

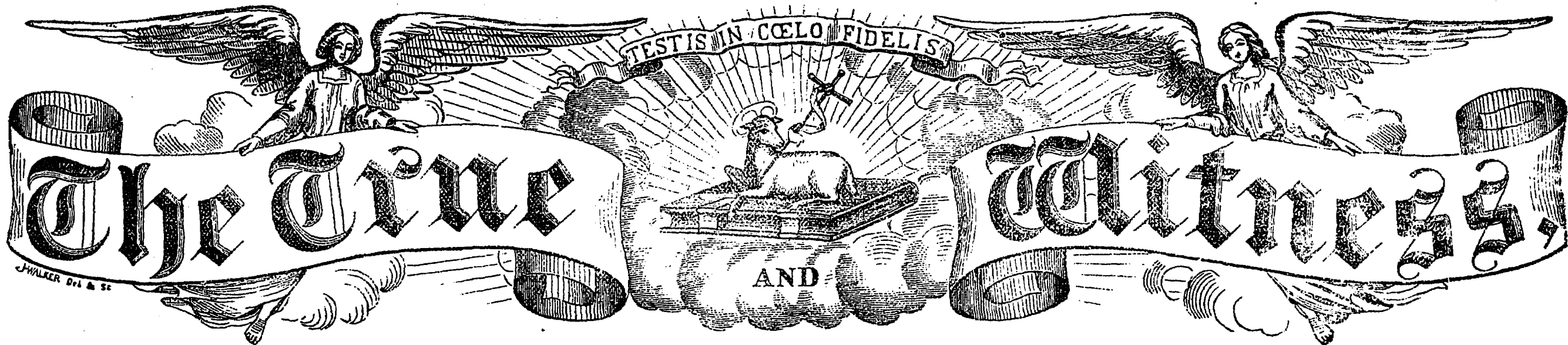
## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
  
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
  
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
  
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1861. No. 23.

**THEOBALD;**  
**OR, THE TRIUMPH OF CHARITY.**

*Written by Madame la Comtesse de la Roche, and published under the auspices of the Archbishop of Tours.*

INTRODUCTION.  
**THE LADIES OF CHARITY.**  
(Continued.)

**CHAPTER IV.—ANNUNCIATA.**

Very early the following morning I received a note from my friend, Madame D—, containing these words only—“Theobald disappeared last night; I am greatly perplexed, and expect you as soon as possible.” I threw a shawl over my morning dress and hastened to the hotel of the baroness.

“How did this happen?” I asked.  
Madame D— was seated in the ante-room, and appeared in the greatest anxiety.

“Heaven only knows how it happened; the child was much better and calmer than on the previous day; I kept him with me the whole of yesterday; he related many interesting circumstances regarding his family: I endeavored to give him good advice, spoke to him of his duty to God and to his poor little sisters, to whom he had promised to become a father. He seemed to listen with pleasure, and surprised me by his replies, full of good feeling; his observations were really above his age. We prayed together for his father and mother, and she shed tears abundantly at the remembrance of them. In the evening, much company arrived; I sent him into Clarita's room; the servants say they saw him walking alone at dusk in the garden;—in short, he has disappeared, and we have found no trace of him, although I have done everything possible to find him. What think you of it all, my dear friend?”

“I think that this is a very extraordinary country, and hope this boy has not already conceived some project of vengeance. Did you remark that he carried a stiletto under his vest?”

“Madame need not be alarmed at that,” said the lady's maid—who was working at the window; “almost all the Corsican children carry a stiletto at eight or nine years of age. It is the custom here.”

“What a terrible custom; and how uneasy I feel,” said the baroness. “This child interested me to the greatest degree; perhaps I was responsible, as he was in my house; what shall I say to his relations, when they come to claim him? Are they not sufficiently unhappy?”

“Calu yourself,” said I. “Theobald is not lost; perhaps he has gone to Vesina, to the hotel where his mother died, or to pray on her tomb—who can tell?”

“That is a very probable conjecture,” said the baroness, somewhat relieved. “I will send immediately to Pietranera.”

“It will be useless,” said an old Corsican woman, in her native dialect, who had been standing for a few moments in the doorway. We turned on hearing her voice, and recognized Francesca, the purveyor of water from Cardo, who carried a large basket on her head, filled with vessels containing water, and covered with rushes and foliage.

Cardo is a small town, now falling into ruin, built on a rising ground half a league from the seashore. It flourished at the time when Bastia was nothing more than a hamlet consisting of fishermen's huts, and was called the *marina* of Cardo. The water of the spring of Cardo being of extraordinary purity and flavor, has become the object of small commerce to the poor women of the place. Francesca, who supplied ours, was very dark, nearly black, and much wrinkled. An old plaid handkerchief was the only covering to her white hair, when she did not raise the blue or black peltico over her head, which serves as a mezzaro (mantilla) to the poor people. She was barefooted, and her whole appearance denoted poverty approaching extreme indigence. But notwithstanding all this, Francesca's destiny might have been very brilliant. She was young and handsome in 1787, when Bernadotte, afterwards Charles John, king of Sweden, was a private soldier in the regiment of royal marines. He was employed on the works of the road between Bastia and St. Florent, and often saw the young girl. He fell in love with her, and proposed marriage; but Francesca's father refused the offer, because the youth at that time possessed nothing but his courage and his talents, though both were unimpeachable. Time passed on; Bernadotte dictated laws to Sweden, and poor Francesca carried the water of Cardo. We were well acquainted with this circumstance in the poor woman's life; and we often wondered among ourselves if Francesca would have been happier, seated on the throne of Sweden, than she was in her laborious and obscure existence.

“Why do you say it will be useless to send to Pietranera, my good woman?” asked the baroness kindly.

“Because the lad you are in search of is not

at Pietranera, but in the thicket out there. I cannot exactly say where. I saw him pass yesterday evening on horseback, and recognized him. He was accompanied by Burcica the bandit. They both stopped to drink at the spring. I offered them some bread and milk, and my neighbors filled their pockets with lentils.”

“Glorious heavens! Theobald in the maquis!” cried the baroness; “a child barely fourteen years of age in such a place!”

“But is Burcica not a man, with a long beard, and very piercing eyes?” asked I of Francesca.

“Eyes as brilliant as two stars,” replied the old woman, “with a lion's heart, and hands of iron; that man missed his aim.”

“‘Tis he!” I exclaimed, and related my meeting with him the previous evening. Two hours later, the Corsican voltigeurs explored the wood in search of Theobald, whom we suspected of some dark project, but they returned the next day without having found him.

Clarita was much better; thanks to the continual care of which she was the object. The poor child was as gentle as a lamb, and most grateful to her benefactress. For some time we concealed from her the flight of Theobald, whom she loved tenderly, and the death of her little sister, who soon joined her poor mother in heaven. The little angel expired in the arms of the baroness, notwithstanding our care and that of her wet-nurse. Three days passed, and no answer arriving from the mayor of Piovola, the baroness became very anxious. The first Thursday of every month the ladies of charity, or rather of the society, assembled at the baroness's hotel, to make up the sheets and clothing to be distributed to the poor; each member took home the work she had commenced in order to spare the fund the expense of making. The Thursday having arrived, I went to the work-room like the others; it was one of the large salons, beautifully furnished and decorated. About thirty ladies were assembled, conversing and laughing as they sewed; Madame D— was cutting out a cotton dress for a poor little girl, who could not go out for want of clothing.

“We are exactly one sleeve too short,” said she. “My maid is out and will not return for an hour or more, and this frock is wanted immediately.”

“I will go and buy what you require for the sleeve, and the frock will be finished to-night,” said I.

“You are always kind,” replied madame, with a sweet smile. I took my bonnet, and went to the shop near the harbor; in ten minutes I was crossing the market-place, my little parcel in hand, when I was accosted by an old woman whom I only knew by sight. “How can a lady like you trouble herself with carrying that parcel? Have you no servants?” I looked at her in astonishment.

“What I say was not intended to hurt you, carissima signora,” pursued she, “for we all love you in this neighborhood. If you please, I will call that woman who is seated down there, to carry your parcel.”

“No, my good woman,” said I, laughing;—“Providence has given me arms, and I choose to make use of them.”

“These French women are very singular, murmured the old creature, in the Corsican idiom; however she is a good lady, nevertheless.”

I continued my way and saw a young girl on horseback; she entered the market-square from the main street, and was followed by a boy also on horseback, whom I instantly recognized. It was Theobald. I uttered an exclamation; he saw me at once, colored very much, instantly leapt from his horse, and ran to me.

“Where do you come, naughty boy?” said I, tapping him on the cheek; “both the baroness and I have been in great anxiety about you.”

“Indeed, I am very sorry, madame. Burcica promised you should be apprized of my departure. How is my poor sister?” Then turning to his companion, he added, “Annunciata, this is the lady.”

for all your care and kindness to my unfortunate sister-in-law and her poor children.” In pronouncing these words she pressed my hand with warmth and large tears rolled from her eyes.

“Mademoiselle,” I replied, “we can only lament that our efforts were not crowned with happier results. The poor little infant is gone to increase the number of angels in heaven, but Clarita is much better. Will you see her? I will conduct you to the baroness, who will be delighted to make your acquaintance.”

She accepts the offer with joy. The countryman who attended her, took the two horses, tied them to a ring in the wall, following the custom of the people who go to market, and told Annunciata he would take the lawyer's letter to the Signor Cafarelli.

“Go at once,” said he; then turning to me, “I wait your orders, madame.”

This was the first time that Annunciata had left her native village; any but a Corsican girl would have been dazzled and intimidated by what she saw. A servant in rich livery opened the door of the baroness's hotel; the suite of drawing-rooms through which we had to pass to the work-room, were all magnificently furnished. The circle of ladies was chiefly composed of the wives of the highest authorities, and the richest inhabitants of the town; the greater number were dressed as for a *fete*, for the ladies of Bastia are extremely fond of dress, several of them, tired with work that had lasted for some hours, were laughing and chatting together like great girls at a boarding school. They even talked of having a little music to enliven them, and one had risen at the general request of her companions, to place herself at the piano when we entered the room. At the same instant every eye was turned to the new comer. Annunciata did not lower hers; no trace of timidity was visible; she advanced with modesty, but without the least appearance of awkwardness, towards the baroness, whom she no doubt distinguished from the rest by Theobald's description, for, of all the ladies present, my excellent friend was certainly the most simple, both in dress and manners.—Annunciata addressed her in touching and grateful terms, with a trembling voice. The departure of the young girl was remarkable for dignity and calmness. The baroness received her with her usual kind manner, and taking her by the hand led her to Clarita's room. This charming child threw herself into the arms of her aunt and Theobald, who had followed us.

“Naughty brother,” said she, “why did you go without your little Clarita?”

“Sister,” replied the lad, with much gravity; “I had a duty to perform.”

“Theobald is now become the head of our family,” said his aunt, with a heavy sigh; “it was necessary for him to attend the funeral of his father; it was only for the day before yesterday, Clarita, that the remains of my poor brother were placed in the family vault.”

“His body was then found?” said the baroness.

“Alas! our shepherds brought it home even before we received your letter. My poor brother had left us the evening before in perfect health, and his body came back to us wounded and disfigured.” The young girl repressed the tears which were ready to fall. “Let us wait patiently, however,” said she; “there is justice in Heaven. The two brothers Fabiano have been taken by the *gendarmes*. The supreme court will avenge us, I hope; and if they fail us, — in time young lions become lions,” said she, casting a long and significant look on her nephew.

“But why did you leave without apprising me of your intention, Theobald?” asked the baroness. “Did you not foresee the anxiety your disappearance would cause?”

“I was wrong for leaving without your knowledge, madame,” replied the boy; “but our friend Burcica arrived in the evening when I was walking in the garden. He perceived me, jumped the aloe hedge, and told me to follow him, as he had a message for me, and the vicinity of the barracks did not allow of his remaining there. I knew Burcica well, having often taken powder to him from my father; so I had no hesitation in following him. We walked on in silence to the little wood, where he had left his horse. ‘Your grandmother has sent me to fetch you,’ said he at length. ‘To-morrow the last duties are to be paid to our poor Antonio. We must proceed all night; we have not a moment to lose. You will afterwards return to thank the kind-hearted lady, who has done so much for you. Besides, I will inform her of the cause of your absence.’”

At this moment a servant announced the visit of Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Cafarelli, who entered the room immediately. The signor was a thin man, about sixty years of age, with a serious, though benevolent aspect.

“Mademoiselle,” said he, addressing Annunciata, “I have received your friend the lawyer Muletto's letter, and beg to say that my ser-

vices, as well as my house, are at your disposal.”

The young girl bowed. The ladies Cafarelli then advanced. They both wore the national mezzaro, which covered the white muslin handkerchief that encircled the mother's head; the daughter wore hers on her fine chestnut colored hair. They both embraced Annunciata, as if she had been an old friend, though they now saw her for the first time. The laws of hospitality are such in this country (still in some respects so near a state of nature) that a few lines of recommendation traced by the hand of a friend is sufficient to procure the most pressing and hearty welcome for a stranger. You may in this way make the tour of the island, and everywhere be the object of most delicate attentions. People will dispute the pleasure of receiving you. Except in the large towns there are no inns in Corsica. Travellers are received in the houses of the residents, where, with simple dignity, they bestow the most cordial and grateful welcome—every comfort, in short, that they are able to offer. The Cafarellis insisted on the young girl returning with them, the strangers' room having been already prepared for her.—They also invited Theobald, but he preferred staying with his sister. When they took their leave the baroness and I returned to the work-room.

**CHAPTER V.—RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.**

The following day Annunciata acquainted us with her hopes and intentions. The two Fabianos arrived at Piovola the evening before the departure of Antonio Loncini. They were not seen in the village during the whole of the following day, and a shepherd had met them in the thicket armed with guns and pistols. Toward evening the same man found the pocket-book of the elder brother, Giuseppe, very near the scene of the murder, and this contained several letters addressed in his name. Annunciata felt convinced these two men had committed the murder; “and no one,” added she, “could have a doubt on the subject.” The court must therefore condemn them to death, and thus would terminate the long enmity between the two houses of Loncini and Fabiano, as after them the family was only composed of women.

“And what are your intentions respecting your nephew?” asked the baroness.

“To send him on the Continent for his education, as such was the wish of my deceased brother. Indeed, there is no time to be lost, for he has just completed his fourteenth year, and knows nothing but what his mother could teach him. It is true that my sister-in-law was a very superior and clever woman, as regards her learning. She could read and write with the greatest facility, besides being acquainted with many other things. As for me, I am ignorant of all this, which is very unfortunate for Theobald. He will forget the little he knows, as he must now remain with us till after the next assizes; for he alone saw the eldest Fabiano aim at his father, and must bear testimony to that effect.”

“My aunt,” said the boy, gravely, “I have already told you several times that I did not see Fabiano; but when my father fell dead, I instantly thought it was he who dealt the blow.”

“Well, then, is not that the same thing?” pursued Annunciata, darting a terrible glance at the youth.

The baroness reflected for a moment.

“Mademoiselle,” said she, at length, in her persuasive voice, “as you possess so few resources or means of instruction at Piovola, allow your nephew and niece to remain with me for some time. I will send Theobald to the best school, where he will learn French. In four months, at latest, one of my most intimate friends is going to travel on the Continent. I will recommend your nephew to him, and he will place him in an excellent school at Paris, the superior of which is personally known to me. Will this arrangement suit you?”

Annunciata reflected in her turn.

“What you are kind enough to propose is, without doubt, very advantageous,” said she at length; “and yet I foresee a circumstance which would render it advisable that Theobald should not leave me. He is still a child, and who knows —?”

She stopped short, as if fearful of committing herself.

“However, continued Annunciata, I consent. I know not what I feel in regard to you. You are an angel, madame, and it is impossible to resist your wishes; but it is necessary to consult my grandmother on the subject.”

“Nothing can be more natural or proper,” replied the baroness. “Will you write to her to-day?”

“I have already told you I cannot write,” said Mademoiselle Loncini with a smile. “We mountain girls are only taught to be good housekeepers; we know nothing but that. If you, madame, will kindly write the letter, I will send it by the countryman who is in attendance on me.” The old lady's consent arrived in three days.

Annunciata then prepared to leave to the great regret of the Cafarellis, who wished her to extend her visit. Before her departure she went to take leave of the baroness. She embraced Clarita and Theobald then, taking the latter aside—

“Remember,” said she, in a low voice, “that when the heart has recognized the murderer it is as if the eyes had seen the deed performed. At all events, I shall be here the day of the trial.”

She then mounted her horse with the grace of an experienced amazon, bowed to us all, and departed, followed by the countryman. The baroness's wish of keeping the two orphans with her was suggested by a lively feeling of Christian charity; as were all the actions of this admirable woman, who eagerly seized on every opportunity of doing good. She had quickly discerned that Theobald possessed an excellent disposition, but that he was violent and passionate. Clarita, on the contrary, was very gentle and full of feeling, being timid and weak; it was necessary, therefore, that religion should act as a check on the one, as a support and aid to the other, so that they might both advance in life without deviating from the path of virtue. It became then in the highest degree necessary to teach them their Christian duties, and that in such a manner as should make them love religion. Very little time remained for so important a work. This excellent woman lost not a moment. She prayed the Almighty to assist her, charged the superiors of the school to instruct Theobald in writing, orthography and arithmetic, reserving to herself, in concert with the Abbe Durand, his religious instruction. To avoid fatiguing the minds of her young pupils, she taught them the catechism little by little; but leading them out on the terrace she made them admire, at once and the same moment, the earth and its rich productions, the heavens with all their magnificence, the sun and planets, &c.

All these wonders are but the pastime of the Most High, the creation one act of His will, and the children then formed some idea of the wondrous power of God. Next, calling their attention to themselves, she made them remark the just proportion of their limbs, the perfect and sensible formation of their bodies, the regularity of their features; their eyes, so readily raised to heaven, our real country; their ears, open to all inimitable sounds; their mouths, capable of discerning and appreciating the finest fruits; and all the senses, in short, which make existence so great a blessing, and enable us to enjoy all the gifts of God. “But all these gifts,” continued she, “are but the least of His graces, for He has given us besides a mind capable of knowing Him, a heart made to adore Him, a soul intended to enjoy His presence throughout all eternity;” and the young people, who already comprehended the power of God, understood also something of His infinite goodness. Not satisfied with teaching them the dogmas of our holy religion, she thought to inculcate the spirit of it at the same time. With the New Testament in her hand, she made them follow with the deepest interest the divine life of the Word made Man, in order to save all men, imitating with them on the humility of that God who was content to be born in a stable and to expire on the cross, thereby teaching us to conquer pride and endure affliction; on Jesus who had compassion on all misfortune; who healed the sick and pardoned the repentant; who said of Himself that he was mild and humble in heart; who taught his disciples that they must pardon their enemies, not seven times, but seventy times seven, that is to say, indefinitely; who, in the torments of his passion, prayed for His executioners, when a look would have reduced them to nothing. Dwelling particularly on all that could inspire the love of our neighbor, and especially on the obligation of forgiveness of injuries, the baroness explained at length the parable of the Good Samaritan and that of the wicked servant, whose lord had taken compassion on him and forgiven a large debt, and who meeting one of his fellow-servants, who owed him an hundred pence, took him by the throat, and threw him into prison, in spite of his prayers;—hearing of this, his lord sent for him, and said—“I forgave thee all that debt because thou desiredst me; shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?” and in anger, his lord placed this wicked servant in the hands of justice, and left him there until he had fully paid his debt. She also made them consider the words of our Divine Saviour: “Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for those that despitefully use you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in Heaven;” and these not less sublime—“If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.” Then kneeling with them, she made them repeat these words of the most sub-

time of all prayers.—Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'

While Theobald and Clarita were thus drawing from the source of truth the only principles which can render us happy in this world or in the next; while these young hearts were opening to the love of God and their neighbor, like the calyx of the flowers to the invigorating dew, the trial followed the usual march of affairs in Corsica, and intrigues multiplied around the tribunal of justice. The brothers Fabiano had been transferred from Corte to Bastia.

For three months they were detained in an unwholesome prison, situated within the enclosure of the citadel, the interior of which was as disgusting as the exterior was repulsive. But their family had not been idle. They had much influence in the country, where they possessed numerous friends, and devoted partisans. Above all things it was most important to prove an *alibi*; and nothing was forgotten that could in any way promote this end. Several very doubtful witnesses were summoned; they apprized the shepherd who had found the pocket-book, that he was to swear at the trial that he had picked it up close to the Sabianos' house, or that a contrary declaration should cost him his life. The bandit Burcica was informed of all these proceedings, and lost no time in apprising Annuciata. She was ill in bed, laid up by a violent intermittent fever, so common in many parts of Corsica.

At the news she bounded from her couch like a tyress robbed of her young, and dressing herself in haste she set out in search of the shepherd. It required three days of walking and intense fatigue to find the man. At length however, guided by Burcica, she discovered the miserable hovel, constructed by branches, and tenanted by poor Santa Cruz.

'Listen to me,' said she, drawing forth the alibi which she always wore underneath her handkerchief; 'you know me well and are aware that Annuciata never broke her word; well, then, if you have the misfortune to conceal the truth, or hide any circumstance, by not declaring the exact spot where you found the pocket-book with my own hand I will cut out your lying tongue.'

Annuciata returned home much worse; and the poor shepherd fully aware of the fate that awaited him, let him make his deposition which was he would, secretly sold off his goats and embarked for Sardinia.

The following week Theobald had to appear as witness before the jury assembled to pronounce the fate of him whom the youth had really believed to be the murderer of his father. Annuciata, in spite of all her desires, was unable to leave her bed. The evening before the trial she sent the following note to Theobald by a certain messenger—Burcica had written the note from her dictation, it ran thus:—'You are now the head of the family; your father's blood cries aloud for vengeance, and this vengeance can only proceed from your mouth or from your arm, so choose between the two.' The contents of this missive filled the poor boy with bitterness; the prejudices of his childhood returned, perhaps, with renewed strength; perhaps the enemy of our salvation was working to undermine the foundation of piety in his soul—pure as yet; however it might be, the youth walked for a long time in the garden, his head bowed down and his heart full of grief. It was one of those magnificent days of winter, milder than in this delightful climate than the finest days of spring with us. The waves sparkled with a thousand fires in the sun's rays; the air was filled with rich perfume, the fish were sporting in the billows, the insects were humming in the air; but all the beauties of this rich nature had no power to calm the agitation of his mind; the light breeze played in his hair without cooling his burning forehead. Clarita saw her brother and hastened to meet him.

'What detains you here?' said she in her caressing voice. 'I have been looking every where for you during the last hour,' and the young girl raised her eyes, blue as the azure of the sky.—'Theobald looked at her in silence, and passing his hand through his sister's fair curls—'You are very like your poor mother,' said he fondly.

'And you, Theobald, resemble Annuciata particularly at this moment.'

'What, I am like Annuciata, who made our dear mother weep? Yes, my Clarita, you are right, I resemble Annuciata.'

'But what is the matter, Theobald?' asked the young girl, alarmed, without knowing why, at these words so simple in themselves.

'Nothing; nothing that you ought to know, my Clarita; but, if you love me, come with me and pray to the Almighty for your poor brother; your prayers must be heard, you are so good and innocent; and taking her hand he led her into a kind of oratory placed in the garden. It was there that the baroness found them both on their knees and praying with much fervor; she looked at them for some time with that ineffable joy which we may imagine the guardian angel of a convert must experience when he sees the soul confided to his care advancing with a firm step in the way of salvation, and prostrating herself she prayed also. Some time afterwards Madame D— called the young girl to take her writing lesson, and turning to Theobald, 'My child' said she, 'to-morrow you will have to appear before the tribunal. I need not tell you that if falsehood is hateful to both God and man, a false deposition would be of all kinds of falsehood the most execrable; truth alone should proceed from the lips of a Christian, even if truth should cost him his life.' The youth only replied by an inclination of the head, and taking the hand of his protectress he kissed it respectfully and retired into his own room.

(To be continued.)

**LETTER OF THE REV. DANIEL WM. CAHILL, D.D.,**  
TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NAPOLEON THE THIRD, PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, PARIS.  
Rome, Onida Co., United States, America, Dec. 3, 1860.

O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us.  
It wad from monie a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion,  
What stairs in drees and gait wad leave us,  
And e'en devotion.

—ByRON.

**IMPERIAL SIRE.**—As your Majesty is a Catholic monarch holding the garrison of Rome by your army, it is not out of place if a minister of the gospel, and a devoted child of the Church to address a letter to you in the present disastrous persecution of the Pope. Besides, I am not unknown to you: and it is not from any silly conceit I say that I am intimately acquainted with some of the eminent statesmen of your nation.—Neither am I a stranger to your cousin of 'the Palais Royal' and when I recall to your recollection the time when you were the accomplished guest of Sir John Gerrard, of England, when I was in correspondence with French cabinet ministers, I humbly hope that, under all these circumstances, this communication from me to your Imperial Majesty will not be considered either presumptuous or impertinent.

I have quoted the pastoral stanza of Burns from no unbecoming feeling of familiarity; but from a conviction that even Napoleon the Third, the genius of the *coup de main* of December, the hero of Solferino, appears to be utterly blind to the "vagaries, the headlong impulses," and the conflicting decisions of his Italian policy." Although it is not likely that an Irish priest can stop Napoleon in his course, yet as the smallest metal point lifted on high can arrest the wildest leap of the lightning, it might happen (as reported of Peter the Great) that one humble, earnest, argumentative voice, reaching your lofty consuming path, may perchance have the power to change your direction.

How can your Majesty know the Catholic popular feeling of Europe against you, when your despotic policy has gagged the entire press of several surrounding Catholic nations? You have singularly silenced your former warmest friends, while you have strangely encouraged the malicious lie of your deadliest unappeasable enemies. You have smothered the voice of the children of Bossuet, and Saint Louis in the fiendish howl of Voltaire, and the spurious offspring of Diderot. Neither Italy, nor France, nor Spain, nor Belgium, dares publish the tears of the Pope, or the grief of the Church in your Imperial domain; while you grant a willing audience to the thrilling infidelities of Geneva, and the bleeding sacrileges of Great Britain. As far as present appearances go, you are the friend of Garibaldi, while you chain the head of the Church. You seem to oppress virtue, and to encourage vice. Your language and promises are all bland and assuring, while your conduct and conclusions are cruelty and plunder. One step farther and you are the most perfidious of civil rulers, the bitterest modern enemy of the Christian Church.

Let us understand you. How can you rule long over the French Church if you persecute or oppress the Hierarchy? How can you demand allegiance from hearts that must soon abhor your name? How can the persecutor of Pius the Ninth command the Catholic French army to spill their blood in defence of the enemy of Peter? How can you listen without fear to the *Te Deum* in the Church of Notre Dame, chaunted by voices that would sooner entone your funeral service? The Catholic soldiers, the Catholic children of France, will not long endure the hypocrisy that would thus degrade and oppress the nation for self-aggrandizement. This was the fault of the rule of Louis Philippe, namely, an organized hypocrisy under the name of sincerity, a cruel family despotism under the aspect of universal popular liberty. Your Majesty knows the result of this policy. Like your uncle, bound in English chains, and lingering slowly on a deserted rock towards a premature grave, the late King of France died a mendicant exile at the gates of London. Let the nations know who you are, and do not insult the feeling of mankind by assuming the appearance of a follower of Christ, while you put the vinegar sponge to his burning lips. In this honest, frank language of mine, I have, not imperitently ascended to your place, it is you who have insultingly come down to mine. The friend of Cavour, the Champion of Exeter Hall, the correspondent of Garibaldi, you can no longer claim kindred with Catholicity; you are on the eve (unless you change your course) of taking your historic rank with Henry of England, with Frederick of Prussia, and with the most treacherous leaders of the ancient Lombard oppressors of the Papacy.

And I pray your Majesty not to take lightly these remarks of mine. I have been, in my humble way, up to the present, amongst your most ardent admirers, your warmest friends. I am read every week by millions of men; and I am read all over the civilized world. This is no silly boast. If I cannot restore the Pope to his ancient patrimony, I can beyond all doubt raise a shout of horror against the robber. If I cannot myself take my place amongst a faithful army in his defence, I can enlist bands of Christian heroes on every Catholic soil, more valiant than your Zouaves, to hunt down with execration the perjurer who, with honor and truth on his lips, has stolen the sacred vessels from the temple, and has drunk sacrilege. I am amongst those who trusted to the last point of belief, your verbal promises, your written declarations, your solemn avowments, made in repeated, and repeated, and repeated sworn allegations. You are pledged by documents (copies of which I hold in my possession) which would convict you as the veriest moral criminal before any jury in Europe, if you now swear from these your oaths before God and man.

There is time, yet time, Sir, for the fulfilment of these, your solemn engagements. I pray God that you may return to the feeling which has

raised you to a throne; before the recent nobility of our blood was dazzled by a family alliance with ancient Savoy; and above all, before you conceived the idea of levelling the kingly titles of all the neighbouring dynasties. This is the new fatal idea which has lately possessed you, in order to bring down Royalty to the level of a City Mayor: in order to enable the grandson of the Corsican Lawyer to stand in an equality with Charlemagne; and thus by effacing everything kingly, to raise the present demagogue Emperor of France higher than all the ancient Monarchs of Europe. Even the Pope must yield to this new idea; all laws, human and Divine, must be changed, in order to give effect to this new theory, of disendowing Royalty, and of crowning Democracy. The laws of Nature, for, must, I dare say, yield to this Imperial decree of the younger Napoleon—

When the loose rock trembles from on high,  
Must gravitation cease when he goes by?

When corporals and city railors can aid in making Emperors in these days, it is nothing surprising if ordinary scholars can become statesmen, and can know the policy, the schemes, the stratagems, and the deceit of their rulers.—'Things are changed in these days; and Emperors in modern times can break their word, violate their oaths, and become more demoralised than the lowest of their subjects. Do not mistake me, Sir, I am fonder of liberty than you are. I have long borne the galling yoke of oppression, and I have been trained in the school of the immortal O'Connell. And I have often with my whole heart and soul, put forth and advocated the glorious proposition, namely—

"The People, the source of all legitimate power." But I have never urged the doctrine of modern fashion, namely—that violated oaths, plunder of the Sanctuary, robbery of neutral states, could ever be argued as the antecedents, the auxiliaries, the adjuncts, or the results of the pure, spotless, heaven-born ethical principle of true liberty. When Judas is canonised by mankind, Christianity has failed; and when murder, and sacrilege, and robbery are associated with glorious freedom, human liberty has fled from this accumulated infamy.

In reference to the Pope, your Majesty's case of guilt, clearly stated, is very brief:—

Firstly—You make war upon Austria, not in defence of France, but in the aggression of Sardinia.—In the victory which your brilliant genius and noble adventurous, enterprising French army gained, you have voluntarily and deliberately developed and committed two evils against the Holy See, viz:— you removed Austria, the Protector of the Papal States, and you advanced to the City of Rome, Sardinia, the avowed enemy of the Church. You have beaten off the guards of the garrison, and you have opened the gates to the enemy. Under the pretence of defending the citadel, you have, beyond doubt, betrayed the principal entrance.

Secondly—The next count of your perfidy is, when you executed the mock peace articles of Villafranca. In this document you closed the arrangement, leaving the Duchies and Naples in possession of their rulers, and appointing the Pope the honorary head of the five dyasties, then reigning in the Italian Peninsula. The honesty of this, your written appointment, is now tested in the sight of Europe by the usurpation of your ally, in seizing more than one-third of the dominions which you guaranteed to protect.

Thirdly—The difference between the case of the Papal States and the case of Naples and of the Duchies is this—viz., the kingdoms under consideration had their boundaries arranged and policy settled by local conquest; and by individual rule; while the States of the Church have been bequeathed by the united agreement of all Catholic Europe.—After the first territorial possession given by the family of Pepin, in the ninth century, succeeding princes gave additional provinces with the consent, the approbation, the legal contract of all Christendom, united and bound in one common political, legal, and constitutional document. Therefore neither you, Sir, nor any individual of the contracting parties have a right, without the consent of all the others to alienate this European Catholic heritage. Your individual duty might be to invite a congress of the contracting parties and to alter or modify or annul the political laws of these districts or these provinces; but you have no right to alienate or take away the hereditary property of Europe against the will of the original testators. Unless, therefore, you restore the provinces already usurped, you trample on all European law. You subvert the ancient statutes of your own nation in this case, and you palpably rob the Head of the Church.

Fourthly—The state trick of giving liberty to peoples, to select their rulers, is an argument to give legalty and permanence to your own modern thrones—Time will tell. Such a liberty granted to the people of the Papal States under the protection of Sardinian bayonets is the same kind of liberty as the vote of the lambs under the protection of the wolves in the absence of the shepherd. But, Sir, there is a more apt illustration of this your scheme of universal suffrage, in the Papal States, than the example just quoted. This scheme in Ancona, Ferrara, and the Bologna is as old as its cognate plan of popular suffrage in the hall of Pilate. This Pilate the imperial officer of Tiberius, addressed the Jewish mob, holding Jesus, and said, "Whom will you that I release to you, Barabbas, or Christ? Whom will you have, by the said Barabbas?" Now, Sir, here is your plan, your policy, in reference to Papal Italy carried out by your Lieutenant Cavour. Again, Sir, do you remember that on the awful occasion of this universal suffrage in the hall of Pilate, it is stated, that as "Pilate was sitting in the judgment seat, his wife sent to him saying, have thou nothing to do with that just man for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

Sir, take care what you are doing. In order to make the historical reference complete, it is said that a winning woman, an angelic creature, a lovely Empress bus, with remonstrances and tears, addressed your heart in language like the warning given to Pilate by his wife! Sir, take care lest you be found fighting against God in your Roman policy. The universal suffrage surrounded by Sardinian bayonets is (in the case under consideration) a cruel mockery; opening the floodgates of licenced infidelity, and throwing down all the barriers of civil government. Sir, you have by the clearest testimony of European law, by your own acts, by the evidence of your word and your writing, you have cancelled the united bargain of seven Catholic Monarchs; you have betrayed the Pope; you have robbed the Church, and you have evinced a want of principle unknown in the lowest courts of jurisprudence.

I hold you responsible, too, for the murder, the assassination of my brave countrymen in the breach at Spoleto, the pass of the modern Thermopylae. These courageous children of Ireland did not make war on Sardinia; they went legitimately to defend the Pope. The Sardinian attack, therefore, was murder without palliation. Your cherished ally has, therefore, spilled the blood of unoffending Ireland. You are an accomplice in this crime, and you can never wipe away this foul stain of the assassination of my beloved countrymen. An overwhelming force of eight thousand blood-thirsty assassins attacked, unexpectedly, the garrison of Spoleto; Ire-

land's children mounted the walls, and with proverbial courage of their race, they utter a shout of "No surrender." Thirty brave poor fellows then threw themselves in the breach and without flinching were killed to the last man! Ireland will remember this act to the Bonapart race as long as we have hearts for revenge; and when your cousin makes his next visit to Kingstown in your Imperial yacht, I hope the wailing mothers of the slaughtered Irish Brigade will raise the cry of murder on the shore, as the hated, crimsoned Sardinian colours float in the murruming breeze over the angry waters of the Irish harbour. Your Majesty will learn soon that your Roman policy is built too high; it must fall.

Sir, you are treading in the footsteps of your uncle, and you are likely to meet the same fate. You know better than I do his former sway. Your uncle Joseph was King of Spain, your uncle by marriage was King of Naples; your more immediate relative was the King of Holland. Your aunt (your uncle's second wife) was an Austrian princess; and your cousin, the Duke of Reichstadt (your uncle's only son) was King of Rome, appointed by your uncle, in place of the Pope, King of Rome! Alas! appointed, by a Bonapart to sit in the sanctuary, to wear the Pope's crown! Alas! poor child, he lay in his little coffin, wearing an early shroud, and sunk in his premature grave before his father's insane ambition placed the kingly purple and the Roman crown on his puny fated head! Pray, Sir, have you as yet, in imitation of your uncle, appointed your little son, the adored little Prince Imperial, to the Papal crown, to be King of Rome? Ah, Sir, spare the beautiful boy; leave him longer to his fond mother! Do not so soon, Sir, make his early grave; nor so soon build his infant tomb!—Spare the benighted child, the pure blood of charming Spain, proud Catholic Spain. Ah, Sir, do not name him King of Rome!

In that same hour and hall  
The fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall,  
And wrote as if on sand.  
The fingers of a man,  
A solitary hand,  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand.  
Balazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom past away,  
He in the balance weighed  
Is light and worthless clay.  
The shroud, his robe of state,  
His canopy, the stone,  
The Mede is at his gate,  
The Persian on his throne.

—ByRON.

Pray, Sir, have you ever reflected on the mean language of your uncle, when he was putting his foot on the English man-of-war, the "Bellerophon," after Waterloo? Oh, God, his retreat, his defeat at Waterloo! I shall repeat these craven words of your uncle—"Like Themistocles of old, I throw myself on the honour, the greatness, and the hospitality of the English people." Alas, the hero of Marengo, and the genius of Austerlitz, how fallen! Sir, have you ever heard of the words which (it is said) were addressed by Pope Pius the Seventh to your uncle at Fontainebleau, in a small room, where your uncle had him confined? I was in that room, and I wrote a letter on the little table at the fireplace; where your uncle offered him, through General Berthier, a cockade, as a French symbol and as a compliment! The Pope replied—"Sir, I can accept no ornaments, except those with which the Church invests me—namely, the pastoral staff (which he held in his hand) and this little crown on my head. And remember, Sir, although you may at present throw down the monuments of the living and uproot the tombs of the dead, you will be soon confined in a narrow bed (the grave); and this little crown and this crown I wear, will govern all the universal earth, when your name and race and power will be forgotten amongst men." Sit, do you hear these words, and do you take warning in time. They speak loudly from the paper. It was after your uncle had imprisoned the Pope that he entered on his Russian campaign! he entered the Russian territory at the head of five hundred and thirty thousand men! and he returned to France with only seventy-two thousand broken invalids! On his retreat over the bridge of the Bereina the river was choked with the slain and the drowned; it overflowed the banks, and carried the dead into the fields in thousands, where they remained unburied for weeks and months.—Whole regiments of cavalry were frozen in their saddles; their horses like statues, the men sitting erect as in life. Regiments of infantry stood in the snow in their waists in line of battle, dead and stiff in their terrible death. It was a more thrilling awful case than the angry vengeance on Sennacherib.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue waves rolls nightly on deep Galilee  
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.  
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still!  
And there lay the steed with his nostrils wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-aching surf,  
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unfiled, the trumpets unblown.  
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Babel;  
And the night of the Gentile, unmoned by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow at the glance of the Lord.

Sir, you shall here from me occasionally. You cannot gag my mouth here as you have silenced your French hierarchy. I am in free America, where we can address Kings and Emperors as being like other men. I shall, when necessary, tell you secrets perhaps not known to those nearest your person. And I am no unfriendly writer. You may perhaps change your policy before this letter will reach you. No one can calculate on your consistent policy a single day. If Russia forms an alliance with you, I despair of your ever returning to your former opinions. But if Russia join your enemies another Waterloo awaits you from the same coalition as in 1815. I shall not presume in concluding this letter to bandy compliments in the ordinary way with an Emperor, I shall finish by quoting a few lines from Lord Byron, on your uncle being sent to St. Helena, and then merely sign my name:—

'Tis done, but yesterday a king,  
And armed with kings to strive,  
And now thou art a nameless thing  
So subject, yet alive;  
Is this the man of thousand thrones  
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,  
And can he thus arrive,  
Since he was called the morning star,  
Nor man nor fiend had fallen so far.  
Ill-minded man, why scourge thy kind  
Who bowed so low the knee,  
By gazing on thyself grown blind  
Thou taughtest the rest to see,  
With might unquestioned, power to save,  
Thine only gift hath been the grave

To those that worshipped thee,  
Nor till they fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
Thy still Imperial bride  
How bears her breast the torturing hour  
Still clings she to thy side,  
Must she too bend, must she to share,  
Thy late repentance, thy long despair,  
Thou throneless homicide,  
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,  
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem.

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

**LETTER OF THE MOST REV. DR. DIXON.**  
TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF ARMAUGH.

DEARLY BELIEVED BRETHREN.—Peace be to you.—Our motive for addressing you at present is the anxiety which we feel to make you sharers, without delay, in the joy, whereof our visit to the Eternal City has been the occasion to ourselves. For we know that the deep interest which you take in everything that relates to the glory of the Church, and the happiness of its Supreme Pastor on earth, will make you rejoice in the things which we have to say to you. It may appear strange to many that coming here in those days of sorrow and affliction, in many respects for the Church, we should find a cause of joy rather than of sorrow in what we have seen and heard in this chief city of Christendom.—We trust, however, that after hearing our reasons for rejoicing, those to whom we refer will cease to wonder at our words.

1. Our first reason, then, for rejoicing is found in the happiness which it gave us to see the Holy Father once more—to receive the cordial welcome which he gave us—to hear the words of kindness which he addressed to us—to receive, not for ourselves only, but for you all in like manner, the blessing of that supreme visible Pastor of the Church, the Vicar and representative on earth of our Lord Jesus Christ. How it rejoiced our hearts to see this beloved father in the enjoyment of excellent health, and not cast down by the wrongs which he has had to endure but rising above them by the abundant consolation which it has given him to witness that spirit of fervour in his cause, which has been manifested throughout the entire Church—stirred up as it has been by the sight of the cruel outrages that have been heaped upon him! His Holiness, when speaking to us, dwelt especially on the part which Ireland has taken in this great Catholic demonstration—Ireland which, to use his own words, came to his assistance, not only by its prayers, but also, "by its words, by its money, and by its arms."

2. We rejoice to find ourselves once more at the shrines of the glorious Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, the *limina Apostolorum*. There, in the presence of those tombs, far more glorious than the thrones of the greatest monarchs of the universe, were poured out our supplications for you also, dearly beloved brethren, as well as for ourselves; begging of our good God, that through the intercession of those glorious apostles, and having regard not to our unworthiness, but to His own mercy and goodness, He would send down His blessing abundantly on us all.

3. We rejoice to learn that the great manifestation of Catholic feeling, to which we have already referred, is nowhere more visible than in the illustrious French nation, on which, humanly speaking, the fate of the temporal power of the Pope may be said, at this moment, to depend. The heart of that great nation beats unmistakably for the cause of His Holiness; and it is now manifest that it will never allow itself to be made an instrument in the hands of any man for breaking down the bulwark of the independence of the Church. This attitude of the great Catholic nation will render perfectly harmless that bitter hostility to the temporal power of the Pope, with which the leading members of the present government of England are animated. In particular, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has been so carried away by his feelings, as to have addressed a note to the English Ambassador at Turin, which has shocked every friend of order in Europe; and is only worthy of the advocate of universal revolution and anarchy. In fact, this man's epistolary career—if we may so speak—from the date of the famous Durham letter, down to this crowning effort of his pen, can only be accounted for by that insane hostility to the Holy See, which appears to be an innate feeling with this inheritor of the spoils of the British Empire, which was so long known as the patron and defender of order in Europe, to have its views on foreign policy represented by such a minister. Let us hope that this disgrace will not survive for many months the commencement of the new year.

4. We rejoice to learn in this centre of Catholic intelligence that the admirable association of Peter's Pence is making rapid progress, and taking deep root throughout Europe. It will not be confined to Europe, but will advance, we have no doubt, until it will embrace the whole Catholic world within the sphere of its operation; and not like the Peter's Pence of which we read in history, the Peter's Pence of recent institution will continue for all time to come. The boasted liberty of the present day will have this good effect at least, that it will secure to the people the right of sending, without fear of hindrance from any power on earth, their voluntary offerings to the Head of the Church. The smallness of the sum expected from each will prevent it from being considered a burden by any one. Who is there with the heart of a Catholic, and not suffering from actual destitution, that would refuse to contribute one penny monthly as a token of his attachment to the Holy See—of his love and gratitude towards the great pastor on earth of that Church of Christ, of which it is his glory to be a member? Yes, we are persuaded, dearly beloved brethren, that you all long for the moment when this work of the Peter's Pence will be organized in the diocese of Armagh—when the poor will find a special consolation in knowing that they, too, can contribute their mite to relieve the wants of their Father, and that this good Father will not disdain to receive it; but like His Divine Master, will value it even more than the offerings of the rich. We said that this institution of the Peter's Pence will be permanent, because even after the restitution of his states, which, please God, the world will soon witness, the Holy Father will have still need of such an offering, to enable him to carry on adequately his administration of the universal Church. Moreover, the faithful would regret in any circumstances to give up an institution that would afford them the consolation of proving by means of so easy a sacrifice, their love and homage towards the See of Peter. And then, dearly beloved brethren, behold what will be the consequence of that conspiracy of wicked men, by means of which the Holy Father has been deprived for a season of the greater part of his states—the consequence will be the establishment of an institution rendered necessary by this transitory success of the evil doers, but which will nevertheless when the necessity that created it shall have ceased to exist, the independence of the Holy Father will be secured against all future danger, if the voluntary offerings of his children. For we may fairly suppose that, in the course of some time, not less than one hundred millions of pence will find their way monthly into the Pope's exchequer. How his enemies will then gnash their teeth with rage, when they will behold all his States restored to him; and when, over and above the revenues available from them, they will see this vast accession to his income, to which their vain attempts to deprive him of his just rights gave occasion. They will then discover that they made a mistake like that which was made by those princes of the world, of whom St. Paul speaks in the second chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians, where he intimates that if those princes had known the

consequence of what they did, they would never have crucified the Lord of Glory (I. Corinth. ii. 8). The meaning of his words is: that if the devils who are called elsewhere in the Scripture, the rulers of the world of this darkness, had foreseen the result, so glorious for our Lord, and so ruinous to their own power, that would follow from that persecution, which they stirred up the Jews to carry on against Him, and from the death which they induced that unhappy people to inflict upon Him, they would rather have endeavored to withdraw the Jews from their hostility to our Lord, and to prevent, by all means in their power, that death which would be the ruin of their own kingdom. In like manner, we may say of those wicked men who are now persecuting the Vicar of the Lord of Glory; that if they knew how directly opposite would be the result of what they are doing to that which they intend, they would never have put Pius IX. on the cross.

5. As the great question of the present moment is the temporal power of the Pope, we rejoice to learn with what unanimity all those whose authority can command the respect of the Catholic body come forward in its defence. It is true that there are some Catholics, otherwise very amiable men, who seem to be tired of the temporal power of the Pope. Some of these may be found in England, some, perhaps, in Ireland; but they are men whose authority is of no weight in such a question. Whatever knowledge of ecclesiastical history or canon law they may have, has been learned from the Times newspaper, or some such source of public information. They find that the question of the temporal power of the Pope creates embarrassment for them in Protestant society; and hence, for the sake of their own peace and comfort, they would wish to have done with it. They may even think it cruel that so little regard should be paid by the Pope and the Bishops throughout the world to the peculiar difficulties of their position—seeing that his Holiness in his several allocutions, and the Bishops in their addresses to their flocks, have insisted so strongly on the importance to the Church of the temporal power, that one would think they had it precisely in view to make Protestant society disagreeable to those kind, amiable men of whom we speak. We rejoice to say, however, that hardly any one, such as we have here described, is likely to be found in Ireland. There, the question is thoroughly understood; and the Catholic who would labour to persuade the people, that the temporal power of the Pope is of no consequence, one way or the other, to Catholics, would be justly considered to be a traitor to the Church. It is, indeed, most gratifying to us to hear the praises bestowed on Ireland for the unanimity with which Catholics of all ranks in society there, have come forward in defence of the temporal rights of the Holy See. On whatever other questions, it is said, Catholics of influence in Ireland—members of Parliament and others—may differ, they have been all ready, when the occasion called for it, to defend the temporal rights of the Holy See—to denounce the unjust invasion of its states, and to insist on the importance to the Church of preserving the temporal power of the Pope in all its integrity. We sincerely trust that each coming day will show forth more clearly the claims of our countrymen to those praises, which, we must say, are not sparingly bestowed upon them here.

Lastly, we rejoice to be able to assure you, dearly beloved brethren, that efficient steps are being taken, even in those parts of Italy which are most disorganised by the revolution, to counteract the efforts about to be made to scatter the seeds of heresy in this Catholic land. It requires not the inspiration of a prophet to foretell the utter failure of that mission, which, we are just informed, is being organised in London for the purpose of following up the blow that has been struck in Italy against the temporal power of the Pope, by an attack on his spiritual prerogatives, and on that true faith of Christ, whereof he is the constituted guardian.

We trust, dearly beloved brethren, that the reasons, which we have here adduced, will justify us to you in banishing from our minds those gloomy anticipations of the future of Italy, and of the temporal power of the Pope, in which some are too prone to indulge; and in rejoicing rather in the well-grounded hope of a future, whereof the coming is not far distant—a future glorious for the spiritual and temporal power of our beloved Father and Pontiff, Pius IX.

We cannot conclude, dearly beloved brethren, without offering you a word of advice, which, we know, you will receive in good part. Whilst you exult in it deserving the devastation of Italy; and whilst you fearlessly express your opinion of those who would abuse their authority for the purpose of fostering that spirit; be very careful not to imitate the evil which you condemn. Guard yourselves cautiously against everything which might fairly expose you to the imputation of lawlessness in what you say or what you do. Any, who would recommend another course to you—no matter who they may be, or what may be their intentions—are in reality the enemies of your temporal as well as your spiritual welfare. Therefore heed them not: but continue to exhibit that due respect for the laws as well as for the authorities under whom God has placed you, which has hitherto marked your conduct; and in which it is your strict duty and true interest to persevere.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.  
JOSEPH DIXON,  
Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland.  
Irish College, Rome, 14th Dec., 1860.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS FROM THE SHANTONAGH SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the Dundalk Democrat.

Dear Sir—The latest news in reference to this workshop of soper iniquity is, that there are only three Catholic families attending, that Mr. Fitz, its worthy teacher, in forcing himself by main strength on the presence of Father McGloskey on a recent occasion of a meeting of the people of a neighboring townland, under his spiritual jurisdiction, the people, to prevent their respected pastor from the attempted violence of the fellow, were obliged to throw him out of the door—and more power to them, say I for their so doing; and that Fitz and his soper confederates, Felix Brien, P. P. of Anghnamullen West, sanctions the school! With regard to the first item of this intelligence, the Catholic families who attend the school, are those of 'Patric McCabe and James Marron aforesaid, and Peter, alias 'Nimrod' McKenna, the illiterate sailor of Ballytrain, who, instead of his roodless wigwam in that village, has got a new house—built by the soper captain—to live in, and (on account of this change of residence is a recent importation into Father McGloskey's parish). But for this, there would not be a single individual from that parish attending that school Father McGloskey—all honor to him for his noble exertions in the good cause! He has gained a complete and signal, and let us hope final, triumph over the iniquity as regards his parishioners. With regard to the third item of the news Father Brennan, so far from his sanctioning the iniquity, is highly indignant at the slander on his name involved in the report and in a recent letter to Father McGloskey on the subject (which I have heard the contents of), stigmatises such report as a 'vilifying of his character' (these are his words), and says that he has gone in person, and will go again, among those of his parishioners neighboring Shantonnagh to warn them not to send their children that (as he very properly designates it) 'iniquitous school.' The Rev. Dr. McMahon, of Carrickmacross, also has taken the same steps in regard to his parishioners. I would not be surprised if Fitz and his soper friends would strive to

get up a report that this Rev. gentleman also sanctions the iniquity. There are three non-Catholic families who contribute their quota to the nuisance, those of Mr. W. Baily, postmaster, and his brother-in-law, James Wiley, with one Alice Donaldson, a real no-surrender true-blue. The two first mentioned of these gentlemen—before the war began—expressed themselves altogether dissatisfied with the school, on account of, as they said, the very indifferent way their children were 'coming on' (and, in the progress they were making), and were very loud in their threats to remove their children to another school; but the 'soper' consequent on the dismissal of Miss McGuinness opened their eyes, it would seem to the various professional merits in Mr. Fitz which they could not discover before; he is now the 'white headed boy' with them. As to Mr. John Clegg, though as staunch a Protestant as the Irish Establishment can boast, his son having been, previous to the war, three months under the tuition of a well qualified teacher, and being, therefore, removed beyond Mr. Fitz's meagre stock of information, he is not only not obliged to keep away from the school—not but his 'son' would be desirous for him to go where he would be 'taught the Bible.' The fact is, Mr. Clegg's literary tastes (albeit a most devoted disciple of Exeter Hall school) rise superior to the sending of his son for instruction to a schoolmaster who can't spell. Be all this as it may, the Shantonnagh school is done at any rate, that's a fact. The Head Inspector visited it the other day (I think in consequence of a letter to the Board that is on the tapis), and found—the school closed! To triumph! and alas! for poor soper Tom, like Othello, his 'occupation's gone.—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,  
A. M. M'GUINNESS,  
Castleblayney, 18th December, 1860.

THE MISSIONERS FROM CONNAUGHT.  
REPLY OF THE V. REV. MR. McMANUS, P. P.  
(From the Munster News.)

The following reply of the V. Rev. Mr. McManus to our Rev. Correspondents of the ambulatory and residential order of the superfluous biblical propagandists who adorned our columns, will be read, we are sure, with the deepest diligence by both the brethren, and with that good effect, let us hope, by which candour is stimulated, and docility in the correction of the multiplication table, soper-induced. The voluntary addition to greater accuracy, manifested by one of the reverend gentlemen, encourages a belief in his further improvement as an enumerator of young conscripts in Connaught, and we do not altogether forego the expectation—after the lesson which the V. Rev. Mr. McManus takes, at the same time, the trouble to write for the good of the other brother; that he will not prove inflexibly stiff-necked, or stick to his system of making things pleasant by the practice of counting twice two as fifty. Our conjecture, we find, as to the process by which congregations are "constituted" in Connaught, was not wide of the mark; for we have the authority of the respected writer of this letter, that the admirable auditoriums which were enraptured by Mr. Eade's eloquence, were got up by the managers like a corps d'armées, to fill up the parts of the several exhibitions, and be, so to speak, the satellites of the episcopal comets or missionary stars whenever they blazed or beamed down in Connaught. How the few may do duty as the large congregations, is so well etched by the V. Rev. writer of the following letter, that the Missionaries, who are now-a-days, doubtless, pressed by their patrons for favorable pictures of their saintly doings, must feel much indebted for the delineation which the V. Rev. gentleman thus offers to their regards:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUNSTER NEWS."  
Clifden, County Galway, Dec. 18, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR—Last Saturday's number of your patriotic journal has just come to hand. Your spirited article, headed "The State Church, &c." is a fresh claim on my lasting, respectful gratitude. I much regret that this communication cannot reach you in time for Wednesday's issue.

Before I notice the two letters bearing respectively the signatures "Augustus Coghlan," and "Henry Eade," I beg to offer my sincere thanks, and the warm acknowledgements of my faithful parishioners to you, and to the other noble hearted gentlemen of your city for your kindness in making us acquainted with the recent Soper exhibitions in the "Protestant Hall" of Limerick. To detect and expose shameless falsehood is a work alike honorable to the able journalist, and beneficial to society.

Now, with regard to Rev. Mr. Coghlan's denial, I have to say that the Limerick Chronicle did report him to have read at the November meeting of the Protestant Mission Society, held last year in the Protestant Hall, a letter from the Protestant curate of Clifden, in which it was stated "there were then 900 children in the Clifden Protestant Schools, and that twenty-five adults had left the church of Rome in Connaught the month previous. Poor Richard Rudd was the anonymous correspondent, and it would appear he was ashamed to put his name to the falsehood. Some friend sent me the number of the Limerick Chronicle that reported the proceedings of the meeting referred to above. Not one word was then said about "passing 600 children through" the soper schools. No doubt, the recollection of a statement made a short year ago, may have leaked through the creature comforts so abundant in Nanteenan Glebe, Askeaton. However, the sanctimonious simplicity of Augustus, the rev. owner of the lofty generic name of some of the purple scribe of old, ought either to be content with his share of the good things of the establishment, or should remember that there is a certain class in society to whom a long or at least an accurate memory is necessary.

our people, and they know us. More than this: we know the few seeking jumpers too, whether they be of Connaught, or of the ignorant squads of readers, tract-distributors, bill-stickers, or expounders of "the Word," that have been lured into this district by the lure of lucre. Furthermore, we also know, in general, the antecedents of the imported motley crew, from the apostate priest who was tried by a grand jury for an imputed offence, to the meanest official in the soper board. Hence, we fearlessly challenged those expounders of yellow meal religion to tell us all about their alleged numberless proselytes. No answer but bales of silly orlyng generalities, has yet been given to this invitation to a profitable inquiry.

If Mr. Eade's letter be read by the light which the closing words of the letter which the imperial Augustus condescended to write inadvertently or designedly let in on the soper propagandism, it will not be difficult to meet its statements. I can easily believe the missionary secretary, like the nimble manager of certain shows, exhibited his diagrams, and pulled the wires with becoming act in the soper show in the "Protestant Hall." Mr. Eade begins his contradiction of my former letters by exhibiting his logical acumen. My letter bears the misprinted date, November 28th, whereupon it was not written on Sunday the 25th, and therefore the Rev. truth-teller infers I told a lie by saying I wrote, as I did de facto write, the letter late on Sunday night. He again rushes to the old resource of vague generalities and false statement. Roundstone is stated to be in the parish of Clifden, whilst it is in reality the principal place—a town, in an adjoining parish—the parish of Roundstone. The same is true with regard to Moyrus; the parish of Roundstone intervenes between the parishes of Clifden and Moyrus. Yet, the Rev. perambulator fancies his ignorance of Connaught ought to be believed before any open, clear statements, emanating from the most accurate knowledge of places and persons.

Again, he says he was in Clifden that same Sunday on which he argues my letter was not written, and therefore he concludes the statement of that unwritten letter must be false! But he preached twice that Sunday in the Clifden Church; the flock at each sermon was between 200 and 300! This is a downright myth. Where did the "between 200 and 300 come from?" There are only ten habitations of Church-goers in the town and immediate vicinity—including the Parsons, his brothers and sisters, the Sub-Inspectors of Police, the Coast Guard Inspectors, and that of the Police: yet, from those ten houses between two and three hundred crowded to hear Mr. Eade preaching! Streamstown had its service and flock, he says, on that Sunday. It is only two miles from Clifden, yet there were between two and three hundred at each sermon of Mr. Eade, though Streamstown, the nearest congregation, did not send one to constitute the large auditory at Clifden; for our letter-writer says, they had a service for themselves at Streamstown on that day.—And at all the other places named by Mr. Eade there were sermon and service in each and every one of them, and therefore not one from any of the indicated localities increased the "ordinary congregation of between two and three hundred," who were enlightened by Mr. Eade's two sermons on that Sunday the 25th of November! Well, if this be not romancing I don't know what is. Here are the eleven houses from which the ordinary congregation, as every one knows, of "between two and three hundred" came.—The Rev. Mr. D'Arcy's, (no family); Mr. James Darcy's (wife and himself); Mrs. Livingston's (no family); Doctor Sufield's; Mr. Friar's; Mr. Kearny's, J. P.; Captain McKellop's, of Coast Guard; Miss Thomas's, Post Mistress, (no family); Mrs. Mitchell's, (no family); Paddy Beatty's, the only jumper known, (wife and two children); three policemen; a jumper boys school counting ten, and a soper orphanage containing 23 little girls.—These and these only are the sources from which Mr. Eade's Clifden "ordinary congregation of between two and three hundred" come! Good gracious, who can believe the miserable twaddle of such persons? Only one jumper in all town of Clifden, and yet his (Mr. Eade's) assembly, "constituted mostly of proselytes!"

Mr. Eade closes his letter with one more fact—the 2nd of October last, he says, there were 600 worshippers, most of these proselytes; and 201 were confirmed; out of the same 201 so confirmed "167 were converts from the Church of Rome"—only 167 converts from the Church of Rome! Well, is it come to this with them,—that they are forced to abandon their "hundreds" and their "thousands brought from darkness to light." A short time ago we were honored with a visit from Mr. De Vere, nephew of Lord Montagu. Like a genuine pious Catholic, his first object was to make out the priests, and visit the convent and our parish church. He told us that he himself had been repeatedly assured there were at least over sixteen thousand converts in Connaught! But the Secretary to the Irish Church Mission sets that matter at rest for some time; "201 worshippers, most of whom were proselytes; & 201 confirmed;" and of the 201, "167 were converts from the Church of Rome!" Thanks to the triumphant force of truth, powerfully aided by the noble, generous, liberal Press—that encouraged our humble but persevering efforts to expose the knavery and enormous lies of those itinerant marauding hypocrites who belied the fair fame of the faithful people of Connaught, and have exhibited the creed of respectable Protestant in the most disgusting phase of materialism.

But I am not going to admit the truth of Mr. Eade's closing compond fact. When Bishop Plunkett was to come, there was not a Soper from Galway to Westport that was not swept into Clifden to meet their holy bishop, whose blessed pastoral staff was reported to have been turned into a sharp-spiked pole to accelerate the movements of the evicted widows and orphans off his Partry estate. Be that as it may, one thing is certain and well known too, that on the aforesaid 2nd of October, those angels of the new light could not scrape together, from all quarters, a motley muster of two hundred children; and adults were offered large sums of money and clothes if they but lent themselves for the day to meet the Bishop, who was to bring heaps of wealth with him for all who would come before him on that day. For he was a rich Bishop.

As this letter is already gone beyond all reasonable limits I must close by saying that there are many other facts and doings of Soperdom which I wish to bring under your notice.—I am, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,  
PATRICK McMANUS, P.P., Clifden.

IRISH PROGRESS.—The Times has the following on the subject; its recognition of the morality of the people is valuable, and should serve as a hint to the "Swaddlers" to leave Popish Ireland in peace:—

"There are few who appreciate the advances made by the sister island during the 20 years which have just elapsed. People are aware that Ireland has improved, but they are hardly prepared to find that from an abyss of misery she is now in prosperity equal, if not superior, to a great part of England. An Irish paper has just published some statistics on this subject which are worth consideration, as showing that the progress is beyond what the most sanguine might have calculated. It reminds us that in the five years succeeding 1840 the number of paupers in Ireland was a third of the population, while in 1859-60 it was only a 32d part. Since 1830 2,000,000 acres of land out of 3,500,000 capable of being reclaimed have been brought under cultivation. The revenue has risen from £4,000,000 to £7,000,000. The tonnage of Irish shipping has increased since 1837 from 337,700 to 786,000. The wages of agricultural laborers, which averaged half-a-crown a week, are now 7s. a week. A quarter of a century ago the catalogue of crime was frightful; in 1860 there were only five convictions for homicide, and the Judges everywhere congratulated the Grand

Juries on the general tranquillity. In this prosperity there does not seem likely to be any change. Property is now on a sure basis. If there are fewer proprietors with a nominally enormous rent-roll, at least those who remain, or who have come into existence within the last fifteen years, are the real possessors of the land which they call their own. Comfort and well-being have put an end to political agitation, and this quiet in return allows men to devote themselves to their private affairs. If Europe remains at peace, and the resources of the United Kingdom are not strained by warlike preparations, another ten years will probably place Ireland quite on a level with Great Britain. We may certainly hope for Italy and Hungary, for the oppressed Christian of the east, and even for the unhappy Negro, when we witness this wonderful regeneration. It seems but yesterday that men were discussing the gloomy future of the Irish race, and bitterly calling to mind the saying that the only remedy for the evils of Ireland would be to sink it in the Atlantic for twenty-four hours. Now Ireland is becoming as peaceful and prosperous as Scotland. In fact, the course of the two nationalities has been not dissimilar. For fifty years after the Union 1707 Scotland was as disaffected and turbulent as Ireland has been in our own times, and the antipathy of Englishmen to their fellow-subjects North of the Tweed was far more intense than any which has existed between Saxon and Celt. Yet time has obliterated every prejudice, and left only a healthy rivalry. Such a change we may predict will take place in regard to Ireland, and those who survive to the close of the century will be scarcely able to persuade their grandchildren that in the early days of Queen Victoria an Englishman in Connaught was looked upon as a foreigner, while the Celtic immigrant into this island was generally the object of suspicion and dislike.

RESULTS ALREADY.—The Irish people are now in possession of good evidence to prove to them that the National Petition movement is 'a step in the right direction.' The manner in which it has been treated by the English Press is a satisfactory demonstration of the fact. Most of those journals have waxed frantic on the subject, and indulged themselves in a perfect riot of abusive language. Many, in the bitterness of their vexation, have written down into the obscene slang of the lowest stratum of society; others have striven to be decent and to treat the matter in a jocular vein. The only journal which has permitted itself to look calmly at the case and to speak candidly of it, has admitted that in the matter of fair reasoning of moral right, we have turned the flank of the English position, and won the victory. Henceforth, we are given to understand, England's title to keep this country in subjection is to be the naked sword. All the old claims, such as they were, which stretched their crooked roots through a troubled history of seven hundred years, are at once abandoned, cut off at a stroke, and actually existing force is now the only bond of connection to be relied on. Any one who reads the article of the Times, to which we refer, will see that the case is thus stated; Ireland has a right to assert her independence as soon as she can; and England has a right to prevent the occurrence so long as she is able. The question is to be one of the strong hand, and might is to make right. It is something to have extracted this plain confession from the leading journal of England. Next to a declaration that the claims of Ireland were in themselves just, and that her right should be conceded, it is the most important statement that could be given to us. It clears the Irish question for the future of many complications; it brushes away a number of dusty cobwebs, in which weak minds might get entangled. We base our remarks not altogether upon an article of the Times. We should pay little attention to a column full of sentences, their only claim to be considered important consisting in their appearances as a 'leader' in that journal. But we recollect that in the present case the article is perfectly in harmony with the tone of English opinion; we see in it a faithful reflection of principle avowed and acted on by the English Government, and viewing it in connection with these facts, we recognise, we admit, and we proclaim its significance. We have no desire to over-rate what has been gained for the cause of Ireland, but neither shall we under-rate the fact that on the merits of our case we have got a verdict against England, even from an English jury, and that we are now simply defied to avail ourselves of it. It is admitted that we have made good our claim to certain property; at the same time we are told that if we attempt to take possession of it, we should do so at the peril of our necks. Very well. That, at all events, is plain speaking; it brings the entire case within the grasp of every comprehension—puts it, as the saying goes, into a nut-shell; and it is well that the parties should so completely understand one another. We grant that we are not in a position to appeal to the argument of force to which England invites us. She is to-day a great power. Her fleet has not been defeated, her army has not been routed, her funds have not collapsed. The argument stands in her favor at present. But we believe, nevertheless, that much good is yet to be had by us from the sort of demonstration which we are now engaged in making. Its use is not yet exhausted, its force has not reached its culminating point. We must go on with the signing of our demand for native rule. Based as that demand is on strict justice, enforced as it is on English attention by England's own arguments, urged as it is with all Europe looking on, it possesses a power which will certainly win for us important results in addition to those already gained. Speed the good work then, you patriots of Ireland; carry it even to the most remote localities; search every nook and corner of the land wherever a man is to be found willing to join in this important national act. Your labour for your native land will not be expended in vain.—Nation.

THE CLADDAGH FISHERIES.—The condition of this primitive and peaceable race is at this moment so deplorable as to demand the aid and sympathy of the public as well as of the Government. These men have stood aloof and apart from intermixture with their fellows for centuries. They belonged, from generation to generation, to the great deep. Their habits were as simple as their lives were innocent. To them the teeming waters around Galway Bay were the richest and most remunerative of diggings.—They provided themselves amply with the good things of life, and equally the ichthyologists around their piscatory laborers. In the revolutions of Europe, and the rise and fall of dynasties they took neither part nor interest. There was neither marrying nor giving in marriage outside their present limits. They fished, ate, and died, within a circumscribed circle of usefulness and simplicity. They knew nothing of "progress" until with them it became progress from bad to worse, and at last they found themselves isolated, behind the course of events stopping the way, and gradually being submerged in the depths of pauperism. Shall we stop here to inquire into the causes of this unhappy catastrophe? It would require no pains to do so. But it will be easy for our present purpose to show that it arose neither from idleness or criminal folly, but solely from the result of circumstances which they had no power to hinder. One of those main causes was the gradual decadence of the supply of fish in the Galway waters, and this increasing deficiency, it is alleged, sprung from the injudicious practice of "trawling" within prohibited boundaries. By this course it is asserted that the spawn has been carried away from the grounds in myriads, and the minute fish brought into our markets and sold for manure at a mere nominal price.—The Claddagh men reap the fruits of this destructive policy. They remain out for days and nights, and come exhausted, half-starved and without fishes to exchange for loaves for their suffering families. They return to their cabins, which they find greasy and foodless, after braving the pelting of the pitiless storm, secure their wretched boats temporarily, and then seek

the tender mercies of the workhouse for the pale creatures whom God has put under their guardianship. Is not all this melancholy? Here are willing hearts and stout hands, men of iron frames who know not what fear is, simple sailors who trust in God, and work in all winds and weathers—but there is no reward for their industry, and they have forfeited their lives in vain on the changing and treacherous waters of the ocean. The Claddagh race of fishermen, we have said, form an ancient community. Their character has been uniformly gentle and primitively pure. It would be too bad that they should be doomed to extinguishment by a death of pauperism, and after braving the battle and the breeze for generations that they should perish at last under a workhouse regime. If they had boats and gear they would earn a profitable subsistence and be a source of wealth to the community. Will the Government save them under that consideration? They would form the finest sailors in the navy in this hour of England's peril. If they are destined to die gloriously in fighting the battles of Britain, let the fate come whilst their wives and little ones are cared for by the government; but in the name of humanity, let not the brave men be made aim receivers, porridge supplicants, uniformed and imprisoned beggars, whilst they yet possess "the hearts and hands of free born men" who ramparted once the kings of old who were fathers of their country.—Galway Vindicator.

INDEPENDENT OPPOSITION.—The Kilkenny Journal is labouring hard to convince the country of the benefits to be obtained for Ireland by independent opposition, and asks cannot thirty honest men be found to carry out the policy in the British parliament. We agree with our honest contemporary in all it says on the independent policy; but it has been tried under the most favorable circumstances, and it would then be useless to rely on it again. The Journal asks cannot thirty honest men be found to assert the policy in the English senate? Yes, we answer, but they will not be elected. Let the Journal remember that the two best men of the party—Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Moore—were defeated in Louth and Kilkenny, and when two such honest men were not accepted by the people, what chance would there be of electing thirty or even a dozen such Irishmen? Let us not be speculating in this childish manner. The times are favourable for a national effort for domestic rule; and every honest man will at once take his proper place, and work for parliamentary independence.—Dundalk Democrat.

The rental of Ireland has, within the last 20 years risen from £10,000,000 to £15,000,000, and the revenue is nearly £3,000,000 beyond what it was a century ago. Within thirty years the tonnage of Ireland has doubled; and within 23 years the foreign imports have risen from 1,500,000 to 3,500,000.

CONTRASTS IN KILKEE.—At the rate of progression, in the construction of lodges at the West End of Kilkenny, and of actual or threatened demolition at the other end, the former is likely, before long, to compare not alone the greater number of handsome new houses, admirably situated and tastefully built; but afford the principal accommodation which will be available to sojourners and visitors. At the West End every encouragement that liberality can afford is wisely and well given by Major McDonnell; and not only in this respect is his excellence as a landlord evinced, but also in relation to his property at Faugha, to be the occupiers of which he has made arrangements in consideration of the failure of their oats crop this year. Thus, in the inland as well as by the sea shore Major McDonnell pursues the course by which he honourably acquits himself of the obligations due from justice and foresight; and, whilst he deserves great praise for the good will and gratitude of the people, adds great and growing value to his estate.—He assures to himself and to his successors a tenantry who will not and an income that cannot, hereafter fail. We regret to say that, on the estate at the other side of the boundary, a different system is still adopted. We learn that possession was taken, last week, from more of the luckless tenants of that side of Kilkenny; and the belief that twenty or thirty houses more are soon to come down. We thought the crowbar was sworn to the status in the agricultural districts, but the implement of domestic ruin, and human dispersion, and misery, God knows how harrowing, seems to have been newly pointed and steered for the work of destruction in the very centre of the most industrious and enterprising community along the whole west coast of Ireland. A wholesome summer residence, Kilkenny was a cheerful spot to look upon from any of the neighbouring heights; but now, with additions to the unsightly tanks and breaks which we saw last season in the heart of the town, we doubt if visitors will enter it without feelings of reluctance, or contemplate that action which is a scene of the workings of the Irish Tenement Order, without a revulsion of feeling, and something like an anathema upon the work.

The quantity of snow which fell over this portion of Ireland on the evening and night of Thursday last remains frozen on the ground. Aggravating as the increased cold does, the sufferings of the working class still they draw favourable expectations from the advent of the old sort of weather, and believe that when the snowy mantle is taken off the earth, and the frost disappears, fertility without precedent for many years will fill the earth with healthful productiveness.—Limerick paper.

On Wednesday morning, about half-past four o'clock, a fire broke out in a cattle house in the farm yard of Sir William Somerville, Bart., at Somerville, county Meath. The fire was discovered by the man who takes charge of the yard, who alarmed Mr. Keilor the steward, who had the farm bell tolled to cause an alarm. The building which took fire was connected with a square of offices, and were it not for the exertions of the steward and those who assisted him in cutting off the connection, an immense amount of property would have been destroyed. The fire was confined to the cattle house. One cow was burned. The damage was between £60 and £100.

THE MURDER OF ALDERMAN SHEEHY.—Our Clare Correspondent writes as follows.—"Thomas Flannery, who was in custody, charged with having been concerned in the murder of Mr. Sheehy, was admitted to bail on the 24th inst., by Mr. O'Hara, R. M."

AWFUL SUDDEN DEATH AT RAHEEN, NEAR LOUGHREA.—It is with deep regret that we announce the sudden demise of Mr. Benjamin Taylor, yesterday, at his residence, Raheen. Mr. Taylor was at dinner with his family, when, it is said, he was suddenly attacked with apoplexy. Dr. Lynch was immediately sent for, and proceeded to Raheen with the greatest speed, but ere he arrived the vital spark had fled. Mr. Taylor was a useful and practical man, and as poor law guardian he was the friend of the destitute. He was under agent to the Earl of Clancarty on his lordship's Loughrea property for many years, and not only did he discharge his duty creditably towards his employers, but he was deservedly esteemed by the tenantry.—Western Star.

AN AWFUL DEATH.—As a young man named Robt. Freeman, a porter in the employment of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, at Monasterevan, was proceeding on Tuesday night, along the line to his father's house, at Tishohog, when about midway between Monasterevan and Portlinton, he was overtaken by a night luggage train, and his brains scattered for ten or twelve yards along the line. His two legs were cut off, and when he was found by one of the milsmen next morning, he presented a shocking spectacle, as from the position in which his body was found it is supposed that other trains must have passed over him during the night. An inquest was held on Thursday, when a verdict of accidental death was returned.—Leinster Express.

# The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE PROPRIETORS,  
 GEORGE E. OLIERK AND JOHN GILLIES,  
 At No. 223, Notre Dame Street.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor,  
 G. E. OLIERK.

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; Pichay's News Depot, St. Francis Xavier Street; and at W. Dalton's, corner of St. Lawrence and Craig Streets.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 18, 1861.

**MONUMENT TO MGR. LARTIGUE.**—We are requested to state that subscriptions to this work are thankfully received at the Bishop's Palace by the Rev. M. Pare, Chanoine, and Secretary to His Lordship. The names of all subscribers will appear in due time, according to the dates of their several subscriptions. No sum larger than a dollar is received.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

**RUMORS, not facts, are all that we have to report as the contents of the latest European dates.** The rumor that Austria is to be compelled to part with Venetia gains consistency; the military preparations of France are on a gigantic scale; every effort is being made to stir up another Hungarian rebellion; and "sell or fight" are the last words of the diplomatists to Austria, on the subject of the latter's remaining domains in Italy.

Francis II still bravely holds out at Gaeta, provoking the admiration even of his enemies, by his indomitable pluck. The Pope also remains at Rome, but how long it will be before both the one and the other are exiles, it is impossible to say. In the South of Italy the hatred of the Neapolitans to the rule of the Piedmontese and Victor Emmanuel becomes every day more intense, more generally diffused, and more apparent to the eyes of the world. If delivered from the "foreign mercenaries" who pollute their soil, the Neapolitans would at once restore Francis II to his throne, and send back the intruder to his northern home.

The peace with China is now accomplished, and will be respected no doubt so long as a powerful British force remains in the East, to enforce compliance with its terms. For the present, the Indian insurrection has been suppressed.

The crisis in the United States becomes daily more serious, and all hopes of an amicable and honorable compromise betwixt the North and South, seem now dispelled. Civil war has been commenced by the people of Charleston, in firing upon a steamer under United States' colors, bringing reinforcements to the Federal troops in garrison. The steamer was compelled to retreat, her purpose unaccomplished, but it is not certain what steps the Federal Government will take to vindicate the outraged honor of its flag. To compel by force of arms the seceding Slave States to become the willing members of the Confederation will be an arduous task; and the attempt to hold possession of those States by military occupation, or as conquered Provinces, must prove fatal to the entire theory of the United States' Constitution.

The Reverend writer of the subjoined having been grossly attacked by the lay editor of the *Canadian Freeman*, replies to his assault over his own name.

TRENTON, C.W., Friday,  
 Jan. 11, 1861.

An unprincipled disputant, when he finds himself harassed by his antagonist, is wont to have recourse to side issues, in order, if possible, to draw off attention from the *main question*.—This has been Mr. Moylan's unworthy subterfuge in his reply to "Sacerdos" of the *True Witness*. It may be convenient, but is scarcely honest.—It may blind the ignorant, but will scarcely impose upon the moderately intelligent. It is a matter of small importance, in so grave an affair, how the charge was worded (of which more anon); the main question, unfortunately for Mr. Moylan, and in spite of all dishonest subterfuge, stands out in disgraceful prominence. Did Mr. M. bring a charge against the editor of the *True Witness* of having been "bought editorially for a consideration?"—and when called upon for his proofs, DID HE REFUSE TO GIVE THEM? If he did, let him be prepared to face the contempt of all good and honest men for such "dishonorable, disgraceful, and unmanly conduct," unless he is able to prove, that the code of morality and honor in these our days is changed, and that the *moral assassin* is henceforth to be honored, like Milano, with flowers and a tomb. A hundred years ago, the amenities of society would have visited the *slanderer*—(for though a priest, and in spite of the *Freeman's* objections, we must persist in calling things by their proper names)—with the horse whip, the ducking stool, and the horse pond; but although not approving altogether of such summary justice, still, considering the disgraceful nature of the crime, we cannot deem the punishment altogether inappropriate. But be all this as it may, the main question is still the same—

Has Mr. M. been guilty of the *dishonorable, disgraceful, and unmanly conduct of retaining slander, and then refusing to give up his authorities?* We leave the verdict in the hands of the Canadian public. So much for the *main question*; now for the *side issues*. In his editorial, headed "A Palpable Forgery," Mr. M. accuses us of a violent attack upon his personal character. Here "he varies from the truth" (we would call it by its proper name, but that we understand through the editor of the *Freeman*, that in Toronto it is deemed unpriestly to denounce vices, except in the politest terms.)—When we attacked Mr. Moylan, it was as editor, for an editorial act; it is therefore incorrect to say that we attacked his personal character. Of Mr. Moylan we know nothing personally, except by hearsay, and that only to the extent of his being "an amiable man." His editorial acts are, we believe, open to the criticism equally of Priest, as of layman; and he must excuse us, if, as a priest, when we find vice rampant, whether in the Toronto *Freeman*, or out of the Toronto *Freeman*, we denounce it in no very measured terms. When "his Satanic Majesty" is proved to be a gentleman, we will expostulate with him in the politest periods. Mr. Moylan reminds us of those Congregationalists who, when they hire their preacher, stipulate that certain pet vices shall not be mentioned from the pulpit. In another particular the editor "varies from the truth." Mr. M. knows "Sacerdos" as intimately as "Sacerdos" knows Mr. Moylan.—He did not therefore state the truth, when he designated the article, signed "Sacerdos," "A Palpable Forgery." His whole article was written in bad faith. Like the rest of our countrymen, we are somewhat antiquated in our notions, and with difficulty restrain ourselves from using Anglo-Saxon terms to express Anglo-Saxon ideas. Our forefathers, in their blunt, unpolished state, called all those liars who varied from the truth, whether by palpable falsehood, the suppression of the truth, or the suggesting of what is false.

Mr. Moylan accuses us of shielding ourselves under our ecclesiastical cloak. If "Sacerdos" is "so palpable a forgery," where is the cloak? They say liars should have long memories; Mr. Moylan's does not carry him the length of a short editorial.

Mr. Moylan objects to our language. It certainly has the fault of being plain and easily understood. With regard to its force, we shall always deem it our duty—*Priest though we be*—to denounce the dishonest, the slanderer, and the liar, in the most unmeasured terms, and shall consider our doing so as only the fulfilment of our sacred mission. The thief must excuse us if we call him a thief; and so of the slanderer and the liar. We are not of the smooth-tongued, oily-polite synonym school; and the *Freeman* must excuse us accordingly. If slander is slander, we call it so; and if lying is lying, we call it by no other name. We have yet to learn—the editor of the *Freeman* to the contrary notwithstanding—that it is contrary to Gospel charity to call "the midnight assassin, the priest and most execrable of villains" or to assert that it is "the remark of moralists that when a Catholic commits a crime he does so in earnest." He is the most dishonest of thieves—the most unscrupulous of robbers—the bloodiest of murderers—the most foul-mouthed of calumniators." Mr. M. must compile a new dictionary and promulgate a new gospel, if *midnight assassins*, or for the matter of that, moral assassins too, are to be deemed *amiable gentlemen*; and if dishonest conduct is to be lauded by priests as praiseworthy and commendable. With regard to the attempted witicism "in extremis," we fear an itch to appear witty has tempted Mr. Moylan, like many other vain people to become *simply profane*.

SACERDOS.

N.B.—If Mr. Moylan has any rejoinder to make, let him do so fearlessly and openly, in spite of his so recent discovery that *Sacerdos* is genuine. There is no need of any dishonest subterfuge of pretended ignorance. We always admire an open antagonist, as we despise a concealed enemy. We desire no shield; in fact the retention of our well known "*nom de plume*" was in order that we might not be supposed to wish any concealment in the matter. We knew authoritatively that we should be better known to Mr. Moylan under the name of *Sacerdos*, than if we had subscribed ourself,

H. BRETARGH, Priest.

THE "CROSS" AND THE "GALLOWS."—A short time ago we provoked the wrath of the *Montreal Herald* by insisting upon the importance of the "Gallows" as the chief factor in all Protestant civilization; in other words, we insisted that when men have thrown off the gentle yoke of the Cross, they can only be kept in order, and their brutal passions held in subjection, by the dread of the Gallows or other temporal punishment. Here is what we said:—

"Let us maintain the gallows free even from the slightest taint of suspicion, as it is the last plank of salvation left to those who have rejected the Cross. Exeter Hall may rant about an 'open Bible,' and only gray-headed women, with or without white chokers, may re-echo the foolish cry; but for what of civilization, social order, and decency, Protestant communities still enjoy, they are indebted, not to an 'open Bible,' but to a standing gallows. The gallows tree, with its fruit—hideous though that fruit may be—is the tree of life of Protestant society, by whose sheltering boughs that society is alone protected from the fury of the anarchic storm. All civilization in short, as we have before remarked, must needs spring up, either in the shelter of the Cross, or beneath the shade of the Gallows. But Protestant communities having rejected the former, are reduced to the necessity of putting their trust in the latter."—*True Witness*, Nov. 2.

In other words, we insisted—and not having the fear of the *Montreal Herald* before our eyes—still insist that the hangman, or minister of human justice, occupies the same important place in Protestant society, as that which, in Catholic

society, is assigned to the priest, or minister of God's justice. This thesis, however unpleasant it may be to our Protestant cotemporary, is nevertheless argued out with admirable force of logic in his own columns, to which he must permit us to refer our readers:—

"LAWLESSNESS IN WESTERN CANADA.—We felt called upon, some short time ago, to invite the attention of the public to the growing demoralization of society in Upper Canada, arising, as was too apparent from the prevalent carelessness, incapacity, and, in some instances, culpable partiality of the local magistracy. Crimes of the gravest character—murders by violence and by poison, burglaries, incendiaries—it appeared had been committed and little or no pains taken to discover and bring their perpetrators to justice; while, on the other hand, mob-law was being administered by Judge Lynch to an extent that would disgrace the wildest and most recently settled frontier districts of the United States Territories. That there must be 'something rotten' in the administration of justice in Upper Canada cannot, we think, admit of doubt, at least if we are to judge of the tree by its fruits. The root of the evil, however, as in all self-governing communities, must be sought for in the lawless proclivities (to use an Americanism) of the people themselves; of which we have lately had abundant evidence in the notorious law-breakers selected by their fellow-citizens of Toronto and London for the highest municipal honor in their gift. One result of such a state of public demoralization will be found narrated in another column, from the *London Free Press* of Friday last. What must be the state of society, in which such unmitigated ruffianism can be committed by men having even the slightest claim to respectability of position, we leave the reader to decide."—*Montreal Herald*.

But whence the "lawless proclivities" of the people of Upper Canada? What is there in their political institutions, or physical conditions, that can account for the, by the *Herald* admitted, lawlessness of the Upper Canadians? Must not this peculiar trait of Upper Canada character be attributed to moral, rather than to physical causes, to some supernatural, rather than to any natural deficiency? This last question we, who recognise in the people of Upper Canada the equals, in the natural order, of the Lower Canadians, answer at once in the affirmative;—and the supernatural deficiency which we recognise, and to which we attribute the "lawless proclivities" of the former, is the want of the Cross, which they have discarded in discarding Catholicity. This, at all events, is our hypothesis; and until the *Montreal Herald* shall have adduced a better, or more plausible hypothesis, he has no right to complain of us, if the *True Witness* adheres to its own.

The "crimes of the gravest character"—the "murders by violence and by poison"—the "burglaries and incendiaries," which, according to the *Herald*, are rife in Upper Canada, and which constitute the peculiar characteristic which distinguishes the people of that section of Province from the people of Lower Canada, are by the *Herald* attributed to the "carelessness, incapacity, and in some instances, culpable partiality of the local magistracy." It is in a reform of this body, the ministers of mere human justice, and of which body the hangman may be taken as the symbol, that the *Montreal Herald* places his hopes of a reform in the people themselves. But is not this the very thesis of the *True Witness* expressed only in different terms? The Catholic would place his sole hopes of diminishing crime amongst any society, in the labors of the priest, or minister of God's justice—in the salutary influences of religion upon the heart, and not in the effects of the "cat-o-nine-tails" upon the cuticle. In a word, the one appeals to God, and to His law, the other to man, and to man's law; the one, as a Catholic, puts his trust in the Cross, the other, as a Protestant, takes refuge beneath the shade of the Gallows, which is the "tree of life" of all Protestant or Non-Catholic society.

We would also request the *Herald* to consider what part the Common Schools of Upper Canada may have played in producing the "lawless proclivities" of the people subject to the influences of those Protestant institutions.

We may congratulate ourselves in that our recent articles upon Representation by Population have elicited strong and clear condemnation of that measure, from the greater part of our French Canadian cotemporaries. The *Avenir*, *L'Ordre*, the *Courrier du Canada*, and *Le Canadien* have all expressed themselves clearly and in the same sense as opposed to any such changes in the Act of Union, as should give a legislative preponderance to the Upper Province, in case the present *Census* should show a considerable excess of population in that section of the Province over the population of Lower Canada. So far therefore we have every reason to be content with the result of our agitation of this question.

To the *Canadien* however we would offer a rejoinder to some of his strictures upon our comments and upon the position of the Ministry on the Representation Question. We will not admit that we have been guilty of any injustice towards them collectively. We are willing to believe in the good intentions of the French Canadian section of that Ministry, because their particular organs of the French press may be supposed fairly to represent French Canadian Ministerial views. But, on the other hand, the fact that the recognised organs of the English speaking portion of the Ministry, such as the *Montreal Pilot* in particular, speak pretty plainly in favor of Representation by Population—is

calculated to inspire us with distrust of the good intentions of the Ministry collectively, or as a body. If in this we err, we err in good company, for certainly it is the general opinion that journals, patronised by the Ministry, do also reflect the opinions of their Ministerial patrons.

*Le Canadien* wrongs us also if he interprets our articles as sanctioning, in general terms, appeals to force, and armed resistance, to oppression. As Catholics, we lay down and defend no such doctrine; but it is one thing to deny the right of a people to take up arms to overthrow the existing political order, and another thing to assert their right to take up arms in self-defence, and in support of their existing political institutions. The moral condition of the Italian insurgents may be very doubtful; but not so that of him who is in arms in defence of his legitimate sovereign.

Now to apply this, we would remind *Le Canadien* that all that we meant by allusion to "civil war" was this: that even the armed violence apparently meditated by the people of Upper Canada against French Canadians, was an evil less to be dreaded by the true patriot and the true Catholic, than a tame submission to the exorbitant demands of the *Clear-Grits*. Better for French Canadians to die gloriously in defence of their laws, language and religion, than to submit "to be improved off the face of the earth" by their Protestant enemies of Upper Canada.—(God forbid that we should be suspected even of desiring to appeal to force for purposes of aggression; but we do maintain the right of the people of Lower Canada to repel force by force, if force is attempted to be employed in order to compel them to submit to Upper Canadian domination. That this application of force is contemplated, is looked forward to by the Protestant Reformers of Upper Canada as a probable contingency, will we think appear from the following passage, which we extract from the *Toronto Globe*:—

"If Upper Canada pretends to have an Upper Canadian policy" Why, who has driven her, after years of remonstrance, of protest, of submission to insult and wrong, and outrage, which no other people on this continent would have borne,—to assert her rights, to proclaim a sectional policy in pure self-defence? Who but Mr. Scitotte and his late colleagues? Who but those Lower Canada leaders and their sectional majority are to blame for that feeling of "antagonism" that now swells the breast of every freeman in every township and in every hamlet in Upper Canada, and provokes thousands to declare that the market and the sword would be the most welcome instruments to procure redress?—(The *Italics* are our own.)

The pith of our article therefore was this—That, if the Upper Canadians proposed to meet us with "sword and musket," we of Lower Canada would be morally justified in retorting with similar arguments. A purely defensive civil war may be justified, without any general proclamation of the right of armed resistance to tyranny and oppression. We will pass on to another topic.

The *Canadien* says:

"The *True Witness* concludes its article thus:—'Equality of Representation, or Repeal of the Union *pur et simple*; to no other conceivable alternative should Lower Canadian Catholics vouchsafe a moment's hearing.' But what of Confederation then. . . . Will not our cotemporary allow us, and those who with us believe that this would be the best means for settling the difficulties betwixt upper and Lower Canada, to lend an ear to this scheme? Confederation of the Provinces is, we know, not more acceptable to the *True Witness* than it is to many other Catholic journals of Lower Canada."

What do we think of Confederation? the *Canadien* asks. Why This—that it is a humbug, as great a humbug as Mr. George Brown's farcical "*joint authority*." A Confederation of Colonies is, in the first place, simply an absurdity, seeing that their Federal Government would be incompetent to perform any one of the functions which belong essentially to such a Government. Those functions are exclusively, to conclude treaties with Foreign Powers, to make war and to declare peace, to levy armies and to equip navies for the defence of its territories and of its commerce, and, internally, to raise a revenue from the several members of the Confederation, sufficient to enable it to perform these its sole legitimate functions. But all these things are done for all its Colonies by the Imperial Government. As it is, all the British dependencies—Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, Swao River, New Zealand—are all members of one great Confederation, whose Federal Government is located at Westminster; and so long as they remain Colonies or dependencies of the Imperial Government, no other Confederation is possible or desirable.

But as it is a necessity that every Government should do something, and exercise some functions, and as a Federal Government of British North American Colonies could have no external affairs to manage, therefore no legitimate functions to exercise—it would necessarily interfere with the internal affairs of the several members of the Confederation of which it was the head. Such an order of things would be more immediately fatal to the autonomy of Lower Canada than would be the present legislative Union with Representation by Population. Besides, for Upper Canada and Lower Canada to enter into that Confederation, as distinct and separate

States, it would be first necessary that the existing legislative Union should be repealed; and thus, repeal *pur et simple* must, logically, precede the *Canadien's* plan of Confederation, unless our cotemporary contemplates Upper and Lower Canada becoming members thereof as only one State. But such a proposition no Canadian could seriously entertain for one moment, neither could a Confederation, based upon such a principle, have any effect whatever upon the questions now in dispute betwixt the two sections of the Province, seeing that their cause would still subsist in all its force, so long as the two Canadas were treated as one and not as two.

We have given our opinion as to the Confederation scheme frankly, and are willing to discuss the subject amicably with *Le Canadien* upon one condition. That condition is, that he shall define sharply and clearly what he means by Confederation, and a Federal Government. Without clear definitions, it is impossible to argue. Before discussing the properties of a triangle, we must know clearly what a triangle is, and whether such a thing is conceivable or possible in *rerum natura*, or in the actual order of things. So in like manner, before discussing the merits of a Confederation of the British North American Provinces, we must know previously, how and in what manner that Confederation is to be composed; of whom, and of what the Federal Government is to consist; what are to be its functions; and what the means to prevent all interference with the internal affairs of its several subject Provinces. All these questions, and many more of a similar nature must be fully and unambiguously answered before it is possible even to discuss the question—whether a Confederation would be beneficial to the natural and Catholic interests of Lower Canada? and when *Le Canadien* shall have given answers to the above questions, then, and not before, will he have the right to ask us what we think of Confederation? To this question as at present propounded by *Le Canadien*, we respond by the demand for a definition of Confederation. Define, Define, Define: and remember that he who cannot, or will not, define the meaning of the terms by him employed, is one who is either morally or intellectually incapable of argument.

The *Montreal Herald* severely comments upon the bad management of the Isle-aux-Noix Reformatory prison, as evidenced by the late unsuccessful out-break of organised mutiny.—The simple fact, that the prisoners are allowed to hold such communication with one another as to be enabled to organise, is a conclusive proof as to the radically defective principles upon which the Isle-aux-Noix institution is conducted. So far then we fully agree with the *Montreal Herald*.

We differ with him wherein he attributes to the individual officer in command of the institution, the results of an essentially vicious system. The system itself is essentially and radically bad, founded on false principles, and, under the best management, can lead only to the most pernicious results.

The fundamental error is this—that in our secondary system of punishments we have compounded two things which should ever be kept distinct—the Penal and the Reformatory. It is not in the power of the State to effect—it may be questioned how far it is a legitimate function of the civil magistrate to undertake—the moral reform of the criminal, old or young; the magistrate may punish the body and so deter from crime; but God has not endowed him with the means of controlling the heart of the criminal, and it is from the heart of man that all moral disease proceeds.

The attempt to reform criminals by means of Reformatory Prisons under the control of the State, has often been made, and has invariably resulted in disastrous failure—may, worse than failure; for it has multiplied and intensified the evils which it was designed to diminish. He who has once been an inmate of a State-Reformatory Prison may ever after be looked upon as a hopeless and irreclaimable scoundrel; if he went into that institution merely a *man's sujet*, he comes out an incarnate devil and an accomplished hypocrite; for it is a fact known to all who have studied the question of the treatment of criminals, that the well-behaved prisoner, and he who gives the strongest consolations to his keepers, is invariably the most hardened reprobate of the lot. We remember when the reformed criminals from the Reformatory establishment at Pentonville used to be sent out to New South Wales, and the honor with which they were looked upon even by the courtier population of that Penal settlement. The term Penton-villain was a term of reproach applied to those "babes of grace," even by fellows who had stood upon the scaffold and had felt the pressure of the noose upon their necks; and we have no reason to expect better things from Isle-aux-Noix than from Pentonville.

It is not so much a change in the personnel of the first-named of these Reformatory Institutions, that is needed, as a thorough radical change in the institution itself, and in our whole system of secondary punishments, which is based—not upon principles of sound political economy, or of true Christianity—but which is the mongrel offspring of a spurious liberalism, allied with a maudlin philanthropy.

FRENCH TREATY WITH CHINA.—The *London Times*, like a true Protestant, complains bitterly of the terms of this Treaty. Whilst the Great Briton has devoted his energies to the laudable object of procuring a fresh market for his cotton, and his woollen goods, the miserable French Papist has been intent rather upon obtaining for the Catholic Missionary, free access to the heathen populations of Eastern Asia.

THE ORANGEMEN AND THEIR "NATURAL ALLIES."—The following from the *Mirrickville Chronicle*, an organ of the "low Orangemen" of Canada, gives a fair view of the relative position of those gentry and the Clear-Grits:—

One thing we hold evident: the Orange body—its most active, energetic, and whole-souled members, at least—are in opposition, and those only still adhere to the Ministry who have some end to serve. We do not envy the position of any of the Ministerial Orangemen. They may rant about some of the defective measures of the present Opposition; but they cannot alter the fact that with all their failings, Orangemen who are "sound and true" prefer the "Grits" to the "Ins." And why should they not? Is it because a hermaphrodite Ministry are insecure in their seats that we are expected to rush into the breach and fight their battles? A Ministry, too, which plied contemplated our degradation, and the Upper Canada portion of which, holds offices as the price of concessions to the dominant party in Lower Canada, who hate us and our Western territory with more than Johnsonian intensity. With such an amalgamation we wish to sever all connection—the more eagerly, too, when we find the *Freeman*, *Tribune* and other sheets, edited by priests and their adherents, allying themselves with the Government, and calling upon the faithful to do so likewise. Nor does it follow that in assuming Opposition tactics, we should embrace the whole of any programme yet submitted. Without our aid the present Opposition cannot form a strong Administration, and in the organization of the new Government, there is nothing more certain than that we shall be fully represented and have a weight in its councils which will prove our best guarantee of protection from insult, and the advancement of our general interests.

The respected Moderator of the Church of Scotland in Canada, lately addressed a letter to his brother clergymen, to be read from the pulpits, exhorting their people to be careful to give their full numbers. We know not if this sensible and perfectly justifiable act of a Protestant minister will provoke the thunders of George Brown and the *Globe*, as in the case of a similar action taken by the Catholic Bishops of Lower Canada.

The Director of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum acknowledges, with thanks, a donation of "three hundred dollars" from the Trustees of the City and District Savings Bank.

The Superior and Sisters of the St. Joseph's Asylum return respectful thanks to the Directors of the City and District Savings Bank for a donation of "one hundred dollars."

Rev. Mr. Bousset acknowledges with thanks, a donation of "one hundred dollars," from the Directors of the City and District Savings Bank, for the benefit of the Infants' School of St. Bonaventure Street.

Mrs. Widow Quessel, Treasurer of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, acknowledges with thanks, having received from the President and Directors of the City and District Savings Bank, a donation of "one hundred dollars."

The following article is from an influential Protestant journal of Upper Canada—the *Hamilton Spectator*:—

"The organ of disruption, factionism and disaffection in Upper Canada is busy at intervals in persuading the public that a serious political crisis is impending; and the other day our contemporary intimated with quite an air of importance, that we are rapidly approaching a solution of the difficulties between Upper and Lower Canada. What those difficulties may be, it is no hard matter to discover, seeing that the Opposition organ is continually harping upon a string of imaginary grievances, which are simply the annoyances to which members of the Opposition consider themselves unjustly subjected by being compelled to remain out of office. It is true that the cry of French domination has been raised, but like every other cry of the Grits, it has really nothing in it. The party who basely compromised with a section of the Lower Canadians in order to secure their support in the formation of a Government, should have been the last to complain of others doing as they did. But it is absurd for the Opposition to talk of Lower Canada dominating, or attempting to dominate, over Upper Canada; it is merely a party cry, and a very useful one, too, for the Grit adherents are ready enough to believe anything against the French Canadians. The great aim of the Opposition organ is to disgust people with the existing Union; hence it tells us that 'public opinion in the West is thoroughly aroused to a sense of the evils which attend upon the existing Union.' Disunion is still uppermost in the thoughts of the Grits; they were silent on the subject for a long time. The Lincoln election gave them the assurance that disunion would not take in Upper Canada; and the way in which Mr. Macdonald's declarations in favor of the Union were received, deterred the Grits from continuing to advocate a disruption. It appears that they have gathered fresh courage to renew their assaults on the Union, and the attempt we are noticing is the first that has been made to renew the agitation since the Attorney General West finished his Western tour. The treasonable designs of the Grit leader are well known; it was only the other day that his journal prated about the people asserting their rights with the musket and sword, and no doubt he would be only too glad to get his deluded followers into trouble, so that he might play the part of coward and traitor, with the object of placing himself in the position he has so long coveted.—There can be no question as to the aim of the Opposition chief; he is determined to have power and place at any sacrifice, and we verily believe he would see the country in ruins if his ends could not be accomplished without it. Small wonder, then, that his journal gets up an imaginary crisis.

"It is some time since the Grit leader and his journal has abandoned the hobby of representation by population; y-e-t they have the hardihood now to assert that such was not the case, and again raise the cry that the principle must be carried out, provided frauds are not perpetrated in the taking of the Lower Canada census next week. How strange that a public journal will persist in a course of vilification like this. So far from their being any fear of fraud in the census, there is a greater likelihood of the whole of the population not being shown in the census returns, for it is well known that the great difficulty is in obtaining a full return; and we believe that the last census of Lower Canada was very imperfectly taken. It may be all very well for the Grit organ to say the Upper Canada returns ought to show a larger preponderance of population over Lower Canada, but the general result must decide that point. The question of representation by population again form the cry of the Opposition, but it is used this time for the purpose of counteracting the supposed effect produced by the discussion of the federation question. Joint authority has been virtually thrown aside, and the probability is that the disunion cry will be permitted to rest for a season. The Opposition journals will play upon the imaginary grievances which they keep telling their readers exist in the country, and nothing will be heard of for some time but the 'impending crisis.' The party must be weak indeed, that cannot get beyond the cry of imaginary grievances; and we have yet to learn that there is anything real in the howls

they are continually raising. We presume they perceive the necessity of getting ready for the next general election, and are doubtless busy in devising schemes as usual. The intention was to have made an election cry of the Orange difficulty, but happily that has been wrested from them, and there is not the slightest chance of the Opposition making use of the Pope's name in the next election. Never were political tricksters so effectually foiled as the Grits have been in their attempt to get up a cry against the Ministry on the strength of the Orange difficulty in connection with the Royal visit. That chance having been lost, they are consequently looking around for something else; at least for the present it is abandoned. The representation question has again come uppermost, and the Opposition journals will make the most of it. If the result of the census should be reverse to their anticipations, the effect upon them will be most disastrous, and we to every one who crosses the path of a Grit; they have formed the most extravagant expectations touching the census, and will be satisfied with nothing short of the numbers they calculate upon. With such a people reason is of no avail; and who can be surprised at their conjuring up grievances for the mere gratification of party feeling."

The following facts reveal a fearful state of discipline, and tell a tale of sad mismanagement:

**THE MUTINY IN THE ISLE-AUX-NOIX REFORMATORY PRISON.**—Mr. Coursoil and Dr. Nelson returned from this institution yesterday, and we understand reported the substance of their investigation to Government the same day. The plot to escape the prison it appears was concocted over a month ago. On Thursday the 3rd January, Mr. Prieur the Warden of the Reformatory came to this city on business connected with the institution. During his absence the prison was taken in charge by the deputy warden, and at his departure everything was in perfect order, all the prisoners were working in their respective departments. It may be necessary to state that the prisoners in this institution are divided into four classes. A day or two previous to the outbreak the convicts presented a petition to the Warden requesting leave to be allowed to remain out of cell until 8 p.m., instead of being locked up immediately after supper as heretofore. This request was granted to the three first and refused to those of the fourth. Night came; these last retired to their cells at the usual hour; but one named Francis Warren refused to obey the order of the Deputy Warden. The next day that official ordered one of his subordinates to place Warren in irons. He was about to do so when Warren struck him on the head with a piece of iron he had concealed in his jacket. The blow was the signal for an attack by three of the prisoner's associates on the warden; armed with axes and iron forks they rushed upon him calling upon the other prisoners to follow their example and escape. Three of the warders who came to the former's assistance were wounded on the head and hands and beaten down, the assailants followed by two other prisoners then ran out of the prison and escaped over the river Richelieu into the village of St. Valentine, where they were dispersed and captured by warden Benjamin Holmes with the assistance of the habitues of the neighborhood. At the time warden Holmes was with a number of prisoners walking on the ice and they though urgently requested by the fugitives to run away with them, quickly returned to the prison by that officer's orders while he was securing the lovers of liberty. The six prisoners implicated have been locked up to await the order of the Government.

ASSOCIATION OF THE ERECTION OF A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE BISHOP LARTIQUE.

In order to obviate any misapprehensions that may have arisen as to the terms of subscriptions to this Association, we have been requested to state that the sum of One Dollar is the only amount that will be received from any person desiring to contribute towards its funds. The following is a list of the additional subscribers since our last:—

Seminary of St. Sulpice of Montreal

- M.M. D. Granet, V. G, superior
- N. Dufresne
- J. Comte, procureur
- P. Billaudeau, V. G.
- J. Arrand
- L. Regourd
- L. Villeneuve
- B. Gronjon
- J. Toupin
- A. Narcam
- E. Picard
- M. O. Bonissant
- A. L. Barbain
- A. Mercier
- J. Aoustin
- L. Pellissier
- P. Denis
- H. Provost, cure d'office
- V. Rousselot
- F. Daniel
- H. Lenoir
- J. J. Perreault
- O. Desmazures
- A. Giband
- G. J. Bardey
- D. R. Tambarean, economer
- P. Dowd
- M. O'Brien
- R. Roussseau
- R. Roussseau
- P. Marsolais
- J. Hogan
- F. Archambault
- A. Tranchemontagne
- V. Sorin
- Titus Joseph Bentley
- Augustin Campion
- L. Billioy
- J. Brown
- T. Parent

Grand Seminary, under the Direction of the R. R. Ecclesiastics of St. Sulpice.

- M. M. J. Bayle
  - E. M. Faillon
  - B. Larue
  - H. Rouze
  - Athanase Vacher
- College of Montreal, under the Direction of the R. R. Ecclesiastics of St. Sulpice:
- M. M. O. Lenoir, Director
  - J. J. Palatin
  - J. de LaVigne
  - Z. Siger
  - Jean Mopen
  - D. Lefebvre
  - L. A. Sentaine
  - Michael Jos. O'Farrell
- Mission of the Lake of Two Mountains, served by the R. R. Ecclesiastics of St. Sulpice.
- M. M. J. F. Lacan
  - J. A. Cucq
  - J. Talbot

The R. R. Ecclesiastics of Quebec Seminary, Seigneurs of Isle Jesus, Diocese of Montreal.

- M. M. E. A. Tascheron, Superior
- J. J. Casault, V. G.
- Louis Gingras
- Felix Buteau, procureur
- Orvide Brunet
- Edouard Methot
- Charles Laverdiere
- Octave Audet
- J. F. Baillarge
- F. P. Laliberte
- Adolphe Legare

- Thomas Hamel
- Pierre Roussel
- Cyrille Legare
- Jos. A. Bureau
- Damas Gauthier } Of N. D. de Levis College.
- Felix Dumontier }
- J. Laporte, Esq., M.P.P., Point aux Trembles
- Mrs. Joseph Laporte
- Tanc. Southellier, Esq., Custom officer
- C. Gareau, Esq.
- Rev. J. L. Maugeau, Curate, St. Genevieve
- Aug. Lambert, Esq., St. Bruno
- G. H. Daley, Esq.
- Miss Philomene Lachapelle
- Widow Menecier de Marchoeoe
- Mrs. G. E. Beaupre, St. Julian
- Mrs. A. I. de Cassin, do
- M. F. Lavoie, St. Martin
- Mr. Joseph Brien, do
- Mr. G. Gagnon, do
- Ms Laurin, Esq., do
- G. Soriol, Esq., Capl., do
- R. R. Ecclesiastics of St. Viateur, Directors of the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, Coteau St. Louis
- F. Lalonde, Esq., ex-Mayor of St. Zotique
- Mrs. F. Lalonde, do
- Peter Kinsola, Esq., do
- John Birmingham, Esq., do
- William Duckett, Jun. Esq., do
- Rev. E. Bayard, cura of London, C. W.
- Mr. Amos Bayard, Sinecoe, do
- Mrs. A. Bayard, do
- Mr. G. Bayard, Detroit, Michigan
- Miss Eliza Bayard, Boarder of the Sacred Heart, London
- E. G. Under, Esq., M. D.
- Mr. J. Geroux, Teacher, Chateauguay.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC INSTITUTE, QUEBEC.—The annual election of office-bearers of this excellent institution has resulted as follows:—

- T. J. Murphy, President
- P. Henchey, 1st Vice
- P. Shee, 2nd "
- J. O'Leary, Treasurer
- E. Foley, Secy.
- J. Burns, Asst. Secy.
- M. J. O'Doherty, Cor. Secy.
- H. H. Coughlan, Asst. Cor. Secy.
- MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.—J. Lilly, M. Conolly, J. Lang, L. Stafford, J. S. Kelly, G. Neilan, W. McKay, T. McConnell, W. Quinn, M. F. Walsh.

**RETURNS OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.**—The Toronto Leader announces that Sir Edmund Head will sail from England, on his return to Canada to resume the Governor Generalship, on the 8th February.—Parliament will, therefore, be called together in the end of that month, or early in March.

**THE MAYORALTY.**—Mr. Thomas Ryan has declined positively to present himself against Mr. Rodier, and his place is to be supplied by Marcus Doherty. *Montreal Pilot.*

**SHOCKING BOILER EXPLOSION IN GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.**—About half-past seven on Saturday morning, the boiler in the kitchen of Mr. Isaacson's Chop House exploded, causing instantaneous death to a waiter named Thomas Blackway, and seriously injuring two female domestics.

**PIRE IN GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.**—A fire broke out a little before noon on Saturday in the barn-ereen room of Maguire's livery stable, (nearby opposite the American Church) and in less than an hour had spread itself over all the wooden buildings from the Ottawa Hotel to the Steamboat office, entrance of the St. James-street House. The hose companies were speedily on the spot, and with vigorous streams of water, checked the progress of the flames.—*Herald.*

**THE "GLOBE" ON THE CENSUS.**—It is amusing to observe the eagerness with which the *Globe* prepares for an adverse decision on question of population. He who in the past fiercely cabled upon the miserable minority of Lower Canada to yield up political importance, and that equality guaranteed them at the time of the union, now excites himself fearfully with the dread of cheating in the Census returns. He assails the Priests and the Bishops of the Catholic Church because they thought it their duty to counsel compliance with the law on the part of their flocks. He very prudently omits all mention of the fact that the Protestant Bishops and Clergy of Montreal committed the same crime. It is only Popery that needs the lash of the *Globe*. He accuses the Catholic Bishops of Lower Canada of "inciting a wholesale falsification of the returns." This is the *Globe* that certain so-called Catholics coquet with—its editor is the stamp of men some wretched Catholic demagogues call the natural allies of Catholics. Every day gives proof that there is but one course open for Catholics in their treatment of the *Globe* and its abettors, and that is an open and declared hostility by the Catholics of Upper Canada towards the *Globe* and its party. The gross ruffianism of that journal towards the Catholic hierarchy and clergy—its open and avowed opposition to freedom of education—its hatred to European Catholicity, and its low growths at Irish nationality, ought to convince those who are blinded by mere party zeal that they are sacrificing all principle in countenancing the worst enemy of their creed and country when they afford sympathy of any kind to a Brownite. We may say, in conclusion, that Brown admits the probability that Upper Canada will not count up in such a way as to authorize the unconditional demand for Representation upon Population. It is therefore necessary to invent some reason for the contradiction of his cry. The only way he can find is in abuse of the Catholic Bishops and Clergy. He says he will demand constitutional changes. Demagogues are as changeable as the chameleon.—*Ottawa Tribune.*

**THE FUGITIVE ANDERSON.**—Yesterday the fugitive Anderson was given into the custody of Sheriff Smith, of the County of Hunt, by Sheriff Jarvis, for the purpose of being conveyed to Bradford gaol to await the action of the courts. He left by the train in the forenoon. Sheriff Jarvis has had the order to band Anderson over to the Hunt authorities in his possession for some three weeks, but delaying putting it in force in case Anderson might be required to attend before the Courts in Toronto. It is probable, we are told, that his case will not be brought before the Court of Appeal till summer, and it comes to be a question whether bail should not be offered. If he has committed no crime, which we entirely believe, it is hard that he should be shut up for so many months, and his family deprived of their means of support. We throw out the suggestion for the consideration of Anderson's counsel. The bail could be had in Toronto at once.—*Toronto Globe*, Jan. 11.

**GRAND TRUNK.**—We learn that Mr. Strong the eminent Chancery lawyer, has filed a bill on behalf of certain of the English holders of preference Grand Trunk bonds, to compel payment of interest. The action is brought in the name of Mr. Morrison, of the great house of Morrison, Dillon & Co. The object is to obtain the appointment of a receiver by the Court of Chancery to compel the application of the fees proceeds of the road to the payment of the bondholders.—*Toronto Globe*, Jan. 10.

**MUNICIPAL LOAN FUND BONDS.**—The Quebec *Chronicle* learns that the Government intend to issue a notice in a day or two, informing the holders of Municipal Loan Fund Bonds that neither the interest nor principal thereof will be forwarded by made good from the Provincial Chest.

**STATISTICS RUSSIA.**—In a Boston paper we find a telegram from Washington, of date the 13th inst., saying:—There is a rumor current that a prominent friend of the President elect has gone to Toronto for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiment of the Canadians on the question of an alliance with the Northern States, in the event of a dissolution of the present Union.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE ST. BRIDGET'S ASYLUM ASSOCIATION, QUEBEC, For the year ending 31st December 1860

Your Committee in making their Report for the year 1860 have much pleasure in being able to congratulate the St. Bridget's Asylum Association on the extraordinary advancement made in the position and prospects of the Asylum.

At the commencement of the present year the Asylum owed £700 of the amount for which the property was purchased, together with the current and accrued interest thereon. It is now virtually out of debt, owing only £100, which sum cannot legally be demanded for seven years, and the payment of which quits the Association for ever of all claims in the shape of rent or interest on the valuable property, now the St. Bridget's Asylum.

This desirable consummation your Committee have enabled so far to accomplish by the very handsome sum realized by the late Bazaar, creditable alike to all concerned; to the ladies by whom it was so ably and so zealously conducted, and to the community whose generous patronage secured the gratifying result.

We obtained in the last session of Parliament an Act of Incorporation, unimpeded by any restriction clause. The act as published was read and accepted by the Association at a general meeting called for the purpose; a Constitution and By-laws drawn up by your Committee, were at the same time unanimously agreed to. The Government grant of £100 has been paid into the Treasurer.

A charitable bequest of £50 has been made to the Asylum by the late Mrs. Mary Ardouin.

A new entrance to the Cemetery has been made from the St. Louis road, and the space in front of the Asylum, no longer a public thoroughfare, is enclosed by a wooden fence which, together with a double row of trees planted all round, makes a very decided change for the better in the general aspect of the building and surroundings.

Twelve new inmates have been admitted into the Asylum during the year—viz., seven old women and five orphans.

Ten orphan children were provided for out of the Asylum during the year, eight being males having adopted them.

Three deaths have occurred during the year—viz., 2 adults and 1 child.

Two old women left the Asylum during the year. The number of inmates at present is twenty-two—viz., seventeen adults and five orphans. The united ages of 12 of the present inmates is nine hundred years.

It is gratifying to your Committee to be able to endorse the testimony borne by the report of last year, as to the cleanliness and order, the economy and harmony, that prevail in the Asylum, and the grateful and affectionate bearing of the inmates towards the charitable lady who so ably and disinterestedly manages the internal affairs of the institution. The Ladies Sewing Society continue their invaluable aid to the Asylum.

To estimate truly the Receipts and Expenditure for the year, we must add to the Treasurer's Report, the probable money value of the donations enumerated in the appendix to the Report, which, moderately valued, represents about £85; and also about £23 received in the Asylum during the year from proceeds of work done in Asylum, and in part collections in the Chapel poor boxes. Thus we have

Receipts	£1152
Expenditure	1047
Leaving a Balance in Treasurer's hands of £103	

—a small sum no doubt in view of the receipts and expenditure of the year, but we must bear in mind that of this expenditure £259 10s is in payment of the property, and £45 for improvements and repairs.

The payment of this sum leaves the future operations of the institution free of Fiscal impediments, having only the working expenses to provide for, which, from the very efficient management of the lady in charge of the Asylum, is not likely to present any serious difficulty.

In conclusion your Committee would suggest, as a further means of security, that every exertion should be made to increase the members of the Association, at present so unaccountably few. If we could number even two hundred, the yearly subscription of two dollars each paid in by the members, the donations which to a certain extent may be always relied upon, together with the grant obtained from Government, would render facile and certain the future management and utility of the institution.

The whole respectfully submitted.

J. LANE, Secy.  
Quebec, 31st December, 1860.

**THE TREASURER'S ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. BRIDGET'S ASYLUM ASSOCIATION.**

1860	£	s	d
1860 July 1st, To Balance from 1859	4	8	0
Amount of Parliamentary grant, 1859	100	0	0
Do	100	0	0
Received for board of inmates	12	12	9
Interest on deposits	7	18	8
Member's subscription	17	0	0
Proceeds of Bazaar	752	10	0
Donations	8	7	6
	1047	4	0

By Baker's account	42	10	0
" Butcher's "	18	12	0
" Grocer's "	43	19	5 1/2
" Flour and Meal	8	3	3
" Vegetables	4	15	1 1/2
" Medical attendance	4	0	0
" Servants wages	10	0	6
" Soap and Candles	6	10	2
" Premium of Insurance	5	0	0
" Advertising	2	15	0
" Hay and Straw	3	19	11
" Boarding expenses	50	6	8 1/2
" Instrument on purchase of Asylum	600	0	0
" Interest on do	59	10	0
" Furniture	9	12	0
" Repairs, &c	45	0	0
" Caliche hired	3	12	0
" Sundries	24	4	4
Balance	163	18	6 1/2

T. Balance brought down

Quebec, 31st Dec., 1860.

The following gentlemen were elected by ballot, as the Managing Committee for the ensuing year:—

- T. J. Murphy, G. Neilan, R. W. Behan, J. Lilly, J. Phinagan, T. McGreevy, J. Lane, Junr., Wm. Quinn, M. O'Leary, E. O'Doherty, H. O'Connor, D. Malone, J. Lane, Senr., J. O'Leary, M. J. O'Doherty, H. Wright, J. Archer, and J. O'Reilly.

The office bearers are:—

- Rev. E. McCallan, President.
  - Wm. Quinn, 1st Vice
  - M. O'Leary, 2nd "
  - G. Neilan, Secretary.
  - J. O'Reilly, Ass.
  - J. Lilly, Treasurer.
- Quebec, Jan. 4, 1861.

**STATISTICS OF THE CATHOLIC POPULATION OF QUEBEC.**—The following statistics of the Catholic population of this city are gleaned from official sources: There were, in 1860, 600 baptisms; 352 burials and 38 marriages in the parish of Notre-Dame de Quebec; in that of St. Patrick's; 361 baptisms, 259 burials and 41 marriages in St. John the Baptist's; and 1072 baptisms, 638 burials and 156 marriages in St. Roch's. Total, births 2482, marriages 374, deaths 1530

The Stratford *News* thinks it hard that "criminal proceedings" should be threatened against the County of Perth alone of all the non-paying municipalities in Upper Canada. If it may assuage the grief of our wounded contemporary, it may be confidently assured that it is likely to have plenty of companions in misery for the rule of paying has now begun. The Ministry must exercise the means at their disposal on behalf of Municipal Loan Fund Trusts now that they are not going to pay the interest any longer.—*Montreal Gazette.*

The Liverpool papers received by last mail notice the arrival of the ship *Mockney*, Captain Hammer, from New York, on Dec. 28d, having on board the crew of the *Ocean Monarch* from Montreal for Liverpool, which was abandoned on the 14th December, in lat. 50° N., long. 11° 30' W., in a sinking state, with 14 feet of water in her hold, and took from her Capt. J. Archer and crew, consisting of 43 persons, in an exhausted condition, having been at the pumps night and day for twelve days.

The *Hamilton Spectator* gives the following account of an affair which it says is likely to result in the death of a stranger travelling on the G.W. Rail-road. The person was on one of the trains, and travelling with a "pass" which the Conductor, whose name is said to be Willey, discovered to be out of date, or at any rate bad; and that after some altercation with the passenger, he threw him off the train, injuring him so much that he lies in a Hotel near the Depot, in a very precarious state.

**DEATH OF AN OLD IRISH PATRIOT.**—We learn that Richard Murphy, the well known sculptor and designer in marble, has received an order from Montreal to prepare a monument, at a cost of three thousand dollars, to commemorate the virtues and deeds of a noble Irishman, who died in that city on the 21<sup>st</sup> ult., in the one hundred and tenth year of his age. Mr. McGrath leaves behind him a patriotic record, well deserving commemoration, having been a Volunteer with Henry Grattan in 1782, and subsequently a sharer in the unfortunate attempt made by Emmet to rescue the Green Isle from the yoke of England. It was for his share in this last attempt that Mr. McGrath had to fly to the United States, finally settling down in Montreal, where he became a respected and wealthy citizen. During his hundred and ten years of earthly pilgrimage, he was twice married, and had sixteen children—the monument now in preparation being dedicated to his memory by the final piety of his son Thomas. Few modern lives have been of greater duration, more eventful in their history, or more sweetly peaceful and serene at their close. 'Tis his last hour he never lost faith in that cause which has for his banner-ery, "The Green above the Red."—*Boston Pilot.*

**PATER'S PENNIES IN CUBA.**—Fifty-six thousand dollars have been subscribed for the aid of the Pope in the diocese of Havana, Cuba, and sixteen thousand dollars in the diocese of St. Jago de Cuba, together with seventy-two thousand dollars, which amount has been remitted to the Sumo of Pinar del Rio.

MONTRÉAL MARKETS.

Flour—Grand, but few transactions. No 3 Superior has been sold in small parcels at \$5.40 and \$5.50, and at \$6.25 for future delivery. Holders are firm. Fancy and Extra are nominal.  
Wheat—Quoted at \$1.15 to \$1.18.  
Butter—Inferior Store-jacked, 12 to 13c; Good, 14 to 15c; Good Dairy, 15 to 16c; Little doing.  
Asbes—The last sections of the past week were: Pot, 220 barrels; Pearls, 82 barrels. Sale of Potatoes, at \$5.45, and Potatoes at \$5.80.  
Provisions.—Mess Pork, \$17 to \$18, with sales by dealers at the latter figures; Prime Mutton, \$12; Prime, \$10. Nothing doing in lower grades.  
Dressed Hogs.—Market unsettled, though in one or two instances an advance of 10c per 100 lbs had been obtained, choice lots bringing \$6.60. The average sales would indicate a range of \$5.75 to \$6.40. A prime lot was refused this morning at \$6.25, and \$5 in some instances purchased choice carcasses.

**HEAVY COUNTRY MARKET.**—The prices quoted here are those obtained by Farmers and others who bring their own produce to market, and attend during the day to its retail in small quantities to suit householders. Country merchants who may send produce to the city cannot expect to get higher prices than are quoted in our report of the wholesale market.

Flour, country, per quintal, 14s; Oatmeal, do, 10s to 10s 6d; Indian Meal, do, 9s to 9s 6d; Barley, per quintal, 2s 2d to 3s; Peas, do, 3s 4d to 3s 6d; Onions, do, 1s 8d to 1s 10d; Buckwheat, do, 1s 8d to 2s; Indian Corn, do, 3s 2d to 4s; Flax Seed, do, 6s to 6s 2d; Timothy, do, 12s to 12s 6d; Turkey, per couple, 6s to 8s, or at 4s per lb; Geese, 5s 6d to 7s, or 3d per lb; Ducks, 2s 6d to 3s; Poultry, 2s to 2s 6d; Chickens, 1s 8d to 2s 6d; Pigeons, tame, 1s to 2s 6d; Partridges, do, 2s to 2s 6d; Hares, do, 1s to 2s; Beef, per qr, 2s to 3d; Pork, do, 2s to 3d; Mutton, per qr, 4s to 5s; Lamb, per qr, 2s to 3s; Veal, do, 5s to 10s; Beef per 100 lbs, 22s 6d to 30s; Pork, fresh, do, 32s 6d to 35s; Butter, fresh, per lb, 1s to 1s 3d; Do, salt, per lb, 7d to 8d; Potatoes, per bag, 2s 4d to 3s 6d; Maple Sugar, per lb, 5d to 5 1/2; Lard, per lb, 7d to 9d; Eggs, fresh, per dozen, 1s 1d to 1s 3d; Haidbut, per lb, 7d; Haddock, do, 3d; Apples, per brl, 10s to 25s.—*Montreal Witness.*

Died.

At his residence, Sandville, County Limerick, Ireland, on the 9th October, 1860, in the 39th year of his age, from a fall from his horse, from the effects of which he died a few hours afterwards, John Barry, Esq., J.P., third son of the late Thomas Barry, Esq., J.P., D.L., of Asherline, same county.

On the 30th Oct., at the above residence, from excessive grief at the death of her brother-in-law, Margaret, the beloved wife of Thomas Barry, Esq., J.P., D.L., of Asherline House, same county, only daughter of the late John Burke, Esq., of Ballyglash, County Tipperary, aged 32 years. To the poor of Limerick, to whom she was the best of friends, Mrs. Barry's death will be greatly felt. She lived to see completed a beautiful altar she caused to be erected in the Catholic chapel, to be her husband on the demise of Catherine.

David's Pain Killer gives immediate relief in cases of asthma and pulmonary, by taking a tea spoonful in molasses, and holding the head and stomach faithfully with the medicine, until the band lies on the throat with relief to the patient.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

At Paris the friends of Italy are seriously disquieted. One rumor is that Russia and France are agreed to support Francis II. in his stronghold at Gaeta, until spring. It is also reported that the Emperor meditates the formation of a Southern Kingdom in Italy, the Sovereign of which is not to be Victor Emmanuel.

Disquisitions and calculations are still rife in France as well as in England, as to which of these two allies could sooner and most effectually batter and crush the other to pieces. This very morning *Le Monde* quotes from the excellent work of M. Kervignac, this comparative view of the English and French naval forces in 1859:—

"England—Line of battle ships 36, with 3,400 guns and 19,750 horse power. Frigates 27—Corvettes 17.

"France—Line of battle ships 40, with 3,706 guns, and 27,510 horse power. Frigates in commission, 38; in construction, 12—Corvettes, 52."

At the end of a long article—the main drift of which is to show that England is morally and socially rotten, and more than ripe for destruction, the writer proceeds:—

"If it be true that, at a given moment, the fleet of French line-of-battle ships has equalled that of England, we must not forget that, since November 1859, Great Britain must have regained her numerical superiority, and that she possesses now about fifty ships of the line. But, then, France has just launched the *Gloire* frigate—that is to say, has made a revolution in naval architecture, which will probably soon reduce England's fifty ships to the humble role of hulks or floating batteries. To iron walls, people don't oppose wooden ones."

All which things, though I most potently believe, yet I hold it not courteous to have them thus set down—between allies, loving allies, who are engaged jointly in the sacred task of carrying civilization and justice through the world, such reflections are unseemly.—*Irishman.*

"ENGLAND AT HER WORD."—*The Monitor* has an article on this subject. The writer first shows that the *Dublin Evening News* has clearly enough proved the inconsistency of a London newspaper (if that be any comfort) and then proceeds to sum up the state of the argument in a paragraph of such elegant and massive structure, that I must give your readers the pleasure of perusing it:—

"These quotations are enough. The *Evening News* concludes from them very justly, that all England morally participates in the responsibility of the doctrines sustained by Lord John Russell; and so, in the judgment of England herself, Ireland has the right to demand separation from a country which oppresses her. But the oppression must be proved, says the *Times*. The people are the judges of that, says the *Times*. So Ireland takes England at her word; and England has but two courses to take—disavow Lord John Russell—which will be very difficult—or use the grand argument of force; which she will do if Ireland talks too loud. Well, then, Ireland, availing herself to the very end, of the principles admitted by England, can make an appeal to the outside world; and France, if she can thus invoke, will only have to recall the despatch of the 21st October, to prove to the British Government that it does wrong in opposing the occupation of Ireland by a French army. Again, it will be force, that is, to decide; but the force will not be so evidently on the side of the *Times*."

I call this a fine illustration both of the force and of the importance of logic. The argumentum ad Taurum is conclusive, overwhelming—yet, not one inch of way is made.—*ib.*

We have seen with what a wicked spite the British Press charged the French troops with having thoroughly plundered the Emperor of China's summer Palace, and left little or nothing for their allies to grab. The French are now regarded in England as being good for little else, in such a case, than plunder; and even Mr. Punch comes in and makes his national and truly British pun—"the favorite musical instrument of the French—the loot." All this incense has been felt and resented; and the publication in the *Monitor* of General de Montauban's despatch, detailing the careful and effectual measures taken to prevent anything from being even touched till the English laggards (who had lost their way) should come up, has shewn the French still more clearly—if they had any doubts on the subject before—on what affectionate terms the allies stand.—*ib.*

The *Constitutionnel* publishes the following remarks on the account of the taking of Pekin, copied from some of the Indian papers:—Our readers will have seen that all details which we have given on the events in China were taken from the journals in the English language. We should not like to call absolutely in doubt the exactitude of those details, for the mere reason that the source is for us a foreign one. But we must be allowed not to accept completely certain passages of the accounts given by the *China Mail* or other papers, in what concerns the part taken by French soldiers in the pillage of the Imperial palace. The *Times*, with its usual politeness, points precisely to those passages, and accompanies them with reflections which are on the very verge of insult. The English journal will without doubt permit us to tell it that there is as much bad faith as impropriety in the manner in which it speaks of the French soldiers. We cannot say, for our parts, in what way the English troops have acted, but we give of their conduct by their companions in arms there will be found only homage rendered to British straightforwardness. In France the art is unknown of insulting like the *Times*.

The *Monitor* publishes a decree remitting the penalties pronounced by the tribunals against the periodical press for infractions of the law.

THE EMPEROR'S NOMINATIONS TO THE VACANT SEES.—The Emperor of the French has just nominated clergymen to four of the vacant sees. One of them, Abbe Ravinet, Vicar General of Paris, was by the side of the late martyr Archbishop Affre, on the barricades, and Ravinet's hat was riddled by two musket balls.

It is reported that the French Ambassador at Constantinople was on the point of concluding an agreement, in virtue of which the French army in Syria would prolong its occupation for six months beyond the time originally agreed upon. The Paris letter in the *Daily News* says France certainly will not withdraw her troops from Syria at the end of the six months named in the convention, and will certainly keep them there after the proposed extended period.

The *Journal Des Debats* animadverts on the inexplicable policy of France, and earnestly advocates the withdrawal of the French fleet from Gaeta. It is reported that the Emperor's address on New Year's Day will be eminently pacific. The Nuncio being absent, the Russian Ambassador will be spokesman.

ITALY.

The *Times*' correspondent gives the following graphic account of the blackguards, pickpockets, and

cut-throats, who compose the main body of the revolutionary body in Italy:—

TRINIZI, Dec. 18.—The news from the Two Sicilies is in the same melancholy strain; all public and private intelligence from the South seems calculated to cast a gloomier cloud on the thinking minds of the North. This latter will desire no little credit, if it ultimately succeeds in bringing to reason the more senseless parts of the Peninsula.

Matters bear an even more ominous look in Sicily. A gentleman who had accompanied the Royal Lieutenant Montezemolo to Palermo, and has just returned, describes the state of the island in very dark hues. Murder stalks abroad, and the police is utterly powerless. At Palermo an officer in the customs was shot dead on the 5th as he was walking home in the evening:—

"In Monreale, on the evening of the 8th, as Michele Polizzi was talking with one Lamantino in the street, he was struck by a bullet, which went through him and his companion, and killed them both on the spot. Polizzi was a bold, violent, bad man. He had been a bad subject in past times, but upon the rising of Sicily he lent his stalwart arm to the cause of freedom, and, because he loved much, much was forgiven him by Garibaldi, always so generous to those who fight for their country."

I copy the above from the private correspondence of an ultra-liberal and Garibaldian, because the writer unwittingly lays the finger on the sore point. Garibaldi, engaged in an almost desperate struggle, had neither leisure nor power to be very particular as to the means he employed. The most generous patriot and the most abandoned ruffian equally crowded under his banner.

These worthies are the leaders of those Piccotti bands of which your correspondent from Garibaldi's head-quarters made such capital four months ago. They have given themselves ranks and epaulettes, and their claims have possibly been acknowledged by Garibaldi, who at that time would have been fain to grant them any terms so he might be rid of them. The whole mass of these ill-sorted bands were left in the island. The men went home to their own houses; the officers received their pay, and numbered the streets of the capital. Only a small number of Sicilians followed the tide of invasion on the main-land, and a sample of their valour we have in the dastard who shot Colonel Dunne, their commander, because, in the sifting of the self-awarded titles and arrears of these unwholesome officers, he urged his particular objections to this one, because he had not only turned his back on the enemy at Santa Maria, but actually bidden his soldiers to run away with him. Those 2,500 encephalated blackguards at Palermo are now savage against Panti because he struck down all the employes of the Sicilian Minister of War & Finance.

The worst feature in all the ugliness of this Neapolitan and Sicilian disorder is the shocking bad faith of the writers on both sides, but especially on that of the Mazzinians who usurp the name of Garibaldians. It was only yesterday I read the diatribe of one who charged Farini with the appointment to high offices of men of notoriously bad character, and severely instigated one who, to my very certain knowledge, for I was in the country at the time, did not owe his nomination to the too facile Garibaldi, or rather to the reckless partisans who availed themselves of the *carte blanche* which he engrossed by his warlike operations, was compelled to allow them, to throw discredit on his Government, and to make sad havoc of his fair name. It is difficult to decide whether all these misstatements are more attributable to wilful malice or to blind infatuation, for certainly all men in Naples have not lost the remembrance of things and dates, nor have they laid aside the horror with which, not Garibaldi's but Bertrami's dictatorship had filled all honest men.

Something might be hoped from their native simplicity and pusillanimity. But since Garibaldi's departure unprincipled appeals have and are being made to their worst passions. The savages are unchained, and they must, let us hope only for a brief season, have their fling.

Under such circumstances it is very clear that the South of Italy and the whole country can only be saved by the strong hand, the armed force of the North. Twelve thousand choice Sardinian troops are expected soon to land in Sicily, where Montezemolo contemplates a general disarmament of the population. The sting must be taken from the wasps; we will then see how the droves may be converted into orderly and industrious bees.

LOSS OF POLITICAL LIBERTY BY THE PIEMONTESE.—TRINIZI, Dec. 19.—The political and social life, and no less the free institutions, of the ancient States of the Sardinian monarchy are virtually at a standstill, and have been for the best part of the last two years. We have had for two years no budget and no actual Parliament. All the energies of old Piedmont are turned to the giant task of emancipating her Italian sisters and associating them to her free destinies. I meet, along the streets and underneath the porticoes, bands of young and active though somewhat small and slim country lads, with banners at their head, and gay ribbons round their hats, shouting and frolicking with a joy that seems too noisy to be heartfelt and genuine. They are conscripts taken from the plough and the loom, from the shop and the mine, to swell the ranks of the ever growing, and yet insufficient army, staffed for Bersaglieri and artillery regiments. I meet at the railway stations battalions and traders and artisans converted into mobilized national guards, sent out to look like soldiers in the eyes of rioting Neapolitan and plotting Sicilians. The very marrow and substance of the nation is going from North Italy, and the prosperity to which freedom had, in spite of military disasters and political uncertainties, in spite of bad years and commercial crises, raised these subalpine regions, must needs suffer a temporary check, whatever power of vital reaction the land may boast of.—*Times*' Cor.

TRINIZI, Dec. 22.—A croaker plays always an unpopular part, and a sanguine prophet enlists all vulgar sympathies on his side. This time, however, it is for birds of ill omen to crow, and for hopeful politicians to be down in the mouth. Francis II. won't budge from Gaeta, and the French fleet gives no sign of raising anchor. The Emperor Napoleon is said to be the best friend to the Italian cause, but he has given its enemies six weeks' breathing time. Were even Admiral Barbier de Tinnan to betake himself to the port of Toulon, the position of the belligerents at Gaeta would be precisely what it was the day after the fall of Capua; not so the condition of Southern Italy, nor the prospects of its newly-proclaimed Sovereign. The newspapers of all colours, private letters from men of all parties, are teeming with melancholy news. A "terrible reaction" has again broken out at Teramo; riot and brigandage, in the name of the Bourbon, are reported to rage at Santeramo, here and there in the Abruzzi and Calabria, and even, if telegrams may be trusted—for electricity has given news-mongers a power of lying commensurate with the speed of its transmission of intelligence—even here and there in the Marches. At Naples most of the theatres, and especially the Teatro San Carlo, are nightly the scene of disgraceful disturbances.—Libertini, the most audacious of Mazzinian agents, was arrested by the police, and an address in his behalf is forwarded to the King, concluding with the following more pithy than respectful words:—

"Sir,—If your head of the police is out of his senses, the people cannot be equally charged with insanity. The majority who have accomplished a revolution, who have given you these provinces, now tell you, 'Save us, that you may save Italy and yourself, as you are an Italian!'"

Three of the inspectors of police, Colicchio, Petrelli, and Davino, have resigned the offices. The Prefect Di Blasi followed their example, and Silvio Spaventa, the Councilor or Minister of that department, is forsaken by most of his subalterns. The police, or indeed, any government, has clearly be-

come impossible under present circumstances. There was a talk in the highest quarters in Turin of sending out the Count Ponza di San Martino, I know not whether to help Farini or to take his place; but either the rumour had no foundation, or the Count shrinks from the too arduous task. What can one man do where there are none to second him? Count Cavour's Government, reckoned upon the Neapolitan exiles, who had espoused the cause of national unity; but now, with the honorable exception of Poirio, Scialoja, Imbriani, most of these men, such as Mancini, Massari, Borghi, and Pisanelli, fall back from their allegiance or play a double game, anxious to escape the unpopularity attaching to all Piedmontese or Piedmontese persons, and create for the Government greater embarrassment than the worst bawling, storming Neapolitan, of them all.—*Times*' Cor.

ITALIAN OMISION OF CAVOUR'S EFFORTS AT GOVERNMENT.—The *Campione* of Turin, says that Count Cavour has offered a very important post in the Kingdom of Naples to a Sardinian senator, which has been refused. This refusal was accompanied by the remark that the noble count was not the proper person to undertake the re-establishment of order in Italy, he being the cause of all the confusion and disturbance which existed there. "To M. de Cavour," he added, "belongs the merit of destroying Italy; but he will never have the glory of organizing it, for he will find the greatest obstacle to the accomplishment of such a work among his own friends."

ROME.—The Pope delivered an allocution in the Consistory held on the 17th ult. His Holiness spoke of the persecution of the Christians in Syria and China. He condemned the pamphlet of M. Cayla, entitled *Le Pape et l'Empereur*, and announced that the Grand Duke of Baden had violated the Pontifical Concordat.

The Roman patriots have posted up on the walls of Rome bills bearing the arms of King Victor Emmanuel, and the words, "We desire annexation to Sardinia."

THE UNITARIAN MINISTER AND THE POPE.—The Rev. W. James, in a letter to the *Christian Reformer*, on his recent visit to the continent, gives the following account of his interview:—"Before I left Bristol I obtained from a Roman clergyman a letter of introduction to Monsignor Talbot who resides at the Vatican; through him I had an audience of the Pope. I was allowed to take with me Mr. Gangooy and my other young travelling companion, and we went very quietly to the Palace in the morning at 11 o'clock. There we saw Cardinals in their show robes, and Ministers of State and others, as they passed in and out to and from the presence of the Pontiff. An hour had elapsed before I was summoned. I had previously ascertained that, as Protestants, there would be no special mark of reverence required from us on this occasion, and we paid the same token of respect which we should have done had we attended the court at home. We found the Pope seated at a table in the plain white ecclesiastical dress which he always wears in private, and with a calm and benignant countenance, expressive of amiability and gentleness, rather than force of character or mental vigor. He seemed to be a man about 70 years of age, and his features were not on them the traces of care and anxiety which I expected would be visible, from all he has recently had to do and to hear. Nothing could exceed the kindness of manner with which he received me. There was not the slightest exhibition of haughtiness or coldness in word or action. He spoke naturally of what arose out of the circumstances in which we stood before him. I had been introduced as a Socinian minister from Bristol; and I ventured to say that this was a mistake; that I was not a follower of Socinus, not agreeing with him in some of his religious conclusions; that I belonged to a church which refused to be called by the name of any man, however accomplished and excellent, and that I was a Unitarian Christian. Hearing this, the Pope reminded me that Socinus was an Italian, and then asked me if I knew anything of the history and writings of Ochinus, who was also an Italian; and of the Capuchin order, but renounced the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and became an Anti-Trinitarian. I replied that I was familiar with the life and the Anti-Trinitarian opinions of this singularly gifted man, and with his fame as a pupil orator, and that he had likewise exercised his functions as a preacher in England. The Pope then turned to the Brahmin, and was informed that he was soon going to Calcutta as a Christian missionary to his native Hindoos, having renounced heathenism and embraced Unitarian views of the Gospel. He did not forget the English youth, who was with me, and was told that he was of the Independent denomination. This led him to make some remarks on the diversity of thought and speculation which prevailed in the world on the subject of religion. And turning to me he remarked, 'My daily prayer is, that amid the divisions and controversies of Christendom, all may be brought to know the truth and to do it.' Of course I felt that 'the truth,' as he understood it, must be the system of which he is the head and representative. But his word brought to my mind the prayer of Jesus, 'Sanctify them by Thy truth; for Thy Word is truth;' and I said to the Pope that the petition was mine also, and that it was one in which all good Christians must cordially unite."

NAPLES, 21st Dec.—The insurrectionary bands have entrenched themselves in the mountains. It is said that a decree is in course of preparation, ordering an extraordinary company of men between 18 and 50 years of age.

The "Reenard" and "Belleras," which left Naples for the Roman States, were not allowed to land their passengers at Civita Vecchia, the pretext being that 600 Garibaldians were on board. Against this Mr. Odo Russell has protested.

GAETA, Dec. 22, via Marseilles.—The bombardment of Gaeta continues with increased vigor. The Spanish Ambassador has left the Palace on account of its being riddled with bullets. Two officers have been struck while standing near the King.

New Sardinian batteries can be seen evidently ready to take part in the bombardment.

A deputation has arrived here from Calabria, and has promised to rise an insurrection in favor of the King.

ROME, Dec. 22.—Considerable quantities of provisions are being despatched to Gaeta.

GAETA, Dec. 18.—An enormous quantity of shot and shell were thrown into Gaeta yesterday by the Sardinians. Some of them fell in the garden of the palace, where the King and Queen were dining with the Spanish ambassador. The bombardment has since slackened, and the damaged caused in the town is not considerable.

The King has received a letter from the Emperor Napoleon. In this letter the Emperor expresses his sympathy for the King, but tells him that he has carried on the siege long enough for his honor.—The King, in his reply, thanked the Emperor, but added, that he considered it his duty to persist in the defence.

An Italian correspondent of the *Times* says that the year 1861 will not, perhaps, grow very old until French troops are in possession of Gaeta, and possibly of Naples itself.

The *Gazette du Midi* publishes the following details of the late occurrences at Gaeta:—"The Piedmontese suffer much in their cantonments before Gaeta, both on account of the bad weather and from the number of sick. On the 7th of the present month General Cialdini notified to the Governor of the fortress, that he had ceased firing by order of Victor Emmanuel. The following day he sent a flag of truce to propose a suspension of arms for three months and to be permitted to inhabit Borgo quietly. The King, suspecting treachery on the part of Cialdini, replied that he had asked for no truce, and that he would accept no proposition until the Piedmontese retired beyond the Grigliano. Two Sardinian brigs laden with provisions and am-

munition for the army were forced by the wind to steer close to the bay of Gaeta. They were captured by a steamer belonging to the King, and brought into the harbour. A part of the provisions were reshipped and sent to Massina, to supply that fortress.—General Pergale, the governor of Massina, has announced to Victor Emmanuel, that he will not surrender that citadel except at the command of Francis II. The laboratory at Gaeta, directed by a Frenchman educated at the Imperial school of Metz, produces immense quantities of grenades and other projectiles. In fact, there is a complete supply of ammunition. The King is himself the Governor of the fortress. He has under his orders Lieutenants-General Vial, De Leitmaten, Sigrist, and Major-General de Latour. The brave General Bosco, the idol of the soldiers, commands the sorties. The artillery on the land side is ably handled by Colonel Osoni. There are several Frenchmen attached to the King's staff, viz. M.M. Urbain de Charette, Pozzo di Borgo, de Fuyferrat, de Lautrec, de Christen, de Maricourt, and others. It would be difficult to give you a correct idea of the precision with which our batteries fire. According to information we have received from Naples the loss of the Piedmontese is very considerable. The fire of their batteries on the other hand has as yet only wounded 18 persons, without killing any. You may depend upon what I say.—Gaeta is not about to be surrendered, whatever the revolutionary papers may assert."

It is rumoured that a correspondence has been discovered between a number of the clergy and Gaeta.

MANIFESTO OF THE KING OF NAPLES.—The following is the text of the manifesto which has been addressed by King Francis II. to the people of the Two Sicilies:—

"GAETA, Dec. 8.—People of the Two Sicilies.—From the place in which I defend more than my Crown—the independence of the country—your Sovereign raises his voice to console you in your sorrows, and to promise you happier times. Equally betrayed, equally despoiled, we will rise together from our misfortunes. The work of iniquity has never lasted long, and usurpations are not eternal. I treated calamities with contempt, and regarded treason with disdain, so long as they were directed against me alone. I have fought not for myself but for the honour of the name we bear. But when I see my beloved subjects a prey to all the evils of foreign domination, when I see them, a conquered people, carry their blood and their property to other countries, and behold them trampled under foot by the loyalty of my brave army, and the spectacle of the noble protest which are made in all parts of the kingdom against the triumphs of violence and fraud, I am a Neapolitan; born amongst you, I have never breathed any other air, never seen any other country; I know no other than my native land.—All my affections are in the kingdom; your customs are my customs; your language is my language; your ambition is my ambition. Heir of an ancient dynasty, which for long years reigned over these beautiful provinces and re-established their independence, I do not come, after having despoiled orphans of their patrimony and the Church of its possessions, to seize by foreign force the most delightful part of Italy. I am a prince who is yours, and who has sacrificed everything to his desire to preserve peace, concord, and prosperity among his subjects. The entire world has seen that, in order not to shed blood, I have preferred risking my crown. Traitors, paid by the foreign enemy, have seated themselves in my council by the side of faithful servants; but, in the sincerity of my heart, I could not believe in treason. It was too painful for me to punish; I suffered at the idea of opening, after so many misfortunes, an era of persecutions, and thus the disloyalty of some and my clemency, facilitated the invasion, which was accomplished by means of adventurers, and by paralyzing the fidelity of my people, and the bravery of my soldiers. Although the object of continual conspiracies, I have not shed a drop of blood, and my conduct has been accused of weakness. If the most tender love for my subjects, if the natural confidence of youth in the uprightness of others, if an instinctive horror of blood merit that name—yes, assuredly, I have been weak. At the moment at which the ruin of my enemies was certain, I held back the arm of my generals, in order not to consummate the destruction of Palermo. I preferred to abandon Naples, my home, my dear capital, without being driven away by you, in order not to expose it to the horrors of a bombardment, like those which subsequently took place at Capua and Ancona. I believed, with good faith, that the King of Piedmont, who called himself my brother and my friend, who protested to me that he disapproved the invasion of Garibaldi, and who negotiated with my Government a close alliance for the true interests of Italy, would not have broken all treaties and violated all laws for the purpose of invading my States in full peace, without any motives, and without any declaration of war.—These are my faults, but I prefer my misfortunes to the triumphs of my adversaries. I gave an amnesty, I opened the gates of the country to all exiles; I accorded a constitution to my people; and assuredly I have not violated the promises I made. I was preparing to guarantee to Sicily free institutions which, with a separate Parliament, would have consecrated her administrative and economic independence, and removed at once all motives of distrust and discontent. I summoned to my councils the men who seemed to me the most acceptable to public opinion under the circumstances, and so far as the incessant aggressions of which I have been the victim permitted, I laboured with ardour in effecting reforms, and in promoting the progress and prosperity of our common country. It is not intestine discords that have wrung from me my kingdom; but I am vanquished by the unjustifiable invasion of a foreign enemy. The Two Sicilies, with the exception of Gaeta and Messina, the last asylums of their independence, are in the hands of Piedmont. And what has revolution procured for the people of Naples and Sicily? Look at the situation which the country presents. The finances, formerly so flourishing, are completely ruined; the administration is in chaos; individual security does not exist; the prisons are full of persons arrested on suspicion, instead of liberty, the state of siege is established in the provinces; and a foreign general publishes martial law, and decrees that all those of my subjects who do not bow before the flag of Sardinia shall be immediately shot. Assassination is recompensed, regicide obtains an apotheosis, respect of the holy worship of our fathers is called fanaticism; promoters of civil war, traitors to the country, receive pensions which the pacific citizen has to pay. Anarchy is everywhere. Foreign adventurers have laid hands on everything to satisfy the avidity or the passions of their companions. Men who have never seen this part of Italy, or who, from long absence, have forgotten its wants, constitute our Government. Instead of the free institutions which I gave you, and which I desired to develop, you have had the most ruthless dictatorship, and martial law now replaces the Constitution. Beneath the attacks of your dominators disappears the ancient monarchy of Roger and Charles III., and the Two Sicilies have been declared provinces of a distinct kingdom. Naples and Palermo will henceforth be governed by prefects coming from Turin.—There is a remedy for these evils, and for the still greater calamities which I foresee—namely, concord, resolution, and faith in the future. Unite around the throne of your fathers—let forgetfulness cover forever the errors of all; let the past never be a pretext for vengeance, but a salutary lesson for the future. I have confidence in the justice of Providence; and, whatever may be my fate, I will be faithful to my people, and to the institutions which I have accorded to them. Administrative and economic independence of each of the Two Sicilies, with a Parliament for each, and a complete amnesty for all political acts—such is my programme. With

any other cases than these the country will be plunged into despotism and anarchy. Defender of the independence of the country, I remain and fight here in order not to abandon a trust which is so holy and so dear to me. If authority returns to my hands, I shall employ it to protect all rights, to respect all property, to guarantee the persons and possessions of my subjects against oppression and pillage. If Providence in its profound designs permits the last bulwark of the monarchy to fall beneath the blows of a foreign enemy, I will retire with a conscience without reproach, with unmovable faith, with unchangeable resolution; and, while waiting for the veritable hour of justice, I will offer most fervent prayers for the prosperity of my country, and for the felicity of those populations who form the largest and dearest portion of my family. May Almighty God, and the immaculate and inviolable Virgin, the protectress of our country, support our common cause.—FRANCIS.

THE NEW ZEALAND WAR.—The following is an extract from a letter by one of an expedition against the natives of New Zealand:—"I have just returned from one of our almost fruitless expeditions. We left yesterday with a force of about 1,000 strong, 73 bullock carts, two 34-pounder howitzer guns, two other guns flying artillery, 60 volunteers, Major-General Pratt and staff, Mr. McLean, Mr. Parris and staff. We encamped at Mahoetahi. Then, for the first time, we heard we were going to attack King's stronghold in the bush. At three in the morning we started for Huarangi in three divisions. We arrived there at sunrise, joined Major Nelson with 450 soldiers, 120 sailors, and two 68-pounders, each gun drawn by 16 pair of bullocks; we mustered over 1,600 strong. We got within 100 yards of the first pah; the pah was stormed, and, of course, nothing in it with the exception of about sixty ewes and lambs, all dead. Pah the second stormed and burned—no one in it. This was the strongest pah I ever saw. Pah three was taken—no one in it—inside were several ovens, just heated, with the food in them. Close to this pah is a peach grove and a baraka grove. Just as the main body was passing the angle of the pah a tremendous volley was poured into us. The artillery and others were actually driven from their guns. The hand of God was over us; we lost only one 40th man. We could not recover his body with 1000 men. Disgraceful! Shame, shame! All the guns opened with shell and canister on the natives at about thirty yards. They must have done great execution. The natives never came out, but stuck to their rifle-pits and trenches. Several of our troops had very narrow escapes. It lasted one hour, when, to our disgust, the bugle sounded the recall, and we were ordered back to camp, leaving our poor killed or wounded soldier in the hands of the natives. I am disgusted with myself and every one else. The number of natives we were attacking was supposed to be 120, not more.—This was one of the most disgraceful affairs that ever cast discredit on the British arms, for on the 10th instant, near to that rapid Waiyatu, 1,000 Englishmen retired before 120 aborigines. At present there are not more than 120, say about 120 W. King's natives, about New Plymouth. There is therefore a splendid chance for subduing them before they become more numerous, but the General persists to a great extent in acting on the defensive now, and to all remonstrances he replies blandly, 'Oh, it's no use following them into the bush.' As he sits with his legs by the fire in the Maorick, quite satisfied. So is the Adjutant-General, who, rightly or wrongly, is reputed to exercise unlimited control over the old man; indeed, the latter does not appear to have any idea on the subject whatever, and the former very few correct ones. 1,000 Waikato natives are marching to assist Wirima Kingi, and the tribes south of Taranaki are summoned to meet the Waikatos at Waitara. I have hitherto abstained from criticism for the reason before stated, but I shall in future forward you, from time to time, the result of my observations. Matters have sunk to that state that the influence of the press should be exerted to restore by exposure, the conduct of affairs to their proper standard. That is the purpose the press serves in England, and unless it advocates its legitimate functions here, it may be instrumental in effecting the same patriotic purpose at the antipodes."—*Catholic Telegraph.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

DIOCESE OF BEVERLEY.—On the 18th ult., his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman met the Chapter of the diocese of Beverley, in St. George's Presbytery, in the city of York, to assist at the recommendation of an ecclesiastic to be raised to the dignity of a Bishop, in the place of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Briggs, obliged, by his many infirmities, to retire from the duties of the Episcopate. His Eminence was accompanied by Canon Beale, and looked to wonderfully improved health and in good spirits. All the Canons were in attendance, with the exception of poor Canon Crane, who is suffering from paralysis; and the Cardinal was formally received by Provost Rander, the Vicar-General, at the head of the clergy. The Cardinal dined and slept in York on Tuesday night.—*Northen Press.*

PROTESTANT POOR LAWS.—The Poor Law affects to embrace the entire population of this part of the island. The Poor Law, with all its still remaining harshness, costs a good deal, as every ratepayer knows. There are hundreds of streets and squares in this metropolis in which every single house pays a Poor-rate sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of a large family. Over and over again we have heard the question asked where the money goes to, and where the poor are, from a natural instinct to follow money and trace its application. There must be an El Dorado somewhere, so vast are the sums drained off under the name of Poor-rates to those saug official havens where the parochial plunder is distributed. We can only say that the poor ought to be well cared for, even if their name be Legion; and that every sleek, well-dressed man, with a portly person and a flabby face, that we meet in the streets ought to be one of the privileged members of the metropolis. Where is this Paradise of culinary delights, and cheap substantial clothes? Strange to say, the poor themselves, or, at least, the young curates who are thrown in among them to take off the first edge of country simplicity, report a different story. The Poor Law, they tell us, gives the barest maintenance under the most niggardly conditions. Solitary shillings and occasional loaves, with the option of admission to a night-room, a stone-yard, a men's ward, or a women's ward, are bleakly prominent in the tales of the London poor. So, though the rates are high, the cry of poverty is louder still. Meanwhile there are societies past number. Thirty years ago it was estimated that there were at least a thousand charitable institutions in the metropolis; that the revenues of a considerable State were collected under the name of charity, and that there was no misfortune or malady of life which any sufferer could be at a loss for relief.—Besides this immense and still vigorous growth of modern charity, many portions of the metropolis, particularly the most central and long settled, swarm with old foundations which draw the rents of provinces for the use of the London poor, as the aqueducts of Old Rome drew thither the rainfall of the Apennines.—*Times.*

PROTESTANT PROSPERITY AND CHARITY.—As in medieval castles there is but a night of steps between the banquetting-hall and the dungeon, so in the most brilliant thoroughfares of modern London we brush against human beings whose life is a long martyrdom unrelieved by the sustaining consciousness of innocence. Their sufferings only reach us in abstract expressions, and our compassion is too apt to end in an abstract and sanctimonious philanthropy. Some of us, too, in our fastidious jealousy for their independence, would preach self-reliance to the famishing wretch who craves but to lie down and die.—*ib.*

A 'REVIVAL' MEETING.—A very extraordinary revival meeting was held at Exeter-hall Tuesday week. The service was conducted by three laymen, Messrs Radcliffe, Carter, a converted chimney-sweep, and Weaver, a converted pugilist, being the orators. Very coarse language was used. Mr. Carter assured the audience that ninety-eight out of every hundred working men never went to a place of worship at all, and that the unconverted nobility, were casting humbugs. Mr. Weaver outdid his colleagues in extravagance in singing a hymn to the tune of 'The King of the Cannibal Islands; he then uttered the polite suggestion that, there were many unconverted persons in the hall, who wanted shaking over hell for five or six minutes, adding that if that did not convert them nothing would. His violent gesticulation and rough language caused some young females to faint. Why do the proprietors of Exeter-hall let it for such purposes? The hall has often been refused to less exceptional objects.—Albion.

TERCENTENARY OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.—At its meeting in May last the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland appointed Divine service to take place in all the churches and chapels on Thursday, the 20th day of December, being the tercentenary of the first meeting of the Assembly and the establishment of the Presbyterian Church. The Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church also appointed the day to be observed as one of thanksgiving for the blessing of the Reformation. The celebration, though a Presbyterian rather than a national one, received the sanction of the magistrates of Edinburgh, who recommended the suspension, but in Glasgow and various other towns the magistrates declined to issue any such recommendation. In Edinburgh, notwithstanding magisterial patronage, the attendance at the churches was extremely small, this being partly owing to the fact that the law courts, banks, and public offices were all open as usual, and at least half the shops and workshops, and partly owing to the very severe snowstorm. Several of the churches held only one diet of worship through the day, and others met only in the evening, and various public meetings were held at night and speeches delivered on the events of 1860. On the whole the demonstration may be pronounced a failure, having been felt by the great majority of the people of Scotland to be wholly superfluous, and only serving as an occasion to the "No Popery" party.—Times.

SEMI-OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.—We understand that Margaret Hannah, the young woman recently sentenced to death at Edinburgh for the murder of her infant, will not be executed, and that Her Majesty has been pleased to commute the sentence to penal servitude for life. No female has been executed for an offence of this description for several years. The sentence of death passed upon Thomas Richardson at the last Lincoln Assizes for the murder of a police officer has been respited during Her Majesty's pleasure. It appears that the deceased officer was entirely unknown to the prisoner, who could have borne him no ill-will, and that the fatal shot was fired at the impulse of the moment, probably without any intention of destroying life. Mr. Henry Thring, connoisseur of Lincoln's-inn, who has had considerable experience in preparing Government Bills, is appointed Parliamentary draughtsman to the Home Office, in the room of Mr. Walter Coulson, Q. C., deceased. The Rev. Hamilton Dickie is appointed chaplain to the British Consulate at Danzig.—Observer.

A CHILD KILLED BY CRUELTY.—At the Staffordshire assize, on Wednesday, Thomas Lawley and his wife were tried for causing the death of their child by cruelty. The evidence adduced was fully confirmatory of the previous statements, repeated brutal beatings by the father, and want of food having clearly led to the death of the boy, who was about five years old on the 14th of August last. The surgeon who examined the body deposed that it weighed 15 lbs only and was only 33 inches in length. He could not speak as to the age of the child, but it weighed only 5 lb, or 6 lb, more than a new-born child. There were livid marks on the hands and feet as if the child had been beaten. There was also a mark on the head, and effused blood underneath, showing that a contusion had taken place shortly before death.—There was nothing to show that the child had died of disease, but he believed that it had died of ill-treatment and want of sufficient food. The jury found the man guilty, and the woman not guilty. The prisoner was sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude.

ERINA SNOW SHOE CLUB.

THE MEMBERS of the above Club will MEET at the Corner of Dorchester and DeLaurie Streets, on the EVENINGS of TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS at Half-past SEVEN sharp.

By Order, JOHN COX, Sec.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

A CASE, containing One Dozen of Assorted WINES and SPIRITS, all of the best quality, will be delivered free, within the City limits, for FIVE DOLLARS.

By THOMAS WALKER & Co., Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchants, 26 St. Francis Xavier Street, Montreal.

STEREOSCOPES. And interesting and amusing Slides, Views, Groups &c. Price of Stereoscopy from 50 cents; Views from a Dollar a Dozen. No Gift more pleasing for Christmas could be procured than a Stereoscope with a variety of beautiful Views.

GRAHAM & MUIR, 19 Great St. James Street

LADIES' RETICULES. Mathematical Instruments, in handsome boxes;—Boxes of Colours, Pen Knives and many other neat and useful articles suitable for Christmas Gifts.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS. Prayer Books, superbly bound in Velvet, with highly gilt mountings, at reduced prices.

A variety of interesting Books, Albums, &c., &c., appropriate Christmas presents.

WHITE EXCELSIOR COAL OIL.

THE above is the PUREST OIL in the market, is perfectly colourless, free from smoke and smell, and will give a light equal to the purest gas.

BURNING FLUID. Of the best quality delivered free within the city limits.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist and Druggist, 24 St. Lawrence Main Street.

October 20.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF EDWARD McDERMOTT, a native of L'Acadie, C. E. When last heard from he was supposed to be residing in Rutland County, Vermont U. S. Any information respecting him, will be thankfully received by his father, Peter McDERMOTT, L'Acadie. Montreal, Nov. 16. 3m.

CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL, SELECT DAY SCHOOL. THE SELECT DAY SCHOOL will be RE-OPENED, as usual, on the SEVENTH SEPTEMBER (Notre Dame St.) The Pupils Dine in the Establishment.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY No. 19 COTE STREET, MONTREAL. THE most COMPLETE COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, in both FRENCH and ENGLISH, is imparted in this institution.

WINTER, 1860, 1861. Grand Frunk Clothing Store, 81 M-GILL & 27 RECOLLET STREETS. THE Proprietors of the above Establishment beg to notify their patrons and the public generally, that their WINTER assortment is now COMPLETE, consisting in part of Moscow and superfine Beavers, White vs. Pilots, Irish Freize, Scotch Tweeds, Broad Cloths, Doeskins, Vestings of every description,—Scotch Wool underclothing: fancy Flannel Shirts, Dress Shirts, Collars, Ties, &c.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, which consists of the largest assortment, most fashionable styles, best assorted, and cheapest in the Province. DONNELLY & O'BRIEN. Montreal, Dec. 13, 1860.

GRAHAM & MUIR, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, &c., 19 GREAT SAINT JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. Offer for Sale an extensive Stock of Books and Stationery at lower prices than usual.

DYSPEPSIA. There is perhaps no disease which destroys the happiness and comfort of individuals, and families to the same extent as Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Previously to the discovery of the OXYGENATED BITTERS, There existed no medicine accessible to those suffering from this wide spread disease, which relieved it in any marked degree.

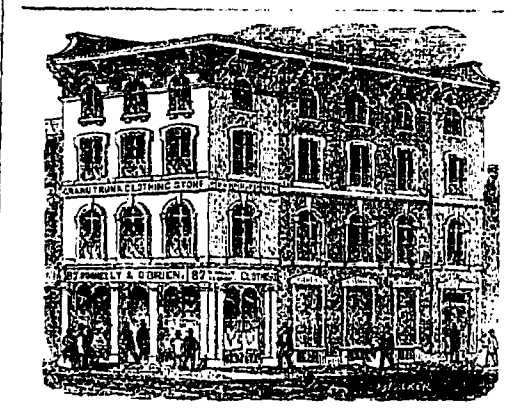
OXYGENATED BITTERS IN CANADA. The Editor of the Montreal Pilot, Sept. 2 1856 says:—There is no medicine we take so much pleasure in recommending to our friends as Dr. Green's Oxygenated Bitters. Unlike most proprietary medicines, it does not profess to cure "all the ills flesh is heir to," but simply Dyspepsia and its attendant symptoms of derangement of the stomach. It has long been held in favour with our first medical men: some of whom are never backward in awarding merit where it belongs.

SEE WHAT AYER'S SARSAPARILLA DOES FOR DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER. Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.—Sir: I take my pen to tell you what your SARSAPARILLA and CATHARTIC PILLS have done for me. I had been afflicted with Liver Complaint for six years, during which I was never well, and much of the time very sick. My liver was sore to the touch, and the Doctors said was congested. I suffered from severe costiveness and Diarrhea alternately. My skin was clammy and unhealthy; my eyes and skin often yellow. Occasionally I had a voracious appetite, but generally none at all. A dreadful sensation of oppression on my stomach, with languor and a gloomy sensation of sickness all over, kept me in anguish. You cannot know how much I suffered from an indescribable feeling of distress. The long continuance of this condition, without relief had worn me out so that I never expected to be better; but reading in the Christian Advocate of your SARSAPARILLA, I commenced taking it with occasional small doses of your PILLS, to regulate the bowels as you direct. From the first it had more effect upon my disorder than I supposed anything could have. I regained my health rapidly, and now after eleven weeks, enjoy as good health and strength as any other man. May the "Dispenser of all good" shower blessings on you. J. W. STORR.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co. Lowell Mass an sold by all Druggists.

Ayer's Ague Cure.

ANGUS & LOGAN. WHOLESALE PAPER & STATIONERY IMPORTERS, No. 206, Saint Paul Street, MONTREAL. A large supply of Printing and Mapping Paper always on hand.



WINTER, 1860, 1861. Grand Frunk Clothing Store, 81 M-GILL & 27 RECOLLET STREETS.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, which consists of the largest assortment, most fashionable styles, best assorted, and cheapest in the Province.

GRAHAM & MUIR, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, &c., 19 GREAT SAINT JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

STEREOSCOPES! A good Stereoscope with Six beautiful Views for a Dollar!!! A Large Assortment of Stereoscopy and Views, on hand, at much Lower Prices than have been previously charged.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS. Superior CUTLERY! Finest Pen and Pocket Knives, from the Manufactory of one of the best Sheffield Houses.

FOR SALE, A BEAUTIFUL FARM, situate in the Parish of St. JULIENNE, County of MONTREAL, on the Second Range of the Township of RAWDON, containing TWO HUNDRED ARPENTS, of which One Hundred Arpents are CLEARED; with DWELLING HOUSE, BARN, and OUT-HOUSES.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL. No. 2, St. Constant Street. THE duties of the above institution will be RESUMED on MONDAY, 20th of AUGUST, instant, at Nine o'clock A.M.

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.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, the Croup of Consumption, and for the Relief of Consumptive Patients, in advanced stages of the Disease.

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. Board and Tuition, embracing all the branches in the French & English languages, with Writing and Arithmetic. \$8.00 \$70.00

Metropolitan Catholic Almanac, AND LAITY'S DIRECTORY, FOR THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND THE BRITISH PROVINCES, FOR 1861. AT THE PRESS, THE Metropolitan Catholic Almanac, AND LAITY'S DIRECTORY, FOR THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND THE BRITISH PROVINCES, FOR 1861.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD, And for the speedy cure of the subjoined varieties of Diseases: Scrofula and Scrofulous Affections, such as Erysipelas, Pustules, Boils, Blains, and all Skin Diseases.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose of Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Head, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Dropsy. Dr. Robert M. French writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1850, that he has cured an inveterate case of Dropsy, which threatened to terminate fatally.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND. "OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," a rare Companion for the Winter Months. Every Pianist, Every Singer, Every Teacher, Every Amateur, should procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Piano Forte Music, costing but 10 CENTS a number, and pronounced "The Best and Cheapest Work of the kind in the World."

CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT. THE subscribers has in course of construction a number of FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, the same as Wheeler & Wilson's patent, which he intends to sell cheaper than any that have been sold heretofore in Canada.

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

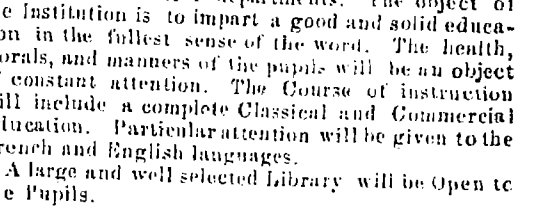
JOHN McJANNET'S MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS, 38, Sanguinet Street, North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch— we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR. Board and Tuition, \$70 00 Use of Bed and Bedding, 7 00 Washing, 10 50 Drawing and Painting, 10 50 Music Lessons—Piano, 28 00

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C.W. Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston

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.



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.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND. "OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," a rare Companion for the Winter Months. Every Pianist, Every Singer, Every Teacher, Every Amateur, should procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Piano Forte Music, costing but 10 CENTS a number, and pronounced "The Best and Cheapest Work of the kind in the World."

CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT. THE subscribers has in course of construction a number of FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, the same as Wheeler & Wilson's patent, which he intends to sell cheaper than any that have been sold heretofore in Canada.

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

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

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND. "OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," a rare Companion for the Winter Months. Every Pianist, Every Singer, Every Teacher, Every Amateur, should procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Piano Forte Music, costing but 10 CENTS a number, and pronounced "The Best and Cheapest Work of the kind in the World."

B. J. NAGLE, Sewing Machine Manufacturer, 206 Notre Dame Street, Oct. 20, 1859.



AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

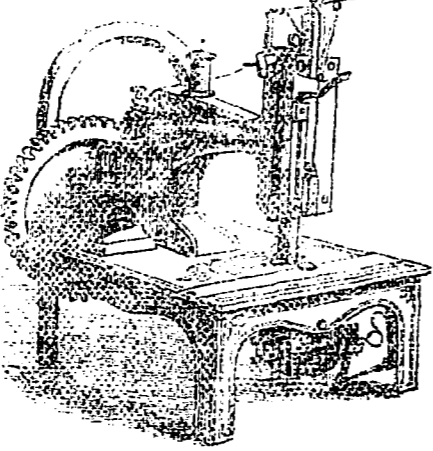
- Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm.
Adela—N. A. Goste.
Allymer—J. Doyle.
Akersburg—J. Roberson.
Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron.
Archie—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
Brookville—C. Fraser.
Belleville—M. O'Dempsey.
Barris—Rev. J. R. Lee.
Branford—W. M. Macnamy.
Caledonia—M. Donnelly.
Cranville—J. Knowlson.
Chambly—J. Hackett.
Cobourg—P. Maguire.
Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
Carleton—N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy.
Dixhouse Mills—Wm. Chisholm.
Dewittville—J. M'Veer.
Oundas—J. M'Gerard.
Egansville—J. Bonfield.
East Haverbury—Rev. J. J. Collins.
Eastern Townships—P. Hackett.
Erinsville—J. Gaffney.
Emily—M. Honnessy.
Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
Farmersville—J. Flood.
Genouque—Rev. J. Rossiter.
Guelph—J. Harris.
Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry.
Huntington—C. M'Faul.
Ingersoll—W. Featherston.
Kemptville—M. Heaphy.
Kingston—P. Percell.
Lindsay—J. Kennedy.
Lansdown—M. O'Connor.
Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley.
London—Rev. R. Byard.
Larchmont—O. Quigley.
Lanarough—T. Dancy.
Larolle—W. Hart.
Madison—Rev. R. Frischer.
Maricville—M. Kelly.
New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
Ottawa City—J. Rowland.
Orillia—Rev. J. Synnott.
Oshawa—Richard Supple.
Prescott—J. Ford.
Perth—J. Doran.
Peterboro—E. M'Gormick.
Pelon—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
Rochester—M. O'Leary.
Rowleyton—Rev. J. Quinn.
Russellton—J. Gannon.
Richmond Hill—M. Peely.
Richmond—A. Donnelly.
St. Catharines—T. Griffith.
St. Catharines—Rev. J. Gratton.
South Gloucester—J. Daley.
Summerstown—D. M'Donald.
St. Andrew—Rev. G. A. Hay.
St. Catharines—T. Dunn.
St. Ann de la Poutriere—Rev. Mr. Bourret.
St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey.
St. Catherine's, C. E.—J. Gaughlin.
St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald.
St. Ronald & Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettergh.
Thorold—John Heenan.
Thorpeville—J. Greave.
Trenton—T. Donagan.
Toronto—Patrick Muller, 23 Shuter Street.
Templeton—J. Hagan.
West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy.
West Port—James Kohoe.
Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy.
York Grand River—A. Lawford.

PROSPECTUS OF SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE, BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

THIS LITERARY INSTITUTION is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It was opened on the 20th of September, 1848, and incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament in 1852. The Course of Instruction, of which Religion is the leading object, embraces the French, English, Latin, and Greek Languages; History, Philosophy, Mathematics, Literature, Commerce, Industry and the Fine Arts. Students presenting themselves for admission should know how to read and write. Those under ten or over fourteen years of age are received with difficulty. Parents receive a monthly report of conduct, application and proficiency of their children. Immorality, insubordination, habitual laziness, and frequent absence present reasons for expulsion. None but relatives, or those that represent them, are allowed to visit the boarders. TERMS OF ADMISSION: For Day Scholars, \$3.00 per month. For Half Boarders, 6.00 " " For Boarders, 11.50 " "

H. BRENNAN, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, No. 3 Cong Street, (West End), NEAR A. WALSH'S GROCERY, MONTREAL.

SEWING MACHINES



F. J. NAGLE'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, 25 PER CENT UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!! These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarabia. THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS

have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade: Montreal, April, 1860. We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind. BROWN & CHILDS, Montreal, April, 1860. We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines, — of which we have several in use. CHILDS, SCHOLDS & AMES, Toronto, April 21st, 1860. The three Machines you sent us some short time ago we have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of I. M. Singer & Co's that we have used. Our Mr. Robinson will be in Montreal, on Thursday next, and we would be much obliged if you would have three of your No. 2 Machines ready for shipment on that day as we shall require them immediately. Yours, respectfully, GILGATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

NAGLE'S SEWING MACHINES

Are capable of doing any kind of work. They can stitch a Shirt Bosom and a Harness Trace equally well. PRICES: No. 1 Machine, \$75 00 No. 2 " " 85 00 No. 3 " " with extra large shuttle, 95 00 Needles 60c per dozen. EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED. All communications intended for me must be prepaid, as none other will be received. E. J. NAGLE, Canadian Sewing Machine Depot, 265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Factory of Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

PATTON & BROTHER, NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING WAREHOUSE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, 42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.

Every description of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel constantly on hand, or made to order on the shortest notice, at reasonable rates. Montreal, Nov. 1859.

W. F. MONAGAN, M.D., Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: No. 103, WELLINGTON STREET, Opposite the "Queen's Engine House," MONTREAL, C.B.

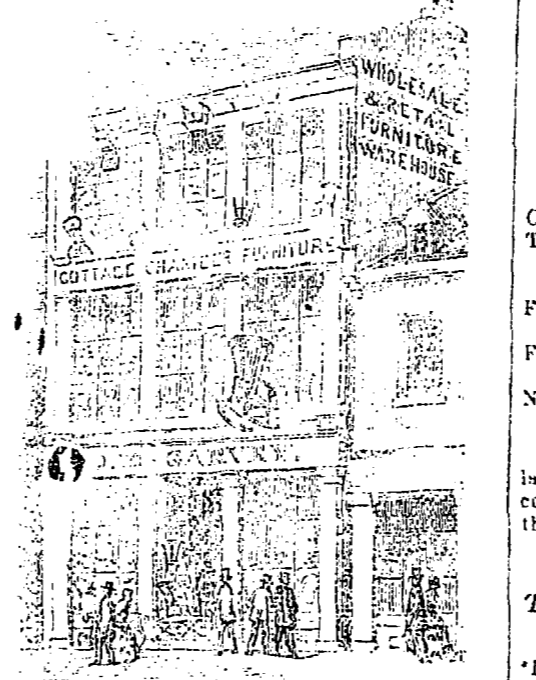
THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.

B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 30, Little St. James Street.

RYAN & VALLIERES DE ST. REAL, ADVOCATES, No. 14 Little St. Joseph Street, Near the Hotel Due Hospital.

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

M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.



M'GARVEY'S FURNITURE STORE, 244 NOTRE DAME STREET.

THE Subscriber, while returning thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal support extended to him during the last ten years in the FURNITURE BUSINESS,

wishes to inform them that having re-leased his store for a number of years, and made extensive improvements in order to accommodate his daily increasing business, he has just completed one of the largest and best assortments of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

that has ever been on view in this city, comprising every article in the House Furnishing line. To enumerate his Stock would take so large a space, that he will only name a few of the leading articles, with the prices of each:—Parlor Suits, in Rosewood, B.W. and Mahogany, from 125 to 500 dollars; Chamber Sets in Rosewood, B.W. Oak, Chestnut and Enamelled, from 20 to 250 dollars; 200 Mahogany Chairs, upholstered in the different styles, from 3.50 to 9 dollars each; Mahogany and B.W. Sofas, from 14 to 55 dolls, 4000 Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, of 30 different patterns, some entirely new, from 40c to 4 dollars each; Spring Curled Hair Mattresses, Palm Leaf and Corn Husk Mattresses, from 4 to 25 dollars each; with a very large stock of Bedsteads, of Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, &c., of different styles and prices, from 3 to 40 dollars each; a very large assortment of Marble and Wood Top Centre Tables, Looking Glasses Eight-Day and Thirty-four Clocks, Self-rocking Cradles; an extensive assortment of Iron Bedsteads, Hat Stands, Swinging Cots, Marble Top S. Looon Tables, Corner and Portable Washstands and Towel Racks. The above will be found one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Furniture ever on view in this city, and as it has been got up for Cash during the winter, will be sold at least 10 per cent below anything in the city. Please call and examine the Goods and Prices, which will convince all of the fact that to save money is to BUY your FURNITURE at O. M'GARVEY'S, 244 Notre Dame Street,

where all Goods sold are warranted to be what they are represented; if not, they can be returned three months after the date of sale, and the money will be refunded. All Goods carefully packed, and delivered on board the cars or boats, or at the residence of parties inside of the Toll Gates free of charge. — Also, constantly on hand, Solid Mahogany Veneers, Varnish, Curled Hair, and other Goods suitable to the Trade, for Cash or in exchange for First Class Furniture. Cane and Wood Seat Chairs furnished to the Trade, Finished or Unfinished, as may be required. OWEN M'GARVEY, Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, No. 244 Notre Dame Street, near the French Square, Montreal.

TWO good CABINETMAKERS and ONE CHAIRMAKER WANTED. April 26.

MRS. BUCHANAN HAS REMOVED to 106 DORCHESTER STREET Off Bleury Street.

THOMAS WALKER & CO., Wholesale and Retail WINE, SPIRIT, ALE, PORTER AND CIDER MERCHANTS, 26 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal, BEG to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have just received a well selected Stock of Liquors, and have made arrangement to deliver by Express vans, all Goods ordered at their Stores, free of expense.

TERMS CASH. All Casks, Jars and Bottles, to be paid for or exchanged on delivery.

PRICES. WINES.

Table with columns for wine types (PORT, SHERRY, MADEIRA, CHAMPAGNE, CLARET) and prices per gallon and per bottle.

Table with columns for spirits (BRANDIES, GIN, WHISKY) and prices per gallon and per bottle.

ALS AND PORTERS.

Table with columns for ales and porters (ALE, PORTER, CIDER) and prices per quart and per pint.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

ALTERATION OF TRAINS. ON and after MONDAY next, DECEMBER 3d, TRAINS will run as follows:

EASTERN TRAINS. For Richmond, Quebec and Intermediate Stations, at 8.45 A.M. For Portland and Boston (stopping overnight at Island Pond) at 5.00 P.M. Night Train for Quebec, (mixed from Richmond,) at 5.00 P.M.

WESTERN TRAINS. Two Through Trains between Montreal and Detroit daily.

Day Mail, for Toronto, London, Sarais, and Detroit, at 8.20 A.M. Mixed Train, for Kingston and all Way Stations, at 10.45 A.M. Night Express Train, (with Sleeping Cars attached) for Toronto, Detroit, &c., at 6.00 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, Nov. 12, 1860.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, & C., FOR SALE,

At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. TEAS (GREEN) GUNPOWDER, very fine. YOUNG HYSON, best quality. IMPERIAL. TWANKEY, extra fine. BLACK TEAS. SOUCHONG (Breakfast) fine Flavor. CONGOU. GOLONG. SUGARS. LOAF. DRY CRUSHED. MUSCOVADA Sugar, very light. COFFEE, &c. JAVA, best Green and Roasted LAGUARIE, do. FLOUR, very fine. OATMEAL, pure. RICE. INDIAN MEAL. B.W. FLOUR. DRIED APPLES. CHEESE, American (equal to English.) WINES—Port, Sherry, and Madeira. BRANDY—Plumet Pale, in cases, very fine; Martel, in hhds. and cases. PORTER—Dublin and London Porter; Montreal Porter and Ale, in bottles. PICKLES, &c.—Pickles, Sauces, Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Shelled Almonds, Honey Soap, B.W. Soap, Castile Soap, and English do.; Corn Brooms, Corn Dusters; Bed Cord, Cloth Lines, Shoe Thread, Garden Lines, Candles, Lemon Peel, Orange and Citron do.; Sweet Oil, in quarts and pints. STARBU—Glenfield, Rice and Saffron, fair. BRUSHES—Scrubbers and Stove Brushes; Cloth and Shoe Brushes. SPIGONS, &c.—Figs, Prunes; Spices, whole and ground; Clove, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, White Pepper, Black Pepper, Allspice, Cayenne Pepper, Macaroni, Vermicelli, Indigo, Button Blue, Segoe, Arrowroot, Sperm Candles, Tallow do.; fine Table Salt; fine Salt in Bag; Coarse do.; Salt Petre; Sardines, in Tins; Table Cod Fish, Dry; do, do, Wet; Cream Tartar; Baking Soda; do, in Packages; Alum, Copperas, Sulphur, Brimstone, Bat Bricks, Whiting, Chalk, &c., &c. The articles are the best quality, and will be Sold at the lowest prices. J. PHELAN. March 3 1860.

INFORMATION is wanted by their mother, of Bridget Sullivan, aged 20 years, and of Patrick Sullivan, aged about 19 years. When heard of last they were in Washington City. Please address to this Office for widow Mary Sullivan. United States papers will please copy.

THOMAS M'KENNA, PRACTICAL PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER, No. 52, SAINT PETER STREET, (Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets,) MONTREAL. BATH TUBS, HYDRANTS, WATER CLOSETS, FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS, &c., Constantly on hand, and fitted up in the best manner. Jobbing Punctually attended to. September 15, 1859.

BY J. PATTERSON & Co. BUSINESS NOTICE. THE undersigned beg to announce that they have LEASED those Large and Commodious Premises, No. 277 Notre Dame Street (Stephen's Buildings), and directly opposite the "Recollet Church," where they intend carrying on the BUSINESS of AUCTIONEERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

On and after the 15th current they will be ready to receive Consignments of every description of Goods, upon which liberal advances will be made if required. They will also be prepared to attend to all OUR-DOOR SALES entrusted to their management, and will spare no pains to give satisfaction to all who may favour them with their patronage. J. PATTERSON & CO.

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 3, 1858. N.B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR. From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach. Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure itching of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure eczema 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.—Adults, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, ten spoonful. As no direction can be given 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 FACT 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 of the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Strabs: these commence by a thin, acid 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, itenes 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 best to. Price, 25 cts per box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 126 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, 1856.

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

ST. ANN ALEXIS SPOUR, Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum.

ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little children in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.

Sister of St. Joseph, Hamilton, O. W.