly agreed to co-operate in the object of the expedition, under the command of Vice-Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, by placing at his disposal a regiment from Manila and two vessels of war. The report which we have published makes known the first results obtained in the Bay of Tourane by the united flags of France and Spain."

The following details of the sufferings of Catholic missionaries in China, is from the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*. We invite the attention of our readers to the contrast betwixt the condition of the *Romish* Missionary, and that of his evangelical brother from Exeter Hall; whose greatest hardship is a bad dinner, or an uncomfortable bed for Mrs. Missionary and the little ones:—"At a more recent date, European priests have been subjected to the same trial. In 1848, the Abbe Renou, surprised on the heights of Thibet, amidst those inaccessible regions, was brought back to Canton under the escort of the mandarins, and cast into the prisons of the town. In fine, in 1850, M. Leturdu, after having been subjected to all the extortions of the pretor and the horrors of the dungeon in a remote district, was also led captive, with a chain round his neck, to Canton, and imprisoned with the criminals, pending the intervention of the French consul for his delivery. This Missionary it was, who, in a letter published in a previous number of the *Annals*, gave us, as an eye-witness, a description of the bombardment and taking of Canton. And now that he is free, and his enemies are humiliated, the following are the sentiments inspired in him by their misfortunes:—"Our care, shall be devoted to the service of those unfortunate beings. If it is not possible for us to feed them all, we will, at least, console them by benevolent words; we will visit the wounded; we will especially take pity on the aged and the orphans, and for them we will deprive ourselves, if need be, of the necessities of life." This is truly the revenge of an apostle. Hitherto we have known nothing of the Chinese prisons except from the description given by the martyrs who have been chained in them; and as these pious victims were more desirous of sanctifying their sufferings than of divulging their severity, we have had but an imperfect idea of those frightful abodes of death and despair. But the conquest has revealed everything. For the honor of our confessions of the faith, for the comprehension of their tortures, past and future, we feel bound to transcribe here some details with which we have been favored in reference to this subject, by an English correspondent, who some time ago was present at the official inspection of the prisons of Canton. "It is with extreme repugnance," says he, "that I undertake the task of reporting what we saw in these prisons, and I will endeavor to be as brief as possible. To state that the unfortunate beings incarcerated in these dungeons are dirty, hungered, and eaten up with vermin, would be a very inadequate expression

to represent the misery in which they exist, for this is the state of all the prisons of Canton. But there are horrors of which human language can only give an approximate idea, and such is the spectacle which we have witnessed for the last two days. "A Chinese prison is composed of small courts, which are not surrounded by an exterior wall. Around these courts there are dens like those in which we would keep our domestic animals.—The rails are not of iron, but consist of double row of bamboo stalks, very thick, so closely united that they scarcely admit the light into the hovel. The ordinary prisoners remain in the court during the day. Their legs are tied together by iron chains, and most of them have also chains round their wrists. "We were engaged in examining one of the courts of the second prison, in the presence of Lord Egmont. As it was mid day, we presumed that the dens would be empty. Some one thought he heard a light sigh, and advanced to the rails to listen more closely; he stepped back, as if he had been pushing his face into a furnace; never were the senses of a man struck with a more pestiferous exhalation. "The jailers were ordered to open this den; they refused (for it is natural to the Chinese to commence by refusing), and the soldiers were then instructed to force them to open it. No sooner had the latter laid hands upon the jailers, than the stifled sighs became groans, which were soon changed to a concert of low moans. On raising up the double railings, several of us entered the hovel, from which, however, we were soon driven by the stench, and the spectacle that presented itself to us obliged us to turn away our eyes. At the bottom of this den lay a body with the breast eaten away by rats, and all around human forms in a state of putrefaction. The mandarin jailer, who appeared much astonished that we should make so much ado about nothing, received orders to bring the poor creatures out. "Whoever has seen such a spectacle can never forget it; for these beings were mere skeletons not man. It could be scarcely imagined that there was any blood in them, had not their wounds furnished evident proof of its presence. As they were brought out one after the other, and laid upon the flags of the court-yard, it was difficult to say which looked the most horrible. They were too much exhausted to cry, although their sufferings must have been frightful, when the jailers dragged them out and their chains were pressing upon their fleshless limbs. "Their history is very simple. They had been flogged with bamboo canes, probably a long time ago, and then thrown into this hovel to rot. Their crime consisted in an attempt to escape. Hitherto was the sight of their purulent wounds, of their rags, and of their fleshless bodies, it was nothing in comparison to their expression of countenance. Whilst these poor wretches were thus writhing on the ground with their disjointed members, the soldiers of the escort were moved to tears. "We were not at the time aware that the only word that these poor creatures endeavoured to pronounce was that of 'hunger'; we little thought that the protrusion of those eyes from their orbits was the result of famine. Some of them had not tasted food for four days. They had not been deprived of water, because there was plenty in the yard, and the other prisoners had drawn it for them; but when they asked for food, they received only lashes from the bamboo-cane. It was not until the next day that we elicited these facts. "Since the beginning of the year, upwards of fifteen persons have died in this cell. The Chinese prisoners certainly bear all description, and I feel confident that I am but conveying a very faint idea of their real state. "This dungeon was the most horrible of all those that we have opened up; but there were others that were almost equally disgusting. Amongst the six thousand prisoners whom we saw, there was not one whose looks did not exude cries of indignation.—'What associations for a child of fourteen years of age!' said Captain Martineau, on seeing a little boy confined there, because he happened to be the son of a rebel! Alas he was not the only one. "In one of these dungeons of Poon-yi, a young boy was pointed out to us, whose physiognomy showed considerable intelligence, and who was crouched upon a plank, and laughing at the scene around.—We made a sign to him to advance towards us, but he came not; he could not move; his little legs had been crippled by chains for several months, and had been paralyzed. This child, six years of age, had been confined there on the charge of a larceny committed by another child. We took the child with us. "Our readers will now understand the extent of suffering and of holy and dolorous resignation that is expressed by those simple words of the Missioner so often inserted in the *Annals*—"I am in prison." "And yet these hideous dungeons, from which the eye and thought recoils with horror, are confronted by our priests—who come in contact with them with indifference,—and looked upon as the natural goal and final depot of their apostolic career. "No sooner had I arrived at Canton," said his new bishop, "than I felt desirous of visiting those places honored by the captivity of so many holy confessors; and whenever I can, I never fail to repeat my visit to them. It is only with feelings of profound respect that I glide along those walls, where they have shed with their blood the faith which they have preached. Happy chains, in which they might say with St. Paul, *Ego vincit Christus!* I the enchained of Christ!"

UNITED STATES.

The great evil of modern civilization, even in this country, where there is, *professedly*, the widest range to individual freedom, is to diminish the sphere of private authority and enlarge that of the State. This may seem paradoxical, that a government eminently popular, holding its authority by the free concession of the people, should yet be said to look with jealous eye over the domain of individual rights. But such is the case. The old Puritans of New England established a popular government; they are even now regarded by Americans as the champions of popular rights, the inaugurators of the glorious principles of free government; and yet perhaps the Christian world cannot furnish a more reckless disregard for private rights than the Blue Laws of New England exhibit. Laws that regulated your raiment, your amusements, and even your domestic affections by the minutest, most stringent and compulsory enactments. The Maine Liquor Laws of late years show that the spirit of the Puritans is not entirely extinct; and in the direction of public opinion in relation to the Common School System, we may detect an incipient step towards the further infringement of private rights. We do not say that it is the wish of the great body of the people, or that the measure if adopted, can go into successful operation, but there is certainly abroad a tendency among a certain class to take out of the parents' hands the direction of the child, in utter violation of the plainest principles of natural justice. Our Houses of Refuge sin most flagrantly in this regard. Ostensibly intended as a refuge or asylum to harbor abandoned youth, or assist the parent in the correction of an unruly child, they are really prisons from which, even at the instance of the parent, there is no egress for the little refugee—the Directors claiming, it would appear, the right to the disposal of the souls and bodies of the children. Nothing is more common than for a poor parent, whom necessity had compelled to put into a House of Refuge his little child, to find that in a few days his child is gone! In one of the despotically biddings of the manager, given away in open violation of all justice, and to the utter bereavement of the parents' heart. This is shocking in a free country. Compulsory education on the part of the State, is another of those schemes of this enlightened age which indicate a retrograde movement from the principles of freedom to those of despotism. Nothing can be more utterly absurd than the unwarranted right of the State to educate children against the will of their parents.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm.
Adjala—N. A. Coote.
Aylmer—J. Doyle.
Amherstburgh—J. Roberts.
Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron.
Arichal—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
Belleville—M. O'Dempsey.
Brock—Rev. J. R. Lee.
Brockville—P. Furlong.
Brantford—W. M'Namary.
Cobourg—M. M'Kenny.
Cavanville—J. Knowlson.
Chambly—J. Hackett.
Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy.
Deauville—J. M'iver.
Dundas—J. M'Gerrald.
Eganville—J. Bonfield.
Eastern Townships—P. Hackett.
Franpton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
Farmerville—J. Flood.
Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter.
Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry.
Huntingdon—C. M'Faul.
Ingersoll—Rev. R. Keleher.
Kemptville—M. Heaphy.
Kingston—M. M'Namara.
London—Rev. E. Bayard.
Lochiel—O. Quigley.
Loborough—T. Daley.
Lindsay—Rev. J. Farrelly.
Lacolle—W. Harty.
Merrickville—M. Kelly.
Millbrooke—P. Maguire.
Niagara—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
Oshawa—Rev. Mr. Proulx.
Orillia—Rev. J. Synnot.
Prescott—J. Ford.
Perth—J. Doran.
Peterboro—T. M'Gabe.
Picton—Rev. M. Lalor.
Quebec—M. O'Leary.
Rawdon—Rev. J. Quinn.
Renfrew—Rev. M. Byrne.
Russelltown—J. Campion.
Richmond Hill—M. Teely.
Richmond—A. Donnelly.
Sherbrooke—T. Griffith.
Sherrington—Rev. J. Gratton.
Summerstown—D. M'Donald.
St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
St. Alban—T. Dunn.
St. Ann de la Pointe—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Fulvay.
St. Raphael—A. M'Donald.
St. Remi—H. M'Gill.
St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Rev. M. Sax.
Thorold—John Heenan.
Tingwick—T. Donagan.
Toronto—P. Doyle.
Templeton—J. Hagan.
West Ossego—M. M'Voy.
Windsor—C. A. M'Intyre.
York Grand River—A. Lamond.

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