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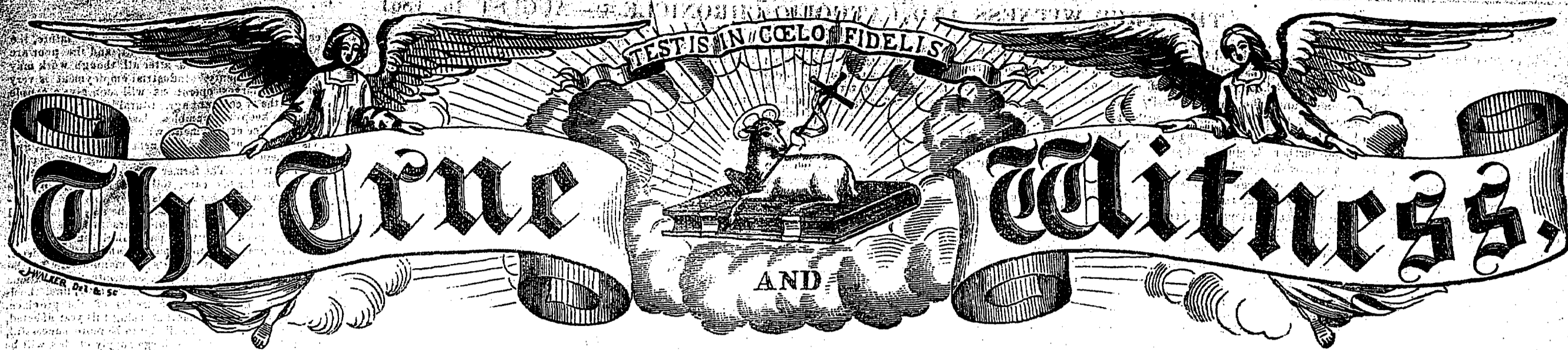
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1861.

No. 1.

TURLOUGH O'BRIEN;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER XV.—THE STRUGGLE IS OVER.

The great oak gate had now given way; and through the arched passage the flame was roaring like a torrent thro' a mill-slucice; and still downward, thro' the eddying smoke and sparks, poured faster and thicker the storm of fiery missiles from above; and all amid the fiercest and wildest tempest of thundering execration, triumph and fury—in which the occasional discharge of musketry and the whizzing of the bullets, were wholly lost and swallowed up. And now the air grew too hot almost for respiration or sight—stifling, blinding, and intolerable. Forced into shelter within the buildings at the further end of the yard, the desperate defenders of the place stood by the closed windows, with their loaded weapons in their hands; and with contracted brows and pallid faces, watched the fluctuations of the dazzling and gigantic surf of mounting fire which roared and tumbled before them.

Meanwhile, without, the motley thousands thronged and pressed with fiercer and sterner exultation around the outer ring of the gradually receding fire; and, foremost, reeling in the gripe of some dozen of the crowded assailants, with his arms bound and face bleeding, and apparently insensible or lifeless, was thrust and tumbled onward, amid a storm of jeers and execrations, the helpless form of Jeremiah Tisdal. Anathemas, sarcasms, and terrific menaces, chiefly delivered in the strong, emphatic guttural of the native tongue, rang around him, amid yells and threatening laughter to the full as frightful.

'Wring the tongue out of the dog,' cried one voice; 'rip him up,' yelled another; 'drive a nail down his throat,' shrieked a third; 'sink the pikes in him,' 'roast the black Sassenach,' 'plough him up with the knives,' 'lift him into the bonfire,' such and such like were the conflicting suggestions of the multitude.

'Hands off there,' cried Hogan, authoritatively, so as to deter those who seemed practically disposed; 'hands off, ye bliguard, an' take it easy. Can't yeze have common patience, an' not be spollin' your own sport. Where's the good in skiverin' the prisoner—devil's cures to him, for a black old scoundrel—in such an unreasonable hurry. See, Mara,' he continued, addressing the most athletic of the party who held Tisdal; 'I'm thinkin', after all, there's no use waitin' with him all night; so just take him up to the top of the gallows hillock, and swing him up in sight of the scoundrels, in the castle, to comfort them while they are roasting.'

The mandate was hardly uttered, when the luckless Puritan, torn, breathless, stunned and helpless, was dragged through the crowd by the wild victors, who were to preside at his execution; and borne onward rather than walking, was forced up the steep and abrupt eminence, on which, in former times, used to stand the gallows, upon which the lords, of Glindarragh were wont to exercise the sternest prerogative of a savage feudalism. A long ladder was speedily unrolled, sunk in the ground to the depth of a few feet, inclining forwards towards the castle walls, and propped in front by three, or four stout spars.—And while this extempore substitute for a gibbet was in process of erection, others of the party were hotly engaged in twisting a strong lay-rope or sougaun.

And now, the preparations being all completed, a wild, half-naked boy, with one end of the halter between his teeth, climbed nimbly up the ladder and passed the cord over the topmost round; and as soon as both extremities of it rested upon the ground, the grinning urchin descended with a whoop of savage delight.

Meanwhile, those who were employed below had torn open Tisdal's shirt at the throat; and the old man's bull neck, with all its swollen cordage of veins and sinews lay exposed to the gripe of the rope.

'What are you going to murder me for?' growled Tisdal, almost inarticulately, as his eye wandered over the tremendous spectacle which lay beneath and about him. 'Don't kill me in cold blood, boys; don't kill an unarmed man.'

'Unarmed, you murderin' wolf,' retorted the fellow next him, dealing him a buffet in the mouth, which, had he not been so closely wedged among the crowd of his eager executioners as to render prostration impossible, must have felled him to the ground; and which, as it was, bathed his chin, and throat in streams of blood; 'unarmed, sure enough; for we took it from you, you black-hearted villain, before you could get into your friends. But look down there—look at them all, where they're roastin' before you—look at bloody Willoughby, an' the rest o' them.'

'For God's sake, boys,' Tisdal essayed to speak; 'for God's sake—'

The adjuration was, however, drowned in a yell of curses and derision, and a perfect hurricane of anathemas, jeers and denunciations, stunned and overpowered the wretched man. And

now, amid this uproarious jargon, the noose of the rude rope is forced over his head, and drawn tight upon his throat. He tries to struggle, to cry, to pray—the dreadful scene reels and dances before him, and now the cord is strained—tug after tug raises him from the earth—and with every fresh swing a yell bursts from the surrounding crowd, of fierce exultation and defiance; but to his ear they sink into a stifled hum—before his eyes a pitchy darkness, flashing with balls of fire, is spread—a ringing, as of mighty bells, is in his brain—an intolerable sense of suffocation and bursting, along with the dull throes of maddening terror, supervene—and now, he feels no more.

The clamorous crowd, straining with weight and muscle, hardly succeeded in raising their convulsed and blackened victim eight feet from the earth, when the lay rope which sustained his body, gave way, and breaking, suffered the now unconscious, though still living, burthen to tumble heavily to the ground.

'Knot it?' 'bad luck to it for a sougaun;—splice it;' and a hundred such exclamations followed; while dragging Tisdal back, they set him half upright, against the foot of the ladder, a hideous effigy of glaring, livid strangulation—and hastily repaired the rude appliances of this savage execution.

While this scene was passing upon the little hillock overlooking the castle, the main body of the aggressive party, more keenly interested in the progress of the fire, and the prospect of speedily forcing an entrance through the passage which it had opened, scarce turned their thoughts or their eyes upon the dreadful spectacle. The fire had now evidently exhausted its fiercest strength, and was beginning perceptibly to wane; and Ned of the Hills and Hogan were already marshalling the best armed and the most reckless and powerful of their men in the van, to enter the castle, in a compact mass, sustained by the momentum of all the others, who, in a wild rabble-route, would drive onward from behind, the moment the subsidence of the now nearly expended conflagration should have rendered advance practicable.

Matters were in this position when a cry arose among the more distant stragglers of the rapparees, which speedily spread itself onward till it penetrated the denser body around the castle walls, and gradually hushed the threatening clamors with which, but a moment before, the surrounding echoes were pealing: 'the sogers!—the dragoons!'

Such were the words which wrought this magic effect.

'This is the devil's luck,' said Eaman a Kruck, who, with Hogan by his side, was at this moment, with earnest gesture and fiercely rapid orders, reiterating his commands to his guerrillas; who, firmly planted, shoulder to shoulder, with their pikes grasped short, or skeans gleaming in their sinewy hands, bare-armed and bare-headed, awaited the moment when the signal for the last tug of conflict should end for ever the protracted struggle. Suddenly pausing, and with his blackened hands throwing back his damp sable tresses, he turned scowling in the direction from which were now faintly heard the distant signals of the trumpet floating onward upon the night wind, with the fiery and fretted eye with which the hawk, wheeling to stoop upon his prey, might first descry, in the dim distance, the sable presence of the soaring eagle who hovers onward to wrest it from his talons. With such a glance did the swarthy rapparee for a minute scowl into the darksome void from whence this martial music came sweeping toward Glindarragh.

'There are several trumpets there,' he said at last, in his native Irish, in which tongue the colloquy was continued; 'what in the fiend's name brings them here at this hour?'

'What, if we make a night of it, and try a brush with them, too?' urged Hogan, recklessly.

Ned of the Hills looked for a moment contemptuously in his face, and then said—

'Pshaw! Mr. Hogan, you're not serious.—Donovan,' he continued, addressing one of those who stood near him, 'get the boys under cover; here, you, Ryan, give them warning at the other side; they must be over the river in no time.—It is a cursed chance,' he muttered, as the messenger sped upon his mission; 'but, with my consent, no man shall lift his finger against King James' troops.'

The castle and its blazing front no longer rivet the eyes of the surrounding multitude.—Doubtfully and irresolutely the gaze of all turns towards the deep obscurity in which the advance of the approaching soldiery is shrouded; one look of blackest frustrated rage, the rapparee flung at the old time-worn building, whose chimneys, towers and battlements, piled one behind the other, rose in the blood-red flame and smoke more like an airy fabric of fire—an unsubstantial pandemonium—than a solid fortress of ancient masonry; and, with a muttered curse, in

which were concentrated the very bitterness and rage of his inmost soul, he turned, and in a changed tone, issued furiously his new commands.

'As for you, Mr. Hogan,' he continued, addressing that person, and observing the deep, ferocious discontent which impressed his features; 'you can act as you think fit; do what you list with your own.'

'Ned Ryan,' he retorted, bitterly, 'you are little better than—'

'Than what, sir?' demanded the rapparee, with an emphasis so stern that Hogan paused, and then added in a subdued tone—

'Than a captain in the king's dragoons, Ned; there's no great harm in that.'

'Get your men home,' replied Ryan, sternly, 'or you'll find yourself in the end little better than a fool, Mr. Hogan?'

And so saying, the dark featured speaker rapidly descended the steep road, threw himself upon his good horse, and sat by the bridge head until all had passed over. Then just as the first ranks of the buff-coated dragoons began to show themselves in the red light of the still glowing fire, as their vanguard appeared above the brow of the eminence, which, at the distance of a few furlongs, and upon the same side of the river, overlooked the old fortress of Glindarragh, he wheeled his steed, and, riding slowly over the bridge, was soon hidden among the close stems and branches of the old oak wood.

Amid the wild confusion that reigned within the castle walls, the frantic howling of the cattle and the busy clang and clatter of renewed preparation, it was long ere the sounds which had already reached the attacking party, were heard by those within.

From the flanking towers, farthest removed from the still burning masses of corn and turf, the hurried movements of the rapparees, had, indeed, been discovered, though the cause of this general and sudden withdrawal of the wild Irish, as the defenders of the castle called them, was as yet a mystery; and the jaded and heart-sick garrison scarcely dared to entertain the hope that this cessation of hostilities would not, like the last, prove but the prelude to some new assault, if possible more terrible than that they had already experienced.

As the fire rapidly subsided, those upon the summit of the towers, however, at last discerned the martial front of the cavalry, and heard the shrilly braying of the trumpets, as, in obedience to the signal, a squadron of dragoons clattered down the broken road, and crossing the steep bridge, halted, and formed at the opposite end—their buff-coats and low-crowned cocked hats showing clear and sharp in the light of the fire as they might have done in the blaze of noon.—These were quickly followed by two other squadrons, who, dismounting at the bridge, unslung their musketoons, and spread themselves partly among the wood at the far side of the stream, and partly upon the hillock and rising grounds which overlooked the castle and the adjacent road; and meanwhile, the whole body of horse, with the clang of hoofs, and ringing of accoutrements, and the occasional hoarse voice of command, and the heart-stirring blast of the trumpet, prelude every new movement, began to advance at a walk, in all the imposing silence and regularity of military order, full in the lurid glow of the subsiding conflagration, down the steep and winding road to Glindarragh Castle.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE DRAGOONS IN THE GREAT HALL—THE EXECUTION.

The dragoons halted, and dismounted upon the road leading up to the castle gate, until the fire, already subsiding, had sunk into red masses of glowing embers; and the lighter fragments of the corn and hay, which had blazed so fiercely but an hour before, now swept in trains of sparks along the howling wind, and strewn high in the troubled air, floated away in the darksome void.

Meanwhile, the party within the walls, relieved from the more urgent terrors of their situation, had already begun to speculate, with anxious suspense and alarm, upon the purpose with which the troops—the neighing of whose horses, and the loud voices, and laughter of whose soldiery already filled their ears—had arrived before the castle walls.

Those who are acquainted with the melancholy history of the times of which we write, need not to be reminded of the terror in which, but too justly, the new levies of Tyrconnell were held by the perplexed, old-numbered, and (as it must be confessed), the disaffected Protestant population of the country.

The excesses of these troops did not, perhaps, transcend those committed in numberless similar cases by other soldiery; but, in addition to the licentiousness and rapacity from which no army in a relaxed state of discipline is free, there were here old heart-burnings to be staked, and old scores to be settled—feuds and animosities the most bitter and implacable. Ireland was, actually the theatre of war. The Enniskilleners,

unsupported as yet by a single company of regular troops, maintained an adventurous struggle against the royalist forces in the north; and these military collisions, while they chafed and provoked the fiercer and more fiery antipathies of the two antagonist parties, served also to involve in a too just suspicion of actual disloyalty to James, the Protestant population of the other provinces.

Under the menacing and almost desperate circumstances of the royalist cause, it is, therefore, scarcely to be wondered at that measures of extreme severity should have been directed by the Jacobite government against a party justly feared, and more dreaded, perhaps, than actually disliked.

The sympathies of the Protestants, and, whenever they could give it, their co-operation also, went zealously with the invading army, and threatened with multiplied and formidable dangers the interest of an already well-nigh ruined and almost desperately embarrassed dynasty.

If obsolete statutes were, therefore, revived and enforced, and quibbling law points raised to disarm them in masses, or to disable and crush them in detail, the zealous loyalist who availed of such tortuous instruments, found ample justification for the equivocal nature of the means employed, in the paramount importance of the ends which he pursued. An army of upwards of forty thousand men, almost entirely newly raised, and, for the greater part, ill-officered, and scarcely half disciplined, held undisputed possession of the greater part of the country; and while the executive, in times so excited and 'out of joint,' wanted the power, even had it possessed the will, to control their licentiousness, they in turn were inadequate to restrain the excesses of the native marauders, who, under the well-known name of rapparees, pillaged and laid waste the property of the country, and carried on a trade of outrage and rapine upon their own account. It is, therefore, injustice to judge the severities and the losses sustained by the Protestant population of Ireland during that terrible struggle, by the rules which would apply to well-affected subjects, and in peaceful times.

The passage into the castle being now safe and free, and the fires everywhere nearly spent, the officer in command of the detachment, accompanied by several others, and followed by a guard of dragoons, rode slowly through the open archway and into the castle yard. Amid the wreck and confusion which here presented itself—the cowering cattle, broken palings, and smouldering turf—old Sir Hugh Willoughby and a party of his friends, some of them bleeding, and all grimed and smutted with gunpowder, heated with exertion and beared with smoke, stood together to receive their military visitants, and presented a group, haggard and wild enough in all conscience.

'Sir Hugh Willoughby,' exclaimed the officer, as he walked his horse in front, and fixed his eye upon the little party with a stony and imperious gaze; 'my business is with him. If Sir Hugh Willoughby be among you, let him come forward.'

'I am here, Sir Captain,' replied the old gentleman, with more than equal hauteur, advancing a pace or two in front of his friends, 'and desire to know your message.'

'You shall,' interrupted the officer, impassively. 'Cornet Burke,' he continued, addressing an officer by his side, 'let half the squadron keep the gate, and the other half dismount and follow me.'

'Where is your authority, sir, and what your purpose?' demanded the knight, whose fiery spirit was stirred within him.

'The king's colors, sir, in times like these, are authority sufficient with all loyal men; and for my purpose I shall unfold that presently,' retorted the officer, coldly, as he dismounted, and gave the bridle of his horse into the hand of one of the attendant guards.

'Be pleased, Sir Hugh Willoughby, continued the officer, 'to lead the way into the great hall; I attend you, sir.'

This was added in a tone of emphatic command, which seemed to say, 'hesitate or demur at your peril;' and Sir Hugh, with an effort which nothing but an overwhelming sense of the madness of attempting resistance, and the ridiculousness of exhibiting an unavailing irritation and reluctance, enabled him to exert, proceeded to lead the way to his own castle hall, accompanied by the little party of his friends, and closely followed by the commander of the detachment and his subordinate officers, the file of dismounted dragoons bringing up the rear.

In this order the irregular procession entered the long and now deserted chamber, to the upper end of which the officers proceeded, while the guard halted and formed in front of the doorway, and Sir Hugh and his assembled brethren stood aloof in a body at the foot of the long table, whose further extremity was occupied by the colonel and his party. With a stern and invidious curiosity he scanned the extensive chamber, illu-

minated as it was by the red glare of some dozen torches, and then his dark eye fell sternly and coldly upon the motly party at the further end. Meanwhile they had ample leisure to admire, were they indeed disposed for any such emotion, the symmetry of his graceful and athletic form, and the striking beauty and nobleness of his stern and handsome features.

Had Sir Hugh recognised in the imposing form on which he looked, the champion to whose strong arm he owed his daughter's safety, gratitude might for the moment, if for no longer, have overcome the harsher feelings which struggled in his breast. But whatever he was hereafter to learn of the handsome swordsman before him, at present he knew him not.

'Gentlemen,' said the officer, addressing them in a deep and peremptory tone, which well accorded with the haughty and decisive character of his pale face, 'some of you, I see, are armed; in the first place, then, in the king's name, I charge you, deliver your weapons into the keeping of the guard at the door. Corporal Flaherty, advance two paces, and receive the gentlemen's arms.'

The order was obeyed in silence by the grinning corporal, whose face, as he eyed the little group, wore an expression of exultation and derision, which was anything but conciliatory.

Some shook their heads resolutely, others hung down theirs with a sense of bitter humiliation, others again exchanged significant looks of menace, and some even clutched their muskets with a firmer gripe, and laid their right hands on the locks. This hesitation and confusion, however, was little favored by the stern soldier who presided, and the orders, "unslung carbines,"—"ground arms,"—"prime and load,"—delivered in a rapid succession, and followed by the jingle of some dozen of iron ramrods, precipitated the crisis ere time was given for deliberation, or even for action.

'Surrender your weapons, my friends, obediently; let us give the adversary no needless advantage over us,' said Sir Hugh, mournfully.—'God knows!' he added passionately, and snatching his sinewy hand upon the table, 'were it not that the king's name enforces the demand, I would yield my weapons only with my life.'

The obvious agony of the brave old man seemed, in some sort, to touch the stern nature of the colonel, for he said—

'Your courage, Sir Hugh Willoughby, is not disputed, and if you like it better, for the sake of honor, loyalty, and obedience to the laws, I will entreat you and your friends to yield up your arms peaceably, and without delay; and further, gentlemen,' he continued, 'you will not object to giving your names and places of abode, as my duty obliges me to make a list of all whom I have found in arms in this place. Captain Luttrell, you will please, yourself, see to the drawing up of such a list.'

While the measures necessary to carry out these directions were going forward, the stern young officer in command again addressed himself to Sir Hugh.

'It is right, sir, I should at once inform you,' he said, abruptly, 'that two companies of my dragoons are billeted upon you, for how long, will depend upon orders from Dublin Castle; for the rest you must find quarters for to-night.'

'Two hundred men and horses billeted upon one gentleman's house?' cried Sir Hugh, with wrathful astonishment. 'So, heaven guard me, but this is the very extremity and extravagance of oppression!'

'It is no affair of mine, sir,' replied the officer, coldly. 'If you deem yourself oppressed, you had best memorialize the Lord Lieutenant.'

'Memorial him!—memorial the arch-fid rätter!' cried Sir Hugh, stamping furiously upon the floor.

'You must not lose your temper, Sir Hugh,' interrupted the soldier, coldly, 'or you may chance to lose something not so easily recovered. 'What's that?' demanded the old man, vehemently.

'Your life, sir,' replied the colonel. 'My life!' responded the old knight, passionately.—'my life! God knows 'tis little worth—God knows how cheap I hold it.'

The knight spoke these words with such a sudden and mournful change of voice and aspect, that his friends gathered about him, and bidding him be of good heart, and fear not for the issue, shook him by the hands, and pledged their souls and honors to stand by him to the last, with protestations as passionate and fervent as only in scenes of transcendent excitement are evoked.

While this was passing, an officer entered the room, and, raising his hat, observed—

'We have secured two prisoners, colonel. 'Where are they?' asked he.

'In the yard, sir,' replied the subaltern, 'with corporal's guard.'

'March them in, then,' replied Turloch O'Brien. And forthwith, under a guard of five dismounted dragoons, two men were led into the castle.

Mr. Hewitt—That is a very good sister. That will do... Brother No. 1—I never will be ashamed to testify for Jesus.

tion of a prelate in New Zealand; or in Natal, or should-missionary zeal, direct itself (either, among those anthropophagous tribes of Central Africa, from whose cannibal appetites Mr. Petherick and his friends with difficulty escaped, would be tranquil and free from anxiety compared with that of the Bishop of Down and Connor in "Protestant Ulster."

the careless yet affectionate nature of the people. One item constantly meets the eye in Irish dead-letters—"A free passage to New York." Relations who have gone to America and done well purchase an emigration ticket, and forward it to some relative in the "old country," whom they wish to come over to join them in their prosperity.

gave them a word in season about Gospel prospects in Italy, and the good man's thankfulness found vent in song: "They praised God from whom all blessings flow, first and foremost among which blessings were: The power the law gives them to oppress Catholics in England; the heavy blows their Carbonari friends are dealing against Catholicity everywhere; the blood of Priests that has been poured out like water at the bidding of Pinelli; and the golden opportunity afforded to them, by all these horrors, to quote the most dismal parts of the Prophets, and the most unintelligible passages in the Apocalypse. A mere worldly-minded man might be apt to institute an awkward comparison between the ostentatiously paraded bigotry of these sanctimonious gentry in conventicle assembled, and their prayerful aspirations for the spread of "Gospel truth" in Catholic Italy!

fragments by gunpowder. It was a Union of consent, made by freemen with arms in their hands. It can be continued only by consent. If after protracted consultation and endeavours, it be found that the descendants of those who, by the Constitution made by the Union, have so degenerated that they cannot live together, then the Union is, for the time being, an impossibility. That the North can dictate terms to the South, or the South to the North, or that, in any such manner, a Union worthy the name, or true to American traditions, can be formed, is an absurdity that could find lodgment only in the narrow head of a bigot and an incapable. We must plunge along, deeper and deeper in the mire, till those accidentally in control learn that peace is the first necessity in order to any project of re-construction of the Union.

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
GEORGE B. OLBERG,
At No. 223, Notre Dame Street.

TERMS:
To all country subscribers, or subscribers receiving their papers through the post, or calling for them at the office, if paid in advance, Two Dollars; if not so paid, then Two Dollars and a-half.

To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a-half, if paid in advance, but if not paid in advance, then Three Dollars.

Single copies, price 3d, can be had at this Office; Pickup's News Depot, St. Francis Xavier Street; A. T. Riddell's, (late from Mr. E. Pickup,) No. 22, Great St. James Street, opposite Messrs. Dawson & Son; and at W. Dalton's, corner of St. Lawrence and Craig Sts.
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUG. 16, 1861.

TO OUR READERS.

We commence to-day, and with the present number, the Twelfth volume of the TRUE WITNESS; and we trust that we may be permitted, without exposing ourselves to the charge of egotism, again to avail ourselves of the occasion to say a few words about the TRUE WITNESS and its principles. The subject is not one which we would select in preference to others; but we wish to address a few words to our readers on a matter in which their honor, and our interests, are concerned.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that we have acted honestly as towards our readers, and we therefore pretend that we have the right to demand that they shall act honestly as towards us. We boast—and in this matter we fearlessly challenge contradiction—that we have faithfully and constantly, under all circumstances, and to the best of our abilities, redeemed the pledges by us given in our Prospectus published eleven years ago. We then promised that the TRUE WITNESS should be exclusively a Catholic paper, and, therefore, perfectly independent of all political parties, or persons; that it should on matters purely secular, observe a strict neutrality, but that it should freely, and from a Catholic point of view, discuss all political questions in which, directly or indirectly, the interests of the Church were involved; that it should call no man master, should follow the banner of no party or person, should treat with perfect indifference the pretensions of "Ins" and "Ours" to the spoils of office, and should be amenable to no influences, save those of the duly appointed pastors of God's Holy Church. That, in short, the TRUE WITNESS should be, not a partisan paper, or the advocate of any man's claims to public favor; but simply the faithful and humble exponent of Catholic policy, and Catholic interests.

We defy any one to indicate wherein we have by a hair's breadth deviated from the course which we pledged ourselves to follow; and indeed the substance of all reproaches that have been urged against us is—that we have been too faithful to our pledged word; that we have been too consistent; that we have steadily refused to identify ourselves with any political party; that we have scorned to acknowledge either of the pretenders to office and the distribution of patronage, as "our natural allies," or to make the honor of our religion subservient to the promotion of personal interests; that, in short, we have adhered too rigidly to principle, and that without regard to the schemes of party, or the intrigues of political adventurers, we have insisted upon the duty of making the good of the Church our sole rule of action.

If then we have dealt fairly with our readers, we have the right to demand that they shall deal fairly with us in return, that they also shall fulfill their part of the understood contract, by the punctual payment of their stipulated annual subscription. This, we must respectfully observe, a large number of our subscribers have not done; and this, apparently, they do not deem it incumbent upon themselves to do. We therefore take this opportunity of explaining our intention towards them.

With the commencement of the present volume, we will stop sending the paper to a large number of our subscribers who are in arrears, and will hand their accounts over—without further notice—to a lawyer for collection; and in future we will send the paper to no new subscriber who shall not have paid for six months, that is to say the sum of one dollar, in advance. Should therefore any of our subscribers after this date fail to receive their papers as usual, they may attribute the circumstance to their having failed to pay their debts to this office; and they will have no cause to complain if by legal process they are compelled to discharge those pecuniary obligations, which all honest men cheerfully discharge without compulsion.

To our numerous subscribers by whose punctuality alone the TRUE WITNESS has been enabled to hold its ground, in spite of the dishonesty of others, we return our best thanks; and we assure them that, on our parts, no efforts shall be spared to make the TRUE WITNESS in some measure worthy of their continued support and confidence. What it has been, that shall

the TRUE WITNESS continue to be, a Catholic, non-partisan paper. It will not cease to insist upon justice to the Catholics of Upper Canada on the School Question, and upon justice to the Catholics of the Lower Province upon the Representation Question. It will ally itself with no man, and with no party; but it will treat every man, every party as its enemy, as the enemy of the Church, who, or which, opposes the full development of the Separate School principle, or gives any semblance even of countenance to the agitation for Representation by Population. Upon the Catholics of both sections of the Province, it will continue to urge the duty, the imperative necessity, of close and cordial union; and to denounce as the worst enemy to both, as a traitor to Catholicity, the man who directly or indirectly, upon any pretence whatsoever, seeks to create, or perpetuate discord betwixt French and Irish Catholics; and whilst still steadily refusing to identify religion and politics, it will still insist upon the intimate connection betwixt Catholicity and Conservatism, betwixt fidelity to the Church and loyalty to our legitimate sovereign. The Catholic, it is true, is not, as such, committed to any particular line of secular policy; but, strange though it may sound in the ears of many, we will still repeat, that the true Papist cannot be a Clear-Grit or demagogue; and that obedience to all lawfully constituted authority in the civil order, is a duty which the Catholic owes to God, and which he cannot violate without thereby incurring the penalty of disobedience to the laws of the supreme law-giver.

And in this happy country, in this Canada, thank God! the true Catholic can find no difficulty in reconciling his duty with his interests. In no country in the world, in no nominally Catholic country in Europe, not in France, not in Spain, is the Church so free and untrammelled by State fetters as she is in Canada; and this freedom, this exemption from arbitrary interference, we owe, under God, to our political accidents, to our happy connection with the British Empire, and to what remains of the monarchical element in our Constitution. These then it is our interest, as it is our duty, to preserve; and whilst many Protestants are "looking to Washington," hoping thence to evoke the demon of "Protestant Ascendancy," and in despair of otherwise accomplishing the spoliation of our religious institutions, the subversion of our educational establishments, and the humiliation of our Church—be it ours to show to our enemies that we can appreciate, and that we therefore deserve, the blessings of a just and liberal Government; and that, whilst Papists in the strictest sense of the word, we know how to reconcile our duty to the head upon earth of our Church, with that allegiance which we owe to our temporal sovereign and to all who are in authority under her. Yes! though no partisans, we are Conservatives, and are not ashamed to own it. We are loyalists, and we glory in the title. Conservative and loyal, because Catholics and Papists; Monarchists in the civil order; Papists, thorough Papists, in the religious order.

Thus far, but no farther, do we pretend that there is any necessary connection betwixt Catholicity and politics. And this will explain to our readers why, whilst we deplore and condemn many acts of the British Government; why, whilst we hold in abhorrence its present foreign policy as towards Italy, and its domestic policy as towards Ireland, we will not allow the TRUE WITNESS to become the medium for preaching treason, and disloyalty to the Queen, as the first duty which the Catholic owes to God. Our sentiments may be unpopular; and in the ears of some may sound strange and novel, accustomed as they have been to bear a very different doctrine from their lay teachers; but as they are the sentiments which we honestly entertain, and which we have learnt from the lips of our Spiritual Mother, so we cannot if we would, and would not even if we could, attempt to conceal them, or to explain them away. From this confession of faith then our readers will easily deduce that the TRUE WITNESS, though utterly unconnected with political party of any kind, is and ever will be, the uncompromising enemy of the Clear-Grits, and "Protestant Reformers;" the enemy of the Rouges, of all democrats, and of all who are "looking to Washington." The enemy of the former, because they are the enemies of our Church, and are intent upon her subjection by means of organic constitutional changes, such as Representation by Population; the enemy of the latter, because their principles are irreconcilable with the teachings of the Catholic Church, who has ever approved herself the friend of liberty and order; and whose idea of liberty is—loyalty, and obedience to all duly constituted authority, whether in the spiritual or in the temporal order.

DRUNKENNESS IN GASPE.—This vice is rapidly increasing in this district, and the Catholic clergy call loudly for the imposition of a duty upon intoxicating liquors; attributing the rapidly spreading evil to the facilities afforded under the present "tree-port" system for obtaining spirits.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

There is an invincible antipathy betwixt the peoples of the North and of the South of Italy, we are now told by the British press, in explanation of the fact which can no longer be concealed that the Neapolitans are, en masse, up in arms against their Piedmontese oppressors.—What will the Montreal Witness say to this?

The time for evasion and falsehood is past; the truth, in spite of the efforts of the revolutionary and liberal organs of opinion to support it, must leak out; and even the correspondent of the London Times, the most hardened and unscrupulous perverter of truth, is by the sheer force of facts compelled to acknowledge that were universal suffrage, or the general vote of the people of the Two Sicilies, to be again appealed to, as betwixt Victor Emmanuel and Francis II., the verdict would not be in favor of the former. Brute force may for a season triumph over right; a military despotism may for a time trample under foot the nationality and liberties of the Neapolitans; but the sacred fire of freedom will not be altogether quenched in the blood of the patriots and of the priests whom, under Cialdini's orders, the foreign mercenaries of Piedmont are shooting down. The glorious struggle for freedom in which the Neapolitans are now engaged, deserves, and receives, the sympathies of every one who can appreciate courage, and loyalty, and patriotism; and though deceived by the false reports of a lying press, and blinded by their absurd anti-Catholic prejudices, the people of England still shout and bellow for Victor Emmanuel, the cruelties and atrocious massacres daily perpetrated by his order will open their eyes, and enlist their feelings for a brave and generous people, whose only crime is that they do not see fit to merge their distinctive nationality in that of an alien and hated race; and who claim in their own behalf the right which Lord John Russell challenged for revolutionists in general—that of deposing a Government which they detest, and of establishing a form of government of which they approve. Even the most inconsistent liberal who ever uttered balderdash at Exeter Hall must be ashamed to refuse to the Neapolitans in arms against an alien monarch, that which they proclaim as the inherent, inalienable right of every people against their native born, domestic, and legitimate rulers. Tested even by the code of revolutionary ethics of which Lord John Russell is the prophet, the Neapolitans have an indisputable right to throw off, or reject the rule of the Piedmontese; and if they have that right, surely no honest man can condemn them for exercising it.

But then they practice such cruelties! that they have justly forfeited the sympathies of the civilized world. Violence no doubt can be imputed to the insurgents; they have actually attacked, and fired upon the troops of Victor Emmanuel, and have faintly retaliated upon the foreign hirelings of the latter, some of the cruelties of which their friends have been the victims.—The reproach of cruelty is however strange in the mouths of the revolutionists, who shoot in cold blood, and make no secret of their determination so to shoot, all prisoners by them taken with arms in their hands, and who practice every kind of brutality against those suspected even of loyalty to the Bourbon dynasty. Here is what the Naples correspondent of the London Times says on the subject. After mentioning that the adherents of the usurper display their affected zeal for Victor Emmanuel by ill treating and robbing all whom they can lay hold of, the same authority, writing under date of the 24th ult., continues:—

"I can guarantee it to you that on one morning 13 persons brutally treated, under the excuse of being disaffected to the Government, were brought into the Questura, and on the following morning, six; one of the unhappy victims has since died of his wounds."

No wonder that men thus brutally treated should sometimes brutally retaliate, and that they should put in practise the teachings of their alien rulers. The Spaniards, when they rose against the French in their war of independence, were guilty of like excesses; and yet for that reason the sympathies and armed assistance of the British people were not withheld from them.—The Piedmontese, by their unprovoked and unjustifiable invasion of the Neapolitan soil, were the aggressors, and must bear the penalties of that wicked and wanton act of aggression. Till they withdraw, there cannot be peace or order; and in the opinion of most writers upon international law, the invaded have the right to employ every means at their command to purge their native land of its alien invaders.

The report of the arrest of the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples is contradicted.

The report that Louis Napoleon is about to hand over Rome to Piedmontese mercenaries, and to sell the Holy Father to Victor Emmanuel, is again circulated with confidence, and may very probably be true. What is certain is, that the health of the Sovereign Pontiff is fully re-established. The other European political news are void of interest.

From the United States we have the news—through a Northern Channel—of another battle on Saturday last betwixt the Southerners, and the Northerners under General Lyons. It would appear from their own version, that the

latter, some 8,060, commenced the battle; that their opponents numbered 23,000, and that the assailants were routed, with the loss of General Lyons killed, 800 killed and wounded, and some at least of their guns. After the death of Gen. Lyons, the command of the Northerners devolved on General Seigel, who continued the retreat, and rescued the remnant of his force from destruction. Upon the whole, it would appear, even from the one-sided reports that have reached us, that the Southerners, rebels, or confederates, as they are indifferently called—have another victory to boast of. A Southern version of the affair would, no doubt, give a very different aspect to it, and would show us the Northerners routed with great slaughter, and driven from the field, by the irresistible heroes of the South.

THE ORPHANS IN ST. PATRICK'S ASYLUM—THEIR PIC-NIC

Unnecessary as we believe it is to remind our readers in Montreal that this great Pic-Nic will take place in Guilbault's Garden on Wednesday next, the 21st inst., we are nevertheless impelled, by a feeling of sympathy for the helpless little ones upon whose behalf it is to be given, not to pass it over in silence.

Yes: we desire to say that of all other objects that commend themselves to the attention and liberality of the Irish Catholic, there is none more deserving of his support than the poor orphan, whose home is in the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. The children of expatriated parents, now no more, they are bequeathed to us by God as a heavenly trust; and we, in so far as it lies in our power, are bound to supply the places of those who are no longer here to afford them that protection which their innocence and tender years require.

Let us then, one and all, prepare to meet each other at the Orphans' Pic-Nic. From house to house let the word be passed, that Wednesday next is set apart for the relief of the Irish Orphan. In a pecuniary point of view, the expense is as nothing; while the amusements will be not only numerous, but exceedingly pleasant and interesting. But of these we do not desire to speak, for we believe that a loftier feeling than recreation can inspire, will animate those who attend the Pic-Nic; and that fathers and mothers will feel but too happy in embracing the opportunity of acknowledging their gratitude to the Divine Giver of all gifts, that their children are not, like the Orphans in the St. Patrick's Asylum, dependent upon the charity of the benevolent for the means of subsistence.

Again we say, remember Wednesday next, and that it is an imperative obligation, specially devolving upon the Irish Catholic—upon the old as well as the young—to visit the Orphan's Pic-Nic, and there, by his presence and encouragement, cheer the hearts of those helpless children who, being united to us by the ties of religion, of nationality, of charity, aye, and of misfortune, naturally turn to us for a Parent's care which, so long as an Irish heart beats, shall never be denied them.

REMAINS OF THE LATE BISHOP MACDONALD OF KINGSTON.—The remains of this venerable Prelate, which have been brought from Europe by the exertions of His Lordship Mgr. Horan, Bishop of Kingston, arrived in Montreal on Saturday last, and were temporarily deposited in the vaults of the Parish Church. In the course of the ensuing month they will be removed to Kingston, and will there most appropriately find their final resting place in the Cathedral of the Diocese of which the late Dr. Macdonald was the first Bishop.

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.—With the most perfect good faith, or with the most consummate impudence—the reader is at liberty to adopt which hypothesis he pleases—the Montreal Witness of Saturday last assures us—that "there is no truer friend of Roman Catholics in Canada than the Witness, which would save them from the ruin wrought by priestly domination in other countries;" and yet—such is the hard heartedness, not to say blindness of Roman Catholics—"many of them do not think so." Also our evangelical cotemporary claims credit for his love of truth and fair play; and believes, that "no paper in Canada acknowledges mistakes, or inserts corrections more willingly."—Montreal Witness.

It is amusing to note the similarity betwixt the jargon of the Witness wherein it professes "friendship" to Catholics, and the objects it has in view, and the cant of more advanced Protestants, such as Voltaire and the illustrious Tom Paine. These all profess to love us, and if they abuse us, it is out of pure friendship that they do so; if they libel our clergy, circulate obscene slanders against our Religion, and hold our religion up to mockery, it is by the warmth of their affection that they are prompted so to deal with us, and by their anxious disinterested desire to deliver us from the trammels of priest-craft, and from "priestly domination." The Witness when assaulting Popery, employs the very weapons of the avowed Atheist, and the professed object of both is to deliver us—save the mark—from "priestly domination!"

This too, was the object of the promoters of the French Revolution, and in this object they,

for a time, only too well, succeeded. The Witness would do well to notice the results, ere attempting the same process in Canada—amongst the French Canadians. Granted that the Witness should succeed by falsehood, by calumny, and such slender stock of humor as he has at his command, in persuading them to throw off "priestly domination" and to emancipate themselves from the yoke of priest-craft—what then? Has he well considered the inevitable consequences of such an emancipation, of such a deliverance? Has history no lessons for him? have the teachings of the past all been thrown away?

The French are a logical people, and the Witness may be sure that, when they throw off "priestly domination," it will not be with the design of bowing beneath any other yoke; that if they emancipate themselves from Popish, it will not be to submit themselves to Calvinistic, priest-craft; that if they reject the Church, they will at the same time, and by the same process of reasoning, reject the Bible, the entire Christian revelation, and all authority that pretends to impose any restraints upon their passions and the lusts of the flesh. If they refuse to hearken to their priests, and revolt against their Bishops, the Witness need not flatter himself that the French Canadians will settle quietly down under the spiritual dominion of any greasy-faced sensual "man of God" whom the Conventicle holds in honor, or that they will transfer their allegiance from the Romish Prelate to the Genevan divine.

But leaving out of sight the hypocrisy of the Witness' professions of friendship, and the absurdity of the motives which he assigns, what shall we say of his impudence in talking of "priestly domination" to Catholics. If ever there was a miserable abject truckling to that domination, it was by those Protestant sects of which he professes himself the admirer and disciple; if ever a people were plunged to the lips in the lowest form of degrading superstition, it was through listening to the teachings, and obeying the precepts of those ministers of the Gospel whom the Witness holds up to the Papists of Canada as their redeemers and benefactors.—Read your Buckle—a Protestant historian, and therefore an unexceptionable witness against Protestantism—would we say to our Montreal cotemporary; see the picture, the but too faithful picture, of the moral, and intellectual degradation to which the Calvinistic clergy of Scotland have reduced the people; look for a moment at the grovelling superstitions of the Sabbatarians, and listen to the maudlin drivellings of the evangelicals at a Revival—and then, if you dare, lecture Catholics upon their submission to "priestly domination." Physician heal thyself.

The hypocrisy of the Witness is exceeded only by its marvellous powers of mendacity.—The Witness, of all papers the most reckless and unscrupulous in making, or insinuating, the most unfounded charges against all its opponents, but against Catholics especially, and which though constantly detected and exposed, has never once retracted a falsehood, or expressed contrition for the most malicious of its slanders, claims credit for its readiness in acknowledging mistakes, and for inserting corrections! This is impudence raised to its very highest power.

But a few weeks ago, the columns of the Witness were filled with a false and scandalous attack upon the Jesuits of Montreal, whom, by implication, he accused of having deceived, decoyed into their premises, and held in confinement, an interesting young Frenchman, a convert from Romanism to the Holy Protestant Faith.—Whether in this case the Witness was a fool or a dupe, the deceived or the deceiver—whether he was the originator of the cowardly slander, or whether he and a Dr. Hellmouth of Quebec, concocted it betwixt them—we will not pause to enquire, for it does not in the slightest degree affect our position, which is this—Either the story as told by the Witness, was true, or a lie; either the Jesuits were guilty, or were innocent, of that which the Witness imputed to them. If guilty, we call upon him to prove their guilt; if unable to prove their guilt, we tell him that, by every code of honor and of morality, he was bound to abstain from circulating reports injurious to the good name of his neighbors without strong proof of their truth; and that if these reports be false, or unsustained by evidence, then is the Witness, by the same code, bound to disabuse its readers of the false impressions which its first articles respecting the "interesting Young Frenchman" have naturally created in their minds. We are aware that, amongst the saints the laws of honor are unknown, and that the frequenter of the conventicle is more familiar with the tricks of trade, and the art of cheating a customer, than with the manners and habits of gentlemen; but—and in this every man, not a saint, will agree with us—no one has the right, upon any pretence whatsoever, to publish anything which he is not prepared either to prove, or to retract, if called upon to do so. We call therefore upon the Witness to give either the sequel of its, or Dr. Hellmouth's, story; or else to publish a retraction, and a confession of its regret for having, upon insufficient data, given circulation to a report injurious to the Jesuits, and their College.

Your "modern civilization" is, without doubt a great institution, and one fast arriving at a marvellous perfection. Not content with the ordinary laws of morality derived from the revealed Word of God, it makes to itself a new God, and another revelation with a moral code, revised and corrected to meet the exigencies of the times.—The old laws of "meum" and "vuum," which had so long kept the selfish propensities of our human nature in some kind of decent check, and which, from their venerable antiquity at least, are entitled to some little respect, are henceforth, thanks to Protestantism and modern civilization, to be declared obsolete; and a more enlightened morality of grab-what-you-can-especially-from-weak-monks-and-nuns, is to become the approved order of the day. We had thought that "Hit him hard, he's Irish," (and therefore Catholic) was confined to the refined circle of English bigotry; but it would appear that the flora of Protestantism is ever the same—producing the same deadly and poisonous plants, whether under the snows of Sweden, amidst the fogs of England, or beneath the sunny sky of Italy. It matters not, whether the money thus appropriated under this modern system of brag belongs to God, having been left to be expended in His love and service in the maintenance of communities whose whole being shall be devoted to the praise and honor of the Supreme Being and Creator of all. The execration of sacrilege, and respect for the temples of God, are to be reckoned as amongst the "darkness of the middle ages," and as no longer fit for the advanced stage of "modern civilization." Robbery of Church property has become one of the amiable weaknesses of Protestant Governments.

A Piedmontese minister of finance, the other day, in answer to Mr. Pepoli, who begged as a matter of the commonest justice, that the slender pension promised the religious bodies in compensation for the revenues that have been taken from them, to meet the exigencies of the State should be punctually paid, affirmed that those pensions had been punctually paid, and that within the last three months a sum amounting to a million of livres had been expended for that purpose. Now, as under the new code of morality, the vice of barefaced lying appears to have become as great a virtue as that of robbery and sacrilege, this assertion ought doubtless to be put in the same category as that other celebrated assertion made in full Parliament some five or six weeks ago by one of those same honest ministers of King Honest (!) Man, declaring that the losses suffered by the Piedmontese soldiers in the kingdom of Naples, since the siege of Gaeta, had not amounted to more than sixty men, including the wounded. We had foolishly thought that "nobody killed" was a Yankee institution; but this Piedmontese senator appears to have transplanted it as a choice exotic into the Italian Parliament.

But to return to the religious bodies. If this million has been really sent from Turin, (?) it is very evident that it has never reached its destination, and must have been appropriated by the distributors; for all accounts agree in describing the intense misery to which the religious of both sexes, but more especially the convents of women, are reduced.

To give an example. In the environs of Ancona, there is a convent which has been stripped of all its goods and revenues, from which the good Sisters obtained a scanty livelihood. Deprived of everything, reduced to the last extremity, and seeing themselves upon the point of being obliged to abandon their convent, these poor religious, following the advice of several of the surrounding gentry, sent an application to the Government at Turin explaining the misery to which they were reduced, and praying that the small pension promised them might be duly paid. Thrice was this supplication sent, and as often received no answer. A fourth, accompanied by the signatures of a large majority of the inhabitants of the Commune, was more fortunate. It received for reply—"That orders had been issued for the regular payment of the pension." And what was this pension, the fruit of four applications? Fifteen centimes (coppers) each per day!

When English Protestantism, mindful of its early Catholic traditions, determined to put a stop to the slave trade in her colonies, she felt it incumbent upon her to indemnify the traffickers in human flesh to the extent of their claims. Millions of money were paid to the West India planter for his emancipated slaves, to whose bodies he never had, and never could have, any right.—But the Catholic religious, whose whole lives are devoted to the service of God, whose whole strength is expended in the performance of acts of charity towards their fellow-men, are not, because they are Catholics, on a par with these negro whippers, and are with difficulty indemnified for the forfeiture of their ample revenues, by a paltry pittance of fifteen coppers a-day. It would be a curious experiment, could it be only attempted, to see how the Marquis of Westminster with his £1000 sterling per day, and the titled aristocracy of England would feel, if they were told by the British Government, that their immense wealth was altogether too much for

their legitimate wants; that it was needed by the State; that they were idle and lazy, and able to work; and that they should be recompensed, after four applications, with the munificent allowance of fifteen coppers per day. But then the Marquis of Westminster and the English aristocracy are Protestants, whilst the good Nuns of Ancona are Catholics; and that to Protestant bigotry makes all the difference.

The Catholics of the Middle Ages are blamed because it is erroneously affirmed that they deemed it right and proper to rob and maltreat the Jew. But our enlightened modern civilization extends even less indulgence to the Catholic Nuns, albeit they are women withal. An unerring criterion of the degree of civilization of any particular nation at any particular time, is the estimate in which woman is held therein. In Pagan Rome, she was a slave, destined to pass her life in the basest servitude, as amongst the Red Indians of our days. Christianity emancipated her, and gave to her her due rank in the social polity. The chivalry of the Middle Ages exalted her almost to a goddess, and made her the main spring of its most noble and heroic actions. But the advancement of modern civilization, as evinced in Piedmontese Italy at the present time, has degraded her again to her Pagan state, and deems 15 coppers a day an ample dower. England vaunts herself as the defender of the oppressed of all nations—a function she has assumed with no small ostentation and meddling. The political culprits of Bourbon Naples, who were attempting the life of their legitimate sovereign, were her especial proteges. In her opinion they were sorely oppressed; their dungeons were too damp—they were too ill-fed, and too badly clothed—culprits, and would-be assassins though they were—and for them she sent diplomatic notes of significant meaning. For them her fleets were sent to the Bay of Naples; she had spies to watch over them and report their treatment, and Consuls whose business it appeared to be to endeavour to ameliorate their condition. But for the poor oppressed and plundered Nuns of Ancona, she has not a word of condolence or sympathy. They are Popish Nuns, and therefore out of the pale of her compassion. To the lovers of Italy and constitutional government, and to all who take a common sense view of the subject, untrammelled with religious prejudice, it must appear in the last degree strange, how any people having the slightest pretensions to civilization and morality can have any sympathy for a government that initiates its reign by so flagrant violations of all order and justice. The forced loans of the Tudors—attempted again, but successfully opposed under the Stuarts—were deemed illegal and flagrant usurpations of kingly power; and in very truth they were robberies on a regal and gigantic scale, which roused the nation to a pitch of frenzy that would have led to open rebellion, if not relinquished in time. And yet those still more gigantic robberies of the goods consecrated to God in His Holy Church—those gigantic confiscations (as they are politely termed) of Abbey lands that plunged England for two centuries into a state of semi-barbarism, evoked not then a whisper of condemnation throughout the length and breadth of the land. Nor has England (consistently at least, if unjustly) a word to say against these same atrocious acts in Italy. And yet, were the case but reversed, and were it Protestant religious societies—(Orange Lodges for instance)—that were assailed by Catholics—we should have a fleet immediately ordered round to the Adriatic—diplomatic messengers would be flying about Europe, and the spirit of the nation would be in a moment aroused, and evoking vengeance on the perpetrators. When will Protestantism learn to dispense a blindfold justice? SACERDOS.

REPRESENTATION BY POPULATION.—The press of the Upper Province is by no means unanimous in favour of this measure, so evidently dangerous, not to say fatal, to the autonomy of Lower Canada, and to the religious liberties of the Catholic body in both sections of the Province. This should encourage the Lower Canadians in their determination to resist to the last, and at every risk, any attempt that may be made to give a preponderance in the Legislature to the Upper and Protestant section of the Province. Our watchword should be, must be "No Surrender;" and if united amongst ourselves the cause of right will ultimately triumph. That the Protestant press of Upper Canada is not unanimous on this all-important question the following extract from the Ottawa Citizen of the 10th inst. will show. Having exposed the folly or the knavery of those who prate about "guarantees," our Ottawa cotemporary thus sums up a very clever article on the Representation question:—"On a question of so great importance there ought to be no concealment of facts—no attempt to miscalculate consequences. We are in duty bound to look it full in the face, to weigh the considerations that surround it, and to refuse frankly to be participants in trickery in the playing of a political game.—And how stands the question, divested of all surplussage? Look at it straight!

The maintenance of the Union depends upon the maintenance of the principle of federal equality, in regard to legislation, upon which it was founded. The two sections must possess equal power, numerically speaking, in parliament, or the continuance of their alliance becomes impossible. To this issue must the question come at last. And it is because we would preserve the Union as the source of Pro-

vincial greatness and strength, that we decline even to entertain a project of change which would place one-half of the Province under the heel of the other. Putting the question in this light—and it is the only true and honest light—we of the Ottawa country cannot send forth an uncertain sound in relation to it. Whatever Western extremists may do or say, the Ottawa people are bound as one man to uphold the Union, and therefore to uphold the essential condition of equality as opposed to sectional preponderance. We cannot be parties to an agitation which would sacrifice the permanent interests of the Province to promote the ends of party.

NOTICE.—We are requested to announce that the Classes of the Christian Brothers in Montreal will be reopened on Monday, the 26th inst. Parents and guardians would do well to pay attention to this notice; in order that those under their charge may be early and regular in their attendance upon the excellent schools of the Christian Brothers with which this community is blessed.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.—Few appointments have given such general satisfaction as that of Mr. B. McEvenue to the situation of Deputy Postmaster of this city, of which appointment we find the following notice in the Montreal Herald. Mr. McEvenue is an old and trusty public servant who well deserves, and who will, we hope, long live to enjoy the promotion conferred upon him:—

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.—We learn that Mr. B. McEvenue has been appointed Deputy Postmaster of this city. Mr. McEvenue is one of the oldest and most uniformly obliging and attentive clerks in our Post-Office, and well merits the promotion his long service and experience in the duties of the office has obtained for him.

INSPECTORSHIP OF PRISONS.—The Toronto Leader mentions it as a rumour that Mr. Terence J. O'Neil of that city has been appointed an Inspector of Prisons. He thus sums up the qualifications of that gentleman for the office:—"Few of our citizens have claims to official recognition equal to those presented by Mr. O'Neil. A long tried and consistent liberal, a shrewd, active, experienced and able man of business, and one upon whose integrity slander has cast no slur, he will make an efficient officer in a very important branch of the public service. Mr. O'Neil merits the reward, and the Government in granting it confers a benefit upon the community.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the following report of a transaction, alike creditable to the Catholics of St. Thomas, and to their esteemed pastor:—

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. FATHER BISSEY.—On Sunday the 4th inst., P. Burke, Esq., on behalf of the Congregation read the following Address, and presented a Purse (well filled) to Rev. Father Bissey, on the eve of his departure for Ireland. Never did a Clergyman leave a Congregation with better wishes and prayers for his success, and we feel proud in saying that the Rev. Father was universally beloved and respected, not only by his Congregation but by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. The Committee are indebted to several gentlemen for the exertions they made in order to present the Rev. Father with a suitable present a Purse at his departure from amongst us, and also to the Congregation for the liberal manner in which they contributed to this just and well merited act. Father Bissey replied in a very eloquent and affecting manner, and sincerely thanked the Congregation for the tribute of respect they had paid him.

Address of the Parishioners of St. Thomas, to their Pastor, the Rev. L. Bissey, on the Eve of his Departure.

Rev. Father,—As you are about to depart from amongst us, and take charge of another mission, it is with feelings of the deepest regret that we part with you. Words cannot express the gratitude we owe to you for the zeal you have manifested in the spiritual welfare of your flock, and also for the kindness you have shown in watching over our temporal interests. But, Rev. Father, you may rely upon it, that you depart from us with every wish that you may be successful, and that God may spare you health and strength to promote the spiritual welfare of your future flock; and rest assured that if they attend to your good advice and follow you in the paths of righteousness and justice, that one day they will reign glorious and immortal with our Father who is in Heaven. We beseech you, Rev. Father, to remember us in your prayers that we may not depart from the paths of truth and virtue which you have ever taught us, is the only way to obtain salvation and happiness in future life.

Accept this purse, Rev. Father, as a token of our esteem and regard for you, it is the offering of the children of your flock; it is not as large as we would wish it to be, still we offer it with all our heart. If we are not wealthy in worldly goods we are spiritually rich; thanks to you Rev. Father, and we pray to God that we may be always able to contribute to the support of our Pastor; and hope we may be blessed with as pious and zealous a Pastor as you have been. Rev. Father, again we express our regret at parting with you and pray that God will bless you, and always remain with you and assist you in your arduous duties.

(Signed on behalf of the congregation.) P. BOYER, Chairman. J. MCCARTHY, Secretary.

REPLY.—My Dear Friends,—With feelings of lively gratitude I thank you for the affectionate Address so kindly presented to me by this Congregation, and beg to assure you that I can appreciate the kindly and generous feelings which have prompted them to make it.

During the two years I have been amongst you I have laboured to the best of my humble ability for the advancement of religion, and the spiritual welfare of those committed to my care in this Parish, and it affords me great pleasure to say that my task was made easy to me by your willing co-operation, and the disposition you have at all times evinced to aid and assist me in every laudable work which I have endeavored to carry out. I truly reciprocate the feelings of sorrow you express at our separation from each other, that separation to me is a painful one, but circumstances have made it necessary. I thank you most sincerely for your present as well as for the warm expression of your esteem and regard, and for all the other kindness you have shown to me. Be assured, my dear friends, that though I may be separated from you by distance, my best wishes shall be with you, and my fervent prayers shall be daily offered up to the Author of all good, for your temporal, and eternal happiness. August 4th, 1861. L. BISSEY.

THE TORONTO "EVENING JOURNAL."—This is the title of a new professedly Conservative journal published in Toronto. Of its politics and principles we can say but little as yet, having seen only the first number.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION FOR LOWER CANADA, 1860.—We have to return thanks for a copy of this interesting document which reveals a decided progress in the educational institutions of this section of the Province, especially in so far as the qualifications of the School teachers are concerned. Since 1853 the number of educational establishments in Lower Canada has increased by 912; and we can boast actually of 3,264 schools, colleges, and other houses, devoted to the religious, moral, and intellectual cultivation of the rising generation.

MY DOXY AND YOUR DOXY.—The Witness is engaged in a controversy with the Toronto Christian Guardian upon the subject of endowments to denominational colleges, in the course of which the Montreal journal puts the question:—

"If it were right to endow with public money the educational institutions of denominations that taught deadly error?"

But this question suggests another—Who is to judge betwixt truth and error? Who is competent, upon the Protestant principle of private judgment, to condemn his brother as a teacher of "deadly error?"—The utmost that one Protestant can affirm is, that his doxy differs from some other man's doxy, and that therefore one or the other must be a false or erroneous doxy; but which shall decide which is the true doxy, and which the false?

The Quebec Chronicle thus moralises on the beauties of "State Schoolism" as displayed in the United States:—"We shall say little of the lax public morality of the States, or of the infidel tendency of the school systems in vogue in most of them, systems which have driven into unnumbered 'isms' a once eminently God fearing people. We shall not speak of the frequency of divorces there, of the looseness of family ties, or of the prevalent social crimes."—The Chronicle is right there are things which, as the Apostle tells us, should not so much as be named amongst Christians.

"Straws tell how the wind blows." It was rather amusing to see how determinedly the air of "Yankee Doodle" was hissed down in the Music Hall, at Sam Cowell's performance last evening. The entire house was kept in such uproar by the pros and cons that not a single note of the tune was audible after the first demonstration when the air was out, though the able violinist played the air through. This is the second display of the kind, the first having occurred a few evenings previous on the mention of "the Union for ever."—Quebec Mercury.

GREAT FIRE IN PETERBORO.—PETERBORO, Aug. 12.—A fire broke out last night at 9 p. m., in a stable attached to Chartre's Saloon, Water Street. All the buildings from the Custom-house along Water Street round the corner on Hunter Street, down to Risbee's shoe-store, and George Street, from Robinson's brick building to Thompson's, being all the buildings on a two acre block, with the exception of nine were burned. The fire lasted three hours; the greater part of the time no water could be obtained. Fortunately no wind prevailed or the greater part of the town must have been consumed. Twenty-eight persons were thrown out of business. Loss probably \$75,000 to \$800,000; partly covered by insurance; Royal and Liverpool and London offices the heaviest sufferers. The Post Office was burned, but the mails were saved.

LATEST NEWS OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—PORT AU BASQUE, Aug. 8th, 1861.—The "Great Eastern" passed Cape Ray at 8 o'clock this (Thursday) morning; weather fine and clear. A telegram from Port aux Basques, Nfld., received yesterday morning by Messrs. A Gilmore & Co., agents of the Great Eastern, state that she passed Cape Ray at 8 o'clock, last Thursday morning. The distance to Cape Ray from Quebec is over 700 miles, which the Great Eastern has run in less than 40 hours; it is full a quarter of the way to Liverpool, and the most intricate and difficult part of the voyage—Should she continue that speed she will reach Liverpool in 7 days from Quebec.

A CATSPILLAR PLAGUE.—Allow me to note that Tuesday and Wednesday this week was a continuation of heavy rains and murky weather, impeding the important operations of the husbandman. On Thursday it cleared off, and Mr. Butt discovered in one of his farms in Southwold, millions (or innumerable even on a square rod) of caterpillars on his barley fields. To-day I accompanied him over two fields of barley, one of oats, and two of spring wheat, which are actually alive on the ground, stem, straw, and few remaining heads; they are devouring all before them cutting the leaves and heads of every stock they climb. I never saw so much destruction in a shorter period, not even excepting the ant in the West India Islands, of which I often witnessed sad havoc in a few hours. They were travelling in myriads, at 11 o'clock this a.m., having finished a barley field, with an adjoining field of spring wheat. They cut all the grass before them, and bridge drains full of water on fallen stalks. Three or four men were scattering quick lime along the fence, but of no use, whilst I looked on. I left him with a reaping machine, cutting a swath around each field and ploughing it up, then sowing quick lime on top, to try and arrest their onward progress of rapacity and ruin.

The barley field would have yielded sixty bushels to the acre, by appearance of straw, now won't average over fifteen, allowing that no more damage to be done. I just hear that another farmer has lost a field, and that they exist on other farms in the Southern part of Southwold, destroying spring wheat, barley and oats. Farmers would do well to look at their fields and give us their experience, as to the remedy to stop the ravages of this customer, which throws the weevil widge, and Persian fly in the shade.—Southwold Corr. of London Free Press.

A FATHER MURDERED BY HIS SON.—A Guelph paper learns that a deplorable murder was committed on the 11th concession of Garafraxo about two and a half miles from Orangeville, on Friday last; a young man, of the name of Thomas Gamble, assaulting and wounding his father so as to cause his death. It appears the parties were farming on shares, and that the son having been away for some two months, on returning to the farm found that his father had, in his absence, taken into the house a female immigrant, to whose residence, in the family the son objected. A quarrel ensued, in the progress of which the old man was thrown down, beaten and kicked and eventually stabbed in the groin with a pitchfork by his son, the injuries inflicted resulting in his death a few days subsequently.

A NUMBER OF NEGRO DISTURBANCES.—The Essex (C. W.) Journal gives the following items which seem to justify Col. Prince's idea, that the negroes were a curse to the Western country:—"The peaceful farmers residing on the Malden road, near this town, have lately been much annoyed by the inmates of a disorderly house kept by Samuel Williams, a colored man, and information having been laid before the authorities, our Police Constable visited the premises. The house was a resort for the worst class of negroes, and the lowest grade of white peo-

ple (both men and women) to be found in the country. It was literally a nest of thieves, prostitutes and vagabonds, and a number of stolen articles were found in different parts of the place. These disorderly characters have been lodged in goal, and at the next Quarter Sessions, will receive their deserved punishment. A day or two since the house was burned to the ground, and for a time their career has been checked. A peaceful farmer was struck by a negro named Johnson, on Friday last, in that neighborhood, and he will also be imprisoned. One or two other houses will be visited, and it is hoped the township will shortly be cleared of such abandoned characters. George Williams, a negro living in the Township of Colchester, killed his wife on Saturday morning. She was sitting in a chair when her husband came up and inflicted several blows on her head with an axe killing her instantly. An alarm was raised and a neighboring farmer arrived just in time to see Williams cut his own throat with a razor, and fall to the floor bleeding profusely. The scene presented to excited neighbours was horrible indeed. The door covered with blood—the bloody axe—the dying woman—and the murderer almost breathing his last. Attempt was immediately made to save the man's life, and with partial effect. A jury was empanelled by the Coroner—W. P. Conwall Esq.—on Sunday, and a verdict of wilful murder against Williams was rendered. He was brought to jail on Sunday night, and lies in a critical condition. It is feared the man will die, as the windpipe is severed and mortification is about to take place. He will receive every attention from the goal surgeon, and it is to be hoped the gallows will not be cheated of its victim. The wretched man does not seek to hide his crime, and if he lives will be tried at the next assizes. These are all the particulars we have been able to gather at present. Two negroes were arrested in this town on Saturday afternoon for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. One of them drew a loaded pistol, and threatened the officer. They were both lodged in jail, and will be tried at the Police Court this morning. Besides the festive scene on the first of August there is a dark and horrible one presented, upon reading the different account of crimes and disturbances in to day's paper.

Died. In this city, on Sunday, the 11th inst., Maria Kelly, aged 48 years, wife of Mr. John Kelly, builder. In this city, on the 11th inst., Patrick McParlan, storeman, aged 34 years.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Wheat—Spring Wheat, U.C., 95c to 96c; White Wheat, \$1 15. Pans per 66 lbs, 65c to 70c float; small parcels unsaleable. Oats per 40 lbs, 30c to 32c. Flour—Fine \$3.10 to \$3.30; Super. No 2, \$4.05 to \$4.15; Superfine No. 1, \$4.40 to \$4.50; Fancy \$4.80 to \$5. Extra \$5.50 to \$5.75; Double Extra \$6 to \$6.50. Market quite firm, with moderate receipts. Bag-Flour per 112 lbs., \$2.45 to \$2.60. No demand; but holders are not pressing sales. Oatmeal per bbl. 200 lbs., \$3.50 to \$3.75. Rye-Flour—No demand. Ashes—Pots, \$5.55; Inferiors, 5c to 10c more. Pearls, \$3.80 to \$5.85. Pork—Mess, \$17 to \$17.50. Thin Mess, \$15 to \$16. Prime Mess, \$14 to \$14.50. Prime, \$13.50 to \$14. Hams—Smoked, 8c to 9c; Canned, 8c to 11c; Shoulders, 5c to 6c; Sides and Middles, 6c to 7c. Lard, 8c to 9c. Beef—Prime, \$5 to \$6; Prime Mess, \$10 to \$11; Tietees, \$20 to \$25. Tallow, 8c to 9c. Butter—Common qualities in overstock and unsaleable; choice in demand at 12c to 12c; sales of good continue at 11c to 12c. Cheese, 5c to 6c.—Montreal Witness.

GRAND CHARITABLE PIC-NIC, AND GAMES, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, AT GUILBAULT'S GARDENS, ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, 21st inst. THE TRUSTEES of the Asylum, assisted by the different Societies connected with St. Patrick's Church—Nos. 4 and 5 Companies of Rifles, and the Hosiery Company—have made such arrangements as they flatter themselves will make this Pic-Nic a real enjoyment to all who may attend. THE BANDS of MUSIC have been engaged for the occasion. Refreshments can be procured on the grounds. PRIZE GAMES and DANCES. The Gardens will be Opened at 10 A.M. The usual DANCING will commence at Noon, for which efficient QUADRILLE BANDS will be furnished. THE PRIZE DANCING will commence at TWO o'clock, followed by a variety of Games, for which valuable Prizes will be awarded. Particulars in hand bills. TICKETS of ADMISSION—Ladies and Gentlemen's 1s 3d; Children's, 7d; which can be had from the Committee, and at the usual Depots, and at the Gate on the day of the Pic-Nic. TENDERS for furnishing REFRESHMENTS for the above Pic-Nic will be received until Saturday Evening next, (stating terms) by the Secretary, THOMAS BELL, 181 Mignonne Street. N.B.—Spirituous Liquors not allowed to be Sold. MRS. O'KEEFE'S ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLASSES, No. 15 Constant Street, WILL be RE-OPENED on MONDAY, 2nd SEPT. The approbation which this institution has met with from School Commissioners, and the parents and guardians of the children attending the Courses of instruction, encourages the hope of a continuation of the usual liberal patronage granted it. Montreal, August 14, 1861. CONVENT, BEAUHARNOIS. THE Sisters of this Convent will RESUME the duties of their Boarding School on the Second of September. August 8th, 1861. INFORMATION WANTED OF MARY JANE McALPIN, who left her Mother in the Main Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs, early in April last. She was about ten years of age; fair hair cut short, and slightly freckled. Any information respecting her will be thankfully received by her disconsolate parents, at Mr. Corcoran's, Boot and Shoe maker, last house in St. Catharine Street, near the Papineau Road. Montreal, Aug. 15.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, July 25.—The *Moniteur* keeps silent on the Sardinian affair. Those who know the relations which subsisted, and which, contrary to appearances, probably still subsist, between that journal and the Home-office, attach some importance to this silence; and the inferences they draw from it are not seriously disturbed by the anonymous paragraph in the form of a "communiqué" in the *Patrie*. The only thing yesterday's *Moniteur* did was to copy, in a back page, in small type, and merely as an extract from the *Patrie*, the "communiqué," which said little more than that the *Patrie* was not the semi-official organ of the Government. But there is no reason why another anonymous paragraph may not say precisely the contrary. At any rate, there is nothing official to show for it one way or the other. That something was expected from the *Moniteur* itself will be seen from the following paragraph in the *Siecle*:—

"The *Moniteur* is silent also. It gives no official contradiction to the news that several journals have lent credence to, and which in spite of or rather by reason of the contradiction in the *Patrie*, acquires more consistency every day. The *Patrie*, we now know, is excluded from the semi-official concert; it receives no communication, direct or indirect, from the Government; but this is an additional reason for us to urge on the Government the necessity of saying, if it were but two words, in order to put an end to disquieting rumours."

Meantime the journals continue to discuss Lord John Russell's speech. The *Constitutionnel* is particularly severe, or at least means to be so, in its leading article of two columns. It expresses its astonishment that Lord J. Russell did not "impose silence on the unjust suspicions of Mr. Kinglake," and point to the declarations of the French Government and of M. Cavour about Savoy and Nice—no, I mean the Island of Sardinia. The *Constitutionnel* also expresses the deepest regret that Lord John Russell does not take as his models Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden:—

"On the eve of a quasi-abdication, which he might have invested with so much splendour, would Lord John not have served more usefully the interests of his glory by employing his eloquence in the service of a noble cause? Instead of trying to keep up a hateful animosity between two nations so susceptible in the same degree on the point of honor, why has he not followed the example of the Brights and the Cobdens—those friends of humanity and of progress—those men who do not belong to the Government, but who are profoundly devoted to it, and who do not cease to be on the other side of the Channel the indefatigable apostles of peace and concord? We rejoice that neither the Government of the Emperor nor France as represented by the Chambers, nor the opinion of the country as represented by the press, thinks of demanding from the King of Italy the sacrifice of Sardinia, so eminently Italian, and which would not separate without anguish and without mourning from the mother country. Let England, then, get rid of her disquietude and let her statesmen cease to repeat against us unjust accusations. These accusations are withered by our disdain when they do not fall before our loyal explanations."

All this would be very fine and very effective did we know on what authority the *Constitutionnel* speaks. The *Constitutionnel*, like the *Patrie*, has also its free admissions at the Home-office; but, like it too, it has often paid for the privilege by reprimands in private and in public. How does it know what the "Government of the Emperor" thinks on any subject? Its denial is of no value; for no one will take the word of the *Constitutionnel* either for or against.

It is rumored that there was, or is some notion of trying England with the bait of Sicily for her connivance at the annexation of Sardinia whenever the proper moment comes, and I should not be surprised to see a hint of the kind soon thrown out in some Paris journal.

The *Press* says:— "We approved the annexation of Savoy and Nice as poor compensation for the great sacrifices of France for Italy in throwing off the yoke of Austria. We frankly declare that we attach but little importance to the possession of Sardinia. Undoubtedly this island, together with Corsica, would afford an advantageous station for the French navy, and serve as a *base de port* for our African colonies. Its occupation by France would be less absurd, and less shocking than that of Gibraltar and Malta by England. We ask why the cession of Sardinia, as Lord John Russell pretends, should not be a simple transaction between the King of Sardinia and the Emperor of the French? And in what respect would the balance of Europe be disturbed, and threatening susceptibilities so much out of place, and threatening the rupture of the Anglo-French alliance, the English Ministry should set an example of abnegation and disinterestedness by evacuating Gibraltar and La Valette, and losing its hold on the Ionian Islands. What we think most grave in the speech of Lord John Russell is the avowal of this blind obstinacy in preparing unlimited armaments, and the declaration that "England is ready to renounce peace with all its blessings, as well as the security of its commerce and industry, in the interest of a great cause." Now, nothing can be more vague and elastic than these last words, which leave the field open to every sort of interpretation. One may always transform into a "great cause" the most paltry event, the most secondary interest. For our part we have no taste for violent conquests, or forced annexations. Sardinia has but very slight importance in our eyes. We have for our country more elevated views, and a wider ambition. We have the certain conviction that France has a right to a territorial augmentation far more important."

PARIS, July 22.—The wind blowing through the Cabinet is not just now favourable to Napoleon. Will England know this time how to take advantage of it? Will she put aside the folly of Cobden and Bright, and dare for once to look the danger in the face, and root it out? Becker's pistol has slain the *National Verein*. The resignation of Schleinitz and the accession of Count Bernstorff, as great an enemy to Napoleon as he is friend to England, is a fact of great significance. Prince Gortschakoff, finding so safe anchorage in the ocean of words that the Duke of Montebello gives him, stretched out a friendly hand towards Vienna, in spite of all his dislike. People may say that it is the tardy recognition of two dying men. Of the two, indeed, I do not think that Austria is the more feverish—but, indeed, what European power is now in perfect health? The whole appearance of France is artificial, and if she suffers the slightest check, you will see to what an abyss of imbecility she may suddenly fall. However great a schemer, Napoleon has now too many schemes on

hand to know how to turn himself. He has now a Nicolsoli to deal with. Whatever may be said, the Huguenot Baron is not the man to copy Cavour's mistakes, or those of anybody else. He is the most self-sufficient, the most obstinate character I have ever met with. Born of a family that acted the first part in the history of the Papal Republic, Nicolsoli is especially proud of one of his ancestors of the fourteenth century, who looked up the Council of Twenty-four in their chamber, and let them have no food till they had signed the decree he wanted. The new Italian Minister is capable of doing the same with Napoleon, and he will either get what he wants or will quarrel with him. The second hypothesis is the more probable. According to the reports of a friend just returned from Italy, the French are becoming less popular there every day. "Only Napoleon cares for us," say the Italians, "and he is a ruin fellow. What are the rest worth?" My friend, who was also a great friend of Cavour, tells me that at Turin people have no doubt that he was poisoned; he had seen him lying in state; his face was quite past recognition, and his head was tied up in bandages, to prevent the people seeing that his hair had grown quite white in twenty-four hours. In his desk was found his plan for the solution of the Roman question—this plan was doubted. He wished to limit the Papacy still more, to leave it the least possible extent of landed property, but to endow it with enormous revenues. In case Pius IX. would not give way to this law, Cavour proposed to get rid of him by sending him to the Island of Rhodes! Cavour, however detestable his plans were, he had them always defined, and knew what he wanted. Napoleon, on the other hand, though quite bent upon depriving the Holy See of its temporal sovereignty, is quite unresolved what compensation to offer it.

"We must have Rome," cries Baron Nicolsoli. "We should have Sardinia," responds France. The notorious fact of Savoy and Nice is being played over again by the same artists. M. Thouvenel denies that France intends to annex Sardinia. Nicolsoli vows that not a foot of Italian soil shall be given away. Fortwith, writers appear in the French capital to assure the world that though France would not "annex" for the world, she is quite willing to "accept," and other writers fumble over old folios, and prove satisfactorily that Sardinia never was Italian soil in the proper sense of the term. Mr. Kinglake has asserted, and the reticence of the Foreign Secretary proves his assertion to be true, that Count Cavour had made an arrangement of a very peculiar kind with Louis Napoleon. Cavour was bound solemnly not to make any bargain for Sardinia. He simply withdrew from the business, but gave the French agents free scope to work out their master's will in the islands as best they could. Occasionally he sent over an envoy to see how these agents were "getting on." Cavour died under the pressure placed upon him. Now we find that the French agents actively at work. The French Minister of Marine despatches a commission to ascertain the capabilities of Cagliari as a naval port and arsenal. In the French Chambers a gentleman remarks that France possesses more ships than she has ports for, and he is told that France is engaged in negotiating for additional ports in the Mediterranean. These ports must be those of Sardinia, and Nelson has said that the possession of Cagliari alone was worth a hundred Malas. No one attempts to deny that the population of Sardinia is kept in unceasing ferment, daily expecting a change which may transform them into Frenchmen. M. Thouvenel, on being applied to, starts, and assures Lord Cowley he will disavow these agents. Still they are at work earnestly and zealously; and on some fete day a plebiscite will be passed adjuring the Emperor of the French to take under his regis a nationality which is part of Corsica, and was alien in feeling to that Italy with which it was naturally joined.—*Liverpool Courier*.

ITALY.

To assist the Piedmontese in reducing the Two Sicilies into quiet submission, large numbers of the Bourbon troops, instead of being disbanded, were forcibly removed to North Italy, to take the place of soldiers sent to the South. A letter which I have just received from Genoa tells me of the mutiny of some of them in the Romagna. "The volunteers of the annexed provinces, as well as the soldiers of the late Bourbon army, are treated like the vilest slaves. At Castel Franco, in the Romagna, a few miles from the Austrian frontier, there was a garrison of two battalions—Garibaldians, Sicilians, Neapolitans, Modeneses, and Romagnoles—commanded by a Piedmontese Colonel named Fornace, whose brutal tyranny became at length so unbearable that, a few days ago, 400 of the soldiers deserted in a body and went over the frontier, preferring to serve the Austrians to remaining under Piedmont. The rest of the men, after their departure, were treated with extra harshness, some officers put in irons, and some private soldiers shot. This irritated the men beyond endurance, and they mutinied, crying out (each according to his nationality) 'Viva Francesco! Viva il Papa! Viva il Duca!' and the Government have disbanded the whole of them, and ordered them to be sent home to their respective countries."

In a meeting lately held at the Minister Minghetti's house, attended by the Sicilian and Neapolitan deputies, he did not hesitate to say that the Two Sicilies are the ruin of Italy.—*Cor. of London Tablet*.

Telegrams from Rome report the actual holding of the Consistory which we last week announced as approaching. The Holy Father has delivered an Allocution, in itself no slight confirmation of our representation of his restored health. Cardinal Antonelli has formally protested against the new Piedmontese Loan as not being justly chargeable upon those portions of the States of the Church now occupied by the Sardinian troops. The remarkable fidelity with which the dividends of the Roman debt, contracted upon the security of the Pope's whole dominions, have hitherto been discharged, notwithstanding the occupation of so large a portion of them, makes this protest still more obviously reasonable.—*Weekly Register*.

document, a proposition, by the by, most dangerous in principle, and not at all likely to be carried out; but the very discussion of such a project showed distrust and disappointment and a state of feeling little assuring for the peace of the country. I was interested, too, in meeting a gentleman from Avellino, who as one of the National Guard had long done good service against the reactionists. I congratulated him on the restored tranquillity of his district, and received for a reply that there was still a very uneasy feeling. "But, too bands," I observed, "according to the *Official Journal*, have just surrendered at discretion." They were only a few *camorristi* of the neighborhood who had joined the bands, and who, being now without the means of subsistence, had given themselves up. As for the bands themselves, they had neither been cut up nor dispersed, but had retired on the advance of the troops and had got clear off. I may have been deceived, but such is the intelligence which I received from persons who had come from the districts which had been so cruelly harassed.—*Cor. of the Times*.

I have, writes the correspondent of the *London Tablet*, within the last day or two, been favoured with several confidential and voluminous reports from Naples, which give the most lamentable picture of the condition to which revolution has brought that beautiful country. The position of the writer, and his opportunities of acquiring information, afford the fullest guarantee for his accuracy, and his narratives most completely confirm all that I have told you in former letters, as well as the particulars furnished by the Neapolitan press, of the amazing increase of the reactionary movement.

Pinelli, of infamous and butcherly memory, inaugurated his resumption of command, the other day, by shooting six priests at Caserta, on the charge of being reactionists; and subsequently, he has systematically put to death all the Bourbons who were so unlucky as to fall into his hands. The Royalists are constrained in self-defence to follow his example, and make reprisals—forwarding regular reports to him in order to show that they shoot man for man—a Piedmontese for a reactionist or "brigand." Within the last week the reactionists in the Basilicata defeated a strong force of Piedmontese, and took two companies prisoners, whom they hold as hostages for Pinelli's better behaviour. Dreading the slaughter *en masse* of these men, he has issued an order to respect prisoners in future! Short as his tenure of command has been, however, he has contrived to show too clearly that he has not forgotten the precept contained in his well-known bloodthirsty proclamation, that "pity is a crime"—and if he has apparently taken to more merciful courses, it is only on compulsion, and his thirst for blood will be all the greater for his present abstinence. The audacity of Chiarov's recent proclamation has caused much disquietude to the Piedmontese, which has not been lessened by the large distribution of portraits of Bosco in Naples itself, where, as throughout the country, the name of that *preux chevalier* is a tower of strength to his friends, and a terror to his enemies. My correspondent tells me that the most extraordinary reports of Bosco's whereabouts are in constant circulation.

To-day he is in the Abruzzi, to-morrow in Sicily and so on. In fact, no action takes place unfavourable to the Piedmontese, but it is said, "Bosco is advancing," and what with the hopes his coming inspires, and the desire for vengeance caused by the ruthless doings of Pinelli, the cause of King Francis is daily receiving fresh support, and re-action ever assuming more colossal proportions.

When Pinelli put forth his memorable address to his troops, the Piedmontese government recalled him—and I remember this act of theirs was mentioned with triumph by one of our English ministers in Parliament, as a proof of the moderation, and correct feeling of Cavour. It was believed, however that he was recalled, not for that brutal avowal of his purposes, but for his indiscretion in not having done what he intended without a word of warning! This seems to have been the correct interpretation—or we should hardly have found him re-invested with command in so short a time. Perhaps some one will ask our excellent Foreign Secretary how he likes General Pinelli now, and what he thinks of his re-appointment?

In the province of Avellino there are no less than four Provisional Governments, and the number of men in arms for the King may be inferred from a despatch addressed last week, by the Procurator-General of Avellino, to the Government, to the effect that the Governor, having advanced against the reactionists, near Montemiletto, caught a terrible Tartar, in the shape of 5,000 men, before whom he and his fled, leaving the country at their disposal.

From various other parts of the kingdom despatches announce the formation of provisional governments, all (like those of Avellino) in the name of King Francis II., and what is more important still, the National Guards join in the movement in many places. It is believed that the troops of Pinelli have sustained severe losses for it is known that many desperate encounters have taken place between them and the reactionists; upon the details, and results even of which, the Government journals are profoundly silent. Terror has taken possession of the National Guard, and it is a common thing for them to carry bourgeois caps about with them, in order to substitute them for the *kepis* in case of danger, and so be able to escape! Their faint hearts are not encouraged by a proclamation, posted up in the city, declaring the country in danger, and calling the citizen to arms! The National Guard in the towns of San Sebastiano, Pollena, Trocchia, Ponticelli, Somma, Ottacano, &c., having refused to move against the re-actionists, many of whom were their own relations, have been disarmed, and Piedmontese soldiers charged with the duty of dispersing and destroying the bands—if they can.

Large bodies of troops of all arms have been despatched to various parts of the country. Rumor has it that Cialdini is re-arming the forts of the city, and doing it by night, so as not to create greater terror among the inhabitants. Ponza di San Martino's reasons for resigning his command are said to have been the recent abolition of the Government departments, and the distress thereby occasioned, and also the refusal of the ministry at Turin to send the reinforcements which he saw were indispensable if the country is ever to be reduced to anything like submission. He was told it was quite impossible to furnish Naples with troops from the other Italian provinces, "which were in equal danger," and Cialdini, with full powers, is sent to Naples instead. My correspondent remarks, that "it is an entirely new campaign upon which Piedmont is now entering throughout the kingdom, and without any hope of success."

If Piedmont ever gave credit seriously to the sham of universal suffrage in its favour, the time for self-deception has long gone by; and it finds itself fallen into gradual hatred and contempt, and hardly able to hold even a partial possession of the country by means of an army of 60,000. The effect of the temporary occupation, though attended by much unavoidable misery and crime, will be beneficial in the long run,—for the people will have had their eyes thoroughly opened to the insidious practices of their political quacks, whose narratives of the horrors of the old regime, and schemes for the regeneration of the country, have for so long a time melted the hearts, and fired the revolutionary zeal of England and France. These pretenders, having "strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage," will vanish henceforth from history, and Naples will be all the happier and stronger for this purgation, under her legitimate monarch.

Meantime the morals of the city are not being improved by the present occupants. Insecurity of property is the rule. Only a few days ago, two hours before dark, an English gentleman riding in the new street of Capodimonte, was stopped by four men armed with guns and robbed of all his valuables. Houses of ill-fame are multiplied under the patron-

age of the Government. I am sure Mr. Gladstone will be shocked to hear that Signor Sacchi, the Secretary-General of Finance, (Chancellor of the Exchequer) lives in one of those "gilded mansions." Under the old regime we heard of nothing so indecorous as this, I think; nor was there such a brutal system pursued against the press as obtains now. Liberty of the press is a thing that was to follow in the wake of Piedmont, among the many blessings that she was to shower down upon a trampled people.

Let one recent case illustrate this freedom. A new journal the *Trugicomedia*, was presumptuous enough to publish certain facts unpalatable to the authorities. It was promptly suppressed, and its presses broken to atoms, by the hands of *camorristi* (minor felons, released from prison by the Director of Police, and charged with the light duty of doing the violent work of the police against the Bourbons); the responsible editor was dragged by these unchained miscreants to prison, with a halter twisted tightly round his neck, in order to force him, by partial strangulation, to disclose the names of his contributors! Any one suspected by the *camorristi* of either writing or speaking in favour of the Bourbons, incurs the penalty of being beaten by them to death's door; for they have the task assigned to them by Spavento of ferreting out and punishing all suspected persons. An economical arrangement enough; the gaols are relieved of their inmates, and police work is done gratis, though it is not to be supposed that the *camorristi* come off badly so long as the Bourbons have watches and purses.

The *Pungolo*, a revolutionary journal in Naples, call these atrocities "practical lessons in Liberalism for those suspected of Bourbonism." It is said that some of the foreign consuls intend to remonstrate with the authorities against any further countenance to such a shocking state of things.

AUSTRIA.

PESTH, July 22.—The Royal rescript in reply to the address of the Hungarian Diet was read to-day in the Lower House, and was listened to with manifest impatience. The House was crowded with members. A resolution was passed ordering the rescript to be printed. The Upper House is now assembling.

The Upper House having assembled, the Royal rescript was read, amid profound silence. Only a few members were present. The rescript commences by stating that the relations of Hungary to the whole monarchy is, and for three centuries has been, *de facto*, a real union, in as far as war, finance, and foreign affairs are concerned; and that when the constitution was granted to the country, the constitutional necessities of the whole monarchy were naturally taken into consideration. The independent internal administration of Hungary, it says, is not thereby endangered, but, on the contrary, will be strengthened. The laws of 1848 cannot be re-established, because they are incompatible with the present constitution. The Diet is requested to proceed to a revision of these laws, to send representatives to the Council of the Empire in time to take part in the financial discussions which will come on in August next, to come to an understanding with the Croatian Diet in reference to the relation of Croatia to Hungary, and finally to draw up a law relative to the use of the national language and the development of the non-Hungarian inhabitants. The rescript declares the union of Hungary with Transylvania to be for the present impracticable, and says:—"The affairs of Servia shall be arranged on the basis of the resolutions of the Serbian National Congress. It is wished to renew the act of abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, because Hungary is comprised in Austria. In conclusion, the rescript guarantees an amnesty on the occasion of the coronation of Francis Joseph as King of Hungary."

VIENNA, July 25.—An Imperial decree is published to-day, dissolving the Diet of Istria on account of its refusal to send representatives to the Council of the Empire, notwithstanding the repeated requests of Government. The same decree orders new elections for the Diet.

RUSSIA.

The following letter from St. Petersburg of the 18th inst. gives a very unfavourable description of the condition of the Russian empire:—

"Far from improving, the internal state of the country is visibly becoming worse. All classes of society have arrived at such a state of irritation that an explosion is imminent. The great landed proprietors do not conceal their rage. They complain of being plundered, and addresses of adhesion are sent from all parts of our vast empire to the Jockey Club at Moscow, the members of which had the sad courage to swear *in corpore* that the emancipation of the serfs should not take place according to the terms proposed by the Government. It is evident that this resolution will infallibly produce an intestine struggle which will degenerate into a war of extermination. Four years since when Alexander II. conceived the idea of emancipating the serfs he went to Moscow to solicit the aid of the nobility of that capital to carry out his humane plan. He said to them, 'The state of slavery in which the peasants are kept is incompatible with the spirit of the age. Assist me in the difficult task of emancipating the serfs. Let us take the initiative.' This was the language employed by the Emperor when he addressed the nobility of Moscow, assembled in the palace of the Kremlin. It was unfortunate and ill-timed language. As autocrat he had no need to solicit the consent of his subjects. A stroke of his pen would have been sufficient to carry the Imperial plan into execution. By declaring that he would remain with the nobility until the people should take the initiative in their emancipation, he ostensibly admitted the right of the people to express their will. The autocrat bowed his head before democracy."

It is easy to comprehend that in the face of the ill-will of the nobility the Emperor's words became more deeply engraven in the memory of every peasant. The nobility were thus held forth to the hatred of the people. Thence have arisen the barbarous massacres which have spread terror among the nobility living on their lands. Thence these risings *en masse* of the peasants and the subsequent military executions of which we hear every day, and of which it is difficult to foretell the end.

"Under the ancient system of slavery the serf was the absolute property of his lord. The serf possessed, and could possess, nothing of his own. It happened, however, that some serfs, authorized by their lords, quitted their villages, and by the payment of an annual tribute were permitted to settle in a town and to follow a trade. It frequently happened that these serfs by their economy and industry acquired large fortunes, but the law prevented them from possessing any property in their own name. They asked permission of their lords to purchase landed property in their names. Russia possesses thousands of serfs so circumstanced, who possess magnificent palaces and lands in the name of their lords. Since the proclamation of the act of emancipation, incredible as the fact may appear, more than 2,000 lawsuits have been commenced by former peasants, now landed proprietors, against their former lords, who dispute their right to those properties. One nobleman, the possessor of 21,000 peasants, has nearly 100 such actions to defend before the Senate. I conclude my letter by announcing the departure for Baden of the Grand Duke Constantine, deputed by the Emperor to congratulate his august uncle, the King of Prussia on his escape from the assassin Becker."

A little three-year-old boy, already set apart for a lawyer's calling, being taken in hand with a switch, after having been forbidden to pick another pear of the favorite dwarf tree, indignantly exclaimed, "Mamma, I did not pick off the pear; you come and see if I did." Sure enough he didn't. He simply stood there and ate it, and the core was still dangling from the stem.

MAKING MONEY TO DIE WITH.—Our lunatic asylums are "insufficient for the accommodation of their patients." A prodigious increase of the number of the receptacles for the insane, has co-existed with a still greater increase in the madness and idiotism of the nation; and rapid as has been the multiplication of private establishments, the demand has far exceeded the supply. This was a result not less certain than it is alarming. Insanity is constitutional—hereditary. The seeds of it lurk in the constitution of many who marry before it has developed its marked characteristics. They multiply themselves indefinitely in their children, and there is nothing to arrest the indefinite, geometrical ratio of increase, but the feeble effect of a "crossing of the breed." The conventional tyranny of appearances has much to answer for. Families with 2500 a-year think they must have everything that those with £1000 a-year appear to have. The needy maintain the same worldly exterior as the comfortable and the rich. War, mechanical invention, discoveries of prodigious quantities of the precious metals, facilities of communication with distant countries, have given a stimulus to production and speculation so general and intense, that hope, fear, anxiety, sudden fortune, unforeseen reverse, agitate the whole of society to a high-pressure degree. The brain softens, the *morbus Brightii* seizes the victim, and mania or slaving idioty follows. "Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows what is to leave betimes?" Shakspeare, the author of that sentence, adorned his own doctrine. He retired to Stratford in the blossom of his early fame and the dawning of his pecuniary fortune. He was the greatest of practical philosophers as well as the poet for all time; his plan of life was eminently wise in securing true happiness, the proper end of existence. He refused to exhaust his life in the mere means of living, and had the sagacity to know when he had enough, and contentedly to resign the tempting and treacherous solicitations of avarice and ambition to scrape together and grasp at more. Lawyers seem to think it some great merit when they say there is no galley-slave worked harder than a leading barrister in full practice. Why the deuce does he slave? He has only to return fees he never earns, to refuse retainers for work that is beyond his strength, let briefless clever fellows have his redundant share of business. But no. Greed masters him; like the spider, he spins his entrails out of his brains; and nine out of ten successful (?) lawyers live on in the monstrous life-shadow of sophistry and lies, to be hurried by paralysis or imbecility out of existence, without having known an hour of enjoyment.

A fashionable physician who is telling patients all day of their overwork and of the Bright disease, is himself dying by inches, of nothing but fees. A great professor of surgery literally, at last, had a total inability to refuse them. In vain his colleagues prescribed a limit to his professional hours, and a longer period of relaxation and enjoyment. It was so easy to receive guineas and to say two or three sentences, and to write a prescription, that positively he could never leave it off, until first mind, and then life left him off. If we will just imagine what must be the effect on posterity of the whole nation, since the commencement of the great French war, having noted more or less on this view of the end and significance of life, we can be at no loss to account for the rapid increase of paralysis, apoplexy, failure of the senses, softening of the brain, mania, fatuity. The overtaxed brain becomes vitiated and suffused—the victim imparts to posterity congenital and hereditary cerebral disease. The family of the man who has exhausted his brain are very frequently "washed out," barren, feckless, or absolutely insane or foolish. Left by a muckworm or worldly father with the large fortune he had not the wisdom to enjoy, or the heart to spend, their inheritance is generally looked away in a middle, or recklessly squandered in facile profligacy or insane dissipation. Had the progenitor earned less and spent more on his own leisure and enjoyment, his children would actually have been richer by the necessity of doing something for themselves, than by his thrusting his silver spoon in their mouths the moment they were born.—The "almighty dollar" is too many for all Anglo-Saxons—leads us all *propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas*. All America is mad; and it is about money, and getting on, and keeping grimly what it has got, and refuses to part with. Secession means £400,000,000 worth of slaves—Northern Federalism is but panic at the prospect of Southern debtors repudiating, and Southern mortgages being left unpaid without being foreclosed. Everything is too go-a-head—everybody is living too fast. We should lose nothing by producing less. We waste half what we earn in worthless speculations and bad debts, and still have more left than does us good. We have lent money to States, to foreign and colonial railroads and mines, which might just as well have never been earned, and still we have more left than is wholesome for contentment. In this central city of the world we can literally reckon the number of self-made men risen to the pinnacle of fortune by the insane, the paralytic, or the hopelessly brain-softened or heart-diseased. Some take fright and retire from the very near side of their fortunes to save the rest of their lives from "wan despair," or hopeless imbecility. Most hold on until their own abundance becomes completely their master. They fall down before the huge pile in fetid worship—contemplate it in awe and reverence as an idol not to be touched except to add new sacrifices to the heap of votive gifts. The barrister who has made more fees than ever were realised by the highest practice, after exhausting night and day in grubbing guineas in railway committees, was driven by a ruined brain, in early manhood, to retire upon a fortune he can no longer enjoy; and he wanders about in desperate dejection, possessed by the one absorbing thought of the fear of death. The "Napoleon of Commerce," withered at the top, believed himself ruined, and every Saturday night drew labourer's wages from his keeper. Unwarned by his fate his greatest commercial rivals have gone, or are going the way he went—with what result to their posterity it would be invidiously personal to inquire.

A FASHIONABLE SQUARE.—An advertisement, occupying a conspicuous place in one of the principal columns of our fashionable contemporary, offers—Black Real Lace Squares from 16 Guineas.—Who would be such an ass as to marry a woman who expected to go about with a shawl upon her shoulders costing 16 guineas at least? That a "lace square" by the bye, is a sort of shawl, it may perhaps be necessary to inform some of our fellow men, who are bachelors, or who, being married, are not accustomed to scan the items of their wives' milliners' bills. A duck of a shawl no doubt, the purchaser thereof plays ducks and drakes with money. From 16 guineas to what sum does the price of these things ascend? What is the highest figure of a lace square, if 16 guineas is the lowest? How much would the entire dress, of which the lace square is only a portion, probably come to? The wearer, very likely, take her jewels and all, stands for several hundred pounds. What a walking income-tax for her husband! How can such a wife be supported by anybody but a man of boundless affluence? She must needs be ruinous to the fool who married her, or, unless he is so exceedingly rich a fool as to be blest with wealth in inverse proportion to brains. We should like to know, the total expense of an establishment and a style of living maintained in conformity with the real lace square at from 16 guineas. In many cases, doubtless, there is a rapid transition from the square to the workhouse. It is well that females have no political rights. If they had any, the 16 guinea shawl-wearers would exercise in the Legislature an influence on the national expenditure very different from that which is exerted by the representative householders. To what immensity the representatives of those incornations of extravagance would swell the estimates! With a view to defray the expenditure of one such sumptuous woman, her husband must have to resolve himself into a Cow-

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm. Adala—N. A. Goste. Agimer—J. Doyle. Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron. Arichat—Rev. Mr. Girroir. Brockville—C. F. Fraser. Belleville—M. M. Mabon. Barrie—Rev. J. R. Lee. Brantford—W. M. Manamy. Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brant—Thos. Magina. Chambly—J. Hackett. Cobourg—P. Maguire. Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor. Coniston—Mr. W. Daly. Curleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunpa. Dathousie Mills—Wm. Chisholm. Duwille—J. M'Veer. Egansville—J. Bonfield. East Hanesbury—Rev. J. J. Collins. Eastern Townships—P. Hackett. Eransville—P. Gafney. Frumpton—Rev. Mr. Paradis. Karnersville—J. Flood. Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter. Guelph—J. Harris. Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry. Huntingdon—C. M'Faul. Ingersoll—W. Featherston. Kemptonville—M. Heaphy. Kingston—P. Purcell. Lindsay—J. Kennedy. Lansdown—M. O'Connor. Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley. London—R. B. Bayard. Lochiel—O. Quigley. Lohoroug—T. Daley. Lucolle—W. Harty. Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleher. Merrickville—M. Kelly. New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy. Ottawa City—J. Rowland. Oshawa—Richard Supple. Prescott—J. Ford. Perth—J. Doran. Peterboro—E. M'Gormick. Pictou—Rev. Mr. Lalor. Port Hope—J. Birmingham. Quebec—M. O'Leary. Rawdon—James Carroll. Russelltown—J. Campion. Richmondhill—M. Teffy. Sherbrooke—T. Griffith. Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton. South Gloucester—J. Daley. Summerstown—D. M'Donald. St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay. St. Albanese—T. Dunn. St. Ann de la Pocaliere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett. St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey. St. Catharines, C. E.—J. Caughlin. St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald. St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax. Starnesboro—C. M'Gill. Sydenham—M. Hayden. Trenton—Rev. Mr. Beutlugh. Thorold—John Heenan. Thorville—J. Greene. Tinwick—T. Donagan. Toronto—P. F. J. Mullon, 23 Shuter Street. Templeton—J. Hagau. West Osgood—M. M'Evoy. West Port—James Kehoe. Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy. Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarmy.

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L'UNIVERSEL. THIS is the title of a daily paper published at Brussels, Belgium, and devoted to the defence of Catholic interests, of Order and of Liberty. The terms of subscription are 32 francs, or about \$5.33, per annum—for six months \$2.85, and for three months \$1.50—not counting the price of postage, which must be prepaid. Subscriptions must be paid in advance. Subscriptions can be received at the office of L'Universel at Brussels. At Paris at M. M. Lagrange and Cerf, and at London, Burns & Lambert, 17 Portman Square. All letters to the editor must be post-paid, and remittances must be made in bills negotiable at Brussels, Paris or London. March 28, 1861.

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THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St. B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.

W. M. PRICE, ADVOCATE, No. 28 Little St. James Street, Montreal. M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 54, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

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EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT, CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, MOUNT ST. MARY, CORNER GUY AND DORCHESTER STREETS, MONTREAL. CONDITIONS: Pupils of 12 years and upwards. \$ 70.00 Board and Tuition, embracing all the branches in the French & English languages, with Writing and Arithmetic. 36.00 Half Boarders. 30.00 Classes of Three hours a day. 25.00 Music Lessons—Piano-Forte, per Annum. 30.00 30.00 Music Lessons, Do., by a Profess. 44.00 44.00 Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, 20.00 20.00 Landreuss 12.00 12.00 Bed and Bedding, 12.00 12.00 Gymnastics, (Course of 20 Lessons) Charge of the Professor. Lessons in German, Italian, Latin, Harp, Guitar, Singing and other accomplishments not specified here, according to the charges of the several Professors. It is highly desirable that the Pupils be in attendance at the commencement of each Term. No Deduction will be made from the above charges for Pupils that enter later, nor for Pupils withdrawn before the expiration of the Quarter. Terms of Payment: 6th Sept., 25th Nov., 10th Feb., 1st May, or Semi-Annually.

ACADEMY OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON, C. W. THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry. The Course of Instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education. SCHOLASTIC YEAR. TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$70 00 Use of Bed and Bedding, 7 00 Washing, 10 50 Drawing and Painting, 7 00 Music Lessons—Piano, 28 00 Payment is required Quarterly in advance. October 29.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C. W. Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston. THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages. A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils. TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays lo half-yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July. July 21st, 1861.

NEW CLOTHING STORE, BERGIN AND CLARKE, (Lately in the employment of Donnelly & O'Brien,) Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters, No. 48, M'GILL STREET, (Nearly Opposite Saint Ann's Market,) MONTREAL. HAVING commenced BUSINESS on their own account, beg leave to inform their numerous friends, and the Public in general, that they intend to carry on the CLOTHING Business in all its branches. READY-MADE CLOTHING CONSTANTLY ON HAND. All Orders punctually attended to. May 16, 1861. J. O. MILLER, WOODS & CO., GENERAL & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COAL, &c., &c., &c. OFFICE: Corner of Youville and Grey Nun Streets, (Foot of M'Gill Street,) MONTREAL. Constantly on hand, best qualities of COAL—Lehigh Lump, S. M.; do. Broken, S. M.; do. Egg, S. M.; do. Stove or Walnut; do. Chesnut; Lackawanna; Scotch and English Steam; Welsh, Sidney, and Pictou; Blacksmith's Coals. Also, Oils of all sorts; Fire Brick and Fire Clay; Oakum—English and American, &c., &c. Orders promptly executed. PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM-FITTING ESTABLISHMENT. THOMAS M'KENNA WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has REMOVED his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment TO THE Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street, BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS, (Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.) where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices. Baths, Hydrants, Water Cisterns, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner. The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms. Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has also fitted up in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction. Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12m.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY, BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.) WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the former prices. N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada has so much Marble on hand. June 9, 1858.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. ALTERATION OF TRAINS. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. ON and after MONDAY, the 10th of JUNE, Trains will leave Pointe St. Charles Station as follows:— EASTERN TRAINS. Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Island Pond and all Intermediate Stations at 9.30 A.M. Express Train to Quebec, (arriving at Quebec at 10 P.M.) at 4.00 P.M. Mail Train for Portland and Boston (stopping over night at Island Pond) at 5.00 P.M. Mixed Train for Island Pond and Way at 8.00 P.M. A Special Train, conveying the Mails, and connecting with the Montreal Ocean Steamers at Quebec, will leave the Point St. Charles Station every Friday Evening, at 10.30 P.M. WESTERN TRAINS. Day Mail Train for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit and the West, at 8.45 A.M. Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Brockville and Intermediate Stations at 5.30 P.M. Night Express, with Sleeping Car attached, for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, at 11.30 P.M. These Trains connect at Detroit Junction with the Trains of the Michigan Central, Michigan Southern, and Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads for all points West. W. SHANLY, General Manager. Montreal, 6th June, 1861.

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GOOD'S MARTIN COOKING STOVES. THE most economical Store known. We have a large variety of other patterns; also a good assortment of MANTLE PIECES AND GRATES, IRON BEDSTEADS, IRON RAILING, &c. RODDEN & MEILLEUR, 71 Great Saint James Street, Montreal, March 28, 1861.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX, IMPORTER OF DRY GOODS, No. 112, St. Paul Street, HAS constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, &c., &c. P. F. has also on hand a choice selection of Dry Goods and READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he will sell, at very low prices, Wholesale and Retail. Also, on hand, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, to be sold WHOLESALE only. Mr. F. has made great improvements in his Establishment and is receiving NEW GOODS every week from Europe, per steamer. He has also on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail. April 6, 1860. 12ms.

D. O'GORMON, BOAT BUILDER, BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W. Skiffs made to Order. Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province. Kingston, June 2, 1858. N.B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR. From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach. Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers. One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula. DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula. KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Scales on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in. For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass. For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces. Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1858. 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 humor 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 SHOR, Superioress of St. Vincent's Asylum. ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One is particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. Sisters of St. Joseph, Hamilton, C. W.

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