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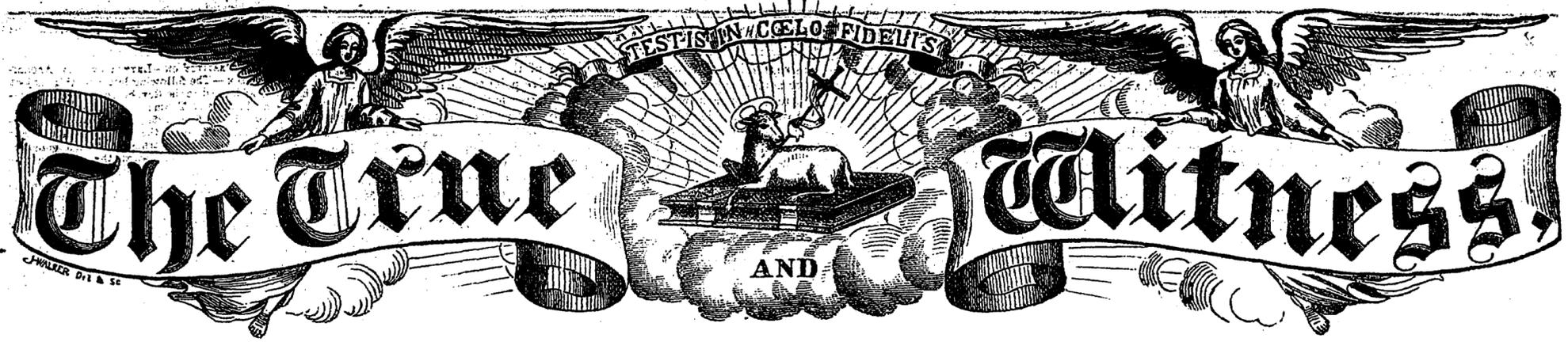
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1858. No. 36.

THE WIDOW'S WEDDING.

Some half dozen miles from the coast of the County Antrim, and opposite to the Bay of Ballycastle, rises, from the stormy ocean of the north, the island of Rahery. It is seldom visited now, in consequence of the wild turbulence of its rough shores, exposed on all sides to a rude surf, and the irregular tides which ebb and flow around it. It commands a wide extent of coast, and is the first land seen by vessels coming to our northern shores. The inhabitants are a poor simple race of people, and their island is not very productive. Rahery was a long time the resting place of the Scots in their expeditions, and their place of refuge in danger; it was also the place of assembly for the great northern chieftains, before making their descents on the Scotch or English coast. There are the ruins of a very old castle here, called Bruce's castle, from its being the retreat of the famous hero, Robert Bruce, during the disturbances in Scotland at the time of Balaol. About the middle of the sixth century, the patron saint of the north, Columbus, otherwise Colum-kille, founded a religious establishment on the island of Rahery, which was destroyed by the Danes. In the year 973 they also plundered this island, and barbarously murdered St. Feradach, the abbot. The Scots held possession of it in 1558, but were attacked and driven out, with great slaughter, by the Lord Deputy, Sussex. The people of the coast and the island are all expert seamen, and at one time were famous smugglers. The Irish cobbles of wicker-work, covered with a tarred and pitched horse-hide, were much in use here of old, and even still are sometimes seen skimming along, with their one or two conductors, in fine weather. And though I have said that the island is seldom visited, I did not wish to be understood as saying that there was not a constant communication between its inhabitants and the main shore; there is a kind of friendly intercourse subsisting between them, and even in the most tempestuous weather, boats to and fro, are seen passing, despite of danger and difficulty. In the island of Rahery there resided a farmer, named McCaban. He was one of the most wealthy men in the little district, being possessed of a very large farm and two fishing boats. He had one daughter, the flower of the island, and the pride of her parents. Many suitors came to gain young Mary from her father's house, as she had the largest portion of any maiden in Rahery. Her father and mother were anxious that she should choose one from among the young men of her little native isle, or the surrounding coast, but she continually declined entering into any engagement with any of them. Neither was it from coldness or caprice that she refused to comply with the wishes of her parents—her heart had been smitten by the manly form and pleasing address of Kennedy O'Neil, the son of a widow who resided on the mainland, near the cliff of Ballycastle. She was in the habit, during summer weather, in company with a number of the young women and men of the island, to visit the opposite shores, and join in the dance with the villagers; in this way she first became acquainted with Kennedy, mock na bointhee, or, the widow's son. His frank, obliging, and manly manners won upon the unsophisticated heart of the simple, yet tender and faithful islander. Kennedy was fondly attached to Mary, and the dance on Sunday without her, appeared the most monotonous and pleasureless spot in the world. The mother of Kennedy was one of those beings which are to be found in many parts of the country, even in this enlightened era—a believer in, and a practiser of, spells and charms, or, what is commonly called, a fairy woman.—She professed the curing of all unaccountable and uncommon diseases, and which are attributed to the waywardness or malignity of that imaginary class of spiritual beings called fairies.—Cattle suddenly taken ill, and children in a decline, or with pains or swellings, were taken to her, from a great distance, to "try her skill on," but whether she was successful in all her operations or not is more than can be said at present. She was feared and respected in the neighborhood, and, at the same time, was considered one of the most useful personages within many miles of Ballycastle. She perceived, with delight, her son's attachment to Mary McCaban, and encouraged it with all her soul; and being, as she boasted, of the "rale ould anshint race," and having a small farm in her possession, she had, she imagined, every hope that Kennedy's suit would be successful with the father of the fair Mary. Ensured of Mary's affection, and incited by his mother's approbation and wish on the subject, he took an opportunity of waiting on the farmer, and claiming her as his bride; but met with a decided and insulting refusal. This was a shock which his young and ardent nature was not prepared to meet, and which the proud heart and revengeful disposition of his mother could not brook. Mary was equally unprepared to meet it, for she had cherished hopes

which were suddenly blighted; and her lover had pictured such warm scenes of domestic felicity, in the anticipated enjoyment of their homely fireside pleasures, that a second paradise of happiness had been opened to her young soul. Still hope, and promises of mutual affection, to be fairly and firmly kept "for ever and a day," helped to reconcile them to what they considered the hardships of their situation. Months glided by, and McCaban was anxious to have his daughter married to some of the very respectable young men who proposed for her, but Mary modestly, yet firmly, resisted every effort made to induce her to forego her promise to the mock na bointhee. "Where are you going the day, dear?" said the widow O'Neil to her son, as she perceived him fitting his tackle for the water one fine Sunday. "Just over right to the island," replied Kennedy. "Stay at home, Kennedy, dear then, this day," said the mother. "Didn't I send word over to Mary McCaban that I'd be over to the sport this evening?—through did I," said Kennedy. "There's a storm to the north-west this evening," then, said the mother; "an' though fine the sun shines above us just now, God help the sail it catches atween Rahery and the cliffs this evening, when he looks his last over the waters, with the black clouds afore his face." "Why, it looks a little grey and misty, to be sure, an' that where it ought to be brightest, too, the foot of the win'; but, then, it's goin' round it is, an' not coming for'ad—it's a shiftin' fresher, you see, and that's all mother." His little bark was soon in trim and at sea, and soon the cliffs of Rahery, with all their bleak and wave-washed caverns, frowned upon his skiff as it flew, like the dark-sided gull, silently and swiftly along. The day was passed in a round of pleasure, for Kennedy was a general favorite, and the young men of the island endeavored to entertain him in the best possible manner; and, as evening was closing, he had the happiness to "meet wi' and greet wi'" his true and faithful Mary. Therefore, it was late before he thought of returning, and the sun was setting in the ocean before he stepped into his little "skimmer of the waves." The forebodings of the storm pointed by his mother, were now increased into actual threatenings, of the very worst description. The wind had veered, and was sounding over the ocean, in the distance, like the moanings of a coming spirit, on an errand of misery and sorrow to mankind, while the ocean heaved and swelled, and the waves rolled heavily and forcibly to the shore, giving certain indications of the fury of the storm that was raging in the distance. Notwithstanding all these terrible omens, he launched his boat, and turned its tiny prow to the rising billows, and steered for the cliff of Ballycastle. The wind was partly against, and the tide, in its usual rapid manner, was rushing to mid-ocean; still Kennedy set his sail, and, taking a sweeping tack, stood away from the point of Rahery. Though appearances were very disheartening while in the shelter of the shore, yet as he stood far out, before the breeze, he trembled for the consequences of his rashness, and was sorry that he did not take the advice of his companions, and not have ventured out to sea that evening. But his pride would not allow him to think of returning, for as he had the name of being the best sailor round the shore, it would fix itself as a stain on his character, should he fly to the land, after having put to sea against their wishes. In the mean time the gale increased, and the waves became too fierce and high to leave almost a hope that his light frail bark could ever reach the shore; still he held on, keeping her head to the foaming billows, upon which it rose like the wild bird, who dwells amid the storms. The winds now bellowed like the voices of many spirits, and the agitated deep, roused by their calls, answered by tossing its many crested waves to the clouds, and roared its responses to the furious element in tones of destruction and power. Kennedy, in taking in his small sail, lest his little bark should be overturned even by its breadth of canvass, was cast out, by one tremendous gust, into the howling waters; but, with the steadiness, firmness, and presence of mind, of a man used to meet danger and to combat it, he soon grasped the side of his dancing boat, but in attempting to regain his position, her side was turned to the coming wave, which cast her over, and there she lay, in the trough of the sea, with her keel upwards. Even here Kennedy's native courage and hardihood did not forsake him; he dived, and rose again just beside his upset and shivering vessel, upon which he seized with that desperate force which the fear of death supplies to the man in jeopardy. He clung to the keel with the tenacious grasp which one should lay upon their last hold of life, determined, while strength remained, to use every effort to preserve his existence. It was now dark night, and as

his wreck would rise high upon the back of the yelling billows, he could discern the lights on shore, faint and dim in the distance, fainter and more dim than ever he had remarked them before—and the dreadful thought came across his mind, that the boat was driving out to sea, and that, if not swallowed up by the devouring waves during the storm, he would be left to perish, through weakness and excess of toil, far out in the ocean. Yet even still he determined to hold on, and trust in the goodness of that Almighty Being who caused the winds to blow, and the stormy waves to rage around him. Towards morning the wind abated, and the waves subsided by degrees, though now and then fierce gusts and mountain billows came, like the bursts of passion which break abruptly from the bosom of the angry, after their violent fit has poured the full rage of its wrath. The morning dawned, and when the harassed and terror-stricken Kennedy looked around him, the land was in no place visible. He was alone, riding on the back of his upturned bark, a solitary living being amid the waste of waters. Despair filled his bosom; and, after having out-lived the terrors of the night-storm, he was about casting himself headlong into the deep, sooner than die a death of lingering and protracted agony; but hope, the ever-dweller in the human heart, came again to his aid, and the thought of meeting some vessel coming from, or going to Belfast, or any of the northern ports made him resolve to preserve his life as long as possible. Nor was he disappointed, for towards evening a distant sail appeared coming in the direction in which he lay. Various hopes and fears now thronged heavy and quick upon his mind—she might be going in a contrary direction—he might not, even if coming any way near her, be able to make himself observed. He took off his coarse blue jacket, and stripped off his shirt and red neck cloth, both of which he held as high as his hand would allow over his head; and when one hand would tire, he would hold it in the other. On she came, and at length he was perceived, and a boat lowered, into which he was taken, exhausted and gasping. The ship belonged to a merchant in Belfast, and was taking a large cargo of fine linens and other goods to the West Indies.—They were some leagues away even from the sight of land, and Kennedy had no other alternative but to make the voyage with them—a thing the master appeared to be very proud of, as he found, after leaving Belfast, that his complement of hands were too few to work the vessel. In the morning the mother of Kennedy despatched a person to the island to inquire for her son; but no other account could be given, but that he had put to sea at night-fall, just as the storm was beginning. All round the bay of Ballycastle was explored, even for his corpse, but not the slightest vestiges of him or his boat could be discovered. He was given up as lost, and the unfortunate mother was wild and loud in her grief and lamentations; nor were the sorrows of the faithful Mary less, though not so noisy; deep in the inmost recesses of her heart, she deplored the loss of Kennedy, and the big tear rolling down her cheek, while pursuing even her household affairs, told plainly of— "The secret grief was at her heart." She pined, and the rose fled from her cheeks. She shunned the usual amusements in which she delighted, and gave herself up to melancholy.—Her father and mother became anxious about her health, and wished, when it was too late, that they had given her to Kennedy O'Neil. They did every thing to rouse her, in which, after some months, they succeeded; and she became more resigned and composed. Again they urged her to marry a very wealthy young man from the opposite shore, who had proposed for her hand, even before the supposed death of Kennedy. She gave a passive consent, and after some time they were married. She was any thing but happy; she did her best to please and make her husband as happy as she could, but still there was a coldness and apathy in her manners which she could not banish; and though she did her best to be cheerful, yet still, in the midst of her efforts to appear gay, a chill would creep over her, and the thoughts of Kennedy mock na bointhee, and how he lost his life in coming to see her, would mar with sadness every attempt she made to please others, or appear happy herself. Four months after her marriage were scarcely elapsed, when her husband, who had been out fishing, quarrelled with one of his companions as they were returning, and commenced fighting, even in the narrow boat. The other two men endeavored to separate them, but without effect; and while the confusion reigned, the boat struck against a sunken rock, and the four men were ejected into the ocean, at the same time that the husband of Mary received a violent blow on the head with a boat-hook. The boat heeled with the shock, and immediately filled with water, and settled down beneath the wave as three men rose to the surface—but the husband of Mary never rose; stunned by the

blow, he was unable to struggle when precipitated beneath the waves, and became the victim of his own rash and quarrelsome habits. Mary was now alone in the world, and possessed of, comparatively, a comfortable independence, and she determined never to marry again. Several proposals were made, but all rejected, with a firmness that told the solicitor that it would be useless to apply a second time. She remained in this state for nearly six months; and one evening in the month of October, as the shortening autumn day was closing, a sailor, with a short stick in his hand, and a bundle slung on the end of it over his shoulder, made his appearance at the door, and addressing the servant-maid, who was preparing the supper, requested a drink, and liberty to light his pipe. "Walk in, sir," said Mary, who was employed at the other end of the house, with her back to the door. The sailor started, and drawing back a few steps, surveyed the house from roof tree to foundation, and from end to end. "Won't you come in, sir?" said the servant girl. "No, no," said he, "I thank you—I want nothing from you now;" and his tone was hurried and agitated, and he turned away from the door, and ran like a man who had beheld some frightful, devouring monster, and from which he was trying to escape. It was Kennedy O'Neil, mock na bointhee, who, after a variety of adventures during ten months, had returned to his native land with some little money, and high in the hope that he would find his Mary faithful, and ready to reward all his sufferings by becoming his wife. "It is her," said he to himself, after turning from her door, and when he had gained a sufficient composure to arrange his thoughts. "It is her—I could not be mistaken in her voice or form—but I could not bear to look on her: and did she so soon forget me? not a twelvemonth gone, yet she is married, dear knows how long. What's the use in my coming home?—I may as well turn back this moment, and go to the Indies again;" and he stopt, as if to return on his path: "but I must see my poor mother, and give her what I have gathered after my hardship and danger. Yes, she deserves it better from me than the false-hearted and the forgetful—the breaker of promises, and the betrayer. And is it of Mary McCaban that I'm obliged to say all these shameful things? Well, it's no matter: 'man proposes, but God disposes;' if she's happy maybe it's better for both her and me, for surely a stronger arm than poor mortyual man's separated us in the beginning; and there's a fate in marriage; but after all—all that passed between us—all that she promised me, and all that I promised her; and all the vows and hand an' words that she give me. However—what is to be, will be; and there's no contending against a body's luck; but Mary McCaban, if I never knew you it would be better for me—that I know to my cost, anyhow." In such soliloquies and reflections was his mind occupied until he reached the cottage of his mother. It was dark and chilly; and mournfully the breeze blew from the sea with a wailing sound, and the booming of the distant ocean, intermingled with the hoarse and dashing noise of the breakers on the shore, served to add a gloom of an additional shade to his melancholy. His mother was sitting alone by her now desolate hearth—the last embers of the dying turf-fire were flickering faintly from between two "sods of turf," which were placed over them to inspire a renovated life into them, in order to preserve them for 'the morrow.' She also held communion with her heart. "It was a curious dream," she said, thinking alone; "and why should he come in that way to me, as if there was a joy to visit my old and withered heart, after the dark waves concealed him for ever from my sight. The dead can come no more to give gladness to the living; nor can the fallen tree ever be set upright amongst its companions in the thickwood, to bear green leaves and young branches; and why should he come to me in the disguise of joy, even in my dreams. He was not fond of tormenting or crossing me, and I know he would not wish to break my heart now entirely." Here a rap of a particular kind at the outside made her start from her reverie.—"Ha! my God! that rap! Oh, if it's a warnin' for me it's welcome—I hope I am prepared to go; but maybe it's some of the good people who want to catch me uddin'—let them knock again;" and she listened with impatience, strongly mingled with superstitious fear, and again the knock was repeated more markedly than before, and again she became pained and agitated. "I never in my life heard any thing so like; but it's only to desave me the better; so the sorra a latch I'll rise, or a bolt I'll draw till it raps again, anyhow;" and again the rap was repeated with a certain degree of impatience, and she then approached the door with a cautious, stealthy step, and demanded who was there?

"Friend," was the laconic reply; to which was added—"isn't it a shame for you not to let a poor man in this hour of the night?" "Oh, gracious, it is his very voice. Speak—who are you?" she exclaimed, "for the love of goodness speak, and tell me who you are?" "Who am I? Well but that's a queer question to ask a man at his own mother's door—who he is?" "She uttered a loud scream, and endeavored to spring to the door; but her emotions overpowered her, and her limbs refused to do their office, and down she fell upon the floor. Kennedy hearing the cry, burst open the door, and made every exertion in his power to reanimate the corpse-like figure of his mother, which he after some time effected. The meeting of the mother with the son, whom she now found, after believing him buried deep within the secret depths of the sea, was truly affecting. It is impossible to describe a scene of this kind; but a man will feel the pleasure which such a sight must impart to the benevolent heart. The mother cried in frantic joy, and lung upon his neck, and wept over him. After the first paroxysm had abated, he described to her his wonderful and miraculous escape; and she thanked heaven for restoring to her her only child. "But, mother," said he, "there's a great many changes have taken place since I left this." "It's yourself that may say that, dear," said the old woman, "and not one of them for the better." "It's you I believe, mother," said he; "I have not seen any improvement since I left it." "No, dear; there's the miners tearing up the earth at the ould head to look for coals; and there's the polish (police) placed all round for fear we'd get a pinsworth from the say (sea) and there's the ould castle there going to be levelled with the rock, for fear it id hide a bale, or a cask, and—" "There's Mary McCaban married, mother," said he convulsively. "Yes, agra," replied the mother; "there's no depending upon any one, or upon any thing in this deceiving world." "Well, mother, I'm only come just to see you, and bring you a little money to keep you comfortable, and then to bid you good bye, and then to go to seek my fortune again." "And are you going to leave me after all, when I thought that God had pursued you just to be the comfort of my old days?" "I could not live here now, mother; every thing is strange, and cold, and changed, and every thing looks worse than ever I saw it before—even you, mother, are sadly worn since I left you." "And am I to loose you again? Why did you ever come to me, when my mind was settling after your loss, and God was making me reconciled to your death?" "But Mary McCaban, mother, to forget me so soon; not one year till she got married to another;—would I do so? No, never." "Yes, an' it's little comfort she had; for she did not long enjoy him; she was but four months married till she was killed." "And is she a widow now, mother?—ah, God help her! and who killed her husband?" "I did," replied the mother. "Could I bear to see another where my son should be? No. I went to the stream three nights, and I made a float of the flaggers. I took from its grave, in the middle of the night, the skull and left hand of a child that never was christened. I dressed it up, and christened it by his name. I then put it into the float, with the hand tied to the rudder, and sent it down the stream, under the quiet moon and all the stars; 'twas racked (wrecked) at the fall of the rocks—'twas I done it—afore that day month he was murdered." The son shuddered as the mother concluded her horrifying recital, but he said nothing; he was accustomed to hear such things, and he firmly believed in their efficacy and power. However, his thoughts had undergone a material change since he heard that Mary was a widow. He promised to remain with his mother, for a while at least, and they retired for the night. Nothing could exceed the surprise and astonishment of the neighborhood when the news was spread abroad the next morning, that Kennedy O'Neil was returned, and some would not believe but that it was his mother who had redeemed him from fairy-land. All his old acquaintances flocked to see him, and hear his wonderful story, and every one had some news or another to tell him about Mary McCaban. Week after week passed away, and he never made an attempt to see her, nor she to see him. At last, one evening as he was returning from the dance in the neighboring village, a little warmed with the exercise, and heated with liquor, some strange sailors, belonging to a vessel that took shelter in the bay, for the purpose of refitting, had joined in the amusements, and had left the scene of gaiety some time before him. As he walked on

with a rapid step, he thought he was... The other immediately let go his hold...

"It's you then, Kennedy," she said, "that saved my life, though I did not deserve the smallest kindness at your hand. Well, God is good, and brings every thing round, for His own wise purposes."

Kennedy gazed upon her. She was no longer the healthy, bright-eyed, and rosy girl, with the smile upon her lip, and gaiety and good humor in her bright blue eye.

The mother of Kennedy could not be induced by any means to be present at the wedding; and when her son came to know the reason, and to endeavor to induce her, she merely replied—

"Never mind me, Kennedy, dear; you know that there is no one prouder to see you happy than your mother; but there is something over me this evening, and you know I never do any thing without having good reason; so never mind me, Kennedy, dear, I'll see you early in the morning."

Kennedy, who knew the eccentric turn of his mother, did not press her; and the festivities of the night were at their height; the rustic jest and the simple song passed round, and the whiskey flowed in brimmers, and all were merry and happy, when the mother of Kennedy, out of breath, and pale and panting with fatigue and terror, rushed in.

"For the sake of heaven, if you be men, stand and defend yourselves. The strange sailors have left the vessel, and are coming in a body to murder all before them. I ran over by the short cut, and roused the boys as I came along—but the sailors are not many perches from the door. The women began to scream, and the men to look about them, not knowing which side to turn."

"Hold your screaming throats," she said to the women, "and you stir about, and bar the door and windows, if you have the spirit of men within yez;" and she dragged a large oak table against the door. Kennedy leapt to his feet to assist her, and in a few minutes every portable article of furniture in the house was piled against the door and windows.

"Now put out the lights," said she, "and leave us in darkness." The noise of the feet of many men advancing rapidly fell upon their ears, and in a few minutes a rap at the door announced their arrival.

"Don't one of you speak a word," said she. A second rap, louder, echoed through the house, but no one stirred inside. The men were heard to whisper for a while, and then to try if the doors and windows were any way accessible. They succeeded in breaking in some glass at the top of the window, to which one of them was elevated.

broken. Kennedy struck him a terrible blow on the forehead, and he dropt back senseless into the arms of his companions. Now shout," said the mother; and the men joined in one loud and simultaneous shout, which was answered by cries of revenge from the men outside, and a terrible rush was made against the door, which, however, defied all their efforts. The attack was renewed and redoubled with equal success, and cries were heard of "set fire to the house," when the shouts and bustle of men coming along at a distance, made them pause. The men inside shouted, and they were answered by the villagers coming to their assistance.

"Now, boys," said Kennedy, "take the things from the door, and let us be ready to rush out upon them." But the sailors had anticipated their movement, and fled towards the shore, leaving the wounded man behind them. He was not killed; they took him into the house, and bathed his wound, and the farmer of the village bled him with his phlebotomy. The rest of the night was spent in mirth and festivity.

Kennedy and Mary lived happy together, and their wedding night was the most troublesome of the days and nights of their long and prosperous lives; and Kennedy often remarked, that it is happy for the man whose misfortunes come before marriage, and not after.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON BARON PENNEFATHER'S CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY OF DONEGAL—THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.) The charge which the learned Judge, Baron Pennefather, is reported to have lately delivered before the Grand Jury of Donegal has produced the most painful feelings amongst the universal Catholic population through the entire province of Ulster, and has been heard with indignation and surprise by all the Catholic clergy and the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland. It is admitted by those who are most familiar with the judicial records of this country, that a more unexpected, or a more unmerited attack has seldom, perhaps never, in our days, proceeded from the Bench against any section of the Catholic clergy of Ireland. The known spotless character of the Donegal priests; the admitted probity of the venerable Judge; the mean, the cowardly, the ignominious charge of the nightly slaughter of Scotch sheep; every view to be had in all the circumstances of this case, seem to be a sure guarantee that the seat of justice in Donegal occupied by the liberality, the integrity, may I add, the Catholic partiality of Baron Pennefather, the champion of Reform opinions, the friend of O'Connell, could not have uttered the charge referred to, without even the colorable pretext, pretence, or even allusion to any oral or written evidence in support of his extraordinary statements.

The case is simply this; the people of Gweedore and Cloughaneely, living on the mountains of Donegal, had the right of commonage there from time immemorial, till the landlord, Lord George Hill, deprived them of this land within the last two years, and set the same commonage to three Scotch shepherds, namely, Messrs. Huggup, Wright and Hunter. In the succeeding winter Scotch sheep, to the number of twelve hundred, were, as has been reported, found slaughtered, or were drowned in bog holes, or were carried away and disappeared. Although not less than eighteen persons were arrested for this sheep-slaughter, not one could be convicted; and then in the absence of all evidence against individuals, the Grand Jury find the whole district guilty, and they levy a sum of £1,200 on all the surrounding townlands, which sum, together with £900 assessed for the maintenance of an additional police force, inflicted on these poor creatures the onerous burden of £2,100. The peculiar hardship of this case is, that in the first place it is not proved that the sheep were either slaughtered or drowned, or taken by the people of Gweedore! and secondly, as men are supposed by the English law to be innocent till they are proved to be guilty, it follows clearly that a sum of £2,100 has been levied and enforced amongst a class who, by the first law of English jurisprudence, are supposed to be innocent of the charge! A Protestant gentleman of the highest respectability has, among other testimonials from gentlemen of the same class, given the following statement in reference to this harassing case:—

The appeal which had been published in the newspapers did not depict the whole of the horror that had fallen upon the poor peasants of Gweedore. The district he had personally visited, and describing its bleak appearance, he could vouch for the truth of the statements put forth as to the wretchedness of the natives. Close by the shore the poor people held their little farms, and from time immemorial had enjoyed the right of free commonage on the mountains. This right, which was essential to their very existence, had lately been taken from them by the modern landlords, who thus did what former proprietors had never thought of doing. Not only this, but the rents had been enormously increased—in some cases to five or ten times the Government valuation, and it was a fact that land valued at 2d an acre, was let for 5s. (Groans.) It had been asked what poor-house accommodation was afforded in the district in question. Why, he had heard that that establishment was fifteen miles distant from where it was most required, and, from certain practices which he related, it was not difficult to account for the workhouse being useless to the wretched people. In order to cover the poor tenants with the slime of public odium, the famous "Sheep Case," tried at the Donegal assizes, before Baron Pennefather and the Grand Jury, was referred to; and the speaker analyzed the facts—as given in the published "Special Report"—to show that it was monstrous to levy a sum of £1,130 on the strength of such evidence. A special police tax had also been levied; and now, between the shepherds, the landlords and the police, over and above a rack rent and an intolerable impost for the sheep, the poor people found themselves reduced to famine—deprived of bed and bed-clothes—even the cradles of infants seized and sold—the little bins of potatoes taken for the rent, while their former owners wandered in rags by the seashore, to pick up the weeds and the shellfish God, in his mercy, rolled in with the tide.

The sectarian change in the feeling of Lord Hill towards his poor tenantry, the loss of their ancient privilege of commonage, the incarceration of eighteen starving creatures for several

months, the inconclusive, the broken-down evidence against them, or against any known individual (as it was reported), the cash wrrenched from these persecuted wretches, and handed over to the euphonious Mr. Huggup and his Scotch companion: all these painful topics have been clearly discussed in able articles by the various public writers of Ireland during the past years. The Catholic, the liberal Protestant, such as Mr. Underwood, the honest Presbyterian, such as several of these clergymen in Donegal, defended and fully exonerated the peasantry of Gweedore from the charge made against them: while the Magistrates, the Orangemen, the Souper Protestants of Donegal, declared them guilty, even before the trial was commenced, or the evidence heard! In all this antagonized testimony, exhibited by the unhappy, the melancholy sectarian and political factiousness of Ireland, I never heard a word breathed either directly or indirectly against the Donegal priests, till I read the charge of Baron Pennefather, as interpreted by the Dublin Evening Mail of the 10th instant, pointing at the Catholic clergy as the encouragers, the abettors, and, indeed, by implication, the guilty participators in the offence of the sheep-slaughter of Donegal. This strange case now stands thus before the Irish people, namely, "All the peasantry of Gweedore, men, women and children, without a proof against any individual, are all guilty of the Donegal sheep slaughter: they are all supposed to be innocent by law, and yet they are all made practically guilty by the Jury."

I presume it is on the same principle of justice the Catholic clergy of Donegal, in the year 1858—just two years after the supposed slaughter—are now described as the participators in this invisible, unproved offence; although up to this period I have never seen or heard any statement in the shape or meaning of a charge, directly or indirectly made against them. Far from wishing to cloak my disgust or my indignation, or both, under any ill-timed phrase of factious irony, the case, as it stands in the present year may be enunciated as follows—namely, "Some invisible priests, in the county Donegal, are indirectly hinted at, as the Mail asserts, by Baron Pennefather as the invisible participators with the invisible slaughterers of Gweedore, in the invisible offence made out by invisible evidence before the Grand Jury of Donegal."

The following are some extracts of the charge of the learned Judge:— "What I ask, said his lordship, can be the cause of this frightful stain upon this county? Is there any religion in that district? Do the ministers of the religion which the people profess—do they exert themselves to prevent the repetition of these crimes? Who are the instigators of these crimes? Could they not be discovered if care and anxious exertions were made for their discovery? Would not the good feelings of the peasantry, if let alone, teach them that they cannot prosper by the commission of such deeds. Let them not be led by agitators, who, for no good purpose, stir them up to oppose their landlords and become the victims of the law. Let them no longer follow their impious and wicked advisers. The man who has influence to prevent crime—who is placed in a situation where he ought to exert his influence, and where he does not use that influence to the full extent of his power, he becomes more or less a participator in the guilt or crime to which he is indebted. And though not an active participator, if he be idle, and does not do his utmost to prevent it, he is guilty in the sight of God and man."

His lordship here makes questionable mention of the people's religion and ministers, and then suddenly asks again and again "who are the instigators of these crimes?" Who can be the instigators of these wicked crimes? Who can they be? Where do they come from? What exertions have there been made to stop these crimes? What exertions have there been made on the part of those whose duty it is to instruct their people in obedience to the laws, and in morality and in good conduct? Have they exerted themselves to discover the wicked perpetrators? Let me say that if they do not exert themselves—if they do not exert that influence which they justly possess over their flocks—if they do not lead them to good—if they are torpid—if they are silent when these things are going on, and do not endeavor to find the perpetrators of these crimes, they fall under the imputation—which, I trust, they do not deserve—of being parties to these outrages.

I have carefully read over the former account of the judicial proceedings in Lifford: I have even written to some friends, resident on the spot, begging to be informed if any priest from Donegal had spoken from the Altar, had written in the newspapers, had uttered any language at public dinners, had made any observations in private society: in a word, had said or done anything to warrant any public functionary, much less the Judge of Assize, to make any direct allusion to the Donegal priests as the participators in the guilt referred to in the public court of Lifford. From all the sources of information which I thus consulted, the final result of my inquiries into this painful subject amounted to an unequivocal declaration from all parties, of all sides, that the charge of the Judge was the very first announcement made in the county of either the direct or the indirect complicity of the Catholic clergy with the supposed crime of the Gweedore peasantry! The Irish public will, I fancy, agree with me that this is a very strange case in Irish judicial proceedings, or observation, or conversation, or by whatever other name you may call it—that the Judge is the first and only informant in a case touching the moral conduct of the priests of a whole county in Ireland! All Ireland and all England, and indeed all nations which may read this case, will form such a judgment as, I trust, may not damage the distinguished probity, and the long, well earned, honorable claims to impartial justice so universally associated heretofore with the official name of Baron Pennefather.

When I read that passage in the extract of the charge where his lordship asked "is there any religion in that district? do the ministers of the religion which the people profess, do they exert themselves to prevent the repetition of these crimes?" I must say when I had the words reported as above, I had nearly withdrawn all the preconceived favorable opinion which the experience of many years had taught me to form of the Judge. What! to ask such a question in Donegal, as to inquire "was there any religion in that district?" What! can it be possible the Baron has never known, has never heard of the Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, the venerable

Bishop of the diocese of Down, the Judge in order to give point to the flat statement which will, in future, perhaps give greater notoriety to his name—does he pretend to be ignorant of the name and the official worth of the distinguished Bishop of Raphoe? From this passage of the charge the Judge cannot hope to reap much distinction! I have just read the record of the consecration of Dr. McGettigan, from which it appears he was called to wear the mitre on the 17th September, 1820. Strange that after a reign—as we call it—of thirty-eight years in Donegal, the going Judge of Assize is not aware of his existence since he asks "is there any religion in the district?" More strange still, Dr. McGettigan (with whose name I beg pardon for making so free) has thus spent nearly half a century in his lofty station; and has appeared before all Irish society, with (by common consent) an unexampled piety, an exalted sanctity, accompanied with its never failing attendant, a guileless simplicity and an unostentatious humility, thro' every action of his honored life. Shame on the Protestant grand jury of Donegal to stand by silent, while they heard her Majesty's Baron ask in their presence "was the man alive" whom the most decided bigot amongst them must honor for his virtue, and love for his social character! Forsooth, Baron Pennefather has asked if there was any religion professed in Donegal? whereas if he had read the journals of his country, he could have seen that the Bishop whose name for the nonce escaped his official memory had been invited to the courts of Kings—had been the caressed guest of palaces—had been a travelled gentleman more than her Majesty's barons—and had won respect and earned the dignity and the reputation he so justly enjoys in several countries, and amongst several crowned heads of Europe. Baron Pennefather may rest assured that English jurisprudence will not be much advanced by the speech such as he has thought proper to utter from the bench of Donegal.

If Baron Pennefather had still the full enjoyment of these splendid talents and brilliant faculties which raised him to his present eminent position, he need not ask "who are the instigators to the crimes which he had stigmatized." His lordship need not have asked "where are they?—who are they?" They are easily found out: perhaps the sectarian, the cruel landlords of these poor peasants—perhaps some of the gentry by whom he was surrounded at that moment in the courthouse: and I am most willing to believe they were the very men who put these statements into the decaying brain of the tottering Judge; and induced him in the confiding indiscriminate of his senile judgment to utter words so much at variance with public opinion, with the merits of the case, and, indeed, with the former well known logical and judicial acumen of the learned speaker when enjoying the full vigor of his youthful intellect.

Shame on the Donegal gentry to have taken advantage of this condition, of this state of things, and to whisper into the ear of the Judge statements which, on examination hereafter, he must necessarily contradict and reverse.

There appears to be a rage just now in this country, from the House of Commons down to the post-office of Croghan, to attack priests; and this idea reminds me of a duty which I owe to my dear friend, Father Peter O'Connor, to expose the late conspiracy sought to be matured against him. This case I hope to take up in my next communication, and supply new facts in the development of this most malignant proceeding towards the curate of Croghan.

March 18, D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE REV. MR. McNAMARA.—We are delighted to find that our prognostications regarding the issue of the prosecution against the Rev. Mr. McNamara have been realized. The patty and puerile spirit of hostility displayed by the Poor Law Commissioners was unworthy of government officials in their position. It was a prosecution which should never have been instituted; but, after the first failure, its revival betrayed a party vindictiveness of which the Custom House autocrats should feel doubly ashamed. They have failed, and signally failed, and the Rev. gentleman's acquittal has been a triumphant success. The legal exercises of both trials must be very considerable; and we are glad to find that the public are about to aid him in defraying the costs.—Tuam Herald.

ASSAULT ON THE REV. MR. HARDMAN, P.P.—Ballinrobe, 22nd March, 1858.—A violent outrage was committed here this day on the person of the Rev. Thomas Hardman, who was assaulted in the most ferocious manner on his way from a conference at the Rev. Mr. Conway's by a person named Cathcart, a rough and violent person, a coachman or steward to a gentleman living in this town. The onslaught, it is said, was caused by some observations made by the Rev. gentleman on Tuesday, reflecting on and condemnatory of the grossly immoral conduct of a member of his flock. Mr. Hardman lies in a very precarious state at the house of Dominick E. Blake, Esq., solicitor, where he was carried, with several very severe cuts on his head, and wounds on other parts of the body, inflicted by a heavy thorn stick.—Mayo Constitution.

THE TENANT RIGHT BILL.—A meeting of Irish members, numerously attended, was held on Saturday, in reference to the Tenant Bill; and it was resolved that a letter should be written to Lord Derby, by the chairman, asking for an interview at an early day. The interview, if granted, will be attended very largely. The letter was sent last evening, and the reply may be expected, at farthest, on Monday.—Cork Examiner.

Mr. Clive's Freeman's Disfranchisement (Galway) Bill, seconded by Sir Thomas Burke, may produce results very different from those intended by its promoters. The open avowal of bribery by a member of the House, and the undisguised interference with elections of a peer of Parliament, have not only complicated the question, but have changed its complexion. To secure two Whig seats for the City of the Tribes was no doubt, worth an effort, but it may be attended with disagreeable consequences. On the first reading of the bill Mr. Roebuck gave notice that he would move that Lord Dunkin's seat be vacated, and that Sir Thomas Burke be expelled the House. The bill was read a second time on Thursday without these stringent accompaniments, for Mr. Roebuck reserved his opposition on hearing from Lord John Russell, that he would oppose the bill, unless there was some security that the bribers would be prosecuted, and that he would support an instruction to the committee (if the bill were allowed to reach that stage) to institute an inquiry.

DESTITUTION.—LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.—The following letter on this subject has been addressed to the Rev. Secretary by the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam:— "TUAM, MARCH 6th, 1858.—Rev. Dear Sir,—Respected Parish Priest in the south of Ireland has made me the medium of transmitting his generous donation of five pounds towards the relief fund of the victims of landlord oppression in Donegal. Had the sufferings of the people of that district been the effect of some sudden visitation, which human law could not avert, and in which the cruelty of man had no share, they would, no doubt, have evoked a wider and a prompter sympathy. But, influenced as it appears they are, by an irresponsible power, which seems to disown any obligation to the exercise of humanity, you must expect to encounter contradiction from those who inflict the evil, as well as a tardy sympathy from several who think that such scenes of appalling destitution, springing from no natural cause, may be laid partly at the doors of the people by remaining, since the famine, so apathetic in seeking from the legislature some protection from such cruel and unchristian grievances.

"With the contradictions to which I have alluded, you have had, it seems, already to contend, as some disinterested witnesses have started up to bear testimony to the excellent character of the proprietors of Tyrone, as well as to the comfortable condition of their tenantry. It was scarcely to be expected that landlords or agents, or the officials of workhouse establishments, that are monuments of the cruelty with which the poor have been treated, would easily acquiesce in the statements of your committee. Like the agents of all bad works, they who are the most merciless in the task of evicting the poor are those who are most annoyed at its publication.

"It is to be regretted that the light of the wholesome and evangelical public opinion, which makes some of our proprietors so sensitive to the sound of their own doings, was not diffused among them at an earlier period. It would have probably checked much of those sufferings which they so resolutely deny, and which you so feelingly deplore, and so laudably endeavor to mitigate. An earlier exposure of such misdeeds, more prompt and general exertions to protect the tenantry, not only those, but throughout Ireland, would have put a salutary and reasonable restraint upon the capricious excesses of irresponsible land proprietors; and, whatever be its cause, and whatever be its fault, we are bound to give our aid towards its alleviation. Accept the annexed three pounds, on my part, towards the relief of the faithful old Irish natives of Donegal, and believe me, Rev. dear Sir, your faithful servant,

John, Archbishop of Tuam.

REV. JOHN DOHERTY, P.P., Hon. Sec., Carrigart. BELFAST MACHINERY FOR EGYPT.—On Thursday evening week, one of the largest iron castings ever completed in Belfast was shipped at Donegal Quay, in the Blenheim steamer, for Liverpool, where it will be transferred to another vessel—probably a Mediterranean screw steamer—for conveyance to Alexandria. It is a cylinder for a steam engine of 120 horse power, intended to work draining pumps in Egypt, and was cast at the Sobho Foundry, Townsend Street, by the Messrs. McAdam, who for several years past have been favoured with extensive orders from that country, and have several heavy and valuable ones still on hand.

The Petition against the return of Major Gavin as representative of the city of Limerick it is expected will be heard by the committee to be struck by the House of Commons, on the 26th of April.

On Thursday evening week the town of Tullamore was thrown into consternation by the following melancholy and distressing suicide, committed by a person named John Coffey, a pensioner from the 19th Regiment of Foot, and attached to the Local Company there. It appears that the deceased had been employed on the recruiting service, and for the past three months was constantly tippling and drinking and occasionally in a melancholy and desponding state. He was out through the town during the day and on his return home went up stairs, as was supposed, for the purpose of taking a sleep on his bed; but in some time afterwards, on his daughter going up to look after him, she found him hanging by the neck dead.

LAMENTABLE GOVERNMENT.—An accident of a most distressing character, which has since been attended with fatal consequences, took place on Tuesday evening, in the family of Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Smith, at his residence in Upper Fitzwilliam-street. Miss Catherine Smith, a young lady aged between 17 and 18 years, was to have been present at a dinner party given by Judge Keatinge, and, for that purpose, had come down dressed to her father's drawing room. In turning round suddenly her skirt unfortunately caught fire, and she was instantly enveloped in flames. She had presence of mind sufficient to ring the bell for assistance and to throw herself down upon the floor, covering her face with her hands. Her father and the butler came to her aid, and in endeavoring to extinguish the ignited garments, Mr. Smith himself received some slight injuries. The unfortunate young lady, however, was dreadfully burnt, particularly about the throat and chest, and we regret to state that death ensued at half past three o'clock on Wednesday. This sad occurrence will throw a gloom over fashionable circles, in which Mr. Smith is well known. That gentleman is married to a daughter of Sir Richard Griffith, and had recently been appointed A. D. C. to the Lord Lieutenant.—Saunders.

On Friday week, the Irish horse-tamer or "Whisperer," exhibited his extraordinary powers in the taming of an extremely vicious animal in the establishment of Mr. Olden, Veterinary Surgeon, Winthrop street. It was stated by mistake in Wednesday's Examiner that Mr. Barry, the American horse tamer, was to visit Cork and exhibit there, Mr. Sullivan being the party whom we should have mentioned as being about to do so. It was expected that he would have been in by the eleven o'clock train on Friday morning, but he did not come until three o'clock, so that most of them who had assembled to witness the experiment had gone away, but as soon as it became known that he had arrived at three o'clock, a large crowd assembled in Mr. Olden's yard, among whom were a good many country gentlemen. The horse selected is the property of Mr. T. W. Knolles, of Oulands, and is about six years old. In consequence of its vicious and ungovernable disposition, its hind feet had never been shod, and so unmanageable was it that it was quite useless for ordinary purposes, and was being fattened up for the kennel. When about being removed from Oulands, it gave the groom a good four hours' hunt before he could be caught. Mr. Sullivan shut himself up in the stable alone with it, and remained there for about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the parties in the yard were admitted, when they found the animal which had been so wild and unmanageable less than half an hour before, lying quietly on the stable floor and Mr. Sullivan's hand between its hind legs. It was now perfectly tame and docile, and the groom who had before approached it only with the utmost caution, found it so gentle as to be managed with the greatest ease. Several gentlemen present also tried the animal and found that the essay of Mr. Sullivan's powers had been perfectly successful. Mr. Olden himself was not present at the time, but he had witnessed on a former occasion the astonishing effects of the "whisperer," and on examining the horse immediately after found the circulation of the blood slightly quickened, but the effect on the pulse was hardly perceptible. Mr. Sullivan is the grandson of the original Irish "whisperer," and there seems to be little doubt that the secret he possesses is the same as that in possession of Mr. Barry, and derived originally from the same source, though the enterprising American has contrived to gain more distinguished notice, and seems likely to derive a much greater profit from it.—Cork Examiner.

The Rev. Ulick Burke, author of the College Irish Grammar, and a distinguished scholar of Maynooth, has been appointed Professor in St. Patrick's College, Tuam.

The Times, in a leader on the debate on the Irish Viceroy, says the House of Commons declines to commit itself on the question. It is Ireland's affair so long as the Irish want to show they may have it and welcome.

Lord Derby and the Orangemen.—A Belfast journal—if not altogether friendly to the Orange Confederation, at all events totally opposed to the Brady test—observes that Lord Derby's secession from what it calls a policy of insult and irritation is a remarkable phenomenon which Orangemen would do well to consider.

It is generally reported that Lieutenant-General Sir Duncan McGregor retires on full pay from command of the constabulary force in Ireland, and will be succeeded by Colonel Dunne, late M.P., for Portlinton, and private secretary to the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—Limerick Chronicle.

The Newry Examiner discussing the election chances in that country, says:—As to that estimable and noble-hearted friend of Ireland, Mr. Tristram Kennedy, we do not think he will again present himself to the Independent Electors of the County of Louth. He had such bitter experience of these gentlemen, with the hesitating rev. ex-president of the County Louth Tenant Right Club at their head—such bitter experience of their scurrily politics, that he will not again trust himself in their company.

The Government investigation into the affair at Trinity College has turned out a ludicrous failure, though called for by a memorial very numerous and respectfully signed. It was at first arranged that a private investigation should be made, in order to avoid the serious injury of prejudging those parties who might afterwards be tried for their share in the affair.

More Moving out—Collage Street Police, Moyax.—A little girl, decently clad, and aged about fourteen, applied to Mr. O'Dermott, one of the presiding magistrates at this office, for assistance to get back to England, from which place she had been sent about three days ago.

The reader will probably smile when we say that there is a very striking analogy between the ticket-of-leave men and the Ministry who have just undertaken the Government of the empire, especially as regards their relations with Ireland.

But the cheat has been practised too often before to succeed now. In Ireland, at least, the means, the measures, and the malice of Orange rulers are, also too well known to afford the slightest hope of anything but a repetition of the same one-sided and overweening sway that the very persons exclusively selected for office have ever exercised when it was the misfortune of the country to be scourged with their administration of public affairs.

OUR OWN WHITEBOY CASE.—The papers publish the report of a singular trial which took place at the Kildare Assizes, before the Lord Chief Justice. Thomas Staunton, a shopkeeper, and a man possessed of considerable means, was indicted and tried at Naas yesterday for writing and posting notices threatening to murder Mr. Christopher Ryan, a magistrate and grand juror of Kildare, and agent over the estate of Mr. Conway Richard Dobbs, in case he dared to interfere with the tenants, and if he and the land steward, Mr. McDermott (whom the notice also threatened to murder), did not quit the country.

lord, he undoubtedly possessed. You had acted in such a way that he wished you to cease to be any longer his tenant. At your own request, a valuator was employed to value your farm, and he valued it at a sum less than 1000l. You, however, objected to this sum as not being sufficient, and you eventually received a sum of 2000l. together, with your crops, you paying the rest up to the time when you were dispossessed. You accordingly gave up possession of the land, and from that time to the present you seem to have been continually doing everything in your power to worry and annoy the bailiff on the lands, McDermott. As far as I can judge from the evidence I have not the smallest doubt upon my mind that you were endeavouring to introduce into this county that Whiteboy system, which is the bane of other counties. I have in a case like this no discretion but to impose upon you as severe a sentence as the law allows; it is absolutely and indispensably necessary that every one entrusted with the administration of the law should endeavour to put an end, in its commencement, to this deplorable system. It is miserable—it is wretched, that a man in your position in life, one of comparative affluence for your class, should now stand in such a position as you do here to-day. The sentence of the Court is that you undergo seven years' penal servitude. The prisoner was a well-dressed and respectable-looking man apparently about 40 years of age.

We learn from a Keshmire correspondent that a letter has been received from the Constabulary Office, Dublin Castle, in answer to the complaint made to that quarter of the conduct of Mr. Anketell. S. I., in ordering his men to take down certain placards posted in that town some time since, having reference to the movement at present on foot amongst the tenants on the Lansdowne estate. Though it is evident to the simplest understanding that Mr. Anketell's conduct on that occasion was of the most unconstitutional and unwarrantable description, yet the reply was, 'That from the enquiry that has been made it does not appear to be a case for the Inspector-General's decision. You should therefore submit it to the magistrates in Petty Sessions for investigation.' This smacks a little of the Circumlocution Office. We are at a loss to know who should exercise control over the conduct of the police if it is not the province of the Inspector General to do so.

The reader will probably smile when we say that there is a very striking analogy between the ticket-of-leave men and the Ministry who have just undertaken the Government of the empire, especially as regards their relations with Ireland. Her Majesty has, for instance, presented Earl Derby with a ticket-of-leave to form a Ministry, and forthwith he makes an effort, whether in earnest or not he best knows, to form a somewhat better connexion than heretofore; but want of confidence in the honesty of his intentions determining those to whom applies to decline his overtures, the ticket-of-leave Earl has no alternative but to fall back upon his quondam associate, who are but too glad to follow whithersoever their former leader may direct.

A Baron bold, that on his gallant steed, Fought for the Charter at famed Runnymede. But the cheat has been practised too often before to succeed now. In Ireland, at least, the means, the measures, and the malice of Orange rulers are, also too well known to afford the slightest hope of anything but a repetition of the same one-sided and overweening sway that the very persons exclusively selected for office have ever exercised when it was the misfortune of the country to be scourged with their administration of public affairs.

DANIEL O'CONNELL IN A BANK PARLOR.—All looked in the direction the last speaker pointed to, and there, sure enough, I could see approaching the burly figure of O'Connell, who was one of the Directors of the Bank, and had just arrived from Dublin. He had not exactly a bag on his back, but he carried a parcel in his hand: "Let me pass, my good friends," said he, "and you shall all be served." And he pushed shoulder foremost through the crowd, who made way for him, and gave three cheers for "the Councillor" as he passed.

There they are at it, hard and fast, as tallow-chandlers on a melting day, making "overalls" like winks, and they're shovelling them out upon the counter as hot as boiled "paties from the pot," and he blow again the sovereigns and held them up to be touched. Seeing and feeling was believing, and there, sure enough, was the gold, warm, as if from the crucible. "Glory to you, Dan!" shouted out the crowd, who now really believed that the Councillor was making sovereigns in the bank parlor to meet the run. "What's the use of crushing, you can't break a bank when they're melting out money like that?"

On arriving at the Bank door, the Babel of mixed Irish and English was terrific. Men and women tugged and struggled together for precedence, and I could hear the exclamations, "There, you have torn the coat off my back, making as much fuss about your dirty thirty shilling note, as if it were a pack load of ten pounders you had." "Oh, me, oh, me," shrieked a woman, in a certain condition, who affected to faint, in the vain hope that they would let her nearer the door. "As you are satisfied, now that you have murdered the unborn babe, and me, its poor mother, just let me pass, for the love of St. Patrick; it's only a one pound note I have, and they won't be a jiffy serving me."

My curiosity was at its height, so, with one tremendous effort, gained admission, and there, sure enough, were the clerks lading out burning hot sovereigns from copper scoops to the people, who crowded to the counter, and who, snapping and blowing their fingers, were picking up the coins as you might pick up roast chestnuts.

They say the use was not a new one, and that O'Connell only relieved it, in the case of the Bank; but it was not the less meritorious and successful on that account. The clerks were really engaged in their back parlor heating the sovereigns on the shovels over a large fire; and, rushing out, with red faces and in a furious hurry, they threw "hot, all hot," to the cashiers, who counted them out with iron curling tongs to the customers, who believed that the work of coining was going on over innumerable crucibles in the back parlor.

THE APPOINTMENT OF PELLISSIER AS AMBASSADOR, FROM FRANCE, GAVE VERY GENERAL SATISFACTION IN ENGLAND. The "Times" Paris correspondent believes Pellissier to be a warm partizan of the English alliance.

THE NIAGARA STEAM FRIGATE, fourteen days from New York, arrived at Plymouth on Monday, to re-ship a portion of the Atlantic cable. Her machinery is slightly damaged, having encountered a succession of southerly gales. Her Majesty's ship Agamemnon is already in her position, and the coiling of fifty miles of the cable on her deck has thus far been accomplished.

ENGLISH ADMIRATION OF ORSINI.—Portraits of this assassin in oil are exhibited in the shop windows of London, and bring £1 each. Roebuck ("the shrivelled adder") says that the English hate assassination—if so, it is evident they admire the assassin.—Dublin Telegraph.

STANISLAUS TCHERWINSKI, a Polish bookseller, who keeps a shop in Rupert street, has been charged with publishing a pamphlet recently written by M. Fyatt Hesse and Tallandier. This pamphlet advocates the assassination of the Emperor. Mr. Jardine consented to admit the prisoner to bail, but as the only person who offered himself was the printer of the pamphlet, the prisoner was committed for want of sufficient sureties.—London paper.

There is the actual site of St. Thomas of Canterbury in perfect preservation, in the possession of his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman. The walls, as seen very recently, is low and angular, composed of white silk, embroidered with gold flowers and scroll-work, with a broad band of red silk down the centre and round the margin. It is remarkable that the ties or lappets are worked of different patterns. The mitre had been preserved in the cathedral of Sens, and was presented by the Archbishop of Sens to Cardinal Wiseman in 1842. There is still another mitre preserved there which belonged to St. Thomas. It is of silver tissue, ornamented with filigree. An engraving of it is given by Shaw in his 'Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages.'—Notes and Queries.

A medal is to be granted to all troops serving in India, and a clasp for Delhi and Lucknow. Two Greek sailors were executed on Saturday at Swansea for the murder of the cook belonging to their ship. They had been attended by the Archimandrite of the Greek Church in London.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—The general programme of the second and, as we trust, final attempt to submerge this gigantic line of electrical communication between the New and Old World is, we believe, decided on, and all the preparations necessary to secure a successful plan of operations are rapidly advancing towards completion. Since our last notice of the progress of this great undertaking the machines at Glasse and Elliot's manufactory have been working day and night to complete the 400 additional miles of cable ordered before last Christmas, and intended to replace the 384 miles which were submerged and lost last autumn off Valencia. This additional length has now been completed. It is of precisely the same kind of cable as the rest, which we have already described—flexible, strong, small, and light; it has been tested and re-tested to insure its perfect insulation, and its completeness being definitely ascertained, the last miles of it were shipped last night on board the Adonis screw steamer for conveyance to Plymouth, where it will arrive on Monday next. In the dockyard there, at Keyham, the main bulk of the cable, to the length of 2,200 miles, has been stowed away in gigantic coils during the winter, and a full staff of electricians, under the directions of Mr. Whitehouse, have been engaged in working messages throughout its entire length, and generally proving the electrical fitness of the cable to the fullest extent. The result of these experiments, we are informed, has been in the highest degree satisfactory. Most of those acquainted with the first efforts which were made to send messages through the entire length of the cable know that the retarding influence, or whatever other name electricians may now choose to call it, which exists in a long conductor exercised a most serious influence upon the rapidity with which it was found possible to transmit words through the full extent of the wire. Constant experiments, joined with practical skill in working the wire daily, have enabled Mr. Whitehouse to overcome so much of this resistance that five words per minute can now be sent through the 2,200 miles of cable at present at Keyham, and it is fully expected that before the time comes for its second submergence eight words will be transmitted with ease and certainty. To many of our readers unacquainted with the practical working of submarine lines only eight words per minute may appear to be but a poor result, after all, though we can assure them that if ever attained it is such an improvement in the rate of transmission as not many ventured to anticipate who saw the cable worked for the first time last summer. At the same time such a result seems to show with most convincing clearness that, though 480 words per hour through this line, if it is successfully laid down, might doubtless amply remunerate the company, it would still be almost as far as over from accommodating the business messages between Europe and the New World. If, therefore, this line is submerged this summer it will follow as a matter of course that three or four others must be laid as well, and there seems no reason why if one can be laid down there should not be as many telegraphs under the Atlantic as there are now under the Channel. When the Adonis, with the 400 recently completed miles, arrives at Plymouth on Monday next the additional length will be immediately landed and joined on to the coil already at Keyham. This will raise the entire length of cable already manufactured to nearly 2,650 miles, or some 150 miles or thereabouts more than the entire length with which the expedition started last autumn. There is no doubt, however, but that the first attempt was made with too small an allowance for casualties, and that consequently when the cable parted, and about 380 miles were lost in the depths of the Atlantic, it so reduced the length of wire remaining at the disposal of the engineers that further perseverance in the attempt became almost impossible. To guard against a recurrence of this mishap it has now been determined to manufacture an additional 300 miles of cable beyond the 2,650 miles which we have stated is already completed. This additional quantity will be commenced at Glasse and Elliot's works on Friday next, and will be completed in a month or so, and forwarded to Keyham to be joined to the main coil, which will then measure nearly 3,000 miles in length. The Niagara and Agamemnon are again to be the vessels employed in the attempt of this year. The former was to leave New York, we believe, on the 1st of this month, and is expected at Plymouth about the 12th or 13th. On her arrival at that port she will immediately commence taking on board her share of the immense wire, which this time will amount in length to 1,600 miles, instead of 1,200 as on the last occasion. On board the Agamemnon the cable will not be coiled away in one prodigious mass amidships, but be distributed equally on the fore, midship, and after part of the vessel, in three coils of about 500 miles each. By this arrangement, of course, the weight of the wire is equally distributed and the ship well trimmed. The very reverse of this was the case last autumn, when the weight of the whole mass was concentrated amidships, and thus balanced on the principle of a Chinese toy, the poor Agamemnon rolled on the least swell till her yards touched the water. The attempt to lay down the cable will be made this year at a much earlier period than on the last occasion. As soon as the coils, with all the necessary apparatus and appointments are stowed away on board the Agamemnon and Niagara (which will be about the beginning of May), both vessels will leave for a short trip into deep water, when a number of experiments will be made with the paying out machinery, and to ascertain practically if any difficulties exist in the proposed plan for submerging the wire from the centre of the Atlantic. These experiments will be brought to an end in a few days, and any alterations which their results may suggest in the machinery or manner of paying out the wire having been adopted as soon as possible the expedition will finally start about the beginning of June. All the best authorities and most experienced seamen have been consulted on behalf of the company as to the state of the weather in the Atlantic in the month of June, and we believe the result of an immense mass of testimony goes to prove that there are some five or six consecutive days in that month during which a gale in the Atlantic is seldom or never known to occur. The expedition will leave these shores so as to arrive in the centre of the Atlantic about the commencement of these halcyon days, and the object will be, of course, to get over the deep sea part of the undertaking before the weather changes. The line will be joined and laid from the centre of the ocean, the Niagara bringing her end to England and the Agamemnon conveying hers to America. Communication by electric signal will, of course, if the wire holds, be kept up between the two vessels the whole way. All these new arrangements and precautions are the result of the experience of last year's attempt, and, of course, all improvements conduce towards the chances of ultimate success. But it is no exaggeration to say that there is one portion of the apparatus upon the fitness and proper manage-

ment of which the success or non-success of the whole plan must ultimately depend, and that is upon the paying-out machinery. That this machinery was bad last year, and that it was made still worse by the most absurd management, is no new defect; but we trust and believe that there is no chance of a repetition this year of such blunders. How the new machinery is constructed, we cannot at present say, further than that a new self-acting brake has been devised, which is said to be perfect; that all the alterations have been made under the superintendence of Mr. Everett, the chief engineer of the Niagara, and Mr. Appold, and that Mr. Penn, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Field have, we believe, been from time to time consulted about it. So far, then, it ought to be all that can be wished, but we hope to be able to speak more positively on this point in a few days. Our readers may recollect that when the attempt failed last autumn 380 miles of the cable were safely deposited at the bottom of the sea. Since that time, to the astonishment of all who know the west coast of Ireland and the depth of water in which the cable lay, it has been underdun, and no less than 62 miles of it recovered. When the last mile was raised it lay at a depth of 1,000 fathoms, and as it was in that depth that it broke away, the remaining 330 miles are still in the bed of the Atlantic, where they will stay till the end of time, a permanent source of wonder and amusement to its marine inhabitants. It may, perhaps, be worth mentioning, as an instance of the credulity of human nature, that there are persons who think that this 330 miles is still to be recovered and utilized again. It is, however, but fair to state that these persons are in no way connected with either the company or its officers, all the latter of whom have far too much experience in these matters ever to entertain such a hopeless idea. The portion of the cable recovered was in as perfect a state as when first laid down, as regards its electrical conditions. It, however, showed signs of the outer covering of spiral wires having stretched considerably, though by no means to an extent to affect the insulation of the conductor.—Times.

ATTEMPTED SABOTAGE IN OUTRAGE.—Maworthism or fanaticism, like crime, disease, and volcanoes has its eruptions. Garrote robberies are prevalent for a while, cholera is occasionally epidemic, and Venues now and then flare up. So does Sabotage. It had been tolerably quiet for some time; but the other day the following outbreak of Sabotage phrenzy was related by the Times:—"Sunday Train on the Scotch Railways.—At their meeting on Wednesday the shareholders of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee Railway, once more rejected, by a large majority a motion to stop Sunday trains on the line. An amendment on the motion was proposed by the Directors and adopted, to the effect that at the half-yearly meeting they should take the sense of the shareholders on the subject, the Directors being authorised to issue notices to all of them previous to the meeting." We rejoice to find that the Sabotage bigots have thus been baffled, even in Scotland, in their attempt to render it impossible for the attendance of medical men and relatives to be procured on Sundays at the bed of sickness or death. Yet the Sabotage have our sympathy with them to a certain extent. We feel, with pity, that their conscience must torment them for continuing to draw dividends which are, in part, derived from Sunday traffic. Therefore we would advise them to sell their shares; but, if they prefer holding them in order to effect their pharisaical purposes at least let them band over the said dividends to some charitable institution—say to an asylum for idiots, a class of unfortunate notoriouly neglected in the land of Knox.

A REFUGEE FESTIVAL IN LONDON.

Vive le Cognae et la Revolution!

We (Dublin Telegraph) find in a supplement of the Gazette of Augsburg, of the 7th inst., a correspondence which contains some curious revelations about the refugees in England. The English journals know everything, or at least they pretend to know everything. Meanwhile Mazzini is in their eyes a philanthropist persecuted and calumniated by the Continental police, and the other refugees are only a troop of harmless hablemen—in truth, England is much more interested in her imports of wool and cotton than in the social order and internal peace of Europe. The English press is ignorant or pretends to be ignorant that the members of Marianne, almost all Frenchmen and Italians, assembled at Holborn or Leicester square, where they openly preach revolution, pillage, and political assassination. Witness the harangues of a Piat, a Talandier, a Vincent, Amiel, Bihagrolles, all under the protection of English law. Mazzini and all his followers are affiliated to the Marianne. Orsini delivered lectures at the meetings of this secret society. All the emissaries sent by the Marianne to France are Italians, selected for the purpose of deceiving the French police. Poles and Chartists carrying false passports traversed France with the same object. All these worthless, on their return to London make a parade of the tricks which they allege have been practised by them on the French police, and we had an opportunity one day of hearing at a London eating house all the adventures of an Odysseus of this kind which has just been accomplished by the Italian, Amari, and the Hungarian, Teleki Sandor, and which they narrated in the presence of several French refugees seated at an adjoining table.

The revolutionary committee is quite as bad as the Marianne, and, if they differ as to the end, they are entirely identical as regards the choice of ways and means. It is said that a short time before the attempt of the 4th January, the portions of the Louis Blanc and Lodru Rollin party united themselves to the "Revolutionary Committee" in order that they might pursue a common action together. Victor Hugo was to direct the secret societies of Jersey and Guernsey, who corresponded with those of London in a most confidential and intimate manner. Attached to the rendezvous of the Revolutionary Committee is the general printing establishment of the Pole, Zemon Swentowski, in Rupert street Haymarket. These pamphlets in every language, are printed, and they are so little concerned about the publicity of their proceedings, that several of these works are placed in the shop of Swentowski. The Poles, Popowicz, Chodsko, Koziel, Kowiczki, and others from a special committee, to whom is assigned the task of revolutionising the Russian, Austria, and Prussian Poles. A short time ago, Olszewski an emissary of this committee, was arrested at Forbury with a quantity of pamphlets which he had with him for distribution in Galicia and the Grand Duchy of Posen.

One day curiosity induced me to attend a public meeting assembled to celebrate some anniversary, the name of which I do not remember. The place of meeting was a species of cave; on the door there was a placard in red letters inviting the public to take part in the republican festival. Four tables were covered with jugs of gin, brandy, and beer, pipes and tobacco. An old French refugee, with face reddened by excessive indulgence in alcoholic liquors; opened the proceedings with a furious oration repeatedly interrupted by gulping down huge tumblers of gin. This orator's name was Cabaigi; he was, I understand, an ex-journalist of Paris; a former editor of the Paris Reformer. He came to the meeting perfectly intoxicated, and after roaring forth an address with oaths of every kind, seated himself opposite a bottle of cognac. The great majority of the meeting consisted of workmen with beards unshaven and clothing filthy and tattered; these fell like famished wolves upon the brandy flasks. After the speechifying they began singing. The president, the aforesaid Cabaigi, belted out a ditty; the chorus of which was, "Brethren, we must have blood!" After this the citizen President picked up a quarrel with another refugee, being several "sheels in the wind." From words it came to blows; and the two champions of liberty soon rolled together on the floor belabouring each other's snout with fistfuls. This proved the finale of the republican festival.

The True Witness

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The appointment of Marshal Pélissier as successor to M. Persigny, is generally accepted as a symptom of a desire on the part of the Emperor to cultivate friendly relations with the British Government, and is looked upon as likely to restore the amiable cordiale that prevailed before the melancholy affair of the 14th of January.

There was much commercial depression in France, exciting the serious attention of the government. The position of the Emperor seems precarious; and though owing to the restrictions on the press, it is no easy matter to arrive at the truth, enough leaks out to throw very considerable doubts upon the stability of the present regime.

From India we may expect decisive intelligence in a few days. Our latest dates from Bombay are to the 9th ult. Sir Colia Campbell at the head of a force of near 50,000 men of all arms, and with a magnificent park of artillery had, on the 6th ult., arrived within a mile of Lucknow, where the great body of the mutineers were assembled, apparently with the design of there making their final stand.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

The time of the Legislative Assembly has been chiefly occupied in enquiring into the stupendous frauds which characterised the late elections; and the Session will be over before it will be possible to decide who are, and who are not, legally entitled to take their seats in the House.

On Friday the investigation into the Lotbiniere election frauds was proceeded with; when Mr. R. S. Noel, Returning Officer testified to a conversation that he had with Mr. O'Farrell—the sitting member. Before the election writ was issued, the latter asked Mr. Noel—how much more he—Mr. Noel—would receive if the election were contested, than if it were not?

On the same day, the 9th inst., Mr. Ferguson's Bill for repealing the Separate School clauses in the Upper Canada School Law, was read a first time. After all, these clauses are in practice, so utterly worthless that it is of little consequence whether they be repealed or no;—and if it were certain that their repeal would have the effect of rousing the whole Catholic

body of the country into united and vigorous opposition, towards the system of State-Schoolism, we should look upon Mr. Ferguson's Bill as a real blessing. As it is, it has its value; as it must surely stir our people to action, and arouse them from the disgraceful lethargy in which they have of late been plunged.

The Journal des Debats of the 8th inst. accuses us of imprudence, and of having wantonly insulted our Protestant fellow-citizens, by expressing, in our issue of the 19th Feb., an opinion to the effect that—taking into consideration the abominations which, by Protestant showing, are practised in the common schools of the United States and of Canada West—"we would quite as willingly entrust the education of our children to an ordinary house of ill-fame," as to one of those schools, conducted as they are at present.

Now, at the risk of again shocking our delicate cotemporary, we inform him that, after careful deliberation, we see no reason whatever for altering, or modifying, our opinion of the "common" schools of the United States, or of Upper Canada; and that we look upon them, as do the Fathers of the Church in Canada, as altogether dangerous to faith and morals.

1. We assert that schools in which boys and girls of the age of puberty herd promiscuously together—under the sole and absolute control of unmarried male teachers—who claim, and exercise the privilege of flogging their female pupils—must inevitably be ruinous to all sentiments of delicacy and purity amongst both teachers, and pupils; and that no honest man, no modest woman, should allow a son or daughter to attend such schools.

2. We assert, and upon Protestant testimony—that of a medical gentleman of Toronto who signs himself in the Toronto Colonist, Cornelius James Philbrick, F.C.R.S.—that in the "common" schools of Upper Canada, boys and girls of the age of puberty—that is, of fourteen years of age—do herd promiscuously together, under the exclusive control of male teachers—of whom Dr. Philbrick says that "it is a notorious fact that many, if not all, have never been married;" and that the said male teachers claim and exercise the privilege of flogging their female pupils, with such severity too, as in some cases to inflict serious and permanent injury upon them.

If therefore we had no other information respecting the working of the "common" schools, than that contained in the late disgusting revelations, made through the columns of the Protestant Toronto Colonist by the Protestant Dr. Philbrick, we should have ample grounds for our strictures thereupon. But we have more, far

more, than this. We have the evidence of Protestants of the highest respectability, and of undoubted veracity, to the fact that the "common" schools of the United States—of which schools, the "common" schools of Upper Canada are a servile copy, and from which they are morally indistinguishable—are, not metaphorically; but literally, brothels of the worst description; and that the pupils therein, of both sexes, are the victims of most unnatural, and most precocious debauchery. It is upon the strength of these facts, which we again lay before our cotemporary's eyes—but which, with his usual honesty, he will of course refrain from noticing—that we reiterate our assertion, that we would as willingly entrust a child to an ordinary house of ill-fame, as to one of the "common" schools of the United States, or of Upper Canada.

"About a week since," says the Times—"one of the monitors of the first class in a public school for girls at the North End"—this does not seem to have been a school in which, as in the U. Canada schools, boys and girls are herded promiscuously together—"happened by chance to find a written note on the floor of the school, which she read, and was so astonished at the contents that she handed it to her female teacher." In the Upper Canada schools be it remembered the big girls are under the sole control of, and are flogged by male teachers. "The note was written by one of the pupils to another in the same class, and revealed (in language too indecent for publication) the astonishing intelligence that the writer of the note, and five of her schoolmates, girls between the ages of 12 and 15 years—the age at which girls are flogged by unmarried men in the "common" schools of Upper Canada—"had been seduced and were in the habit of visiting certain places, and indulging in the lowest conduct."

The next Protestant authority to whom we will take the liberty of introducing our delicate cotemporary is the Protestant New York Dispatch. The Journal des Debats, will again be shocked; for this New York journal, heads his article "Prostitution in the Public Schools."

In this article, which is too long for insertion, and whose sly details we do not desire to obtrude again upon our Catholic readers, but which the Journal des Debats will find on the 6th page of our issue of the 12th ult., the Protestant writer openly asserts that the said common schools are but common brothels, and instances facts in support of this assertion. The following is the concluding portion of the New York editor's article:—

"We could, perhaps, forgive the aggregate inefficiencies of many of the Commissioners, and submit in silence to the inabilities which are apparent from incompetencies and rapacities; but we cannot submit for one moment to even a bare suspicion that the children for whose education the inhabitants of Manhattan Island are taxed over one million of dollars per annum, are contaminated by the touch of lewd and lascivious preceptors, supposed to be virtuous, or glared at with libidinous eyes by lechers in educational offices. The thought that the innocent young girls instructed at these schools may be subjected to these vile influences, is so terrifying and monstrous to be entertained a moment longer than it can be obliterated by prompt and decided inquisitorial action. What evil could not be affected by the depraved mistress of a Commissioner—a mistress in charge, as principal, of a school of females? How speciously and skillfully she could distill the ioporous poison into the ears of the eldest for the advantage of herself and her official paramour! We shudder as thoughts find utterance."

This is the language of a Protestant—language which we are sure will find a ready echo in the heart of every honest man, of every modest woman, whether Catholic or Protestant; even though through affected delicacy, and fear of shocking our "separated brethren," the courtly Journal des Debats may affect to repudiate it. Where we ask, is the modest woman who would allow her daughter, of 14 years of age, to be flogged by a lecherous beast of a "common" school teacher? and shall we be told that it is an insult to Protestants to assert of schools in which such things are done, that in their effects upon the morals of their pupils, they can be no better than places of prostitution? If we speak strongly, it is because we feel strongly; because as men, as fathers, as Christians, we loath the foul dens in which our daughters can be publicly scourged by sanction of the law, and in which the first principles of humanity, of decency, and of chastity, are habitually, and with impunity violated. We do no wrong to our Protestant fellow-citizens—we offer them no insult, when we denounce as fatal to chastity, and destructive of female innocence, the Upper Canada practise of herding boys and girls of the age of puberty promiscuously together, under the sole and absolute control of an unmarried male teacher, armed by law with the power of inflicting cruel and degrading corporal punishment upon his pupils of either sex. We have known intimately many Protestants, but we thank God that we have never met one whose sentiments upon such a question were different from those expressed by the True Witness. Never have we had the misfortune to meet a Protestant mother who would have allowed her daughter to be publicly flogged by an unmarried male stranger, or who would not have as readily permitted the child of

her heart to become the inmate of a brothel; as to be exposed to the remotest possibility of such an indignity; and if any Protestant in Upper Canada, as the Journal des Debats insinuates, feels aggrieved at our remarks, it is a proof, not that the True Witness has said aught of which he should be ashamed, or which he should retract, but that he who complains of our language has neither the feelings of a gentleman, nor of a Christian; and that female honor, and the chastity of his daughters, is of far less value in his eyes, than a cask of superfine flour, or a barrel of potash. Amongst the friends of the Journal des Debats there may be fellows of this stamp; but in all the intercourse, and we may say intimate intercourse, that we have had with Protestants—to be sure they were ladies and gentlemen—we never met with one who could have taken offence at our strictures on the "common" schools of Upper Canada; or who, if acquainted with the best details, revealed through the Toronto Colonist by Dr. Philbrick, would not have heartily endorsed our condemnation of those infamous establishments, whose existence is a disgrace, not only to Canada, but to the civilisation of the XIX. century. If then, we have offended any Protestants by our language, it is because we have been simple enough to attribute to them sentiments of honor and modesty, and the feelings which are peculiar to those Protestants with whom we have been in the custom of holding familiar intercourse. This may have been—though we hope it was not—an error on our part; if it was however, it is one into which we are not likely to fall again, in so far as Upper Canada Protestants are concerned.

ORANGE RIOTS.—The Kingston Commercial Advertiser notices some recent disturbances in that city, which it attributes to the old leaven of religious animosity between Catholics and Orangemen. With an Orange Attorney-General, and Orange principles rampant in the Council Hall, our Orange enemies rely with but too good reason, upon impunity for their acts of violence against their Romish fellow-citizens. At Toronto the enquiry into the Orange attack upon the Irish Catholics at the National Hotel has ended in smoke. The police who were examined, most discreetly took care to be unable to identify any one of the assailants, thus eliciting from the Toronto Police Magistrate the following significant remarks:—

"An hotel was smashed by a crowd, numbering, as was admitted by every person, from one to two hundred, and perhaps more. A strong body of police was present, but not one of them as yet has identified any of the assailants. They were all able to see Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Hutson, Alderman Moodie, Mr. Andrews, Mr. McLellan, &c., but from some unexplained and unsatisfactory cause, it seems the mob are strangers to them. Can such a thing be possible?—men who have been brought up in the city, or at least have spent a great part of their lives in it, are present at a riot in a public street, and not be able to identify a single participant in this disgraceful affair? To him, Mr. Garnett, it appeared most mysterious, and certainly it did not reflect a great deal of credit on the perpetuity of our police."

We believe that the solution of the problem, which to the Police Magistrate of Toronto is so "mysterious" is to be found in the fact, that the Police force is composed mainly of Protestants; and that their inability to identify a single one of the Orange rioters of the 17th March, proceeds from a moral, not from any physical defect.

The Ottawa Tribune, writing upon the present efforts of Orangeism to obtain a formal recognition from the State, and the duty of Catholics to oppose these efforts, has the following sensible remarks:—

"In this movement, God forbid that we should desire to diminish the social or political status of any one of the Queen's subjects. We want neither proscription nor coercion of any class or sect; what we desire is equal toleration and protection to all, impartially towards none, and therefore expect the co-operation of all friends of Civil and Religious Liberty in Canada, without distinction of race, creed, or nationality."

A Petition similar to that of Montreal, which will be found below, has been adopted by the St. Patrick's Society of this City. Committees have also been appointed, whose duty it will be to obtain signatures, that all may have an opportunity to sign it. There shall, likewise, be draughts of the Petition sent for a like purpose next week, to the Presidents of the St. Patrick's Societies, and other leading men in the various Parishes and Townships throughout this Diocese, and we need not ask all our friends to make themselves energetic in obtaining signatures, both Catholic and Protestant. Let none be left unsolicited, and let every man work as if the issue depended solely on his individual exertions. If any amongst you refuse to sign, let him be branded as a traitor, shun him as you would a plague, for he is far more dangerous. There is no time to be lost, as this infamous Bill is likely to come up for discussion immediately, and let there be an undoubted expression of public opinion on the monster indignity. Make the tables of the Legislature groan under the weight of your indignation, and where is the Ministry who durst refuse your just demand. After the names are obtained, let the Petitions be forwarded carefully to this Office, and we shall take care that they be forthwith transmitted to Parliament.—If any locality should not receive a printed draught, let them copy a written one from this paper. One Petition is for the Legislative Council and the other for the Assembly, so let every one sign both."

We are delighted to find that our Ottawa friends are determined upon taking action, but strictly constitutional action, against the aggressions of Orangeism. The Toronto Mirror on the other hand, treats the action of petitioning—our Provincial Legislature in the first instance, and the Queen herself if necessary—as a "sham," and seems to favor the formation of an "armed" anti-Orange organisation as the best policy for Catholics to adopt at the present juncture.

We can only again record our dissent from our Toronto cotemporary; believing that an armed anti-Orange organisation would inevitably sooner or later degenerate into an illegal and anti-Catholic secret society; and would infallibly lead to collision; blood shed, and civil war. We believe that all our legitimate objects may be attained by peaceful, and strictly legal means; and that the arrogant assumptions of Orangeism at the present moment are mainly attributable to our venality, banking after office, and consequent servility to an Orange Administration. We feel assured that no "armed" organisation such as a writer in the Mirror of the 9th inst. recommends, would be of any use, unless its members had been accustomed to meet together for the purpose of learning the use of their weapons; we are of opinion that such assemblages, and for such a purpose, would very quickly be pronounced illegal by the Law Officers of the Crown; that consequently they would have either to be abandoned, or else to be conducted with closed doors, and in secret. But this latter plan, if adopted, would at once lead to the worst practices of "Ribbon," and other Secret Associations; and yet, without meeting of some kind—either public or private—for the purpose of drilling and learning the use of arms, an "armed" anti-Orange organisation would be utterly useless—i.e., "a sham." These considerations against an "armed" anti-Orange organisation, we would respectfully submit to the consideration of the Toronto Mirror and its correspondents.

We have now the advantage of occupying, as against Orangeism, strictly legal and constitutional ground. In this consists the strength of our position, which is indeed impregnable so long, but so long only, as we adhere to our present system of tactics. Why then should we give the enemy an advantage, by descending to meet them on their own grounds? At the best, all "armed" organisations—such as Orangeism, or that which the writer in the Mirror recommends—are of doubtful legality; and a hostile Orange Attorney-General would very quickly convert the doubts as to the legality of an "armed" Catholic anti-Orange organisation, into certainty, by a prosecution against its several members.

No; let us adhere strictly to the letter and spirit of the constitution, as well as to the principles that the Catholic Church lays down for our guidance in all doubtful circumstances. Our enemies would of course be delighted to see us adopt the course advocated by the Mirror; they would rejoice to see the constitutional opposition with which we menace them, dissipated; and would laugh in their sleeves at our folly in descending from our present position of vantage, to the low and dangerous ground of "counter organisation." Such a mode of opposition, an Orange Attorney-General would very easily dispose of.

But, argues the Mirror, petitioning is "a sham," for "there is no danger of the Bill passing;" and "in such an event, instructions would come from England which would soon put down the movement." This reasoning strikes us as strange when coming from the Mirror, who, if we remember right, deprecated the action of the Catholics of Montreal—in calling the attention of the Imperial authorities to the unstatesmanlike and ungentlemanly conduct of Sir Edmund Head in July, 1856, in giving to the Orangemen of Canada an official reception at Government House—as "impolitic, unjust and unnecessary;" because, not the Governor but the Ministry were "responsible for the misdeed;" and because, to invoke the interference of the Imperial authorities with the acts of our Provincial Ministry or our Provincial Legislature, would be to sacrifice the great principle of Canadian self-government. Now, however, our cotemporary seems to have forgotten his old objections, and his old arguments against appealing to Imperial authority for protection against the misdeeds of Provincial Ministers, and a Provincial Legislature. He seems to have a horror of exercising the constitutional right of petitioning, whenever its exercise would tend to embarrass his Ministerial patrons. If it is proposed to petition the Imperial authorities, against the gross misconduct of the Governor General, who is an Imperial servant, our cotemporary straight-way finds out that it would be "impolitic, unnecessary, and unjust" to invoke Imperial interference; when however our Provincial authorities, our Provincial Legislature, and our Provincial Ministers are the ostensible offenders against us, the Mirror still condemns petitioning as "a sham"—because, the Imperial government would immediately come to our aid, and put its veto upon the acts of our Provincial government. Well! even to obtain that interference it is first necessary for us to take some steps, in order to make our wishes known on the other side of the Atlantic. Is the Mirror then prepared to recommend a petition to the Imperial Government against the incorporation of the Orangemen of Canada by Act of the Provincial Legislature? If it is, how can it account for its opposition in 1856 to a petition to the same Imperial authorities against their hired and responsible servant? If it is not, what assurance has it that the Imperial government will interfere unasked, in our domestic affairs?—and how will it be able to remove the very natural suspicion that its eagerness to dissuade from petitioning the Provincial Legislature proceeds, not from a regard to the honour and interests of those whom it professes to represent, but, from its anxiety to stifle in its origin a movement which, if allowed to gather force, threatens to embarrass seriously those friends who furnish it abundantly with the bread of life, in the shape of Government advertisements? We pause for a reply.

A CAUTION TO PLACE-BEGGARS.—The Toronto Colonist of Saturday last has a very suggestive article on the subject of Ministerial patronage. "Wearied by the incessant clamors of the myriads of 'place-beggars,' ever prowling and howling around the Government offices—like a pack of half-starved curs about a butcher's stall, yelping for offal—the sore perplexed dispensers of official manna, almost wish that they were strip of their entire patronage; and that, in the words of the Colonist, Government 'were left to depend exclusively upon the merits of its policy for whatever support it receives.' Such is the opinion of a 'Government by Corruption' expressed by those who, from long practice, are most intimately acquainted with its workings.

What Great Britain was in the last century, under the Walpoles and Newcastles, that is Canada at the present day. The political world is divided into two great camps—that of the successful and that of the disappointed "place-hunters." The first comprises the friends of order, and of "bons principes;" the other, the "patriots"—of whom we think it was Walpole who remarked that he could make a hundred in a day, by the simple process of refusing them situations in the Custom House, or in the Excise Department.—"Patriots," or as we call them in Canada, "Clear-Gruts," are still made by the same summary process; and as the Colonist clearly points out, that—"not more than one in a hundred get the appointments they ask for"—we have full assurance that the race of "patriots" runs no risk of becoming extinct in Canada.

This, the "moderates," the friends of order and of "bons principes," look upon as a great calamity; and the Colonist now doubts whether distribution of patronage be not a source of weakness to the Administration. "Formerly, before the last Representation Act," says our contemporary, "there was little difficulty in making the bestowal of patronage harmonize with party" (not public) "interests." Now however there are so many greedy claimants to satisfy—"sometimes two or more representatives claiming an equal share of consideration" in the bestowal of official garbage, and both presenting to Government "their proper credentials of party fidelity"—that the Ministry knows not how to choose between them; and so, finding itself seriously embarrassed, it is almost ready to throw up its right of patronage in despair, and to rely for support solely "on the merits of its policy." Think of this all ye greedy "place-beggars!" By your importunities you have almost driven the Ministry to rely upon the "merits of its policy" for support; and if obliged to rely for support upon such a rotten basis, think what would become of our glorious Orange administration! Be wise therefore in time, and be less importunate in your demands for "paw," lest you cut off the source from whence it proceeds, and you be yourselves compelled to fall back upon honest industry for your daily bread!

We have hitherto purposely abstained from noticing the Rev. M. Chiniquy's pretended submission, and reconciliation with the Catholic Church; because the letter published over his name contained no sufficient acknowledgment of his guilt, and because we thence concluded that the story of his reconciliation with the Church was nothing but a hoax. Such turns out to be the case; and two Pastors—one from His Grace the Archbishop of St. Louis, dated the 2nd inst., the other from His Lordship the Bishop of Dubuque and Administrator of the Diocese of Chicago, over date 1st inst.—set the question as to M. Chiniquy's submission completely at rest.

The Bishop of Dubuque says that efforts have been made to deceive him, and to convince him that M. Chiniquy was an ill-used man, and had never been suspended by his Bishop; but that the falsehood of these representations are now manifest to him—that he has not restored M. Chiniquy to the exercise of the holy ministry—and that he never will restore him without an unqualified submission on M. Chiniquy's part to ecclesiastical authority.

The Pastoral letter of the Archbishop of St. Louis is very similar in substance. It gives a formal contradiction to M. Chiniquy's statement, that he had a letter of approbation from His Grace; and whilst proclaiming the writer's grief at the scandals caused by the contumacious Priest, it assures the Catholics of the Diocese—that the Archbishop has never written a single word either to M. Chiniquy, or to any one else, favourable to that person's cause—that the suspension of M. Chiniquy was legal—and that the faithful should carefully abstain from communicating with the said suspended priest in holy things, lest they should thereby expose themselves to the heaviest censures of the Church.

It is with pain that we find ourselves compelled to allude to the unhappy man who has given such deep scandal to religion: but the many falsehoods which have been circulated with respect to this sad business, and the comments thereupon, of the Protestant press, compel us to warn our readers that the story about M. Chiniquy's submission, and restoration, is a hoax.

Elie Nopper, one of the Crown witnesses in the Corrigan case, died a few days ago, as the Quebec Chronicle insinuates, in consequence of injuries received in a row on the 10th of Jan. last, from the hands of those against whom he had borne testimony. This however is denied; and it is asserted that the deceased was at work in perfect health but a few weeks ago, when he was attacked with a violent pleurisy which carried him off. The business should be inquired into; and if so, we believe it will turn out that Nopper's death was the result of purely natural causes.

PRAYING A POOR GIRL INTO FITS.—We find in our exchanges the following anecdote—attributed to the Rev. Mr. Bonar—given in illustration of the moral and intellectual effects of the "Revival!" epidemic now raging:—

"Rev. Mr. Bonar then said he would relate an anecdote. The Rev. Mr. Burpee, he said, who was doubtless known to all present, having ministered in Montreal for some time, but who is now settled in Canada West, had in his congregation a young lady of more than ordinary intelligence and refinement—but she was unconverted! He thought he would make a special effort for her salvation, and for that purpose called on her, and conversed with her solemnly. She said she was no sinner, for she obeyed the moral law. He then left her, and not long after she was taken sick. After awakening from a long sleep, she cried out 'don't push me into hell!' Mr. Burpee was sent for, and when he reached her home she was a maniac, and in this state she died."

For the credit of Christianity itself, we hope that the above story is but a "Protestant Lie"—or at all events highly seasoned, to suit the vitiated palates of the frequenters of a "Revival" meeting. For the sake of our common humanity we do hope that the great majority of intelligent Protestants will repudiate with disgust the blasphemous drivellings of such a miserable, heartless wretch as this Rev. Mr. Burpee—by his own showing and by that of his worthy friend the Rev. Mr. Bonar—appears to be. Here we have an intelligent, refined and virtuous young lady, who, because she was not hypocrite enough, or fool enough, to boast of her spiritual privileges, and to lay bare the most sacred recesses of her heart before the prurient gaze of a pack of coarse-minded, illiterate "Maw-worms," is pounced upon by a vulgar fellow calling himself a minister of the Gospel of Peace; and by him morally tortured until her fine intellect gives way, and she herself, driven to insanity, dies a raving maniac! If these be the fruits of "Revivals"—and we have the assurance of the prime agents in these disgusting outbreaks of cant to the fact that they are so—their diabolical origin cannot be doubtful.

COLLAPSE OF THE "REVIVAL."—The first steamboats of the season, heralding the opening of the Spring trade, arrived at our wharves last week. We may notice as a singular coincidence, and as a remarkable confirmation of our anticipations, that the Montreal Witness of Wednesday last announces that—"in Montreal, the Union Prayer Meeting, under the management of the Ministerial Association, was given up on Saturday." The novelty of the thing had ceased to attract, and "towards the close it"—the Prayer Meeting—"was not quite so well attended as on previous weeks." It is a consolation however to learn from the columns of our evangelical cotemporary that, if spiritual religion is dull, Pork is lively, and in better request, and that "Ashes continue in good demand." Our Business Men will no doubt comfort one another with these words.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The Toronto Colonist in its issue of the 8th inst. avows its conviction that "the public schools of the city, are no doubt what we showed them to be—a serious burden on the tax-paying community, yielding no advantages at all commensurate with the expenses they involve." Our Protestant contemporary adds:—

"The experience of fourteen years shows, that in point of usefulness they have gradually degenerated, while within that period their cost has been less gradually increasing, until from one thousand, it has risen to nearly seven thousand pounds annually. Here is a plain practical evil—perhaps illustrating, to a certain extent, the errors of the whole system."

THE BUNYAN TABLEAUX.—Of this exhibition we can speak in the highest terms as a work of art, and as such we do most heartily recommend it to our readers. The "Dream" which the old Puritan dreamed, is made to pass in vivid colors before our eyes. We see Christian passing through the "Valley of Humiliation," witness his fierce conflict with the fiend Apollyon, rejoice with him in his victory, and weep with "Mercy" fainting at the "Wicket Gate." The different scenes are from the hands of the first masters in the United States, and for beauty of execution have scarce, we think, been equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any exhibition in Montreal. At the same time we may add, that, with much good taste, and without at all marring the beauties of the allegory, the artists have omitted these scenes which might give offence to Christians, not holding on all points the peculiar theological and ecclesiastical opinions of the old Cromwellian soldier.

Our Griffintown readers will be glad to learn that the actions arising out of the inundation, in January, 1857, will be argued on their merits in the Superior Court, on Saturday next.

ORANGE INCORPORATION BILL.—The Orangemen of Durham County have commenced an agitation against Benjamin's bill. They declared by resolution, at Port Hope, that, the measure is "inexpedient" and not "advisable."

ANTI-ORANGE PETITION.—Yesterday a Petition was being circulated through town for signature—the prayer of which is, that the Legislature will be pleased not to grant the Bill of Incorporation to the Orangemen. Upwards of 400 names are now on the Petition. It will be immediately forwarded to Wm. Notman, Esq., M.P.P. for North Westworth, for presentation.—Dundas Warder.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Cornwall, April 15th, 1858.
Dear Sir—Have you seen last week's issue of the Freeholder published here? If so, you have had an opportunity of personally judging of the merits of an editorial article under the caption of—"The Religious Revival." If you have not seen that precious production of some scattered brain, I must crave a small corner in your paper for the purpose of giving you, and those of your readers who may not have access to that learned font, some idea thereof, as it is really too good to be lost. In the article alluded to, the editor (or some one of his collaborators) institutes a comparison between the True Witness and the other Montreal Witness. In substance, he states that you are both equally unworthy of belief; and, by way of propping up one falsehood by the assertion of another, adds that you are alike condemned by your respective co-religionists for your "extravagant and uncharitable spirit."

Now, Sir, I do not pretend to know, nor do I care, with what particular gusto the ratings of the other Witness of Montreal are swallowed by his confederates of the conventicle in this place. But this I do know, and I have the best possible means of knowing, that in no other part of Upper Canada is the True Witness more highly prized, or its noble advocacy of the cause of Catholicity more heartily endorsed and applauded, than in Cornwall and its vicinity; and thence my reason for wishing to remove, if need be, from the minds of persons at a distance the impression which the article above noticed would be likely to make—namely, that we are all in this locality a set of liberal Knaveholics, or, in other words, downright Infidels.

It is, alas! too true that here, as elsewhere, there are a few Catholics of the Lorange-Carter stamp, who continually make a boast of their independence of the Clergy, and their utter disregard for the censures of the Church to which they still profess to belong; who can eat meat every day on which a dog will eat it; and who, for the sake of the good things or esteem of the world, would any moment willingly make a fair division of their souls between God and the Devil. But, thank God! they are very few indeed, and wholly unworthy of notice, except when they take upon themselves, or allow others for them to do so, the liberty of speaking in the name of the many good practical Catholics of this town and neighborhood.

You will see, dear Sir, the reason why I, as a Cornwall Catholic, take so much notice of this "extravagance" of the Freeholder, when you learn the fact, that its main support is from the Catholics of this town and the surrounding country. The proverb—"Neutor ultra crepidam"—admirably applies to the Freeholder in this particular instance. It is to be hoped that its patrons will be guided by this charitable hint for the future; and if they are so, they shall hear no more on this subject from their very sincere admirer,
STONMONT.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Vankleek Hill, D. Flood, 10s; Delta, M. Kelley, 6s 3d; Toronto, Crown Lands Dept., 18s 9d; Richmond, R. Hawley, £1 5s; Ottawa City, A. Duff, 6s 3d; Belle Duane, N. B., M. Killorin, £1 5s; Sherrill, E. Conroy, 5s; St. Theresa, J. Lonergan, 12s 6d; Erinville, Rev. B. J. Higgins, 2s 6d; Terrence, P. N. Fautaux, £1 5s; Carleton, N. B., Rev. E. J. Dunphy, 10s; Calodonia Springs, J. Butler, £1 5s; Coteau Landing, J. Bermingham, 5s; St. Bridget, D. McBride, 6s 3d; New Glasgow, B. Goodman, 5s; Somerset, F. N. Law, 12s 6d; St. Mary's, T. D. Tims, £1 5s; Howick, J. Gery, 10s; Vankleek Hill, J. A. McDonald, 10s; Leeds, M. Fahey, £1 5s; Hogsansburgh, U. S., Rev. Mr. Sheehan, 11s 3d; Cobourgh, Mechanic's Institute, 10s.
Per Rev. J. McNulty, Toronto—C. Doherty 10s; Lemoville, R. McQuillan, 5s.
Per M. Kelly, Merrickville—Self, 10s; W. Fortune, 10s; J. O'Neill, 10s; J. Roche, 5s.
Per W. Rowan, Point Claire, J. Monahan, 12s 6d.
Per Rev. Mr. Lalor, Picton—J. McCoilough, £1 5s; Miss J. McMahon, 10s.
Per J. Donnelly, Richmond—self, 10s; P. Rielly, 10s.
Per J. Hagan, Gattineau Point—Self, 2s 6d; M. Foley, 12s 6d.
Per Rev. J. J. Chisholm, Alexandria—T. Chisholm, 10s; Capt. J. Kennedy, 12s 6d; Kenyon, P. Murphy, 10s.
Per Rev. L. Bourret, St. Anne de la Pocaerrie—College, 12s 6d; St. Roch des Aulnais, A. Dionne, 12s 6d.
Per A. McCaulay, Trenton—J. Forrest, £1 5s.
Per Rev. R. Bayard, London—P. McLaughlin, £1.
Per Messrs Sandler & Co., Montreal—Rev. Mr. McLaughlin, £1 5s.
Per M. O'Leary, Quebec—Rev. Mr. Plante, 15s; W. Kirwin, 15s; F. Gallagher, 7s 6d; J. Lynch, 7s 6d; M. O'Brien, 15s; St. Sylvester, Mr. Hogan, 10s.
Per P. Furlong, Brockville, C. McHenry, 12s 6d; J. McHugh, 5s; J. Fennel, 5s.

A FEDERAL UNION.—We append the resolutions which Mr. Galt will move in the Legislative Assembly in regard to a Federal Union of the Provinces:—

1. That in view of the rapid development of the population and resources of Western Canada, irreconcilable difficulties present themselves to the maintenance of that equality which formed the basis of the Union of Upper with Lower Canada—and require this House to consider the means whereby the progress which has so happily characterized these Provinces may not be arrested through the occurrence of sectional jealousies and dissensions. It is therefore, the opinion of this House that the Union of Upper and Lower Canada, should be changed from a Legislative to a Federative Union by the subdivision of the Province into two or more divisions, each governing itself in local and sectional matters, with a general Legislature and Government for subjects of national and common interests; and that a Committee be now named to report on the best means and mode of effecting such constitutional changes.

2. That considering the claims possessed by this Province on the North Western and Hudson's Bay territories, and the necessity of making provision for the government of the said districts, it is the opinion of this House, that in the adoption of a Federative Constitution for Canada, means should be provided for their local government, until population and settlement may from time to time entitle them to be admitted into the Canadian confederation.

3. That a general confederation of the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island with Canada and the Western Territories, is most desirable, and calculated to promote their several and united interests, by preserving to each Province the uncontrolled management of its peculiar institutions and of those internal affairs, respecting which difference of opinion might arise with other members of the confederation, while it will increase that identity of feeling which pervades the possessions of the British Crown in North America; and by the adoption of a uniform policy for the development of the vast and varied resources of these immense territories, will greatly add to their national power and consideration;—and that a committee be appointed to a report on the steps to be taken for ascertaining, without delay, the sentiments of the inhabitants of the Lower Provinces, and of the Imperial Government, on this most important subject.

The Inhabitants of Russell are already preparing for a new election. A new candidate is in the field in the person of Dr. R. Hunter, formerly of New York.—Montreal Gazette.

MURDER AT ST. JEROME.—On the night of the 25th ultimo; the house of a man named Jean Bto. Dandurant, in the parish of St. Jerome, was destroyed by fire and two of its inmates, his wife and his mother-in-law, very seriously injured by the fire. The former is still dangerously ill, but the latter, Mrs. Marie Rousseau—a woman of 99 years of age—only survived her injuries nine days. There being very suspicious circumstances connected with the origin of the fire, Mr. Jones, the District Coroner, left town on Monday last for St. Jerome, to hold an inquest on the body of the deceased. The result, we learn, was the return of a verdict by the Coroner's Jury, on Saturday morning, of wilful murder, against a man, named Joseph Cusson, a neighbour of Dandurant's. The jury consisted of 14 of the most intelligent and respectable inhabitants of the parish, and their verdict was only given after a long investigation into the circumstances attending the fire and the examination of a crowd of witnesses. Cusson was, on the rendition of the verdict arrested upon the Coroner's warrant and is now in jail.

T. D'ARCY M'GEE'S LECTURE AT HAMILTON.—The Mechanics' Hall of Hamilton was crowded to excess on Saturday night, on the occasion of the lecture delivered by T. D'Arcy M'Gee, Esq., M.P.P., on the subject of the historical connexion between Scotland and Ireland. Mr. M'Gee delivered an admirable address which was greatly applauded throughout its delivery, and concluded by saying that "while the mist gathered upon Loch Awe, while the heath bloomed upon Bredalbane, while the tides thundered through the pillared aisles of Staffa, while the spray of the North Sea dashed on the Giant's Causeway, while the fire burned on the heartstones of Ulster, while the music of Carolan found a harp to echo it;—while the songs of Burns, while the melodies of Moore are cherished in the homes of the Scottish or the Irish race, so long would future generations look back with pleasure and with pride to the bright and heroic examples presented to them by the fathers and founders of both Kingdoms."—Toronto Colonist.

EXPLOSION.—THREE PERSONS INJURED.—This morning, about seven o'clock, the residents in the neighborhood of St. Constant Street were considerably alarmed by the sound of an explosion, which was found to proceed from the residence of Mr. C. F. A. Margraf, a Professor in McGill College, who resides at No. 73 St. Constant Street. The particulars are briefly these:—Yesterday afternoon a cooking stove was put up in the kitchen, and this morning the servant girl, named Ellen Ryan, rose as usual, and made a fire in it. She proceeded to prepare the breakfast, when the explosion occurred, shattering the stove into innumerable pieces; breaking all the windows and doors, knocking down partitions, and destroying almost every article of furniture in the house. The girl was knocked down, and is severely injured. She was taken to the General Hospital, where it was ascertained that her lower jaw was broken, several of her teeth knocked out, and the rest loosened. Besides this she is severely burnt on both arms and other parts of the body. No fatal results are likely, however, to follow. Mrs. Margraf and child, who were standing near the stove at the time, are also slightly injured. To give an idea of the force of the explosion, we may state that a large piece of the stove was carried through the partition, and buried itself into the brick wall at least a foot deep. The explosion is believed to have resulted from a charge of powder being in the wood which was put into the stove; of this, however, nothing is positively known. The house is the property of Alterman Homier, and the damage to the furniture and building is estimated at \$280.—Pilot of Tuesday.

THE TOWNSEND CASE.—A CROWN WITNESS NEARLY BRUISED TO DEATH.—We understand that Mr. Sylvester Doane, a highly respectable farmer living in the vicinity of Merrittsville, and witness on behalf of the Crown in the recent trial of Townsend alias McHenry, was attacked by some dastardly cowards while on his way homeward on the evening of the 5th instant, in passing through a wood, and after pulling him off his horse and beating him most unmercifully, left him in a dying condition. He had been threatened before giving his testimony, but disregarding all consequences, he repeated what he had formerly stated at Cleveland, affirming that the prisoner was the veritable Townsend, which notwithstanding the views of the sympathisers, he became a martyr to his own truthfulness.—St. Catherine's Constitution.

CHILBLAINS.—This painful affection may be easily cured by a few applications of Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer. It is equally effectual in curing scalds, burns, &c. No family should be without it.

All should know that, in addition to its splendid toilette qualities, the Persian Balm is unrivalled as a Pain Killer. Try it.

Died.
At St. John's, C. E., on the 6th instant, Bridget Cullen, relict of the late Thomas Caldwell, aged 65 years, much regretted by a large circle of friends.

In Montreal, on the 12th inst., Mr. Thomas Saunders, butcher, aged 37 years.

In this city, on Tuesday, the 13th instant, Catherine Smith, wife of Mr. Terence Moore, aged 39 years; a native of the County Cavan, Ireland.

In New York, on the 13th instant, of consumption, L. F. Glackmeyer, aged 43 years, eldest son of Mr. Frederick Glackmeyer, of this city.

In this city, on the morning of the 13th instant, Mr. Alexander Ogilvie, a native of Perthshire, Scotland, aged 81 years, and for the last fifty-eight years a resident of Montreal and its vicinity.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

	April 14, 1858.
	s. d. s. d.
Flour, per quintal	12 0 @ 12 6
Oatmeal, " "	10 0 @ 10 6
Wheat, " "	5 0 @ 5 6
Oats, " "	2 0 @ 2 1
Barley, " "	2 0 @ 2 9
Peas, " "	4 0 @ 4 3
Beans, " "	8 0 @ 8 6
Buckwheat, " "	2 3 @ 2 6
Potatoes, " "	4 0 @ 4 6
Mutton, " "	5 0 @ 7 6
Lamb, " "	3 9 @ 5 0
Veal, " "	5 0 @ 12 6
Beef, " "	0 4 @ 0 9
Lard, " "	0 6 @ 0 7
Pork, " "	0 5 @ 0 6
Butter, Fresh, " "	1 0 @ 1 3
Butter, Salt, " "	0 7 @ 0 8 1
Eggs, " "	0 9 @ 0 10
Fresh Pork, " "	27 6 @ 32 6
Ashes—Pots, " "	37 6 @ 38 0
Pearls, " "	37 3 @ 28 3

WANTED,
WANTED, for a Catholic School in PICTON, C.W., a TEACHER—holding at the least a Second Class Certificate. Salary, £60 per Annum.
Address to
THOMAS M'FADDEN, Trustees
PATRICK KEARNEY, Trustees
Picton, March 29, 1858.

A SITUATION AS TEACHER of a R. C. Separate School, by a person of long experience, who holds a "First Class Certificate." A letter, addressed to this office—Post-paid—shall meet with due attention.

FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY!



MESSRS. SEMMONS & CO.,
THE Celebrated English OPTICIANS and Manufacturers of the improved

Brillian Pebble Pantoscopic Spectacles,
Respectfully announce their arrival in this City, with a splendid assortment of their newly-invented and improved SPECTACLES, and may be consulted at their Office,
No. 210, Notre Dame Street,
Next Door to Mr. W. A. Townsend's Jewelry Establishment.

These lenses are constructed upon strictly philosophical principles, and, from several considerations, are not equalled by any ever brought under public notice.

The homogeneous structure of the material, and the consequent uniformity of the refracting power prevents the reflection of the rays of light, and furnishes therefore a clear and truthful image of the object.

The concave-convex form of the lens, resembling the anterior lenticular arrangement of the human eye, collects a larger number of rays than could be conveyed upon the retina from ordinary glasses of the same focal power, and thus increases the distinctness of the vision, when their elementary constitution and great hardness secures at once a greater freedom from chemical changes, as well as from mechanical injuries. In short, the whole arrangement is calculated to promote ease and comfort of vision.

Their superiority is fully demonstrated by the most celebrated Physicians and Oculists of Europe and America.
Office hours from 9 A.M., till 5 P.M.

MESSRS. S. & CO.
Take pleasure in laying before the public the following letters in favour of their celebrated Glasses:
Toronto, C. W. Feb. 21, 1858.

I have both examined and used the glasses of Messrs. Semmons & Co., of Victoria Works, Cornwall, and I am satisfied that they are admirably constructed, and well calculated to accomplish all that the makers promise for them.

JAMES BOVELL,
Prof. Trin. Coll. Toronto.

I have not only carefully examined, but actually used the Brillian Pebble Spectacles manufactured by Messrs. Semmons & Co., of Cornwall, England, and I have no hesitation in stating that in my opinion they are in every way far superior to the glasses in common use. The lenses themselves are formed on more scientific principles than those ordinarily met with, and the frame is so contrived that the plane of the glasses and the plane of the eye are as nearly parallel as possible.

EDWARD M. HODDER, M.D.,
Fellow of Royal Coll. of Surgeons, England.
Toronto, C.W., Feb. 24, 1858.

Toronto, Feb. 27, 1858.

Suffering from defective vision, I have been induced to try various forms of glasses to afford me relief. The concave-convex glasses of Messrs. Semmons & Co., of England, have proved more satisfactory than any other that I have met with.

C. WIDMER, M.D.,
Fellow of Royal Coll. of Surgeons, England.

FROM HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF TORONTO.

I fully concur in the opinion expressed by Dr. Widmer; I, myself, have been for years troubled with failing vision, and never found any Glasses that afforded me so much ease and comfort as those I obtained from Messrs. Semmons, & Co.
(Signed,) JOHN TORONTO.
April 10, 1858.

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Will cure Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., etc.

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MESSRS. PERRY DAVIS & SON—Gentles.—I am at a loss to express with words the satisfaction it gives me to inform you of the benefit I have received from the use of your Pain Killer. About one year since, I was attacked with the inflammatory rheumatism, being unable to walk for eight weeks; besides the confinement to the house, the pain I experienced no tongue can describe. But to return to the object of this letter. On the 27th of December last I had a more severe attack than before, I immediately commenced using the Pain Killer made by you, which to my surprise, immediately relieved me of pain, and saved me the necessity of being confined to my bed for one day. It is now eleven days since the attack, and the inflammation has entirely subsided. My limbs, which were tremendously swollen, have assumed their natural shape. In short I am entirely well; and feel bound, by the common sympathies of my nature for those who may be thus afflicted, to make the above statement, that all may resort to the Pain Killer, that time, expense, and a world of suffering may be prevented.

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Carefully Selected in the English Markets, And their Stock of Ready-Made Clothing, consisting of Dress, Frock, Morning, Sack Business and Over-Coats, Pants, Vests, Caps, &c.—Also, a Large Assortment of BOYS' CLOTHING, of every style and quality suitable for the present and coming seasons, having been carefully manufactured under their own inspection, buyers, before making their purchases elsewhere, will find it much to their advantage to give them a call.

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June 25.

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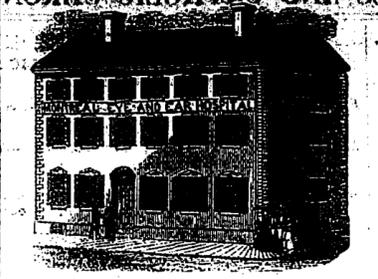
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DR. HOWARD, At the Hospital in Juror Street, between Bleury and George Streets. Montreal, Oct. 13, 1857.

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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.

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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.

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

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

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

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB, Superioress of St. Vincent's Asylum.

S. T. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the last Thursday of June.

TERMS: The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150. For Students not learning Greek or Latin, Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15. French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20. Music, per annum, 40. Use of Piano, per annum, 8. Books, Stationery, Cloths, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

Rev. P. REILLY, President.

EDUCATION. MR. ANDERSON begs to inform the citizens of Montreal, that his AFTERNOON CLASSES are now open for the reception of Medical, Law, and Commercial Students. A special hour is set apart for the instruction of young gentlemen desirous of entering the Army.

In testimony of his zeal and abilities as a Classical, Commercial, and Mathematical Teacher, Mr. A. is permitted to refer to Rev. Canon Leach, McGill College; Rev. Mr. Rogers, Chaplain to the Forces; Col. Pritchard; Captain Galway; the Rev. the Clergy, St. Patrick's Church; the Hon. John Molson; Dr. Hingston, and Rector Howe, High School. Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Class room, No. 95, St. Lawrence Street. N.B.—Mr. A.'s NIGHT SCHOOL will be re-opened First Week in September next. August 13.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach. Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers. One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, 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 Scabs on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such relief 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 TRUD WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

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

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

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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.

Dr. J. C. AYER, I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your CHERRY PECTORAL. Its constant use in my practice and my family for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints. EBBY KNIGHT, M. D.

A. B. MORTLEY, Esq., of Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used your Pectoral many times in my family, and have found it to be the best medicine for its purpose ever used. With a bad cold I should sooner pay twenty-five dollars for a bottle than do without it, or take any other remedy."

Croup, Whooping Cough, and Influenza. Dr. J. C. AYER, I will cheerfully certify your Pectoral is the best remedy we possess for the cure of Whooping Cough, Croup, and Influenza. It is a most valuable medicine, and South appreciate your skill, and commend your medicine to our people. HIRAM CONKLIN, M. D.

AMOS LEE, Esq., Montreal, L. L., writes, 3d Jan., 1856: "I had a tedious Influenza, which confined me in six weeks; took many medicines without relief; finally tried your Pectoral by the advice of my physician. It did not relieve the distress in my throat and lungs; less than one half the bottle made me completely well. Your medicine is the cheapest as well as the best we can buy, and we esteem you, Doctor, and your remedies, as the poor man's friend."

Asthma or Phthisis, and Bronchitis. Wm. M. MANNING, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4, 1856. Sir: Your CHERRY PECTORAL is performing marvellous cures in the Asthma and Phthisis, and in the various symptoms of consumption, and is now curing a man who has labored under an affection of the lungs for the last forty years. HENRY L. PARKS, Montreal.

A. A. RAMSEY, M. D., Alton, Missouri, Iowa, writes, Sept. 6, 1856: "During my practice of many years I have found nothing equal to your CHERRY PECTORAL for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable. We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing proof of the virtue of this remedy is found in its effects upon trial."

Consumption. Probably no such remedy has ever been known which cured so many and so dangerous cases as this. Some no human aid can reach; but even those the CHERRY PECTORAL affords relief and comfort. ASTOR HOUSE, New York City, March 6, 1856.

Dr. AYER, Lowell: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption, from which no aid we could procure gave her any relief. She was almost entirely unable to get up from her bed, when we have some for advice, recommended a trial of your medicine. We blessed his kindness, as we do your skill, for she has recovered from that day. She is not yet so strong as she used to be, but is free from her cough, and calls herself well. Yours, with gratitude and regard, ORLANDO SHILBY, of Lowell, Mass.

Consumptive, do not despair till you have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. This made by one of the best medical chemists in the world, and it cures all round us bespeak the high merits of its virtues. Phaladipha Laiser.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

THE sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been used their utmost to produce this best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these Pills have virtues which surpass in excellence the ordinary medicines, and that they are perfectly safe and pleasant to all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activity of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being agreeable to the stomach, and pleasant to take, and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Care has been made which surpass belief were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of error. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of your remedies, while others have sent me the assurance of their conviction that my Preparations contribute immeasurably to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing directions for their use, and certificates of their cures of the following complaints:—

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Headache, Headache arising from a full Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, and Pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Obstructive Diseases which require an emollient medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints that are not supposed to be cured, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its organs.

Do not put off by unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make more profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and take nothing else. No other they can give you compare with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best and there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. Price, 25 Cts. per Box. Five Boxes for \$1.25.

All the Druggists in Montreal and everywhere.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. (Established in 1826.)

BELLS. The Subscribers have constantly for sale BELLS, an assortment of Church, Factory, Steam-boat, Locomotive, Plantation, School, BELLS. House and other Bells, mounted in the most BELLS. approved and durable manner. For full BELLS. particulars as to many recent improvements, warrants, diameter of Bells, space BELLS. occupied in Tower, rates of transportation, BELLS. &c., send for a circular. Address A. MENEELY'S SONS, Agents