

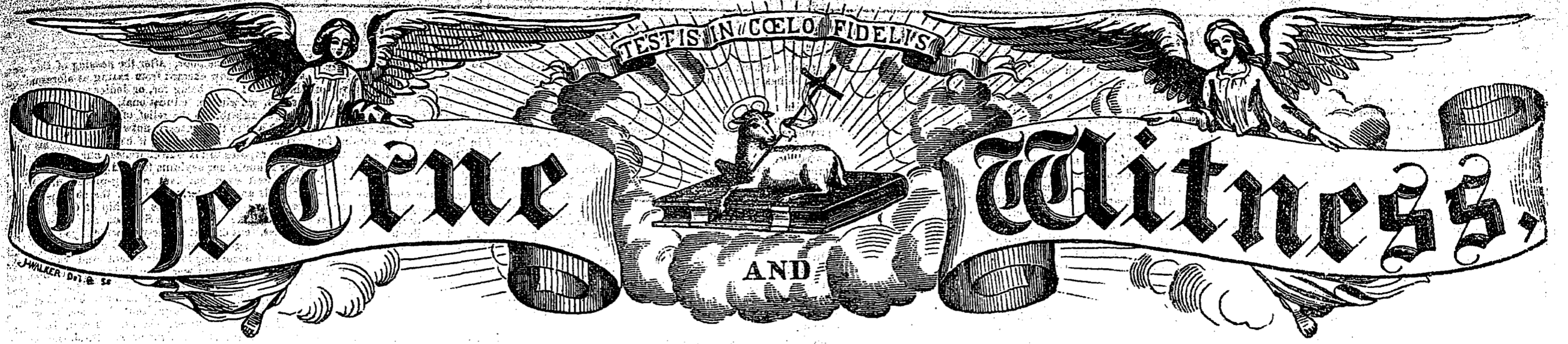
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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ROSAURA AND HER KINSFOLK.

CHAPTER VII.

Soon was heard the awakening call to the field. Julius fought, as might have been expected of a loving, and at the same time death-seeking soul...

God wonderfully preserved the life of the young honor-loving hero, and rescued him victoriously from many a threatening danger. From step to step Count Wildeck rose high in rank...

While the remainder of the army rested in their quarters during the severity of the winter season, the young hero ranged hither and thither with his bold horsemen—now on the back of the enemy—intercepting couriers and destroying transports—now surprising bodies of troops who believed themselves in secure cantonments; again, by a powerful stroke, breaking through outposts and garrisoned stations towards some head-quarters...

‘Wildeck’s dragoons are coming!’ was a panic cry among the enemy’s troops; and friend and foe mentioned with joyous enthusiasm the name Count Wildeck—for he seemed to all the very pattern of a fearful yet good, a stern yet benign, martial hero. The true soldier always looks upon a noble adversary with an unbiased, nay, even with a loving eye.

One day, on his return to the head-quarters of the prince from a successful campaign, with prisoners and trophies of victory, Julius found the following letter from Rosaura, the first which he had received from her fair hands:

‘My hero, my protector, my beloved! thy name resounds from the lips of poets and orators, as well as from the mouths of the people. I had foreseen this long before I avowed my love for thee; then I sighed for war in order that thy in-born nobleness might shine forth. But now, Julius—Count Julius Wildeck—I trust thou dost not court death for the sake of thy poor afflicted spouse? Oh, do not this, else I should, though not with diminished affection, yet truly with less pride—sign myself,

‘ROSAURA, of Haldenbach, Countess of Wildeck.’

Who can picture the ecstasy of the enraptured Julius? Who describe his answer? He who cannot pour forth the lines from his own heart may leave them unread, and pass them by as an unopened letter.

Alas! the spring brought him a far less cheering message; which he received in the midst of the bustle of a new campaign.

The princess Alwina wrote to him with her own hand, in the most considerate and forbearing manner; but still the fearful part of the news—that the time of suffering had pressed more heavily upon Rosaura than ever—could not be removed. It was deemed necessary that the count should be informed of it, because the attack had come suddenly upon the unhappy lady while in the royal castle. And, as it was generally believed among the household to be a burning fever, the intelligence of such a deadly sickness being conveyed to Julius might have alarmed and unnerved him. Now all was again over. Rosaura herself had written, in faint characters at the close of the letter, a few affectionate consolatory words.

Hitherto Julius’s heart, from the consoling words which the soothsayer was supposed to have uttered, had not been quite void of hope that the curse had already been removed by means of the priestly blessing. Alas! there now remained only the death of her husband which could deliver Rosaura. Julius prayed fervently to God for a speedy and honorable end, and rode off with composed courage to the thundering battlefield.

It was a victorious conflict; and two others followed in the spring and summer. Julius escaped unhurt, while many fell around him to whom life was as dear as death would have been welcome to him. At times he was tempted to throw himself headlong, as a sacrifice, upon the bayonets of the enemy; but she, for whom he was about to commit the act, deterred him by her consolatory letter, which never left his bosom. And now the glory of God’s mercy shone upon him again; and he hoped and believed where man’s wisdom alone could see nothing but storm and precipice.

Towards autumn the victorious host had greatly melted away. The ally for whom the army had first taken the field proved lukewarm and indifferent, now that the tide of war was raging at a distance from his own territory. In order to a decisive conflict, it was necessary to have a strong reinforcement. Many valiant country noblemen

now rose up, mindful of the fame of their forefathers, and were already collecting into troops experienced archers from the mountains, equipping the poorer ones at their own expense, and placing themselves at their head for the cause of their prince and country. From all sides were seen such squadrons marching along with the mirthful sounds of horn and trumpets; and there seemed little doubt that, with the aid of these troops, the approaching battle would be the last, and lead to an ultimate peace.

Wildeck—now in the rank of general, and honored with the special confidence of the captain, and who had already occupied a distinguished place in the council of war—full of youthful eagerness, decided at once for the speediest accomplishment of the intended plan of attack, and assigned to the new auxiliaries some of the most important positions.

It is true that he, having been stationed at another wing of the army, had, as yet, seen nothing of this new troop; but their noble character was sounded abroad everywhere: and already Wildeck felt within his glowing soul the victoriousness of a people’s might thus nobly led on.

Among the other generals, no one had any great inclination to be connected with this auxiliary force. Some declared flatly that they were only used to the ancient and common forms of war, and that it would be impossible for them to conform to new modes; some smiled and held their peace; some whispered that they did not profess to be poetical, or at least not poetical enough for such very poetical subordinates;—others, again, insisted that the auxiliaries should at all events be instructed in the principal points of the newest military rules, since, in the event of a parade, honor and reputation would be hazarded with such a troop. On the other hand, however, a wish was expressed by some experienced old warriors, that they might enjoy again their youthful vigor, in order to put themselves at the head of such a noble body of youths; on which the prince turned round to Julius with a friendly smile, and said, ‘With you, General Wildeck, the will seems to be most in unison with the proposed achievement. Hasten, therefore, to the archers; and the newly collected troop shall march out according to the concerted plan, under your command.’

Scarcely had Julius time to inspect all the detachments of his new squadron before the signal of the prince floated in the morning-dawn of the appointed day, summoning to the attack.

‘We shall all get better acquainted with each other in the field,’ said he with a friendly voice; and quickly surveying once more, with a bright kindling eye, all the parts of the enemy’s position, he dispatched adjutants and officers to the different detachments, with the order for decampment. With a joyous huzza the archers obeyed. To fight under Count Wildeck was what each of them longed for; and an inspiring proclamation, which he issued immediately on his arrival, had kindled the martial fire yet more powerfully in their youthful breasts.

The conflict began. At the head of his young hero-troop the hero-youth stormed fiercely up the mountain-steep. But the enemy, on the other hand, well knowing the importance of this point of his position, had posted there the boldest of his troops, led on by one of the most daring, and yet most prudent, of his captains; and the heights were thus rendered well-nigh inaccessible—not only by a vigorous defence and a fearful shower of balls, but also by several boldly-conducted sallies. Many of the brave archers fell. Sometimes the young warriors stood still, as if stunned by the assault, which, perhaps, they did not expect would prove so fierce. But it only required an inspiring word, or even a nod, from their knightly leader, and again the warrior-stream, with loud hurrahs, rushed up the mountain.

Wildeck was seen wherever danger showed itself most threateningly, and ever he was welcomed with a tremendous ‘Vivat’ and ‘Hurrah!’ and more joyfully than even the victorious flood rolled up the heights, sometimes, in galloping along, it seemed to him that he saw the old Colonel Haldenbach of Finsterborn at the head of a troop of young soldiers; and this supposition was soon confirmed, when the first light was stormed, and Julius, who stood looking round him from an elevated spot, saw the scarred huntsman springing quickly towards him, mounted on one of the strange-looking horses which he but too well remembered.

‘Sir General,’ said the hunter, ‘Colonel Haldenbach, who leads the detachment No. 3 under you on the right wing, sends word that the enemy is rapidly advancing, full in his front, and inquires whether he should not attempt to shift the whole position, and whether, therefore, he may venture to break out of the line of battle.’ Julius reflected a few moments, making a rapid survey of the place pointed out to him. He then replied, ‘Let the colonel act as appears to him most advantageous from his position. Perhaps the victory may be accomplished, at one stroke; and for the security of the right wing I

will myself provide in another way. Only the colonel must remember that we have scarcely any horse—that the enemy has already shown us several squadrons of huzzars—and that the ground there must be much flatter and more open.—Ride off, then, in God’s name, and salute your brave colonel from me.’

Thanking him in warlike fashion, the scarred huntsman sprang forward; and as soon as Julius had made the necessary preparations for the intended alteration in his battle-array, he rode off himself to the decisive point, having first planted signals from light to light, that he might receive the earliest intelligence from all quarters of the field.

The old, dreadful Haldenbach proved himself, indeed, dreadful to the enemy, even as a very messenger of death. Already their left wing was in flight. Julius’s adjutants hastened from the centre to the squadrons of the archers, which, by the general’s skillful arrangement, they led on one by one, so that the enemy, on this busy, mountainous region, were left in doubt as to which was intended to be the chief point of attack.

‘Now is the time!’ cried Julius, suddenly. ‘The whole line forward! the column behind to the attack!’

And the signals sounded from the trumpets, echoing through the valleys the joyous ‘Hurrah!’ of the archers, and the hasty, alarmed fire of the enemy’s cannon. The archers now shot no longer. They had screwed their long hunting-knives previously prepared for this purpose, upon the end of their guns, to serve instead of bayonets; and now they rushed on to the attack with rejoicing shouts. In few places could the enemy stand against this unlooked-for attack; and where resistance was made, those able, well-practiced youths speedily over-powered them. The victory on this side was decided; almost all the enemy’s cannon was taken. Already the allied cavalry might be seen trotting about far out on open plain—which was no longer commanded by the enemy’s guns—and forming themselves for an attack on their rear.

Julius halted—his heart beating high and joyfully with victory—on the last gained height.—Haldenbach still continued to chase before him the remains of the defeated host, and was already close to an open space where the enemy’s huzzars had stopped, on whom, at Julius’s command, a fire had just been opened from the captured guns. These troops kept moving hither and thither; but, upon the whole, maintained their position, determined, if it were possible, to protect the flying infantry. The cavalry of their opponents too, was at a distance, occupied with other and more important matters, so that they were secure from any attack.

‘Ride off,’ said Julius to one of his adjutants, ‘as speedily as possible, and warn Colonel Haldenbach against these huzzars. He ventures much too far upon the open ground.’

Scarcely had the messenger galloped off, when Haldenbach, full of wild eagerness for the fight, rushed forth upon the wooded plain, and fell quick as lightning upon the huzzars. Julius glowed with indignation lest a single branch of the day’s victorious garland should be torn away. Looking round upon his officers, he cried out,—‘We are still two squadrons strong, are we not? It does not depend upon number alone. To arms! Gallop! March!’ And with these words he sprang forward, holding his drawn sword before him, while close behind him followed the small but choice band. With a loud ‘Hurrah!’ they dashed upon the enemy, who, partly stunned by the unexpected attack of the horsemen, partly over-riden and hewn down by the rejoicing assailants, fell into wild disorder and took to flight.

Haldenbach’s arches were saved; but the old colonel himself, wounded and bleeding, was dragged by two of the enemy’s horsemen from his half-mangled horse. Julius spurred on his faithful Abdul once more, and overtook them in a moment. His good sword dispatched one of the huzzars; the other, in despair, was about to fire his piece at the prisoner, but Julius wrenched it from his hand—not, however, without its going off in a different direction, and wounding the brave deliverer himself. With bleeding side Julius sank upon the neck of his noble charger, and soon fell powerless and fainting on the grass.

CHAPTER VIII.

On coming to his senses, Julius found himself upon a soft couch in a magnificent apartment of one of the prince’s hunting castles, situated among the forest mountains. The inquiring looks of the hero were met by those of his adjutants, who informed him that the battle had ended on all sides in a decisive victory; also that the colonel had been saved, and had been conveyed hither, bleeding, only from a slight wound on the head. Julius pressed, with thankful smiles, the hands of the brave men. Tears stood in their eyes. The surgeon turned away. Julius knew well what he had said to them. He wished to

ask something farther, but his wounded side prevented his utterance. He motioned the surgeon to approach nearer, and at last he stammered out with difficulty, ‘How much longer? on your honor and duty?’

‘Eight days; or, at most, fourteen,’ answered the former, full of earnest sorrow, knowing well the heroic and Christian heart of his general, and seeing how foolish, nay, how sinful, all falsehood and concealment at such a time would be.

Julius raised his hands in serene thankfulness towards heaven. He was to die for his prince and country, and for Rosaura; and he was to follow, from a victorious battle-field, the renowned heroes of his ancient line. Something like this he had fore-acted in his boyish games with childish eagerness, and had again dreamed of in the sleeping and waking hours of his youth.

The half-yearly period, when the Haldenbachs were seized with the fatal madness, was now drawing near. Julius earnestly wished to die before this time, that Rosaura might not once more be subject to these dark, and, alas! to her, unmerited terrors. He thought, too, how fearfully such an attack would agitate the old colonel, already suffering from his wound. He called for parchment and pencil, and wrote with trembling hand these words—

‘Day and night two surgeons and three attendants to Colonel Haldenbach. Report to me every three hours.’

The surgeon bowed respectfully, and hastened out to fulfil his orders. Julius sank, almost free from pain into a calm slumber.

Days and nights came and went, and still the intelligence of the colonel’s condition was of a soothing nature. The surgeon could not comprehend the reason of the general’s anxious solicitude, and often assured him that the colonel’s wound was of slight consequence, and might even be considered as good as healed.

At the same time Julius, contrary to all expectation, began to recover; and the joyful countenances of the adjutants, and sometimes even a cheerful smile from the surgeon, seemed to speak more and more of hope. But Julius sighed heavily at the thought—‘Alas! must Rosaura’s day of trial, then, be still prolonged!’

It happened one day—more than three weeks had now elapsed since that glorious, bloody day; and the looks of the surgeon became every day more cheerful and confident—it happened one day that Colonel Haldenbach, who was now perfectly recovered, sent to ask for an interview with the general, and, if possible, in private.

At first a slight shudder crept through Julius’s frame. He thought of the possibility of the madness breaking out suddenly—of his own debility, and of the irritable state of his disordered imagination. He soon, however, recovered his courage, and complied with the request.

Earnest and solemn, but irradiated as it were, with a madness which Julius had never before seen in his countenance, the old man stepped in.

‘Fear not me any longer, my young hero,’ said he, in a soft and gentle voice, ‘for there is now an end of the madness of me and of my race. The time has gone by more than twelve hours, and yet not the least symptom of the malady has shown itself. Thou hast saved us, my noble Wildeck; but, alas! whatever hope the physicians may entertain, it is so much the more certain that my nice Rosaura must soon be a widow.’

He wept bitterly, but softly. Then he added: ‘With that victorious day all remembrance of our fated hour seemed to have passed away.—My brave scarred huntsman, too, fell in my defence, and was buried in the battle-field. But to think that thou, too must soon be buried!’

His voice faltered, and was lost in a flood of tears, while he covered his aged head with his hands.

But Julius, through whose veins the news of Rosaura’s deliverance had flowed like a healing balsam, raised himself joyfully up, and spoke with unusual vigour.

‘Be calm, thou aged hero of Haldenbach—be calm. I shall yet recover! I shall yet live many, many happy years with Rosaura; for the unknown words which my prophetic ancestor added, for the consolation of your race, they are now fulfilled—believe me they are now fulfilled!’

Astonished, and suspended between joy and doubt, the colonel gazed upon the soul-inspired youth. But all farther explanations were postponed; for an adjutant of the general suddenly entered; and announced that the sovereign was about to visit Count Wildeck. And presently after the gracious prince appeared.

‘I have many things to relate to you, Count Wildeck,’ said he, after the first salutations were over. ‘I begin with that which to your true and well-approved, knightly heart, is the most dear:—and land his peace, the most glorious, the most secure peace that we could possibly have achieved. Next, here is a trifle for you, and he pulled out a star and ribbon of the highest rank

in the empire, and placed them on the bed of the wounded knight, adding, ‘These, I know your excellency will not be sorry to receive; it follows, too, as a matter of course, that the conquerors of these mountain forests is henceforth my lieutenant-general. But lastly, my courier has just brought me something unusually beautiful.—My daughter Alwina writes me that the Countess Rosaura is completely freed from her former malady; and here is a letter to you from Rosaura herself, which will tell you why I no longer tremble for the life of my brave Wildeck.’

With eyes kindling with ecstasy Julius gazed on the dear page, unrolled it, and read as follows: ‘The time of the fearful visitation arrived; I had prepared myself for it with humiliation and prayer. But those once so fearful days passed over without sign of change. O Julius! livest thou? Or is it thy death which has sealed my peace? That were indeed a terrible peace!’

‘But, no! Julius, thou livest; and the curse is nevertheless removed. This was yesternight revealed to me in a vision. Hearken to it.

‘Over my mountain castle the heavens opened, and I saw therein the golden sunlight of paradise. There stood the prophetic ancestor, clothed in a shining purple robe, bordered with resplendent stars, and he drew towards him my poor one—erring ancestor, Wolfgram; and both sang together that all was now over with the fearful curse, for that a Wildeck had shed his own life’s blood in saving the life of a Haldenbach. And then they embraced each other, and were transformed into two glorious seraph forms, moving to and fro, with azure wings, and chaunting in harmonious concert.

‘Julius, my hero! my expiating deliverer!—Julius, thou noble Wildeck! It was assuredly no idle dream—thou livest, and thou hast been, full of inward love thy faithful spouse,

‘ROSAURA (of Haldenbach) Countess of Wildeck.’

And the good God confirmed the beautiful promise. In joy, peace, and honor, the valiant Julius, now perfectly recovered, returned home;—and from his and Rosaura’s happy union sprang numerous sons and daughters, who gave to the noble house of Wildeck many new blossoms of strength and beauty, even like so many blessed messengers of Heaven.

THE END.

HOUSE OF COMMONS—FEB. 28.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

Lord Palmerston rose and said,—Mr. Speaker, I am desirous of saying a few words upon a matter of great interest and importance to the House, because it bears upon one of our most important privileges,—I mean that privilege which is sanctioned by ancient custom and I believe consecrated by the Bill of Rights,—that there shall be perfect freedom of speech in debates of this House, it being our privilege to say whatever we think right in Parliament, and it being a breach of privilege that any member says in this House should be questioned out of this House by any person whomsoever. That is the corporate privilege of Parliament, and a most important one it is, for without freedom of speech on the part of members of this House the proper functions of this House could not be adequately and usefully discharged. (Hear, hear.) To counterbalance that latitude we have rules and regulations of our own, according to which any member is liable to be stopped by the Speaker for the time being if he says anything contrary to the usage of Parliament, and contrary to those rules and regulations by which the dignity and decorum of this House have been established or protected, and which ought to be observed. But beyond this there is another rule. Where it happens that the Speaker may not feel or understand the offensive force of some expression bearing on a member of the House, it is competent for the member with regard to whom any expression is used which is wounding to his feelings or derogatory to his honour to get up then and there, to stop the person who is speaking, and to appeal to you, Sir, and to the House to pronounce whether such expressions are proper to be used or not.—The way in which these general issues bear on the matter which I feel it my duty to state to the House is this:—In the course of Friday evening my right hon. friend the Secretary for Ireland used some expressions which, later in the evening, I was informed were considered by the member for Tipperary to be offensive to him, and to bear personally upon him. He took no notice of these expressions at the time, and therefore nothing passed at the moment to lead anybody to think that consequences of any kind would follow from what had been stated. But late at night, after the House had been counted out on a division in committee, and was therefore adjourned, it was intimated to me that the member for Tipperary had taken offence at some expressions used by my right hon. friend, and that it was likely that results out of the House would ensue. Bearing in mind what the privileges of this House are, and that it is a distinct breach of privilege for any member of this House to notice hostilely out of the House any expressions which have been made use of in debate within these walls, I thought it right, before quitting the House, to write to my right hon. friend the Chief Secretary for Ireland. If any intimation had been made to me before the House adjourned, then, of course, it would have been my duty immediately to have made some communication to the Speaker; but the House having adjourned, it was out of my power to take any such course. I deemed it my duty to take this step of writing to my right hon. friend, because, having the honour to be at the head of the Government of which my right hon. friend is a member, and also having the honour to be charged with the conduct of the business of this House, I thought it was my duty (General cries of ‘Hear, hear!’) to see that the priv-

leges of this House were not violated in a manner which I am sure would have been painful to all parties in this House. This, then, is the letter:—

House of Commons, Feb. 21, 1862.  
My dear Peel:—It has been suggested to me that the O'Donoghue may contemplate sending you a hostile message in consequence of what he considers your allusion to him in your speech this afternoon; and I think it right, therefore, before I leave the House to remind you that such a proceeding by the O'Donoghue would be a breach of the privileges of the House, and that if you were to accept such a challenge you would make yourself a party to that breach of privilege.

Your duty, therefore, in such case would be to decline the invitation (laughter); and I should in such case deem it my duty to state the matter to the House at its meeting on Monday, in order that the House might deal with the matter in the manner which it has usually dealt with matters of the same kind on former occasions.

It seems to me, moreover, that your official position renders it the more incumbent upon you to avoid infringing the privileges of Parliament and making yourself a party to what would be a public scandal. (General cries of "Hear, hear.")

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., &c., &c.  
I wrote that letter late at night, and had it given to a messenger to deliver to my right hon. friend early on Saturday morning. In the course of Saturday communications took place which led to a request, not directly in the nature of the invitation which I had begged my right hon. friend to decline, but proposals were made to him that he should name a friend I requested my right hon. friend to refer to (great laughter and cheering)—not with a view of making arrangements for a meeting (renewed laughter), but officially to refer to me the gentleman who had been commissioned to communicate with my right hon. friend. I saw that gentleman this morning; I explained to him the bearing of the contemplated proceeding on the rules and privileges of this House, and I stated that I should deem it my duty to bring the matter under the notice of this House, in order that you, Sir, and the House might deal with it in such a manner as might be deemed expedient. I also thought it right to inform the hon. gentleman the member for Tipperary that such was my intention, as he would probably think it right to be in his place at the time. I have now, Sir, done what which I think it was my duty to do (cheers); and I have only to say that, having brought the matter under the knowledge of the House, I leave it to you and the House to deal with it as you think fit. (Cheers.)

The Speaker.—It now having been brought under the notice of the House that a distinct breach of its privileges has been committed by the hon. member for Tipperary, it becomes my duty to call on that hon. member to express his regret for the breach of privilege he has committed, and to give an assurance to this House that the matter shall proceed no further. (Hear, hear.)

Major Gavin.—I beg, as the friend of the O'Donoghue (cheers), that the House will allow me to say a few words in explanation, and I think when hon. gentlemen have heard the statement they will agree with me that I have nothing to regret. I believe every one in this House read, if they did not hear, the debate on Friday night. In that debate very strong language was made use of in reference to my friend the hon. member for Tipperary. My hon. friend on hearing that language did not avail himself of the rule which enabled him to rise to order, but left the House very indignant and highly irritated. He called on me at the club on Saturday morning, and stated that he felt himself grossly offended. I begged him to put in writing the words which he felt hurt at, and he did so. I am bound to say that, having consulted with him, and having fully considered those words, I quite agreed with him in his opinion. And for any act which may have been done by me, and I alone, am responsible. (Cheers.) As well as I can recollect the language which was employed, it referred to a meeting held at Dublin, and presided over by the hon. member for Tipperary, of which the right hon. gentleman the Chief Secretary said that it consisted of "manikin traitors" that it sought to imitate the "cabbage-garden" proceedings of 1848, but that he was happy to say the call was not answered by a single respectable person. I think those were the words (hear, hear); if I am in error let me be corrected. I thought over those expressions, and I arrived at the conclusion that they were words that no gentleman should rest under. (Hear, hear.) I had the honour of being in the army for 24 years, and I am quite certain that no such language would be tolerated in that honourable profession. (Cheers.) Entertaining that view, and having a very high opinion of the right hon. gentleman the Chief Secretary for Ireland, I was convinced that it would be only necessary for me to place before him the very injurious nature of the expressions made use of, and that he would give such explanations as would be satisfactory to my hon. friend. I went to Sir Robert Peel's house on Saturday morning. He had just left to go to the Irish-office. I followed, and had an interview with him there. I told him my hon. friend had made use of on the previous night was such as one gentleman could not hear from another. I added that that was my opinion also; that my hon. friend could not possibly rest under the words which had been used, and that I required an explanation. (Hear, hear.) I asked him to let me come to my hon. friend that he meant no offence. I then went further, and tried to separate those words—

I mean those expressions as to no respectable person having attended the meeting. The right hon. baronet said he would adhere to the words in their integrity. I then asked him to refer me to a friend. He said I must write to him on the subject. I did write to him, and if the House wishes it I will read the letter. (Cries of "Hear, hear," and "I read.") It is as follows:—  
"15, Charles-street, St. James's, Saturday.  
"My dear Sir Robert,—As the explanation given by you to me regarding the words you made use of towards the O'Donoghue last night in the House is not satisfactory, and as the matter cannot possibly remain in its present position, I must request you at once to refer me to a friend.  
"Faithfully yours,  
"G. GAVIN.

To the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, &c.  
Well, Sir, on Saturday evening I received a letter from the right hon. baronet, which was very short and sweet (laughter), saying that he had referred it to a friend. (Hear, hear.) I had naturally supposed that I would hear the name, but there was no name mentioned [laughter]; and, though the letter was written at 4 o'clock, I did not get it till very late at night. However, last night [Sunday], I got a letter from the right hon. baronet, stating what the House has already heard—that I was to be referred to the noble lord at the head of the Government. [Great laughter and cheers.] And the House will allow me to say that there is no one in the House who, I think, would so readily respond to anything of the kind. (Cheers.) This, Sir, is the letter:—  
"Irish-office, Great Queen-street, Whitehall,  
Feb. 23, 1862.  
"Dear Major Gavin,—In consequence of a communication I received from Lord Palmerston very early on Saturday morning, I referred to him the letter you addressed to me yesterday afternoon; and I have this instant received a reply from him desiring me to refer you to him.  
"I am yours very truly,  
"ROBERT PEEL.

Major G. Gavin, M.P.  
Well, Sir, I did myself the honour of waiting on Lord Palmerston this morning. I stated to him that Sir Robert Peel had referred me to him for an explanation of the words which the right hon. baronet had made use of on Friday night, and that I thought he

would agree with me that such words were not to be passed over. (Hear, hear.) The noble lord then told me what the rules of the House were. I said, "Oh, my lord, if this is to be taken up officially, there is no use in my taking up your time about it." (Laughter and cheers.) I then referred that the whole matter had been taken up officially, in fact, that had been referred to you, Sir, before I felt it necessary to wait on the right hon. baronet, the Secretary for Ireland for an explanation. The whole matter is very painful to me. (Hear, hear.) I did what I considered to be my duty towards my friend. (Cheers.) I had to vindicate his honour, and I went about it in the only way I understood. (Cheers.) The honour of the hon. member for Tipperary was placed in my hands. It has now been handed over to you, Sir, and the noble lord at the head of the Treasury; and I hope you will preserve it. (Cheers.)

The Speaker.—The hon. and gallant gentleman the member for Limerick, speaking on behalf of the hon. member for Tipperary, has been permitted full latitude; but I must point out to the House that it would not be proper in the House to follow him to the extent he has gone, because one of the rules of the House is that any exception taken to words spoken in debate must be taken on the spot and at once, and no words spoken can be taken notice of after in the House if such exception has not been taken to them, and if the words themselves have not been recorded by the clerk at the table. The value of that rule must be felt on the present occasion, because the hon. and gallant gentleman has not professed to report to the House the exact words which have been complained of by the hon. member for Tipperary. It is now my duty to tell the House that no discussion can take place on the words which were used on Friday evening. The time for discussing them has passed. A breach of privilege has now been brought before the House; and it is my duty to call on the hon. member, who was guilty of what I must observe to him is an offence to this House, to express his regret that he has committed a breach of privilege, and to give to the House an assurance that the matter will proceed no further. (Hear, hear.)

The O'Donoghue.—Sir, I hope it is unnecessary for me to say that I should regret deeply to do anything to violate the privileges of this House; and I may say for myself that I would have been the last person in this House to wound the susceptibilities of any hon. member. (Hear, hear.) I hope, however, that the House will accord to me for one moment the consideration which they invariably extend to one who has a personal explanation to make. (Cheers.) Having received this afternoon an intimation from the noble lord at the head of the Government that he would feel it his duty this evening to make a statement with reference to me, I felt it my duty to attend in my place; and, as I took it for granted that what the noble lord had to say would refer to what passed on Friday night, I made a copy of the words used by the right hon. baronet the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and which I considered personally offensive to myself. (Hear.) In rising to offer a very few words of explanation, I am sure I do not erroneously estimate the character of this House when I expect all the more consideration from the fact that the right hon. baronet did all in his power to excite a prejudice against me. (Hear.) Perhaps the House will permit me to read the words which I considered offensive. Alluding to the alleged prosperity of Ireland, the right hon. baronet said:—  
"Of the justice of that opinion no more remarkable proof can be adduced than that which took place the other day, when there was danger of rupture with America, and Ireland was filled with American emissaries, who tried to raise there a spirit of disloyalty. A meeting was then held in the Rotunda, at which a few manikin traitors sought to imitate the cabbage-garden heroes of 1848; but I am glad to say they met with no response. There was no one to follow. There was not a single man of respectability who answered the appeal."

I felt that this language was personally offensive to me, and I thought that I could not let it pass. I felt that the right hon. baronet had come down to the House, having made up his mind to disparage my social position; and I would not attach any importance either to assertions or insinuations that great allowance should be made for the excitement of debate and the heat of argument, for I am ready to do the right hon. baronet the justice to say that his speeches bear the marks of very careful preparation. (Hear.) The meaning of the right hon. baronet's observations was quite manifest, for his remarks drew the eyes of the whole House on me. (Hear.) What, then, was I to do? Could I submit to such an insinuation without forfeiting my claim to sit in the company of honourable men—without bringing disgrace on those whose honour I was bound to cherish, and entailing a legacy of shame on those who are to follow me? (Hear, hear.) What was I to do? I am quite aware that the ancient mode of arbitration has fallen into disuse; but, if it has, those unseemly manners which made it necessary have also disappeared. (Hear, hear.) What course was I to take? I consulted with my hon. and gallant friend the member for Limerick, in whose hands I felt that my honour was perfectly safe, and on whose judgment—matured as it has been by experience acquired in the most honourable of professions (hear, hear)—I could implicitly rely. I consulted with my hon. and gallant friend; and he agreed with me that I was not only entitled to expect an explanation, but bound to demand, and, if possible, to obtain that explanation. (Cheers.) We did all we could to obtain an explanation. I am sure that the House will agree with me that there was nothing bullying in the tone we adopted. Well we failed to obtain it, and, if I am forced to come to the conclusion that the right hon. baronet is not in an eminent degree distinguished by those qualities for which his countrymen generally are remarkable, the fault is certainly not mine. I must say that whatever the right hon. gentleman may think fit to say with regard to my political conduct or course of action, with regard to that I have nothing to say. He may talk as much as he pleases about cabbage-garden heroes, and with all the more freedom from the fact that the inference which the right hon. gentleman wishes the public to draw are based on the most flagrant misrepresentation of facts. When I state that the right hon. baronet is perfectly at liberty to say what he likes of my political conduct, I may be allowed to explain it in this way—that I should consider myself perfectly justified, if I thought it worth while, to say that the right hon. gentleman's conduct when he went to Derry and spoke as he did of the Archbishop of Dublin was most discreditably. (Murmurs and loud cries of order!) But I do not feel myself justified in saying—

The Speaker.—(interrupting the hon. member.)—I do not think this is an occasion on which it is competent for the hon. gentleman to enter upon a general discussion of this nature. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") The matter is confined in much narrower limits. (Cheers.)  
The O'Donoghue.—I bow to your decision, but before I sit down I wish to say that I begin to be afraid that the mind of the right hon. gentleman is not quite so hollow, and that there is much more of craftiness and cunning in his disposition than—. (Loud cries of "No!" and "Order, order!")—Then, in conclusion, I must say that the right hon. gentleman is much mistaken if he supposes he can force me here to withdraw from a position that I occupy elsewhere, or to renounce opinions that I conscientiously hold; and which I conscientiously believe are held by the great majority of the Irish people. In conclusion, I have to thank the House for the attention they have accorded me, and I thank the right hon. gentleman for the opportunity he has afforded me of exhibiting him in his real character. (The hon. gentleman resumed his seat amid laughter, murmurs, and cries of "Oh!")  
The Speaker.—I trust the hon. gentleman is aware that the matter in question lies not between himself and the right hon. baronet, but between himself and the House, (cries of "hear, hear,") and I hope he will

not conclude this speech without some reference to the position in which he has placed himself with regard to the House.

The O'Donoghue, again rising, said.—[Thought that I had already apologized to the House for committing a breach of their privileges. (Cries of No!) I think I may add, although after what has passed it is almost unnecessary to say so, I am ready to state the matter shall go no further. (Hear, hear.)  
The matter then dropped.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LENTEN PASTORAL OF THE PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

JOSEPH, by the Grace of God, and favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Armagh, to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Armagh.

Dear! Beloved Brethren—As the holy season of Lent is now at hand, it becomes our duty to dispose ourselves to enter with a penitential spirit on its observances. It ought to be our chief care now to remove every obstacle that might prevent the Divine Grace from descending into our souls, in that abundance with which it is given during this acceptable time, to all those who are duly prepared to receive it.

The existence of secret societies in this diocese, is an evil, against which we think it our duty to raise our voice on this occasion. Freemasonry, reproached by the Church of God at all times and in all places, has, we believe, but few followers among our Catholic people; but we have reason to fear that another unholy combination, generally known by the name of the Ribbon Society, counts many members in a certain portion of this diocese; all of whom, being debarred from the Holy Sacraments, lead ungodly lives. Unrestrained by a sense of religion, they easily fall into the habit of drunkenness, and become ready instruments of iniquity in the hands of the designing men, who are at the head of this wicked association. Yes! the leaders of this society hold a very high place among those, who do what they can to bring disgrace on the religion which they profess. Yet wonderful is the influence which they possess over the misguided men, who submit themselves to their direction. Their voice is obeyed rather than ours, although their lessons can only lead to everlasting perdition. They are looked up to with respect, almost veneration, whilst they are ever ready to betray into the hands of justice their wretched followers, as soon as it may appear that their own self-interest will be promoted by doing so. To doubt their word would be unpardonable disloyalty, whilst at the same time, their calumnies against the Catholic clergy of this and the neighboring countries of England and Scotland, abundantly prove that they have an utter disregard for truth. They hesitate not to tell their followers in this country that the Irish clergy, in excluding them from the sacraments, act not in accordance with their brethren, the clergy of England and Scotland; and, on the other hand, their wretched dupes in England and Scotland are made to believe that in Ireland at present the members of the Ribbon Society are tolerated by the clergy—nay, even viewed with favor by them. Now they who say such things either of the clergy of other countries or of Ireland, are guilty of the grossest calumny. There is no approved priest who would not in a way that would justify any such assertion. No priest in any country could, without making himself an accomplice in a flagrant sacrifice, admit to the Sacrament, any Freemason, Ribbonman, or other member of such societies, unless on the indispensable condition of previously breaking off all connexion for the future with such unholy associations. We trust that the clergy in their zeal for souls will do everything in their power to detach from such societies any members of their respective flocks, who may have had the misfortune to give their names to any of those bodies; and that they will be particularly careful to guard the young men committed to their care, who are still free from all connexion with the aforesaid societies against the snare which the designing persons of whom we have spoken, may have laid for them. For we pastors of souls must attend well to those other words which we read in the book of the prophet Ezekiel:—"Moreover, if the just man shall turn away from his justice, and shall commit iniquity, I will lay a stumbling block before him; he shall die, because thou hast not given him warning; he shall die in his sin, and his justness which he hath done shall not be remembered; but I will require his blood at thy hand. But if thou warn the just man, that the just may not sin, and he doth not sin, living he shall live, because thou hast warned him, and thou shalt deliver thy soul"—(Ezech. iii. 20, 21.) Let us earnestly, and, through the intercession of the most holy immaculate Virgin Mary, beg of our good God, who is rich in mercy, that He would vouchsafe to visit with His holy grace, and convert, during this holy season of Lent, all those who may be engaged in the evil courses here specified, or in any other evil habits or sins, whereby they are kept in that state of enmity with Him, which, for those who persevere in it, ends in the everlasting ruin of soul and body.

Turning now from those painful subjects, and from speaking of those who are an exception to the great body of our people, we must address ourselves to the latter, who are our joy and consolation. While exhorting them to perseverance, we have to praise them in particular for the truly Catholic spirit, which they evince by their readiness to contribute to every work of religion and charity, that appeals to them for aid. Another proof of their great Catholic spirit is found in the deep affection which they bear—and which they are ever ready to show by their acts—towards the supreme Pastor and Pontiff of the Church. Yes, dearly beloved brethren, of you who form the great body of our people we speak. We are aware that it is a great source of joy to you to know, that our beloved Pontiff Pius IX. continues to enjoy good health, to the great disappointment of the enemies of religion—that he still holds temporal sway in Rome; and that the wishes of those who have already, by the most wicked and infamous means, deprived him of a great portion of his states, appear to be farther from their accomplishment now than they were twelve months ago. You have rejoiced to witness the signal failure of the attempt which was lately made in this country, to get up a demonstration on the part of a certain class of our Catholic people against Pius IX. in favor of those colleges which he has condemned. The appeal made to the Catholic clergy of Ireland for this purpose, has, in many cases, been met by severe and public censure on their part. In other cases they have treated it with silent disregard; and on the whole, the only result of this futile attempt has been to demonstrate to the world that the Irish Catholics of the Laity, who are distinguished by their rank and education, yield to no class of their fellow-countrymen in attachment to the See of Peter, and humble submission to the decision of him who presides there.

In fine, you will rejoice to hear, dearly beloved brethren, that the great Catholic work of the collection of the St. Peter's Pence, is about to be permanently established in this Diocese. We now hereby declare that the canonical establishment of the Confraternity of St. Peter's Pence in our Church at Armagh, will date, from the approaching feast of the glorious Apostle and Patron of Ireland, St. Patrick, the 17th March of this present year. We invite all the faithful of the Diocese to unite themselves to it. The sole conditions of aggregation are:—1. To recite each day, the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the "Apostles' Creed," and "Glory to be with the Father," to beg of God that he would vouchsafe to put an end to the calamities which afflict the Church—in particular that he would hasten the triumph of the Holy See over all its enemies; 2. For all those who have the means of doing so, to give at least one penny each month or one shilling yearly, to relieve the necessities of our Holy Father. We shall take an early opportunity of making arrangements with our beloved Clergy respecting parish collectors, as well as treasurers of the fund in each parish, and diocesan

treasurers. As many, no doubt, will prefer giving their contributions on some one occasion yearly, we fix for that purpose the Sunday within the octave of St. Peter and Paul, which for the future shall be named in this Diocese St. Peter's Pence Sunday. We hope to have this Confraternity soon aggregated to the Arch Confraternity in Rome, and to obtain for the members of it in this Diocese a share in those spiritual treasures, wherewith the Holy Father has enriched the sodality in other places. Those indulgences we shall, in due time, make known to you. Already, dearly beloved brethren, you have shown your readiness to unite with your brethren in other places in this great work of the collection of the St. Peter's Pence. We have not long since forwarded to the Holy Father, the sum of one hundred and fifty-six pounds, as the first fruits of the Diocese of Armagh. He has been pleased to receive it most graciously, and he sends his Apostolic Benediction most lovingly to you all.

We cannot conclude, dearly beloved brethren, without inviting you to return fervent thanks to the Lord for having inspired His faithful people to come to the assistance of His Vicar on earth, by means of this admirable work of the St. Peter's Pence. When the enemies of the Holy See had succeeded, by the most infamous means, in depriving the Pontiff of by far the greater part of his temporal possessions, and had imposed an enormous tax on the introduction of the necessities of life into the remaining portion of his States, they vainly imagined that the Pontiff would soon be compelled, by dire necessity, to cast himself at their feet and beg for bread. In other words, they thought that the poor plundered Pope would soon be glad to resign those temporal possessions, which were now inadequate to his support, and become a pensioner on their bounty. But they have been signally disappointed, owing to this work, which God has inspired his people to do. Those who have unjustly seized the possessions of the Holy See, now gnash their teeth in despair, when they perceive that the means of the Pope are not exhausted; that instead of diminishing they are increasing, and that the public credit of the Holy See at this moment is far in advance of their own. You, dearly beloved brethren, the faithful people of the See of St. Patrick, will not fail to co-operate in this great work; and the poorest man amongst you who gives his penny monthly to this fund of the St. Peter's Pence must rejoice to think that he has a share in confounding the enemies of the Holy See, who are the enemies of order, the enemies of justice, the enemies of religion, the enemies of God.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."—(1<sup>st</sup> Corinth. xiii. 13.)

JOSEPH DIXON, Archbishop of Armagh, 24th Feb., 1862.

LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

TO THE CATHOLIC CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE.

Allow me to call your earnest attention to the Poor Relief Bill for Ireland, lately introduced into the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel. This bill is most defective.

First—It makes no provision for the proper classification of the inmates of our workhouses, where the young and the innocent are corrupted and degraded by continual contact with all that is vicious and corrupt in the country.

Secondly—It leaves the poor Catholic without a chapel exclusively devoted to Catholic worship, and deprives him of the advantages granted to felons in our jails, who, in those recesses of crime, have a place to which they can retire to pour out their hearts in prayer to their Creator, to visit our Lord concealed under the sacramental veils, and to avail themselves of the consolations of religion.

Thirdly—It makes no provision for an improved dietary, thus leaving the meritorious poor in a worse condition than the felon in the jail—guilty, perhaps, of robbery or murder.

Fourthly—It does not reduce the number of "ex-officio" Guardians, or give a proper influence to the occupiers of property.

Fifthly—It does not provide for an equal taxation over all the country, or, at least, over each union, but leaves the burden of supporting poverty on the poorest districts, whilst many rich electoral divisions, the property of one or two wealthy landlords, are altogether exempt from taxation, or pay only a nominal poor rate.

Sixthly—It still leaves the poor of Ireland at the mercy of English and Protestant Commissioners, ignorant of the religion and feelings of the poor Irish; sent over, not only to teach the poor Catholic to live on starvation fare, and to pine away in a corrupting idleness, but also to uphold a system calculated to extirpate, to degrade, to demoralise, and corrupt the poor in Ireland.

Seventhly—The new Bill still leaves our Poor Law a striking contrast to that of England, where the poor are treated with humanity in the workhouse, where out-door relief is the general rule—where the Poor Law is administered by Commissioners of the same country and religion as the poor, English and Protestant, and where attempts at least are made to give a proper education, moral and physical, to poor children.

There are many other defects in the Bill now before Parliament, which I pass over in silence, in order to direct your attention to the 11th clause, which is particularly obnoxious and oppressive. You will recollect that in the original Poor Law, 1 and 2 Vic. c. 56, p. 63, the following words are read:—

"No church, chapel, or other building exclusively dedicated to religious worship, or exclusively used for the education of the poor, or any burial ground or cemetery, nor any infirmary, hospital, charity school, or other building, used exclusively for charitable purposes, nor any building, land, or hereditament, dedicated to or used for public purposes, shall be rated, &c."

This enactment was fully conformable to the Poor Law of England, where churches, chapels, poor schools, &c., are not rated, and it was dedicated in a spirit of humanity, tending to protect the interests of charity, and to encourage the labors of those who devote themselves to the relief of indigence. I may add that it was dictated in a spirit of religion, which taught, not only all Christians, but even Pagans themselves, to look on churches and temples as the property of the Lord of Heaven and earth, and to exempt them, accordingly, from taxation. But our English Protestant Commissioners, in their wisdom, thought fit to recommend last summer to a Parliamentary Committee on Poor Relief in Ireland, that all exemptions in favor of religion and charity granted in England and in every other civilised country, should be withdrawn in Ireland. Lord Nass, one of the committee, proposed the adoption of the views of the commissioners, and his motion was carried by a small majority. Those who voted for Lord Nass's motion, to tax religion and charity in Ireland, were:—1st—Sir Edward Grogan, representative of the 200,000 Catholics of the city of Dublin. 2dly—Mr. George, M.P. for the Catholic constituency of Wexford. 3dly—Mr. Herbert, M.P. for the Catholic county of Kerry. 4thly—Mr. Gregory, M.P. for the Catholic county of Galway. Lastly—Mr. Quinn and Lord O. Hamilton, M.P.s for Newry and Tyrone. The motion of Lord Nass was opposed by Messrs. Cogan, Monsell, Waldron, Magnius, Lord George Browne, and Sir J. Armitage. Gratitude is due to those gentlemen for having, though infelicitously supported, the right of charity and religion; but I trust that when an election comes on again the Catholic constituencies above mentioned will oblige their members to give an account of their stewardship, and to explain why they supported the odious proposition of Lord Nass. Sir Robert Peel was not at all slow in adopting the recommendation of the committee, and accordingly, we read in his Bill the following words:—"Be it enacted, that in every rate to be made for

the relief of the poor, after the passing of this act, all property now exempt from rating as aforesaid, on the ground of its being for, or dedicated to any religious, charitable, educational, or public purpose, shall be rateable to the relief of the poor; and any thing in any act to the contrary notwithstanding."

That is, Sir Robert Peel, if he can carry his measure, proposes to tax our churches, our chapels, our poor schools, our asylums for indigence and destitution, and even our last resting-places, our burial grounds and cemeteries. Hence, the churches which you have erected for the worship of God, without any assistance from the State or any other public source, out of that poverty to which you were reduced by ages of confiscation and penal laws, shall be taxed according to their extent and value. The more generous you were in building up the House of God, the more heavily shall you be taxed. I need scarcely add, that this taxation must be a most serious burden on such magnificent churches as we see in Marlborough street, Gardiner street, Dominick street, Meath street, Francis street, James street, High street, Westland row, Phibsborough, Rathmine, to pass over many others in silence, the erection of which must have cost the Catholics of this city, to say little, £200,000. Your innumerable poor schools, erected at an enormous expense, and the two magnificent hospitals, St. Vincent's and the Mater Misericordiae, even the resting-places of the dead, and the splendid Cemetery of Glasnevin, if Sir Robert can carry out his views, are not to be spared. They, too, are to be valued, and subjected to an enormous taxation. And here, let me ask, why are the Catholics of Dublin to be oppressed by this vexatious taxation? Why are we to be treated differently from the people of England? The only object is to give more extensive support to the huge hostles, those dens of corruption that disgrace the north and south side of our city; so that true charity and true religion are to be oppressed in order to promote that system which is effectually destroying, and demoralising our poor workhouses, and to lessen the means of support for them in our admirable hospitals and asylums, driving them to take refuge in places destructive not only of religion and morality, but of life. Having now called your attention to the oppressive legislation with which you are menaced, I need scarcely exhort you to protect yourselves against it by recurring to the constitutional means placed at your disposal. Raise your voices in defence of your religious and charitable institutions; send petitions to both Houses of Parliament, calling on them not to deprive religion and charity of the few privileges they enjoy, and praying that your churches and chapels, your poor schools, the schools of the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, the schools of the Christian Brothers, your burial places and cemeteries, and all other places used for the public good, shall continue exempt from all taxation. The good sense and charitable dispositions of the people of England, and the majority of the Legislature, will lend a willing ear to your representations. But the urgency of the matter will brook no delay. Sir Robert Peel is active, and reckless, as he has shown in his flight through the West; and he may force his oppressive bill through Parliament without allowing sufficient time to canvass its merits. From his past deeds we cannot imagine that he will act in a friendly spirit towards the Catholics of Ireland. Whilst condemning, as degrading and humiliating, the spontaneous offerings of charity to the relief of the frightful destitution prevailing in many parts of this country—whilst hurling his invectives against those who in a Christian spirit are endeavoring to preserve the poor suffering members of Jesus Christ from starvation—he does not hesitate to avail himself of his official position to send round begging letters, even to the Catholic nobility and gentry of Ireland, endeavoring to collect money, not for the purpose of relieving indigence and saving the lives of many, for that in his opinion would be humiliating, but with the view of obtaining funds to poison the sources of education in this country, to rob our people of their ancient faith, and to spread a direful and devastating spirit of indifference to all religion through this island of Saints. May God preserve us from such patrons of morality and education. The attitude now assumed by Sir Robert Peel, attempting, as he is, to prevent the charitable and benevolent people of England from stretching out a hand to relieve their suffering brethren in Ireland, reminds me of the account given by a distinguished French workman of the right honorable baronet's exploits in Switzerland, in the year 1847. At that period the Radical of Switzerland, under the direction of Ochsenben, determined to assail with a powerful army, commanded by Gen. Dufour, the Catholics of the Sonderbund, who, a short time before, had bravely repulsed a treacherous attack on Luzerne. The Catholics were few in comparison to their enemies, but they were brave and determined, and it was not improbable that the Radicals might again share the same fate which they had met with at Luzerne. Besides, the French and Austrian governments had expressed their wish to preserve the rights of the Catholics, who were only armed to repel the aggression made upon their liberties, their homes, and their altars. Whilst negotiations were going on regarding the means of terminating the contest, Sir Robert Peel, then acting for Lord Palmerston in Switzerland sent privately his emissaries to the Radical camp, encouraging them to strike a final blow before the treaty between the Allied Powers could be finally ratified, or the Catholics properly prepared to resist. "When," said he, "the final blow has been struck, negotiation will be of little avail." The bearer of this treacherous message is said to have been a Protestant chaplain. According to the suggestion thus given, the Catholics, who were unprepared, and who had been lured into a false security by the hopes of a peaceful issue of their troubles held out to them by the representatives of the great powers, of whom Sir Robert Peel was one, immediately assailed by the Swiss Radical General, were utterly defeated, and robbed of all their religious and civil liberties. The history of the part taken by Sir Robert Peel is most graphically described by Baron D'Hautouville as follows:—"The words used by Sir Robert Peel according to our French authority, in explaining this honorable exploit, were as follows:—'J'ai fait dire au General Dufour d'en finir vite.' The poor of several parts of Ireland are now reduced to the misery, and they have no means of repelling the roads of hunger or famine. The benevolent Christians of England and other parts of the world, like the allies of the Sonderbund are willing and anxious to come to their relief. Pray, no hurry," says Sir Robert Peel, "your interference is not required."—In the meantime, famine, like the Swiss Radicals, may bring its victims to destruction, and then the interference of charity will be fruitless. In the circumstances in which we are placed, it is identically our duty to act with energy and solicitude, and, above all, to avail ourselves of prayer, the most powerful of weapons, imploring of the Almighty in His mercy to bring the enemies of the poor and the enemies of Christian education to a sense of their duty, or at least to defeat their wicked designs, and to preserve us from their snares—Believe me to be yours, &c.,

PAUL COLLIER, Archbishop of Dublin, Feb. 23, 1862.

MAYNOUTH COLLEGE—THE QUEEN.—The following beautiful address of condolence with the Queen is from the President, Vice-President, Professors, and Students of the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth:—

"TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY. May it please your Majesty—We, the President, Vice-President, Masters, Professors, and Students of the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth, humbly approach your Majesty's throne, and do hereby offer to your Majesty our respectful condolence in the overwhelming affliction which, in the inscrutable designs of an all-wise Providence, has unexpectedly fallen upon your Majesty in the death of your Royal

father, GEORGE THE FOURTH, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, &c., &c., &c. We are deeply affected by the news of this sudden and unexpected loss, and we feel that we have much to mourn in the death of a monarch who, for many years, has been distinguished by his wisdom and his justice, and whose reign has been a model to the world. We are, Sir, your Majesty's most affectionate and devoted subjects, and we feel that we have much to mourn in the death of a monarch who, for many years, has been distinguished by his wisdom and his justice, and whose reign has been a model to the world. We are, Sir, your Majesty's most affectionate and devoted subjects, and we feel that we have much to mourn in the death of a monarch who, for many years, has been distinguished by his wisdom and his justice, and whose reign has been a model to the world.

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On our part, we are deeply moved by an event which, in prematurely severing a happy union, long the joy of our country, and the hope and pride of our people, has afflicted your Royal Consort with the deepest and most lasting of sorrows...

But to us, to whom virtue and learning are an especial charge the bereavement, which all in common deplore, brings peculiar motives of sorrow. We are especially called to lament the removal from the highest place in the land of one whose public life was distinguished by great and princely qualities...

The following is the reply of the Right Hon. the Home Secretary to the Very Rev. C. W. Russell, the President of the College: — "Whitehall, 17th February, 1862. Sir, — I have had the honor to lay before the Queen the loyal and dutiful address of the President, Vice-President, Masters, Professors, and Students of the Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth...

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY. — Arrangements have been completed for the purchase of thirty acres of land, part of the Blessington estate, adjacent to this city, on the North side, and in a beautiful and healthy locality, for the erection of the Catholic University. We understand that it is intended to raise a splendid and commodious structure with every accessory suitable to a great educational establishment...

The Board of the Catholic University, which consists of the Archbishops and Bishops in Ireland, have made arrangements for placing at the disposal of the Rector the sum of £40,000 per annum, or 20% of every Diocese, for exhibitions to their studies. These exhibitions will be divided between the four provinces, and will be open for public competition to youths from every part of Ireland.

Among the new members of the Board of National Education is the Rev. John Hall, a much respected Presbyterian minister, who has been an active member of the Committee of the Sunday School Society for Ireland. The managers of that institution, have, it seems, an antipathy to the system of National Education. That one of their number should be a commissioner engaged in administering that system appeared to them scandalum magnum.

KILKENNY TOWN COUNCIL AND SIR ROBERT PEEL'S GODDESS. — Kilkenny, which held back the longest is now about to take the lead in opposition to the Sir S. Peel. Though late in the field, we knew that the old City of St. Canice would uphold the proud position it has ever maintained in the cause of creed and country...

PROSECUTION OF THE REV. MR. QUINN. — Armagh Tuesday. — This remarkable case is to be heard at the approaching assizes in this county. The Right Hon. J. Whiteside, Q.C., has been retained special, at a cost of £150, to defend the poor curate, who is under prosecution. The judges have fixed Monday next for the trial, in order to enable Mr. Whiteside to know when his services will be requisite.

Dublin, Feb. 27. — Distress deepens and extends amongst the poor, and is now spreading to the small farmers and other classes; heretofore without the pale of pauperism. The meeting at the Mansion House on Monday, a report of which I send for insertion, is sufficiently significant of our convictions respecting the wretched condition of the suffering poor.

a famine without a parallel in history — was unable to compel them to enter these destitute and loathsome institutions, the Archbishop justly argued that now, under less privations and pressure, it is absurd to estimate the extent of destitution by the numbers receiving in-door relief. Mr. McSwiney also made a remarkably able statement in proof of the widespread sufferings of the poorer classes, and in which he quoted extracts from letters addressed to him from respectable parties in various localities.

DISTRESS IN GORT. — There are upwards of 300 families, comprising over 1,000 individuals, receiving relief from the Gort Relief Committee in meal and coal in Gort and the neighborhood. The Committee appeal to the benevolence of the public as their funds are sinking fast.

The Archbishop of Tuam, has received from the Most Rev. the Bishop of Kingston, Canada West, £200 for the distress in the west.

LANDLORDISM IN KILKENNY. — We understand that William Villiers Stuart, Esq., was remitted to the tenants on his Kells estate, on paying the winter's half year's rent, 50 per cent., or exactly half the amount, in consideration of the unfavourableness of the season.

REV. FATHER DALY. — The Reverend Father Daly, whose case caused some noise in the town, may be expected any moment. We have had the particulars of his visit to Rome, and the consideration given to it by the Cardinal Prefect, from a Catholic dignitary in Rome, who was fully cognisant of the entire circumstances. After fully hearing Father Daly's statement, the Cardinal decided that, even upon his own showing, he deserved suspension. Every act of the Bishop's was approved of, and his lordship was specially thanked for the firmness with which he upheld the dignity of the Episcopate and the discipline of the Church.

PROSECUTION OF THE REV. MR. QUINN. — Armagh Tuesday. — This remarkable case is to be heard at the approaching assizes in this county. The Right Hon. J. Whiteside, Q.C., has been retained special, at a cost of £150, to defend the poor curate, who is under prosecution. The judges have fixed Monday next for the trial, in order to enable Mr. Whiteside to know when his services will be requisite.

No subject of legislation is more delicate than that of marriage, and Irish marriages especially. The real difficulty is, that marriage is a Divine institution and regulated by Divine laws; and yet, unlike other Sacraments, it has of necessity consequences which bear upon property and other civil rights. The consequence is, that civil legislatures are naturally anxious to draw it into their sphere; and yet no Protestant legislator, even with the best of intentions, is likely to produce any measure which does not practically interfere with some sound principle of the Catholic Church.

APPROPS OF MR. WHALLEY'S MOTION ABOUT MAYNOOTH. — Some statistics of the Catholic priesthood in Ireland may be interesting to your readers. There are four archbishops and 29 bishops. The total number of parish priests is 1,036; of curates, &c., 1,491. These are what are called the secular or parochial clergy, for whose education alone the Legislature has made provision in the College of Maynooth.

ORANGE RIOT IN MORAGHAN. — SEVERAL PERSONS STABBED. — A riot took place in Moraghan on the last fair night, in which several persons, including a policeman, were stabbed by Orangemen. The case which created considerable interest, and was brought forward by the Constabulary, was inquired into by the magistrates at Petty Sessions.

The Assizes have commenced, but the calendars are light everywhere. In Ireland, owing to a numerous, highly-organized, and vigilant Police, and also to the fact that, in the majority of cases, the Magistracy are over-anxious to commit parties, on any pretext, how trivial soever, the number of commitments are much higher, in proportion to the number of convictions, than in England or Scotland.

A letter in the Times, from Charleston, says: — "John Bull is certainly in many respects a most simple-minded and unsuspecting old gentleman. His willingness to be imposed upon by such a set of knaves is something wonderful! Fancy Englishmen upholding a people who, in the sacred name of liberty, abolish liberty of the press, liberty of speech, the writ of habeas corpus, the right of the people to possess arms, and the right of petition, and restore lettres de cachet and the bastille! Can anything be conceived more monstrous!"

TRIPUS FEVER. — Fever has become somewhat prevalent in this district. There are at present ten cases in the County Hospital. — Down Recorder.

THE TAMING OF COUSIN. — For the last six months Sir Robert, with a smile on his forehead, has been treading his coat for some one to tread on. It seemed on Saturday as if he were at last about to be gratified, when Lord Palmerston, intervened and robbed him of his job.

At the Ennis Assizes on Tuesday Donatus O'Callaghan was found guilty of homicide, committed under the following singular circumstances: — It appeared in evidence that there had been some potato stealing going on in the neighbourhood.

SINCEURES IN THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT. — A very slight examination of the religious census of Ireland must satisfy any one that there are parishes in the south of Ireland with no Protestant parishioners to require the services of a clergyman of the Established Church. It occurs, then, as a matter of interesting inquiry, what becomes in such a parish of the tithe rent charge?

A sum of £2,000 has been raised by voluntary subscription to repay Professor Joret, up to the present time, for the salary withheld from him by the authorities of the University of Oxford, on religious grounds, leaving his claim for future payment undiminished. The names of the subscribers are published, and contain those of many distinguished persons. The Professor declines to receive the money, with warm expressions of thanks.

Mr. Eliphaz Case, of the Portland Advertiser, speaks his mind harshly on the subject of prohibitory liquor laws. He says, "We were in Portsmouth recently and the Hotels there, kept open public bars, in open violation of the stringent liquor laws of New Hampshire. In fact, these laws are treated everywhere, pretty much as the frogs in the fable tread King Log." "At first he made a great splash, and all the frogs trembled with fear; but he did not sink, and hid himself in the 'cold water' and under it. But now every body treats King Log with contempt, whenever he tries to go the whole hog, and shut up the hotels and wholesale dealers."

A speaker in a meeting not long since, says a U.S. paper, enlarging upon the casualty of the devil is reported to have said: "I tell you that the devil is an old liar. For when I was about getting religion, he tried to dissuade me from it, and told me if I did get religion I could not go into any company, and if I stole, or any such thing, but I have found him out to be a great liar!"

Mr. Monckton Milnes has carried, by a very small majority, the second reading of the mischievous Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister; and Mr. Hadfield, that for the abolition of the absurd declaration still required as a qualification for office, by a law which is every year dispensed by an Act of indemnity. — Weekly Register.

DISHONEST BAKERS. — Out of 32 samples of bread, recently analysed by the Zancal Analytical Sanitary Commission, alum was found in 17 samples, or more than one-half. The quantities ranged, per quarter loaf, between 25.91 grains and 158.00 grains; and per sack of 32 4lb loaves, between 50z. 4drs. and 33 ozs. 2 drs. It appears that, as a rule, the more respectable high-priced bakers, who buy the best flour and sell superior bread, do not make use of alum, for the employment of which no necessity whatever exists.

THE SHIPPING TRADE OF 1861. — The Board of Trade returns show that the entrances and clearances of shipping with cargoes in the foreign trade of this kingdom were greater last year than in any previous year, the entries from abroad amounting to 10,604,569 tons, or 519,282 more than even in 1860, and the clearances hence to 11,318,093 tons, or 533,557 more than in 1860.

POPULATION AND REVENUE RETURNS. — The following is the substance of a return to the House of Commons showing the population of England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively, according to the Census of 1861, the amount of revenue derived from each during the three years ending 31st December, 1860, under the departments of Inland Revenue, Customs, Post-office, and the number of members to which each division of the kingdom would be entitled if the 618 members of the house were distributed proportionately to the population, proportionately to the revenue, and proportionately to the mean of population and revenue, with the actual excess or shortcoming of the number of members, as compared with the mean of population and revenue.

England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	
According to Population 457	70	131	
According to Revenue from taxation.....	513	77	68
According to mean of population and revenue.	485	74	99
Actual number of members.....	500	53	105

being an excess to England, over the mean of population and revenue, of 15, and to Ireland of 6, while there is a shortcoming to Scotland of 21.

UNITED STATES. — The war is ruining real estate in the city of New York. A paper of last week says: — "As the spring advances, real estate operations increase. The ugly features noticed a few days ago, however, still prominently stick out — namely, that more than one-half the sales are on account of the sheriff. To-day, several houses and lots, located on the east side of the city, were knocked down at an average of twenty per cent. below the prices the same sort of property would have commanded eighteen months ago."

An old friend from Springfield lately called to see the President. After the usual greetings, &c., "Lincoln," said he, "when you turned out Cameron, why didn't you turn out all the rest of the Cabinet?" "That," said the President, "makes me think of something that took place near home in Illinois. An old farmer had been pestered with a colony of skunks that depredated nightly on his poultry. He determined to rid of them, and finally succeeded in getting them all into one hole, where he could kill them at his pleasure. He drew forth one by the tail, and executed him; but, said he, in telling the story, 'this caused such an infernal stench that I was glad to let the rest run.'"

A "REVIVAL" MEETING. — The following description of a "revival" meeting by an eye-witness is from the pen of an evangelical writer in Maine: — "If all Hell had been let loose together, there could not have been more confusion. The rankest blasphemy I ever heard was at that meeting, and from the lips of a minister, while on his knees he pretended to pray. There was no humility in his voice or manner, but in a loud, imperative tone he commanded the Almighty to come right down just now, and scolded Him severely because He did not mind, telling Him they were all ready for Him, and were waiting. A cruel master could not have used more abusive language to his tarry slave than that blind Balaamite did to his Maker. Young people were coming in their prayers. One young man prayed most lustily for his 'sister' Sally — his sweetheart — and told the Lord about her; and when he got thro' sister Sally turned to and prayed for him, and such another courting prayer never tickled the ears of any mortal. I felt solemn enough to weep bitter tears at witnessing such delusion, such trash in the name of Christ; and yet those prayers so ludicrous, I could but laugh in the midst of tears. As I left the meeting, I felt that, if the angels ever had cause to weep, they must have shed fountains of tears over such a scene of mingled ignorance, mockery and blasphemy." — Portland Boat.

Mr. Eliphaz Case, of the Portland Advertiser, speaks his mind harshly on the subject of prohibitory liquor laws. He says, "We were in Portsmouth recently and the Hotels there, kept open public bars, in open violation of the stringent liquor laws of New Hampshire. In fact, these laws are treated everywhere, pretty much as the frogs in the fable tread King Log." "At first he made a great splash, and all the frogs trembled with fear; but he did not sink, and hid himself in the 'cold water' and under it. But now every body treats King Log with contempt, whenever he tries to go the whole hog, and shut up the hotels and wholesale dealers."

The True Witness.

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

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The atrocities of the Piedmontese and of the alien mercenaries of Victor Emmanuel in the Kingdom of Naples, were again formally brought before the notice of the House of Lords on the 27th ult. by the Earl of Derby. His Lordship having expressed his surprise at the real or feigned ignorance of the Foreign Secretary upon the subject, read to the House a literal translation of the order to which he had referred on the previous Tuesday. This characteristic document we publish below. It is well to bear in mind that, in the words of Lord Derby, as reported in the London Times, it was "issued by the direction, and under the sanction of the Prefect of the Province, who is of course directly responsible to the Government":—

"Order of the Commandant of the Detachment of the 8th Regiment of Infantry in Lucera.

"In consequence of orders received from the Prefect of the Province, with the view of arriving, by all the most effective measures, at the prompt suppression of brigandage, the undersigned gives notice—

1. That from henceforth no person shall set foot in the woods of Dragonaro, Sta. Agata, Silvanera, Gargano, Santa Maria, Pietra, Motta, Volturano, Volturino, Sammarco, Alonza, Carliantico, Macchio di Biocari, Vetrucelle, Case Rotte.
2. Every proprietor, agent, or farmer, immediately after the publication of this notice, must withdraw from the said woods, all the labourers, shepherds, goat-herds, &c. and all the cattle now therein, destroying the hovels and cottages occupied by them, and by the persons engaged in tending them.
3. No one from henceforth may carry from the villages provisions for the use of the farmsteads, nor may these last possess more of these than may be absolutely necessary for one day's sustenance for the number of persons attached to the said farmstead.
4. All persons contravening this order (which shall have full effect two days after its publication) shall be treated without exception of time, place, or person, as brigands, and as such shot.

"In publishing this order the undersigned intimates to proprietors to give early notice to their dependents, in order that, avoiding as far as possible the application of the above rigorous measures, they may effect the object which the Government proposes to itself; warning all persons at the same time that the measures themselves will be applied with the utmost stringency."—London Times.

Lord Derby justly denounced such an order as atrocious; and remarking that already "the Emperor of the French has remonstrated in strong terms against the brutal ferocity" of the Piedmontese towards the people of Naples; and that the British Government had undertaken to lecture the Federalists of North America upon the "stone blockade" of Charleston, he added that he thought that without inappropriately, the same government might warn the invaders and oppressors of Naples to be more cautious for the future in their treatment of the vanquished. No effort was made in reply to vindicate the action of the Sardinian authorities; but some attempts were made by Lord Russell to cast doubts upon the authenticity of the document which Lord Derby held in his hand, and had just read to the House. We should not be surprised to find the Jacobin press taking the same ground, when they see the effect of the exposure of their Italian policy before a body of English gentlemen. And yet it is rather too late in the day to be equanimous upon the subject of Liberal "atrocities" in general, or of Piedmontese "atrocities" in particular. All revolutions require for their success, resource to such measures. "Glencoe massacres" rank amongst the means by which our "glorious revolution" was accomplished; the "noidades" and the "fusillades" and the September massacres of the French Revolution have acquired a world-wide notoriety; and it is no secret that, since the commencement of the war for national independence on the part of the Neapolitans, their Piedmontese oppressors have shot in cold blood all their prisoners. The "atrocities" of the murder of General Borgia excited but little comment; and yet in principle, it was identical with the "atrocities" of which Lord Derby justly complained in Parliament. When the heats of passion shall have subsided, when the thick mists of prejudice shall have been dispersed by the rising of the sun of justice, and when the still small voice of conscience shall again be able to make itself heard, it will be acknowledged that, from their first unprovoked invasion of the Kingdom of Naples, down to the last fusillade of captured Neapolitan loyalists, every act of the Piedmontese invaders has been an "atrocities" and an outrage upon justice and humanity. In the meantime, no doubt, the revolutionary press, as is its wont, will lie, and lie

lustily, either denying the authenticity of the atrocious documents of the revolutionary government laid by Lord Derby before the House of Lords, or pretending that, if genuine, they were issued by a subordinate official.

There has been much laughter in Ireland over the "taking down" or taming of Sir Robert Peel by the The O'Donoghue, and little that the Irish Secretary can henceforward say or do will move the Irish to wrath. The moralist must condemn duelling; but the exposed bully, with his courage—like that of Bob Acres—oozing out at his fingers' ends, must ever provoke the mirth of the satirist. Had Sir Robert Peel referred Major Gavin to his mamma, or to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the affair could not have been more grotesque than it really is; and men who have no sympathy with The O'Donoghue's political sentiments, confess that the latter has come off in this affair with flying colors, whilst his scared antagonist has manifested neither valor nor discretion. It is more than probable that the Ministry will avail themselves of the first decent pretext to get rid of a colleague who has made himself the laughing stock of the Empire.

Major O'Reilly, a name honorably distinguished in Irish annals, opposes Col. White, the Government candidate in Longford. The latter has the support of the "Protestant Ascendancy" party; his opponent that of the Catholic clergy and people. The contest promises to be a severe one.

The French Emperor and the Corps Legislatif do not seem to pull well together. Louis Napoleon openly tells his House of Commons that they are a set of mercenary haggles, because they refuse to pass a little money bill which he has sent down to them; and as he has got the army and the blouses on his side, he will no doubt soon compel the refractory representatives to submit to his will. Parliament-ism is an absurdity under such a regime that which exists in France; and the late spasmodic attempt at independence of the Corps Legislatif serves only to bring out in stronger relief the incompatibility of representative institutions, and Cæsarism.

The Pope's health is reported to be excellent. Anti-Papal demonstrations have been "got up" in several parts of the Peninsula, and to give to them greater eclat, fellows were dressed up like priests, and members of Religious Communities, and hired at so much per diem to shout "Down with the Pope-King." Amongst other artifices resorted to, to bring discredit upon the Papal Government, we may mention the fiction of an attempt by the "reactionists" to assassinate the French Ambassador. This story, circulated by the Times, has, however, been abandoned even by that unscrupulous champion of Italian Jacobinism. The "brigands" in Naples still continue to cut out plenty of work for the Piedmontese mercenaries; but the accounts of the petty skirmishes are as weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, as the daily telegrams from the seat of war in the U. States. The military conscription is being enforced with ruthless severity in the South of Italy; and the unhappy conscripts are marched off to Turin, whilst the Southern army of occupation is recruited with conscripts from the North. A Ministerial crisis in the Cabinet of Victor Emmanuel is said to be at hand; and it is certain that great dissensions exist amongst its members. The robber-king is reported to be very ill, exhausted with his gross debaucheries and dissolute life. The physicians into whose hands the unhappy man has fallen, are it is said, bleeding him. This, when we remember the fate of Cavour, is ominous.

The question of the day on this Continent is— "Is there, *in rerum natura*, such a thing as a Confederate Army?—and if there is, what has become of it? It turns out now, that the strong works of Manassas which for so many months paralysed the "Young Napoleon" and his gallant army, were mounted with wooden guns; and it is not impossible that the Southern host may in time be resolved into a myth, even as has been its dread artillery. Were it not for "Bull's Run" we should ourselves incline to this opinion, but the discomfiture of the Northerners in July remains a stubborn fact. All we can assert for certain is, that the lines before Manassas have been evacuated, and that the wooden guns with which they were defended have fallen into the hands of the Federalists. There are rumors that the retiring army has made an onslaught, and inflicted severe disasters upon the Burnside expedition, and these rumors are to a certain extent confirmed by the silence of the Northern press. At all events, if the Confederate Army be in existence, in time and space, and be not a mere creation of the heated imagination of the Federalists, it must turn up some day, somewhere.

Our Colonial Parliament, or Talk-shop, met yesterday, but not till our next can we give details as to the proceedings. An animated struggle between "Ins" and "Outs" is expected; but whether the Ministers shall be "victors," or whether the Clear-Grits shall be able to force the barriers which have so long excluded them from the official paradise, are questions upon which it would be rash to hazard an opinion. The candidates for the Speakership of the Lower House, are— M. Turcotte, [Ministerial], and Mr. Drummond,

[Opposition]. There have been some trifling changes in the composition of the Judiciary.

The Anglo-Saxon brings important news from Europe with dates to the 6th inst. A resolution had been passed in the House of Commons to the effect, that Colonies exercising the right of self-government ought to assume the duty of self-protection. Major O'Reilly has been returned for Longford, after a severe contest. The military were called out, and it is said that the return will be contested on the grounds of violence and intimidation. Smith O'Brien had challenged Sir Robert Peel, offering to fight him either in France or in Belgium.

The Corps Legislatif has received a quasi-apology from the Emperor for the snubbing by him inflicted upon that body in the affair of the donation to General Montauban. Many arrests have taken place at Paris, and the Government seems determined to intimidate its enemies by its vigorous measures. A very uneasy feeling prevails; and the violent language of Plon-Plon, who is as valiant with his tongue, as he is timid with his sword, has not tended to allay the apprehensions of the public.

In Italy the Ricasoli Ministry is broken up, and another under Ratazzi and Butcher Cialdini has been formed. The disgust excited in England by the publicity given to the atrocious edicts of the Sardinian Government, has compelled the latter at last to recall the offensive document.

From the United States we learn that the Burnside expedition after a hard struggle has captured Newberne, a village in North Carolina, and has taken many guns; but whether iron or wooden guns, like those mounted at Manassas, we are not informed.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MONTREAL.

In spite of the unfavorable weather, and the state of the streets, encumbered with snow, "The Day" was duly honored by our Irish friends according to Programme. At the hour indicated, the different Societies—National and Religious—proceeded to St. Patrick's Church, where High Mass was sung by His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal. The Choir, composed of upwards of fifty voices, assisted by Mrs. Stevenson, and under the direction of the Rev. M. Barbarin, rendered the Music of Haydn's Third Mass very effectively.

The Rev. Mr. Hogan of the Seminary was the Preacher of The Day, and delivered a most appropriate and spirit-thrilling discourse. He took his text from Acts xxvi. 16, 17, 18, applying its words to the glorious Apostle who delivered Ireland from the fetters of Paganism, and raised the Irish to that dignity of a Christian and Catholic people which their descendants have never forfeited. All nations had their national festivals, remarked the preacher, which they duly observed, on the celebration of which they piqued themselves, and on which they commemorated some important epochs of events of their national life. Irishmen therefore, duly observed their National Festival, not however as commemorative of material triumphs, of their worldly prosperity, or of their military prowess; but in memory of that which to them was of more value than all the riches and glories of this world—in a word, of their religion, and of that Catholic Faith of which centuries of persecution has been unable to rob them. Sketching rapidly, but brilliantly the moral condition of the world, before the glad tidings of salvation through Christ had been proclaimed to the nations sitting in darkness, he showed that to Christianity men were indebted for all their choicest blessings, even in this world, and for their hopes of eternal happiness in that world which is to come. The Church had sanctified all the relations of human life; the relation of subject to the Prince, of wife to the husband, of child to the parent; whatever she has touched she has hallowed; and through her ministrations man has been elevated to a dignity of which the most exalted nations of Paganism had no conception. So was it with Ireland, whose children had not only received the true faith from St. Patrick gladly, but had cherished it faithfully, and preserved it to this day without a stain.—This no doubt was a great grace, for which Irishmen should give thanks to God; but still, as man was a free agent, free to accept, and free to reject, the constant fidelity of Ireland to the Catholic faith was a subject of legitimate pride to Irishmen. Other nations had indeed escaped the guilt of apostasy, but none had shown such constancy in the faith as had the Irish; for in Ireland that faith had for centuries been the object of unremitting persecution, and its profession had been punished as the worst of crimes. Intimidation and persuasion had failed to pervert the Irish: by threats they were not to be daunted, to the honied accents of the tempter they turned a deaf ear, and his bribes they spurned with scorn. Briefly alluding to the Penal Laws of Protestant Sovereigns and Protestant Parliaments of England, the preacher showed how the fury and malice of man had been ineffectual; how the more insidious attempts to brutalise the people by depriving them of the means of education had been frustrated by their inherent, ineradicable love of learning, and the courage of the Catholic Clergy; how in later days, the artifices

of the missionary, with a mess of pottage in one hand, and a corrupt version of the Sacred Scriptures in the other, had been signally foiled; and how the Irish people, who could neither be frightened, nor seduced from their allegiance to the faith preached by St. Patrick, were still truly and eminently a Catholic people. Famine and emigration had reduced their actual numbers of late years; but though reduced in numbers Protestantism had made no progress amongst them. Though backed by a powerful government, and alimented by the spoils of the Catholic Church, the Anglican Establishment could not boast of more than one-seventh of the population of Ireland amongst its adherents; and still the Catholics of Ireland were, relatively to the Protestants, as numerous as they were at the beginning of the century.

These were the glories of Ireland, these the memories which they were this day met to celebrate, these the blessings for which on this day they were assembled to give God thanks. By following the precepts of St. Patrick, by imitating the conduct of their ancestors, they would best honor the memory of their Patron Saint, and approve themselves the worthy children of noble sires. Theirs was it to show, that here in America they had not degenerated from the glorious stock from whence they sprung; and to accomplish this they must be as their fathers ever were, sincere, zealous and practical Catholics: ready to die if necessary for their Church, and above all, actually conforming their lives to her precepts at all times.

The above is no more than a brief and necessarily very imperfect analysis of a most eloquent discourse, whose beauties we fear that we must have sadly marred by our unskilful handling.—We trust however that it is deeply and indelibly engraved on the hearts of all who listened to it; and that the Irish of Canada may long continue to do honor to the land from which they emigrated, and which holds within her bosom the ashes of their Catholic forefathers.

Divine Service being concluded, the Procession reformed, and with Banners flying, and Bands discoursing most eloquent music, paraded the streets of the City, as announced in our last. In the evening "The Day" was celebrated by a Promenade Concert at the City Concert Hall, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society; and by a musical and dramatic entertainment at the Bonaventure Hall, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Literary Association. Both buildings were densely thronged, and no one came away disappointed. At the City Concert Hall, Addresses were delivered by the President of the St. Patrick's Society and others; and the singing of Mrs. Stevenson, of the Amateurs, who kindly lent their services upon the occasion, and of the "Tom Moore Club" especially, elicited general applause.

MISTER JENKINS OF THE "MONTREAL HERALD".—Our contemporary has, it would appear, a correspondent at Paris; a gentleman's gentleman, who wears plush, waits at table, and who, taking notes of what drops from the lips of the guests, grievously misrepresents the conversations which he has overheard, and, we fear, but very imperfectly discharges his more legitimate duties of footman. Some of his lucubrations are however, amusing from their very absurdity; as for instance the following, which relates to His Grace the Archbishop of New York, lately on a visit to Paris, and whose plate Jenkins of the Herald may perhaps have had the honor of changing at some semi-official banquet. Jenkins aforesaid writes to his Montreal employer in the following terms:—

"Archbishop Hughes had been dining at the Tuileries, where he had been honoured with a long private talk with the Emperor, and had given his benediction to the little Prince. He makes no secret of his disapprobation of the temporal power of the Pope, or of his detestation of the regime to which the Papal States are subjected. The first he declares to be "the base of the Catholic Church," the second, "the very worst government that ever afflicted any portion of the globe." He conversed very freely during the evening, and openly expresses his disapprobation of the policy of the Papal Court in regard to the Kingdom of Italy.

"The usurpation of spiritual powers on the part of the State, and the usurpation of civil power on the part of the Church," he remarked on the occasion in question, "are equally false in theory, and mischievous in practice. All history proves that statesmen have invariably done wrong when they have attempted to meddle in ecclesiastical affairs; and that priests, when they take upon themselves to administer the affairs of the State, make the very worst rulers. The Church is the depositary and exponent of religious truth, which is unchanging; and the priesthood must therefore speak the same language, and hold the same attitude, from age to age. But the temporal forms, creeds, and interests of human society are constantly changing. Those who hold the reins of civil power must shape their policy according to the necessities of the time. It is, therefore, of vital importance to the well being of the world that the functions of the Church and of the State should be kept as distinctly separate in their spheres of action as they are in the nature of things."

It is possible that the unusual favour with which Archbishop Hughes has been received at the Tuileries, where he had three long, private conversations with the Emperor, besides several invitations to lunch and to dinner, is due to the known liberality and largeness of his views, quite as much as to his reputation for learning, piety, and public eloquence, and the charm of his manner in society. It would, perhaps, be going too far to speculate as to any ulterior views on the part of our far-sighted Imperial ally; but it is certain that a churchman of the mould of this eminent and popular dignitary would scarcely be, in the Emperor's judgment, an unsuitable candidate for the throne when the demise of the present Pope shall have taken place.

The character of his mind, and his views with re-

gard to the separation of the spiritual and temporal powers, would be just what would suit the Emperor in the Head of the Catholic Church; while the elevation of an Irishman to that exalted post would not only free him from the odium of putting a Frenchman in the chair of St. Peter, but would be a compliment to Great Britain, an immense delight to Ireland, and a satisfaction to the Americans, who look upon him as belonging to their country."

Oh! Mister Jenkins, Mister Jenkins, Oh! Why did you not stick—unhappy man that you are—to your plates, and your knives, and your forks, and your dish-cloths! What induced you to play the part of eaves-dropper at all, and above all, to play it so badly. What inspired you to meddle with politics?—what wicked sprite prompted you—you, who in your own plush breeches are so eminently respectable—to abandon your natural and appropriate place in the pantry, and to discuss the affairs of the Church instead of wiping your spoons! We acknowledge your many good qualities. No man answered the drawing-room bell quicker, no one laid the cloth for dinner more neatly, or cleared away the plates with more grace. But your ears must have deceived you, egregiously deceived you, when waiting behind Archbishop Hughes' chair; and though your report of what his Grace said might have been left, if confined to the servant's hall unheeded, unrebuked—yet you must not feel vexed if, when it appears in type and in the columns of the world renowned Herald, we give to it an unceremonious, unqualified contradiction. The Archbishop of New York entertains no such sentiments as those which you attribute to him, and uttered no such words as those which you put into his mouth.

We fear Mr. Jenkins, we greatly fear, that you have a spite against the Archbishop, and that you have a design to insult him. You say that he is one who in the judgment of Louis Napoleon would not be an unsuitable candidate for the tiara. Why! what an outrage is this upon the honor and morality of His Grace. We know, the world knows, that no one but a vile sycophant, a cowardly and treacherous Judas, a perjured and apostate miscreant, would in the eyes of the august Emperor of France be a suitable occupant of the Papal Throne; that only the time-server and the venal can find favor in his eyes; and that he regards with undisguised horror everything that is manly, noble, generous and Christian. And yet you tell us that Dr. Hughes, the venerated Archbishop of New York, is a man of a mould such as would in the judgment of the arch-enemy and persecutor of the Church constitute him a suitable candidate for the Papacy or Headship of that Church. Oh shame Mr. Jenkins! thus to insult and malign an illustrious Prelate; one who has never done you wrong, and who so generously presented you with the accustomed veil, when you last obsequiously opened the door to let His Grace pass out to his carriage. Ungrateful Mr. Jenkins! you deserve to have your plush inexpressibles torn from your body, and to be held up as a warning to all eaves-dropping footmen, as an example of a mendacious and detected varlet.

Seriously would we recommend the Montreal Herald to get a new Paris correspondent as speedily as possible, or Mr. Jenkins will be the death of him. We do not look for wit or learning, for depth of views, for sprightliness of style in "our own correspondent" of the Herald; but we do expect a certain regard, if not for truth, at least for the vraisemblable or probable. There are limits even to Protestant gullibility, and these limits the Herald's Jenkins has far outstripped.

THE RIGHT OF REVOLT.—We have been asked whether we approved of all the principles laid down in a lecture by the Reverend Father Lavelle, and published in the TRUE WITNESS of the 7th instant? We have no hesitation in replying, that, in that lecture there are several passages susceptible of an interpretation which as Catholics we cannot accept; but that such obnoxious interpretation was the interpretation intended to be placed upon them by the lecturer, we are not prepared to say. His chief fault seems to be in that he has failed clearly to define his meaning, and thus apparently contradicts himself.

Thus in one passage he says:— "All human governments were of human origin, proceeding from humanity."

Which is—if interpreted in one sense—manifestly false. For all authority, and therefore civil government, is from God; though its particular form or manner—monarchical, or republican, hereditary or elective—is of human institution, and subject to change. But again the lecturer quotes Bellarmine to show that "the civil power comes from God" which is strictly true, and in accordance with all Catholic teachings.—All power is from God; but it is left to man to decide by whom that divinely originating power shall be exercised.

The question as to whether, under any circumstances, the subject has the right to revolt, is but another form of the question—can the Prince, under any circumstances, forfeit his right to the allegiance of his subjects? Reason and revelation answer this question in the affirmative. By intolerable oppression and injustice, the Prince may forfeit his right to reign, and his subjects will thus be absolved from their duty to obey. But who is to decide when the Prince has so forfeited his right to obedience, and when the subject is thus absolved from his duty to obey? No man, no men, neither Prince nor people, can be judge or judges in his, or their own cause, or in a cause in which they are interested parties; and therefore, where there is no impartial and infallible tribunal to which to ap-

peal, there is left no alternative betwixt accepting either the slavish doctrine of "non-resistance" preached by the silly son of Mary Stuart, or the socially destructive theory of the "right of revolt" preached by modern revolutionists.—The Catholic alone can reconcile the right of resisting tyrants, with the duty of obedience to lawful authority; for he has in the Church, speaking by the mouth of the Sovereign Pontiff, an infallible tribunal, competent to pass judgment on Princes, and on their subjects. Not that we claim for the Pope a deposing power, or the power to absolve from allegiance; but simply the power to declare judicially, when and under what circumstances, the Prince by his own misconduct has already absolved his subjects from the allegiance which they once owed to him.—This act of the Pope, as between Sovereigns and people, is declaratory not enacting; it is a judgment or verdict, not a sentence; and it is the misconduct of the Prince, not the finding of the Court, which absolves the people from their obligation to obey tyrannical and unjust rulers. The Pope merely asserts a matter of fact, or *in fact accompli*, to wit—That the said wicked Prince has actually forfeited his right to govern.

If it be urged that an absolute "deposing power" was often claimed and exercised by the Popes in the Middle Ages, we admit the fact, but not the implied inference therefrom. That absolute deposing power was indeed claimed and exercised by the Popes—not however as successors of St. Peter, but as the feudal superiors of the sovereigns whom they deposed; and in virtue, not of the Christian, but of the feudal law, which as temporal sovereigns they were often called upon to administer and apply. Many medieval popes held their States as fiefs of the Holy See; and failing in obedience to their feudal superiors, were by the latter rightfully deposed. We must distinguish betwixt acts done by the Popes in their purely spiritual capacity, and their acts as feudal suzerains, and in virtue of universally admitted European international law, which they were called upon to administer. As a feudal chief the Pope deposed his refractory vassals; as Supreme Pontiff, and infallible judge in faith and morals, he declared when and how princes forfeited their right to command, and subjects were absolved from the obligation to obey.

In this sense, but in no other, do we admit the right of revolt which the Rev. M. Lavelle claims for the oppressed; and if he means more than this, if he means to advocate the theory laid down by Lord John Russell as to the relative rights of rulers and ruled, we for one respectfully, but broadly, dissent from him. Indeed we will go so far as to lay down as a general thesis that, since it is always better to suffer wrong than to do wrong, so it is better to submit even to tyranny than to take up arms against a tyrant, unless the Church shall first have clearly spoken out on the subject. No one will be damned because he has been wronged upon earth by unjust rulers; but the Church teaches that rebellion is a sin against God Himself; and therefore, until fully assured of his moral right to revolt, the prudent Catholic, who prefers his soul to his body, and the kingdom of heaven to the goods of this world, will certainly neither himself take up arms against his government, nor induce others to do so. He who resists authority resists the ordinance of God, and by so doing provokes against himself the wrath of God, and incurs the danger of eternal damnation.

ITALIAN LIBERALS.—We would invite the attention of our readers to some extracts which we give on our sixth page, from the Revelations of a "Secret Agent of Cavour." These "Revelations" are most edifying; and it is quite appalling to read of the cool rascality, the venality, and sordid knavery of the regenerators of Italy. Farini—one of the "purest of European Statesmen"—occupies a prominent place in these Revelations; and the reader will find it difficult to restrain his laughter as the page is unrolled before him, and he sees the patriotic Dictator filling his pockets with stolen spoons and silver plate—dressing his wife and daughters out in the finery stolen from the Duchess—and himself striving to array himself in coats and breeches by him stolen from the Duke of Modena—but unable to accomplish the latter feat, because of his "compulgence." These, and such as these, are the men by whom the cause of Italian Unity has been promoted, and the political and religious regeneration of Italy has been accomplished! These are the men whom the *Montreal Herald* delights to honor!

There is no end in short to the damaging revelations which from the most unexpected quarter are being made as to the moral worth of the leaders of the Italian Revolution. In the seeming cadron of democracy, of course, the scum or filth always and inevitably comes to the surface; but, we avow it, we were scarce prepared for such a quantity of moral filth as that whose existence and fetid properties have been revealed to us by lately published documents.

Our readers are of course familiar with the name of Edwin James, whose alliance with, and warmth of affection for, Garibaldi are strikingly illustrative of the truth of the homely distich—"Birds of a feather, flock together." "Tell me what company a man keeps," says the old saw, "and I will tell you what he is?" and by applying this infallible rule of *nosctur a sociis* in the case of Edwin James and his friends and companions, Garibaldi and Co.—we shall incur no risk, no possibility even of error, in estimating the moral worth of the latter. Mr. Edwin James' revolutionary associates in Italy were, we may be sure, the appropriate associates, or rather accomplices, of Mr. Edwin James, Garibaldi, blackleg and swindler. We must be guarded in our language, however, for Mr. Edwin James is one of those kindred spirits for whom the editor of the *Montreal Herald* entertains a special regard, and whom, like that honorable man Count Cavour, he takes under his special protection.

To return, however, to our black mutton—that is to say, to Mr. Edwin James. We find in the English Protestant press very copious, and

very edifying revelations concerning the public and private career of this champion of Liberalism; and of this brother-in-arms of Garibaldi. The *Law Magazine* especially, devotes an article to the memory of this bright particular star of the Liberal firmament.

We cannot go into all the details; suffice it to say that never has a more revolting record of treachery, fraud, and heartless swindling been laid before the public. Shortly after his memorable campaign with his worthy brother in arms Garibaldi, Mr. Edwin James announced to the electors of Marylebone that he should be obliged to resign the honor of representing them in Parliament; and about the same time it was hinted that the name of the gallant champion of Italian freedom had been erased from the books of the *Reform* and *Brooks* Clubs. The attention of the public was aroused, investigation ensued, and the rascality—alas! that we should have to speak in such terms of the friend of Garibaldi—of the fellows' life was divulged. A disgraced man, he fled from England to the United States, where he was welcomed by the Bar of New York, and where, no doubt, he finds the moral standard more suited to his peculiar moral temperament than that by which his merits were tested in the ungrateful Old World. Such is the story, and such the finale of another leading Italian Liberal.

It is a pleasant relief to turn from these depraved wretches, and the Old Bailey school of literature in which their histories are recorded, to the Queen of Naples, and the Ladies of Great Britain. The latter, comprising all that is best and purest in Queen Victoria's dominions, the elite of Britain's aristocracy, the worthiest and most illustrious matrons of the land, have presented the Queen of Naples with a testimonial of their love and admiration. The particulars, together with Her Majesty's reply, will be found on our sixth page; and after sojourning amongst the rabble of the Italian Revolution, after having been compelled to do penance with the Farinis, the Gavazzis, the Carours, the Edwin James, the Garibaldis, and all that unclean tribe; after having been well nigh poisoned with their stinking breath, it is a consolation indeed to listen to the heart-thrilling accents of the noblest matrons of England—as illustrious by their virtues, as by their birth and exalted social position—wherein they, the loyal subjects of a Queen herself the model of every royal and domestic virtue, express their sympathy with another Queen, less fortunate indeed in some respects; but one who as a wife, and as a Sovereign, is as much entitled as is our own Victoria, to the love, sympathy, and admiration of every generous and chivalrous heart; and one whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity in company with that of Marie Antoinette, the lion-hearted daughter of Austria.—Greater praise than this cannot be awarded to any woman.

Far be it from us to commend the almost obsolete custom of duelling; and yet, divested of its irreligious aspect, it was not certainly without its usefulness in society. As a check upon the too robust tongue of every upstart popinjay, it was most salutary—making him to carefully pick his words, lest these might unwittingly lead to a quarrel with some of the hot-headed fire eaters of the nation. That the O'Donoghue did wrong in a moral point of view in challenging Sir Robert Peel is certain; but he did more; he was guilty of a grievous error of judgment in supposing for a single moment that the brainless puppy, who with heartless levity and pampered obesity rode 300 miles upon an outside car to mock the sufferings of a famishing people, would have the spirit to meet their champion in fair and open warfare. Your brave heart is always compassionate, and a very coward in presence of the sufferings of others. It is your Quilps and Mr. Dennis alone, that have the courage to contemplate unflinchingly the sufferings of others. We are told great things of "*Anglo-Saxon pluck*," but in the cotton spinners knighted grandchild it appears to have quailed before the slightest spark of Celtic chivalry. It could behold undauntedly the dying throes of the stalwart sons of famishing Ireland, because those throes were not its own; it could contemplate unmoved the silent agony of tender women dying inch by inch of stern starvation;—it could smoke its cigars, and draw out its cockney accents amidst this "dance of death"—but when the missive came that brought a challenge unto death to the scoffer, Anglo-Saxon pluck was found unequal to the emergency, and shrunk behind Parliamentary etiquette for a shield. However we may reprobate, from a religious point of view, the challenge of The O'Donoghue, we cannot but admire his "pluck," and commend the spirit that is ready to defend its honor with its life; nor can we ever sufficiently despise the recreant coward, who when he has insulted a fellow-man has neither the physical courage to uphold it to the death, nor the moral courage to acknowledge the wrong. If Sir Robert Peel considered The O'Donoghue's conduct disloyal to his royal Mistress, he should at least have tested his own courage to prove it equal to the task he was about to impose upon it, before he constituted himself her champion; for we will venture to say that the Royal honor has been a thousand times more foully blotted by the craven conduct of its knight, than by the aspersions of its enemy. It was no doubt an opportune law for an errand-knight, that Parliamentary law of breach of privilege; and Sir Robert may congratulate himself that he had so kind a friend in Parliament as Lord Palmerston to enforce it so kindly; but we have heard before now of so many hostile encounters being carried on in spite of this Parliamentary law, that we fear the Sir Lucius O'Donoghue's conduct would hardly deem this affair carried out according to "your special rules—your puns, your reverses, your stoccato!"—as Captain Bobadil expresses it—"by fair and discreet manhood; that is civilly by the sword."

It will certainly be taken in after-times as strong evidence of the perfection to which this age of ours had arrived, that a stalwart knight, and an Englishman without, when buffeted on the right cheek should turn the left; but however this may be in accordance with true Christian perfection, it has been wont to be so seldom practised by Mr. M.P.'s and Knights in general, that it looks almost out of place. It may, for aught we know, be in strictest accordance with the code of modern carpet-knight errantry—with which we confess we are little acquainted—but it certainly is not "*en regle*" as far as ancient chivalry is concerned; and The O'Donoghue must be excused, if not having attained the perfection of modern knighthood, he allowed his ancient Celtic chivalry to get the better of him. What those mailed warriors who repose in all the grandeur of sculptured marble in that Gothic Abbey hard by St. Stephen's, thought of the craven conduct of their brother knight, we know not; but if it were not profane, we dare wager any sum within our means that they slept uneasily on their Marble-beds that night. One thing however, The O'Donoghue's challenge will have proved to be a demonstration the flimsy materials of which your modern Liberalism is composed. However fast we may be tending to perfection, we certainly are not returning to a golden age of chivalry, unless it is to be appointed through an age of tanking tin. Sir Robert (that modern knight *sans peur et sans reproche*) was, if we remember right, a very busy body amongst the Swiss Liberals some few years ago, urging them on, and all together, making believe ("more" the ass with the lions skin,) that he was a very *Cœur de Lion* or Front du Beuf of modern progress. This little affair of the O'Donoghue will, we fear, have somewhat disarranged the skin, and damaged his reputation. If your modern Liberals are not ashamed of their English patron, the fault is theirs, not his.

On Wednesday afternoon His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal started for Rome. At St. Hyacinthe he was to be joined by Mgr. Laroque, the Bishop of that Diocese, and on Saturday they will sail by steamer for England. The earnest prayers of their faithful flocks are offered up for their prosperous voyage.

RECEPTION AT THE GREY NUNNERY.—On the 19th inst., Feast of St. Joseph, Miss Ann Jane Moffitt assumed the Religious Habit, and made her profession as member of this Sisterhood.

The amount of the collection taken up at St. Patrick's Church, on St. Patrick's Day, amounted to the sum of Two hundred and fifty dollars.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—This entertainment, given by the St. Patrick's Literary Association, took place on Monday evening in the Bonaventure Hall. Like the Concert at the City Hall, it was a complete success, numbers having been obliged to leave without obtaining admittance. The President, T. J. Walsh, Esq., opened the proceedings in a very happy and appropriate address, which was loudly applauded. A Prologue, written by Mr. T. D. McGee, M.P.P., was repeated by Mr. J. P. Kelly; and then the Drama of "St. Patrick at Tara," and the Comedy of "The Duel"—both pieces written by the Rev. Mr. Bentley, Director of the Association—were gone through. The stage, the scenery, and costumes, were perfect; and all the characters were sustained with remarkable ability. Indeed the audience was agreeably surprised to witness so much dramatic talent in amateurs. The singing by the Lady Amateurs was in like manner all that could be desired, and elicited much applause. The Pianoforte Solo, by a Lady Amateur, was excellent, and the proficiency of the young performer took the house by surprise. Only our wish pervaded the whole assembly at parting—that the St. Patrick's Literary Association might be induced to repeat so pleasing and successful an entertainment.

An *Inquirer* concerning the obligation which the law of abstinence imposes upon Catholics, is respectfully referred to his confessor, or spiritual director, for the solution of his difficulties.—When in doubt, the Catholic should not listen either to the promptings of his appetites, or to the often dangerous counsels of his neighbors, but should at once address himself to the priest, who alone is competent to speak with authority.

We may however be permitted to say that the law of abstinence as laid down by the Church for the Catholics of this Diocese is clear. All flesh meat, i. e. the flesh of warm-blooded animals in every form, and no matter how prepared, is prohibited on days of abstinence; and it therefore cannot but be a gross violation of that law, to use soups, or other dishes, prepared in any manner from flesh meat, on days of abstinence. On these days we are bound to restrict ourselves to a vegetable diet, and to the flesh of fish or cold-blooded animals. Under the term "*fish*," mollusca and crustacea, such as oysters and lobsters, are ecclesiastically, if not scientifically, included; and the use of these therefore is prohibited on those days of Lent, on which we avail ourselves of the permission to eat "flesh meat."

In the *Connaught Patriot* of the 22nd ult., we find the following notice of the collection made in Canada in aid of the sufferers by the Irish famine:—

The response from the pious and learned Mayo Priest, the Very Rev. J. H. MacDonogh, V. G., is an honor alike to Catholicity and his native country. Last week he forwarded his wife to Tam. This week his generous aid has reached the loved and venerated Archdeacon Browne, Castlebar. Nor has our Very Friend forgotten our appeal for funds to raise a monument to the memory of the late Rev. Thomas Keady, who whilst Professor of St. Jarlath's was affectionately attentive to the every want of the Students. To this laudable fund, Father McDonagh has sent the Archdeacon, £1.

My dear Doctor O'Brennan,—Enclosed you will find £5, which I transmit as my humble contribution to the relief of the sufferings of the poor of the West. The warning cry of distress from the ever vigilant and true watch-towers of St. Jarlath's, while it has put to flight the Gaidhe Sìona, who would cry peace: when there is no peace, cannot fail to

rouse to the rescue, the friends of Ireland's suffering poor. Already it has awakened an echo in the hearts of the true Irish of Montreal, "ever faithful found," under the guidance of B. Devlin Esq, himself a child of the Archdeacon. They have already taken the lead in what I trust, will be as far as Irishmen in Canada are concerned, a National one. Did there linger in our minds one doubt, not yet dispelled by the assurances to the contrary of the lying Peel of the sufferings of Christ's poor, in that most cherished portion of his vineyard, it had quickly disappeared at the bidding of the "*Lion of the fold*."

Is it not sad to think that while Irish Catholics here are rallying round the throne of their sovereign their fellow-subjects and co-religionist in Ireland should be handed over to the tender mercies of Sir Robert Peel, whose hands are still red with the blood of their murdered brethren in Switzerland. Inheriting all his father's hatred of everything Irish and everything Catholic, and none of that father's talent as a statesman devoted to the service of an unscrupulous chief, who seems to breathe, and move, and lived only for the persecution of Christ's Church and its Visible Head. This scourge of God having failed in his godless scheme of poisoning the mental aliment of the Irish Catholic would deprive him of corporal nourishment. Unable to fill the vacant halls of his father's godless Irish colleges with Catholic Irish Students, he would fill the Catholic Irish grave-yards with the finished corpses of the faithful, unpurchasable Irish Catholics. May God in his mercy, to our own dear Island of sorrow long preserve the illustrious Archbishop, to watch over the spiritual and temporal interests of his children.

Accept, my dear Dr. O'Brennan, my best wishes for the success of your truly independent paper, the *CONNAUGHT PATRIOT*,—may you long continue to wield your pen in defending the poor against the rapacity of the rich.

I am truly yours,  
J. H. MACDONAGH

IRISH RELIEF FUND IN SOREL.

The following is a list of subscribers, in the town of Sorel, towards the fund for the relief of the peasantry of Ireland, now in a state of destitution from the failure of their crops, &c.—  
James Kelly, \$20; J. J. McCarth, & Co., \$40; Thomas N. Beggs, \$10; James Morgan, \$5; Wm. McCallum, \$5; Patrick Tobin, \$1.50; D. M. Ewan, \$1.50; Robert Kittan, \$1.50; A. Conlin, \$1.50; Cash. E. A. \$1; W. McNaughton, \$5; T. M. Dime, \$2; M. McNaughton, \$2; E. O'Heir, \$1; G. Hunt, \$1; A. M. Goin, \$2; C. Armstrong, \$1; Henry Hart, \$1.50; James Hunter, \$1; Wm. Saxon, \$1; M. Burgess, \$1; J. McQuillan, \$2; H. Hunt, \$1; W. Smith, \$2; W. Baker, \$1; M. Morrison, \$2; J. P. Sincione, \$2; W. Pearce, \$1; M. Martin, \$2; T. Wiley, \$1; G. Bramley, \$1; Ralph Fish, \$2; Donald Finlay, \$1; W. McCarly, \$2.—Total \$125.50

From want of space we have been obliged to leave several communications over to next week.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Bic, Rev Mr. Blouin, \$2; Chatham, P. Baxter, \$2; Westport, P. Donnelly, \$1; St. Athanasie, Rev A. O'Donnell, \$2; Toronto, P. O'Brien, \$4; Rev Mr. Souleux, \$1.25; Blehneim, P. Maguire, \$2; Halifax, N.S. Hal. Cath. Inst. \$2; Pilkington, J. Green, \$2; Vespere, J. McCaffrey, \$1; St. Columban, J. Power, \$1; Keenanville, J. Colgan, \$1; Jordan, J. W. Keating, \$3; Senforth, J. McQuaid, \$1; London, Sergt. T. Hogan, \$2; Shawbridge, J. McLaughlin, \$1; Isle Perault, Rev Mr. Aubrey, \$4; Arthur, J. Dandide, \$2; Garrison, S. Brewer, \$2; Madioe, F. Martin, \$2; Hawkesbury Mills, P. Rodgers, \$1; Cobden, D. Gorman, \$2; Leeds, T. Scallan, \$1; Rawdon, W. Whittaker, \$2.  
Per D. Hanley, Blessington—Self, \$2; M. Hart, \$2. Per Messrs. Saffier & Co. Montreal—Lloydtown, B. Fanning, \$6.  
Per Rev L. A. Bourne—St. Andra, Rev N. Donce, \$2. Per J. Hackett—Waterloo, C. Moran, \$2.  
Per Rev J. Rositer—U. Brewers Mills, P. Dougherty, \$2.  
Per R. M. McCormack, Peterboro—T. Hoolahan, \$2; D. O'Brien, \$2; R. B. McDonough, \$2; J. W. Fanning, \$2; Donor, R. Moloney, \$2; Ottonabee, J. Doras, \$1; J. Caranagh, \$2.  
Per J. Kennedy, Lindsay—T. Ward, \$1; Downeyville, P. Molloy, \$1.  
Per W. Chisholm, Dathousie Mills—T. O'Caranagh, \$1.  
Per B. Henry, London—Rev J. Murphy, \$2.  
Per P. P. Lynch, Madioe—T. Martin, \$4.  
Per A. Donnelly, Richmond—Self, \$2; J. Mulreua, \$2.  
Per H. Girouir, Arichat, N.S.—Self \$2.50; D. O. Madden, \$2.50.  
Per J. Moran, Perth—J. Dowdall, \$1; Almonte, Rev B. Vaughan, \$2; Franktown, R. McDonald, \$5.  
Per Rev J. J. Chisholm, Alexandria—Mrs. A. Chisholm, \$2; A. Williams, \$1; J. McIntosh, \$4; Lochgery, J. McDonald, \$1; Louisiel, Dan McDonald, \$3; D. W. Donell, \$2; J. McDonald, \$3.  
Per Rev J. S. O'Connor, Cornwall—J. S. M'Dougall, \$2.  
Per C. F. Fraser, Brockville—J. Brady, \$3; Greenbush, J. Burke, \$2.50.  
Per H. B. Brattargh, Trenton—D. O'Neil, \$1.  
Per Rev Mr. Wardy—Sharon, M. Fitzgibbon, \$1.

or treated with contempt? We speak to our Irish conferrers in all sincerity, but not, we confess, without some feeling of indignation. We ask them, why do you bear false testimony against us? Why do you deal out injustice to us? Other wrongs we could have better borne; for, however undeserved, their authors did not violate all natural ties of duty and affection; but this tone of reviling adopted by a portion of the popular press in Ireland towards the Irish inhabitants of this country—adopted, too, in the quarrel of another power, and that power one that despises all Irishmen, uses all she can, and honors as few as she can help—this is a tone hard to be tolerated, and impossible to be defended. We hope we have heard the last of it for all time to come.—*Toronto Mirror.*

AN EMPLOYER.—We are informed, that while the men of the Royal Engineer Corps were quartered in the Sobol House attached to St. Mary's Church in this city, a small boy entered the building, and asked the sergeant to be allowed to do some work, that he might earn something to eat. On questioning him, and making enquiry, it was found that he had neither father or mother, or any relative to take care of him—that he earned a precarious livelihood by running errands, sometimes begging, and slept where he could, having no fixed home. The men of the Company at once resolved to adopt him as their "pet," and to carry him away with them, as something by which to remember the kindness and hospitality they had received in St. John. They immediately made up among themselves a sufficient sum to fit him out with new and warm clothing. The boy's unkempt hair was hanging down his back, and the first thing done was to place him on a bench when one of the men trimmed his locks in military fashion—a person who was present, tells us, that the little fellow enjoyed this very much, but not more than the bath which followed. He was stripped of his miserable rags, and had a thorough ablution in a tub of lukewarm water; then he was dressed in his new and comfortable clothing, and made so different an appearance that he could scarcely be recognized. The sergeant drew a ration for him, and the men seemed to delight in their "pet." When they left for Fredericton, he was noticed sitting on the sled between two soldiers, rolled up in a buffalo skin, with only his little face visible, looking as contented and as happy as possible. All honor to the brave soldiers for this act of kindness and good feeling! The boy has thus become connected with an excellent corps, and if he conducts himself well we may expect to hear a good account of him in after-life.—*Colonial Empire, St. John, N. B.*

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Flour—Fine, \$1 to \$4.30; Super No. 2, \$4.60 to \$4.80; Superior, \$4.90 to \$5; Fancy, \$5.15 to \$5.25; Extra, \$5.40 to \$5.50; Superior Extra, \$5.60 to \$6. Bag Flour, \$2.65 to \$2.75; per 112 lbs. Outmeal per brl. of 200 lbs.—\$3.80 to \$4.  
Wheat there have been sales of car-loads at \$1.05. Pens. Barley, Oats, and Corn.—No transactions to report.  
Ashes, per 112 lbs.—Pot. \$6.70; Inferiors 10c more; Peat, \$5.50 to \$6.50.  
Butter—Store-packed, 11c to 12c Dairy, 13c to 14c.  
Cheese is very dull at 5c to 7c.  
Pork—Mess, \$13 to \$13.50; Primo Mess, \$11 to \$12; Prime, \$9.50 to \$10.50.  
Dressed Hogs are in very small supply, and sell at \$3.75 to \$4.40 according to quality and condition.  
Lard—7c to 7c.  
Tallow—8c to 9c.  
Eggs—17 cents.  
Seeds—Clover Seed, \$3.75 to \$4.25, for common to good; Timothy, \$1.75 to \$2.—*Montreal Witness.*

TORONTO MARKET.

The *Globe* of the 15th says:—Prices are without change. Fall Wheat ranging from 97c to \$1.07. Wheat by rail is in fair export at 88c to 89c for prime samples; inferior to medium ranges from 75c to 85c. Barley is scarce and in demand at 57c to 58c. Peas at 48c to 49c. Oats at 40c to 41c. Hogs, a desirable lot brings \$4.50 per 100 lbs.; heavy at \$4.25 for 100 lbs. Flour, sales of Superfine at \$4.25 other grades are inactive; quotations nominal.

**Births.**  
In this city, on the 14th instant, Mrs. Patk. Kerby, of a daughter.  
In this city, on the 14th instant, the wife of Mr. Daniel Sexton, of a daughter.  
In this city, on the 15th inst., Mrs. Wm. F. Ross, of a son.  
In this city, on the 17th instant, Emmeline Jane, beloved daughter of Alexander G. Grant, aged 17 years and 10 months. May her soul rest in peace.

MR. CUSACK,  
PROFESSOR OF FRENCH,  
71 German Street.  
FRENCH TAUGHT by the easiest and most rapid methods, on moderate terms, at Pupils' or Professor's residence.  
March 14.

SEEDS—SEEDS—SEEDS.

R. J. DEVINS,  
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,  
NEXT THE COURT-HOUSE, MONTREAL,  
(Premises formerly occupied by Alfred Savage & Co.)  
JUST Received direct from  
FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN,  
A large assortment of the finest fresh  
GARDEN, FIELD,  
POT HERB and  
FLOWER SEEDS.  
—ALSO—  
FOR SALE, all kinds of CLOVER AND TIMOTHY BREED.  
Feb. 17.

HERRINGS.  
75 BARRELS, and HALF-BARRELS for Sale by  
J. McDONALD & CO.,  
Corner of McGill and St. Paul Streets.  
Montreal, March 13, 1862. 3c.

PRIME MACKEREL.  
Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Barrels and Halves.  
RYAN, BROTHERS & CO.,  
St. Peter Street.  
Montreal, Feb. 27, 1862.

NOTICE.  
Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries, and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal.  
Jan. 17, 1862.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The debates in the Senate on the Address have been most animated. M. De La Rochejaquelein, having contrasted the rigid censorship exercised by the Government over the Catholic press, with the unlimited license given to the "Secle" to insult Papists, was replied to by M. Baroche, a Government official, who was then followed by the notorious Plon-Plon. The following is, in a condensed form, what occurred in the Senate.

Prince Napoleon spoke in defence of the government, and described the state of society at the time when laws on the Press were promulgated. He continued—The Marquis Rochejaquelein has put forth a programme against revolution. I myself defend revolution, and am of opinion that it is necessary to give the Press more liberty, but we differ on principles. There is but one justification for the existence of the empire, and that is, when it becomes an application of the principle of revolution, well understood.—Speaking of the banquet given to Signor Ratazzi, Prince Napoleon proved that a toast was proposed by Signor Ratazzi in honor of the Emperor, whose bust was in the room, while in the Papal army the bust of the Emperor had, on some occasion, been broken. The Prince alluded to the incident of Monsignor Merode and Gen. Goyon, and added—That is where we must look for hatred for the name of Napoleon, and for the name of France. Speaking of the idea of an hereditary power, the Prince quoted the words of the Emperor, who said that his spirit would no longer be with his posterity on the day when they cease to awake the love and confidence of a great nation. He recalled the return from Elba, when the Emperor traversed France in the midst of cries of "Down with the emigrants," "Down with the uobles," "Down with the traitors."

At this point of the Prince's speech, great tumult and agitation arose in the Senate. Several demands were here made that the speaker should be called to order. Many senators believed that the Prince had said "Down with the priests," taking the word "traitors" for "priests." Prince Napoleon continued—To me the Emperor signifies the glory of France abroad, the destruction of the treaty of 1815, within the limits of the forces and the resources of France, and the unity of Italy, whom we have contributed to set free. At home, the glory of France is in the preservation of order by a complete system of wise and real liberties, comprising the liberty of the Press, and unlimited popular instruction, without religious congregations, and without institutions, which would impose upon us a return to the bigotry of the Middle Ages (interruptions.) The Prince maintained that the system demanded by the Marquis Rochejaquelein would be another white terror, supported by foreign bayonets, and said—If ever such a policy be followed, the empire will then no longer have any reason to exist. M. de Rochejaquelein replied to the accusation of the Prince Napoleon.

M. Billault said—The government does not wish to be misunderstood by the country. Yet the government of the empire is the issue of revolution, of which it is the propagator, director, and moderator. The mission of the Emperor, on the morrow of the revolution, was to re-establish order by a policy for which he found the tradition. In carrying out that policy, the Emperor had the aid of religion, and will not forget that religion was one of the bases of society.—M. Billault maintained the necessity for legislation on the Press of 1852, and besought the Senate to repel excitement and personal discussion.

Plon-Plon's allusions to the hideous and for ever infamous Revolution have produced an immense sensation out of doors. People feel themselves again in the Reign of Terror, and the Liberals hope soon to hear the glad sound of the guillotine, and to have their eyes gladdened with another "priest-massacre." The Paris correspondent of the Times writes:—

That the effect of Prince Napoleon's speech in the Senate on Saturday was not exaggerated in the account I have given to you by what even the timid *Patrie* ventures to say on it.—"His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, after defending democracy with the energy of his conviction and of his talent, unfortunately yielded to the ardor of the struggle, and in his burning words revolutionary passions were heard.—The Prince revived recollections which appertain, no doubt, to history, and which should be left there, but which it is inopportune and dangerous to fling into the political life of an epoch of application like that in which we are; a pacific epoch which should draw men together instead of dividing them, and substitute the noble emulation of progress for the sterile struggles of party. It is not the flag of revolution which Prince Napoleon should unfurl, to make of it a sign of defiance or of menace. The one which becomes his rank, his intelligence, and his patriotism, is the flag of democratic, liberal, and conservative France. It is the flag of the Empire, which twice in a century has had the honor of covering the national glory and conciliating all the great interests of the country."

The *Moniteur*, with Prince Napoleon's speech and an account of the tumultuous actions which it produced has been posted on the walls on Paris, and extensively and eagerly read. The suppression of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was also warmly debated, and M. Billault, a Government hack, defended the measures taken as owing to the enormous influence of the society, which was not a French institution, having a representative at Rome, and which had refused to accept as its President a great dignitary of the Church, who was at the same time a high functionary of State. The Government could not tolerate a secret power. The speaker dwelt upon the danger of religious excitement and upon the difficulty of Church and State existing peacefully together.

The Emperor's letter to General Montauban on the reception which the Donation Bill met in the Legislative Corps has produced a most unpleasant sensation everywhere. The public are led to infer, from the harshness of the reprimand addressed to the Deputies, that in spite of all the

declarations about devotedness and unalterable fidelity on the one side, and unbounded confidence on the other, the feeling on both sides is far indeed from friendly. The Chamber may think that the rank and emoluments of Senator (£1,200 a year), the dotation of £2,000, and the title of Count form an exaggerated recompense for what the General has done in China—considering, too, the financial condition of the country; but this does not sufficiently explain the exhibition of marked repugnance which the Count's name excited, and which the President himself was unable to control. What I hear confirms me more and more in the belief that it was not so much against the donation as against the man that the objections were raised; yet it is not denied that his conduct of the campaign in China was successful. I believe strong prejudices existed against General Montauban previous to his appointment to the command of the expedition, but it is certain that he was strongly recommended to the Emperor by African Generals who had served with him, and in particular by Marshall M'Mahon, no mean judge, it will be admitted, of military capacity and of personal merit. That the Emperor wrote his letter under a feeling of strong resentment is certain.—"Great actions," he says, "are more easily produced where they are best valued, and degenerate nations only haggle about public gratitude." It is the last phrase that has given the greatest offense.

The Deputies are presumed to be the true representatives of the intelligence and devotedness of the French nation, and they are very often told so. They have murmured or "haggled" about this donation, and it is implied that they are "degenerate" for doing so. This is rather a serious charge, and one they feel acutely.

The unfortunate letter in question was, it seems, written by the Emperor without consulting any one. It was sent to the *Moniteur* with orders for instant insertion, and it was in the *Moniteur* that the Ministers themselves saw it for the first time.

It was observed that immense crowds assembled on Sunday last in front of the 20 *mairies* of Paris, where the *Moniteur* is posted. The *Moniteur* of Sunday was almost entirely filled with the stormy debate in the Senate on Saturday, and the working classes were most anxious to read it. As one party read it and retired, their places are filled by a second, and so on throughout the day. The Emperor's letter to General Montauban likewise attracted great attention, particularly that passage in which he alludes to a "degenerate nation."

PARIS, Feb. 20.—The *Moniteur* of to-day publishes the following important statements respecting the proposed gathering of Catholic Bishops at Rome:—"The Government of the Emperor has requested information at Rome respecting the pastoral letter convoking all Bishops of the Christian world to Rome for the consecration of Martyrs. This information was necessary, as the letter of convocation was published in France without having been previously communicated to the French Government. Cardinal Antonelli replied to the French Government that the invitation addressed to the Bishops was quite a friendly one, and had no obligatory character, and was only intended to give weight to a purely religious ceremony. On receiving this reply the French Government expressed a wish that the Bishops should not quit their dioceses, and must not ask permission to leave the empire except in cases where serious diocesan interests should call them to Rome."

"But think of a Government," says the *Tablet*, "in the year 1862, and of a Government in France, which can assume to give or to withhold permission to a Bishop to travel for a fortnight wherever he may like. That, however, is not the point; the important point is that the Emperor has deliberately chosen at this moment, by a public act, to call the whole world to witness that he wishes to spite, to insult, and to defy the Pope, the Bishops, and the Church. He offers an insult, and he chooses the most contemptuous way of doing it."

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT ROME.—The *Patrie* gives a complete denial to the news published by some Turin papers that an attempt had been made to assassinate the Marquis de Lavallette, French Ambassador at Rome. By an order of the Prefect of the Gard the Catholic Association of St. Francois de Sales established at Nîmes has been dissolved.

ITALY.

The *Osservatore Romano* mentions the death at Turin of Aureli Salicetti, one of the Revolutionary Triumvirate at Rome in 1849. Salicetti came to Turin as Deputy of a Neapolitan constituency, and in a few weeks fell ill. His sufferings were long and cruel, but though he asked to see a Priest, his friends did not comply with his desire. At length a messenger arrived, in breathless haste, to fetch the Cure of San Massimo, which is close to Belvedere St., in which Salicetti lived, but when the Cure got to the house the Triumvir was already dead.

Farini is at Saluggia, not in imminent danger, but tortured by a slow and terrible disease, which deprives him of all rest either by day or night. Farini had amassed great wealth, and his prospects were at their brightest, when he lost his son-in-law, and saw the nuptial feast turned into a funeral. He was attacked by jaundice, and went to Portici to recover, but had become worse, and his state is now considered desperate.

The Revelations of a Secret Agent of the late Cavour of infamous memory, published by the Baron Arthur D. de Rimini, and of which the fidelity has not been called in question, though they have been before the public since last October, have created quite a fury. The Italian police at Turin have seized the copies of the *Journal de Bruxelles* and other papers, in which these *Memoires*, so ruinous to the character of all parties engaged in the Italian Revolution, have appeared—but no attempt has been made to contradict them, or to refute their statements, which shows that the liberals were as dishonest in money matters, as they were cruel in their treatment of the people who opposed them. Here is an extract from one chapter, relative to

Farini, who it appears stole the private property of the Duke of Modena for the use of himself and family. Unfortunately, for Farini he was so corpulent, that the Duke's clothes, which he stole, were too small for one of "the purest of European statesmen" to wear. Here are the particulars:—"The first order that Farini gave on entering the Castle d'Este, was to take possession of all the keys, even those of the cellars. It is quite useless to make an inventory, said Farini. Upon the arrival of Madame Farini I had to deliver up to her all the keys. All the plate with the arms of the Duke were sent to be melted down. What became of the produce? A remarkable circumstance enough is, that just at this time, Farini ordered me to write a *communiqué* to the official papers, which every one may have seen, and in which it was explained that the duke, at his departure, had taken with him all his plate and all objects of any value, leaving, it might be said, nothing but the bare walls. The very cellars were empty, said the *communiqué* which he gave me the order to insert in the "Emilia" and "Monitore di Bologna." They were, it is true, nearly so at that time, but for ten days previously Farini had kept open house in the Ducal palace. Borromeo, Ricardi, Visoni, Carbonneri, Mayr, Chiesa, and Zini, were the habitual guests at these princely banquets. At this point I may narrate a little anecdote which for many days amused the social circles of Modena, and which it would be a pity not to be acquainted with the details. The table of the governor was served by a certain Ferrari, who then kept and who still keeps the hotel of St. Mark, at Modena. His father is chief of the staff of Francis IV. At the end of eight days the bill of Ferrari amounted to seven thousand francs. Farini found it very convenient to pay this bill with a commission as colonel, which Ferrari accepted. This promotion placed him, all at once, in the same position as his father, who had been thirty years service. The son is now Commandant of the Place at Modena, and the father is in exile.

A few days after the installation of Madame Farini, all the wardrobe of the duchess was placed in the hands of the dressmakers, Madame and her daughter having chosen what they liked. Both arranged her portion according to her figure. The corpulence of Farini prevented his being able to profit by the wardrobe of duke; but it was not on that account lost to his family. Ricardi, then secretary, and afterwards son-in-law of Farini, took possession of it. We cannot deny that the duke's clothes fitted him perfectly. The pillage of the duke's property did not make me scrupulous,—at that time it seemed quite natural; but it is somewhat at variance with that social disinterestedness for which Farini had before taken credit.

"Farini showed himself much exasperated against what he called the Ducquistes, and especially against the Priests and Nuns. As he read my reports, he used to say, 'No mercy for all this *cauaille*.' It may well be supposed when my master showed such a disposition, that I felt I could do what I liked as to arbitrary arrests and imprisonments. Ricardi and I determined to profit by these circumstances. Persons chosen by me, but otherwise unknown, introduced themselves into the houses of parties known for their attachment to the fallen dynasty; also into the abodes of the Priests and into the Convents, and whilst arresting some, let it be understood that money might be found the means of avoiding imprisonment. Such arguments generally had the effect desired; they submitted to be plundered; it was the best thing they could do. The produce of these extortions were placed in the hands of Ricardi, son-in-law of Farini. The amounts were more or less considerable, according to the fortune of those arrested. Guastalla and Sanguinetti, bankers, were obliged to pay me four thousand francs each."

Such is the stuff that Italian Liberals are made of. They are all alike. THE ITALIAN UNIONISTS.—This band of sacrilegious robbers, and its chief, the Tuscan traitor Ricasoli, do not appear to be reposing at present on a bed of roses. They seem, indeed, to have fallen upon thistles and thorns, and we sincerely wish them all the discomfort which such a position can create. Last autumn the jubilant Piedmontese Minister,—or rather Minister of Piedmont, by which he is hated,—announced that by All Saints' Day he and his myrmidons would have made their triumphant entry into Rome, and hauled down the Pope's flag from the Castle of Saint Angelo. This declaration gave great joy to all the infidels and robbers of the earth, and was received with rapture by the Whig, Tory, and Radical Press of this country. Well, we are now near the Ides of March, and not only is the Pope in his own city of Rome, and the revolutionary flag not floating there, but by all accounts, the author of the infidel and abortive boast is in a shabby condition in Turin. Even Sir James Hudson, the British Plenipotentiary, who was so active an agent of Cavour's in promoting the revolutionary cause in Italy, has, it seems, abandoned the falling Ricasoli; at least so we gather from the *Morning Star*, which is among the most zealous English partisans of the Italian "libbers." The correspondent of that paper, writing from Turin on the 16th inst., says:—

"During the past week poor Baron Ricasoli has undergone two heavy and formidable assaults, which have not, however, upset him. The first has come through M. Benedetti (the French Minister), sustained in this instance by Sir J. Hudson, and by Count Brassier Saint Simon, Minister of Prussia. M. Benedetti complained of the demonstrations against the Pope, and the Ministers of Prussia and of England are said to have expressed their regret to see the Government overwhelmed by the popular movement. M. Benedetti attributed to our Cabinet the initiative in the demonstrations, and protested against what he called an attempt to coerce France. Sir James Hudson and the Prussian Minister desired that the Government should take measures to prevent itself being driven along by force. "The other assault which Baron Ricasoli has had to sustain came from the side of the King. I think I have already given you to understand that the face of Ricasoli is not a gladdening sight to the King. But as Victor Emmanuel feels thoroughly that his strength lies in a respect for Constitutionalism, despite his antipathy to the dry, stern, absolute, unremitting Premier, his Majesty tolerates his Minister, and makes up by such amusement as he can have in his absence. But recently, taking advantage of the popular demonstrations, and of the remonstrances of the diplomatic corps, his Majesty is reported to have had a very brusque conversation with Ricasoli, and to have expressed some doubts whether a Cabinet could continue to govern which obviously had no control over or sympathy from the country. "Even Kossuth, who is at Turin, does not feel satis-

atisfied with the Tuscan Baron, whom Providence appears resolved to humble to the dust for his foul insults to the Holy Father. His King detests him,—his colleagues dislike him,—the Parliament merely tolerates him,—the Emperor of the French abominates him,—even the British Minister, snubs him,—to the Piedmontese he is odious,—the Mazzinians have no confidence in him,—he is under the anathema of the Church of Christ; and there we leave him." NAPLES.—A letter to the *Gazette de Midi*, dated Naples, 12th February, says:—"The *Sieur d'Astiffi*, a Neapolitan captain of a frigate, one of those who, with Anguissola, gave the example of treason in delivering to Garibaldi the frigate *Veloce*, has cut his throat with his razor. This wretched man, weighed down by remorse at seeing the consequences of his treason to his country, was plunged in a profound melancholy. It was on the frigate *Tatopeide*, which he commanded, that he destroyed his life."

THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.—A few days ago a magnificent testimonial in silver was presented by a number of ladies in England and Ireland to the ex-Queen of Naples. The testimonial was accompanied by an address, which was signed by the Duchesses of Richmond, Leeds, Buccleugh, and Inverness, the Marchionesses of Bath, Normanby, Londonderry, and others, and a great number of other titled ladies, including the Countess of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the Countess of Portarlington, the Countess of Tankerville, the Countess of Kinnoull, the Countess of Kenmare, Viscountess Castlereagh, Lady Fielding, Lady Campden, Lady Arundell of Wardour, Lady Clifford, Lady Stafford, Lady Nass, Lady Heneage, and a great number of others. The reply of the ex-Queen has just reached England, and I am enabled to send you a copy. It is a touching and remarkable document, and not without political significance at a moment like the present:—

"NOBLE LADIES.—It could not be otherwise than grateful and very agreeable to me the precious gift which you have been pleased to offer me. The thoughtful delicacy that suggested the design of it, and the flattering address which accompanied it, and in which I observe many of the best names of the noble English aristocracy, and of that generous Ireland, both types and examples of loyalty and of constant devotion to the august Sovereign who so gloriously sways their destinies. In not separating from my beloved husband, who so bravely contended for the sacred rights of his people and of thrones—in choosing to share with him even to the end the privations and perils of a long siege—in dedicating myself to the best of my ability to alleviate the sufferings and pains of so many gallant men who fell victims to their duty, their unflinching fidelity, the love of their King, and the independence of their native country, in a war the most unjust—I did nothing but the sacred duty of a Christian, a wife, and a Queen. Happy that I am, if in so acting I have been able to deserve the regard of minds so noble, and of hearts so generous as yours. Constrained to live far from my adopted country, from a soil to which so many dear affections bind me, and which I so much love, wounded to my very heart through the fratricidal and ruthless war which spreads desolation and terror over the most beautiful region of Italy. It is some comfort to me, at least, that even in that favored England, where so many calumnies have been spread to deprive a just but unhappy cause of the potent support of public opinion and of enlightened government, there are not wanting noble hearts that were moved by an unmerited misfortune. That thought will tell you better than I could express how sincerely grateful I am, and how dear to me has been this spontaneous testimony of affection and of sympathy among many others which it was sought to honor me in a royal calamity, borne with resignation and not without courage. Receive, then, my thanks, one and all, whose names shall ever remain engraven on my heart, and believe in the sentiments of my entire affection. "ROMA, 21st. December, 1861."

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, Feb. 21.—The plan of placing an Austrian Archduke on a new throne in Mexico seems hardly to have obtained the amount of attention its originality merited. In Austria, the European State chiefly interested, it at once attracted the enjoyment of a general unpopularity, due both to the quarter whence the scheme was understood mainly to proceed, and to the idea that an undue equivalent might be expected for the Oaque's crown that was to decorate the brows of the late Viceroy of Lombardo-Venetia. Seldom have the *donis ferentes* been looked upon with more distrust. No credit was obtainable here for the disinterestedness of the potentate who, in the most winning manner, proposed that Maximilian should occupy the vacant throne of Montezuma. The arrangement was not presented in the light of a favor to the monarch elect, but in that of a service which he would thus render to Mexico and to those who advocated it. You are doubtless aware that the Vienna Government abstained altogether from entertaining the project. The King-makers were referred to the Archduke himself as the sole person in Austria whom the matter concerned; and he, to whom certain Mexicans of distinction also addressed themselves with a similar object, showed himself from the first gratified by the offer, and disposed to give it his favorable attention. At the present moment that disposition on his part is understood to continue, but the matter must be considered as completely in suspense. In presence of the anarchy that has now so long prevailed there it is not surprising if the dominion of Mexico was looked upon as an annoyance; but still it is necessary to have a thing before bestowing it, and the Mexicans have not yet been subdued nor are the latest accounts thence of a complexion to make it appear that they are disposed to give in without a struggle or to accept a ruler imposed upon them by European Powers.—*Times.*

SWITZERLAND.

THE LAW OF DIVORCE IN SWITZERLAND.—The Swiss Federal Assembly, before closing its session, voted a law authorizing the divorce of couples belonging to different religious professions. In spite of the protests of the Swiss episcopacy, the law was voted after having undergone a modification which renders it still more annoying for Catholics; for, while the project of the Federal Council maintained the principle of the indissolubility of Catholic marriages, the National Assembly has suppressed that reserve, and decided that the cantons may regulate that matter as they think proper, so that the cantonal legislatures are authorised to permit a divorced Catholic husband to remarry during the lifetime of his Protestant wife, and vice versa.

A PALMERSTON BISHOP.

(From the *Saturday Review*.) The Palmerston bishop is still to be found in Ireland—the same, but with a difference. He is a Carlisle bishop. As the viceroy is to the Sovereign, and as Ireland is to England, so is the Carlisle bishop to the Palmerston bishop. We have just got a perfect specimen of the Irish Bishop in the Rev. John Gregg, D. D., Archdeacon of Kildare, and by Divine and Lord Carlisle's permission, "Lord Bishop Elect of Cork." The Carlisle Bishop is, and is not, the Palmerston bishop. In so far as he is an Evangelical, he is the same with his prototype. In so far as he is devoid of classics and literature, he is the same. In so far as he follows the Apostolic precept which advances the foolishness of preaching above the wisdom of man, he is the same. But an Irish bishop of this sort must have kissed the Blarney stone. Here the Palmerston bishop would at least assume the virtue of a scholar and a gentleman, and would be at least reticent as to his familiarity with the Greek Testament, his Irish congenitor does not condescend to hide his nakedness of Greek, letters, and good breeding, but rather glories in his shame. In the one case there is some hope of amendment—in the

other there is none. In a few years the most heterogeneous or vulgar of English Bishops are sure to rise to a very deorous level of inefficiency and stupidity. Bishop Hampden is remarkable as the most orthodox and silent of the hierarchy, and Bishop Villiers collapsed in a job which would not have discredited the palmy days of Archbishop Moore or Bishop Pretyman. But if Bishop Gregg is to live in history, it will be by continuing the Gregg heir. What that ideal is, let his speech for the Dublin Orphan Refuge testify.—This Archdeacon, Dr. John Gregg, Bishop Elect of Cork, by the way, how can there be a "Bishop Elect" in Ireland, where there is no *conge d'elire*, and where the Bishops are appointed by Letters Patent,—is not to be confounded with one Dr. Treham James Gregg, commonly known as "Treasher" Gregg, Archdeacon Gregg is a popular preacher, and chaplain of Bethesda—an irregular and extra-parochial institution in Dublin. Dr. Treasher Gregg was minister of St. Nicholas in Dublin. Both were engaged in controversial duels with the Roman Catholics. Both were popular preachers in Dublin. Both are D. D., and both; it need not be said, are *Hibernis Hiberniores*. Lord Carlisle's justification for sending his comic protegee to the see of Cork will be found in his Dublin popularity. Whether that popularity was a thing to be encouraged, or whether the acts by which it has been attained deserve the highest office in the Church—an office which requires gravity of life, sobriety of manners, a tongue not given to idle and vain words, dignity and carefulness in demeanor—we may well ask. Ever since Archdeacon Gregg's nomination to the see of Cork he has been exhibiting himself; and at the Orphan Refuge meeting he indulged his friends with an autobiography. It seems that there has been a little alloy in the satisfaction with which both the Bishop and his admirers viewed his appointment to Cork. Dr. Gregg says "that the draught of adulation was so sweet that it was almost nauseous, and he positively welcomed a drop of acid." It seems that somebody had said that Doctor Gregg was a firebrand and "a disturber of the peace." This (says the reverend gentleman) is far from true. "It has been said that I will be a wolf, or a hyena, or a tiger, or something of that kind; that I would carry these bitter tendencies and wild destructive qualities to the sunny south." No such thing. But this reminds the facetious Archdeacon of a story—the story being the familiar old Joe Miller of the "London Alderman" who went out hunting, and when he heard that the creature he was pursuing was coming, drew his sword on a poor little hare. Now, I beg to assure my Southern friends that it is a timid hare who will venture among them; so they need not be at all afraid.

Gentlemen of the press, will you toll those parties that they are wrong in giving me credit for speaking Irish. I never used a bit of Irish at college—not a bit of Irish at Portarlington, except to a man I met selling oysters. I use no Irish here, so I am afraid when I go down to Cork I will be a barbarian there." The doctor then goes into family and personal matters. "I am the child of a mixed marriage; and mixed marriages may have a good result. I knew a little woman, a Protestant, who married a Roman Catholic, and one by one she got the children to church, until the whole box and dice of them became Protestants." As for himself, he says, "I trace a good deal of the vigour of the body and mind and health that God has been pleased to grant me, and the very great degree of prosperity, both social, personal, and public with which I have been blessed, to the deep interest I feel in the Protestant Orphan cause." Has it been said that Dr. Gregg was a fierce controversialist? He replied, "Point to a single bitter word I ever said; if they find any hard words in the hunt I shall be very much surprised." What are Dr. Gregg's reasons for accepting the See of Cork? They are weighty? for "he is so agitated on going down to Cork, that he has not got two nights' repose." It is said that he is going there to repose, and "that he is so worn down, that he is to be like a dried mummy." This suggestion "would not make a tomtit, much less a man, angry—much less a Christian man, angry—much less a Christian Minister, angry." Why, then, is he going to Cork? Because he "loves the Irish brogue more than the English accent?"—because "the love of his country will always make him active—because he would be a very curious kind of a bishop if he were to drop into repose—because he would be a comical kind of gentleman if he adopted these suggestions" of repose. At last, after all this gabble of vulgarity and bad taste about himself, "the Bishop Elect" turns very late in the day, to the business of the meeting, and takes the cause of the "Protestant Orphan Refuge," in behalf of which the meeting was held, in hand: "We are told," says the orator, "that Franklin, when he was going to hear Whitefield upon the Orphan Society, was determined to give nothing; but when he heard about the poor little children, their hungry bellies, their naked necks, their bare legs, their little bodies almost famished, and their little legs without any calves, he said he would give the fellow what coppers he had." And then the accurate and intelligent speaker goes on to spoil a very familiar story by making Franklin give his coppers to Whitefield, "his silver to the next speaker at the meeting, and his gold to the third"—when, as everybody knows the successive acts of generosity were extracted by Whitefield, and by Whitefield alone; and this not at a meeting, but at a sermon. But, though Bishop of Cork, John Gregg is not going to forget the Protestant Orphan in Dublin:—"When I come up from Cork, I will not look at your pictures or your rich furniture. I do not care a button about them. When introduced to your houses I will look for the Protestant Orphan card, and if I do not see it black with pounds, shillings, and pence, I will call for my hat, and say that I must certainly go away, as it is a very bad place to be in (laughter)!" In the diocese of Cork we have as deep thinking, hospitable men, as there are in the English Church; they are men of the right stamp.

And will I think of leaving that diocese, and the beautiful scenery of Glengarriff, and the beautiful bays and the enchanting scenery of the South, to come up to Dublin, if the people of Dublin do not support the Protestant Orphan cause, or leave the Protestant Orphan Society, and the Protestant Orphan Refuge, and the poor Protestant orphans in wretchedness, and misery, and idleness, instead of having them well clothed, well fed, and well educated? But, when I hear of you supporting the Protestant Orphan Society, I shall come up to see how well you are doing, and go back to Cork and tell them that the people of Dublin are a kind-hearted and generous people [hear, hear, and applause]. I will come up to you and give you a 'prod,' and then I will go back to Cork and give them a 'prod' [loud laughter]. The "Bishop Elect" has, we can assure him, quite earned the description which he deprecates. "A curious kind of bishop he is," and "a comical kind of gentleman." Of course we do not suspect Lord Carlisle of any other *mauvaise plaisanterie* in the preferment of Archdeacon Gregg than a total inability to understand what a bishop ought to be. Still less do we impute the appointment of Dr. Gregg to the See of Cork to a deliberate design of lowering and damaging the Irish Church. In a more astute person than the Irish Viceroy we should, perhaps, have suspected a wish to administer the final blow to the Irish Church Establishment. That Church exists only on a kind of sufferance. It is an anomaly hard to reconcile, at least to a Stanley's common sense. A buffoon bishop may, perhaps, suit that genius of the people which the Irish Church of the present day seeks to prostitute or to emulate. If so, its days are, indeed, numbered. The exchange at Cork of Bishop Fitzgerald for Bishop Gregg, if it pleases the "Orcougians," shows that Irish Protestantism and bishops are irreconcilable and incompatible. In England, as we commenced by saying, this sort of bishop has been tried and found wanting. It is hardly a compliment to the intelligence and good feeling and good taste of Ireland to renew the experiment across St. George's Channel which has failed so signally among ourselves.

TRADING WIVES.—The Van Buren County (Mich.) Tribune says that a recent "trade" took place in Deerfield, as follows: "Mr. Lovelace, of the township of Deerfield, sold his wife to a Mr. Dodge for a five-year-old cow."

The following specimen of coroner's report is said to have been held over the body of a little girl, found lying dead upon the shores of a lake in Chicago:—"States of Illinois, Cook County, ss.: At an inquisition taken for the peopel of the State of Illinois, and County of Cook; this 26th day a. d. 1854, before Mr. Austin Hynes, Coroner of said county of Cook, Mr. Austin Hynes, Coroner of said county of Cook, name upon the view of the body of a Female Child, name unknown then and lying dead upon the oaths of the Twelve Good and Lawful men of the peopel of the State and County of Cook, and when and who the said came to his or she came to her death We the jury do say We the Jurors do Agree The Body came to her Death by death alone"

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INFORMATION WANTED, OF MICHAEL HENNESSY. When last heard from, in 1858, he was in Ogle County, Illinois. Any information concerning him will be most thankfully received by his wife, MARY HENNESSY, St. Rochs, Quebec.

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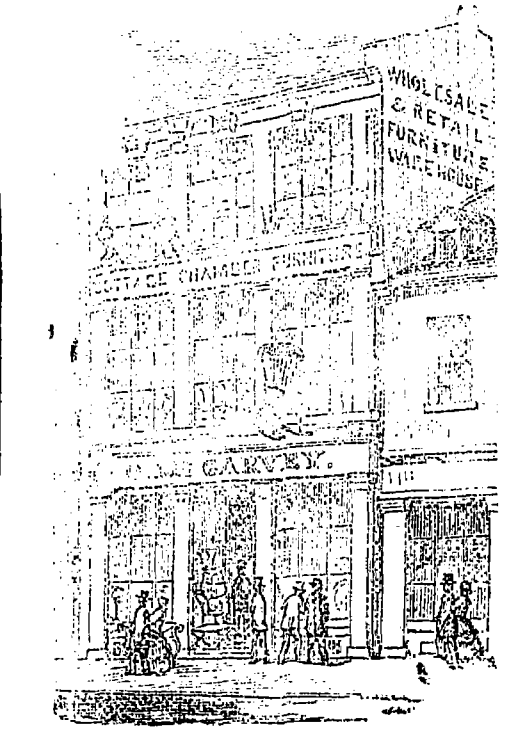
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Assumption College, Sandwich, C. W. Sept. 14, 1861.



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TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES. WANTED A Situation by a young man as a First or Second Class TEACHER, in either town or country. Testimonials and References unexceptionable. Was educated in a Catholic College, from which he has Testimonials of character and ability. For further information, address by letter, (post-paid) "C S., Port Hope, Canada West," stating Salary, &c. Feb. 6, 1862.

Ayer's Pills Are particularly adapted to derangement of the digestive apparatus, and disease arising from impurity of the blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in these, and consequently these Pills are found to cure many varieties of disease. See the statements from some eminent physicians of their effects in their practice. AS A FAMILY REMEDY. Your Pills are the price of purity. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

FOR JAUNDICE AND ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS. From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City. Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as a purgative, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved most effectual for the cure of various complaints than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely trust that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION. From Dr. Henry J. Knorr, of St. Louis. The Pills you were kind enough to send me have been of great use in my practice, and have satisfied me that they are really an extraordinary medicine. So potent are they adapted to the delicacy of the human system, that they seem to work upon them alone. I have cured some cases of dyspepsia and indigestion with them, which had resisted the most judiciously chosen remedies. Indeed I have experienced good results to be effectual in almost all the complaints for which you recommend them.

DYSENTERY—DIARRHŒA—RELAX. From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago. Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best purgatives I have ever found. Their effects are most rapid, and in the most moderate and pleasant manner, when given in small doses, for bilious dysentery and diarrhœa. Their agreeable nature makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children.

INTERNAL OBSTRUCTION—VERMIN—SUPPURATION. From Mrs. E. Stuart, who practices as a Physician and Midwife in Boston. I find one or two large doses of your PILLS, taken at the proper time, are excellent promoters of the natural secretion when wholly or partially suppressed, and are also very useful to cleanse the stomach and expel worms. They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients.

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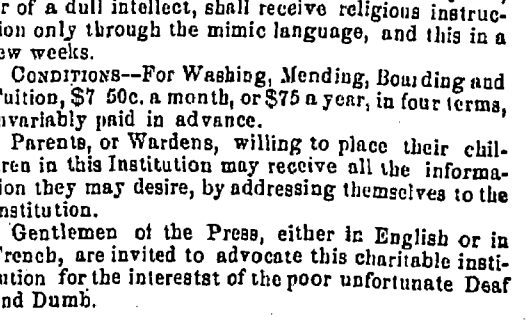
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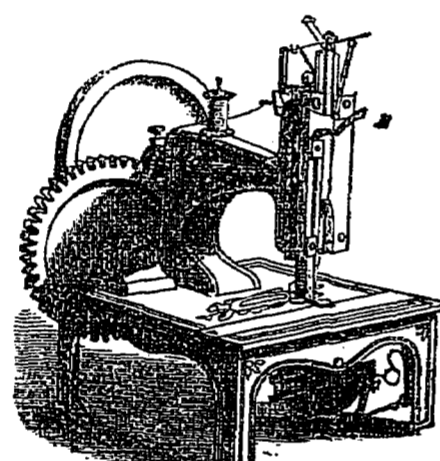
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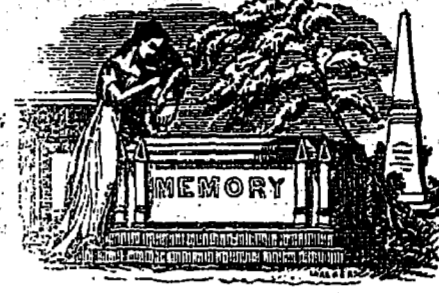
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July 21st, 1861.

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Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.
The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms.
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Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12ms.

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Skills made to Order. Several Skills always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province.
Kingston, June 3, 1858.
N.B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.

THE GREATEST
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
OF THE AGE.
MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures
EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.
From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.
Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.
KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE
MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box.
Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.
Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—
Sr. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
Boston, May 26, 1856.
Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children; of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.
ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB,
Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum.
ANOTHER.
Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefit received by the little orphan in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary; we feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.
SISTERS of St. JOSEPH,
3710 OSGOODE ST.,
Hamilton, O. W.

