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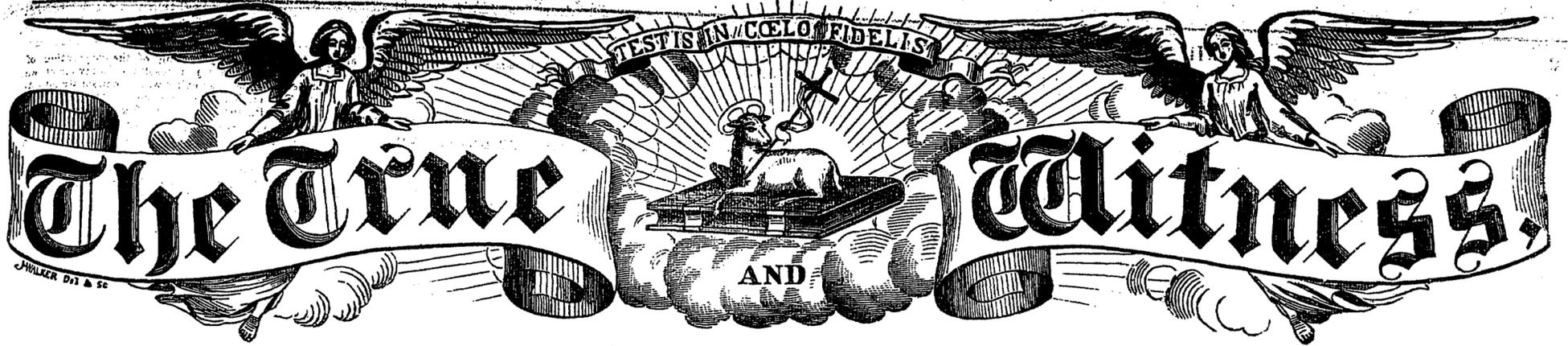
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. X.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1859.

No. 16.

THE LAST IRISHMAN.

(Translated from the French of *Elie Berthet*, by C. M. O'Keefe, for the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER V.

Richard O'Byrne, since we now know his name, took the insensible girl in his arms, and bore her far into a thicket, away from the frequented path where they might be seen. He laid her on the grass, and, though he vowed and premeditated her assassination a moment previously, he now exerted and lavished the most tender pain and care to revive her. Thanks to his efforts, Miss O'Byrne, ultimately recovered her senses, and slowly opened her eyes. Her brother dreaded lest his appearance might occasion a new shock and at the moment of her recovery, produce a relapse. With one knee on the earth, he held her hand and spoke to her with the hope of habituating her to the sound of his voice.

"Yes! it is myself, my darling sister!—why should your brother make you afraid? Do you not remember how well I loved you in your infancy—and how delighted I felt in your innocent caresses. Time and distance have not changed your brother—I am still your Richard, ready to console you in your sufferings and render you protection, if you have need of a protector."

This affectionate language appeared finally to inspire her with confidence; she at first made a silent struggle, as if she would fain escape from his presence and fly from his grasp. By degrees her eyes turned to her brother with tender timidity—then as if too weak to rise, she hung upon his neck, and melted into tears.

"Richard, my dear Richard!" she stammered, "can it be possible—is it really you?"

"For reasons that you shall know shortly, I quitted the Indian service and returned secretly to Ireland—a country to which solemn duties have summoned me—come, calm yourself, my darling, I beseech you calm yourself, and I shall explain everything which it is permitted me to explain."

He seated himself beside her, and gently and tenderly compelled her to observe silence for some minutes. At last his smile restored Julia to her speech.

"The more I think, the more I am confounded, my dear brother," said she, "it is amazing that you should be in Ireland, and neither I nor Angus should be aware of it."

"What should surprise you still more, Julia O'Byrne," said Richard, "is to see your brother or yourself in this park—I know who owns the soil we tread, the air we breathe, and the foliage which veils us with its shadow. But if I, the chief of our race, have penetrated into this accursed enclosure, where our hereditary enemies herd, it was to extricate a brother and a sister, who seemed equally to have gone astray. Julia, why should you be a corner of the hearth-stone of your inveterate enemy—why accept the crumbs that fall from their costly table—have you a right to convert your noble name into the trophy of their pride?"

"My dear brother," replied Julia, timidly, "family hate should not last for ever. Lord Powerscourt, whom you speak of, in spite of occasional fits of anger, is neither so avaricious nor so merciless as many Irish landlords. And if you knew how Lady Ellen, his daughter, nurses and tends the poor—"

"Never mention her name to me," interrupted Richard O'Byrne, in a loud voice; "I forbid you to breathe that name in my hearing." He put his hand on his own forehead as if he had received a blow.

"I will not speak of Lady Ellen, since you request it," said Miss O'Byrne, with astonishment; "but I cannot conceive why my words should irritate you; and I am apprehensive of committing a new offence should I seek to justify my conduct. Allow me merely to observe that, in obeying the sentiments of my heart, I complied with the desire of my brother, Angus."

"That is very possible, I fear," said Richard, with a pensive air. "The instincts of the Irishman have been extinguished by the sentiments of the priest, in the breast of my brother. I have already perceived the fatal change which our dear father could never anticipate. He would fain submit from Christian humility to every injustice, outrage, and oppression. He wishes to effect the impious approximation which ages of tyranny, and seas of blood, had interposed between our races. God grant he may not, one day, suffer a cruel expiation."

Julia regarded him with surprise.

"With what bitterness you speak of your brother!" said she, "Richard, have you yet seen him?—how has it come to pass that all your warm love should turn into bitter animosity?"

"I do not hate him," replied Richard O'Byrne, "but I have reason to know that a difference of opinion exists between us, which would result in altercation, should we meet face to face. I am, besides, occupied at present in business of the utmost importance, which necessitates an absolute secrecy. Hence it is that, since my re-

turn to Ireland, I have endeavored to avoid you and him, lest my presence should compromise your security and repose. Thus, Julia, I should not have made myself known to you to-day, were I not anxiously desirous of asking you a question which interests the honor of our name."

"The honor of our name, Richard!" exclaimed the young girl with a shudder—"What do you say?"

Her brother fastened a penetrating glance upon her face; taking the letter from his pocket which he had found in the park, he placed it in her hand—"Do you know this?"

Julia took the paper, and turned horribly pale. The moment she cast an eye upon its contents she seemed about to fall to the earth. "Richard!" she stammered, "by what sorcery—by what infernal art—"

"I ask you, Julia O'Byrne, do you know who wrote this letter?"

"Oh, brother!"

"Speak, Julia; I require you—I insist upon your telling me."

Her lips moved, but her voice failed; she filled up—her eyes swam in tears, and drawing herself forward with difficulty, with her face to the earth, she was seen kneeling before her brother. This attitude was significant. Richard's heart seemed cloven in his breast; he felt it rent asunder, but he remained externally calm. "I understand you," said he; "I now have another question—to whom was this letter written?"

"What?" replied the unhappy girl, crushed under the weight of her shame—"do you not know him?"

"Surely it could not be this miserable and ridiculous Englishman who was standing here a moment ago. If the daughter of the ancient kings of Leinster was desirous of selecting a paramour from the enemies of her people she would not choose, I am sure—she would not be blind enough—abandoned enough—to select the basest, vilest, and most stupid of the whole herd."

Julia buried her face in the grass, and watered the earth with her tears.

"Richard," she exclaimed, "take pity on me. Do not speak to me in the terrible tone of reproach, else I shall certainly expire at your feet. To myself I am an object of horror, and can scarcely appeal to Heaven, which seems to have forsaken me. But since you know so much—since some mysterious Power seems to have laid all my secrets open—you must know that I hate and despise the man as much as you yourself can possibly despise and hate him."

"What avail these subterfuges, wretched girl? You detest him now because he has forsaken you. But before now—"

"Do not for Heaven's sake overwhelm me with your fury," she sobbed. "I tell you my sentiments have never changed with regard to him. Of all men on earth he is the last to whom I could sacrifice the honor of my name, and my eternal salvation."

A glimpse of the horrible truth, now for the first time dawned upon the agitated mind of Richard.

"You must make a complete confession, Julia, painful as it may be. Be courageous, for I must be merciless. I am the chief of our tribe, I am your judge."

Julia continued silent; she did not hesitate; but she wanted strength. "Brother," she whispered in so low a tone that he was obliged to put his ear to her lips, and even then he rather guessed her meaning than caught her words.—

"Returning from Lady Ellen's one evening, I was hurrying alone through the park, when two powerful hands grasped me—a handkerchief was thrust into my mouth—the wretch—"

Julia fell insensible on the earth—utterly exhausted by this confession. Richard uttered a hoarse roar like the cry of a hyena, while convulsively clenching his fist with an air of terrible menace.

"What then, sister?"

"I then deemed it my duty to seek the only possible reparation for the horrible outrage—a marriage with the monster. I begged and implored him, as he is free; he has given me a promise, but he certainly seeks at present to evade that promise. To remind him of this promise and awaken his compassion, I craved an interview in my fatal letter."

Richard stood appalled by the black depth of the abyss that yawned before his eyes. His trembling sister waited with unspeakable anxiety the result of his sombre reflections. At last, taking her gently in his arms, he kissed her forehead. "Rise," he exclaimed; "noble daughter of Byrne. It is not at my feet, but in my heart that you should lie. For in my eyes, as in those of Heaven, you are still chaste and pure. All that now remains is to console and avenge you."

"To avenge me, Richard?" asked Julia, in alarm; "are we to have more blood, fury and quarrel. Heaven knows how bitterly I hate him; but why shed his blood or your's?" Have

I not already told you that he promised me the only possible reparation of his crime. He will marry me, and the hostility of the two families will be terminated by this marriage."

"He marry you?" exclaimed Richard O'Byrne, with a bitter smile. "Are you foolish enough to believe in the sincerity of such an engagement. He the heir of this broad demesne—a future lord of England, to marry a poor, penniless girl sprung from a persecuted race.—He may now boast in the clubs of his triumph over the descendant of Irish Kings. He may have stooped a moment in order to enjoy that triumph, but he will never share his usurped wealth or tarnished name with Julia O'Byrne.—It is nonsense and even criminal to expect it. In reality," added O'Byrne, in a low tone: "I am not sure that my indignation would not be roused by the reparation as much as by the crime."

After some moments' silence, she exclaimed in a tone of melancholy, full of sweetness, "Nothing, then, remains for me but to die; for in this condition I certainly cannot live."

Richard stood facing her. "No daughter of our people, in the time of our greatness, could survive such a stain. It was the duty of her nearest kinsman to strike her dead, whether she were innocent or guilty. But times are changed, and ideas and laws are now different. Fear nothing, Julia; though the honor of our name be tarnished in your person, you must reconcile yourself to life."

"Though you will not avow it, Richard, I know you meditate revenge. But wait a few days before you execute your projects; I shall endeavor to obtain justice."

"I have as yet formed no projects, Julia. I could willingly sacrifice my life to avenge you.—But at present, interests absorb my mind which are dearer than the life I would sacrifice to honor. But on your part, what do you hope to do, my love?"

"I only ask a few days, and you shall know all. Angus is at present unacquainted with this fatal secret. If you see him, Richard, for Heaven's sake do not breathe a syllable of it—"

"Angus is the true cause of our present calamities," said Richard, "his hand pushed aside the barriers which separated our hostile families. He should be made to know the bitter fruits of his weakness and desertion. Why are you so anxious to shield him from anxiety? He will easily find a text in his Breviary to console him. But you need fear nothing on that score. I do not wish to see Angus. I must not see him."

"Richard," cried the young girl earnestly, "you wrong Angus. He does not deserve, I assure you—"

Julia suddenly paused. The most horrible and heart-rending cries struck her ear and paled her face.

"My God!" she exclaimed in affright, "some one is certainly in danger. Oh! brother, don't you hear those cries for help?"

"What is it to us?" asked Richard with ferocious calmness and indifference. "We have no friends in this place."

"I think I know the voice. Oh! God! it is Lady Ellen."

"Lady Ellen?" inquired her brother. He listened with attention. The cries, evidently those of a woman, terrified, palpitating, and out of breath, became more and more vehement and piercing. He bounded through the shrubbery—when he had advanced about twenty steps he entered a slight clearing. Here he at once perceived the cause of the cries of distress which rung in his ears.

Every one knows that wild beasts, and particularly stags, are subjected to fits of madness in spring. In this state they rush with blind and headlong fury on everything which approaches them. Among the animals which just then were cropping the sward in Powerscourt Park was a majestic stag with ten antlers. This wild, magnificent, and powerful creature was suddenly animated by the vertigo in question, and rushed impetuously on an individual in passing through the alley without suspicion. This unfortunate individual was Lady Ellen who had been detained in the Park by some inexplicable circumstance.

It was to very little purpose that the beautiful Amazon endeavored to shelter herself from the fury of the attack by flying into the shrubbery—the boughs of which in some degree obstructed the furious action of the driving antlers. How was it possible to escape an animal in delirium, that bounded over obstacles as if he were winged, and snapped boughs, branches and shrubs as thick as the human arm? Accordingly, when Richard entered the clearing, the drama was approaching its murderous catastrophe. Lady Ellen had fallen exhausted on the grass, still courageously facing her enemy, and brandishing a silver-mounted riding-whip. The stag, with haggard eyes and inflamed nostrils, driving forward with his formidable antlers, which were lowered to the ground, was six paces from her, vexing himself by tilting at a few feeble shrubs

that alone separated him from his prey. Richard O'Byrne, with all the coolness of a man accustomed to scenes of danger, perceived at a glance the dreadful imminence of her peril, and placed himself between the furious beast and the prostrate lady. He said, in a low, commanding voice, "Do not stir, Lady Ellen." He then swiftly rent his mantle from his shoulders, and as he spoke shook it rapidly, in order to attract the attention of the antlered monarch. The latter turned his threatening looks at his new adversary, hesitated a second, and lowering his horns, rushed upon him with brutal and headlong fury.—Richard awaited him with courage and firmness, and hastily availed himself of the stratagem which the *toradors* often employ in the Spanish games. He pitched his mantle dexterously over the head of the stag, so as to cover the animal's face.—The animal, suddenly blindfolded, drew back, then drove forward, and then capered and bounded in an awkward manner, in vain efforts to get rid of the cumbersome mantle; the ample drapery was apparently nailed to his horns, and increased the creature's fury by its wagging and sweeping undulations. The stag finally succeeded in rending it asunder and tearing it off his hand, and then vented his fury on the fragments by striking, tossing and trampling it. Richard took immediate advantage of this opportunity; he drew a long, keen poignard, which he never wholly laid aside, and struck the stag with the dexterity of an accomplished sportsman immediately inside the shoulders. The quadruped dropped upon its knees, and awkwardly threatened to strike an enemy it could not reach with those formidable antlers, but strength was wanting; the brute became gradually weak and weaker, for life was ebbing fast from the hairy breast in a gush of black thick blood, which sullied and spread over the grass, a moment before enamelled with flowers.

"Oh, thank God, you are saved, my dear Lady Ellen," exclaimed Julia; "but, good God! are you not wounded? The ferocious animal has, I fear, touched you with its horns—horns which are said to be horribly dangerous."

"I am not yet quite sure," replied Lady Ellen, with her usual vivacity; "allow me to ascertain," she continued, gently repelling Miss O'Byrne, who tried to help her to rise. "I suspect I am still alive. I believe I am more frightened than hurt. You see I can stand alone, and I fancy that for this time my precious person has escaped; but it was lucky my courageous liberator came so opportunely; if his hand had been less firm, and his aim less sure, we had both been done for."

Meantime Richard appeared busily employed in gathering up his mantle which had been sorely maltreated by the stag, and equally busy in wiping his bloody dagger in the herbage.

"I have met with more formidable animals in India," said Richard, turning his head aside; "a Bengal tiger is more difficult to kill than a tame stag in an Irish park."

"The poor stag," said Ellen, notwithstanding his natural gentleness, could not be expected to treat us better than tigers. But let us respect the dead. Can I know, sir, to whom I am indebted for this great service?"

"Lady Ellen," cried Miss O'Byrne, with surprise and impetuosity, "you do not know him then?—He is —"

An ardent glance from her brother silenced the young lady. But the motion that he made enabled Ellen to see his entire front face, and she exclaimed with a blush:

"Oh! this is my unknown acquaintance of the stean packet?"

"Is it possible?" cried Julia.

Richard bowed. "I could not flatter myself," he said, with embarrassment, "that Lady Ellen preserved the memory of so frivolous an event. I hope she has long since forgiven me, if there is anything in my language offensive to the daughter of Lord Powerscourt; I was not at the time aware of her rank."

Lady Ellen's blush became more and more vivid. "You spoke as the friends of Ireland should speak, sir, and notwithstanding the severity of your judgment on certain men, and modern times. But discussion on politics would be out of place in this park at the present moment. Will you permit me, sir, to invite you to follow me to Powerscourt House and receive the thanks of a father to whom you have restored an only child?"

"No, no, excuse me," replied O'Byrne, hurriedly; "you exaggerate the importance of a service that any of your game-keepers would have rendered as readily and effectually, as I.—Lady Ellen, excuse me; business of importance requires my presence elsewhere."

"I understand," said Lady Ellen, with a melancholy tone—"I have heard the opinions you uttered so lately of the aristocracy of Ireland, and I can easily comprehend your reluctance to accompany me to Powerscourt House. I should hope however that my father might form an ex-

ception to the hatred you cherish for an aristocracy of English origin. But, hold, Miss O'Byrne, let me tell you," added she, turning to Julia, "that when this accident occurred, I was following you, in the hope of overtaking you before you quitted the park—for I have good news for you."

"Good news, Lady Ellen," said Julia.

"The haste with which I ran to communicate it roused and irritated that horrible stag . . . my dear Julia, my father returned to the house, after his visit to the village, and though he is still irritated about McDonough's affair, I have extracted a promise that no one shall suffer for the assault."

"But it seems to me, lady Ellen," answered Julia, "that it is you whom we should thank for the act of mercy."

Richard could not conceal his astonishment.

"What," said he, "is it possible Lord Powerscourt pardons his tenants after an outrage so violent!—can he have really forgiven them without resource and unconditionally?"

"No one shall be legally prosecuted," answered Lady Ellen, in an embarrassed manner; "but it is impossible, it appears, to suffer such an outrage to pass entirely unpunished. Three farmers must be dispossessed of their holdings, as, amongst other reasons, they have not paid their rent. The Steward, Jamieson, will ascertain from McDonough the parties who deserve this punishment."

"Then the mercy of Lord Powerscourt consists," said Richard, "in driving out three families to beg, or starve, or perish of hunger on the highway."

The young lady raised her head and lowered her beautiful eyebrows as she replied:—

"Sir, if you saved my life a hundred times, I would not suffer you to question my father's generosity—I do not see what right you have to establish yourself censor of a nobleman in the presence of his daughter, and almost in his own house."

"My dear Lady Ellen," cried Julia, in a tremor of anxiety, "do not get vexed with him—if you knew—"

Richard, with a gesture, imposed silence on Julia, as he said to lady Ellen, in a melancholy tone:—

"Do not speak to me in that hostile way.—Though your acquaintance is not very long, it would be painful to me to merit your displeasure. Suspicion is, perhaps, permissible to him who has passed his existence in meditations on the misfortunes of his country; but I must not expose myself longer to the danger of using language which may possibly displease you. Adieu, Lady Ellen." He saluted her respectfully and was about to depart.

"Am I not to know the name of my brave defender?" said Lady Ellen. "Julia, you appear to know him—indifference on my part, on this subject, might be construed into ingratitude."

"Do you desire it, Lady Ellen?" resumed Richard, looking at her earnestly. "Well, I should make some reparation for employing language which appears to have displeased you—my name is, I fear, proscribed this very moment, and will doubtless, ere long, resound in your ears, accompanied with many odious and degrading epithets. To you, nevertheless, I confide a secret on which my life depends, I am Richard O'Byrne." So saying, he bowed low, turned away, and heedless of his sister, who repeatedly called after him, plunged into the foliage, and disappeared in the shrubbery from which he had previously emerged.

The alarm of Julia appeared to increase the moment he was lost to sight, while Lady Ellen remained silent and appeared quite stupefied.

"Is that really your brother, Julia? Did you not tell me he was in the Indies?"

"I thought, an hour ago, he was abroad," answered Julia.

"But did you hear what he said—his life is in danger—he is proscribed! What can be the nature of his new misfortune? Has he not told you his purpose—what?—don't you know—?"

"Nothing, I know nothing Lady Ellen. He stood suddenly before me a moment ago, here in the park, as if he had dropped from the skies, without telling me how he got in, or how he reached Ireland, or how he came hither. It turned out that facts, which I thought the world was ignorant of, were well known to him; he addressed me in terrible language—he made me tremble with his words. Now he has disappeared, and where he has gone no one knows. Nor did he tell me when he will return, nor would he consent to see his brother—a brother that idolized him. All this, I think, presages something dangerous—nay, something appalling."

Lady Ellen was silent for a moment.

"I am not without my fears, too," said Lady Ellen. "Nevertheless, your brother's secret must be religiously kept. He does not appear to be a man likely to exaggerate danger; and indiscretion on his part, or that of his friends

might be attended with fatal consequences. An for me, my solemn promise I shall never betray him. But here is the difficulty, continued she, pointing to the stag, whose enormous body lay swamped and floating in a sea of blood, "I cannot mention the danger which I have escaped, if I must not mention the miraculous succor that saved me. Neither my father nor Sir George would ever believe the deep gash in that neck was inflicted by my feeble hand.—Come, help me, Julia—what shall I say?"

"Oh, be the mortal-of-war I forgot," exclaimed Gunn. "Tell me this," he continued, "for whom does the wether run in Ireland?" "For the Sassanagh landlord," answered the blind man, with a smile. "All is right, my hearty," shouted Gunn, wringing him by the hand, "with a peculiar pressure of the wrist, only known and used amongst ribbonmen. Cead-mill-faithie, you're heartily welcome, Mr. Gunn—follow me."

They entered a sloping passage, and, after a few paces, reached an ample stable furnished with a rustic but commodious stall, sufficiently furnished for present exigencies. "Begorras, you're the broth of a boy, Mr. Daly. Oh, bluggern brown, who'd think there was ever such a stable hid away among the ould walls?" The horse was speedily brought in and put up by the experienced hands of the trumpeter. "By me long song, you're a jontleman every inch of you, Mr. Daly!" exclaimed he, while grooming the horse—"you have got a place here fit for the horse of the commander-in-chief." While Jack was thus speaking, the blind man suddenly exclaimed:—"I hear the Colonel's foot—he is walking fast—he'll be here in a moment."

The blind man hastily groped his way out of the stable, and had barely reached the outer apartment when Richard O'Byrne entered the front door. He saluted Daly with an air of distraction, and threw himself into a chair. Jack Gunn, who had followed the old man from the stable, coughed violently. The Colonel raised his head, and dreamily scanned him for a moment, without apparently recognizing him. "Oh, is this you, Jack Gunn?" he exclaimed, at last, "your old comrades would hardly know you in this new costume—bon jour camarade."

Jack returned his Colonel's greeting with a military salute, and presented him with a package of letters, which the Colonel proceeded to devour. "Is there no letter from Tipperary?" asked the Colonel. "The Delegates of Tipperary will meet your honor to-night," said Jack. "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed O'Byrne, "all my afflictions are effaced by this excellent news. Having addressed some additional inquiries to Jack Gunn, he observed,— "Now, Jack, my friend, I am acquainted with all that I wish to learn, and I return you thanks for your zeal and fidelity in this critical conjuncture. Take some food and rest—there is straw in the corner—I shall need your services again to-morrow—Enough for the day is the evil thereof."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

THE BISHOPS AND THE IRISH MEMBERS.—It was recently stated that the "Liberal" Irish Members had refused to co-operate with the Hierarchy, and Mr. Mr. Maguire and The O'Donoghue were censured for not having given the public some information relative to the parties thus acting.

A new market-house and town-hall are to be erected at Navan, and the Duke of Bedford has granted a free site. At the quarter sessions lately held at Cootehill two members of the constabulary were decreed in thirty shillings for having committed an assault in the barracks upon a prisoner of the name of O'Hara, who was proved to the satisfaction of the learned chairman, P. M. Murphy, Esq., V.O., to have been insensibly drunk at the time.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1859.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SINCE through their Pastors the Catholics of France, Germany, and Spain, are protesting against the indignities offered to the Sovereign Pontiff, it was but meet that the voice of Catholic Ireland should make itself heard on the same subject. So, on Thursday, the 3rd ult., a large and influential meeting of the Clergy of the Archdiocese of Dublin, presided over by His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, and Primate of Ireland, was held in the Chapel of St. Kevin. The proceedings were opened by His Grace the Primate, to whom followed the Very Rev. Monsignore Yore, who moved the first Resolution to the following effect:—

That this meeting views with grief and abhorrence the violent and sacrilegious invasion of the territories of the Church, which is just now being made and perpetrated, together with the efforts unceasingly made to undermine the legitimate authority of the Sovereign Pontiff; and that we repudiate as false and calumnious, the charges so insparingly uttered by the enemies of the Holy See, and indignantly propagated by the anti-Catholic press, against the paternal government of the Supreme Pontiff.

This Resolution, seconded by the Rev. Dr. O'Connell of St. Mary's, having been carried unanimously, the following Resolutions were submitted to the Meeting, and adopted without opposition:—

Proposed by the Very Rev. B. Russell, O.P., seconded by Canon McCabe, P. P.

Resolved—That the Temporal Government of the Holy See, most venerable for its antiquity, most legitimate in its origin, and most providentially secured and preserved for so many ages for the benefit of religion, is justly deemed necessary for the freedom of the Church and the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff in its Government. An attack, therefore, upon the temporal dominions of the church is not so much a violation, however unjust, of the supreme rights of a most august and venerable temporal ruler, as a sacrilegious invasion of the Church, and an injury inflicted on the whole Catholic body throughout the world.

Proposed by the Very Rev. Canon Redmond, P. P.; seconded by the Rev. T. M'Namara, C. M., Pibbsborough:

Resolved—That a humble address of condolence and sympathy with our Holy Father the Pope, under his present severe trials, be prepared in the name of this meeting, and that His Grace the Archbishop be respectfully requested to forward this expression of our sentiments for presentation to His Holiness.

Proposed by the Very Rev. Father Curtis S. J.; seconded by the Very Rev. Monsignor Meagher, V. G. P. P.:

Resolved That we call upon the Catholic laity of all classes, and especially on our Catholic Representatives in Parliament, on gentlemen of station and property, on the members of the Catholic and Liberal Press, and all who possess political, social or literary influence, to unite with us in defence of the unjustly assailed character and prerogatives of their supreme Pastor, and in support of the sacred and inalienable rights of the Church.

We subjoin the Address to which reference is made above:—

MOST HOLY FATHER. We the undersigned Archbishop and Clergy, secular and regular, of the diocese of Dublin, beg to approach your Holiness, and to testify our sincere attachment and profound veneration for your Holiness's most sacred person and throne.

The devotion to your Holiness and to the Chair of St. Peter, which we have always cherished, and cease not to instill into the willing hearts of our faithful, we feel our duty to manifest in an especial manner under circumstances like the present, of peculiar trials and difficulties which menace our beloved Father and Pontiff. As members of one body, solicited each for the other, so that the humblest cannot suffer without occasioning pain to all (1. Cor. xii), how can we not feel the most acute anguish when the head itself is afflicted?

Portion, too, of the church of a nation which God in his inscrutable designs has permitted to be severely tried for its constancy and unwavering attachment to the Holy Catholic faith, we owe an especial debt of gratitude to the Apostolic See.

During long ages of persecution the voice of Peter, speaking to his successors, directed and supported us—their benediction consoled and encouraged us—their boundless munificence aided us in the necessities of our churches: finally, when, at a still later period, the horrors of famine and a devastating pestilence swept over the entire face of our island, it is the remembrance of all how, amongst the earliest acts of your ever-memorable and glorious Pontificate, your voice was raised to enlist in our behalf the sympathies of the entire Christian world; and you even contributed munificently to the relief of our misery from your over-taxed resources.

With unspeakable horror, therefore, and regret, we daily hear how the wicked and factious, availing themselves of a disturbed condition of political affairs, mainly occasioned by their own machinations, are unceasing in their efforts to destroy the temporal sovereignty of your Holiness, and to alienate the patrimony of the church, with the further design, which does not escape our observation, of subverting were it possible, the Apostolic Chair itself and Holy Catholic Church, of which it is the foundation; and we are overwhelmed with sorrow at the thought of the profound affliction into which so much ingratitude and perversity of some of your children and the apprehension of so many evils to religion and society, have plunged the paternal heart of your Holiness.

But, fear not, Most Holy Father—if yet to children it be permitted to address to their august parent the language of exhortation—the faith which through the lips of the blessed Patrick, our forefathers received from your Holiness's predecessor, St. Celestine, and our confidence in the divine goodness allow us not to doubt of a speedy and glorious termination to the difficulties which your Holiness has to encounter.

We know that Christ's kingdom upon earth; of which you are the visible head, must endure unshaken to the end of ages; and hence the winds and the waves of the fiercest persecution shall beat in vain against the firm solidity of the rock, fixed by God himself, in the foundation of His Church, and supported by which no structure can have permanence or stability (Saint Leo).

We do not apprehend that Divine Providence, who so wisely ordained the temporal authority of the Popes for the Church's welfare, and the freedom of its government, will cease still as heretofore to protect your Holiness in the full possession of the undisturbed sovereignty of the patrimony of St. Peter, and the temporal dominions of the Church; rather do we feel assured that, emerging from the difficulties that surrounded it and menace its existence, this all important prerogative of the Holy See shall be still more firmly consolidated than before, not so much by the artificial accessories with which the wisdom of the world would surround and support it, as by its own inherent righteousness and its tenacious fidelity to the providential mission for which it has been ordained.

Vain, too, and devoid of foundation are the pretences of a miss-called liberty and fancied social ameliorations which the impious disturbers of all human and divine order would fain have us believe they would originate, ceasing not, moreover, in their efforts to poison the public mind, as they fill the ear with calumnious and most exaggerated, but at the same time studiously vague and unsubstantial reports of evil which they pretend call loudly and in vain, except at their hands, for a remedy.

We do not believe—Most Holy Father—the world does not, in its inmost heart, believe these calumnies. They are falsified by the records of impartial history, bearing testimony to the civilising influences of the Sovereign Pontiffs, felt even from the remotest period all over Europe, and to the untiring solicitude and energy with which they have invariably sought the greater good of the people subjected to their temporal sway.

Never, however, have accusations, such as these, been more groundless—never so utterly undeserving the attention of any reasonable mind as at the present time, when the unexampled exertions of your Holiness for your people's welfare, made from the commencement of your glorious Pontificate, and despite of innumerable obstacles persevered in, are still fresh in the remembrance of all, or, even, actually present under men's eyes.

Confide then, Most Holy Father. Now, as oft heretofore, "The Gentiles may rage, and the powerful ones of the earth conspire against the Lord and His Anointed; but He who dwelleth in the Heavens shall laugh them to scorn and mock at them." (Psalm 2). The Immaculate Virgin—destroyer of all heresies, will intercede for the Church, and protect her Divine Son's Vicegerent, who has been so solicitous for her honor. The Blessed Peter and Paul, princes of the Apostolic College, and special defenders of the Church, will guard its sacred inheritance and the residence of its supreme pastor. "Those pious and religious monarchs, whom God has endowed with valor and strength, for the welfare of Christendom, will not fail to regard the protection of Christ's Vicar, and the service of his Church, as at once their duty, their interest, and the surest guarantee for their own security, the stability of their thrones, and the endurance of their dynasties. The whole Catholic world, in fine, will unite, to visit with just indignation, and to stigmatise as a wicked and criminal invasion of rights the most venerable and sacred, every attempt made to undermine the government and authority of your Holiness.

Joined by our faithful people, now as ever ready to sacrifice themselves and all things for the sacred cause of religion, we daily supplicate, at the throne of Divine Grace, that God in His mercy may cause your Holiness's bitter afflictions speedily to cease, and that the Church, soon restored to tranquillity, may enjoy the blessings of peace under a long and glorious continuance of the Pontificate of your Holiness.

Prostrate, in fine, before the throne of your Holiness, we humbly implore for ourselves, and our beloved people the Apostolic Benediction.

(Signed on behalf of the meeting), PAUL CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin, &c. L. CANON FORBES, Secretaries. JAMES MURRAY,

The affairs of the Continent of Europe are as unsettled as ever. Prince Carignan has declined the Regency offered to him by the Central Italian States; but no progress has been made towards any solution of the Italian question.

The Bohemian and European put us in possession of European intelligence to the 19th ult.—The Powers who signed the Treaties of Vienna, together with the Pope, Piedmont, and Naples, are invited to assist at the Congress, which was expected to meet at Paris. The chief topic of discussion in the English press is the decided and daily increasing hostility of the French press towards Great Britain. This, coupled with the enormous naval and military preparations making by France, and which can have no object except war with Great Britain, is exciting much anxiety in England. A war with France is looked upon as inevitable; as a policy that Louis Napoleon is determined to force upon Great Britain as a means of establishing his popularity not only with the army, but with all classes of French society. For the fact cannot be denied or concealed that Great Britain, is universally detested throughout France.

A VERY PRETTY QUARREL.—The Toronto Globe and the evangelical Montreal Witness are most amusingly at loggerheads; and though we have no intention of interfering betwixt the disputants, yet a brief sketch of their quarrel, its origin, and progress, cannot but be amusing and no doubt profitable to those who will take the trouble of meditating thereupon.

The Witness complains that for some months past the Globe has been less virulently anti-Catholic than it used to be; that it leaves the Montreal Witness to fight almost single-handed the battle against Popery; and instances in particular the Globe's reliance on the claims of the Methodists for special State assistance to a Methodist educational establishment.

The Globe replies with the "retort courtoise." It, or rather Mr. George Brown, has "great respect for the earnestness and consistency with which the Witness has always opposed the errors and encroachments of Romanism;" but nevertheless refuses to submit himself to the censorship of the Montreal journal. Pointing to

his editorials, like the old soldier, proudly pointing to his scars, Mr. G. Brown recounts his services to the holy cause in which he and his censor, the Witness, are alike engaged. Who, he asks, has ever shown himself such an enemy of Popery, such a foe to Komish Ecclesiastical corporations, as has Mr. George Brown? "From 1850 to the present moment, what man in public life has pursued the same firm unwavering course in regard to these hurtful institutions as has Mr. Brown?" Mr. Brown is right; he was, he is, the enemy, the bitterest enemy, and the unscrupulous libeller of all that we, Catholics, do most by honor and cherish. His vindication of the Globe is complete. He indignantly asks:—

"In what other general newspaper is there published so large a portion of the news of the day in reference to Popery?—and from what source have equally firm denunciations appeared against the recent Manifesto of the Bishops—against Father Bruyere's dinner speech—against the Starr abduction case?"

In none, and from none we reply. If there be a mendacious libellous journal in Canada it is the Globe; if there be one man from contact of any kind with whom the Catholic should shrink, as from pollution, it is Mr. George Brown of the Globe; if there be one man more than another who merits our abhorrence, it is the leader of the "Protestant Reformers" of Upper Canada. He boasts, and not without reason, of the insults he has offered to us, of his malignant and unswerving hostility to our Church:—

"When the Roman Catholic Hierarchy brought their influence to bear in the political arena against the Liberal party in their efforts to secularise the Clergy Reserves—we denounced their proceedings with all our strength. When session after session they forced from the pusillanimity of the Government fresh grants of public money to fill the coffers of the church, we protested with all indignation. When year after year they demanded new Corporation Acts to lock up large tracts of land from cultivation and improvement, we opposed them urgently and incessantly. And when the noblest institution of our land—the Common School system of Upper Canada—was threatened with slow but sure destruction, by the hypocritical cry of infidelity raised against it, we sought to rouse, and did arouse the alarm of the people, and to rally them in its defence."—Globe.

Mr. Brown scarce does himself justice. Who, he might have asked, when the obscene Garazzi a few years ago was lecturing in Canada, holding up our priests to the fury of the rabble, and denouncing our Sisters of Charity as prostitutes and "she-devils," who then was most loud in his applause of the unmanly scoundrel!—who in his scurrilous abuse of Irish Catholics, rivalled, if he did not even surpass, his friend Gavazzi? Who by his incessant denunciations of Popery, and his appeals to the savage passions of the Protestant cavaille of Toronto and the large cities of Upper Canada, against the "Dogans," swelled the ranks of Orangism, and raised that dangerous society to the influential position that it now occupies? George Brown, the editor of the Globe, we reply, anxious to do the good man justice; and to assure him that we have not forgotten his services, and never will forget them until they shall have been repaid, and that to the uttermost farthing.

But in justice to the other party to this quarrel, to the Montreal Witness, we must recognise that there is a slight foundation for its complaints against the Globe. Mr. George Brown needs at present the assistance of the "Dogans;" and it would not, therefore, suit his game to allow the Globe to be abusing the said "Dogans," their priests, and Sisters of Charity, as was its wont a few months ago; and as it will abuse them again when, through the influence of the "Dogans," he shall have fairly matured his anti-Catholic policy, and shall have no further need of his "Popish Allies." Not that the man's sentiments towards Popery, as he himself assures us, and as we readily believe, have undergone the slightest change. He is still, as ever, the uncompromising enemy of our schools, our convents, and of our Church; and indeed, to give the man his due, the only inducements he holds out to Catholics to join him, and his gang are the prospects of a share in the spoils of office, should a re-distribution of government patronage reward his and their patriotic efforts.

How our "natural Kawtholic allies" will relish this cavalier treatment it is not for us to say; but—(it is a merciful dispensation of Providence)—creatures that are by their nature doomed to eat filth, are provided with strong stomachs.—Still the following passage from the Globe, in which Mr. G. Brown taunts the Catholic laity of Upper Canada with their sordid indifference to the spiritual interests of their children, and their indisposition to carry out the recommendations of their Pastors, should not, and will not if our brethren have any regard for their own honor, be allowed to pass in silence.

"It was a French priest who raised the first complaint in Upper Canada against the national school system; and it is French Canadians who have kept up the agitation in the Assembly against it, in spite of the protestations of an immense majority of the people of the West and their representatives in Parliament. The Roman Catholics of Upper Canada never sought the position of a separate political party—they were content to stand their chance in the melee with their Protestant fellow subjects,—until the schemes of the Lower Canada hierarchy forced the contest of sectarianism on the community."—Globe.

This is a repetition, it will be seen, of the insult offered by Mr. Brown to the Catholic delegates to the Convention. The latter tamely put up with the fellow's insolence; but we trust that, with the great mass of the people, more generous sentiments obtain; and that they will repudiate the action of their representatives, and so redeem themselves from the deep stain that has been cast upon their honor and manliness. Mr. Brown affirms that separate schools have been forced "by the Lower Canadian hierarchy" on the Catholics of Upper Canada, who are quite satisfied with the common schools as they are, and "content to stand their chance in the melee with their Protestant fellow subjects." Is this true, Catholics of Upper Canada, or is it false? Is George Brown again but a mendacious libeller? or are you what he says you are—and what we cannot attempt even to write! It remains with you to answer these important questions.

We suppose that the Bishop of Toronto is here insidiously alluded to.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.—Our intelligent separated brethren are continually making the most wonderful discoveries of "mare's nests," and publishing to the world new and awful revelations of the abominations of Popery. The good men think no doubt that they are doing great things, indeed immortalising themselves: whilst in sober earnest there is not one who is not taking a vast deal of unnecessary pains to write himself down an ass. Of the nature of these marvellous discoveries and striking revelations, we copy the following as a specimen from the Montreal Witness of the 26th ult.:

"The Rev. John Goadby delivered the first of a series of lectures on "The Parallel between Popery and Heathenism" last Sabbath evening in the Baptist Church, St. Helen Street, in which, in an able manner, he showed the resemblance between those two systems, "in the burning of incense," "lighting of lamps and wax candles in the churches and temples during the day," "the use of holy water," and "votive offerings." These, together with others, arose from the hatred of human nature to spiritual religion, and the desire of worldly and ambitious pastors to make the Christian worship acceptable to the Jews and Heathen, and thus increase their power and influence. The introduction of the altar led to the idea of the priesthood, and the altar and priest as nothing without a sacrifice,—thence arose the sacrifice of the mass. No Christian Minister should be called a Priest. Mr. Goadby related several striking facts in connection with the rites and ceremonies of the heathen that he had witnessed in India. The subject will be resumed next Sabbath evening at seven o'clock, when other parallels will be mentioned."

The Rev. John Goadby no doubt flattered himself that he was dealing a terrible blow to Popery, by proclaiming the well known fact that there are many striking coincidences to be found in Popish, Jewish and Heathen modes of worship. But he did not tell his audience, perhaps because he himself was ignorant of, the reason why these coincidences do, and indeed must exist, if Popery, or Catholicity, be what its votaries assert it is.

That reason is simply this: That whilst Judaism was from God Himself, and therefore necessarily in harmony with Catholicity—if the latter be also from the same author—Heathenism itself still retained much truth; the relics of that primeval revelation, once the common property of the human race, and some traces of which are to be found in all ages and in all countries.

Heathenism was of course an error. But all error is but truth perverted; and it was solely because of the truth, the great truth which all Heathenism retained, that it lived. Pure or simple error we cannot so much as conceive of as possessed of vitality; and although many false systems of religion have obtained, and do obtain, they live, not in virtue of what is false, but in virtue solely of what is true, therein. Indeed the mere fact that any religious system has existed, and exerted an influence in the world, is, to him who is capable of thinking, a conclusive proof that it contained some truth, and that it was in virtue of that truth that it lived.

Thus Protestantism has existed, as a quasi-religious system, for some three centuries. But this prolonged existence it owes not to its Protestantism, or that wherein it is the negation of Popery—but to those great truths which it holds in common with the Catholic Church. So too Mahomedanism. It can claim a still longer existence than can the Protestant heresy; it can boast of having exercised a far more powerful influence over the human race than it has fallen to the lot of any modern Protestant sect to exercise. But this is because Mahomedanism contains many great and glorious truths, which it holds too, in common with Popery; and it is to the retention of those truths that both Protestantism and Islamism are indebted for their vitality.

And Heathenism, in like manner, in spite of its wide deviations from the primal truth, still retained some features, much disfigured indeed, but still features of, and points of resemblance with its divine original: wrapped up too as these truths for the most part were in myths, or allegories, to whose real meaning the initiated into "the mysteries" alone possessed the key, Heathenism nevertheless retained them, and in consequence lived.

So far then from finding in the analogies insisted upon by the Rev. Mr. Goadby any argument against the divine origin, and therefore the truth of Popery, we find therein a powerful argument against those who assert its a priori incredibility. Those analogies so far from startling us, are merely what we should logically expect to find, if Heathenism were but a perversion of the original truth, and the Catholic Church the legitimate heir and successor of the Synagogue. With the latter, whose divine origin even Protestants admit, Catholicity, or Popery must, if also from God, have many and striking points of contact; and if, as history and reason convince us, Heathenism was but a perversion of original revealed truth, betwixt it, and revealed truth at the present day, there must still be many most striking analogies. If indeed there were no "resemblance" whatsoever betwixt Catholicity and Judaism, and betwixt Popery and Heathenism, our faith in the divine origin of our religion would be seriously shaken.

Let us however now turn to the Rev. Mr. Goadby's logic, and we shall find that it is God Himself whom he attacks. Mr. Goadby assures us that the use of "holy water—lighting of lamps—burning of incense;" and "votive offerings"—usages which Catholicity or Popery has in common with Judaism—"arose from the hatred of human nature to spiritual religion." But if so, God is in fault; for in the first place He, according to Catholics and all non-Manicheans—is the author and creator of "human nature;" and in the second place, God Himself, when from amidst the thunders of Sinai, He made known His will to His servant Moses, expressly enjoined the use of those very things whose use the Rev. Mr. Goadby cites as evidence of "the hatred of human nature"—(which nature is the work of God)—"to spiritual religion."

The logical gentleman thus pleasantly accounts also, after his fashion, for the origin and universal adoption of "Sacrifice," and the "Sacrifice of the Mass," as the supreme act of worship which a sinful creature can tender to his justly offended Creator:—

"The introduction of the altar, led to the idea of

the priesthood, and the altar and priest was (sic) nothing without a sacrifice—thence arose the sacrifice of the Mass."

This singular genetic process, forcibly reminds us of that ingenious system of cosmogony which satisfactorily accounted for all things by placing the solid earth upon an ostrich, and furnished the ostrich with a stone to stand upon. The idea of sacrifice proceeded from the idea of priest, as that of priest proceeded from the idea of altar! But whence we may well ask, came the idea of the altar? and how, seeing that altar, priest and sacrifice are correlative, so that it is impossible to think one without thinking the two others—how came it that the idea "sacrifice" was the consequence of the idea "altar"? Chronologically we will admit that the "altar" preceded the "sacrifice," but in the logical order—no. Men did not feel the necessity of sacrificing because they had first erected altars; but they felt the necessity of an "altar" because they had first experienced the necessity of a place whereon to offer "sacrifice." They did not stumble upon the idea of "sacrifice" because they happened to have "priests;" but they made or consecrated unto themselves "priests" because they felt the need of some one to offer "sacrifice" for them.

This we contend is the true explanation of, and amply accounts for, the phenomenon that presents itself to the astonished gaze of the Rev. Mr. Goadby. God Who is the Truth was the author of Judaism. He is also the author of Popery; and as betwixt all God's works there is perfect harmony, so betwixt Judaism (which consisted essentially in a lively faith in a Redeemer to come)—and Popery—(which consists essentially in faith in a Redeemer Who has come)—there must necessarily be, to the most careless observer, many most striking resemblances. Were it otherwise, were there no such resemblances, we might at once conclude, that Judaism and Popery were by different authors.

So also with the resemblance betwixt the ceremonies of Popery, and many of the Heathen rites of worship. The Heathen commenced with the truth, which, however, they, in consequence of their being finite, and consequently liable to error, gradually corrupted; still, however, retaining in the midst of their errors and corruptions much of those essential truths which were once the common property of the human race.—Amongst the truths, however, thus preserved, was the belief in a God who could be propitiated by a vicarious atonement. This idea was universal, and underlies the whole Heathen system of sacrifice—(for which it fully accounts); and is, we may add, the very basis of Popery, which must therefore have points of resemblance with Heathenism. From Abel who offered of the firstlings of his flock, to Melchisedec, the Priest of the Most High God; from Melchisedec, through the Patriarchs, through the Synagogue, till it reached the Church, the idea of "sacrifice" as the supreme act of divine worship, has ever flowed in one uninterrupted stream. It has been the vital or animating principle of every religion that ever did exist upon earth: and from its universality, as well as from the importance attached to it, we must accept it as one of, and the chief amongst, those great divine truths, revealed to our first parents, and of which man, even in his most abject state, has never utterly lost sight. This view of the origin of "sacrifice," and therefore of its correlatives "priest" and "altar," is more in harmony with the history of the race, and the laws of a sound logic, than that which attributes its origin to "the hatred of human nature to spiritual worship;" or than that which to the same cause attributes the resemblance betwixt some of the rites of ancient Heathenism, and the ceremonies of the present Catholic Church.

MAUDLIN PHILANTHROPY.—We are certainly not surprised to learn that efforts are being made to procure a commutation of sentence for the convict Beaurgard, convicted a few weeks ago of a most brutal and cowardly murder, and now lying under sentence of death in the Montreal jail. There are still some men, and such we suppose there ever will be, anxious to thrust themselves betwixt the gallows and its most legitimate prey; and to insist rather upon what they please to term "mercy," to the criminal, than upon justice to society.

We qualify the philanthropy of these men as "maudlin," to distinguish it from genuine charity of which it is but the miserable counterfeit. It is the product, not of a good heart, but of a morbid nervous system, and has no claims upon our respect either as Christians or as citizens. If indulged, it would lead to the "break-up" of society.

If for we well consider it, all Civilisation will be found to grow either beneath the shelter of the Cross, or in the shade of the Gallows. Its minister must be either the Priest, or the Hangman. By one, or the other of the two motives—Love of God and His divine law—or dread of man, and the minister of his justice, the public executioner—all men are ruled. Absolved from both, emancipated both from the law of love, and from the law of fear, all men would become brutes, or sarages; and subside into what Jean Jacques and Protestant philosophers amusingly describe as "the state of nature;" as if God when He made man, made him, not in His own image, but as in the image of a brute created life man.

Esteeming then so highly as we do the Gallows and the Hangman—as, next to the Cross and to the Priest, the two most important factors in the product to which we give the name Civilisation, we cannot be supposed to entertain any respect, or to have any sympathy for, that "maudlin philanthropy" which delights to vent itself in diatribes against Capital Punishment.—On the contrary, we insist that the Civil Magistrate is bound, by the duty which he owes to God, by the duty which he owes to man, and by the duty which he owes to that society of which he is under God, the guardian—to see to it that the murderer dies by the hand of the hangman; to take heed and so to govern his realm that he who maliciously, and without due warrant, sheds his brother's blood, shall by the hands of

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conversion. Their last state is worse than their first. So long as they stand out in their proper characters they are understood and can be guarded against; but it requires double precaution to avoid being hoodwinked by them when they put on "the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in."

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WHERE IS PATRICK LYONS? INFORMATION WANTED OF PATRICK LYONS, who left Montreal for New York about nine years ago, and has not since been heard of.

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FIFTH YEAR: TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER MONTH. Religion; Etymology, English and French; French and English Literature; Calligraphy; Book-Keeping, by Double Entry; Commercial Economy; Geography; History of Canada under the rule of the English; Natural History; Ancient and Modern History; Geometry; Algebra; Notions of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; Vocal Music.

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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.

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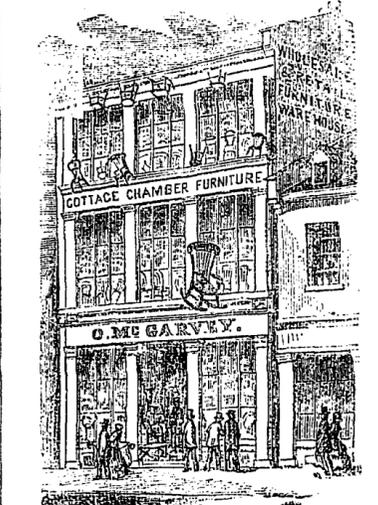
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