

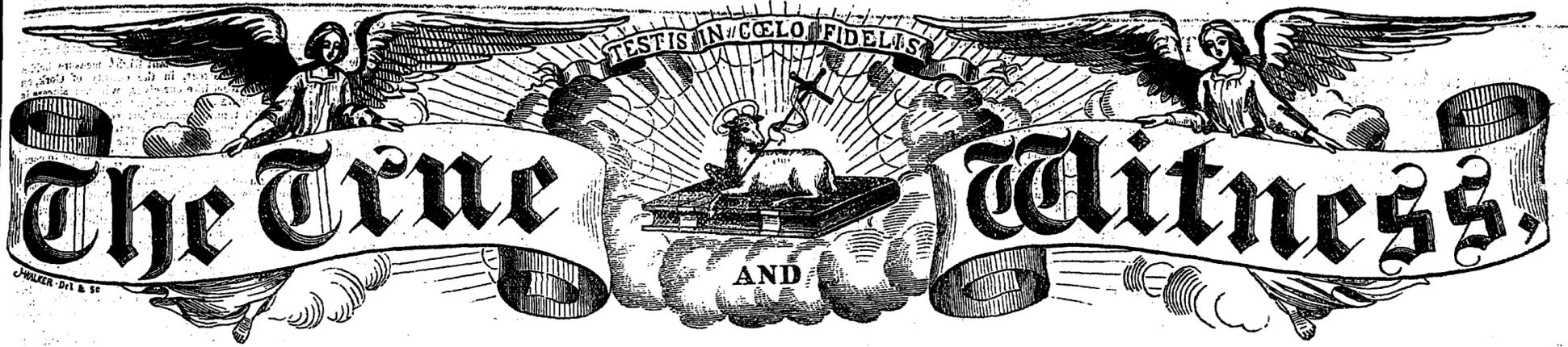
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## THE LEGACY; OR, THE MISER'S BARGAIN.

It was the close of an autumn day, and a number of Irish reapers, or, as they are called in England, "harvesters," were resting themselves after their labor on a high sloping bank, previous to repairing to their several lodging places. The faces of most of them were turned thoughtfully towards where the sun was fast sinking in red and gold beneath the horizon, as if their minds were far away in the homely cabins in which many a wife and little one waited patiently for the husband and father to bring, from "the harvest work" in a foreign land, the means to add a little to the few comforts they possessed, or, mayhap, to satisfy the grasping cupidity of the land agent, whose demands are too often limited only by the inability of his helpless victims to bear another "turn of the screw." Think of it, ye whose tongues and pens are ever so ready to lash and censure the "lazy Irish;" these poor peasants travel from the remotest parts of their native land, cross the stormy sea, less cared for than the cattle, which, on their way to glut the appetite of English beef eaters, jostle and trample them on the cheerless decks of the Channel steamers; they endure the pain of separation for months from home and family and friends; the scoffs and slights of the rude and unthinking fare scantily and work harder than any other class of agricultural laborers in the world; and all that they and their children may have wherewithal to bribe the landlord to leave the roof over their heads for a few months longer, and allow them to live in peace upon the potatoes which the little patch of "conacre" produces.—If any people exist who do and suffer in like manner, not only with uncomplaining patience, but with thankfulness when success crowns their efforts, we know it not. But this we do know, that the industry which achieves so much, under these disheartening circumstances, is capable, under proper encouragement, of raising its possessors to the highest point of social prosperity, and does so, invariably, when a fair field presents itself for its exercise.

But we must not, in our moralizing mood, lose sight of the group under our notice. A few of the younger portion, more light-hearted or less weighed on by care than their fellows, were rallying each other with rough jokes, and endeavoring to draw out those whose peculiarities promised to afford them a source of amusement.

"Look," said one of them to his comrade;—"look at old Jack Nichill's face. I'll bet a pipe o' tobacco he has a story in his head now, av we could only get it out o' him. He done a big stroke of work to-day, an' it's put him in high humor; though it's little he cares for the money he earns; an' little wonder; sure he has neither chick nor child dipindin' on him."

"A piny for your thoughts, Jack Nichill," shouted another of the group: "you're lookin' as wud as a cow in a halther, an' the boys think it wud be unfair to keep all the knowledge to yourself."

"I was just thinkin'," said the person addressed, who appeared to be the oldest among the crowd, "an' I was turnin' over in my mind all the contrary things I've hard tell or: an' what d'ye suppose is the contraryest in all nature?"

"Well," said a harvester near him, who by his dress appeared to be better off, so far as worldly gear, than his companions, "I often come across a stubborn mule, or a pig that you could n't drive, if you didn't make believe (that you wanted her to go the other way. But, to my thinkin', the wimen beats 'em all for contrariness; for if you don't give them their own way in everything they'll keep you in hot wather all the days of your life; an' if you do let 'em have their head, the divil himself couldn't hold 'em."

"You see, boys," said Nichill, with a sly wink at his auditors, "it wasn't for nothin' Phil Markahen left his saug stone cottage to thramp to the harvest in England. Well, experience is a grate tacher entirely, though his lessons do cost so much once in a while."

There was a general laugh at this sally; for it was well understood among the reapers that Phil's object in going to the harvest work was less the money he could make—which he did not want—than to get rid for a while of the surveillance of his spouse, who had the reputation of being in her way a perfect Xantippe.

"For all that," resumed the old reaper, "Phil didn't quite come up to the mark, though I suppose there is a good dale of thruth in what he sez. In all the quare an' onsartin things I ever come across, the heart of a miser or an avaricious man bates them all out an' out intirely, an' I think I can give reason for sayin' so."

"Hurroo! boys," cried the first speaker;—"didn't I tell yez Jack had a story in his head. Out wid it, Jack aroon, an' that you may never lose the use o' yer tongue."

The old man appeared to be gratified by the interest manifested in the expected illustration of his theory, for he drew the back of his horny

hand across his mouth, and without further circumlocution thus commenced:—

"Well, listen to me now, and I'll tell you a dhrill thing that happened at the death of old Mihil Doolen. He was a mighty strong, healthy man, and never tuck a grain of medicine in his whole life; sign's on it, he lived so long that he begun to think he wasn't to die at all. He was a great miser, and gathered a dale of money together, but havin' no near relations, it was always a wonder among the neighbors who'd come to his property in the end. The world an' all were looking for it, as you may suppose, and they used to be sendin him presents of all sorts—ducks and geese, and chickens, and I don't know what besides; but faix, 'twas no great gains for 'em, for young as they wor, they died one after another, and others took their places, and died too, and old Mihil still lived on.—Well, 'tis a long line, after all, that has no end to it, and so old Mihil's day come at last. Runnen out one mornen to catch a boy that was trespassen on his ground, he struck his toe against a stone; a little black spot came upon it, but Mihil thought nothing of it; the black spot spread day after day, and the neighbors told him to send for the docther, 'but,' sez Mihil, 'I never tuck any of their drugs in my born days, and why should I pizen myself with 'em at the last? besides,' sez he, 'they'd be chargen me so, 'twould be amost the ruin of me.' Another week passed on in this way, and the blackness was half up the leg, and indeed 'twas easy known, 'twas for his end it come; for his face, that was as red as a rose, got as white as paper, and he gev up eating entirely; but he'd drink the river dry, the Lord preserve us, if he had it near him. Well, the news accordingly went abroad everywhere, that Mihil was dyin, and sitch a gathering as there was immediately of all the people, far and near, that could claim any relationship with him, that, faix, you could hardly get in or out of the doore, for the crowd that was about him. There was only one man of all belonging to him who kept away, and that was Davy Burke, a poor carpenter, who was liven near the village; but Davy himself made his appearance on the last day too, more be accident hawsomer, than be any thoughts he had of gainin be it. He happened on that day to be busy at a coffin just before his own doore, when he sees Morris Morney, the pedlar, goen by.

"God bless the work," sez Morris, nodden to him.

"The same to you, Morris," says Davy;—"what news of Mihil this mornen?"

"Given over be docthors, I hear, Davy; he'll be callen on you to take his measure before evenen, I'm thinken."

"Eyeh! the neeger, 'tis equal—there's little to be got be him liven or dead. He'd be better plazed they thrum him under the sod in his odd shirt, than pay anything in rayson for his coffin."

"See that why," ejaculated Morris.

"One," continued Davy, "that hasn't chick or child in the world, and as cautious of the money as if he was never to part it; one that had the twelve barrels of potatoes rotting with him be the ditch side, in the hard summer, not fit ateing for the pigs—fine round apple potatoes—and Christhens starvin; and he wouldn't sell, nor give eather, God help us! He'd sooner set the dog after a poor man that ud be crossen his grounds, so he would. This sickness is only a thrall he's gotten, maybe, to see if he'd turn to some good now itself."

"Maybe so, faix," returned the pedlar;—"there's no knowin what turn he'd take; but indeed from all I hear of him, I believe he's off. Why don't you take a stroll down there, and see him, Davy; sure somebody will have the maken of a coffin for him any way, and who has a better right to it than a blood relation?"

"Eyeh! little he cares for his relations, Morris. There's no knowen on the earth who'll have the luck of getten the good from him.—He'd take it to the other world with him if he could."

"That I mightn't, but he'd be the cute lad in airnest if he did that, and sitch a crowd of hungry cormorants about the room watchen every turn of him. Pd advise you to take a stroll down there, at any rate, and see what you can do."

"Maybe Pd do worse," sez the carpenter, "sure it's but half a day's work gone for nothin at the worst;" so flingin his plane down on the bench, and taking a short stick in his hand, he wished Morris a good mornen, and set off with himself for Mihil Doolen's.

"As soon as he come near the house, however, the crowd around the doore were so afeerd or jealous of him, 'count of being so near Mihil be blood, that they didn't wish to let him in.—He's very bad, poor man, sez one, 'and 'tis a sin to disturb him.' 'He's as cross as the old mischief,' sez another, 'and can't bear to be spoken to.' 'His head is splittin,' says a third of 'em, 'count of all the talken—'tis the sleep

he wants.' 'Begannies then,' sez Davy, stout enough, 'the sooner ye all clear out of this, the aazier he'll be, poor man! I'm only come to get the maken of a coffin for him, and that's not what any of yez are looken for, I believe."

"They all got ashamed of this, and they didn't say another word, but drew back, and made a lane for Davy; so in he went, and took a chair be the bed side.

"Morrow, Mihil," says he; "I'm sorry to see you so poorly."

"Thankee, Davy," says the old man.

"I say I'm sorry, Mihil, because the longer time we get to repent of our sins in this world, I hope the better for us."

"Thru for you, Davy," says Mihil.

"We'd like to have somethen to say for ourselves, when we're sitten be the gate of heaven hereafter, and we hear the poor people tellen stories of us inside," continued Davy.

"Oh! mavrone, why not?" sez the sick man.

"We must all think of these things, Mihil, when our time comes, the Lord grant it to us! but if no one has worse to tell of you than I have, you'll not come off badly. You always gev me any little work you had, in regard of my large family."

"And why not, Davy?" says Mihil again, "sure you were willing to work as chape for me as another."

"Indeed, Mihil," says Davy, maken answer, "I never overcharge a stranger, let alone a blood relation; and as you're goen now—and goen, thanks to God, in a good ould ege—I thought, Mihil, you'd as live I had the maken of the coffin as another."

"Pd be better plazed you had it, Davy, than any one else," says Mihil, not at all frightened or surprised at him; "you were always reasonable."

"That I mightn't, but I strive to be so any way," sez Davy again, "and I make it a rule to give the best of work; be the same token, I have some nice, clane, dale beards cut up this minute, planed and all, that if you'd see 'em, you'd like a most to be lye in."

"And what is it you'd charge for it, finished compleat?" says Mihil, turnen to him, quite calm.

"Why then dales are high now, Mihil," answered Davy; "sixteen shillings would hardly save me in it."

"Sixteen shillings, eroo! sixteen shillings, Davy?"

"Iss, why not?" sez Davy, quietly.

"Ould Mihil shook his head.

"Well, sure you can make an offer, can't you?" cried Davy.

"Eyeh! you're beyond any offer. Salvation to me if there's any rayson at all in sitch chargen as that—sixteen shillings! Death alive man! I got as nice a coffin as Pd wish to put my foot in from Tim Nocten, for poor Kate, last Candlemas, and paid only nine and ninepence for it."

"So you might, Mihil; but you'll allow there are coffins, and coffins. 'Tisn't sitch a one as Pd put you into he gev for the money! He made it, Pd be bail, of half-inch stuff, and it might have answered for Kate, maybe; but you're an ould friend of mine, Mihil, for whom I have a regard, and indeed it's long till Pd let you be nailed up in a card-box of that kind."

"I'm obliged to you all the same, Davy," sez Mihil, "but indeed I couldn't afford so much as you charge; if you said nine and tenpence, or nine and elevenpence, maybe Pd dale with you."

"Ove! ove! Mihil, you're runnen away with the business entirely; 'tisn't half price, hardly. Consider, you're not one of those dawney craythurs that one could put up in a soap box; you're long, Mihil, and square about the chest; you'd take two good twelve feet dale boards a'most, not to spake of nails, and the mounting."

"Pd tell you what, Davy," sez Mihil, "Pd like to dale with you, if I could; say ten shillings, and 'tis a bargain."

"Oh! murther! there's no dalein with you, Mihil; you were always a hard man; but if we can't agree itself, there's no harm done, I hope; and my advice to you, Mihil—my last advice 'ud be, to make up as well as you can, after you're gone, to those poor craythurs, that I'm afeerd you thought too little of here. A good mornen, and a happy end to you, and that's the worst I wish you." And Davy shook hands with the sick man, and left him.

"There was something like a tear standen in Mihil's eyes as he looked after Davy, and he was very quiet, saying nothing for a long while. At last, sez he, all of a sudden, out of a drame like. 'Wint' any of ye bring me the priest?' 'Twas the first time he asked for him since his illness begun, and the crowd about him were glad when they heard it, for they were tired of waiting for him to die day after day. Indeed he held out so long, that some of 'em begun to think he mightn't die at all; but now, when he called for the priest, they knew he was off, and two or three of them ran like mad for the clergy. As soon as he arrived at the house, he was shut up in the little room with Mihil for some time; there was

soon after a call for a pen and ink, and those outside were all in a grate taken to know what was goen on, for they knew by the ordherin' of the pen and ink, that Mihil was settlen his affairs.—The priest kem out after a good hour, and the crowd followed him to the doore, thryen to make out who had a chance of the money; but he left 'em just as wise as he found 'em.

"Well, things went on as before, and towards evenen Mihil got worse and worse, and his skin cowlde. 'I'm a'most gone, I believe,' sez he—for the oppression was getting heavier, and he could hardly get the words out, bekase of the hiccup constant on him.—'I'm a'most gone,' sez he, 'and Pd like to say one sintice to Davy Burke,' sez he, 'before I die, if he's about anywhere.'—They all wondered when they heard this, and thynken it might be he was goen to have somethen to say to Davy, they med up their minds to prevent it, and so they told him he was goen home; but there was a friend of Davy's, one Jim Clary, standen by, and when he seen how they wor goen on, he started off himself in search of him.

"Davy Burke—Davy eroo," cried Jim, as soon as he kem in sight of him, "hurry over to Mihil's as hard as your legs can carry you, or you're late for him in this world. He's callen for you this way, and he can't die in pace till he sees you. 'Bring me Davy Burke,' sez he, 'till I have one word with him.' Oh! my hand to you, Davy, you're the lucky man—'tis goen to lave you all his goold he is! And the Houalhans and Murphys, and O'Shaughnessys are all blazen mad wid him, and wanted not to let you know."

"Maybe 'tis about the coffin he wants me," replied Davy, hesitatingly.

"Eyeh! what coffin—what talks it is!" sez Jim, maken answer. "No; but a good hundred pounds it is, or more, maybe, he's goen to lave you; hurry off, man!"

"When Davy heard this, his face brightened up, and he thought to himself the ould man was repenent of cuttin him back of his due, and was intenden to lave him a legacy in airnest to make up matters, so off he started to Mihil's as hard as he could.

"Well, why, as it happened, good rayson he had to be in a hurry, for when he got in the doore Michael was a'most speechless; his eyes were gotten a glaze on 'em, and he was mutteren somethin' to himself, all as one as he was ravin'—a fashion he had indeed for the last day or two when nobody was talken to him. But when he was roused up he was quite sensible again.

"Erah! Mihil asthore, is it me you're callen?" sez Davy, stopen over him, and shaken him a little be the shoulder to make him hearken to him.

"Mihil looked up staren at him, as if he didn't know him at all."

"'Tis Davy Burke, agra—don't you know him, your ould friend Davy," and Davy shook him again.

"Iss, iss," says Mihil, looked about him, as if he was awakin' from a drame, "Davy is it?—whisper Davy," and the ould man tried to lift himself on his elbow; "a last word with you—I'll tell you—what Pd do, Davy—"

"What is it, Mihil a weenoch," cried Davy, anxiously.

"You're—you're—an—an—ould friend—Davy."

"Don't mention it, avourneen."

"Eyeh! I'm gone—gone—entirely—this—this—hiccup—is killen me—Davy; but—I'll tell you—what—I'll do."

"Don't distress yourself, Mihil darlen," sez Davy, sobbin.

"Eyeh! 'tis all over—how—howsomer—I'll—I'll split the—difference with you," wheezed out the ould man in a hoarse whisper, and his elbow droppin from under him—he was dead!

"Murther!" sez Davy, cryen out as he saw him draw the breath, "'tis a wonder but I missed the bargain!"

"Well, if you seen him, as I'm told, looking so astonished like, you'd laugh out though all belonging to you lay stretched on the table. Accordingly, there was great fun among the crowd at his disappointment, and he was leaving the house not a little vexed at their gibes and jokes, when in come the priest, and my hand to you their humor was soon althered.

"Where are you goen, Davy Burke?" sez he. "Goen home only, plaze your reverence," sez Davy.

"Well," sez the priest, "stay where you are for the present; for this house, and all within it, and a great deal of goold that's in the bank besides, are yours! Sit down, Davy, and give your directions for the funeral."

"Ullaloo—sitch a scream as there was from all of them, when they heard this, and the most of 'em cried out agin it, and said it couldn't be; but the clergyman took the will out of his pocket, and read it for 'em, and sure there 'twas plain enough to every one, that Mihil Doolen left all his fortune to the man he differed with about the price of his coffin!"

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON FRANCE EXPELLING THE ENGLISH BIBLE SOCIETIES FROM HER TERRITORY.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

This happy consummation has at length arrived. And there can be no doubt that this decision of France will be heard with pleasure by every man of social progress and moral feeling in Europe. The old, hacknied, loathsome story of righteousness, bibles, tracts, and lies, will soon be brought to a close all over the world; and men of all classes being freed from the sectarian rancor which has disturbed society since the year 1815, will settle down into religious peace and Christian toleration. In the next century mankind can with difficulty be made to believe either the falsehood or the malignity, or the expensiveness of these British associations. In these three items of their official character, they have exceeded in extravagance any idea which even exaggerated fancy could have invented. The learning of their scholars, the influence of their nobility, the power of the laws, the terrors of the landlord, the fanaticism of the pulpit were all enlisted in this proselytizing crusade. The tragedian, the Comedian, the painter, the sculptor, the tourist, the pamphleteer, the historian, all lent their aid to advance this huge scheme against Catholicity; while the Imperial press, as a mighty furnace, forged daily its multiform, multitudinous lies, and scattered them with malignant zeal over the minds and the hearts of the entire population. The two houses of parliament, the cabinet ministers, the foreign ambassadors, added the sanction of the whole State to this universal movement, and impressed this simultaneous combination, as it were, with an omnipotent power. The record of all past history present no other instance of such apparently invincible opposition to the church; and when there is superadded to this finished machinery, the enormous annual voluntary revenue collected in England of upwards of five millions of pounds sterling, the whole case will be read by coming ages, and unborn generations, as the largest, the mightiest and the most prodigious work, which, since the publication of Christianity, has been ever executed by the united energy and laborious perseverance of money and men for the suppression of the Catholic faith.

This great plan, or as posterity will assuredly call it, this huge swindle is at this moment a total failure in every part of the world where its defeated agents are to be found; and this fact will add an imperishable value to the universally received axiom—namely, that in the presence of the glowing enlightenment of modern civilization, and of gospel truth, falsehood in faith, sustained by the most alluring testimony and immeasurable resources, can never finally and eventually prevail over the human mind. During the career of these associations they put forth two stereotyped falsehoods; and although these falsehoods were constantly contradicted, they still persevered in their unceasing publication till the universal cry of shame, and the feeling of loathsome disgust branded their hired agents in Ireland with every epithet which scorn and horror could invent and utter. These two falsehoods cannot be published too often for the information of the Catholics of foreign countries, and for the consolation of the hundreds of thousands of exiled Irish, banished from the country by the persecution of these unholy societies, to seek amongst the stranger in a foreign land the protection which they were denied at home. The first of these two sickening, eternal lies is the old, unceasing story, that "the Catholics are not permitted to read the Scriptures." This is the great lie which is the very basis of all Bible Societies; this is the excuse, the pretext of their organization and their existence. And although the Catholic writers contradict this stereotyped fabrication, by quoting the approbation of Popes, Cardinals, Councils, and all the Irish bishops, not only giving permission to read the Scriptures, but even encouraging the public to make them their daily study, with the proper dispositions, yet the old lie appears the following morning on all the walls of the city. And, again, although we point out the names of all the Catholic booksellers who sell the Bible; and although we copy the bills of sale in their houses, where tens of thousand volumes of the Testament are sold to Catholics, still the old, loathsome, eternal lie is told at all the Biblical meetings, as if it had never been contradicted. And so perfectly filled, saturated and indoctrinated are the minds of the Protestant youth (otherwise so generous, so honorable, so truthful) with this unceasingly repeated falsehood that they implicitly believe the Biblesmen, and refuse to credit the Catholic on his solemn word of honor, or even on his oath.—This lie has within late years assumed the character of something like witchcraft: the mind is bewitched by it: Protestant can't shake it off. And they meet us, and salute us, and speak to us, and dine with us, and listen to us, and believe us in everything except in this one fatal bewitchment, from which they cannot rid themselves.—

It surrounds them like the coils of a serpent, rendering them powerless and poisoning and killing them. It is an incurable mania, from which, if once bitten, there is no escape; and reminds one of the old story told by Moore, in his work on "The Search for Religion," where a tormented wretch fancied he was made of butter, and who, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, died with the cold sooner than come near the fire, or even enter a warm room. There are many biblical fables as insane on the point referred to as Moore's "man of fresh butter." They are excellent neighbors, agreeable companions, faithful friends; but the moment you tell them you are allowed to read the Scriptures they turn pale with rage, abuse the Pope, revile the church, and plainly tell you to your face that you would be excommunicated if you read one text in the Sacred Volume. It is a melancholy thing to see a human being, otherwise so rational, so utterly deranged, so hopelessly incurable, on a fact so universally known to every Catholic, man, woman and child in Ireland. But so it is.

The second incurable falsehood which these societies have succeeded up to this time in forcing on the public credulity is, the number of bibles and tracts which they say they distribute amongst the Catholics of Ireland! This statement of the circulation of Protestant Bibles is so familiar to every one who can read the public journals that it is only necessary to allude to it to be joined by all Catholic Ireland. In all public biblical meetings, in the Rotunda, in the Music Hall, in all the provincial towns, &c., the statement put forward by all the speakers has ever till lately been, that tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and millions of Bibles, in English and Irish, have been circulated amongst the Irish Catholics. And this falsehood has been published so often and so openly, and so confidently, and so numerically, that several Catholics for a long time believed it! The number of tracts, reviews, annuals, fly-sheets and bibles said to be given to Catholics by the Bible Society was so prodigious that on a moderate calculation they would cover the surface of the county Cork (where I am writing this letter), and they would besides thatch the houses of the poor in the county Mayo, while leaving a surplus quantity to meet the spiritual wants of all the converts! Now, as this story, or rather these statements, resolve themselves into matters of fact and fancy, I will render a service to the gullible subscribers to these societies in England, while I make the following challenge:—According to the speeches of the biblical orators, enumerating the millions of Bibles, tracts, &c., distributed amongst the people, there ought to be at least one Protestant Bible or biblical book in the hands of every person in Ireland who can read. Now, I ask any one Catholic, recognised Catholic in Ireland, if they have ever received one Bible, one tract, one fly-sheet, from a biblical distributor in any one instance in their lives. I ask, has one person ever seen them receive such a book. I ask the name of the Bibleman who has ever dared to distribute any one of these Bibles, on any one occasion. I ask from the Bibleman the name of any one recognised Catholic who has ever received any one instance, any one of these books. There can be nothing more easy than to state in one word, a reply to any one of these easy questions. I can then insert the names of these Catholics, and we shall all have their answers in the next publication of this journal; and we shall learn in one week whether the speeches at the Rotundo are truth or falsehood; and above all, we shall ascertain whether the application of the hundreds of thousands of pounds collected for the conversion of the Irish, is a swindle on the generosity of England, a fraud on public opinion, and the most audacious, unparalleled lie ever published on any subject, in any age or country. What renders this lie so unpardonable, so infamous, is, that it is put forward for the cause of religion! making a mockery of God, degrading the Gospel and turning salvation into a base trick.—It is this unprincipled conduct which has made England and her church a bye word of scorn and hatred at home and abroad: which has stamped her missionaries as firebrands and revolutionists; which has driven her men of eminence and of honor from her ranks; and which has armed all Catholic Europe against her Gospel, as against the approach and the presence of a plague.

The wounds which these missionaries, these revolutionists in disguise, have inflicted on France are too recent to be forgotten, too deep to be soon healed. Hence the Emperor and his advisers have never lost an opportunity to check these English incendiaries, those notorious maligners of his name and of the religion of his empire. At first they hired private houses by way of opening schools; they engaged several private rooms in the same locality by way of places of private prayer. These palpable dens of conspiracy and insurrection he closed through the police; and now when foiled in those secret meetings, they employ hawkers (colporteurs) to carry books amongst the disaffected, to decry the Pope, to ridicule Catholicity and to form knots of secret enemies of order and religion through the country. Expelled from Spain, driven from Naples, banished from Austria, ignominiously scouted from all Italy, they make a last attempt to revive their trade of discord in France. But the following circular from one of the prefects will show by its toleration the perfect liberty which the laws concede to all forms of religion: but it demonstrates at the same time its horror of the Bible Societies, its perfect knowledge of their nefarious designs, and its firm resolution to crush their concerted schemes:—

GENTLEMEN.—I have been asked whether the clauses of the circular of the 30th of July last, relative to hawking about publications connected with non-Catholic form of worship, where to be applied to all hawkers without distinction. I hasten to say that a negative reply cannot be doubtful. On this subject the terms of the ministerial circular of the 22nd of May last leave no uncertainty. The government does not intend to prevent the doctrines of any sect from being distributed by hawkers. Translations of the Bible and a great number of other Protestant books have been inserted in the official catalogues which constitute the rule for the surveillance of hawkers. After attentive examination by the permanent commission, it has been decided that these publications, which are highly moral, do not depart from the reasonable limits laid down for religious controversy.

It has been admitted that they contain nothing of a nature to irritate the public mind, or to awaken passions which do not belong to our day. They may, therefore, be stamped conformably to the detailed indications of the official catalogues. What the government wishes to prevent is that foreign societies disposing of extensive resources, should send agents into our country charged to produce agitation. It is with that idea that he has prescribed the prefects to make minute inquiry as to the origin and antecedents of the persons who apply for hawkers licenses. It is in this sense, gentlemen, that it will be proper to interpret and apply the instructions which I gave you in my circular of the 30th of July last.

Here is a Government circular, directed to all France, calling on the police to watch the motions of the foreign societies (of course English,) who came to France sustained by extensive resources; and who, although under the pretext of preaching the gospel, come there "charged to produce agitation." This is the circular of the French Government, the warning of the French Emperor himself; and is the precise statement which the writer of this article has constantly made in reference to the object of all the biblical agents in every Catholic country in Europe. These agents are, of course, earning their bread in their base calling; but they are every day adding fresh testimony to the bad character of the degraded Anglican Church and its supporters. This insane, infidel crusade was first undertaken under the advice and patronage of cabinet ministers, and was carried into practical effect by ambassadors, envoys, agents, and by millions of money. It is now an acknowledged total failure, leaving no mark behind but the disappointed malignity of England, and the lasting horror of Catholic Europe.

Although the efforts of all these bible societies and souper associations, as they are designated in the cutting irony of the Irish, have failed—not so the feeling of the leaders—and although, wherever I go, the abundant harvest meets the gladdened eye, and the rich pasture feeds the numerous herd, still as frozen as ever is the sympathy for the poor slaves of the soil. The wages are wrung, not given; and protection is an act of necessity, not kindness. The Irish outcasts would be driven to exile like their kindred and their race; or chained in the poorhouse like their departed friends, if their labor were not required for the lordly oxen or the tilled turp field. The marble-hearted advocate of a thinned population may say no to these statements, but I say yes. And I assert that, at no past period of Irish history, in modern times, has the feeling of hatred and exclusion been seated in deeper rancor than at the present moment. And the late conduct evinced by the Government in reference to the Lord Mayor's dinner, is neither to be ascribed to Lord Derby or Lord Eglington, but to the implacable fury of the biblical party among the landed proprietary in Ireland, who would petition the Queen for the dismissal of the Premier and the expulsion of the Viceroy, if they attempted to receive, even at the festive board, even the highest, most honored, most accomplished member of the Catholic Church. If Mazzini, if Bernier, if Kossuth, if Nena Sabib, were invited to the civic feast, they would each be saluted with less acrimony than an Ecclesiastical Prince who has been received in the palaces of Kings, and who has been awarded by the public voice the highest place of merit in the loftiest walks of science, eloquence and the arts. But he is a Papist, he is of Irish blood, he is a Catholic Bishop, he is the companion of the Pope; and if he were sanctified as Jerome, scientific as Paschal, learned as Thomas, and amiable as Fenelon, he could not assuage the temper of Irish Orangeism, or exact one generous feeling from the successors of Wentworth and Castlereagh.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

The following is an outline of the beautiful discourse delivered by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, at St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, on the day prior to his departure from Ireland. His Eminence glanced at the persecution which it had been the lot of the Church to endure in Ireland for several centuries, and stated that however specious might be the profession which Protestantism put forward for the purpose of misleading those whom they sought to make victims, yet, that these proselytising agents were actuated by the same spirit which animated Protestantism during three centuries of persecution; for it was by Protestantism, and on its account, the Catholic people of this country had been subjected to the cruelty of penal restrictions and social suffering. Protestantism had never been the friend of the people—it had always been most inimical to them, and the present deceitful guise which it put on was only adopted to effect purposes suggested by the most selfish considerations, and not springing from any love of religion or desire for the salvation of those upon whom they sought to practice their arts. The proselytisers principally directed their efforts against helpless and poverty-stricken children and the poorest of the poor Catholic population, whom they hoped by their offerings of temporal assistance in their need and misery to seduce from their best treasure, their Holy Faith. His Eminence impressed upon the congregation and upon all Catholics throughout the country, the immense importance of discharging the solemn duty of aiding and assisting in every way that lay in their power, the praiseworthy exertions of those who sought to rescue and protect these little ones from the greatest affliction that could possibly befall them—the loss of their religion. Dwelling further on this point, His Eminence said, that when children were taken away from the hands of their enemies they should be maintained, supported, and protected till the struggle was over and all danger at an end. Timely assistance was of the very greatest importance. A little aid promptly given to counteract the profusion of means put in operation by the other side might be the means of snatching many souls from perdition. Could there, he asked, be any greater charity than this, or which more united the soul of man with God, or could there be destination more profound, or in which the soul was more involved with the body, than that which it was the aim of the Catholic Dormitory to relieve? The Catholic Dormitory Society was a useful means of protecting some little ones from the dangers that beset them. And was it not an honor to that parish to have originated such an institution? Did it not call for co-operation in its good work upon all who belonged to the parish—nay, did its claims not extend far beyond the parish, and solicit in the strongest manner the succour for the little ones of Christ, of all in every part of the city and of the whole country, who had at heart the rescuing of souls from the evil one? Ireland had undergone many trials, nearly every one of them for the Faith: it had to encounter immense efforts of power, wealth, influence, ingenuity, and cunning, made perseveringly for the purpose of recruiting the ranks of Protestantism, by the

working up or purchasing of the Catholic children; these untold efforts had of late been renewed, and constituted what he believed would be the last trial Ireland would have to endure, and from which she would come as soothless and triumphant as from the much more desperate assaults of former times, when her children had no earthly means to fall back upon for their defence—nothing but an unshaken confidence in God and His all-powerful protection.—A brighter day had come, and even the power of the traffickers in souls was neutralised by the abundance with which God had blessed the land and put the poor beyond temptation. The temporary evils of which he was speaking were passing away, and they would have to continue their labor only for a time to defeat the iniquitous attempts to disturb the Faith which had been so closely and lovingly held by the people for long centuries—the Faith which St. Patrick planted, and which no other power would be able to root out. Having enlarged forcibly upon this branch of his discourse, His Eminence proceeded to speak of the relation in which Protestantism had heretofore and now stood to the people of this country, and in doing so, said what conceivable claim or inducement could Protestantism hold out to the Catholics of Ireland. Certainly not truth of doctrine, nor sympathy with those whom its agents approached like wolves in sheep's clothing, seeking whom they might devour: Of all countries in the world Ireland was the last in which Protestantism should dare profess an interest in the spiritual or temporal welfare of the people; and if it did so now, it was for the most selfish and wicked of purposes. What had Protestantism ever done for Ireland? What single blessing had it ever brought upon the country?—What happiness had it diffused amongst the people? Had it ever consoled and cherished the poor? No, but quite the contrary. It would be too long and painful a recital to tell all that it had done to oppress, to traduce, and to destroy. The people and their Faith, it was now palpable, could not be rooted out of this land, and a different system was pursued, and the wolf put on the sheep's clothing. Protestantism had been the direct instrument by which the sufferings of poverty had been aggravated and insulted; and it was avowedly in the name of Protestantism, and for its maintenance, contrary to the national will, that a dreadful and ingenious system of persecution had been organised and relentlessly carried out. When the Catholics of Ireland looked back over the dark history of 300 years, must they not at once ask why was it, if Protestantism was so beneficent as it would fain represent itself now, that it had done nothing during that dreary period to relieve the deepest distress—to mitigate cruel sufferings? Why did it not, while the people were trodden under foot during those 300 years, stretch out its hand to succour and console? Why did it refrain from doing so till a new order of things arose, and then, in a late time of famine and pestilence, come, for the purpose of its own sustenance, to make a time of trial also a time of temptation, by holding out bread to the starving, but only as the price of perversion? Must they not look at least with suspicion upon men who never came until they thought the opportunity a favourable one for seducing poor creatures in their misery from their Faith? Their object was plainly a wicked one. How different had been the mission of the Catholic Church! Driven from every place, it followed the people to their lowly cabins, which became its strongholds, the fortresses of religion, impregnable to every assault.—The priest had abided with the flock amid every danger, and cheered them by his holy words, and strengthened them by his ministrations. When Protestantism bore down heavily upon them he was their comforter—he instructed the young, advised with the old, shared and sympathised in their sorrows, and was beside them in death to prepare them with the sacraments, and point to the eternal home of the just where they might hope to obtain the reward of their virtue and devotion. The powerful ministrations of the Catholic Church sustained not only the faith but the patience and virtue of the millions and millions who had passed over this land, condemned by their oppressors to do so in poverty and affliction. It was too late now for the proselytiser to come with his proffered aid, when no other course was opened to him—when religion had regained her ascendancy—not the ascendancy of power, but the ascendancy of zeal, of constancy, of duty in everything that related to God—of, in fact, that assertion and celebration of religion in its forms and practices so manifest in this city and through the breadth of Ireland. It was too late (continued His Eminence) to come now to the people, when they had battled through their trials, and tell them to throw aside the staff which supported them along perilous paths—to pluck away the rudder which had steered them through so many tempest-beaten seas of tribulation—to rob them of that bread of life which nourished their fathers and gave them the endurance of martyrs, and was for themselves the bread of salvation. It was too late now to tell the faithful Catholics of Ireland to abandon the barque of Peter when its sails were magnificently unfurled to favoring breezes, and when it was sailing nobly across an ocean tranquil as compared with what had been its stormy state—when the sun was shining out, almost for the first time, after a long darkness, unrelieved only by the fire of that deep faith, hope, and charity which had burned so brightly within them. Surely this was not the time to tell the people to quit that barque and plunge into the waves which were filled with tawny and devouring creatures that followed the ship, ready to snatch in a moment any one so unfortunate as unwarily to place himself within their reach. His Eminence, having spoken for a brief space upon this point, adverted to the likeness of proselytisers entrapping children to wolves, who gathered around a fond mother clinging to her children, and seeking to tear from her those objects of her affection. These men came with biting tongues—tongues sharp as a sword—they came reviling sacred things—they came scoffing—they came denouncing—they came challenging—nay, they came blaspheming what they knew ought of. These men came not with the pure power of sanctity, or with the dignity of exalted piety, or of that simple Christian learning which without guide and without words, without reputation of the same thing, spoke wisely, and nobly, and effectively to all men. No, they came with words of wickedness; they came with the appearance of godliness, but denying its power—denying the offering which God never ceased to make upon the altar for the salvation of mankind—denying the sacraments—deriding the mother of God—deriding the saints of God, and everything that was sacred and holy. By such means did they seek to effect their purposes.—He spoke next of individuals; he knew not any of them; he never had to deal with any of them, but he had read their writings; he saw them published on every side, and he had had the opportunity of observing that they followed in the wake of the Church wherever she went; on her mission of peace, endeavoring, but vainly, to counteract that divine mission. They were the men who sought to scatter tares in the field where the good seed had been sown. It was not by such agents as those that God sent forth His truth to the world, or that His work would be done. No, it was a self-denying ministry, who, from the beginning, blessed by God, went forth amongst their enemies as sheep amongst wolves, ready, if necessary, to lay down their lives in vindication of their holy religion. He entreated of them not to allow one step to be gained upon them—not to suffer a single little one to be numbered among the lost. These little ones were defenceless, and the Catholics of the parish, of the city, of Ireland, should assist them as far as they could, individually and collectively, by providing shelter for the flock. Let each of them, if possible, become a shepherd; and take, at all events, one little lamb upon his shoulders, and bear it safely to the fold; and if they did this the Great Shepherd would reward them. They could not do a greater service to God, or a greater benefit to His holy Church, or perform a more substantial work of mercy, than by counteracting and

preventing, as much as possible, this miserable attempt at the conversion of souls redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ. For doing this their parish would receive additional blessings from God. He entreated of them to proceed in their noble work. This was the last time previous to his departure from Ireland that he would have the opportunity of addressing such a noble assemblage. His last words in public on that occasion should have been in favour of a charity having such an object, and in protest, humble but earnest, against the infamous attempts made by these men to disturb the religious peace of the land. His Eminence concluded by stating that he would proceed to offer up the adorable sacrifice of the mass on behalf of the institution and its members, and all who assisted in the noble work, begging of God that he would increase their zeal, bless their labours, and bestow upon them temporal happiness here and everlasting glory hereafter.

DEPARTURE OF HIS EMINENCE THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.—His Eminence left Kingston at nine o'clock on Friday morning, per mail steamer *Cambria* for Holyhead, en route to London. The intended departure of His Eminence could have been but very imperfectly known in the city this morning, never less the eight o'clock train from Westland-row brought down to Kingston a considerable number of persons who were anxious to obtain a last glance of His Eminence, and receive final benediction ere he quitted Ireland. At half-past eight o'clock His Eminence left Sans Souci, near Booterstown, in a private carriage belonging to Surgeon O'Reilly, and proceeded by the Rock-road to Kingstown. He was accompanied by the Rev. Mgr. Clifford, the Rev. Mr. Bourke, and Surgeon O'Reilly, whose guest at Sans Souci His Eminence was last evening. As the carriage proceeded along the road, groups of people assembled at various points, cheering His Eminence with great enthusiasm, and some followed the equipage a considerable distance, with the view of getting his blessing, which he bestowed upon them, to their intense gratification. Shortly before nine o'clock the carriage drew up at the departure pier, outside which the *Cambria* lay moored, with steam up, the blue peter flying at the mainmast. As soon as His Eminence went on board, accompanied by the Rev. Mgr. Clifford and the Rev. Mr. Bourke, the ladies and gentlemen assembled on the pier thronged the gangway leading to the steamer, and reached the deck, where they immediately knelt in groups to receive His Eminence's benediction, and kiss his hand. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen came down by the 8.30 train, and went on board, to bid farewell to His Eminence, and several other clergymen, including the Rev. Mgr. Yore, and the Rev. Pastor of Booterstown, were also present to bid His Eminence a respectful adieu. The crowd surrounding His Eminence on deck, while the steamer was preparing to sail, increased considerably every moment, and the most intense eagerness was manifested by all to touch his hand, and have bestowed on them the gift of his blessing. At length the last bell rung, the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen quitted the steamer, followed by Surgeon O'Reilly and the clergymen present at the scene, and then, with visible reluctance and sincere regret, the large number of persons who had paid their final respects to His Eminence passed along the gangway to the pier, which they lined from end to end. Before the ropes were cast off, His Eminence came forward to the side of the steamer; as he did so, groups of ladies and gentlemen facing him knelt down, and then His Eminence, who seemed to be considerably affected by the warm feeling displayed by the assemblage, gave them his benediction. A moment afterwards the *Cambria* moved away from the pier, and steamed slowly towards the sea. The people then cheered His Eminence repeatedly, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved in token of farewell. Several ran along the pier to its extremity; and as the steamer passed the harbor entrance, and proceeded on her voyage, they expressed their feelings in loud bursts of cheering, repeated again and again till the steamer was far out at sea.

Waterford, Sept. 14th, 1858.

"Dear Rev. Mother—I am sure you will believe me when I assure you that nothing but impossibility could prevent my doing anything in my power, by preaching or lecturing, in favor of your noble Mater Misericordiae Hospital. It is, indeed, a building and institution conceived and commenced in the most generous spirit of charity. I cannot fear that so Catholic an undertaking will fail to receive every support in a city like Dublin, where that virtue seems to be so truly appreciated and practised, and my voice could have added but little to the natural instincts of its spirit. As an edifice, it will be not merely an ornament to the city, but a lesson so well understood and observed abroad, that what is done for Christ in the person of his poor and infirm, should vie with what is done by man for himself and his gratifications. A splendid theatre and a mean hospital makes a sorrowful contrast in a Catholic city. I pray God most earnestly to bless this glorious work and all your community. Begging in return your good prayers, I am, ever your affectionate servant in Jesus Christ, N. CARD. WISEMAN."

It having been rumored that His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster intended to honor Ross by a visit on Tuesday last, a meeting was held in the Tholsel on Sunday at one o'clock—the Rev. James Walsh, P.P., in the chair—for the purpose of devising the best means of paying a mark of respect to His Eminence. The meeting was addressed by Father Walsh, Father Neville, and Dr. Howlett. A committee was appointed to draw up an address and name a deputation to present the same to His Eminence. On Tuesday morning it became known that the distinguished Prince of the Church was staying at Aylwardstown, the residence of Peter Strange, Esq., and that His Eminence's arrangements would not permit him to visit Ross.—Accordingly, some of the members of the deputation made arrangements to proceed to Aylwardstown to present the address, and one o'clock found them on the road accompanied by several of the inhabitants. The band headed the procession, and, on arriving at Mr. Strange's, drew up in front, and played some music suited to the occasion. His Eminence, having given his blessing to the people assembled (the number of whom was very considerable) the Rev. James Walsh read the address very clearly and distinctly, and His Eminence replied at some length, and thanked them most sincerely, adding that the time at his disposal did not permit him to visit Ross, and, in conclusion, gave the episcopal blessing to the delighted assembly. Thrice hearty cheers were then given for His Eminence, and the band struck up some appropriate airs.—*Westford People.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ECCLIASTICAL CONFERENCE.—The *Freeman's Journal* states that the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, the Most Rev. Dr. Macfalle, and the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, are expected in town to-day. It is understood that the purpose of their meeting is to confer with the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen on matters connected with public education, and that their deliberations will be preliminary to a general meeting of the Irish bishops, to be held next month. It is just possible that, ere long, the public will be in a better position to understand the policy of the recent visit of a prince of the Church to Ireland.

The consecration of the new Catholic church at Araglin, in the parish of Kiltworth, diocese of Cloyne, took place on Sunday, the 19th ult. This building is another of the many proofs daily presenting themselves of the undiminished attachment of the Catholics of Ireland to that Faith to which their fathers clung with unshaken devotion through centuries of persecution and suffering.

THE ARRANGEMENTS for the establishments of the new land tribunal, the "Landed Estates Court," are progressing satisfactorily. Petitions for sales are receivable at present, as the recent Act empowers the judges to receive them during the Long Vacation; but the fact does not seem to be generally known, as very few petitions have been lodged since the month of last July. English capitalists are in treaty for constructing a line of railway from Clonmel to Cappoquin. THE HARVEST IN ULSTER.—It is not a week since complaints were rife in the northern papers of apprehending mischief being done to the crops by the then unfavourable state of the weather, wet and stormy as it had been during the early part of September.—*Matters of Ulster* concludes a long review of the state and prospects of the harvest in these terms:—"With such glorious weather as we have had for the last few days there will be no cause of complaint. Farmers are working double tides, and the lands are being cleared with almost magical rapidity. Reaping may be reported as finally finished, except in rare cases, and on very late lands. Stack-yards begin to assume the appearance of later autumn, and old sites are often found too small to contain the ample produce ready for storing. We may safely predict that by the middle of next month there will be safely stacked at the farmsteads in the north of Ireland the largest quantity of unthreshed grain ever seen in this country." There are further reports from the north, equally as favorable as the foregoing.

A CORPORATION IN DIFFICULTIES.—The Corporation of Belfast, at one time regarded as a model for the united kingdom, has been for years past plunged in a sea of difficulties, and its affairs are at present the subject of a Government commission of inquiry, which, according to existing appearances, is not likely to close its labors before the next meeting of Parliament. In its composition the town-council of the Capital of Ulster is as essentially exclusive as the old Dublin corporation. In it Toryism has ridden rampant since the year 1842, and how well these gentlemen have discharged their duty to the citizens of whose interests they were the guardians may be learnt from the following remarks which appear *inter alia* in a high Conservative journal (the *Newry Telegraph*):—"The influential town of Belfast has been literally in Chancery for several years. Why has this been so? We apprehend that the demon of Cupidity, leagued with its kindred demon Revenge, has been at the bottom of it. The disastrous results are but too manifest. The trade and character of the place seriously injured, improvements suspended, families ruined or driven into exile, or mourning over the graves of some who have fallen victims—numberless persons suffering under privation, because their money lent, and the interest upon which they depended as means of support, are all looked up by the Chancellor's decree. These are only some of the lamentable fruits of the suit in Chancery. It is hard to divine how even Chancellor Brady, looking at all these things as the inevitable consequences of his decree, could, as an upright judge in equity, place an entire town in Chancery. The deed was done, nevertheless. It is to be hoped that a way of escape is speedily to be reached." Between politics and polemics the people of Belfast seem to have a pretty busy time of it.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—A sale of goods and chattels of a rather novel description took place on Wednesday at the Custom-house, in Cork. The receiver of droits of Admiralty put up to auction about 800 fathoms of the Atlantic telegraph cable, which was found about two months ago. There were two lots, each containing about 400 fathoms, which, after a tolerable share of competition, were purchased by the receiver himself at 10d per fathom. The balance of the proceeds, after deducting receivers' dues, will doubtless scarcely satisfy the demands of the salvors.

Some leading English journals are very pathetic in their lamentations about the expatriation of the peasant population from large districts in Scotland, to make way for sheep and kine. But there is no lament for the sufferings of the poor people of Donegal, excluded from the mountains where their cattle had been allowed to graze, and confined to narrow strips of land for which they are sorely rack-rented, and charged besides with enormous taxation for the loss of sheep charge, inflicted upon localities which had been, for ages, as peaceable as any other portion of the United Kingdom. We find, by the following announcement in the *Daily Express*, that the Government, not satisfied with the burdens already inflicted upon the wretched people of Gweedore, are determined to levy fresh taxation upon the poorest district in Ireland:—  
GWEEDORE, COUNTY OF DONOGAL.—We understand the Government are about to issue a warrant for the levy of £1,645 arrears now due for expenses of the extraordinary police force up to the 8th of August last, and that a further expense of about the sum quarter is still going on for police; also that the county of £400, or thereabouts, is ordered by the county treasurer for collection, on presentments for compensation for sheep destroyed since the time of last levy. We can see no remedy for those unhappy people but emigration by wholesale—that is, if they can muster the means of proceeding to some distant land where they would have a fair prospect of gaining a subsistence.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

The Belfast Irishman draws a sad sketch of the position of the Liberal party by the member for Dun...

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GREAT BRITAIN.

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ENLIGHTENED PROTESTANT ENGLAND.

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PROTESTANT TESTIMONY TO THE RAPID INCREASE OF ROMANISM.

A fierce sectarian journal, rejoicing in the name of the British Standard, has the following outburst of anti-Popery notice, evny, and all uncharitableness:—“There is no conscience to be placed in the Popish priesthood. It is in vain to attempt to propitiate by concessions in advance the conscience of the monarch the revenues of the church, and the whole of the British people. It were worse than folly to remain unmoved by the rapid spread of this most pestilent system. We shall never cease to reiterate the figures which demonstrate the terrific increase of Popery in Great Britain. In 1792 the Romish places for worship were only 35; they are now 902. In 1841 the number of Romish priests in England and Wales had increased to 552; in 1858 to 1,181. The number of religious houses for women in 1841 was 10; for men 1. In 1858 the returns are:—Religious houses for women, 100; for men, 27; colleges, 11. Now the careful reader will here note that the advance of the Romish Church in this country has been greater during the last seven years, from 1841 to 1858, than in the whole fifty years that preceded. Is it not time, then, that the people of England should awake from their dream? At this rate of increase how long will it be till the land be overrun? The Statesman, a Protestant journal of a more tolerant character, thus censures this intemperate outpouring of fanaticism of its Protestant contemporary:—“There is nothing terrible in the progress of Popery to any man who has faith in Protestantism, and who has studied the politico-religious history of Europe for the last three centuries, as every honest journalist ought to do. A little more attention to that branch of knowledge, even at the risk of neglecting the sectarian controversies of the present day, would greatly increase the influence of our religious newspapers. Were that done, we would find more charity in religious journalism, without any diminution of zeal?”

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY J. GILLIES FOR GEORGE E. OLNEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, At the Office, No. 4, Place d'Armes.

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The True Witness. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 15, 1858.

CAUTION TO CATHOLICS.—We have been informed on good authority, that the performances at the Montreal Theatre are so blackguard, and so insulting to Catholics, that no one with the slightest regard for his character as a gentleman, will set foot within the walls of the building, until a thorough reform be effected therein.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

By the City of Baltimore we have intelligence from Europe up to the 29th ult. The political world is dull as ever, and absolutely without interest. The great topic of the day is the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, and the chances of its being made useful. No improvement has as yet taken place, but electric currents are still occasionally transmitted through the wire; and it is still hoped that the fault in the Cable is near the shore end, in which case it might yet be repaired, and put in working order. It was supposed that during the current month, something might be done towards accomplishing this very desirable object. It is said to be the intention of the Government to fortify the harbor of Valencia.

From India we have news of the defeat of the Cavalier insurgents on the 17th August, with a loss of 700 men; the loss on the British side was trifling. The insurrection in fact seems for the present to be crushed; though large bodies of armed insurgents are still in existence, and defy all attempts of the British commanders to bring on an engagement. The Madras and Bombay Presidencies are reported quiet.

PROTESTANT UNITY.—This consists, certainly not in unity of doctrine, of worship, or ritual observances; for upon these points the utmost discrepancies still obtain amongst the sects, even as in the days of the writer of the "History of the Variations."

Yet there is one point whereupon the essential Unity of Protestants is indeed remarkable, always and everywhere; we allude to their mode of warfare against Popery, and the wonderful similarity, or rather identity, of tactics amongst all the evangelical sects. In this respect they are indeed one; and fully make good their claim to a common origin, and their common descent from their great spiritual father, of whom we are told in Holy Writ, that he was a Liar, or a Pro- tester against truth, from the beginning. The non-evangelical, or Liberal sects as they style themselves, are, it must be admitted, a good deal more circumspect and punctilious in their regard for truth than are their more evangelical or orthodox brethren; but then they do not enjoy the same "freedom," and have not the same amount of "Gospel privileges" as fall to the lot of the latter. They are still in bondage to the law, nor have they yet entered upon that glorious inheritance of the "saints," which is supposed to liberate the possessor from the restraints of honor and morality—shackles which the chosen ones of "Our Zion" have long ago cast off. Hence it is that the "Unity" of tactics amongst Protestants, to which we allude, is confined almost entirely to the members of the evangelical Protestant denominations. Amongst these there is, it must be confessed, a most marvellous, if not very honorable "Unity."

With the tactics of those sects we are well acquainted in Canada, from the Records of the "French Canadian Missionary Society," and other "Swaddling" organisations with which this country is infested. These tactics have been often exposed in our columns, and may be said to consist in the simple, but effective manoeuvre of "lying and slandering." What the "charge in column" is on shore, or "breaking the line" at sea, that these tactics are to the noble army of "swaddlers;" nor has any victory, or semblance of victory, ever yet crowned the arms of Protestantism, except where these thoroughly evangelical tactics have been resorted to. Falsehood and calumny against Romish priests and Popish religious of all grades, are the natural weapons of Protestantism against Popery; to which with a kind of intuitive consciousness of its own strength, and the weak points of its adversary's lines, it always, everywhere, and under all circumstances, has recourse. Wherever the Protestant host may find itself engaged, in

Europe or in America—whether it be headed by an Achilli or a Gavazzi, by a Maria Monk or a Sheriff Corbett—still we find our evangelical champions fighting in the same order, and with the self-same weapons. In this sense, but in this sense only, would we be understood to compliment our evangelical opponents upon their consistency and their "Unity."

How the "swaddling" war is carried on in Canada, all our readers know; and we have all admired the zeal with which at "Anniversary Meetings" our Romish priests and Romish nuns are assailed with volleys of obscene filth from the hands of "elect vessels"—reverend mountebanks in white chokers—who deem it their duty, yea, their sacred duty, to tell lies against their neighbors, for the greater honor and glory of God, and of the Holy Protestant Faith. But the great battle against the "Man of Sin," though his stronghold in North America is supposed to be Lower Canada, is not confined to that portion of Her Majesty's dominions. It rages as fiercely in the neighboring Provinces as it does here; is, as we said before, carried on upon the same principles, with the same tactics, and the same weapons; and it is to this "Unity" that we would especially direct the attention of our readers.

At St. John's, New Brunswick, there resides, as we learn from our esteemed cotemporary, the St. John's Freeman, a most evangelical Judge of the name of Wilnot. Like some of our Canadian officials, this worthy and most exemplary Judge is in the habit of attending, and of holding forth at, religious meetings, to the great delight and edification of all the frozzy old women of the district who delight in tea and scandal.—At a late Bible meeting in St. John's, this upright Judge attended as was his wont; but not content with vague generalities against Popery, he ventured upon that particular kind of lie—against the use of which we have often cautioned the Montreal Witness and its friends of the "F. C. Missionary Society"—which is known as the "Lie with a Circumstance;" and the incautious use of which often leads to consequences most unpleasant to him who employs it, as the Montreal Witness, who on more than one occasion has had to eat his leek with many a wry face, knows to his cost. As an additional warning to him then, and to his friends, against the "Lie with a Circumstance," we copy from the St. John's Freeman of the 17th ult., the following facts relative to Judge Wilnot; who, as an officer of justice, seems to be admirably fitted to run in harness together with our Canadian Sheriff Corbett:—

JUDGE WILNOT'S STORY, OR THE "LIE WITH A CIRCUMSTANCE."

"Our readers will recollect the story, which in effect was that a Priest in Miramichi, having been called on by the father of a boy who was detected reading the Bible, and who refused to discontinue reading it, after trying persuasions in vain, resorted to violence, and with a great whip scourged the boy until the boy's resolution overcame his fear, and he had to desist through sheer fatigue.—The Judge said he knew the boy, who found his way after this—being expelled from his father's house—to Fredericton, and sought and obtained the patronage and assistance of the Judge. The Priest denied that there was any truth whatever in the story, any shadow of foundation for it.—He named all the Priests who had been on the mission in Miramichi within a quarter of a century, and he called on the Judge to state which of them had acted so brutally; to name the boy; to publish his proofs, and show that when he publicly preferred so serious a charge against a Clergyman, he did not do so without being fully warranted by facts, without having ample and satisfactory evidence; that he did not do so merely to tickle the fancies or gratify the bigotry of his audience. Demanding the proofs, the Priest plainly stated what would be the alternative, did it appear that no such proofs existed; and he called on us to name the Judge, the author of the story. We did so, and we duly forwarded to the Judge, by mail, a copy of the paper containing the Priest's letter and our explanation, and waited for some communication from him; for in such a case we did not wish to act rashly or hastily. In a few days the paper was returned, the direction being we believe in the Judge's hand writing. This we were willing to receive as an acknowledgment of its having been received and "its contents noted;" and although we had no longer reason to expect that the Judge would send any proof, vindication, or explanation to the Freeman, we continued to look for it in the other papers. It never appeared in any. The Priest has written another letter, which we publish in another column, and in this he appeals to the public. It now remains for the public to decide whether the story was, or was not, a wholesale unmitigated lie. In ordinary cases and under ordinary circumstances, it is not to be expected that a Judge is to rush into print whenever his conduct is the subject of remark. But when a man chooses to attend a public meeting, and at that meeting chooses to tell a story which is meant, and which serves to place the character of an individual or of an order in a contemptible or hateful light, then the man who told the story, be he Judge or Minister, or Governor, should be prepared, when fairly called on, to furnish the proof. For a man holding the position of a Judge to tell such a story, and then to seek, under cover of the ermine, shelter from the consequences; to play story-teller and perhaps buffoon at a public meeting, abusing his position to give weight to his words and authority to his statements, and then, when challenged to the proof, to pretend he regarded any discussion of the subject as below his dignity, is the very acme of the ridiculous. No one of common sense can doubt that in this case the Rev. Mr. Egan had a perfect right to call on Judge Wilnot to prove, or retract, his statements, and in case he failed to do either, to brand him publicly, as he does, a liar and defamer; nay, no one can deny that it was his duty to do so, for the character of a Clergyman, though dear to him above all men, is valuable not only to himself, but to his order and to his co-religionists. Was the story a lie? Ample time has been given to prove it true, and now the conviction is irresistible that it was a lie. And what an infamous, hideous, most damnable, most infernal lie it was. Could even the fertile brain of the Judge produce any more abominable, more wicked? It would be bad enough told by ordinary

men, but then few would have believed it implicitly, but told as a circumstance known to himself, by a Judge, and one so solemn and sanctimonious on such occasions, it had a weight of authority that left no room for scruples or doubts with the mass of his audience. A lie more injurious to the character of a clergyman may easily be invented; but this lie was used to beget in his audience a hatred of Priests, as a set of brutal tyrants; a contempt for all Catholics, as grovelling slaves; and a hostility to Catholicity, as a degrading, degrading, enslaving system. All this it was—if believed—well calculated to effect, and how many of such an audience hesitated to believe the story when told by the pious Judge? It is almost impossible to conceive with what feelings those who believed this story must have regarded Catholics.—Certainly they could not regard them as a people entitled to equal rights and privileges with themselves; or as a people capable of being free.

Were there any shadow of foundation for this story; were it but an exaggeration however enormous, and a colouring of facts, perhaps something might be said in palliation of the Judge's conduct; but there is nothing to show that any thing ever occurred in the Province that could lead any one to suppose any thing of the kind possible; and yet the Judge was very circumstantial, and to remove all doubts described himself as the boy's patron and friend. The Judge has not even the poor merit of originality. He certainly may lay claim to much credit for daring in his peculiar line, when he adapted to New Brunswick—laying the scene in Miramichi and Fredericton, and appeared himself as one of the dramatic personae—very old story; even the exclamation "How hard it is to beat the Protestant out of him," used with such thrilling effect, being as stale as any of Joe Miller's Jokes. He is not the less wicked and malignant however, especially when adopted as his own by a pious Judge and dressed to suit his audience. The abundance of malice amply made amends for the want of originality.

Such then are the tactics resorted to by the "Swaddlers" in the Lower Provinces; and we may well call upon our readers to admire with us the similarity betwixt these tactics, and those which are used in their "No-Popery" crusade by the "Swaddlers" of Canada—by the F. C. Missionaries, by Sheriff Corbett, and the rest of the brethren. Indeed it is not at all improbable that in the course of the approaching Montreal Anniversaries, the self-same story as that told by the New Brunswick Judge will be told of some priest in Lower Canada; and that hundreds of most respectable and reverend "swaddlers" will come forward on the platform to vouch for its truth. In charity, therefore, to our cotemporary of the Montreal Witness we would warn him again against the dangers of the "Lie with a Circumstance;" and would strongly advise him to abstain for the future from employing it. We would also throw out the following suggestion for the benefit of the French Canadian Missionary Society, and indeed of all evangelical societies on this Continent.

There is published periodically, a very useful little pamphlet called "The Bank Note Reporter," in which is given a full description of bad and counterfeit Notes upon the different Banks of the country, that are in circulation, and that have been detected as spurious, since its last issue. The advantages of this "Reporter" are obvious; as thereby the public are put on their guard against taking bad or counterfeit notes.

Now what we have to suggest is this. Would it not be well to publish periodically an "Evangelical Anecdote Reporter;" showing how many, and which, of the said anecdotes had been detected, and proved to be lies, since its last appearance. Such a "Reporter" would be invaluable to the reverend gentlemen who congregate on platforms; as they would be thereby put upon their guard against retailing, or putting in circulation such stories from their several collections of "Evangelical Anecdotes," as had been convicted of falshood. What the "Bank Note Reporter" is to those who are in the habit of dealing with the paper currency of our Banks, such would be an "Evangelical Anecdote Reporter" to the gentry who endorse or put in circulation, the calumnies of the conventicle. We throw this out merely as a hint to the editor of the Montreal Witness; whose knowledge of business, and practise of calumniating his Popish fellow-citizens, eminently qualify him—him—intellectually and morally—for the office of editor of such a periodical as that which we here recommend to the notice of the evangelical world.

The Merve must permit us again to correct an error into which in its issue of the 12th inst., it has fallen with respect to the TRUE WITNESS and the Irish Catholics of this city. It is not true that the latter have followed Mr. McGee, M. Dorion, or Mr. Holton; for if their support has been given to any of these gentlemen, it is because the latter have adopted the politics of Irish Catholics, and not because the Irish Catholics of Montreal have in any one particular, adopted the policy of M. Dorion, or of any one else. The Irish Catholics of this city have remained true to their principles, and will still remain so, even though all around them change.

It is for this that their vote has of late been cast against those in whose honesty they formerly trusted, and whom they therefore supported at the hustings. When the members of the present Ministry declared by their votes their determination to oppose the demands of the Catholic minority of Upper Canada for an amendment of the School Laws; when they voted for Mr. Drummond's infamous Ecclesiastical Incorporations Bill—a measure, as we have shewn elsewhere, that was hailed with joy by the Clear Grit press, as embodying the whole of Mr. Brown's policy against the Catholic Church; when they gave

their sanction to secret politico-religious societies in Canada, by advising or even permitting the Governor General—who as the Representative of our beloved Queen is bound to abstain from giving insult to any of Her Majesty's loyal subjects in Canada)—to receive in his official capacity, and officially reply to, deputations from the Orange Lodges on the 12th of July, 1856—they, the said members of the Ministry, justly forfeited for ever, all claims to the respect and support of the Irish Catholic body of Canada; and we rejoice therefore, that, mindful of what they owe to themselves, and to their Church, they have withdrawn their confidence from men who by their repeated acts of treachery have proved themselves unworthy of it. If the Merve will show us how any sincere Catholic can conscientiously support the Ministry, or any members of the Ministry, that voted for Mr. Drummond's Bill, and sanctioned the act of the Governor General above alluded to, we shall be most happy to acknowledge our obligations to our Ministerial cotemporary.

With regard to M.M. Dorion and McGee, we think that our Irish friends will permit us to say this. That so long, but so long only, as the above named gentlemen adhere faithfully to Catholic principles—so long as they advocate firmly and unflinchingly, not only the right of the Catholic minority of Upper Canada to separate schools, but all such amendments in the School Law as are necessary to ensure to the said minority the full practical enjoyment of that right, which at present exists but in theory; so long as they approve themselves the uncompromising opponents of all secret politico-religious organisations—so long, but no longer, shall they continue to receive the support of what is known as the Irish Catholic vote. Prompt, unwavering fidelity to our principles, a firm and unflinching defence of our rights, are what we expect, and will exact, from our representatives; and the Merve may rest assured that the honest and independent voters of Montreal, who, spite of the allurements of the Ministerial Syren, have not hesitated to inflict a well merited chastisement upon the miserable pretenders to good principles—"bons principes"—who voted for Mr. Drummond's infamous Ecclesiastical Incorporations Bill, will, in like manner, not fail to watch closely every word and act of those whom by their votes they have raised to power; but whose first deviation from the paths of rectitude they will visit with their severest reprobation.

So much for the Irish Catholics of Montreal. For ourselves, we need only say that we are Papists, and nothing else; that upon every man, no matter what his former services, who manifests the slightest disposition to sacrifice one iota of the honor and interests of the Church to the exigencies of party, to the blatant Protestant fanaticism of the Upper Province, or the rabid "Rouge" demagoguism of the Lower, we look as our political enemy; and that to him, no matter by what nick-name called, who will advocate our rights, support our principles, boldly maintain the cause of "Freedom of Education," and do his best to discountenance all secret politico-religious societies, shall our hearty, though humble support always be given. This is the TRUE WITNESS' political confession of faith.

The Witness pretends that the increased consumption of whiskey in Scotland of late years is more apparent than real; and may be accounted for upon the hypothesis that in making up the revenue returns, a quantity of spirits manufactured in Scotland, but exported to England, has been put down as consumed in the former country.—This excuse, however, will hardly serve the Witness' turn. The Scottish Press, an independent, and most reliable Scotch paper—a supporter likewise of the "Forbes Mackenzie Act"—asserts that the amount consumed in Scotland has increased of late years; and proves that the sum annually expended by the people of the country on intoxicating beverages, has nearly doubled since 1854. These are facts whose force no amount of sophistry can evade, and which are attested to by unexceptionable Scotch witnesses, who have not, as has the Witness, a pet theory to maintain.

Thus, though the Scottish Press supports the "Forbes Mackenzie Act," or Act closing all public houses after a certain hour on Saturday nights; though it holds that that Act "has established a salutary principle," and speaks of it as "a salutary law," it is too clear sighted not to perceive, and too honest not to admit, that drunkenness and impurity are vices which cannot be checked by Legislative enactments; and that the existence of tipping houses is the consequence and effect, not the cause, of the tipping habits of the community amidst whom they exist.

A stranger to our climate upon his first visit to Montreal in the month of January might perhaps be excused if he attributed the excessive cold that generally prevails during that season of the year, to the number of stoves in our houses, and the immense quantity of wood consumed;—

\* By punishing the keepers of disorderly houses, the Police may abate a nuisance, and compel vice to hide its head; but it does not thereby promote chastity, or diminish prostitution; it merely removes a public scandal.

and he might be pardoned if, desiring to carry out his theory into practice, he were to insist upon extinguishing all our fires, in order to moderate the severity of the weather. Indeed the error of such a reasoner would be venial as compared with the absurdities of those modern political economists, who argue that drinking saloons are the cause of the demand for intoxicating drinks; and who propose to abolish drunkenness by closing the doors of the grog shops. A process which would have about as much effect towards promoting temperance, as extinguishing the fires in our stoves, would have towards raising the thermometer in the month of January; seeing that, just as the fires in the one case are the consequence of the craving after warmth, and therefore a concomitant, but not the cause of the intense cold, so in the other case, the grog shops are the immediate result of the tipping propensities of the people, and their inordinate craving after strong liquor. When warm weather returns, the fires will be allowed to go out of themselves; and so, when by moral agencies, and the due employment of those means of grace which Christ has left in His Church, a moral reformation shall have been effected in the drinking habits of the community, then, but not before, will the trade of grog selling become unprofitable, and gradually disappear. By Act of Parliament the sale of liquor may indeed be prohibited and declared illegal; but as in the case of the "Forbes Mackenzie Act" in Scotland, unless that prohibition and declaration be preceded by a moral reform amongst the people, the result will be the same as it has been in Scotland—that is to say, most disastrous and corrupting.

Mr. BROWN'S POLICY.—In the Bowmanville Statesman, an Upper Canada journal, noted for its Clear Grit and anti-Catholic tendencies, we find a well earned and justly merited compliment paid to the men of "good principles," who voted for Mr. Drummond's Ecclesiastical Incorporations Bill. Speaking of that infamous measure, which had amongst its warmest supporters our present Attorney-General for Canada East, and his political followers—the Bowmanville Statesman indulges in the following remarks:—

"The Hon. Mr. Drummond brought in a Bill to the House, the Session before last, in reference to Ecclesiastical Incorporations, which endorsed the whole of Mr. Brown's policy in his opposition on the floor of Parliament to the agents of Rome."

Now referring to the division lists of the House, we find that this Bill "endorsing the whole of Mr. Brown's anti-Catholic policy" was warmly and strenuously supported by all the leading members of our present administration—the "friends of order and good principles."—From this simple fact we conclude that—of two things one. Either Mr. Brown's entire anti-Catholic policy is based upon "good principles;" or else the supporters of that policy as embodied in the Ecclesiastical Incorporations Bill, and who style themselves par excellence the "friends of order and good principles," are altogether unworthy of the respect or confidence of any honest man, above all of any honest Catholic.

From this dilemma there is no possibility of escape. For, if Mr. Brown's policy—"the whole" of which was endorsed by all the Ministerialists who voted for Mr. Drummond's Bill—be anti-Catholic, and repugnant to justice, to order, and to good principles—then can the endorsers of that policy have no right to our support; and if it be not, then is the outcry raised against Mr. Brown by those who supported his entire policy in the legislature, only a sham, a piece of mere "Pharisaical bravado." We, as Catholics, are heart and soul opposed to Mr. Brown's ecclesiastical policy; we therefore cannot with any regard to our honor and consistency, be otherwise than heart and soul opposed to every one, whether Protestant or Catholic, who "endorsed the whole," or any part of that policy; and indeed we look upon the Catholic, or professing Catholic, who voted for the Ecclesiastical Incorporations Bill, as a far more dangerous enemy to Catholicity, than the most rabid Clear Grit in Upper Canada.

For we have always maintained, and we still firmly maintain, that if ever a dangerous blow be inflicted upon our Catholic institutions and establishments—if ever Mr. Brown's policy against the Church be carried out—it will be by the aid, and with the active co-operation, of the "men of good principles"—of those traitors and hypocrites who have already "endorsed the whole of that policy;" and who, when it again becomes necessary in order to secure them in the enjoyment of their salaries, or to procure for them a little political capital amongst the fanatics of Upper Canada—will "endorse" it again. It was precisely amongst the "friends of order and good principles"—amongst our present Ministry and their supporters in short—that Mr. Drummond's Bill embodying the whole of Mr. Brown's anti-Catholic policy, found its warmest advocates; and it will again be by the same party, that that policy will be brought to a triumphant issue, if after their repeated acts of treachery towards us, we are foolish enough to trust them again. A man's most dangerous enemies are always of his own household; those in whom he has placed confidence, and who make the greatest parade of their devotion and affection.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH. We can no longer shut our eyes to the fact, that the present experiment with the electric wire is a failure; the late report of the electrician of the Company only tells us despairingly, that it is not impossible that intelligible signals may yet be conveyed by it; and gives at the same time a detailed, but by no means satisfactory account of experiments which lead to the supposition, that there exists a flaw in the cable some two hundred miles, if we remember, from the Irish coast. We are not competent to discuss the evidence adduced; but we find in the following article, which we translate from the Journal des Debats of Paris, and which is from the pen of Babinet, of the Institute of France, some very plausible reasons why a submarine cable of such length cannot be successful. The learned academician says:—

"I was the first to be astonished when I heard of the success of the Atlantic cable; for in a conversation a few days previous with one of the first telegraphic electricians in France, we had agreed that it would be a thing almost impossible to obtain any satisfactory working results with such a conductor. The electric current, passing through a wire, and especially a wire surrounded, as is the cable, by other metallic wires, produces (by induction) a powerful charge of electricity; which afterwards passing off, gives rise to signals altogether foreign to those made by the operator; and there is no remedy for this difficulty but to wait, after transmitting each signal, until all is quiet, which requires a considerable time. It is like trying to speak in a room where there are repeated echoes, which would oblige us to pause after each word. This difficulty was felt to some extent in the telegraph across the English Channel; but here the weakness of these return currents enabled the operator to surmount the difficulty, by employing magnetic registers which were not too sensible. The telegraph to Algiers has however found in this effect a cause of serious embarrassment.

"As to the Transatlantic cable, of which the English and Americans are justly proud, we now know that the transmission of the Queen's message to the President required twenty hours of labor, during thirty hours spent at the stations. They talk of a second cable along the same line; but it would be more prudent to make a dozen at once. With the results obtained, it is difficult to understand the boldness of self-approbation of those journalists, who are exulting over the transmission of a hundred words in twenty hours."

It seems to us that Mr. Babinet's explanation harmonizes well with the results since obtained with the cable; but we regret that he suggests no means of overcoming the difficulty which he was the first to predict; and we fear that science is as yet unable to meet the case. Must we wait for the Russian line now proposed, by Siberia, and Russian America, and thence along the line of our projected Pacific railway, before we can hope to be in telegraphic connection with the other country?

THE "MONTREAL WITNESS" AND ECCLESIASTICAL CORPORATIONS.—Our cotemporary contests the right of the individual to give or bequeath of his own as he pleases, to these bodies, because—first they are creatures of the State, and therefore justly subject to State restrictions; and secondly because "if permitted to continue, they are certain like beasts of prey to prowl about, seeking whom they may devour; and it is absolutely necessary that they should have their teeth drawn, and claws paired." For these reasons the Witness is opposed to the adoption of the Voluntary Principle in its integrity, and its application to the support of religion and education.

To this we are not bound to answer; because we have never advocated the Voluntary Principle; and have always denounced as false, both in politics and in theology, the principle laid down by our Canadian "friends of order and good principles" that it is desirable to abolish all semblance even of connection between Church and State. We believe indeed, that, in consequence of the adoption of that principle by our Legislature, supported as it was by the French Canadian members of that body, the abolition of tithes is inevitable; and we believe therefore that in a few years the Church will have to depend entirely upon the Voluntary Principle for her support, here, as in Ireland and in the United States.—For this reason we contend for a full and impartial application of that principle; so that, if no one be compelled to give, no one be restrained from giving of his own, as much as, and in what manner, he pleases, for the support of his religion. This right we hold from the natural law, and not from any Act of Parliament.

But legal restrictions upon this natural right do exist; nor can those restrictions be justified upon the grounds assumed by the Witness. That it is "necessary" is always the tyrant's plea, when about to perpetrate some grievous act of wrong; and the only argument that the Witness adduces in support of those restrictions is that they are "necessary." That necessity we deny, and the "onus probandi" rests with him. It is one thing to assert, another to prove that restrictions are necessary; and though they may be very convenient as enabling the despot to plunder the Church, we contend that they are unjust, because they curtail the natural right of the individual to dispose as he pleases of his own property; and because unjust, therefore unnecessary. Under the feudal regime, when those restrictions had their origin, there was a valid excuse for them, because ecclesiastical property was exempt from the burden of contributing its quota towards the expenses of the State; but in the XIX century such reasons no longer exist, and it is time that the restrictions were done away with.

SINGULAR FEAT OF PEDESTRIANISM.—During the course of the present week, a Mr. Jackson has for a wager, engaged in an attempt to accomplish the feat of walking incessantly for 115 hours without intermission. He commenced at 3 A.M., on Monday, and is to walk till 10 A.M. on Friday.

The Montreal Herald of Monday last has a short paragraph on the unpunished frauds of the Rev. Mr. Ryerson—which we subjoin. Of the very low moral standard that obtains in Canada, we could not have a better illustration than in the fact that a fellow who has been detected in peculation, and convicted of fraudulently appropriating public property, is kept at the head of the Educational Department of the Upper Province. Perhaps the reverend delinquent knows a thing or two respecting his brother office-holders, and might "blab" or "split" upon his pals, if harshly dealt with. Upon this hypothesis only can we account for the disgraceful fact, that the Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, is a convicted peculator. The following are the Herald's remarks upon this subject:—

FRAUDS OF THE REV. SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION. The Superintendent of Education in Upper Canada is a Clergyman of the Methodist Church; but even he was not exempt from the effect of the examples of his superiors. The Committee of Public Accounts ascertained that this gentleman, not content with having had his salary enlarged in some fourteen years from £360 to £1,000 per annum, had appropriated no less than £1,200 of interest, upon sums of public money which should have merely passed through his hands; but which had been suffered to remain there, and had by him been made to fructify in one of the chartered Banks. This sum the reverend gentleman has since had to refund; but, though the attention of the members of the Government had been long before called to the fact, no serious efforts had been made to compel restitution till the public also became aware of it. On the contrary Dr. Ryerson alleged that he had been encouraged by individual members of the Ministry to believe that he would be allowed to retain the money. In spite of the nature of his office, however, which would seem to demand the most unblemished reputation, Dr. Ryerson still retains his place; and writes letters to constituencies in favour of Government candidates.

ALMA DIVISION.—M. Armand has been elected by a large majority. The polling passed over without any renewal of those outrages which disgraced the day of nomination.

MONTARVILLE DIVISION.—Mr. Kierzkowski has been returned by a very large majority.

GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE.—Messrs. Donnelly & O'Brien have just announced in our advertising columns, that they are prepared to meet the demand of the public in the clothing and outfitting line during the Fall and Winter.

We have visited their extensive establishment, and find their shelves loaded with the best stock of clothing and outfitting, both as regards style and quality, that we have yet seen. The order department is filled with piles of the heaviest and choicest kinds of cloth suitable for the Fall and Winter. The cutters and workmen are the best, and their prices are the lowest in the city.

We can confidently recommend parties wanting clothing and outfitting, to visit the establishment of Messrs. Donnelly & O'Brien, 37 McGill street.

If a "True Catholic" will favour us with his name in confidence, we shall be happy to bear from him; but anonymous communications can never be attended to.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Lachine, Rev Mr Prevost, 10s; St Urban, C McGill, 5s; South Plaatagenet, J Paxton, 15s; St Hyacinthe, Rev Mr La France, 10s; M Buckley, 10s; Odessa, W Koen, 5s; Alexandria, A McDonald, 21; Toronto F D Timms, £1 5s; Tannery West, P Carroll, 10s; Perth, Rev J H McDonough, 12s 6d; Lacolle, Rev Mr Rochette, 10s; Vercheres, Rev Mr Brunneau, 18s 9d; St Columban, Rev Mr Harkin, 10s; Industry, Rev Mr Massau, 10s; Brookville, M Mullin 5s; Berthier, Rev Mr Gagnon, £1 17s 6d; St Therese, Rev Mr Tasse, 8s 4d; Huntingdon, Rev Mr Gagnier, 12s 6d; Watertown N Y, O Loberge, 5s; Aylmer, Rev Mr Michel, 10s; Quebec, B Bouille, 5s; Morton, E Murray, 5s; River Beaudette, M Darraght, 5s; Deschamps, D Martin, 12s 6d; Kingston, E Byrnes, 10s; Bowmanville, A O'Loughlin, 7s 6d; Longueuil, Rev Mr Lavoie, 10s; Nicolet, Rev P Guin, 12s 6d; Industry, College Jollett, £1 17s 6d. Per T Daly, Hatley—Self, 18s 9d; Stanstead, J Doyle, 12s 6d. Per R Doyle, Bell's Corners—Self, 10s; T O'Meara, 10s. Per Mrs Lough, Hawkesbury Mills—T Rogers, 6s 3d; P Doyle, 5s. Per A Donnelly, Richmond—J McKenty, 10s; J Mulvena, 10s. Per W O'Meara, Ottawa City—The Est. of J O'Meara, 13s 6d. Per N A Du Berger, Three Rivers—Mr Bernard, £1 5s. Per Rev Mr Daly, Compton—Self, 5s; Eaton Corners, Mr Laroche, 2s 6d; Hatley, T Daley, 18s 9d. Per M O'Leary, Quebec—Rev Mr Casault, 15s; D McElhearn, 15s; J Jordan, 15s; G Eroy, 6s 3d; Mrs Colfer, 15s; C M Callum, £1 5s; B Bennett, 12s 6d. Per Mr M'iver, Dowittville—A Mulholland, 12s 6d; O Cain, 12s 6d; Ormstown, M Furlong, 12s 6d. Per Rev J Falvey, St Columban—J Burk 10s. Per Rev Mr Douret, St Anne de la Pointe—H Jeffery, 10s; Mr Malone 10s; St Andre, Rev Mr Doucet, 15s; St Roche des Aulnais, A Dionne, 10s. Per W M Manamy, Brantford—D Duggan, 10s. Per M M Namara, Kingston—Self, 10s; P McGrogan, 12s 6d; R Cody, 12s 6d; B Fitzpatrick, 12s 6d; C Caroline, 10s; D Driscoll, 10s; J Simpson, 12s 6d; Barriehol, L Lachapelle, £1 17s 6d; Glenburney, J Hickey, 10s; Dr J Meagher, 5s. Per W Doran, Perth—W O'Brien, 10s. Per J Ford, Prescott—F Feeney, £1 5s; Mrs E Conway, 10s. Per Rev Mr Lalor, Picton—Self, 2 6d; St Godwin, 5s; A Shannon, 15s; P Maughane, 7s 6d.

The Gazette of Saturday says that a rascally attempt was made on Friday evening to break into the house of Charles Bowles, printer, in the rear of St. Dominique street. Advantage was taken of his absence to enter the house by force, while his wife alone was in it. Mrs. Bowles was struck by an iron bar on the head, which blow caused blood to come from her ears.

DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Toronto, Oct. 11, 1858.

DEAR SIR—The cause of morality has found a strenuous defender in our energetic Police Magistrate, G. Gurnett, Esq., acting in conformity with the provisions of the new Municipal Law. This gentleman seems determined to root out, in as short time as possible, those houses of ill-fame, of which, unfortunately, there appears to be a great number in our city. Last week, four or five of these abodes of vice were visited by our police: their keepers and inmates were brought to the bar of our Police Court, presided over by G. Gurnett, Esq. The keepers of these disorderly establishments were fined respectively from \$180 to \$40 each; ordered to be imprisoned for several months, and kept at hard labor; those found in those resorts of infamy were likewise heavily fined, and in default of payment of fines and costs, were sent to the city goal. It is stated in one of the Police Court Reports, that the fines paid by two of these disorderly houses into the Corporation coffers, amounted to \$390. A keeper of one of these ill-famed establishments was placed under a bond of \$500 to abate the nuisance within a fortnight.—Thus, thanks to the energy of our excellent Police Magistrate, ably assisted by vigilant officers, many of those abodes of vice have been broken up, within a week, in our city of Toronto. Great praise is due to our City Fathers, who have enacted the provisions of the new Municipal law; all honor to those who shrink not from carrying them into execution, spite of almost insurmountable obstacles.

Thus far our city authorities have faithfully done their duty; they have gone as far as they can; they have closed up houses of prostitution; the victims or promoters of vice will expire, for some months of captivity, their disorderly lives. Beyond this, it is not likely they will attempt to go. To reclaim the wandering sheep from his evil ways, to heal the soul's wounds, to clothe it again with pristine innocence—is not in the power of the Civil magistrate to effect. He may read to those brought before his court, pathetic lectures on the depth of their degradation; he may, by the power of his eloquence, bring a crimson hue on a brow, which had long ceased to blush; he may confine the degraded prostitute within the gloomy walls of a prison, or condemn her to hard labor;—but convert her, he cannot. After three months of punishment, the victim of vice will come out of her confinement as hardened as she went in; more debased perhaps, because her degradation has been made public, but as viciously inclined as ever. The magistrate, and especially the Protestant magistrate, may expatiate till doomsday on the horrors of a disorderly life; he cannot suggest the remedies designed by the Redeemer of the World for the redemption of sinful man. To the Church divinely appointed, it belongs to call the sinner to repentance, and point out to him the means which will enable him to enter again into the path of virtue and righteousness. Commissioned by Him Who came down from heaven for sinners, not for the just, the Church raises up the prodigal child, presses him to her bosom, opens for him her treasures of grace, and bids him wash away his sins, by tears of repentance, in the sacred tribunal of penance. Intent upon carrying out the merciful designs of her Divine Founder, the Church goes in search of the wandering sheep, brings her back into the fold, and feeds her with the Bread of Life. To the Church alone have been entrusted the Sacraments—those channels of Grace instituted by the Saviour of the World for the benefit of man. True to her mission of love and mercy, the Church will never cease to warn, to exhort, and reconcile sinful man to his God.

In connection with the above subject, I may mention here the existence in the Catholic Church of one of these benevolent institutions, of which she alone is the fruitful parent; the object of which is to reclaim unfortunate females who may have deviated from the way of virtue. The members of this eminently Christian Society are called "The Ladies of the Good Shepherd." Encouraged and blessed by the Church from whom it receives life and vigor, this most useful and benevolent association has already established branches of the same Order in almost every part of the known world. Europe, Asia, and Africa, have been blessed by the fruits of the labors of these heroic females, who, bidding adieu to all the claims of flesh and blood, have devoted their earthly existence to the noble task of reclaiming the fallen of their own sex. In North America, the cities of Louisville, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New York, and Montreal possess branches of the same institution. By the indefatigable zeal of these self-sacrificing women, numbers of the unfortunate victims of vice have been restored to a life of virtue and usefulness; others who lay on the brink of the precipice, have been preserved and protected. Thanks to the superhuman energy of these heroic daughters of the "Good Shepherd," hundreds and thousands have been rescued, or what is still preferable, held back from the gulph of degradation and infamy. That such a benevolent Association is, at the present time, required in our city of Toronto, is the firm conviction of all who know any thing of the state of morality in the capital of Upper Canada. Our city goal is thronged with youthful culprits, chiefly from the female portion of our community.—Of this number, some have met their destruction in those low boarding houses, where they retire when out of employment; others have been driven into vice by unforeseen circumstances, or the fiendish malice of those who have taken advantage of their too confiding dispositions. Few there are who have, knowingly and deliberately, chosen a life of infamy. To all these fallen or exposed daughters of Eve, the Asylum of the Good Shepherd offers a shelter and protection. There, encouraged by the gentle voice of religion and Christian charity, this child of God, degraded though she be, learns how to deplore the errors of her evil ways, and to sigh after the charms of a life of purity. Gradually this once ostracized society is reinstated in the noble rank assigned to her by Divine Providence. Such is the mission of love and charity entrusted to these devoted daughters of the Good Shepherd. Never was a more Christian and merciful mission given to man; it is the continuation of that assigned to the Son of God, Who descended from heaven to lift up his fallen creature, and bid it remember its divine origin. I sincerely hope that the friends of morality will hasten, by their prayers, the advent of such an institution in our city of Toronto, where it is so much wanted. Meanwhile, I recommend, Mr. Editor, the advocacy of this eminently Christian cause to your truly Catholic pen.—I remain yours,

TORONTO.

The following is a summary of the evidence at a Coroner's Inquest, which terminated in this city on Friday last.—An elderly man, named Patrick Galligan, was killed on Thursday while crossing the Montreal and Lachine Railway track at Guy Street, a little before noon. Previous to the engine disconnecting the usual long loud whistle was sounded. Immediately after separating from the cars four distinct whistles were given. When the engine driver saw the deceased on the track he again sounded the whistle repeatedly. The old man either could not hear, or paid no attention, and was struck. The vertebral or spinal column was separated in three distinct places, causing instantaneous death. The jurors after examining ten witnesses, were of opinion that no blame could be attached to the engine driver, or other parties in charge of the train; and, therefore, rendered a verdict of "Accidental death, but they were further of opinion that had there been a gate at the crossing in question the accident would not have occurred." We may remark that the act does not compel the company to have a gate at this street, but it is very desirable that there should be one. With increase of population the danger will become greater.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Montreal, 12th October, 1858.

DEAR SIR—Having observed a communication in last Friday's issue of the True Witness, signed "Q. X." I think that I cannot in justice to myself, as well as to the community at large, let it pass unnoticed. Your querist proposes three silly questions, upon which he wishes to be enlightened; they are so fresh in the minds of your readers that they need not be repeated here.

In answer to No. 1, I would wish to state that Mr. Nicholls (with whom I conversed for the first time in my life this day) says that he is an Englishman, and a Universalist; that he is not and never was an Orangeman, and that he detests Orangeism as much as any other man.

In answer to No. 2.—So far from there having been seven or eight Orangemen on the Jury, I have very good reason to believe (from information received this day) that there was not even one; on the contrary, there were seven Roman Catholics, whose names follow.—Thos. Cassey, Geo. Doyle, David David, Patk. Enright, Chs. Finn, L. T. Carle, and T. C. Collins.

In answer to No. 3.—It then certainly follows that the finding of the Jury was not owing to the sympathies of Orangemen for a Brother; but that after mature deliberation a Jury of twelve impartial men, of whom seven were Roman Catholics, and five Protestants, found the accused guilty, and returned a verdict accordingly.

T. C. COLLINS.

We are happy to hear that the surmises of our correspondent, as to the composition of the jury in the case of Dr. Webster, are incorrect. It is indeed of the highest importance that Orangeism should be excluded from our Courts of Law; for wherever the foul monster obtains entrance, thence are truth and honor and justice banished.

The Toronto Colonist has some very sensible remarks upon the snobbish "Rage for Titles" that is as prevalent in Canada as in the United States:—

"It is noticeable that, in democratic communities, the rage for titles exceeds anything known in a state of society where there exists a real and recognized aristocracy. At the risk of offending your neighbor's dignity, you are obliged to squire him, if he has climbed no higher in the social scale than a draper's apprentice, or a deputy-assistant in some culinary establishment. Whether you are able to pay your quarterly bill or not, you are required in every account for sugar, linens and soap. You are obliged to indicate your creditor's hope in your solvency; you are obliged, because your creditor expects to be titled in return; and, in short, if you should happen to be too poor to indemnify your washerwoman, you are still, Thomas Jones, Esquire, by the usages of the democratic community in which we live.

But the matter, unfortunately, does not stop here. The man who gets a constituency—and no achievement is more easy in these times—who, moreover, by some stroke of luck, or in some party revolution, gets a political office under the Crown, if it is only for two days, comes out an honorable for life, and struts through his native village—about he is a brilliant attorney—the Honorable Joseph Higgins, and nothing less, on pain of incurring his displeasure. It ought to be enough to say that the whole thing is ridiculous, even if the retention of the title, apart from the office, were recognized in the mother country. But in order to give sensible men, who happen to be afflicted with these handles, an opportunity of repudiating honors to which they have no claim, it may be as well to say that, with the exception of those who were Ministers at the time of the Union, no member of the Executive Council has the slightest claim to a title. The Crown, which alone can give the stamp of value to any honorary designation, has made the reservations we speak of. The assumption of the title attached to Ministers, on the part of others who have retired from office, is spurious as well as absurd, and the sooner sensible people get rid of it the better. There is, doubtless, a class of men vain enough to keep whatever they get in the way of appellative distinction, whether it belongs to them or not; but we really do trust there is a still larger class who will feel indebted to us for assigning the true value to their titles, and thus opening the way for their avoidance of the ridicule to which, in the eyes of our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, they must be subjected, by parading dignities which are perfectly spurious and worthless. If the Right Honorable Sidney Herbert, an ex-Minister of the Empire, and the heir to an Earldom, is content to figure in Parliament and in the Times as plain Mr. Sidney Herbert, why should our smaller politicians ape anything greater? Do we not, as British people, affect to feel contempt for the innumerable hordes of American "Generals"? Do we not turn up our sarcastic noses at the "Colonels" we find in every American village, dealing out bad whiskey for a living, from behind a counter, at five cents a glass? And yet, is there anything more ridiculous in this than to find the Honorable Mr. Smith, who has retired from political life, dealing out tobacco plugs in a village store, or filling an insurance agency at £300 a year, or pleading in a Magistrate's Court at one dollar a case? Let us be fairly answered. Is the liquor-dealing "Colonel" not as much entitled to his dignities, as your dealer in Virginia plugs and soft soap?"

MELANCHOLY AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Sunday afternoon the people in the neighborhood of Dorchester Street, West, were startled by a report of a gun, and on seeking to know the cause, a man, evidently a Canadian, was found weltering in his blood, with a discharged single barrelled fowling piece lying beside him on the pathway. Dr. Fenwick, who was in the neighborhood, was quickly on the spot, but he found life extinct. Yesterday morning an inquest was held on the body by Mr. Coroner Jones and a jury. The inference from the evidence was that the unfortunate man, who was returning from a nutting expedition, was about to draw the charge of his gun. The ramrod, however, was so firmly fixed in its place as to have induced him to place the stock in the meshes of an iron gate leading to Mr. Renaud's property. While the gun was in this position, and he was pulling at the ramrod, the charge exploded, and the shot entering a little above the left groin, thence took a downward course beneath the skin, entered the right thigh, and severed the femoral artery. The man must have died almost instantly. The verdict rendered was "accidental death." Deceased was aged 42. His name was Augustin LeBrun. He was a Carpenter by trade. He leaves behind a wife and seven children, one at the breast, and two under 2 years of age, without any means whatever of support. Mr. Jones conducted the inquest with great patience and care. There was little direct evidence, and the inference which we have above given is gleaned from the Coroner's remarks to the Jury upon the facts of the case so far as they appeared. There was paint on the gun similar to that on Mr. Renaud's gate. The ramrod was very fast in the gun—so fast that the Coroner and two constables could with difficulty draw it. The poor fellow had evidently not wished to take a loaded gun to his home among his children, and in trying to get out his ramrod to draw the charge in the manner stated met his death.—Montreal Gazette.

GOLD ON THE GATINEAU.—Bumours are current, that gold in small quantities has been found upon Bagle River, near the Desert, about 100 miles from Ottawa City, up the Gatineau River, into which the above named River empties. It is said that some Indians, knowing where the precious metals are deposited, made the discovery to Mr. James McLaren of Wakefield. How much reliance is to be placed on the above report, we cannot at present say. It is also said that Lead in a pure state, together with several Paint Deposits, Zinc, &c., have been found.—Quebec Mercury.

THE ANTI-POPEY HOWL.—Our readers can hardly have forgotten the cry raised in Parliament by Mr. Rose and Mr. John A. Macdonald, that the last election in Upper Canada was carried on by a "No-Popey" howl. We put it to our readers to say whether, in the times of the greatest excitement within the last five years, anything has appeared in a liberal journal at all comparable to the following, which we take from the Dumfries Independent, a journal which ardently supports the present Government and their nominee, Mr. Amsden:—

"SAMUEL AMSDEN AND PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY! AGAINST MICHAEL HARCOURT AND POPEY.—Saturday is the nomination day at Cayuga. Let every friend of Amsden and Protestant Ascendancy be on the ground. The people of the county of Haldimand will hear from the Sheriff at the hustings, whether Samuel Amsden, Esq., can qualify as a representative in Parliament for the county or not. Let the electors be early on the ground."

We hope that Mr. John A. Macdonald will not omit to read the above in the first speech which he makes after the meeting of the House.—Globe.

Caution.—We would caution all who buy Pain Killer to be careful and call for Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, and to take none not put up in square bottles, with Perry Davis & Son's due bill pasted on one side of the bottle. All others are spurious.

Have you chapped hands or face, freckles, eruptions or pimples? Purchase a bottle of Blodgett's "Persian Balm." It is a luxury.

Birth, At St. Timothy, on Wednesday, the 6th instant, Mrs. Owen Lynch, of a daughter.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Flour, Oats, Barley, Beans, Buckwheat, Onions, Potatoes, Beef, Mutton, Pork, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Turkeys, Geese, Fowls, Hay, Straw, Ashes, Pearls.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

No medicine is more prompt in its action in cases of Cholera, Cholera Morbus, &c., than Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It is the acknowledged antidote which seldom fails if applied in its early symptoms. No family should be without a bottle of it always on hand.

The stain on linen from the use of the Pain Killer is easily removed by washing it in alcohol. Davis' Pain Killer seems particularly efficacious in cholera morbus, bowel complaints, and other diseases to which the natives of Burmah, from their unwholesome style of living, are peculiarly exposed. It is a valuable antidote to the poison of Centipedes, Scorpions, hornets, &c.

Rev. J. Benjamin, late Missionary in Burmah Sold by druggists and all dealers in family medicines.

Lymans, Savage, & Co., Carter, Kerry, & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

GREAT WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY, or PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL, \$500,000. FIRE, OCEAN, AND INLAND MARINE.

Office—No. 11, Lemoine Street.

THE undersigned Agent for the above Company is prepared to receive applications, and grant Policies. The Company insures all description of Buildings, Mills, and Manufactories, and Goods, Wares, and Merchandise contained therein.

Mr. Thomas McGrath has been appointed Surveyor to the Company. All applications made to him will be duly attended to. AUSTIN CUVILLIER, Agent. Montreal, October 8, 1858.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF PETER HART, and family, who left the town of Granby, County of Shefford, Canada East, eight years ago, and are supposed to be either in the State of Ohio or Iowa. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his younger Brother, B. Hart; if by letter, address to "Shenbrook, District of St. Francis, C. E."

For Boston Pilot and Western papers would confer a favor by publishing the above.

A LUXURY FOR HOME.

If our readers would have a positive Luxury for the Toilet, purchase a Bottle of the "Persian Balm" for Cleansing the Teeth, Shaving, Champroing, Bathing; Removing Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sun-marks, and all disagreeable appearances of the skin. It is unequalled.

No Traveller should be without this beautiful preparation; as it soothes the Burning sensation of the Skin while Travelling, and renders it soft. No person can have Sore or Chapped Hands, or Face, and use the "Persian Balm" at their Toilet. Try this great "Home Luxury."

S. S. BLODGETT & Co., Proprietors, Ogdensburg, N. Y. LAMPLAGH & CAMPBELL (Wholesale Agents), Montreal.

INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES—like all other inflammation—is caused by impurity of the blood, which causes all eruptive diseases, as Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Boils, Sores, Ulcers, &c. The blood being unhealthy, and of an impure nature, also occasions Dropsies. The blood becoming obstructed in the veins, the watery part of the blood in consequence is thrown out from their extremities, and dropsy is the result. Many times it is occasioned by improper treatment of some former disease, and the vessels being filled by serous humors instead of blood. Free evacuations by these pills, open the passage into the bladder and carry off the corrupted humors, and renew them with pure and healthy blood, which will drive out of the body all inflammation, together with eruptions of the skin, and all dropsical complaints. They will be a shield to every form of disease to guard and keep you from the cold grasping hand of death, and cause life and strength to remain, and the countenance to brighten with the bloom of beauty and health. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all dealers in Medicines.

fortifications, redoubts, and all the aspect of a Mediterranean Sebastopol. It would be quite preposterous to run away with the idea that, by this simple factor, Sardinia is bound in a strict alliance with Russia.

A variety of alarming rumors daily reach us from Madrid, where considerable uneasiness evidently prevails. Such rumors, however, are too common in that quarter for a great deal of importance to be attached to them.

Further accounts from Constantinople fully bear out the allegation of want of firmness of the Sultan. His anger against the members of his family on the discovery of their extravagance has been but short-lived, and but little store is to be set upon the economical reforms announced with such a mighty flourish of trumpets.

The Bombay correspondent of the Times writes:—Bombay, August 19.—Very little news of importance has reached us from any part of India during the past fortnight.

We find, from the Madras Examiner, continual evidence of the ill-treatment of Catholic Soldiers, with regard to the education of their children. We had hope that the course of events in India, would have at least produced a better feeling in this respect, and that the spiritual condition of the Soldier, which at home has been a matter for grave consideration, would have been equally respected in India.

SWEDEN.—The subjoined is another instance of Swedish intolerance given in the Univers of the 26th ult. How is it that the correspondents of the Times, the Daily News, and other English journals, never hear of, or when they hear, never communicate facts of this kind?—Dublin Telegraph.

In 1852, Madlle. Sophie B.—, by birth a Swede, and reared in the Lutheran creed, having had her eyes enlightened with the true faith, entered the bosom of the Catholic Church. Three days after her abjuration she left Stockholm in search of a more hospitable and Christian land.

On the 27th December last her sister, Madlle. Eva B.—, died at Stockholm childless, leaving none but her two sisters as heirs, one of them remaining a Lutheran, and the other having become a Catholic, as we have already stated. However, a few days ago, an attack of the Swedish legation repaired to the convent to which Sister Mary had retired, for the purpose of soliciting her to sign a deed, by which she was to acknowledge that, having become a Catholic, she had lost all right to the property left by her sister.

the politeness shown on this occasion has not always been observed under similar circumstances. Thus we recollect that some months ago a young Swedish girl, recently converted at Paris, was, on account of her conversion, the object of a more violent scene, and of treatment the most outrageous at the hands of a Swedish agent, before whom she had been summoned to appear.

RUSSIA.—The Wiener Zeitung has received news from St. Petersburg which is not without interest. The emancipation question is not progressing favorably. "We have quitted the one shore," says the Russian writer, "but are not in sight of the other. We have begun something which we will find it difficult to finish." The Russian Government has discovered that the emancipation of the serfs is a financial as well as a political question, and that the business of the State cannot be carried on if the landed proprietors are deprived of the means of paying their taxes.

TURKEY.—Further accounts from Constantinople fully bear out the allegation of want of firmness of the Sultan. His anger against the members of his family on the discovery of their extravagance has been but short-lived, and but little store is to be set upon the economical reforms announced with such a mighty flourish of trumpets.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The Bombay correspondent of the Times writes:—Bombay, August 19.—Very little news of importance has reached us from any part of India during the past fortnight.

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compelled up to the present time to pay a fine of five shillings a month for each child above the number of six who may be absent from the industrial school conducted on Protestant principles. That is to say, the authorities allowance granted year after year for the support and clothing of the children has now stopped. All with will not accept of Protestant education. (In this satisfactory?) Holywell school of the Grand Duke of St. Vladimir in Russia; and that of the Legion of Honour from France. This is an account of the recent treaty. Is Lord Malmebury going to send him the Garter? How will the enlightened potentate appreciate the barbarian gewgaws? There is already one Asiatic Sovereign, the Shah of Persia, who has the Valdimir and the Legion of Honour.—Cor. Times.

It is remarkable, and a subject for thankfulness, that, coincident with the publication of the Chinese treaty by which such a vast field is opened to Christian enterprise, we have the intelligence of the conversion to the Catholic Faith of the son of the King of Cambodia, the ruler of the most important kingdom next to Océania—China—in the Empire of Anam. Such an event we gratefully accept as an omen of future success in the East. At the same time, we learn from Rome, that the Bishop of Canton (Mgr. Guillemin) took his departure on Sunday last, from Civita Vecchia, for his distant Diocese, carrying with him the Benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff on behalf of his work of mercy. A solemn mass of thanksgiving was, on Wednesday offered at the Church of the Foreign Missions, in celebration of the treaty between France and China.—Weekly Register.

STATS OF AFFAIRS AT CANTON.—We Times have received the following from an officer serving at Canton:—"It is on everybody's lips, 'How much longer is this state of things to last? How much longer are our troops to be well-nigh decimated by sickness and assassination?' Within the last five days, our casualties have amounted to 23 unfortunate victims to the cowardice and treachery of our savage and cowardly enemy. Two men, an European and his servant, were kidnapped in the western suburbs, and, of course, never seen again. The following morning I myself had a narrow escape. I was in command of a working party, detailed from the military train, pulling down houses, where the enemy, some nights previous, taking advantage of the shelter afforded, threw in some rockets among the landing-place guard. I had told off the party to pull down houses on either side of the narrow street, leaving an open space, formerly occupied by houses to our rear, and a narrow canal separating us from the landing-place, a small Sepoy guard, consisting of one corporal and four privates, for the 65th Regiment were placed by the Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General at the head of this street nearest our working party, and sentries were posted facing either way. My European orderlies were acting under my directions, and seeing that the men did their work well. All of a sudden, without any apparent cause, the men at the right (Chinese) threw down their long bamboos with which they were knocking down the thin brick walls and ran away with all their speed, nearly upsetting P.— Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General and myself in their headlong flight, followed immediately by the left-hand party (European orderlies), who, by the-by, had only their side arms, and native guard. We tried in vain to stop them; their panic was so great that they were beyond all control, and only by dint of abuse did I succeed in stopping three of the guard just as they were in the act of plunging into the canal; I then began to look about for the cause, when I saw an European being led along by his comrade wounded; the latter laid him down, and, seeing all the others had gone, left him. The poor wounded man seemed in an agony of despair, and called out to them not to desert him. P.— and went towards him to assist, when the other man immediately returned and led him off. We looked up the street, and saw some Chinese armed with matchlocks and knives, sneaking along the side of the street, evidently thinking the wounded man had been deserted, and thinking to cut off his head, according to their usual custom, for reward; but immediately the cowardly villains saw us coming round the corner they turned to the right about, and cut away as hard as they could. Pursuit among their streets and by-lanes, with only three panic-stricken Sepoys, was out of the question, so we contented ourselves with guarding the street to prevent their escape until a strong guard should come. In the meantime the other side of the canal was lined with men, who opened a spattering fire of musketry on our side upon, I think, an imaginary enemy on the house tops and through the windows, where they declared they saw numbers. Our subsequent search was not successful, and I fear others, but not the guilty, suffered. In the afternoon we burnt down a large portion of the suburbs in the neighborhood of a large park, and in that very street we came across three road-dug graves, I imagine, to receive our headless bodies. One European was killed, three wounded, and two Sepoys. I had heard some shots fired about immediately before the panic, but as the Frenchmen on the landing place side did not uncommonly fire off their pieces, I thought nothing of the occurrence.

"The other day four Frenchmen were waylaid in the suburbs and fired upon on their way back; one was left behind, his body was afterwards found in a grave, his head cut off, and three other graves dug for his comrades.

A police patrol, consisting of 14, was fired upon a few mornings ago, and nine of the number were shot down, and last night again another patrol was fired upon, one killed, and four wounded; in each case the murderers decamped; in fact, they never have, in any instance, made their dastardly attacks unless perfectly safe from detection. One of our European orderlies was murdered on his way up to head-quarters the day before yesterday, and his body was found down a well with its head and one arm cut off, and frightfully gashed, his musket, bayonet, &c., of course, taken away by the miscreants. I was behind some houses talking to P.— at the time of the firing on that morning; had I been standing, as I very often did, in the street, or wandering about looking for concealed arms or armed men, more likely with P.— and perhaps an orderly, we might have been wounded, or perhaps killed. A kind Providence was watching over us.

"But this is the kind of miserable war in which we are concerned, and these the wretched shifts of fighting that these cowardly rascals have recourse to. We have had several expeditions after them, but have only once seen anything of them, and that, unfortunately, under most unfavourable circumstances to ourselves. They tried to blow us up the other day, house and all, by exploding a bag of powder under our verandah, but the powder was so bad and so injudiciously placed that it did no further harm than to leave a very unpleasant taste in our mouths, and wake us out of a very refreshing sleep. We searched for them, but searched in vain. If we could only catch them! I should so enjoy seeing some half-dozen of their short swords within arms' distance. I think my good-old-trusty long cavalry sabre would make good account of any that would remain to taste the temper of its steel. The wish and prayer of almost every soldier is to be at them.

"But these continual murders are very painful. No officer has yet been taken, except poor Dr. T.— in that unlucky expedition, and one other at the capture of this place. We go about more cautiously; at the same time double care is required now; 300 dollars is a heavy load to carry on a man's back.

PROGRESS OF VICTORIA.—In 1835 the first settlement was made in Victoria, whence, up to 1851, the population went on increasing gradually until it reached 77,945 souls in a period of 16 years; but from that date to March 31, 1858, little more than six years, it jumped, it may be said, to 469,637 souls. The revenue, which in 1851, was only £316,532, de-

hived from all sources, was £3,308,589 in 1857; of which £1,000,000 was derived from the sale of land, £1,000,000 from the Customs, and £1,308,589 from other sources. The expenditure in 1857 was £4,048,498; consequently the excess of receipts over expenditure, and unavoidable outlays for roads, bridges, and other public works, this expenditure in 1857 was, notwithstanding, far within the revenue, and amounted to £3,138,889. The number of vessels employed in carrying on the export and import trade of the colony, has increased 208 per cent. since 1851, when there were 710 ships entered inwards at the Custom-house at Melbourne; but 2,780 in 1857; the tonnage has advanced between the same dates 438 per cent., from 138,969 to 694,064 tons; and the hands employed 349 per cent., from 7,735 to 34,777 men. The exports in 1851 were declared at the value of £1,422,909, but at £15,079,512 in 1857. The imports in 1851 gave a total value of 1,056,439; but in 1857 they were returned at £17,266,205, the greater portion of which were from the mother country. As to postal intercourse, which is a safe barometer of the progress of nations, we find that no less than 2,415,933 letters, and 1,333,630 newspapers were delivered inland; and a shipment made to other countries of 1,484,048 letters, and 1,648,531 newspapers, in 1857. In reference to public works, these statistics show that in 1851 there was not a single mile of macadamized road made beyond the towns of Melbourne and Geelong; but at the close of 1857 there were 450 miles of road formed, 270 of which were macadamized; 300 bridges erected, and many miles of viaducts constructed, at a cost altogether of £4,821,848; and without reference to outlays to a considerable extent by district road boards. Two lines of railway have been constructed by private companies. The first from Melbourne to Hobson's Bay, with a branch to St. Kilda, at a cost of £365,240, inclusive of rolling stock, on which the profits are about 19 per cent., and after deducting expenses and adding to the reserve fund, leave 14 per cent. per annum to the shareholders. The other line is that of the Geelong and Melbourne, open to Williams-town, 40 miles, at a cost of £500,576. Two trunk lines are to be constructed by the Government. Of communication by electric agency, no less than 701 miles have been established in the colony, at a cost of £70,000. There are 22 stations, at an annual expense of £18,000. The lines are to Sandhurst, via Castlemaine, 102 miles; to Belvoir, Murray River, 191 miles; to the South Australian boundary, near Nelson, Glenelg River, via Geelong, Ballarat, &c., 336 miles; to Port Phillip Bay, at Queenscliff, via Geelong, 70 miles; and to Sandridge and the harbor of Hobson's Bay, 24 miles. Such are some of the heads given in the report, and they are sufficient, we think, to show the vast importance of this colony, and the probability there is of a still greater increase in every department; but if anything further is necessary, we will mention that in 1851 there were only six banks, and that now there are 54, the paid-up capital of which is £5,423,694.—Mining Journal of Sept. 18.

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AN IMPERIAL PROCLAMATION.

The following is one of the proclamations of the Imperial Commissioner addressed to the Chinese soldiery:—"1. Whoever catches an English or French rebel chief will receive a reward of 5,000 dollars.—2. Whoever cuts off the head of a rebel barbarian will receive a reward of 50 dollars.—3. Whoever catches a rebel barbarian alive will receive a reward of 100 dollars.—4. Whoever catches a traitor will, on producing satisfactory evidence, receive a reward of 20 dollars.—5. Whoever can manage to burn or take a large war-steamer will receive a reward of 10,000 dollars.—6. Whoever can manage to burn or take a shallow-water steamer will receive 2,000 dollars, and be recommended for further reward."

TERRIBLE MANIFESTO OF THE "BRAVES" OF CANTON.

The "braves" of the Province of Canton had put out the following manifesto:—"The nation of the red-haired foreign dogs is well known as a nation of thieves, and they often offend our middle flowery kingdom. We, Braves of the Kwang-tung province, in the year of Taoukwang, besieged Elut (Opium Elliott), and decapitated Pa-ma on the southern bank. It is a pity that we had not then killed them all, and then they could not on the 11th month of last year, along with the French devils, pretending that they did not want to fight, have scaled the city, and burned not less than ten thousand houses and shops, robbed the people of their properties, polluted our women, pulled down houses, destroyed properties, and what was worst of all, knocked down people with sticks without the least cause. These issue proclamations daring to give instructions to the people. We, the subjects of the celestial court, highly praised by the Emperor, will not submit to these barbarians. We have ascertained that there are only two or three thousand English and French dogs in the city, but our numbers are thousands and thousands; and if every one of us carry but a sword to kill every foreigner that we meet we shall soon kill them all. If any one trade or supply provisions to the foreign dogs, we shall arrest and punish him according to the village regulations. All those who are in the employ of the foreign dogs must leave their employment in one month, if they still stay with the foreign dogs, and do not return to their native villages, the elders of the villages will hand over their families to the authorities to be punished, as if they were red-head rebels. And if any village refuses to obey these regulations, we, the Braves, will level that village and punish the offenders by the Celestial Court. All those who have blood and life ought to share the troubles of our Emperor. Those that doubt this must be treated as thieves, and every royal subject can kill them. The Americans, Spaniards, and other foreign nations are on good terms with ours. The stoppage of trade is solely caused by the English and French dogs, and complaints must be made against them alone and not us.

"THE BRAVES" OF KWANG TUNG PROVINCE.

SABBATARIANISM IN SCOTLAND.—Of the very considerable changes for the worse which have taken place in the restrictions in Scotland upon social and religious liberties the most important have borne upon the question of travelling or locomotion. In the ante-railway era, mail-coaches ran on all the principal routes, and there was of course a supply of other means of locomotion for whoever could afford to pay. When railways were introduced, enabling many more people to travel by means employing incomparably less labour and time than was formerly employed for the travelling of a few, the natural result would have been the increase of the public accommodation. And so for a time it was—the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, the earliest passenger line in Scotland, was at first opened and for several years kept open on Sundays. By means which shall be mentioned presently that line was closed about 12 years ago, and that event was beginning of a crusade which has done a good deal to render us pitiable and ludicrous in the eyes of our neighbors. A babbling war about "Sabbath observance" and such topics—a series of efforts at a general "putting down"—has been going on ever since, and has reached to the pettiest things. With almost no exception but the two chief railways on the east coast (the North British and the Edinburgh, Perth and Dundee), which have been saved simply by happening to have among their proprietors a few men with courage to say and do what multitudes were thinking, there is no passage in Scotland on Sundays, the routes most heretically sealed being those between its two chief cities and through its most populous districts. In smaller things, take the two instances that come first to memory. Nelson's Monument, on the top of our Dalton-hill, hideous as an ornament, used to make itself humbly and innocently useful by supplying biscuits, sweetmeats, and aerated waters to the youngsters of the many fami-



